

LEONARD WILLIAM BAILEY



Rate/Rank

RADM

Service Branch

USN 6/1927 - 1/1949

Born

1/11/1905
CRANSTON, RI



SIGNIFICANT DUTY STATIONS

- CO, USS MURPHY DD-603
- CO, USS HUBBARD DD-748

SIGNIFICANT AWARDS

- AMERICAN CAMPAIGN MEDAL
- EUROPEAN-AFRICAN-MIDDLE EASTERN CAMPAIGN MEDAL W/4 STARS
- ASIATIC-PACIFIC CAMPAIGN MEDAL W/ STAR
- WORLD WAR II VICTORY MEDAL * COMBAT ACTION RIBBON
- COMMANDANT LETTER OF COMMENDATION MEDAL

SERVICE MEMORIES AND OTHER INFORMATION

[View Service Memories](#)

LEONARD WILLIAM BAILEY

Service Memories

1847183

Leonard William Bailey

1905 Jan 11 Born in Cranston, Rhode Island
 1923 Jul 6 Midshipman from Second Congressional District of Rhode Island
 1927 Jun 2 Ensign
 1930 Jun 2 Lieutenant (jg)
 1936 Jun 30 Lieutenant
 1941 Jul 1 Lieutenant Commander
 1943 Jul 16 Commander for temporary service
 1946 Jan 9 Captain for temporary service
 1949 Jan 1 Transferred to Retired List by reason of physical disability incurred as a result of incident of the service, while serving in time of war. Having been specially commended by the head of the executive department for performance of duty in actual combat transferred to retired list with the rank of Rear Admiral, in accordance with provision of U.S. Code, Title 34 Section 417 and 410n.

USS California	Aug 1927 - Jun 1928
USS Hull	Jun 1928 - Feb 1929
USS McFarland	Feb 1929 - Jun 1930
Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, RI (Instruction)	Jun 1930 - Oct 1930
USS Whipple	Feb 1931 - Dec 1933
Ford Instrument Co., Long Island, NY (Instruction)	Mar 1934 - Jun 1934
US Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD (Instruction)	Jun 1934 - Dec 1935
USS Clark (Connection Fitting Out at Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Quincy, MA)	Feb 1936 - May 1936
USS Clark	May 1936 - Dec 1938
USS California	Dec 1938 - May 1940
Naval Fuel Depot, Melville, RI (Officer in Charge)	Jun 1940 - May 1942
(Additional duty commanding Naval Net Depot)	Jun 1941 - May 1942
USS Murphy (Connection Fitting Out at Bethlehem Steel Co., Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, NY)	Jun 1942 -
USS Murphy (Commanding)	- Feb 1944
Third Naval District (Temporary duty)	Feb 1944 - Apr 1944
USS Harry E. Hubbard (Connection Fitting Out at Bethlehem Steel Co., Staten Island, NY)	May 1944 -
USS Harry E. Hubbard (Commanding)	Jul 1944 - Jan 1945
USS Vincennes (Executive Officer)	Mar 1945 - Jan 1946
New York Naval Shipyard, New York, NY	Mar 1946 - Sep 1946
Office of Budget and Reports, Navy Department, Washington, DC	Sep 1946 - May 1948

Usual residence: Calvert Place
 Jamestown, RI

Lizabath Kane Bailey - wife

Mary Ellen Bailey - daughter

Leonard William Bailey, Jr. - son

Michael Burnham Bailey - son

Peter Kane Bailey - son

Anne Madeline Bailey - daughter

November 28, 2011

History

On 8-8-11 Ray Preeschl wrote:

AWESOME WW2 SEA STORY

By Raymond C Preeschl

This event occurred aboard the USS MURPHY DD 603, in the North Atlantic, during a convoy, approx. halfway between the port of N.Y. and the Port of Belfast Ireland. It was during November, 1943. The weather was cold and the waves where six to eight feet. Very very dark, as a cloud cover blocked the star light.

It was midnight. A Torpedo man came to relieve the fantail depth charge watch. He took the head phones, and put them on his head and reported, "Fantail depth charge watch secured." He then started to lash himself down, as the sea was to rough not to do so! But a wave washed him over board before he could finish lashing himself down.

NOW HE AND HIS LIFE JACKET where floating in the middle of the Atlantic, his plight unknown to anyone. He had to think he was done for! But another destroyer, several thousand feet astern of the Murphy, dipped into a wave, and scooped him up on its forecastle. He ran amid ship, and went below deck and asked what ship is this. They looked at him like he went ape, until they understood where he was coming from. They took him up to the bridge to see their captain. The captain called Captain Baily on the TBS. Told him one of his men came aboard his ship. Captain Baily replied that he should put him to work, and he'd pick him up at their destination.

When he came home in N.Y., he told his mother he hurt his back handling heavy stores. But someone was knocking on the door. When he stepped in, he said he was a reporter with the ASSOCIATED PRESS (AP) He asked our shipmate, in front of his mother. "Are you the seaman that was washed overboard from a destroyer, and was scooped up by another destroyer thousands of feet astern of your ship, It plowed into a wave, and scooped up on their forecastle?"

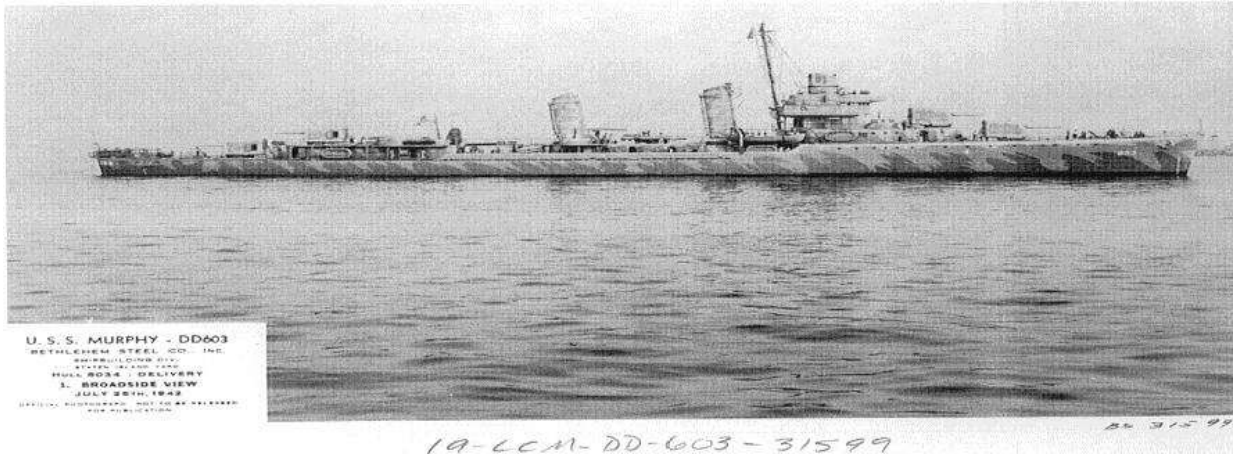
This let the cat out of the bag, where his mother was concerned.

I think this guy's name was Urchuck Not sure of the spelling.

Joe feel free to edit this story, am sure editing this letter is in order!!!

Ray Preeschl

Fred Sheller and his Recollections



My Recollections of the Collision of USS Murphy (DD603)

By Fredric E. Sheller, former Yeoman 2C, USNR

(Occurred on October 21, 1943, at about 9:20 PM (2120 Hrs military time), approximately 100 miles out of New York Harbor.) (Collision was with the SS Bulkoi, American Tanker, as the Murphy and other ships were underway and forming a convoy heading for England.)

I had reported aboard the destroyer, USS Murphy, August 28, 1943, as a Seaman Second Class—S2C, for a short time, I was assigned to the First Division (Deck Hand) with BM2C Tom Hilliard as our leader.

I then was assigned to be a Striker (OJT) as a Fire Control man in the CIC Room, across from the Ship's Office. I began slowly learning the "ropes" of adjusting to being at sea and receiving training in the Fire Control Field (radar-directed aiming of the 5"/38 guns). Y1C Duke Mayzurkiewicz (now Mayzurk) attempted to get me into the Ship's Office to "strike" for Yeoman, as he was short-handed and needed my help. I declined and was content in staying where I was.

On the night of October 21st, 1943, I was on duty in the CIC Room, along with FC1C or Chief Suellwold (quite certain that's who it was). I had headphones on and was reading training material in the Fire Control man field. Suellwold (again, I believe that's who it was) was back behind the first "computer" (or whatever it was called at that time).

All of a sudden a call came from, I believe, the Bridge asking for information as to a possible target.

I immediately turned the phones over to Suellwold. He began cranking in "stuff" to the computer and me

Was not aware of what was going on. Suddenly, there was this loud crashing sound, like a Greyhound Bus slamming through large plates of glass. The lights went out and the emergency wall lantern came

on. Seawater began coming into the compartment. Suellwold said, "We'd better get out of here." As I headed for the door, the ship began rolling onto it's starboard side. I was grabbing for my lifebelt which was hanging on

a hook near the doorway to the compartment. As I attempted to get my lifebelt, I had to grab hold of the doorway frames as the ship continued rolling on it's side.

