

JAN. 1986

(GEORGE J. DALEY) Born 12/28/22

FOR MY CHILDREN:

I thought you would all be interested in knowing what my life has been like. Also to give you an idea of the family, and what it was like in my younger days. Some things I have been told and others as I remember them.

✶ In 1922 my parents; George J. Daley, and Theresa Griffin Daley, were living in Ocean Grove, N.J. (also known as Ocean Grave) they had a local law which caused the gates to the town to be closed to auto traffic on sundays. I am told that my Mother had to walk to the gates to meet the ambulance to take her to the hospital. I was born in the hospital at Spring Lake N.J.

A short time later we moved to a nice large house on 4th Ave. in Asbury Park, N.J. My early memories started there, with my sister Theresa (Siddy), my brother Frank, Mom and Dad, and Lotty our maid. At that time my father was quite wealthy and things were good until 1929. My brother John was born there in 1927, and later after we had moved in 1934 my brother Harold was born, I believe it was in Wanamassa, N.J.

The house in Asbury Park still stays in my memory and I can recall various things; The family gathered around the piano while my mother played and we all sang. My brother Frank and I getting hell for climbing out on the roof. That was when I jumped off the roof and landed on a broken bottle, I came down on the glass with my right hand and was cut pretty good. Later the Dr. (a friend of the family who came to dinner) said I should have had stitches and almost severed the main artery in my wrist. However when I ran into the house trailing blood all over the freshly scrubbed kitchen floor my mother just raised hell.

My dad had a large Ice plant and business. In 1929 not only did the stock market crash but a fire wiped out the largest ice plant. I am told that the combination of events cleaned us out and the depression started. We lost our home and had to move. During the next few years we moved a lot as there was very little income and very little to eat. If it hadnt been for my Grandmother(MARY ALLEN DALEY) we would have gone hungry many times. As it was I can still remember my brother Frank and I eating stale bread, onions and mustard sandwiches, we also used to swipe logs and wood for the fire place to heat the house as we could not afford coal too often.

My mother was working part time when she could get the work, she had been a telephone operator before she married and was very fortunate to get back into the company. She later on became a permanent operator and stayed with the company until she retired, the telephone company really took good care of its employees even after retirement. My father tried various jobs, mostly selling on straight commission, in those days it was very difficult to get any kind of a job or to make sales.

Probably one of the most remarkable people I had ever met was my Grandmother; She had 13 children, two boys died at birth, there were 11 boys and 2 girls. One son, Harold was killed in world war 1, the VFW Post in Asbury Park is called the Harold Daley Post. My aunt Laura lived at home and never married, aunt Nell <sup>RR</sup> married uncle Stan Applegate and later took care of my grandmother until she died in her late 90's.

My grandmother had a large house in Asbury Park (rented I believe) she had a few boarders and a few of my uncles lived at home. At various times my sister and my brothers stayed with her also. When Frank and I got hungry or were in AP we would show up at lunch or dinner time and we were always welcomed and fed. During the late thirties when I was in Wash. DC, my sister Siddy and brother Jack stayed with her. It would take a book to write about and relate the things I remember about my grandmother.

One of my uncles; Joe was in the Navy and I believe seeing him in his uniform kind of steered me toward the Navy. My other uncles; Frank, Charlie, ED, Jim, Cort & Allen were never very close. Two of them married sisters (Cort and aunt Elsie, Jim and aunt Nelly). I have a cousin by the name of Cortland Daley. I havent seen any of my cousins in years.

When I was about 13 years old, I had a stomach ache and it hung on for days. My mother called my uncle Stan Applegate and told him about it. He worked for the Board of Health in Neptune, N.J. He came over and after seeing me decided to take me to the hospital for a check up. I was rushed into surgery, my appendix had broken, the Doctor said if it had been an hour later I would have been dead. As it was I had to stay in the hospital for some time with drains in an open incision.

Also when I was 13 I got my first job; I worked in a grocery store (American, now the Acme) My job was to sweep the store, stock the shelves, weigh out the sugar in five lb. bags, deliver groceries with a wagon and carry the groceries into the houses for the customers. My pay was 1.00 per week, and I occasionally got a nickel or a dime tip. As things were pretty tough at that time, I usually had to bring home bread or some other item for the family and by Sat. night my one dollar pay was gone.

Some time around 1935 my Mother and Father, Frank and baby Harold and I moved to Washington DC. Mother got part time work with the Telephone

Company, and Dad tried sales. The depression was still in effect and we didnt have too much to live on. We had a one room housekeeping apt. with the bath room down the hall. Most of the time I ended up taking care of Harold and cooking, that is when I learned to make veg. soup.

While in Jr. high school I started delivering news papers. I started with the Wash. Daily News and delivered down town in the afternoons. Then later I got a route for the Wash. Post, this route built up to become the largest route in the City. My route averaged about 375 papers every morning and on Sun. about 425. The customers paid 15 cents a week for daily and Sunday papers, they cost me 9 cents so I made 6 cents a week per customer. This really helped as I bought my own clothes and helped with the food for the family.

I graduated from Jr. high in Feb. 1939, and then started getting other jobs along with my paper route. I usually went to N.J. in the summer and found a job for the summer, and lived with my grandmother. My social sec. earnings started in 1937 and I had many different jobs before joining the Navy in Aug. of 1941. During the summer trips I worked as helper on a bread truck, six days a week from 2 am to 4 pm eight dollars a week; Packed rolls in a bakery 25 cents an hour; Theater usher for 10.00 dollars a week; and one summer I worked in a cafeteria running food to the steam tables and helping out in the kitchen.

