

A New TRIGGER is Launched

14 June a Big Day for Submariners

THE ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY's Groton shipyard was strangely quiet on 14 June as the Navy prepared to launch a new submarine, the closest thing to the "pure" boat sub men have ever seen. Here in the driving rain a new TRIGGER slid down the ways.

New from the keel up, the SS-564 will take to sea the newest and most secret of the Navy's underwater weapons. First of six TANG-Class boats to be launched, the TRIGGER will travel faster submerged than on the surface.

When the TRIGGER takes her first dive she will be finishing another dive—the last dive—made by the first TRIGGER, which never came back from that fatal 12th war patrol. Lost in March, 1945, the TRIGGER ran up a score of 27 Jap ships before she got it. Tonnage total was 180,600, and she is also credited with damaging an additional 103,000 tons of enemy shipping.

The new sub's prospective CO is CDR Edward L. "Ned" Beach, Jr., one of the Navy's most brilliant young officers. Second in his class at the Academy, first at sub school, Ned Beach was awarded the Navy Cross for War Two service. He is a former XO of the old TRIGGER and, most recently, has been Naval Aide to JCS Chairman Omar Bradley.

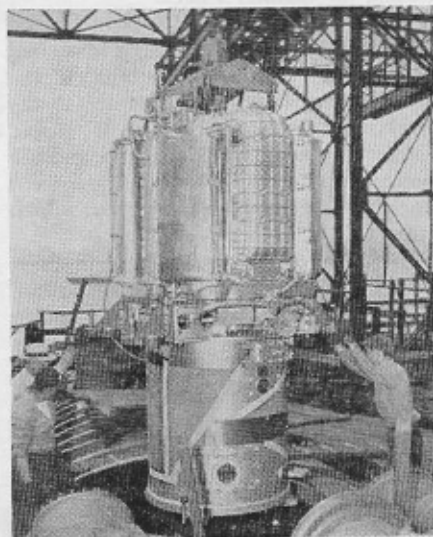
Sailing with him will be Walter P. Wilson, SDC, who made 11 patrols in the original TRIGGER and through one of those off twists of fate missed the 12th—and last—patrol. Wilson has over 16 years in, all spent in subs except for a cruise in the RANGER.

Beach and Wilson and the handful of men already assigned to the boat stood on deck and rode down with the TRIGGER, giving three healthy cheers as she hit the water.

Sponsor of the new TRIGGER is Mrs. Vida Connole Benson, widow of CDR

David R. Connole, who took the older boat out on that last patrol. With her was young Ricky Connole, 6½, who was born at New London only a few months before the father he never knew was lost with his crew and his boat.

Standing with Ricky was CAPT Roy S. Benson, the sponsor's present husband. Himself a former TRIGGER skipper during WWII, Roy Benson has had a distinguished career in submarines and is now stationed in Washington. CAPT Benson has been awarded two Navy Crosses, two Silver Stars and three Presidential Unit Citations. Among his wartime commands were the NAUTILUS and HALIBUT, in addition to the TRIGGER, which he skippered in 1942 and 1943.



The TRIGGER's new Diesel—lighter, more powerful than ever before.

CAPT and Mrs. Benson were married in 1948, three years after the death of CDR Connole, a close personal friend of CAPT Benson. CDR and Mrs. Connole were married in 1939, and young Ricky was born in September, 1944.

ALTHOUGH THE LAUNCHING had a strong dramatic appeal to observers, it was impossible to overlook the naval aspects of the ceremony. The new TRIGGER—with her sisters, the TANG, WAHOO, TROUT, GUDGEON and HARDER—is a forerunner of the submarine of the future, the boat with which we intend to meet any threat to our security.

Armament of the boat is secret. At the launching, her bow and stern were securely covered with well-lashed tarps to prevent anyone from seeing what is now located where the standard tubes used to be fixed.



The new TRIGGER tastes the sea.

The elimination of deck guns permits additional room below for long-patrol batteries, room previously taken up with ordnance stores. Designed for underwater operation, the boat will be capable of submerged speeds of "17 knots plus." No surface speed was disclosed, but she will be slower on top than down below.