The electrical boards in the CIC Room began to topple over. Typewriters and other items began falling through the CIC Room doorway, coming from the Ship's Office, as I was hanging there in midair. I had the feeling that someone fell past me also, but I had no idea who it was.

I lifted myself up onto the bulkhead (wall—the ship being completely over by that time—seconds, (I guess) and began crawling along. I suppose, not being totally familiar with the layout of the ship, and especially since it was on it's side, and the fact that everything was now covered with crude oil, I slipped down across the next compartment (which was our chow room; men bunked there also) to the other side and fell into crude oil and saltwater. After a few seconds, someone called out, "Who's down there," and I shouted, "Sheller." immediately, someone had me by the belt and seat of my dungarees and pulled me up out of there (I never found out who that was).

Several other shipmates and I began climbing the Galley way double-ladder (stairs). The bow now on its side; in the dark, of course, except for a lighted emergency lantern (which automatically came on when the electrical lights went out) hanging on the bulkhead. We got almost to the top of the ladder, it being on its side, and a couple shipmates up above, in the Galley way, closed and began "dogging" the double-hatch watertight cover (proper shipwreck procedures in order to attempt to save the ship or to keep it afloat longer) thereby trapping us down below.

Someone grabbed the lighted emergency lantern from the bulkhead (unknown* who it was) and he started heading forward with a couple of shipmates and me following, crawling on our hands and knees. All we could do was head to higher levels as the ship was going down. Seems we headed for where we smelled fresh air. I can't tell exactly where we came out from below the main focsle deck, but I have always believed that it was Gun Mount #2. Whoever was in front of me getting through the mess below deck had already gotten up to the side lifeline, slipped into the water as the ship was sinking, or was some place else. I had no way of knowing about them. I had to try to get off the bow somehow. (It is possible that I knew who these guys were at the time, but I have since forgotten.)

As I stood up on the slanted Gun Mount #2, I looked down to my left and could see the phosphorescence bubbles of seawater enveloping the bow as it was going down. I was slipping around as my shoes were so oily from the crude oil. There was no way that I was going to get out of my predicament, so I sat down on the gun mount, took off my shoes and socks, and because I couldn't get my belt-buckle to open (didn't have my Navy knife attached to my belt where I could cut the belt), I rolled up my dungaree pants legs to high on my legs, ripped off my shirt. I was then ready to "dig in" and jump up to catch the lifeline on the side of the bow. I knew that I had to make that jump the first time! I was a short sailor at only 5'5" and that was a long jump! I pulled myself up onto the side of the bow and could see two or three persons at the forward edge of the bow near the port anchor. When I got to them, I saw that it was our Skipper, Commander Bailey; the others I didn't recognize. The Skipper had a light of some sort. He finally said, "Well, boys. Looks like we'll have to get off here." And then, I jumped into the water (it was high in the air and I couldn't estimate that height). I just knew that I had to get off!

Remembering my basic (boot) training at Sampson Naval Training Station, New York, as soon as I hit the water, I began to swim for all I was worth as I could feel the pull (like suction) of the bow going down. After a while, I turned onto my back, looked back at the bow still up high in the air. Our Skipper was still there apparently because I could see a light. I don't know how he got off the bow. Phosphorous was hitting me as I struggled in the water, swimming, floating, praying (not for me, but for my family and friends). That phosphorous hitting me was a burning sensation. It was still pitch black and the sea was quite choppy. I could see the fluorescent phosphorous in the waves. I kept swimming and floating with no way of knowing at the time if I would be rescued. I heard yelling and shouting in the immediate distance, so I started swimming towards those sounds. I then could see that a ship was out there with searchlights playing over the water, and the lights never stopping in one place. They kept moving! It was a weird feeling, as though they weren't seeing anyone in the water, but I could see heads bobbing around.

All of a sudden something hit me and I recognized it as a small fresh water cask (evidently it came out of one of the life rafts). I grabbed hold of both ends of it with my fingers and held on. I wasn't able to get it under my arm. I kept hold of that cask, paddling with my feet towards the sounds that I had heard. Then, I came upon a life raft with shipmates in the middle of it and others holding on to ropes all around the outboard of the raft. Suddenly, someone, holding on to the raft, grabbed my right wrist, held onto me and I finally lost the cask. But, I was fortunate that someone got hold of me and I was safe alongside the raft. I discovered later that it was Emmet S. Wold, CSK (Chief Storekeeper).

The raft drifted alongside the ship rescuing us (the USS Glennon DD620). While the raft kept banging against the side of the rescue ship, I'm sure that we lost some shipmates right there as they were being slammed against the ship due to the heavy waves. I saw that some of the crew of the rescue ship was tossing ropes down to us. I finally grabbed hold of one, but the rope kept slipping through my extremely cold and oily hands as the guys on the ship were pulling up the rope. However, luckily there was a huge knot towards the end of the rope, and when my closed hands got to this knot, up I went to the deck of the ship where Glennon crew members were awaiting to assist me.

I didn't observe any of the other rescue efforts done by the crew of the USS Glennon as I was immediately taken into the head (bathroom to non-sailors) where diesel oil was applied all over me by Glennon crew members in order to get the black, crude (fuel) oil off. After this was done, I was put in a cold shower, and then a hot shower to get me cleaned up. I presumed that other shipmates of mine who were rescued were given the same treatments. Then I was given a good shot of whiskey in order to get my heart and body back to normal temperature and to relieve the shock. Next, I was taken below deck to the crew sleeping quarters and was given a bunk to sleep in with extra, navy blankets to get me warmed up. I must have fallen asleep right away because next thing I remember is next morning when I was given some clothing by Glennon crew members. A tall, black mess steward gave me his set of whites. I had to roll up the sleeves and pants legs as they were so long. It was a kind gesture for him to give me his clothing and I thanked him, never knowing if I would ever be able to see him again and return his clothing. In fact, I never did! Someone gave me a pair of heavy, woolen socks which I used as shoes the next few days.

That was my dress outfit for the next few days. Even when we survivors were transferred to other ships, transported to Pier 92 in New York and while being processed there by the Navy, I wore the same outfit until

proper clothing was issued. Ships transporting rescued back to New York were the USCGC Cartigan, which I was on, and the PYc 37. I was transferred to the USCGC Cartigan just after noontime on October 22, 1943, one of 100 officers and crewmen that ship received.

The Glennon passed a towline to the after section of the Murphy, still afloat, and began towing it just after midnight of 21-22 October 1943. At about 1153 hours, October 22, 1943, the civilian tug SS Rescue took over towing the Murphy from the Glennon, heading back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, N.Y.

Repairs began immediately on the Murphy, to get a new bow section (half the ship) constructed. Crew members were assigned to quarters on Mrytle Avenue, Brooklyn, while this reconstruction was taking place.

I was asked by Y1C Mayzurkiewicz (Mayzurk) to help him establish an office on the dock where I could help him with reports, reconstructing lost records of the officers and crew, and other administrative duties.

I began these duties with Mayzurk and our New Executive Officer, Lt. J. A. McTighe. Since there was no work for me to do on the ship otherwise, I volunteered to help. After a short time, Mayzurk managed to get me promoted to Seaman 1C. Mayzurk eventually had to be transferred to the hospital due to some injuries he received in the collision. Mr. McTighe had his wife come into the office to help with our administrative operations. Then, Yeoman 1C Tim Barrett came aboard and we worked together in the office. Barrett got me to be interested in becoming a Yeoman, had me complete the Yeoman course, and finally got me promoted to Yeoman 3C.

I had so much running around to do, getting mail and reports delivered to proper offices at the Navy Yard and Post Office that Mr. McTighe managed to get me a bicycle for use in getting my running done. I kept the bicycle on the ship when we were recommissioned and out to sea a few months later. The bicycle was then used by me and the other yeomen as well as the ship's mailman when we got back into a port.

The Casualties Folder for the Murphy at the National Archives includes a list of 38 officers and men declared missing, but a later memorandum states that 3 of those listed were rescued by the USS Jeffers (DD621).

Finally, in April 1944, the Murphy, with a new forward section, was ready for sea once again.

(Note: 9/2005. This will be revised soon in order to add some interesting information about the leader mentioned in the second paragraph of Page 2. Through phone conversations and e-mails, I have found this person to be my former shipmate, Ray Preeschl, GM3c. Other recently-discovered facts about my rescue from inside the sinking bow will also be added.....)

