

18 March 1945

Left Pearl Harbor at 1400, heading out for, I don't know, exactly what place; but pure speculation indicates Saipan. After all the months, even years of preparation, including the hard work immediately preceeding this day, this leave taking finds me strangely unmoved and full of the confidence that is symbolic of all first timers. Realizing my great responsibilities to those I love, my wife, son, and family, I am looking forward to this adventure while I am still young enough to be inspired by the danger. What is in the immediate offing, who knows, but I do have the desire to find out and do my part the best way I am able.

It is not my desire to write down a chronological progression of events, but rather to keep track of my thoughts as they change with the passing days. If it is God's will that I come through this with all my faculties and my health, in later years it will be interesting to reread and relive this greatest adventure of my life. As the years pass one tends to warp and becloud the truth, perhaps to add color or more than likely, hide the shortcomings of a short memory. I never want to forget my small part in this war, and will strongly oppose our country's Monroe Doctrine policy of waiting to get hit before striking back. Although I never was and never will be a jingoist or a militarist, I resent fighting a war of somebody else's choosing and terms. To strike first and strike hard is the best policy to be followed by our country in the future. In this war we have paid a terrific cost in assuming the offensive and I am

against that strenuously. To ease the pain of being lonely, I try not to think too much of those at home, but try to keep busy and to keep my mind occupied. It does seem to work fairly well, but there are times when the utter futility of it all asserts itself, and I find myself longing for my wife and son, leaving me confused and disconsolate.

21 March 1945

Yesterday passed quite uneventfully aside from the usual drills and routines. We have a movie projector aboard and have a picture twice a day which is really something. It is not uncommon to see a picture, eat or sleep at depths of a few hundred feet. My bunk in the forward torpedo room is very cool and I need a blanket over me below the surface. Some of the other compartments are not as cool, so I am satisfied so far with my berth. Of course, I am completely surrounded by torpedoes, two alongside and two under me, but they are only potentially dangerous and cause me no concern at all. It is remarkable how many men and torpedoes share the same confined space.

We are not travelling alone and are constantly in contact with the two other subs with us. We practice making attacks on each other while we head almost due west for Saipan. I had the good fortune this morning to see a periscope of one of the other subs in time for us to prevent her making a successful approach on us. It only appeared for a couple of seconds, and I happened to be looking at the exact spot with the binoculars. It was quite a distance off and the captain praised me for spotting it.

22 March 1945

The sea has been quite calm so far, but during my watch at night from 0000-0004, the sky builds up mountainous nintho-stratus clouds that carry with them rain squalls. The air is very damp and chills you clear through, so our foul weather clothing is very handy. The moon is bright enough to read by, although it is only in its half phase. It is a monotonous vigil, the eternal searching for planes or ships which may pass in our locality, but it is a job which must be done and done well. You may strain your eyes for weeks at a time and see nothing, but the fortuitous one you do spot is well worth the effort.

24 March 1945

Crossed the International Date Line last night at 0218. Crossing east to west, we lost a day, hence there is no March 23 recorded. The sea is very rough with crests which seem higher than the periscope sleeve, and the deck is mostly under water in foam. Below, this morning, I tasted my breakfast before I ate it, but did not get sick. It is really rough and standing my watch on the bridge is an all hands holding on affair. I feel dirty, and there is nothing much to do about it but bear it. We are allowed one shower in six days, because of small water production capacity of the ship. So, it is a case of grin and bear the poor situation.

25 March 1945

We aren't wasting much time going to our destination, and

about once a day we have to move the ship's clocks back an hour to conform with the time zones we're in. We had a bad rain squall this morning, and I stood my watch in the downpour. It is quite clear this afternoon, and the sea is much calmer. There is a perceptible change in temperature, and most of the officers and crew are running around in scivvies because of the heat. Back home I guess the weather is also changing with the advent of the blustering March winds. I want very much to write home, but what could I say in a letter that would pass the ship's censor? I do try to keep this log up, as I feel it will be interesting when I am able to bring it home with me.

26 March 1945

Although we must be quite a good distance from it, I know that Wake Island is not too far away. We were admonished to keep our eyes open last night, because the Japs could, by some small chance, have a couple of their subs in the vicinity.

My duties are something like this. I stand four hours on duty, then have eight hours off, then four on again, following same routine which gives me eight hours of duty in 24 hours. During my on duty hours, I stand two hours on the bridge, standing after starboard lookout and handling signals if any. The other two hours I spend in the conning tower, keeping the rough log and the Quartermaster Notebook. Nobody works hard, but one has to be more than alert in cases of emergency as split seconds count then.