In Washington I also had various jobs; I kept my paper route while working other jobs during the day and night. In the evening from 7:30 to 11:30 I worked as a skate boy putting on skates, for tips in a roller rink, I made pretty good tips. During the day at one time I took a job as helper in a sheet metal shop from 7:30 to 4:30, made 25 cents an hour on that one. During this period I got run down and the Dr. said I had to quit working so many hours, quit the daytime job. Later I took a job with Western Union, riding a bike, delivering telegrams and airline tickets all over Wash. I stopped working for tips in the skating rink but worked nights for the same people in an arena next door. I ran the sound booth, played music and took care of the mikes during Walkathons, roller derby, hockey games etc.

In 1941 things were getting better with the economy, my mother was working full time and Dad was selling for a large company but not making too much. I quit all my jobs in June and left for N.J., got a job with the theaters and worked most of the summer. Things didnt look so good throughout the world and I was fed up with the type of work I could get, so in August I took a trip up to 90 Church St. in NYC to the USN Recr. station. I took my physical and passed the ~~intelligence~~ tests, signed up in the regular Navy for 6 years. On the 26th of Aug. 1941 I was sent to Newport R.I. for boot camp;

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During the early years in N.J., even though things were tough at times we had a lot of fun too. We all learned to swim in the surf and in the many lakes around there. In those days most of us kids learned to swim by being thrown in the lake by friends, you learn fast.

When school was out in the spring we all did a lot of fishing too. One of my uncles taught me to fish from the beach in the surf and to cast the long surf rods. One summer Frank and I caught live bait to sell to the fishermen along the beach, it was fun and we made a few bucks as well. We also caught soft shell crabs to sell to ~~returants~~<sup>restaurants</sup>, hard shell crabs to eat and after a storm we would gather large sea clams for chowder.

We had to change schools at times and I recall the time in the 7th grade when I transferred to a school in Asbury Park, I saw a friend in the class (Frank Tenbrook). His father and my father had been friends since they were kids. The teacher came into the room and looked at the sheet with my name on it and saw me sitting near Frank. She yelled "Oh no you dont" I had your fathers sitting side by side! Daley you sit up here in the front where I can keep an eye on you. Then she started telling about our fathers and all of my uncles and aunts.

A short time later we moved to Washington DC; The school I remember was Powell JR High; I did study while in that school and in Feb. 1939 graduated. I started in high school and could only stay for a couple of months as things were tough and I got a job.

That was my formal education, as they used to say I got my education at the "College of Hard Knox" ie Knox University.

When I joined the Navy in Aug. 1941, I was sent to Boot camp in Newport R.I. Boot camp lasted 13 weeks and I learned about the Navy from the old regular Navy men. One of my best friends in boot camp was a guy by the name of Rip ~~Killey~~<sup>Kedney</sup>; He had a picture of his sister, nice looking (AGNES) and she wrote to him often and he sent pictures of us back home. She wrote to me and we started writing back and forth. She wrote to me all through the war and was the one person I could count on hearing from at mail call.

The first time we had liberty in Newport a group of us were going to get tattoed, just as we were about to enter the shop a foot hit me in the ass and our chief raised the devil with us. He told us about the tattoos he had on him and how he always regretted having them. So I never did get one.

When boot camp was over we packed our Seabags, hammocks & blankets; The hammock was laid out with the blanket folded the length of it and was then rolled from the outside in and lashed with the mattress and blanket inside. All of your clothes had to go into the seabag. The seabag was laid on top of the hammock, then the ends of the hammock were formed across

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the ends of the seabag and lashed into place. When you got transferred or moved this was the method of moving your gear. As long as the trip wasn't too far it was ok but when you had to carry the gear a long distance it sure got heavy.

I was transferred to Signalman school in Toledo, Ohio and Rip and I had a ball on liberty as our pay went up from 21.00 to 30.00 dollars a month. The school was really good and I learned a lot not only about being a signalman but about the regular Navy, we were lucky to have such good instructors. Everything was going along good and then 7 Dec. 1941, Pearl Harbor!

We were shipped to Navy Pier in Chicago, Ill. They allowed us to finish school there and get ready to ship out. Most of our boot camp co. hadn't had a chance to go to school and were already out in the fleet. In 1944, NOB Norfolk Va. I ran into a guy from our company and he told me that his father had been keeping track of the casualty lists and only one third of our company was still alive.

Thinking back, for almost the first four years in the Navy I scrubbed all my clothes by hand in a bucket, no place to keep dirty ones so it became an every day chore.

My sister Siddy, had gotten married to Charley VanAtta and they have three daughters, Terry, Lynne, and Janie. Terry was the only one I saw before going to sea, and she was a little doll.

In Jan. 1942 we had all finished school and were signalmen, we were needed in the fleet so our orders were in real quick. My orders were for the USS John Penn, an Attack Transport being made ready in the Norfolk Navy Yard in Portsmouth Va. The ship was an ex-liner from the American Export Lines, there were three sister ships being outfitted and converted; The Exeter, Excambion and can't recall the third. We started training for beach landings along the coast of one of the Carolinas. As it was a new concept of warfare we were trying out different methods of landings. Each boat had a signalman as all communications in those days were visual. I was assigned to the Commanders lead boat and we were out front with the rest of the boats spread out across a wide front. It was my job to relay commands to the other boats as we approached the beach. I can remember standing up on the engine housing sending a message to a boat using semaphore flags, I stopped in the middle of the message and realized what a nice target I made, I then asked the Commander about us using normal conditions for a landing. I said how about using a hand held signal light in stead of flags. He thought about it and decided it made sense, so we changed our method of sending messages unless it was meant for all boats. Later in the war they used radio walkie talkies.