The Roster of USS Murphy, November 1944

NOV. 1944 ROSTER OF USS MURPHY R. A. WOLVERTON, Comdr, USN Commanding			* NOT ON MAILING LIST	
DECEASED J. A. McTIGHE Lt. USN Executive Officer ★ M. J. KELLER Lt. (jg) USNR Gunnery Officer ★ H. L. SOLOMON Lt. (jg) USN Engineering Officer DECEASED J. A. OLIVER Lt. (jg) USNR Communication Officer ★ O. F. NICHOLSON Lt. (jg) USN First Lieutenant	★ W. A. AHRBERG, Jr. Ensign, USNR Damage Control Officer ★ J. S. BANTA Lt. (jg) USNR Torpedo Officer ★ K. L. KIRVEN Ensign, USNR Asst. Gunnery Officer ★ G. E. JELLISON Ensign, USNR Asst. Engineering Officer ★ J. C. OVERHISER Lt. (jg) USNR Supply Officer	★ D. L. HOUGH Ensign, USNR Asst. Gunnery Officer ★ A. C. McELVEY, Jr. Ensign, USNR Asst. First Lieut. ★ W. B. McCARTHY Ensign, USNR Asst. Gunnery Officer ★ N. F. MORAN Ensign, USNR Sound Officer ★ O. K. OSBORNE Lt. USNR Asst. Gunnery Officer	★ O. L. PRICHARD Ensign, USNR Asst. Damage Control Off. ★ C. E. CASE, Jr. Lt. (jg) USNR Medical Officer ★ S. E. KUENTSLER Ensign, USNR Asst. Engineering Officer ★ J. A. L. SANSONE Ensign, USNR Asst. Communication Off. ★ B. D. SMITH Ensign, USNR Asst. Engineering Officer	
CHIEF ★ Elmore, W. H. S2c	★ Garbacevski, E. J. S2c	★ Jordan, A. E. QM2c	★ Lundquist, W. MM1c	
PETTY OFFICERS ★ T. F. BARRETT, CY ★ T. M. BULLMAN, CWT ★ J. D. CHAPPELL, CPM ★ J. L. FANTA, CWT ★ L. M. GILLIM, CMM ★ K. O. HOLMES, CEM ★ R. R. MILLER, CEM ★ N. R. PARKS, CCSd DECEASED D. SUELLWOLD, CFC ★ A. J. SZMAJDA, CGM	★ Grogan, M. J. S2c ★ Holmes, W. E. S2c ★ Shepherd, T. W. S2c ★ Slater, M. C. S2c ★ Perkowski, J. E. S2c ★ Sugles, R. S2c ★ Swartz, A. M. S2c ★ Syrene, W. F. S2c ★ Vaughn, G. W. S2c ★ Wood, H. E. S2c ★ Woolridge, A. J. S2c ★ Barodin, W. J. S2c ★ Zaccaro, W. J. S2c	★ Scully, D. P. QM2c ★ McManus, S. R. S2c ★ Cohen, A. W. QM3c ★ Sivall, N. A. S2c ★ Briggs, D. H. RM3c ★ Brett, W. L. RM3c ★ Cobb, D. R. RM3c ★ Crisafulli, S. RM3c ★ Ley, J. J. RM3c ★ Lyech, J. J. RM3c ★ Mourer, B. E. RM3c ★ Stephens, S. M. RM3c ★ Laban, L. S2c ★ Mark, P. A. S2c ★ Vann, H. G. S2c ★ Smith, V. W. S2c ★ Steidinger, C. L. S2c ★ Chambers, J. R. Y3c ★ Sheller, F. E. Y3c ★ Zanin, F. Y3c ★ Campbell, D. L. S2c ★ Cutlip, C. H. S2c ★ Dobrynski, R. R. S2c ★ Edwards, T. J. S2c ★ Gentile, P. S2c ★ Grembowicz, S. J. S2c ★ Holmes, H. S2c ★ Jacobsen, J. B. S2c ★ Potop, L. S2c ★ Spangler, B. L. S2c ★ Speer, R. H. S2c ★ Straub, M. E. S2c ★ Vaillancourt, P. M. S2c ★ Fecoratto, J. N. S2c ★ Van Orden, J. H. S2c ★ Wright, H. A. S2c	★ McGuire, F. M. WT1c ★ Vordenbaum, R. WT1c ★ Gray, S. G. B1c ★ Snow, W. D. EM1c ★ Barrett, W. Jr. MM2c ★ Jacobs, E. Jr. MM2c ★ Scrifford, C. Jr. MM2c ★ Tlaczek, P. J. MM2c ★ Van Dyke, W. H. MM2c ★ Staniewicz, W. MM2c ★ Lukacsio, M. WT2c ★ Jablonski, H. C. WT2c ★ Wadell, E. K. WT2c ★ Herbert, H. W. EM2c ★ Buck, J. W. EM2c ★ Cullivan, L. J. MM3c ★ Howey, B. J. MM3c ★ Muse, E. L. MM3c ★ Roux, V. L. MM3c ★ Shoemaker, J. L. MM3c ★ Shoemaker, F. WT3c ★ Costa, F. WT3c ★ Hohwart, J. Z. WT3c ★ Howard, D. S. WT3c ★ Scannillo, P. A. WT3c ★ Kageber, E. E. B2c ★ Overlauer, F. B2c ★ Kidd, T. W. B2c ★ Potop, C. E. B2c ★ Allen, J. B. F1c ★ Beard, E. R. F1c ★ Carpenter, L. S. F1c ★ Hopkins, J. R. F1c ★ Karageorge, P. F1c ★ Le Blanc, R. J. F1c ★ Nicholson, J. C. F1c ★ O'Brien, G. F1c ★ Patrick, L. E. F1c ★ Rachen, J. A. F1c ★ Richter, R. A. F1c ★ McCann, W. L. F1c ★ Farcy, P. F1c ★ Ferry, W. A. F1c ★ Wachtler, S. F1c ★ Wise, A. E. Jr. F1c ★ Breese, C. F. F1c ★ Crowley, C. T. F1c ★ Frazier, F. W. F1c ★ George, S. F1c ★ Meyers, H. J. F1c ★ Thompson, J. F. F1c ★ Trantham, J. A. F1c ★ Womack, T. S. F1c ★ Lilley, S. J. F1c ★ Tarbay, J. F1c ★ Perham, R. E. F1c ★ Casson, J. F2c ★ Craven, G. H. F2c ★ Holcomb, E. M. F2c ★ Hynes, C. J. F2c ★ Jeter, J. B. Jr. F2c ★ Katalena, C. L. F2c ★ Struck, C. W. F2c ★ Townsend, C. B. F2c ★ Zagorski, A. W. F2c	
FIRST DIVISION ★ Cambrell, R. P. BM2c ★ Nicol, H. A. CM2c ★ Homam, C. T. SF2c ★ Puckett, R. W. Cox ★ Sadler, J. H. Cox ★ Chandler, J. H. S1c ★ Driver, A. M. S1c ★ Gaume, C. E. S1c ★ Heckert, E. E. S1c ★ Lyons, W. J. S1c ★ Arnold, J. D. S2c ★ Habb, J. B. S2c ★ Beggs, G. J. S2c ★ Risa, J. C. S2c ★ Brewer, S2c ★ Broom, C. C. S2c ★ Taylor, R. M. S2c ★ Childress, E. S2c ★ Denton, C. A. S2c ★ Dorsey, B. S2c ★ Fleming, L. E. S2c ★ Gelsing, M. J. S2c ★ Tisa, P. F. S2c ★ Wallace, L. C. S2c ★ Wolosnowicz, J. S2c ★ Yacubuel, J. E. S2c	"O" DIVISION ★ Fox, J. J. GM1c ★ Reilly, R. E. GM1c ★ Urban, E. F. TM1c ★ Graftgaard, H. J. PC1c ★ Riffe, H. S. GM2c ★ Cheney, D. G. TM2c ★ Harris, H. W. TM2c ★ Johnson, J. E. TM2c ★ Knapp, D. H. TM2c ★ Clayton, G. H. PC2c ★ Huff, R. F. GM2c ★ Knight, L. D. GM3c ★ Mullins, F. R. GM3c ★ Piewa, J. J. GM3c ★ Veit, W. E. GM3c ★ Danilchuk, D. TM3c ★ Kilpatrick, V. A. TM3c ★ Nikula, J. TM3c ★ Morse, R. J. TM3c ★ Hamilton, E. C. PC3c ★ Kent, J. J. PC3c ★ Melton, M. J. FCR2c ★ Amaral, G. P. S1c ★ Arrocha, F. S1c ★ Barnius, R. S1c ★ Drake, E. J. S1c ★ Gavin, P. F. S1c ★ Graham, M. W. S1c ★ Hersom, G. E. S1c ★ Howe, J. D. S1c ★ Krouppa, C. G. S1c ★ Montgomery, E. V. S1c ★ Pederson, H. K. S1c ★ Pinniger, J. R. S1c ★ Tattersall, E. S1c ★ Trettier, H. J. S1c ★ Valenti, F. R. S1c ★ Busch, G. B. S2c	"S" DIVISION ★ Valera, J. A. SK1c ★ Menke, P. E. SK2c ★ Christensen, S. PM2c ★ Puckett, J. A. SC1c ★ Rozansky, B. A. SC2c ★ Adams, J. E. SC3c ★ La Fontaine, J. Bkr2c ★ Snyder, E. L. Bkr2c ★ Bell, O. Ck2c ★ Unberger, J. S. S2c ★ Butler, L. E. S2c ★ James, G. H. SM1c ★ Johnson, B. F. SM1c ★ White, P. A. SM1c ★ Williams, L. W. SM1c ★ Brewster, P. SM2c ★ James, R. L. SM2c	"E" DIVISION ★ Jernigan, J. T. M1c ★ Copoulos, G. J. MM1c ★ Ferguson, W. W. MM1c ★ Kelley, E. G. MM1c ★ Van Eyzeren, MM1c ★ Watkin, G. R. MM1c	
SECOND DIVISION ★ Hilliard, T. M. BM1c ★ Patterson, D. L. BM2c ★ Ruth, G. J. SF2c ★ Salvagno, F. A. SF2c ★ Savoy, A. J. Cox ★ Szaydo, B. SF3c ★ Younger, P. O. Cox ★ Cantara, J. J. S1c ★ Dockery, W. S1c ★ Ellis, R. H. S1c ★ Hinderliter, H. J. S1c ★ Hise, T. C. S1c ★ Hoyer, W. H. S1c ★ Kunzer, H. E. S1c ★ Mohrhardt, E. W. S1c ★ Wurtzbacker, R. J. S1c ★ Young, G. A. S1c ★ Allen, L. J. S2c ★ Bayne, J. W. S2c ★ Borsheksi, E. F. S2c ★ Brown, H. E. S2c ★ Myers, H. E. S2c ★ Christian, P. L. S2c ★ Davis, J. S2c	"C" DIVISION ★ Longmire, A. Q. QM1c ★ Noble, J. E. S1c ★ Burke, J. M. RM1c ★ Collins, W. J. RM1c ★ Dagger, W. C. S2c ★ Hanson, E. A. S2c ★ Downes, R. C. S2c ★ Maskey, R. S. S2c			

