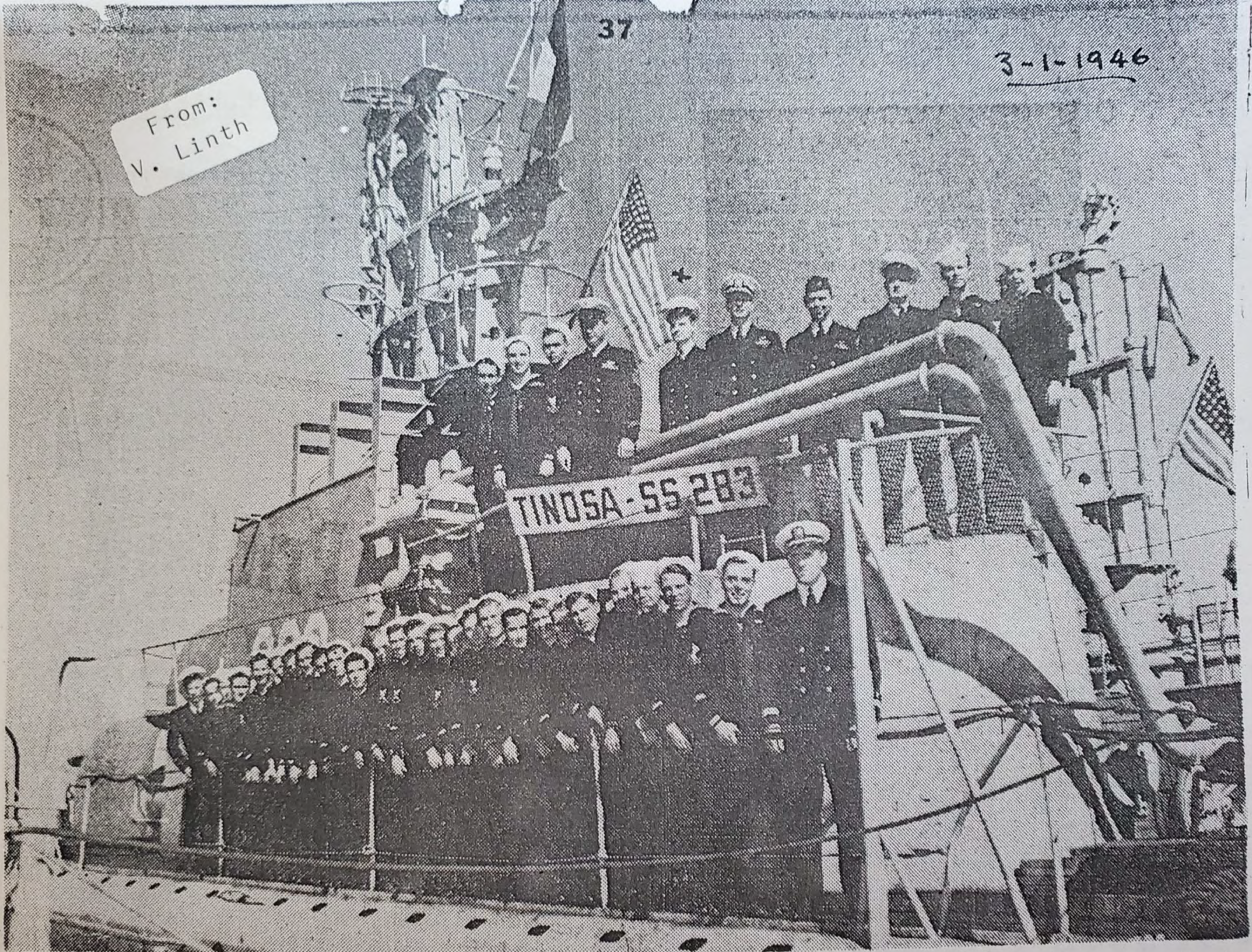


37

3-1-1946From:  
V. Linth

THE TINOSA'S crew lines the rail as the Mare Island submarine joins the 19th (Inactive) Fleet. On the cigarette deck, the Captain is surrounded by the officers and men who have served longest on board. The Presidential Unit Citation flag flies just above the ensign. (Official U. S. Navy photograph).



