

The Christmas Tree Was Green

Reprint from San Francisco

CLEANSWEEP

The Forward Torpedo Room

Even today, when submariners swap yarns about the triumphs, tragedies, and terror of their trade, the talk often swings to the career of *No. 192*, meaning that she was the 192nd submarine built for or by the U.S. Navy. Through the thread of her life runs an awesome admixture of all three ingredients. Some think of *No. 192* as the *Squalus*, the submarine that, on 23 May, 1939, sank in 240 feet of water off Portsmouth, N.H. with a loss of 36 men. But 33 aboard her were saved due to her timely discovery by the *Sculpin* plus the McCann Rescue Chamber. Others remember *No. 192* not as a ghost ship retrieved from the bottom, but under her new name, the *Sailfish*. As such she sank seven Jap ships aggregating 45,000 tons during World War II. But all recall that, on 4 December, 1943, the *Sailfish*, *nee Squalus*, sank the 20,000-ton Escort Aircraft Carrier *Chuyo*. Among those who drowned, as the *Chuyo* went down, were 20 crewmen of the *Sculpin*. They were enroute to prison camps in Japan following the sinking of their submarine. Such is the irony of fate of *No. 192*.

Squalus was commissioned 1 March 1939 (Mrs. Thomas C. Hart, broke the traditional bottle across the bow). Her commanding officer was Lieutenant Oliver F. Naquin, and her executive officer was Lieutenant William T. Doyle.

Early on the morning of 23 May, 1939 the *Squalus* went to sea through the waters of the Piscataqua River on which the yard is sited. Soon she left Portsmouth Light and historic Fort Constitution to starboard. Then Whaleback Reef, with its light passed down the port side; the Isle of Shoals began to take shape up ahead and the rock bound coast fell away at either hand. The day's mission was to put the sub through evolutions as required prior to her final acceptance for service in the fleet. First on the agenda was a quick dive to simulate the conditions to be met at the up-coming builder's trials; namely, 16 knots surface speed on the main engines and, within 60 seconds, submerge to periscope depth. In addition to the 56 officers and men of the *Squalus* crew, there were 3 civilian observers on board: Hal Preble, naval

architect; Charlie Woods, electrician, from the Navy Yard; and Don Smith from Cleveland Diesel Engine Division. About half of the submarines of the new building program were being engineered by Cleveland Diesel. Hal Preble was in the control room making checks with the exec Lieutenant Doyle and also acting diving officer. Smith and Woods were aft in the machinery spaces probably lending Ensign Joseph H. Patterson, Assistant Engineering Officer, a hand in checking his department.

"Rig for diving" came the order from the Captain. Lieutenant Doyle took the reports from throughout the boat and reported

"Ship rigged for diving, sir." The sudden raucous two blast of the diving alarm, followed by "dive, dive" on the loud speakers, precipitated the action that all awaited. Machinist's Mate 2/c Alfred G. Prien at the hydraulic manifold shoved the main air induction lever to the closed position, saw its green light appear on the Christmas Tree, and reported, "Green board, sir." Pressure in the boat, green board, sir." "Pressure in the boat, green board, sir," reported Doyle to Captain Naquin who had just come down the ladder into the control room. Lt (jg) Robert N. Robertson (lost in WWII aboard the *Argonaut*) was at the periscope in the conning tower. Lt (jg) John C. Nichols, the torpedo officer, was in charge in the forward room. As the depth gauge hand passed 50 feet, Naquin and Preble compared stop watches. "You made it easily, Captain," grinned Preble. With a broad smile, Captain Naquin turned to Doyle. "Good work, Bill," he said. "That was a beauty." Grins and smiles were wiped out by a cry of terror from Yeoman Charles S. Kuncy, the control room talker: "Captain, Captain." Kuncy yelled: "The engine rooms are flooding, sir." Then came another frenzied call over the intercom from aft: "Take her up. The induction is open." It seemed too fantastic to be real. No one in the control room crew had ever known such an emergency. For an instant, everyone seemed frozen in his tracks; then orders came thick and fast. "Blow all main ballasts." "Bow bow buoyancy." "Bow safety." "Hard rise" "Close water-tight doors." "Close ventilation flappers."