Memory of Mates lost on October 21st, 1943

Our Memorial in Veterans Memorial Park

Surf City, New Jersey.

Memory of mates



Times-Beacon photo by Ann Marie Chen

USS Murphy survivors, from left, Thomas Hilliard, Joe Van Eyseren, Fred Shiller and Jim Schaffer bow their heads in a moment of silence with Councilman Jim Russell during the memorial service at Veterans Memorial Park in Surf City to honor the men who lost their lives on the USS Murphy in 1943.

Murphy memorial is a dream come true for local veterans

By PAULA SCULLY
Staff Writer

SURF CITY — The DD603 Sailors Organization dedicated a memorial in Veterans Memorial Park Thursday to the 35 sailors who lie at the bottom of the ocean 71 nautical miles due east of Surf City.

The sailors were serving on the USS Murphy, which was on convoy duty Oct. 31, 1943 with lights out. The destroyer was

mistaken for an oncoming torpedo by a tanker, the SS Bulkoid.

The Bulkoid used a standard evasion technique at the time, turning into the oncoming object to make itself a smaller target.

The USS Murphy was cut in two, half of it sinking, half later repaired and returned to service in World War II.

Gathered to dedicate the memorial were survivors, one

member from the tanker that cut the Murphy, the diver who found the wreckage and people who lost loved ones in the collision.

William Lawton, vice president of the DD603 Sailors Organization (DD603 refers to the ship's classification as a destroyer and its number) credited Peter Tien, his wife Charlotte, and his family for bringing the memorial to fruition.

Jim Schaffer, who designed the memorial, became an associate member of the organization.

Survivor Fred Shiller said he has many memories of that night, when he was a Seaman Second Class.

"We knew we had a target. We didn't know what it was," he said of the Bulkoid.

"All of a sudden there was a big crash. It sounded like a Greyhound bus going through several panes of glass. Someone said, 'Better get out of here.' I reached for my life belt. Before I could reach it, the ship went over," he said.

"I was hanging in the doorway. Things were going past

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LOCAL NEWS

Memorial

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me," he said, adding, "typewriters and everything else."

He got out but fell into a pool of oil and water, only to be pulled up by someone. They went up a ladder but the double doors were shut. One of them found a line and they followed it out. When they escaped, the ship was angled down and he saw "bubbly phosphorous." He jumped into the water and swam out of the oily part and barely survived. The Coast Guard vessel Glennon rescued him.

Survivor Joe Van Eyzeren was down in the engine room when he felt the destroyer make a sharp turn. Steam billowed out and all the lights went out.

He found the upper hatch jammed with the whaleboat that Boatswain's Mate Tom Hilliard was being sent to get at the same time but on another level. Finally, Van Eyzeren escaped.

"I went aft and stood up and turned around. And there was that big thing still going through us," he said.

Survivor Pat Sanzillo said he was in his bunk when there was a bump like a tap alongside the ship. The ship swayed; the lights dimmed.

"A couple guys ran up topside before me and said, 'The bridge is missing! The bridge is missing!' I was scared. I went down to the engine room to see if I could help anybody," he said.

Tom Hilliard, who had transferred to the destroyer two weeks earlier, had gone off watch when he saw sparks and flames. He was ordered to lower

the whaleboat (the one that had blocked Van Eyzeren's escape at one point) but found no whaleboat. Reporting back, he was ordered again to lower it.

"I went back with another man and found the tiller and brought it back," he said, adding instead of using the whaleboat, they went out with life rafts and picked up survivors. "I didn't know who I picked up because they were covered with crude oil."

They reached the Glennon and he wanted to go back out, but was ordered on board.

Robert Taylor was on the flying bridge of the SS Bulkoid.

"I was in the most forward part of the bow when all of a sudden, a fuzzy gray thing appeared. It got bigger," he said, adding he looked at a light on it and thought it was a submarine.

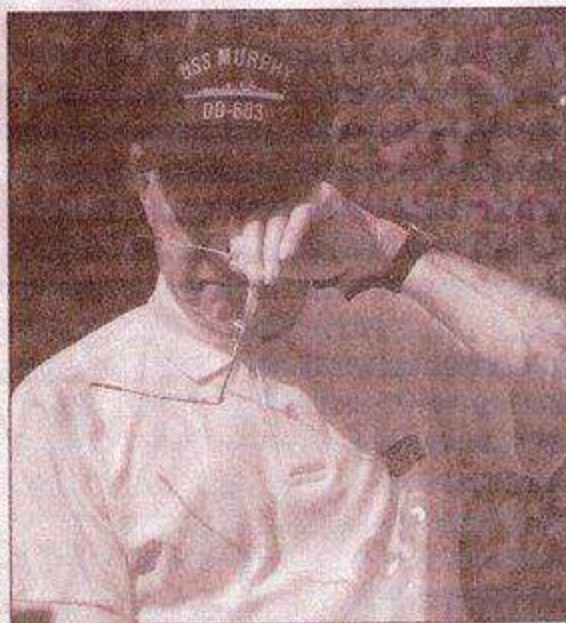
"I yelled up to the gunners above me and the gunners below that I thought it was a submarine. We were trying to turn toward it to make us as small a target as possible," he said.

"Next thing I know there was a gun barrel sticking out," he said. "I'm sorry it happened."

Lawton, the vice president of DD603 Sailors Organization, said no one blames him.

The rest of the Murphy that stayed afloat was brought back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs. Van Eyzeren remembered going under the Brooklyn Bridge and people were out there waiting for them to get into dock.

"It was two or three days later. We hadn't had anything to eat. They wouldn't let anyone on board or anyone out. They thought it was sabotage," Van Eyzeren said.



Times-Beacon photo by Ann Marie Conn

Peter Tissa, organizer for the memorial for men who died on the USS Murphy in 1943, is moved by the dedication ceremony that was held in Surf City Sept. 16.

Dan Crowell, of Brick and Deep Explorer Inc., an underwater explorer, who discovered the remains of the Murphy, said he didn't know it was the Murphy at first but later confirmed it.

"My goal was to have a memorial. This is also a memorial to all who served in the U.S. Armed Forces in past wars and future wars," Crowell said. "If it was up to these guys, there would be no more wars."

Ruth Anderson of Norman, Okla., had been engaged to Gil Weik, who died on the destroyer and is one of the 35 men en-

tombed in the undersea wreckage.

"It made me feel better to know where he was," she said, carrying his picture.