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Imagine my pride, if you can: TINOSA had made seven war patrols, every one a successful combat patrol. Dan Dasplit was the notable sub skipper who proved the failure of the exploder in the head of the MK 14 torpedo, thereby leading to correction so the torpedoes were now good. By and large, most of the crew had made most of those patrols and had covered their skippers with Navy Crosses and their officers with Silver and Bronze Stars. I was proud, all right, but I wasn't tested; I knew it and the crew knew it. I thought that for everyone's sake, I'd better hold on to that battle-seasoned crew until they pulled me through some real combat, until I was tested and sure of myself. Consequently, I wouldn't transfer anyone, although it seemed that every seasoned man on board had been promised, or expected after overhaul he would go to new construction, refrigeration school, back to Fairbanks Morse for training, or somewhere -- anywhere but back to the war zone. These feelings intensified as we all became aware of the fact that a new frequency-modulated sonar was being installed whose only purpose was to detect mines. Who in the world wants to go look for enemy mines? If it's mined, there won't be enemy shipping there to sink, will there? Where do you want the new 5" deck gun, Captain -- forward or aft of the conning tower? Dan Dasplit and Don Weiss wouldn't be running away and shooting astern -- they'd be chasing somebody and shooting ahead. Mount the gun forward of the conning tower! Mount that new FM Sonar in the keel so we can use it whether surfaced or submerged!

There was a lot of work, but there was fun, too. I soon learned the machine-shop barge moored alongside was a haven for yard workers where one room was set aside as a coffee mess and where yard workers got all the coffee they could drink for free from the TINOSA general mess. Of course, there happened to be several slot machines in that coffee mess, too, and they were ringing away merrily. As a matter of fact, the slot machines had generated over \$6,000 into an unauthorized and illegal slush fund. What are you going to do with that, Latham? Got to get rid of it somehow! So, we had a party -- and what a party! Hired the Hotel Claremont ball room exclusively for TINOSA and had a name band for continuous dance music, unlimited drinks and a fine dinner, all for free. Even so, there remained over \$2,000 in the slush fund. Since the general mess coffee had parlayed into the fund, we spent every last dime of the slush fund by buying the choicest New York steaks and boned meats and loading our freezers to the hilt. Submarines still get an extra food allowance for the general mess, and that's why submarine chow is the best in the world, but the extra allowance wouldn't begin to pay for those special boned meats we bought. Later when we put into Guam and went to Camp Dealey for a little R & R, we had grilled steak and fries on the beach which became known as the very best and were responsible for TINOSA always having some pretty army nurses at their cookouts. We also were spoiled into replenishing our freezer with like quality, regardless of cost. After two patrols, I discovered our general mess was \$1800 in the hole, an unheard deficit. With fear and quaking, I reported the deficit to the staff and told them we couldn't possibly make it up unless we ate nothing but beans on the next couple of patrols. They didn't bat an eye, simply said, "How much do you need" with my reply, "Two thousand", and we were back in the black -- just like that.