The Navy made a decision about the crews of the ships at sea, only 10% of each crew could be regular Navy due to the number of ships going into commission. I received a set of orders to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to the USS Tenacity; Before the U.S. got into the war we had given the British Navy 50 old Destroyers, now we needed a special kind of ship, English ~~Corvettes~~ <sup>CORVETTE</sup>. The "Flower class" ships could turn inside the turning circle of a sub. So we took over 10 of these ships for convoy duty. They were re-fitted to improve the living conditions and added more depth charges. We found out that these ships were the most uncomfortable riding ships at sea. After Commissioning we started running convoys, first from Charleston to Cuba, then from Cuba to Trinidad through an area known as "Torpedo Junction". It was rare that we made the trip without losing a few ships, it seemed as though we were at "General Quarters" most of the time. The Signalmen were on the bridge from dawn to dusk and then stood watch 4 hours on and 4 off. We assisted the Quartermasters and also took the helm during the watch. We usually had a couple of days in port between convoys, in Cuba we were allowed Base liberty in Guantanamo Bay; It was a place to get a few beers, see a movie, swim and play ball. We always took on supplies and fuel. They had medical and dental facilities, ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> occasion we would leave one of the crew there. Trinidad was a British possession and the people were black and spoke with an English accent. We could get beer and rum there so the parties were rough at times. Some of the Escort ships were British and Dutch with an occasional Canadian ship. The British Navy had a large Seaman's club where they served beer and some food, it was for recreation and a place to go while in port. The British sailors were called Limey's and at times it could start a pretty good fight. One afternoon at the club a couple of our guys called some sailors "Limey's" and as it turned out they were Canadian and not British. That was the wrong thing to do and one of the biggest fights of all time started! There was no love lost between the Limey's and the Canadians but they joined in together and proceeded to throw us out and inflict some injuries. By the time we got back to the ship we were all well bloodied and clothes torn, but they knew that they had'nt been to a dance. It was all in fun, and the next day we were drinking together again and laughing about it. I ran around with a guy by the name of Shanahan, and we decided to find a better place to go on liberty instead of the bars in town. The laws in Trinidad required a meal on the table in order to drink; the same stale sandwich<sup>ch</sup> was sold and resold. Also the hours were very short, I believe 11 to 2 and 5 to 7. Private clubs had different rules, so Shanahan and I joined the "Printers and Pressmen's" association. They let us in provided we didn't start any fights and got along with their members. We were the only two white men in the place.

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In late 1942 I heard that my old ship the John Penn had been in on the invasion of North Africa and had come through it OK but the 2 sister ships the Hughes and the Rutledge had been sunk. The Penn got sunk later in Guadalcanal.

After the allies took North Africa the German subs were blockading the Straits of Gibraltar and sinking the supply ships. The shortest distance across the Atlantic was between Natal, Brazil and Dakar, French Morocco; So the high priority supplies were shipped to Natal by way of Recife, Brazil and then flown across the Atlantic. We had the convoys from Trinidad to Recife. The German and Italian subs were sent down to stop the convoys, we usually had from 35 to 50 ships in a convoy and at first it wasn't too bad, but then they started hitting us hard and we would have 4 or 5 ships burning or sinking in each attack. We lost quite a few ships but brought a lot of them through. Our ship couldn't carry enough fuel for the full trip so we had to re-fuel from tankers in the convoy. One trip a big ESSO tanker had been hit by a torpedo but no fire, the next day we took on fuel from the tanker and the hole in the side was big enough to drive a truck into. I believe the worst thing was trying to get the survivors out of the water and seeing them go down before we could get to them.

One night down around the equator we had General quarters, I was in my bunk, and just grabbed a life jacket and ran for the bridge. I saw four ships burning in different parts of the convoy so we knew it was a sub pack. All I had on was a pair of skivies and a life jacket and it was a cool night. The Exec. officer and I were looking out from the bridge when we saw two torpedos heading right at us, just before they got to us they turned and missed us. We looked at each other in dis-belief, and both of us were soaked all over as if we had water poured on us. The Captain figured that the torpedos were magnetic type and that our degaussing gear had repelled them. Another night we were chasing a sub and dropping depth charges when we went in shallow water, the depth charges really messed up our evaporators. Steam from the boilers to propel the ship is made with water with the salt removed by the evaps. we could only make a very little so had to limp along at about 3 knots the rest of the way to Brazil.

We continued to run the convoys back and forth between Trinidad and Brazil, and in those days if you could do the job promotions came pretty fast, I made SM2, (Signalman second class) and about Aug of 1943 I was made SM1. The ship was going back to the states for overhaul, but the signal tower at Recife needed a first class signalman. The day my ship departed for the states I was transferred to the "Com 4th Fleet signal tower". The liberty was good but too plentiful and not enough work, I told the Officer in charge

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that I liked it better at sea and would like a transfer. He said OK you can have the first ship that comes in and can use your rate. The next morning while I was on watch the light cruiser CL12 USS MARBLEHEAD was entering port. Two days later I moved aboard, and this became my home for the rest of the war.

Thinking back about the USS TENACITY, PG(PATROL GUNBOAT);

Being a small ship, crew of about 200, hot, long, convoy trips the regulations were not too strict. Most of us cut the legs off our dungeries, and the sleeves off the shirts. On small ships the signalmen were usually the ships tailor as we had sewing machines to repair flags. Bob Swaffield and I took turns as ships tailor. Also, the Skipper, "WILD BILL HARMAN" was pretty lax in allowing us to have pets aboard until the crew over did it. At one time we had a dog, 2 marmosets, a chimp, a small monkey, and various birds. All went well until one night they all started fighting and raising hell. The Captain said that's enough and we had to "deep six" most of them.

