

83rdinfdivdocs.org



102nd Div.



1st U.S. Inf. Div.



2nd Div.



45th Div.



99th Div.



97th Div.



90th Div.



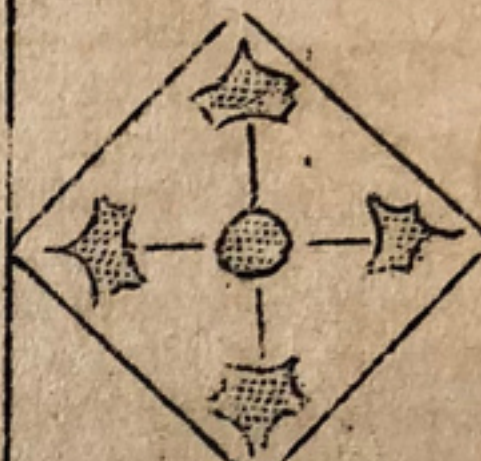
83rd Div.

HOME, SWEET, HOME!

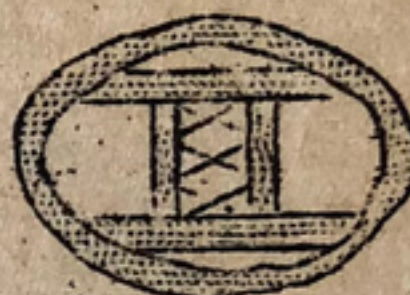
What other headline is so sweet to a printer, a reader, a doggie? In this last edition of WET RUN, on this last sea voyage for many of you, the ship's newspaper hopes you all find your own individual niche once again in civilian life. To doggies who will be handed only furloughs and then back to the Army, WET RUN hopes you enjoy your vacation at home. To doggies who have earned sufficient points to warrant discharge from the service, WET RUN can only say: "It's about time ... good luck!"

This final copy of the newspaper is dedicated to the veterans of the divisions on this page, and to all other units. These veterans now comprise the 99th Division. The Santa Maria has never before carried elements of so many combat divisions (organized into one division) at one time.

From Oran to Beja-Mateur to Tunis to Sicily to Normandy to Belgium to Germany, etc. to the Santa Maria!



4th Div.



30th Div.



34th Div.



79th Div.



76th Div.



36th Div.

SOUVENIR EDITION

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THE SKIPPER OF THE SANTA MARIA —

A BRIEF DOSSIER ON CAPT. MACDERMID...

The big news is we're across the Atlantic.

But what is important is the astonishing speed picked up despite the unfriendly weather the past week.

The man behind this scene is Captain H. MacDermid of New York.

There is no red carpet of protocol rolled out when you enter his cabin to interview "The Skipper."

He just calls out and says, "Come in ... sit down."

You do - and you soon learn he is a rather quiet, highly amiable man and a distinct example of the seafarin' type of man. He soon makes you recall that line "The way to get going is to get going"

He's been on the Santa Maria for 14 months. Before that he was on the "Ponce de Leon" - the Mediterranean run.

The Skipper has two children - Hawley, 6, and Kae, 3. If Santa Maria sails within 3 days after docking at Boston, it means there won't be sufficient time for him to get to NY to see Mrs. MacDermid and the children.

He's hauled ammunition, gas, and "thickskinned people" ... speaking of those people, the Captain took the first Churchill tanks into Naples.

"THE SKIPPER" ...



... CAPT. H. MACDERMID

He was on the first convoy from NY through the Canal to the South Pacific back in the early part of '42.

"We were two months at sea then," he stated.

He sailed a ship one time which carried a soldier to Naples. The soldier went to war. The Captain went to sea. Then the Captain once again carried the same soldier - this time to the States - as a casualty.

The Skipper has always loved the sea, ever since his youth. His favorite type ship is

the present Santa Maria, a C-2, single screw vessel, because she's very easy to handle."

"How many trips have you made across the Atlantic?" he was asked.