Cont'd. p 4

After sea trials off the Farallones, TINOSA was scheduled to move to San Diego for tuning up the FM Sonar and torpedo trials. On October 18, 1944 as TINOSA was outbound in San Francisco Bay, she received a flashing light message from the tower on Signal Hill, and I copied the news that the C.O. was the father of a baby boy born in New London the day before, and mother and son were doing fine. Our time in San Diego was the really low point in our history in terms of morale. Consider the situation: Many of the crew were already veterans of seven previous war patrols. They were now reunited with wives, families and sweethearts, but our schedule left little time for home life. Reville was at 0500, sea detail at 0530, under way at 0600, run dummy mine fields with the FM Sonar, fire guns and torpedoes, return to port about 2000, load more torpedoes for the next day and secure about midnight. Liberty was on a watch and watch basis (half the crew) from about 2000 to 0500. The crew weren't getting time with their families; maybe their good luck had run out in seven previous combat patrols; their skipper was a schoolboat skipper with no combat experience and no medals; they didn't want to go back into the combat zone, and above all, they didn't want to go nosing around enemy mine fields. It all culminated one morning about 0400 when six or eight or so crew came back to the ship after boozing it up ashore and held reveille throughout the boat by hollering and beating on a big dishpan with a spoon. The duty officer said he couldn't control the situation, so I called the marines and requested my unmanageable crew be removed from the ship and locked up ashore until our return that night. When we returned about 2000, they were delivered aboard, sober and, I'm sure, chagrined. All hands were mustered and the new skipper outlined the requirements, asked for cooperation, told the bad boys no further action or charges were pending and that if anyone thought he might avoid going with the ship by misconduct, he was mistaken because I was going to complete the work in San Diego and take everyone with me, at least as far as Pearl, if I had to shackle some people to stanchions in order to do it. I thought that after we were all at sea, things would settle down. They did, but it was not a happy ship at that time. I made one resolve then -- that never again would any man on board get into a situation where he would serve more than seven consecutive war patrols. To avoid that, I would transfer at least 15 percent initially, and more, of the crew after each patrol. As we approached Pearl, I called each man on board individually to a conference with me. I told him that submarine service was a voluntary thing and I wanted no man aboard who did not want to be there. From these conferences, I made a list of names with rates for priority transfer off TINOSA. I sent a message to COMSUBPAC saying that the following names and rates were non-volunteers and that upon arrival in Pearl, I wanted transfers, rate-for-rate, that I had never seen morale as low on any ship in the Navy as it then was on TINOSA. My own morale was also at the bottom because of this, but this was the lowest point, and from here on, things continued to improve.

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Come to the National Conventions





**U.S.S. TINOSA - 2<sup>ND</sup> REUNION  
SACRAMENTO, CAL. 9-17-81**





WELCOME!  
SECRET'S





**THE GROUP PHOTO AT  
THE 1986 TINOSA REUNION  
IN BALTIMORE, MARYLAND**

- |                            |                         |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Spaulding B. Settle, Sr. | 19 Clifford N. Paquette | 37 Dale V. Scott        |
| 2 Clara Flantzer           | 20 Irene MacDonald      | 38 Donna Scott          |
| 3 Gilbert F. Wendling      | 21 Dolores Burns        | 39 Lois Corson          |
| 4 Lorraine Wendling        | 22 Clyde R. Lesh        | 40 Dorris Lesh          |
| 5 Julius J. Lorzing        | 23 Felix A. Petrowski   | 41 Rev. George Corson   |
| 6 Sally Lorzing            | 24 William H. Craig     | 42 Wilfred J. St. Amant |
| 7 Donald F. Pierson        | 25 Ann Burke            | 43 Gene Cooksy          |
| 8 Ruth Pierson             | 26 Rex N. Carpenter     | 44 Hugh C. Cooksey      |
| 9 Gerald W. Thaine         | 27 Pat Carpenter        | 45 Paul W. Wittmer      |
| 10 Evelyn Bonner           | 28 Germaine Paquette    | 46 James L. Hunnicutt   |
| 11 Alice Brown             | 29 Jerry Burke          | 47 Herman Schmidt       |
| 12 Gertrude Settle         | 30 Corwyn Burns         | 48 Ann (Busch) Leahan * |
| 13 Clyde V. Gallardy       | 31 [Robert E. Bentham]  | 49 Frank Busch *        |
| 14 Lou Flantzer            | 32 Leo Bonner           | 50 Ruth Busch *         |
| 15 Marie Gallardy          | 33 Clyde W. Siegfried   | 51 Milton J. Brown      |
| 16 Margaret Cinfo          | 34 Helen Siegfried      | 52 Dayton Searles       |
| 17 Stephen Cinfo           | 35 Donna St. Amant      | 53 Mary Petrowski       |
| 18 Allen E. Watrous        | 36 Ellie Wittmer        | * Guests of the Browns  |

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### An Incident on the Four-to-Eight Watch

I was a motor machinist mate with the main propulsion gang; qualified in submarines, with a couple of patrol runs behind me.

We had just come into port after another patrol run and I was the lucky one to draw the first below decks watch, with the 45 Automatic and the clipboard with check-off list.

