The Mighty "E"

A Ship and Her Crew

Compiled By:
Warren D. Bonner, MoMM 3c
1944 to 1946
The Mighty ‘E’astwind
By: W.D. Bonner

Here I stand at the end of the old pier.
Looking at the water so deep and clear.
In my mind I see the trials of her years,
And I recall all those brave buddies,
Who did their duty for their country.

All those buddies downing that last beer,
then the roll and pitch of the mighty ship,
the ship they call “The Mighty ’E’astwind”,
hers five inch cannons fore and aft,
ever failed in their duty the battle to win.

Now this great lady of the Seven Seas,
Has plowed her last voyage in a breeze,
Now her guns are gone, their turrets too,
Six engines, generators and motors ceased.
It is hard to see her cold and bare!

Here she stands beside me, tied to a pier,
We are both old, rusty, and too proud,
To shed a single tear,
Or complain of life’s hard clout,
As we both approach life’s final bout.

For her majestic features and fine steel,
Are now headed for the Gillette razor factory,
And she will again be very sharp steel,
Cutting beards as she once cut the polar ice,
neat and clean with each slice.

In Polar Ice fields she served her purpose well,
At battle she always reigned supreme,
Honing the reason of all life to be honest and true,
I pray this account of “The Mighty ‘E’astwind”,
Will live on and never die.

Ol’wdb
The Tale of the “Mighty ‘E’astwind

USCGC ICEBREAKER W279
1943 to 1968
A biography from WWII, North Atlantic campaign, Arctic & Antarctica

“Mighty ‘E’astwind Icebreaker”
‘The Baby Battleship of Boston”
“The Eastwind W279 knows no barriers”
Compiled by W D Bonner MoMM 3c, 1943 – 1946

Please note that the book is repetitive in pictures and some sea tales, as it has been largely written by those men who were a part of this great lady of the seven seas illustrious history. Each man has a space of his own to put their photographs and to state his memories as he sees fit. So expect some repeats and know that they are from many men about just one great ship, the EASTWIND W279 USCGC. Men who have not sent in their memories may do so for the next revision. I am not responsible for any errors in the memories of the participants. This is an account by her crewmen of the history of the many “FIRSTS” of this Grand Ole Lady of the Seven Seas and both Poles.
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Dedication

I would like to dedicate this book to all of my Eastwind shipmates who endured the pain and hardships of the North Atlantic Campaign, also known as “The Greenland Patrol”, especially to the three men that lost their lives on duty during World War II. They are LT Joseph T. (“Little Mac”) McCormick the ship’s pilot and also to two good crewman, R.J. Harley ET, 3c and L.S. Richardson (Rank Unknown). (Two of which are pictured below. Unfortunately a picture of L.S. Richardson was not available at the time this book was published). Also to the many men to join in her extensive Polar quests of both the Arctic and the Antarctic, as well as the “Around the World Cruise” circum-navigating the globe. A special memorial to all of her brave men who died in the service of their country, while carrying out their daily duties under freezing, rigorous and dangerous conditions in the polar seas. I regret that I was unable to obtain all of their names for this publication

Warren Debrell Bonner, MoMM 3c, 1943 to 1946
SHIP’S Commander’s Jackets

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>Skipper</th>
<th>DOB</th>
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<th>RANK</th>
<th>RETIRED</th>
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<tr>
<td>CW Thomas</td>
<td>06/44 to 02/45</td>
<td>09/03/03</td>
<td>10/24/24</td>
<td>RADM</td>
<td>11/01/57</td>
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<tr>
<td>HU Scholl</td>
<td>07/45 to 03/46</td>
<td>09/09/09</td>
<td>05/15/31</td>
<td>CAPT</td>
<td>09/29/61</td>
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<td>BE Scalan</td>
<td>03/46 to 11/46</td>
<td>09/13/09</td>
<td>05/27/35</td>
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<td>04/03/55</td>
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<td>JA Glynn</td>
<td>11/46 to 05/49</td>
<td>09/17/03</td>
<td>03/08/27</td>
<td>CAPT</td>
<td>07/01/57</td>
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<td>Oscar Petersen</td>
<td>06/50 to 10/52</td>
<td>01/24/06</td>
<td>01/09/29</td>
<td>CAPT</td>
<td>12/17/63</td>
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<td>10/52 to 07/54</td>
<td>09/08/04</td>
<td>05/15/29</td>
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<td>09/01/58</td>
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<td>OC Rohnke</td>
<td>07/54 to 06/56</td>
<td>07/02/09</td>
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<td>RADM</td>
<td>07/01/67</td>
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<td>06/56 to 05/58</td>
<td>12/01/07</td>
<td>05/15/33</td>
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<td>05/58 to 05/60</td>
<td>09/05/09</td>
<td>05/16/32</td>
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<tr>
<td>JW Naab</td>
<td>05/60 to 06/62</td>
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<td>06/62 to 08/65</td>
<td>06/14/16</td>
<td>05/15/39</td>
<td>CAPT</td>
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<td>WR Benkert</td>
<td>08/65 to 09/67</td>
<td>04/24/23</td>
<td>06/09/43</td>
<td>RADM</td>
<td>08/01/78</td>
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<tr>
<td>CW Bailey</td>
<td>09/67 to 12/68</td>
<td>02/21/16</td>
<td>Up Ranks</td>
<td>CAPT</td>
<td>Alive/03</td>
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</table>

**USCGC EASTWIND CAMPAIGN RIBBONS**

American Campaign- Euro.African.Mid.Eastern Campaign-
World War Two Victory Campaign with two battle stars-
National Defense Service Ribbon- Arctic Polar Service-
Antarctic Polar Service-
Author’s Thoughts

I started compiling the book around 1994, to replace my original album that I had compiled that was lost in a fire. I tried to find people and pictures of the ship. This search came to a very sad end the first USCG web page.

It was a nice web page but had little to offer except a “Home Page” and a few pictures displayed in a collage format. Later there were some articles added, but nothing about the Eastwind W279. This kind of tweaked my determination to find out why there was no mention of her and her many firsts.

It was about that time that I was introduced to the Eastwind Association. About 1998 Earl T. Ellis was kind enough to mail me a CD of the photos he had made. I was very new to computers back then, though I had run a bulletin board in FidoNet, which was much larger than the Internet back then.

The Eastwind Association gave me a roster of members and leader Al K. Brier and officers helped me get in contact with the USCG History Department. The USCG History Department had not been formed until 1946. All that went on in the super secret time of war was still sealed in old archives, with the mimeograph blue ink turning to dust. So I set sail on the “Mighty ‘E’astrwind W279” again!
About the Author:

I was born in Fisher County, Texas. August 26, 1925, on a ranch named "The Ole Eighteen", so named because it was eighteen miles square; and was a cattle and farming ranch, I was told by my father Owen E. Bonner jr. I became aware of my surroundings a couple of years later when my father built our house in the town of Sweetwater, Texas on a lot at 805 Lubbock St. We lived there until 1930. The Ole eighteen was subdivided and sold off to satisfy the depression debts, loss of cattle to Hoof & Mouth disease from Mexican cattle drives across the ranch. Later my father bought a Dairy farm East of Sweetwater and I mostly grew up on a Dairy farm of 360 acres. When WWII calls for enlistments by Uncle Sam, I was finishing my junior year in Newman High school. All of my friends were already enlisted. So I did too. In May of 1943 I attended boot camp in St. Augustine Florida as a member of Company K1. After boot camp I was assigned to the Eastwind, where I served until May of 1946. After separation from the USCG I joined the USCG reserve to complete my education. I was then recalled by the Navy and sent to Korea where I served an additional 2 years. (To learn more about me see my chapter in the book)
Appreciation and Thanks to all who helped me record the history of a great lady of the seven seas.

A special thank you to Brian Arruda who is the Technical Advisor for this edition. Email address: brian.arruda@verizon.net

**Credits and Honorable Mention**

*Individuals:*

Dr. Browning, PHD USCG History Dept. WDC

Scott Price, USCG History Dept. WDC

Cindee Herrick, curator of the USCG Museum

Captain C.W. Thomas, Commissioning Skipper, Author of “ICE Is Where You Find It” Pub. Bobbs – Merrill 1951

Captain C. William Bailey, Decommissioning Skipper, Author of “Letters From The Land of Ice”, plus Video

Captain H.U. Scholl’s Grandson Doug Saverbrie

Captain J.W. Naab’s Son Gregory Naab

The Eastwind Association: Captain A.K. Brier, Leroy R. Grant, Earl T. Ellis, Gordon Grant, Richard Moland, Lou LaRiccia and Joseph A. Quintiliani

There are many more Officers and Crewmen in their own honor pages in the Captain’s chapters under whom they served.

William E. Knight, QMC. USCG Retired, Author of “The Coast Guard Navy of World War II” ISBN 0-96668681-0-2

Chester White Horn, article on Captain Peterson

John A. Tilley, Author of “The Coast Guard and Greenland Patrol”

H. Carl Nancken, Author of Eastwind – Memories of 1949 “Take A Look At What’s Left of Her” (C)1991

Brian Arruda – Civilian
Technical Advisor

Publications

Publications that have been a source of her (Eastwind W279) history and portions used herein:

“Ice is where you find it”
Captain Charles W. Thomas
Bobs Merrill Company, Inc NY

“Letters From the Land of Ice”
Captain C. William Bailey
Self Published

“The Coast Guard Navy of World War II”
William E. Knight QMC. USCG Retired
Self Published

“The Coast Guard and Greenland Patrol”
John A. Tilley
Self Published

“Take a Look at What’s Left of Her” Eastwind Memories of 1949 ©1991
H. Carl Hancken

“Article on Captain Oscar Peterson 1952”
Chester Whitehorn

“A Shaky Shaft” 1960
LCDR William J. Campbell

INTERNET LINKS

Last cruise 1968, Internet site: http://www.members.aol.com/eastwind68
USCG History: http://www.laesser.org
USCG History: http://www.jacksjoint.com
Author’s Web Page: http://www.eastwindbook.osirusoft.com
Captain Bailey’s Bio: http://members.aol.com/hdbrass
Eastwind 68 Video: http://members.aol.com/eastwind68
Coosbay 64 Video: http://members.aol.com/coosbay64
PROLOGUE

Commander E. H. (Iceberg) Smith, USCG commanding officer of the Northland and Commander C. C. Von Paulsen, USCG commanding officer of the Cayaga, departed New York harbor April 7, 1941 to locate places in southern Greenland to set up a major base of operations to support our allies against the invading Nazi forces. In brief, the site was located at Narsarssuak, Greenland. Admiral H. R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, established the West and East Greenland Patrols as subdivisions of the Atlantic fleet. The Northland having completed the survey returned to Boston for wartime armament installation on May 20, 1941. Facts of this survey indicated that icebreaking ships were going to be needed to accomplish the building of this strategic base and to navigate the heavy ice fields along the northeastern Greenland coast, most of which was uncharted. Intelligence from Denmark indicated Nazi weather radio stations were being established.

This report compelled President Franklin D. Roosevelt to initiate a secret memorandum to the Chief of Naval operations in 1941. The President wrote:

“I think the Nazis will attempt to establish weather radio stations on the east coast of Greenland, probably in the vicinity of Scoresby Sound. I suggest that you have the Northland, the Bear, and patrol the coast to prevent their setting up these weather stations, bases or other military works.” *

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President and Eleanor Roosevelt felt strongly about this operation. Eleanor later corresponded with Captain Thomas, and even sent the crew an enlarged photograph. Letters of proof are in the Roosevelt Library. The Dry dock in which the Winds were built was renamed, “Roosevelt Dry dock” in San Pedro, Ca. Eleanor wrote letters to Captain Thomas and crew for her very ill husband, commending them on their accomplishments in capturing a Nazi weather radio station, the code papers of U-Boat operations in the north Atlantic, and capture of the only Nazi surface supply vessel captured during the war, plus forty prisoners, without loss of life.
Introduction

The Mighty “E”astwind

She was born on June 3, 1944... a bright warm sunny day in San Pedro, California, in the Western Pipe & Steel Company’s navy yard. She was the first all diesel electric icebreakers built for Polar service, and commissioned into the Coast Guard fleet, which operated under the auspices of the US Navy in time of war. Her name was the Eastwind W279.

I first saw her a few days before her commissioning day while on liberty from my temporary beach patrol duty station, N21 at Santa Barbara, Ca., while waiting for the Eastwind’s completion. It had been rumored that most of us would be assigned to her. My buddy Chuck had a Harley Davidson motorcycle and we went to San Pedro, Ca. Navy Yard to get a look at her. We found her in the ‘Roosevelt Dry Dock’ San Pedro, Ca. What an awesome sight she was from the floor of the dry dock! She had the width abeam to almost fill the Drydock wall to wall. Almost 70 feet wide. Her keel appeared to be approximately three foot square resting on concrete supports waist high for her almost two hundred seventy foot length. Looking upward, a good forty feet to the top of the painted waterline line, and continuing our upward gaze to the antiaircraft antenna atop the mast one hundred and ninety six feet was astounding to a country boy from the middle of Texas. Looking at the mammoth screws, (propellers), made of a brass alloy we could not even guess their weight. Later we were told they weighed thirty tons. The shafts that supported these huge propellers were about three feet in diameter.
Most astonishing of all was the bow! Never before had we seen a ship with a propeller installed in the bow! The bow line from main deck downward ran just as most other ships, to a point about five feet above the water line. At that point it took a dramatic angle of approximately forty five degrees aft to a point just above the forward propeller's outer circumference, which would bring it to approximately twenty feet below the water line, at which point the housing for the forward propeller shaft and packing glands took it vertically down another twenty feet to the keel. Truly awesome to two eighteen year old guys just out of boot camp.

She was rated at 6600 ton displacement, had six 2000 hp diesel engines pulling six generators that motivated three 5000 hp electric motors that powered the three huge propellers, one in the bow and two astern. This forward propeller was thought to aid in ice breaking, but became far more useful in combat maneuvers, giving the ship the ability to out maneuver incoming torpedoes from “Wolf Packs” of Nazi U-boats. She was armed with twin 5.38 armored turret guns fore and aft on main deck, on the boat and bridge decks, three quadruple 40mm anti-aircraft gun mounts, six 20mm anti-aircraft guns, six 50 caliber water cooled gun mounts, and the stern port and starboard decks were outfitted with depth charge racks; and the fore deck was equipped with “Hedge Hog” anti-submarine rocket
launchers. She looked very formidable sitting low in the water with her wartime load of ammunition, fuel and crew supplies aboard, including the Grumman J2 seaplane. Her dark and light gray camouflage paint accentuated that presence of tremendous power. Thus she was nicknamed around Boston’s Chelsea Navy Yard as the “Boston Baby Battleship”. In dry dock it was readily apparent that there was far more of her under water than above the water line, somewhat akin to the icebergs and ice fields she was engineered to defeat. Wartime displacement fully loaded put her draft at thirty feet.

![Eastwind Sea Trials pix from Duck](image)

{There were four original “wind” class icebreakers built almost simultaneously by Western Pipe & Steel Co. The Northwind sister ship was lend-leased to Russia and did not see service in the Coast Guard or Navy fleets until after the WW II. In 1945 a fifth wind class cutter was commissioned Northwind W278 into the US Coast Guard to replace the one lend leased to Russia. The Southwind W280 and the Westwind W281 were also lend leased to Russia after 1945, to be returned in the early 1950’s with the original Northwind. When the original Northwind was returned to the US she was renamed “Staten Island”. Two other ships were built using the wind class design for the Navy. They were the Edisto and the Burton Island, which were turned over to the Coast Guard in the mid sixties. A modified version of the wind class was completed near the end of the war named the Mackinaw, special for the Great Lakes more shallow water and thinner ice. The Eastwind did navigate the St Lawrence River to the Great Lakes to rescue the City of Buffalo, New York in the winter of 1967. Supply ships could not get to the city and the city was running very low on supplies. {The Eastwind broke a channel in the ice and kept it open for the big freighters to reach the city.}

She was moved from Western Pipe and Steel naval yard to the Terminal Island Navy Drydock on June 10th for further outfitting of Sonar and the degaussing of the ships hull. This procedure is accomplished by wrapping the ship from stem
to stern with heavy copper cables, creating a coil around an iron core so to speak, and passing a high current momentarily through the cable to realign the molecules of the thick steel hull so that the “Plus-North’s and Minus-South’s” of the molecules are aligned in the same direction making magnetic seeking torpedoes less likely to be attracted to the extra thick one and five eighths inch hull. (At least that was the scientific thinking regarding torpedo warfare in 1944).

Next she moved to the Navy ammunition-loading barge at Seal Beach, Ca. on June 18th to fill her ammo magazines. This was a tedious, tense time. All of the ammo handling crew was new recruits just out of boot camp. The Bos’n Mates, and officers were the only “regular” Guard, everyone else was enlisted. The new Seamen 1st class really got a work out those two days at the ammo depot. All went well and the “Mighty E” was reborn not just an icebreaker, but also a full-fledged war ship. She pulled out of Seal Beach Depot on June 20th, reporting to Commander Task group 14.4 the 22nd for sea trials and crew training in gunnery. Shakedown and training continued to July 14th, where she reported to Task group 14.2 San Diego. This exercise lasted through July 24th and included simulated surface, submarine and aircraft attacks. The call to General Quarters was frequent! The crew was tested vigorously for their talents at the many armament GQ stations on the ship, while getting their “sea legs” and suffering seasickness from the constant rolling of a round-bottomed icebreaker. The shakedown was rigorous and demanding of not only the ship herself, but also every man.
Excerpts from “ICE is where you find it”, published by Bobbs Merrell, written by Charles W. Thomas:

“An Icebreaker must withstand terrible pressures as well as deal shattering blows at the ice. Because of this, shell plating on the Wind ships varies in thickness between one and five-eighths inches and one and one-quarter inches from keel to sheer. Heavy frames are spaced at one-foot intervals below the main deck. Longitudinal stiffening is accomplished by large I-beams throughout the length of the hull. Further stiffening and efficient damage control are provided by both transverse and longitudinal watertight bulkheads which divide the hull into many compartments. At the bow, where the brunt of breaking ice is borne, the stiffening is even more extensive, particularly near the eighteen-inch-thick stem.

A portion of the forefoot is set approximately fifteen feet aft of the sheer of the stem. This permits the vessel to ride up on the ice and crush it with her weight as well as smash with the recessed portion of her bow. Moreover the recessing of the forefoot serves to protect the bow propeller.

Wind ship power is furnished by six double-acting, high-speed Fairbanks-Morse Diesel engines. Each engine is coupled to a 2,000-horsepower electric generator. These generators power any combination of three Westinghouse motors, two aft
and one forward. When the entire generated current is directed to the two stern motors 12,000 horsepower is developed. When the bow motor is used one third of this power must be sent forward.

Steam for heating, cooking and evaporating a maximum of 10,000 gallons of water daily is supplied by two oil-burning boilers. Hot water is circulated through ice chests which are designed to keep the injection free of ice.

Heeling tanks on both sides of the Wind ships have a capacity of 150,000 gallons of ballast water or oil. The fluid can be completely shifted from port to starboard or vice versa in only ninety seconds. This produces a man-made roll of approximately fifteen degrees, which enables the vessel to “rock” through the ice.

Icebreaking and ice navigation require instant response to the will of the pilot. Two implements not usually found in vessels are used to obtain this all-important quick control of the Wind ships.

The first is a set of automatic bridge controls for all propellers. This eliminates the usual time lag where propellers are controlled from the engine room in response to bell signals from the bridge. The other is a selector switch at the steering position. When maneuvering a Wind ship in ice or in close quarters the helmsman throws the selector switch and steers with a lever. Rudder action is then instantaneous. Under any condition, or at any rudder angle, the ship requires seven and one-half seconds to answer her helm. It is essential, of course, for the conning officer to anticipate this time lag when giving orders to the wheel.


A towing engine with 300 fathoms of two-inch wire rope is located in the after deckhouse. Auxiliary towing gear is provided by two smaller wing drums. The stern is notched at the center line to permit snubbing the bow of a towed vessel snugly to the ship. This is used only in ice in order to eliminate the danger of ice fouling the towed vessel.

Another towing engine is housed in the forward part of the ship. This is equipped with 300 fathoms of one and one-quarter-inch wire rope. It may also be used to make fast a deep-sea anchor where ground tackle is needed in water too deep for the bower cables. This was particularly useful for anchoring in deep Greenlandic fiords.”
June 3, 1944. The Eastwind was finished. She lay at the delivery pier, resplendent in her fresh coat of white and a pastel shade of red.

On shore, next to the dock, a sea of humanity stood in the noonday sun. Assembled there were the relatives, wives and sweethearts of crew members, the workers who had built the ship and a score or more public dignitaries. Stretched before a rostrum in three even rows were the rigid ranks of men in navy blue, standing like blue walls with white crests. The officers, with glittering brass buttons and gold stripes, stood apart, facing the men.

I, about to be in command of this ship, felt a surge of pride as I stood on the rostrum and looked at these officers and men. Nearly all of them—twenty-two officers and 336 men—had been hand-picked. They had been thoroughly trained as individuals and as a group, specializing in one of many complex teams. Tomorrow their training as a homogeneous unit would begin—a welding of many teams into a smart whole. It would impart to the ship a personality—my personality.

Most of the officers had come from the war theater in the Pacific. Most of the men had never been to sea. But I recognized among them the sunny countenance of Martin O’Hara, now a lieutenant (j.g.). With the chief petty officers I saw the sage features of James Sloan, who now wore the brass buttons of a radarman chief. Below me the executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Harold Land, barked an order: “Parade . . . rest!” The drone of voices melted into whispers.

Now all eyes centered on Lieutenant Rudy Vallee, his baton poised. It flashed downward. The band swung into a rollicking medley of songs of the sea.

The commissioning ceremonies were elaborate to an unprecedented degree for wartime. But I wanted to make the event impressive. I wanted my ship to have a good start. I knew, for instance, that if a crew member’s sweetheart were to love the Eastwind, he would be likely to love her, too.

The band stopped playing. Lieutenant Commander William Jennings Bryan, Jr., USCGR, stood at the microphone. He was master of ceremonies and headed the list of speakers. Bill had aided me in the precommissioning detail. He would remain with the ship until she finished shakedown training. Now he started to speak. One became oblivious of the hot sun and of the crowd under the spell of his oratory. He spoke of things to come beyond World War II, of the Arctic, of the future of aviation and the air routes which must span the top of the world. He told of the role which the Eastwind must play in the world after the war had been fought and won.

Bryan’s speech was a short one, but it might have been his illustrious sire speaking of free silver, of farm relief, of emancipation of labor before the turn of
the century. The son had truly inherited his father’s oratorical qualities and vision.

Other speeches followed. Commander E.H. Thiele, USCG, the ship’s brain father, spoke. To him the occasion was the culmination of a dream, one materialized through years of hard work. The ceremony was climaxed by the setting of the watch, the measured pace of the guard of the day and watch standers marching to their posts. Then the ranks of blue dissolved, invaded by their friends and loved ones. Everyone marched on board to enjoy an informal luncheon prepared by a corps of cooks.

A ship was born.

Setting the Net

The *Eastwind* plowed a furrow up the east coast of Greenland, her massive, blunt stern throwing a huge bow wave which sent combers splashing on the wall of ice on her port hand. Since departing Boston more than a week before, the vessel had been enveloped in a dense fog. Normally such a foggy passage would have depressed the spirits of officers and men. But today, September 11, 1944, everyone was keyed to a high pitch. For on the morrow we would reach our destination and rendezvous off Cape Alf Trolle with the *Northland* and *Storis*.

In a way the fog had been kind. It had concealed the vessel from hostile periscopes. This enabled us to steer a straight course without any of the time-consuming zigzags almost always necessary to the safety of a ship in a war zone. And saving time had become all-important as we raced the brand-new *Eastwind* from her training grounds in the Pacific to this remote theater.

Rumors had trickled out of the Arctic and filtered into California as we shook down the *Eastwind*. These rumors told of a pitched battle in which the tiny Greenland Army had tangled with a powerful German expeditionary force. Hazy details snowballed into “facts” which approached the fantastic. I discounted these “facts”. But I wondered how Captain Jensen and his handful of Danes had fared against the might of Hitler’s machine.

Then a few days ago we had received relayed dispatches from Butcher, in command of the *Northland*. Butcher’s report, though couched in laconic phrases, unfolded the drama of a running engagement among floes of *storis* off Cape Trolle, north of Latitude 76 on the east coast of Greenland.

The slow *Northland* had encountered a fast German expeditionary vessel attempting to slip into Dove Bay. Butcher called for full speed and tried to close to gun range. The enemy refused action and began working offshore to escape. Butcher took up pursuit. Suddenly two explosions were heard on the *Northland*’s quarter, and two columns of ice particles sprayed aloft from a large floe.
Butcher looked beyond the floe and saw nearly a mile of clearwater lead. He knew then that there was only one explanation for the explosion. *Torpedoes!*

Clearly an enemy submarine had navigated beneath the northeast Greenland ice pack. Her commander was charged with supporting the expeditionary vessel the *Northland* now pursued. He had done his job well. But he had misjudged the thickness of *storis*.

By employing his antisubmarine equipment Butcher might have located and destroyed the U-boat. But he decided, properly, to hold to his objective: the surface vessel with the enemy expeditionary force.

Although handicapped in speed, the *Northland* was more heavily armed than the vessel she pursued. But the greatest advantage the Coast Guard cutter enjoyed was one which Butcher was too modest to admit: his superior skill in ice navigation. After a chase of more than seven hours the *Northland* cornered and sank the enemy vessel, then saved everyone aboard her; a bag of forty prisoners.

During her engagement with the enemy surface vessel the *Northland* had severely damaged her rudder. Butcher improvised a jury rig and begged Lieutenant Commander Russell Thresher, USCG, the acting task-unit commander in the *Storis*, to allow the *Northland* to continue patrol operations.

With the *Eastwind* speeding to northeast Greenland, Thresher decided to screen the *Northland* with his *Storis* and refer the decision to me as soon as I relieved him as task-unit commander.

I already had begun an estimate of the entire situation. To a large extent, of course, this estimate was influenced by what I knew of the *Eastwind*'s capabilities. We had briefly tested her ice-navigating qualities by taking her into the pact off Scoresby Sound. This was her first taste of ice.

I soon concluded, as had the Russians before the turn of the century, that the bow propeller was useless in the Arctic pack. But there was no doubt in my mind that the *Eastwind* was a mighty icebreaker. She had plowed through ice that would have stymied the *Northland*---and at a speed of twelve knots made good! The *Eastwind* would not be at the mercy of the pack and forced to follow shore leads. She could aid other vessels through the ice, tow them if necessary. We could continue operations until late in the season.

So much for us. What of the enemy?

The Germans had been tenacious in their efforts to establish weather stations on east Greenland. There was good, sound military reasoning behind this tenacity, of course. D-Day had come for the Allies, and the invasion of Normandy and of
Holland was on. German operations on this newly opened western front depended on weather information received from reporting stations far to the westward—in Greenland, where northern Europe’s weather is born.

Moreover stations in Greenland served another vital purpose from the German viewpoint. They enabled the Nazi war machine to plan raids on Murmansk-bound convoys.

After pondering these two factors I concluded that Fritz would persist in his efforts on the east coast of Greenland. The annihilation of one expedition—accomplished by Butcher in the *Northland* would not stop the enemy. We could be certain of further attempts. We could expect another attempt within a month.

Where would this new expedition land? And how could our three vessels—the *Eastwind*, *Northland* and *Storis*—thwart this expedition? For thwarting it would require us to guard thousands of miles of coast line jigsawed with innumerable fiords and bays.

These were the questions in my mind when the *Eastwind*, bound west for rendezvous off Cape Alf Trolle, entered the pack at 10:00 P.M., September 12. The fog was gone. Stars peeked through a mild sky and cast a feeble light over the endless expanse of white.

The ice roared as the stem plunged in. Huge blocks popped skyward, topped on edge and crashed with a resounding clangor onto the surface from which they had been rent, then scooted away as the onrushing beam violently brushed them aside.

O’Hara had extolled the virtues of the *Northland* as the best ice ship in the United States. Now he was forced to recant. Overawed by the ship’s progress, he remarked: “It’s a far cry from last year, Captain!”

“Yes,” I agreed. It was like racing across a white desert. By 4:00 A.M. the pack was behind as. Now the *Storis*’ challenging searchlight stabbed through the night.

An hour later I broke out the broad command, relieved Lieutenant Commander Thresher and ordered a systematic reconnaissance of the coast by our three planes. The *Northland* and *Storis* needed fuel, water and supplies. These were transferred from the *Eastwind* while the flights were in progress. Meanwhile Thresher clarified the rumors we had heard while we were shaking down the *Eastwind* off the California coast.

During the previous March, Thresher told me, two Greenland Army patrolmen had found sledge tracks on Shannon Island. The men had hurried to Cape Rink and radioed their discovery to Captain Jensen at Deadman’s Bay.
This intelligence tied in with bearings obtained by the high-frequency direction finder we had set up on Jan Mayen. Concluding that an enemy weather station had been established after the Northland departed the Greenland coast in 1943. Jensen radioed Greenland Base Command for troops and machine weapons. He suggested that these be sent by air and landed on Von Paulsen Field, Shannon Island, for rendezvous with the Greenland Army.

The United States Army concurred. But bad flying conditions delayed the operation. Jensen, huddling at Cape Rink with his five men, chafed with impatience and saw his supplies running low. He decided to attack the enemy station now known to be located on Cape Sussi.

The six men crept up on the station under the cover of darkness. They studied its garrison for an hour or so and estimated its force at about thirty men. Jensen decided on an attack after midnight when most of the Germans would be asleep and when the new watch, recently aroused, would still be drowsy.

In preparation Jensen left his men and crawled to a rock within a stone’s throw of the barracks structure. There, as he waited the right moment for the attack, he was surprised by a German officer behind him.

The men faced each other with rifles poised. Jensen did not know who was the more surprised. The German fired first. Jensen shot him—dead.

The garrison was alerted. While Jensen retreated to his men the Nazis raced to their battle stations. Then all hell broke loose! The cold night was rent by the staccato of machine guns and the crackle of Mausers. The handful of Danes found themselves caught in a crossfire with well-trained infantrymen inching toward them in an enveloping movement.

Miraculously Jensen accomplished a masterly retreat and got his men off safely. But he was disappointed. He had failed to destroy the enemy. He would try again—after the arrival of American infantrymen.

When the Northland, in company with the Storis, nosed through the Arctic pack early in July she brought the long-awaited United States Army troops. The Storis set about her assigned task of moving Jensen’s headquarters from Deadman’s Bay to Sandotten and stocking his southern stations with food and fuel. Meanwhile the Northland fought to reach the enemy station at Cape Sussi.

Blocked by heavy ice, Butcher and the commander of the American soldiers, Captain Bruce M. Minnick, decided on an overland expedition composed of troops supported by bluejackets.
But moving a body of men across Shannon Island proved more difficult than anticipated. The weather turned bad. Rain, sleet and melting snow created innumerable morasses. On high ground ragged rocks made progress extremely slow, cut the men’s hands and tore their clothing. Heavy packs, necessary to sustain them in the field, added to their difficulties.

Captain Minnick prudently decided to turn back and await more favorable conditions. On the return trip to the Northland, a flank scout found heavy tire tracks on Von Paulsen Field, the airstrip we had discovered in 1943. This indicated a strong possibility that the enemy had been evacuated by air.

Butcher made another attempt to reach Cape Sussi by sea when the landing force came aboard. This time he found a shore lead and battled his way to a point about two miles off the cape. The midway between ship and shore he saw the crushed hulk of the German expeditionary vessel, the Coburn. It was held by the heavy shore-fast ice.

Viewing the shore with his glasses, Butcher could detect no hint of activity. Had the enemy marched to Von Paulsen Field, twenty-five miles away, and been evacuated by air? Or was he crouching in ambush? Butcher decided to send a reconnaissance patrol to find out.

Lieutenant Harmon took command of the patrol. He strung out his men, roped them together and set out across the ice which was already breaking up. At times the men plunged into crevasses concealed by a light layer of frozen snow. At times they ferried across open pools in an ice skiff, a combination boat and sledge.

Several hours of this put the patrol on the rocky shore, where it deployed to advance on the enemy station. But the enemy had gone. A German helmet perched on a cross which bore the inscription, “Lt. E. Zacher, 24.4.44,” marked a rocky, wind-swept grave. This must be the officer Jensen had killed.

All this Thresher told me after I had taken command of the task unit. Continuing his summary, Thresher informed me that two Navy Catalina bombers in Iceland, under Lieutenant Commander Gilbert R. Evans, USCG, were at our disposal. Moreover the Coast Guard icebreaking buoy-tender Evergreen was now in Denmark Strait and bound north to augment our force.

When our three planes completed their reconnaissance I learned from them that ice conditions were very good over the entire area as far north as Isle de France in Latitude 78 North. With this information we could complete our estimate of the situation.

Allied bombers based on Iceland could conduct bombing missions only as far north as Sabine Island. The enemy surely knew this. Therefore he would not set
up any stations south of Sabine Island unless he was forced to do so by adverse ice conditions. Or unless, in a show of bravado, he undertook an audacious attempt to run the gantlet.

For all practical purposes, however, we could count on Sabine Island marking the southern most line of the enemy’s line of the enemy’s area of operations. Where would the northern line fall?

The enemy probably could sustain himself in Greenland for only one year at a time. In order to resupply a station and relieve its garrison he would have to establish himself in a region that would not be icebound throughout the summer. How far north could he go and not be icebound throughout the summer?

After consulting the Ice Atlas I set Cape Bismark on the lower end of Germania Land as the northern limit. But this did not rule out the possibility of the Germans blundering into such a desolate place as Isle de France, well to the north of Cape Bismark.

But again, for all practical purposes, the area to be most closely guarded was the ninety miles of latitude between Cape Wynn, near Sabine Island on the south and Cape Bismark on the north.

What did we have to carry out this task of guarding ninety miles of east Greenland coast? How many miles would three radar-equipped ships be able to cover? O’Hara set up the problem on a maneuvering board. The answer came out ninety miles: just sufficient to span the vital area!

I then published an operation order. This established a station patrol and assigned each of our three vessels a sector of responsibility. At noon, September 13, the order became effective, and the vessels sped away to take up their stations.

We were now on guard in the vital area. But we did not overlook the possibility of the enemy making an end-run around us to the southward or to the northward.

To watch for a southern end-run Evans was ordered to conduct air reconnaissance of the coast between Scoresby Sound and Jackson Island. His Catalinas would fly from and to Iceland, of course. Bad weather would prevail. We would be fortunate if Evans’ planes could make one flight a week.

I also sent a dispatch to Captain Jensen, requesting the Greenland Army to maneuver the gap between Jackson Island and Cape Wynn. Jensen readily agreed.
So much for the southern flank of the vital area. Patrol of the northern flank must wait until the *Evergreen* reported for duty in a few days. She would take over the *Eastwind*'s station in the vital area while we scouted northward.

We could be reasonably sure the Germans would DF from Norway any signals they could pick up from my task unit. Therefore radio silence must be carefully observed. Transmissions were confined to urgent messages and short-range traffic, using low-power sets.

The net was now cast. We simply had to await developments. I still felt the enemy would show his hand around the end of the month—perhaps sooner.

**The Bow Propeller gets a Workout**

The *Evergreen* reported on September 16. She required water, fuel and food, which we furnished from the *Eastwind*. Afterward she relieved the flagship and we hurried into Dove Bay.

Not far from Cape Alf Trolle, at the lower end of Great Koldewey Island and the southern entrance of Dove Bay, we sighted an island: Grouchs Snack. I expected the enemy would try to establish himself on such an island (typical of many in northeast Greenland) because it offered favorable communications and ease of defense. If we found him thus established, a swift assault at his rear under cover of darkness would be our surest way of taking him.

The *Eastwind*'s landing force of bluejackets was highly trained in all phases of infantry tactics. But I felt the officers and men should have night rehearsals under conditions approximating those they would likely encounter in an after-dark assault.

Anchored off Grouchs Snack in the late afternoon, we exercised the landing force until almost 2:00 A.M., when we moved on to Watkins Falls near the entrance of Bessel Fiord in order to water ship.

While water was being pumped aboard I sent the plane to Sandotten with an invitation to Captain Jensen to return for a conference. It was with great joy that I saw Niels in the plane when it returned. He carried a tiny package which contained his toothbrush, a razor and a change of underwear. This signified his intention to remain with us at least a week.

Jensen expressed a belief the enemy had retreated to the inner recesses of Dove Bay and was hiding out in one of the Greenland Army huts. If not this, Jensen said, the enemy might have gone to some nameless bay or inlet beyond the Greenland Army's patrol route. I could not share these views. But as I was
anxious to explore the uncharted portions of the bay and test the bow propeller in
fiord ice I agreed to a hasty reconnaissance.

The vessel got under way. It was afternoon when we entered one of the unnamed
sounds which honeycomb the western side of Dove Bay. The waterway sliced
between mountains spread with beautiful hues of varying strata. One particular
mountain resembled a gigantic pipe organ. Frozen waterfalls sparkled like
mother of pearl inlay between the lofty “pipes” of basalt. But other matters soon
crowded the beauty of the surroundings from our minds.

The sound tapered into a mere channel after we had penetrated about a mile. It
was sheltered from winds and narrow enough to be carpeted with a couple of feet
of ice. I ordered the bow motor cut in, placed the ship on bridge control and
started a performance record of the bow propeller. After a few miles of using the
after and forward motors I switched all power to the two stern screws. The ship's
speed did not appear to slacken, and I concluded that in relatively thin ice, such
as we were breaking, a maximum of efficiency could be gained by making all
electrical energy available for the stern motors rather than by splitting it up
between the bow and stern.

After leaving this sound, which we named Ostvendsund (Eastwind Sound) in
honor of the first vessel to navigate it, we turned west. The ship soon entered the
vast icy waste forming the inner, or western, side of Dove Bay. The nether light
of dusk accented the ghostliness of the landscape and cast eerie shadows over
specter like bergs. In the distance a mighty glacier wall welded bay with the great
inland sheet.

The entire region was desolate, devoid of life and sound. Nothing stirred, not a
bird or a breeze—nothing save the soft wind, fanned by the ship's speed. The
silence was almost overpowering, and the usual ship noises became thunderous.
Ensign John Gira, officer of the deck at the time, summed up in one word the
appearance of the country about us: “Haunted!”

“The Eskimos will agree with you,” Jensen told Gira. “They would fear the
‘Inland Dwellers’ in a place like this. These creatures—these ‘Inland Dwellers’—
are supposed to be monsters, half human and half canine, who consort with evil
spirits.” He paused, then added, “I am sure this is the first ship ever to visit here.”

Our charts showed the land areas in dotted lines, signifying them as unexplored.
It was reasonable to assume Jensen correct in saying no other ship ever had
entered this part of the bay.

That night the aurora borealis provided us with ample light. The display appeared
suddenly. It lacked the resplendent coloring which characterizes it in southern
Greenland. We were too far from the *magnetic* pole for anything but its brilliantly
yellow light. By midnight we had the ship in charted waters once more and were heading southward.

The day following our departure from Dove Bay was a wretched Sunday. A blizzard howled down from the north, driving new fields of compact ice before it. Below, on the mess deck, divine services had begun. The voluntary response would have pleased any clergyman.

The Eastwind’s complement did not include a chaplain, but there was no dearth of lay readers among the ship’s company. This day Lieutenant Curtis Howard, the navigator, held forth in the pulpit and was having trouble in more ways than one.

First, Howard had chosen a difficult topic: one purposing to show that God was present even in northeast Greenland. Notwithstanding his civilian-life capabilities as an advertising man, he would have to use plenty of high-pressure sales talk to convince his congregation of this.

Secondly, the noise of six high-speed Diesel engines was an added obstacle to the point of Howard’s sermon. The engines were slowly pushing us through an enormous ice field which we must work before reaching Gael Hamke’s Bay and Sandotten. I felt sorry for Howard. Finally I asked him to declare a recess and climbed to the bridge.

When I reached the bridge I saw a whitish glow of a big berg looming ahead. Lieutenant John T. Young, the antisubmarine officer, had the deck and had just ordered the wheel put over to work clear of the berg. An idea struck me. I ordered Young to head for the berg and have an ice anchor coupled to the deep-sea anchor cable. He looked perplexed for a second. Then his eyes sparkled knowingly. “Aye, aye, sir!”

Young eased the ship’s bow close up under the lee of the berg so that the bull nose touched. He held her there with the engines. Men armed with picks clambered onto the berg, roused out the anchor and quickly buried the fluke. When they were back aboard the cable was slacked a trifle and the Eastwind was in tow. I then ordered the engines shut down and had church call sounded again.

Lieutenant Howard resumed his sermon. Only the soft grinding of our improvised ice plow making its way through sea ice and the moan of the wind in the ventilators reached our little church. Maybe it would be easy to convince the men that God was bearing us toward our destination at a speed of three knots.

The number of buildings at Sandotten had doubled during the year. We counted two! The old patrol station had been augmented by a new headquarters building, the only building in northeast Greenland with electric lights and running water. Jensen was modernizing the Greenland Army!
On one side of the main structure a jeep was chugging. On the other side eight dog teams were tethered. A forty-five foot launch, which the Storis had delivered in July, should have filled the skidway. But the craft was gone.

As soon as we stepped out of the *Eastwind’s* boat Jensen read in the faces of his men that something was wrong. “Where is the launch?” he asked.

The senior of the two officers who met us reported that the boat was more than twenty-four hours overdue from a patrol of Gael Hamke’s entrance. Attempts to communicate with her by radio were fruitless. Obviously she was in trouble.

Recalling the drift of the *Northland* last year. I could pretty well reconstruct what had happened. The launch unquestionably had been trapped in the ice and swept southward along the same line of drift. If she hadn’t been crushed, we could probably find her somewhere between Jackson and Arundel islands. Jensen agreed. We hastened to the *Eastwind*, got under way and sped out of Young’s Sound.

Surveying the ice before us---ice we must enter if we were to rescue Jensen’s patrol craft---I wondered how long the bow propeller would last. More than once during these last few days I had silently cursed that propeller and fervently wished headquarters had supported my request that it be removed prior to sailing to Greenland. The blades were extremely vulnerable in close-packed *storis*, and we had been compelled to maneuver through detached fields with a great deal of caution.

I was not happy with the bow propeller. It was on my mind as I surveyed the pack we must enter to search for Jensen’s launch and her men. By “nursing” the propeller, we might preserve it from damage. But this was an emergency, a matter of life or death. Moreover we were about to enter a field so closely packed that no amount of bow propeller thrust would budge any of the floes. Something would have to give. I felt sure it would not be the ice.

The control levers moved down to standard power, and the vessel leaped forward, crashing into the ice. Her stern reared. The pack yielded. Each floe groaned as it ground into its neighbor and threw up pressure ridges at the impact. Scooped-up water poured off up-ended cakes in roaring cataracts. This was the *Eastwind’s* first real test in heavy, polar-packed floes. The speed with which she chewed her way through fascinated me.

Then I heard the urgent ringing of a phone. The junior OOD answered it. “Sir,” he reported, “Commander Montrello wishes to speak with you.”

Lieutenant Commander John Montrello, chief engineer, had learned his science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology subsequent to his graduation from the
Coast Guard Academy. Although Monty never raised his voice, there was no doubt among any of his force, including the old-timers, that he was master of his department.

Speaking to me in his usual matter-of-fact voice, the young chief engineer reported that ice had pushed the rotor aft—only a fraction of an inch, but enough to unseat the brushes. This meant the bow motor was denied us for the remainder of the campaign. In a way I was happy. Henceforth we could treat the vessel as roughly as we needed.

Within two hours after entering the pack we sighted the Greenland Army’s patrol boat. She was marooned in an ice lake. The launch had been obliged to move about in circles to escape being frozen in! Only one hour’s supply of fuel remained in her tanks. The chances of her crew—a lieutenant and a private—surviving would have been slight.

Into the Far North

The south flank of our patrol line was well covered. Lieutenant Commander Gilbert Evans’ two Catalinas kept the coast between Scoresby Sound and Jackson Island under close surveillance, even when flying conditions were difficult. His flights were attended by further handicaps: he had no alternate air bases available; he had to take off from and return to Iceland. Moreover Jackson Island stretched his cruising radius to the limit.

Whenever possible, we also made air reconnaissance of our north flank, using the Eastwind’s plane. This flank was giving me cause for alarm. The expected advance of the main Arctic pack had not yet occurred. Isle de France was surrounded only by shore-fast ice and open water!

I credited the enemy with more intelligence than to try to establish himself north of Cape Bismark. However the German staff was not devoid of the element of human dumbness. He might settle on Isle de France so long as it was ice-free. I determined to push north and be in a better position to intercept such a move. Moreover a dispatch from the Northland, our northernmost patrol vessel, informed me she was running low on water. In order to save fuel I must stop at Watkins Falls and obtain a supply of fresh water to pour into the Northland’s tanks.

Watkins Falls were already partially frozen when we arrived there on September 22. However a little stream bubbled into the fiord beneath a canopy of ice. I planted the deep-sea anchor and sent a detail ashore with a stream anchor for warping in the vessel’s stern. When the boat landed I noticed that the men seemed reluctant to pile out. I reached for my binoculars and soon discovered the reason.
A big musk-ox bull held the beachhead. When any of the men made a move to jump out of the boat he stomped and snorted in a musk-ox’s most menacing fashion. No wonder the men were cautious. None had ever seen a musk ox. I was unable to determine how the beast had found his way into the cul-de-sac about the falls. He was obviously trapped and faced death by starvation.

The situation called for a policeman. We had one in the Eastwind, our gunnery officer, Lieutenant (j.g.) Elmer List. After service in the Navy during World War I List had been on the Long Beach, California, police force and had risen to the rank of captain. When World War II broke out he had entered the Coast Guard. Promptly sent ashore, List dispatched the musk ox with one well-directed shot.

From this point the chief commissary steward and his cooks took over. Delicious musk-ox steaks appeared on the supper menu of the general mess that night. But American reluctance to sample a new dish made the steaks unpopular with the crew. When I learned this I instructed the commissary officer to serve the same steaks the following day, but to feature them as beefsteak. As I expected, the crew unanimously endorsed them as the best steaks ever served!

We arrived at Mjorke Fiord on the north shore of Dove Bay that day. This was a Greenland Army outpost manned by two lieutenants, Nordum and Nielsen. Now—should we take the ship north of Cape Bismark for a look-see? Only an air reconnaissance could answer this question. But I wondered about a take-off in the skim ice forming on the bay.

Ensign Joseph T. McCormick, USCG—“Little Mac”—was my flight officer. His daring and skill as a pilot more than made up for any lack of physical stature. McCormick did not possess normal nerves. Like most Coast Guard aviators, he had a reputation as a foul-weather flyer—an attribute necessary to the peacetime operation of the service. It was said he needed only to extend his arm horizontally prior to take-off. If he could see his finger tips he gave the order to “let ’er roll!”

Our flight plan was laid to take us across Germania Land Peninsula to Skjear Fiord, then north to Isle de France. Fragments of ice striking the plane’s metal hull as we sped for the take-off sounded like the staccato fire of a machine gun. My heart was in my mouth until we were air-borne.

We climbed a broad, barren valley separating towering formations of ancient rock. This valley marked a void in the great ice cap which set Germania Land aside like a huge, white table top. On either side glaciers tapered downward to end in a network of ribbon like frozen streams. Here and there lakes that had been gouged out by retreating glaciers were silvery with ice.
Ascending to the level of the perpetual ice, we made out the crevasse-wrinkled fringes were marching ice met solid rock or spilled over in glacial form. We were about to dip downward onto the Skjear Fiord when something went wrong.

McCormick gunned the plane, and I felt us banking dizzily to reverse course. Through the intercom I heard him talk to the *Eastwind* in a matter-of-fact tone as though making a routine report. The plane was icing rapidly and losing altitude, he said. He would try for the fiord, but probably would have to pancake on one of the frozen lakes.

Then I heard O’Hara, who was on watch in the combat-information center: “Will send Jensen ashore with a rescue party at once.”

We passed the last large lake and McCormick made his decision---to try for the fiord. The alternative was certain and instant death. I gripped the sides of my seat.

We sped down the valley. I looked at the wings, glistening with ice. Then at the shore line. I wondered if we would make the fiord. I was scared. McCormick was giving his plane everything she had. Then we reached the beach, clearing it by a hundred feet which looked like so many inches!

We sat down on the skim ice with a clash that sounded like the breaking up of a restaurant full of dishes. McCormick dropped his wheels, and the plane came to a jolting abrupt halt. He turned and gave me a grin. I was actually terrified speechless and did not find my voice until the plane was being hoisted aboard the *Eastwind*.

Clearly our scouting to the north had to be made by ship rather than by plane. But first I again wanted to exercise the landing force under conditions approaching those on such a place as Isle de France. I selected one of the little islands in the Olienterings Oerne group because it presented most of the obstacles likely to be encountered in an Arctic night amphibious operation.

Frankly I was proud of our landing force and glad we carried no soldiers. The presence of troops would have vested the Army with responsibility for shore operations. I had my own pet ideas of how an amphibious operation should be conducted in this part of the world. I knew the capabilities and limitations of my men and ships. Here a unified command---a naval one---was the only answer.

We broke off drill before dawn on September 24 and sailed out of Dove Bay via Koldewey Strait to contact the *Northland*. Despite his crippled steering gear, Butcher had shown more than ordinary tenacity in maintaining a tight patrol. I knew he would not have asked us for fresh water if he had been able to pump it from pools in the pack ice.
The *Northland*’s tanks were nearly dry when we drew alongside. I learned from Butcher that when he had taken his station on September 14 he had found the fresh-water pools in the pack frozen solid.

Twelve hours after watering the *Northland* we made a landfall on desolate Isle de France. Save for tongues and a few detached fields of moderately packed polar ice, the *Eastwind* had sailed north in open water. I investigated the island. Isle de France was covered with snow and devoid of any visible flora and fauna, including man. Moreover a margin of newly formed ice clung to its uninviting shores.

I concluded that the enemy could not have established himself on those steep, bleak slopes without leaving some visible clue. So the *Eastwind* continued racing north. At five bells on the afternoon watch we sped over the south boundary of Belgica Bank. Here a few soundings had been recorded by the Belgica expedition, led by the Duc d’Orleans in 1902. The duke, pretender to the throne of France, had named the bank for his ship, the *Belgica*.

An hour later we were north of the Belgica expedition’s soundings—-in waters never before navigated by a ship. The news spread rapidly through the *Eastwind*. Officers and men now looked on themselves as polar explorers!

Niels Jensen, standing beside me in the pilothouse, voiced his enthusiasm. “Let’s sail right into Danmark Fiord!”

Danmark Fiord is on the northern coast of Greenland and empties into the Arctic Ocean. My own fervor for such a junket was on a par with Jensen’s, but we had more important fish to fry. I realized that the Germans were not likely to go so far north as our own dreams and excitement could have taken us that day.

Jensen’s face clouded when I informed him of my decision to run only as far as I considered the ice navigable for an enemy vessel. He then asked me to run toward the coast and establish a depot on Lambert Land. This would extend the Greenland Army’s patrol route, whose nearest station was two hundred miles farther south. I could see no particular advantage in a station so far north, but agreed to set up a depot if we conveniently could.

The *Eastwind* encountered ice at 4:30 P.M. It was skim ice at first. Then it gradually thickened to several inches. On our port quarter the sun sank behind the great inland ice in a riot of color. Still the ship hurried on, her stern singing as it cast up ice particles which swept over the decks like flakes of hard snow. Floes of polar ice, scattered about us, were becoming more numerous and more compactly welded together.

By 7:00 P.M. the vessel was being slowed appreciably by new ice at least two feet thick. She lurched repeatedly to impacts with heavy detached floes which
the watch could not see in the dark. There could be little doubt that we had now reached the vanguard of the main Arctic pack.

I had the ship put on a westerly course to close on Lambert Land and noted our position: Latitude, 80 deg.03’ North; Longitude, 15 deg.41’ West, Date: September 25, 1944.

We were less than six hundred miles from the North Pole---the farthest north a ship had ever pushed under her own power! Moreover, the northeast Greenland pack is the world’s toughest. This was indeed a historic occasion. But because of wartime secrecy it would not receive acclaim.

We had fervent hopes of making a landfall on northeast Lambert Land. But the configuration of the Arctic pack forced the vessel well south of west during the night. At daybreak, September 26, the Eastwind was in sight of Cape Bourbon, about fifteen miles distant. South of the cape the Francois Archipelago stretched in clear relief against the background of icy mountains and glacial cliffs. The larger islands of this group had already been charted by the Duc d’Orleans.

Eight miles southeast of Cape Bourbon we met a barrier of heavy, shorefast ice. While the Eastwind was capable of smashing through this, I was convinced that it denied our enemy access to the coast. The establishment of a depot for Jensen was unjustified, I felt. Therefore I set the ship on a southerly course to skirt the French Islands.

The daylight hours were devoted to filling in the topographic voids on our charts. By radar and sextant angles Howard and O’Hara plotted the hitherto unknown dimensions---elevations, lengths and breadths---of mighty glaciers and small islands. The dotted lines on our charts which indicated “unexplored” were erased and replaced with reliable data.

The wall of shore-fast ice persisted, giving us assurance that Nature was holding our northern flank secure for us. Viewing the crevasse-scarred inland ice recalled the epoch-making journey of Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen across Duc d’Orleans Land to explore Danmark Fiord. Many times this hardiest of explorers had plunged into crevasses while trudging ahead of his dog team. Many times he had dangled in his traces over a bottomless gulf, held back by the weight of his team, sledge and companions.

We named one of our newly charted islands Mikkelsen Island in honor of the explorer. Another was named Niels Jensen Island. I insisted that another be named after Dr. Frederick Cook, who, with Amundsen, saved the Belgica expedition to the Antarctic in 1897 and later became the first man to reach the North Pole (my personal view based upon oceanographic congruities).
As darkness fell I brought the ship onto an easterly course to reach well clear of the coast before heading south again. There was no doubt that winter was fast locking this portion of the Greenland Sea. And I felt confident that the enemy did not have a vessel capable of unlocking it. When we found him—-if we did---he would be farther south.

We Try to Fool the Admiral of the Polar Seas

Morning of September 28 found the Eastwind well off Shannon Island and running southward before a whole northerly gale. She lurched heavily at times as mountainous seas caught her in a wide yaw. Fine particles of driving snow kept the decks white and slippery, making it difficult and somewhat dangerous to get about the laboring vessel.

I was on the bridge-wing, clinging tightly to the bulwark on the uproll, pressing heavily against it on the downroll. Suddenly the angry hissing of the sea and the wail of the wind were shattered by a crash.

I slid along the bulwark until I could look aft and see the deck. What I saw was not a happy sight. The hold-down chains securing our plane had snapped under the terrific wind pressure. The little aircraft was lying on its side with its port wing smashed against the deck. Lieutenant M.J. Cummings and his damage-control party were passing a six-inch hawser around the plane to keep it from being carried over the side. But even from where I stood it was evident that the J2F would never fly again.

This was a serious handicap. More than ever, now that the enemy might be approaching the area, we needed air reconnaissance. We would have to figure out something.

The figuring out did not take long. It was dictated by the weather. Obviously winter was taking a hand and I soon would have to send the smaller ships to Iceland. The crippled Northland gave me particular concern. In spite of Butcher’s capabilities, I did not relish having her meet the advancing polar pack with her jury steering rig.

Clearly it was time to re-estimate the situation. We had one new factor to take into consideration: the Eastwind’s sister ship, the brand-new Southwind. The day our plane was damaged I received a dispatch saying the Southwind was departing Boston to join my task unit. But she could not reach northeast Greenland for at least a week. If weather and ice permitted, I wanted to keep the Northland, Evergreen and Storis in the area until the Southwind arrived.

What about a plane for the Eastwind? Well, since the Storis must soon depart, I would take her plane. And in view of weather conditions it would be wise to
rendezvous as soon as possible. Then we could bring the Storis’ plane aboard the Eastwind at the first favorable moment.

Consequently I sent a dispatch to Lieutenant Commander Thresher, ordering him to take the Storis to Freden Bay without delay. We also ran toward Freden Bay, working through some ten miles of ice before we came to anchor in the Ice of Shannon Island near Cape Philip Broke.

When the Storis joined us the storm was raging stronger. The two ships could not moor alongside each other to make the exchange of aircraft. Then around midnight the Northland broke radio silence. Butcher reported he was having “a little difficulty” due to his jury steering cable having parted. Heavy seas and floes of polar ice prevented him from making repairs.

A little difficulty! It was typical of the capable, self-reliant Butcher to imply he could get along without help. But I was convinced that we had better lend a hand.

Ordering the Storis to stand by at Freden Bay, we hove up our anchor and stood out of our snug haven. After nearly ten hours of battling the weather and crashing through a belt of heavy ice at the entrance of Hochstetter Bay we found the stricken Northland. She was drifting helplessly in the trough and in constant danger of being thrust against wicked storis and bergs.

There is little point in describing in detail the delicate maneuvers necessary to pass a line to the Northland in those heavily running seas and take her in tow. But I want to say that Chief Quartermaster Archie Brooks had the Eastwind’s wheel and gave a demonstration of unusual judgment and skill in counteracting the wave motions which yawed us violently and tended to send our ponderous bulk crashing into the Northland.

We got her in tow and quickly worked up to twelve knots, giving her that fastest ride of her career—save, of course, for the night she was caught in the storm off Cape Farewell at the completion of our Jan Mayen job.

The Storis was now ordered out of Freden Bay to screen us against the possibility of submarine attack, while the Evergreen was called up to scout the pack for a lead to open water.

Once again that day we saw a demonstration of unusual judgment and skill. Lieutenant John E. Klang, USCG, skipper of the Evergreen, proved himself a worthy sea sailor. Without the aid of aircraft he readily located a lead into Pendulum Strait and took station outside to guide us in.

We had the Northland in relatively calm water by 5:00 P.M. Then we hove short the hawser and fitted her bow into our towing crotch. Thus coupled together we proceeded like a two-car train.
The *Evergreen* now commenced an antisubmarine patrol around the *Northland, Eastwind* and *Storis*, which huddled together in Pendulum Strait while the *Northland* repaired her steering rig and the *Eastwind* and *Storis* exchanged planes.

Our experience with the *Northland* during these last twenty-four hours made me even more certain that I must get the three small ships away from northeast Greenland without delay. An air reconnaissance on September 30 added weight to this conviction. Using the plane we had taken from the *Storis*, Little Mac found the southern limit of the polar pack at Cape Bismark.

This intelligence of the rapid advance of the heavy ice was all I needed to make a final decision. From now on the three small ships would be subject to severe ice-and-storm damage. They would be getting stuck repeatedly. In need of assistance they would of necessity be forced to break radio silence and thus reveal to the enemy the location of each vessel.

Yes, it was high time the *Northland, Storis* and *Evergreen* returned to Iceland. But I hoped to turn their loss to advantage. I decided to try a little stratagem—a trick that might lure the enemy into a false sense of security.

Lieutenant Commander Thresher was placed in tactical command of the three vessels en route to Iceland. His orders directed him to make two weather transmissions daily to the naval weather center at Argentia. These transmissions were the hub of the stratagem. I knew that the enemy could DF our vessels. I hoped that when he picked up these frequent transmissions he would conclude that the Northeast Greenland Task Unit had suspended operations for the winter—and that he would not suspect the *Eastwind* was still in the area with the *Southwind* en route to join her.

If this bait were taken, the admiral of the Polar Seas—the German high-command officer charged with Arctic operations—could be expected to broadcast a signal to any enemy expeditionary vessel hovering between Greenland and Spitzbergen to proceed with her plan. To the enemy our frequent weather transmissions from the *Storis* might mean: “The coast is clear in northeast Greenland!”

The *Northland* had her jury rig repaired and was ready to sail at 8:00 P.M. on September 30. The *Evergreen* took her in tow and the *Storis* conducted an antisubmarine screen around them, while the *Eastwind* went ahead, smashing a trail through the ice. They all were safely through the pack by 2:00 A.M.

We exchanged parting whistle blasts, and the *Eastwind* turned back to the coast. The moon was high in a clear sky. Ahead of us the profiles of rugged mountains stood out in clear relief, their proximity exaggerated by the crisp, clear air. I was inwardly happy that we were not leaving this magnificent stronghold of Nature,
happy that the Eastwind was master of the ice around us and of the Greenland Sea beyond.

Contact!

We kept the Eastwind’s ready-gun crews on their toes by calling alert during every watch. If visibility was good, the OOD selected a target and ordered the turret crew to fire three rounds. The target chosen might be an iceberg, a floeberg or a rock. To exercise the heavy-machine gun crews a weather balloon was released. We expected it to be shot down before it soared out of sight. All this created considerable healthy rivalry among the various gun crews. Those who failed to score a hit lost caste.

We sailed around Cape Borlase Warren on October 1 and smashed northward to Walrus Island. Here we paused for a shore-bombardment problem—training the turret crews in furnishing artillery support to our landing force.

The next day—October 2—we were off Cape David Gray, Shannon Island. The weather was fine and clear. Hochstetter Bay was largely ice-free, so I sent McCormick, with Lieutenant Commander Harold Land as observer, northward on an air reconnaissance. As soon as the plane was air-borne all hands were called to battle stations for target practice on an iceberg drifting by.

The guns had no sooner begun hurling steel at the target when O’Hara called me on the battle telephone from his station in the combat operation center. “Captain,” he reported “the plane appears to be orbiting about ninety-eight miles north of here. It must be investigating something.”

I gave orders to cease firing, secured from general quarters and instructed the control room to have the two idle engines made ready for cutting in.

Again O’Hara called on the phone. “Plane is returning, sir. It said something about a ‘big ship,’ but the message was garbled.”

I ordered the Eastwind put on a northerly course and called for fourteen and one-half knots, full speed on four engines. In three quarters of an hour we sighted our plane coming toward us. Pausing only long enough to hoist it aboard, we roared ahead at full speed with six engines on the line.

Lieutenant Commander Land rushed to the bridge and made his report: “There’s a big ship standing out to sea off North Little Koldewey. She’s making about fourteen knots!”

I knew this was an enemy ship and that we must destroy her. But what type of ship were we up against? I pressed Land for details. But he could tell me little.
Heavy machine gun fire from the enemy ship had kept our plane at bay, preventing a close look. Pages of our identification book flew until we reached a silhouette of the German icebreaking plane-carrier Ostmark. Land said the silhouette closely resembled the vessel he and Mac had sighted.

Several questions ran around in my mind at once. Had the Ostmark---if this was the Ostmark---planted an expeditionary force ashore? If so, where? What was she up to now? Would she hurry south to fight us? Would she steam north to hide herself in the pack? Would she attempt to escape to Norway? If she was headed for Norway, would her route take her via Spitzbergen or would she go direct? Was she supported by other warships?

We still were eighty-nine miles from her!

I made a mental estimate of the situation. The enemy vessel was our first and most important objective. Expeditionary forces ashore, if any, could be dealt with later. If the enemy ship intended engaging us, we would not have to worry about finding her. She would find us. If she intended hiding in the pack in an effort to escape, we could take our time in seeking her out.

For the present I must assume she would hurry off in the direction of either Spitzbergen or Norway. The ice pack would limit the courses available to her because Harold Land had observed the main pack to be following roughly, the latitude of Cape Bismark.

I summoned all department heads and announced my plan. In order to launch our plane we must hug the coast of Shannon Island. The plane would take off at 4:00 P.M., one hour before dark. Lieutenant Commander Land and Little Mac must locate the enemy ship and orbit over her until we drew within radar range. By that time the plane would be nearing the limit of its cruising radius. If ice prevented “Little Mac” from landing near the Eastwind he must fly to Mjorke Fiord and land on the smooth ice. Nordum and Nielsen were still at the Greenland Army hut there. They could support Mac and Land until we picked them up.

At 4:00 P.M. the plane hung from our crane close to the water’s edge. The vessel was stopped. After the plane was lowered into the crackling film of thin ice it took off and soared northward. The Eastwind resumed her wild pace.

In the combat operations center air plotters spread heavy black lines over the surface of the air-plot dial. Interpreting these, we would see that Land and McCormick were making a systematic search close to the coast. Then the plot lines stretched into Dove Bay and began running south. The plane was returning without having located its quarry!
It was now 7:30 P.M. The night would have been quite dark, were it not for a soft touch of moonlight. The plane arrived and circled the ship preparatory to landing. I signaled McCormick that we were plowing through several inches of slush ice and suggested he continue orbiting until we could break a strip for him.

But Little Mac chose not to wait. Several flares shot out of the plane and blazed brilliantly after settling on the ice. The aircraft came down for a landing among the avenue of flares. It touched gently and abruptly stopped. The ice was too dense to permit taxiing, so the plane stood fast while the *Eastwind* hove alongside. After hoisting it clear we resumed full speed.

Harold Land came to the bridge to report. The plane had searched the area between Great Koldewey Island and a point thirty miles off-shore. At this point a heavy fog bank cloaked the sea area, preventing reconnaissance. The plane had returned to the ship via Dove Bay against the possibility of the enemy having doubled back. But the moonlight was too dull to make reconnaissance effective, Land said.

If the enemy ship were lurking in Dove Bay, we would have her pretty well bottled up. But I doubted the likelihood of this. It didn’t seem possible the enemy would entrap himself.

My next consideration was this: To have cleared a distance of thirty miles offshore from Koldewey between the time she was first sighted and the time our plane returned the ship must be capable of making good at least ten knots. I was positive the Germans did not have a naval vessel capable of a speed of twelve knots through the frozen seas, especially at night and in a dense fog.

I therefore assumed the enemy ship’s mean speed at ten knots and decided on a retiring search curve, or search from the flank to the eastward. Providing the speed was reasonably constant, our radar would pick her up, regardless of the course she steered.

The *Eastwind* swung onto her initial search course at fourteen knots. The ship’s company was kept in an alert status, with half the battle stations manned while the other half of the crew was permitted to turn in, “boots and saddles.” The galley watch busied itself with serving hot coffee and doughnuts.

The night dragged on. The new ice became harder and thicker. With increasing frequency the ship jolted terrifically as she crashed into floebergs or flocs of old ice. Sometimes I thought the hull must surely split. Targets appeared on the radar from time to time. Each time we thought: *This is surely it!* But the experienced men in the combat operations center interpreted the impressed impulses accurately. Without exception they turned out to be bergs. I grew less sure of my estimate of our enemy’s speed.
Daylight came just as the solid, heavy wall of the main polar pack loomed across the northern horizon in an unbroken arc. It was now clear that Fritz either had made good his escape to Norway, was hiding in Dove Bay or had poked into the polar pack in an effort to conceal himself.

In the latter event Nature would hold him for us. So it remained for us to see if he had landed a force anywhere near North Little Koldewey Island—or to see if he was hiding out in some nearby fiord.

I wheeled the vessel onto a westerly course.