Our meals never vary much and after a week we are about out of all fresh vegetables and fruit. We have calcium lactate

pills and vitamin pills at our disposal, but they seem awfully silly things to be taking all the time. I much prefer to take my shirt off on the bridge and soak up some of the warm sunshine whenever the opportunity arises. More than half the crew hasn't seen the sun since leaving port, so I am one of the more fortunate ones.

28 March 1945

We've come very far now, and I expect we'll reach Saipan in another day. I am very tired and dirty, although I am still anxious to make this patrol. It would seem like I should have plenty of sleep, only being on duty eight out of 24 hours, but that is not the case. The last two days, I've had four hours sleep out of the 24. The reason is that we spend all day cleaning and shining the boat in preparation for entering port where we will be inspected by some big shots as is the custom. In the evening, when I could get another three hour's sleep, they have a movie in the torpedo room where I sleep, so that precludes my turning in.

30 March 1945

Arrived in Saipan about noon today. Our last night at sea was a nightmare of hellish weather. The wind was about 50 miles an hour and drove the rain into my face like hail. Even with all our main gear on, we were soaked through and water sloshed in our shoes. Clinging to the shears, quite frequently a tremendous wave would completely engulf me, leaving me gulping and gasping for breath. It was sheer hell and the glamour of sea duty was certainly not in evidence. We found out later that one of the other boats with us had three men badly injured in this same

storm. They are now in the hospital at Saipan with broken bones.

After tying up alongside the tender, they sent a launch out and took us ashore where trucks were waiting to take us on a picnic. We drove to a beach where the first landings were made by the Marines. It has been pretty well cleaned up now, but there is still lots of pillboxes and Jap guns to be seen. The craters have been filled in, and large places leveled off, so that it is hard to tell what a terrible battle took place here just a few months back. I went swimming at this beach and found the water tepid and very shallow for a long distance from the beach. It is beautiful, clear water and in sharp contrast to the unpleasant and enervating atmosphere of the whole place. I would like to see more of the island, but there is no time to do so, as we are leaving tomorrow for our patrol station. We had about three cans of beer each, which was a treat after about ten days at sea. We also sent our laundry to the tender, and I am happy as I had quite a bit dirty.

31 March 1945

Today we went over to the tender and bought the few little things we need for the trip. I got some more dungarees and had two ice cream sundaes for a treat, Although we are having it for supper, too. I did not see George's ship, but I hardly expected to, as I have an idea he is at Guam.
(BROTHER IN LAW)

1 April 1945

Left Saipan and are now heading for our patrol grounds.

2 April 1945

Of the four boats that were to accompany us, one was not ready to leave when we did. The first night out another boat

had to turn back because she had a bent shaft. The third boat evidently could not stand the pace because she has dropped behind. So it seems the Parche is all alone now, the most fit survivor of the four.

3 April 1945

Last night was about the worst I can remember, except for the night I broke my arm a long time ago. We had a bad storm that was a nightmare for all hands, those on deck and those in their bunks below. We took solid waves well over the periscopes and rolled over 30° from side to side. Visibility was absolutely zero, and you could not see the lookout standing alongside. The only thing to be seen was the white breaking crests of the wind-swept waves and the balls of phosphorus in the water. When a wave landed on deck, sometimes it left a bit of phosphorous on the deck, which glowed eerily for a second or two. I had never seen the like of it before. With storm shoes on and full rain gear, I was still soaked through at the end of my watch. Surprisingly enough I was not sick, and I guess all the years on Long Island Sound are now paying off in having equipped me with a gyroscopic stomach. We are still in the dark about where we are going.

4 April 1945

We are heading for the heart of Japan, and as I write this I have the feeling that, not too far away are all those nice yellow people who started this mess. While I was on watch at noon, we passed a rock sticking straight out of the water like a finger. It had sheer sides and from a distance of about ten miles it ap-

peared to be quite high. It was an isolated rock with no land near and seemed to be pretty lonely sitting out there.

6 April 1945

The weather the last two days has been, for want of a better term, very different. The temperature at Pearl Harbor was usually in the 80s, and there was always the cool trade wind to cool one off. We are now in a higher latitude, and the temperature is in the neighborhood of 35. It was bitter cold in the torpedo room last night, and I did not get much sleep because of it. The hull acts like a big refrigeration plant for the cold water around it. At night we dress in this manner - besides our regular clothing we wear extra heavy coveralls, submarine jacket, parka, aviation helmet, and overshoes. With all this, one hour on the bridge is an age, and you pray for your relief to come up just one minute sooner than required. To add to the discomfit, we have to keep those cold binoculars to our eyes to keep a sharp lookout, for who knows. Each star seems to be a plane, each whitecap the feather of a periscope, and each wave or cloud on the horizon a small or large enemy ship. It takes self-control not to shout out what you imagine you see and wait patiently until you see the real thing. A shark's fin looks like a periscope at a distance, and a seagull looks exactly like a plane. This definitely is no soft racket, and I am very thankful for my shore days in the Navy. When it is this cold, and you take a cold sea over the bow, heaven can wait, brother, this is hell.