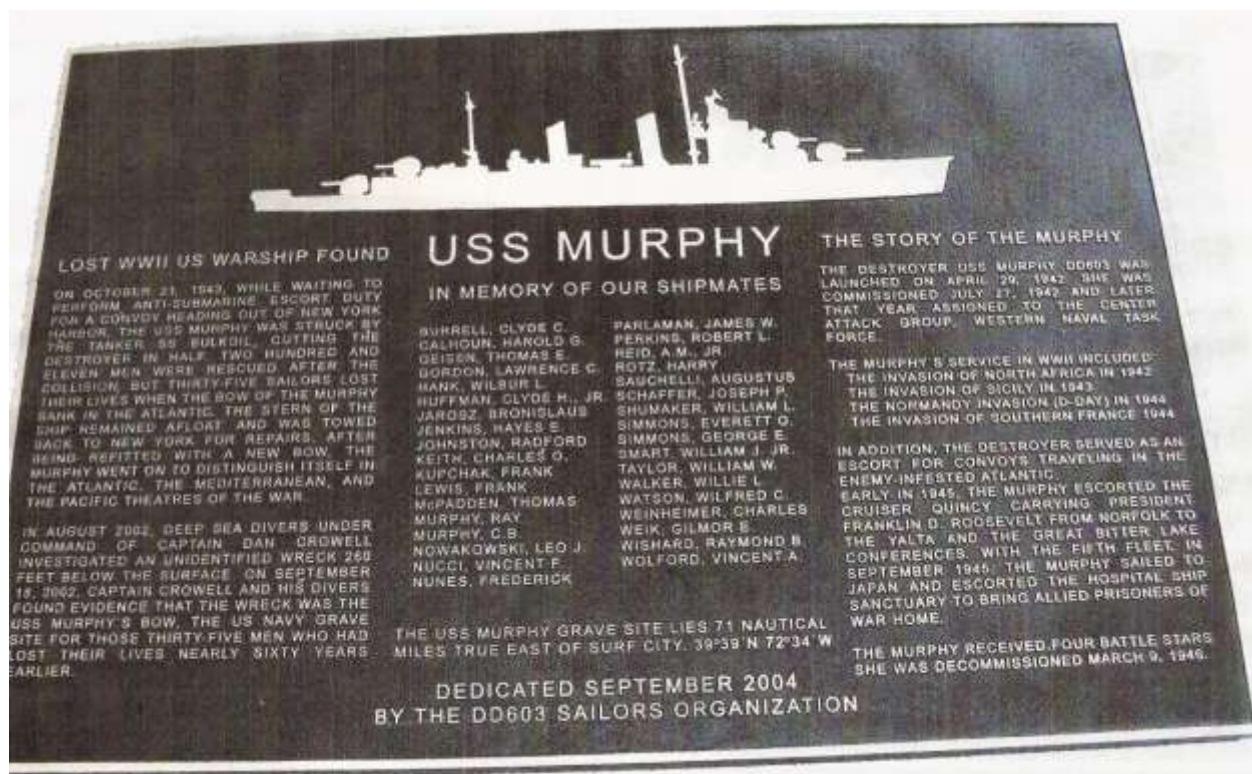
Victor Tumillo of Saugerties, N.Y., lost his uncle, Joseph P. Schaffer. He said he was flipping through the TV channels when he saw the program "Deep Sea Detectives." He heard that the divers thought they'd found a Liberty Ship but they'd found the Murphy.

"I called my mother and said, 'Turn on the show. They found the Murphy.'"

A picture of the Memorial



The USS Murphy crew lost in the Collision.



A short story from Bill Grom

Joe, here is an interesting Murphy story ref. Peg's father Bill Trotter the night of the collision.

He must have been forward or right at the point of impact below deck. He remembered pushing someone, we never found out who, up a ladder or stairway to the top deck. He then went overboard into the oily water. When he was picked up by the rescue destroyer, (the name escapes me as it was lost when my old computer crashed with all of the Murphy info--maybe the Glenon?) the first person he saw when they cleared the oil from his eyes was his former room mate at Colgate University. Bill had left college to enlist. After the incident, he returned to the states and entered officer training and was eventually commissioned an ensign.

Thomas Jefferson

There are two parts. Be sure to read the 2nd part.

Thomas Jefferson was a very remarkable man who started learning very early in life and never stopped. At 5, began studying under his cousin's tutor.

At 9, studied Latin, Greek and French.

At 14, studied classical literature and additional languages.

At 16, entered the College of William and Mary.

At 19, studied Law for 5 years starting under George Wythe.

At 23, started his own law practice.

At 25, was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses.

At 31, wrote the widely circulated "Summary View of the Rights of British America " and retired from his law practice.

At 32, was a Delegate to the Second Continental Congress.

At 33, wrote the Declaration of Independence.

At 33, took three years to revise Virginia's legal code and wrote a Public Education bill and a statute for Religious Freedom.

At 36, was elected the second Governor of Virginia succeeding Patrick Henry.

At 40, served in Congress for two years.

At 41, was the American minister to France and negotiated commercial treaties with European nations along with Ben Franklin and John Adams.

At 46, served as the first Secretary of State under George Washington.

At 53, served as Vice President and was elected president of the American Philosophical Society.

At 55, drafted the Kentucky Resolutions and became the active head of Republican Party.

At 57, was elected the third president of the United States .

At 60, obtained the Louisiana Purchase doubling the nation's size.

At 61, was elected to a second term as President.

At 65, retired to Monticello.

At 80, helped President Monroe shape the Monroe Doctrine.

At 81, almost single-handedly created the University of Virginia and served as its first president.

At 83, died on the 50th anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence along with John Adams

Thomas Jefferson knew because he himself studied the previous failed attempts at government. He understood actual history, the nature of God, his laws and the nature of man. That happens to be way more than what most understand today. Jefferson really knew his stuff. A voice from the past to lead us in the future: John F. Kennedy held a dinner in the white House for a group of the brightest minds in the nation at that time. He made this statement: "This is perhaps the assembly of the most intelligence ever to gather at one time in the White House with the exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

"When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become as corrupt as Europe ."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"The democracy will cease to exist when you take away from those who are willing to work and give to those who would not."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"It is incumbent on every generation to pay its own debts as it goes. A principle which if acted on would save one-half the wars of the world."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"I predict future happiness for Americans if they can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people under the pretense of taking care of them."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"My reading of history convinces me that most bad government results from too much government." -- Thomas Jefferson

"No free man shall ever be debarred the use of arms."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"The strongest reason for the people to retain the right to keep and bear arms is, as a last resort, to protect themselves against tyranny in government."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."
-- Thomas Jefferson

"To compel a man to subsidize with his taxes the propagation of ideas which he disbelieves and abhors is sinful and tyrannical."
-- Thomas Jefferson

Thomas Jefferson said in 1802: "I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around the banks will deprive the

people of all property - until their children wake-up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered."
I wish we could get this out to everyone!!!
I'm doing my part. Please do yours.

Raymond Preeschl

The following article is being printed here courtesy of **WWII History** Magazine:

Ordnance

By William B. Allmon
All photos National Archives

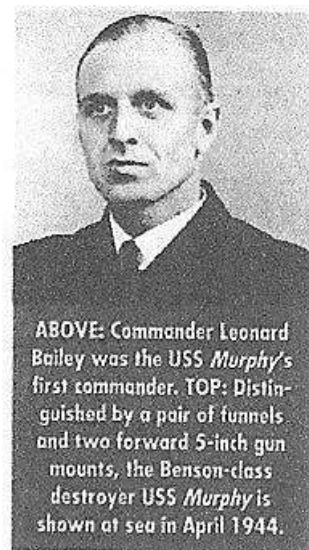
Long Service in Wartime

EIGHTY MILES OFF THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY AND 280 FEET BELOW THE Surface of the Atlantic Ocean lies the forward section of a World War II destroyer; where it came to rest more than 60 years ago. According to the *USS Murphy* History Project, the warship's tragic and triumphant story reads like a chronicle of the Second World War."

On the eve of World War II, with its emphasis on antisubmarine operations against German U-boats in the North Atlantic, the U.S. Navy's destroyer force consisted mainly of Fletcher-, Sumner-, Geary-, and Sims-class destroyers built between 1930 and 1938. Many destroyers of these classes, overweight and top heavy, lacking armor or strengthened decks, were considered unlikely to survive torpedo damage. To supplement the Sims class, both Bethlehem Steel Corporation and naval architects Gibbs & Cox submitted designs for a new class of destroyer, weighing 1,620 tons, with stronger hulls, and armed with four 5-inch guns, four centerline torpedo tubes, and improved anti-aircraft batteries.

The U.S. Navy adopted Bethlehem Steel's design, and awarded Bethlehem the contract to build the new destroyers, hull numbers 421 to 616, in its East and West Coast shipyards. The first of the Benson-class destroyers, named after the first ship, USS Benson, was launched from Bethlehem's Staten Island, New York, shipyard and commissioned on July 25, 1940. A total of 30 Benson-class ships were built between July 1940 and February 1943. Four were lost in action.

The keel of the 17th Benson-class destroyer, assigned hull number DD-603, was laid at Bethlehem Steel, Staten Island shipyard on May 11, 1941. The destroyer was named *USS Murphy*, after Union Navy Lieutenant John McLeod *Murphy*, captain of the Civil War ironclad *USS Carondelet*. Launched on April 29, 1942, *Murphy* was 347 feet long, 36 feet wide, and displaced 2,525 tons fully loaded. Like her sisters,



Murphy came out, as naval historian Norman Friedman wrote, "very overweight, so that their light displacements generally exceeded these design standards."

Twin 47,000 horsepower Westinghouse geared steam turbines turned two propellers at 36.7 knots, while 2,291 tons of fuel gave her 6,500-mile range. Armament consisted of four 5-inch guns, two 40mm and quad 1.1-inch anti-aircraft guns (later replaced by two 20mm Oerlikons), four 21 inch torpedo tubes amidships and two stern-mounted depth charge racks with 24 600 pound charges. Stronger decks improved armor protection, an alternating engine and boiler rooms gave *Murphy* a better chance of surviving battle damage. Additionally, for the "luck of the Irish," *Murphy* officer John Keating wrote that Bethlehem's shipbuilders welded a large green shamrock to her a smokestack, making her "one of the best known of all Atlantic Destroyers."