In the afternoon we reached a soft spot which had been an ice lake. It was now carpeted with a surface film of thin ice. The Eastwind ran back and forth through this—into and before the wind—cutting a slick for our plane to make a take-off. McCormick’s instructions were to investigate the Koldewey Islands and search for the enemy ship on the way. Lieutenant (j.g.) Alden Lewis, landing-force commander, went with Mac as observer. Lewis was instructed to chart offshore ice conditions and shore-fast ice which might serve as a beachhead.

The ice was a bit thicker here, and we all experienced a few anxious seconds before the plane was air-borne. But Little Mac displayed his usual skill and daring.

The plane returned two hours later and landed easily in a slick we prepared for her. Lewis reported on the bridge and led me to the chart table, where he unfolded a sketch.

“Here, Captain,” he said, with the point of his pencil indicating an X inscribed on the southeast side of North Little Koldewey Island, “is a dump of what appears to be building materials. The right-hand crosshatchings over the contours represent snow. The left-hand crosshatchings represent rock. You see, sir, there is very little clear area. Not many places where land mines can be planted. Koldewey Strait is clear except for drift ice. But the upper end near Storm Bay is frozen solid.”

The pencil point moved offshore to a series of bold marks roughly paralleling the coast and extending south all the way to Cape Alf Trolle. Lewis explained these bold marks: “This is a tongue of the main pack. It is about twelve miles off the entrance to Koldewey Straits and Little Koldewey Island. The ice is storis floes. It is close-packed—about ninety-five-per-cent coverage. But I think the Eastwind can push through, sir.”

“Course: two-six-five. Speed fourteen knots, Mr. List,” I ordered the OOD. “Have the officers assemble in my cabin.”
North Little Koldewey

I explained my plan of action to the group of officers who crowded around Lewis’ sketch map spread on my cabin table.

First, we must assume that the enemy was entrenched on the east side of Koldewey Island, prepared to defend his position. The reconnaissance just made had shown this island to be a natural fortress, and there was no telling how many men the Germans might have landed.

On the other hand, we had carefully rehearsed an attack on such a position by exercising our landing force night and day across similar terrain. Now at last we were up against the real thing. This called for a swift, surprise thrust at the enemy’s rear at night.

I decided to push the Eastwind through the twelve miles of pack ice under cover of darkness. We would then enter Koldewey Strait and anchor inside South Little Koldewey Island, which is separated from the northern twin by a few hundred yards of shoal water. Four o’clock would be H-Hour. We would move up North Little Koldewey, put our landing force ashore at H-Hour, then stand by to furnish artillery support in case it was needed.

As the Eastwind drew near the belt of heavy ice which stretched along the Koldewey coast she plunged into a dense fog. It was now 6:00 P.M. and, knowing the ice might be tougher than reported from the plane, I determined not to wait for darkness before pushing in.

It was well after midnight before the ship had battered her way through to inside the pack. The radar ferreted out the narrow gash which separates South Little Koldewey and Great Koldewey islands. We entered canal like Koldewey Strait. Inside the strait we found ourselves bucking a swift current which flowed out of Dove Bay. Sweeping to the sea, it carried huge masses of icebergs, floebergs and large floes which popped out of the Stygian darkness like silent specters. It was clear there was too much ice flowing through the strait for us to think of anchoring. We must keep moving upstream into Dove Bay.

Now a fear assailed me. Could we get past North Little Koldewey without the noise level of the ship alerting the Germans? I had all machinery secured except the one motor needed to buck the current. Of course, running one Diesel engine at slow speed would throw sparks, but I relied on the fog to conceal them. We crept quietly up the strait.

At 3:45 A.M. --- H minus fifteen --- we were back again at North Little Koldewey, breaking ice for our boats to get ashore. Promptly at 4:00 A.M. Lewis, with his scouts and headquarters detail, hit the beach, or, more correctly, the ice footing. Ensign D. O. Ellis’ infantry platoon, then Ensign John Gira’s weapons platoon
landed in rapid succession. The problem was now entirely in Lewis’ hands. He began moving his company stealthily across the frozen island with the thermometer near zero. The darkness quickly swallowed our men, but these sailorsmen were well rehearsed in keeping contact with one another at night.

The battle of North Little Koldewey was over within an hour after H-Hour. There were no casualties on either side, and not one shot was fired. Again my estimate was flaky – I had sent a giant to do an infant's work. But, I told myself, had it not been for Lewis’ tactical skill and the disciplined and co-ordinated soldiering of my men, the Germans might have defied a division --- like Leonidas at Thermopylae!

Lewis’ reconnaissance patrol ferreted out the German outpost guard and overpowered it before the alarm could be spread. Then it located the main body of Germans without being observed. Lewis deployed his force in an enveloping advance and had the enemy penned between sea and rocks before the interior guard was aware of what was taking place.

Lewis called on the force of twelve Germans to surrender. Everyone raised his arms --- everyone, that is, except the commander of the garrison, Ober-Lieutenant Karl Schmid of the Naval Artillery. The intrepid leader realized at once he must destroy his secret documents and was willing to lay down his life in the attempt.

Thurman F. Chafin, a seaman, saw Lieutenant Schimid strike a match and attempt to light an oil-soaked bag which lay at his feet. Chafin rushed the unarmed commander with his rifle and knocked the burning match from his fingers. He then snatched up the bag and delivered it and Karl Schmid to his commanding officer.

Following this capture, Lewis dispatched Gira's platoon on a sweep of the island to round up any isolated elements. None was found.

In the meantime Ellis marched the prisoners of war across the island to the beachhead, whence they were brought, half frozen, to the ship. I believe these forlorn-looking souls fully expected to be shot. Dr. Goebbels’ propaganda machine had done a thorough job. They certainly did not expect the humane treatment Americans customarily give their captured enemy.

First the prisoners were stripped, bathed and issued clean clothing. Next they were given a hot American breakfast. In the meantime their uniforms, immaculate as they were, would be sterilized before being re-issued to their owners.

Ober-Lieutenant Schmid had one request to make. Could his crew’s mascot, who was also a prisoner, be allowed to remain with his men? This was a little black dog of doubtful ancestry named Zipper. I readily consented.
While our German friends were being properly disposed of, the *Eastwind* moved around the island to the station our men had just captured. There was a mass of equipment of all sorts --- about 200 tons of it --- which must be inventoried and brought on board. It included well-built housing, valuable radio and meteorological equipment, tons of food and munitions and countless miscellaneous items.

A few of these miscellaneous items nearly brought tears to many eyes. All that good German beer and rare French champagne was frozen solid by sub-zero temperatures before it could be brought from shore to ship. Still, there was an abundance of ardent spirits whose alcoholic content preserved them for Dr. Smith to add to his medical stores.

These low temperatures made our anchorage a precarious one. An endless parade of large floes marched through it on their journey from Dove Bay to join the main Artic pack. This main pack was only a few miles offshore and, it was clear to us, would spread shoreward day by day. Our work, hampered as it was, would be a race against the inward movement of *storis*.

The important job of evaluating the documents which Lieutenant Schmid tried so valiantly to destroy was given to Lieutenant (j.g.) Harry Kelsey, my communications officer. Kelsey selected two crew members to assist him. These were Gerald Varrelman, yeoman, first class, and Werner Mueller, an electrician’s mate. Kelsey and Varrelman had learned their German in college. Mueller had spoken it fluently on his parents’ farm in Wisconsin.

At the end of the first day the translation detail had determined that our seizure was indeed a far-reaching one. It knew, for instance, that the following top-secret German documents were now in Allied hands---and uncompromised, as far as the German high command could tell:

- The all-important German submarine-contact code.
- Operations plan of the admiral of the Polar Seas.
- Detailed hydrographic, meteorological and geographic information about Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.
- Land-mine plans for German stations in Greenland, Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.
- Naval operations charts of the Polar Sea regions.
- Deployment of Arctic naval forces.
- Weather and communications codes.

Further translation uncovered details of three German Arctic naval expeditions. Each bore a code name which suggested its leader. The one we had just captured, under Lieutenant Schmid, was called *Goldschmied*. 
The expedition which had run afoul the Northland was led by Ober-Lieutenant Weiss and named Eidelweiss. A third one, Haudegen, was ordered to Spitzbergen. It was commanded by Ober-Lieutenant (Dr.) Dege, An eminent authority on the geology of the island.

Schmid’s orders, we found, had originally been to establish a weather and radio-relay station on Nova Zembla. When the admiral of the Polar Seas learned of the destruction of Eidelweiss by the Northland he had diverted Goldschmied to northern Greenland.

“Attempt to locate your station on Isle de France,” read the admiral’s orders to Lieutenant Schmid. “If ice prevents your getting in to Isle de France, select a suitable location. It is imperative, however, that you keep north of bombing range from Iceland.”

A word of caution was added to Schmid’s directive about the Northland. She was known to be operating in the Greenland Sea with some other vessel, possibly the Storis. However, both vessels were expected to leave the area prior to Goldschmied’s arrival.

I was pleased to note here that there was no reference to the Eastwind in Schmid’s orders. I attributed this to our having avoided a stop at Iceland en route to northeast Greenland. Had we called at Reykjavik, I believe the information would have leaked out.

The order written by the admiral of the Polar Seas went on to designate the naval transport Externestiene as Goldschmied’s expeditionary vessel. She was to be provided with a destroyer and submarine escort.

It was the Externestiene, then, that Land and McCormick had sighted on the second of October! I was anxious to find out more about her.

In the meantime, I dispatched a summary of documents seized to upper echelons of command and requested that the Storis be sent from Iceland to fetch them. Permission to use her as a courier vessel was granted me immediately.

Taking stock of the situation in the light of what we now knew, I concluded that the Externestiene was an iceworthy ship, but not an icebreaker. She might, therefore, still be lurking in northeast Greenland---possibly with her submarine escort. In such event it was plainly my duty to seek her out and destroy or capture her.

I turned over in my mind the idea of manning the German transmitter and sending fake weather in our captured codes. We might thereby lure the Externestiene into our hands and at the same time raise havoc with Nazi Western European weather prognoses. But there was too much danger of our transmissions being
recognized by a clever enemy. He would then know his codes were compromised. I discarded the notion.

McCormick made several flights during the second day we were at North Little Koldewey in an effort to locate the Externestiene. None was successful. But we were closing the search area, and if she were hovering in the area, we would be sure to find her. The submarine, I believed, must have returned to open water after seeing the transport into the pack. But I was to have occasion to reconsider this supposition.

The darkness of midnight, October 5-6, was broken only by the white, snowy shore line of North Little Koldewey, whose wind-swept crest blended with the indefinable black sky somewhere beyond it. A silent procession of ghostly white floebergs flowed past the vessel, drawn toward Bismark Strait by the flood tide. The ship was in utter darkness. On shore the flicker of cargo lamps cast an eerie glow over the figures of men who were loading the boats with booty.

Suddenly the urgent Bong! Bong! Bong! Of the general alarm split the cold, crisp air.

I rushed to the bridge, scooped up my glasses and trained them down the OOD’s outstretched arm. No explanation was needed. Centered there in my line of sight was the unmistakable outline of a submarine—-a German submarine!

The underseas craft was stealing in toward us, partially hidden among floebergs which seemed to travel with it. I judged its speed to be about three knots. I thought: Her skipper is smart!

“Propeller beats! Five zero r.p.m.,” sounded constantly from the “Squawk Box” (the 21-MC intercom to combat operations center). That would be about right for the speed she was making. The sub was less than a quarter-mile away and should start maneuvering for firing position in a few seconds. This we must prevent.

I ordered a searchlight illuminated forward-turret attack with heavy machine-gun support—-the after turret being masked.

On the fire-control bridge List swung his director on the target and made certain the searchlight crew was “on”. Young also had his director controlling two 40-mm. “quads” lined up.

At a word from List the violet beam of the searchlight flashed on and flooded the target. A split second later two tongues of flame licked out of the five-inch twins.
Even before two columns of ice particles and spray rose from the base of our target we knew we had been fooled. Young checked his heavy machine-gun fire. We had thrown steel at a floeberg.

I sought the explanation of the propeller beats reported from “combat.” No one paid the slightest attention to the motor sailor returning with a load from shore. It turned up fifty revolutions per minute.

“Good practice,” I consoled, but my face was a trifle warmer than it should have been.

The following afternoon we received another scare. The plane was launched, and McCormick made ready to take off on another recon flight. He had taxied no more than a hundred yards from the ship when the ice began moving into his take-off strip. He spun his aircraft about and made for the ship, taxiing downwind. As he passed under the crane Mac made a grab for the hook and caught it. The driving force of the wind was too much. The airman was yanked out of his cockpit and plunged into the icy water. McCormick bobbed up a few times, and then his helmeted head disappeared beneath a large floe of ice.

On the bridge Lieutenant Commander Land, with presence of mind, threw the control levers to half-speed-ahead. He figured the screw current would suck the flier out from under the floe. It did. Mac was fished out by the crash boat and rushed to the sick bay.

Dr. Robert H. Smith prescribed a generous portion of ardent spirits, which the pilot eagerly accepted. “Now get out of those wet clothes,” the surgeon ordered.

“What wet clothes, Doc?” McCormick asked in feigned astonishment. “These flying clothes are watertight. Only my face got wet. But thanks just the same for the hooker on the house.”

“Well, now, young fellow,” the doctor said, grinning, “for being so clever you may have another one on the house.” Dr. Smith retired to the pharmacy and returned with a second drink.

Mac sipped it suspiciously, then set it down and fled. Even 151-proof rum can’t conceal a stiff dose of castor oil.
Obituary

Rear Admiral Charles W. Thomas, USCG (Retired)
He and his wife were killed by a speeding car as they crossed the street on foot, in Ushuaia, Argentina, South America.
He has a son, Charles W. Thomas, Jr. a daughter Irina Thomas.

Note from this Edition: Captain C W Thomas’ book from which this excerpt was extracted, is a rare book now, but can still be found on the Internet if you Search long enough. I could find no copyright holder registered to ask Permission to publish a small portion representing the Eastwind. This is Captain Thomas’ own words to illustrate his sea story of his command.
Crewman under Captain Thomas

Honor pages of crewman under Captain Thomas (part of the First Crew) The following are the ‘Honor Pages’ of the men who served under Captain Thomas, and their own stories in brief. Bear in mind that most all who served “Ice Duty” in the early through mid forties, are now deceased. Some who submitted their copyright releases top me in the four years I have been compiling this book, have passed away before I could finish. For those men I have sent their families a mini version of the chapter they were a part of, for their children and grand children.

Lieutenant Commander Montrello written by WD Bonner.

The following men have submitted memories of their participation in the World War II era under the command of Captain Thomas. These men are few in number, and several have passed on to glory during the years I have worked on this biography of the “Mighty ‘E’”, are listed below in alphabetical order:

A.O. Smith
Allen Brier, LTJG
Allen R. Meldrun
Ambrose Powers
Arthur F. Vreeland, CMoMM
Bill B. Winn, SM 1c
Billy Parker
Bob Hailstrom
Carl A. Ballentine
Carl Henning
Casper H. Trumps, SNGM
Charles Holt, ET 1c
Clyde Milto Biles
David F. Lehrman
David R. Shilling
Dennis Foy, BM 3c
Donald Benn
Donald C. Bailey
Earl T. Ellis
Edward Hedman, AvM 1c
Elmer Rasmussen, MoMM 2c
F.B. (Bert) Gauny
Frank Mazurkiewicz, Sn 1c
Fred Morton
Fred W. Ulreich
Gerard Chatier
Glenn Arrant
Harold Land
Harold Lee
Harold Zehe

Harry Arsenault
Herbert H. Karafotias
Herbert J. Spiegel
Howard Strauss, MoMM 3c
In memory of R.J. Harley
James L. Dodge Jr
Jerry W. Lewis
John A. Oberlander
John S. Dondero, MoMM 1c
Joseph A. Macri
Joseph A. Quintillani
LeRoy Grant
Leslie U. Morrison
Lieutenant Comander Montrello
Louis LaRiccia
Martin Bartlett
Martin R. Bartlett
Merrill ‘Lefty’ Schwartz
Mike ‘Bennie’ McFadden
Nelson Williams
Newton C. Beardwood
Paul H. Mulrenin
R.E. Zipperer, SNR 1c
R.L. Bourret
Ralph A. Evora
Ralph L. Jones
Richard F. Denno
Richard Moland
Richard Plume
Richard Rogers
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<td>Robert Crowninshield, SN 1c</td>
<td>Thomas Brodeur</td>
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<td>Robert L. Fritz</td>
<td>Truman Chafin</td>
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<td>Robert Retsky</td>
<td>Warren D. Bonner</td>
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<td>Robert W. Reuss CCM</td>
<td>William Downes</td>
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<td>Roy J. Montz</td>
<td>Windfield P. Miller, EM 3c</td>
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Captain Thomas put Lieutenant Curtis in command of the Eastbreeze and Lieutenant Commander Montrello, as Chief Engineering officer. He chose from his department, men from each of the three sections of the engineering division. They were transferred to the captured ship. Chief Machinist Mate Bell was the only enlisted man on the ship who had steam-powered ship’s machinery experience. The ability of Warner Mueller, fluent in German, to translate the German name tags on the many valves and pipes controlling the massive steam engine, boilers, fuel, water and steam lines, made Chief Engineer “Monty’s” job a lot easier. The thirty-two men chosen to crew the Externstiene/Eastbreeze, worked around the clock to extract her from her bed of solid ice. Depth mine Charges were buried at intervals around the ship and exploded by the Gunnery Chief, breaking her free and the Eastwind towed her out of her bed of ice with a two-inch hawser line. Cheers went up as the smoke from her stack indicated she was alive again. She was a real prize, being a month younger than the Eastwind herself a new ship. The new crew of the Externstiene/Eastbreeze raised the American flag and christened her the “EASTBREEZE”. Now the Eastwind had the serious task of breaking both ships out of the Arctic ice fields that has merged all around them. No easy task as some miles of ice that was ten to twelve feet thick, and with one blade missing from the starboard propeller, and no forward propeller since Dove Bay ice shoved the shaft aft enough to disengage the power to the forward motor. Never the less, the “Mighty ‘E’” hammered her way through it, leading the Eastbreeze to open waters, just in time to evade the Arctic winter which was heavy on our heels. The sub zero temperatures and gale winds were arriving with the setting of the summer’s sun and the arrival of November. The “Mighty ‘E’” led the Eastbreeze under her own power to Hochstetter’s Bay on the Greenland coast, where she was made ready for service with installation of depth charge rack, depth charges, and other armament. The radio tech’s reset the radio frequencies to work with in our specs. He saw to the provisioning of the ship for the crew. Fresh water was going to be a problem for them as the evaporating system refused to work. He had the life boats filled with fresh water and heater lines to each boat to prevent freezing, and the canvas covers were secured on the boats. The “Mighty ‘E’” took the north most patrol; the Eastbreeze and Southwind took up their stations. If the Nazis had another ship in the area, they would have to get past all three ships if they
came from the south up the coast, or any one of then if from the east as they had the ninety miles of probable landing locations well covered, In just a few days it would not be necessary to patrol as no supply ship could navigate the forming ice fields.

On October 23 the Skipper reported that the steam plant was failing. Fresh water was gone. The reserve water in the lifeboats was salted from the high seas running just out of the ice pack. They had swept over the decks and penetrated the covers on the lifeboats. Captain Thomas knew without fresh water for the boilers, there would be no steam for propulsion. Eastwind towed the Eastbreeze out of Ice field that had imprisoned her.
Captain Thomas ordered the Southwind to fill the water tanks of the Eastbreeze and sent her under her own power to Reykjavik, Iceland the closest Allied port. She reached her destination on October 30, 1944.

Arctic ice took over the patrol guard of the Greenland coast and the two wind's headed south for their homeport for repairs. The Wind was high and seas were heavy, and sea spray washed the foredecks four times or more each minute as they pitched and rolled their cumbersome way toward St. Johns, Halifax and Argentia New Foundland, then to Boston. The Eastbreeze reached Boston on December 14 under her own power. She was docked at the Constitution Pier for thousands of Bostonians to see and revel with glee that the “Boston Baby Battleship” had captured her. No sailor on the Eastwind could buy a drink in any bar all through the holiday season!
Lieutenant Curtis Howard (center), Lieutenant Commander Montrello next to him. All were very brave Coast Guardsmen. They de-booby trapped the Externsteine, re-named her the EASTBREEZE and with 30 crewmen off the Eastwind, converted her to a work ship for USCG.
Newton C. Beardwood, Signalman 1C

I graduated Pomona High school in 1940, and attended Chaffey Junior College in Ontario, Ca. graduating in June of 1942. WW II was growing and I sought to serve my country by enlisting. The USCG (United States Coast Guard) was an important force protecting our shores from saboteurs and infiltrating spies at the time, and shortly became part of the USN (United States Navy) in Alameda, Ca., I was then on to Signal school graduating as Seaman first class in September.

I was first assigned to the USCGC (United States Coast Guard Cutter) Blunts Reef as Signalman operating in the San Francisco, Ca. bay area.

I was given a five day leave of absence to see my folks before reporting to San Pedro, Ca to become a member of the hand picked crew for the new USCGC Eastwind. The Eastwind was still in Roosevelt dry dock undergoing completion of construction.

I served under Captain Thomas from Commissioning day on June 3rd, 1944 until my Honorable Discharge in 1946. During which time the “Mighty E” captured a weather radio station on Little Koldewey Island, Greenland, and a newly armed Nazi supply ship (Externstiene) on her maiden voyage. Sixty Nazi prisoners were taken in these two actions as well as the Nazi Arctic Admirals secret codebook.
July 15, 1945
Anchored on a Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Mother, Dad and Ruth:

I tried writing you the night before last in the library but ended the letter by

discarding it. It wasn’t long enough to
evry bother a censor with. I seem to think
better when writing from my bunk. I set
crossways in my bunk with legs crossed
Indian fashion. A small suit case (The tho
one Ruth disposed of) acts as a desk.
My paper 1’ clip to my clip board and the
whole set up works wonderful. I have to fasten the bunk above me up
so that the light will shine on my
page. Here is a fair
idea of the set up.
Notice how close my
locker (197) is to my
bunk.

One of Newton’s letters to his mother

Newton C. Beardwood entered the Coast Guard in October, 1942, and concluded
his tour of duty in 1946. During this time he was stationed aboard the USCGC
Blunts Reef and the USCGC Eastwind as a signalman.
The Bridge of the Eastwind

He served under Captain C.W. Thomas aboard the Eastwind when the capture of the German enemy freighter Extersteine was secured. He stood Signal watch for four hours on the captured ship. The many reports of this capture are in an extensive scrapbook housed in Newton’s private collection.

He served on the Eastwind from 1944 to 1946 and achieved the following milestones:
1. Good Conduct Medal
2. Honorable Discharge in 1946

But never did receive the PUC (President’s Unit Citation) that Captain Thomas had promised.

Also, served under Harold Land, Commander (Eastwind Exec. Officer) and John Montrello, Lieut. Commander (Eastwind Engineering Officer)
Mr. Don Benn was an avid model ship builder. At the end of WW II, Don was honorably discharged and returned to his former work as a Los Angeles City Police Officer. During the interim years until he retired he was a Sea Scout Master with his own troop. After retiring he built his own model navy. Most model ship builders brag about their creations authenticity, but none were as authentic as Don Benn’s! The models actually fired their weapons and sank opposing model ships in the “Queens Own Club” model exercises held annually. They actually fire their weapons and sink the opposition just like a real war. The balsa wood ships run on battery power and the guns propel their quarter inch steel ball bearings with compressed air. The guns are made of brass tubing. Don turned down $2700.00 for one of his radio controlled Destroyers. Don moved to Clinton on Whidbey Island after retiring.

Thanks to Chief William E. Knight, USCG-QMC who authored the book: “The Coast Guard Navy of World War II” ISBN 0-9668681-0-2 Also thanks for this photo of Don Benn and part of his model navy. Don passed away in 1998 before I could get permission from him to include him in the Eastwind bio. Don was a plank owner of the Eastwind and served under Captain C. W. Thomas, while aboard in the Arctic campaign against the Nazi invaders of Greenland’s north east coast. Many thanks to Dorothy McCann for her considerable assistance in garnering information relative to Mr. Benn, and getting permission from Chief Knight to use portions of his book as seen below.
Don Benn

Served under Captain C.W. Thomas, while aboard the Eastwind.

Many thanks to Dorothy McCann for her considerable assistance in garnering information relative to Mr. Benn. Also, a thank you for the Information regarding W.E. Knight, author of the book, The Coast Guard Navy of World War II”.

Mr. Benn was an avid model ship builder.
On a beautiful spring day in May of 1943, I looked around the high school campus and realized all of my friends were gone...gone into the service of their country. Everywhere were signs of war. “Uncle Sam Needs You” signs were posted at every post office in the land. The newspaper headlines screamed about ships sinking in both Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Kamikaze attacks and the feared U-Boats were wreaking havoc with Uncle Sam’s convoys.

My most memorable occurrences on the "Mighty"E"" were three. The time we left Argentua, NF. And was at battle stations for 72 hours fighting a wolf pack of U-Boats, finally making it into the fjord to Narsarsuak, Gr. Second, the most powerful storm I was ever in. The airometer broke at 209 mph. Seas running 40 to 60 feet and this round bottom ship reportedly rolled 70 degrees losing the aircraft radar antenna to adjacent wave. Lastly, the sheet of ice from the boat deck above us, took my pal Harvey overboard in the icy water off Greenland, never to be seen again.

Ship convoys were being sunk by the thousands of ton-loads. So, the recounts ran from December 7, 1941, to that spring day when school was out for the summer.
I caught a Greyhound Bus to Abilene, Texas, and walked from the bus station to the post office to see the U.S. Navy recruiter. I told him, “I want to be in the U.S. Naval Air Force”. He said, “Son, you are in the wrong office - go to the U.S.A.F. office”. I did and they told me I was too young, that I had to be eighteen years of age.

Very disappointed and downhearted, I left and was on my way out of the building when a Chief Petty Officer took my arm and said, “Young man, you look like you need a USCG buddy”. I replied, “What is that?”. He said, “Why son, that’s the Treasury Branch of the Navy”. He gave me some papers to take home to my parents.

Mom and Dad both refused to sign the papers, reiterating, “You are too young”. I protested as no seventeen year old dared, in those days. In the meantime, Dad had to go to New Mexico to a pumping station for Texas Gas and Electric. That provided me the opportunity to really push my mom. Finally, she relented and filled out and signed the papers. I knew she expected the recruiting officer would deny the application on account of the “17” in the age box. So, I very cleverly changed the “7” to an “8” with her pen. What the heck was six months anyhow? Who knew, I might be fighting Hirohito or Herr Hitler with some of my old buddies by the time they discovered the discrepancy.

My life before this decision to enlist was hard, and bittersweet. The long depression years had been hard on my family. The days were full of school and chores. A dairy ranch is rich with chores, seven days a week. The only rest from them was the mandatory attendance in church, twice on Sundays and every Wednesday night. I loved the singing in church! It would fill my soul with joy, taking me far from my chores and school. I was on plows called, “Planters”, “Cultivators”, “Busters”, “harrow” and “Disks”, pulled by a team of two horses from 9 to 17 years of age. We, (my father and his team), planted row after row of Cotton, Maize, Corn, Sudan, Millet, Cane, and completed my mother’s garden plowing every spring. All of the above except Cotton, were feed for the cattle and horses. During the long Texas winters when no pasture was available to feed our stock, they were feed from feed harvested and stored in under ground silos. Later as a teen, my ‘job’ was also to milk 14 of the 75 milk cows, morning and night, twice a day. My Dad and uncle Rual milked the rest, and I helped mother bottle the milk and put twelve to the case. Then put cases in the International Step-van for delivery with my Dad. The Newman Hi School was the last stop on the milk route. Now you know why a skinny one hundred and twenty eight pound teenager wanted desperately to enlist with my pals.

A green “turnip” in the middle of Texas has no concept of the world at large - - neither did I.
After boarding a troop train in Sweetwater, Tx. headed for USCG Boot Camp in Florida, I was extremely happy to be on my way to helping win the war. With my ill conceived notion that I would soon be with my "buddies", who had gone on before me. I had no inkling of the fact that I would never see a face I had known and grew up with, in my home town, for years.

Days later, the troop train stopped just short of the Atlantic ocean, and a USN buss delivered us to our destination. I found myself standing in front of the most beautiful hotel in St Augustine, FL. the “Ponce de Leon Hotel”. It was awesome with walls and ceiling painted with murals of the gods. Surrounded by hundreds of tall Palm trees, an awesome sight for a country boy accustomed to austere sage brush, Cottonwood and Mesquite trees.

Finding myself in the foyer I proceeded to look for a restroom. Up and down the hallways I went - - no restroom! In desperation I asked a sailor standing nearby and he pointed, exclaiming “Three doors down is the ‘Head’”. I went to the door marked “Head”, but hesitated to go in and bother anyone just for permission to pee. But, urgency overcame my reluctance. Imagine how relieved I was, in more ways than one, to find the restroom, as I slowly opened that door!

It was a real experience the next morning to awaken to a bugle blasting throughout the sound system. In a way, it was a relief because I had been
in mortal combat with a platoon of mosquitoes all night -- not puny Texas mosquitoes but “four engine bomber Florida 'gator skeeters”. I was assigned to Company K-1.

We were the pride of the USCG, in our opinion. We were the sharpest marchers, boat handlers and barracks cleaners, ever. For twelve weeks we worked our proverbial “tails off”. My dairy ranch upbringing probably gave me an edge over some. In those days, the entire family worked; plowing, planting and harvesting the crops for food for ourselves and the “live stock”. And everyday, morning and night, we had to see to the milking, feeding, and watering of them all. I don’t regret my childhood but it was pretty hard some years, which inured to my ability to excel in Judo, obstacle course, boat handling, marching, “knot tying”, firefighting, and the NAVY way to do all things safely.

Anyhow, we survived boot camp in fine shape. I gained from 128 lbs., to 158 lbs., plus learned to shave. Company K-1 got the prized “Rooster” flag and we were then put on a troop train for Wilmington, California. What a rough seven days that was. We took turns sitting and standing as there were not enough seats for all to sit down at once. When we got to Sweetwater, Texas, we were given a thirty minute leg stretch privilege. I dashed to the station pay phones and very excitedly dialed “228” which was our family phone number in 1943. It made me very happy to hear my mother’s voice. She asked, “Where are you?” and I replied that I could not tell her, nor say where I was going, or when, or even the time of day where I may be. All I could say is, I am well and happy to be in uniform for our country. As some of you may well remember censorship of everything spoken, written or even contemplated was foremost in our minds. “Loose Lips Sink Ships” signs, and other slogans were everywhere. So, with great resolve and determination, I proudly re-boarded the Santa Fe train and moved on with my new pals to our destination.

Seven days after leaving St. Augustine, FL. We arrived at the Los Angeles Union Station at high noon on a cloudless day; palm trees tall and swaying slightly in the breeze, we felt we were given a view of what Heaven must look like. And then, we were put on a buss and taken to our ultimate destination, Wilmington, Ca., to the USCG Barracks. It was anti-climactic. Upon disembarking, we lugged our sea bags up to the quarters assigned. Then it was fall in at muster, and march down to the mess hall for chow. We bunked down for a long night when TAPS played its familiar refrain on the base sound system. I lay awake for a long time, wondering what tomorrow would bring. Would I be put on a ship, at last? I dreamed of a big cruiser with lots of guns. Piercing REVEILLE, offending my senses, announced the new day. Calisthenics was the beginning of each day, then mess (breakfast) and to work on assignments, e.g., take tests, find out what we could do best, etc., in the service of our country. There were so many tests, it seemed we were back in school. No grade was reported; only, go to the next room listed for that day.
After a few days, I found myself on Catalina Island at a place referred to as the “Itmas”(sic). We are now at gunnery school and learning Morse Code and Semaphore. We became well acquainted with small arms and water-cooled 50 caliber anti-aircraft guns. Most achieved “sharpshooter” ribbons; and, a few achieved at least a “marksman” ribbon. We swam a lot and hiked 25 mile hikes. We were in great condition and physical shape to “crew” the Eastwind. The Eastwind which was constructed by Western Pipe & Steel Company was being prepared for “crewing”. I was then transferred to Santa Barbara, California, to Beach Patrol N-21, to walk patrol until the Eastwind was ready for Commissioning in approximately three months. Chuck Avery and I went on liberty to Roosevelt Dry Dock, Long Beach, Ca., where she had been moved to outfit with a new equipment called “Sonar”. We were in awe of the size of the three screws that propelled her. About a month after our visit to the Dry Docks, we were transported to the dock at Long Beach, where she was being readied for commissioning, which was completed in a couple of weeks. I remember “Sea Trials”, we shot at sock targets, which were towed by plane, with 50 cal, 20 mm, and 40 mm PomPom guns. We shot targets on barges towed by ships, with twin 5.38” guns fore and aft. We had a good report card.

The "shakedown and sea trials" were concluded July 14, 1943.

We left for the Panama Canal on July 20, 1943, in perfect weather headed for the Eastwind’s home port of Boston, Mass. On July 24, 1943, the Eastwind arrived at Balboa, Panama, to find many ships waiting to go through the locks. We did not have to wait for them. We went to the front of the line and proceeded to Coco Solo or “Colosa” as some called the town on the Atlantic side of the canal. There we were given our first liberty in another country. It was only for a few hours but it was just what the crew needed after working so hard and long on Sea Trials to perfect the ship’s performance. Not to mention the extreme heat we had to cope with in the engine rooms where the temperature rose to 138 degrees in the day time. We worked in 15 minute “on”, 15 minutes “off” rotation shifts watch. Next day we cruised past Jamaica and Haiti. We could clearly see a village on the Haiti shoreline. Someone said, “That’s Port au Prince”. But, I doubted that as there were no large islands in the harbor. It was most likely Jeremie, a village on the southern peninsula. Soon thereafter the ground swells began. They’re monstrous. Most everyone on board was seasick. This was the first heavy sea the ship had encountered.

The Sea Trials were fun and we hit the various targets often in the smooth Pacific waters. In this water you could not hold your balance. One second you’d be in free fall downward and the next your legs almost buckled under you as the ship rose upward with the next swell. So long as we were going straight into the swells it was easier. Once, when we were caught in an apex of swells, the round bottom wallowed and pitched with each roll. We knew we were in the dreaded
“Triangle” of the Caribbean. Boy, were we happy next day to be out of that area and moving up the USA coast.

Arrived in Boston harbor the last day of July, and then we learned for sure this was our “home port”. We had a couple of liberties while ship was being “degaussed” to omit as much of the magnetic properties of the thick one and three quarter inch “steel skirt” this lady wore for the far north seas of ice packed from the Arctic Circle to the North Pole.

A word about degaussing: that is accomplished by current, (Electro motive force) also called “amps”, flowing through heavy copper cables that were literally wound around the ship from bow to fantail. “Coils” positioned a few feet apart, and then a “magnetic field” created by this flow of current caused the north and south poles of molecular construction of the steel to all align themselves in the same direction (fore and aft). The torpedoes used by the German U-boats were equipped with the magnetic warheads. Degaussing the ship made it less vulnerable to the torpedoes, by not being so “attractive” to the torpedoes’ magnetic properties.

The ship was fueled, supplies and spare parts loaded in the ensuing days. Ammo was loaded into the magazines, depth charges were loaded into racks, port and starboard. “Hedge-hog” rockets were loaded into the firing tubes located on the forward main deck. Also, life-boats and life-rafts were stocked with “C” rations, fresh water, and life-support gear. All hatches were “buttoned down”, sealed for the heavy seas expected in the north Atlantic as we headed north to capture and/or annihilate German outposts and German U-boats, operating in the Greenland area.

Our first “port of call” was in Argentia, Newfoundland, where some supplies and mail were delivered for other ships in the area. We proceeded northward to Narsarssuak, Greenland which was a few miles up a fjord (river) on the southern tip of Greenland. There, we delivered more mail and supplies to the base which was maintained by the army.

During the days and nights that followed at sea, searching for U-boats and any sight of the enemy, we had lots of “GQ” practice operations. The drills were to sharpen our skills and speed up response time to the sound of the klaxon and wail of the emergency battle station loud speaker system. Always followed by the Bos’n Mate’s intense proclamation on the P.A. system: “Now hear this all hands, battle stations”. Sometimes, we would have several “alerts” in one night or day. We were on duty by section. There were three sections. We worked four hours “on” and eight hours “off”.

When we reached the Arctic Circle, we had an initiation party!! All pollywogs who had not been across the circle were herded into the mess hall which had been converted to King Rex’s Neptune Court. There we were tried and found guilty of
trespassing. We had to do penitence by eating things blindfolded, kissing the baby’s belly and running on hands and knees under all the mess hall tables, while old regular "King Rex’s " hands hit us with wet towels popping like whips. What fun! I wish I could find my certificate of the Arctic Circle crossing.

The “BABY”             “King BORAS REX”      The QUEEN
This is a copy of Strauss’ certificate

This is a photo of my life long friend, Howard Strauss, who was a MoMM3c at that time in number two engine room. I was Momm3c in engine room number three, and we had to synchronize certain ships functions between engine rooms, and alternate other functions. Howard passed away last year 1999, after a heart attack. He was a well lover “Greenland Growler”.
In the ceremony held in King Rex’s Court, all of the ‘pollywogs’ now trespassing in his domain, have the privilege of kissing the baby’s belly.

And being blindfolded and forced to feel or taste certain things that simulated other things you would never taste or feel! Then we “ran the gauntlet” on hands and knees under the mess tables the full length of the mess hall; while other ‘shellback’s’ popped us with wet towels and belts. We were then full fledged ‘shellbacks’ and became apart of the notorious organization known as the Greenland Growlers!

The time frames of the cruises, too close to the North Pole, are dim in this 78 year old memory. Best I recall, the first cruise North was only a few weeks and we returned to Boston for repairs on the forward and both aft screws. The forward screw worked well in open seas, especially dodging torpedoes. The ship could literally turn around in its own way by reverse engine on the bow motor and either port or starboard motor, according to the direction the captain wanted to turn with respect to approaching torpedo. I well recall one “Battle Stations” call that lasted three days, over 72 hours. We were attacked over and over by a “wolf-pack of U-boats” from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Narsarssuak, Greenland. Torpedoes missing us by as little as five feet for the closest one, and approximately 50 yards the farthest miss. We confused the U-boat commanders with the swift change of direction we could maneuver.
My GQ battle station, at that time, was Eng. Rm. #3. My CPO “Smokey” Stover was a very good Chief. Everything in the engine room was always in perfect shape, or we worked around the clock until it was in perfect shape. My duty station when “Battle Stations” was sounded, was to man the throttle overrides of the governors on the two Fairbanks & Morris 2000 hp diesel engines. I would remove the toilet tissue wads from my ears, (used to dampen the awfully loud noise of the engines), and put on my sound powered headset and transmitter to hear commands from CIC, the control center of the ship.

When the orders came from CIC “full or flank speed” on the engines, I pulled the levers on engines 5 and 6 to override for as long as needed. The engines normal rpm underway was 350 to 450 according to the knots the Captain wanted to achieve given the sea and wind conditions. The generators that were “pulled” by the big engines are direct current generators connected to the switchboard which distributed the current to the 5000 hp DC motors that turned screws. The rpm’s of the diesel engines determined the volt/amp output of the generators, which in turn make the three 5000 hp motors turn the ship’s propellers to attain the speed the Captain ordered.

Engine Rooms

The air would be so filled with ozone at times it would be hard to breathe. The temperature of the engine rooms would get up to 130 degrees from the heat of the diesels when they were worked twice the normal rpm. To give the reader an understanding of what developed that horsepower, each engine has ten cylinders, twenty pistons and two crankshafts. Ten pistons and rods weighed approximately 400 lbs each. They worked in “opposed” alignment so that as two piston heads came toward each other in a cylinder, the pressure per square inch increased dramatically to over 3000 psi. That pressure ignited the diesel fuel injected into the space between the pistons after they “passed” the “exhaust” ports of the cylinders. The result of this pressure as the pistons travel toward each other is an explosion that produces a lot of heat and power. That heat multiplied by the 40 pistons at 320 RPM (normal) was an average 120 degrees ambient heat in the engine room.

At Battle Stations, when engine governors were overridden for “flank speed”, the air, fills with ozone and diesel fumes, was almost unbearable. We prayed a lot, four decks below the water line. The engines designed to operate at 320 to 350 RPM would really roar at twice that RPM. And, the scavenging air blower would whine like a jet engine forcing air into those cylinders to flush out the exhaust and input clean oxygen for the next explosion. The full 15,000 hp of all six engines is transferred through long shafts approximately two feet in diameter and 60 feet long to hull gland. The screws were brass alloy and weighed 30 tons each, I was told.
Only half of the length of the Fairbanks and Morse diesel engines can get into the cameras of 1944 vintage. These fellows were all my friends then. We relied on each other’s proficiency for survival in the most adverse sea conditions you can imagine at times with topside temperatures at –60 degrees sometimes, while engine room temp averaged 120 degrees.

After one encounter with an ice field, it was back to Boston for new screws with only one “blade” left on starboard screw - - slow going! Each time the shaft made one RPM the fantail would raise about 3 feet, about every few seconds. We did good when the wind was behind us, maybe 3 knots. It took several days to get back to Boston’s Chelsea Navy yard dry dock. The crew was given 10 days leave while new screws were installed in dry dock. The “Duck” went to NYC for engine maintenance. The “Duck” was the red bi-plane that could land on water or land.
The “Duck” taking off on water to search the Ice fields ahead for “Leads” to navigate through in our search for German weather stations, ships and submarines. “Mac” McCormick was our pilot.

It was a two place (passenger) plane. The pilot and the photographer usually manned it on excursions over ice fields to determine the best course for the ship in all those ice floes. Captain Thomas and XO commander Harold Land also went aloft with Mac on some scouting trips. Mac McCormick and a radioman whose name I have forgotten were killed. They were taking off for NYC Grumman maintenance center on our return to Boston harbor. The plane rose out of the water to about 200 or 300 feet altitude, and I saw the engine burst into flames, parts flying out from it, and it seemed to dive straight down into the harbor. Now we have lost three men on that cruise, R J Harley was knocked overboard in the Arctic ocean. We were just east of the Greenland coast and had a tremendous ice build up on the top side, making the ship unstable. The Bos’n mate piped all hands not on duty to the main deck to bang the ice off the top side. Large wooden mallets were issued and large shovels to remove the ice. I had just emerged from the engine room three’s main deck hatch mid ship, when a huge sheet of ice from the boat deck crashed between myself and Harley, and sweep him overboard. We all screamed, “Man overboard” and Harvey waved for a couple hundred yards it took the ship to stop and he slipped from view as the ship turned around for him. We could not find him. Man lives only four or five minutes in that brashy water. He was a happy crewman. Everyone liked him.
He never “gold bricked” a job, always willing to give a hand and well liked by all. This is the only photo I have of my red headed friend who loved to play chess with us on the mess tables in off duty hours.
The ship's screws were replaced and "The Mighty `E'" was out of dry dock, and the crew back from leave; stores, supplies and mail aboard, we set off again for the far north. Making the usual stop at Argentia, Newfoundland, St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Narsarssuak, Greenland stops to deliver the mail and supplies. We then headed North to Greenland's Isles of Shannon and Little Koldaway.

Our bi-plane, (the Duck) had spotted activity in the area and a lot of camouflaged supplies on shore on Shannon Island and Little Koldewey and a large supply ship approximately 100 miles away, working it's way out of an ice field. Captain Thomas put into motion a plan of action after debriefing the pilot and his radioman, to capture the Germans and their supplies and ship.

The Germans were hiding and constructing very sophisticated weather stations On both islands, and sending the weather information by radio to Germany so the V-2 rocket launches against Great Britain would not be defeated by bad weather.

Captain Thomas brought the Eastwind up channels through heavy ice to a point on the back-side of the islands opposite the German activity on the seaward side of the island. Lt. A. Lewis took charge of a landing party he formed up of thirty six volunteers not on duty. They traversed the approx. five miles across the island. The old "storis ice" was sharp as broken glass in places where the men had to climb up a mile long hill. Ice cut through the arctic boots of several men to their "brogans" shoes. The crossing was not an easy feat to the top, but was easier going down hill behind the weather stations where all of the Germans were watching seaward at the spectacular sight of a large ship approaching directly toward them through ten feet of ice at three knots per hour. They were absolutely transfixed in awe of such power in a ship.

They hastily laid down their guns and put their hands on top of their heads when they realized a platoon of armed men had the drop on them. Only one officer ran into the makeshift shelter and was trying to burn the German code book when our boys rescued it in a coal oil soaked sack as he put it in the flames.

It was the first German code book captured by a naval crew in WWII. The 12 prisoners were happy the war was over for them. They should have been, they got to eat officer's chow, including cake and ice cream at times. The Philippine officer's cooks never gave us, the tired hot crew of the three engine rooms any ice cream - ever! <chuckle>

One humorous item before we leave the German weather station men: One day, as the Germans were being marched in file from the mess hall, center ship, to their compartment in aft section "C" of the ship. The lead guard slipped on deck-ice and fell on his butt. The Germans quickly picked him up, brushed the snow and ice off him and another German picked up his Browning machine gun.
weapon and after wiping the weapon off, gave it to very politely to him. The rear guard had his Browning at the ready, but it was obvious these prisoners were happy to be prisoners.

Now the German WRS prisoners were safely confined to their quarters in section “C”, the “Duck” went looking for the mother-ship again. This time she was not moving through “leads” in the ice fields but was frozen in solid about two miles from open water. The “Mighty E” charged through the thick ice to within firing range and sent two 5.38” salvos across the transport ship’s bow. The radio and blinker signaled immediate surrender and warned the ship’s captain not to scuttle the ship. The crew of the German ship SS Externstiene gave up, put their machine guns on the deck and disembarked onto the ice field and were escorted over to “The Mighty E” where they were given the same medical exam, hot shower, clean dry clothes as was given to the WRS prisoners. A crew for the SS Externstiene was picked, and these men included W. Muller, who spoke fluent German and was able to help the Engineering officer identify and rename the controls and engineering valves of the ship. She was renamed the “East Breeze” and de-bobby-trapped by our engine crewmen Howard Strauss, John B. O’Connor and electrician J Dondero and others boarded the ship “Externstiene” and de-booby trapped her. The bottles of nitro wired to the steam engines’ connecting rods were found and removed so the ships’ hull wasn’t blown up when the main engine was started again.
German ship Externstien captured on maiden voyage

The ship was released from the grip of the ice field by the “Mighty E” circling her in ever smaller circles, to avoid causing the ice to break her hull. Once free of the ice, she was christened the “East Breeze” by the boarding party of thirty two men from the Eastwind’s crew. Lt. C. Howard, navigation officer, was assigned commanding officer.

The East Breeze was decontaminated, equipped with our transmitter and coding equipment, controls renamed in English and set course for Reyjavik, Iceland where she made her first port o call late October ’44. She arrived at Boston’s Constitution Pier, where she was on display as the first German ship captured during WWII in December of ’44. The “Mighty Eastwind” also captured German U-Boat 234 on the way back to Boston with the “East Breeze”. The German officers and men all surrendered peacefully, but two Japanese officers they had aboard, killed themselves in the submarine rather then surrender. The 234 U-boat had a load of several things for Japan, including Heavy Water.

These are just my memories (with help and verification of some facts by those who actually sent on shore and ship invasions). It was a cold, hard climb across that Shannon Island and very dangerous finding and disabling the nitro booby-traps in the depths of the German freighter ship.

I think the hardest cruise north was the time we were out some 7 or 8 months and ran out of fuel and food. A Navy officer rigged up hoses with support cables and refueled us at sea and our sharpshooters went out on the ice afoot, shot and killed one polar bear and two walruses for meat as we had no meat for sometime. The walrus tasted like FAT fish, ugh! I was told the bear was the same. I threw my piece of “browned walrus steak” to the fishes. It was so greasy I swear you could have threaded a wick into it and had a candle. That was the trip we came home with one propeller blade left.

The day finally came when the war was over and there was still nothing out of Washing D.C., on the “Presidential Unit Citation” that was the talk of the ship’s officers and crew. Someone said President Roosevelt’s death was the reason for
the hold up. It was thought that President Truman would complete the paper work and we all would be notified. But, that idea faded into the past like the smoke and thunder of the game of war.

My Chief, Smokey Stover and Chief Neal, both left the ship for other assignments. The guys were leaving the service in droves. It only required 100 points to ask/qualify for service separation. I was made Acting Chief Petty Officer of Engine Room #3 for eighteen days, until Lt. Lusk told me my “acting” rate could become permanent if I would “ship over” and go to a station in New London, Conn. for CPO school. I said, “Sir, I have 168 points and my desire is to go back home”.

It was only important to me to remain in the service of the country during war times. The war being over for the “Mighty E” was over for me also. I was sent to St. Louis, Mo., for honorable discharge and a few days later, I was discharged of my last permanent rate: Motor Machinist Mate 3c and compelled to sign the reserve papers to receive my separation pay ticket on Santa Fe train back to Sweetwater, Texas.

Little did I know in August of 1950, I would receive a notice from Draft Board #77 in Hobbs, New Mexico, to report to the CPO recruiting officer on the second floor of the Post Office Building. When I reported to him he said, “Yes, Bonner, I’ve been looking for you.” I said, “I’ve been in school in NYC for the last two years. I just came home to visit”. Hobbs, New Mexico was my last address before I went to NYC. I had no idea I was being recalled by the navy to go to Korea. Seems they needed diesel engine mechanics for the LCM’s and LCVP’s used in the invasion landings of North Korean beaches. I was given from Tuesday to Saturday to wrap up my civilian activities. I gave my car to my sister, I gave my 45 Colt to my brother-in-law, I lent my 306 with K-12 scope (deer rifle) to my friend, Sam Kelley and never saw it again.

I reported at 5:30 p.m., to the railroad station as ordered. The chief handed me a large envelope and instructed me to take 35 recruits to San Diego on the train.
When I arrived in San Diego, an officer and a CPO met me at the station. The CPO took the folder and men aboard a bus and the officer took me to North Island and put me on a plane to San Francisco.

In San Francisco, I was issued new seabag and gear and put aboard A fast cutter, the David C. Shanks, for Pusan, Korea. A few days later I was TAD AKA 12 Thubin, and martial law was declared in Pusan. I checked out a .45 and “went to town” with 4 or 5 other Petty Officers. The “Reds” were 30 miles from Pusan. There were thousands of prisoners seated on the ground cross-legged with hands on top of their heads. I looked in their faces as we drove along in a jeep and they stared ahead with their sullen expressions. Pusan was like Calcutta which could be smelled 50 miles out to sea. A very bad place to be at that time. I couldn’t believe my eyes when I saw open sewers where sidewalk slabs of concrete were missing. Little children were begging for anything. It made my heart sick. We returned to the ship after only an hour’s drive around.

The orders came on the third day to take my sea bag and report to the officer of the day aboard the AKA55 Alshane. There I was put in charge of the 8 LCM’s and 4 LCVP’s landing craft battery maintenance. We worked very hard to keep all landing craft in top shape. Everyday, the Korean laborers would load the ship with artillery and tanks and jeeps and trucks in the huge holds of the ship. Then 800 soldiers or marines would board and we would go to Inchon and Wonson beaches on alternate nights; unload all on the beach and back to Pusan for loading for the next night.

We slept while the Korean laborers loaded the ship, then install batteries with fresh charges in all landing craft; new injectors in all engines reported to run rough or start hard. Then, cranes lowered the craft to the sea and men scrambled down the net ladders to board the LCMs for a trip to the beach. It was hard work to get that many men ashore with all their gear and vehicles in a very short time, before dawn, and head back, full speed for Pusan; to do it all over again for months.

After the Korean war truce, the Alshane AKA 55, was sent first to San Francisco, then to Norfolk, Va. via Panama Canal. Joining the Atlantic Fleet we were dispatched to the Mediterranean where we made many ports of call starting with Morocco, Algeria, France, Italy, and back to Norfolk, Va.

I applied for Class A instrumentation school and was transferred to Washington DC to the school at the US Naval Gun Factory. After completion of the 32 week course I was asked to instruct the next class. I really liked the duty in USN Navel Gun Factory, WDC. Was released and went to Chance Vaught Aircraft, Dallas, Texas. I worked five years as a Flight stabilization tech. on all F7us, F8us and F9us for the USN. We would get a proto type finished, and flight test it at Edwards AFB. There we would
perform flight tests for three months, then back to Dallas for another plane. On the third successful flight of the last plane I checked out and went to Corona Del Mar, Ca. where I started my first company.
I was aboard the Eastwind from 1944 to 1946.

North Alameda, Greenland, and Iceland.

<The form was cut off at that point, I have had no further info from Archie.>
Chafin, Truman F. Sn-1c

I was unable to locate Truman, but here is the copy of the June 29, 1945 Eastwind document, declaring he was awarded the BRONZE STAR medal for his “Meritorious action” in the capture of the Nazi Weather Radio Sta. at Little Koldeway Island. He had forcefully knocked the lighted match from the Nazi commander, Lt. Schmidt’s hand as he attempted to set the Nazi code papers and maps afire. He then conducted the commander and the Nazi code papers to Captain C W Thomas per Captain Thomas’ book, “Ice is where you find it” published by Bobbs & Merrill Co. NY
CONFIDENTIAL

ATTACHED TO: Commander Greenland Patrol

MISSION: Surprise Military Inspection by ConfiraPat then proceed to Godthaab, Greenland

POSITIONS:

G90C Tumuliak Fjord, Greenland

1200 Brade Fjord, Greenland

2000

Latitude 61° 10' N. Longitude 48° 37' W.

REMARKS:

Underway at 0715 in Tumuliak Fjord, Greenland. At 0722 Captain C.W. Thomas, USCG, Acting Commander Greenland Patrol, and party came aboard to hold surprise military inspection of this vessel while underway. Also Mr. Frederick Simoni, Acting Governor of Greenland and Colonel Eugene L. Rice and Party aboard for transportation to Godthaab.

At 1235 left Brade Fjord and set course for Arak Fjord, Greenland. Military inspection completed at 1705. Rendezvoused with USCGC MURAD in Arak Fjord and at 1937 Captain Thomas and party departed ship and went aboard MURAD.

Stood out of Arak Fjord at 2012 and set course for Godthaab, Greenland at speed of 16 knots.

 Held General Mustar at 1515 at which time Captain Thomas, in name of Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, presented Bronze Star Medal to CHAPIN, Thurland F. (536-486) Elc(E) for meritorious action in connection with capture of German Weather Station on Little Holdway Island by the EASTWIND.

CERTIFIED TO BE CORRECT

June 29, 1945

J.E. Young, Lt. (jg), USCGR

Navigator
The Eastwind home ported in Boston's Naval Yard in late July of 1944. She took on provisions for 276 crewmen, 20 officers; and fuel for 10,000 miles in the North Atlantic and Arctic oceans. This intense activity plus installation of a new detection device named Radar & Sonar, plus reloading the ammunition that had been off loaded to enter the "Dry Dock" took about 30 days. She left Boston full battle ready on a sunny Sunday, September 3, 1944 as recorded by John S. Dondero, MOMM 1c below:

**Trip to Greenland 1944...J S Dondero**

A sunny Sunday morning found us on our way from the Boston Navy Yard, to sea. It was September Third, 1944. No one knows just where we are going, and no one seems to care. After a week underway we are still going North. It is getting colder and colder each passing day. This afternoon we, (the crew), received our winter clothing. It consists of hats, gloves, shoes, stockings, long underwear, jackets, and Parkas. We are all set for cold weather now.

Submarine contacts are quite frequent. One of the closest was when two "tin fish" went streaking by our port side. I was in the Machine shop at the time and did not know of this until we were secured from General Quarters.

After we were out from Boston two weeks, we met up with the Northland and the Storis. (Smaller ice breakers). We refueled them both and gave them food, supplies, mail and were on our way North again. Our next adventure occurred when we entered Shoats Fjord. The Eastwind was the first ship ever to penetrate this stretch of ice and water.

We next got in contact with the Evergreen, a Coast Guard Buoy Tender, and again acted as a "Mother Ship", passing food, fuel and mail to it. A few days later we anchored in Dores Bay. A landing party was sent ashore and a very fine showing was made there. On the shore of this bay is a Danish Army Camp which is there to protect the hills and island from Nazi Army invaders who were intent on colonizing the East Greenland coast with weather stations.

Next day believe it or not, our baseball team went ashore and held practice on the snow capped plateau. I being a member of that team went with them. It was...
pretty cold but we had a work out, and a lot of fun. Our skipper, Captain Thomas along with our ship’s doctor and the Army Captain of that base-station, played a few rounds of golf! Sounds incredible, but it is true. (Our skipper was always mindful of the value of a couple hours exercise and stress relief for the crew).

We weighed anchor this morning and at present we are heading North, maybe into new unexplored territory... who knows? From what I am told, we are now farther North then any other ship has ever been. Today is Sunday September the 24th, 1944 and we are completely amid ice. The ship is completely surrounded by ice. Some floes are 10 to 15 feet in thickness. We are plowing through it as if it were only two feet thick. This ship is an icebreaker deluxe! This morning we approached to within fifteen miles of Cape Boubon. This is another "first", the first ship to come this far North. Pictures were taken of the Francis Islands, and the highest of the mountains. Also the depth of the waters (soundings), were taken in the area.

At this time our course was changed and from hear-say, we are heading South. The next day September 25th we were completely free from the ice fields. We have had pretty good weather for a day or two, but today Sept 27th, it is really rough. The wind is blowing like mad. Ice is forming all over the ship. We were cautioned not to go out on deck as it is very icy and slippery. This lasted all night and we finally anchored this morning. It sure was a relief from the rolling seas. We have continued to stay at anchor all night, and the weather is still the same, freezing and snowing.

Tonight we weighed anchor, and word is we are going to the aid of the Northland. It is still pretty rough and wind blowing like mad. We reached the Northland next morning and proceeded to get a tow-line to her. All hands were called on deck to help clear the ice and rig the tow. We did not get much sleep time last night at all. Today we are towing the Northland some place...???

Well the "some place" we were towing the Northland to was the Storis. Another icebreaker. We also traded bi planes with the Storis as ours was damaged beyond repair on board. The Northland is now in tow behind the Storis and we are on our way again. Today the weather has turned nice, October 3rd, and we are going to the Army base-station Bouie one, Gr.

The ship’s plane took off on a scouting mission looking for German activities, and two hours later radioed back that a German Trawler is in their vicinity. It is about midnight now and we are still going full speed. All is at General Quarters, ready, and a battle is in the offing. The Pilot reported that on the South end of Little Koldewey Island there is evidence of a ships off loading materials and supplies for the GWRS, (German weather radio station). The white sheets did not totally camouflage the lumber and crates of food, booze, coal and other equipment.
The ship's search plane was a Grumman J2F-5 called "The Duck", a bi-plane that could land and take off on land or sea. It is the long range "eyes" of the ship, searching out the enemy's outposts, ships and U-boats. One Pilot and his Radioman were lost in a crash in Boston harbor as the plane left for new equipment in New York. If anyone knows the names of the men, please let me know so I can give those heroes their proper page of honor in the final draft of this manuscript.

Here it is the next morning and we have not fired a gun yet. From what I hear, we are going to put a landing party ashore, as the plane spotted supplies on the beach, probably put there by the German Trawler. We are sleeping in our clothes all of the time these days. (General Quarters is sounded frequently!)

Landing party headed by Lt. Lewis.
Well it happened last night! We did not get much sleep as we were at General Quarters. Our landing party went ashore and this morning came back with twelve German prisoners. These German soldiers, (and Scientists), were sent here to set up and operate weather forecasting stations. Right now there are twelve less Germans to reckon with. I think we will try and capture that Trawler next, I hope so. Getting back to the capture of the 12 Germans. They have all been examined and given showers. It is now noon October the 4th, and the men are still bringing the captured supplies aboard. It is hard to explain the supplies these Germans have. It seems they did not forget anything. They have, or did have, every kind of gun and ammunition under small Arms! It is hard to believe that we captured all of these men and their equipment without a shot being fired! Thank God for that. We have been loading their stores all day today.
Well I just returned from the beach helping with the work of moving the German stores to the ship's hold, and we will be here another day at least. We sure had a hell of a time on that beach. They had every kind of liquor, wine, and brandy known. Boy, were we feeling good and working hard! To top it off, there were a few bottles aboard the ship last night, October 4th, and we all were feeling light as a feather but, man did we sleep good!

Well our ship looks like a warehouse, with supplies piled sky high. We are finally underway noon today, October 6th. Tonight it is very cold and we are in thick ice again. We are having trouble with sea water coming in, and everything is freezing up. We are hoping to get to open sea before we are frozen altogether. I hear that we will distribute the German supplies among the Greenland Army stations. They are located in all habitable coastal areas of this continent of ice. The Norwegian government is said to be in fear of a full German invasion in the coming spring. The crew was praised in a radio message from Washington on the capture of the 12 Germans, and their equipment and supplies.

The skipper feels more proud of the ship and crew then ever now. Even more then before. Today October 8th we are still on our way out and making good progress. We are due to meet Southwind in the morning. I hope she has some mail for us. It has been over a month since we received any mail at all. Mail transfers were the high light times of the twilight weeks above the Arctic Circle. All hands were in high spirits!

Today about noon, our sister ship, Southwind, met us and we tied her along side to receive oil. She sure was a welcome sight! We are disappointed that she did not bring us any mail. Today is October 9th, and our last mail call was September 2nd. I sure long for a letter though.
The Southwind crew were sure surprised to see us afloat as we were reported sunk, torpedoed and what not. I guess we showed them something about a good crew when they saw the 12 Germans and all their equipment and supplies we had aboard. Well, when we get this diesel oil in our near empty tanks, I wonder where we will be going next…

October 9th, we left the Southwind and are headed somewhere through some very thick ice. There is not much happening now so not much to say. I think I will delay this until something happens again.

October 10th, we are back to the army base-station unloading lumber and coal and some of the stores captured from the Germans. This army camp is a Danish outpost. We are in solid ice and they are using sleds to transport the stores ashore.

There is a rumor that we will meet the Storis soon. Maybe she will have some mail… I hope so. The open seas are running Twenty to thirty foot waves creating
a spray that freezes instantly on the main deck and superstructure, then when we find a lead in the Ice field, we follow it as long as it opens in the direction the Captain wants to go in search of the German ship. The half light of this time of the arctic year is eerie at midnight. Strange shadows form on vertical ice bergs and ghostly images seem like real ships or U-boats. We shot a sub image as it seemed to emerge from behind one pressure ridge to front side of a berg. The twin 5.38 inch guns in the forward turret speak very loudly, and huge avalanches of ice are blasted from the iceberg, and the image of the submarine is no longer there. The U-boats that dogged us for three days from St Johns, Newfoundland to the fjord into BOUIE #1 Greenland had us a little jumpy.

Well today, Friday 13th, of October, sure was not an unlucky day for us! The Sroris met us and tied along side, and the best part of all, she had our mail! Man, what a relief and occasion it was! This was our first mail since we left Boston. We are all in a much better mood now.

Saturday, October 14th, We left the Storis. She now has our twelve German Prisoners onboard. I don't know if she will transport them to the States, or to Reykjavic, Iceland. At least we are rid of them. It is getting very cold outside now. We have dropped anchor again. I wonder what we will do next? Well I did not have to wonder long.

The plane was again dispatched this afternoon, and she reported a German Trawler frozen in an ice field. We immediately headed in that direction, and here we are four hours later, and the battle is over. We fired a few salvos across the German ships bow, sent blinker instructions to her Captain not to try to scuttle
her and to stand by for a boarding party. The Nazi Captain replied by blinker that he had ordered his crew to surrender in compliance with our Captain’s orders. Shortly we were aboard and in control of the Exterminstiene and the crew was removed from the ship.

We have now captured a German Trawler and twenty or thirty more Germans. We had to soften them up with our guns when they seemed to want to scuttle the ship, but after warnings, they all surrendered and were brought aboard, across the ice. The Eastwind crew worked diligently and very carefully to remove any "booby traps" that would blow up themselves and the ship, had they not exercised such care.

Our "black gang" entered and relabeled the controls and manned the vessel while others buried depth charges six feet deep in the ice a few yards apart all around the "Eastbreeese", and exploded them to free the ship to be towed out of the ice field. We are down to one blade on one screw now, so the towing will have to be done by our sister ship the Southwind.

We will wait and see. It sure was a rough night last night. We slept in winks and with our clothes on. Our ship is really taking a beating. It looks like we will be
heading back to the states. I hope so. This is still October 16th, and we just put a
tow line on the Trawler

We will have a rough time getting out of here with that ship in tow. But, if anyone
can do it, our kipper can and will too! I guess we aren't such a bad crew. October
17th, Boy these Germans sure like their drinks. We just killed the third bottle of
wine, and I sure will sleep good when this watch is over. Just finished dinner and
am back on watch again. From the write up in the ship's paper this morning, we
broke some sort of record by taking the German Trawler intact. It is probably the
first ship ever taken.

The Southwind is along side now and we are to take her plane as ours got really
beat up from the guns. Boy, are they burned up about us! They had first choice
at the capture of the Trawler and didn't take advantage of it, so we had to make an
ass out of them. She must be the ship that landed the Germans we captured a
few weeks ago. She was really frozen solid in the ice, and it is hard to believe
that we cut through the ice like we did. You cannot imagine the sight before us.
Ice everywhere you look and I mean icebergs big as city blocks, and no water
anywhere. It is now 3AM October 15th and this ends another German attempt to
put ashore another weather radio station.

Today October 18th, the Southwind is towing the trawler behind us as we break
the ice for them. As I said before we are in really thick ice. No doubt we will be
awhile getting where we are going. Today we were told that Mrs. Roosevelt sent
us her picture, autographed. We are probably the first Coast Guard ship to be
honored by the First Lady in that respect.

Well, we spent yesterday, October 19th, with the Southwind and the trawler
accompanying them a way back (to Boston). And we are headed North again this
morning, and are now still in clear waters, but are probably going back into the
ice fields.

Today October 20th, we are still in clear water. We ought to be hitting the ice
fields soon now. Something I forgot to mention before, we had a real
Commissioning after the capture of the trawler. She was officially commissioned
the EASTBREEZE. Also we now have two dogs. One from the radio station and
one from the trawler.

Here it is a week later and we are still at sea. Patrolling up and down the coast
line. Today is October 28th and we are looking for some action. Ever since about
October 15th, the days have been getting shorter and shorter until now we only
get a few hours of light a day. There is no sun, only a little light from 11AM to
3PM. It is much colder now too. It is almost constantly around zero. We are
having some pretty good movies lately. It sure does help to make you forget
about the loneliness up here. It sure will be a great day when we hit the States
again. In the meantime we are going to get some more mail. I have had only one mail call in two months.

Today is a great day for us. We are through with our patrolling and are now headed for Reykjavic, Iceland. We will probably be there a week and then head for the States. I hope so. When we crossed the line (Arctic Circle) last September 10th, there was a ceremony. Today was a different story. Today is November the 1st, and the day we are to appear before King Boreus and suffer the consequences of entering into his domain. I will not divulge just what happened today because it is a rule of the sea not to. We are guilty and I hope King Boreus Rex will not be too hard on us. The great ceremony is now over and we are no longer Polly Wags but full fledged "Greenland Growlers"! To top off the day the MAIN BRACE was SPLICED by all hands. (The Main Brace is booze and spliced is drinking it).