While at sea, the auxiliary machinists gang usually takes care of the sanitary tank system which is located in the aft section of the after battery compartment. When in port, this duty falls on the below decks watch. We had just finished the evening meal and the mess cooks had completed washing dishes and cleaning up the mess area thereby topping off this sanitary tank. So, the time came for this tank to be emptied. . . outboard. It was a large tank, in fact enormous; it served the galley, the scullery sink, 2 shower stalls, wash basins, 2 johns and a washing machine.

The johns (heads) were facing the wash basins and the two shower stalls. The gauges and blow valves for this tank were located in the second shower stall. In this wash room area, there was an electric fan mounted on the bulkhead to provide continuous air circulation. Also there were numerous pipes and electric cables which made it convenient to hang up toothbrushes. There were literally dozens of toothbrushes inserted in between these pipes and cables with various crew members claiming his particular niche.

The tank system was properly lined up, all the drains were shut, flappers shut, discharge valves opened and vents shut. Usually this tank can be discharged to sea with about 10 to 15 pounds per square inch air pressure, when on the surface. The 10 pounds didn't produce the proper discharge noises, so the pressure was boosted to 15 then 20 and so on up to 35 pounds per square inch; still no gushing noises. "Something's wrong; better check the system again; everything lines up properly. Better check with the auxiliary machinist who had been tending this affair for the past 2 months".

The auxiliary man explained, yes we have been having some problems with this tank, probably a rag stuck in the discharge line, we were holding off repairs until we got into port. (All hands know never to dump rags or matchsticks into sanitary tanks). Both of us got near the gauges in the shower stall and boosted the pressure gradually 35 pounds, 45, 55, always listening for the gushing sounds indicating we had gone far enough. The pressure was built up to 90 pounds per square inch until we heard the noise. And what a noise it was. A flapper valve, at the business end of one of the johns gave up the ghost. There we were, two of us cramming ourselves into a shower stall to escape the direct blast from this 4 inch gushing hole, but only to catch it from the curvature of the ship's hull. The main stream hit the overhead and came down on us like Niagara. Within a few minutes we were up to our ankles in you-know-what. The toothbrushes were well fertilized and any spot that was missed by the main blast was well distributed by the ever-loving fan. There simply was no escape. Naturally we made the mess so we had to clean it up. Later one of the more popular chiefs put up a sign in the washroom, "Don't Use the Toothbrushes, the \_\_\_\_\_ Hit the Fan".

Anonymous



*I HAVE A FEELING  
SOMETHING AIN'T*

### SOME HAPPENINGS

by: Milt

This little old torpedoman had the 4 watch in the forward room one night about 2:30 a.m., I had an impulse to take a nice shower. You know how frequent showers were permitted to waste water in the forward room--every 5 days, and then only 2 minutes per man. I quickly stripped down, just as the officer's shower in the forward room, turned on the water and let it run. About this time I heard the door open (all sailors had good ears)...I immediately took my washcloth and started to clean my head. Naturally, the executive officer wanted to know what I was doing. I told him I was scrubbing the paint work and he didn't laugh; he gave me 2 seconds back on watch. I was pretty soapy and almost a week. I thought it was fine and, yes, I smelled better.



IT'S A  
GEYSER!



U. S. S. TINOSA

RIG FOR DIVE HILL

1. Main and hull inductions—clear.
2. Pressure proof connection boxes—secure.
3. Ports—secured open.
4. Air valves to whistle and siren—closed.
5. Conning tower hatch—clear.
6. Loose gear below.
7. Twenty millimeter guns and stowages secure.
8. Forward door secured.
9. Report rigged for dive to control.

U. S. S. TINOSA

RIG FOR DIVE HILL

1. Air valve to whistle and siren—closed.
2. Bilges dry.
3. Conning tower flood valve—closed.
4. Conning tower door—closed.
5. Barometer—set.
6. Depth gauge valves to sea—open.
7. Periscope—operate.
8. Conning tower blow and vent valve from control—open.
9. Conning tower blow and vent from conning tower—closed.
10. Voice tube—operate and leave closed.
11. Report compartment rigged for dive to control.