We stay submerged all day now, and it is really a blessing not to have to go up on that frigid bridge. I have no warm clothes of my own with me, and was lucky in that a friend loaned me a sweatshirt. I am surely happy about it.

7 April 1945

The temperature is about 32°, and the boat is like the insides of a refrigerator. We have several heaters throughout the boat, but most of the heat is carried off through the hull. I will be able to sleep now, as they broke out some nice new blankets for us, and I got one. It is a real honey, nice and soft, and I know it will keep me warm. We have had several contacts today, planes and small craft, but as we were undetected nothing happened. We want to keep our position secret if possible, as it would be silly to risk disclosure for some small worthless craft.

Finding our position is no problem at all, as we have definite landmarks ashore, mountains and lights and towns, to guide us. All we do is to run up our periscope and take bearings. Evidently the Japs don't give a damn, because we saw a town last night that had all its lights on.

For noon chow, we had tuna fish salad, and I sure stuffed myself with it. Also had chocolate pie which one of the stewarts made. We have a baker aboard, and he usually bakes bread and some kind of pie or cake for us each day. Every other day we have ice cream, so you see we do eat well in spite of the unusual conditions.

Being submerged for 14 or 15 hours a day is no strain even with the additional pressure in the boat. In the afternoon, it is a little difficult to light a pipe, as the matches go out because of lack of oxygen in the air. Otherwise, things are pretty much the same as on the surface.

8 April 1945

Last night we were quite close to shore and saw what was evidently a blast furnace or smeltery in operation. It made quite a target for planes, and I wondered if the Japs were trying to commit mass suicide. The lights were quite intense, then, after a long while, seemed to diminish and die out as we moved out of range.

10 April 1945

The last two days have been very busy and, although there was much to write, there was no time to do so. We were at battle stations much of the time and this is the first free minute I've had in two days. On the eighth, we sighted a PC boat and when she turned toward us, we thought we would have to sink her; but she turned away and we let her alone, because she was too small to risk giving our position away for. Later on we made an approach on a small freighter and were all set to fire when she turned into a harbor and got away.

On the ninth we really had a day. We often heard eight contacts at a time - small patrol craft and sampans too small to bother with - so we lay low and waited. Then, when we were just two miles from shore, we heard pinging and saw a destroyer and a transport. We made our approach and fired three fish at the destroyer from our stern tubes, and a couple of minutes later we heard a terrific explosion. Then we fired four torpedoes at the transport, and just as they were about to strike, she zigged. Probably she saw the can blow up and so escaped. The can sank

in 30 seconds - just ploughed head first into the sea, and down it went. I doubt there were any survivors. We were so close to shore that we didn't take after the transport, which headed for the harbor. We dove deep and remained quiet, and in about a half hour we heard five aerial bombs explode at quite a distance. We heard them plainly in the boat, but nobody seemed worried, so I didn't mind. We stayed submerged for 15 hours, then at night came to the surface and got out of the neighborhood.

Today we were awakened by the boat heading for hell with a 16° down angle. They dived at dawn, but someone had things figured wrong and someone else did the wrong thing so we practically stood on our heads in our bunks. They reversed the engines and blew the forward tanks and finally got the angle off her. Never a dull moment, and I see why such young fellows look so old before they are able to vote.

For some reason, the Japs are dumping depth charged all over the ocean, and we heard about 45 of them at a great distance. They know submarines operate in their home waters, so I guess they just try their luck on one of their random sowings, scaring the hell out of us. From what I've heard of them so far, it sounds like someone beating on a kettledrum mounted on a shaky stand.

11 April 1945

At 0430 this morning, general alarm sounded and we were ordered to take our stations for battle surface. I rushed out of my sack and put my clothes on and just pulled my shoes on without lacing them. I got to the bridge and at my lookout station on the periscope sheers before I realized that I should have stopped

to put some foul weather clothing on. I was bitterly cold and could not keep from shaking and shivering all the while trying to see through the very heavy fog. The executive officer saw me freezing, so he gave me his gloves, so I shouldn't drop my glasses. Our detecting gear was tracking our target, but I was the first one to actually see it. It was a ship of about 500 tons, and it broke out of the fog about 700 yards away without even being aware of our presence. We opened fire on him with our small guns, as our big deck gun wasn't working due to extreme cold. We raked him over as we passed on opposite courses, then he disappeared in the fog astern. We still had contact with him with our gear and turned to intercept him. We picked him up again and again, poured 20 mm and 40 mm fire into him. He finally opened up on us and I saw three shots from a gun of about 3" calibre. Then I saw tracers cross our bow at the height of my eyes about 100 yards ahead, and I did some very fast praying that they don't move aft. Then a miraculous shot from our 40 mm finished him off with a shot just below the bridge. Evidently she was loaded with high octane gasoline, because as soon as the shell hit she exploded in a sheet of flame followed by a cloud of steam. She sunk instantly and certainly there were no survivors. It was the first time I had been under fire and frankly I was too cold and excited to realize how close the end really is. We dived after running for a while on the surface and played possum all day.