Weighing 1600 tons, the TRIGGER is 268 feet in length, some 40 feet shorter than War Two boats. She is propelled by a new-type Diesel engine—one third the previous size—developed by General Motors after five years' research, which will provide even more space below decks. CDR Beach told OUR NAVY that he had never seen a sub which had so much internal room.

The launching of the new TRIGGER was also a red-letter day for the Elco people, now pushing forward work on two more boats of the same class. Founded in 1899 to finance the work of John P. Holland, Elco built the Navy's first sub—the HOLLAND—and the TRIGGER launching marks the 222nd submarine built for the Navy since. This is almost 50 per cent of all pigboats purchased by the Navy over the past half-century.

Elco built the FLASHER and TAUTOG, credited with the most WWII kills, and recently launched the K-1, first antisubmarine submarine in history. In recognition of Elco's services, RADM Stuart S. Murray, ComSubLant, presented the company with a plaque honoring the late Lawrence York Spear, pioneer submarine designer whose foresight while with Elco was of inestimable value to the Navy. Joseph S. Vrabel, PM1, of the New London Sub Base, did the bas-relief of Mr. Spear which is featured on the plaque, which was cast by crewmen of the sub tender ORION.

AS THE CUTTING TORCHES burned through the last bit of plate still holding the TRIGGER on the ways, the next-of-kin of crewmen of the first TRIGGER, her new men, and a handful of former

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Vida Connole Benson launched her well.

someone picked him up. Boats started getting bluer and bluer. Even Bakes gave in, and every Tuesday and every Thursday he would bring big handfuls of cookies to the monkey, but he wouldn't eat.

Finally the word got up to the Skipper that the monkey was dying, and one morning (I remember it was Thursday) he brought Shanghai, the Doc, down and they both looked at the monkey, and the Doc held sick call on him.

"There's not a thing wrong with him, Captain," Doc said, "except that the poor thing's spirit's broken. He'll never be the same again. I doubt if he lives out the day."

The skipper looked at Boats' trembling lip. There was a dribble of snoot juice on it, and his eyes looked like two holes in a snow bank.

Hard as the Old Man was, he looks at the monkey, and his voice trembles. "Well, hell, you might as well turn him loose."

They turned him loose, and he crept around on starboard side and curled up on a flemish and flaked out until four bells. That's when Bakes put out the cookies. If you had noticed the rascal, you would have seen this one eye open up now and then and take a bearing.

AND JUST AS SOON as the cookies were out and Bakes had gone back in the bake shop, the monkey jumps up and makes a dash for the end pan. In one jump he is in the middle of it, and he grabs a couple of handfuls of cookies, and dashes down the whole line of pans, scattering cookies this way and that, runs out through the hangar onto the quarterdeck, up the ladder, across the

boat deck, up the bridge, up the mast, out on the yard, and swings by his tail and eats the cookies.

Then he came down and crawled in the port to the Skipper's cabin. He got into the baskets of paper work and slung it all over the room, and dumped over a bottle of red ink right on the Skipper's whites. Then he went into the closet and messed up all the skipper's clothes, messed up his shoes (and in his shoes), and then parades the red ink all over the wardroom country.

The Old Man screamed like a gooney bird and hit the overhead.

"Boats," he yells, "get rid of that ape now! This is the end of the hunt!"

With tears in his eyes Boats takes his monkey forward to the forecandle deck, and a gunner's mate follows carrying a five-inch-fifty shell.

"No, I'll do it myself," Boats says when the gunner's mate offers to do it. And he takes the lanyard and ties one end around the shell and passes the other around the monkey's neck.

The chaplain drones, "And in blessed assurance of the day when the seas shall give up their dead, we now commit the body of our friend and shipmate to the everlasting deep. Amen."

There was just a little splash, and the monkey was gone. While the men went aft, Boats sat down on the anchor winch and cried.

Even Dago Harbor was hot in them days, Son, and a sub come a-sneakin' around Point Loma and follows a ship in through the nets to where the "Mighty O," pride of the Fleet, is lying peacefully anchored in the stream—a sleeping war dog.

Suddenly the lookout yells, "Impulse

bubble! Torpedo! Broad on the starboard beam!"

Torpedo defense blares on the bugle, and the growlers howl! All hands dash for torpedo defense stations! The "Mighty O" is helpless.