Today November the 2nd, we are due to arrive in Reykjavic, Iceland about 9AM, but will not get there until about 9 or 10 o'clock this evening. We are in a very heavy sea and making poor time. You see, ever since we captured the German trawler, we have been using only one screw as our starboard screw has only one blade left on it. Going through that immensely thick ice really tore us apart.

Just back from my first liberty in Reykjavic, Iceland. Today is November the 5th. We are still laying in harbor. This is a small town something like you would see in the movies. It is pretty cold tonight, I'd say around zero. The people are not at all friendly, and very few of them speak English. However I sure did have a good time. The Red Cross Center is where almost everyone goes. They served pretty good chow, and put on an amateur show which was swell. Many English and Canadian soldiers took part and they sure caused us to almost split from laughing! The whole show was really good though. I really liked the place a lot but would not want to be here too long. Tomorrow is November 10th, and we are going to be inspected by Admiral Smith. So far as I know we are to start for the States right after inspection, I sure hope so!

Today is Sunday November 12th. We weighed anchor and are on our way. We should be Stateside by December 14th I think. Our first stop is Buoy West One at the Southern tip of Greenland. Then, I think, we will stop at St Johns, Newfoundland. So far it has been pretty darn rough.

We were anchored in the harbor past four days, and this morning November 23rd, we are weighing anchor again and should be in Newfoundland in four more days. We have come across many Eskimo villages and many Icebergs. These Icebergs are really immense.

We arrived in Argentia, Newfoundland, and it is really a swell day. Today is November 26th, and it is now snowing. I reckon we will be here for a few days, and then we will be on our last stretch of this cruise. This is a pretty nice place
from what I can see, maybe I will get Liberty tonight. I could really use one. I went ashore on liberty in Argentia and enjoyed it very much. There was nothing going on, but we had a good walk and a few real egg sandwiches.

We are at last on our way home. We left this morning November 29th, and have a very good following sea. We should be in Boston by Sunday night. Just a few more days and we will be in Boston. Today November 30th, another day to remember. Our Doctor performed an operation on one of the boys this afternoon, and he is now resting easy and OK. He had an attack of appendicitis. We have a complete hospital and Dental clinic to take care of all ills. Yes the Eastwind is really well equipped.

I do not believe we will be in Boston as soon as we expected. We are due there tomorrow December the second, but last night we almost had a catastrophe. Our pride and joy the Eastbreeze, and the Travis, a Cutter in our convoy, ran together in the quite heavy seas that we were enduring. I do not believe anyone was hurt, and hope not. Nothing official has been given out yet, but I think we are taking them to Halifax Nova Scotia, while the Southwind and the other ships proceed to Boston. I hope we will not be delayed too long!

This description of the trip to Greenland and the capture of the Germans and the Trawler "Externstiene" was taken down in short hand by me as I didn't want it to be read by anyone aboard ship if it got out of my hands. I was MOMM 3c at the time, and was offered MOMC at the time of my discharge on April 5th, 1946. Love that Eastwind! (MoMM was a Motor Machinist, JSD).

John S. Dondero
Personal letter to Editor: Dated Aug. '98
Hello Warren, <From John >
Was very surprised and glad to receive your letter. <Some deleted for brevity>
Howard Strauss and I were close buddies along with others in the "Black Gang".
Hal Rice, electrician, was here in Vineland a couple years ago and we had a good
time talking over Eastwind escapades. He just passed away a few months ago.
Hope this finds you healthy and in good spirits, will be looking forward to hearing
from you again.

Your Eastwind buddy,
Johnny Dondero. MoMM 1/c Ret.

Editors update note May 10,'99:
I spoke on phone just now with John to get approval for some editing on his
"Greenland 1944" diary account of first "Battle Cruise" we made into the far
reaches of the Arctic ocean. He was seemingly healthy and happy and readily
agreed to the editing of his diary papers.
Hi Warren, I've been hunting for my photo album of photos I took while aboard the Eastwind. Finally realized it is in a box with other mementos that I haven't looked at in years and that box is in a storage that my son is renting. The problem is he is living out of state and he said that my items are in the back of the storage room and would be impossible to get to without moving most of the heavy equipment in the front. So for now I can't help with pictures. The only one I could find in uniform I will send to you. Several years ago when we moved from Ithaca, N.Y. to Florida, I decided I wasn't ready for retirement and decided to see what selling real estate would be like. I got my license and went to work with a local real estate agency. Shortly after I was asked to be the manager and got by Brokers license. One day I got a call to look at a home the owner wanted to sell. The owner was an older man who had a large home on Long Island but spent the winters in Florida. He was a very successful lawyer before retiring. His wife had recently died and he decided to sell his Florida home. I walked through the various rooms with him and came into his bedroom. There I noticed items that I have that I got from trading with the Eskimos in Greenland. I remarked to him that I also had a kayak and some of the same items he had and told him where and when I got mine. He told me he was in the Coast Guard during the War and was responsible for movement of ships. I mentioned to him that I had gone over the Arctic Circle and up to Jayen Mane on one trip. He said, "yes I know, I was the one that sent you there." I thought that was rather strange. At this time I have no idea what his name was. I have been attempting to recall some of the adventures of interest while serving aboard the Eastwind. I remember that she would roll and pitch at the same time and it was a challenge to eat. The metal tray with sections containing pork chops, canned fruit cocktail, canned spinach and possibly something else.

We would hold one side up so it was level and with the other hand try to shovel the food into your mouth and at the same time trying to keep it in the individual sections so you didn't have the spinach and fruit cocktail mixed with the
potatoes. When the ship would roll the other way, we would have to switch hands and repeat the operation. You never asked for the butter because all you had to do was wait until it slid down in your direction. If you missed it, you would wait until the ship rolled again and it would come sliding down again.

I remember being told that the Germans had placed many mines in the North Atlantic because of the convoys. Several times while lying in my bunk I would hear the banging along the side of the ship and wondering if it was a mine that we were hitting. There wasn't any ice there so it wasn't ice that we were hitting. I don't know whether they were mines or not but none ever exploded.

One night while we were tied up at Narsarssuak (BW-1), a few of us decided to go the PX for a change. On our way back the wind started to blow and I had all I could do to keep from being blown off the road. I remember running as fast as I could into the wind and never moving. Finally the wind died down enough so I could get back to the ship and I was told that the gusts were 100 miles per hour. It was quite a experience a 4.2 can of beer that I didn't really like anyway. Beer makes me think of the mix that was made with fruit and anything else that could be put into it. This mix was stored in the anchor chain locker and it could kill you if you drank enough of it.

Once we were going up the east coast of Greenland from Julianehaab to Godhavn, the capital. We went up several fjords and got wedged between icebergs. We used our healing tanks by pumping one side and rolling to the other side and then reverse the operation and tried to roll out from the tremendous pressure of those icebergs that towered over the Eastwind. I recall writing my name in the snow on the side of one of the huge icebergs, hoping that those in charge knew what they were doing and that the ship had enough power to mover ahead. Those 2000 H.P. Morse Fairbanks engines were powerful and we finally managed to get free after 24 hours.

In the harbor of the two above mentioned cities we would anchor. As soon as we arrived the Eskimos would come out to the ship and try to barter their items for American cigarettes that we would buy for forty cents a cartoon (no tax).

They would have hand made models of kayaks, miniature boots made from sealskin, knives made from tusks, and they would even bring their young daughters out and try to get them aboard ship for "ping ping" so they could get a carton of cigarettes. I don't recall that they were successful. Actually trading was not allowed but the officers never did anything about it that I recall.

I was walking through the village of Godhavn I recall going into a home that was the home of Dr. Christian, a Dane that was the important resident. I believe he was the mayor. The residents were very excited to see us and gave us a great reception, grinning and trying to let us know we were welcomed. There was a young Eskimo boy that had red hair. This was most unusual and we started to rib
one of our shipmates that had red hair. We said to him that we didn't know that he had been here before. The Greenland's weather net was linked with the Army's system. The weather men would spend months in isolation at a weather post and the radio men would broadcast the weather. They were able to forecast what the weather would be in Europe in a few days. The Eastwind would go to these stations with supplies. At one of the stations a weather man had died and we transported him back home. He was hung up in the refrigerator storage room. Cookie asked me to go below to the refrig and get some thing. Was I ever shocked to see this poor guy hanging by the back of his neck along with the beef. I'm sure Cookie thought that was a big joke. We were in a storm and the rain froze as it hit the ship. The spray also froze and we were told over the PA system that we had over 150 tons of ice aboard and all hand were ordered on deck to chip ice. The electrician's mate that I used to stand watch with in the engine room slipped over board and I watched him bobbing in the ocean. "Man overboard" call was given but by the time the Eastwind swung around, he was gone. We searched to no avail. He was weighed down with the foul weather gear. Exposure in that freezing water killed you in less that 3 minutes. South Boston Navy yard was our home port. We were in dry dock for an overhaul. It was winter and I think Boston was probably the coldest city I had ever been in. Tearing down the diesels in the engine rooms was a dirty job, especially for a fireman and not a petty officer. The pistons had to be removed and the carbon scrapped off and then the engines had to be rebuilt.

![Tex & Bill on snowy liberty in Boston](image)

But we would get liberty in the early afternoon and Boston was a good liberty town. We could get tickets for different restaurants and other attractions. I recall going to a Redskins baseball game one Sunday. The hostesses were pleasant and made you feel at home. I remember going roller skating in Revere, a short
way from Boston. You could always pick up girls there. I had an address book with a number of girls that I had met so usually had a date to go out with.

I was just an 18 year old but felt older and having been to sea made me feel salty and a man of the world. The girls were probably about the same age. I lived in Pelham, New York and I was able to get home for Christmas leave for a few days before we shipped out again for Greenland and then Iceland and over the circle.

I received my orders to report for discharge at the end of May 1946 and suddenly it was all over. I went home and spent the summer loafing, going to Glen Island Beach at New Rochelle and collecting my $20 unemployment each week (52-20 club). They couldn't find a job for a boiler man or diesel operator, especially since I really didn't know much about either. In the fall I returned to high school to finish my senior year since I had enlisted prior to graduation. It had been quite an experience while serving aboard the Eastwind. A great bunch of shipmates.

That is about it for my tales.

Bill Downes
While serving aboard the USS Eastwind, (Originally the USS was the designator of all United States ships), now known as the USCGC Eastwind W279; I recall an incident in the winter of 1945. We had anchored in the harbor of Reykjavik, Iceland. They bay was large and the docks were about three miles away from the anchorage. I was assigned to the crew of the ships Liberty Launch, a twenty foot boat powered with a Buda diesel engine which had a tiller type rudder manned by the Coxswain. We headed for the docks with our liberty party. Reykjavik is noted for it’s extreme weather and tide conditions, from sun to snow in a very few minutes, not to mention twenty to thirty foot tides that suddenly precede a gale.

We made it to the docks and disembarked our liberty party as the weather worsened. A few minutes later as we headed back to the ship for another load of crewmen with scheduled liberty, the Coxswain screamed over the howling wind, ”WE HAVE LOST OUR RUDDER!!!” The wind had increased and we were being blown to and fro, completely out of control. The only possible hope of returning to the ship was to use our propeller. When our bow or stern was headed toward the ship, I would throttle our diesel full speed in an attempt to close that distance between our launch and the ship. By now we were in a good blow and floundering badly. Finally the wind began to blow steadily and by backing astern, then going forward in a series of short runs we managed to get close enough to the Eastwind to receive a line to secure us to the ship. Can’t remember what happened to the liberty party… they may still be there! <chuckle>
Sometimes the ship iced up so heavy we would have to remove the ice with big wooden sledge hammers.

About 150 tons of ice top side!

I am now a retired Los Angeles police officer. I live in the Southern Sierras.

R. L. Fritz MoMM2c WWII signed 04/11/01
Gauny, Bert MoMM-1C

I went aboard the Eastwind while she was still at the Western Pipe & Steel yards and I think not yet commissioned. I served aboard until my transfer for discharge. My rate at the time of transfer was MoMM 1/C and most of the time was in generator room #2 with the evaporator, lighting generators etc. etc. My general quarters station was the starboard motor room and also was engineer in charge of the small boats. As with several others on board I was assigned to Officer Training School and would spend some of the time in port at Groton, Conn. or Annapolis Resigned the assignment after VE day and just before VJ day.

As with you, I also served as a member of the prize crew that brought the Externsteine back to Boston. (This action was a part of operation Edelweiss. A name given by either the Germans or Americans. I never found out which.) While we were being towed to Iceland I remember the talented deck crew rigging a yoke from port to starboard as a bridle on the German ship and then tying a bowline loop in the tow line through the bridle. This cut through the bridle several times and all hands had to turn to rig a new line. (Not very smart of the deck officers) Also remember when the Externsteine rammed one of our own ships. I seem to remember it was the Storis but am not sure.

Do you remember running aground and tearing blades off the bow propeller? When we got to dry dock in Boston they pulled the broken propeller and drive shaft and capped the hole. Never did find out if it would work to undermine ice flows.

And losing one of the crew who was swept overboard while we were breaking the ice off the ship to keep it from capsizing. Also the ships plane crashing in Boston harbor killing pilot and observer?
The Captain during most of the time we were aboard was C. W. Thomas and only remotely remember Captain Henry Scholl. The Engineering officer for most of the time was named I believe Lt. Com. Lusk and after the war he lived four houses down from me in Bellflower. He was not very friendly after I found out that his permanent rank was petty officer 3rd class. Not that it made any difference to me! Bert in the #2 engine room at normal duty.

Remember when the CIC group thought they had a ship located draped with white cloth as camouflage and the Eastwind opened up with the 5" stern guns and tore the “Greenland Cruiser” cabin boat on the aft port deck, up with the concussion.

Chasing a whale around for hours at night under General Quarters then dropping depth charges and the hedgehog and missing the thing? Alerting every one in starboard motor room to stand by for a torpedo hit starboard side aft, when someone reported seeing a bubble trail. Turned out to a be wave crest.
I will send this to you now with your copyright release and will add more as I think of it.

Here is a photo from my daughter’s “Dad’s” album taken by the Eastwind’s photographer to record the history of the men who brought the captured Nazi ship, the Externstiene, back to Boston’s Constitution pier Dec 14, 1944. It was the only surface enemy vessel ever captured since 1812. The crew above swept the ship for booby traps, cleaned up all of the dangers and labeled the control valves in English, The reported explosive that would have blown the bottom out of the ship was discovered and disarmed.

After service I became a manufacturing engineer and when I retired my wife and I started a square dance clothing manufacturing and sales business. We travel about 22,000 miles a year all over the U. S. and work 10 to 12 hours a day six days a week- And we call this retirement.

More later,
F.B. Bert Gauny
I went aboard the U.S.S. Eastwind at Long Beach, CA. Volunteered for Galley duty giving me liberty every night. Loading supplies till 2 in the morning, so not a good idea. I went to Gunnery School, Fire School, and Shake Down.

#1- Demagnetized the ship. The command ran the ship into the dock. Ruined the dock so caught hell for that.

#2- We went thru the Canal. All but 18 got shore leave. I was one of the 18th. We were mad, but 95% of those who went ashore came back drunk. Next day all were sick at sea.

#3- Flotilla with the Missouri. Hurricane off East Coast. Missouri out of sight in the rough sea. Many of us were sick.

#4- North Atlantic encounter with a German submarine. We fired Hedge Hog shells off bow. No depth charges. Sub fired torpedo but missed. Thank God, it would have been a long walk back to Boston.

#5- Sited Germans on land Shannon Island, Greenland. I was in the squad that landed, I think about 2 a.m. We caught them asleep. We had 30-6 and Carbine rifles and they froze in the sub zero temperature as transversed the width of the island to attack them from the rear. Later we learned could have fired only 1 shot, the one in the chamber...

I have pictures of the Germans and our crew capturing the German ship Externsteine that was stuck in the ice. Our crew brought that German ship back to Boston Dec. 14, 1944. I was Lead Helmsmen and 20 mm gun crew left aft below 5” guns. Would love to receive the PUC Ribbon with a star promised by Captain Thomas. Lots of things happened in Halifax, Air Force Base, South Greenland and North Greenland where we had "musk ox" for food when ships supplies were exhausted. I did not like the Polar bear or walrus meat on other occasions. My granddaughter is sending this so anything you might want to send, send back to her. Thank You!

Coastie Buddy,
Bob Hallstrom
The freezing gale that has gripped the Mighty Eastwind W279 for three days and nights, has left deposits of thick ice on every square inch of her topside. The sixty foot waves crashed over her repeatedly, and put a new coat of ice on top of the old one. The ship labored under the many tons of added weight of the ice. The yaw and rolls were pushing the limits of the stability of the ship as she labored through each trough. If she rolled any farther she would surely capsize.
The Captain directed the officer of the bridge to sound the alarm. The officer directed the Bos’n mate to sound “ICE ALERT”. The Bos’n mate opened the ship’s PA system microphone and in a very hard voice said, “All hands not on watch duty turn to! ICE ALERT... ICE ALERT, muster in the mess hall for equipment!”

Every one grabbed their May West life jacket and rushed to the mess hall where we were issued these long handled wooden sledge hammers to beat the ice off the bulkheads, davits, cranes, life boats, gun mounts and push it overboard. Just as Harley and I walked out on the main deck, a large sheet of ice from the boat deck above and behind us, swooped down catching Harley in the back with such force and weight it took him right over the port side of the ship. It may have weighed as much as five or six men. One second he was within two feet of me, excitedly, happily, and with commitment saying that he was going to get that big icicle on the gunnel... then he was gone with a roar of breaking ice from above!

Everyone started shouting “man overboard!” The ship reversed the propellers to stop the ship. Harley was about one hundred yards astern, and the Quartermaster brought the ship about to pick him up. We were all anxiously counting the minutes as we were aware a man would become unable to move or even breathe in approximately four and one half minutes in the Arctic ocean waters. Harley was still sixty to seventy yards away, waving with his right arm in the air for us to see... then he seemed to become as motionless as the statue of Liberty and slowly sank out of sight into the cold, cold grave King Rex of the Artic Ocean had prepared for him. A prayer was offered for his safe voyage to the Seaman’s Eternal Home Port. Harley was a tall red head with a ready smile and intense blue eyes, a good chess player; always keeping the morale of those around him high. I think he was just twenty years old. God bless R J Harley.

A L Leep was a good friend to all, specially to R J Harvey. He died In a small plane crash in Alaska after the end of WWII I was told. The only photo I have of him is with Robert.
God bless & keep both Robert & Al.
Hedman, Edward T., AvM 1C

I enlisted in the Coast Guard October 1940 in Kansas and was sent to Manhattan Beach, NY for training. Several weeks later was transferred to Elisabeth City, North Carolina for two or three years. It was there that I volunteered for the a new Cutter, the Eastwind. I flew to Long Beach, California (1943) and boarded the Eastwind at Western Pipe & Steel Yard in San Pedro, Ca.

Before leaving, we camouflaged the Eastwind red and white so she would be spotted from the air. While going through the locks at Panama Canal, someone from shore yelled out. What is this ?; she looks like a Mississippi Showboat. Well, Captain Thomas heard it and commanded the crew not to speak to anyone while on shore liberty.

The "Mighty E" Eastwind W279

We found out later that we were assigned to (now called) Greenland Patrol, in Newfoundland to break up the ice for ships to patrol the area. This was around Spring of 1944.

It was during this time we (Lt. McCormick, Pilot: Aviation Machinist Mate 2C1 Hultgren; Aviation Radioman 1C1 Robinson, and I) were flying over the area looking for any new weather stations or enemy ships.
The J2F Duck project was shifted to the Columbia Aircraft Corporation who built the J2F-5 at their Valley Stream, Long Island factory from early 1942 to the end of WWII. The Wright 1820 Cyclone which was again reworked to deliver 1,050 hp (783.3 kW), the most powerful Duck built and the most numerous, with 330 being built for the Navy and Coast Guard.

We spotted a German Trawler unloading supplies for a weather station. We flew over a few times to make them nervous and then flew back to the ship to report what we saw. The Eastwind then gathered all that could be found (no trawler) and gave it to the Danish Patrol. It was during another air patrol that we came across the German trawler stuck in the ice camouflaged with white sheets hoping we would not spot them again. Needless to say we reported back to the Eastwind and got underway to the location of the trawler. After an evening of firing back and forth they gave up. We brought them aboard the Eastwind while a prize crew from the Eastwind took over the trawler. It was escorted by a another Cutter and taken back to Boston. That was in October 1944. The Eastwind also went back to Boston for the winter. The next Spring we went back to Greenland where we heard the war was over.

I got transferred to Iceland by mistake. There was a freeze put on all Military Personal but by this time I was already in Iceland. Dispatch just missed me. It was then I was sent to Boston, Ma. until discharged.
Edward T. Hedman Aviation Machinist's Mate 1C, I am Retired now, and enjoying life.
Much of Greenland’s east coast is perpetually shielded by a belt of pack ice, sometimes fifty miles wide. Only ice-reinforced ships need apply. EASTWIND could smash at her full speed of 17 knots into 7-foot thick ice and send it flying. This was exhilarating fun – noisy, rough-riding, spectacular. Where the ice became too heavy, we’d launch our plane to search for “leads.” I frequently went along as observer, to plot easy paths for the ship. Our pilot, Mac McCormick, was an experienced Arctic flyer; he never gave me a nervous moment. (Mac was later killed in an accident in that very aircraft – a week after the war was over.)

Once Mac, this time flying alone, returned from a flight to the northward waving his cap. He’d sighted what looked like an iceberg, but turned out to be a ship! Apparently trapped in the ice, she’d been covered with sheets of white cloth and slathered with paint, for an effective camouflage. She was a “bad guy” monitoring weather observations for the German army – generated in northeast Greenland.
Two hours of northward ice-smashing for EASTWIND, and there she was – a forlorn-looking Northsea trawler swathed in strips of white cloth. Within five minutes, from behind a nearby iceberg, came a blinker signal: “We give up.” Her crew, seeing our approach, had abandoned her – very sensibly, as our guns could have overwhelmed her in a few seconds.

Thus began one of the adventures of my life. EXTERNSTEINE (her name was) became a prize-of-war, and I became her prize-master.

I had pleaded with our skipper not to sink her (I hate to see ships, no matter whose, being sent to the bottom). “Okay,” said Capt. Thomas, “You take her home. Pick a crew from this ship, and she’s yours. Reykjavik first, then Boston.”
Well, the EXTERNSTEINE became the first prize-of-war brought into a U.S. port since the War of 1812. Getting her there was a small saga in itself. First we had to thaw her out; critical parts of her “plumbing” were frozen, others full of slush, as the Germans had tried to save fuel; then try to work up propulsion.
Being steam-driven, this was a problem, as EASTWIND’s engineers were diesel-trained to a man. One of them, however, had as a civilian once driven a steam locomotive. He became Chief Engineer by default. By the end of the day he had EXTERNSTEINE purring. The gyrocompass was 180 degrees out-of-phase. This was simply a matter of adding (or subtracting) 180 degrees to your reading, until we managed to correct it. Next morning EXTERNSTEINE was ready to go.

A northsea trawler in heavy seas might as well be a submarine. I mean EXTERNSTEINE was WET! Wet or dry, however, we made Iceland – this despite once being actually taken for a hostile U-boat by a “friendly” PBY, which apparently just caught our recognition signal before he dropped his depth-charges on us.
Thence, now rejoined with EASTWIND which by then had completed her job up north, on to Boston. Entry into Boston Harbor, with Nazi flag upside down beneath ours, was a small triumph for Greenland Patrol. It made the papers for a day. I was sent by Coast Guard PR buffs to New York to tell the story on the radio-show ‘March of Time.’
Mr. Howard in command of his life boat drill as they pulled away from the Mighty Eastwind. These life boat drills were exercised frequently by all sections of the crew. To get 35 men in those rubber boats without casualties, from a rope ladder, was a miracle in itself.

Each boat was equipped with water, flares, and “K” rations for all on board. The Eastwind had four regular life boats, four rubber boats as above, and four Life Rafts stowed on the sides of the Twin 5.38” gun mounts both fore and aft. Three hundred and eighty crewmen take up a lot of boat space in case of a disaster. Fortunately we never had to test “abandon ship”, though we had close calls at times.
Obituary of Curtiss Howard

After his stint on the *Eastwind*, Curtiss Howard was promoted to Lieutenant Commander and given command of the USCGC *Laurel* (W291), a “Cactus Class” cutter. Described as the “Greenland Patrol’s errand-boy” delivering “everything needed to maintain life and sanity in the isolated outposts,” the Laurel and her escapades were memorialized in the book *Red Flannels and Green Ice* (Random House, 1949) written by Arthur Pocock, Curt’s executive officer. After the war, Curt moved to Cleveland, Ohio to be near his ailing father. In 1950 he married Dorothy Sherman. Curt worked for many years as advertising manager for Brush Instruments, later a division of *Clevite*, in Cleveland. Later he started his own business “Marketing Communications.” After retiring in 1975, Curt and Dot moved to Greenfield, New Hampshire where they became active in church and community affairs. Curt, ever hale and hearty, was still chopping wood for his wood-stove well into his seventies. He passed away after a very brief illness in 1991. Dorothy is still well and active, living in nearby Peterborough, N.H.
I was a commander on the Eastwind 1944 to 1946 and the known to all Executive officer. I am the fellow that most shipmates met the first time they came aboard the Eastwind. I would give the general stats of the ship, and a short tour of the ship. All men as they came aboard alone, or in a group, were bonded together and the ship was our home.

I rode the ship’s plane with Lil’ Mac to find the “Externsteine”.... A supply ship for the Nazi Weather Radio Stations, which we had already captured a few days before. Mac and I found the ship wrapped in white sheets to camouflage it in the
ice fields about ninety miles from the location of the Eastwind where we had taken off from.

Camouflaged in the ice field she looked at first like an iceberg. But the superstructure didn't fit our close examination! I ordered Lil' Mac to return to the Eastwind and reported the location to the Captain.

We captured this ship, the only surface war vessel captured in WWII. We captured 40 men and their equipment from the two captures. The supplies we turned over to the Danish Army in Greenland, to help with their survival and maintenance. They were stretched pretty thinly along the east coast of Greenland and were expected to repel any Nazi invasions. The Eastwind and four other ships were to keep the Arctic Ocean free of any invaders. We kept our ice fields and islands clean of all Nazi invaders.
We were on our way back to Boston after the war with Germany was over, when we were hailed by German U-Boat 234 via radio.

They were following orders to surrender to the Allied forces closest to them. We met and their crew surrendered, but two naval officers of Japan were aboard and committed suicide. The war was over for the Eastwind W279.
Excerpts from Artie Meeks, LCMDR MED, author of “The Retired Officers Association Newsletter”, and Gus's scrapbook:
He's quite a man, he is a graduate of Girard College, a Boy's Home founded in 1948 by Mr. Girard for the underprivileged. Gus' father died in the flu epidemic of 1918, leaving his wife with five young boys, Gus the third. He and his two younger brothers were sent to Girard. Gus was eight at the time, the outer limit for admission. And is a graduate of the Coast Guard Academy, Class of ‘37.

The yearbook, Tide Rips, says he was a scholar, athlete and artist. He did the art for the yearbook. He also graduated second in his class. He was Captain of the boxing team and earned eleven letters in boxing, football, and baseball.

Gus is quite a man. He essentially told me his philosophy of life was to walk in the shoes of no man but set a course and make things happen. I think he has done that, particularly impressive in that he didn't have a father from about the age six on.
There is a heck of a Nazi steam engine behind me, and it is going to learn ENGLISH!!! I removed the "booby traps" and set the steam engine up for running. The boilers are already to deliver the steam as needed. If we run out of fresh water, we will use seawater to make steam to get out of here and on to Boston.
Most of the Chiefs on the Eastwind in 1944 - 1945, that were in operation Greenland Patrol.

About one third of the crew was on duty when picture was taken, but this is most of the “Snipes” or engineering force.

Some have to remain on board and tend the watches. The electricians are in the front row, Chiefs and Motor Machinist Mates behind them. The right hand man in the front row is Robert Harvey EM3c who was lost overboard in the Arctic.
The two chiefs are “Smokey” Stoffer and Harold Lee.

WOW! Just look how clean our engine room is!
The Swastika is down, and Old Glory flies over the captured German ship Externstiene, renamed “Eastbreeze”. Some of the white sheeting, still wrapped around her, for hiding in the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean. The controls, valves and lines were renamed in English so the crew could operate and control her. The mines that were wired to the engine controls were discovered in the electric service box for the controls, and were removed before the shops engine was put into operation. The ships evaporator did not make fresh water fast enough for the steam boilers that run the engine.

She was docked at the Constitution Pier for everyone to see. She was a new ship, on her first voyage. She was a month younger then the Eastwind ship that captured her.
The celebration of the capture of the Nazi WRS at Little Koldawey Island and the supply ship for it.

Chief Harold Lee died in 1963 of a heart condition. His son, also Harold Lee, supplied the photos & copyright release.

Semper Paratus
Q-A-Form

Questionnaire/copyright release for publisher:

Dear Eastwind Shipmates, May I impose on your good nature to fill out the short form below and return with any photos of yourself at work or play during your tour of duty. Prefer "head snapshot" in .jpg or USPS PLEASE PRINT
Name: HAROLD O. LEE
Rate/Rank: CMOMM
Served on Eastwind from: MA'AN VOYAGE END OF WAR
< IMPORTANT FOR TIME-LINE CONSTRUCTION OF BOOK. >
Duty stations on ship: ENGINE ROOM 3 (I THINK)
Ribbons, Stars and Medals:
Served under Captains: THOMAS
An account of your life aboard, your duties, your memories and reflections. Be they humorous, happy, or sad, all are part of the history of a great ship.
Please PRINT on back any additional pages you need for your "honor pages".

Please fill out form and MAIL with any photos and sea stories.
To: Warren D. Bonner, 222 N. Shasta St.
Orange, Ca. 92869. Phones: 714-639-0377 or 714-639-0623,
wdbonner@pacbell.net or ICQ"17773628
Scan to email is acceptable w/signature

Please sign to signify your release of copyright.
Signature: Harold O. Lee
Not Signed (Son)

HAROLD P. LEE

Page 1
I was assigned to the Eastwind June 5th, 1944. My duty station was operating the ship’s laundry. A real hot tough job for three hundred men and their officers. The bedding and the underwear were a full load hour on hour everyday, but the dungarees and shirts had to be processes too. The guys were always grateful for the nice clean sheets and pillow cases. Those wool blankets were a real problem, as they had to be done in cold water to avoid shrinkage.

I was one of the men on the Little Koldeway capture, ME on right.
My General Quarters station was on one of the Quad, (Pom-Pom), 40MM anti aircraft guns. We trained to perfection after sea trials. My crew could take the drag sock target off its cable as the plane flew by at times. Our proficiency was commended by our Captain Thomas. The highlight of my service aboard the Eastwind was our surprise raid and capture of the Nazi Weather Radio Station on Little Koldewey Island, Greenland; and charging through several feet of ice for several hours to capture the German ship “Externstiene” the supply ship for the Weather Radio Stations on the east coast of Greenland. I separated Sept. 10, ’46 Good conduct ribbon, with Battle star American-European and Victory ribbon. Would love to hear from shipmates.

Frank
Dear Warren,
What a pleasant surprise to hear from someone that was part of my life during an exciting time, memories came flooding back and brought a smile to my face.

I hope you can use these attached writings in your book, my typing and punctuation is not to good, I think it’s the new typewriter I just bought, yep it does not know how to spell---no spell checker! Haha

Hoping you great success in your endeavors.

Sincerely
Leslie U. Morrison
The landing party from the icebreaker Eastwind had taken and secured a German weather station on little Koldewey Island northern Greenland, this was 800 hundred miles north of the arctic circle, there were large stacks of various kinds of stores everthing from buiter to bullets, mainly because the germans never had time to get organized before they were captured. Twelve (?) Prisoners were taken, one prisoner was quite angry, stomping and panting, when ask why he was so angry he answered "I've waited 10 years for duty in Greenland and I've been here two days and you guys have captured us! They were taken aboard the Eastwind, also the landing party returned to the ship.
Five of us were sent from the ship to "Guard the Supplies" no officer or petty officer was sent with us (big mistake), who was to guard us?

The first thing we had to do was check the supplies maybe just maybe we could find some food or whatever, not being able to read German it was of course necessary to open the wooden cases, by stroke of luck someone opening a case, he didn't find any food, but did find some "whatever" it was probably some kind of cognac, congratulating one another on this magnificent find we sat down in a circle and proceeded to toast our good fortune, one man was sent to check other cases and of course bring back a bottle for our approval.

There were probably five different kinds of booze, one became our favorite it was cherry flavored and so easy to drink, this is where we learned to read German, out of the stacks of booze we could read this label and partook of this elixir frequently.

Now we were at the talking stage of drinking and we needed more wood for the fire that was made out of the wooden cases, so it was only common sense that we had to open more cases, a couple of guys had reached the singing stage of drinking and were singing "Don't Fence me in" or a similar song, soon the rest of us joined in on some ribald songs, someone recited "Dangerous Dan McGrew"

The guys that had started the singing were now into the crying stage of drinking, one was blubbering about the girl he had left behind, although when questioned he couldn't remember her name, the other kid was crying because his dad treated his brother better than him, the other two guys skipped the crying stage and went directly to la la land I began to wonder how I could get some bottles of the good cherry berry juice (as we had started to call it) back aboard the ship for my buddies to taste, I could see the boat coming for us so I stuck a couple of qts. In my heavy coat.

The men from the boat, the two guys that felt sorry for themselves and I loaded the boys that were taking a nap into the boat, the guys that were crying entered la la land on the way back to the ship, I wasn't feeling any pain myself, I knew I had to get aboard quickly and not stagger around to much, for the officer of the day would be there and I did not want to talk to him, as we drew along side I scooted up the gangway as fast as a drunk could. Looking briefly in the officers direction I saw that he was busy taking a body count and I slipped below deck unnoticed with my two qts. of cherryberry juice much to the joy and glee of my buddies.
WHERE'S THE HELMSMAN

These events happened in northern Greenland when I was an eighteen year old coast guardsman on board the icebreaker Eastwind our job was to keep the Germans out of Greenland, to keep them from establishing weather stations which was very vital to their war effort, we were at this time working above the arctic circle.

The Eastwind sat very low in the water I believe about 25 ft. Giving us a constant rolling motion some said it rolled five degrees in drydock.

Well--terrible storms strike in the north Atlantic and such struck us, high winds blowing with great fury (a storm could produce winds over 200 miles per hour) huge waves breaking over the ship, the ship was rolling from 25 to 43 degrees, we had to eat holding our trays in our hands we didn't dare set anything down it would quickly slide off the table. 11:30 p.m. I was shaken awake by the duty officer and informed I would have the helmsman’s duty, and to report at midnight.

As I lie on my bunk, stunned, thinking I had never before steered a ship or for that matter even a rowboat, and in this terrible storm, I contemplated going back to sleep and having a nice nightmare, I thought all I had to do was ask the guy I relieved how everything works.

When I reached the bridge, being wartime everything was dark only a soft glow from the compass, the wheel reminded me of an automobiles about the same size, the petty officer I relieved gave me the course heading, I don't remember what it was let's say it was 320. Then I started to ask a question and he was gone, disappearing into the darkness along with plan no. one.

Plan no. two, you steer it as you would a car, right no problem the howling wind was pushing the wave against the rudder relentlessly quickly the compass would
begin to move off course 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 degrees I would start corrective measures by turning the rudder the opposite way the ship would start back the other way very quickly, I mean like quick, quick, at the fartherest point off course the officer on duty would ask ”what's you’re course helmsman?” it’s ah, er um I would stammer as the ship swung back towards it's heading it's threeee, twoooo, 00000 sir I would say as the compass needle swung past the heading to 30 degrees in the opposite direction, repeat, repeat, repeat it was kinda like driving a car seventy miles per hour while it is fishtailing constantly for hours.

As my shift drew on I did learn how to compensate for the waves somewhat and the duty officer quit asking me about my heading he could tell I wasn’t steering all over the Atlantic, and probably part of the Pacific.

Leslie U morrison
8880 N. Canebrake Pl.
Tucson, AZ. 85743
NO! The ship is not running uphill, the horizon just keeps rocking to and fro.

The Eastwind was a good ship and did well what she was supposed to do in the Arctic ocean. She was a real workhorse in plowing through several feet of ice, to capture Nazi weather radio stations and equipment.

I joined the Eastwind original crew in May of 1944, and was assigned to Engine Room #3 with MoMM 1c Miller. I was also assigned as engineer on the Captain’s Gig, powered by a four cylinder Buda diesel engine. We went on a shakedown cruise, then loaded ammo for the armament and supplies for the voyage to Boston through the Panama Canal. We had a very short four hour liberty in Colon, Panama, then on through the Caribbean sea. The Caribbean is no place for an Icebreaker! It was the hottest place I was ever in, 130+ degrees between two 2000 hp diesel engines and the even noisier ship’s service engines. Sometimes we went up four decks to top side main deck and took salt water showers with the fire hoses to cool down, and used hard water soap to remove the diesel odor that permeates all clothing and skin. We watched flying fish during that part of the cruise. We finally cooled off in Boston.

Later when we got up the Greenland coast, the forward screw got it’s first test in the ice field. We found out it would not help in breaking through pack ice fields. The blades were sheared off by the power of the 5000 hp motor turning the propeller. Then as we backed down off the ice, we lost blades on one aft screw. The propellers were replaced in Boston Dry Dock and we were right back to breaking Ice to Shannon Island and Little Koldewey Island where the Nazi had established a weather station.

The Eastwind plowed through thick ice to Little Koldewey Island, where our Blue Jackets captured the Nazi station and it’s tons and tons of supplies. We then broke heavy ice around the Nazi supply ship Externstiene to free her to be towed back to Boston. Backing down broke blades off one rear propeller, then back to
Boston at half power for repairs again. Then back to the Greenland Patrol to prevent Nazi invasions and establishment of new weather stations.

For a time I was assigned to the port motor room, then to the machine shop and later back to engine room #3 until December when men with families were transferred to the Northland and returned to Boston for separation by the end of the year.

I remember Hansen, Richardson, O'Conner and some others, you may have shook me awake for watch but that was a long time ago. (55 years). I read an article in 1948 National Geographic about the Navy operation in Antarctica and Captain Thomas was in charge of the Eastwind again on that trip.
I remember an incident when Martin Manner was on the Captain’s Gig being lowered over side to the water, and the crew on the lines couldn’t hold it because of the ice on the capstan drum, and he was dumped into the water. I wasn’t there but I was told that he was pulled out by O’Conner.

O’Conner and Scabilia had a song they sang to the tune of “Stormy Weather”. Part of it goes like this, “Can’t go on… all I ate is gone to the fishes… since this tub and I got together… I just keep heaving all – the – time”.

We moved the tons of Nazi supplies from Little Koldewey where we captured the Germans, to the holds of the ship, and when they were filled, we stacked them top side from bow to fantail on the main deck. We were top heavy with Nazi supplies, which we took to the Bouie one Danish army.

There were a reported two hundred tons of supplies. The Dane’s made good use of the two buildings they assembled from “kits” made in Germany. The parts fit like a glove it was reported, and the electric generator supplied plenty of electricity for the army camp. The coal stoves heated the buildings perfectly.
I recall we dropped depth charges many times on Nazi U-boats that lurked the shipping lanes to England and doubled as weather stations. Some had the ability to off load sea mines in the lanes.

Elmer at watch station
McCarthy and I were on one of the K-guns and after one “barrage” we were called to the armory and armed with Thompson machine guns in case the sub came to the surface. It stayed sunk, never surfaced. We sailed away...

Elmer Rasmussen July 11, 2001
Reuss, Robert W.  CCM

I was on pre commission detail March 1943 and helped commission the USS Eastwind W279 in June of 1944.

I was in charge of one of the attack crew boats on Little Koldewey island, where we captured twelve Nazis and code papers of the German Admiral controlling the Polar region.

My Carpenter Shop Crew on Second Cruise north in 1945
Me in work dungarees, in my immaculate carpenter’s shop.

Retired Chief Warrant Officer after 37 years

Not much else to report, loved the Eastwind, and love my hobby, If you are in Washington around State Fair time, come see my “made from scratch” Steam Engine and hear her purr! We have lots of fun, contests and prizes. Sorry, don’t remember the names that go with the other faces after 55 years.

Robert Reuss ccm
Thanks for your contacting my father (David Robert Shilling) concerning the Eastwind Assoc. Even though he might not respond to your mailings, he really enjoys seeing the pictures and hearing about his shipmates.

Thanks also for the picture of the carpenters in their shop on the Eastwind. I was able to identify my father right off. He is the one on the back row on the left and looking very young as they all were. My father is in the process of composing a synopsis of his military experiences and as soon as I get his written copy and transcribe it I will send you an e-mail of such. If there are any dues for the association, forms, or such please send me a copy and I will talk with my father or pay the dues myself.

Thanks for your help
Joe

Editor note: Rewrote Joe to get the copyright release signed and mailed to me.

Dec. 04, 2001
David Robert Shilling
PO Box 54
Chester, WV 26034

Hello David,
Ol’ “Tex” Bonner here, your shipmate ’44 to ’46. <gryn> I am finishing up a book on the Bio of the Eastwind W279. I would like you to fill out the enclosed form, sign it for publishers copyright, and write me a sea-story or two of your experiences on the “Mighty ‘E’ to go into your Honor Pages. Since the book is already 99.9% complete, please make it a priority.

Here is a photo Chief Reuss of the carpenter shop sent me, (among others), That he cannot remember the names of. Can you identify them for me???
Robert Reuss

Thank you, hope you and yours are all set for a FINE Christmas!

Ol’wdb
Strauss, Howard (MoM3c)

Plank owner Eastwind W279. I am also a member of the Coast Guard Combat Veterans Association.

Only half of the engine with the big DC generator can be photographed due to its size. The large ducts in rear are intakes for "scavenging-air" for the blower. The normal temperature of the engine rooms is 100 degrees with engines in normal cruise speed, but gets much hotter if the ambient temperature is high outside. Howard said, "The worse time I had while on the Eastwind was when we brought the ship from the West coast to the East coast through the canal, temp. well above 120 deg. We stood watch in 20 - 30 minute increments to relieved each other".

Engine Room #2 also contained the ships Evaporator, a device that made all of the ship's fresh water for drinking, bathing, and cooking. If these guy's didn't do their job... 320 men and officers would suffer. Salt water showers were mandated when fresh water levels dropped to the red line. This meant the evaporator could
not keep up with consumption. Those salt water showers made everyone very careful not to waste fresh water.

The captured German Trawler was combed for ‘booby-traps’ by the engineers and deck hands, and freed from the ice field that had held her in its frozen grip. We christened her the USS EASTBREEZE. Some of these brave guys manned her in tow to Reykjavic, Iceland and then sailed her under her own power to Boston, where she was docked at Constitution pier for a long time, as a war trophy for the public viewing. She was renamed Galileo and put back in service in the USN at some later date.

Semper Paratus

Editor’s note: Howard Strauss passed away September 19, 1999 of heart attack and a stroke that took his life. He was a dear shipmate! One of the best sense of humor I ever knew.

W. D. Bonner
By: Edward R Vreeland, Son

My father was a small boat enthusiast and thirty seven years old when WWII broke out. He applied to the Navy for a PT Boat officers commission and was denied because of his age. He went to the USCG with the same request and was sent to New London, Conn. For training and was given the rate of Chief Motor Machinist Mate upon graduation was stationed in New Haven for a time. Dad was pretty bald and the guy’s called him “baldy”. While in New Haven he formed a football team as he once played semi-pro.

He was then sent to Washington State for diesel training, then he was assigned to the Eastwind in early 1944 and was one of the Commissioning Day crew. I remember he showed me a picture of himself sitting in a chair on the deck of the Eastwind getting his head shaved. He told me this was tradition whenever a crewman crossed over the international dateline for the first time. (Of course, he had little hair to shave.)

He related a story of capturing a German U-boat when it became disabled and had to surface. The U-boat crew was taken prisoners. He said he boarded the sub to see if he could get it operating but was unsuccessful. He was unable to read German well enough to get it operational. If I remember correctly he said it had to be towed to port.
When he came home he had a German footlocker full of German gear and clothing. Where that is now I have no idea. His widow, I'm sure, has everything but I have no relation with her. After leaving the service he went back to the auto repair business. Then an opportunity to buy and old boatyard presented itself and he went back into the boat business, “Vreeland’s Marine Service”, 148 Cove Street, Morris Cove, New Haven, Connecticut. He operated that service until he retired. He finally passed on, I guess of old age, at age 80 on April 24, 1984.

He was a man’s man in every respect. He was well known in racing circles, midget cars, motorcyclist, and boats. Guy Lombardo had three racing boats, The Tempo I, II, and III. Only my father was allowed to set them up prior to races. He was a magician with engines. Best of luck with your book, to you and all the personnel who served on that proud ship.

Edward R. Vreeland (Son)
Winn, Bill B.  SN 1c

I enlisted in the Coast Guard December 15, 1942. I was sent to Boot Camp December 23, 1942 at Santa Catalina Island twenty two miles west of Long Beach, Ca. Following a year and a half of beach patrol in Santa Barbara, California, I was transferred to Catalina Island where I trained with most of the Eastwind crew. I went on board when she was commissioned June 3, 1944.

The Eastwind home port was Boston, so we took her through the Panama Canal and up the East Coast to Boston. Our duty took us to Greenland and Reykjavic, Iceland. One time we were granted liberty and a MoMM from the engine room and I went ashore taking a carton of cigarettes which we sold to a taxi driver for $25.00. We then went to a liquor store and for $25.00 bought a fifth of whiskey (brand name unknown).

I had been seeing a girl who worked in a candy store just around the corner from the Navy landing dock. She had a girl friend so the four of us went up to her apartment for the evening. Enjoying ourselves, we failed to watch the time and we missed the last boat back to the ship. It was about 2 a.m., and no sailors are supposed to be out after twelve midnight. We called the navy dock and they could not take us out to the ship, so I called the signalman in the port and he finally located a fisherman who would take us out to the ship. It cost us all our money, cigarettes and candy. But we climbed the Jacob's ladder on the Captain's boom and as I had to stand watch in my dress blues, it was just a few minutes before 4 a.m., when we got on board. Now I'm trying to remember the name of the MoMM that was with me that night.

I have a lung problem that causes me to lose part of my memory. I think a MoMM buddy and I went ashore one time in Godhaab, Greenland. No one was allowed off the ship but we went anyway and found a girl who kept trying to trade for our candy and cigarettes. She kept taking us from one place to another where we always found the houses full of people. We saw a lot of our officers but managed not to be seen or caught. I was one of the attack crew that went ashore and captured the German weather radio station without firing a shot.
We also captured 200 tons of supplies that were to keep the German scientist for the coming year. We delivered those supplies to the Norwegian Army outposts along the east Greenland coast.

200 tons equipment & supplies
Including well built building kits
We also captured the German ship Externstiene a few days later.

And took her to Reykjavic, Iceland, and from there on to Boston. While on our way to Boston, we had a collision with a US Guard Cutter. I was asleep at the time and the collision caused me to fall out of my hammock and cut my left eye on the corner of a cabinet. It put a pretty good gash in my left eyebrow, lucky I didn’t lose an eye. Chief Robertson, Ch. Pm., sewed it up and everything came out all right.

I continued standing Quartermaster and Signal watches, all the way to Boston. I could still see well enough and knew the ship well enough at night to go below deck in the hold and find a good bottle of wine that Lt. Howard sent me for. It was pretty cold and the wine tasted pretty darn good, with the sardines and crackers.
Names escape me after sixty years, but I do remember myself standing to the left of Lt Howard, who is centered with the swastika in the German Nazi flag above.

That’s about all I have for your book, Warren. Good Luck! Bill Winn

Note: Bill Winn died February 1, 2004. He had been on oxygen five years. His wife Thelma called me and informed me of the burial at Riverside, Ca. by the Veterans Administration in the memorial park there.
I went aboard June 1944 as one of the original crew of the Eastwind. Went through Panama Canal to Boston. We started off with a convoy in the North Atlantic. Along the Greenland Coast the Eastwind’s sea plane spotted a German trawler. The Eastwind headed out to capture it, the Germans had started out to install a weather radio station off of Greenland. We captured the ones setting up the station on an island, and the trawler a few days later. In the process of getting to the trawler in the thick ice, the Eastwind damaged her propellers. We got the trawler out of the ice and put a crew of 30 men from the Eastwind on the trawler. We dropped off the prisoners at Reykjavik, Iceland and the trawler and the Eastwind went to Boston for repair to our propellers.
Some of us Electricians enjoying a beach fire after game. Standing left hand side of photo is my electrician pal “Harley” who was lost overboard in a deicing the ship accident. A heavy sheet of ice from the Boat Deck, crashed down behind him on the main deck, and swept him overboard. We searched for hours to no avail for him.
Mr. Bonner, Harold Zehe died last night after a long battle with lung disease. He died peacefully with his wife and daughters around him.

By: Ivan Lukowski, (Daughter Susie’s husband)

The above notification of Harold Zehe’s death arrived in January 2000. I made a special little booklet of the work and pictures Harold did for his country in WWII, for his children and grand children.
I relieved Captain Thomas to become the second Captain to command the “Mighty E”

Boston, Mass
20 December 1944

To: Commander Henry U Scholl, USCG - PRESENT, Subject: Orders; Transfer; travel.

1. In compliance with quarters restricted dispatch 2000536 December 20, 1944, you are detached from all duties previously assigned. Proceed to wherever the Eastwind may be reporting upon arrival thereat to the commanding officer of that vessel for assignment as his relief.

2. The travel necessary to execution hereof is required by the public interests.

3. A permanent change of station from your last permanent station is indicated and authorized.

4. Submit fitness report prior to compliance with these orders.

5. Travel by privately owned conveyance is authorized if desired.
6. Mileage is allowed, chargeable against Headquarters’ Travel Allotment Symbol No. 051-20

7. Delivered and departed this office December 22, 1944

ALL TIMES QUEEN Dispatch:

For the Commanding Officer USCG

EASTWIND.

SUBJECT: Operational Intelligence Bulletin.

1. Location of Enemy Forces

a. Responsible authorities are estimating that one U-boat is operating off Halifax after the torpedoing of three vessels in the swept channel on 4th January 1945. It is believed that the normal patrol of this vessel could extend for another two mo. In view of this belief, and because of the allied search by: Canadian forces, assisted by an American "Killer Group"; this U-boat may have moved southwest in to the Gulf of Halifax or New York and Worcester. Since the time of attack the searching vessels have obtained no contacts.

Captured German trawler Externstiene and weather radio station decals

Commander Henry U Scholl is relieving Captain Thomas who has been assigned to Headquarters in the First Naval District.
Commander Scalan relieves Commander Scholl

In two more months at the end of May this author was dispatched to St Louis, Mo. separation center and Honorably discharged to reserves. I never got to know Commander Scalan and made only one trip to Narsarssuak and Godthaab, Greenland in his command.
Captains Thomas and Scholl

From:
Public Relations Division
U. S. Coast Guard
Washington, D. C.

GOLFING ON ICE IS SPORT OF COAST GUARD OFFICERS IN GREENLAND

Strolling in from a game of golf played on an icy fjord in Greenland, are
Captain Charles W. Thomas, USCG (left), 1510 E. Ocean Blvd., LONG BEACH, CAL.,
and Commander H. U. Scholl, USCG, 4228 8th Ave., LOS ANGELES, CAL. Commander
Scholl is the commanding officer of the USCGC EASTWIND, Coast Guard icebreaker
famed for its recent capture of a Nazi-operated radio and weather station and
the German naval vessel, EASTERNSTEINE, in the frozen wastes of Greenland, far
north of the Arctic Circle. Captain Thomas was former commanding officer of
the EASTWIND, and is now chief of staff to Commodore E. G. Rose, Commander,
Greenland Patrol.

This concludes Commander Scholl pages.

My thanks to Doug Saverbrel, grandson of Commander Scholl, these photos on
following pages are a part of family possessions:
Off loading the Liberty Landing Craft.

Port Crane lowering Liberty Boat

Diplomatic visit to Greenland village, 1945
Captain sends crewmen ashore to promote good will and cement friendly relations with the Greenlanders.

Diplomatic visit Greenland, village finery, 1945

The "Duck" at roost a-mid-ship

The Grumman J5 Land/Sea bi-plane in nest
Says the icing on the cake:

"Happy Birthday Captain, 1945"

Looking Aft from Crow's Nest
The Life Raft is mounted on side of forward 5.38" twin gun mount. Note life lines to hold onto when walking on icy deck.

Thanks to Douglas Saverbrie, grandson of Captain Scholl.
Biles, Clyde Milton

Rate/Rank: Chief Store Keeper
Served on Eastwind from: 05/45 to: 06/46

Duty stations/ship(s): Supplies and Payroll

Ribbons, Stars and Medals:
American and European Theaters, Good conduct medals

Served under Captain(s):
Captain Thomas and Commander Scholl

Memories are few with these exceptions:
We had to deliver supplies to Jan Mayen Island for the Loran Unit installation personal.

Killed a couple of walrus as food for the 3 dogs.

Lost a man overboard in Buttler Harbor when de-icing the top side of ship after five days of severe storm. The ship had become dangerously top heavy with thick ice. A sheet of ice struck him and carried him overboard. The ships life boats could not be used to rescue him because they were iced in the davits. Our Pilot was killed when the ships biplane crashed on take off Due to engine exploding they said.

And Commander Scholl aboard for only a month to relieve Captain Thomas, got into a fight with a army major at the first port of call BW#1 and ended up with a broken leg and was flown back to Boston.

Signature: Clyde Biles, CSK (retired)
Montz, Dwayne

Hello Warren, <From the son of Roy Montz CRT>
You may recall the messages we exchanged about my late dad's service aboard the Eastwind. Among his possessions was a chart indicating that he crossed the Arctic Circle as I described below...

During my brief visit with my mom in Louisiana I located a pictorial chart indicating that my dad had crossed the Arctic Circle on 10 Aug 1944 on the Eastwind. He is listed on the chart as "CRT R. J. MONTZ" and the chart is signed by Harold Land, LT COM, USCG. Seems this is the sole piece of documentation that shows my dad was on the Eastwind.

Well, I have just received the service record package from St Louis which I had requested early in the summer. Like all data packages it seems that this service record answers many of my questions about my dad's service but opens up more questions at the same time. One of these new questions is that the date on the Arctic Circle certificate does not agree with the date of that award noted in dad's service record which claims that he "Crossed Arctic Circle at longitude 22 degrees 15' West" on 8-7-45 and signed by H Land, Lt. Cmdr. As I indicated in my earlier message to you, I *thought* I read the date to be 10 Aug 1944 on the chart.

Apparently I made an error as dad's service record shows that he was still assigned to the Groton Training Center until 16 Jan 1945 when he was then assigned to Boston and the Eastwind on 17 Jan 1945. In the service record Section 6, Meritorious Conduct, it shows that on 16 Mar 45 he served outside continental US and a ribbon was authorized by Lt. Cmdr. Land on that date. He served on the Eastwind from 17 Jan 45 to 30 Oct 45. Please correct the previous information I provided you about his Eastwind time. The service record shows that he was on leave from the Eastwind from 14 May 45 through 29 May 45 at which time he was at home in Louisiana. We have the Western Union messages he sent my mom about when to expect him at the airport. After his Eastwind service dad must have returned to New Orleans as he was discharged there on 21 Nov 45.

Since you also were aboard the Eastwind at this time can you say what ports the Eastwind visited during this period from Jan to Oct 45? Anything exciting happen - or do I wait for the book <g>?

May I ask a couple of other questions about the Coast Guard of that period? After enlistment on 17 Dec 1942 at New Orleans, dad was assigned to CGTS St Augustine, FL, from 2 Nov 42 to 2 Jan 43. Would this be "boot" camp or training?
<Yes, the boot camp I went through in 1943. It was called the “Ponce de Leon” hotel the USCG took over.>
His next assignment was to COP or COTP Pascagoula, MS for a year as a R.T.2c and R.T.1c. Any idea what this assignment would be?

Then he went on the Groton Training Center to Radio-Radar School until his assignment to Boston and the Eastwind in Jan of 1945.

<Your dad came aboard Eastwind after the two battles of the far North Ol’wdb.>

Hope my "corrections" are not too late for the book. Thanks for the help with the questions.

<You are OK! Get me a photo shot in uniform please, Ol’wdb>

Regards,
Dwayne Montz
Hi Warren!

It’s good to hear that someone such as you is taking the time to author a book about the Eastwind. She was a great ship with a lot of good people guiding her during WW2.

You were not in Boston for the reunion in May. Wish you would have been there. Homer Zuspann and I were the only two from WW2.

I see you were also a plank owner. I missed the big action in NE Greenland as I went aboard the “Mighty E” at Bluie West One in February of 1945.
I came from Boston on the MODOC and transferred to the Eastwind the middle of the night climbing aboard up a rope ladder with my sea bag over my shoulder!! Wow, what an experience!!!!

I was two months past my 18th birthday. I trained at Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn from Nov 11/44 to Early Feb 45. Actually I had finished all but two weeks of boot when I came down with scarlet fever. I got sick on Christmas Eve 44 up in Times Square and had to get back to base on the subway getting off every now and then to hit the GI can. I made it back about midnight and went to sick bay. I became very ill and was not able to ship out with the outfit I was trained with for Okinawa. They didn't know what to do with me? I was put in a convalescent outfit until I shipped to Boston to go aboard the Modoc and the Eastwind.
I was made a Radioman striker and made 3c in a few months. I did see three men lose their lives in the line of duty. One man, from California, I can't recall his name was right next to me as we broke ice from the topside railings and deck. His feet slipped out from under him and he hit the drink so quickly there was no chance to get him. I saw him drown as we could not get a life buoy or rope to him. We were underway and it was all frozen over.

The other two men were blown to bits when the bi-plane exploded just over the bow of the ship. We who were on deck were very lucky that it didn’t happen to hit the Main deck, as the fire was just ahead of us.

Warren, I have to run for now but I'll talk to you later about Homer!

Your old ship mate, Billy Parker

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

I'll first write to Homer and see if he will reply? I'll do my best to contact him and if I do I'll see if he knows anything about O'Connor.

I remember him. Don't know if I would have a picture of him or not? John Kovac is in Leesburg, Florida. He was aboard 45-46 like myself. I can't remember his rate but he was a very friendly sort. I don't have a phone number on him! I also have a picture of him...not a real good one however.
I made a list of guys names who I was close to while on board. I know virtually nothing about them today, however!

Don Crawford  Brooklyn, NY
Harold Nealed, RM3c  Germantown, Pa.
Robert Sheber, RM3c  Albany, NY.
Howard Grossman, ETM3c  New York City
Edward Weber, RM3c  Los Angeles
William Hunt, RM1c  Lancaster, Oh.
August Von Thune, CRM  ????????
Gary Lichty, Sn1C  Wichita, KS
Millard Yeater, Sn1C  Manhattan Beach, Ca.
Mr. Brown, Ensign  ?????????
Mr. Harrison, Ensign  ?????????

If I think of anything else, I'll get in touch. Wish me luck on ole Homer?

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Hey Tex!
Somehow we have to get Homer to talk? He worked in the laundry and knew everyone and there business on board the “Mighty E”. This guy is a wealth of information from the shakedown, commissioning until 1946.

He remembers names, faces and facts. I don't know for sure his health but he was doctoring for high blood at the time of the reunion.

He spent a great deal of time being interviewed by H. Carl Nancken. Carl must have a great deal of the info you are seeking. Whether he will share it is another question? <No editor has copyright from Carl.>

Homer told me he would come by to see me in Missouri on his way to go hunting in west Texas. I've neither seen or heard from him. He had lost his wife to cancer about a year before the reunion and was pretty distressed over it. He told me that he was well off financially and it would appear he was telling me the truth.

I really had a great time with him and we even went sightseeing around Boston together but he did get tired out. So did I for that matter.

I remember a John Kovacs, rate unknown. I believe I've seen his name at Fred's place. Neither of these guys are into computers and this presents a problem. The old WW2 guys for the most part are not on the internet, sick or dead!
And this is my Radio Shack at home for these many years since!

These photos of my artifacts of that era are beautiful, and I am happy to share them with your readers.

Billy Parker
Powers, Ambrose, QM2c, 1944 to 1946

My name is Ambrose Powers, QM2c, 1944 to 1946 aboard the Eastwind, Storis and PF40 on the Greenland Patrol, WWII.

After WWII, we evacuated a Loran Station on Jan Mayen Is 600 miles North of Iceland, in Feb. 1946. The crew on the Island consisted of five men and a large sled dog. Upon arrival at Reyjkavic to have the Loran Crew fly home, it was discovered that the Icelantic Govt. would not allow the dog ashore, thus forcing the dog to be the Eastwind's guest until we reached Newfoundland. As we approached Prince Fredrick Sound on Greenland coast, we ran into severe ground swells. The dog suffered a severe seasickness.
In order to provide fresh air, the crew put the dog on a mess table, opened a port hole and let the dog's head extend outside. Viewing this from the rear was one of the funniest sights I observed during my tour of duty on the Magnificent Eastwind.

A. Powers, Seaman 1c, Boot's off!
On leave, to report to Eastwind.
Next duty the "Greenland Patrol".

Ribbons and Medals: Good Conduct, American European with star and Victory. Letter from President for capture of German ship "Externstein" and prisoners of weather radio stations.
Scalan, Commander

From: "Price, Scott" <SPrice@comdt.uscg.mil>
To: <WDBonner@pacbell.net>
Subject: CDR Scal an, Skipper that substituted for H U Scholl who returned to Boston (broken leg), first cruise north at the first stop in Narsarssuak, Greenland.

Date: Tuesday, September 19, 2000 11:16 AM

Hello:

All I have on him is:

Born: 13 Sept 1909
Commissioned: 1935
Retired: 3 April 1965 as a Captain
Died: 31 May 1992

That's it! Sorry but there was no photography of him either.

I'm going out of town for a week so if you need anything else please contact the chief historian, Bob Browning at:

RBrowning@comdt.uscg.mil

Please let me know if I may be of further assistance.

Scott T. Price
Historian & Coast Guard History Webmaster
U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters (G-IPA-4)
2100 Second Street, SW
Washington, DC 20593-0001 Phone: (202) 267-0948
Folks, As there is no communications with Captain Glynn and only a few of his crew were located at the writing of this book, I can only give you what they and Carl Nancken had to say in his copyrighted release on the disaster.

Eastwind Memories from 1949
Take a Look At What's Left of Her

Copyright (C) 1991
H. Carl Nancken
All Rights Reserved
Submitted by: Louie LaRiccia and written permission by Carl Nancken.
Early on a foggy morning off the New Jersey coast, in January 1949, the Coast Guard icebreaker Eastwind and the Gulf Oil Corporation tanker Gulfstream collided. The bow of the latter ship was damaged and a fire was quickly extinguished. There were no casualties.
Aboard the listing, heavily damaged Eastwind men were being scalded by live steam. Others groped in the dark trying to find their clothes. Thus began a fiery nightmare that would last until mid-afternoon. The 504-foot tanker stood by until rescue vessels arrived on the scene.

The battered icebreaker was taken under tow by the Coast Guard cutters Sassafras and Gentian which had arrived from Cape May. The next morning the three vessels crept into New York harbor and soon after the Eastwind was dry-docked at the Naval Shipyard. The following story is based on notes that I made after a visit to the shipyard on the 31st of January 1949. It was late afternoon as I approached the dry dock. The streets were wet and New York Naval Shipyard, with its towering cranes, sprawling shops and massive warehouses had a gloomy atmosphere.

It was not very cold on the last day of January but, despite this, I walked increasingly faster in my anxiety to get a view of the ill-fated icebreaker. I rounded a corner, looked up, and there before me resting in a vast dry dock was USCGC Eastwind, Although I had read several newspaper accounts of the tragic accident of 19 January, sixty miles southeast of Barnegat, New Jersey, I had not comprehended the extent to which the Eastwind had been disabled. As I narrowed the distance between myself, and the dry-docked icebreaker great gashes and dirty smudges could be seen on her white hull and superstructure. Staring intently I noted that, on the starboard side, just forward of the bridge, the superstructure had been stove in.

As I walked, slowly now, the huge gaping slash in her starboard beam came into view. I could see clearly that the bow of a large ship had been imbedded in the Eastwind’s hull. In an instant the lives of ten chief petty officers had been snuffed out. I gazed in disbelief at the destruction. Never before had I seen such a spectacle of twisted steel, mangled frames, smashed bulkheads and burned out quarters. I studied the grotesque remnants of what had once been the starboard side of the funnel, high above the stove in hull. Quitting time whistles blew and shipyard workers hurried by. As I stood there on a small observation platform at the rim of the dry dock I wondered if any of those men had been as deeply impressed by first sight of the wounded Eastwind as I had been. Her bridge sagged as though it would have been pulled into the gigantic hole had the tanker’s bow penetrated a few more feet, The after end of a steel crane housing had been pushed-in as though it had been a paper bag. A mean, dirty, fire-singed appearance ran along the pilot house, bridge, funnel, hull and around most of the exposed decks and hatches.

Despite the incredible damage that she had sustained there was an admirable quality about the sturdy, compact little icebreaker, She eras broad of beam and - I learned later - exceptionally stable. To have absorbed the full force of a ramming, amidships, by a 10,000-ton tanker, and to have remained afloat, is a testament to the soundness of her design. The famous naval architect, William Francis Gibbs,
designed the class of icebreakers to which the Eastwind belonged. She and four sisters were built by the Western Pipe and Steel Company in the mid 1940's. They measured 269' x 63'6" x 25'0" and displaced 6,515-tons at full load.

"Wind"-class icebreakers had three propellers, one forward and two aft. They were powered by three electric motors, six Westinghouse DC generators, and six Fairbanks Morse 12,000 SHP Diesel engines. This impressive machinery enabled these ships to crush their way through nine-foot ice. They were capable of operating at temperatures as low as 50 degrees F below zero. To prevent sweating under Arctic conditions the icebreakers were lined with cork. In the blazing inferno aboard the Eastwind this cork lining caught fire. According to The New York Times, "the cork smoke cut off visibility all over the ship and had the entire complement of 160 officers and men choking and gasping for breath."

I walked around the outboard end of the dry dock, over to port, and ascended the Eastwind's gangway. On the main deck I was greeted by a youthful looking Coast Guard Commander who gave me permission to come aboard. After warning of the danger of electric cables and slippery decks below, he said, "Take a look at what's left of her!" I made my way forward, gingerly, and climbed to the superstructure deck. There, I peered into compartments that had been utterly burned out by a fire that had persisted seven hours after the collision. The icebreakers decks were strewn with fire hoses, wires, lines, cables, piping, metal fittings, and all sorts of wreckage that had fallen from the mast, or had been thrown from compartments and passageways and from every other conceivable place. Looking into the pilot house from the bridge presented a scene of havoc. The fire had swept this area and everything was so charred and burned that very little that is familiar to a seaman could be distinguished in the former nerve center. There was the twisted stump of what might have been the binnacle. The thick glass of the pilot house portholes had taken the form of running water, so completely had it been melted by the intense heat.