He was cordial in his smile of varied recollection. "I couldn't tell you how many trips I made across the Atlantic in the last five years," he replied. Then his voice changed. "I would like the infantry soldiers - all the soldiers and the officers of the 99th Div. to know that this is the first time I've commanded a ship carrying home one complete unit for discharge. Usually I've had elements of air force, the artillery, the infantry - etc. We have organized for a tremendous task - getting you veterans home as soon as possible. It is with extreme satisfaction and much happiness that I took you boys on a voyage in this direction."

WET RUN speaks for the doggies of all divisions when we say, "Thank you, Skipper - hope you get to see your wife and kids, too!"

We departed, and the Captain went back to his job - sailing a ship.

THE NAVIGATOR IS QUITTING THE SEA...

Mr. L.D. Browning is 31, has red hair, comes from Detroit, is the Navigator aboard the Santa Maria. He was seated in his cabin, looking at a photo of a charming, very charming young lady. Seated opposite him was Lt. jg Earl Grabhorn, 25-year-old Naval Communications Officer from Evansville, Indiana.

Mr. Browning, taking a deep breath, said:

"Yes, I am quitting the sea."

"Why?" he was asked. Silence.

"Go on," grinned Lt. Grabhorn, "tell him why."

"Why, Mr. Browning?" we asked again.

Mr. Browning executed a strategic retreat by laughing. But laughing doesn't get one a story.

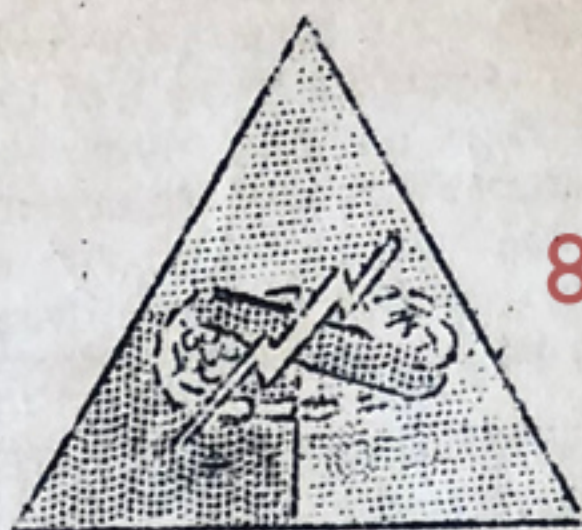
And then we learned his reason. It's a famous reason. It is why Esqueneeling, the great Dutch pirate and authority on ships and sailors, became a land lubber. It is why Thomas the Lambkin and even John Paul Jones halted at the crossroads.

We took another course, though, before learning ... we interviewed Mr. Browning, discovered he's been shootin' the sun an' stars aboard the Santa Maria for almost 16

months. Before that he obtained his license at Ft. Trumbull.

On the other hand Lt. Grabhorn plans to stay in the Navy. He was on a ship 11 months before he boarded the Santa Maria. He's been on the SM for 10 months. He discussed radar, radio and visual signals.

We turned our guns on Mr. Browning again and, with the psychological prodding from Lt. Grabhorn, discovered his reason: He is a newlywed, married to Anne for 3 mos. & past 3 trips to USA gave him only 9 days with bride



The above insignia is representative of all elements of Armored Divisions aboard ship. Page One of this issue of WET RUN doesn't mean to slight any member of an armored outfit by omission of the insignia along with the infantry divisions layout.

The front page had been put to bed before it was realized that the "thickskinned people" were left out.

Who could forget the armored spearheads?

Who could dare?

* * * *

Let no reader feel that because his insignia is not included that his outfit has been ignored?

But there are so many units represented now in the 99th Division, that WET RUN takes this chance to honor vets of all - and that means all echelons - field artillery, QM, the Engineers, Corps, Army, etc.

