

YANCEY MEMORIES

Volume 6, Issue 3

July 2002

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS YANCEY AKA-93



Special Points of Interest

- Continue reading of the Yancey History in our cover story.
- WELCOME MAT on page two has eight newly located shipmates. and TAPS has two deceased comrades.
- MAIL CALL begins on page two with an explanation of Navy terms.
- More theft from the bakery! See the story on page three.
- First impressions of the Yancey are the subject of a story on page four.
- A hilarious account of a sensitive subject is on page five. You'll be glad it wasn't you that it happened to!

YANCEY HISTORY CONTINUED

Continued from the last two issues:

On Easter Sunday, 1 April 1945, American forces started going ashore at Okinawa, beginning the long and bloody battle for that island. Eight days later, Yancey reached Kerama Retto with the rest of TransDiv 47, which had been detached from TG 51.3. She soon received orders sending her to battle and got underway on 11 April for the Hagushi beaches.

Yancey anchored off the beach on the 12th and commenced discharging her cargo that night. There, she started a routine of working

hatches, securing to man all anti-aircraft batteries, and at night making smoke. "Smoke boats"—landing craft equipped with smoke-laying equipment—from the attack cargo ship and picket boats—with armed sailors—were furnished ships in the outer anchorage. This measure improved security, but it prevented the boats so employed from unloading the ships.

Air raids caused further problems. Yancey's commanding officer estimated that while Yancey was off Okinawa, she lost 15 hours and 13 minutes

due to enemy airmen. Fortunately, her gunners were good and her fire control discipline excellent. On the evening of the 15th, her number four 40-millimeter mount registered hits on a Nakajima Ki. 43 "Oscar" and claimed a "sure assist" as the plane crashed some 3,000 yards from the ship.

The ship, the first AKA of her group to complete the unloading, finally put to sea on the 16th and headed independently for the Marianas. During the Okinawa campaign, Yancey had fortunately

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suffered only three casualties: two men were wounded by shrapnel and a third suffered a broken arm. No boats were lost, and there were no accidents on board ship.

After a brief stop at Guam to draw replacement boats and to allow her officers and men to get ashore for some rest and recreation, Yancey rejoined her squadron at Ulithi on 27 April and underwent 14 days of upkeep and logistics. In addition, she received much-needed boiler repairs and conducted intensive anti-aircraft training during which her crew won numerous five-case "beer prizes" for shooting down target sleeves.

On 8 May, Yancey received orders for detached duty in connection with the movement of men and material from rear area bases. Over the next two months, while the fighting continued on Okinawa and Allied forces moved inexorably closer to Japan, raiding her shores with near impunity, Yancey touched at Manus in the Admiralties; Finschhafen, New Guinea; Tulagi; Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea; and finally Guiuan, on the island of Samar, in the Philippines.

After reporting back to TransDiv 47, TransRon 16, at San Pedro Bay, Leyte Gulf, on 16 July, Yancey proceeded with the rest of the division to Iloilo, on the island of Panay, to conduct amphibious training exercises with the Army's 43rd Division which included landing on Negros Island.

On 15 August 1945, the attack cargo ship was in the Philippines loading equipment for slated exercises when Japan capitulated. The next day, the training exercises were canceled, and the troops disembarked. TransDiv 47 provisioned at Iloilo and sailed for Batangas, Luzon, Philippines, to join the rest of TransRon 16. There, she commenced loading elements of the 1st Cavalry Division for the occupation of Japan.

Completing the loading process on the 23rd, Yancey weighed anchor on the 25th as a member of

Task Force (TF) 33. However, the ships had to turn back because of a tropical storm in the vicinity. The typhoon delayed the task force for only a day, as the ships weathered the fringes of the storm at Subic Bay before again getting underway soon thereafter.

To be continued in the Oct. issue.

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The YANCEY MEMORIES is the official publication of the USS YANCEY AKA-93 Association. From now on it will be published quarterly in January, April, July, and October, *subject to receiving sufficient funding*. The Newsletter is funded by voluntary contributions from the membership. All members are encouraged to support the voice of the YANCEY. A financial statement appears in each issue of the newsletter.

The newsletter is intended to be a vehicle for the members to express opinions, make suggestions and especially share experiences.

Unless otherwise stated, the views and opinions printed in the newsletter are those of the article's writer, and do not necessarily represent the opinion of the Association leadership or the Editor of the Newsletter.