With the boat taking a sharp angle down by the stern, men leaped to execute the orders. Simultaneously, great volumes of water poured into the control room through the ship's ventilation ducts from aft. Oliver Naquin and his men tried desperately to surface the sub and even to keep their footing. High pressure air roared into the ballast tanks and for a few moments *Squalus* hung at a fairly even trim at 70 foot depth. Then as the after compartments filled and motive power was lost, her stern dropped swiftly to bottom, giving the boat a terrific up angle of 35 to 40 degrees. All the while, the green lights of the Christmas Tree gleamed. They announced to all and sundry that the boat was closed and secure. In disciplined haste, men ran to the after bulkhead and closed the flapper valves in the spouting ventilation ducts. At the same time, Lloyd B. Manfess, Electrician's

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Memorial Fund Director

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Continued from Page 15

Mate 3/c, was scrambling, slipping, falling, from the after battery compartment toward the control room door. His duty, as emergency guard at that particular bulkhead door, was to close and dog it on captain's orders and regardless of consequences to luckless men who might be locked out. And the captain's order had been given.

Maness, assisted by Arthur L. Booth, RM1/c, and John J. Batick, another electrician had been taking readings. "I had partly closed the door," Maness recalled, "when several men shouted from behind me." "They yelled, 'keep it open, for God's sake, keep it open.' Orders are orders, but I could not just stand there and see them drown. I let the door swing back to allow five of them to slip through. Last man - and he made it just by an eyebrow - was Bill Isaacs, the ship's cook. Batick never made it out of the battery well where he was working. But Booth was on hand." There was no one else in sight nor was there time to think of others who still might be back there. The door had to be closed to save the control room and perhaps the whole ship. He wrestled it shut and dogged it tight. "I have the utmost sorrow for my shipmates who died," said Maness afterward, "but I would not hesitate to do the same thing, if similar circumstances required."

In the forward battery spaces, located under the officer's quarters, Lawrence J. Gainor, CEM, and Allen C. Bryson, MM2/c were about to take cell readings in the battery well. Their attention was drawn from task at hand when they heard the talker on the battle telephone "The engine rooms are flooding." Gainor, with years of submarine experience behind him was not a man to be stampeded by emergencies. The dimming of the lights plus the low voltmeter reading on the after bulkhead showed a dangerously high rate of discharge. This, combined with the bad angle down by the stern, decided Gainor upon action. The water must have shorted the main motors or after battery and that would mean fire and possible explosions. Battery disconnect switches must be thrown at once. These were located at the after end of the battery under the deck. To reach them, a man had to crawl along strips of planking on top of the cells (a hell of a place to be caught if electrical fires started). Without a word and without a moment's hesitation, Gainor dived down the open manhole in the battery deck, worked his way aft, and grabbed the handle of the positive disconnect switch. The electric arc, when he jerked

it open, so blinded him that he could hardly find the second switch. However, he got the job done and thereby may have saved the lives of the control room personnel. Had they been cut off from the escape trunk in the forward torpedo room, they would have had recourse only to a danger-fraught escape from the conning tower with the lung, under the terrific pressure of 240 feet of water. The situation in the control room was desperate.

Amazing as it may seem for men facing death in the dark at 40 fathoms, there was no sign of panic. Oliver Naquin, grasping the handles of No. 1 periscope for support, weighed the qualities of his shipmates and did not find a single man wanting. Captain Naquin found no trouble in establishing voice contact with Lieutenant Nichols in the forward torpedo room. The latter reported that all was well and all hands forward were safe. But communications with the after compartments was dead and so, undoubtedly, were the 26 men who had been caught there.