A feeling of awe came over me as I stood on the Eastwind’s bridge looking out through the mist that hung over the wet, slush-covered foc's'le deck. Surrounded by all that destruction I could not help thinking about the team of forty-seven officers and men who had remained on board after the rest of the ships company had been safely evacuated. a short circuit had reduced water pressure to a pathetic flow, yet they had battled the fire. Standing in close proximity to the magazine they had managed to water down, it descended down to the main deck, forward, just aft of the twin five inch gun mount. On the starboard side lay a great pile of food, probably heaved from the galley. To get a closer look at the gaping wound in the icebreakers side I had to step over singed sacks of onions, cabbage and lettuce.

The deck was littered with hundreds of loaves of bread. The sight of those items of human sustenance, now under my feet, heightened my sense of what it must have been like aboard the Eastwind in those desperate hours after the tanker had
struck. After making my way over weakened decks and climbing down sagging ladders I circled the quarter-deck, which was the only part of the ship that had not been affected by the voracious fire. I then went ashore. Glancing up from the gangway I focused my eyes on the rack. There, drooping from a halyard, a weathered United States Coast Guard commission pennant remained.

USCG' Eastwind, WAGB-279, was subsequently moved to Boston for repairs. In September, 1949 the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company was awarded a $1,175,000 contract "for restoration of the vessel and some design modifications." She remained in active service until the last month of 1968. The veteran icebreaker was sold on 31 July 1972, <Coast Guard historian Robert L. Scheina states that the bow propeller was removable. It was sometimes used to clear the hull from ice, and to dredge broken ice forward. He points out that "it was not used as a means of propulsion."> Note; In 1949 the author of this piece, Carl Nancken, was in the US Navy and stationed at Naval Air Station, Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, New York. On January 31 he was on an errand to the Naval Shipyards to pick up some supplies for NAS. It was during this short trip that he happened on the Eastwind in dry dock #5. He was prompted to write this as a project in a class he was taking at the time on writing. Fortunately, it was not lost through the years. Carl is a member of Eastwind Assn.
The Chief's Quarters where ten men died
The accident was so swift that none suffered

The tragedy was the live steam and the smoke of the resultant fire that handicapped the remaining crew in extinguishing the fire. No water pressure, no vision, no air caused a lot of men to work harder, determined not to give into the disaster.
Many of the survivors were extremely happy that they were alive!

This history of the terrible disaster and loss of life is all I have to offer. The ship was decommissioned according to her last log entry at 1330 hrs, June 29, 1949.

The Eastwind was recommissioned 0800 hrs, June 1st, 1950 with a new hull and all fire and damaged compartments replaced.

EASTWIND W279 Knows no Barrier!
Early on a foggy morning off the New Jersey coast, in January 1949, the Coast Guard icebreaker Eastwind and the Gulf Oil Corporation tanker Gulfstream collided. The bow of the latter ship was damaged and a fire was quickly extinguished. There were no casualties. Aboard the listing, heavily damaged Eastwind men were being scalded by live steam. Others groped in the dark trying to find their clothes. Thus began a fiery nightmare that would last until mid-afternoon. The 504-foot tanker stood by until rescue vessels arrived on the scene. The battered icebreaker was taken under tow by the Coast Guard cutters Sassafras and Gentian which had arrived from Cape May. The next morning the three vessels crept into New York harbor and soon after the Eastwind was dry-docked at the Naval Shipyard. The following story is based on notes that I made after a visit to the shipyard on 31 January 1949.

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A feeling of awe came over me as I stood on the Eastwind’s bridge looking out through the mist that hung over the wet, slush-covered focs’le deck. Surrounded by all that destruction I could not help thinking about the team of forty-seven officers and men who had remained on board after the rest of the ships company had been safely evacuated. A short circuit had reduced water pressure to a pathetic flow, yet they had battled the fire. Standing in close proximity to the magazine they had managed to water down, it descended down to the main deck, forward, just aft of the twin five inch gun mount. On the starboard side lay a great pile of food, probably heaved from the galley. To get a closer look at the gaping wound in the icebreakers side I had to step over singed sacks of onions, cabbage and lettuce.

The deck was littered with hundreds of loaves of bread. The sight of those items of human sustenance, now under my feet, heightened my sense of what it must have been like aboard the Eastwind in those desperate hours after the tanker had struck. After making my way over weakened decks and climbing down sagging ladders I circled the quarter-deck, which was the only part of the ship that had not been affected by the voracious fire. I then went ashore. Glancing up from the gangway I focused my eyes on the rack. There, drooping from a halyard, a weathered United States Coast Guard commission pennant remained.

USCG’ Eastwind, WAGB-279, was subsequently moved to Boston for repairs. In September, 1949 the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company was awarded a $1,175,000 contract "for restoration of the vessel and some design modifications." She remained in active service until the last month of 1968. The veteran icebreaker was sold on 31 July 1972, <Coast Guard historian Robert L. Scheina states that the bow propeller was removable. It was sometimes used to clear the hull from ice, and to dredge broken ice forward. He points out that "it was not used as a means of propulsion.">

Note; In 1949 the author of this piece, Carl Nancken, was in the US Navy and stationed at Naval Air Station, Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, New York. On January 31 he was on an errand to the Naval Shipyard to pick up some supplies for NAS. It was during this short trip that he happened on the Eastwind in dry dock #5. He was prompted to write this as a project in a class he was taking at the time on writing. Fortunately, it was not lost through the years. Carl is a member of Eastwind Assn.
Jones, Ralph L, EN1

I have sent to you articles in newspapers of the accident of fifty years ago. I know they are dim with age. Hope they help.

I was assigned to Engine room one forward, and feel lucky to be alive today. At the time of the accident I had just come off duty from engine room one at 4:30 AM, and was in the Mess hall to get some chow and a drink. The tremendous crash on the starboard side of the ship sent me into the bulkhead. Stunned for a second I reconnoitered and realized smoke and flames were filling the mid-ships compartments. I exited the Mess Hall to the main deck and it was dark, foggy and smoke was filling the air. I saw the bow of a large ship imbedded in the Chief’s quarters mid-ship. The fire alarm, and the scream of tearing metal filled the air as the large ship backed away from the Eastwind. I helped off load those hurt and burned to lifeboats and continued fighting the fire. When we got to port I called my parents to let them know I was all right. Rear Admiral E. H. Smith known as “Iceberg Smith” was in the process of convening a five man Court of Inquiry to investigate the accident.

Editor note:
Ralph gave me many newspaper clippings, but were not useable as scanner could not define them well enough for printing.
I was walking out the door of the Chiefs mess when the bow of the tanker came crashing directly through the bulkhead, changing the lives of everyone in its path. The Gulfstream oil tanker was continuing in the fog at fifteen knots, without any radar. She rammed the Eastwind just aft if the bridge and directly into the chiefs quarters on the starboard side, killing eleven chiefs and burning twenty one other crewmen. The fire spread rapidly engulfing the chief petty officers quarters, the radio room and the bridge. Two merchant vessels took the Eastwind’s injured to Staten Island Marine Hospital.

I went to the top of the ladder to my engine room and a ball of fire came up the ladder and engulfed me. I was literally on fire, burning the tops of my ears off, but I didn’t know it then.

The burning pain is diminished by the duty hesitated by the ramming of the tanker into the Eastwind. I only knew at that moment that many men had died and many more were about to die. Abandon ship! The ship’s PA system announced.

I then went to the life jacket locker to hand out life jackets. When the skin on my hands came off like gloves, leaving bloody hand prints on the jackets. As the
crew was abandoning ship, the lieutenant at one of the life boat davits, who saw the prints said to find out who is passing out life jackets.

The corpsman who attended the burns on my body by applying a salve, stopped the pain momentarily and it was the best feeling in the world. The ship's fire fighting crew worked for hours putting out the fires, while some of us injured were taken back to shore hospitals.
Seeley, George MoMM 3c

I was assigned to the Eastwind in late 1947 as MoMM 3c. My duty station was engine room #2 and engineer maintaining the small boats, Captain’s Gig, Landing craft LCVP, and the motor life boats of the ship. I also took fuel soundings daily. When the helicopter pad was installed, I was assigned to the crash crew. I was on two crusines north to supply our bases in Greenland.

On the day of the collision I was on watch in engine room #2, that is the middle engine room. I had on watch with me two firemen, Richard Gardner and Donald Prevat. At the time of the collision there was a HELL of a JOLT, and shortly after that smoke started coming down the vents. I sent fireman Prevat topside to see what was going on. In the meantime the smoke started getting real bad and it was hard to breathe, so I sent fireman Gardner topside too. I myself not knowing what had happened, had to decide what to do. Twice I had my hand on the throttle, but declined the notion to shut down the engine I had on line. The smoke thickened and I shut down the engine and decided to get my bag of bones out, “El Pronto”. Once on top deck I helped man the fire hoses and whatever was necessary.

Enclosed is a picture of some of the crew that stayed on board, I may be off one or two but as I remember it, 29 stayed with the ship and are in the picture. I am holding our mascot, “Skunk”. Looking at the picture, Gardner my fireman, is on my right shoulder. Prevat is laying down on the right front row. The man in the center of picture with white scarf and hat is Tom Connors, electricians mate. Next to him I believe is his name is Ellison another electrician, and the one with the dark coat is Red Walker, Bosn’s Mate.

The two electricians I mentioned, as well as MoMM Roger Moriarty (not in picture), somehow during all that was going on, managed to get down four decks into engine room #3 and started another pump switching it to sea water for more pressure in the hoses to fight the fire that was really increasing at this time. That sure was heroic on their part. Picture to follow:
I am sorry I cannot remember all the names of the crew in the picture, Warren, but after fifty some years it is a wonder that I remember some of them.

Before all the above happened we had a real story to tell about the winter of 1947/1948. The Hudson river froze over solid, from Manhattan Island all the way up river to Albany. The Eastwind had to ice break a channel to Albany and escort oil tankers to Albany with heating oil for the city.
Whiteman, Ruloff, CPO to LCD

Warren: I graduated High School June 1947 and joined the CG in January 1948 at the ripe ole age of 18. This all took place in the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, Pa. If you are interested I spent 28 years in the CG. I attained the rate of electrician mate chief in 1958 and went to OCS in 1961 ultimately retiring in 1976 as a Lieutenant Commander. Incidentally, I served on seven ships and two icebreakers, (East and West Winds). I also had two tours on the Tamaroa, a fleet tub.

I am sure you recollect the configuration of the engineering spaces of the Eastwind, but just in case you don't, here are some of the pertinent things. The Eastwind had three motor rooms. The motors were direct current and each took a maximum power of 900 DC volts and 4500 amps. The engine rooms each had two 2000 HP diesel engines by Fairbanks & Morse. The forward engine room was the only source of power for the forward motor. The other four engines drove the two aft motors. All engines could be set up to drive the port and starboard motors. We had forward trim and healing tanks to raise the bow and rock the ship from side to side in heavy ice. This will be important to the context of this yarn.

If memory serves me correctly, we fueled up at Navy yard and two helicopters and crews came aboard prior to departure. One of the pilots was the last enlisted pilot of the Navy.

We departed Sonderstron Air Force base Greenland about the first week of June. The following article appeared in the Philadelphia Bulletin on Sept. 28th that covers our nine week trip. "Perry cache found in arctic by US Naval Force Planes. 1906 papers sealed in a bottle, are brought back after copies are placed in a new cairn, and the Perry pioneer route charter". Washington, Sept. 28th 1948 -- A Navy and Coast Guard expedition has returned to the United States from the Arctic with hand written records left in the polar region more then forty years ago by Commander Robert E Perry, discoverer of the North Pole.

With the return of the American vessels to home ports, it has also been learned that the explorers found copies of documents cached in that vicinity by a British expedition of 1885-86. The original papers of this English exploration, were removed by Commander Perry in 1905, when he ordered the copies placed there that have now been found at Sheridan about 450 miles from the North Pole. Though the text of the papers has not been made public, a man who saw sections of the notes said they were for the most part the usual evidence left by explorers of their presence in strange places. "You might say," said the person who had read these notes, "that they were ancestors of the 'Kilroy was here notes." The expedition was organized to re-supply existing weather stations and to
reconnoiter the area for the purpose of planning the construction of two new weather stations to be operated jointly by American and Canadian authorities. Though Commander Perry had first alluded to his own and the British papers in an account that he wrote in 1911, (a few words are missing) more substantial proof of their existence, though original doubt has been dissipated in recent years. The bottle in which these papers were enclosed was found under bad climatic circumstances. Cold and daylight were on the wane and ice packs were becoming increasingly threatening. An earlier attempt to locate the cache had failed. The find was made two days before the expedition would be obligated to evacuate the area. By this time however, the leaders of the expedition had already set one record that earlier polar explorers had never neglected to note. This expedition had pushed two of its three ships past the 85 degree north latitude, or further north than any vessel had gone under its own power. Finally, on the return trip, the expedition recorded still another achievement. Instead of heading for safe waters, they had taken on the route that the leaders had mapped to straits and channels believed never to have been navigated before. Technically the expedition was known as "Task Force 80". It was made up of the Navy icebreaker Edisto, the Coast Guard icebreaker The Eastwind and the Navy cargo vessel Wyandotte. Aboard these ships were more than 500 officers and men. Also, participating was a handful of carefully selected American and Canadian civilian experts and a few Canadian naval officers. There were no sleds or huskies on this expedition and no Eskimos. Instead, each of the icebreakers had a flight deck aft with two helicopters that had inflated pontoons and plastic domes. To the Eastwind more crew members reported from various districts. It was policy then to bring people in just to make the cruise and to send them home at the conclusion. In the middle of March we departed Boston to go to Narsarssuak, Greenland to refuel a Loran station. Going across the Davis Straits in March was no picnic. I was assigned to the Bow Motor Room Watch and distinctly remember holding on for dear life to maintain contact with the deck. The Captain was Glynn and the XO was Commander Kerr. We broke ice going up the fjord 'til we reached the station. We carried two LCVPs and used these to take 50 gallon drums of fuel to the beach and then up to the station. After this small operation, we returned to Boston and went in to dry dock at Charlestown Naval Yard. Here they removed the after gun mounts and installed the flight deck for the helicopters. More later,

Ruloff
Memories of the time spent in the Coast Guard and aboard the Eastwind are many and diverse even after some fifty years.

Upon completion of boot camp at Mayport, Fl, I went to motor machinist school in Groton, CT. After I graduated from school as MMOM 3/c, I was given orders to serve on the Eastwind, which was docked at East Boston, Ma. With a bright new tattoo on my arm and a sea bag on my shoulder, this seventeen year old thought he had the world by the tail.

We left shortly for Greenland and points North. After being seasick from Boston until we arrived at the southern tip of Greenland, a lot of starch had gone out of my sail. We made three trips North and I was sick to some degree on each one.

January 19th 1949, while I was asleep in my bunk, in the engineer’s quarters, there was a huge thump/crash after which alarms went off and there was a lot of smoke and fire and confusion. The tanker Gulfstream had hit broadside the CPO’s quarters and ripped a big gash in the Eastwind. I leaped from my bunk and threw on some clothes and went up on deck. After some time I discovered my shoes were on the wrong feet. Most of the surviving crewmen were taken ashore, I believe to Staten Island. I was among the few who stayed on board to help put out the fires. The Eastwind was in the shipping lane
and help was available immediately. A tragedy, so many fine, young men and personal friends were lost.
After the collision, I was transferred to the Coast guard Base in Boston to finish out my enlistment. My final cruise on the “Big E” was from Brooklyn Navy yard to Newport News, VA for repairs. We were towed to VA without lights or engines. A lonely journey.

In the early ‘50’s the "Big E" was breaking ice on the Hudson River, near Albany, NY, and near my home. I went to see her and she looked as good as new.

On a lighter note, while we were in dry dock, the Quartermaster on duty heard all sorts of commotion, cussing and splashing from an adjacent dry dock. Upon investigation, a young and very inebriated "Coastie" was swimming in the water filled dry dock. He was rescued and was not seriously hurt.

While stationed in Boston, we were often given shore patrol. This consisted of walking Hanover Street, from Scully Square to Constitution Wharf.

We also, considered it our duty to inspect the burlesque theaters as we went along. Sally Rand, where are You”?

Another recollection is of the time our captain, who was all spit and polish, serious, stern and much respected, happened to be standing on deck when a young crewman returned from liberty and had been celebrating well beyond his capacity. Upon seeing the Captain he walked up to him, threw his arms around him and bellowed "You're a good old son of a bitch!" The Captain’s only reaction was to calmly say, “Put this man on report".
We also had a shipmate who upon seeing a Greyhound Bus in a parking lot commandeered it and drove back to the dock to give his buddies on ship a ride to town.

I remember the beauty the glaciers, my amazement at watching the Eskimo's roll their kayak's over in the frigid waters off the coast of Greenland and the camaraderie aboard the "Big E"

Semper Paratus,
Nelson “Willie” Williams
CHAPTER FOUR

Petersen, Oliver, Captain

Epic voyage of the Eastwind-W279

By Chester Whitehorn as published history

Note: This is the first voyage of the reconstructed Eastwind icebreaker of WW II fame after she was rammed by the oil Tanker Gulfstream off New Jersey coast in December 1949.

"Stand by for ramming the ice." The voice on the public address system was calm enough, but the men on the Coast Guard Ice Breaker, Eastwind, read their own meaning into it. On the deck and below, in the engine rooms, an atmosphere of tension prevailed, the younger sailors glancing nervously at one another, bracing themselves for the coming shock. In the galley, the cook broke into a sweat, looking around at the scattered pots and pans, at loose crockery which there was no time to secure, at the giant vat of soup bubbling and steaming on the stove. He leaned helplessly against the bulkhead. A great silence fell over the ship, all conversation halting, the crew's phonograph switched off. Only the strange sound of ice --- clawing, scraping and crushing itself against the sides of the vessel could be heard.

Overlooking the deck, on the port outer wing of the bridge, Captain Oliver Petersen shielded his eyes against the sun's slanting rays, studying the dark, jagged cracks in the ice before the ship. He was a short, stockily built man, shorter than any of his officers, his face round and good natured, his normally
ruddy cheeks polished a bright, shiny red by months of work above the Arctic Circle.

He glanced down at the men on the deck and had to grin, seeing them braced against the impending shock, knowing that for the newer hands this was a moment of crisis, the first press of jammed, hard ice, the first rearing and racing forward of the ship, full speed ahead.

The Eastwind was in the south end of Kane Basin, heading due north. Less than a mile to the east, the whiteness of Greenland was silhouetted hazily against the sky, the cliffs of ice and giant snowcaps rising two miles and more above the land. West of the icebreaker, the outline of Ellesmere Island towering in similar white bleakness above the basin. The Eastwind, under operational command "Nanook", had been ordered to sail between these two massive islands to Alert, the world's northernmost weather station. There, seven isolated men awaited food supplies, fuel and scientific equipment. The course of the Eastwind's voyage had been reconnoitered by men in planes and without exception these observers had told Captain Petersen: "You'll never make it."

Standing on the bridge of the ship, studying the field of ice they had, Petersen refused to admit, even to himself, that perhaps the aerial observers were right. About 300 yards ahead of the breaker, one of the Eastwind's two helicopters was flying a low, zigzag course, the pilot sending back reports on ice conditions. The 'copters were great, skeletal seeing eye dogs, scouting the frozen water, guiding the ship away from ice fields too thick to cross. The pilots' reports were relayed immediately to the Captain, and Petersen, with fingertip control of his ship, plotted her course accordingly. With the aid of the helicopters, and the best damned crew in the world, he was out to prove the observers wrong. If operation Nanook meant sailing to the top of the entire globe, they would do that, too. "Stand by for ramming".
The ice breaker had gone astern two ship lengths from the packed ice, and now Petersen sent it charging forward, full speed. The six giant engines gathered momentum and the twin steel propellers churned wildly. The entire ship groaned like something human, and in the thin, cold air the sound of ice scraping the heavy duty hull was like a screeching, tortured animal. The force behind the charge was 12,000 horsepower. The great metal decks, the conning tower and the thick bulkheads, shuddered and rippled with the violence of an earthquake, while the men on deck clung to the steel rails, or anything in reach, and the Captain himself, feet set wide apart, braced his stocky strength against the moment of impact.

Sixty-three hundred tons of steel rammed the ice, smashing and scattering the frozen field with a noise like exploding glass. The ship penetrated its length into the crack, and then, with the massive weight of momentum to carry it, rode into the ice itself. The men hung on fiercely. The bow climbed high onto the frozen field, screaming and slicing the arctic ice. When even the vast momentum could carry it no further, the breaker came to a searing, scraping halt. One man torn loose from the stanchion he gripped, skidded ten feet cross the deck and the Captain, for all his bracing, was thrown forward on the bridge. In the galley, the cook watched helplessly as pots and pans rattled and crockery crashed to the deck. Oddly the vat of boiling soup sat comfortably and squat, in its gimballed container. Only a small tidal wave of liquid splashing out to sputter on the stove. In the three engine rooms and the crew's quarters, men were shoved against the bulkheads and tables held prisoner for an instant by the pressure of the ship's sudden halt, and then released.

On the bridge, the Captain set the breaker into its rocking motion. He flooded the healing tanks first on one side of the ship and then the other, making he seesaw through a twenty degree arc, with her bow worrying and cutting the ice until it gave. The men rode her tilted decks as they would in a high sea, with the crazy rocking motion continuing a full three minutes, the ship's bow slicing and crushing the stubborn ice, filling the air with incredible crunching noises and shooting splinters of ice high into the sunlight. For Petersen, it was a moment of excitement he could never describe, the sounds and the rocking an almost frightening experience, yet beautiful as well.

The Eastwind was no giant battle wagon with a ship's company or a thousand men, but was a fine vessel for all of that, with a proud history and a crew that would see her to hell and back. He saw the men below, now that the bold maneuver was a success, grinning as he'd known they would, and one man, riding with the bucking, tilting motion of the deck, was shouting: "North Pole here we come!"

The ship continued its rocking until a wedge was cut in the ice and the bow had settled once more into the water. Petersen backed her from the frozen crack, moving back some fifty yards, then aiming her bow at the opening in the packed
ice field. The public address system crackled again, and the deep calm voice of the Bosn's Mate announced: "Stand by for ramming." The men braced themselves, but with less tension than before.

The Eastwind had been underway 48 hours before hitting the packed ice in Kane Basin. She had begun her voyage August 6th at Thule, the great new US air base on the northwest coast of Greenland, and sailed north through Baffin Bay and Smith Sound before reaching the Kane Basin. The ship had been in operation around Thule since early June, with the crewmen growing used to sailing the north country, to scouting and charting the little known waterways. Operation Nanook had been weeks in preparation, with land-based planes doing reconnaissance over the route the Eastwind would follow. Since the weather station at Alert was a joint US Canadian venture, there were Lancasters (Canadian planes) along with the American planes and the weather observers who rode the planes were of both nationalities. The reports they turned in all were discouraging. Captain Petersen, along with the ship's company, listened gravely to the reports and still were anxious to be underway.

A few days before the Eastwind sailed, the Captain himself flew over the ship's route, seeing the ghostly, frozen waterway from aloft, seeing the promise of snow storms, sleet and fog. Sitting in the navy patrol bomber, he felt his first doubts about the voyage, recognizing the ice they were pitted against for what it was -- old and hard as steel, with few stretches of open water and countless pressure ridges, rising 60 feet and more above the water, descending to 100 feet and more below.

Back in Thule, Petersen received no more encouragement then he had in the navy bomber. The experts were all venturing sinister predictions and one ice observer with years of arctic experience, whose opinion the Captain respected, succeeding in listing close to fifty reasons why the Eastwind could not complete the voyage.

At the same time that Petersen was listening to dire reports, the ship's company was having its own trouble with the air force at Thule. The crewmen received a ribbing one minute, and sympathy the next. For there was more to the voyage than simple ice breaking. It was a race against time as well. The arctic sun, which had been shining since May, would be setting in just 18 days, and the long arctic night would begin, the storms howling down from the Pole, the temperature dropping down to 60 or 70 degrees below zero. No ship on earth could sail the arctic night, and so the Eastwind had less than three weeks to journey 1200 miles from Thule to Alert and back, ramming its way through packed ice which might give 15 yards at a time. It was also true that no ship ever had actually reached Alert even under the best conditions. Vessels had sailed just so close to the weather station, and then supplies were delivered overland or by air.
Nevertheless, the ship's crew strutted proudly in Thule, ignoring the jokes of the airmen, and bragged as the Captain did, that the Eastwind always got through. "The Eastwind knows no barrier" is the ship's motto. They were just kids, most of them, young men from Kansas, Dallas, Chicago, and Boston. They knew little about the north country, and the warnings of the airmen, the reports of the experts, were little more than just words to them. They were about to journey into unexplored areas, traveling to a portion of the earth which even modern man had
failed to conquer, into dangers which had taken countless hundreds of lives in the past. And from their talk, it was just the beginning of a picnic.

The crew backed its convictions with cash. They bet every cent they could raise, and a couple of brash seaman went whole hog. "We'll not only reach Alert," said one, "but we'll sail closer to the North Pole than any ship ever has. Who's offering odds?"

It was a fine August morning when the Eastwind got underway. The setting sun rippled yellow on the water of Baffin Bay and the glacial cliffs of Greenland shone almost too bright for the human eye to look at. On the bridge with Petersen were Commander George Boyce, the exec, who the Captain called "Bub" when they were elbow-bending at the officer's club, and "Sharf"... Engineer Officer Commander Sharfenstein... whose job it would be to keep the engines turning. Among these three there was a current of understanding about the voyage ahead, a knowledge of the dangers and possibilities, and also the old question: "Will we make it?" which none dared to ask the others.

They sailed north through the calm clear water, and around the Eastwind were mammoth icebergs, floating with majestic slowness before the current. The jagged mountains of sweet, frozen water, some of them a thousand years old were no menace to the ship in the way they moved, but threatened almost certain death to any vessel in a collision. Petersen stood a constant watch setting a course to avoid the giant floating islands. The first two days of clear sailing were almost a pleasure cruise for the Captain, with a feeling of love growing in him for this wild north country, and a sense of amazement at the vastness. It should have been a giant frozen wasteland, but instead there were thousands of playful seals to fill the air with their barking, and fat, ponderous walruses, snorting and sliding off the icebergs at the Eastwind's approach.

Through his glasses he watched the Greenland shore, spying occasional bands of Eskimos, dancing and waving and herds of musk ox, wandering shaggy and calm along the water's edge. There were innumerable birds cawing and screeching as they flew out to greet the ship, and small white whales, playful and sleek coursing through the chill waters. In one bay a school of white whales, strung out five miles long, leaped and rolled in the water with all the agility of porpoise. Now and then, from the ship's deck, a shout would go up and the sailors would rush to the rail, pointing to an iceberg or to shore. The Captain would swing his glasses around, to focus on polar bear... "Nanook" the Eskimos called them... great lumbering ghosts, heads swinging like pendulums, almost invisible against the northern white.

The ship itself was a separate, alien world in this arctic country, with the civilized men walking her decks, the sounds of their talk and singing, and the phonograph playing endlessly. Last year, the tune had been Good Night, Irene, but now, there were a dozen songs or more flowing together until they were just "current
"current favorites" playing on and on. There were moving pictures, ice cream, ship's store, regular meals, and the men went to bed at night, just as though the sun actually set and darkness fell. The Eastwind sailed on calmly through Baffin Bay and Smith Sound until it reached the mouth of Kane Basin, where the packed field ice, flowing like lava from the north, jammed up to block the vessel's way. "Stand by for ramming."

After an hour of ramming, the crew had grown calmer and it was the Captain, guiding his ship from the bridge, who was worrying. The packed ice spread for miles ahead, and appearing so early in the voyage, it promised continuing trouble for the Eastwind. This should have been the simpler part of the journey.

Each ramming of the ice took less than eight minutes, but the ship's progress was something to be measured in yardage, rather than nautical miles. The Eastwind battered her way deep enough to be completely surrounded by ice, and the great frozen field, moving slowly but constantly, threatened to trap the vessel. On all sides of the ship, Petersen saw the cracks in the ice closing slowly. He could actually hear the weight of the ice growing on the Eastwind's hull.

He kept the engines turning slowly, even when the ship was not moving, so that ice could not form around the twin steel propellers, and the thought never left his mind: "This could be the end of the voyage, right here in Kane Basin."

The weather was variable, with great banks of fog descending to blot out nearby Greenland, and occasional flurries of snow to blanket the ice breaker's decks. The men were unusually quiet, indicating their awareness of the situation, and "current favorites" never played at all. The Captain's orders were carried out with startling promptness, fifteen men volunteering for each job where only one man might have offered himself before. There was still talk at mess of breaking the northern record, but it was muted now and lacked the fire and certainty of before. There were signs of approaching night in the weather, with the sun hanging low on the horizon. Its slanting rays without warmth, and the feeling of winter everywhere. The men speculated on being trapped, spending the winter on Kane Basin.

The grapevine worked overtime on the Eastwind, and there were no secrets from the men. The ice breaker was at a stand-still. The Captain never left the bridge and the helicopters were out constantly sending back their radio reports, There was no space for ramming now, just room to sit and wait, with the props turning slowly and the ice thickening, the last cracks closing and the pressure ridge mounting in frozen waves. An exciting report came back from one of the helicopter pilots: "A stretch of open water to the north, off the coast of Ellesmere Island," and for a while there was excitement on the bridge too. But the Eastwind remained at a standstill, the pressure of the ice increasing.
There was a new type of blasting powder aboard the ship and Petersen decided to try experimenting with it. The ice was too thick for any explosion to free the ice breaker now, but testing it here might prove useful in the future. The men carried it gingerly from the hold and climbed overboard. They walked forward of the ship over ice that covered 60 fathoms of water and set 300 pounds of charge. They scrambled back to the safety of the ship, slipping and sliding like kids on a frozen pond, and stood well back of the bow waiting for the explosions.

The afternoon stillness was blasted, and cubes of ice blackened by the powder, pelted the ship. A dark cloud of smoke spurted into the air, outlined clearly against a white background, and the ice before the ship was covered by a layer of soot. The sound of the explosion died away and the arctic stillness returned. The men climbed from the ship again and ran to the site of the blast. There was a hole in the ice, and a thin crack, but that was all. One of the men lowered himself into the hole and stood there with only head and shoulders showing. The ice underfoot was as firm as ever. In other circumstances, the powder might free the ship but not here.

A report came from one of the pilots: "The pressure seems to be easing up north here," and Petersen remained hopeful for an hour. But the ice around the Eastwind never changed. An interior inspection of the ship was made and the report on this was bad too. The hull was beginning to show signs of strain. Bulkheads were being forced out of alignment.

Another hour passed, and then they heard it... every man on the ship pausing and listening. There was a low rumble and the scraping on the hull grew louder. There were a thousand mysterious sounds... some deep as thunder, others like the crackling of static. A jagged streak appeared in the ice, and then a second. The ship moaned softly as the pressure eased. The men moved lively as they were called to stations, and the tension of waiting was replaced by expectancy. The easing of the ice continued with slow certainty, the Captain never stirring on the bridge, watching the cracks widen, the northern path opening once more, until finally, triumphantly, the warning could be spoken again. "Stand by for a ramming."

He guided the ship northwest, toward the Ellesmere Island where a stretch of water opened up invitingly and a sailing toward Alert would be easy. The Eastwind rammed and smashed her way forward, gaining a full ship-length one time, and just 10 yards the next, but moving steadily toward Ellesmere. The men still didn't talk much, but showed signs of hope in the way they moved. The helicopter flew zigzagging before the ship and watching the pilot's signals Petersen felt the excitement growing in him, realizing the odds were turning in their favor now.

They were a day-and-a-half in Kane Basin, battering their way forward, held time and again at a standstill, but moving gradually ahead until they were only one
thousand yards from Ellesmere, and the men, perched on the rail, could see the beautiful, rippling open water. They rammed a path through the last 200 yards in a sort of frenzy. The ship dove and bucked underfoot as though in anticipation and the bow seemed to reach forward eagerly. They hit the free water with all six engines turning and a cheer went up on deck.

Talk of breaking the northern record started again. The ship's phonograph again played triumphantly as they sailed parallel to the massive island cliffs. The waterway was just a few hundred yards wide and there was always a chance that the packed ice would close in to press them against the Ellesmere shore, but no one seemed to care, all of them excited and talking, and the ship racing free.

The Eastwind sailed beneath the towering cliffs to Kennedy Channel and continued to the south end of Hall Basin, where the headlands came together and once again the ice was jammed tight. The water they crossed was unexplored. Pinnacle rock hid just beneath the surface, and threatened at any time to dent or even puncture the hull. The soundings they took indicated deep water but a constant, careful watch was kept to avoid the jutting underwater mountains. The helicopters flew out over Hall Basin and reported ice coverage at 100 percent. There was nothing to do but sit and wait hoping the ice would shift and let them through. Petersen ordered movies shown to the men and they enjoyed what he called "a happy hour", singing old favorites together. The hours passed in slow monotony. The ice refused to loosen up. The landscape became a familiar, boring thing. Only the weather changed becoming foggy, so that the perpetual sun was blotted out. They waited fifteen hours and finally the massive shift of ice began. The giant floes moved south again at perhaps a mile an hour. The men returned to their stations, and the ramming began once more. They continued along the Ellesmere coast, making slow progress through the basin. One of the helicopters reported a comparatively ice-free area northwest of the ship, and Petersen headed the Eastwind in that direction. When they reached the spot indicated by the pilot, they found it almost completely clear of hard ice with only a cover of brash on the surface...small, crushed particles of ice scraped from the mother floes in collisions, that blanketed the water like a coating of powdered sugar.

The ice breaker was now just sixty miles from Alert. Petersen was elated. "There's still danger," he warned Commander Boyce, "but, by golly, I think we're going to make it." They passed along the Ellesmere shore with the cliffs on one side and the giant floes on the other. There was always the chance that the ice floes might shift, trapping the Eastwind and pushing it up on the shore. But the Captain made certain that a crack in the ice was always near enough for the ship to race into. The ice breaker scurried from one crack to the next like a small, steel animal seeking cover. At two o'clock in the morning, August 12, the Captain flew by helicopter to Alert to shake hands with the lonely men who were stationed there and assuring them that his ship was coming. At five o'clock in the morning,
the Eastwind became the first vessel to reach the world's northernmost weather station.

There was a feeling of unreality in seeing the lonely weathermen gathered on the shore. A landing area had been prepared and the station's three tractors were lined up waiting along with the giant sleds for hauling supplies. Wheeled vehicles were out of the question around Alert. The ground was perpetually muddy or covered with snow. The weathermen waved and the Eastwind sailors shouted, so that the air was filled with a kind of holiday excitement. The weathermen, all bearded and bundled against the cold, were smiling seeing new faces for the first time in many months. The ship's hatches were broken open and supplies poured out: 87 tons of general stores, fifteen thousand gallons of bulk fuel oil, fifteen tons of coal, along with the mail, books and other small luxuries which the seven men had been so long without. The Eastwind crew worked quickly anticipating the party aboard ship which would follow. There was a festive air on the ice breaker when the weathermen were brought from ashore. Alert was taken over by the sailors, and the weathermen were given freedom of the ship. The phonograph played at top volume. The ice cream bar was opened and served thick creamy sundaes and banana splits on the house. The ship's stores were opened too, and the weathermen bought everything in sight with the exception of razor blades. Nobody shaved on Alert. Meals were served and the weathermen raved about the food. Alert's radio men explained that the weather station was almost completely out of touch with the world. "Commercial radio doesn't get through to us," they said. "Our only direct contact with the states is a ham operator in Indiana. He's a railroad man, and every morning, when he gets home from work, he comes on the air. We give him messages...you know, wives, sweethearts,
family...and he mails them for us. When he gets answers to our messages, he reads them over the air. It's all unofficial, of course, just a guy we happened to contact one morning when we were fooling around. I guess all radio men are hams". The holiday aboard the Eastwind, including 17 hours of unloading went on for a total of 40 hours. It was a rollicking affair, more enjoyable than the Captain could remember back in civilization.

Unfortunately, while it was going on, the polar ice was shifting again, closing in around Ellesmere Island.
Petersen got his ship underway on the afternoon of the 13th. It was a dim, cold day, the arctic sun low on the horizon and due to set in just 11 days. The ship's company was still in a carnival mood, looking toward the north once more, talking about breaking that record.

The old record was 445 nautical miles from the North Pole. Above that point, it was a matter of feet or yards that a ship could travel. The Captain himself was beginning to get the fever and with anticipation growing in him, kept saying to Commander Boyce: "We'll do what's best for the ship and the men. If it means going north, that's the way we'll go. But we've got to do what's best."

The ship sailed three miles in grand style from Alert, and then the trouble began. All talk of breaking records halted suddenly as the true frozen power of the Arctic Ocean made itself felt at last. The ice was jammed thicker than Petersen had ever seen it. Giant floes crept ponderously toward the ship, moving slowly down on the island, driving immense blocks of ice onto the shore. The ice was too heavy for any vessel to ram, packed too deep for any explosives to crack. The Captain stared in wonder as the floes came together, crashing and grinding, and pressure ridges mounting higher than the ice breaker's decks. He backed the ship away from the oncoming ice and then thrust forward again, probing here and there with the Eastwind's bow for weak spots in the frozen field. The ice refused to give.

Twenty four hours after leaving Alert the ice breaker had made less than three miles. The sun was lower than ever and a brief storm had covered the ship with snow. A Lancaster flew overhead in the late afternoon, and two hours later, the motor's of a navy patrol bomber were heard. The planes were pale silver ghosts, appearing unreal for all the noise they made, the sun gleaming yellow on their wings, reflecting in bright streaks from their bellies. Petersen couldn't help envying their swift freedom. The reports they flashed down were almost jokes: "Cracks and open spaces in the ice, about ten miles north." With the Eastwind trapped and struggling, ten miles might have been ten thousand.

The second day out of Alert, they made two magnificent miles. The Captain rammed his ship desperately against even the thinnest crack, guiding her north now, feeling almost elated when they made a dozen yards, fighting off feelings of desperation when for hours they were unable to budge. An oppressive silence hung like a thick shroud over the breaker and the men, when they should have been sleeping walked the decks, scowling angrily at the ice. The helicopters flew away hopefully searching for even a hint of a path that the ship could travel or seeking just a sign of the frozen pressure easing. The path just didn't exist and the signs were all bad. The giant floes were increasing their density. Petersen remained on the bridge through all the desperate hours, backing the ship when he could, driving her forward with both props speeding. The Eastwind shuddered and bucked under him, and the rocking motion became an action which would never end, the deck never on an even keel, the scraping, bruising ice making nightmare sounds he would never forget. He drove her forward an inch at a time,
praying all the while her engines would take the punishment, praying that her steel propellers would remain free of ice and continue turning. A second navy plane roared overhead and the distance now, according to the pilot, was three miles to any point where the pressure was less and the ship might sail to the east.

There was no such thing as time for the Captain, just the feel of the ship under him and the hope that she'd keep functioning. The men around him seemed to lose identity. The shape and hardness of the ice became the only reality. Because of this, the cheer that arose from the deck on the 16th of August, took him by surprise, and the jubilation around him on the bridge, with everyone shaking hands and slapping backs was a brief mystery. "We've made it," Boyce was saying. "It's impossible but we've made it!"

It was a crazy celebration. The ship was in worse trouble than ever before, and the men all were cheering. They checked their position by every known landmark and there was no doubt about it. The record had been broken. The Eastwind was still heading north and every yard she traveled set a new mark for history to record. The crew seemed even more aware than the officers, as though they had known for hours, and from the galley, with much ceremony, a large square cake was paraded to the bridge. The ship's position and the date were scrolled on the write icing across the top.

Somehow, as though the excitement gave added impetus, the Eastwind battered her way north to where the pressure of the ice was less. Petersen set an easterly course then, sailing to the coast of Greenland, hoping to find an open southern route. They were 442 nautical miles below the north pole, three miles closer to the top of the world than any other ship had ever traveled.

At one point when they were at a momentary standstill, the Captain had chunks of ice brought aboard and stored in the ship's freezer. "When we're back in Thule," he promised Commander Boyce "we'll have the biggest, coldest highball you ever saw, made with some of the oldest ice on earth."

The ship pursued her eastward course pushing through a narrow path of small ice cakes, ramming and battering the more stubborn blocks. Floes set about ten feet to starboard, and less than sixty feet to port. Petersen knew that it was just a matter of time before these floes moved together and he urged his ship to her greatest safe speed, hoping to reach the channel leading south before the Eastwind was trapped for the winter. They made good progress for a time and he almost believed they would reach the channel safely. Then the giant floes began their slow, inexorable movement and the path before the ship narrowed and finally disappeared.

At first the captain looked on the jam just as another delay, something to wait out with the props turning slowly. But the pressure was greater than any the ship
had encountered. The smaller ice was being forced and packed twenty feet thick under her hull, raising the port side out of the water. The vessel creaked and trembled and listed slowly to the starboard. The men on deck looked up to the bridge in alarm, the officers around Petersen, though they tried to hide it were worried. The ice screeched on the ship's hull and she listed further. Everything on board appeared slightly askew now. The instruments tilted and the decks. The men all walked as though one leg were longer than the other. The frantic alarm came from below. The starboard propeller refused to turn. The ice was packed tight around it and no amount of urging by the engines would free it.

The Captain gave hurried orders and the men rushed from the ship onto the ice. They dug frantically with picks but the three bladed prop was ten feet below the surface and the ice was jammed too solidly around it. Commander Scharfenstein, working with the men, ordered a fire hose lowered from the ship, a long pipe lance attached to the end. Aboard the Eastwind, they connected the hose to the ship's cooling system where hot salt water was in constant circulation.

The lance, with hot salt water spurting from it, cut through the ice as nothing else could. Great billows of steam spewed into the air, and the men disappeared into it to haul out blocks of dripping ice. The pressure below the ship continued and as each ice cake was removed from around the propeller new crystals were forced upward to take its place. The men perspired despite the coldness of ice and air. The hiss of the lance deafened their ears and the lines of fatigue began to show in their faces. New men came over the side, the hissing steam spurting skyward with renewed force, the crew working desperately, defying the entire frozen sea.

The tilt of the ship seemed natural after a while. The mugs of hot coffee, the bunks on which the men slept, the whole world was slightly off balance but eventually felt quite natural. The ship listed for forty hours, the battle against the sea never ceasing, the arctic twilight beginning as time passed, the sun so low it's brightness was hardly more than a reflection from the clouds. The big squeeze went on and the men knew the Eastwind was not going home this winter. The Captain having enjoyed a minimum of sleep since leaving Alert, managed somehow to remain awake on the bridge, watching through red-rimmed eyes the scurrying men on the ice below, reading the endless stream of reports which were handed to him. Commander Boyce joined him and reported an inspection of the ship. The hull showed signs of strain. Bulkheads were twisted, doors refused to close.

"That's the bad side of it" Boyce continued. "On the good side, you'll be pleased to know the crew has decided we're here for the winter. They've started a petition. So far, thirty-nine men have volunteered to stay with the ship." The Captain had to grin at that. "Best damned crew in the world" he said. "Best in the entire world."
At the end of forty hours, the officers of the Eastwind began making reluctant plans to evacuate most of the crew to Alert, where they would wait for aircraft to pick them up and return them to Thule. By every law of the arctic ocean, those plans should have been carried out.

The men saw it as a miracle when the ice began shifting again. It was as though some mysterious cycle had completed itself. The great frozen field began to move on, as if in search of other prey. The change was barely perceptible and the Captain found it hard to believe until finally he realized the ice breaker had returned to an even keel and that a slim path was opening in the ice before her.

The return trip to Thule was crazy. About five hours after she was underway, the Eastwind jerked strangely and started to shudder and tremble as she moved forward. Two chief petty officers rushed to the bridge, one acting as spokesman, the other nodding emphatically at his every word.

"We were down in the shaft alley, sir. There was this explosion. You know, sir, like an explosion under water, a sort of loud ping. We couldn't see anything wrong, but we got out of there in a hurry." For an hour, Petersen believed it was a bent shaft. Everything the engine room could say indicated a bent shaft and the ship was trying all the while to swerve off course. Then they reached a stretch of open water where they could look over the side of the ship through the clear, pure water and see the propeller with just two blades remaining. The third blade was somewhere on the ocean bottom, miles behind them, ripped off by underwater ice.

They moved forward on one propeller when they could, using left rudder to keep her steady, saving the maimed propeller for extra drive when it was needed. Petersen, fighting his need for sleep, ordered the ship's helicopters aloft and radioed a quiet formal request to the air force for long range reconnaissance. The message was not worded as a cry for help but every pilot in the area appeared to sense the trouble behind it. The navy bombers and Canadian Lancasters approached from every direction, swooping low over the ship, reporting their observations.

Shuddering and groaning every foot of the way, the Eastwind limped south the way she had come along the Greenland coast, Kennedy Channel, Kane Basin, Smith Sound. She rammed feebly when she had to, powered usually by only one propeller. The planes roared overhead, like a motorcycle escort, and the ship's crew, seeming to hop like jumping beans on the shaking deck, waved to the pilots, shouting as though they could actually be heard.

On the 24th of August, the day the arctic sun disappeared from the horizon, the Eastwind limped triumphantly into Thule.
There was much celebration aboard the Eastwind the day it arrived in Thule but Captain Petersen was not around to see it. When they finally missed him, a search party set out and located him in his cabin. "Tomorrow." He had promised himself, "I'll have a giant celebration highball made with the oldest, coldest, hardest ice on earth. But today..." he was gently snoring.
Bailey, Donald C, Aerographer 1c

Main story in Captain Rhonke’s Chapter.

I was an aerographer’s mate first class on the 1952 Arctic cruises. As an aerographer’s mate my job consisted of taking weather, sea, and ice observations and doing Weather forecasting for ships operations.

The 52 cruise was unusual in a couple of ways. Supposedly according to the CO Oliver A Peterson we were the first ship to circumnavigate Disko Island. While we were re-supplying the weather station at Alert on the northern tip of Ellesmere Island we were forced northward by the ice to a position of 82 degrees 38 minutes 20 seconds North only 442 miles from the North Pole. At that time it was recorded as the furthers north any ship traveling under its own power had penetrated the ice pack.

After leaving Alert and returning to Thule Greenland we were met by a scientific party from general mills. If memory serves me correctly the project manager was a fellow named Bud Froelich. They were doing a cosmic ray research using balloons and rockets. One of these balloons was 85 ft. in diameter and carried a 250 lb rocket to 50,000 feet where it fired and sent back data to recorders on the ship. The other was 116 ft. in diameter and carried a pay load of instruments and drifted with the winds aloft at high altitudes while sending data back to earth.

These balloons were very tricky to launch as we needed less than 10 knots of wind and then we would steam downwind at the wind speed to create a relative zero wind on the flight deck. Once they were inflated with 40 tanks of helium we would increase speed by a couple of knots and let them drift aft. I'm not sure of the exact figure but I think we launched either 5 or 6 of each type before returning to Boston. I have pictures of one of these someplace and will try to get them to you. We did come remodeling here and a lot of things got buried.

I was on board for Deepfreeze one and the following arctic cruise. There probably isn't a heck of a lot I can tell you about that that you don't have documented. The hairiest thing I remember about deepfreeze was being on station between New Zealand and Antarctica in late Dec. of 55. We were in one heck of a storm with the ship taking 45 to 50 degree rolls and one of my troops and I had to launch RAWINS (balloons with radar targets attached so we could send the winds aloft observations to the crews that were getting ready to fly from New Zealand to Antarctica.) Because the ship was in such heavy seas and rolling so badly we had to inflate and launch from the starboard boat deck. I was young and dumb in those days. I don’t think I’d like to try that again.
I can't think of anything more that you probably don't as you know time and age really foul up our memories. I hope You received my e-mail with the stories of the cosmic ray experiments etc.

This could have happened in 52 but I think it as on the cruise north in 56. There is a system of visually checking winds aloft that is or was known as a PIBAL observation. We would release a weather balloon and track it with an instrument called a Theodolite. Given a known rate of ascent we would measure angles both vertical and horizontal ever minute to determine the direction and velocity of the winds aloft. Doing this at night required having a light attached to the balloon. These lights were water activated. I found out by experimenting that if I threw one in the water it would sink very slowly and the light would activate. I would be walking along the deck when we were hove to and I would throw one or two in the water.

The next thing you know people started reporting luminous fish. The CO finally offered a reward to the first person to catch one.

I finally told the ship's doctor (his name escapes me) what was going on and he being a joker and fisherman wrote an article for the ships paper giving this so called fish a scientific name commonly known as the “Arctic Night Fish” and explaining how the Eskimos used to catch them and use them for flashlights. One of those Ship’s News I wish I'd saved.

I served in 52 under CAPT Peterson, went back to San Francisco after the northern cruise, requested the big E again for the next year and was sent TAD to the Westwind. When the Westwind returned in 53 I was sent to the Eastwind under CAPT Bowerman.

When I reported on board in Boston one of the CPOs I sailed with in 52 was first class, some of the firsts were second and on down the line. Morale was the lowest I'd ever seen.

I talked the XO into sending me to Salem Air Station to work in my rating while we were in port. Once I got there I busted my tail until it was time to go north again and then I, requested that I shouldn't have to make three arctic cruises in a row. The district agreed and sent another AG1 in my place.

Bowerman used to say he had papers to prove he wasn't crazy but you couldn’t prove it by me.

I'll put a couple of more incidents together and get them off to you this week end. I've already. If I can find those pictures I'll send them ASAP.

Good luck with the book.
Don
In June of 1950, having nothing better to do, I went to Fall River and enlisted in the Coast Guard. In no time at all I was sworn in at Base Boston and headed for North Station to catch a train to Cape May Recruit Training Center. Arriving at Cape May that night we were put into barracks and the next day began our orientation processing. I was assigned to Recruit Company I-7 where Mr. Parker (BM1 Parker) was the Company Commander.

Toward the end of our training we were allowed to select where we would prefer to be assigned upon breaking boot camp. I recall that I wanted to get a long way away from home so put in for such places as Florida and California; but received orders to CCCGD1, Boston, for further assignment upon arrival. The very afternoon I reported in I was assigned to the EASTWIND which was then berthed at Castle Island. The yeoman told us she had a skeleton crew aboard and wouldn't be going anywhere for awhile. The next day we left for Goose Bay, Labrador to deliver telephone poles to the United States Air Force Base there.

I seem to recall that three of us reported aboard together, "Skip" Warner, from Newport, RI, Jim Hanlon, from Providence, RI and I. Possibly Tony Gallo, also from Providence was with us but I'm not certain. A Co. I-mate from Millville, NJ
named Kramer, I believe, was also assigned to the EASTWIND when we were; having arrived 2 days before us.

First day out, once all lines were stored and the watches were set, the duty boatswain mate (I believe his name was Mike Caliento, BM1) mustered us new guys and gave us the grand tour of the ship. Pretty impressive she was, too. Then we headed for the recreation deck where he asked if any of us might be interested in cooking. Three of us, anxious to get started up the ladder of success I guess, raised our hands. We became Mess Cooks right there and then!

Obviously Rule Number One: NEVER VOLUNTEER had been forgotten. That mess cook job brought me the closest I ever came to being seasick. I was helping the snipe who was working the clipper and being confined in that small space, the ship rocking and rolling and all those little octagon deck tiles seemingly spinning around, my belly also began spinning. The other guy, Bob Bergeron, a seasoned salt from western Massachusetts noticed my greenish hue and told me to get out on deck into the fresh air. I did and things improved immediately. When I went back to the galley Bergeron told me that if you got seasick and Captain Peterson found out he would make you wear a bucket around your neck.

I believed him and I made a serious effort to never again give into motion sickness. And I never did although later in my military career there were times while flying that I thought I might lose the battle. To this day I detest flying and in the 28 years I’ve been retired I have only flown twice; once to Denver and once back to Boston from Denver.
We delivered our load of poles and left Lake Melville and returned to the ocean. Along the way home we stopped off at Bonavista, Newfoundland for God knows what reason as there was nothing there but a light house. From there we went to Halifax, Nova Scotia and that was one fine liberty town. The beer was plentiful, the drinking age was 18 I think and the girls were lovely and friendly. We went on a locally conducted tour of Halifax. The very first stop was a brewery and you know they had a hell of a time getting us all rounded up and back onto the bus. What more could a sailor wish for?
Some of the Chiefs were great guys and taught us a lot.
After a week or so we sailed back to Boston in time to celebrate the holidays with our families and friends. In January we were ordered to head for New York with the duty assignment of breaking ice in the Hudson River, should such be required. We spent several weeks tied up at Pier 9, maintaining the ship and pulling dock watches and quartermaster messenger watches. By then our stint as mess cooks was over and new ones assigned. Liberty in New York City was a blast for us small town boys and most of us thoroughly enjoyed ourselves as long as we could muster up a couple of bucks to go ashore with. Draft beer in those days was a dime a glass (Read that and weep all you beer drinkers) and the legal age was 18. Bars stayed open practically all night down there too. Around the end of February we returned to Boston to start preparations for going North late in the spring.

Sometime in May we left Boston and headed for the land of Nanook of the North...Greenland. I seem to recall that we were taking part in "Operation Blue jay" (Don't know just whose operation Blue jay was but I believe at the time it was a classified thing.) Somewhere along the line we hooked up with a lot of other ships all heading to North Star Bay where they would be involved in building Thule Air Base (Where some years and another service later I would be briefly assigned). At some point we headed south to meet another convoy and to join up with the navy breaker, EDISTO. It was about the time of the celebration of the CG birthday and the Captain wanted his ship looking sharp for the navy to see. Everybody who could was involved in giving her a nice paint job. In order to make the white paint whiter the chief boats told the seaman-in-charge of the paint locker to add some Prussian blue coloring to it; which he did. Looked white to us but from a distance, it turned out, she appeared to be a lovely shade of robins egg blue. As the EDISTO left us heading north Captain Peterson played the old song, "SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU" over the P A system. (The EDISTO later claimed that while ramming thick ice she bent a shaft...or a screw.... whichever, and subsequently departed for Boston.....end of her summer in the Arctic!)

Once all the ships that were destined for Thule had gotten there we were detached and rather then going back home we continued still further north. We visited Elsmere Island in the Canadian Arctic where we saw an old Canadian Mounted Police Station and some marked graves of Indians or Eskimos. We found a motorcycle there as well as some other oddball things that seemed so out of place in that rocky, barren spot of the earth. Meant something to someone I suppose. It seems to me that upon departing Elsmere we proceeded west as though searching for a northwest passage...but it has been fifty years and, unfortunately, I didn't maintain a journal as I should have done....and wish right now that I had. Who thought then, that anybody would care about that now.
Choppers are the hound dogs and the eyes of the skipper.

I can't put it into the exact time frame but I do recall a rather humorous incident that happened one day. We had been assigned to scrape, chip, prime and paint that big crew's head forward. Things went along pretty well and we were just about finished when the chief decided it would really look nice if a thin green line was applied about 39 inches above the deck on all four bulkheads. We got it all measured and masked and two of the guys were instructed to apply the green. All went well until they met (coming from opposite ends). One accidentally, (on purpose???) got green paint on the other guy. He daubed some on the first guy. Next thing we knew they were painting each other and before anybody could prevent it one tossed an open can of green paint on the other...and all over that newly painted white bulkhead. Needless to say that old chief went ballistic. Long into the night those two young seamen were very busy straightening out their mess. I wonder if anyone else recalls that incident.
During the trip north in 1951 I was permitted to strike for hospital corpsman and worked in sick bay for Chief Hospital Corpsman Sylvan Kendall. There were two of us strikers; S1C Walter Haddock and I. Lt. Joseph Jack (M.D.) USPHS was our doctor and a super guy to know and work with and for.
Governor's Mansion
Greenland

Captain O A Petersen And Danish Governor of Greenland '51
As best as I can remember the Captain was Oliver A. Peterson, Captain USCG. The XO was Commander Connely and the 1st LT was LT David Haislip who later became in charge of the radio operators and other such people. I forget what their actual CG designation was. I think that we were privileged to have had the officers and senior petty officers who were aboard for that trip because it was from them that we young troops learned our jobs. Later I left the Coast Guard for a career in the United States Air Force and while I thoroughly enjoyed the work I did and the traveling, accompanied by my family (other than when I was assigned to South East Asia during that thing in Vietnam) was terrific for us and quite educational and broadening for our five children.
Although I actually served in and retired from the USAF I really believe that the most exciting and personally rewarding time of my military career were the years that I spent in the USCG. Yet now, whenever I see a "Coastie" (They have no idea what you mean when you refer to them as "Hooligan Sailors") in their present day uniform I get the feeling that there is something missing..... give me my old pullover type blouse and bell bottoms with the 13 buttons any day....a uniform any sailor should be proud to wear, I know that we were!

SEMPER PARATUS.
Robert B. Crowninshield
The following is a tribute to 9-11 written by Martha J. Crowninshield O’Brien, who is the daughter of Robert Crowninshield and the Great Granddaughter of Admiral Crowninshield.

Tattered Flags....... 

Since September 11, 2001, much has happened in my life and the world. We’re currently on the brink of a questionable war, smack in the middle of a rare arctic chill continuing to do our best to live well in an unwell world. It’s scary and it stinks. So, driving home the other morning, following a chaotic night shift in delivery under the auspices of a full moon and a significant shift in barometric pressure (two conditions destined to commence labor and catastrophe), I was mildly annoyed at the condition of the American flags hanging from overpasses along the highway.

Tattered and worn, shredded and dotted with holes and dirt, they struck me as an eyesore. More than once I wished someone would remove them thinking they no longer reflected the crisp patriotic symbolism we had all come to embrace post 9/11. In some ways I think I couldn’t bear to see them flapping weakly in the breeze, barely recognizable from the beautiful bright American flags reflective of my idea of the United States of America...

Certainly I couldn’t be the only one disturbed by their condition over and over again driving by...Beaten down; useless; No longer regal. Just as quickly I would push that thought to some recess of my overburdened mind, and drive on toward home.

Some say there are defining moments in our lives that we will not ever forget. Events which, like discovered fossils, impress and imprint in such a manner that they are forever etched in our memory banks. Gone, but not forgotten. Something along those lines...September eleventh will never require the year attached in reference to the event. We all know the date...We dread it....We all remember and can’t ever forget. Those memories keep drifting in and out like wisps of smoke from embers of a flame once furious and over time, significantly silenced. Those shredded flags made me remember over and over again, all the feelings I personally experienced that day.....

I spent the night time portion of 9/11 working in labor and delivery. Often I felt as though I should simply move into the suite since I was there so often. I don’t recall the circumstances or any of the patients I treated. Nor can I bring to mind the names of any of the nurses there with me...It was to be the last of any of my relatively benign night shifts. If asked who the call doctor was I might have known prior to the twin towers. Not after or at least, not that night.
What does come to mind is waking up to a magnificent brilliantly sunny September morning immersed in guilt because I was just too tired to get up and bring my little ones, ages one, three and four to the playground, as I had promised. I hoped they would forgive me. I knew they wouldn't understand. I gave thanks that my husband was downstairs feeling well and caring for them. I reflected how fortunate I was. Ironic, when I look back at that time.

On my way to the bathroom I discovered the clock had stopped, and turned on the TV to check the time. At the exact moment I did that, I watched in surreal horror and disbelief as a plane hit the second tower. The correspondent was teary and emotional. I thought I must be dreaming and changed the channel. Again and again and again. When reality hit me a moment or two later, I wished but then knew it must not be a dream. The events were all too real. I was too horrified to cry but knew I must collect myself and be with my family.

Downstairs I heard various timbres of voices filtering through the door. I paused there then, to hear the laughter. I peeked in to the room, unseen by them, and watched the little ones play excitedly with their daddy and each other. Memorizing the pure joy on their faces, I remember being struck by the sad fact that whatever transpired, their lives would not ever be the same. I savored the moment and then, in silent agony, with tears streaming down my face, I hugged my husband and babies, and related what I had just seen. I called our oldest son and felt an almost if not definite primal urge to be among those people I loved most in the world. Together, in silence, my husband and I prayed for those whose loved ones couldn't come home.

“God would make it so no one was hurting,” piped up our four year old. If only that were true I thought...

The night shift of nine eleven, no one really spoke of the events. No one had to. We all clung together and no one was floated that night. We did receive a labor patient but her tears were mostly due to sadness and not pain. What should have been a joyous occasion for her and her family would forever be equated with one of the saddest events known to America. She relayed that she desperately hoped she would deliver after midnight, but delivered just a bit before. She cradled her infant son and with tears of joy tempered with sadness, she said a prayer to the effect that she hoped we all someday could figure out a way to fix these horrible differences and stop the violence. Later, to me privately, she verbalized her fear of having to ever let go of her child. I hugged her and it didn’t have to be spoken that I felt the same. For both of us, our children, our families and the world, we said a not so silent prayer. That night I think we all cried for the innocence this new baby and all our children had already lost.

On the way home early that morning, I was surprised but not at all shocked by the Patriotism unfolding around me. It got to the point that stores ran out of flags, and red, white and blue ribbon. We were nicer to each other. Surrounded with
crisp new flags on cars, houses and hanging from overpasses, I felt that heartfelt swelling of pride reserved usually, for special occasions and hoped beyond hope that it would continue long after the initial sting had passed. I, like all I saw that day and for quite some time afterwards was and will be forever proud to be an American.

Now those same flags are in shreds. They are tattered, worn and barely hanging from the spots they adorn. It pains me to admit, although briefly, I did consider them to be an embarrassment due to their wary, dilapidated condition. I wondered how others must feel at their wary sight.

Then, it occurred to me that is the very thing which makes them special. Real reminders that however horrific the circumstance and despite however long it takes, we Americans may be the worse for wear, but we will forever be present and vigilant, not unlike our resilient, beautiful, faded but glorious American Flag. Like them, whose shreds whip around in wicked wind and all the elements time and circumstance can muster, we will persevere and eventually prevail. We always have and will forever continue to do so. We will NOT give in.

These days when I pass beneath aged flags I once imagined should be removed and even replaced, I catch myself and think back to that awful dark day when cowardly terrorists elected to harm innocent people for no good reason, separating not only Americans but innocent people from around the world like so much discarded unimportant garbage…Misguided cowards who take everything yet give nothing to the world. Deviants who claim to speak for Allah much as uninformed people would dare to speak for God.

My heart hurts to think of the needless suffering, and conversely, swells with pride at the actions of so many people, Americans by birth, by choice, or both. I am also touched by the people worldwide who grieved and continue to grieve along with us. Thank you.

Each time I catch even a brief glimpse of one of those well worn flags, it brings me back to that day and honors each victim in my mind, heart and soul.

I thank God, Allah and every person’s personal concept of a higher power for those tattered flags because the message they convey is one of hope, resilience, recovery and someday, of a world more interested and invested in peace versus hate.

If all I can do is raise my children to respect themselves, each other, their families and friends, take pride in the privilege of being Americans, and continue to be open to the ideas, thoughts and customs of other cultures, then I will have done my personal part in promoting peace.
Now, each time I see a worn, world weary flag sputtering in the wind, I see a remnant of hope, and hope, like a tattered flag, is something that no one can ever take away.

Written by: Martha J. Crowninshield O'Brien 01/24/03
Enclosed please find a picture of Captain Bowerman and Captain Rhonke. I am also enclosing information on myself and a snapshot when I was much younger. <Smile> I am the Secretary of the Eastwind Association and I decided to wear this picture on my badge at last years reunion. So many times people come up to me and ask, “Do you remember me”. Well I remember the name, but after forty five years people do change... (a lot)! <Grin> One of our shipmates looked at my badge and said, “Is that what you looked like when you were young?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “God has not been very good to you!” I was at a loss for words. I have been an Arthritic since my late thirties and I am now seventy. So I guess it has taken it’s toll on me.

We just had a tour of the new hotel at Logan Airport and it is beautiful. We will be having a meeting with them next month to see if we can have our reunion for 2001 there. They were very cooperative the last time, but this is their new hotel. The old hotel is being torn down and I expect the rates will be a little higher. Take care mates, I hope you all are fine. It is tough getting old. Here are the photos:
I served under Captains Peterson, Bowerman and Rhonke while on the Eastwind.

Here is a Norway Report on some of the activities the “Mighty ‘E’ accomplished in the Greenland area of the Arctic ocean in 1952.

Sondre Stromfjord, Greenland, Denmark (50.6°W, 67.0°N)
The first sounding rockets launched from Greenland were carried out from the American Icebreaker Eastwind W279, during the summer of 1952. They were experiments of the ROCKOON (Rocket on Balloon) program in which small Deacon rockets were fired after being elevated up to 16 KM of altitude by means of balloons.

This program of studies, directed by Dr. James A. Van Allen, comprised experiments from the state University of Iowa, and the Naval Research Laboratory. After two other experimental campaigns in 1953 and 1954, the 1955 campaign saw the introduction of the Loki rockets, less powerful but cheaper, and also the deacon-Loki two stage rockets. Thereafter several launching campaigns were launched from Thule Air Force Base in northern Greenland within the framework of the PCA program (Polar Cape Absorption). Thule Air Force Base was also a launch site in the Meteorological Rocket Network (MRN) and a lot of meteorological rockets (Loki-Dart) were launched there.

So it was another FIRST by the Eastwind to launch rocket experiments in the Polar region of the earth in 1952.

Semper Paratus, Gordon Grant.
I went aboard the Eastwind in May of 1950, a few days after she was recommissioned, <after being rammed by the tanker>, as an Electrician's Mate 3rd class. She was at the Newportnews, Va. Ship yard. After a two day shakedown the ship headed for home port of Boston, Ma., stopping at New York City for a weekend Liberty.

June 1950, 20 years old, entering NYC with Statue of Liberty at my elbow!
I hitch-hiked back home in July on a weekend Liberty. When I returned we left for the Arctic on operation Nanook, to resupply weather stations around the Arctic northwest territory. The last weather station was “Alert”, the northern most in the world, located at Ellsmere Island.

After re-supplying “Alert” the Captain headed north for the “North Pole”, and we reached 445 nautical miles from the north pole, which was the northern most any ship had reached under her own power.

![Captain Peterson cutting event cake for 442 miles to North Pole](image)

We arrived back in Boston in September, and then went up to Labrador in November. I don’t remember what for, but we arrived back in Boston just before Christmas.

In April 1951 we headed back up to the Arctic again and found out after we got up there that we were to be part of operation “Blue-Jay”, which was the building of the big Arctic Air Force Base at Thule, Greenland. Our job was to lead ships through the pack ice to Thule. We were told not to write home about it, or take any pictures, as it was TOP SECRET. The first convoy arrived in July and they followed us up to Thule. I don’t know how many convoys we lead up through the ice, but that is all we did all of July and August. We arrived back in Boston in late September.

I remember the nick-name we got that summer, “The galloping Ghost of the Greenland Coast”.