All letters and stories submitted will be considered for publication, except unsigned letters will not be published. Letters requesting the writer's name be withheld will be honored, but published on a space available basis. Signed letters with no restrictions will be given priority.

Letters demeaning to another shipmate will not be printed; letters espousing a political position will not be printed.

The editor reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space and grammar limitations.

You are encouraged to actively participate in the newsletter family, by submitting your stories and suggestions.

NEWSLETTER NOW AVAILABLE ON LINE

The Newsletter for the USS YANCEY reunion is available to download from the Military Locator & Reunion Service Inc web site.

If you are able to visit our web site and download the Newsletter, and therefore do not need a paper copy mailed to you, please let us know.

Please visit our web site at www.mlrsinc.com, then follow the link labeled Reunions, then scroll down until you see the listing for the USS YANCEY. Click on the button labeled Newsletters, and in a few minutes the newsletter should appear on your screen. (As a side note - it took about 4 minutes on my computer). This will only work if you have Adobe Reader 4.0 or higher. You can also download this viewer for free from our web site.

If this works for you and you would like to receive all future mailings from us in this method, please send me an e-mail requesting to subscribe to the YANCEY E-mail Roster. Each time something new is available, we will send you an e-mail informing you something new is available on the web site. **Please let us know if your e-mail address changes so you don't miss any important information.**

To subscribe to the YANCEY E-mail Roster please send an e-mail to SubscribeMLRS@aol.com, put the phrase **SUBSCRIBE YANCEY in the Subject line and type your name and e-mail address in the body of your e-mail. You will be placed in the e-mail roster.**

Your name and postal mailing address will remain in our computers and will appear on all mailing lists, etc distributed to other members of your group.

If you have any question regarding this, do not hesitate to ask!

Dina Coffey

TAPS



The Yancey Memories was notified of the following shipmates' deaths. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the families of the deceased. Anyone who knows of a deceased shipmate, or learns of one, please notify ML & RS, Inc so their names can be included in TAPS and be added to the Honor Roll.

Ronald Zahler
Died February 26, 2002

Orville Miller
Died May 15, 1996



WELCOME MAT

The following shipmates have been located since the last newsletter. Welcome Aboard! We hope to see you at the next reunion. You are invited to become an active member of the association.

Alan Caplan (1967-69)
14020 140th Ct
Apple Valley, MN 55124-9422
alan.caplan@att.net

Ray Shope (1966-68) Personnelman
1290 Belaire Ct
Naples, FL 34110
Ers779@aol.com

Marion Allen(1955-56)BT2/c Fire Rm
2121 Hwy 12 S Unit #104
Ashland City, TN 37015
615-792-7141
AAllenrallen104@aol.com

Wayne Knight (1969-70) Fire control
Moving soon. Address later.

Billy Lucky
4233 Locksley Ave
Pascagoula, MS 39581-4725

Joel "Tex" Newman
(1952-56) BT 2 M Div
Rt. 9 Box 1860
Lufkin, TX 75901
936-634-7464

Johnnie Carter (1950-54)
4303 Banning St
San Diego, CA 92107

Walter Gillespie (1961-62) FN E Div
705 Cardinal Ave
Madison, AL 35758
256-461-8218
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Dorsey Cole Hanger
304 Richway Dr
Garden City, SC 29576-7855
803-755-3925

Edgar Manning Glenn, Jr
5628 Oakes Dr
Brentwood, TN 37027
615-646-3403

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Balance remaining after 04/02 issue
\$584.86

Funds received since 04/02 issue
\$50.00

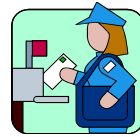
Funds available for 07/02 issue
\$634.86

Funds expended for 07/02 issue
\$219.83

Remaining balance
\$415.03

A NEWSLETTER EXCLUSIVELY FOR FORMER USS YANCEY SAILORS

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mlrsnewsletters@aol.com (Newsletter e-mail)
www.mlrsinc.com
"Our Reunions Work So You don't Have To"



MAIL CALL

Hello Shipmates,

Ever wonder where the term "scuttlebutt" came from? The origin of the word, which is nautical parlance for a rumor, comes from a combination of scuttle—to make a hole in the ship's side causing her to sink—and butt—a cask or hogshead used in the days of wooden ships to hold drinking water. Thus, the term scuttlebutt means a cask with a hole in it. "Scuttle" describes what most rumors accomplish, if not to the ship, at least to morale. "Butt" describes the water cask where men naturally congregated, and where most rumors get started.

