

Terror (CM-5)

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Swim Suit Issue ?

No, this is the outstanding round ball squad of 1946, poised to engage the opposition. No finer group of athletes has ever been assembled, at least on that quarter deck. Now, admittedly, the gentle-



man in the very front, with no feet, is no athlete. In fact, he couldn't hit the floor with his hat. No, he's simply doing his duty, probably wishing he could be far removed from that scene.

The real athletes are lined up in V formation behind him and quite obviously ready for action. While many of us were wallowing around and about San Francisco, these lads were developing clean minds and honing their athletic skills

If you can identify any or all of these chaps, drop me a note. The first one to name all gets a free - uh- anyway it's free.

No, George, your entry doesn't count but thanks for the pic - Great stuff !

Top -- 1946 Terror Basketball Team
Right -- Schooner "Adventuress"

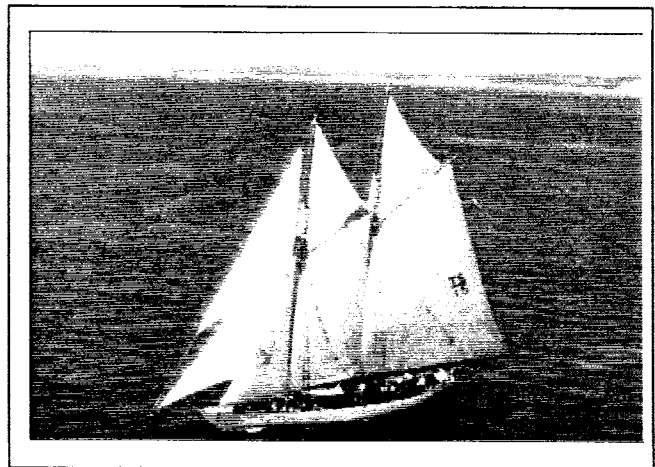
ADVENTURESS

I wish I could show you this handsome schooner in color but in any shade she's bound to ring a bell. *Adventuress* hit the water in 1913. She was built at the East Boothbay, Maine yard of Rice Bros. for Mr. John Borden (you know, the milk guy) for the sum of \$21,000. That was a lot of tins of milk in 1913.

Borden took her around the Horn and to Arctic on a seal hunting expedition. Hunting was lousy and Borden, discouraged, disposed of his toy and she was picked up by the San Francisco Pilots Association. Between the wars and through the war years, *Adventuress* was the Pilot Boat in San Francisco. Now you remember

During her life as a pilot boat, she endured some changes. The masts were topped off and the bowsprit got axed. All this to make her a "work boat".

Adventuress was discarded as a pilot boat in favor of a minesweeper and today, some 87 years after launching, is completely refitted and sails out of Puget Sound taking youngsters and adults on daysails and week long jaunts..



Letters--

Dick (last name withheld) writes --

"One fine afternoon, some (deleted) Ensign went to exchange movies, and he decided to take the whaleboat. We went to several other ships, one of them being the *Antietam*. I was the engineer.. When we were ready to leave the *Antietam*, it was already dusk. The cox'n shoved off and we started to drift away -- I could not get the engine to start. After some thirty minutes the cox'n signaled-*Terror*. She-- had to get us as we were drifting out to sea.

We were picked up in due course and were told to report the next day for Captain's Mast.

I entered shakily and of course, scared to death; the Captain asked me what was the matter? I said I don't know sir. He said why did you not repair the boat? I said I don't know sir besides I had no tools. He said son, how long have you been in the Navy? I made a quick calculation and said 12 weeks sir. Seven weeks in boot camp, one week at Shoemaker and four weeks aboard.

He laughed out loud and said."Case is dismissed".

In the normal course of business, justice, swift and sure, was administered by LCDR Coombs. Now, Dick, are you telling me that Coombs actually --- laughed?

Aloha --

It is fair to say that a whole big bunch of folks thought Honolulu was a terrible liberty town. I must confess, however, that this poor wretch thought it a fabulous place. Great liberty! Beats Brunswick, Maine every time. The whole thing seemed to center around one street named, I seem to recall, Fort Street.

This was a very busy place. The second largest enterprise was, without question, the photo business. Every other doorway sheltered a photo shop with Hula girls as the standard props.