In January of 1952 we went down to New York City to break ice on the Hudson river so ships could get to the various ports of call. We went all the way up to Albany and stayed for a few days. The latter part of February we left New York heading back to Boston.
We ran into a northeaster storm the next day off the New England coast. That evening two oil tankers broke in half in the storm, “The Fort Mercer” and the “Pendleton”. Boats came out from the Coast Guard Shore Stations and rescued seamen off of the bow of the Fort Mercer and bow and stern of the Pendleton, before they sank. Some seamen were lost but those guys came out and saved quite a few. Great job! The following morning we arrived at the stern of the Fort Mercer. It stayed afloat and all were saved. Some stayed aboard and it was towed ashore a few days later. We had a few of the seamen of the Fort Mercer, aboard the Eastwind, and arrived back in Boston the next day.

The latter part of April 1952. the Eastwind again headed for the arctic and starting in June led convoys of ships through the ice fields up to Thule. In August we came into Thule and tied up at some kind of a dock they had set up. After loading up with supplies we headed up to Alert. After resupplying Alert the Captain headed toward the North Pole and reached a distance of 442 nautical miles from the Pole. That broke our old record by three miles. It wasn’t long after that the Captain decided to take a break and start south in the morning. During the night the ice shifted and jammed into the port propeller and heeled the ship over to port. It was determined in the morning about the propeller being jammed so we could not get underway. After a day or so the ice still had us trapped so someone had the idea to use the fire hose with the water pressure and cut down through the ice to the propeller. It took another day or so but it worked. The ship came up level and the propellers were free, and we headed south. Coming down through the strait at about a day out of Thule we hit something in the ice that put a 3 foot by 3 foot hole in the fuel tank on the starboard side just aft of the bow. The tank was just about empty so not much fuel lost. We came into Thule and concrete was poured inside the hold where the hole was and a steel plate welded on the outside. It got us down through the north Atlantic and we arrived in Boston around the end of September. I was discharged October 27th after four year of service as EM1.

Winn Miller
I was Captain of USCGC Eastwind W279 1952 to 1954
**Arsenault, “Harry”**

I was a seaman on the Eastwind from January 1953 through September 1954. Reading your request for stories and photos in the Eastwind Assn. Newsletter, I am sending a few copy sheets of some of the snapshots I have, (No negatives).

One sheet shows two photos of Bowerman (distant), during the Arctic crossing, and the others are blow ups of natives. *Any history of the 1953 - 1954 cruises would be welcomed.*

*Harry Arsenault*

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**Henry Arsenault & Cape York Natives**

'53 & '54 under CO Bowerman
Natives Cape York
Seaman second class in boat crew bootcamp. Thank you for the safe return of the scrapbook my sister had squirreled away for nigh 0n to forty-five rears. She had a husband at an early warning station in Alaska and I thought it would give her some concept of what he was gibbering about.
I was on the EASTWIND for only six months in the summer of ’54 but in was the most productive time of my four years of service. Had I planned to ship over it would have been on the WIND. Aboard her 1 was introduced to the air chipping hammer, wire brush, zinc chromate and red lead. I got to box paint and was put in charge of the sail locker with it’s big beautiful sewing machine. Upon which I filled endless orders for white canvas seabags to replace the GI kaki ones with which we left bootcamp.

The WIND was the worst sea boat I have sailed on before or since which includes every thing, from 36 foot lifeboats to transatlantic crossings on 125’s to the venerable R/V Atlantis. She had a roll that would throw things. From the main deck and higher you felt like an apple on the proverbial stick. I remember hanging on to the hatch combing on the fantail with two feet of water making it’s wary back and forth from rail to rail with those hilarious rolls. The only good thing about her motion was that, if you timed it right, you could puke from the wing, of the bridge with every other roll and never hit anything but the Atlantic ocean!
We broke some ice that summer. I loved to lie in my bunk and hear the rumble and blam of our progress. You could tell who was at the con after a while lay the noise level. I think Lt. Magee was the loudest. I don’t remember who had the watch as we ran north on the west side of the Robeson channel along a lead that had opened up next to the Ellesmere shore but it was on the mid watch.

Apparently the wind that had been in the west creating the leads came northeast and threatened to put the old girl on the beach. Who ever had the con made it through the edge of the pack which had been thickened during numerous collisions with the land, but in the process we broke a blade off one of the propellers. We were, marooned until help arrived. There was talk of spending the winter. That evening I was checking the forward cargo hold that meant opening several hatches and climbing below, something for which not all watches found time. Opening the last hatch I could see the bags of coal looking quite normal and I almost closed the hatch when I noticed the light that illuminated the hold, appeared upside down and shining in my eyes. In that instant, I realized crystal clear water had flooded the hold to within a foot of the overhead. With "all deliberate speed", I made my way to the wardroom where Commander Rea was finishing a cup of coffee and a lengthy discourse on a subject I considered, at that particular moment, relatively mundane. There being no great hurry, I let him continue until he had made his point finally turning to me, he asked, what I could
add. I said I thought he had covered the Subject quite adequately and that the Forward cargo hold was flooded.

As if sucked by some huge exhaust fan, the ward room emptied before my eyes without another spoken word, leaving me alone with several Philippino mess boys (political incorrectness noted). For two and a half years I had never told anyone anything that seemed to make any difference. It was worth the wait. As it turned out, we had put a hole the forepeak hull and ruptured the collision bulkhead. Pumped out and patched. We offloaded our supplies for Alert to another breaker and limped home to Boston with a short stop at St John’s to avoid a hurricane.

![Ship in the ice](image)

We broke some ice up the coast of Ellesmere Island on way to Alert.

We got to see flocks of shearwaters in a gale on the Grand Banks, cod fishing Portuguese dories to the horizon in Baffin Bay, polar bears running can the icepack in Smith sound, and the beautiful grace of the Ivory gull forever picking krill out of the wake. It was a marvelous experience!

Sincerely,

Martin Bartlett
I was aboard the Eastwind April 15, 1953 thru Jan. 19, 1955. I served under Captains Bowerman and Rhonke. Here are a couple of pictures for the book.

The “initiation” into King Rex’s domain was a bit messy! Good thing I had short hair then! But it was fun.
King Boras Rex’s domain north of the Arctic Circle was patrolled by Greenland Growlers, who took the ship’s Captain Bowerman and crew through the ceremony of initiation.
The polar bears are the great white hunters of the north.
AS PETE THE GREEK REMEMBERS

I, Herbert H. (Pete-the-Greek) Karafotias, was stationed in #1 Generator room, which was changed to B-I-E. After I made 1st class we were short one chief engineman, so they put me in charge of B-3-E room. I really enjoyed my tour of duty on the Eastwind, and I Left end of 1954 trip. I went to Florida Key West. While on the Eastwind I had all main engine watches and assistant engineering duties on my duty days. 1952 trip we were loading cargo 6 on 6 off. No one was exempt including 1st class. While on our off time we had 4 hrs liberty in Thule, just a rock, was real cold. Air Force was selling beer out of a tent $2.40 per case. Nothing there but rocks. We happened to miss the liberty boat. About 25 of us, out of 50

Missed it. They sent another boat to pick us up. When we returned to the ship the quartermaster informed me that we were all on report. I said, “I do not believe it, on this rock? No place to go.” Before our Captain’s Mast, we broke a blade off
of the starboard screw. Me being the senior petty officer told all the other guys what the Captain would ask, “what happened?” (Because the Captain figures you guys were afraid of him, but I wasn’t). I thought we would catch hell due to the fact that a blade broke off the screw. He asked me what happened and I told him we were hollering, waving our T-shirts, but the boat did not see or hear us. He dismissed us because we were doing a good job loading the cargo. He just chewed us out for missing the boat.

I was En2 when I came aboard. I made En1 first trip 1952. All of these stories are told as En1C.

The first class always ate early chow noontime, including me, we had two mess tables. I got to eat later this day than the other first class, who were done eating, and they got up, walking toward the garbage can. I was done eating about this time – they saw our tough Skipper with his 5 cell flashlight looking in the garbage can to see what the crew was throwing away. Meanwhile, I got up to dump my tray and all the others turned around and ran back to the table, knocking me down in the process. I got back up and continued on to the garbage cans. I banged my tray on his flashlight and the garbage can. The Skipper asked me how the chow was and I said, “great”. He said, “That’s what I like to hear.” Then he left. Later, when we were in first class quarters, all of the first class asked me what the Captain said to me at the garbage can. I told them. To this day, they never believed me. They kept asking me, the whole trip, what the Captain said.
I always went “The Greek”. I do not believe anybody knew me by my first name. My kindergarten teacher changed my first name from “Peter” to “Herbert Hoover” due to the fact I was born on election day 1928.

When I came aboard, I found our 6 main engines had names. #1 – Thunder, #2 – Lightning, #3 – Rumble, #4 – Roar; I was in charge of #3 generator room, as I was first class. After I was there awhile, the chief engineer named #5 – Rattler, and #6 – The Greek.

We left early May 1952, to go north, and we started a ship’s pool. The pool was for when would we get back to Boston. The closest date guessed would win the pool. To get into the pool cost $20.00. I put down the 19th of September. They all told me, “We only have made 3-month trips and you have lost already”. I said, “When I come on the ice breakers, the trips are four to five months, and we will just see who wins the pool”. The rules were you could not get into the pool after the middle of July, guess what? We got back the 19th of September.

Each year we lost a blade off one of our screws. We used our heeling tanks (three on each side of the ship), to give the ship an artificial roll to move the ship from one side to the other. We pumped the water with our heeling pumps to the port tanks and we heeled over okay. But, when we pumped the water back to the
starboard tanks the ship did not move. Meanwhile the ice engulfed both screws and we could not turn either propeller shafts. All of this happened while we were in heavy pressure ridges in the ice field. We just drifted for two weeks until the pressure ridges in the ice field relieved and we were able to turn our screws again. Then, we continued with our mission. After that problem we ruptured a large 30,000 gallon fuel tank in the A section of the ship, starboard side. We went back to Thule, Greenland and the engineers on the base welded a ¼ inch plate on the hull, after we heeled to port. Luckily, the hole was a foot above the water line. Then they built shoring inside the tank and filled it with cement with air pressure. The hole was 30 inches by 50 feet. After we completed our mission, we went into dry dock in Boston. They tried to get the cement out with air jack hammers for two weeks, with no luck. So, they decided to use a small charge of dynamite to blast out the cement. A new high-tensile strength 1 and 7/8 inch plate from San Pedro, California, (the only place the plate was made) was shipped to Boston. We were in dry dock five months on that repair.

In 1954, we blew the supercharger blower on #6 main engine. You might know – the one called “The Greek”. The blowers that developed the scavenging air are made of aluminum. We had aluminum particles and pieces all through the engine which had to be cleaned out, including the crank cases, oil pumps, and heat exchangers. We went back to Boston for that job and had the new blower installed. Then we went back north to take supply ships through the ice to Thule Air Force Base. The first ship they wanted to be taken through was the liquor ship.
Now, for a humorous story:

I, “The Greek”, came back from liberty and changed into my dungarees, so that I would be “up ready”, when called to turn to at 0800 in the morning. My first class shipmates decided to tie me in my bunk while I was asleep. When the PA sounded “Muster” at 0800, I tried to get out of my bunk. I could not move! They thought this was real funny! All I said was, “I'll get even”, when they finally untied me. I had the duty the next night and I put double layers of scotch tape on the keyholes of their lockers. You should have seen those smashed liberty hounds trying to get their keys into the locks! After a few minutes, they crashed in their dress blues and I got up and took the tape off the locks. When muster was called and we all got up, I asked them how come they were sleeping in their dress blues, since they were supposed to be in the uniform of the day which is dungarees. After a long pause, they knew they had been had – I had got even! <Grin>

TheGreek
I was an officer on the Eastwind W279 from 1952 thru 1955. I served as assistant engineer and damage control officer.

Each year the ship would make one long trip to the Arctic for the weather stations, research and to carry assorted scientists who wanted to see the Arctic without stepping outside.

One group of scientists was led by a man named Ken Allen, the group sent up weather balloons near the magnetic north pole and discovered a strata that became the Van Allen belt. Inspector Balis of the Canadian Mounted Police made the trip just to see how things were in the north. My room mate was a Canadian Scientist who had made the trip to the Arctic in a canoe.

In the company of Navy icebreakers Atka and Edisto, (Same class), the icebreaker’s primary function was to escort tankers and freighters through the ice fields to Thule air force base under construction, on the west side of Greenland. At Thule we were allowed the first of two times ashore. In this liberty my mates and I borrowed a “Beaver” and drove to the top of a cliff and rolled stones off the cliff. That was our liberty. I heard of it but did not see the picture of a nude behind the officers club bar, that later became Marylyn Monroe.

Once released from Thule the ship went about it’s other scientific obligations. One stop was to a tiny cove on Ellsmere Island; sitting on a small beach in the sun was a small cabin, an abandoned RCMP outpost. Why the outpost here was the big question.
There is nothing, nothing around for hundreds of miles except a few fox. There we went ashore again to skip flat stones across the water. To me the most impressive thing there was to see a shovel leaning against the door. That shovel had been there leaning on the cabin door for some thirty years totally undisturbed by man, animals or weather. There was also a mystery there too, the cove was surrounded and sheltered by three hills, but next to the cabin there was a motorcycle! What was a motorcycle doing in this little cove? And how did it get there? We learned later that a Mounty had been assigned to that outpost on short notice, not knowing anything about his new assignment he brought his motorcycle along.

Another of the ship’s tasks was to bring supplies to a weather station on the west side of Elsmere Island. That done the station complained about not having enough water to drink. We went out and found a big growler, (iceberg), and beached it at the station. With a pail and hatchet they had enough water to last a hundred years.

Alert weather station is at the north end of Elsmere Island, one of the northernmost parts of north America. The weather station there is supplies by the Eastwind. The Eastwind went even farther north then any ship had ever gone. It was a record! Once in Alert the wind from the north blew the ice field against the shore locking the ship in place. Then we started thinking about being there a long winter. A week later we awoke to see blue water! The wind had shifted and the Eastwind was free to go.

One more incident earlier. After beaching the growler Captain Oliver Peterson decided to try an East-West passage through to Barrow Strait, couldn’t make it.

While ramming ice the ship bounced off of one ice bank into a pointed bank on the other side. It punched a hole in the side. Fortunately the hole was in a void double bottom tank so there wasn’t a life threatening development. You no doubt know that the ice skirt is one and three-quarters thick.

About the same time the hole was ripped, we lost one blade off of the starboard screw, which handicapped our operation even more, so we had to return to Boston for repairs.

While in home port of Boston we received orders to go to New York, and while in route two tankers broke in half not very far from us in heavy seas due to storm. The Eastwind went to the aid of the stern section of the Fort Mercer. The other ship was the SS Pendleton.

It was the first and only time I saw a line throwing gun in action.
A line was sent to the ship and secured between both ships. The crewmen were evacuated via the rubber raft secured to the line. Some crewmen elected to stay with the half-ship as she was toed by tug to port.

I have some pictures of these events and of crossing the Arctic Circle, but they are pledged to the USCG museum here. If you find yourself in the area anytime you are welcome to look them over. If I can be of further service to you I am available.

442 miles to the north pole from where we are now just to the north of Ellsmere Island.

Good Luck,
Joe Macri
Merrill ‘Lefty’ Schwartz was a daring helicopter pilot for not only Captain Bowerman and the Eastwind, but also for USS Station Island, USS Roandke, LST 209, USS Cabot and HU-2 Lakehurst, New Jersey.

He knew how to handle those Helios! He once had to make an emergency landing with Captain Bowerman. The chopper gave no warning of a mechanical failure August 2, 1953 until it was already away from the ship. Then suddenly Lefty had to find a place to set it down, looking around Point York, he spotted a patch of green out of his starboard side, Craftily he brought the copter down on the golf club lawn edge. Here is a radio report of the incident.

Captain Pilot, Copter down on golf course green turf.

Disband Sugar, This is Disband Sugar One.

Captain Bowerman and Ensign Schwartz were radioing from the helicopter. “Our present position is on the southwestern edge of York Point. We are hidden from ships view. will send up a smoke flair to mark our position, over”...
Shortly after the message was received aboard the Eastwind, The Greenland Cruiser was picked from its cradle by the ships crane and lowered into the sea. Food, tools, an already inflated rubber life raft and crewmen were already on board.

When the cruiser came close to shore, it’s coxswain released the anchor. Dvorak, Senappe, and Lane put the rubber boar into the water and climbed aboard. They fought a strong wind and waves to the beach.

Captain Bowerman semaphored to the anchored Cruiser telling Kelley to stand-by. The Captain got a lift from a native fishing boat out to the Cruise, to return to the ship. Lefty and Dvorak repaired the copter, and flew back to the Eastwind. In the wardroom later Lefty was heard saying that the spot they landed on was a nice piece of green turf and it looked like the end of a golf course. It had many more obstacles then the ordinary course, that’s the reason he made their dive accurate to the end of the green.
Lefty’s copter looks miniscule in the vastness of the glacier.

It is always good to find your home, no matter where it is; even in the Arctic off Thule AFB. Sometimes the weather changes so rapidly, a sunny day can turn into a gale. Home means a Musk Ox steak or roast for dinner, and perhaps some fresh bread and scalloped potatoes.
The dog teams are aroused as the Eskimos “pop” their whips. This is the only language they understand as they are not pets as our dogs are, plus they all weigh 90 to 120 pounds. The Officers and crew of the Eastwind line the main deck rail to watch a sight most of them have never seen before and may never see again. Equipment needed for the hydrographic mission is loaded on the sleds. Heavy Arctic clothing protect the men from the cold in their exploration.

There are a lot of tough things a Arctic sailor has to endure but the King Boris Rex’s Court is among the toughest. Every single sailor that dares to enter his domain is subpoenaed to hear charges against him read to him in court. To avoid the possibility of those who would hide, all crewmen who are Polar Bears from previous trips across the Arctic Circle, are given “bluing”, (stuff used in the
laundry room), to put on the noses of the “pups”. All Blue-Noses will meet King Rex.

Lefty gets a through check up by King Rex’s “Doctor”. He does get to eat blindfolded, certain sea creatures or grapes or warm oatmeal. Haha And he gets a bath from the King’s hose-man after he kisses the baby’s belly. The hose-man gets his hose pressure from those Arctic sea-water we normally wash the deck with. Man, you are clean when he gets through with you! No bluing left on nose then! Then you are ushered to a hot shower, clean uniform of the day, and given a certificate attesting that you are a Polar Bear, signed by the Captain.
Lefty has built hundreds of models airplanes, mostly radio controlled. His son Mike is a engineer an helped build this DeHavilland Beaver. Photo by Dan McComb, Missoulian Montana.
Hello Shipmates!
I was Journalist 3rd Class on the 1953 Arctic cruise. We were on the move constantly. At one stop in Greenland, which incidentally is an oxymoron name for a frozen continent, we found ourselves docking at Thule Air Force Base. The Air Force and the Army had set up large tents with picnic benches for recreation “Halls” so the men could buy a beer and unwind after a long day’s work. The men would sit at the tables discussing how bad this duty is, how the last duty station was great, but how the next duty station was the best in the entire service.

The army had the first tent down the road, and the Air Force had the other. The Army charged 25 cents for a can of beer, while the Air Force charged only fifteen cents... When word got out guess who had the most activity!? Being the ship's writer so to speak, I entertained my shipmates with drawings occasionally. Here is one drawing of our Captain George H. Bowerman, 1953.
We visited the Academy Museum this last September, 1998. It was sparsely furnished, by that I mean few exhibits. I can see why you have yet to hear from your contact there. I suggest that you contact these two guys at CGHQ: Scott Price and Dr. Browning. These two are civilians, and Dr. Browning is in charge of the department of USCG History. They may be of help with the ship's history.

Fred W. Ulreich
Rhonke, O.C., Captain

I was skipper of the Eastwind July 1954 to June 1956.
I relieved Captain Bowerman, and headed Eastwind North.
The Eastwind was a very fine ship, here she is “Loaded” and ready for her Polar work.
All photos furnished by USCG
I served aboard The Eastwind as an AG1 during the Arctic cruise in 1952, Deepfreeze one in 55/56 and Arctic cruise of 1956. I made the 1953 cruise on the Westwind and served as AGC on the Northwind from 1960 to 1963.

I served under Captain Peterson, Captain Bowerman, Captain Rhonke, and Captain Rea on the Eastwind. Also Captain Martin of the Northwind.
Most Arctic cruises were pretty much the same convoys, oceanography and iced; however we did some cosmic ray experiments in 52 that were quite interesting. We launched two different types of balloons, one was 85 ft. in diameter and carried a 250 lb. rocket to 50,000 ft., where it fired, the other was 116 ft., in diameter and carried instruments to around 100,000 ft. where it continued to drift with the wind.
I remember each balloon held 40 tanks of helium to fill them for their cosmic flight. We had to have less than 10 knots of wind and we would run downwind at a speed to create 0 wind across the flight deck until the balloon was inflated, then we’d kick it ahead a couple of knots and let the balloon drift off the stern. Supposedly people from General Mills ran the program but after looking back after 47 years I wonder if we weren’t checking for some kind of nuclear activity over the USSR.

After leaving Alert Station, and returning to Thule Air force base in northern most Greenland, we were met by a group of scientist from General Mills. If memory serves me correctly the project manager was Bud Froelich. They were doing Cosmic Ray research with balloons and rockets. One of these balloons was 85 feet in diameter and carried a 250 pound rocket to 50,000 feet, where the rocket would fire taking instrument package to greater altitudes, where it sent radio information back to the ship. The other was a 116 foot diameter balloon that carried a pay load of instruments and reached 100,000 feet where it drifted while sending data back to earth.
Even officers were initiated crossing the Arctic Circle.

King Rex's Royal Court

The Royal Court of King Boris Rex
Our Host comes for a visit at Godhaab

Eastwind formal greeting

Captain Peterson

Danish Admiralty
Bartlett, Martin R., Sn1c

I was on the EASTWIND for only six months in the summer of 54 but in was the most productive time of my four years of service. Had I planned to ship over it would have been on the WIND. Aboard her I was Introduced to the air chipping hammer wire brush, zinc chromate and red lead. I got to box paint and was put in charge of the sail locker with its big beautiful sewing machine upon which I filled endless orders for white canvas seabags to replace the GI kaki ones with which we left bootcamp.

The EASTWIND was the worst sea boat I have sailed on before or since which includes every thing from 36 foot fast lifeboats to trans-Atlantic crossings on 125 foot, to the venerable R/V Atlantis. She had a roll that would throw things. From the main deck and higher you felt like an apple on the proverbial stick. I remember hanging on to the hatch coming on the fantail with two feet of water making it's way back and forth from rail to rail with those hilarious rolls. The only good thing about her motion was that, if you timed it right, you could puke from the wing of the bridge with every other roll and never hit anything but the Atlantic ocean!

We broke some ice that summer. I loved to lie in my bunk and hear the rumble and blam of our progress, You could tell who was at the conn after a while by the noise level. I think Lt. Magee was the loudest. I don't remember who had the watch as we ran north an the west side of the Robeson channel along a lead that had opened up next to the Ellsmere shore, but it was on the mid watch. Apparently the wind that had been in the west creating the lead, came northeast and threatened to put the old girl an the beach. Who ever had the con made it through the edge of the pack Which had been thickened during thunderous collisions with the land but in the process broke a blade off one of the propellers. We were marooned until help arrived. There was talk of spending the winter.

That evening I was checking the forward cargo hold that meant opening several hatches and climbing below, something far which not all watches found time. Opening the last hatch I could see the bags of coal looking quite normal and I almost closed the hatch when I noticed that the light that illuminated the hold, appeared upside down and shining in my eyes. In that instant I realized the crystal water flooding the hold was within a foot of the overhead!

With "all deliberate speed", I made my way to the Ward Room where Commander Rea was finishing a cup of coffee and a lengthy discourse on a subject I considered at that particular moment, relative mundane. There being no great hurry I let him continue until he had made his point. Finally turning to me, he asked what I could add. I said that I thought he had covered the subject quite adequately and that the forward cargo hold was flooded.
As if sucked by some huge exhaust fan, the Ward Room emptied before my eyes without another spoken word, leaving me all alone with several bewildered Phillipino messboys political, {incorrectness noted}. For two and one half years I had never told anyone anything that seemed to make any difference. It was worth the wait!

As it turned out, we had put a hole in the hull of the Forepeak and ruptured the collision bulkhead. We pumped the sea water out of the hold, and patched the rupture. Then we offloaded our supplies for Station Alert to another Icebreaker and limped home to Boston with a short stop at St. John, Newfoundland to avoid a hurricane.

We got to see flocks of shearwaters in a gale and the (Grand Banks, cod fishing Portuguese dories to the horizon in Buffin Bay, polar bears running on the icepack in Smith Sound and the beautiful grace of the Nary gulls forever picking krill out of the wake of the Mighty ‘E’. It was a marvelous experience!

Sincerely, Martin
My name is Don Sap, EM 3C

I am from Central Fall, Rhode Island, and completed Boot Camp at Cape May, N.J. I was assigned to the Eastwind in Boston by raising my hand and saying “Yes, I want to go on Operation Deep Freeze 1”. I am glad I did. I met a lot of nice guys and saw a lot of the world.

Deep Freeze was never done before and was a first for Eastwind, Edisto, and lots of other ships carrying construction equipment. The first stop was Panama Canal Zone, then on to Christchurch, N.Z., then to the ICE! We broke ice 24 hours a day, seven days a week, in alternation with the other ice breaker, trying to get to McMerdo Sound. We broke the port side propeller, and bent the starboard shaft. So we were dispatched to Wellington, N.Z. for Dry Dock repair. They could not repair it, so it was a long way back home to Boston at a maximum of four knots all the way. We stopped at Pago Pago American Samoa, and this was great because a Tn 1C by the name of Faadatoea Faatautau, whose father was CHEIF in Samoa. We let the good times roll for a week while we were there, then on to Boston at the break-neck speed of four knots. Got to Boston and made two trips to Arctic zone. Then I was assigned to Block Island Life Boat Station where I met President Eisenhower. This was my last USCG duty Station, loved every minute of it!!! Here are some pictures. --Don Sap
UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

From: Commander, CG Group Newport
To: SAP, Donald J. (315-524) ENS, USCG

Subj: Performance of duty; appreciation of

1. During the recent visit of the President to Newport, Rhode Island you were a member of one of the Coast Guard boats which was assigned the responsibility of assisting to safeguarding the President and his family.

2. Your performance of duty was such that the President saw fit to write a letter addressed to Commander, First Coast Guard District in which he expressed his and Mrs. Eisenhowers warm appreciation for the job done by the Coast Guard. A copy of his letter is attached.

E. M. MARSHALL

Encl: (1) President Eisenhower's letter (copy)
(2) Medal of appreciation for service rendered
THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

Newport, Rhode Island
September 22, 1958

Dear Admiral Roland:

Before I leave the Newport area, I want to thank the members of the First Coast Guard District who have been so helpful to me during my visit here. The Secret Service people tell me that a great deal of assistance was provided in a number of ways, particularly in keeping watch during my occasional helicopter flights and in patrolling the bay in front of Fort Adams.

Won't you please convey to all who participated in this special duty the warm appreciation of Mrs. Eisenhower and myself?

With personal gratitude and best wishes,

Sincerely,

Dwight D. Eisenhower /s/

Rear Admiral Edwin G. Roland
Staff, First Coast Guard District
1400 Custom House
Boston 9, Massachusetts
Playing in the snow on ICE

King Rex's court 1957
ROSTER

OFFICER PERSONNEL
ROHNKE, Oscar C., CAPT
PARKER, Lynn, CDR
RINEHART, Virgil W., LT
UNSINN, Otto F., LT
MAGEE, Roland W., LTJG
FLOOD, Thomas J., LTJG
ANDERSON, Philip J., LTJG
POWER, James D., III, LTJG
DANAHY, Philip J., ENS
HURWITZ, Robert M., ENS
MURPHY, Edward W., ENS
LUTTON, Thomas C., ENS
RUTZ, Alvin R., CHFCLK
OLSON, Raymond W., MACH
DIXON, Thomas W.
SENIOR SURGEON USPHS
CADWALADER, John, CDR, USNR
BACKUS, Standish Jr., CDR, USNR
NASH, Donald E., LT, USN
CAVENDISH, Lynn M., LT, USN
TURPIN, Philip B., CHMACH, USN
THOMAS, Waldran E., CAPT, USMC
NEFSTEAD, Paul D., CAPT, USA
LEWIS, Frank H. Jr., LTJG, USN
TODD, Harold S., LT., USNR-R
LARSON, Conrad S., LCDR, USNR-R
KOLESZAR, John, CDR, USN-CE

CIVILIAN PERSONNEL
RENSHAW, Earnest W.
WAITE, Amory H., Elec. Engr., GS-13
WILSON, Lloyd W., Oceangr., GS-7
ENLISTED PERSONNEL
ADAMS, John S., SN
ALEXANDER, James B., QM3
ANTHONY, Roger F., SN
ASSELIN, Donald P. R., SN
AUST, Orville R., QMC
BAILEY, Donald C., AG1
BANKES, Edward P., FN
BARON, Richard (n), EN3
BARTH, David (n), SK2
BAXA, Thomas R., SN
BEACHAM, James W., EN3
BEAN, James D., SA
BEATTY, Robert E., EN3
BEAUDOIN, Joseph R. R., EM3
BELTRAMI, Robert T., SA
BERNARDI, Frank A., SA
BETHEA, James K., BM2
BICANICH, John P., SA
BOCK, Frank H., QM1
BOGARD, Gus L., RM2
BONE, Malcolm W., Jr., ET3
BOOTMAN, William R., CS3
BROOKS, James M., EM1
BROOKS, Thomas J., QM3
BREUNINGER, Richard R., SN
BROOKFIELD, George J., Jr., DC1
BURR, Raymond (n), SNCS
BURTON, Roger W., SN
BUTLER, Paul F., SN
CALLIES, Wilmer L., RM2
CAREY, Robert J., EN3
CHEE, George P. F., TA
CHASE, Nathan E., Jr., FA
CHIASSON, Norris L., SN
CHIPMAN, Arnold R., FN
COFFIN, Howard G., ENC
COLLINS, Vincent K., CS2
CRILEY, Paul R., EN3
CROWLEY, William R., RDC
CRUE, Charles R. Jr., FT3
CUMMINGS, Albert Jr. (n), FT3
DAUPHINAIS, Alfred S., EN1
DAVIDSON, Daniel H., Jr., FN
DIEKMANN, Robert (n), EN2
DOHERTY, Richard D., SK1
DUNN, Omer (n), EN1
EVANS, James B., SO2
FAATAUTAU, Faaolatoga (n), FN
FARRELL, Thomas H., SO1
FELMLY, William L., EM3
FERRIS, William J., SN
FETTS, Emerson G., DC2
FOLSOM, Leroy G., EM3
GAGLIANO, Andrew, FN
GAUDETTE, Richard H., HM2 (DTG)
GEIGER, Donald R., SN
GEFFERT, Lawrence L., SN
GOODWIN, Fred P., BM3
GREEN, "G," "W." E
GRANT, Leroy R., FT3
GRIFFIN, Robert (n), SN
GRIMES, James E., EM3
HAGERT, Richard E., SA
HALL, Frederick D., FN
HAMBLETT, John S., RM2
HANAFUSA, Thomas K., TN
HARPER, Robert E., YN3
HARRINGTON, Thomas J., SN
HAYES, Ronald J., SN
HILLIARD, Ronald E., RD2
HIXON, Byron R. Jr., SNBM
HOFF, David A., EN2
HOLT, Jerry M., EN2
HOMINS, Stanley A., RM2
HOOD, Harold D., FNEM
HOWELL, Burton G., RM1
HOWELL, Kenneth H., ENC
HUNTER, William F., YN3
MEYER, Jon R., SN
MILARDO, Sebastiano J., DC3
MONTMINY, Philip A., EM3
MORIN, Joseph A., SN
MURPHY, Joseph W., EM2
O'CONNELL, Gerald L., SA
O'DONNELL, William T., GM2
O'NEIL, John E., QM3
OTT, Robert L., SN
OWENS, James R., FN
PAINE, Richard, SN
PANZA, William F., SN(PH)
PETROVICH, Sam (n), CS2
PERACHI, Joseph F. Jr., GM2
PICCOLO, Calogero (n), SN
PILLSBURY, Charles A. Jr., FN
PINGATORE, Sylvester Jr. (n), SA
PODOJIL, Lawrence R., ET1
PORTER, William J. F., SO2
QUINN, Robert P., SNBM
RENNEWANZ, Douglas V., EN3
RENNEWANZ, Darrell E., RD3
REYNOLDS, Robert R. Jr., EN1
RIOS, Robert C., AG3
RITCHOTTE, Alfred (n), SNBM
ROEHM, Clarence A., FN(BT)
ROGERS, Robert F. Jr., SA
ROWAN, Gerard W., SN
RUSSELL, Cluese (n), ENC
RUSSELL, Richard P., SA
RUSSO, Richard C., FN
SAMPSON, Alfordia W., EN2
SAP, Donald J., FA
SCHAIBLE, Alan R., SN
SHCREIRER, Gordon M., SN
SELLERS, Harold C., SN
SHAVERS, Robert F., CSC
SHEA, Raymond J., FA
SHEA, Raymond J., FA
CHIMAOKA, Calvin M., TN
SHORE, Robert B., EN1
SHROPSHIRE, Lewis B., EN3
SLATER, Robert D., SN
SMITH, Paul F., FN
SPETRINI, Louis (n), SN
SPRAGUE, Arthur R., SO3
STAUFFER, Robert M., QM2
STEVEN, David J., SN
STUART, Earl C., EN2
THOMAS, Carl D., BT3
THOMAS, Rudolph (n), SN
TIMS, Barney B., ENLI
TANGLE, William Jr. (n), YNC1
TRAINOR, Willis G., SK3
VANETTE, John L., EMI
VELLUCCI, Pasquale (n), FN
VANEK, Joseph F., GM2
WACKER, Thomas J., SN
WARD, Samuel W., GMC
WESTER, John G., AG3
WELCH, Harold H. Jr., HMC
WHITING, Frank B. Jr., SA
WHITE, James O., RMC
WIESCHKE, Carl F., SN
WIGLEY, Robert E., RM3
WILL, Leslie A., SR
WILLIAMS, Clifton U., SA
WRIGHT, Thomas W., SN
YARWORTH, George F., SN
YOUNG, Robert E., BM1
ZABORNY, Walter C., PH2
Menu

* Celery Shrimp Cocktail Olives

* Essence of Tomato Crackers

* Roast Idaho Turkey Cornbread Stuffing Glazed Ham Cranberry Jelly

* Mashed Potatoes Giblet Gravy Candied Yams Green Beans

* Lettuce, Cottage Cheese and Pear Salad

* Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie Fruit Cake and Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream

* Fruits Nuts Candies

* Fruit Punch Coffee

* Cigars Cigarettes
Evora, Ralph, Sn1c

< No Photo >

Hello Shipmates!
I served on the “Mighty E” in 1954 and 1955.

I’m the man on watch when the ship caught fire at Castle Island ship yard.

I remember that Sunday while making my rounds, seeing smoke start pouring out of B-1 engine room. If you think that story is worth putting in your book let me know and I’ll send you the whole story as I remember it.

Ralph

================================

That is all I ever heard or received from Ralph. Hope he is all right. Would love to have the story.

Author.
Grant, LeRoy R., GM2 (2-55 to 12-56)

I was aboard the Eastwind for Deep Freeze 1, commanded by one of the best skippers, Captain Rhonke. I was assigned to the gunnery crew which was composed of Chief Ward, Bill O'Donnell, Joe Vanek, Lee Grant, Joe Perachi, Charlie Crue and Roger Anthony.

I was standing Gangway watch when the FIRE alarm sounded, February 20, 1955 at dock on Castle Island, Boston, MA. It was my first duty day aboard. Repairs estimated at $250,000.00, 1955 dollars.

Later I was elected Treasurer of the Eastwind Association. Captain Allan Brier is our Leader, and Earl T Ellis is the association data base manager. Our Eastwind Association was begun in 1995, seven years ago. We are the first Icebreaker Association of any size, and the Eastwind was the first ship of many “FIRSTS”, including the capture of an enemy ship in WWII.
The Eastwind Icebreaker cutting through the Ice-field in Antarctica-DF1 1955 and 1956. She did many cruises carrying scientific teams, and hydrographic equipment across the frozen polar regions.

She was instrumental in the building of the first radar warning system, in the Arctic, known as the early warning system, to warn us of Russian rockets headed
to the USA. She ploughed the ice-fields and led the transports with the men and equipment.

The Gunnery crew of the Eastwind W279 on DF-1 1955 & 1956
Eastwind's bell

This picture of the ship's bell was taken by LeRoy Grant on the way to the south polar region 1955.

The Editor tried to make the words plain to read by placing the letters in a Brass tone on the bell where the “shine” kept the words from good view.

The full message is: “USCOAST GUARD, CUTTER, EASTWIND, 1943”
Smoke pours from Eastwind as the skipper, Captain O.C. Rhonke flies to the ship in chopper.

Fire Feb. 20, 1955
The victim of two fires in two days, that ruined much of the interior. She was dispatched to Portsmouth, New Hampshire for repairs.
Shipmates complete nominee’s make-up for crossing the arctic circle. This is one First class Quarter-Master with a forced smile...

King Boras Rex’s Arctic Circle Crossing party
The veterans of other Arctic crossings, prepare to give all new crewmen a good initiation. If you like cold salt water showers and running the gauntlet on all fours while being popped with wet towels, you would love this fun exercise. L to R is Ed Cullen, (Royal Policeman); Robert B. Shope, (King); Howard H Welch, (Queen); Robert E Young, (Royal Baby); Victor R Patch, (Prosecutor); Robert F Shavers, (Surgeon); and Manuel Martins, (Judge).

Semper Paratus, LeRoy Grant
I served on the Eastwind W279 from 1955 to 1958 under two Captains in the Polar expeditions. The crew of the Mighty ‘E’ was the best! They loved their ship and gave their all in every cruise she made. Sometimes I played the ukulele on “off” time.

We were a happy ship in spite of the hard work in the coldest weather on earth, and the roughest ride in a storm. Icebreakers are round bottomed like an egg,
and they roll and pitch even in a mild sea. We got plenty of exercise just standing still!

Carl was one of the happiest faces at the mess table always! He had many friends wherever he was, guitar or none.

As you can see, my crew kept a clean ship. This is the laundry room and the washers, dryers and mangle machine all clean.
My daughter is a YN-1 USCG ret. and lives in Hawaii near me. Some explanations of the pictures are in letters by her, to author below:

Date: Wednesday, February 13, 2002 3:19 PM

Mr. Bonner,

Sorry for the very late reply. If you still can get this into the book. Great. If not, oh well, my bad.

Still want 2 books though.

Dad, ukulele: My dad, Carl Kaminski (aka: Ski) R&R with ukulele.
Dad, mess hall: SN Kaminski, second from left in chow hall (galley).
Dad, laundry room: SN Kaminski, one of many duties, LAUNDRY.

If you cannot open the photos please reply!!

Do you want recent photos too??

Thank you,

Respectfully,

Debbie Gordon, YN1, USCG, ret.
June 1<sup>st</sup> 1956 to May 1<sup>st</sup> 1958 I was skipper of the Eastwind W279.

Captain Rea and Captain Bowerman
No word from the Captain, thus the pictures.
I understand you are writing a book about the EASTWIND. I served on board as an AG1 during the arctic cruise of 1952, Deepfreeze one in 55/56 and the arctic cruise of 56. Made the 53 cruise on the WESTWIND and served as AGC on the NORTHWIND from 60/63.

Most arctic cruises were pretty much the same convoys, oceanography and ice; however we did some cosmic ray experiments in 52 that were quite interesting. We launched two different types of balloons, one was 85 ft. in diameter and carried a 250 lb. rocket to 50,000 ft. where it fired, the other was 116 ft. in diameter and carried instruments to around 100,000 ft where it continued to drift with the wind. I remember each balloon held 40 tanks of helium. We had to have less than 10 knots of wind and we would run down wind at a speed to create 0 wind across the flight deck until the balloon was inflated, then we'd kick it ahead a couple of knots and let the balloon drift off the stern. Supposedly people from General Mills ran the program but after looking back after 47 years I wonder if we weren't checking for some kind of nuclear activity over the USSR.

Anyway I have some pictures of that operation and if you are interested let me know and I'll send you some copies.

Don Bailey  d.c.bailey@worldnet.att.net
Guibord, Robert LTJG '57-'58

Eastwind Voyages in 1957
Date: Sunday, March 07, 2004 12:16 AM

When my wife and I arrived in Boston from Southern California in April, 1957, she was six months pregnant and due to have our first child sometime in late July. I quickly learned that the Eastwind was scheduled to sail off into the Arctic Regions in early June and would not return until September or October!! My wife Gloria and I said our goodbyes and I was gone--not for three or four months, but for three weeks!

Within a few days of our departure, we experienced a breakdown of one of the main motors in the engine room. There were two huge electric motors that drove the two propeller shafts, only one of which was working. We limped into St. John's, Newfoundland for repairs. The attempts to repair the motor problem failed and we received permission to return to the Boston Naval Shipyard for repairs. I can still remember the large openings that had to be cut in the decks to the engine room so that the ailing motor could be removed. I do not remember whether we received a new motor or whether the old motor was repaired. I do remember that we sailed northward again on the 29th of July, two days after my wife gave birth to our firstborn. I was accused of sabotaging the motor so that I could be home for that event! Not guilty!

We made our way through the Strait of Belle Isle and headed north into Davis Strait. We crossed the Arctic Circle and soon we first-timers were being initiated. (For some reason I seem to have memories of being awash in salt water, eggs and mustard, and being a cabin boy in the chiefs quarters for a period of time.) Good memories!

After a couple of days we left Cape Dyer and headed toward Thule on the northwest coast of Greenland. There we picked up a mountain of supplies which were destined to maintain and sustain seven scientists who were to spend the winter on Lake Hazen on northern Ellesmere Island. I cannot remember where we picked up these scientists. It may have been in Thule or, possibly Cape Dyer. I do know that most of the scientists were Canadian. Leaving Thule, we sailed westward, then turned northeasterly through Kane Basin and eventually we arrived at Chandler Fjord on the northeast Coast of Ellesmere Island. We sailed up Chandler until we could go no further and dropped anchor. For the next seven days our choppers were busy flying men and supplies inland to frozen Lake Hazen. (This was sometime in mid-August.) The weather was strange: the sun never set and the temperature was always 32 or 33 degrees. It became easy to forget whether it was day or night.
Time began pressuring us to leave Chandler Fjord as Arctic ice was moving south and westerly in our direction. We got underway with small floes, growlers and bergy bits everywhere. The captain was on the wing of the bridge on the port side and I was on the starboard side. I watched, fascinated, as a mass of ice about the size of a VW Beetle turned on its side and slid down past the propeller ice guard and then disappeared. A second or two later the ship shuddered. We had lost our starboard propeller. (Later examination in dry dock in Boston Naval Shipyard revealed that approximately 60% of the shaft had corroded or rusted through. A defective shaft, just waiting for a hefty piece of ice to do it in.)

We staggered our way to Thule using lots of left rudder to compensate for the natural tendency of the ship to turn to starboard. We received orders to return to Boston for repairs, but we had one more "errand". In Thule we picked up a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and his dog team. It wasn't actually a "team" yet. Just seven or eight cute little Eskimo pups. The destination of this "Mountie" and his puppies was Alexandra Fjord where this police officer would become a "jack of all trades" for two years as the representative of the Canadian Government to the small Eskimo (or Indian) village located there. Alexandria Fjord is on the northeast coast of Ellsmere island about 200 miles north of Thule.

It was here that our next accident took place. The maps and charts of the waters in the bay and the landmarks on the hilly terrain were quite sketchy and inadequate as very few people had ever visited the area. It was decided to pick out some noteworthy landmarks, pinpoint their locations on the available charts and also list their altitudes above sea level. The choppers were used for this effort. One such landmark was a large stony cylindrical creation that was quite visible from well out to sea. We knew that it would quite helpful to know the exact altitude above sea level so one of the choppers hovered just above the flat top of this huge rock to check the altitude. At this point the chopper's engine failed! The pilot tried to slip his way down the hillside hoping to regain power, but the undercarriage caught on the rock and flipped the chopper over, whereupon the wooden rotors beat themselves into small pieces of wood on the rocky hillside. The other chopper landed quickly and its pilot ran over to see if his friend was injured, or worse. The crashed plane was upside down and the pilot was suspended in his harness about five feet in the air. I was not present during this conversation, but the second pilot told us what happened later in the wardroom. I need to mention here that the chopper pilots were Canadian and Australian.

Second pilot: "Charlie, Charlie...are you OK?" (The first pilot was apparently just recovering consciousness.)

First pilot: (Stares at his friend for a few seconds, then says:)" I say Harry, were you in here with me?" (Charlie was uninjured in the crash. We left the chopper on the rocky hillside.)
Somewhere I have photos of several of us gathered around a fire with snow blowing past us. We are wearing winter parkas. The fire is the rotors from the chopper. It is August, 1957.

Some days later we were headed toward Boston as fast as the port shaft and propeller could take us. I had the deck when the bow lookout called up to tell us that he saw an odd ice formation dead ahead and very far away. It was about 12:30 p.m. By the time we reached this ice aberration, my watch was complete. It was now 4:30 p.m.

The iceberg was tall and slender, very different from anything any of us had ever seen. The old record for height of an iceberg in the Arctic was 473 feet. We measured this berg three different ways to make sure that we could claim the record for the Eastwind. We sent our remaining chopper up to hover at the peak of the berg and measure height, we used a stadimeter (a device that measures height when the distance to an object is known), and we used the ship’s radar. All three gave us the same figure: 550 feet!! A new record. All of this took place off the southwest coast of Greenland.

We made our way into Boston Harbor and were soon in drydock where we discovered that we had lost, not just a prop, but also a section of the shaft. The replacement took weeks and we began to savor the idea of being in home port for a few months. It was not to be.

We received orders sometime in October to go to sea and escort a Scandinavian freighter to Thule! This freighter had been reconstructed with thicker hull plates and a bow that was supposed to be able to break its way through a relatively thin layer of ice. I'm quite sure that the name of the skipper of the freighter was Peterson. I believe that we picked up this ship in St John’s. North toward Thule again we went. We led the way at first until Captain Peterson decided he wanted
to find out whether this experimental "ice-breaking" freighter could actually do the job. Then we dropped in astern and the freighter slogged its way for a few hundred yards, or even a mile or two. Then it would get stuck in the ice and we would pull out, move ahead of the freighter and break a path for it. This was repeated day after day. Actually, it was "night after night" because we were so far north that the sun set one day and did not rise again. I believe that many of us were becoming concerned because it was mathematically apparent that, if we went all the way to Thule, we would not be able to get home by Thanksgiving, if indeed, we could get back to Boston at all.

Then, one night, (or was it day?), Captain Peterson called us over the radio and informed us that he had learned all that he cared to about icebreaking hulls for freighters and that he wanted to return to St John's, Newfoundland. We rejoiced, but quietly, of course.

One thing we learned: It is much more difficult for an icebreaker to move through ice that has snow on it than it is to move through, and break, "clean" ice. Snowy ice breaks and rotates against the hull of the ship and that snow and slush acts like a brake. On the Eastwind the water intakes were getting clogged with icy slush, causing a number of problems.

When I first received my orders to the Eastwind, I thought, "Oh no, not an icebreaker! Where you are gone for months at a time!" After the exciting and varied adventures I experienced on the Eastwind, I would have been happy even to volunteer for icebreaker duty.

Robert Guibord
I served on the Eastwind W279 from 1955 to 1958 under two Captains in the Polar expeditions. The crew of the Mighty ‘E’ was the best! They loved their ship and gave their all in every cruise she made. Sometimes I played the ukulele on “off” time.

We were a happy ship in spite of the hard work in the coldest weather on earth, and the roughest ride in a storm. Icebreakers are round bottomed like an egg,
and they roll and pitch even in a mild sea. We got plenty of exercise just standing still!

![Image of people at a mess table]

Carl was one of the happiest faces at the mess table always! He had many friends wherever he was, guitar or none.

![Image of four men standing together]

As you can see, my crew kept a clean ship. This is the laundry room and the washers, dryers and mangle machine all clean.

My daughter is a YN-1 USCG ret. and lives in Hawaii near me. Some explanations of the pictures are in letters by her, to author below:

Date: Wednesday, February 13, 2002 3:19 PM
Mr. Bonner,

Sorry for the very late reply. If you still can get this into the book. Great. If not, oh well, my bad.

Still want 2 books though.

Dad, ukulele: My dad, Carl Kaminski (aka: Ski) R&R with ukulele.
Dad, mess hall: SN Kaminski, second from left in chow hall (galley).
Dad, laundry room: SN Kaminski, one of many duties, LAUNDRY.

If you cannot open the photos please reply!!

Do you want recent photos too??

Thank you,

Respectfully,

Debbie Gordon, YN1, USCG, ret.
I was aboard the Eastwind W279 in 1957, '58, and '59. We made three north trips and one Hudson river trip, (New York State) when that river became ice blocked to cargo ships.

Skipper was Captains Rae and Schmidtman in that time frame. The executive officers were LTCDR Lusk and Boole. First names of all I cannot recall after so many years.

I came aboard as RM-3c right out of radio school. I left as RM-1c. Our communications officer was a young Ensign by the name of Al Brier direct from OCS.

Enclosed is a photo of the Eastwind WAGB 279 in dry dock at the Charlestown Boston, Ma. Naval yard in 1957.
The USCGC EASTWIND WAGB 279 in Drydock Boston, Ma.
Photo of me in middle of picture. I lived with my three brothers and parents in South Boston. I could walk home from the Eastwind when docked in twenty minutes. I served aboard the Eastwind one year in 1955 & 1956, then went to the Pollock Rip Light Ship off Cape Cod. From there I was sent to Main to serve at Popham Beach life boat station. Of all the duty stations I served on, the “Mighty E” was the most Memorable of all. The shipmates were the very best.
The Greenland beer party was the best event for a tired work party. We had a few cool ones and posed for photo below. The Navy Chopper crew was also in the photo, below.

I'm in the circle mid photo.  Martin Sheridan
Spiegel, Herbert J., AG-3 (Later Captain USCG)(ret.)

Herb just received the USCG Commendation Medal
That is why it is on top of his regular ribbons

Read message in Fred’s Place that you were looking for shipmates on the Eastwind around the time I was stationed on her. I was an AG-2 onboard for two years, (1956 and 1957), and made two Arctic trips. I ended up spending 31 years in CG/CGR and retired as a Captain (O-6) in 1985. The AG rate really got me started and I became a Professor of meteorology and retired in Miami, Fl. in 1992. I am now a forensic meteorologist living in Las Vegas.
Summary
Excerpts from the diary of AG-3 Herb Spiegel, USCG on the Eastwind.
Operation Dew Line July 16th to October 11th, 1956
Reported aboard 9th of July, 1956
Shipped out of Castle Island Boston, Ma. July 16th, 1956
Destination Operation Dew Line plus
We were about 250 miles south of North Pole
Total miles traveled 17,000
Crossed Arctic Circle 24th July 1956
Ports of call:
Halifax, Nova Scotia 7-18-56
Cape Dyer 7-25-56
Broughton 7-26-56
Kivatoo 8-7-56
Durban 8-13-56
Agaluga 8-19-56
Hooper 8-22-56
Ekeluga 8-22-56
Aillik, Labrador 8-30-56
Cutthroat Island, Labrador 9-15-56
Fox Harbor 9-3-56
St John, Newfoundland 9-16-56
Argentina, Newfoundland 9-18-56
Thule, Greenland 9-28-56
Returned to Castle Island Boston, Ma. 10-11-56
=====
Log date 24 July, 1956- A day NEVER to forget
This is the day we are going over the Arctic Circle, for those on board who have never been above the circle before, it is initiation day to be changed from a “Bluenose” to a “Polar Bear” to those who have already crossed the Arctic Circle.

The evening before the initiation, I was trapped by a bunch of guys who painted my nose blue, and was told to wear the blue paint until after the initiation was over tomorrow. Some of the guys had their hair cut in odd patterns but I wasn’t one of them because I was on watch when that happened. The Don Eagle haircut was the predominant style.

The 9th day out of Boston we crossed the Arctic Circle and the following events occurred.

0800 I was tossed out of my bed by some shipmates who turned my mattress over with me in it.

0830-- After hurriedly dressing I was escorted to the chow hall where I was made to eat my breakfast with no utensils. It was tough eating my bacon and eggs with my fingers, when the eggs were sunny side up and the yolks dripped all over me.
Had to drink milk out of a bowl, but we did not know they had spiked the milk with milk of magnesia and crushed pills just like ex-lax. You bet we found out later!

0900 -- All the blue noses were lined up and marched to the Hauser Hold at stern of the ship. We were taken out one at a time and sprayed with a salt water hose while waiting out time to go to Mock trial. The air temperature was 35 degrees and the water was very cold.

0950 -- I was called up to face the “Royal Court” which consisted of the “Royal Baby” (the fattest guy on board), “Royal Barbers” all with large scissors, “Royal Cop” with a piece of hose for swatting, “King Neptune” the head of the Court, as well as many other costumed people. As I climbed onto the Fantail, I was doused with sea water hoses once again and forced to sit in a chair. I was examined and it was determined that I had too much hair for a bluenose. So the “Royal Barber” shaved my head in the design of a cross.

1000 -- I was escorted to the Royal Court and charges were read. I was accused of being a fake weatherman and a lousy lover. Naturally I was found guilty and sentenced to the full punishment.

1005 -- I was given a shampoo with a mixture of diesel oil and mustard and ketchup and was escorted to the “ball Game”. I was supposed to be at bat and the pitcher threw rotten eggs at me. Then I was seated and told to catch the egg. As I reached out to catch it, a couple of guys behind me bounced 5 or 6 eggs off my head.

1010 -- I was forced to kiss the baby’s belly which had a piece of raw liver tied across it and my face was mashed into it and kept there a short time. I was then hosed down with cold sea water again and told I was a Polar Bear.

1015 -- I threw my clothes overboard and tried to clean up. The ship went back to regular routine as we headed on to Cape Dyer.
Some photos you may print:

**Eastwind leads a cargo ship out of ice field**

**Eskimo mother and daughters**
Still the largest animal in polar region

Eastwind heads into ice field to assist ships
CHAPTER EIGHT

Schmidtman, R D Captain of Eastwind '58-'60

It was my pleasure to command the Eastwind W279 on Polar expeditions
USCGC EASTWIND (WAGB-279)

The EASTWIND story begins in San Pedro, California on 3 June 1944. On this date, the Coast Guard Icebreaker destined for nearly 20 polar cruises was commissioned, and took her place in the Coast Guard's already expanding fleet.

On 14 July 1944, she completed her shakedown cruise, and joined her first of many task forces, setting course for Balboa, Canal Zone. Approximately a month later, the EASTWIND arrived at her designated home port -- Boston, Massachusetts.

On her first assignment, taking her to Northeast Greenland, she fought her first obstacle -- ten foot thick ice! While in this closely packed "pan" ice, she rescued two men in a small boat lost from a patrol, and conducted ice surveillance work.

The period 1 to 15 October 1944, is perhaps the most memorable in the EASTWIND's war history. During those 15 days, a German Weather Station in Greenland was captured, yielding valuable documents, as well as
an expeditionary vessel working in conjunction with the Weather Station.

Her World War II history continues along a similar path, with work in thick polar ice, locating various enemy infiltrations.

In 1946 and 1947, the EASTWIND's active peacetime usage went "full ahead" in earnest. During that year, the Icebreaker made four trips to Greenland. In 1948, she opened the ice-bound Hudson River, alleviating serious supply shortages in the upstate communities.

From 1949 to 1950, the EASTWIND underwent emergency repairs, and from 1950 to 1954, made numerous and varied trips to the northern and Arctic regions.

The year 1955 marked the EASTWIND's first OPERATION DEEP FREEZE, and she left Boston on 1 November, arriving back home on 9 May 1956.

Two months later, she pointed her bow northward as part of the Military Sea Transport Service (MSTS) re-supply convoy to our northern defense outposts, and has participated in these Arctic operations in each succeeding year.
EASTWIND's "VITAL STATISTICS"

LENGTH ...................... 269 feet overall
BEAM ........................ Max. 63 Ft. 6 In.
DRAFT ....................... Normal - 25 Ft. 6 In.
                     Max. - 29 Ft. 1 In.
DISPLACEMENT ............. Normal - 5,300 Tons
                     Max. - 6,515 Tons
CRUISING SPEED ........... Normal - 14 Knots
                     Max. - 16 Knots
POWER PLANT ............... Diesel Electric
                     (six engines)
HORSEPOWER ............... Max. of 10,000 on
                     2 propellers aft.
CRUISING RADIUS ........... 10,800 miles
ICE-BELT PLATING ........... 1 5/8" thick
PERSONNEL COMPLEMENT ..... 15 Officers
                     182 Enlisted

In addition, the EASTWIND carries enough supplies for a 12-month operating period. Her healing and trimming tanks, used to keep the ship constantly in motion during icebreaking, have a 717 ton water capacity, which can be shifted from port to starboard tanks in three minute cycles.
"OPERATION DEEPFREEZE 1960"

The EASTWIND launched her second participation in "DEEPFREEZE" activities on 1 December 1959, when she departed her Castle Island Terminal berth in Boston, Mass., enroute to the Antarctic.

The first day and night at sea were relatively calm and serene, but on 3 and 4 December, the seas began churning, with wind and rain. By 4 December the ship was rolling violently and during the night, oil drums broke loose on the flight deck, causing considerable damage to the two Navy helicopters aboard.

From 5 December until our arrival at the U. S. Naval Station in Rodman, Canal Zone, the flight crew worked continuously to repair their damaged "helos", while the ship's crew repaired storm damage to the ship. On 8 December the ship anchored in Limon Bay, Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, and at 5:04 that night, proceeded through the Panama Canal, arriving at Rodman Naval Station on the Pacific side at 1:48 the following morning.
Liberty was granted, fresh supplies taken aboard, and on 11 December, the EASTWIND was underway to Port Lyttelton, New Zealand, via the Great Circle route, gathering hydrographic data enroute.

Normal routine prevailed throughout the ship, until 13 December, when the EASTWIND crossed the Equator and "Neptunis Rex" and his Royal Court make their appearance aboard. After welcoming all his trusty "Shellbacks" into his royal domain, he and his court initiated all "Pollywogs" into the solemn mysteries of the Ancient Deep.

Christmas Day was observed aboard ship in the traditional manner, with Christmas Dinner, trimmed tree, presents, and a Christmas Party. On 28 December, the EASTWIND crossed the International Date Line, losing one full day, but gaining admittance to the "Order of the Royal Dragon".

New Year's Eve was celebrated in New Zealand, as the ship docked at Port Lyttelton at 4:45 p.m., that afternoon. The next seven days were spent in port enjoying the hospitality and beauty of New Zealand, and
On 7 January 1960, the EASTWIND shifted her colors for the trek to Antarctica.

The first sighting of an iceberg occurred on 11 January, and the EASTWIND's "shutterbugs" were busily at work recording the event. On 12 January, the first attempt at taking data on an oceanographic station failed because of heavy seas. On 13 January, three EASTWIND men became the first men in 58 years to touch down on historic Scott Island in the Ross Sea, when they flew from the ship to the island by helicopter. During their expedition, the EASTWIND conducted soundings around the island, gathering useful hydrographic and navigational data.

On 14 January, the ship entered a field of broken field and brash ice, taking more oceanographic samples.

Our rendezvous with the USNS TOWLE was on 15 January, and, after receiving our first mail delivery at sea -- back to more oceanographic stations! !

The period 18 through 25 January was spend in
McMurdo Sound, assisting the TOWLE in offloading their cargo, keeping the channel free of ice, and unloading arctic diesel fuel, pumped aboard at Port Lyttelton for the Naval Air Facility at McMurdo. On 26 January, 23 manned oceanographic stations off Marble Point in McMurdo Sound, and, 27 January through the end of the month, the EASTWIND was busy in McMurdo Channel, keeping the route to the Naval Air Facility open and usable.

Another page in Coast Guard history was written on 30 January, when two EASTWIND volunteers became the first Coast Guardsmen to land at the South Pole. The two men were selected from practically an all-crew volunteer ship, to work with an inter-service working party there in offloading supplies and equipment at the South Pole Station.

The first two days of February were spent preparing for our trip to Cape Hallett, and on the 2nd, the EASTWIND escorting the USS ARNES as Task Force 43.1.1. departed McMurdo, arriving at Hallett Station the following evening.
From 2 to 5 February, the EASTWIND assisted the ARNEB to complete her amphibious cargo offloading operations in a record-breaking 52 hours, setting a new Antarctic record for resupply of this station.

On 6 February, the EASTWIND and ARNEB transitted the west side of Coulman Island between the island and Lady Newnes Ice Shelf, being the first ships to do so in 36 years.

Both ships returned to McMurdo on 8 February, and after escorting the ARNEB into McMurdo and positioning her against the ice for cargo unloading, the EASTWIND then broke the USNS TUMBLE free of ice for her return to Port Lyttelton, New Zealand.

The HMNZS ENDEAVOUR, after being replenished with fuel and water, was broken free and towed to open water, and in similar fashion, the ARNEB was towed out the same day.

From then until 24 February the EASTWIND continued her solitary vigil of keeping McMurdo Channel navigable, as well as manning oceanographic stations, flying photo-reconnaissance missions, standing by
for Search and Rescue duty, and supporting local oceanographic activities.

On 24 February, the EASTWIND rendezvoused with the USNS ALATNA, and after receiving 35 bags of eagerly awaited mail, escorted her to the YOG refueling basin at McMurdo. After three days of unloading operations, the EASTWIND escorted the ALATNA out of the ice to open water.

The last official act of the EASTWIND for OPERATION DEEPFREEZE 60 was on 27 February when cargo was off-loaded by helicopter at Hallett Station. During this operation the HUL was damaged extensively when she landed hard ashore due to a motor failure. Fortunately no one was injured. The HUL was dismantled and brought back to the EASTWIND on the LCVP about three hours later.

Thus, the final act of "OPERATION DEEPFREEZE" was completed, and the United States Coast Guard Icebreaker EASTWIND, after some 60 days at sea in the Antarctic ice, pointed her bow homeward.
Captain Schmidtman & XO
OFFICER COMPLEMENT

Commanding Officer

CDR F. H. BOOLE – Beverly, Mass.
Executive Officer

LCDR D. W. DeFOREST – Beverly, Mass.
Operations Officer

Engineer Officer

LT R. O. HAUCHEY – Brooklyn, New York


LTJG A. K. BRIER – Staten Island, New York

LTJG L. J. ALBERT – Wethersfield, Conn.


LTJG C. M. HOLLAND – Belmont, Mass.

ENS J. W. COSTE, Jr. – Savannah, Ga.


ENS J. D. SIPES – Alexandria, Virginia

CHSPCK W-3 R. L. BARNETT – Daphne, Ala.


SAS H. E. McGUIRE – White Plains, New York
Medical Officer (USPHS)
ADS(R) C. W. KENNEY - Paris, Kentucky
Dental Officer (USPHS)

LT B. L. MEAUX - Silver Spring, Maryland
PIO Representative - CG Headquarters

NAVY OFFICERS

LTJG D. J. DUNNE - Toms River, New Jersey
Helicopter Pilot

LTJG F. M. DREESSEN - Beachwood, New Jersey
Helicopter Pilot

LTJG J. S. CARTER - New York, New York
Helicopter Pilot

CIVILIANS

Mr. Graeme W. McKINNON - Melbourne, Australia
Australian Observer

Mr. Daitaro SHOJI - Tokyo, Japan
Japanese Observer

Mr. Lloyd W. WILSON - Washington, D. C.
Oceanographer

ENLISTED PERSONNEL

CPO's

T. J. BARRY, QMC - Waverly, New York

E. A. BLACKBURN, EMC - Fall River, Mass.

J. BRADFORD, RMC - Holbrook, Mass.
O. W. BRANNON, BMC(P) – Akron, Colorado
D. C. FARNSWORTH, ENC(AN) – Bristol, Rhode Island
J. E. GRIFFIN, ENC – Colfax, Louisiana
D. V. KEOUGH, RDC – South Boston, Mass.
M. C. NETT, CSCM – Malden, Mass.
G. E. PALMER, SKC – Leon, Iowa
W. A. STOUT, ETC – Hingham, Mass.
I. G. ADAMS, QMC (NAVY) – Norfolk, Virginia

FIRST CLASS

S. N. BAKER, Jr., PT1 – Norwell, Mass.
M. H. BROWN, EML – Hudson, New Hampshire
A. B. CANFIELD, GML – Wolfboro Falls, New Hampshire
O. W. BRANNON, BMC(P) - Akron, Colorado
D. C. Farnsworth, ENC(AN) - Bristol, Rhode Island
J. E. Griffin, ENC - Colfax, Louisiana
J. K. Jenkins, DCC - Rockland, Mass.
D. V. KEOUGH, RDC - South Boston, Mass.
M. C. NETT, GSCM - Malden, Mass.
G. E. Palmer, SKC - Leon, Iowa
R. L. Pugh, AGC(AC) - Rowley, Mass.
J. C. Roberts, ENC - Swampscott, Mass.
P. E. Shanklin, YNC - Whitman, Mass.
W. A. Stout, ETC - Hingham, Mass.
I. G. Adams, QMC (NAVY) - Norfolk, Virginia

FIRST CLASS

S. N. Baker, Jr., PT1 - Norwell, Mass.
M. H. Brown, BML - Hudson, New Hampshire
A. B. Canfield, GML - Wolfboro Falls, New Hampshire
O. W. BRANNON, BMC(P) - Akron, Colorado
D. C. FARNSWORTH, ENC(AN) - Bristol, Rhode Island
J. E. GRIFFIN, ENC - Colfax, Louisiana
D. V. KEOUGH, RDC - South Boston, Mass.
M. C. NETT, CSCM - Malden, Mass.
G. E. PALMER, SKC - Leon, Iowa
J. C. ROBERTS, ENC - Swampscott, Mass.
C. RUSSELL, ENC - Roxbury, Mass.
P. E. SHANKLIN, YNC - Whitman, Mass.
W. A. STOUT, ETC - Hingham, Mass.
I. G. ADAMS, QMC (NAVY) - Norfolk, Virginia

FIRST CLASS

S. N. BAKER, Jr., PT1 - Norwell, Mass.
M. H. BROWN, EML - Hudson, New Hampshire
A. B. CANFIELD, CML - Wolfeboro Falls, New Hampshire
G. W. CARBONEAU, ET1 - Westfield, Mass.
D. T. DODD, EN1 - Lost Creek, West Virginia
M. B. FELDER, DO1 - Boston, Mass.
J. L. GARDNER, Jr., RD1 - Dorchester, Mass.
L. L. JACKSON, EN1 - Boston, Mass.
W. L. ODOM, SD1 - Roxbury, Mass.
D. D. PHROPHEHT, EN1 - Avon, North Carolina
P. R. SHELDON, RM1 - Leominster, Mass.
R. I. SMITH, EN1 - Inglewood, California
R. I. YOUNG, QM1 - Orleans, Mass.