Fathom was originally a land measuring term derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "faetm," meaning to embrace. In those days, most measurements were based on average size of parts of the body, such as the hand (horses are still measured this way) or the foot. A fathom is the average distance from fingertip to fingertip of the outstretched arms of a man—about six feet. Since a man stretches out his arms to embrace his sweetheart, Britain's Parliament declared that distance be called a "fathom." A fathom remains six feet. The word also used to describe taking the measure or "to fathom" something. Today, of course, when one is trying to figure something out, they are trying to fathom it.

Ever wonder where the term "cumshaw" (something procured outside official channels and without official payment) came from? The word is derived from the beggars of Amoy, China, who said "kam sia" meaning "greatful thanks." The Navy term usually relates to unauthorized work for a ship or station usually obtained by bartering (I.e. "The shipyard weld-

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ers added the brackets in exchange for five pounds of coffee.”) A “cumshaw artist” is adept at this sort of bartering.

Ever wonder why it is called the “Wardroom”? The Wardroom originally was known as the Wardrobe Room, a place where officers kept their spare wearing apparel. It was also the space where any loot secured from enemy ships was stored. In an effort to have some privacy on a crowded ship, officers would sometimes take their meals in the Wardrobe Room. Today, the wardroom aboard ship is where officers take their meals, relax, and socialize.

All these are by Greg Peterman USN (Ret).

Have a fine Navy Day!

This info is from my Military.com newsletter that I receive monthly.

Sent in by: George Rohrman (1951-54)

ML&RS,

Enjoyed the article submitted by Ken Groom concerning the “sea bats.” I remember watching many a seaman getting whacked with the broom when they bent over to see what was in there. In actuality the bat inside was a ball, or in most cases, an orange. Anything round that would move with the slightest roll or pitch of the ship would work. It would bump into the side of the box, thus moving it with no one touching it.

The story you told about the pies struck a bell with me. As most of my stories go I cannot give you any dates, but we were in the middle of the Pacific and it was after dark. As most of you know we kept some type of food and coffee in the radio shack at all times. However, this one particular night we had the makings for sandwiches, but no bread. Benny Beard (RM 3) and I were in the radio shack that evening and apparently we were both hungry. Someone spoke up and said they had just baked bread that day and it was stacked where you said—just inside the port hole. Benny and I decided

we would go get a loaf of bread. (I would like to think it was Benny’s idea.)

Fortunately, Benny was a little guy and didn’t weigh much because I had his feet between my arms and I proceeded to hold him over the side at that open port hole. Needless to say, we got our bread, but I didn’t think anyone saw us.

In retrospect: What a stupid thing to do.

Ray Wilson
945 Forest Hill Dr
Clermont, FL 34711
MJWRGW@aol.com

PS: I need Benny’s address or phone. Last heard in Little Rock, Ark. (In real estate?)

Unfortunately, we at ML&RS do not have Benny Beard on our mailing list, so if anyone out there knows his address, please send it to us and also to Mr. Wilson.

Military Locator:

I have a 30 minute film, copied from a National Archive Film, which consists of 3 short clips showing some of the events that took place during Yancey’s trip to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd in 1947.

I plan to make about 15 or 20 VCR copies of this tape. It shows scenes such as unloading supplies, sled dogs, anchoring in the ice and similar working scenes.

I will bring this tape and some copies to the next reunion. I would like to see how many might be interested in getting a copy. I would suggest, however, that they wait to see the tape before committing to purchase them. I will have to ask between \$15 to \$20 and don’t expect to break even on my expenses. The major expense was getting a National Archive approved company to copy the tape.

Also, I am in touch with a Navy veteran who served on the USS Merrick AKA-97, a sister ship of the Yancey, which also made the South

Pole trip with the Yancey. He also has some film which he is going to share with me. From our conversations, he has written some information on the trip he will share.

Ken Groom
Yancey Historian
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YANCEY STORIES

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE YANCEY

By: Jim Way SKCS (SS)

I flew over to Rota, Spain on a Navy leased commercial flight and hopped across the Med by Navy air freight to Naples in Jan. ‘67 and reported aboard the Yancey.

We went to sea a few days later and commenced replenishment at sea off the Isle of Capri. What a mess! Stores backed up, people going in all directions (mostly wrong), very few stores getting below, etc.

When we broke off, the skipper (Captain Vaughan) stormed into the supply office and let the supply people know that this better not happen next time. That’s my first impression of the YaYa. Things did get better and I enjoyed my two years aboard.