Four months later, on July 23, 1942, *Murphy* was commissioned. Commander Leonard W. Bailey assumed command and sailed to Casco Bay, Maine, for *Murphy's* shakedown cruise. According to Boatswain's Mate Thomas Hillard, Bailey was "very well liked" by *Murphy's* 16-officer, 260-man crew.

Completing her shakedown, *Murphy* joined American destroyers escorting merchant convoys from Casco Bay to Halifax, Nova Scotia. In mid-September 1942, *Murphy* joined Commander E.R. Durgin's Destroyer Division 24 in Norfolk, Virginia, part of Captain Robert R. M. Emmett's Task Group 34.9, which included the cruisers *Augusta* and *Brooklyn*, nine destroyers, six minesweepers, and 14 troop transports. Leaving Norfolk on October 23, 1942, Task Group 34.9 joined Rear Admiral H. Kent Hewitt's Task Force 34, transporting Maj. Gen. George S. Patton's American troops to invade Vichy French Morocco and Algeria during Operation Torch.

Arriving off the coast of North Africa on November 8, 1942, Task Force 34 split into its separate landing groups, which headed for their objectives. Task Group 34.9, designated the Western Attack Force, headed for Cape Fedhala, near Casablanca, Morocco. With the rest of Destroyer Squadron 24, *Murphy* was assigned to guide landing craft to the beach and provide fire support.

Near the Moroccan coast at midnight on November 9, while Western Force's transports loaded troops into landing craft, *Murphy* and sister destroyers *Wilkes*, *Swanson*, and *Ludlow* took position near the line of departure. Delays due to inexperienced crews led to H-hour's postponement from 4 AM to 4:45 AM.

Once the landing craft were loaded, *Murphy* and her consorts led them to the line of departure and anchored as the assault waves dashed ashore landing 3,500 combat troops. When daylight broke at 6:04 AM, French shore batteries at Cape Fedhala opened fire. Quickly raising anchor, *Murphy* and *Ludlow* opened fire with their 5-inch guns on Batterie Port Bloundin near Cape Fedhala. The Bloundin battery concentrated its four 138.6 mm shore guns on *Murphy*, 5,000 yards offshore, straddling her.

"This damn turkey is getting our range", Bailey radioed. "Someone help me polish him off". A shell slammed into *Murphy's* starboard engine room, knocking out the engine and killing three sailors. As his crew stuffed mattresses into the shell holes, Bailey pulled out of range while *Brooklyn* and *Ludlow* silenced the

battery. By early afternoon, after emergency repairs, Bailey rejoined the ships off Fedhala, reporting *Murphy*, ready "for any action at any speed".

French forces in Morocco surrendered to Patton on November 11, 1942. *Murphy* left Morocco on November 24. After repairs in Boston, Massachusetts, *Murphy* escorted convoys from New York to Panama and from Norfolk to Casablanca. In July 1943, *Murphy* joined Rear Admiral J. L. Hall's "Dime" Attack Force, which included the light cruisers *Boise* and *Savannah*, 11 destroyers, two LSTs, six transports, 33 landing craft, eight minesweepers, and 10 PT boats, supporting Patton's U.S. Seventh Army and General Bernard L. Montgomery's British Eighth Army's landings in Sicily.

As assault troops of the U.S. 1st Infantry Division went ashore at Gela, Sicily, on July 9, 1943, *Murphy* and other Dime Force warships stood 600 yards offshore. At 8:30 AM, 30 German Pz.Kpfw. IV tanks were spotted moving toward the beaches. American troops did not yet have antitank guns ashore to stop them.

"Something had to be done to stop these tanks", Roscoe wrote. "The call went out for naval gunfire". *Murphy*, along with destroyers *Jeffers*, *Shubrick*, and the light cruiser *Boise*, opened fire on the column, which turned tail and retired, leaving several tanks behind.

Axis aircraft bombed ships and landing craft near the invasion beaches in the afternoon. Several bombs fell near *Murphy*, inflicting minor damage. The next day, July 10, four Heinkel He-111 medium bombers and four Focke-Wulf Fw-190 fighter-bombers attacking the transports were driven off by heavy anti-aircraft fire from *Murphy* and other destroyers. None of the vulnerable ships was hit.

wrote.

"Fortunately the aim of most of the Axis bombers was very inaccurate", Morison

German and Italian bombers attacked again that night. "The planes dropped magnesium flares to light the transports", a sailor remembered, "and bombs fell on the ships in cascades, clumps and clusters".

Near misses straddled *Murphy*, puncturing her stern and wounding one sailor. Two nights later, on July 12, *Murphy* was again attacked by German bombers, one bomb missing her by a scant 100 yards. Undamaged, *Murphy* remained off Gela as American troops secured the beaches and advanced inland.

On July 27, *Murphy* joined Rear Admiral Lyal A. Davidson's Task Force 88, cruisers *Philadelphia* and *Savannah*, plus destroyers *Gherardi*, *Nelson*, *Jeffers*, *Trippe*, and *Knight*, Providing fire support for Patton's troops attacking along the northern Sicilian coast. On the afternoon of July 31, a flight of 11 Junkers Ju-87 Stuka dive-bombers attacked *Philadelphia* and *Murphy* while the warships pounded German defenses near the town of San Stefano di Camastra. *Murphy*'s gunners downed two Stukas while a bomb missed *Philadelphia* by 15 yards.

Murphy remained with Task Force 88, supporting Patton's advance and repelling additional air attacks, until Sicily was secured on August 27, 1943.

In early September, *Murphy* returned to the United States and became part of Captain Roy Pfaff's Task Force 69, which included the battleship *Texas*; Commander Albert G. Murdaugh's Destroyer Division 17, consisting of *Nelson*, *Jeffers*, *Herndon*, *Quick*, *Butler*, *Gherardi*, *Glennon*; plus Destroyer Division 20's *Cowie*, *Doran*, *Earle*, *Knight*, and escort oiler *Enoree* assigned to escort merchant and troop convoys across the North Atlantic to Great Britain.

On October 20, 1943, Convoy UT-4, bound for Britain, including one troop transport, two tankers, two cargo ships, and 13 freighters carrying 46,455 troops, escorted by Task Force 69's ships, assembled in New York harbor. UT-4, except for the destroyer *Jeffers*, damaged in a Collision with a lighter the previous day, departed New York on the morning of October 21. *Jeffers* joined the convoy after it was repaired at the navy yard.

Once clear of the harbor, the convoy assembled into eight columns of three ships each, covering a six-mile area. Tankers *Esso Hartford* and *Markay*, with plane transporters *Trumpeter* and *Slinger* in the middle, troop transports *Siboney*, *Athione Castle*, *Monarch of Bermuda*, *Empress of Australia*, *Capetown Castle*, *Scythia*, *Orun*, *Columbia*, *Athene*, *Fairisle*, *Santa Teresa*, and *Surprise* formed around them. *Texas* and escort oiler *Enoree* formed the fifth column with destroyers *Nelson*, *Glennon*, *Herndon*, *Knight*, *Gherardi*, *Quick*, and *Murphy* deployed in antisubmarine screen around the convoy.

On *Murphy*'s bridge, Lieutenant Thaddeus R. Beal, officer of the deck, and Lieutenant William R. Gordon, with a signalman, quartermaster, helmsman, and two lookouts, were on watch. Commander Bailey was in his cabin behind the bridge; crewmen off watch were asleep below decks.

A few miles away, the tanker *SS Bulkoil* steamed alone at 10 knots toward New York. On October 19, carrying 2,000 tons of oil, a crew of 54 Merchant Marine sailors and 72 U.S. Navy armed guards, *Bulkoil* left New York with Convoy CU-6 bound for Curacao, Netherlands East Indies. Barely a day out of port on October 20, *Bulkoil* lost steam in her starboard boiler. Unable to keep up with the convoy, *Bulkoil* turned back to New York, zigzagging to avoid lurking U-boats.

By 8 PM on October 21, *Bulkoil* was six hours from New York and safety. The ship was blacked out and without radar. Her third mate was on the bridge with the helmsman, and Ensign James W. Barrett, commander of Bulkod's armed guard, was on the flying bridge. *Bulkoil* crewman Robert Taylor was a lookout on the starboard bridge wing. "I was on deck at 8:20 when the third Mate ordered me to come up to the starboard side of the bridge", Taylor said. "I was watching left to right, right to left. I couldn't see anything but black".

Around 9:50 PM, *Murphy*'s radar picked up an object ahead of the convoy. Ordering Lieutenant Gordon to tell Commander Bailey, Beal called Murdaugh aboard *Nelson* over the TBS (talk between ships, reporting a "strange pip" bearing "120 degrees true", at a distance of 12,000 yards.

Murdaugh ordered *Murphy* to "head that fellow away from us". Beal immediately changed course and increased speed to 20 knots.

After checking *Murphy's* radar for the stranger's position, Bailey entered the bridge and countermanded Beal's course change.

"The visibility was extremely low", Bailey recalled, "and it was necessary to rely entirely upon radar, amplified by the result obtained from the gun control organization, namely, plot and the gun director".

Bailey overheard Captain Pfaff aboard Texas asking Murdaugh on Nelson which way the convoy should turn to avoid the contact.