SECOND CLASS
J. H. BANARES, SD2 - Manila, Philippines
J. J. CANFIELD, RM2 - South Portland, Maine.
R. M. DECPAMPUS, SK2 - Hialeah, Florida
S. DISTENFELD, RM2 - Brooklyn, New York
M. GUILLONTA, EM2 - Bronx, New York
E. HARDING, Jr., CS2 - Boston, Mass.
J. P. HIGGINS, EM2 - Sheffield, Mass.
G. W. CARBONEAU, ET1 - Westfield, Mass.
D. T. DODD, EN1 - Lost Creek, West Virginia
M. B. FELDER, DL1 - Boston, Mass.
J. L. GARDNER, Jr., RD1 - Dorchester, Mass.
L. L. JACKSON, EN1 - Boston, Mass.
W. L. ODOM, SD1 - Roxbury, Mass.
D. D. PHROPHET, EN1 - Avon, North Carolina
P. R. SHELDON, RM1 - Leominster, Mass.
R. I. SMITH, EN1 - Inglewood, California
R. I. YOUNG, QM1 - Orleans, Mass.

SECOND CLASS
J. H. BANARES, SD2 - Manila, Philippines
J. J. CANFIELD, RM2 - South Portland, Maine.
R. M. DECAMBUS, SK2 - Hialeah, Florida
S. DISTENFIELD, RM2 - Brooklyn, New York
M. GUILLONTA, EM2 - Bronx, New York
E. HARDING, Jr., CS2 - Boston, Mass.
J. P. HIGGINS, EM2 - Sheffield, Mass.
R. A. BELLOPATTO, RM3 - Natick, Mass.
D. P. BIZAL, SK3 - Hopkins, Minn.
M. M. BRYDEN, SK3 - Edmond, Oklahoma
J. H. BURDICK, GM3 - Detroit, Michigan
G. R. CHARTIER, QM3 - Danielson, Conn.
J. G. CLOUGH, CS3 - Groton, Vermont
C. E. CROWELL, CS3 - South Yarmouth, Mass.
R. P. DUCEY, ET3 - Jackson Hghts., New York
D. L. ELLIS, EM3 - Boston, Mass.
T. W. FOLEY, XN3 - Springfield, Mass.
D. J. FOY, BM3 - St. Louis, Missouri
J. E. GARAFALO, EN3 - Styvesant, New York
E. T. GIFFIN, AG3 - Gibbsboro, New Jersey
H. P. GRIGGS, CS3 - Darlington, South Carolina
P. R. GULLIKSON, SK3 - No. Reading, Mass.
R. L. HAHN, EN3 - Miami, Florida
L. W. HALL, CS3 - Nashville, Georgia
C. E. HOLT, ET3 - Natick, Mass.

Sorry I do not have the names and rates below third class.
Welcome Aboard the Eastwind

That's All Folks!
“First U.S. Coastguardsman Ever to Set Foot on the South Pole”

January 31st 1960 was a day when Coast Guard history was made and I became its first member ever to set foot at the South Pole, Antarctica.

My adventure of a lifetime was part of “Operation Deepfreeze ‘60”, the joint task force of the Navy and Coast Guard to continue logistic support for the scientific undertakings and the resupply of the Antarctic stations including South Pole, Byrd and the Naval Air facility at McMurdo Sound. The event captured worldwide attention and was written up in newspapers across the globe.

AS we left Boston on the Eastwind December 1, 1959, I never imagined I would be chosen by the Engineering Officer, Lt. Philip C. Lutzi and Captain Richard D. Schmidtman (later Admiral) to represent the entire U.S. Coast Guard in this endeavor.

The ship was in the ice at McMurdo Sound when all interested crewmembers were asked to place their names in a hat for a drawing to go to the South Pole. Almost everyone wanted to go, so I thought I’d never have a chance to win, so I didn’t sign up and went to bed. I was awakened at 0200 and told to report to the Engineering Office where I received the exciting news. It would be a 700 mile air trip from McMurdo to the South Pole Station where I would assist in the construction of new buildings and with the airlift resupply missions. Time was running out before the harsh Antarctic winter settled in bringing 24 hours of darkness. The station crew needed help badly and right away.

I left the ship at 0400 on January 30th for McMurdo in one of the Eastwind’s “big horse” helicopters. It was there I met up with the 7 man Navy crew and where I was fitted with special Antarctic survival gear. Because of poor weather, we were delayed until the next day when we finally got off at 0900. The plane I boarded was an Air Force turbo prop Hercules C-130 cargo with a crew of 7. We were now on the last leg of our trip to the Pole. This was the first year this type of aircraft was used in the Antarctic. Several of these planes were delivering tons of cargo, equipment and mail. This flight was one of the last until next November when summer began.
The plane took off on skis rocking from side to side on the snow covered runway until we were in the air when the flight became bumpy and shaky throughout the entire time. When we asked where the parachutes were, we were told they were for cargo only and to pull freight out of the plane when necessary. Also, that the temperature outside the plane was 123 degrees below zero F, so cold that we would freeze to death before hitting the ground. If that wasn’t enough they added no one could get to us in time anyway! I began very quickly to have great respect for the hostile climate.

There was nothing to do now but sleep until we began circling the Pole. Visibility was nil from two miles up but it was thrilling to be there just the same. The landing was very rough and scary. We all hung on and were shaken up. We were relieved when the plane finally stopped. As I looked out the windows I could see some construction equipment, barrels of fuel and scientific instruments all covered with snow and ice. There was no color anywhere, everything was white as far as the eye could see.

The C/O from the base boarded the aircraft to greet and welcome us and to decide in what order we would disembark. He determined I was senior in rank and would be the first out of the plane, thus becoming the first Coast Guardsman to set foot at the South Pole Station. Following this protocol, the entire crew got busy unloading the cargo. This is usual procedure for all those arriving with supplies for those bases and it has to be done in a hurry because these planes stay on the ground for only 5 to 10 minutes before taking off again due to limited fuel. I do remember they carried extra fuel just in case they needed it because my feet were resting on the tank during the flight, That’s the way it was done in those days.

I could now see the base was completely underground, accessible by way of a ramp of compacted snow. It consisted of five or six prefab wooden structures which included a galley, head, machinery storage area, scientific research building and one which served as living quarters for the “wintering over party”. They numbered about 19 or 20 and were made up of officers, enlisted men and scientists/
I was escorted into the base by the C/O who had invited me to sign the official log. This would document I was the first Coast Guard member there, Chow was next and was it good. Prepared by a specially trained Navy chef, he was also the Recreation Officer stationed at the Pole for a year. After setting up my cot and sleeping bag in the hallway of the living quarters I went right to work. Daylight lasted 24 hours now and we needed to take advantage of it! There was so much to do, we worked 10 to 14 hours or more for four days. By evening I was cold and tired. I could hardly wait until I could jump into my sleeping bag to keep warm for the night. Some of the crew would heat their sleeping bags in front of the diesel furnace before they got into them.

My first job was helping to construct new underground quarters. This began with a foundation of planks, screws and steel girders. All together we used 176 10ft 2x4’s, 5 wood beams and huge amounts of plywood for each dwelling. These Antarctic buildings which are precut, are joined by nuts, bolts and special snaps or clips. I also assisted with unloading supplies for use in the Antarctic Research Program when the planes arrived. Along with other building projects, etc., I worked as hard as I ever had in my life. I guess the thought of total darkness coming soon and temperatures dropping even more making it impossible for planes to get in or out must have spurred me on.

The building went on at breakneck speed, it was exhausting. Projects went on until we came to the last one, the erection of a “Safe Room”, separate from the other dwellings which could be used in case of fire or if the living quarters became unlivable. We located it a safe distance from the main base. With everyone pulling together and ten men working double shifts, we finished the work late into the evening of our last day.

It was February 3rd at 2200 when I finally got to the Pole itself. Located about 100 yards from the base, my trip there climaxed when I was transported around the South Pole on a wooden sled pulled by a bulldozer crossing every meridian of longitude thus theoretically circumnavigating the world in 7 minutes. I also walked “Around the World” in a matter of 17 seconds. It was quite an experience and an honor to be there.

Another memorable experience was drinking water which was thousands of years old from the “Ice Hole”. The scientists have studied it and estimate it has great historical significance. Markers on one of its walls indicate periods such as 1800, 1900, WWI and II, Holy Roman Empire, the Egyptians and King Tut to name a few.

The hole was barely big enough to get into surrounded by thick ice walls, layers that had been accumulating over time. I spooned out a little in a cup from the time of Jesus on earth, brought it up where it was boiled for me and I drank it. This was a profound experience to think I actually drank water estimated from the time of Christ.
Following a complete tour of the station facilities and discussions with the “wintering over” personnel, I was awarded the “Around the World” certificate by the scientific staff to show their appreciation for helping them out. They thanked us too with a great farewell party. It was a lot of fun.

I worked until the plane took off at 1130 the next day heading back to the ship. It had been rough duty working in the bitterly cold, barren and lonely land. The base was warm but when I thought of the Eastwind and its facilities, it seemed like luxurious duty compared to this. I was looking forward to getting back. I wondered if there was any other place in the world where refrigerators were used to keep food warm?

I’ve asked myself how could this be me if the most memorable experiences of my life, to go to such a desolate and cold place, work myself to the bone and came away feeling so good about it. Well, I still do and always will. It was a profound life experience! I will never forget. I often think how many people on this planet ever had the opportunity I had in 1960 to set foot at the South Pole, Antarctica and make Coast Guard history.

Carl R. Fetton, SN of North Easton, MA, the lucky Eastwind crewman to win the ship’s drawing accompanied me on this historic journey.

When I see documentaries re: the South Pole, it brings back memories but now it looks like a country club compared to the primitive setting in 1960. I learned a good deal from this assignment, taught others about it and know I don’t want to go back. Once was enough and I’ll never forget it. It was great!
Raymond T. Angleton, EM3, Natick, MA, Eastwind Crewmen 1958-60
Semper Paratus!
Questionnaire/copyright release for publisher:

Dear Eastwind Shipmates, May I impose on your good nature to fill out the short form below and return with any photos of yourself at work or play during your tour of duty. Prefer "head snapshot" in jpg or USPS PLEASE PRINT.

Name: Thomas Brodeur

Rate/Rank: Seaman 1 Class

Served on Eastwind from: 6-1959 - To: 5-1960

Duty stations on ship: _Seaman

Ribbons,, Stars and Medals:

Served under Captains: - R. D. Schmidman

An account of your life aboard, your duties, your memories and reflections. Be they humorous, happy or sad, all are part of the history of a great ship. Please PRINT on back and any additional pages you need for your "honor pages".

Scan to email is acceptable w/signature

Please sign to signify your release of copyright.

Signature: Signed graphics not visible on this page.
The Eastwind was delayed in her departure from Antarctica. Some of the guys took this picture of the ice mountains and the sky. While we awaited renewed sailing orders. A seaman’s job is to keep the ship safe, clean and ready for any operations. Semper Paratus.
I served on the Eastwind from June 1958 to September 1960

I was part of the “Bridge Gang” during my service on the “Mighty ‘E’” later became a Police Officer, Sgt., of Connecticut’s Finest. I retired and am still a part of Troop D, Danielson, Connecticut Safety Division.

It doesn’t say Kindness and Sympathy on the badge
On the 7th of August 1959 at approx 62 degrees west by 68 degrees North in the Davis Strait, (If I remember right 41 years later), about 0400 in the morning, light of course due to the North Latitude. It was extremely foggy and we were crawling along using surface radar to avoid the numerous bergs in the vicinity. As I remember it the O.D. instructed the helmsman to steer toward what he thought was an open channel; but which as it turned out was a berg large enough to present itself as only a thin reflection on the surface radar scope and blocking everything behind it so that it appeared to be an open channel.

We hit the berg on the port side of the ship slightly forward of the 3.50 gun mount. The ship rolled to starboard 50 or more degrees, then slid off the berg. With in a few seconds everyone in the forward berthing compartment was on deck! One idiot was yelling “Abandon Ship!”

As it turned out we punched a good sized hole in the hull. But directly behind the hole was an empty fuel tank which contained the sea water we had taken on. All of the above is from memory so it probably is not 100% accurate. If you have access to the ship’s logs, however you will find it on that date and time. Captain Schmidtman was the C.O. at the time.

Another bit of Eastwind trivia for you if you don't already know it. In December of 1959, while enroute to the Antarctic from Christ Church NZ we stopped at a godforsaken woebegone chunk of rock named Scott’s Island. I don’t even know if its on most maps or charts of the Southern Ocean buts it’s there and aircraft (helo) from the Wind made the first aircraft landing ever on that rock. Should be in the logs. It’s a piece of nautical trivia that will fade into obscurity (probably rightly so) if its not mentioned in your book. Still working on reviewing my photos to select a couple for you..
Work party on ice, Mt Erebus in the background

Jack Gardner, Louis LaRotta, Al Henry Hudson
Leading cargo ship through ice

Delayed Departure Anarctica
towing cargo ship through ice
Just a reminder of the rough water that challenges anyone’s ability to navigate the decks of an icebreaker.

Photos Courtesy: "Gerard Chartier" <dawnger@webtv.net>
Foy, Dennis BM 3c

Dennis Foy served aboard Eastwind from October 1959 to October 1960. He also received a commendation award for his special assignment to the Navy hydrographic Team on that cruise, by USN Captain G. Vining.

Photo courtesy of the cruise book 1959-1960
The Eastwind left home port early December 1959 and went to the Panama Canal, then to New Zealand. She arrived at Mc Murdo in January 1960. She cleared the channel and off loaded supplies and mail. She then led the cargo ship Arneb to Cape Hallett in February. She completed her oceanographic and departed for Australia.

I have written to Dennis for more details, no answer to date.
I served on the “Mighty ‘E’” from April 1959 to October 1960.
Eastwind does a slow back down from pier heading for Antarctica
Photos provided by James Dodge.
LaRiccia, Louis, RD 2c

I went aboard the Eastwind, W279 in Boston in the spring of 1958; and left the fall of 1960 as RD 2c. Made two cruises North and One South. Looked over both poles and decided to leave them where they are! <Grin> Most of this time was under commanding officer Captain Richard D. Schmidtman, a real great skipper.

I used to have logs of all the ports of call but they have been lost in moves over the years. But I have www.switchboard!
1959 ARCTIC RE-SUPPLY

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<th>Date</th>
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<td>21 September</td>
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<td>2051</td>
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Finally found this document after a lot of searching. It was typed on the CIC compartment typewriter for the ship's log. Most of the mimeographed sheets are unreadable now due to fading. This was typewritten and survived well.
On-Line People Tracing
by Louie LaRiccia

Eastwind's "Mr. Kean, Tracer of Lost Persons" On August 7, 1998, at the Coast Guard Academy get-together, Jane Brier, wife of our fearless leader, asked me to write a piece on how we have been able to find many of our shipmates by use of the Internet. I agreed to divulge my long-held secrets to the masses. After the mini-reunion festivities were complete and Al Hudson and I were at his home in Wethersfield, Connecticut, we got to discussing this very matter. A. K. Brier had given me a list of original crewmembers when the Eastwind was commissioned on June 3, 1944, Al Hudson had queried before as to the tactics of a "tracer of lost persons," so we sat before his 233 MB, 64 MB RAM, 56 KPS Modem with 17" SVGA monitor and proceeded.

Once we were properly logged on-line we forged ahead to <http://www.switchboard.com>. Now, for those who are not computer literate, this is the Website for a free nationwide telephone directory. We perused the Eastwind roster aforementioned and, realizing that this was a 54-year-old list and the people in question would be anywhere from 71 Years of age to the mid 90s, we dauntlessly continued.
Now, understand that this roster is alphabetical by last name, with the first and middle initials only_. Thus, a name such as J. A. Smith is senseless to try to locate, for obvious reasons - there are too many of them out there! - so we picked a V. R. Mordaunt as our test. Once onto 'switchboard' we selected 'find people' and typed in the last name and the first initial, then 'search.' In about ten seconds a list of eight possibilities throughout the nation came up. Six were immediately rejected as being women. The last two showed a V. Mordaunt and a Vernon R. Mordaunt in Ogden, Utah. Since Vernon's middle initial was the same as the person we were seeking, we decided to give him a call. BINGO! It took all of one minute and thirty seconds. He was very happy to hear from us and allowed that he had enlisted in the Coast Guard in 1941. I told him that I wasn't quite two years old at the time of his enlistment. We had a pleasant chat, and he is awaiting our information package.

It is not always this easy, however. If there are a lot of listings for one name, I will usually try calling the ones with a New England location first, since the odds are that we came from or have settled in the northeast. Sometimes I have to search the name with just the first initial since some people don't use their middle initial
in a phone listing. Sometimes listings are in a wife's name, and if there are only a few we may still find the person. Persistence does pay off.

I usually do the searching a few evenings a week and jot the information in preparation for Friday, when I make the calls. This is when the fun begins. My batting average will usually run about .350 - three to four out of ten will be hits. A miss is quickly dismissed when I ask if 'John Q.'s (Name) was in the Coast Guard in 19xx and he says an immediate "no." But, if there is a three-to-five-second pause - we found him! Then a 20-to-30-minute conversation ensues. I have even had a couple of guys call me back to talk some more! I have yet to have anyone say, "Ya, I served on her and I don't want to discuss it!"

Nearly everyone gives me leads on others who served aboard. This is why newly located rosters are so important in our quest. Without them we eventually reach a point where we have exhausted all leads and the only names left are the J. A. Smiths.

We welcome any and all rosters from any of you! For your information...

Sailing Lists we have are as follows: 6/03/44 Plankowners: Dec 12, 44 Going North WWII; 26 June'51 Arctic East; 27 Nov'52 Thanksgiving on-board; 26 June'54 Arctic Cruise; Depart Dec '54 for Deepfreeze 1 (1955), 01 Jan'60 Deepfreeze'60; Deepfreeze'61 Around the World; 19Sep'61 Deepfreeze'62; Arctic OPNS EAST '65 (alpha wt NOK addresses; 8 Mar '65 (DF'65) returning; 23 Feb'66 Deepfreeze'66 (returning) including Scientific personnel; Deepfreeze'67; 16 Oct'68 enroute St. Lawrence to Great Lakes. If you, shipmate, have any additional sailing lists, please send us copies so we can locate your mates!
This photo taken summer 1959 Starboard wing of the bridge
The heavy ice field in background is near Thule, Greenland
Three guys cleaning the bridge for Captain’s Inspection.
It gets kinda warm when the ship gets close to Panama,
So they decided to work in their skivvies.

Louie and wife Vicky at the 2001 Boston Reunion

EASTWIND KNOWS NO BARRIER

365
No matter how heavy the sea, the Eastwind prevailed!

Louis LaRiccia, Semper Paratus
HI Warren,

My tour of duty on Eastwind was, for the most, routine. I appreciate the experiences of passing through the Panama Canal, becoming a Shellback, seeing New Zealand, Australia, American Samoa and spending almost two months in the ice at the bottom of the world. Still, I saw no more than did the rest of the crew.

I'll be satisfied with just the photo.

Thank you for having such a great interest in Eastwind.

Ray_
Rogers, Richard, RM 1c

I am from Glen Cove, Long Island, New York. I joined the USCG straight out of high school, about 1957. I went to RM school in Groton Conn. after boot camp in Cape May. I joined the CASCO out of Boston, Ma. and the first trip was a cadet cruise.

Volunteered for “Deep Freeze” aboard the Eastwind in 1959 and did two and a half trips. I met my wife Glenda, while the Eastwind was in Sydney Australia on the first trip and we got married in New Zealand on the third trip south.
I left the ship in New Zealand after the ice in 1962 and flew home with my wife courtesy of the Navy on a C54 back from the ice. We went via Hawaii and California. We stayed in Boston until I finished my tour (at Boston Radio NMF) then came back to Australia.
This photo taken by RAN personnel at Garden Island, Sydney, Australia in 1960. I am not good at computer stuff yet, so I scanned it jpg and winzipped it to you. Hope you can unzip it. Dinky-Di Aussie, Dick.

Those days were bad for “Yanks”- if you weren’t a British subject they didn’t give you much chance here. I got a job building radio transmitters for welding PVC plastic and had to go back to school to get a British commonwealth radio certificate. Once I finished that I got a job with Overseas Telecommunication Commission as a radio officer on Australian Coast Stations- I spent twelve years at Townsville Radio VIT.

Up there we grew horses and cattle as a side line, I lost heaps of money and me and the head stockman (cowboy) used to drink a carton of XXXX stubbies a day. I got pretty crocked on the grog. We did a fair bit of cattle duffing, (rustling) to keep us in grog and put meat on the table. We seen a Mexican movie one time where the stockmen (cowboys) used to gallop alongside the cattle flat out and pull them over by their tails. We employed that method using me on a horse, who had tons of cow sense and the boss in the ute. We knocked over a fair few head that way. It’s a pretty rough and ready life being a stockman in North Queensland in those days!
Zipperer, R.E., RM-1c

Warren,

Just a line or two to let you know that I am interested in making it into your book about the Coast Guard Cutter Eastwind. I am taking the liberty of sending you a few pictures of me while I was on the Eastwind.
The polar bear skin was hanging on a wire at a Hudson Bay trading post. The Northwest Mounted Police involves a little story. He was all spit and polish and I asked him why he was so concerned about being so particular about his dress, and he told me "tradition my boy, tradition".

I started out on the deck force on the Wind. I then got the opportunity to strike for Radar. I was eventually promoted to second class. Louie LaRiccia was my best friend aboard ship. We really had lots of laughs together. I know you probably won't be able to print this in your book, but Louie used to take his cigarette lighter and light off his gas. I'll not ever forget that.

Walcott, in the other picture was, on the Eastwind with me. If I'm not mistaken, he was from New Bedford Mass. I went home with him once and he took me woodchuck hunting. Both of us wound up falling asleep out in the field.
I remember one time we were going into Thule Greenland and it used to be that the quartermaster would get on the light and signal to shore as we entered the harbor. The person receiving the message from us would just hold his light on all the time, letting us know he was reading the message as fast as it was being sent. Well the next patrol up there, they hooked up a key to the light like a radioman would use. They sent the message slow at first, then gradually increased the speed. Their man kept his light on all the time until our quartermaster increased the speed so fast with the radio key, their man was unable to read the message. We all got a big kick out of that because they thought they were so much better than us. I really don't know if their man was Army or Air Force. I guess that being on the East Wind was one of the greatest moments of my lifetime, and I am so proud to have sailed on the East Wind.

I saw whales, walrus, seals, and once the helicopter off the Wind ran a polar bear near the ship so that the crew could take pictures. I remember once we had a woman who was part Danish and part Eskimo come aboard to have a bad tooth fixed. The commanding officer put the word out that nobody was to get near her, as a common cold could be very dangerous to the Eskimos. I remember an Eskimo woman with a small baby, who was still nursing, would sit beside the ship for hours at the time. We would throw her fruit and cigarettes. I would never have thought she would stay out there that long in that freezing weather. The Eskimo men would be in their little skin boats, and they would flip Over and over with their flat paddles.

I saw beautiful greenish blue ice burgs, lily pad ice, growlers. We stopped once and had a beer party in Halifax Nova Scotia. I remember when I left the bar, I put about three dollars in quarters in the juke box and punched the same song. It was beat the bloody British in the battle of New Orleans. I'll bet they got sick of
that song in a hurry. The Canadian ships tied up next to us, and would get their rum allowance daily. They sure did like to rub it in. We had a Turkish ship tie up to us once, and we had to put rat guards on the hawser lines. Filthiest ship I ever saw in my life.

We once had an aircraft flying from Gander Newfoundland over seas radio us and tell us we were off our ocean station grid. They thought we were a weather ship that should have been on ocean station bravo. We certainly did enjoy talking to the stewardess. She was English. We sure did like her accent.

I remember once we lost a screw backing down. We had to have it repaired in Thule Greenland. We sure thought we were going to get frozen in. I remember we stopped and went to some small island to put up a RDF or Loran station, can't remember which. The whole island was covered with ducks and nests with eggs. The old man said if we stepped on the first egg, we would be court-marshaled. Well I guess I'll sign off for now. I'm sure I'll remember other things later on, but I guess this is enough.

I sure would like a copy of the book when you finish it. Hope to hear from you soon.

Photos donated by:

Robert Zipperer "GEECH"
I was born 27 July, 1913 NYC, NY

Dear Eastwind Shipmates,
May I impose on your good nature to fill out the
short form below and return with any photos of yourself
at work or play during your tour of duty. PLEASE PRINT.

Name: Joseph W. Naak, Jr.

Rate/Rank: Captain
Served on Eastwind from: May 1963 To: June 1965 (Approx.)

<IMPORTANT FOR TIME-LINE CONSTRUCTION OF BOOK>
Duty stations/ship(s): See attached sheet

Ribbons, Stars and Medals:

Served under Captain(s):
An account of your life aboard, your duties, your memories and
 reflections. Be they humorous, happy or sad, all are part of
the history of a great ship. Please PRINT on back and any
additional pages you need. Please fill out form and MAIL with
any photos and sea stories.

To: Warren D. Bonner, 222 N. Shasta St. Orange, Ca. 92869.
Phones: 714-639-0623, wdbonner@pacbell.net or ICQ 17773628
Please sign to signify your release of copyright.

Signature:
If deceased by family member: Joseph Naak (Sr.)
After his two year tour in command of the Eastwind, he was transferred to the Thirteenth USCG District in Seattle, Washington, where he served as District Engineer for two years, 1962 - 1964.

He was expecting transfer to Alaska as Chief of Staff of the Coast Guard District there, when he had a heart attack in 1964 and was retired against his wishes on medical disability. He died of complications following a stroke in December of 1980. He had eight Medals for his service.
THE ATLANTIC COMMAND
AND UNITED STATES ATLANTIC FLEET
HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

Commendation

The Commander in Chief U.S. Atlantic Fleet takes pleasure in commending

Captain Joseph W. Naab, Jr.
United States Coast Guard

for meritorious achievement in the performance of his duties as set forth below:

CITATION

"For meritorious achievement in the performance of his duties as Commanding Officer, USCGC EASTWIND (WAGB-279) with the U.S. Naval Support Force, Antarctica during Operation DEEP FREEZE 61. Captain Naab, exercising a high degree of professional skill and leadership, skillfully maneuvered his ship to assist cargo ships to remain moored to the ice at McMurdo Base in the Antarctic when unexpected high winds threatened to part their moorings, thereby preventing possible hoiling and serious damage to the large vessels. He also participated in the amphibious and aerial resupply of Hallett Station, Antarctic late in the austral season, where, despite arduous weather conditions, he assisted in landing sufficient supplies to sustain the scientific effort at that station. His conduct, leadership, professional skill, and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

ROBERT L. DENNISON
Admiral, U.S. Navy
Commander in Chief U.S. Atlantic Fleet
UNCLAS.

1. A hearty well done to you and your officers and men for your vital contributions to the success of Operation Deep Freeze 61.

2. The fine spirit with which you undertook extended operations and the many assigned tasks some of which were beyond the normally expected capabilities of an icebreaker, has been inspirational.

3. It has been noted with great pride that the conduct of your crew ashore has at all times been exemplary and has gained both credit for the Navy and Coast Guard as well as many new friends for Operation Deep Freeze in New Zealand.

4. Once again "well done"

RAIM TYREE

TOR: 2341Z/22/MARCH/VIA ROYAL AUST NAVAL COMM/MSGR/-OB- TYPE:-RI-
OPERATOR'S RECORD INITIALS OF "ACTION" OFFICER
FROM

COMMNAVSUPFOR ANTARCTICA

TO (FOR ACTION) EMERGENCY "O"
USCGC EASTWIND OPERATIONAL IMMEDIATE "OP"
PRIORITY "P"
ROUTINE "R"

TO (FOR INFORMATION) DEFERRED "NM"
COMDT CCARD
CTG 43.1 EMERGENCY "O"
CCGONE OPERATIONAL IMMEDIATE "OP"
COMEASTAREA PRIORITY "P"

"ACTION" OFFICER INITIAL AND RETURN ORIGINAL TO RADIOROOM, RETAINING COPY

SECURITY CLASSIFICATION 379
We all owe a lot to Captains and Skippers who have to ride the rigors and make decisions for our safety each trip, be it to the north pole or the south pole, or around the world. Captain Naab was one of the best! His engineering background and skipper of many ships made all hands feel safe when he was in command. All knew he would complete the assigned duty triumphantly and safely.

Captain Naab was always Semper Paratus!
I served under Captains Nabb, 1961 to 1962 and Henry 1962 to 1963. Received the Antarctica Medal and ribbon.

I was assigned to Engine Room B-3 USCGC Eastwind W-279 after Boot Camp. My best memories are seeing all the places that we went in the world. Especially New Zealand. A beautiful country and friendly people. My one regret is not making a Arctic (North) Pole tour of duty, and not staying 10 years in the USCG to have made other Polar trips.

A funny thing that seemed to happen to everyone who forgot that a round bottomed Icebreaker rolled constantly at sea. That was the surprise the soda dispensing machine had in store for you. It was located in the Recreation compartment. You would put your coins in for a soda, push the brand button and note that the cup dropped into place. All the while talking to a buddy, and you got a shoe full of soda as the ship rolled off gravity center as the soda missed its intended cup.
I had my first root canal done on the Eastwind. That was scary at times as the ship rolled and pitched while the Dentist was doing his work. But it has lasted over thirty years. That Dentist really knew what he was doing.

Even though I was in the United States Coast Guard on active duty for ten years, I often wish I had put the next ten years in the Guard instead of the Army reserve. The best time of my military career was on the Eastwind... The Mighty "E"!

Signed: Carl A. Ballentine
**Critchley, Benjamin BM3c**


Ribbons, Stars, Medals: Antarctica Ribbon, Medal and 1 Star

Landing craft, bringing men and supplies ashore at South Pole. We punched a hole in the bow breaking through heavy fields of ice and had to be dispatched to Auckland, NZ for repairs.

Signed: Ben Critchley
I served aboard the Eastwind W279 under Captain Schmidtman, and Captain Naab. I later became Captain in rank.

Yes, I have some recollections of time aboard the USCGC Eastwind as Communications and Crypto Officer, Asst OPS ‘O’ Division Officer and Asst. Navigator. Also inveterate poker player. I was able to buy a new 1960 Buick upon release from ACDU with my poker winnings.

I came aboard in July 1958 as an ensign, and 24 months later, in June of 1960, I was a ‘world traveler’. I had been three times to the Arctic and through the Panama Canal. We stopped at Port Lyttleton, NZ enroute to McMurdo Sound Antarctica. We moored Port Lyttleton 1630 the 31st of December 1959, and I had the first in-port watch! But let me put some of these thoughts in chronological order.

In September 1958 we were ordered north to assist the Westwind escorting some Navy ships out of Thule, Greenland. Well we wound up moored aft of her at NOB Argentia, Newfoundland enroute home.
Questionnaire

Dear Eastwind Shipmates,
May I impose on your good nature to fill out the short form below and return with any photos of yourself at work or play during your tour of duty. Some examples are in sampler Chapter 1-1 Green Binder here on display for your convenience.

PLEASE PRINT.
Name: Allan K BRIER
Rate/Rank: Captain, USCG Retired
Served on Eastwind from: July 1958 To: June 1960
<IMPORTANT FOR TIME-LINE CONSTRUCTION OF BOOK>
Duty stations/ship(s): COTP BSN prior to CGC eastwind

Ribbons, Stars and Medals: Antarctic Service Ribbon
                                      Coast Guard Arctic Service Ribb
Served under Captain(s) Capt. Richard D Schmidtman
                                      Capt. Jos. W NAAB

An account of your life aboard, your duties, your memories and reflections. Be they humorous, happy or sad, all are part of the history of a great ship. Please PRINT on back any additional pages you need. Also check numbered photos and ID anyone you recognize for me. Please fill out form and MAIL with any photos and sea stories.
To: Warren D. Bonner, 222 N. Shasta St. Orange, Ca. 92869.
Phones: 714-639-0623, wdbonner@pacbell.net or ICQ:17773628
Please sign to signify your release of copyright.

Signature: 22 July 1999
Both crews went ‘uptown’ on liberty and at 2400 ‘cause it was snowing, each crew said that they had called for buss transport to get back to the ship. Well ONE buss showed up, ad that is when the fight began!

In February of 1959 we sailed for Harmon AFB, Stephenville, Newfoundland to effect AVGAS resupply to the AFB from a huge Navy tanker anchored outside in La Poille Bay. It would take between eighteen hours to eight days, depending upon the weather, to make a round trip. When we departed for this trip, one evaporator boiler was ‘down’. And the second night out, when the watch fell asleep, the second boiler became inoperative. No more showers for six weeks!

All the young officers cut their teeth on ice seamanship during that trip. It seemed that I invariably got to relieve one of them who remained stuck fast in the ice. On one occasion I too became ‘stuck’, but being a stubbornly proud ice pilot, I refused to be relieved until I broke the ship loose. One and one-half hours later when the ship finally began to slide back down, I turned to LTjg C M Holland and said, “I stand relieved, I'm late for lunch”.

In June 1959 we sailed north enroute to Thule AFB, Greenland. In the Davis straits we ran into another ‘Norther’ and steering 000 degrees for two watches, (engine speed fourteen knots) we ‘lost’ ten miles from where the storm first hit us. If I remember correctly that was the night the Executive Officer called to the bridge to find out which OOD it was who tossed him from his rack! It was I, Sir!

In route home in October we took a shortcut through a chart marked firing range, and, sure enough while at ship’s PM muster, along comes a USMC aircraft practicing his strafing technique! Oh yes, how can I ever omit the unprintable
memories of my Exec. CDR F.H.B! They warm my heart as I hold them up as some “Bad Examples”!

In December we sailed for the Antarctica, passed Cape Hatteras safely but ran into a Cape-blown storm. It taught us some things about being secure for sea that you wont find in Naval Operations Manuals. In Panama at the bar El Hilton, I got to practice my college Spanish when we encountered two Spanish speaking Chiquitas. I introduced Dick Haughey as ‘mi abuelo’, and one kissed him on the cheek!

New Years Day was spent in New Zealand, beginning at the statue of Robert Falcon Scott along the Avon, kneeling at the Cathedral of Christchurch and ending the day as ‘guests’ of the many celebrants along the Bar of the Hotel Forrestor across the street from the cathedral.

Nice chaps!

South bound through the Antarctic convergence, otherwise known as the Soaring Sixties, while on noon watch, CHAMCH George C. Hickman became lost and wandered into the wheelhouse to tell the skipper in the most peculiarly southern drawl from North Carolina, “Captain, I never thought I’d be so far south, that I’d rather be north!” We all broke up.

We put a helo atop Scott Island, they were the first men ever to set foot thereon! One was Mr. Meaux from PIO. We sailed west of Coulman Island on our way to McMurdo. Ours was to be only the third track of vessels to do so.

We watered the HRMNZ ship Endevor which had limited tanks of potable water. In return they invited our wardroom to join them for dinner to assist in consuming the many bottles of Teacher’s Highland Cream she carried as ballast.

There was football on the ice, and USN helo pilot O’Neill went deep for a long pass and fell into the brash ice. The crew carried him aboard, frozen like a board, to the sick bay where Doc McGrew after first testing the survival ration of brandy, had a second snort with O’Neill.
I spent one noon watch on the bridge wing, towing the USNS John Towle on a cable out thru the Ice-choked channel from McMurdo in minus 60 degree wind chill. When we turned her loose in open water Captain R D Schmidtman asked if I would like a hot cup of coffee to warm me up. This was a commanding officer who did not allow coffee drinking on the bridge during daylight hours. I told him, “Yes Sir, but coffee Royal would be better”! Once more Doc McGrew had to first sample, then distribute, the survival ration to himself, the CO and me.

We had an amateur radio station aboard (K1LHJ) and via telephone patches we could call home. This was both good and bad for morale.

Sydney, Australia was our first port enroute home from Antarctica. Three days was not long enough. Some day I’d like to return. We made a call at Pago Pago, American Samoa where I escorted two very nice young ladies up to the crow’s nest to view their island.

There are ever so many more remembrances but I’ve been too lengthy already. Suffice to state that they nowadays are renewed and recalled by the camaraderie of the Eastwind Association and reunions of shipmates, all of whom served aboard during her twenty-five years of service.

Allan K Brier, Captain USCG (ret.)
Ellis, Earl T., SNAG ’60-‘62

<No photo> (Photo in ships cruise book was too small and had no detail, but was the only photo offered by Mr. Ellis).

I am Earl T Ellis and have accepted the appointment of the NEWSLETTER EDITOR for the Eastwind Association.

I reported aboard the Eastwind as a SA from Rockaway, and left after 1960-1962 for Salem Air Station as a SNAG.

Through my tour 1960 - 1962, I was one of four working for Navy Chief Davis taking Bathythermograph observations when we were underway and striking for Aerographers Mate under AG1 shipmate named Page.

This was two trips south to the Antarctic and the voyage of the “Mighty ‘E’” made around the world, plus the cruise for “Atoms for Peace”. I also made three trips north on the Westwind in 1964 to 1966 service period. I retired MSTC 1980.
Enlisted in Spring of 60 as a 6x8 reserve. 6 Months Active and 8 years Reserve and
'Shipped' regular while in Boot Camp, hence the "Bull Gang"

CGTRACEN, Cape May 16-Mar-60 27-Jun-60 SR Student (CGR)
CGTRACEN, Cape May 28-Jun-60 10-Jul-60 SA Bull Gang
CGC ROCKAWAY, NY 11-Jul-60 09-Oct-60 SA Deck Force
CGC EASTWIND, MA 10-Oct-60 03-May-62 SA/SL “BT Team”
CCAS SALEM, MA 04-May-62 30-Mar-64 AG3/AG2 Flight WX
OPCEN, CGD3, NY 31-Mar-64 13-Dec-65 AG2 WX Center
CGC WESTWIND, NY 14-Dec-65 08-Feb-66 AG2/AG1 Wx & Oceano Lead
NATTC, Lakehurst 09-Feb-66 08-Sep-66 AG1 Wx & Oceano Lead
CG Station, Baltimore 09-Sep-66 02-Oct-66 AG1 AG‘B’ and ‘C’
CGC WESTWIND, MD 03-Oct-66 02-Jan-67 AG1 MAA (Await WW)
TRACEN, Groton, CT 03-Jan-67 19-Oct-67 AG1 Wx & Oceano Lead
TRACEN, Govs Island 20-Oct-67 03-Jan-71 AGC/MSTC Instructor OT’C’
CGC EDISTO, Boston 04-Jan-71 13-Sep-71 MSTC Instructor MST’A’
CGC BIBBI, Boston 14-Sep-71 20-Aug-72 MSTC Wx & Oceano Lead
CGC EVERGREEN, CGY 21-Aug-72 08-Dec-72 MSTC Oceano Obs
CGC EVERGREEN, CT 09-Dec-72 14-Oct-73 MSTC CPO of the Boat
CGR&D, Groton 15-Oct-73 31-Mar-80 MSTC Oceano Lead

This is aproximately 35% sea duty and 65% shore duty.

POST CG

1. Douglas Randall
   04/80 to 09/81 Pawcatuck, CT Software Engineer

2. Mystech Associates
   09/81 to 10/86 Mystic, CT Software Engineer

3. General Electric
   03/87 to 05/90 Syracuse, NY

4. Computer Sciences Corp
   10/90 to Present Moorestown, NJ Computer Scientist
Eastwind 279 viewed through the “porthole” of a berg. The best ship that ever sailed around the world and got to know both poles intimately. I loved the Eastwind.

Earl T. Ellis
I started off as one of those reserve guys. My cousin and I had signed up in 1957 under what they called the two by four plan. Two years active and four in the reserves. After doing two years of reserves I started my active duty in January of 1959. I requested ET school, in fact I listed ET school as my 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choice. My qualifications at the time were lacking in high school algebra, but strong in my knowledge of electronics. They let me go after advising me to study algebra on my own before school started on February 23rd. I did and ended up doing quite well in the school.

As part of attending school I was required to extend my active service to 3 years from graduation. After graduating on September 18th I took 10 days leave which the others in my class going to the 1st district did not. This meant the others chose their duty before me. They told me what was left on the list before being called into the office to make my choice. For me there was no list. They needed an ET on the Eastwind, which was sailing soon, so no other choices were mentioned.
So I got my sea bag and the mail van gave me a ride to the dry dock where the Eastwind was being readied for the trip to Antarctica. Going up the steps to get on board I met the ET chief coming off. He welcomed me to the ship and made me feel at home. The chief turned out to be a very squared away guy that I learned a lot from.

My first assignment was to repair a high frequency transceiver. I had never seen one of these units before and didn’t know quite where to start. After opening it up I got lucky. Someone had improperly tuned the output stage and the lighthouse tubes were melted. Once they were replaced the unit worked again. I was never that nervous again about fixing any of the equipment.

The chief had ranked the equipment into several categories. The PA system as the easiest and the RADAR as the hardest. He would start you on the PA and after a few months move you on to receivers, then transmitters, eventually the depth finders and SONAR finally ending up on RADAR. Shortly after the first trip I had made it to RADAR and passed my exam for ET-2.
We left Castle Island on a gray overcast day in November. As we cleared the harbor and got more on the open sea, the ship began to roll. I was becoming concerned about getting seasick. This was my first time on big ship at sea. I was told eating helped, so I made some soup on the shop’s hot plate and everything turned out fine. In fact, I have never been seasick even when we hit some pretty rough weather.

Every morning when we went outside in the aircastle for muster the weather was warmer. After 10 days or so we were approaching the Panama canal. At 19 years of age I was very excited and impressed. Many pictures were taken that evening as we entered the canal. The next day we anchored on the Pacific end at Balboa. In the afternoon the hospital corpsman played tennis with me at the military base under a pretty hot sun. In the evening we went to the enlisted men’s club where the special drink of the night was a sloe gin fizz. Near the end of the evening things got a little out of hand when someone pushed the piano off the stage. Most of us left fast for the ship when this happened.

The Pacific crossing was great. Some time before we reached New Zealand Christmas was celebrated on the mess deck. Packages were handed out that had been supplied by our families before we left Boston. No Christmas rush, it was okay with me.
We docked in Littleton harbor just before New Years Eve. The place to go New Years in was the park in Christchurch. We all ended up there to welcome in 1960. At that time New Zealand had 6 o'clock closing. That meant any alcohol purchased after 6 was from an illegal business usually in someone’s home. All the taxi’s knew where to find them and it was obvious the police where looking the other way. The system was to buy a small flask and take it to a dairy bar which stayed open through the evening. The dairy bar was essentially supplying the mixers and a place to sit. Again everyone knew what was going on. On this trip, Bill Warren, the corpsman used to go on liberty with me and shared these adventures. We had found a restaurant called “Estundo’s”, or something like that, where we would go for a steak dinner. The best part was the salad. After being on the ship so long without fresh vegetables I had a craving for salad.

After a brief stay in Littleton, we headed south for McMurdo sound on the coast of Antarctica. On the way we saw Scott Island. As we entered the calm waters small patches of ice started floating by the ship. The odd penguin started to show up on the occasional piece of ice. It being my first time in the ice, I went and got my camera and started taking pictures as if we would never see another penguin. Of course, they kept coming and soon I realized there was no rush, they would be around for days to come.

Our liberty in McMurdo Sound was a matter of going down a ladder, walking across the ice to the Navy base and into the beer hall. If you walked in with your hat on you had to buy a case of beer to be handed out to everyone there. It cost $2.40, 10 cents a can, if fact, they only sold it by the case, nothing less. The entertainment was shuffleboard. The kind with heavy weights on a raised table. I remember having a good time and somehow finding my way back to the ship.

As the short summer ended we headed back to New Zealand and then on to Australia for a few days liberty. John Paulson and I ended up in a lounge one night, having sampled quite a bit of Australia’s beer. We were talking to a local guy around our age who ended up inviting to his home. We went.
The next morning we were both hung over as we got up to have breakfast. Our host’s mother had put out cereal, fruit, and juice. They were very nice people and I was feeling very embarrassed about how we must of looked the previous night when we arrived at her house. She was the perfect hostess and never brought up the subject. I got one letter from the guy before we lost touch for good.

From Australia we went to Pago Pago Samoa. It didn’t take long before most of us were wearing native lavalava cloths wrapped around our waists. I have a few pictures of the crew one native.

Eventually, we ended up back in Boston in time for summer. While tied up at Castle Island a couple things happened that I remember quite well. All the second and third class petty officers were used to stand gangway watches when we were in port. Most of the training I got was from the seaman assigned to help the petty officer. The seaman’s job was to go to the bridge and get the temperature and humidity for the petty officer to enter into the log. He also made rounds on the ship checking that things were secure and that all was well in general. One of duties of the petty officer was to fill in the log with weather information. The type of clouds were recorded together with the percentage of cloud cover. Since most of the non-quartermaster petty officers didn’t know many clouds, we usually went with the type recorded in the previous entry. Initials were used for the cloud name. However, one time someone recorded a nonexistent cloud type. It got reused for quite a few watches before the Officer of
the Day discovered it. He was quite upset about it, but so many had used the bogus clouds not much was done. Luckily, the error was caught before my watch.

Another time, I was doing the 4 to 8 AM gangway watch. A time that I'm not at my best, which is an understatement. Around 6:30 the “White Rose Bakery” delivered the donuts. For some reason, this morning I didn't hear the delivery man. He left two crates of donuts on the deck just at the end of the gangway. Twenty minutes or so went by before I realized they were there. All this wouldn’t have been so bad if a light rain hadn’t started. For lack of a better idea I had the seaman put them in their usual place at the end of the chow line before anyone showed up for breakfast. White Rose got all the blame. I never said a thing and the seaman didn’t either.

Sometime during the middle of 1960 Captain Naab took over command of the Eastwind and that fall we headed off to take part in another Operation Deep Freeze.

I had learned a lot about life on the ship and taking care of electronic equipment. The previous trip we had an ET chief, a first class ET, three third class ET’s, a striker, and a seaman taking care of the parts. For the second trip, which turned out going around the world, I was the only one left. We got a new chief, two third class ET’s right out of school, and a striker from the deck force. Suddenly I was the senior ET except for the chief. Luckily things worked out well. The striker was third class by the end of the trip. Together, all of us were able to keep the equipment up and running without too much trouble.

I have a great many memories of that trip. The whist games in the electronic shop of the first trip were replaced with chess. I could beat everyone except Jack Gardner who routinely took me to the cleaners. Other nights we would watch movies on the mess deck. The sheet in the middle was viewed from both sides,
which meant half the crew saw everything mirror image. That was one way to get English cars back on the right side of the road.

Every Thursday we had steak, the best meal of the week. One time, the officers were going through an economy kick trying to save money by having inexpensive dinners. A Lieutenant JG asked me one Thursday night what we were having for dinner, I told him steak. “Damn”, he said, “we’re having peanut butter sandwiches”. Of course peanut butter sandwiches aren’t all bad. For mid-rat, homemade bread was baked from which peanut butter sandwiches were handed out at midnight. If I was working on fixing some of the electronic gear, I qualified for a sandwich. On the last few months of the trip a lot of electronic gear got fixed late at night.

As the trip wore on, many card games were played for money. Not liking to lose money I never joined any. However, some players lost a lot. To recover some of their money raffles started to become popular. They were fun at first, but eventually everyone tired of them. Around this time the ET chief asked me to help him out and raffle off a woman’s wrist watch. At this point I knew it would not be easy. To try and make it more interesting I made a list of all the cards in standard deck. To play you signed your name next to a card. When all the chances were sold, someone would shuffle and cut the deck and we would have the proud new owner of the watch. As I was approaching guys to sell chances, I came across Jack Gardner. He told me he would take a chance, but didn’t want the watch. He further informed me that the Jack of spades was going to win, so he choose a different card. Later in front of quite a few of the crew, someone shuffled and the deck was cut. The Jack of spades came up. I was astonished. I didn’t believe in any paranormal phenomena and still don’t, but I don’t have an explanation for Jack’s prediction either. I asked him at the last reunion how he pulled it off and he said he just had a feeling, that’s all. My only close call with the unexplained.

Another time, Captain Naab called me up to his cabin to fix his tape recorder. It was a reel to reel type player made by Voice of Music. I owned the same model. Once in the cabin he told me it just wouldn’t work. Pressing “play”, “rewind” or any of the other keys produced no tape movement at all. I started looking at it as he walked back to his desk and sat down to write. As he picked up his pen the recorder started to play music. He told me he would take a chance, but didn’t want the watch. He further informed me that the Jack of spades was going to win, so he choose a different card. Later in front of quite a few of the crew, someone shuffled and the deck was cut. The Jack of spades came up. I was astonished. I didn’t believe in any paranormal phenomena and still don’t, but I don’t have an explanation for Jack’s prediction either. I asked him at the last reunion how he pulled it off and he said he just had a feeling, that’s all. My only close call with the unexplained.

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chair on the starboard side of the bridge quietly gazing out to sea. When I shorted the first capacitor he almost jumped through the porthole. I received a loud exclamatory remark as to what I was doing and strict instructions to inform the bridge of any future attempts to discharge those capacitors. When I finished I left on tip toes.

Warren, I have a lot more stories, but think this may be enough or not what you were looking for. If you want more of different let me know.

Photos supplied by Charles Holt.
Lehrman, David F. DT-2c <Retired AMC>

Through out my career of 20 years in he Coast Guard, I have told many people, both military and civilian, the time spent on board the Eastwind, was the best of my career.

The camaraderie was unbelievable, that has always been the first thought on my mind, when the name/word Eastwind is mentioned. Best crew I ever served with!

Captain Naab, I thought so highly of him, I really believe there was nothing I wouldn’t have done for him, if asked. I have always felt that he and I had a secret, and we both knew, that we both knew, but never spoke about it.

Two of the ships officers acquired two Antarctic Huskies pups, named Cushla and Kiwi. Cushla the white husky had some internal medical problems caused by over zealous male huskies. The problem caused her to scrape herself on the deck and in turn she would bleed.

I enjoy dogs and I was very concerned, because we had a long trip ahead of us. The Captain saw me paying attention to the dogs whenever I could, and he came to me and asked if I would see what I could do to help her. That part of the story
lasted just about the entire trip back to Boston. The secret though was that the Captain put on “airs” that he did not care about the dogs much.

I received a call from the Captain one morning asking me if I had any idea how a dog mess found its way to the middle of his stateroom. My only answer was I thought the dogs were in their cages all night. Doing my own investigating over a period of time, I discovered that it was the Captain worried about Cushla, would walk around the deck and wait until the coast was clear, and bring Cushla to his stateroom. He would put on that stern act of his, saying he wanted the pranks stopped and if he’d ever find out who was doing them there would be hell to pay. The problem though was, he said it in front of me, one time, and I looked at him and smiled, and he caught me. All the Captain did was give me that look and a quick smile as if to say, you don’t say anything! This is the first time I have ever said anything about it. I think it well for shipmates to know the Captain had a soft heart for animals, especially dogs.

Should any shipmates want to get in touch, my address is:

Dave Lehrman, AMC retired, USCG
55240 Ester drive
Shelby Twp. Michigan 48315
810-781-6182
Smith, A.O., SN-1c

Eastwind ‘log’ '60 -'63, ‘Eastwind Around the world’ by Arthur O Smith, Seaman under Captain Naab
Eastwind W279 log references.

10/29/60
Today has been nice & warm. The temp has been in the 80's. This morning we scrubbed the decks for ships inspection by the Captain at 1030. We then had two drills, one was general quarters for battle conditions.

The Captain stated that it was because we were getting so close to Cuba. Then we had an abandon ship. The rest of the day was ours so we went to watch a movie, then our section got called out because they had to give the choppers a workout and we had to stand by the pulling boat in case anything went wrong. I had a watch from 2000 - 2400 tonight. For the first time tonight I took the helm. Our present coarse is 194` true gyro, 197 magnetic.

10/30/60
It was such a nice night that most of us slept on deck. We are now located off of San Selves doing approximately 14 knots. There was nothing to do today so everyone is lying around, sleeping, and getting sun tanned. At about 2000 we were off the coast of Cuba.

10/31/60
We are in the Caribbean sea, there are many islands in the area and we are still traveling at about 14 knots, the weather is fine and we slept on deck again. Today we are still chipping paint. I had a 0800 - 1200 watch. We also went by Jamaica this morning.

11/01/60
Today is another work day, the temperature varied between 82 - 90 degrees and we now work without our shirts on part of the time so as to get a sun tan. By 0800 tomorrow we should be entering the Panama canal and it happens that I have the 0400 - 0800 watch.

11/02/60
Time 0500 and we are entering near the canal there are bright lights all around and I can see the outline of the land on the horizon. 0630 I have been relieved to stand by for mooring station but there was nothing for me to do so I started shooting some movies of the other ships and the land.

0900 we are underway to go through the canal which takes approximately 8 hours.. The canal is approximately 50 miles long. I have been shooting movies as we go through each lock. We will be raised 86 feet and then lowered back down to sea level on the pacific ocean. 1200 we are now anchored in the fresh water lake and can take as long a shower as we want. 1300 we are now giving the ship a bath but I don't know who is getting the bath the ship or us. We have been having water fights and cleaning the ship too.
1500 I got back into the uniform of the day dungarees T shirt and black shoes. We start the last part of the canal. They piped me to the officer's ward room to tell me that I was a qualified helmsman and if I wanted to I could be a helmsman with one other fellow from my section. They picked him and he and I were the two out of 15 in our duty section. The hours are good, we are on the bridge for four hours and off duty for 8 hours.

We also have every night liberty while in port. 2030 we are now through the canal. Our mail did not come through so we don't get mail until we get to New Zealand.

11/03/60
I have started my watches today and so far I like it ok. I know we will be at sea for about 25 days without seeing land at all. The average temperature is around 84 - 85 degrees today, and we are heading S.W. 227 degrees, speed 14 knots, and water depth 1100 - 2000 fathoms.

11/04/60
Same as yesterday except that we set the clocks back one hour. Coarse 227 true 219 magnetic.

11/05/60
Today was an eventful one. We crossed the equator at 1100, we had water fights with the shell backs because we said that we would not bow down to them when they wanted us to and then say thank you. We then had noon chow, at 1300 the initiation started and we had to go to King Neptune Rex's court. The charge against me was not making First class Petty Officer, and I was found guilty as was everyone else. The sentence started with a haircut then to King Neptune to kiss the baby's belly, roll in the kings garbage. All this on our hands and knees, then take a sea shower and a regular shower to wash the salt off. Then I had to go on a 1600 - 2000 watch.

11/06/60 to 11/14/60
Neglected to fill in these dates. Nothing special happened, just eat, sleep, and stand watches.

The only thing was on the 12th & 13th were rough sea conditions and a lot of the fellows got seasick but I did not, I actually enjoyed it and as of now I hold the record for the largest roll, it was checked at between 41 - 42 degrees which is a large roll.

All I can do now is take my log to the bridge and keep track of sea and weather conditions. We have set clocks back a total of 5 hours so far.
11/14/60
Set clocks back 1 hour. On watch 2000 - 2400. Start watch 1945 coarse 245 true/gyro 220 magnetic, sea calm, air temp 53 degrees, water temp 54 degrees speed 12 knots, barometer 30.02 steady, and fair weather.

11/15/60
On watch 0800 - 1200. Sea became rough during the night. Sea condition moderate. The coarse was changed during breakfast from 245 true, 219 magnetic to 300 true, 272 magnetic, barometer 29.60 and rising slowly, wind 7 - 10 knots, and visibility down to 1/2 mile at times.

11/16/60
On watch 0800 - 1200. 245 true, 219 magnetic.

11/25/60
No such day, We crossed the international date line.

11/26/60 - 11/27/60
No record. On ocean station.

11/28/60
Departed ocean station for New Zealand.

12/19/60
In slush ice. Practice as ice helmsman so we will know how to do it when we get into the heavy ice. 12/20/60 We are now starting to break open a channel to hut point. The Glacier has been doing some work here and there are supposed to be more ships coming, Edisto and Staten Island.

12/21/60
The Navy's mightiest Ice Breaker Glacier is leaving the ice. She has two blades missing from one screw and one from the other. She has to go back to New Zealand to have them repaired. She will be gone for about eight weeks. The Navy told us to make the channel.

12/22/60
We are still working on the mouth of the channel and still alone.

12/23/60 - 01/08/60
No record.
01/09/61
1430 we had general quarters and it was not a drill. There was a fire in the lower airology. It is one deck below the main deck. It was difficult to get under control but we did and was out by 1830. At that time we started watches the same as I stand 4 hours on 8 off. It caused a lot of damage, we lost power to the bridge due to the fact that the electric cables were burnt, so there are going to have to be emergency wiring to the bridge so we can leave for New Zealand. We do not know when that will be yet. Then we will go to Wellington for repairs. We will be there a week possibly longer.

01/10/61
We worked 0400 - 0800 worked on mooring the ship to the ice while they make the emergency repairs. It figures about two days for the repairs so we can get under way.

02/10/61
At 2130 cable snapped on crane while lifting steel mesh weighing approximately 1,940 Lbs. each. It fell on the ice knocking over other sheets, one fellow fell with it and landed in the water, a Sea Bee pulled him out. At present he is unconscious. His name is Jerry Combust a Seaman. There were several other fellows in the area but they were lucky and escaped injury. Secured loading until tomorrow morning.

02/11/61
Still at McMurdo. Stood 0400 - 0800 watch. 0830 turned to preparing for commanding officers inspection at 1230. Turned to loading steel mesh until 1645. Had to relieve the 1600 - 2000 watch for chow, was all finished by 1730 at which time we received exposure rations which was a tipple dose of brandy. My working day was 14 hours long so it was time to hit the pad. The time is now 2000 and I have to get up at 0330.

02/12/61 Sun.
Stood 0400 - 0800 watch, nothing exciting happened. The Quartermaster was tired so I took care of everything on the bridge. At 0830 I hit the rack and slept until 1200. Got up and watched movie.

02/13/61
Got underway for Hallet Station at 0800, the rest of the day was spent securing and shoveling snow off the decks. Today was the first real snow storm we have had. The Temp. is getting down to about 19 degrees. The fellows said the pole temp. was minus 45 degrees and that is cold.
02/14/61
Turned to off loading cargo at 0800, worked until 1715 for chow, we then had to stand by but did no work. The green land cruiser broke loose and had to retrieve it with the LCVP.

02/15/61 Wed.
Carried out regular routine

02/21/61
Off loaded cargo at Hallet Station when sea calmed down. Weighed anchor at about 2200 and got under way for McMurdo. Sea is quite rough.

02/22/61
Had a fire in the engine room stack at 2107 today, was out by 2230, did not cause any damage. It was caused by carbon building up in the stack due to the engines operating at low speeds.

02/23/61
Arrived at McMurdo sound 0430, had mail call at 0930, all mail was from New Zealand.

03/06/61 Mon.
Arrived Hallet 1800 to help off load Arnab. We are due to leave here about 9th of March with luck.

03/07/61
Still off loading Arnab. Received word today that we are going straight to Australia in stead of going back to New Zealand which means cutting time.

03/08/61
Still off loading Arnab. I had an accident at 1515. We were bringing diesel fuel aboard and two barrels hit together and I didn't get one finger out in time, it was 3rd finger right hand. Did not do much damage but took the skin off from the first knuckle to the finger nail and I may lose the finger nail but there were no smashed bones. Lucky for me.

03/09/61 Thur.
Still off loading Arnab.

03/10/61
Still off loading Arnab. Due to leave Hallet tomorrow sometime, may have to go back to McMurdo to rescue Y.O.G. If not we head for Sydney Australia.

03/11/61
Left Hallet at 2200 still not sure where we are going yet. Will know by morning.
03/12/61
Found out this morning we are on our way to Sydney and home via around the world. The moral is getting a little better. The sea is fairly calm, there is about a 5 degree roll to the ship which is just comfortable. Our coarse is 330 gyro.

03/13/61
Sea is getting rougher as we are in the screaming 60's and should be rough for about 2 days.

03/14/61
Sea's are still getting rougher. So far I have not been seasick. We are in about #4 sea's.

03/15/61 Wed.
Sea calmed down for a short while but picked up again and is expected to calm down tonight. Sea is getting rougher, it got so rough that coming down from the bridge while taking messages around, I hit a door, went through it and slid across the deck and banged my head against the bulkhead. I did not get hurt badly. Scraped my left arm just below the elbow and on my shoulder, scraped my shin and banged my right arm, it effected my hand so I could not hold a thing. They had me keep an ice pack on it all night.

03/16/61
My arm feels better today. I stood My 0800 - 1200 watch, the sea is getting rougher all the time, the wind is about 40 knots and gusts up to 55 - 60 and it is supposed to last another 24 - 36 hours. The time is now 1830 and the wind is getting near hurricane force. Our coarse is 345 true 290 magnetic.

03/17/61
This morning the sea was mountainous which is very high. There were waves as high as 50' and wind recorded as high as 105 knots which is about 125 mph. Our speed was 4 knots. The jack staff got bent when we hit the top of a wave while I was at the helm on the 0800 - 1200 watch. 2000 - 2400 the wind has started to calm down as we are getting out of the center. Average wind is about 30 - 35 knots. We have increased speed to 15 knots. It was definitely a hurricane and I was glad I was on here instead of some of the other ships.

03/18/61 Sat.
The sea has calmed down to almost calm now and the deck force are scrubbing the decks and squiggling the bulkheads. Temp. is now about 60 degrees and the sun is shining, it is really nice. Our ETA for Sydney is 0600-0800 Tue.. Mar. 21, 1961. We are now traveling at 15 knots and we have about 900 miles to go.

03/19/61
The weather is nice, sea is calm, and no bad weather ahead.
03/20/61
About the same as yesterday. Our ETA is 1030 tomorrow morning.

03/21/61 Tue.
1033 docked at Garden Island Navel Base, Australian Royal Navy Base. 1300 had mail call, there were about 25 bags of mail. I received 3 packages and a lot of letters. Liberty was granted at 1200.

03/22/61
0745 liberty expired. I did not go on liberty yesterday. 1600 went on liberty.

03/23/61
Went on liberty 1800. It was our duty day. Loaded stores all three days.

03/24/61 Fri.
0815 departed Australia for Columbo, Ceylon. Weather is fine, slept on deck.

03/25/61
Weather is still fine. slept on deck again.

03/26/61
It was a warm sunny day so everyone soaked up the sun. I got a tan for a start.

03/27/61
It is my week on the deck force. We scraped the fantail and red leaded some of it.

03/28/61
Continued working on the fantail. Slept on deck. We are now in the Indian Ocean.

03/29/61
Sea got a little rough so we learned how to make fenders and had a talk on seamanship.

03/30/61
Still to rough to work outside so we continued on fender and completed it at 1545.

03/31/61 Good Fri.
Worked until 1445 with ships work. We had ocean station at 1030 until 1430. That is the first of 30 ocean stations. Had Catholic church services at 1500.

04/01/61
Had CO's inspection at 1030. Worked all day on ships work. Ocean station #2 1900 - 2300.
04/02/61
Had special church services this morning.

04/03/61 - 04/16/61
Missing

04/17/61 Sun.
Pulled into Columbo, Ceylon at 0900, docked up 1115, mail call 1300, went to the American Ambassadors home for a visit, returned to the ship about 0130.

04/18/61
Duty day did not do any work, had liberty at 1600, did not go ashore.

04/19/61
The Americans showed us places of interest in the morning then the wife took us to the zoo in the afternoon, We went to their home in the evening for supper and had curie and rice. Interesting discussion with singlenees & celoneese people. Returned to ship about 2300.

04/20/61
Set sail for Greece at 0800. Today was recuperation day so we slept.

04/21/61
Had ocean station about 0500.

04/22/61 Sat.
Underway as before, sea calm, temp. 95. 1030 ships inspection.

04/23/61
Carry out regular Sunday routine. Sea calm, temp. 90-95

04/24/61
0800 - 1200 watch, sea calm, water temp. 85, air temp 90 - 95, and barometer 20.90 and steady.

04/25/61
Underway as before, everything the same, retarded clocks 1hr. at midnight.

04/26/61
Underway as before, everything the same, 1330 swim call to 1430.

04/27/61
As before and we are off the coast of Africa.

04/28/61
Underway as before, everything the same. 1130 entered the Red Sea.
04/29/61
Underway as before, had CO's inspection and personal inspection. I was on watch at the time so did not go.

04/30/61 Sun.
Carry out regular Sun routine.

05/01/61
0830 entered Suez Canal, took movies all through the 90 miles. It took until about 2130 to go through the whole thing.

05/02/61
Stood 0400-0800 watch, I worked on shinning up the bell on the flying bridge until noon. (voluntary)

05/03/61
Stood 0400-0800 watch, I finished shinning up the bell between 0815-0900 so it will be ready for Greece tomorrow morning 0700.

05/04/61
Entered harbor 0730, got tied up 0800, liberty was granted 0930 for everyone except for the deck force. Liberty granted to the deck force at 1030. I went on liberty at 1600 and looked around the city of Ireus which I did not care for to much, came aboard about 2200.

05/05/61
Stayed aboard all day and watched the movie on board.

05/06/61
Duty day we did not do much work all day. Went ashore at 1800 and went to a movie with Rick Murphy DT3 and Ray YN2 then came back to the ship at 2330.

05/07/61
0800 set special sea detail, had trouble getting the gangway off. 1000 got underway for Naples Italy. 1130 had all equipment secured. The afternoon we had recuperation day.

05/08/61
My week on the deck force. Painting and cleaning the ship for Naples Italy tomorrow morning at 0930 after we set the clocks back one hour.

05/09/61
0900 set special sea detail. 0930 pulled into Naples harbor, 1000 to dock. At 1030 tied up to dock. At that time we set the clocks back one hour. Time now 0930. 1100 had mail call. 1400 went on liberty, took movies and bought gifts.
05/10/61
Stood by for fellow because I did not feel like going ashore. Did not have to work hard because of rain.

05/11/61
My duty day, we did not do much work due to rain. Rain cleared so I went ashore 1830. I went to the U.S.O., EM club, and United Seaman's Club. Had some Lasagna which cost me about $.60. We were glad to leave there.

05/12/61
0800 got underway for Lisbon Portugal. Carried out field day routine to get ready for CO's inspection tomorrow. We spent most of the day painting. Today was our 200th day.

05/13/61
Had CO's inspection at 1030 (working inspection). We worked all day. Had a good flick, The name "The Big Fisherman". We now have 14 days to go.

05/14/61 Sun.
Carry out regular Sunday routine. I slept until 1100 then had chow. Hit the rack again until 1500. Got up, had chow at 1600, watched movie at 1800, had 2000 - 2200 lookout watch.

05/15/61
Passed the rock of Gibraltar at about 0500. We also had to cut speed from 15 knots to 8 knots because we are about 15 hrs. ahead of ourselves. I also got a cut over my left eye this afternoon at 1400. Nothing serious.

05/16/61
Docked up at Lisbon 0930, had mail call 1230, went on liberty 1300, returned from liberty 2000. Went looking around the city. Lisbon was better than the last two ports put together. I officially became Seaman today.(SA to SN)

05/17/61
My duty day. We painted in the morning and I had the 1200 - 1600 gangway watch.