The dog was a special case, one of the radiomen brought him aboard when he was a puppy, found him in Trinidad. He grew up on the ship and he could run up and down the ladders and rough sea didn't bother him. When he was about 8 months old the radioman decided to take him ashore in Trinidad. It was really funny to see, the dog was so used to the moving deck of the ship that when he got on the dock he could not walk straight.

In the old days the sailors classified ships in their own way and either liked the ship or had bad opinions of some;

Some of the ships were referred to as "A HOME AND A FEEDER", a scow, a barge, too regulation, all Navy, etc. A ship that didn't have a good reputation may have been referred to as, I would rather have a sister in a cat house than a brother on the-----.

The Tenacity was a pretty good ship but ~~couldn't carry~~ <sup>couldn't carry</sup> enough food for size of the crew, so the last few days on a slow convoy we ate a lot beans and rice. When we got into port we ate real well. The guys on watch in the evening on the gun mount in front of the captain's cabin used to sing this;

Oh here is the tale of this gunboat, a home and a feeder was said, but I've heard the crew often bitching, and here's the sad story they said. On Monday we had bread and gravy, on Tuesday it was gravy and bread, on Wednesday and Thursday we had toast and gravy, but that's only gravy on bread, so Friday we went to the skipper, oh please give us something in stead. On Saturday morning without any warning, we had gravy without any bread.



Cruisers were classed as light or heavy, according to their guns and armor. Light cruisers had six inch guns and the heavy cruisers had eight inch guns, also the thickness of the armor plate added to the difference. Light cruisers had thin armor and were considered faster. The Marblehead was a light cruiser, built about 1921, with 10 six inch guns for surface firing, three inch anti-aircraft guns were added as well as 20MM AA guns.

I can remember carrying the six inch projectiles and the bag powder when we took on ammunition, that was an "all hands" working party. The projectiles weighed 105 pounds and made a dent in your shoulder when carrying the. The powder bags were in casings and weighed about 60 pounds, we usually had to carry two at a time.

Ships acquire a character, usually by the crew, and type of officers that man the ship; The Marblehead had been on China Station for years before the war started and was badly damaged in the Java Sea by the Jap fleet. NOTE: A book "Where Away" was written about the ship in that battle.

The ship came around the tip of South Africa and into Brooklyn Navy Yard without steering gear, the four screws were used to steer her. It was just after leaving the Yard that I came aboard, the Tenacity was just leaving for the yard.

Our assignment was to inspect and stop blockade runners from getting needed materials to Germany; The Germans would try to disguise merchant ships to look like neutral country ships. For an example, one of the ships that was sunk was flying a Swedish flag and carrying bales of raw rubber, and optical instruments, the crew had money from the far east and Argentina. Our task force was made up of 4 light cruisers and 8 destroyers and patrolled from the coast of Brazil to the coast of Africa. Each cruiser had two "tin-can" in company and we would patrol for 18 days and then 3 days in port to take on fuel and supplies. Payday was twice a month so with this duty we always had money for liberty, we usually went into Recife or Bahia, Brazil. One time we had to go into Rio for repairs.

The Marblehead was considered a pretty regulation ship, and the crew were hard working and wild. A large number of the crew had been aboard for years and were what was known as "Asiatic", you never knew what they would do. These guys were always getting into fights with other ships and raised hell on the beach but when aboard were all good sailors and took their duties well. Later I'll tell you about some of the antics of this crew.

In Feb. 1944 we were in Rio and received orders to make a speed run to Bayonne N.J. We arrived in NY harbor in a snow storm, after all that time south of the equator we really felt the cold. We spent a few days there and took on supplies and ammo, and headed north with a few ships, off the coast

of Boston we picked up the rest of the convoy. Our ship was the command ship, with a bunch of destroyers, Transports, and tankers with planes lashed to the decks, we headed up into the arctic circle. The troops and supplies were for the coming invasion of Europe. The ship had a wide open signal bridge and it was really cold! We ran into heavy seas, about forty foot swells and was a miserable trip to Belfast, Ireland. About five days out we got a message from a tanker that they had a sick man aboard, needed surgery. We took a motor whaleboat ( a small boat ), an engineer, a coxswain, 2 seaman and myself and I believe we had a hospitalman too. The cruiser, and tanker stopped while two destroyers kept guard for subs, the seas were so high that when in the trough of a swell I couldnt even see the mast of the cruiser. We went along side the tanker and they had the man strapped into a stokes stretcher and hanging over the side, as we came up on a swell and got our hands on the stretcher they let go with the lines and he came down with us. He sure looked green and his eyes were pleading not to be dropped, we got him back to our ship and he was operated on and survived.

We made a couple more of the north atlantic convoys to Ireland and then got ready for the Normandy invasion. Our ship was not used for that action and we went into Plymouth, England and picked up a large convoy of landing craft for another invasion. We made a run to the Straits of Gibraltar and then into Oran, Algeria, the port of Mers el Kebar.

In the Mediterranean Sea we became part of a task force and carried out various jobs around Italy and Sicily, and usually back to Oran. The things that I recall are the conditions in Palermo, Sicily right after the Germans left, the light from the guns firing around Naples at night, our cover firing along parts of the Italian coast, our air coverage leaving at dusk and German planes coming in. Most of our planes were stationed in North Africa, and could only cover us during the day.