This conclusion was largely prompted by the ship's cook, William Isaacs, last man out from aft. He explained that he had just come up into the galley from the cubicle of a storeroom beneath it when he heard what sounded like air escaping. "I stuck my head out of the galley to take a look-see. Water was everywhere. I ran aft to the door of the engine room. The door was closed but not dogged down. I looked through the eyeport in the door. I saw a solid sheet of water pouring down the main engine induction duct. There was no one in sight in the engine room. Only seconds had passed, and yet I stood in water knee-high and raising. I reached the control room door just as Lloyd Maness was about to slam it shut."

Naquin and Doyle, after a brief conference, decided that the fatal flooding had been caused when the main induction valve's hydraulic system did not close the 31 inch duct as the submarine made her dive. The *Squalus*, as though weary of the struggle, settled down to the bottom. She came to rest on an even keel with an 11 degree up angle. Naquin considered trying to blow more ballast tanks. But with the after compartments flooded, that would be futile. It would only waste the diminishing supply of high-pressure air that might become vital need for breathing later on. He turned to Gene Cravens GM1/c, and ordered: "Fire a red smoke rocket." To the talker he said "Tell Mr. Nichols to release the forward marker buoy and keep its phone manned." On this tenuous hope of establishing communication hung the sole chance for rescue before air, oxygen, and soda lime were exhausted for the 33 men still

alive in forward torpedo room and control room.

Admiral Cole Gets Bad News

Rear Admiral Cyrus W. "Cy" Cole's last sea duty had been Commander Submarine Force, U. S. Fleet. In 1939 he was Commandant, Portsmouth Navy Yard. The admiral entered his office promptly at 0900. Shortly thereafter, Lieutenant-Commander Warren D. Wilkin, commanding officer of the *Sculpin*, came into request permission to proceed on duty assigned. "Good luck to you and your boat, Wilkin," said the Admiral, shaking hands. He added, smiling, "And don't forget to bring her up the same number of times you take her down." "I won't have any trouble remembering that, Admiral," replied Wilkin with a broad grin. Time came and passed for the *Squalus* to report surfacing, but not such report came in. Lieutenant Commander Curley (his Aide) directed the yard radio station to contact her. When she was almost an hour overdue, the Admiral could no longer conceal his anxiety. Curley reported that the radio station was unable to raise the *Squalus*. Admiral Cole, his face grave, jammed on his hat, crossed the common to the sea wall abreast the *Sculpin*, and called for the Captain. He directed Wilkin to get underway at once, and to keep a bright lookout for *Squalus* while passing through her diving area.

Back in his office Admiral Cole phoned Captain R.S. Edwards, Commander Submarine Base New London. Captain Edwards was a submariner from the days of the *C-boats* and destined to be Chief of Staff and strong right arm for Fleet Admiral King in WWII. Instantly, Captain Edwards said he would put the *USS Falcon* on the alert.

Waiting, 40 Fathoms Down

With the forward marker released and a smoke rocket fired, there was nothing for Naquin and his 32 surviving shipmates to do but to try and keep warm and conserve oxygen, air, and soda lime. And to pray that someone would sight their buoy and get them to the surface before time ran out as it had for the lads in the *S-4*. As a last resort, they could escape with the lung. But they would be groggy after a long wait in bad air. Dangerous, too, was the terrific cold of 35 degree water, plus the 107 pounds pressure per square inch which they would have to withstand. Chances for survival in that direction were slim.

Captain Naquin divided the survivors into two groups - 15 in the torpedo room with Nichols, 18 in the control room with himself, Doyle and Robertson. He spoke briefly to his own group. "Well men as you know we are on the botton with ev-

everything flooded aft and the high induction open. We can't possibly surface by our own efforts. We have to wait until someone contacts us, sends a diver down to close the maininduction valve, hooks up air hoses to the compartment salvage lines, and blows us to the surface. It should not be too long a wait. *Sculpin* is passing through this area about noon. Meanwhile, keep quiet. Breathe lightly. No talking. Save your flashlights." He passed similar instructions on to Nichols by intercom. Next consideration was to arrange an adequate supply of air and keep it purified. Soda lime was spread thinly on any available flat surfaces and stirred occasionally to keep it working. Oxygen was released when the air seemed to be getting thin. The galley and its provision storeroom were flooded. The only food available was canned emergency rations. Thoughts of their shipmates and buddies in the spaces aft of the control room and probably dead must have been depressing to the surviving submariners.