BRIDGE

CONNING TOWER

THE SANITARY TANK INCIDENT

It is the Forward Room Torpedoman's duty to blow the number one sanitary tank on the 12 to 4 watch. I had done this task on many occasions. On this one night, I lined up all the valves and built up the air pressure in the tank above the sea pressure to make everything ready for the actual discharge. All the waste matter is blown through a heavy screened discharge valve so that the material is broken up into minute particles. You wouldn't want the Japs to see what kind of toilet paper we were using.

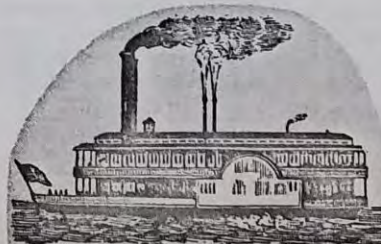
In the midst of this process, either the phone in the forward room rang or I had to check the tubes in the other end of the room. About this time, a gentleman snuck in the head to relieve himself. The door is always left open, the light on and the flapper valve closed while blowing this tank. This gentleman kicked the flapper valve open to dump his waste into the main sanitary tank -- WOW! What a surprise -- 500 or 600 gallons of water and matter came rushing up to meet him.

By the time I came back to the sanitary tank, he was standing there half drowned with shards of paper cluttering his eyeglasses and uniform -- such a sight!

I immediately started to laugh, and he said "Brown, I don't think it was funny at all." By this time, I was rolling on the floor; the whole gang in the forward torpedo room was awake; the smell was horrible. The odor permeated down the passageway into the officer's quarters. It brought the Captain into the torpedo room on the double, and he immediately wanted to know what happened. I explained the situation, he chastised the officer and told him it was part of becoming qualified as a submarine officer. "Now, let's get this mess cleaned up". The crew was pretty disturbed. It was a grand awakening. We finally pulled a suction through the forward torpederoom hatch and got things squared away.

I often thought it was funny and tried to keep a straight face whenever in contact with this officer. I think this pertains to Murphy's Law.

BY: Milt Brown





THE CAPTAIN'S COLUMN:

Thirty-Five Years Later

Was it the eighth patrol? Was it the ninth patrol? Have I got part of the eighth and part of the ninth all melded into one, so nothing is factual? It all happened about 35 years ago, but whatever patrol it may have been, I remember it happening something like this.

TINOSA was heading west from Midway Island, outward bound on patrol, aiming to pass through the Nansei Shoto Islands chain which stretch south from Japan toward Okinawa. Radio received an "Ultra" from COMSUBPAC informing his boys that an important convoy had left Japan and was steaming southward towards Okinawa and was expected to pass to the westward of the Nansei Shoto Chain. It looked like TINOSA was a day late for a chance to intercept, however we were going to try. We bent on four engines and when dawn came we stayed on the surface making 21 knots toward our objective, but also laying out behind us a broad, straight, white wake. We were getting close to the islands and the Jap air patrols could be expected to spot us at any moment. We lasted for about an hour after broad daylight before a search plane came in on us and we had to dive. Sounding the diving alarm with four engines on full-power propulsion and the ship making 21 knots is a thrill, but we had practiced that plenty and were good at it. This time, however, the bow planes would not rig out fully and we could not get them into position of fully-rigged-out. This meant that we could not make them go into "rise" or "dive" and in effect had no bow planes. That's not a very good situation when you hope to attack a heavily guarded convoy, but we couldn't surface right away anyway because of the enemy plane, so we leveled off at 180 feet and got a slow-speed trim. Then we commenced taking the cover off the bottom of the big, bow-plane-rigging gear case in the overhead of the forward torpedo room in hopes of being able to repair the trouble, or at least find out what the trouble was. That was a big job and we stayed down a long time cruising along at three knots. Just before lunch, the Exec said, "Captain, I'd like to come to periscope depth and take a look." "How are they doing forward? They should be about finished." "The trouble was not in the gear box. The last nuts are going on now. The bow planes won't work, but we can leave them rigged in and operate without them." "O.K. Bring her up and level off at 80 feet to check trim. I'll be there when we come to periscope depth."