We were getting ready to invade the South of France and it was decided that the old cruisers would go in close while the heavy cruisers and battleships would lay off the coast and fire from eight miles out. We were paired up with another US light cruiser and two French cruisers the George Legge and the Montcalm. During the night we were led in by a mine sweep and at daybreak we were 2000 yards from the beach, with six inch guns that is firing point blank. Our job was to cover the landings and take out designated targets and gun emplacements. At St. Raphael the Germans had been dug in, but just before we arrived some of the troops had been pulled out, however I saw a lot of our troops fighting and a lot wounded going back to the transports. A Navy LCI was trying to take some troops in but was getting a lot firing from a Chateau and I just happened to spot the gun, our six inch twin mount took it out.

( ELEVEN )

That first day just at dawn a big flight of B25 bombers came over to bomb the coastal area, one of the planes had a loose bomb and when they opened the bomb bay doors it fell right in front of us. With all the shells and bombs going into the beach it was hard to believe anyone could survive but they did. At night we had to get underway and circle around off the coast; Our planes were in control during the day but when they left the Junkers came in. No one watching the anti-aircraft guns and tracers going up thinks about the shrapnel coming down. Our Executive officer and I were on the bridge and we had the rest of my signal gang under cover, a piece of shrapnel hit the deck and bounced up and hit the Exec. in the crotch. I couldn't help but laugh at him, because earlier that day I was sending a message on a light when a six inch gun right under me fired into the wind and I got the blast right in my face. They took him to sick bay and later he got the Purple Heart for his injury.

One of the things I'll never forget, I had a long glass on a small mine sweeper working in close to the shore, a lookout forward, and a gun crew on the bow, they hit a mine and the whole front half of the ship was gone. Another thing, on the second or third day a British destroyer came steaming in close to us and there on the bridge giving the V for Victory sign was Winston Churchill, they say he wanted to see everything for himself. All our big wheels were earning medals eight miles out.

That was in the summer of 1944, we carried out various tasks around the Med. Sea, and sometime in early 1945 we headed back to the States.

We were operating around Norfolk Va. and one of the jobs they gave us was to test fire some new 3 inch AA ammunition. The shells were called "VT" fused and would explode when in the vicinity of a plane or target. A B26 light bomber was towing a target for us when the guy on the gun sight lost the target and tried to catch up with it, got the plane instead, they made an emergency landing but we got credit for a B26 with one shot. In April of 1945 I was advanced to CSM, chief signalman, right after that I met "Jim", Marion Forshee and in May of that year we were married.

Also in April I took a trip up to Rye, N.Y. and finally met Agnes, the girl who had written to me all during the war. She was very nice and we got along very well, I believe if I hadn't met Jim we would have seen a lot more of each other.

After the war was over we went into the Navy Yard at Philadelphia and decommissioned the Marblehead. I was transferred to the receiving station in Philly. There were 11 other chief signalmen there when I arrived so figured I would be sitting there for some time, I was the first one shipped out.

I went up to N.Y. harbor and picked up the USS ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Philadelphia and that ship was due to be decommissioned at the Navy Yard in Philly.

When that job was done I was again sent to the Receiving station, most of the chiefs were still there. Again I was the first one shipped out as most of the others were waiting for discharge. I went to Norfolk and picked up the Uss Canisteco, a large Navy Tanker. We were operating as a fueling shop for the bases up north. In either Port Arthur, Texas or Lake Charles La. we would load up with fuel and gas and run up to Newfoundland and or Greenland. Later were in Cuba for a training exercise, I had 110 days leave on the books, as I had not been able to take any leave. I requested 10 days leave, the Capt. said he could not spare me as I was standing underway Deck Officer watches as well as running the signal gang. The Navy wanted to cut down on the man power and had issued a letter allowing early discharge for those who had served all during the war. They could'nt give me leave but could allow my discharge. I requested to get out and was flown from Cuba to Jacksonville Fla. and in Dec. or Nov. of 1946 was discharged from the Navy.

SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS ABOUT THE EARLY NAVY:

Waking up in the morning, looking in your wallet; Boy did we have fun! Or- Boy was she drunk and was I good looking and did we spend my money!

A ditty the sailors used to sing, called Bell Bottom Trousers;  
Refrain; Singing bell bottom trousers , coats of Navy blue, He'll climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Chorus; When I was a lady's maid , down in dreary lane, my mistress, she was nice to me , my master was the same. Along came a sailor from out across the sea and he was the cause of all my misery,. ( refrain)

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed, he asked me for a pillow to place beneath his head, and I like a silly girl, thinking it no harm, climbed into the sailors bed to keep the sailor warm..(refrain)

(I cant remember the rest, but ends with-) the moral of this story as you can plainly see- never trust a sailor from out across the sea.. (refrain).

During the war in the Pacific, a carrier, the <sup>original</sup> Wasp I believe, was sinking and some of the men in a powder magazine were trapped below, but still in phone contact with topside. They were asked how they felt and what would they like to be done. They requested that a torpedo be fired into the ship to end it quickly. One of the officers on the Marblehead read about it and asked his gun crew to think about it and how would they feel if in the same situation. A first <sup>class</sup> gunners mate, named Squeegy Lyons, had the six inch powder magazine for a general quarters station. His reply was, "I am lighting off this powder magazine, how do you feel?"

Sailors always had sea stories to tell and usually started them off with a phrase, " This is no sh--".

Little things that stand out; The first time the call for General Quarters, with "This is no drill", The first time they sounded "Air Defense" on a bugle. A calm sea just before sun rise with a cup of coffee. There are so many stories and times to remember for each ship , good and bad, you had to be there to appreciate or to understand the feeling and friendships.

PALM COAST FL.

10/3/90

After a long delay I'll try to get back to writing.