Submarine Sunk Here - Telephone Inside

On the bridge of the *Sculpin* the hour was well past noon. So far the search had been fruitless. Suddenly the port lookout shouted: "Red smoke rocket - about a mile ahead". Captain Wilkin ordered "bank speed. Soon another lookout sang out "Marker buoy dead ahead about 500 yards." As the *Sculpin* drew closer, Wilkin slowed, stopped and backed his engines to bring the sub dead in the water abreast the marker. Wilkin went down to be on hand to use the phone housed inside it. Lieutenant Nichols had manned the telephone from the releasing of the marker buoy. Then came a voice. It was the voice of the skipper of the *Sculpin*. Nichols reported as instructed by Captain Naquin. Concurrently, he had the skipper called. Alas, Naquin arrived in time only to exchange "hello" with Wilkin and then the line went dead. It was a heart-breaking thing to have happen. Would their bad luck never take an upward turn? Still, at least they had been found. How long, oh Lord, how long before rescue operations would begin?

(Squalus story will be concluded in the next issue of POLARIS if San Francisco will kindly forward same for publication. -ed.)

The man who thinks he knows it all is a pain in the neck to those who really do.



"Red" Meyer and "Dutch" Dallwitz in forward room USS Barbel (SS580) at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in 1965.

From The Storeroom Of The Memorial Fund Director

To all the wives of Sub Vets. It's time to order that "Digger" Hat for the old Salt. We have most all the sizes, and besides I could use the extra room here. Have a full supply of jewelry, and don't forget the National Crests; they look darn nice on the blazers you get him for his birthday. Quoting Ballenger, "These Crests would even look good on his skivies."

Now to you shipmates: throw those hints around, for as of the first of August (beginning the new fiscal year), all prices on jewelry, hats, etc., and everything that I handle is going up in price. At the present time we are barely breaking even. All our supplies from the jobbers have taken quite a jump. So if any of you are planning on purchasing, do it now. All orders are filled and mailed in 24 to 48 hours. My wife is a good mailman.

This Memorial Fund pays for the expense of the "Last Patrol" certificates and the handling of same. So all of you shipmates and wives, swamp me with orders. Guaranteed fast delivery. Please send your hat sizes, addresses and zip codes to:

Rex W. Chenoweth
Memorial Fund Director
9475 Maltby Rd.
Brighton, Mich. 48116

Tiru Rescues Five Persons at Sea

Reprint from *Subase Pearl Harbor*
PATROL

submitted by Larry Hughes

One of the largest joint search and rescue missions ever conducted in the Guam-Marianas area in recent years ended successfully on April 14th when the USS Tiru recovered five persons drifting in a disable fishing boat 34 miles off the coast of Guam.

The five fishermen were delivered safely to Proteus Point, Guam after their rescue; they had been adrift for almost two days.

The trouble aboard the fishing vessel had occurred about 1:30 p.m. on Sunday, April 12th. The boat developed engine trouble shortly after the five men began their cruise, and at a point southwest of Cocos Island began to drift despite the use of an anchor. The boat's supply of flares was exhausted Sunday night in an unsuccessful attempt to attract search and rescue ships and aircraft which were combing the area.

Early Tuesday morning the exhausted occupants of the disabled vessel spotted the starboard running lights of the Tiru and lighted a make-shift flare of gasoline-soaked rags attached to a pole.

The watch aboard the Tiru spotted the signal, and when it was reported the sub took bearings on the other vessel's light. She then proceeded to the stricken ship.