W E T R U N

Published daily at sea, this volume of the ship's newspaper is buried at sea. The editor pays particular thanks to Lt. C. S. Scholl, Transport Service Officer and his able assistant David. Mandeville, of Elmira, N.Y. Also to Don Lyford, most competent associate editor; John Blake, Harold Dittmann, E. A. Mahar, Lyle Raddatz, reporters; and Eugene McCart, untiring pressman.

It has been a pleasure to updig copy and run it for you readers. Because seasickness piloted many of the editions, the editor humbly apologizes for his shortcomings as a sailor.

Now we put WET RUN to bed and we're grateful this voyage home is no dry run.

Samuel Fuller, Editor.

"YOU'RE HEALTHIEST GROUP TO SAIL SHIP" - DR. GILLESPIE

"This bunch of men has been the healthiest of any the Santa Maria has shipped to date," replied Major James T. "Dr." Gillespie, Transport Surgeon, when queried by WET RUN as to his opinion of our voyage.

The statement was enlarged on by the medic, 1st Sgt. Geo. C. Andrews, who revealed that sick call produced less complaints than ever before.

"Perhaps one reason is that you fellows all got enough points to be discharged soon and no one is 'bucking for a release from overseas duty'," he added. "Even the rate of VD is lower than usual."

With a marvelously complete hospital that includes modern dental equipment and everything

necessary for expert surgery, the Santa Maria has taken care of all sorts of emergencies. Eight trips have been made carrying between 400-600 hospitalized



soldiers. Seasickness on this trip has been average.

"HAVE YOU EVER FOUND YOURSELF THINKING -ABOUT THE ATOMIC BOMB?" ASKS CADET EDWARD SHOBER

CPL. LIEB'S LATENT TALENTS REVEALED

Cpl. Harold Lieb, of Chicago, is a gifted old man despite his facial camouflage. After telling the story of the side-show freak who always ended an argument with: "Well, anyway, two heads are better than one!" - he admitted he's penning a tune dedicated to his wife, Esther. He's titled it: "You'll Never No!"

* * *

WET RUN GRATEFUL TO TRANSPORTATION CORPS' PERM. ARMY DETACHMENT

To Capt. Wm. E. Keenan, Hartford, Conn., Ship's Adj. and Asst. Transport Commander and his staff: Sgt. Major Weber, Sgt. Joe Sardino, Cpl. Leonard E. Meyer, Sgt. John A. Riegert Pfc Harry Cohen the WET RUN expresses thanks for the cooperation it received.

If the staff got in their hair it was for the benefit of the paper.

...To think that a little man with a moustache ... caused this fantastic alteration in my life," thought the 19-yr-old cadet of Phila., Pa. "But you know and I know that a little man with a moustache did not cause this conflagration."

The youth, studying navigation under Mr. L. D. Browning, recently sold an article on Spain to the Saturday Evening Post... "What did cause it -" he resumes. "Is it man's inherent evil, or was it an act of God attempting to educate mankind for a finer life & a finer world. With the entrance of the atomic bomb, it's now possible to see the end of civilization as we know it with the next war. With this in sight will we not be welded into a united world? Is this the last challenge to complete peace, or complete destruction?"

Shober is now in the Annapolis of the Merchant Marine.

IT TAKES GOOD MEN TO FEED MEN AT SEA

The most consistently active area aboard is undoubtedly the troop mess hall... where more than 1800 men are fed daily. The main meals are breakfast and supper with a "snack" thrown in at midnight and noon.

Taking care of the myriad details involved are 238 men, mostly from the Recon and Hq Co. under direction of Williamson.

Separated into 6 sittings of about 300 men each, men are lined up all over the Santa Maria to file through the cafeteria-type chow line and be fed in the assembly line fashion we have come to know so well.

Peace seldom reigns in the mess hall. When men are not actually eating, there is much cleaning and preparing to be done. The mess

hall also doubles as a recreation hall in the evenings and all night.

This huge enterprise serves not a few dozen, but more than 1800 apples, oranges, ice cream cups, etc. at a crack.

Our own cooks from various companies take care of the kitchen which includes baking 500 loaves of bread daily.