When going through some of my brother Harold's papers after his death I ran across a request chit of his while on the USS MENELAUS, he was working for me at the time. When he joined the Navy he requested duty on my ship, I was really surprised to see him come aboard. He turned out to be a good sailor. In this life you never know what is going to happen, I used to enjoy coming down here to visit Helen and Harold, I'll miss them.

I believe we were on the ship together from some time in 1953 to 1955 when I left the ship.

In 1951 I was working in Washington D C for the Armed Forces Security Agency, doing highly classified mechanical/electrical work. ( go back-) In 1947 I started working for the Western Electric Co. installing telephone dial systems in new buildings; We would start with an empty building and end up with a complete working telephone exchange, I liked the work and was getting along fine until the economy slowed down and the lay-offs started.

That's where I was working when Bruce was born in 1949, wages were pretty low in those days so I worked part time for a man named Sherman who was also our landlord in Virginia. The lay off came for me and I went to AFSA. It was civil service and couldn't take the attitude of the people I had to work with, they figured an hour a day was enough work.

The Korean War was just getting started and I figured that I should be at sea doing my duty. I tried to get recalled as a Chief Signalman to active duty, I was told that they were not recalling any Signalmen and the only way I could get back in was to enlist as a third class Quartermaster.

I enlisted and was asked what kind of ship would I like, listed some ships and also requested "no carriers". I was assigned to the USS WASP. The Wasp was a carrier and was being recommissioned in Brooklyn Navy Yard, Jim (Marion) wanted to go to Florida, so I moved she and Bruce to Miami.

The Wasp was commissioned in 1951, we moved aboard and started to train the crew and get ready for sea. I was assigned to the signal gang and found that if I had been recalled as chief I would have been the senior man.

As it turned out , almost all of the signal gang were reserves that were recalled to active duty, all the second class, first class and the chief were reserves and didn't want to be there. After the Division Officer reviewed our records, I was assigned the duty of division training officer and had to hold school on all the petty officers. This went over like fart in church.

After a training cruise we were assigned to duty with the 6th fleet which operated in the Mediterraian Sea. We left the States in 1952 and with a task force headed across the Atlantic. During night manuevers we had sent about 60 planes up and were getting ready to turn around to recover them, when one of the Destroyers (The Hobson) cut across our bow and we had a collision, we hit her dead center and just about cut her in half, she sank in about 4 minutes. I was on the bridge and had the watch, so I saw the whole thing happen. We had been going at 32 knots and went to full astern to try to stop, another Destroyer the Rodman was doing 32 knots coming at us from astern. I used a large light and sent a signal to them to let them know what had happened and to try to avoid hitting our stern. Days later I found out that my message had prevented another collision, no one knew who had ordered the message sent nor who sent it as I went below to get into a motor whale boat and help look for survivors.

It must have been about 11 or 12 oclock, dark and getting stormy, the Wasp had lost a large portion of the bow of the ship. We had the planes up and getting ready to land, the ship left the area, headed into the wind to recover the planes and left us out searching for survivors. Right after the ship left we got some clothing from the Hobson caught in the screws of our boat and were just left drifting. The seas were getting higher and the water was covered with oil from the sunken ship, we were getting sick from the fumes. A few hours later one of the other Destroyers ( <sup>ADN</sup> ~~the~~ WOOD) found us and in trying to get us aboard the boat got wrecked and was sunk. The next day the seas were too high and rough to try to get us back to the Wasp, the Admiral of the task force said we had to get off the next morning or stay aboard and go to the Med. with them. The Captain of the Wasp sent a helicopter over the next morning to pick us up. OH BOY! We were on the fantail of the tin can, the copter lowered a cable with a ring that looked like a horse collar. Just above the ring was a metal ball, used to keep the cable straight, you were to put your arms through the ring and grab the cable and get pulled up to the copter. Just as I stepped up to get lifted off a guy grabbed the ring to hold it for me, a swell raised the fantail up and allowed the cable to slacken, the metal ball hit me right between the eyes, it staggered me and the blood was running down my face. The exec. officer said, "get that man to sick bay", I said ~~like hell~~ <sup>"like hell"</sup> and grabbed the ring and was being pulled up. I looked down and was right over the stack of the ship

The crew of the copter almost flipped when they saw me arrive with my face all bloody. When we landed on the carrier I was sent to sick bay and patched up. We then headed back toward the states to get repairs.

In almost every tragedy there is usually some humor; Right after I left sick bay I ran into a friend that worked in the supply dept. He said not to ask any questions but to go right to the ships store and buy a box of kleenex. I did and put them in my locker. The following day all the ships heads started to run out of toilet paper. What no one realized was that the storage compartment where the paper was stored had been in the bow of the ship and was no longer there. If you can picture a crew of about 2200 men at sea no toilet paper! We had to go into Bayonne N.J. first to get the top of the mast removed so that we could go under the Brooklyn bridge to the Navy Yard. At Bayonne the first thing to come aboard was a shipment of paper.

In the Navy Yard we got a new bow put on and after all the repairs were made we again departed for the Med. and joined the 6th fleet. We visited ports in Greece, Turkey and most of the countries in the Med. At the end of our tour with the 6th fleet we were taking on supplies for the trip back to the states. The day before the departure a message came in, I was transferred to the USS MENELAUS.

(Go back) While on the Wasp a letter ~~EMEXIN~~ came in from the Bureau, stating that people who had been chief and re-enlisted at a lower rate could take the next chiefs exam but with no points for prior duty. I took the exam as a third class, and when the results came in they said I had made a very high mark but with no points could not be advanced to chief. However it authorized an immediate advancement to first class. So when I was sent to the next ship I was a first class quartermaster and had to learn navigation real fast and also run the operations dept and the signal gang.