But suddenly the "Mighty O" heels over hard to port and sends up a bow wave that it capsizes a garbage lighter that is standing out of the harbor a mile down the stream! In seconds she wheels with her fantail toward the torpedo, and that fish passes down the full length scraping off a few barnacles here and there, and it explodes with a tremendous roar on the North Island quay.

All hands rushed forward to see what had saved the ship. The anchor chain was straight down and swinging back and forth like there was no bottom. The Old Man elbows his way through the mob and is standing right there when the monkey comes crawling up the chain with the five-inch-fifty shell slung over one shoulder and the anchor over the other.

"Call away the gig, Skipper. I got a date at the Balboa zoo," the monkey says.

AND NOW THE "MIGHTY O" is the happiest ship afloat, and every Tuesday and every Thursday when Bakes puts out the cookies to cool, the monkey is hiding out somewhere, and he jumps up on the end pan, grabs a couple of handfuls of cookies, and dashes down the whole line of pans, scattering cookies this way and that, runs out through the hangar onto the quarterdeck, up the ladder, across the boat deck, up the bridge, up the mast, out on the yard, and swings by his tail and eats the cookies.



It wouldn't be quite accurate to say that the crew of the USS WHITEHURST DE-634 adopted 13-year-old Jimmy Pon Sun Se. Rather, the bright-eyed Korean orphan adopted the crew. A year ago, Jimmy was leading an average life. Then the Ko-Reds came to Inchon and Jimmy's parents, both outspoken anti-Communists, were executed. His older brother was killed in action. His sister died in a bombardment, leaving Jimmy without a living relative. He got to Pusan, where G3M Ralph W. Haislip and SH3 Willis Roll "sprung" him from a refugee stockade. Now he's well-fed and clean and happy. When the WHITEHURST is rotated, Jimmy will have to stay behind.

(Continued from page 10)

crewmen who missed the last cruise (among them Lauren Kohrs now an Elco employee who will be a member of the civilian trial crew) got ready to wish the new TRIGGER good hunting.

The plates gave on the 14th hole and Mrs. Benson made sure this new TRIGGER was well launched. As she swung that bottle, she was swinging for many people. Those who were on hand, of course, but also for Dave Connole and his men.

The SS-564 was moved around to the wet dock for fitting out, and will be ready for commissioning and shakedown in December.

But the USS TRIGGER does not require the formal band-playing and speech-making of this coming December to make her a live ship. Her soul is that of the men who went on the 12th patrol with Dave Connole. Her heart is of the men who will sail in her. Her future is, we hope, with the prayers and hopes of Vida Connole Benson, Ricky Connole, Roy Benson and all the others present here and throughout the Silent Service.

Men Lost on the TRIGGER whose Next of Kin Attended the Launching Ceremony:

Joseph M. Boeding, TM3
Ray J. Harrison, RT2
Robert W. Murray, S1
Robert C. Pollack, EM2
Norman N. Rondeau, RM2
George S. Targosz, GM3
Warren C. Thompson, EM2
Former TRIGGER Crew Members who Attended:

H. R. Brown
Lauren Kohrs
D. T. McCleod
Howard Spencer
Officers and Men Already Assigned to the New TRIGGER:

CDR E. L. Beach, Jr.
LCDR H. E. Shear
LT A. M. Adams, Jr.
LTJG C. A. Rulon
LTJG J. B. Wilson
A. W. Beales, EN1
K. F. Belcher, ENC
C. B. Billing, YN1
L. L. Garlock, FC1
P. E. Kane, QMC
R. E. Miller, TM1
N. J. Pascouchi, ENC
I. R. Quackenbush, EM1
F. T. Revezzo, EN1
J. G. Smith, TMC
W. H. Wallace, Jr., ETC
L. P. Walsh, TM1
R. E. J. Wheeler, EMC
W. P. Wilson, SDC

Stars for VINCENNES

... how many battle stars does the USS VINCENNES CL-64 rate?

M. R.

USS ANTIETAM CV-36

● She's on for 7 stars on the A-P.—Ed.

1947 Ribbons for DDR-875

... what ribbons for service in the HENRY W. TUCKER DDR-875 from May to Oct. '47?
J. L. V.

● China Service Medal and Navy Occupation Service Medal.—Ed.

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