Everyone and I mean everyone, except the Chaplain and the ship's dog had one of these snapshots (there's that dog again !) in his wallet. I had one myself, carried it for ten years. Left the wallet in a 'phone booth - a month or so later I get a letter from Canada - this guy says he'll return the empty wallet and the picture of the Hula Dancer if I send five bucks. Crazy people, these Canadians. Anyway --



Here we have Peter Keenan and Jim Hayes is on your right. You remember Ol' Jim. Give him a couple of beers and he'd hang all over you. Pete seems a bit uncomfortable - probably just camera shy.



This would be Bob Ryan and , no, not his wife , just a friend.



Destroyer Minelayers

With the outbreak of war in the Pacific, the Navy had only the, nearly obsolete, converted World War 1 type minelayers available for service. Converted destroyers of the *Tracy* and *Stribling* classes with names like Tracy, Preble, Montgomery and others played a vital role in all the Pacific campaigns.

Late in the war, the first of the *Allen Sumner* conversions appeared in the Pacific. *Robert H Smith* (DM-23), the leader of this class, was the first mine warfare vessel hit by kamikaze at Okinawa. While none in this class ever planted a mine, as destroyers they performed to the highest expectations.

Pictured here is USS *Thomas E. Fraser* (DM-24) ex (DD-736).

And what has this to do with *Terror*? When former crewman Frank Anderson left *Terror* he changed his address to *Fraser*. As a result of this change, Frank has written a narrative of the life and times of *Fraser*, her crew and the era in which we lived.

While I have not read the book, I have read bits and pieces of the manuscript and believe me, this is a first class effort. At this

point, I don't know the publication date or price but I will pass this along when known.

More Books

As you know, Frank is not the only *Terror* type to churn out a book. But have you noticed. all the literary types labored topside? Must be the air up there.

Anyway, I'm considering, *Life in the Terror Machine Shop* or perhaps *The US Navy, a View From The Starboard Shaft Alley*.

Now to find a publisher.

Lost & Found

It seems that now, fifty odd years on, we have a spate of interest in Dad or Granddad and the old ship. Less common is that long and persistent search for information with little result, as with Gordon Wilson.

Wilfred Wilson StM3 was killed May 1, 1945. If you have any memory of Wilfred, please drop a note to his brother Gordon Wilson at
3645 Barna Ave. # 1F
Titusville, FL 32780

He thanks you and so do I.

On Jackets

Recently, a Navy type was augmenting his wardrobe, browsing at the local Thrift Store. A jacket, price right, fit great, caught his eye. The purchase made, the jacket joins his wardrobe. Of course, those of us who always turn over cushions seeking loose change can understand his next move. Pockets turned inside out, a stray ten spot might, perhaps, lurk within. No luck - only the news clipping reproduced here.

The clip, done in cartoon style, traces the career of one Admiral Horace Warden (MC). Young doctor graduates Medical School, joins Navy. On *Breese* during Pearl Harbor on Dec 7, '41, cartoon shows *Terror* under attack on May 1, '45. Admiral wounded (by now, you've already figured "good doctor, wrong time, wrong place, kind of guy"). Doctor recovers in Saipan hospital and proceeds on to distinguished Navy and medical career.

The Navy chap, one Mark Bowers, gets on his computer (can't afford new clothes but - computers?) and contacts Navy sources for the rest of the story.

At this point, we concern ourselves with May 1 and *Terror*. Warden (then LCDR) was with ComMinPac and was on *Terror* as Adm. Sharpe's surgeon. Apparently he was on his way to sick bay when the first explosion erupted.

Here, (then Lt.) David Mincey writes :

"He got to the space just forward of the Wardroom when the first bomb went off. He was seriously injured -- but somehow managed to go forward to the No. 2 gun deck. He was the first person I found when I got to the -- gun deck. He was seated on the top platform of the ladder from the main deck to the gun deck. I could tell nothing with a red flashlight in the dark. I unbuttoned his shirt and carefully felt his wounds -- I found multiple, shallow, shrapnel wounds, none of which were life threatening.



I got a Stokes stretcher off the bulkhead abaft #2 main battery. I got a blanket -- put him in the -- stretcher and carefully wrapped him in his blanket..

A -- tug was just a few yards off *Terror*'s starboard bow. I signaled the tug to come alongside. The tug took Dr. Warden to a hospital ship.

Unlike so many vignettes of that terrible time, this one has a happy ending. The Admiral, at age 88, has retired his two stars and tennis game to sunny southern California. Mincey, at a brisk 82, still practices law and Southern hospitality. in his beloved Georgia. Bowers at last report, strolls San Diego, resplendent in an elegant, if slightly used, thirty year old jacket.. Great Jacket, that ! Fit for an Admiral.

On the World Wide Web
www.Ringleib.com/Terror