"Turn right," Murdaugh said. At the same moment, Beal reported he saw the stranger "bearing one or two points on the port bow", range 1,500 yards. Ordering *Murphy's* helmsman to come right, Bailey informed Pfaff, "I intend to divert the stranger to starboard".

On *Bulkoil's* bridge, the tanker's torpedo detector, designed to pick up torpedo propeller noises in the water, indicated a contact to starboard. "It was thought to be a German submarine regenerating its batteries", Taylor said. Certain a U-boat was nearby and unaware of any Allied surface ships in the area, *Bulkoil* turned to starboard to avoid a torpedo attack.

Looking into the darkness as *Bulkoil* turned, Taylor saw a "shadowy appearance of a bow coming out of the water", followed by "wiggly marks, then a pointed bow: I thought it was a submarine. Then all of a sudden I saw a housing, then a gun on top of it, and I realized it wasn't a submarine".

Bulkoil was close to *Murphy's* side. Seeing that a collision was imminent, Bailey ordered *Murphy's* speed to all ahead flank and then all engines ahead emergency flank. Before *Murphy* could turn away, *Bulkoil* slammed into her port side.

Boatswain's Mate Tom Hillard was going below when *Murphy* was struck. "The ship rolled to starboard", he recalled. "I looked up [and] saw the tanker going through, some flame and sparks forward place of collision". Some of *Murphy's* crew were killed as *Bulkoil* Cut through her midsection at a 90-degree angle, dragging her several hundred yards through the water.

"Suddenly there was this loud crashing Sound, like a Greyhound bus slumming through a large plate of glass", remembered Seaman 2nd Class Frederic Sheller, on duty in *Murphy's* combat information center (CIC). "The lights went out, and the emergency wall lanterns came on. Seawater began coming into the compartment".

Murphy broke in half, her bow separating from the stern. "After we plowed through it, I saw the bow come up, the aft scraped past our starboard side", Taylor said. "I saw a guy in the water and threw him I life ring. I was about to dive in to save this guy, but couldn't". *Bulkoil* quickly turned on its collision and running lights.

Murphy's bow section immediately listed 90 degrees to starboard, trapping many sailors below deck while others struggled to escape.

On *Murphy's* floating stern, her crew sprang into action. "Our first thoughts: Secure ship, rescue survivors in the water", Hillard said. "I got my division topside in life jackets and started to secure hatches". While their shipmates closed watertight doors, damage control parties put out a small fire in the forward fire room and plugged leaks in the engine room bulkhead. Other *Murphy* sailors threw rubber life rafts over the side to survivors, many without life jackets, swimming away from the rapidly sinking bow.

On *Murphy's* bow, Sheller pulled himself outside. "As I stood up on the slanted gun mount number two, I looked down to my left and could see the phosphorous bubbles of seawater enveloping the bow as it was going down", Sheller wrote. Heading forward, Sheller saw Bailey near the port anchor.

"The skipper had a light of some sort, shining it down into the water", Sheller recalled. "He finally said, 'Well boys, looks like we'll have to get off here'".

Sheller jumped into the water and "began to swim for all I was worth, as I could feel the pull of the bow going down."

Ten minutes after the collision, *Murphy's* bow sank, taking 38 officers and men with it and leaving her survivors struggling in the choppy sea.

"It was pitch black, and the sea was quite choppy", Sheller recalled. "I kept swimming and floating with no way of knowing at the time if I would be rescued". Hanging onto a freshwater cask off a raft, Sheller paddled over to a life raft with 30 to 40 shipmates aboard and others in the water clinging to ropes. Chief Torpedoman Emmett S. Wild pulled Sheller alongside the raft, where he waited for rescue.

Seeing *Bulkoil's* lights, Captain Pfaff was unaware of the accident and called *Murphy* over the TBS. Getting no reply, Pfaff ordered *Glennon* to investigate. When *Glennon* arrived at the scene, her captain, Lt. Cmdr. Floyd C. Camp, reported that *Murphy* was sinking and her crew was abandoning ship.

Pfaff ordered *Glennon* and *Jeffers* to begin rescue operations. Camp ordered *Glennon's* searchlights turned on and ropes put over the side to pull survivors aboard. *Jeffers* lowered its whaleboat to search for survivors.

With *Murphy's* stern remaining afloat, Tom Hillard and Seaman Matt Soloman put a life raft over the side and began picking up swimmers. After rescuing 10 survivors, Hillard and Soloman paddled the raft over to *Glennon*, where they were ordered aboard.

Eventually, *Glennon* came alongside Fred Sheller's raft and began pulling its sailors aboard. "I saw that some of the crew were tossing ropes down to us", Sheller said. He grabbed a rope, which "kept slipping through my extremely cold and oily hands as the guys on the ship were pulling the rope. However, luckily there was a huge knot towards the end of the rope, and when my closed hands got to this knot, up I went to the deck of the ship." *Glennon's* crew bundled Sheller below decks with the rest of his shipmates.

While *Glennon* and *Jeffers* rescued *Murphy's* survivors, *Bulkoil's* crew tried to find out what happened. "We didn't know we had run across another convoy", Taylor remembered. "But the night was

black, just pitch black. All of a sudden there was a battlewagon out there. They called to us asking, 'What ship is that?' We identified ourselves and asked if we could assist. They told us to stand by".

With permission from Captain Pfaff and having suffered only minor damage to its bow and no casualties, *Bulkoil* got under way for New York. After repairs, *Bulkoil* returned to service, survived the war, and was scrapped in 1961.

After picking up 12 officers and 95 men from *Murphy's* bow, Camp reported *Murphy's* stern was still afloat, and in no danger of sinking. Pfaff ordered *Glennon* to take *Murphy's* stern in tow. Shortly after midnight, *Glennon* passed a line to *Murphy's* stern while *Jeffers* and *Knight* stood by and began towing it toward New York. *Murphy's* crew jettisoned equipment, stores, and ammunition to make the towing easier.

The next morning, October 22, *Glennon*, *Jeffers*, and *Knight* met the civilian tug *SS Rescue* escorted by the Coast Guard cutter *Cartigan* and subchaser PY-3 7. As *Rescue* took over towing *Murphy's* stern, *Glennon* transferred the 109 survivors to *Cartigan*. Their task complete, *Glennon*, *Jeffers*, and *Knight* rejoined Convoy UT-4.

Cartigan and PY-37 reached New York later that afternoon and unloaded the survivors at Pier 12. *Rescue* arrived on the afternoon of October 23 and placed *Murphy* in the Brooklyn Navy Yard's dry dock. Her reunited crew was housed on Brooklyn's Myrtle Avenue, while the Navy investigated the collision and found that after the collision the "conduct of the officers and crew of the USS *Murphy* [had been] in accordance with the best traditions of the naval service".

Murphy's reconstruction began on October 27, 1943, with the fitting of a new bow. Along with her new bow, *Murphy* received a new skipper. Bailey was replaced by Commander Russell G. Wolverton and went on to skipper the destroyer *Harry E. Hubbard* in the Pacific.

Seven months later, in April 1944, *Murphy's* repairs were completed. After a month of shakedown and training, *Murphy* sailed to Portsmouth, England, joining Rear Admiral John L. Hall's Task Force 124. On D-Day, *Murphy* provided fire support for troops of the 1st and 29th Infantry Divisions fighting their way off Omaha Beach in Normandy and screened troopships offshore. *Murphy* engaged German shore batteries and E-boats until late June when she rejoined Task Force 124, now led by Rear Admiral Morton L. Deyo.

Deyo's ships, split between his own Task Group 1 and Rear Admiral C.F. Bryant's Task Group 2, left port on June 25 to bombard German defenses around Cherbourg, France. After an uneventful crossing, Deyo's task group, with the battleship *Nevada*, cruisers *Quincy*, *Tuscaloosa*, *HMS Glasgow*, and *HMS Enterprise*, and destroyers *Murphy*, *Ellyson*, *Hambleton*, *Rodman*, *Emmons*, and *Gherardi*, took position west of Cherbourg, while Bryant's battleships *Texas* and *Arkansas*, five destroyers, and 19 British and American minesweepers, took the east sector. When German batteries opened fire on the minesweepers, *Murphy* and the other destroyers laid a smoke screen protecting the larger warships while they opened fire with their main batteries.

For 90 minutes, Deyo's ships pounded the German defenses while *Murphy* and her sisters, *Morison* wrote, "made smoke as required and did their best to stay out of the way of the big ships". *Murphy* was straddled four times by German 280mm shells.

"Shells popped all around us," Wolverton recalled. "Any number of them hit in our wake ... but Jerry failed to hit us". As *Tuscaloosa*, *Ellyson*, and *Gherardi* fired on the battery, *Murphy* ducked inside her smoke screen, suffering no serious damage. At 3 PM, Deyo's ships ceased fire. Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins's VII Corps captured Cherbourg on July 1, 1944.

Murphy then sailed to the Mediterranean Sea, where she joined British Rear Admiral Thomas R. Troubridge's Task Force 88 on August 3, 1944, and provided support for Operation Dragoon, the Allied landings in southern France. *Murphy* left the Mediterranean on September 15 and returned to New York. After an overhaul, *Murphy* became the flagship of Captain John S. Keating's Destroyer Squadron 17 in Casco Bay.