I was to relieve a chief quartermaster who was being transferred, he gave me a crash course in my duties. When I reported aboard the Menelaus I asked when are we going back to the states? The answer was; We have another year to do over here, and the home port is Cannes France.

JAN. 1993

70 years old, never thought I would make it.

Recently I was thinking back to some of the odd things that can happen and the results.;

The name Daley can be a cause of humor. When Bruce M. Daley was about two months old we took him to a baby doctor for a check-up, the nurse filled out a card for the doctor. When the doctor came in he said, "what<sup>a</sup> dirty trick to pull on the kid", the card had; BM DALEY.

Then when little Danny was named it came out Dan P Daley, they both do.

Some of the recent news items on TV reminded me of other things;

Port au Prince, Haiti; I was on a ship that went into port there and we were the first US ship to visit after the war. The Govt. had a party for the officers at the palace and a party for the enlisted men at the local country club. Rum was selling for 80 cents a fifth, and beer was about 40 cents a bottle. When we arrived at the club house we were each handed a small bucket of ice, two cokes and a fifth of rum, and told to have fun. This party didnt turn out too good. However it was not as bad as the party at the palace, some of the young junior officers were from the south and refused to dance with the local women as they were all black. This was supposed to be a peace mission.

In town when we visited the local bars we found a novel rest-room set-up; there were no "mens or womens" nor inside toilets. You were directed to the back door and they had a brick wall with a small stream of water running along the bottom, everyone was welcome.

Another news item reminded me of my travels, Red Hook section of Brooklyn, N.Y. Not long ago a Mr. Daly, a school principal was shot and killed. This is a rough area. While on the Tanner, we were sent into Red HOOK for some repair work. The Navy sent out orders that we were to proceed on liberty on<sup>a</sup> certain street to the bus line or subway and to avoid the area, they had extra police on that street. The area was noted for robbery and knifings, supposidly after dark it wasnt safe to walk the streets. The chief Boatswains mate and I used to go to the local bars and we found a joint where<sup>we</sup> played pool and shuffle board, Ole Olsen and I got to know a lot of the local people and had a good time and were known by a lot of people. One of the bars where we played shuffle board, didnt have ash trays and everything went on the floor, peanut shells, butts etc. This place had'nt been swept in a long time. They had a rule there that if anyone got skunked on the shuffle board they had to sweep out the place. You guessed it, Ole and I got skunked one night by a couple of local sharks. Later that night as we were walking back to the ship, people were leaning out windows and in dark doorways and laughing saying good work "sweepers"



DEC. 1992

I was watching the news and listening to the hardship of the service men who are missing being home for the holidays;

Having been at sea during the war, I was in Chicago in 1941, I finally got to be home for Christmas in 1946. In the 1950's I was in France, and Italy and then in the states 55 & 56. All in all I cant remember too many times when I got home.

I am not complaining as I and all career men know that when you sign up in the regular Navy, general service there are no rules as to where you will be sent on duty. When we were in a port and the other guys had thier families there I would take the duty and stand the watches. It was still a good life and I enjoyed being in the Navy.

Recently I was thinking about the various duty stations I had: Aug. 1941- Boot camp, Newport R.I. Oct.-Dec. Signalman school in Toledo Ohio. Dec. school moved to Chicago, Feb.42, precommissioning USS John Penn APA, after commissioning and training was transfered to the USS Tenacity PG. Followed by duty on the USS Marblehead CL, USS Philadelphia CL, USS Canestao AO, left the Canestao in Nov. 46 and discharged at Jax. Fl in Dec.

April 1951 re-enlisted and went to the USS WaspCV, 1952 transfer to the USS Menelaus AVS, 1955 we took the ship to FL. put in moth-balls. I went to Great Lakes, Ill. entered the school for conversion from Chief Quartermaster to electronic tech., in either sept. or oct. 1956 had orders to the USS Vulcan AR as Chief ET, (1945 CSM, 53 QMC, 56 ETC) Chief in three rates wasnt bad. After graduation from school, I received orders to the USS Vulcan AR in Norfolk Va. I reported aboard and the next day was given orders for temporary duty on the USS Rigel (refridgerated stores ship) I think I was on there for a couple of months. In fact we were on our way back from Cuba in Oct. when Katherine was born. Back to the Vulcan and next got orders for duty at NAS Annacosta in Md. MY first shore duty. That duty was cut short, moved the family to N.J. and flew to Europe to catch the USS Tanner AG Survey ship. Transfer to the Naval correspondence course center in Scotia N.Y. My assignment was to review and correct all Electronic courses , and answer letters from people taking the courses. Transfer to the USS Cadmus AR, April 1968 transfer to the Fleet Res. Sept. 1971 I received my full 30 year retirement from the USN.