The general consensus of opinion is that the chow is very good in comparison to other ships we have traveled on.

And many of you have been on English, French and even Australian ships and you know the score when it comes to mess!

However, we're getting darn good food under the circumstances ... and every GI on the Santa Maria admits this fact.

"ATTENTION, PLEASE... THAT IS ALL" - SAGA OF P.A.

Doing their bit to make the long voyage home as pleasant as possible were the permanent party and attached personnel of Chaplain Arthur S. Woodruff's office which was responsible for the musical programs & movies, also the religious services. Chaplain Woodruff was assisted by David Mandeville. Sgt. James R. Estes, Indianapolis, acted as projector repairman and sound engineer while Don Ball of Detroit and Paul Martin of Savannah served as radio control panel operators for Special Services Radio Station WSM. John Johnson served as announcer for some of the programs originating there while the Chaplain handled the master-works hour. Movie operators were Murry Diehl, Milwaukee, James Sykes, Wash. D.C., James Weir, Covington, Tenn. and John Johnson, Atlanta. When asked for comments on their work the boys had nothing to say except they were most happy at having been able to serve and they expressed happiness at returning to the beautiful "life civil". The entertainers were Steve Shema, Hazleton, Pa. baritone, Merle Chambers, drummer, Joe Stout, Shelbyville, Ind. baritone, Charles Whalen, MC of NYC, Mel Hill, Leighton, Pa. tenor sax, Lt. Howard Smith, Richmond, Va. Special Service Officer, George Gunberg, New Bedford, Mass. baritone and the star of the show, Art Guilmette, professional artist who played the Boston Coconut Grove also swanky nitespots in NY and Hollywood. Every sound, every whisper, every note through the Public Address system was savored by the passengers aboard the Santa Maria.

TO THE MEN ... "We've had a pleasant voyage ... a pleasure trip as compared to our voyage the other way. No blackout conditions, movies, etc. has certainly made this trip a memorable one in contrast to previous experience. You men have behaved very well. Morale has been excellent. It has been an honor to command such a fine group of men - at such a magnificent time."

GEORGE M. SHUSTER, Lt. Col. Inf.
Troop Commander

- AN INTERVIEW WITH MEN BEHIND THE MESS

In an effort to capture the spirit of those responsible for the operation of our seagoing cafeteria, WET RUN interviewed a representative group of kitchen personnel. Here are the results:

Wm. Bryant, 1st Sgt. and general supervisor: "There has been lots of hard work and the men have done a darn good job. We could see a difference in both working and eating during the period of worst seasickness, but our crew really put out under all circumstances."

Wm. A. Rodgers, dining room KP on evening shift: "It has been a rough deal working from noon until 8 or later every day. But we did get plenty to eat - that's one good thing. I didn't get seasick because I was raised on the water. My home is Panama City, Florida."

Michael Mazias, mess sgt from Campbell, Ohio: "Our kitchen facilities have been of the best. Everything is handy and the food is good."

Fred Spears, Cliffside N.C. and Andrew Toleno, Jersey City - both cooks: "There's quite a difference cooking with oil burners & steam," they said, "but it is a good racket. The quantity and quality of food: better than we ever had in an army kitchen and the equipment is fine."

TO THE MEN

"In spite of bad weather and mechanical troubles we are nearing our destination without any accident, injury, sickness or other serious incident. The ship has been kept clean, meals have been on time, and the working details responsible for these results are to be commended."

"Good luck to each of you"

MAJOR WM. YOUNG
Transport Commander

TIP TO TROOPS: Get David "The Hawk" Douthaz, Kentucky guitarist & Emil Popovic of Cleveland to put on a professional show for you today while sweating out first sign of the U.S.A.

This is an appropriate time to wisecrack about going home, to inform you not to continue certain doggie verbal acts, or physical acts, at home.

NET RUN sincerely believes that this is not the time for such humor.

The most important fact is: WE MADE IT.