On January 21, 1945, *Murphy* and Destroyer Squadron 17 escorted the cruisers *Quincy* and *Savannah* carrying President Franklin D. Roosevelt from Norfolk, Virginia, to the island of Malta in the Mediterranean. After Roosevelt flew on to the Yalta Conference in the Crimea, *Quincy* and *Murphy* sailed to the Suez Canal. On February 9, 1945, *Murphy* was ordered to proceed to Saudi Arabia and bring King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud back for a conference with President Roosevelt at Suez.

After a fast trip down the Red Sea, *Murphy* became the first American warship to drop anchor in the port of Jidda, Saudi Arabia. The next day, February 12, the Saudi king and 20 bodyguards and servants came aboard and settled into a large tent set up on *Murphy*'s forecastle. It was nicknamed the "big top" by the destroyer's crew. Rugs covered her steel decks; water from the Muslim holy city of Mecca and a corral with 10 sheep were also provided.

Once *Murphy* got under way, Keating wrote, "Extraordinary efforts were made to keep the king entertained". *Murphy*'s 5-inch and 40mm guns were fired, and a depth-charge pattern was spread. Guided by *Murphy*'s navigator, Saud and his party prayed on the forecastle five times a day facing toward Mecca. In turn, Keating recalled that Saud was "most considerate, always posed for snapshots, and his coffee bearer, was continually pouring a demitasse of black Arabian coffee, as the king would greet any of his American hosts who passed by".

Two days after leaving Jidda, *Murphy* rendezvoused with *Quincy* off Suez on February 15. Since the cruiser's deck was higher than the destroyer's, a ramp could not be rigged. King Saud was placed in a bosun's chair and carefully elevated from *Murphy* to *Quincy*.

Keating was pleased at how well the cruise had gone. "Not only had we not offended the king, but he was obviously pleased with our services". After disembarking the rest of the royal party at Ismailia, Egypt, *Murphy* returned to New York.

After minor repairs, *Murphy* joined a hunter-killer group on antisubmarine patrol off New England and Nova Scotia. On July 10, 1945, *Murphy* headed for the Pacific Theater, arriving at Okinawa in September

1945, after the Japanese surrender. Assigned to the U.S. Fifth Fleet, *Murphy* visited Nagasaki, Japan, six weeks after the atomic bomb was dropped.

Murphy left Okinawa on November 21, 1945, and sailed to Charleston, South Carolina. On March 9, 1946, she was decommissioned and placed in the Atlantic Reserve Fleet, receiving four battle stars for her World War II service. *Murphy* was sold for scrap on October 6, 1977.

Murphy's original bow rested on the floor of the Atlantic off New Jersey, her story forgotten, for nearly 60 years. In August 2000, underwater explorers Dan Crowell and Ritche Kohler found the bow. The destroyer's story was featured in an episode of the History Channel series, *Deep Sea Detectives*.

Murphy had participated in several major amphibious landings in the European Theater. Captain Keating summed up the destroyer's wartime service best: "The destroyer *Murphy* was always a good ship. She played a role in four invasions and never failed an assignment.

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Typed notes from Ernest Russell Hager, Leonard Bailey's cousin

I shall try to set down the story Leonard Bailey told me while I was visiting him at Jamestown, Rhode Island, on Saturday, April 29, 1944. It all seemed to me most thrilling and unique. Leonard did not tell it as a connected account, and I shall try to put it in order. There may be some errors.

In those extensive operations when the Americans and British made their landing in North Africa, Lt. Commander Bailey (not Commander) had orders to proceed with his destroyer, the *Murphy*, to the Atlantic coast south of Gibraltar at Fedala near Casablanca. A cruiser, larger with heavier guns, accompanied him farther off shore. He was to cover landing operations by troops. His particular concern was the French fort at Fedala. It was not known whether the fort would resist, and his orders were not to fire unless he were fired upon.

I should interpolate here that the hulls of destroyers are made of steel plates less than a half inch thick. For strength they depend on a system of bracing. For example, the heaviest gun turrets (3 or 4 inch) are supported by a cylinder that is built up from the keel. (A sort of stove pipe). There is no armor plate protection as on battleships. For defense, they depend on the speed provided by the engines.

"To see whether they would be fired upon" meant that they would be subject to a first volley from the fort, if the French were to resist. Leonard kept his destroyer in motion, maneuvering the time he kept his guns trained on the fort, constantly on the target. Should the fort open fire, all he would need to do would be to give his gunnery officer the order, "commence firing".

At dawn came a salvo from the fort. A shell passed right through his boiler room and exploded in the sea beyond. Armor-piercing shells are timed to explode an interval after penetrating. The destroyer walls offer no resistance "fortunately". The electric switch board was hit and flying pieces of bakelite injured some of the crew. Three of the engine room crew were killed and one had to have an arm amputated.

(Leonard's mother had told me that he had told her that one shell started a fire on the Murphy and another hit the automatic sprinkler system and put the fire out).

Of course, the Murphy returned the fire and the shelling was on. After an interval the fort ceased firing. He moved in and the fort resumed firing. He replied, the fort stopped, he moved in and again the fort opened up. This happened several times until the fort surrendered.

At some time later Leonard went ashore, got a ride in an army jeep the seven miles up to the fort. Fort was now in the hands of American army. Leonard looked about to see the effect of his shots. All shots landed in the target. Some hit specific objects that were most fortunate for the welfare of his ship. He talked with the French gunners. One of the first hit their range finder, a beautiful instrument made in Germany. Without it, they no longer had so precise knowledge of the range. Another hit the power transformer. Another hit the control tower driving out the French commander, a lieutenant. He now had only his brains and paper and pencil with which to calculate for his gunners. Those pauses between bursts from the fort were the intervals while he was doing his calculating. One shell from the ship nicked the concrete cover over a gun emplacement, glanced down into the powder room where French powder was spread out, exploded the powder, blew up gun, crew, and everything. Only one gun was left in position in the fort. Leonard showed me a snapshot of that one. On it he pointed out to me the telescope sight. As Leonard was admiring the telescope the soldier took out a screw driver, removed it and gave it to him.

A friend of Leonard's has made a beautiful mounting for it from old shell cases. He has it in his bedroom at Jamestown, and I looked down the bay through it; a very fine glass.

One of the French gunners told him in answer to questions that he had been firing at four destroyers and two cruisers. There were only the one destroyer and one cruiser. The Lieutenant in command was a fine type of military man well trained. It was only when a shell or grenade from the army fell into the fort wounding him, and he had only one gun left to fire, that his men ran up the white flag.

Leonard saw the Lieutenant when he came back to Fedala after his next trip across the ocean doing convoy duty. He had sought him out. I forget his name, but it begins with S. Leonard invited him aboard the Murphy and Lt. S. accepted his invitation. Leonard sent a small boat ashore for him, and he entertained him aboard the destroyer. Lt. S. expressed the hope that he would recover sufficiently so as to be appointed gunnery officer of a French destroyer that the U.S. was refitting for the Fighting French. Leonard's crew men had made a shamrock which they could screw in place on the smoke stack

when there was no official inspection. Lt. S. observed it as well as other things of interest aboard, including the effect of his shell that went through the boiler room.

Some time later when Leonard was in the officers' club in New York, in walked Lt. S. He greeted Leonard, invited him as his guest aboard the French cruiser where he had his wish and is gunnery officer. They parted firm friends.

Then came the collision, freighter and Murphy. Murphy was convoying to Iceland. Running at night without lights and zigzagging, Leonard's ship was struck at about the bridge. The freighter went on about a mile before it could stop. It cut through the Murphy as a knife goes through cheese. The rear two-thirds of the Murphy remained afloat. The front third floated away then listed then sank. Leonard was thrown onto the deck of the front third. As it was about to go down he ordered all hands on that section overboard. He floated about for two hours before being picked up. The crew managed exceptionally well. They knew the front end had gone down with the skipper and part of the crew. They removed the dangerous parts of torpedoes and the like as safeguard against fire. They found they could run their propeller and so started backwards toward New York. Coast Guard came out and towed them in. Some of the crew had been killed in the collision, some were drowned. Leonard had a fractured sternum.

I saw a snap shot taken by the Coast Guard of the front end of the two thirds. It seems the crew rigged up a boat hook as a kind of bowsprit where the bow should be and ran out the flag, and so they were towed into Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Leonard learned afterwards that Lt. S. saw the Murphy being towed in. He recognized the shamrock on the smoke stack. He talked with some of crew who told him the skipper had gone down with the front end.

Leonard's fracture was very slow to knit, but he was finally reported fit for duty and has been working in a Navy office in New York. He was in that officers' club a few weeks ago when in came Lt. S. The Lieutenant saw him at first with unbelieving eyes. Then ran to him to grasp his hand saying, "My dear Bailey, I thought you were at the bottom of the sea."

Well I do not know if I have all of the "facts" correct. Leonard is not very demonstrative. He does not go into details, not realizing that civilians do not understand the things that do not give him a second thought. But this is about what happened, I think.

E.R.H.

Ernest Russell Hager

(Leonard Bailey's cousin)