SOME TIDBITS OF MY TIME ABOARD

One character I’ll always remember was BTC Toby Tobias. It was rumored that he visited some dens of iniquity during his Med liberty calls. We generally knew this the next morning when an assortment of local ash trays showed up in the chief’s mess. WE HAD ASH-TRAYS!

Toby retired in the summer of ‘67 and went back to Reading, PA., his home town. I met Tony at a Philadelphia Navy Base retiree seminar in the early ‘80s. Also at

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the Carlisle, PA army base commissary. He was the same old Toby. He passed away in the early '90s in Reading.

I also remember ENC Hunter and his typewriter, constantly typing short stories in the chief's mess. He retired in '68. He typed a lot of stories, but told me he had yet to have one published.

I remember we were at Saros Bay (Gallipoli), Turkey, for a Marine landing while the '68 World Series was going on. A group of us were up on the bow of the ship at night to listen on the radio. We had to tie a rope on the radio and hang it over the side to hear the game. The ship's hull acted as an antenna (Voice of America).

When we were at Kavala, Greece, and the Marines made their landing, we had beach parties. The afternoon I went ashore, we "landed" in a "mike" boat, had our food and "beverage", played touch (?) football in the sand, etc. etc. Late in the afternoon, we loaded up in the landing craft and headed back to the YaYa. The well deck was full of sailors in dungarees and white hats. RMCS Meser and myself were riding up on the aft deck by the coxswain's station. Everything was calm and quiet. All of a sudden, one sailor grabbed another sailor's hat and it went over the side. Within minutes, everyone's white hat was drifting away in the wake of the "mike" boat. For a minute I thought they were coming for us. They looked up, but didn't bother. Of course the O.D. wanted to know where everyone's hat was. They pointed towards the beach where they were still afloat.

I remember Radioman Mac McLaughlin and his clipboard always visible around the ship with messages. He attended the San Diego reunion, (which I thought was first class) and I asked him to see the scar where they removed the clipboard from his hand.

Looking forward to Charleston, SC.

Jim Way, Salunga, PA

ARMY = 5, NAVY = 0 or HEGLER'S LAMENT

I (Ken Groom) just received this story from Harold Hegler, a storekeeper on the Yancey during the early 50s. As many know, the two week trip from Oakland, CA Supply Center to Japan can get very boring with no liberty. There are, however, compensations such as time to write letters and do some soul searching. It was one of these times that Harold and some of his shipmates had a conversation about an eventful operation that can now be told. The following is his story:

I was on the Yancey from the spring of '51 until the winter of '54, except for a couple of months when we were serving as station ship in Sasebo Harbor. At that time, Ralph McCulley and I tried to go to Storekeeper's school stateside and some alert Yeoman in Yokosuka noticed that we didn't have enough time left on our enlistment (after the school) to qualify unless we agreed at that time to re-enlist. We declined, so they sent us back to the Yancey in Sasebo Harbor on a seaplane. What a landing! But that landing is another story.

This is my story you may not choose to print, one that is hilarious now, but at the time was anything but funny—I thought I was ruined for life! My first year on the "Dixie Cup Cruise Ship" was in the 1st Division deck force. On one of our first few trips from NSC Oakland to Japan, we transported some Army passengers as was common on a lot of our trips both ways. Among the bunch on this particular trip was at least one young Army doctor on his way to Korea in need of some real hands on experience.

A few of us (4 or 5 as I recall) approached this doctor, who was working in sick bay, and asked him to perform the procedure of circumcision for us. I doubt very seriously if he had even ever seen it done, let alone done it, but he readily agreed. Why

not, how else do you get the experience and it would be a nice conversation tidbit on lonely nights in Korea. This was on the southern route to Japan, and it was extremely hot and humid. Our motives were twofold. First, each of us knew that we needed this done and, secondly, it seemed like an easy two or three weeks of not standing watch, chipping paint, or whatever, since we had been told that we'd be on light duty for a while. (Speaking of standing watch, does anybody remember that these words are chipped into the paint on the inside of the crow's nest: "IS THIS TRIP REALLY NECESSARY?") It was a quote from Eleanor Roosevelt years earlier that she had used in promoting rationing of gas.)

The doctor performed the surgery on all of us the same day, stitched us and bandaged us up, gave us some pills, and sent us back to our compartments for light duty. After attempting to sleep a night or two, in the hot below-deck compartments, we got cots from somewhere and set up topside on and around No. 2 Hatch where we could get a bit of breeze. By that time, swelling was occurring, stitches were pulling out, pain was almost unbearable, sweat was causing infection, tempers were flaring, and we were all wondering if that part of our anatomy would ever recover!