05/18/61
Liberty was granted at 0900. I went on liberty 1300, went on a sight seeing tour and took movies. Returned to the ship at 1745. Enjoyed the trip very much. Liberty expired for all hands at 2300, had quarters at 2315. Left Lisbon for Boston 2345.

05/19/61
Underway across the Atlantic for Boston. We are painting today. Only 8 more days to go.
05/20/61
Had CO’s inspection and we worked all day due to the fact we are getting near home and there is still a lot of work to do. I now found out that we have to stop every 10 hrs. to pump out water and tighten the packing around the starboard shaft which is bent. It takes about 15 - 20 minutes each time. Had the 2200 - 2400 lookout, retarded clocks 1 hr.

05/21/61 Sun.
Carried out regular Sunday routine. Slept until 0900, got up ate chow, slept some more until 1300. I go on watches this week, tonight I have the 1800 – 2000 then go on 0400 - 0800 all week until we reach Boston.

05/22/61
Well we are getting nearer home all the time. We are about 1500 miles from Boston. We also picked up WMGM New York on the radio at about 0300 this date. I made a phone patch home at about 2300 local time which would be 2100 Boston time. Our ETA is possibly 1100 Sat.

05/23/61
We passed the half way point between Boston & Portugal at 0700 today. They figure if everything goes ok we will be in Boston by 1000 on May 27, 1961 which is only 3 1/2 to 4 days. We also picked up the Mc Culla who is on ocean station delta.

05/24/61
0600 we were talking to the Bibb who is on ocean station echo. After my watch tonight I will have 5 to go or 20 hrs.. As far as Boston is concerned our ETA is 1200 Sat. 2400 set clocks back 1 hr. Had a #2 sea tonight which were swells 6 -10 feet.

05/25/61
0600 we were 775 miles from Boston and still making good time.

05/26/61
0400 decreased speed to 6 knots due to heavy fog. 1200 sent message to Boston changing our ETA to 1400 Sat. 2200 called home from radio central VIA Boston Marine.

05/27/61
0400 - 0800 kept decreasing & increasing speed due to fog, rain, and being ahead of schedule. 0530 we were 62 miles from Boston light or 74 miles from Castle Island and I was the first one across the gangway.

END OPERATION DEEP FREEZE 1960 - 61
Around the world with CAPT. J.W. NABB
Captain R B Henry's Tour
(Back to the Anartica)

09/21/61
Had 0800 - 1200 watch and a lot of action. At about 0800 a man slipped on the
deck and cut his head, another man went to the refers to get some food and the
ship rolled about 35 degrees, the door slammed on his hand and cut his fingers
so bad it took about 36 stitches to fix it, but there were no broken bones. There
are still fellows sea sick. As yet I have not been. (time 1340) We are at the tail
end of the hurricane. The sea is rough enough that the deck force is not working
at all. 1412, 4 or 5 men sight a sub at periscope depth at position 35°01' N
66°57"W. Searched all afternoon and evening until 2130, then discontinued
search.

09/22/61
Today was rather dull, went on watch at 0745, stood 1 hour at the helm. Got off
watch at 1200. Had general quarters drill at 1300 Secured drill at 1430. 1500
helped Sunderlin in photo lab until 1715, then went to chow. 1945 went on watch,
(no excitement). It is now 0005 23 Sept. and time to get some sleep.

09/23/61
0800-1200 watch, training 2 new fellows at the helm, cleaned bridge and held field
day all afternoon. We are on water hours because somehow we lost 8000 gallons
of water.

09/24/61
0800 - 1200 watch. Had regular Sunday routine, slept about all day and wrote
letters. 2000 - 2400 watch, still on water hours, can only take salt water showers
on the fantail. Stood last helm watch until we get into the ice.

09/25/61
Started my first day on the deck force, we chipped the waterway on the fantail.
Hoisted 8" hawser out of C-203 to put an eye splice in it. Time does go by fast
when working on deck. Shell Backs held first meeting tonight at 1800. fresh
water went back on at 2000.

09/26/61
Worked on fantail all day and we had to cut speed and make a few circles due to
being ahead of schedule.

09/27/61
Arrived at the entrance of the Panama Canal at 0230. Revile was held at 0445. We
had to hoist the pulling boat by hand to the cradle. Arrived at U.S. Navel Base
Rodman at 1515. Went on Liberty at 1930, came back at 2330. Do not care for
Panama.
09/28/61
Had duty from 0800 - 1400 stayed aboard all day and wrote letters. As yet we have not received any mail.

09/29/61
Still in Panama and will not leave for another day or two due to the fact that the wrong parts were sent for the boiler, and still no mail.

09/30/61
Still in Panama and I have not gone ashore since the first night. The new parts are due in tomorrow and we are due to leave at 0900 tomorrow and we hope so.

10/01/61
Did not go ashore today either, the weather is rainy and there is nothing in town that interests me so I stayed aboard. we are supposed to leave tomorrow. Still no mail.

10/02/61
Still in Panama and still not sure when we are leaving, we hope soon. I have the duty today. Helios out flying for about 3 hrs.

10/03/61
Left Panama at 0900 glad to say. We are now underway for Christ Church, New Zealand which should take about 25 days which will make a total of 39 days without any mail. We are on water hours and will be until N.Z. Could not do much work this afternoon due to rain.

10/04/61
Worked on scraping and painting waterways on fantail. Did two lessons on my EM coarse during study hour. Then watched the movie "the restless years". Set clocks back 1 hr. at 2400.

10/05/61
Worked on waterways again today, had man overboard drill at 1300 and helios went up for 2 hrs. I had the 1400 - 1600 lookout watch. Had a man get a rupture this afternoon. We are due to cross the equator at 1000 on the 6th of Oct.. We are due to change coarse and stay on it for about four days. Sea is calm, weather is nice, temp. range is from 75 - 90 degrees. At 2000 helped three fellows get things ready for the equator. We worked all night. Had a water fight with polliwogs

10/06/61
Worked on the equipment until 0400. revile 0630, sweep down 0645, 0800 started fighting with polliwogs using cut up lengths of hose until 1130. Ate chow and the polliwogs had to empty our trays. 1330 held initiation. 1530 washed down decks.
10/07/61
Scrubbing decks getting ready for CO's inspection. 1400 had CO's inspection and secured from work. 1800 watched movie "Around The World In 80 Days" also set clocks back 1 hr. Had 2400 - 0200 lookout watch.

10/08/61
Slept until 0845, got up ate chow, went to church 0930 then ate some more. 1330 watched the movie "Visit To A Small Planet" with Jerry Lewis. Watched movie at 2000 but did not complete it. Went to bed 2130.

10/09/61
Worked on waterways this morning. 1230 set flight quarters. 1300 had a GQ drill instruction on Duplex Proportioner (fire Extinguisher system). 1410 secured from flight Quarters. 1800 - 2000 study hour on the mess deck. 2000 watched movie "The Wild and the Innocent". 2130 hit the pad.

10/10/61
Left Boston Three weeks ago today. Worked on waterways and stanchions under flight deck. Due to arrive in Wellington N.Z. two weeks from today. Retarded clocks 1 hr. at 2400.

10/11/61
Worked on deck house under flight deck. Had GQ drill. Painted deck in sail locker. Hit the rack 2115 after studying for a while.

10/12/61
<Missing>

10/13/61
Had teeth cleaned and two filled. 0930 left dentist for GQ instruction. had abandon ship drill 1300. 1315 set flight quarters. 1800-2000 studied coarse then watched movie.

10/14/61
Arrived Pitcairn Island 1015, 1100 visitors from the Island and from the ship Yankee Clipper. We stayed there till 1530. they brought things on board to sell so I got a couple of Post Cards. We also set flight Quarters at 1320 until 1515.

10/15/61
Slept until 0900, ate chow, went to church at 0945. 1100 hit the rack, 1330 watched flick, 1630 ate chow, and 1730 wrote letters.

10/16/61
0200 this date two men tried to go AWOL in a rubber raft but did not succeed because the first raft sank, the second would not inflate. They had planed on getting to one of the uninhabited islands in the area.
12/01/61
Left McMurdo to escort Chattahoochee and Miza out of the ice and bring in the Arnab & Athea.

12/07/61
Met Arnab & Athea to escort them to McMurdo.

12/16/61
Departed McMurdo at 04:00 this date for Christ Church New Zealand. We returned to Boston after buying all the mutton in New Zealand.

Semper Paratus, ART SMITH
CAPTAIN’S MESSAGE

To some, *Eastwind*’s mission in Operation DEEP FREEZE 64 was of dubious importance, but we knew it was necessary to our country. All hands, Coast Guard and Navy, worked together as a ship for the satisfaction of accomplishing that mission.

It was a challenge to each of us in his own way. At various times we each experienced some hardships and disappointments; yet every man kept on giving his best without complaint.

There were also many gratifying and humorous moments. In Antarctica, we saw truly spectacular scenery in an area visited by relatively few men. During the voyage down and back, we had the pleasure of visiting other countries and learning something of their peoples and lands.

Now as many of us leave *Eastwind* for other duties, it is my hope that this cruise book will remind you of the pleasures of this cruise and those who were your shipmates.
COMMANDING OFFICER

Bernhard Russell Henry was born on June 14, 1916, at Annapolis, Maryland. He graduated from Annapolis High School, and attended Johns Hopkins University. After a tour in the Maryland National Guard, he was appointed a cadet at the Coast Guard Academy. He graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in Marine Engineering and a commission as Ensign on May 19, 1941.

During the war he participated in the initial invasion of Guadalcanal aboard the USS Hunter and served aboard the USS Joseph and the USS Beaufort. He then took command of the buoy tender CGC Sassafras. After tours in Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington, D.C., and on the icebreaker CGC Mackinaw, he took command of CGC Unimak in Cape May, New Jersey.

From Unimak he went to CG Base, Gloucester City, New Jersey, until July 1962 when he became Commanding Officer of CGC Eastwind.

Captain Henry's World War II campaign service ribbons and medals include the American Defense with Fleet Clasp, American Area, Asiatic-Pacific Area with three battle stars, European-African-Middle Eastern Area, World War II Victory. He also has the National Defense Service Ribbon (which covers the period of service during the Korean conflict) and the Antarctic Service Ribbon.

Captain and Mrs. Henry presently reside in Moorestown, New Jersey, with their three children.

EASTWIND
Cruisebook
DEEP FREEZE 64

Editor .......... Ens. Michael J. Jacobs
Staff
Photography . . . . . . James P. Conway PH3
Layout .......... James T. Perkins SA
Typing .......... Wayne E. Thomas SA
Business Manager
Jerry W. Lewis SK2

The staff wishes to thank the men of the Eastwind for their whole-hearted cooperation in supporting and contributing to the cruisebook, thus bringing us closer to our goal, an Eastwind "Crews" book. Thanks also go to Chief Lougher and the First District Photo Lab for their cooperation in giving us top quality prints.
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EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Extracted from Deep Freeze '60 Crewmen's album

Willis Neil Sechorn was born October 21, 1921, at Mount Hope, Washington. He graduated from Lewis and Clark High School in 1939. Prior to his entrance into the Coast Guard, he attended Washington State College. Appointed a cadet at the Coast Guard Academy in July of 1941, he was graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree and a commission as Ensign on June 6, 1945.

After graduation he served on FS's and LST's in the Pacific. Following tours of duty with Commander Eastern Area, CGC Pandora, and an 83-foot patrol craft, he served in Second Coast Guard District Office and aboard CGC Spencer.

In 1955, he attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where he received a Bachelor of Science in civil engineering.

In 1962, after having served in Seattle, Washington, Juneau, Alaska, and Long Beach, California, in civil engineering capacities, he then became executive officer aboard the icebreaker Eastwind, a participant in Operation DEEP FREEZE.

Commander Sechorn's ribbons and medals include the WW II Victory; American Theatre; Asiatic/Pacific Theatre; Antarctic Service; and Expert Pistol and Rifle.

Commander and Mrs. Sechorn have two sons and presently reside in Winchester, Massachusetts.
July 16, 2000

W. D Bonner
222 N. Shasta St.
Orange, CA 92861-3432

Dear Mr. Bonner,

Enclosed is a copy of the letter sent to my grandfather by Captain Henry. I am pleased that it will be included along with other documentation and memories of the CGC EASTWIND. You have my permission to reproduce the letter as needed for your publication. My family would be interested in receiving copies of your publication when it is available, please let me know when it is released.

If you need any other information you may contact me at 360-735-1785 or by email Vernadia@prodigy.net.

Sincerely,

Robin V. Klarmann
Chief Marine Science Technician, USCG

3013 V STREET • VANCOUVER, WA • 98663
PHONE: 360-735-1785

422
Mr. Richard Creasy (WA4HLC)
Box 2287
Lakeland, Florida

Dear Mr. Creasy:

On behalf of the officers, men, and families of EASTWIND, I wish to express my appreciation for your assistance in placing phone patches during this Antarctic Cruise, DEEP FREEZE 65. Talking to our families is always a wonderful morale booster, both for us and them.

We will return to Boston, Massachusetts, on the 1st of May for our overhaul and resupply period in preparation for deployment to Antarctica in the fall, DEEP FREEZE 66. So, XLLHJ (and KC4USE South of 60° South Longitude) hopes to hear from you yet again this year.

Thank you for your thoughtfulness and help.

Sincerely,

B. R. HENRY
Captain, U. S. Coast Guard
Commanding Officer
Bob Sr.

From: "Warren Bonner"
To: "Bob Sr." <bourre@snnet.net>
Sent: Sunday, November 18, 2001 6:19 PM
Subject: Re: Eastwind Book

Questionnaire

Dear Eastwind Shipmates, May I impose on your good nature to fill out the short form below and return with any photos of yourself at work or play during your tour of duty.

PLEASE PRINT
Name: Robert L. Bourret Sr
Rate/Rank: CS 2

Served on Eastwind from: 1963 To: 1965
<IMPORTANT FOR TIME-LINE CONSTRUCTION OF BOOK.>

Duty stations on ship: COOK

Ribbons, Stars and Medals: Good conduct, Antarctic service

Served under Captain: BR Henry

An account of your life aboard, your duties, your memories and reflections. Be they humorous, happy or sad, all are part of the history of a great ship. Please PRINT on back and any additional pages you need. Send uniform snapshot if possible.

Please fill out form and MAIL with any photos and sea stories.
To: Warren D. Bonner, 222 N. Shasta St. Orange, Ca. 92869. Phones: 714-639-0623, wdbonner@pacbell.net or ICQ*17773628
Scan to email is acceptable w/signature

Please sign to signify your release of copyright.
Signature: Robert L. Bourret Sr

Publisher's requirement to use real names.

Robert Bourret, Sr.
17 Brook Rd.
Enfield, CT 06082

424
I was Chief Quartermaster, Manager of the Navigation Bridge on the Eastwind from 1962 through 1965. Captain Bernard R. Henry was the skipper.

I'm not much of a writer, it is difficult to type due to macular degeneration. Other than that my health is very good. Guess I had a bad roll of the dice. I still drive, but only in the day time and in areas I am familiar with. Can't read road signs unless I pull over and stop. I can only read out of my left eye. I guess I wore my right eye out looking through the sextant tracking the course of the Eastwind.

I really liked the Eastwind. I wanted to make another trip, but I understand my late old friend Grace Cook, who was QM1 on my first cruise, and his second, went to Cape May as an instructor, where he made QMC, and bumped me from my job. I made four cruises, two south via New Zealand and one south via Valparaiso, Chile, straits of Magellan and Cape Horn. Then after the trip to Chile we went north to Thule, Greenland, Goose Bay and Labrador.

Then back to the south via Chile on the Southwind out of Baltimore, MD. The Southwind hung up on a rock pulling out of Anvers Island. I made CHBOSN on that cruise and never went south again. I thought about transferring to the Glacier who’s C.O. was my old friend Captain Opie Dawson, who was C.O. of the Storis in Kodiak, AK with me for two years. A REAL sailor. I'll see you at the 2004 reunion in Laughlin, Nevada, Warren. I'm really looking forward to it!

My Best Regards,
Ray
The second tour started after Thanksgiving of 1963 and we were never away from a liberty for more than three weeks. The tour did surveying in the region of Palmer and Deception islands. My understanding of the “mutiny” started when Captain B R Henry came across on the public address system. He said that the Boston Globe had published a story that “mutinous” conditions existed aboard the Eastwind. The entire crew was shocked! He went on to say that if any crew member felt this way, his door was open and such crew member should see him.

Captain Henry urged crew members to write or call home to dispel concerns relatives might have, due to the article in the Globe. My recollection of the cause of the problem was a “wimpy” new crew member had written home and started the rumor. The “wimps” girlfriend had conveyed the sob story to the press.

By Richard F. Denno
THE EASTWIND KNOWS NO BARRIER - EVEN TIME!!!

As fate would have it, I found myself walking on a pier in Rockport, Mass. this past June, while conducting a tour of the Cape Ann area. Walking down the pier was a tall, lanky man. "Where did you get that hat?", I inquired, spotting the inscription on the blue baseball cap, U.S.C.G. EASTWIND WAG-279.

Thirty eight years is a long time ago. As those years pass, memories fade, leaving only the fond ones in my mind.

It was Memorial Day Weekend, 1962, when I enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard. I clearly remember thinking at the time that by enlisting in May, I would not have to march and drill in the cold winter winds of Cape May, New Jersey. Six short months later, I found myself standing watch on the bridge of a Coast Guard icebreaker, AT THE SOUTH POLE.

Following a short leave after boot camp, I was assigned to the First Coast Guard District in Boston. Here I was given a list of all the duty assignments available within the District. "You can put down anything on that "wish list". sailor, but you're going to "the Wind," I was told. I reported to the U.S.C.G.C. EASTWIND in mid-September. By the end of the month, the EASTWIND was enroute to OPERATION DEEPFREEZE 63.

Our first port of call was Panama, where the Coast Guard icebreaker transversed the Canal. Before crossing the Equator, I was a lowly "pollywog." After the proper initiation,

which is a story for another time, I became an Trusty Shellback. A stop in Wellington, New Zealand preceded our journey to the U. S. Base at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica. There we set a record by remaining within the Antarctic Circle for over 5 and 1/2 months without returning to port. Stops in Wellington and Auckland, New Zealand, Suva, Fiji, and a return stop to Panama before arriving back in Boston, completed our operation. A subsequent OPERATION DEEPFREEZE, this time via South America to Palmer and Deception Islands, completed my service on the EASTWIND. I was transferred off the ship in June of 1964, and discharged from the Coast Guard in May of 1966. End of story, right? WRONG !!!

"I was a crew member on the EASTWIND," replied Warren Connell, a Rockport businessman. Warren had been located by the EASTWIND ASSOCIATION, an organization of former shipmates who had served on the icebreaker. Upon my return home, I received from Warren a quarterly newsletter, published by the association, and upon examination, joined the organization.

The EASTWIND Association membership kit I received contained a roster of former shipmates, both living and dead, that the Association has located. As I
scanned the list of names, memories long buried, came flooding back, memories of exciting adventures (as I remember them now) aboard the icebreaker.

"Twenty six men go AWOL - AT THE SOUTH POLE!!" What a headline! Led by crew member, Duke Bethea, 26 men requested permission to cross the ice to McMurdo Base for a few brews at the service club. Duke, unfortunately, didn't bother to check with the Radar Room to determine the distance to McMurdo. In the thin Antarctic atmosphere, objects which appear close, are actually much farther away. It was 13 miles to the base, not the three or four Bethea had estimated. They were due back aboard at midnight. The group arrived at McMurdo at 11 pm. Deciding that they were in trouble anyway, the 26 men stayed for a few pints to fortify themselves for the long, chilly walk back. Arriving back aboard at 7am the following morning, the 26 were immediately put on report for being AWOL (absent without leave).

I am probably the only person you've ever heard of who received a tetanus shot for a penguin bite. The icebreaker would, on occasion, moor to the ice and, for a change of pace, the crew would have a party on the snowy surface. I chased down a penguin and as I was posing for a photo, the Antarctic bird turned and bit me on the cheek. Those and other memories are part of the fabric of not only Richard Denno, but of all those who served on this great icebreaker.

Where are my shipmates now? What do they currently look like? What has happened in their lives since leaving the EASTWIND? The answers to those questions is a primary purpose of the EASTWIND Association. Reunions are held every other year. The next one is scheduled for Memorial day weekend, 2001, at the Hilton Hotel at Logan Airport, Boston. Mini-reunions are held regionally across the country throughout the year.

This proud vessel is rich in history. Commissioned in June of 1943 it served in the North Atlantic during WWII, protecting Greenland from German attack. During this time, the EASTWIND became the first American ship to capture an enemy vessel since the War of 1812, when it captured the German Trawler SS Exterensteine.

In the early morning hours of January 19, 1949, the Eastwind was struck by the tanker, SS Gulfstream, off the coast of New Jersey. The collision's point of impact was the chiefs quarters, killing 9 chiefs and 4 enlisted men. Following extensive repairs, the ship was re-commissioned in May of 1950. The EASTWIND became the first icebreaker to circumnavigate the globe in 1961. The ship served at both ends of the world during it's 24 year's of operation, participating in numerous OPERATION DEEPFREEZES and Arctic expeditions. The ship was decommissioned in 1968. The Gillette Razor Company was the recipient of the ship's steel, when the mighty EASTWIND was cut up in 1972. Thanks to all of it's crew members, the EASTWIND's memory lives on in more than razor blades.

Richard F Denno
Ellis, Earl T., SNAG ’60-‘62

<No photo> (Photo in ships cruise book was too small and had no detail, but was the only photo offered).

I am Earl T Ellis and have accepted the appointment of the NEWSLETTER EDITOR and Data Base Manager for the Eastwind Association.

I reported aboard the Eastwind as a SA from Rockaway, and left for Salem Air Station as a SNAG.

Through my tour 1960 - 1962 I was one of four working for Navy Chief Davis taking Bathythermograph observations when we were underway and striking for Aerographers Mate under AG1 shipmate named Page.

This was two trips south to the Antarctic and the voyage the “Mighty ‘E’” made around the world, plus the cruise for “Atoms for Peace”. I also made three trips north on the Westwind in 1964 to 1966 service period. I retired MSTC 1980.

Editor’s note:
Earl helped a great deal with a CD of Eastwind photos. I ask him for personal photo for his Honor Page. He replied to use the photo in the cruise book. I tried, but it would not work. Subsequent Emails have gone unanswered. Email is not that good at following the owner. <smile> Perhaps he will have a photo for the next update.
I am Earl T. Ellis and have accepted the appointment of NEWSLETTER EDITOR for the Association. I reported aboard the EASTWIND as a SA from the ROCKAWAY, and left for Salem Air Station as a SNAG (1960-1962). Through my tour, I was one of 4 working for a Navy Chief (Davis) taking Bathythermograph observations whenever underway and striking for Aerographers Mate under AG1 Page. This was for two trips South (the "Around the World" and "Atoms for Peace"). Also made 3 trips north on WESTWIND in the 1964-1966 period.) I retired a MSTD in 1980. I have a powerful Home Computer with which will support this position. (I am ordering 80 million Phone Numbers to support member queries.) My planned future mailings include the following:

Fall 1995 -- All the Names and Addresses of those located, to date, (for Xmas Cards, etc.)

Spring 1996 -- Crew Lists for ALL EASTWIND cruises (only to those who have paid 1995-1996 Dues, see below) to empower all members to find others EASTWIND Sailors.

I need input from all to keep this newsletter full. I can be reached through the mail, phone, Fax, & Internet.

Earl T. Ellis Jr., 37-C Jefferson Drive, Maple Shade, NJ 08052-1421
(609) 667-0920 (Home) (609) 234-0848 x 2449 (Work)
edell@isd.csc.com (Internet) (609) 234-2592 (Fax)

To date, I have received a multi-page diary of the EASTWIND 1944 trip north from John Donders, which I have typed up for future distribution and this from Joseph Quintiliani via Internet.

"Nov. 1968, These words did not mean much to me then. As one grows older and looks back as I did. I feel a sense of sadness for I was the young Coastie who threw the heaving line to shore and paid out number two line. For what was to be the last time this great ship docked under the Coast Guard Ensign. I am very proud to have served on her as of her many crew members. May we all enjoy many fond memories of this great ship and in our dreams to be back on her decks."

At the Meeting in Valley Forge, PA, this June it was decided that annual dues of $25.00 should be collected from all EASTWIND Association Members (for 1995-1996 and for 1996-1997) to offset the expenses of the Committee and enable it to hopefully remain in the BLACK. Make checks payable to EASTWIND Association and mail to the 1996-7 Treasurer: Leroy Grant, 15 Raymond Av, Walpole, MA, 02081 (508-668-2417) and include the following information: Please make it very legible, the data will be used to update the EASTWIND Association Data Base which will be distributed to all in the Fall.
I served on the Eastwind from 7-30-63 to 8-2-65

Captain Henry was skipper while I was attached to the Eastwind. The storekeeper is a responsible position of many facets in the set up of any ship. The supplies are kept and counted daily to assure the commander and his officers that they are there for any normal or emergency use.

All items are listed and accounted for, from “A” to “Z” including small items such as cold lockers of beef to toilet paper. <grin> One trip we tore a hole in the forward hull and the chain locker compartment was flooded. Unfortunately that is where the ship’s toilet paper was stored! The entire ship was without toilet paper for over a month.

I was a crew member on the USCGC Eastwind, the USCGC Mackinaw, the USCGC Southwind, and the USCGC Glacier.
Ribbons, Stars and Battle Medals: USCG Arctic service medal, USCG Antarctic service medal, USCG Good Conduct medal with the Bronze Star, USCG Commandant’s Letter of Commendation Ribbon w/"O" Device, USCG Marksmanship Ribbon for M-1/M-16 RIFLE, USCG Marksmanship Ribbon for 45 caliber pistol, USCG Permanent Cutterman Insignia, Command Ashore Insignia, USCG National Defense Service medal, USCG Sea Service w/Bronze Star, USCG Unit Commendation Ribbon, and USCG Achievement medal award.
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Chief Warrant Officer Lewis
Coast Guard Activities, Europe
London
Box 50
FPO New York, NY 09510-5000

Dear Chief Warrant Officer Lewis:

I would like to take this opportunity, on the occasion of your retirement from the United States Coast Guard as the service’s senior Chief Warrant Officer (F6S), to offer my personal congratulations on an outstanding career.

A review of your record serves to illustrate both the challenges which the Coast Guard offers its members, and the opportunities which are available to those, like yourself, who excel in meeting those challenges. During your 30-year plus career, you have served tours in Alaska, throughout the continental United States, and Europe. You have been assigned to four floating units, commanded a station, served at groups and bases, and worked in district offices and at Headquarters. Your awards include the Coast Guard Achievement Medal, the Commandant’s Letter of Commendation Ribbon, and the Coast Guard Unit Commendation Ribbon.

Your record speaks for itself, and it is clear that your retirement will create a vacuum within our financial management profession not easily filled. I wish you the best of luck and continued success.

Sincerely,

M. E. GILBERT
Rear Admiral, U. S. Coast Guard
You are cordially invited to a retirement ceremony and reception onboard the HMS BELFAST at 1015, Friday 29 July 1988, for Chief Warrant Officer Jerry W. Lewis, USCG

The HMS BELFAST is moored on the Thames River opposite the Tower of London.

Please RSVP to CDR J. E. Robbins no later than 15 July 1988 at:

5 Hanover Ct. or Box 50
Hanover Sq.
London W1R 9HE

(01) 409-4660
(01) 493-8498

Jerry Lewis at gangplank ready for liberty
Poor picture, but happy orphans as the hot water flowed for cooking, cleaning and bathing!

All photos and materials furnished by Jerry Lewis, Semper Paratus
Mike McFadden’s main story is in Captain Benkert’s section of the book. This is E-mail between us that may be interesting.

Hi W.D.,

Hope this finds you and everyone well, and I wish you all a Happy New Year. In answer to your question about the C.O. I served under the longest, that would be Capt. Henry (the S.O.B.) I made two south trips with him. The best C.O. to me, was Capt. Benkert. I made one south trip, and one north trip with him. Did you have a “trip book” during that time? I have an excellent photo of Benkert, but only a newspaper clipping from NZ with Henry’s photo that doesn't have good resolution and can't be further enhanced with any of my 5 photo handling programs. In answer to your other question, GSK is not a rate, it is the Engineers Storeroom. We carried all spare engine parts, and everything to do with E-Division. After working in the engine rooms, going to work in GSK, was a piece of cake. I did not have to stand underway watches, while working in GSK. It was really a great place to work. Heehee, you lucky ole sea dog! I had a cushy job when I struck for fireman first day aboard. I was put on Boiler watch. Two Cyclotherm boilers off the mess deck mid ship. The Chief gave me a manual on the Fairbanks and Morse 2000hp 10 cyl. Opposed (20) piston engine, and instructed me to "put all of that information in your memory fast as you can, this is war son." I never forgot intenseness of the order because "Smokey" Stoffer CPO-MoMM was normally a slow spoken easygoing guy.

I was a green onion just turned 18 one month after coming aboard June 3, '44. He said, "One eye on the water level, the other on the PSI gauge, and the other on the manual", and laughed as he left the boiler room. About a month later he gave me an oral exam on that manual and moved me to eng. rm. #3.

As far as a web page on the different rates, I will check the blue jackets manual. It is not the one I got at boot camp, but one I bought about a year ago in a local book store. I will get copies of the page containing rates.

Sure appreciate it!
Morton, Fred, FN to EN 3c

Came aboard the Eastwind from 06-01-62 to 11-27-65

Served under Captain(s) B R Henry and W R Benkert

I made (1) North trip in 1962, and (2) South trips in Operation Deep Freeze 1965-66 and 1967. I was disabled on the last trip to McMurdo that the Eastwind made in 1966-67. During a white out was not given the protective eye glasses needed to protect your eyes from the extreme glare of the sun reflecting off the snow and ice. Apparently the ship ran out of the protective glasses and I was told to use normal sunglasses, this was a serious mistake. The glare from the ice and snow hit the normal sunglasses and they acted as a magnifying lens and burnt 3 pinholes in the left eye. This caused fluid to sweep into the eye and discharged the retina, this from the doctors at Brighton Marine Hosp. and at Mass General Eye & Ear in Boston. When I returned to Boston in April of 1967 I began to encounter severe headaches over the eye. I thought I needed eyeglasses so I made an appointment to have my eyes checked out. The appointment was at Brighton Marine, which was set for a Friday afternoon. I showed up for the exam.
and they ended up admitting me to the hospital for further tests. The eye exam showed there was a problem but the doctors weren't sure what the problem was. I spent the weekend at the hospital and was told that they had ordered a spinal tap for Monday A.M., which I really didn't want to go through because of what I sure happen to another patient in my ward. He was black & blue from his shoulders to his hips and in a wheel chair because they couldn't get the spinal tap in the right place. My doctor came in on Saturday to tell me I was all set to go for the tap Monday at 07:30 and I told him I was going AWOL before they jab me with needle. This didn't go over to well but what hell, when your only 21 you do get a little crazy once in a while. Needless to say I ended up being restricted to the ward. Sunday morning came along and I had another visit from my doctor. This time it was a much better visit. Apparently he was best of friends with the head surgeon at Mass General Eye & Ear. He wanted his friend to examine me on Sunday night, believe it or not, at 23:00. I really couldn't believe that a surgeon would come in so late at night to do an examination but he did. His name was Dr. Charles Valockus, (I hope a spelled it correctly). His examination showed that I had a detached retina in the left eye and needed surgery as soon as possible. I was given a choice at this time as to whether to go to Governors Island in New York or go to Mass. General. Guess what my decision was? On Monday morning I was transferred to Mass General, was admitted, and scheduled for surgery for Tuesday A.M. On Tuesday I went into surgery for 13 hours to have the retina re-attached and was in recovery around 23:00 that night. I was then placed on temporary disability and had to report to Base Boston daily for about a month until my evaluation was completed as to my ability to perform my duties.

It was finally determined that I had 10/300 vision in the left eye and was determined at a medical review board not able to perform my duties due to blindness of the left eye. I was then retired from the Coast Guard at 30% disability with full benefits. This I accepted with a deep regret, believe this or not, but I truly loved being in the Coast Guard not only for the fantastic work we did/do but for serving my country and serving with the finest bunch of people I've ever met. I still keep in touch and visit with my closet buddies whenever I can. One of my friends lives in New Orleans and I hadn't seen him in 19 years. I was down in New Orleans for a conference and gave him a call. He came to the hotel to pick me up and it was just like we were never apart. Granted we do age and such but he looked the same to me as he did back in 1967. I have another close friend who lives in Palm Desert CA who is more like a brother he is also my best friend and I visit him as much as I can and he does the same. Another lives in New Hampshire which I didn't see him for over 20 years, mainly because we could never find him. But we did and we're still close friends. It just goes on and on. The friendships that you form in the service, to me anyway, stays with you throughout your life and as you get older becomes stronger.
Duties on the Eastwind

I wanted to become an electricians mate, but I guess it wasn't in the cards.

Started off in the boiler room, under 1st Class BT by the name of Doyle. Hell of a nice man. I wasn't to interested with boilers, especially after one of the boilers blew up and blew the door off the boiler room one night. This happened when FN MacCalear was standing a watch and he was inside the boiler room. You should have seen what he looked like when he emerged from what was left of the boiler room.

The next stop for me was in B2 engine room. This was better than the boiler room, but just as hot. I started off as an Oiler working with Stan Lund who was the throttleman. The first Class EN in charge was a James Pacatte, another nice man. I ended up conquering the oil purifier and consequently was called upon regularly to run and clean. On the last trip on the Eastwind I ended up becoming a throttleman with my buddy from New Orleans as my Oiler. He use to get so sea sick, he'd come on watch and lay on the deck plates for four hours. I'd end up getting the readings and doing the wipe downs etc. When we got relieved he'd get up off the deck plate with his chess tattooed like a waffle iron. Never in my life have I ever seen a person the color of a sea bag until then. This went on for the entire trip when it got rough.

Fred Morton
Plume, Richard, RM2c


Reported aboard the Coos Bay USCGC July 1, 1961 through May 1, 1962; then to the Eastwind USCGC May 1962 through May 1964; Then USCG Radio Station (NMF) Boston, Ma. (Marsh Field on Cape Cod) May 1964 thru September 1964.

We left Boston December 10, 1963 for Antarctica. After weeks of living with two hundred other men on a ship 269 feet long and 68 feet wide Capt. B. R. Henry decided we had earned a beer break on the ice and rocks of Antarctica. We were anchored at Anvers Island, Palmer Peninsula after weeks of travel from Boston, MA. through the Panama Canal via Punta Arenas, Chile, and Cape Horn.

After two trips South my buddies and I knew the routine. Captain Henry allotted two cans of beer for every sailor that wanted to get off the ship. One fact was clear to us, lots of our shipmates didn't drink beer. Hard to imagine a sailor that didn't drink, but they do exist.

After spending two years on the Eastwind and knowing once in a while a beer party came along, we kept track of which shipmates didn't want their beer and what they would take in trade for them. We were counted as we were loaded into the LCVP and two cans of beer came aboard with each of us. After landing on Anvers Island, the officer in charge would hand out the beer. We made sure we were first in line, and then stood off to the side as everyone else got their cans. As they would walk away from the landing, we met them and added their beer to our collection.

Of course our foul weather gear had many pockets and as we acquired each beer it quickly went out of sight somewhere in our parka’s. Having collected all we could we headed off for a secluded spot to drink our hoarded cans. We passed a very pleasant couple of hours drinking, lying and exaggerating.
Meanwhile recall of the shore party was taking place. We had been ordered to stay within sight of the Eastwind and we did do that. Most of our shipmates were within a stones throw of the landing, but we were far enough away and well hidden in a crevasse that we were totally out of sight.

We could peer from our hiding place and see the ship so we were obeying the letter of the law. The last boat was loading and of course we weren't there. We still had a few beers to finish and weren't about to leave them or take a chance and try taking them aboard. The LCVP started blowing it's horn repeatedly and we could see the officer talking on his portable radio.

After much blowing of the LCVP horn and much yelling and looking for us, the Eastwind started blowing her whistles. We of course got a bit nervous and drank the last of our beer rather quickly as we still had at least a mile of walking under less than favorable conditions to get back to the landing. We were by this time at least an hour and a half past the time we were supposed to be back.
We arrived back at the landing and were joyously greeted as lost sailors returning. At least for a few minutes, then it dawned on everyone we were bombed out of our minds and were having trouble walking. The interrogation started as soon as we arrived back on the Eastwind. I tried to use the excuse that we didn't know what time it was but the officer pulled up my left sleeve and showed everyone my own time, watch. I then feebly said I had forgotten it was on my wrist. Needless to say, I and my friends were informed we would be appearing before Capt Henry at a Captains Mast, probably to be demoted in the least.

My friend Billy and I did face the Captain the next day and Billy did in fact get demoted and restricted to the ship for 30 days. Billy had previous charges back in Boston from the Shore Patrol as we had been in a previous scrape with the law there. I had broken a window in a bar with my fist after getting a “Mickey” and got arrested after we ran.

Unfortunately, the Shore Patrol got Billy, and the Boston city police got me. After paying for the window and court costs my charges were dropped, but Billy had the incident added to his record. So now Billy got busted and I only got restricted to the ship for 30 days.

I chuckled to myself as I left the bridge because here we were in Antarctica, and where was I to go? Well it turned out, the punishment was tough. I am an explorer by nature and we would be leaving the Palmer Peninsula in a couple of weeks and stopping at Deception Island. Deception Island is an extinct volcano with a break in the crater wall which makes an ideal harbor. We stopped at the island which had been a huge whaling station in the 1800's. Many, many deserted buildings, relics, whale bones and discarded tools were scattered everywhere and nobody cared what you took. All my buddies came back to the ship after exploring, carrying all sorts of relics including huge whale bones. I was so upset because I knew there would never be another chance in my lifetime to explore such a remote place, practically untouched since the turn of the century.

I suspect Captain Henry knew it was a serious punishment as the type of sailor that went on the Eastwind was an explorer at heart and needed to see and do all he could.

We next stopped at Valparaiso, Chile to help an orphanage and the shipmates took up a collection on the ship to buy a new hot water heater for the orphans badly detrained orphanage.
We made the orphanage much more habitable by repairing the roof, windows, doors and installing a new heater. We also had great fun with the kids we invited to the ship for a meal.

Most photos are from the cruise book Eastwind 1964
Our observations of penguins......Antarctica, January 1964

When the mighty ice pick comes charging at the subject of our observations through the pack ice, obviously destined to hit or pass close to the chosen floe, the reaction is inevitable...excitement!

At 100 yards Willie the penguin raises his head in annoyance.

At 75 yards he is in a vertical position, frantically waving his flippers and turning slowly in circles.

At 50 yards he as fallen on his face and is paddling on his belly to the edge of the floe.

At 25 yards he takes one last look over his shoulder before stumbling, jumping and frantically tripping pell-mell over the bergy-bits, away from the big white intruder with the bloody nose.

When we’re past, Willie turns and waggles his flippers in apparent diplomatic protest. Who the heck do we think we are? He preens his feathers, bobs his head up and down a few times, rolls his round, yellow eyes and, after waddling to the water's edge, with outstretched flippers, he plops in.

Richard T Plume
Robinson, George ‘Chip’, Sn 1C

OK here is the story. This was around 1964 or so with B R Henry as skipper we, the EASTWIND was given the task to pick up and move around 350 or so bottles of Aviator’s breathing 02, that had been stored over at McWilliams air facility. The temp was around 45 to 50 below 0. Right damn cold. the pick up and movement of the bottles took us around the better part of a week, we had to dig them out and move them by hand to the sleds then pull the sleds back to the ship load them abroad, then back to the ice quay. When this was all done the Skipper gave the deck force "ice liberty" i.e. cases of beer and we were to sit around in the snow having our 2 cans each-

Welllll.... as I remember the wind came up and we decided that we wanted to get out of the wind.

Well about 1/2 mile on the Point was the SCOTT HUT left over from the Robert F. Scott Antarctic expedition a long time ago, and it seemed a perfect place to get out of the howling cold wind. We set out for it.
This was / is a national treasure of the New Zealand people. We moved into this historic, preserved building, built a fire in the stoves and drank all of our BEER. Welllll, we found some more, [left over from the 1800's and drank that too! Then we opened some tins of ships biscuits and ate them also]. About that time I became sick and left the hut and went back to the ship so I missed the round up
when the navy folks came over to see why there was smoke coming from the stacks of the Historic building. All were taken to the ship and released to the Officer of the Day.

The @#$%^& hit the fan the next day. There was an all hands stand to on the flight deck, and the Skipper was on us (the crew), like flies on a picnic. The New Zealand Rep. a four striker, also expressed his total displeasure with us, the US navy and hooligans in general. Adm. Reedy [sp] also came down and expressed his displeasure. Then we were given the task of erecting a chain link fence around the Hut, with a chained and locked gate-- and while we were tied up, we had to provide a gate guard there at that gate--- When we got back to Christ Church the entire crew was restricted for about a week due to the GREAT FENCE MESS.

After that we brought our own barrel made into a grill, and cooked our own hotdogs on work expeditions to Williams Field. We took the equipment we dug out of the ice and loaded it onto sleds, then two men pulling and two men pushing, the sled back to the Eastwind. We loaded the O2 bottles and equipment on the ship and returned to McMurdo where it was off loaded on trucks.
The ship’s crane removed the breathing O2 bottles for the USAF out of the ship’s hold and put on the trailer for the truck to take to its new location.

The pack ice floe would be blown into the sound and the Eastwind would go to work pushing it back out to sea to the north east side of the sound. This would permit other less ice worthy ships to come into McMurdo with supplies and equipment. My copyright release:
Name: George B. ‘Chip’ Robinson

Assigned to Eastwind W279, 1963_ to 1965__

Rank/Rate_E-3___________________________

Captain(s)__B R Henry__________________________

Duties ____Deck Force___________________________

Materials and photos enclosed are for part of the history of this great ship and crews who manned her to both poles and around the world in all seven seas. This is a copyright release to use them in book and CD form.

Signature _George B “Robby”_Robinson

After I left the US Coast Guard I went back to school and got my degree, then to better prepare myself I got all the maintenance licenses from FAA for aircraft. At that time in the early 1970’s the California state national guard was down to about 30% strength. One of my contacts in the Veterans Administration was Col. BB McCune. He asked me if I would like to enter the national guard. I accepted and was sent back to Ft. Rucker to go through the US Army aircraft maintenance school. After graduation came back to California and was assigned to the 40th division as a maintenance officer. Twenty some years later I retired as a Lt. Col.

I am now the chief inspector for the Army Aviation Historical Foundation. (http://armyav.org ) web site. If that fails, try http://www.armyav.org and enjoy some surfing time in the army aviation historical world.

The uniform is US Army Dress Blues. The beautiful blond is my wife of thirty years. I currently restore old aircraft, and cars and work for the movie industry.
We have had a wonderful life together.
The girl is Mary Regis whom works with me in the movie industry the gentleman is a retired Col USAAF/ USAF W.W.II and Korea B-29 pilot Ben Robertson. This was the first flight after restoration looks a little bit different from the mess on the back of a truck in high desert. GBR

This plane I recovered from the high desert six years ago. I just finished her restoration recently. It is the same model of plane used by Douglas MacArthur and other high ranking officers of the Army. It will carry the pilot and two passengers in a range up to 1500 miles on one tank of gasoline.

This concludes my story of the Eastwind and my life.

Semper paratus
Chip Robinson
CHAPTER ELEVEN

Benkert, Wm R, Captain
Skipper of the Mighty Eastwind ’65 – ‘67.

I was a Captain August 10, 1965 to September 10, 1967, of the “Mighty ‘E’”

The Eastwind was my finest ship.
William Benkert was born the son of William and Dora Benkert on April 24, 1923 in Chicago, Ill. He graduated from Horace Greenly Hi School, Chappaqua, NY, and was appointed a cadet at the USCG Academy in July 1940. He graduated with a bachelor of Science degree in Engineering and was commissioned an Ensign in June 1943.
From the Academy he was assigned to the CGC Haida serving as deck watch officer and navigator. From September 1944 to July 1946, he was stationed aboard the CGC Angora as executive officer and later commanding officer. From August 1946 until October 1947 he was commanding officer of the CGC Ewing.

In December 1947 he was assigned to the Marine Inspection Office in San Francisco. From there he became executive officer and later, commanding officer CGC Coos Bay. From November 1953 to March 1957 he was stationed at the academy as head instructor in the merchant marine inspection section of the officers’ indoctrination school. From there he was transferred to the CGC Minnitonka as Commanding Officer.

In June 1959 he was stationed at the Marine inspection office in San Diego, Ca. From August 1962 to July 1965 he was at CGHQ in Washington as assistant chief of the merchant vessel inspection division of the office of merchant marine safety. On August 13, 1965, Captain Benkert became commanding officer of the icebreaker Eastwind, based in Boston, Ma.

Captain Benkert’s ribbons and medals include National Defense, American Campaign, Antarctic- Pacific campaign, WWII Victory, Korean Service, Antarctic Service and the Sectary of the Treasury Commendation.

Captain Benkert is married to the former Miss Dorothy Kreig of Groton, Cn. They have two children Eileen and Allen.

This information was obtained in the 1967 Eastwind Cruise book, as a historical record.

As editor I will try to copy some of the “Penguin Tracks” for you. The old blue of the Mimeographic machines at that time make it very difficult, but I have the contrast set where the page is readable. The Pica print of that time may not be easy to read in some places.
PEOPLE WHO MADE THIS VESSEL POSSIBLE TRACKS POSSIBLE

STAFF

ENS RANNESZ = PIC OFFICER
VRD V. PINO = EDITOR IN CHIEF
ROM P. JONES = RESEARCH REPORTER
SN S. DAY = ART
SN TAYLOR = DISTRIBUTION

CONTRIBUTORS

CAMP BERNERT
CDR BRIDGER
Mr. J. REYNOLDS
EMI OBERLANDER
ENI BURD
EMI BRENNER
EMS EARNEST

OCEANOGRAPHIC LAB
CS3 DOOGH
SA OOSLING
MMD TRIPP
AD20 SPOOK
EMI PERRINO
RG2 GREGHAM
AG1 MORGES

SHIP'S ROSTER

CAPT William M. BENNETT 2234, USCG
CDR Edward L. SAMUEL 37458, USCG
CDM Howard M. VEILLETTE 5541, USCG
LT Joseph P. OXLEY 42020, USCG
LTO Michael D. TRINIAL 7539, USCG
LTO Frederick M. HAMILTON 7538, USCG
LTOQ James B. JAMES, Jnr. 43552, USCG
LTOQ Michael M. NERING 43654, USCG
LTOQ Gary J. OUSENBURG 7769, USCG
LTOQ Robert J. PHILIPOTT 7792, USCG
ENS undeclared 7852, USCG
ENS Gary J. SMITHSON 43067, USCG
ENS John A. RANZER 43031, USCG

ENS Roger A. BARNELL 7976, USCG
ENS John R. PAINTER 8029, USCG
ENS James F. MARSH 8040, USCG
SCM-2 Harold M. CROOK 26561, USCG
MACK-2 Floyd E. DICK 26922, USCG

Temporary Additional Duty

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LT Carlos J. ALVAREZ 26042, USCG
LT Henry T. BUCKLEY 60423, USCG
LTOQ William G. DAYTON 678200, USCG
LTOQ Charles W. RADER 684856, USCG
ENS Robert J. GILLIAM 711758, USCG

CIVILIANS

Mr. John Kelley, University of Washington
Mr. G. Oser, University of Southern California
Mr. W. Wood, Weather Department
Mr. W. Delorio, Johns Hopkins University
Mr. Turner, CG Oceanographic Unit
Mr. Donnelly, CG Oceanographic Unit
PERSONNEL, ROYAL
COC EASTWIND

EM3 David C. AMARAL 352 375
EM3 Joseph R. AMOS Jr. 357 351
EM2 David D. ANDERSON 359 229
SA Richard R. BADES 366 763
SN Alan C. BEAL 366 885
SNH William O. BENNET 347 297
ENLT Lawrence J. BERNES 345 782
ENS Paul A. BLACK Jr. 349 124
SA Richard A. BLACK Jr. 369 084
SA David R. BIXBY 367 044
SN Larry L. BODSON 363 290
SR2K Victor BOUT Jr. 330 197
FA Robert L. BOUNDY 369 132
EM2-03 James H. BROWN 369 392
EM2 Joe B. BURRITT 354 009
EM1 Edmund S. BURKE 333 041
EM2 Jerry L. BYRANT 349 889
EM3 Paul G. CARMICHAEL 365 608
EM3 Richard J. CARLSON 377 020
SA Ernest C. CATRON Jr. 360 471
SNCS Bruce W. CLAYBURN 370 436
DCGR Harold L. COLE 313 840
FM19 Fred G. COLEMAN 322 113
SA James W. COLTON Jr. 373 717
FA Gary C. CONNOR 373 292
SA Lexy F. COTTON 353 791
SA Ralph L. COWEN 375 282
FA Darvis E. CRAMP 369 138
FA Richard A. CRABBE 392 104
SK3 William R. CROWLEY 353 778
EM3 John F. CRUMSTON Jr. 361 818
TM3 Vance C. COLEMAN 363 623
SA William L. DANLION 359 113
SN Stephen V. O. DAVY 367 235
SA Bruce B. DECKER 369 213
EM Alfredo E. DE LEON 364 394
EM Romeo L. DOMINE 357 125
EM3 William G. DORSEY Jr. 351 976
SA Larry L. EAGLE 361 443
HM2 Carl E. EARNSH 339 846
CS2 Joseph ESTES 328 511
SN RT John J. FANFARLI 399 253
SA Charles R. FERRELL 346 249
EM3 Amanda G. FERRAND 316 694
FA Robert W. FISHER 369 696
SA Michael W. FOSTER 369 208
EM3 Franklin W. FREDERICK 353 899
FA Richard L. GOSA 370 381
SA Kellem W. GOULD 365 888
SA Raymond L. GREGG 369 122
EM2 Rossell D. GREENSH 354 985
EM3 Henry GUGAN 358 320

årSM Gregory F. HAMPS 369 342
FA Walter H. HASKETT 368 884
FMJN William B. HAMPTON 360 357
EM2P William C. HENDERY 312 498
SNMN Woodrow R. HEDLEY 368 852
SA Richard A. HEINRICH 369 197
SA Scott H. HODGES 369 214
EM3 Gerald L. HOLDT 363 076
SA Donald A. HOARD 369 128
EM3 Earnest A. HOURNE 365 197
SA Terry E. HUNTER 362 139
EM3 Jerry HUD 363 617
EM3 Jay H. JACOB 367 020
FA James T. JEFFERSON 369 129
SNRC Robert H. JOHNSON 346 833
EMC-3 Thomas R. JOHNSON 321 362
EM3 Peter E. JONES 355 999
EM3 John J. KELLY Jr. 367 641
FA Robert KENNEDY 369 996
EM3 Robert O. KIDDY 367 829
EM3 Vernon H. KIM 338 495
EM3 Kenneth W. KINSHIP Jr. 357 607
SN Ronald J. KLING 367 330
EM3 Richard D. KLEMON 365 764
EM3 Donald M. KOCHE 369 674
FA David A. KUFF 361 730
SF3 Roland L. LAINE 368 767
SN Steven K. LAUCHER 333 659
SA Larry L. LEE 368 976
EM3 Thomas C. LAMBERTSON 369 235
FA Charles L. LECHMAN 360 982
FA Frederick S. LEARY 369 999
EM2 Robert A. LEXIS 361 914
SNCH Michael E. LIPPMAN 353 225
FA Larry W. LITTLE 365 150
SM2 William G. LLOYD 354 931
SA Robert R. LOMBARDO 373 344
EM3 Benjamin A. MAGNANNE Jr. 364 112
SN Sojood B. MAGRO 349 286
EM2 Alfred D. MAPLES 367 716
AG3 Robert F. MACKER 354 805
SN Jeffrey L. MARKERT 367 945
SN Stephen P. MARVIN 372 885
SM Louis W. MASTIA 361 802
SN William R. MAXWELL 354 844
SNCS John H. MCCORMICK 375 153
EM Michael T. McFADDEN 344 350
SN Allen E. McHUGH 355 997
SA Roy R. MEAD 372 008
SNRM Rennert G. MEAD Jr. 358 662
SA Stanley J. MICHAELEK 333 568 975
AG3 Kenneth M. MCKINLEY 367 566
OPERATION DEEPFREEZE '66
MAJOR EVENTS

1. 18 November 1965 completed extensive shipyard availability
departed Bethlehem Steel Yard, Boston for brief post repair
trials.

2. 19 November 1965 moored Base Boston, continued maximum effort
to ready ship for operation DEEP FREEZE '66.

3. 28 November 1965 Coast Guard Aviation Detachment from Elizabeth
City, North Carolina, arrived with two HH-32A Coast Guard Helicopters
numbers 1400 and 1401. Personnel consisted of four officers and
twelve enlisted men. The Navy four man relief wintering over party
for Palmer Station reported aboard.

4. 1 December 1965 EASTWIND having previously chopper to CONEASTAREA
in accordance with Commandant Coast Guard (OSR) letter of 8 November
1965, departed Boston, Massachusetts, for Antarctic Peninsula. (The
passage was made via Earl's, New Jersey, Crooked Island and Windward
Passages, Panama Canal, Valparaiso and Punta Arenas, Chile).

5. 2 December 1965 ammunition and explosives were loaded at Naval
Ammunitions Depot, Earls, New Jersey.

6. Enroute Panama routine drills and training were held when weather
permitted, helicopters were flown for training purposes.

7. EASTWIND arrived Limon Bay, Panama Canal Zone the evening of 8
December 1965. Night transit of the canal was made, moored Pier Two,
U.S. Naval Station Rodman Canal Zone. During import period helicopters
were flown off to Howard Air Force Base for maintenance and training.
The ship was refueled.

8. EASTWIND departed Panama on 12 December 1965 following rhumb line
to Valparaiso, Chile.

9. 15 December 1965 chopper to CONWESTAREA in accordance with
Commandant Coast Guard (OSR) letter dated 8 November 1965.
10. EASTWIND arrived Valparaiso, 20 December 1965 and remained five (5) days departing 25 December 1965. Three United States Antarctic Research Program personnel reported aboard.

11. The coastal route to Golfo de Fonse was followed thence the Chilean Inland Passage and Magellan Straits to Punta Arenas, arrived 30 December 1965. Seven United States Antarctic Research Program personnel reported aboard.

12. EASTWIND departed Punta Arenas 1 January 1966 enroute Arthur Harbor, Antarctic Peninsula, Antarctica, via Magellan Straits, Estrecho de la Flare and Drake Passage. Began Phase I United States Antarctic Research Program.

13. 3 January 1966 at 60° 00' SO's clouded to COT-43 in accordance with Commandant Coast Guard (CGHQ) letter dated 2 November 1965 and COT-43.

14. EASTWIND arrived 4 January 1966 at Arthur Harbor. 5 and 6 January 1966 U.S. Navy relieved wintering over personnel at Palmer Station, the four relieved U.S. Navy personnel reported aboard for transportation to Punta Arenas.

15. The morning of 7 January 1966 EASTWIND shifted anchorage in Arthur Harbor to 200 yards off ice cliff to refuel Palmer Station. Upon completion that afternoon a total of 23,000 gallons of diesel fuel had been transferred to Palmer Station.

16. 8 January 1966 off-loaded 20,600 pounds of cargo to Palmer Station by helicopter pilots.

17. 9 January 1966 informal visit to UK Station, Argentine Inland made by helicopter pilots.

18. 11 January 1966 departed Arthur Harbor enroute Punta Arenas to return winteringover party and embark remainder of United States Antarctic Research Program personnel.
19. 14 January 1966 anchored Punta Arenas, Chile. The four Navy personnel, DB-65 winter-over party, Palmer Station, departed.

20. 16 January 1966 five additional United States Antarctic Research Program personnel reported aboard.

21. 17 January 1966 moved to Puerto Percy, Chile, to refuel.


Began Phase II United States Antarctic Research Program.

24. 22 January 1966 at time 0745R crossed Antarctic Circle at 68°26'W.

On the evening of 22 January 1966 arrived Marguerite Bay and commenced oceanographic program.

25. 23 January 1966 having completed five stations, secured oceanographic work, Marguerite Bay and departed to rendezvous with USNS WYANDOT. Oceanographic work consisted of bottom trawls, bottom core and water bottle samples.

26. 25 January 1966 USNS WYANDOT chopper to CGU 83.5.2. 26 January 1966 rendezvous with USNS WYANDOT in position 64°02'N, 65°28'W, escorted her to Arthur Harbor. USNS WYANDOT anchored outside Arthur Harbor due to heavy pack ice in harbor. EASTWIND moored alongside USNS WYANDOT for cargo handling operations.

27. 27 January 1966 completed unloading USNS WYANDOT, having discharged 59,000 pounds of cargo by helicopter and 15,000 pounds by USNS WYANDOT's LCM manned by EASTWIND personnel.

28. The morning of 28 January 1966 EASTWIND underway and escorting USNS WYANDOT to open water. USNS WYANDOT released to proceed independently, EASTWIND returned to anchorage Arthur Harbor to complete cargo stowage at Palmer Station. USNS WYANDOT chopper CGU 43.2.
29. The afternoon of 29 January 1966 EASTWIND departed Arthur Harbor for Phase III United States Antarctic Research Program. This consisted of conducting various stations in Gerlache and Bransfield Straits, South Shetland Islands, South Orkney Islands, and vicinity of James Ross Island.

30. On 30 January 1966 Commanding Officer, EASTWIND paid an informal visit to Argentine Station, Almirante Brown at Paradise Harbor, Danco Coast via helicopter.

31. The morning of 5 February 1966 Commanding Officer, EASTWIND and United States Antarctic Research Program Representative Palmer made informal visits to Argentine, Chilean and United Kingdom stations on Deception Island.

32. In the evening of 5 February 1966 received radio message from British Station, Signy Island, South Orkney Islands, requesting x-ray facilities to determine location of one inch dental wedge accidently swallowed by station member. Attempts to arrange evacuation of patient by Chilean amphibious aircraft to Deception Island failed due to mechanical trouble in aircraft.

33. The morning of 6 February 1966 temporarily secured oceanographic work in response to Medico enroute Signy Island at best possible speed.

34. The evening of 7 February 1966 received radio message from Signy Island that x-ray facilities no longer required. Patient normal. Resumed oceanographic operations, vicinity South Orkney Islands.

35. 10 February 1966, Commanding Officer EASTWIND paid an informal visit to the British Station, "Hotel", on Signy Island, via helicopter.

36. 11 - 14 February 1966 completed four stations while enroute Dundee Island in Erebus and Terror Gulf.

38. 17 February 1966 completed two stations while enroute Elephant Island. During evening completed three stations vicinity Elephant Island.

39. 18 February 1966 completed two stations vicinity Gibbs Island.

40. 19 February 1966 completed two stations vicinity Peacul Island off Southeast Coast King George Island.

41. 19 and 20 February 1966 completed five stations vicinity Tower Island; departed for Palmer Station.

42. The morning of 21 February 1966 returned to Arthur Harbor, Anvers Island.

43. The morning of 22 February 1966 made informal visit to HMS Protector. Upon completion of DV-66 mission, Antarctica, at 1300H, EASTWIND departed, enroute continental United States via East coast of South America.

44. 23 February 1966 chopped to CONFAVIZ at 60°00'S, 63°47'W and deactivated to 43°55', in accordance with Commandant Coast Guard letter of 8 November 1965 and CTP-43 OPUND 3-65.

45. 26 February 1966 arrived Punta Arenas for debarking of USARP Personnel.

46. 26 February 1966 departed Punta Arenas enroute Buenos Aires, Argentina.

47. 5 March 1966 arrived Buenos Aires, Argentina as special guests of Argentin Coast Guard.


49. 13 March 1966 arrived Rio de Janeiro.


51. 22 March 1966 began Ocean Station Survey at 03°00'S - 38°15'W.

52. 26 March 1966 Completed Ocean Station Survey at 03°00'N - 27°30'W.

53. 6 April 1966 arrived Earle, New Jersey for off loading of ammunition.

54. 6 April 1966 departed Earle, New Jersey enroute Boston, Mass.


* Total Money Orders sold by the Post Office during DV-66 $24,966.59
EASTWIND’S HIGHLIGHTS OF DEEP FREEZE 67

SEPTEMBER 66
25: Departed BOSTON.
26: Altered course into STRAITS OF FLORIDA to avoid HURRICANE INEZ.
29: Entered GULF OF MEXICO; entered CARIBBEAN.

OCTOBER 66
04-07: RODMAN NAVAL STATION, CANAL ZONE via PANAMA CANAL; entered NORTH PACIFIC.
10: Crossed EQUATOR at 92° 25’W.
10: Entered SOUTH PACIFIC.
27: Crossed INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE at 141°18’S.

NOVEMBER 66
01-06: SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
11-14: WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.
19: Encountered first PACK ICE; crossed ANTARCTIC CIRCLE at 177° 52’E, 66° 33’S. Entered ROSS SEA.
23: Commenced clearing ship channel 15 miles Northwest of HUTT POINT.
27: Aided CGC GLACIER (beset in ice); supplied fresh water and fuel.

DECEMBER 66
01-30: McMurdo Station, Antarctica: escort duty; ice breaking.

JANUARY 67
06-25: WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND: CARGO SHIP hard aground; crew members evacuated by EASTWIND HELICOPTER; STATE DEPARTMENT ANTARCTIC INSPECTION TEAM aboard.

FEBRUARY 67
06-10: Assisted DANISH cargo ships (NELLA DAN and THALA DAN) beset in ice pack; aided in re-supply of WILKES STATION (AUSTRALIAN).
13: Entered INDIAN OCEAN.
17: Entered SOUTH ATLANTIC; completed CIRCUMNAVIGATION of ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

MARCH 67
01: Crossed PRIME MERIDIAN.
04: Sailed DRAKE PASSAGE.
05: Entered STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.
06-08: PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE.
13-18: VALPARAISO, CHILE.
23-26: CALLAO (LIMA), PERU.
30: Transitted PANAMA CANAL; completed CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF WORLD at 8° 52’N.

APRIL 67
07: Arrived BOSTON (HOMEPORT).
From the Coming Officer:

As this will be our last issue for some time, -and for some or last issue - period, I would like to say a very few words to all hands.

I feel that this her been a most - successful deployment -- We have done a good job, I believe, in all respects, and I have been most pleased with the efforts that have been put forth by all personnel, although the trip has been long and at times both arduous and monotonous, I feel that morale has been good (perhaps good liberty ports have had a little something to do with this) and that we have all become a close-knit happy crew, which consider highly important, particularly when a vessel Is engaged in a lengthy deployment.

I have been most pleased to serve with you all -- am looking forward to continue to serve with a good many of you during our forthcoming period in Boston and Deep Freeze 67. To those of you who will be leaving I offer my best wishes for the future; I intend to see each of you before you depart and offer my personal thanks for a job well done.

As a last word, I hope that you will have a wonderful homecoming In Boston and a fine spring and summer with your families and friends

W.M. BENKERT

Taken from the 1967 operation Deep Freeze ship’s “Penguin tracks” crew’s book. <Public Domain>
I would like to give my reflections, of my time on the Eastwind, from an engineman’s Point of view. I reported aboard in August of 1961, seventeen years old and right out of boot camp. My first Deepfreeze I worked in the boiler room. I stood watches there and on the evaporator, in B-2. My second DeepFreeze I had decided to strike for Engine-man and was assigned to B-3, and stood oiler watches during our trip.

In June of 1963, I was transferred to the Boothbay Harbor, Maine. My duties included being a relief keeper at three lighthouses in our area. I missed the Eastwind, and friends, so I requested a transfer. In June of 64, I reported aboard and was assigned to B-2 Engine room. While underway I took over as a Throttleman. The responsibilities were enormous for a twenty year old Engineman.
Life as Engineman was a busy, but enjoyable one. The hours underway were long. In addition to your work assignments, there was always a four hour on, and an eight hour off. The duties of a throttleman were quite different from my days as an oiler. I learned a lot from the men I stood watch with, and I hope I taught my oiler well.

In May of 1965 I got out of the Coast Guard and took a job as a tractor trailer driver in New Jersey. In July 66, I decided to go back to the Coast Guard. I was sworn in at Manchester, New Hampshire. I reported to the base in Boston, I asked to be assigned once again to the Eastwind. This time I was assigned to B-1 Engine Room. The first few weeks out to sea I stood eight hours on and four hours off to train new crewmen assigned to B-1. I remember one of my oilers during this trip. For the first month he was sick all the time. He would make his rounds on watch, and then sit with his head in a bucket. Another oiler would call down to B-1 before leaving the watch. We would have to go open the Engine Room door for him as the suction was so great from the engine intake. B-2 Engine Room was the best Engine Room to work in as it did not have the S/S generator, as did B-1 and B-3. The noise level was definitely lower.

Whatever Engine Room we were assigned, we could took great pride in the cleanliness and the operation of all machinery. During the four hours on watch, you hardly spoke a word, due to the noise. We all found that hand signals worked best.
When the engines ran at a constant speed, you could almost be lulled to sleep. As strange as it may seem, the noise became silence. However, being in the ice was a different story, engines would rev up and then back on an idle, then rev again. Working in the Engine Room also poses some dangers.

The engines and generators had open fly wheels which were dangerous to be around in heavy seas. You had to be very careful while on watch and not get careless. I have seen guys lose fingers, fall on deck plates, receive burns while working around the engines, machinery and steam lines. The engine rooms had a smell you never forgot. First there was always the diesel fuel smell, the smell of all the bilges and the smell of everything in general, combined to make it unforgettable. Other memories was the heat, the scraped hands from when they slipped off a wrench, the blackened hands from the soot during an overhaul.

Despite this, I would do it all over again in a minute. My shipmates, and in particular the guys I worked with, were family to me. We did not always agree, and we had our disappointments, but we stuck together. My four and a half years on the Eastwind was an experience I will never forget. She was my home. I think anyone who served on board would have to agree. There were times when you could curse her, but deep-down inside she meant so much to all of us. Some of the ports of call included Panama, Puerto Rico, Pitcairn Island, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Fiji Islands, Tahiti, Peru, Chile, Columbia, Germany, Denmark and Newport, Rhode Island.

We also made the around the world trip on deep freeze 66-67. I will close now, I realize this is probably boring, but my memories start with the Engine Room. A couple pictures you may like from my album on following pages.
Benny and friends give blood at Auckland Hospital.
I also served under Captain Naab and Commander Charles A Green, Executive Officer previous chapter.

Hi WD,

This is a little poem, for a friend of mine
We both sailed on the mighty Wind,
although it was at different times,
She was a gallant lady from the start,
and forever will remain in our hearts,
USCGC Eastwind W-279,

she was a legend in her own time,
we served on board her, with a great deal of pride
it is true, our emotions, are at times hard to hide,
the mention of her name, can bring a tear to your eye,
the memory of this great lady, will never die.