The Christmas Tree Was Green

Reprint from San Francisco
CLEAN SWEEP
The Forward Torpedo Room

At 1240, Admiral Cole received a signal from the *Sculpin*. Captain Wilkin reported his contact with the *Squalus*. He repeated Captain Naquin's message as received by way of Lieutenant Nichols. He gave the boat's position in 240 feet of water and reported that telephone contact had been broken. Closing with the words: "Am anchored over *Squalus*". Wilkin stood by for further orders. The Admiral's worst fears had been realized. And yet, not all hope was lost. Word was flashed to Washington, to Boston Navy Yard, and to Submarine Base, New London. In New London, the *Falcon*, commanded by Lieutenant George A. Sharp, within a period of 1 hour and 20 minutes was underway. Captain Edwards, in the old destroyer *Semmes* followed and passed the *Falcon* shortly. At Boston Navy Yard, the *USS Wandank*, veteran of the *S-51* and *S-4* disasters, headed for the scene. The new 10,000 ton cruiser *USS Brooklyn* raced from the New York Navy Yard (Sands Street) to the scene. As 23 May slipped into the past, the small hours of a new day dragged on at snail's pace aboard the *Squalus*. Due to extreme cold, all hands were chattering and shivering. Every possible coat, blanket, curtain, and foul weather garment had been pressed into service. The temperature in the *Squalus* was in the low twenties. To men in drenched clothing, that could easily mean pneumonia. Adding to their troubles, traces of chlorine gas (deadly enemy of submariners) were noted in the forward battery. Also the fresh water became tainted. However, it was not uncommon to hear some crew member say to another crew member "Here wrap this around you also" (taking off his coat or foul weather garment and placing it around his shipmates shoulders). During the long day and night which followed her discovery, the *Squalus* kept in touch with the *Sculpin* by messages tapped out in Morse code. Toward morning, the freezing men were cheered by the news that the *Falcon* would arrive at 0430. But best of all, was an oscillator message from the *Falcon* saying: "Fire no more smoke rockets. I am mooring over you." All was nearly ready to start op-

All hands who saw the first men emerge from the Chamber after it surfaced were filled with mixed emotions: joy at seeing the men alive, plus pride and elation at the complete success of this first "business" trip of the McCann Rescue Chamber. Allan McCann literally walked on air. His favorite child had come of age. Commander Momsen, remembering the anxious hours he had put into its development, ran Allen a close second. Willing hands helped the wet, bedraggled *Squalus* submariners aboard the *Falcon*. Lieutenant Nichols brought with him a list of the 33 known survivors. Captain Maquin's report ended with: "Names omitted from this list probably in flooded compartments, and there is little hope of finding them alive." Two other trips were made by the chamber at 1440 and 1640 with 18

survivors. The fourth and final trip started down that night at 1930. The trip down was routine. Quickly the six remaining submariners followed by Doyle and Naquin climbed into the chamber. The submarine's hatch was closed, toggles cast off, ballast tanks blown, and the chamber began to rise under its own buoyancy checked by the down-haul cable. Then about 150 feet from the surface, the chamber came to a squealing stop. The down-haul cable had evidently jammed on a winch. Backing and filling with the motor produced no results. The chamber could move neither up nor down. Commander McCann was in no doubt as to what should be done. Taking the phone, he ordered, "Flood your main ballast."

Flooded," reported Mihalowski. "Now," said McCann, "we will lower you to bottom and send a diver to