Many of us, at one time or another, figured we would never make it. How many vets of El Guettar or Tunisia thought they would be alive to sail on the Santa Maria?

How many field artillerymen men who supported doughboys in Sicily from Gela through Gangi to Troina to Randazzo thought they would be able to swap tales aboard the Santa Maria bound for USA?

How many of you invaders of Omaha Beach and Utah Beach on 6 June 1944 thought, as you hit the cold water, that you would see Boston in September?

How many members of those divisions that came to Normandy, fought the tedious, dangerous, vicious battle of the hedgerows, saw Caumont fall, saw it retaken, fought to recapture her dreamed that one day you would be writing telegrams to those at home, telling them of your arrival?

How many doggies who followed up the great air attack on 25 July, the famous breakthrough out of Normandy, the rush toward Coutances, the Falaise Gap - how many would have put a franc on their chances to survive being sick a few days on the Santa Maria?

How many grizzly, young vets of Metz and Holland and Mons and Aachen - how many visualized that one day you would taste that magnificent sea air again, without sweating out an invasion?

Yes, there was the breakthrough, the line swayed, the headlines screamed, planes brought replacements, ships brought replacements, trucks brought them - some of you were those replacements, some of you saw replacements off the truck, walk a hundred yds and that was the end of the replacements ...

But we made it - those aboard this ship.

It is a good, wholesome, clean sensation. It is a difficult feeling to describe, for there is no other feeling like it. No one, not a soul in the world, can appreciate how you feel...only the man who got cramps and trench feet in foxholes; only the man who knows the difference between an 88 and a girl's scream; only the man who has tasted the incredulous enemy mortar fire - only such a man can meet your eye today and accept what is in your heart.

There is always an epitaph for the dead.

This editorial is an epitaph for the living.

You made it.

You were lucky.

That cross made from a C-ration box in Stolberg is not forgotten ... that pair of leggins sticking out of the water at Oran, at Casablanca, at Gela, at Easy Red, that is not forgotten ...

But neither shall the living be forgotten.

Remember how you felt when you actually touched the beach in an invasion? You made it!

Remember how you felt when you came through an attack? You made it.

They can't take that feeling away from us. We didn't ask to be introduced to that feeling. It came, like a juggernaut, and it can't be halted. No man is prescient. No man knew he would be alive to make this sailing.

But we waited such a long, long, long time ... We waited and griped and cursed and proceeded to wait all over again ...

It is indeed a grand and glorious feeling.

S/SGT WEBER, 12 TRIPS ON
SANTA MARIA, SPEAKS MIND

Soldier Living Life
of Sailor Loves Sea

S/Sgt. Simon Weber, 24, single of Lakewood, N.J. has been in the Army approximately 3 yrs.

16 months of that time has been spent sailing on the Santa Maria. In 1943 he was with a Corps of Engineers. Switched to the Transportation Corps, he sweated out an assignment in Manhattan, and along came the Santa Maria.

He's made trips to Naples, Utah Beach, Cherbourg, Southampton, Plymouth, Swansea in Wales, Oran, Casablanca, Takoradi (Gold Coast, Fr. Africa) and Marshall, Liberia.

But he has only 60 points!

"Do you like the sea?" he was asked.

"I've been on it 16 months" he smiled through his nifty moustache. "Isn't that a good enough answer?"

He went on. "I think I'll get out, though, beginning of next year. Now my biggest relief is no blackouts and no subs - and a man can enjoy a smoke. I'm anxious to get back to the States to see her."

"Oh - your girl?"

He laughed. "She's five years old. Joan, my niece."

He tapped nervously on his desk.

"Why so nervous?"

"I'm worried about my mother."

"Anything wrong?"

He shook his head. "It's my moustache. She doesn't know I have one."

We encouraged the Sgt/Major of the Santa Maria that his mother would understand.



SIMON WEBER & MOUSTACHE

THANX, SANTA
MARIA, CAPT.
MACDERMID,
AN' CREW!

