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## Seawolf

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overloaded her diesel engines, once surfaced the *Pickrel* with a 72-degree angle, and made the first 5,000-mile snorkel trip. Captain Schratz demonstrated the kind of audacity that can contribute to victory and expand the operational envelope of the submarine.

While technology has changed enormously since this officer served afloat, there can be no doubt that any future war will be extremely hazardous and it will require audacious commanding officers of great ability. Those who command, or hope to command, one of our fine new submarines can gain their own fun, and profit, from reading *Submarine Commander*.

RICHARD B. LANING  
 Captain, U.S. Navy (Retired)  
 Orlando, Florida

Breuer, William B. *Seawolf*. California: Presidio, 1989. 318pp. \$18.95

*Seawolf* is the biography of an unusual naval officer, John D. Bulkeley. The author devotes only three pages to the early, formative years of his subject, but this is just as well. Bulkeley lived through enough real life adventure to fill the rest of the book.

Breuer wraps his story around quotes from Bulkeley, friends and associates. The statements by Bulkeley help to reveal his essentially strong, though sometimes obstinate character.

Bulkeley early announced that he was going to sea and to the Naval

Academy, even though at that time he had no prospect of an appointment. Characteristic of the way he was later to do everything else, Bulkeley attacked the problem by studying day and night for several months. Then he visited the offices of every congressman who would see him. When all seemed lost, Bulkeley found one who served his need with an appointment.

The studies and the hazing at the Naval Academy presented no problem for Bulkeley, but after graduation, he encountered a problem that even his determination could not solve: The depression navy had been forced to deny commissions to the lower half of the graduating class, the half in which Bulkeley found himself. Still determined, he tried life as a flying cadet in the Army Air Force. After walking away from several crashes, he was delighted to hear that the navy would, belatedly, give him a commission.

Then began a series of unbelievable incidents. The first involved Bulkeley's decision to steal a briefcase from a traveling Japanese ambassador. Naval Intelligence did not appreciate this embarrassing show of initiative and arranged to have Bulkeley shipped off to the Asiatic Station. This early experience on the China station was later to be of great value to Bulkeley and indirectly to the Asiatic Fleet.

Shortly after returning to the States, Bulkeley began his long association with the U.S. Navy's new motor torpedo, or, PT boats.

Early in December 1941, Bulkeley arrived back at Manila with six boats of his squadron. (The other six still at Pearl Harbor when war broke, never arrived.)

The morning of 8 December, (7 December Hawaii time) found Lieutenant Bulkeley's PT boats barely ready for war. The attack on Clark Field later that day, when the Japanese found most of our aircraft on the ground, resulted in the destruction of the Army Air Force in the Philippines. This action affected the surface ships of the Asiatic Fleet because, mostly old ships built for an earlier war, they had little anti-aircraft firepower. Now, with no air protection of any sort, most had to go south to Java. There, many of them perished in action against more modern and more powerful forces.

Meanwhile, General MacArthur's army, beaten on the beaches, quickly abandoned its supplies in the Lingayen Plain and retreated to the Bataan Peninsula where, hungry and disease-ridden, it hung on for months. At the same time, the torpedoes, with which the Asiatic Fleet's numerous submarines were armed, proved defective. Then, with their base on Manila Bay destroyed, the submarines, too, went south.

The PT boats were the only offensive naval weapon left in the Philippines. Thus began a long, close, and loyal relationship between Bulkeley and MacArthur.

Bulkeley's small force attacked the Japanese at every opportunity, though they accomplished less than General MacArthur's public affairs

barrage claimed. To Bulkeley's credit, he never personally claimed many sinkings.

Mr. Breuer offers fresh insight into General MacArthur's famous escape in Bulkeley's PT boats, with some of the members of his staff. At Mindanao, Bulkeley's passengers transferred to B-17 bombers which took them to Australia. After the demise of the last of his boats, Bulkeley, too, was flown to Australia. Following a brief reunion with his new patron, Bulkeley returned to the United States to a tumultuous welcome and a prolonged series of trips around the country on tours to promote the sale of war bonds. In October 1942 Bulkeley accompanied a new group of PTs to New Guinea, where he led a series of daring assaults on Japanese ships and bases. However, though the Japanese could not bring him down, malaria did, and he was sent home in November 1943.

Upon his recovery, he went to Europe and a tour of introducing OSS spies into France, using the old familiar PT boats. After protecting the main force of the Normandy invasion, Bulkeley was promoted to command of the new destroyer *Endicott*, which took part in the invasion of southern France. Then, with the war over, he was involved in the production of the film *They Were Expendable*. But the jobs were dull in comparison to his previous duties.

A promotion to rear admiral and assignment to command the American naval base at Guantánamo brought a new series of challenges.

The duel between Bulkeley and Castro alone is reason enough to read this book.

Completion of this assignment eventually brought him the appointment as head of the Board of Inspection and Survey. Bulkeley's revival of this moribund group is fascinating. He became almost as famous in this role as Admiral Rickover was in his. Perhaps Bulkeley's contribution to the readiness of the navy and the improvements in the design process fathered by Bulkeley were as important as the advent of nuclear power. Like Rickover, Bulkeley was found to be so essential to the success of this important work that he was kept on to the age of 80, long after his official retirement.

This biography is vibrantly written and so well-organized that the reader does not lose interest. It is a book which needed to be written to preserve the exploits of a naval officer who looked danger in the face many times and won, both at sea and in the shore-bound bureaucracy of government.

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Hopkins, William B. *One Bugle No Drums*. Chapel Hill: Algonquin Books, 1986. 274pp. \$19.95

The author served in the Korean War as company commander, H & S Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Marines, during the epic withdrawal

of the 1st Marine Division from the Chosin Reservoir in 1950.

The book which combines history with autobiographical memoir, is a critical examination of American strategy in Korea. There are, however, recurring expressions of bitterness toward General MacArthur and his failed and costly strategy in North Korea.

Beginning with the departure of his Marine Corps Reserve unit from Roanoke, Virginia, in August 1950, Hopkins narrates his personal view of the war until he was wounded at Uisong, four months later. He includes affectionate and amusing recollections of his comrades (officer and enlisted), as well as a graphic account of the withdrawal from Chosin, with emphasis on the role that his battalion played to insure the success of the final move to safety—a tale worth remembering.

The division withdrew from Chosin, facing twenty-five-degree below zero cold and innumerable Chinese Communist formations. As the Marine column trudged down the only road from Koto-ri on the last leg of their journey, the bridge ahead, spanning a 1,000-foot gorge at Funchilin Pass, was blown up by the enemy. The Marines were not overly discouraged, because the Air Force had dropped them replacement bridge sections. However, the Chinese occupied the high ground beyond—south of the gorge—whence they covered the approaches to the bridge site with fire. This proved a dilemma for General Smith