The boat took a good up angle and suddenly, at about 120 feet, there was a solid crunch forward and a shudder to the boat. We had hit something pretty solid. "All back full!" By the time I got to the conning tower TINOSA was at 80 feet and rising, with no headway. "All stop. Up scope." I was on my knees on the conning tower deck as the scope handles came out of the well because TINOSA was broaching and I needed to know the situation immediately. The scope was in high power and the first thing I saw was a mass of green trees right in my face. I shifted to low power and still nothing but trees. I gave the scope maximum elevation and still nothing but trees. We were so close to shore that we could not clear by going ahead with full rudder. We had to back out, turning as we backed, until the bow was pointed clear of the shore and we could go ahead with full rudder. We had run into the island of Anami Oshima which rises straight up out of the water of 1500 feet and is flat on top. In the retelling there is an airfield on top, but I am not sure if it was there then. The shore is very steep too, and we had no warning of shallow water. While still turning clear of the shore we submerged again and proceeded warily south leaving Anami Oshima close to starboard. A check showed no damage except for one bow torpedo tube shutter door which would not open.

As we cleared the island we heard pinging to the southwest. Maybe we had caught up with the convoy? It was about 1400. So TINOSA took a normal approach course and went ahead full on the motors. All afternoon we headed for that pinging, slowing to take a look every half hour or so. Finally we could make out the ships. It was a hunter-killer group of three Jap destroyers and they were working over something, occasionally letting some depth charges go. We took stock of things. We had no bow planes, one forward tube was out of commission and we had a flat can, no juice left in the battery. At 8,000 yards we took a normal departure course. These guys must have lagged behind the convoy to work over a contact, there was no sign of the convoy. At 17,000 yards and evening twilight we surfaced and put two engines on charge.

The next day, (or was it two or three days later?) we started slowly across the East China Sea looking for mines. And we found some, which we duly charted and reported. They were not thick and I cannot tell you now how many we found or how many fields we found. At one point our life-saving FM sonar went out of commission. We knew there were no mines within its range at the time of the casualty, so we stopped and surfaced, intending to anchor and stay in the same spot until our sonar was back in commission. The depth was 105 fathoms and the bottom was flat. We had 120 fathoms of chain on our anchor. We slowly walked the anchor out, it being too deep to just drop it. At about 85 fathoms out, the weight of the anchor and chain was too much and the chain parted at the wildcat with the end whipping out the hawse. That anchor and about 90 fathoms of chain are still there. While we waited for our sonar, we noticed a big, bright-copper mine on the surface some distance away. After manning the 40mm we gingerly approached the mine and held target practice, expecting it to explode. It didn't, it just sank after a while. That mine had not been in the water long enough to get covered with verdigris.

We couldn't find any shipping to sink, apparently we were the only ones in the minefield. We went on through to the west and then back north on the western side of the mine fields. There were no ships, but we came across two lifeboats with survivors from someone else's sinking. Standard orders were to bring back prisoners for interrogation, high ranking, if possible. We couldn't tell who was who among the survivors, but they had obviously been in the sun for some time. When we passed a container of water to them, we noticed that one man was about to take a drink when someone spoke firmly and he desisted. We figured that the speaker was in charge, so we took him prisoner. The same thing worked with the other boatload and we selected another prisoner the same way. They didn't want to come on board, but they did when the Assistant First Lieutenant stumbled on deck and his 45 went off with a loud bang.

Some sub crews made pets or mascots of prisoners, using them as mess cooks or stewards. We had been warned not to do that because the familiarity destroyed the value of the later interrogation. I had previously decided that I wouldn't ever trust the enemy. If I had any prisoners on board, I didn't want to give any kamikaze type an opportunity, so the prisoner wouldn't be free to move around. Although I wouldn't mistreat a prisoner and would keep him healthy, I'd rather have him weak than overfed.

TINOSA didn't sink any ships on this patrol, we never saw any, but we did carry out our minefield mission. The reason that we ran into the island of Anami O Shima, which, incidentally has a highest elevation of 2277 feet, was that we actually had a current setting with us at 1-1/2 knots, instead of against us at that speed. In six hours this makes a difference of 18 miles in the dead reckoning position, enough to cause the mishap.





**GEORGE  
WESNER**

**(YEOMAN)  
HARRIS**

**BOB  
BENTHAM**

**CLYDE  
GALLARDY**