erations when Admiral Cole, Captain Edwards, Commander McCann, and Commander Momsen came aboard at 0530. The sea was rough, but Atlantic weather could get much worse - and on very short notice. Admiral Cole, after a conference, decided not to try to raise the submarine by unwatering her flooded compartments. That might take too much time, and time was short. At 1015 Martin Sibitzky, BM1c, diver, went over the side then down. Three minutes later, he thumped down onto the forward deck of the submarine. The submariners inside her will never forget the sound of those leaded diver's boots clumping along the top of their steel-walled coffin. It took Martin only a few minutes to report the situation by phone and clear the severed telephone line out of the way. Then the Rescue Chamber's down-haul cable, which runs from a winch in the lower compartment down through its bottom opening, was lowered to him. He carefully shackled it into the pad-eye on top the escape trunk hatch. All was ready for the rescue. At 1140, on 24 May, the Rescue Chamber was lowered. John Mihalowski, TM1c, was in charge of the chamber (John had participated in its earliest tests at Key West and Great Salt Pond). His assistant in the chamber was Walter E. Harmon, GM2c (Walter undoubtedly owed his life to the fact that he was on leave when the *S-51* was rammed by the *City of Rome*). Both John, and Walter were submariners in addition to being divers. The trip down was without incident. When John Mihalowski opened the *Squalus* top hatch leading down into the escape trunk, a shower of water descended into the submarine. Lieutenant Nichols, taking no chances of further mishap, slammed shut the lower hatch of the escape trunk. John yelled down the hatch, but, getting no answer, climbed down into the trunk and rapped on the lower hatch. That brought results, and soon he was passing coffee and soda lime down to his fellow submariners. Fresh air from the chamber was also blown into the submarine. No time was wasted in talk. Seven men, selected because they were in the poorest condition, climbed up into the chamber. As the only civilian, Preble went first. Lieutenant Nichols, acting under orders, brought up the rear. His task was to acquaint the rescuers with conditions aboard the submarine.

disconnect the down-haul cable from the submarine. Then we'll hoist you to the surface with the up-haul cable. Just take things easy."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the steady voice of Mihalowski.

Walter H. Squire, TM1/c, was hastily dressed to go down to the *Squalus* and disconnect the down-haul cable from the top of the submarine's hatch. "Unshackle it if you can; otherwise cut it," said McCann. On arrival at the hatch, Squire cut the cable. The next step was to attempt to hoist the Rescue Chamber to the surface by means of the up-haul cable. But divers saw that the wire was fraying, due probably to the heavy strain put upon it when the chamber operators were trying to clear the jammed winch. The operation was immediately stopped, lest the cable part entirely. The chamber again

bumped down into the mud. Next two divers were sent down to shackle a new cable to the top of the chamber, but they became entangled in the air and electric lines and were brought up almost unconscious. The situation was now desperate. Risking divers' lives on a job which two excellent men had failed, appeared to be useless. But the chamber had been down about four hours. Some more productive action must be taken. Commanders McCann and Momsen felt that they must risk the buoyancy method assisted by gentle manual hand-over-hand hauling on the damaged cable. This meant lessening the weight of the chamber and increasing its buoyancy by blowing water out of its ballast tanks. A tricky operation.

If too much weight was blown, the chamber would rise with the speed of a rocket. Admiral Cole and Captain Edwards agreed. The proposed procedure was outlined to Mihalowski. With prayers in their hearts the rescue group went into action. Half a dozen men took a strain on the cable. The chamber did not move.

"Blow main ballast for 30 seconds," ordered McCann.

Still no movement. They dared not heave too strongly for fear of parting that last remaining strand. More water had to be blown out of the ballast tank in order to lighten the chamber.

"Blow 15 seconds more".

At last, after one more blow, the cable came slowly over the rail as the men exerted a gentle but steady pull. When the damaged part of the cable was got aboard, things moved faster. With a ripple and sloshing water, the top of the chamber broke into the flood lights that were suspended from the Falcon. A rousing cheer went up from ships in the area.

"I don't think I ever in my life saw a more pleasant sight than that bell when it broke water" said Admiral Cole.

"Amen".

"Squalus" goes to war as "Sailfish"

With a new cable, the chamber went down to the after torpedo room hatch. When the operators got the hatch opened, no hail greeted them from below, only a rush of foul entrapped air and then water. The after compartments of the *Squalus* were completely flooded. Not a soul had survived. 26 died, it was true, but 33 were saved. The submarine service may well be proud of the fact that the chamber had been invented and developed by submarine men. Heartening too were the effective results from the first do-or-die tests of submarine distress rockets and pnone-equipped emergency buoy. It

had served their purpose brilliantly even if the phone connection had been cut short by the parting of the cable. After all, Lieutenant Nichols delivered his all-important information. The thrilling success of the *Squalus* rescue operation was hailed throughout the world. Well deserved promotions and decorations were awarded.