This review of duty station reminded me of how and when I moved from one ship to another;

In 1942 when I was on the John Penn, the Navy came out with a new rule, only 10 % of any crew could be regular<sup>NAVY</sup> so I got orders to a YMS (yard minesweep pool) in N.Y. One of the Yeomen at the receiving station swapped my orders with another SM 3rd class for ten dollars. He was telling me about it while having a beer that night, it was the next day when I found it was me. I went to the USS Tenacity a Patrol Gun Boat, it had been a ship of the British Navy and was a very rough riding ship. We ran convoys, first from Charleston to GTMO bay Cuba. After we got to GTMO we started regular runs from GTMO to Trinidad, the Subs hit us almost every trip, a lot of ships went down. Later we ran convoys from Triadad to Receif, Brazil. Every trip we would lose some ships. The ships were carrying material needed in North Africa, the shortest distance across the Atlantic was from Natal to Dakar, they WERE flying the stuff across. The Germans and Italians caught on and they had a bunch of Subs down there. While in Reciefe and after many trips the Tenacity was due to return to the States for a yard period, I got orders to the signal tower for Com 4th Fleet In Receife. I requested a transfer to a ship after a few weeks, and then got orders to the USS Marblehead, a light cruise just out of the yard after being damaged in Java. We finally got back to the States in 1944 for a week in Miami and then back to the South Atlantic. We had a yard period in Rio and then in Feb. 1944 made a speed run to Bayonne N.J., cold and snow- after all that time in the south we really suffered. No delay, took on fuel and supplies and started running convoys from Boston to Ireland, mostly troop ships and tankers with planes lashed on topside. Later we moved over to the Mediterranean. After covering the landings at Southern France and some other assignments we went back to the States for overhaul and some duty around Norfolk Va. After the war was over we went to Philadelphia Navy Yard and put the ship out of commission. I reported to the receiving station, there were 11 other chief signalmen there so figured I would get to the end of the line for an assignment to a new ship. In about 2 weeks I had orders to the USS Philadelphia in Brooklyn Navy Yard. Before too long we moved to the Navy Yard in Philly where we put that ship out of commission. Back to the receiving station, the same bunch of chiefs were still there. Ten days later I received my orders to the USS Canestao AO, back to sea.

After I returned to duty in the USN, I was on the USS Wasp and we went to the Med. for duty with the 6th fleet, about 6 or 7 months, The day before the Wasp left for the States, we were in Sicily, I received orders for transfer to the USS Menelaus. The ship was in the same port so it was a boat ride to my new ship. Upon boarding I asked, when we were heading back to the States? The answer was, "oh we have another year to go, our home port is in France."

For the next 3 years I did most of the navigating of the ship. We used a sextant and navigated by the stars, sun, and moon. Twice I did it across the Atlantic. The ship was in Norfolk Va. in 1955, it was to go to Green Cove Springs, Fl. to be de-commissioned. I had a set of orders to take leave and then report to ET school in Great Lakes, Ill. We had a change of command and the new skipper said he would'nt let me leave the ship until I navigated it to Fl.

After completing the school in Ill. went to the USS Vulcan in Norfolk, Va., the next day temporary transfer to the USS Rigel for a couple of months.

After my duty on the Vulcan I got my first assignment to shore duty, NAS Annacosta DC/Md. Before my tour of duty was up, I got a set of orders to the USS Tanner, the ship was in the Med. and needed a Chief ET, my shore duty was cut short and I had to fly to Europe to catch the ship. My next set of orders was to the NCCC at Scotia, N.Y. We were in New York and getting ready to go back to Europe, my relief Chief came aboard, but due to the wide assortment of electronic gear on the ship the Captain said I had to stay aboard and ride the ship to Scotland to break in the new Chief, upon arrival in Scotland I got transferred and flew back to the States.

After my tour of duty at Scotia, I got orders to the USS Cadmus, and that was the last ship--- I retired in April of 1968.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The following is a resume of George J. Daley in the Electronics Field during the period of July 1955 to March 1968 in the U.S. Navy; with specific duty assignments and job descriptions.

January 1967 to March 1968: As a Master Chief Electronics Technician; Assistant Division Officer, Electronics Repair Division, USS CADMUS AR-14 (large repair ship). My duties included the responsibility for the installation, maintenance and repair of all electronics equipment on the Cadmus and customer ships. This entailed investigation and evaluation of work requests, assignment and training of electronics technicians. The work force within the Division consisted of 30 to 32 technicians concerned with the Electronics repair shop, Teletype and Cryptographic repair shops, Fire Control repair shop and Electronic test equipment calibration laboratory.

August 1963 to January 1967: Technical Assistant to the Director for the Course Preparation and Evaluation Department of the U.S. Naval Correspondence Center, Scotia, N.Y. I was assigned to write, revise and process correspondence courses for release to the field and answer students' technical questions. The courses included most of the Officer and enlisted Electrical and Electronics courses and the basic Digital Computer course. During this period, I was advanced from Senior to Master Chief.

April 1961 to July 1963: Senior Chief Electronics Technician, USS TAMMOC ACS-15, a hydrographic survey ship. Assistant to the Electronics Material Officer, where I was directly responsible for the operating efficiency of all electronics equipment which included Radar, Sonar and Communications equipment. Due to the nature of the ship's mission, a large percentage of the electronics equipment was of the precision type. Fathometers, Navigational equipment and recording equipment. During this period, I was advanced to Senior Chief.

January 1959 to April 1961: Chief Electronics Technician in charge of all ground and control tower communications equipment at the U.S. Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D.C. This included a large Transmitter station, receive communications office (HF, VHF and UHF), Radio direction finder equipment, tape recorders and mobile communications systems. This station was also used as an interim training section for Electronic Technicians awaiting schools.

September 1956 to January 1959: Chief Electronics Technician in charge of the Electronics Repair, Teletype and Cryptographic repair shops aboard the USS VOLCAN AR-5 (Large repair ship). The mission of the repair ship is to install, repair and perform maintenance beyond the capabilities of the customer ships. During this assignment we undertook many large installation jobs that would normally be classified as Navy Yard work. All phases and levels of electronics repair were experienced during this tour of duty.

July 1955 to September 1956: As a Chief Quartermaster, I attended Class "A" Electronics school (Convertee) at Great Lakes, Illinois. The school covered Basic Electricity, Basic Electronics, Communications, Radar, Sonar and navigational equipment. I graduated fourth in a class of forty-one.