

But Scott was undaunted. He lead the convoy on a little coasting tour around Caernarvon Bay until he reached a point off Aberdaron. In accordance with his instructions, all vessels dropped anchor and Scott proceeded to inform all officers that they were to go ashore for a conference. Scott had made provision for this possibility by procuring a rowboat while at the Liverpool docks. Encouraging all of this activity were scores of British girls on the beach indicating that we would be welcomed by waving pieces of underwear.

We managed to make shore without mishap and were seated in a pub when the local Home Guard showed up, some with weapons. How were they to know we were not Germans? They also brought along an order to return to our boats immediately.

Again on our way, the next catastrophe to occur was the coming down of a horrendous fog. I had seen it coming and being second in line had closed on Scott's boat. This had so widened the distance between Lane's and McVey's boats that they had become separated from the two leaders by a heavy mist. What followed was a nightmare. Scott had led us right into a horseshoe shaped bay of a place called Lundy's Island. We were in that trap, unable to get out, for over two hours. It was a scenario right out of the Marx Brothers. It seemed that in every direction there was shoreline, waves crashing against rocks. Occasionally the other two boats, Lane's and McVey's would appear as ghostly apparitions out of the fog: hands would be waved and voices shouted, and then each would disappear. Since every officer was forced to stay at the conn, the crews were making merry on the radios. In plain language, they were spreading the word. All of this upset the British who were listening and recording it all. They would let us know about it later. The Germans were probably listening too but, in all honesty, how could they make any sense out of voices coming from four little lost LCTs in the Irish Sea. They must have sensed a degree of insanity in it all. But, in all of this, Scott had really offended the British and a four page report detailing all of the events went to Lt. Commander Morris of the Gunfire Support Group.

When dawn came, the British came and got us, returning us to Holyhead from whence we had started. The following day they placed us in a larger convoy set to sail at seven knots. That said something about the British, too. Truly, they must have had little knowledge of heavily loaded LCT(A)s. Within five minutes, the convoy was out of sight, and the four very slow landing craft were left on their own to make Fishguard.

It was some experience. But all in all, we learned more about ship handling in those few days than we could have learned any other way. After several weeks up the Dart River, the 2227 ran short of fresh water. We wheeled that boat down the ins and outs of the Dart River only to find the water outlet occupied by a New Zealand E-boat. That captain almost turned green when he saw that we intended to tie up to his wooden boat. But we did it, ever so gently that he invited the "officer-in-charge" down for a drink. It was all in knowing how, and that we owed to Lundy's Island and an Irish Sea fog.