Salvage operations by the use of pontoons began immediately. At the end of 113 days from the date of her sinking, the *Squalus* was berthed at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, a scarred and rusty tomb of the 26 men whose bodies were still within her.

The Court of Inquiry placed the blame for the disaster on "a mechanical failure in the operating gear of the engine induction valve." Also, it found that "no offenses have been committed and no serious blame has been incurred." "Lieutenant Naquin," the Court stated, "displayed outstanding leadership during the sinking of the U.S.S. *Squalus* and rescue of her survivors."

The *Squalus* was placed out of commission. Her officers and crew scattered to various bases, ships, and boats. After complete overhaul and repairs, the *Squalus* was recommissioned in May, 1940, with a new skipper, a new crew, and a new name: the *Sailfish*. Evidently the Navy Department felt that changing her name would help people forget the tragic past. However, her new crew frequently referred to their boat as the *Squailfish*. To Oliver Naquin, it is a matter of keen regret that he did not receive command of his beloved submarine when recommissioned. Perhaps the powers-that-be felt that he needed a change of scene and a chance to forget. However, in leaving submarines, Lieutenant Naquin did not enter a field of service lacking in excitement. On 7 December, 1941, he was engineer officer of the *USS California* when the Japs attacked. After repeated torpedo hits his ship settled on the bottom in the shallow waters of Pearl Harbor.

With many of her sisters, including the *Sculpin*, the *Sailfish* fought World War II in the Pacific. Her record was excellent. She sank seven enemy ships. They included such high priority, difficult, and dangerous targets as an aircraft ferry and the carrier *Chuyo*. If there had been a ghost aboard the *Sailfish*, it seemed amply exorcised by the valor of her officers and men in sinking 45,000 tons of Jap shipping. And yet-did some sort of malignant and malicious spirit survive aboard the boat? The fates that made her send the carrier *Chuyo* to the bottom would

point in that direction.

On 19 November, 1943, the *Sculpin* - which had spotted and stood by the *Squalus* off Portsmouth-was on patrol in the Caroline Islands. As the flagship of a four boat wolf pack covering the Tarawa invasion, the *Sculpin* carried Captain John Cromwell, U.S. Navy, the pack commander. She sighted and attacked a fast convoy, was counter-attacked and mortally damaged by depth charges. In desperation, her skipper, Commander Fred Connaway, surfaced and pitted his lone 3-inch gun against the many heavier guns of a Jap destroyer. It was a forlorn hope, and Connaway, with most of the men on topside, was swept away. With the ship hulled and sinking, Lieutenant George E. Brown, senior surviving officer, ordered abandon ship.

Captain Cromwell said, "Sorry, Brown, I can't go with you; I know too much to be taken prisoner." John Cromwell voluntarily went down with the ship.

Forty-one prisoners from the *Sculpin* were taken to Truk, where they boarded two aircraft carriers for transportation to Japan. As destiny directed, 21 of these submariners were put aboard the *Chuyo*. Only one of them survived the sinking of that carrier two weeks later, on December 4th, by torpedos from the *Sailfish*.

Thus ends the saga of *SS192*. In submarine history, she stands out vividly against a compelling background of tragedy and triumph that is, uniquely, her own. No wonder then, that submariners, when they swap yarns about their trade, dwell on her strange career. Some recall her as the *Squalus*. Some knew her as the *Sailfish*. But all submariners remember her.

Who Lost a Ding-a-ling?

Reprint from *Pennsylvania*
VENTRIDER

Speaking of fan-tail gilly parties - this must have been a beaut! A ship's bell from the *U.S.S. Snapper (SS185)* was recovered recently from the waters of Pearl Harbor by two Navy divers-trainees.

The bell, partially broken, was discovered by two divers who were making a routine underwater search as part of their diver-training. The bell was in 30 feet of water, near pier (Sierra 12) at the U.S. Naval Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor.

It has not been determined just when the bell was lost. *Snapper's* last visit to Pearl Harbor was in November 1944! Maybe there was a shortage of grapefruit juice at that time!