WD, sorry for the delay in getting back to you, but it has been one busy week for us at work. The weather has finally turned cold, 4 degrees this am, and had some snow this past week. The wife and our daughters, are out doing some Christmas shopping today. Tonight we are going into my son's, for a little get together. We plan on Christmas, at our place, every year, this year is no exception. I have been in touch with a couple of former shipmates, and I will try to get them to get in touch with you. Speak, so that others my hear, this is the message that they must get. If there is anything I can do, to help, let me know. I hope you get my card alright, and thank you for sending the Christmas card. Must sign off for now, couple more e-mails to send, and a couple of honey do's to get done.

WD, take care of yourself, and drop a line when you can.

Mike (Benny) McFadden

Thanks Benny, you are one “helluva” Salty Sailor!! Hope to see you at the “LEFT Coast” reunion in Laughlin, Nevada next May 2004.
Mulrenin, Paul H., GM 3C

DEEP FREEZE 1966
USCGC EASWIND WAGB-279

OFFICERS USCG

Capt. Benkert  Ens. Jensen
Cdr. West       Ens. Coleman
Lt. Barber      Ens. Buettner
Lt. Shiller     Ens. Smith
Lt. Lima        Ens. James
LtJG. Mockler   Ens. Herring
LtJG. Golden    MACH-1 Engle
Ens. Foran      SPCK-1 Cooke

AVIATION OFFICERS

LCDR> Branham  LCDR. Bellis
LCDR. Garbe    LCDR. Hofer
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adams, SN</td>
<td>ENCP</td>
<td>Earnest, BM2</td>
<td>SN</td>
<td>Marinucci, SA</td>
<td>SN</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aiguier, SA</td>
<td>ENCP</td>
<td>Evanish, SA</td>
<td>SN</td>
<td>Martin, SA</td>
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*Twins Submitted by Paul H. Mulrenin GM3
We always kept close count on our beers so that we would not be busted for incompetent inebriation!
I was an engineman on the Eastwind W279 under the command of three Captain’s on different Deepfreeze cruises.

I served under Captain Henry, Captain Naab, and Captain Benkert. I can’t remember if I was transferred to the Edisto before Captain C W Bailey took command.

I reported on board as EM 1c, and the first story I heard from the crew was how they were going to keel haul the next cook that served a New Zealand lamb. Apparently Captain B R Henry had bought the country’s annual supply of lamb and that was all they had to eat on way back to Boston.

My only trip with Captain B R Henry was to Thule, Greenland. I can’t recall anything that indicated he had a drinking problem. He did wear those mirror sun glasses I was told to hide his blood shot eyes. The crew nick named him Captain B(ourbon) R(um) Henry. Apparently on the 1965 trip the word was out to the New Zealand press that there had been a mutiny on board. A NZ Reporter came down to the ship and wanted to check it out. From what I remember, Captain Henry had to go onto the pier, thus showing that he was actually free, and tell the reporter that the story was false, a young seaman was disgruntled and had told his girlfriend in a message back in Boston, that the crew was mutiny, and she called Boston Globe, who run a issue on the false report. The Globe retracted the story, and the NZ press was satisfied it did not happen. Beyond that I do not remember
what happened and cannot say. I do recommend that you get in touch with Richard (Dick) Morris, BM 1c on that trip. I’m sure he could tell you more than I.

There was one other story I heard about the 1965 trip. I don’t have any logs to back up facts, but apparently a couple of non-rates decided the ship was close enough to Tahiti Island to make liberty in a life raft. As I remember they actually went over the side attempting a liberty. The ship turned around when they were reported missing and they were recovered.

Those guys were part of a group of BAD APPLES that were on the ship when I came aboard. I saw a couple of things that caused me to believe some of the stories I’d heard. One of the stories involved a seaman who was cast as the Gomer Pyle mold. He wouldn’t hurt a fly. Those BAD APPLES would beat him up just for drills. When Dick Morris found out about that, there was a meeting in the Main Hold, of that group and Dick Morris. Problem solved!

John Oberlander checking Boiler controls for safety.

The Eastwind had two Cyclone Boilers to provide steam for the Evaporator to convert seawater to potable drinking water, and heat exchangers for hot water and cooking for 300 crewmen and officers.

However most of my duties were the Fairbanks and Morris diesel engines in three engine rooms.
My memory that far back is about dead, but some things stayed!
I volunteered at last reunion to be the point of contact between Eastwind Assoc. and Glacier Society. I have joined that organization and at this time have heard nothing of interest from the Eastwind Assoc. When life slows down a little I will bug them for something that will interest our group.

John Oberlander, in VA.
Eastwind memories

It’s been awhile (39 years give or take) and the memory is not what it used to be, but:
Mostly what I remember is the friendships, even if I can’t remember all the names or faces. These guys were my family for two years and I was as close to them as I had been to anyone else in my life up to then, but the other memories flood back as I sit and think about it:

Standing out on the flight deck during a storm and timing it to jump half way across when the stern dropped down into the trough. Deciding that was probably not a good idea when one of the guys almost cleared the safety nets.

Breaking ice off the forecastle with ax handles.

The surprising amount of pain when my face thawed out where my beard had frozen and broken off.

Hiding out (and trying not to die) in the hold with the rest of the deck crew when leaving Puenta Arenas the day after a New Years Eve celebration.

Staking out a path across the ice from the ship to McMurdo and being dived bombed by the Skua Gulls.

Looking down through the water in McMurdo sound and seeing all the equipment that was dumped down there.

Waving back at the tail gunners on the Russian Bear Bombers as they flew over on the North trip.

Renting an apartment New Zealand (or was it Sydney) when we were down for repairs.

Rio, Lima, Buena Aries, Santigo, Puenta Arenas, Panama, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Coming back into Boston and the crowd waiting for us at the dock.

Too many memories to count once you get started.

Bob Roberts ’69 – ’71
Being the junior ET aboard during Deep Freeze ’67 provided several memorable experiences. The story of the “Antenna Raising Incident” is a classic bit of humor that occasionally surfaces on the web, but this one is MINE.

As we prepared for our “Arctic East” expedition during the summer of 1968, it was decided that, because we would be “skirting” the Soviet coastline, we needed to carry with us a brand new electronic navigational technology called OMEGA. This was, we were told, because “there were no LORAN charts of that part of the Arctic” and we needed to have something better than a dead-reckoning idea of how close we were to the edge of Soviet territorial waters.

My part came in swapping out the UHF antenna at the top of the mast with a very plain looking steel can (they wouldn’t tell me what was inside) with plugs on both ends of it. Did I mind? Heck no! I liked to climb anyway, and it would probably be my only opportunity to climb the mast, so I was really rather eager to do the job.

I shudder to think what I’ve since learned in any number of industrial safety courses about the human body’s response to “a rope around the waist” in arresting a fall, but since we didn’t understand those things then, off I went.

The first leg of the climb up to the yard was pretty prompt as there was a small steel ladder welded to the aft side of the mast. I stopped for a rest at the crow’s nest, and took a couple of minutes to ponder such a climb in forty-foot seas and a howling gale. Even though it was steam heated and totally enclosed, the idea of being whipped around in what could only be described as a vertical coffin (with window!) produced an immediate decision to think of something else. While it looked interesting, I never heard that it had actually been used and the problem of survivable access in the midst of an Arctic blast (when it would most be needed) seemed like an obvious “oops, we didn’t think of that” issue at the time it was installed. A whistle from BM-2 Crowley who was watching from the deck below
brought me back to my present reality, and since he wasn’t offering coffee and donuts for my break, I took the hint and continued my climb.

Once having arrived at the yard, it then became time to swing my leg out away from the support of the mast, and momentarily catching a glimpse of the downward view, the job suddenly seemed to lose a lot of its glamour. But, I was up there now, and as I suddenly discovered, I was playing to a crowd of 30-40 people, not only on the ship, but on the dock, and across the dock as the crew of the new HEC Hamilton were also taking in the show.

Moving much more slowly now, I managed to get to a standing position on the yard, and found that the reach up to the platform on which the Mark VI radar antenna drive motor was mounted was just a little farther than I could just simply reach up to. Mean while, I’m transferring safety lines from one point to the next, thinking how odd it was that I had to keep reaching down to move lines that were supposed to keep me up in case of a fall.

Finally, I worked my way up onto this rather interesting platform that was about 18” wide where it wrapped around the top of the mast, and tapered to about a foot wide where yet another mast was welded to it, and my objective was still well beyond my easy reach. I’ve never had any interest, before or since, in working on what is referred to as “high steel”. That platform was nice and solid, but there was absolutely nothing above it with any real strength to which I could attach a safety line. Yet I wasn’t going to move another inch until I was safely tied off to something, so I simply made it fast to a pair of steel bars made from what looked to be 3/4” pipe running along its top edge. (And no, Jack, I don’t remember what kind of knot I used!)

After all this, my objective was still way out of reach, as it stood firmly bolted to the top of this second mast, still a good 8-9 feet up, and only about 5 feet away from the most solid portion of the platform where it was welded to the top of the main mast. But, I began to become acclimated to my newest surroundings, so I began planning how I would get up there.

This second mast was constructed of about 2” standard weight pipe, and had steps welded to each side at appropriate intervals, so it looked rather obvious how I would proceed. Then I noticed that the pipe had a nice big fillet weld around its base. To the untrained eye (and I was becoming rapidly aware of how untrained for this sort of thing I was) it was certainly big enough to hold the mast and the antenna on top, but (and here is my biggest mistake) how about ME? A picture of a rather interesting physics experiment quickly came to mind that I could not shake. The inverse pendulum effect my 165 pounds of body mass would create, was only the starting point in this mid-morning nightmare. It suddenly occurred to me that this weld was probably many years old, and had been exposed to numerous years of the corrosive effects of sea water spray, to say nothing of many temperature swings from sub-zero to past tropical, and all I
could see was me working with a crescent wrench at the top of this thing and the thing finally giving way under the sudden strain.

In the midst of this wonderful thought, it appeared that reality had suddenly “confirmed” my imagination as the whole world seemed to sway a little for a moment. The sound of an outboard motor finally got through to my brain, prompting me to look out across Boston Harbor to its source. The source of the “reality check” was a pretty decent sized boat pulling two water skiers with a suitably large wake behind it which had just hit the hull of the Eastwind.

While actual panic never really set in, I distinctly remember beginning to formulate several lines along the idea of leaning over the side and asking “Is there anyone else down there that would like to do this job?”

Then I noticed that there were several coaxial cables running up the back of this “little stick in the sky” so that, even if the weld did give way, there would still be something to keep the mast (with me firmly attached) from plummeting the 90 or so feet to the deck below. While reassuring, this new realization didn’t exactly “free up” my motions, but I managed to get up to the connecting point of the old antenna, loosen up the bolts that held it firmly in place, and then let it down on a line that I had tied to my belt just for that purpose.

The job had been laid out in two steps, the first being to remove the old antenna, and the second to mount the new one. I think it may have been Captain Benkert who had someone in mind in Copenhagen for a visit in just another week or so who put the hurry-up on the crew at Base Boston, and they sprung loose a crane of sufficient height to allow me to “ride a bucket” up the next day with the replacement “can” antenna (including preamps, heaters, and a new IFF transponder I learned later). While it was a lot easier to do, the second step didn’t make anything of a story.

I know there were pictures taken by our ship’s photographer and the folks at the Base Boston, and perhaps even by someone on the engineering project team, because I remember seeing the cameras. If anyone runs across any of these, please drop me a line at rwebber@marrick.com.

This incident played a major roll in motivating careful study of “Welded Steel Structures” only four years later in engineering school at Idaho State University. It’s amazing what a little actual experience can do to build a clear understanding of the issues. Later, I became a Certified Welding Inspector and really had a case of the post-incident “shakes”. Even so, I have ever since not been the least bit bothered by the need to climb large A-frame ladders for the installation of microphone cabling and connections in the ceilings of large auditoriums or of instrumentation cabling and devices high up on the large cooling towers used in the nuclear power industry.

Richard E Webber
I was the last Captain to skipper the “Mighty ‘E’”, September 1967 to December 1968, when she was decommissioned.

When I came aboard, there was a bull with a flower in his mouth painted on the Captain’s cabin door. I had that door replaced with a painting of my own, depicting a Stag Hart.

The inscription “The BUCK stops here” was my motto, courtesy of Harry S. Truman. The new cabin door looked like this, including the northern lights that were most always aglow when we were north of the Arctic Circle on our way to resupply Thule AFB Greenland. The ‘Buck’ was a large elk.
Throughout her life the Eastwind was a history of "FIRSTS". The first Polar Breaker to go around the world; first to circum-Navigate the Antarctic Continent in 1944 holding the record of farthest North logged the tallest berg on record and many more. So once again on her final cruise she became the first polar breaker to navigate the Great Lakes, setting the stage for the Westwind's eventual home porting on Lake Erie.

The Eastwind's normal draft was deeper than channels in the St. Lawrence Seaway could accommodate. A vessel that is lightened may find herself in a
precarious balancing situation to remain stable, so much thought was required to
determine the feasibility of taking a polar breaker class cutter into the Lakes. In
some places we had only inches of water under the keel.

The CG has many times in the past been called on to prove that the motto
"Semper Paratus" is not just a phrase for public relations. While preparing for
the forthcoming summer Arctic operations, an emergency developed seriously
impairing the US Early Warning Missile Defense in that a cable was cut off
Labrador. Eastwind was ordered out immediately to assist the Western Union
Cable Repair Ship SWENSON. She was an elderly steam vessel laid down in 1922
and was not ice-strengthened. She looked just like a picture of J.P. Morgan's
yacht CORSAIR, Clipper bow and all. During the operation of locating the broken
cable ends, Eastwind was given the opportunity of acting like a buoy tender,
SWENSON wanted us to take aboard one end of the broken cable while they
steamed off to search for the other end. The Eastwind was not really equipped
for this kind of seamanship but it was accomplished in the dead of night
surrounded by bergy bits, strong current and high wind. Holding EW alongside
the tender old cable ship for quite a time, using our deep sea anchor wire for the
transfer made me thankful for a warm parka and bridge engine controls. We were
sure that if the ships touched each other even lightly, we'd probably sink the old
girl.

Once we had the cable end, SWENSON sailed off with the parting admonition,
"don't let the ship pull too hard on the cable or you'll lose it". We didn't see her
again for a day and a half as we stemmed the current with nothing but poor Loran
lines to help determine position. Fortunately the ice cooperated and stayed clear
of us as it drifted by. We were real happy to finally see the tall black stack of
SWENSON heave over the horizon towing her spliced-on end of the cable. Once
the transfer was again accomplished we breathed a sigh of relief and settled
down to routine circles around the cable ship to keep the ice away from her as
they did the usual 8-hour splice.

We had been joined by a Canadian breaker, so we alternated our steaming circle
patrol which required us to come close aboard the bow of SWENSON, then hard
right to swing the stern up current to sweep the ice away from the bow.
Eastwind's deck officers got their fill of close-aboard ship handling, and our
Arctic cruise had not even yet begun. On our way back from this operation we
wondered if anyone back home realized how close the US had been to impaired
Early Missile Warning.

The voyage thru Canada was largely uneventful once we got used to the
requirement that we had to put our own line-handlers on the lock wall. Ships that
use this route regularly have a horizontal boom installed that quickly swings out
with a man to drop him off. We had to use the ship's crane which was slow
motion personified. Making up a wooden bucket to hold four men was the only
way we could get the job done before the ship drifted out of position.
There was a moment of terror when dirty fuel caused a complete power shut-down throughout the ship while we were in a narrow channel. Taking the Conn quickly away from the non-plussed pilot Eastwind steered like the lady she usually wasn't, and we were able to get over to the windward channel edge and anchor. Two hours later we got power back on the windlass and went on our way. This was before the navigation season so there were no buoys or other navigational aids yet put out.

After fueling in Cleveland (100,000 gal. of oil from a tank truck) gave the crew time for liberty. We based in Buffalo which is where the ice is heaviest and where the 'Lakers’ wintered. Too extensive to detail here, Eastwind developed a comprehensive report of "lessons learned", (occasionally the hard way) about Great Lakes-style icebreaking, especially when encumbered by crusty Chief Engineers who refused to develop more than half their available horsepower on freshly overhauled engines on ships that were low-powered to begin with. Slab-sided 'Lakers' become very sticky in the ice and require the breaker to operate in close proximity. As might be expected a collision hangs like the "Sword of Damocles" over our head much of the time. 1968 was reputed to be one of the worst ice years and the worth of a polar breaker was proved in moving lake traffic two weeks earlier than expected.

After repairs and replenishment the Eastwind left Boston early in June for ARCTIC '68. We did not know then that it was to be her Swan Song. Breakers traditionally arrive at Thule Air Force Base on the Fourth of July. 1968 was no exception. In fact we were early and had to loaf along to keep to the schedule.

We had duties to perform enroute, such as the annual courtesy call on the Admiral commanding NATO Forces, Greenland. RADM Peterson made us welcome as we arrived on their mid-summer's holiday.

My son Brian, then 14, was aboard for the '68 cruise. Spending most of his time in the Engine Rooms. He is now Chief Engineer of the former CGC CALYPSO, a 600 passenger sightseeing vessel in New York harbor. When he returns home in the fall he will help with the post-production work of the video (VCR) film.
We were tasked with a number of events in addition to escorting the supply ships into Thule. We were to host a Navy Motion picture Unit to make an oceanographic training film, and of course, to do oceanographic duties of our own, together with a glacier study that had not been done since 1940. Passengers and guests were coming and going throughout the summer.

One task in which we were much interested was to locate and exhume the body of an 1871 polar explorer, Charles Francis Hall, who died under mysterious circumstances. We were to have a Smithsonian pathologist with us to attempt to determine if he had been poisoned. The grave was located well above the Humbolt Glacier and would require the Eastwind to really go far north. Later I will tell you about the unfortunate casualty that precluded some of our tasks, such as the exhuming, and also cut out our R and R plan to go to Scotland in mid-cruise.

The voyage to Thule was routine, if an icebreaker's travels can ever be called routine, as all of you well know. Arriving on time on the day appointed, we were welcomed with the enthusiasm of those who have been isolated, and were looking for renewed supplies of beer, mimeograph paper and bathroom tissue, all essential to military operations.
Upon completion of our primary task of escorting the supply ships, we embarked on Glacier Survey duty. Again another first for Eastwind to navigate a motor-propelled boat up the isolated Karats Fiord (where only a German scientist had once paddled a kayak many years ago) to Rinks Glacier, one of the two largest ice-producing glaciers in Greenland. Air reconnaissance indicated that ice conditions might permit a small boat to reach the head of the fiord. However we only attempted it after finding a back way out should the ice bottle up the fiord after all.

Later in the summer we made a port call at Unmake, a tiny village on Disco Island in the heart of berg-producing glaciers. I was able to get some great movies, which you will see next Reunion. Those of you who were aboard the Eastwind in '68 will remember the "Dear Friends" newsletters which we sent home to the families, full of details of life aboard. The rest will just have to wait to see the video.

Now to the non-routine event that totally screwed up our best laid plans for the summer. We were anchored in Jacobshaven, Gr. while our glacier survey team had flown off to look at Equip Glacier and do laser measurements. Our diving officer needed to make one of his required dives so we off-handed said "why
The outer starboard shaft bearing had worked loose, shearing off fourteen massive bolts and sticking out such that any more use of the starboard propeller would have caused the shaft to drop down and undoubtedly break.

So with Edisto having rudder problems and Westwind having evaporator difficulties, I suggested to our Navy command that at least one of these elderly Casualty-prone icebreakers should return to civilization for repairs. The Eastwind returned to Boston for dry-docking.

Returning to Thule early in September to resume our oceanographic studies north into Kane Basin and Smith Sound, Eastwind worked as far as 80-15 North before being ordered to evacuate a group of sick Eskimos to the hospital at Thule.

At season's end we started south doing more oceanographic work, until we were once again diverted to assist the Canadian cable ship repairing another cable break this time near Greenland.

Eastwind reached Boston on 3rd of November, only to be greeted with the news that we were to be decommissioned. Eastwind had always been the last to get Ship-Alts in her class and was well behind the other ships in being up to date. So the pencil pushers and budgetary experts brought a gallant ship to her end.

Although we had been directed to turn over all proceeds from the ship's exchange to HQ, we felt that the crew who now represented the many fine shipmates that had served EW through the years deserved one last "bash", and that we had--complete with suckling pig, apple in its mouth, for all Hands and their families before departing for the Yard.

It was not easy to say "Goodbye" to this grand old cutter replete with historic accomplishments throughout the years, but EASTWINDS final crew "paid their respects".

Signed Captain Bill

Author's note:
Anyone can visit Captain Bill's web page:
http://members.AOL.com/Eastwind68/
Captain Bailey’s Reunion 2001 letter:

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Captain Brier asked me to write something about the “Last Cruise of the Eastwind”.

Making documentary-type films has been a hobby ever since the CGC Coos Bay’s rescue of the crew of the British Freighter “Ambassador” in a February 1964 storm --this probably being the only time such an event was photographed in the North Atlantic by crew members having 8mm cameras. Using everyone’s film we put together a documentary that was widely used on TV news programs both here and in England, and at the Admiralty wreck hearings. CG HQ even used parts of it in some of their training and recruiting films.

When I was assigned to Eastwind, the eighth of my nine seagoing commands (how lucky can a guy get, eh?) I was thus encouraged to bring a camera well stocked with film. Eastwind’s first task of 1998 was to undertake an experiment with a deep draft polar icebreaker. Ice-breaking in the Great Lakes at the beginning of the navigation season was an important economic factor and HQ had been pressured by industry to increase CG facilities in this respect now that the St. Lawrence Seaway had been completed, allowing large commercial ships access to the Lakes.

There was still a limited-draft problem, but HQ wanted to see if a polar breaker could be home-ported on the Lakes. We found that it was necessary to reduce EW’s normal draft to the point of a couple of feet from where she would become unstable. This left no margin should we accidentally touch ground. So navigation of the Seaway before the aids-to-navigation had been restored for the season was not a comfortable thought. But then, when have the “Powers That Be” ever worried about a sailor being comfortable?

We started out with minimal fuel and stores, and outside of losing the entire plant in a narrow channel half way between the first and second locks, the voyage was uneventful. We were glad that we had had an anchor dropping drill at the dock before departing.

The films we took of this voyage, however, did not come out good enough to put into the “Arctic East” film, which was too bad because on the way up we were sidetracked to go help a Canadian ice breaker ride herd on an ancient Norwegian cable repair ship working on a break in the cable used to support the “Dew Line” missile warning system. I have a sneaky feeling that they knew that I had come up from the buoy tenders, because just we arrived on scene, the cable ship asked if we could take her drag line on one of the broken cable ends and stop it off while they went off to search for the other end. Well, ice breakers are not equipped for buoy work, but we did have a deep-sea wire on the anchor windlass that we passed over, keeping station close alongside the ancient vessel that was
the splitting image of J.P.Morgan’s yacht “Corsair”, clipper bow and all. All I could think of was, if we even touched, we’d probably sink her. Naturally all this had to occur some time after midnight in moderate seas, but with 40 knots of wind. The frosting on the cake was that after they cast off we were told to be very careful not to let the ship pull too heavily on the line. With the Canadians as escort, off they went for two days while we tried to maintain position with poor LORAN and seat-of-the-pants dead reckoning in a strong current.

To say that we were glad to see them come back was a gross understatement. Now they recovered their drag line and the first bitter end of the cable and started the usual 8-hour splice. We joined our Canadian friend and chased each others tails, sweeping across the Norwegian’s bow to keep bergy bits from drifting down on her. Eight hours later, we resumed our journey to the Great Lakes. Once back from the Lakes we started loading stores for “Arctic East” and that is what this story for the bulletin is leading up to.

Although at this time we had no knowledge of Eastwind’s future demise, something told me that it would be a good idea to profit from the photo “lessons learned” up in the Lakes and to be more careful to shoot a good picture of the summer operation. My son was a guest aboard, and together we made a movie with the intention of showing it to the crew’s families on our return. When we heard the Eastwind was to be scrapped, we decided to splurge the ship’s store profits on a bang-up banquet, suckling pig, apple, and all.
We showed the film accompanied with a synchronized tape recorder commentary and music soundtrack, which at that time was the best we could do in state of the art equipment. Many years later we transferred the film to video but did not yet have the digital computer editing program until recently. Meanwhile the 14-year old guest aboard “Arctic 68” sparked by his time aboard in the engine room, has grown to be a licensed marine engineer/computer engineer combined, and keeping a relationship with the CG, has been Chief Engineer aboard the former Argo-class CG Cutter “Calypso”, now a 600 passenger sightseeing vessel in New York. He likes to show off his 68-year old original Winton engines still going strong.

Realizing that the 30-year old film does not have too much life expectancy, we decided to re-project the film, visible splices and occasional glitches and all, digitized into the computer so we could edit each and every frame, add appropriate stills and stereo sound and commentary, and prepare a master on Super-VHS tape to ensure the best duplication.

Wanting to make this interesting memento available to not only the participants of the ’68 cruise, who may recognize themselves in it, but also to the many former EASTWIND people who might like to have an example similar to the times that they experienced aboard this venerable “Mistress of the Realm of Boras Rex”, I have set a price only sufficient to cover costs, with professional duplication to ensure the least copying loss inherent in all video procedures. Further details are available at my web page: http://members.aol.com/eastwind68

To order your copy, send check or money order for $ 15.00 ($12.00 + $3.00 shipping and handling). FL residents please add 6% tax.

C. Wm. Bailey
5701 SW 4th St.
Plantation, FL 33317

Editor’s note:
Go to web site~ http://www. Jacksjoint.com for these Story Titles written by Captain Bailey.

032 Coast Guard Cutter Coos Bay
210 Letters From The Land Of Ice
626 The First Cruise of Lightship 196
627 A Venerable Cutter, EASTWIND
629 A Bouy Tender Tows A Battleship
647 The Back Story of An Engagement
654 Leadership Equels Seamanship and Vice Versa
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672 Bouy Tender Duty in South Pacific WWII
686 The Venerable Cutter GENTIAN
725 The TUPELO’s Early Years
727 Alpha to Omega
Semper Paratus

Last Look At a Real Workhorse Cutter......
Dear Eastwind Shipmates, May I impose on your good nature to fill out the short form below and return with any photos of yourself at work or play during your tour of duty. Prefer "head snapshot" in jpg or USPS PLEASE PRINT
Name: Arrant, Glenn, EM 1c
Rate/Rank: EM-2
Served on Eastwind from: To:
< IMPORTANT FOR TIME-LINE CONSTRUCTION OF BOOK. >
Duty stations on ship: Eastwind
Ribbons, Stars and Medals: 1944, 1954, 64
Served under Captains:
An account of your life aboard, your duties, your memories and reflections. Be they humorous, happy or sad, all are part of the history of a great ship. Please PRINT on back and any additional pages you need for your "honor pages".

Please fill out form and MAIL with any photos and sea stories.
To: Warren D. Bonner, 222 N. Shasta St.
Orange, Ca. 92869. Phones: 714 639-0377 or 714-639-0623, wdbonner@pacbell.net or ICQ*17773628

Scan to email is acceptable w/signature

Please sign to signify your release of copyright.

Signature: Arrant
I was on the crew that decommissioned the Eastwind.

I have a story of an EM striker who took a five thousand Volt electrical glove and attached it to an air hose. The EM shop was near the engineering office above B-2.

The striker in question folded the glove and placed it near the door of engineering department. The glove was about the size of a 300 pound pig when I had the brilliant idea that it was time to leave.

The glove exploded and blew the door open (off the hinges?). I was told that there was dust and paper everywhere. To my shock and utter despair they thought I was involved. <Grin>

I am currently working for Space Systems Loral as a RF engineer. I have some involvement with the Space station. Currently I am at Boeing working on SATMEX and Echostar 8 for Loral.

I just completed my semiannual re-certs for manned space flight. This allows me to work on gear headed into space. I have just completed a novel about the Coast Guard and the drug wars in San Diego.

Editing is a pain as Warren can tell you.
Bridges, Robert

I was stationed on the mighty Eastwind from 1967 to her decommissioning in December of 1968. I made her last north trip, and her trip to the Great Lakes, and her final trip to Curtis Bay. I was one of the last crew members to leave her at the yard.

You mentioned in a previous post the “Porthole Iceberg”, that photo was taken on our last trip north. I was one of the crew that was on the small boat that took the photo.

Really great photo by ship’s photographer!
Hendry, Wm (Bill) C., ENC (Retired as CWO4)

I made Deepfreeze 1967, two north polar trips, and the first Great Lakes trip accomplished by a Polar Icebreaker. That was when Buffalo, NY was isolated by the frozen Great Lake Erie from all supply ships. We broke the ice leading supply vessels into Buffalo's harbor with food and fuel to survive the winter.

We really had a great crew! I made Warrant Officer on the last trip north, commanded by Captain C W Bailey, and was transferred off the Eastwind at Thule, Greenland in 1968, to the CGC Diligence in Key West, Florida. Boy! What a weather change.

On the trip through the St Lawrence to Great Lake Erie, the ship was fitted with special wooden fenders prior to the Great Lakes trip. They were needed to protect the narrow locks of St. Lawrence river. As that was off season the Canadians did not have any Lock shore men to handle the lines. We put our own "handlers" on dock with the ships crane and large basket.

On the trip south the Commanding Officer was Captain W.M. Benkert. The Executive Officer was LCDR E.L. Samuel, and the Engineering Officer was LCDR H.M. Veillette. We were a GREAT crew!
Captain Benkert, receiving a gift from LCDR Veillette. The gift was from the crew when Captain Benkert was transferred off the Eastwind. LCDR Samuel assumed command until Captain Bailey came on board.

The crew hated to see the Captain leave the ship. The Captain thanked each man and gave a warm handshake, thanking them for their hard work in making the polar trip and circumnavigation around the world.

On the south trip we had a fine bunch of Chief Petty Officers. They were ETC Amundson, ENC Bickel, EMCS Brooks, QMC Cook, BMC Crowley, ENC Davidson, BTC Doyle, ENC Hendry, QMC Johnson, SKC Keeling, EMC McClelland, GMCS McCormick, HMC Meehan, ENC Roberts, YNC Scott, RMC Stravinsky, CSC Welch, and ADCM Eikey.

During Deepfreeze 1967, the Eastwind W279 Circumnavigated the Antarctica continent and the last part of the trip, we circumnavigated the world. We had visited Panama, Sydney Australia, Wellington, New Zealand, Punta Arenas, Chile, Valparaiso, Chile, and Callao, Peru. We had departed Boston, MA, 25, September 1966 and returned 7, April 1967.

The Eastwind was a wonderful ship and crew. She knew no barrier! The best crew and the best ship in the service of her country. Semper Paratus.
Allen has earned many certificates of merit and letters of accomplishment during his years on active duty.

The following pages are photos of several of the documents that mark the pages of honor and history in his life.
From: Commanding Officer, USCGC RELIANCE (WMEC-615)
To: BMC Allen R. Heldrum 545 76 7726, USCG

Subj: RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE DUTY

1. Today marks the end of your almost 22 years of active duty service in the U.S. Coast Guard. As you look back upon your career, I'm sure that you fondly recall many people, places, and events from the past.

2. During your career, you have served at a variety of units. Afloat, you have accumulated over 12 years of sea time aboard the cutters MATAGORDA, EASTWIND, BOUTWELL, CAPE YORK, INGHAM, HAMILTON, and RELIANCE. Your shore assignments have included the Coast Guard Academy, Reserve Training Center Yorktown, Group Boston, Station Point Allerton, Base Boston, Loran Station Kauai, and the Aids to Navigation Team in Boston where you served as the Executive Petty Officer. You have received a number of personal and unit awards, including two Unit Commendations, one Meritorious Unit Commendation, the National Defense Ribbon, the Coast Guard Sea Service Ribbon, and six Good Conduct Awards.

3. While assigned aboard RELIANCE, you served within the deck department as the Chief of the deck force. During this time, the Deck Department received grades of outstanding at both our Refresher Training and District Inspection. You were involved in various operations including numerous Haitian migrant interdictions, the seizure of the M/V RELIA for narcotics smuggling, and several search and rescue cases. Most noteworthy were your humanitarian efforts toward the Haitian migrants to ensure that they were properly cared for while being returned to their country for repatriation. Additionally, you have served as the ship's Transportation Officer, Indoctrination Chief Petty Officer, and Master at Arms.

4. On behalf of all those with which you have served, I want to thank you for your many years of dedicated service. I wish you the best of luck and continued success in your future.

J. B. SCHWARTZ
From: Commanding Officer, USCGC RELIANCE (WMEC-615)  
To: BMC Allen R. MELDRUM 545 76 5726, USCG  
Subj: DESIGNATION AS DAMAGE CONTROL TRAINING TEAM MEMBER  
Ref: (a) Cutter Training and Qualification Manual COMDTINST M3502.2B  

1. You are hereby designated a member of the Damage Control Training Team and will take a leadership role in developing training exercises and running RELIANCE’s Personnel Qualification Standards Program. You are to carry out your duties in accordance with reference (a). The success of RELIANCE’s training program rests primarily on you and your fellow team members.  

2. Your positive leadership and conscientious efforts will be vital to a continuing and successful unit training program.  

J. E. SCHWARTZ

Copy: Training Officer  
Training Record

———

From: Commanding Officer, USCGC RELIANCE (WMEC-615)  
To: BMC A. R. MELDRUM 545 76 5726, USCG  
Subj: DESIGNATION AS SEAMANSHIP TRAINING TEAM MEMBER  
Ref: (a) Cutter Training and Qualification Manual COMDTINST M3502.2B  

1. You are hereby designated a member of the Seamanship Training Team and will take a leadership role in developing training exercises and running RELIANCE’s Personnel Qualification Standards Program. You are to carry out your duties in accordance with reference (a). The success of RELIANCE’s training program rests primarily on you and your fellow team members.  

2. Your positive leadership and conscientious efforts will be vital to a continuing and successful unit training program.  

J. E. SCHWARTZ

Copy: Training Officer  
Training Record
From: Commander, First Coast Guard District
To: BrC Allen R. Medlin
Via: Command Officer, USCGA Heroes (WMEC 615)
Subj: FORWARDING OF AWARD FOR PRESENTATION

1. USCGC HAMILTON (WHEC 715) was presented a Coast Guard Unit Commendation with the Operational Distinguishing Device authorized. The citation was actually presented to USCGC HAMILTON on 25 October 1985, the day the vessel was officially decommissioned. The above named individual was not attached to the unit at the time of the presentation. Please ensure presentation is made in an appropriate fashion.

2. The Operational Distinguishing Device is not attached to the ribbon due to the fact the Atlantic Area did not have any "O" devices in stock at the time of the presentation.

2. If there are any questions concerning the award, please feel free to contact YJ3 SOHC at FPO: 423-0721.

R. U. BUTTRICK
By direction

Encl: (1) Copy of CG Unit Commendation Citation & Ribbon
From: Chief, Facilities Engineering Division
To: BM1 Allen R. MELDRUM, 545-76-5726, USCG
Via: Chief, Buildings & Grounds Branch

Subj: Letter of Appreciation

1. As you detach from this unit, I want to express my appreciation for the fine job you have done as Supervisor of the Yard Force. I know that it is often a thankless job, but it is nevertheless important and necessary for the Academy to function properly.

2. I know that you have spent many hours of your liberty time to insure that setups for special events were timely and complete. The setups for major events in the past two years have been extremely smooth thanks to your initiative and motivation, and all of this despite frequent turnover of your personnel.

3. Again, thank you and best of luck as an instructor. A copy of this letter will be made a part of your service record.

[Signature]

Acting
The Commandant of the Coast Guard takes pleasure in presenting the Coast Guard Unit Commendation to:

USCGC HAMILTON (WHEC 715)
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

For exceptionally meritorious service from 6 to 7 June 1984 while engaged in the rescue of sixty-three survivors from a capsized Haitian sailboat. CGC HAMILTON was conducting a boarding of the thirty foot sailboat approximately seventy-five miles northwest of Cape Haitian, Haiti, as part of the Haitian Migration Interdiction Operation on 6 June 1984. The vessel was grossly overloaded and was taking on water when the boarding party boarded. Seas were running at five to six feet and the wind was blowing from the northeast at thirty knots. Both Motor Surf Boats had been dispatched to the vessel and the Boarding Officer decided to commence the transfer of the Haitians to HAMILTON immediately due to the condition of the vessel and the severe overcrowding of the sailboat. As the first boatload backed away from the vessel the remaining persons onboard surged to one side. The tiller handle snapped under the strain causing the helmsman to lose control of the vessel. The combined forces of the wind and the uneven distribution of weight soon caused the boat to capsize, throwing approximately seventy people into the water. The entire crew of HAMILTON responded immediately to commence the rescue effort. The twenty-five person inflatable liferafts were deployed, the Rigid Hull inflatable launched, and the embarked HH-52 helicopter launched within minutes. As survivors and victims were brought alongside, the boats were quickly raised and the persons hauled aboard HAMILTON. Triage was conducted on the Boat Deck and as many as six teams were used to conduct Cardio-pulmonary Resuscitation. Because of the large number of people needing assistance most of the crew assisted in providing first aid to or stabilization of the survivors. Often major deck evolutions were supervised by a few personnel familiar with the procedures. They directed the efforts of details comprised of other crewmen who quickly filled the voids created by multiple simultaneous evolutions. Constant monitoring of many of the survivors continued throughout the night until medical augmentation was provided the following morning. The rapid response and concerted efforts of the entire crew of HAMILTON were responsible for the recovery of sixty-three survivors, six victims and two members of the boarding party within twenty minutes of the capsizing. The professionalism and devotion to duty exhibited by HAMILTON during this period are in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Coast Guard.

The Operational Distinguishing Device is authorized.

For the Commandant,

P. K. YOST
Vice Admiral, U. S. Coast Guard
Commander, Atlantic Area

SEMPER PARATUS,
Allan R. Muldrum
I was one of four top Helmsmen I don’t remember how long we were at sea, but I do remember talking to other helmsman and making a bet to see who could go off course and not get caught by the light that came on when the ship was turning to fast. It was a moonless, starless night, and a calm sea. At the time I was one of Captain Bailey’s top helmsmen, so when I had the watch at the helm, the OD pretty much left me alone.

The Messenger was another seaman on the bridge to verify our contest. I took the Conn and in one hour did a complete circle to win the bet. I know now that I was wrong to do that. I could have endangered everyone at the time I won the bet. It was a long six or seven month out to sea, and we had to come up with something to keep our minds sharp.
All “Blue Noses” get King Boris Rex haircut, and a saltwatershower when they cross the Arctic Circle.
I was to be aboard Eastwind early one Monday morning as she was leaving on our trip to the Great Lakes via the St Lawrence sea way. I had my Dad’s 1966 Mustang and felt safe to leave NH at 5:00 AM as it was only an hour drive. I should make 8:00 AM muster easy! But... to make a long story short, the car suddenly slowed to 20 MPH on route 93! It would not go faster than 20 MPH! I pulled into the Boston base and handed the keys to the Guard. Grabbed my sea-bag out of trunk and ran down dock to my ship, which had already signaled all
lines aboard! I threw my sea-bag to the main deck, and two guys helped me aboard as there was no gang plank.

I was put on report for being AWOL. I talked to my father via two-way radio and he was peeved with me. The transmission in the Mustang had to be replaced, costing him a lot of money. Later I went to Captain’s Mast on AWOL charges. Captain Bill Bailey asked me for an explanation. I related what had happened to the car and my Moral Officer stood up for me, explaining that I was a good worker.

Captain Bailey let me off, but explained to me what missing a ship’s departure meant.

Thank you Captain Bailey!
The water temp was always around 27-29 degrees the freezing temp. for sea water. When we found the shaft problem, we were doing our re-qualification dive. We had to make a certain number of deep dives per quarter. That dive that day was a 75 foot dive. Before going over the side the eng. officer asked if time allowed check the rudder and screws. we normally did that once a week anyway so we said we would do a complete hull inspection a few days early.

Why not safer in a harbor then out to sea. We did our quality dive and had enough air to inspect the hull, to our surprise, we saw a large thick ring hanging on the starboard shaft. I looked it over started to run low on air came up and said we think there is a problem. Get the Captain and Engineering officer! We got out of the water went to the ward room and started to explain what we saw. The comments were “no way”. It cannot be what we saw, can we go back down and look again. I thought to myself, sure why not we are in the warm south seas, not in Greenland. HA HA! We made our second dive and re-inspected the shaft and what was hanging on it. We carried a piece of Plexiglas and a grease pencil to draw and write down the size of the ring.

Doing this we came up and again back in the ward room. Telling and showing them what we had. Again we were asked to dive again, and take pictures. I asked with what camera? We do not have a under water camera. They looked at us and said, “why not?” I said we are not authorized to use that type of equipment, like we are only authorized two divers on board. Now it is to the point of safety for us. The medical officer had to agree with us to dive again. After a few minutes he said, “one more dive”. We already had 2hrs 25 min. in water time and that was too long in cold water.

We got suited up again and made another look at the shaft, while the captain was notifying CG headquarters about our problem, and the engineering officer inspected ship’s shaft alley to see what damage was done down there. We returned to the surface, and to the ward room.

The decision was made to return home. The shaft could pull out and cause tons of problems. They asked if the shaft could be tied up in case it later showed it was slipping out. We had said we could secure it, if need be.
There were over 20 dives made on the Eastwind from hull inspections to working with ocean research group, which included Captain Densmore of CG headquarters.

[He was the leading authority on ice bergs]. He just got though two years ago doing a TV special for the Discovery channel that’s on cable TV. He is another resource for you. He was the person who signed the orders for the Eastwind to be decommissioned. He has an e-mail address but I do not know it, he lives in the same town as me. I will call him and ask him to e-mail you, OK?

The other dive that sticks in my mind is after the Eastwind returned from Boston back to Greenland, the water sample and ocean research was still being done one day, [do not remember the date], the equipment had got struck on the Redhall system. About $200,000.00 of equipment was stuck at a depth of 125 feet.

I was called to ward room to see if I could check it out. Now being the ONLY DIVER on board, (we are to dive in two’s for safely), I said I would do a deep dive to see if it could be repaired. I had to put down separate descending line, extra diving tanks attached to line in case of emergence’s or decompression stops. Went over the side and dove to the equipment fixed the jammed haul up wheel. Then it came to mind. I am all alone at 125 feet, AND NO HELP IS AROUND. I MUST HAVE BEEN STUPID, I BROKE EVERY RULE IN THE BOOK, AND EVERY THING THE NAVY DEEP SEA DIVING SCHOOL TAUGHT ME. But I did it and had no problems, and here to tell you about it.
I hope these photos help.
An example of some of the Bathythermogram observations we worked on each trip to north or south poles. Many scientist expressed their findings in charts that gives a picture of the under water temp, depth, etc. These things help a diver such as myself.
Ice has peeled the red paint off her nose. She lays to at Shannon Island waiting for her Grumman J2 sea plane to return after scouting the area for Nazi weather radio stations. These two pictures are the beginning of her life, the following pictures are the end of her life at sea.
A SHAKY SHAFT
or
Why the Eastwind didn’t go to Glasgow

By LCDR William J. Campbell

“Captain, we’ve gotta get to a shipyard or we’ll lose our starboard propeller!” I said. EASTWIND was moored in Jacobshaven, Greenland, this Tuesday the 30th of July 1968. Her men were relaxing after the grueling pace of breaking ice, escorting a supply ship to Thule, collecting oceanographic data and performing glacier observations. This arctic voyage had started from Boston the middle of June and would continue on through November.

The first indication of trouble was the sound of unusual noises in the starboard shaft alley. A thorough check of the inboard section of the starboard shaft and its bearings showed no obvious abnormalities. Next, the Operations Officer Lt. Trammel and Seaman Quintiliani, a second diver, took the plunge off the main deck aft. Being a novice icebreaker man and unaccustomed to seeing shipboard divers in their working apparel, I was sure that they were creatures from another planet. Lucky for EASTWIND that two divers are assigned to icebreakers – it would have been nice to have a third to add strength to the team and preclude aborting a diving mission because of sickness of one member.

They assured me, while they were effortlessly treading water, adjusting their masks, that the water was fine – something about their body temperature heating the water in their suits, thus acting as a barrier to the cold water around them. Though I knew them as honest men, I still was a nonbeliever and certain they would soon perish of exposure.

Both descended with a swish of their flippers and only little bubbles could be seen as evidence of their presence. What a marvel, I thought, these people are truly earning their keep today. The reader has only to consider the cost of shipyard time today to appreciate the underwater hull examination offered by these divers. Even if the ship were to hire a civilian professional diver, how much would it cost to transport this diver to Jacobshaven, Greenland? Then what would he know about the ship’s bottom?

Once under the water, they saw two big propellers and a rudder between them. So far, so good. One of the steel wrapper plates around the rudder stock was missing from the starboard side and one was a bit chewed up on the port side. This information would be retained and passed along. The divers continued on the port side and steadied themselves on the top of the hull extension that the shaft goes through.
I’ll take a look in the space between the rope guard and the propeller hub, Mick Trammel must have thought to himself. Hmm – sure is dark down deep – I wish we had good flashlights to brighten up the area. Anyway, this port one seems O.K. I can see a circular flange with bolts keeping it attached to the ship. Must be a bearing of some kind. Something looks different. I thought that flange was supposed to be against the ship, not out about three inches! Some of the bolts are missing. Wonder if the ice caused this? Better tell somebody.

“Hey! Look in here.”, he indicated, motioning to Quintiliani. Two eye witness accounts would be better than one.

Up on deck out of the water with their explosive information came the two divers. Mick changed and then came to me with, “what do you know about propeller shaft bearings, cause I think we’ve got trouble?” Off to the blueprints I went with the Operations Officer in tow.

“You say two rings were out or one?”
“How many inches?”
“Maybe it was just the zinc ring, the bushings couldn’t have come out.”
“The blueprint says an interference fit of six thousandths of an inch, you’d have to jack it out.”
“What size bolts were they?”
“The zinc ring bolts are smaller, see.”
“Are you sure it was away from the stern casting?”

These were some of the questions and statements in the air. The divers went back the second time, just as they would a third and fourth, later. A good underwater camera would have been happiness then, but none was available. Actual measurements taken and recorded on a sheet of plexiglass with a crayon confirmed the worst, the bushing was away. But how? When? What’s to be done?

When approached with the dilemma, Captain C.W. Bailey took the news calmer than I had anticipated. Although he understood my recommendation to go to a shipyard, he knew it would be hard telling Washington that we anticipated trouble if we continued operations with the injured shaft.

An icebreaker isn’t very effective with but one shaft. Should we continue the mission or shouldn’t we? If not, what was to be done? These are command decisions, so my follow-up information to the Commanding Officer had to give him the true “Big Picture”.

My knowledge of EASTWIND shafting, and shafting in general, was broadened quickly. A refresher course was taken by reading past drydock reports and an extensive report made by Cdr. Graeme Mann on the subject.
Somehow, the starboard after stern tube bearing had become free. The bolts holding it to the ship had sheared off and the bushing was free to turn with the shaft. We safely deduced that this was the origin of the unusual noises.

If we keep going, I told the captain, the bushing would turn on the five steel lands which had formerly held it in place. Micarta staves bearing material inside the bushing could come loose and bind the out-of-round bushing. Lands in the stern tube could crack. Most important though, the shaft could possibly break off due to the additional whipping freedom offered it. This whipping action would ultimately impose compressive, then tensile stresses at each location on the periphery of the shaft as it turned. The stresses would increase as the looseness of the shaft increased, looseness could be increased by the lands opening up, the outside surfaces of the bushings wearing away, or lastly, by the Micarta bearing wearing down. For the bushing to have turned, one or both of the former two had to have occurred.

The schedule was for the ship to go to Glasgow. Maybe there we could effect repairs. What experience would yards in Scotland have with icebreakers’ unique characteristics. Little, I presumed. Also, traveling away from home port in the North Atlantic, half crippled, for the purpose of rest and relaxation would not have been sound thinking. Glasgow looked unwise, particularly since the gold flow to Europe had been a main topic of concern in Congress at the time.

On the other hand, we could go to Boston, our home port and district office, where former EASTWIND personnel could lend a sympathetic and amenable ear. Boston shipyards are well acquainted with EASTWIND, since they had been conducting annual and emergency repairs on her for over twenty years.

After three days of message writing, receiving, and answering, Commandant directed us to Boston for a look-see. Very few aboard were unhappy with this news, even though it meant giving up R and R in Scotland.

EASTWIND with her pride hurt a bit, proceeded slowly home on one shaft. I felt that there were skeptics in Boston, but when the ship was high and dry in the dock, our actions were vindicated. The bolts had sheared off! The bushing was loose! The lands in the stern tube were cracked. Lt. Trammel breathed a noticeable sigh of relief and his eyes said, “I told you so.”

Technically, the problem was complex. A bore sight was taken of the starboard stern tube and showed the lands to be out-of-round and not concentric. The forward stern tube bearing had not been loaded at all. Its liner was untouched and the staves like new. Too much load, including the heavy screw, was placed on the aft screw.

To correct this situation, a pending ship-alt was completed on the starboard shaft whereby the after bearing was lowered. This shifted some load forward. The
exact figures for lowering the after bearing were arrived at by computer analyzing the shafting system as a whole, cranking in weights and allowable bearing pressures. The rest was easy.

While in the yard, much reflection was done on the cause of our woes, so the following is offered as a result of this.

Cold weather may have produced low notch sensitivity in the studs holding the bushing. A periodic renewal of the studs is one answer to preclude a recurrence. Merchant ship boiler mounting studs have a similar problem of losing their ability to deform elastically so they are examined at eight year periods. I recommended a closer examination in dry dock to see if the stern tube bearing studs are loose. Hammer test them for soundness. See if the threads are getting low in the notches. Electrolytic action may have caused deterioration and necking of the exposed section of studs. Some of our icebreakers, ones previously run by the Navy have their shaft bushings keyed in place. This might be satisfactory corrective action to be performed on the other icebreakers. With the shaft mended and several voyage repairs completed, EASTWIND proudly returned to the Greenland waters, and continued on with this perhaps her last arctic voyage – until it was completed.

This article was taken from the ALUMNI BULLETIN dated May June 1969 and released by Joe Quintilliani for inclusion in his Honor Pages.

Here in Curtis Bay, she lay for her last day.
WHITE COLD STEEL
WE LOVED HER

SHE WAS BORN IN 44
THE LIKES THE OCEAN NEVER SEEN BEFORE

OUR PEOPLE WERE AT WAR
BUT SHE WAS MADE FOR WHAT SIE SAW

SHE CAPTURED OUR ENEMIES AND THEIR SHIP
THIS ON HER VERY FIRST TRIP

SHE SAILLED NORTH, SOUTH, WEST AND EAST
OUR FEMALE MASTS SAY WE LOVE THEM LEAST

CAN NOT A SAILOR LOVE TWO SHE'S
I KNOW THIS !! IT CAN BE

DON'T OUR MASTS BLEED WHEN THEIR SKIN IS OPENED
DON'T OUR SHIP BLEED WHEN IT'S PAINT IS BROKEN

DON'T WE GET HELP WHEN WE DON'T FEEL WELL
DON'T WE MAINTAIN HER SO SHE RUNS SWELL

DON'T WE WAKEN WHEN OUR CHILDREN COUGH
DON'T WE WAKE WHEN OUR SHIPS IN A TROUGH

ARE WE NOT PROUD OF OUR CHILDREN AND MATE
EVEN THOUGH AT TIMES WE LEAVE THEM TO WAIT

AS OUR HOMEPORT FADES OVER OUR STERN
OUR MASTS ARE WISHING FOR A QUICK RETURN

AS THE CREW SAILS TO FAR OFF PLACES
FRIENDSHIPS UNFOLDS ON THESE NEW FACES

LET US NOT FORGET OUR FALLEN SHIPMATES
FOR THEY TO LOVED THIS MATE

OUR MATE WAS MADE OF COLD HARD STEEL AND PAINTED WHITE
THOUGH SHE FELT WARM AND SOFT AND VISITED PLACES OF WHITE

I AM PROUD TO HAVE LOVED TWO MASTS
THOUGH ONE HAS MEET HER FATE

CAN A MAN EXPLAIN HIS FEELING FOR A PAINTED WHITE SHIP
I STILL CAN NOT BUT I SAILED ON HER LAST TRIP

WHAT IS HER NAME, WHAT IS HER NUMBER
EASTWIND 279 LET US REMEMBER.

By Joseph Quintilliani

All materials in this honor page are courtesy Joe Q.

Joseph Quintilliani, Semper Paratus!
On graduating from the Coast Guard Academy in 1946 Robertson Dinsmore was assigned to the USS Muskegon in Task Force 24 of the North Atlantic Patrol. Following the end of WW II, he served on the cutters Cherokee, Sebago, Tamaroa, and Firebush. On the Buoy Tender Firebush (1948-49) he was promoted to C.O. and in January 1949 moored alongside the damaged Eastwind anchored in Gravesend Bay, New York Harbor, following collision with the SS Gulfstream, to provide power, water and other services to the damage control parties still fighting the fire.

At Coast Guard Headquarters in charge of Polar Science Programs he coordinated and often accompanied the Arctic and Antarctic research projects by CG icebreakers. Noteworthy was 1961 participation in the International Indian Ocean Expedition when during an oceanographic transect of the full Indian Ocean, the Eastwind discovered and mapped an oceanic seamount (of great interest to the U.S.Navy).

On the final voyage of Eastwind in 1968, along with a team of polar scientists, the western Greenland glaciers were mapped for the first time since 1940. Results
showed a glacier recession that was one of the first indications contributing to the global warming theory.

After oceanographic studies at Scripps Institution he was assigned to the International Ice Patrol at Argentia and Woods Hole. This included research expeditions to Greenland and on board icebreakers. *In 1957 from the Eastwind he measured and photographed the highest iceberg ever sighted before or since (550 ft above the water level).*

Shortly after the *Eastwind*'s decommissioning Captain Dinsmore retired from the Coast Guard and took a position as Chief of Operations at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. At Woods Hole he was involved with the design of the NSF Research Icebreaker *Palmer* and the USCG Icebreaker *Healy*. In addition to the ships listed above, Captain Dinsmore also served on the following: T/S *Danmark*, USS *Menges*, CGC *Cobb*, (all as a cadet); CGC *Evergreen* (*Oceanographer*), CGC *Duane* (Navigator), CGC *Eagle* (First Lieutenant), CGC *Northwind* (*Oceanographer*), and CGC *Cook Inlet* (CO).

Captain Dinsmore has received the following awards: CG Commendation Medal, Coast Guard Medal, President's Meritorious Service Medal, and the National Science Foundation Distinguished Service Medal. He is past Vice President and Fellow of the Marine Technology Society, Member of the Explorers Club, Naval Institute, and Sigma Psi Fraternity.
Curriculum Vitae
Robertson P. Dinsmore

Office: Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute
Woods Hole, MA 02543
(508) 289-2510; (508) 457-2185 – Fax

Education
M.S. Physical Oceanography
Scripps Institute of Oceanography
La Jolla, Ca (1951)

Background
1982 – Present

Office: 26 Middle Hill Rd.
Falmouth, MA 02540

Home: (508) 540-2183
1971-1982

Chairman, Marine Operations Department, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. In charge of ship, submersible, and air operations including facility planning, shipboard equipment and instrumentation development. Relief master of Research Vessels *Atlantis II, Knorr, and Oceanus*.

1969-1971


1966-1969

Commanding Officer, Coast Guard Oceanographic Unit, Washington, D.C., conducting field programs from Coast Guard weather ships, icebreakers, and International Ice Patrol. Led Arctic expeditions on USCG Cutters *Eastwind & Northwind*. Senior Staff Associate and USCG Representative on President’s Commission on Marine Science, Engineering and Resources (Stratton Commission). USCG Representative on SS *Manhattan* transit of Northwest Passage. Awarded (1969) President’s Meritorious Service Medal.

1946-1966

General Coast Guard assignments ashore and afloat including Chief of Oceanography and Meteorology Branch, CG Headquarters; Officer-in-Charge International Ice Patrol, Woods Hole, Mass.; Science Instructor, USCG Academy; graduate study at Scripps Institution of Oceanography; commander of USCG Cutters *Cook Inlet, and Firebush*; and other duties on various rescue, ocean station, and aids-to-navigation vessels. Carried out Greenland and Indian Ocean research expeditions on USCG Cutter *Eastwind*. Completed Navy Diving and Salvage School. Awarded (1966) Coast Guard Medal for rescue of SS *Viking Princess*. Awarded (1947) CG Commendation Medal for rescue of Liberty Ship *Daniel Drake*. 

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Professional Affiliations

Marine Technology Society (Fellow); Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers (SNAME), American Geophysical Union, U.S.Naval Institute, Explorers Club, Sigma Xi.
A GLOSSARY of NAUTICAL TERMINOLOGY

Seafarers have a language all their own, one with roots going far back into the past. Included here are some of those roots, along with definitions.

**Aboard**: On or in a vessel. The word comes from two sources, Latin bordure and Anglo-Saxon bord, both meaning "side," suggesting a very early mingling of the nautical terminology's of Northern and Mediterranean sailors.

**Aft**: An adverb, meaning "toward the stern," as in "lay aft to the boiler room," from the Anglo-Saxon aeft, meaning "rear,"

**After**: An adjective, meaning toward the stern, as in "we're taking water in the after boiler room." Sometimes shortened to "aft," as in "the aft boiler room," but nautical purists draw the line at such corruption of the language.

**Beakhead**: Originally the ram on the prow of a fighting galley. Later, it referred to a small, far-forward, pointed platform. Probably from an old Celtic or Gaulish word bec or beq.

**Beam**: The width of a vessel; also a structural component. Both Uses come from the Anglo-Saxon word beam, meaning "tree,"

**Below**: below decks, as in "going below to f deck," never down."

**Binnacle**: The stand on which the ship's compass is mounted. Before the 18th century, the word was bittacle, which came from the French habitacle and the Latin habitaculum, meaning a place of habitation. Before compasses came into use, it referred to a lantern stand.

**Black Gang**: The engineering crew aboard ship. The term arose in the 19th century and referred then to the boiler-room crew in early coal-burning steamships. The derivation is obvious.

**Boat**: Any small craft, as opposed to a ship, which carries boats. Also, perhaps in a general spirit of perversity, submariners and naval aviators refer to their respective vessels, submarines and aircraft carriers, as "boats." The word comes from the Old Norse bato-or Possibly beit-both meaning "boat."

**Bow**: Also bows. The forward end of any vessel. The word may come from the Old Icelandic bogr, meaning "shoulder"

**Brass Pounder**: An early 20th-century term for the ship's radio operator, from the brass key of his transmitter,
Bridge: The control or command center of any power vessel. The term arose in the mid-19th century, when the "bridge" was a thwartships structure very much like a footbridge stretched across the vessel between or immediately in front of the paddle wheels.

Bulkhead: A wall or partition aboard ship. It comes from the Old Norse balker, meaning "partition".

Bulwark: A solid rail or wall extending the ships sides above the deck. From Old English and Norse, but of unknown meaning.

Crow's Nest: A lookout station positioned at the highest practical point on a ships mast. The origin of "nest" seems obvious, but why crows? One possibility is that Norse ships carried ravens in cages, which were hoisted aloft and released in order to find the direction to the nearest land.

Davits: A pair of cranes used for hoisting and lowering a ship's boats. The word came into use in the early 17th century and at that time was spelled "davids," possibly a reference to their unknown Inventor.

Deck: What you walk on aboard ship. (Never the flood) Originally from the Middle Dutch dec, meaning "roof."

Fall: The line on any tackle that is hauled. The tackles on boat davits are known as boat falls, from the Middle English fallen, meaning a fall.

Forecastle: Pronounced "fo'c's'l", and Usually now spelled that way. Now the foredeck of a vessel, the term originally referred to a raised and fortified platform at the ship's bow, Used by archers in combat at sea as early as the 13th century.

Frames: The "ribs" of a vessel. The word comes from the Old Italian fram, meaning "frame."

Freeboard: That part of a ships sides above water, from the Anglo-Saxon framebord, meaning 'the frame's side.'

Galley: The ship's kitchen, where food is prepared. The origin is uncertain but may have arisen with the ships cook and helpers thinking of themselves as "galley slaves." (A galley was originally a fighting ship propelled by oars, from the Latin galea.)
Gangway: One of several words for a shipboard passageway. Also, an opening for gaining access to or from a ship, or a shouted command meaning that someone is coming through. Gang is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "path," while way is from weg, "Way."

Gunwale: Also gunnel. The upper edge of the side of a vessel; a low bulwark. A wale was any of the strakes on the side of a vessel, from walæn, an Old English word meaning "ridge." A "gunwale" was that part of the bulwark structure along the main deck where the guns were carried.

Head: (1) The uppermost or forward-most part of a ship (or Of some specific part of a ship, such as the masthead, beakhead, stemhead, or whatever. (2) The bathroom. In the age of sail, the crew was quartered forward in the forecastle, and their latrine was located on the beakhead, overhanging the water.

Ladder: On shipboard, all stairs are called "ladders," except for literal staircases aboard passenger liners. Most "stairs" on a ship are narrow and nearly vertical, hence the name. From the Anglo-Saxon hiaeder, meaning ladder.

List: Both a noun and a verb referring to a ships Upping to one side or the other due to poor trim, shifting cargo, or sinking. The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon lystan, meaning "to lean".

Mess: Part of the ship's company that eats together, (such as the officers' mess) and, by extension, the place where they eat. On passenger liners, the passengers may still eat in dining rooms, but the crew eats in the mess. from late Latin missum, that which is put on a table.

Officer: A definition is scarcely necessary, and it's derivation from the Old French official is obvious. They've been with us a long time, though. The word originally comes from the Late Latin officarius.

Overhead: The ceiling aboard ship, (Never "ceiling," which on a vessel refers to the interior planking or plates affixed to the ship's frames,)

Poop Deck: The aft-most, raised weather deck on a ship. The name came from the Middle English poupe, from the Latin puppim, meaning the rear section of a ship The word derived from the Latin Puppis, meaning a doll or small image, The Romans and other ancient seafaring peoples had a small sacred idol or image affixed to the stern, where the deity it represented could watch over the vessel. To be pooped incidentally, meant to have a wave break over the ship's stern.
Port: (1) The left side of the ship when facing forward. The original term was "larboard"... but the possibility of confusing shouted or indistinct orders to steer to larboard with steering to starboard at a crucial moment was both obvious and serious. The term was legally changed to 'port' in the British Navy in 1844, and in the American Navy in 1846. The word 'port' was taken from the fact that ships traditionally took on cargo over their left sides, i.e., the side of the vessel facing the port. This was probably a holdover from much earlier times when ships had Steering-boards over the right side aft; obviously, you couldn't maneuver such a vessel starboard side to the pier without crushing your steering oar. (See: Starboard.)
(2) A porthole.

Purser: The clerical officer aboard a passenger or merchant ship. He is in charge of the vessel's accounts, documents, and payroll, and on Most ships provides a safe for the passengers' valuables. In the early navy, he was a low-ranking officer in charge of all of the ship's stores. The word comes from the Latin bursariar, the "burser," or person in charge of the burse... uh... purse...

Ship: A general term for any large, ocean-going vessel (as Opposed to a "boat"). Originally, it referred specifically to a vessel with three or more masts, all square-rigged. The origins of the word are long lost, though it is recognizable in all languages descended from the various old Nordic tongues.

SOS: Radio distress signal just coming into Use at the time of the Titanic disaster (and replacing the older CQD). Popularly, it stands for "save our ship," but the signal was probably originally chosen because the Morse code for "SOS," three dots, three dashes, three dots, was easy to transmit, easy to remember, and easy to distinguish when received.

Stack: The ship's funnel on an engine-powered vessel. The origin is probably naval slang, Starboard: The right side of the ship when facing forward. The name is a very old one, derived from the Anglo-Saxon term Steorbord, or Steering-board. Ancient vessels were steered not by a rudder amidships, but by a long oar or Steering-board extended over the vessel's right side aft. This became known, in time, as the Steering-board side or starboard.

Stateroom: An officer's or passenger's cabin aboard a merchant ship, or the cabin of an officer other than the captain aboard a naval ship. The term may be derived from the fact that in the 16th and 17th centuries, ships often had a cabin reserved for royal or noble passengers.
Steerage: Originally the junior officers' quarters in a naval vessel, referring to the fact that the ship's tiller often projected into the compartment, located far aft. In the 19th century, the term came to mean the cheapest passenger quarters aboard a liner, again, often near the ship's stern where the noise of the ship's screws and engines was unrelenting. Stern: The rear of any vessel. The word came from the Norse Stjorn (pronounced "Styorn"), meaning "steering".

Steward: A general term for any member of a ship's crew involved with Commissary duties or personal services to passengers and/or crew. The term comes from an old Anglo-Saxon term: Styweard or Sty-warden, the keeper-of-the-pigs. Whether the pigs referred to here are the live animals once kept aboard as provisions on long voyages, or a commentary on the habits and personalities of the passengers is a matter of conjecture.

Tackle: Traditionally pronounced "tay-kle," it refers to gear on deck in general or, specifically, to blocks and their associated lines-as in "block-and-tackle." The word comes from the Middle Dutch taekel, meaning tackle, and from which the pronunciation was derived.

Thwart: A seat or crossbeam in a small boat, from the Middle English thwarte, meaning "across," "Thwartships" means across the ship.

Topside: The part of the ship above water. Generally Used as a way Of saying "on deck" or "up," as in "lay up topside to see the captain,"

Weather Deck: Any deck on a ship open and exposed to the... well, weather. Wings: Extensions to either side of the ship. Specifically, the port and starboard wings of the bridge are open areas to either side of the bridge, Used by lookouts and for Signaling.
Eastwind Association Functions

“Left” Coast Reunion
Laughlin, NV, 2004

Hosted by Louis LaRiccia

Date: May 17th to the 21st, 2004
Place: Ramada Express Hotel and Casino, Laughlin, Nevada

This year’s reunion is dedicated to all the men and women who fought and those who died in all wars and conflicts for our great country.
Some of past reunion attendees

Eastwind 2000 reunion in Boston
Long may she be thought of as the great Queen of the Icebreakers, a one of a kind, home away from home for those who served on her. Though she may be gone, she will never be forgotten.

The End
AHOY CREWMEN & ASSOCIATES
Please be advised that your search for the EASTWIND family is now complete!

MEMBERSHIP FORM

MEMBERSHIP RUNS FROM REUNION TO REUNION
(Contact the Association for current dues)

TO BECOME A PAID MEMBER SEND your check along
with this membership form to:

LeRoy R. Grant/Treasurer
Eastwind Association
P.O. Box 292
Albany, New Hampshire 03818
Phone: (603) 447-6040

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: EASTWIND ASSOCIATION

(Please Print Form CLEARLY and in Ink)

NAME: ________________________________

ADDRESS: ________________________________

CITY/STATE/ZIP: ________________________________

HOME/BUSINESS PHONE: ________________________________

INTERNET ADDRESS: ________________________________

EASTWIND RATE/RANK: ________________________________

Highest Rank/Rate: ________________________________

CG Retired Year: ________________________________

Aboard the Eastwind

Made the following cruises:

______________________________

______________________________

______________________________

http://www.EastwindAssn.org/

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