About that time, some corpsmen let us have some kind of spray that was about freezing when sprayed on the affected area and would temporarily relieve the swelling. We had only one can among us, so regularly one of us would wake up with swelling and terrific pain in the affected part and would yell for the spray. The one who had it last kept it until somebody else yelled for it, and the can was thrown from one to the other as we all woke up. All of the time, we cursed the doctor, the heat, the ship, the Pacific, the Navy, the affected part, and the world in general.

We did survive. I had to go to a

base hospital for a little repair work when we got to Japan, but I don't remember whether or not any of the others did. There was no permanent damage! The names of the other participants escape me, but if they read this, they certainly will remember the ordeal.

I suspect that somewhere there is an ex-Army doctor who still laughs about the time he circumcised several sailors and the fiasco that followed.

Harold Hegler
170 County Rd 1107
Dangerfield, TX 75638

YANCEY ENCOUNTERS CHI CHI MOUNTAIN

It was a nice day in the summer of '51 at Sasebo, Japan. The Yancey had been anchored at buoy 22 (again) and we had just gone through a change of command about two weeks earlier.

The bay in Sasebo is surrounded by hills and mountains. One mountain in particular, Chi Chi, rises from the bay at a steep angle. We were just getting underway for Oakland, CA. I hadn't been on the Yancey long at that time, so I decided to go up on the bridge to look at the scenery as we left the harbor.

A Navy tug commanded by a Chief was standing by to assist us in leaving the harbor. Where I was standing, I could hear the commands on the bridge. We were pointed directly at Chi Chi, when I heard a calm command of, "Left Full Rudder." The next immediate command I heard was, "Cast off the tug," followed by the Chief on the tug asking the Captain, "Don't you want me to standby to assist?" The Captain replied, "No." The Chief must have known that the tide was coming in. The fact was that the tide next to the shore was very swift due to the sharp slope of the land at the point. The Yancey continued on its course headed for Chi Chi. The next command was, "Back one

third."— the ship continued on course. The Captain ordered, "Back full," followed by Chief Quartermaster Maxwell running out to the wing to take a sighting and saying, "We are going to beach this." The next thing that happened was the Captain grabbing the engine order telegraph with both hands yelling, "Back, back, back." Apparently, the engine room didn't respond to the order immediately—that is they can't.

We did hit the bank, but as I recall there was no real impact and someone on the bridge said that they did get a zero reading on the fathometer. No damage was done—it must have been a mud bottom (or side slope). At least we found out why the tug Chief was concerned.

I am sure others remember this incident and may have different memories of what happened. I would like to hear from shipmates on this.

Ken Groom
Yancey Historian
e-mail: kdg345@aol.com

FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES

Author unknown

I am the flag of the United States of America.

My name is Old Glory.

I fly atop the world's tallest buildings.
I stand watch in America's halls of justice.

I fly majestically over institutions of learning.

I stand guard with power in the world.
Look up and see me.

I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice.

I stand for freedom.

I am confident.

I am arrogant.

I am proud.

When I am flown with my fellow banners,
My head is a little higher, My colors a little truer.

I bow to no one!
I am recognized all over the world.
I am worshipped—I am saluted.
I am loved—I am revered.
I am respected—and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle
of every war
for more than 200 years.

I was flown at Valley Forge,
Gettysburg, Shiloh, and Appomattox,
I was there at San Juan Hill,
the trenches of France,
in the Argonne Forest,
Anzio, Rome and the beaches of
Normandy.

Guam, Okinawa, Korea and
KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me.
I was there.
I led my troops, I was dirty, battleworn
and tired,
But my soldiers cheered me and I was
proud.

I have been burned, torn and trampled on
in the
streets of countries I have helped set
free.

It does not hurt for I am invincible.
I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and
trampled
in the streets of my country.
And when it's done by those
whom I've served in battle -it hurts.
But I shall overcome—for I am strong.

I have slipped the bonds of Earth and
stood watch over the uncharted
frontiers of space from my vantage point
on the moon.

I have borne silent witness to all of
America's finest hours.

But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as
bandages
for my wounded comrades on the
battlefield,
When I am flown at half-mast to honor my
soldier,
Or when I lie in the trembling arms
of a grieving parent
at the grave of their fallen son or
daughter,

I am proud.

GOD BLESS AMERICA!