12 April 1945

At 1630 we were called to battle stations and came to the surface where we began tracking a Jap ship. We kept just out of his range until dark when we closed in on him. I was at my sta-

tion on the periscope shears and had a grand stand seat for the entire show. Twice the target crossed our bow, first at 2100 yards, and then at 1900 yards, but we didn't fire because the angle on his bow wasn't right. We maneuvered around some more until we got ahead of him; then when the angle was just right we fired three torpedoes. I watched all three of them run straight and true toward the Jap, which was clearly silhouetted in my glasses. It was pitch dark, but the phosphorescent wake of the torpedoes made a white path as they ran forward. The first torpedo just barely missed, the second one seemed to pass right under, but the third one hit where it did most good. There was a big flash of fire and a black pall of smoke, and the Jap sank from sight. I was on the shears for four hours and was thankful that it was a clear, cold night. I will never understand why they didn't open fire on us as we were about 1700 yards away when we fired. The ship was about 2,000 tons and looked like a freighter.

13 April 1945

Friday, the 13th, and an appropriate day we had for it. We got fouled up in a net with a Jap ship in sight at 1000 yards. We got out our knives and cutters and were standing by to clear the mess. It was broad daylight, in sight of land, and it didn't look good. We waited a while and began tracking the Jap we had in sight. At 1115 we surfaced and manned all our guns and began firing at him. He turned away and began running, then turned and headed for us. We hit him with about 30 five inch shells and lots of other small shells and kept it up for about an hour when he started to burn and sink. He fired a machine gun at us and I pressed myself close to the shears as possible, but I never did

see where they hit. He was a trawler of about 150 tons, 150 feet long and had a rising sun painted on his bridge as well as some Jap characters. I watched the destruction, as chunks of him flew in the air and pieces were torn out of his sides. We were about 600 yards away and could see the Japs running around on deck, also see the bodies flying through the air. He began to sink by the stern and was level with the water when we left.

At 1215 we picked up a Jap lugger and, in plain sight of land and on the surface, we went to battle stations. He was a curiously shaped boat, about 150 feet long and was under sail or the array of rags they call sails. We closed on him and began cutting him apart. Masts fell and pieces flew all over, and the tenement shaped pagoda amidships took a tumble. He was a mess and a few more minutes would have finished him, but we sighted three Jap planes and had to break off. There was a mad scramble to get below, and about 40 fellows did so in less time than that. We got to the hatch and jumped, often landing on the fellow ahead, but nobody minded. We dived deep and left lots of our guns and gear on deck, but who cares as long as we all got down in time. About 5 minutes later we heard a crackling sound, then a terrific explosion nearby which shook us badly. It was probably an aerial bomb or the Jap ship sinking. I don't know which, and I don't think anyone else does either. We are playing possum now, waiting for the depth charge attack which is likely to happen at any time. We did have a few explosions during the afternoon, but although they sounded loud were not very close.

We have used up practically all the ammunition for our guns, and now maybe we will not make any more of these damn battle sur-

faces. I do not feel proud of what we've done, just thankful I am still alive after these few brushes with death. Undoubtedly we are doing lots of good, sinking four and probably five Jap ships, but I am not the hero type and will not brag about it. During these gun actions in sight of land, I have felt no fear, strangely enough, as I am too busy looking for planes or enemy subs or ships. I am very relieved when we secure and go below to get warm.

We started to surface once last night, but as soon as we reached the surface we got an enemy plane contact and dived deep again. We came up in a half hour and all was clear so we surfaced and headed for sea. After being down all day and down deep, we had 5 inches of pressure in the boat, over the normal 30 inches of barometric pressure. This causes a terrific up draft of air as soon as the hatch is open, but as long as you do no physical labor you do not feel too uncomfortable under the extra $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per square inch pressure.

14 April 1945

We are resting up after our exciting Friday the 13th, but I am sad. We got the news of Roosevelt's death over the radio, and we were all shocked. He was good to us in uniform, and our dependents as well as the rest of the country, and his loss is really a disappointment. I'm sure he had plans made for a better postwar world, and I hope Truman is the man to carry them out.

15 April 1945

It was quite foggy this morning, so we did not dive, as usual, at daybreak. We cruised around looking for Japs and gradually the fog cleared a little, and the sun broke through. We saw lots

of mallards and seals, which we often mistook for planes and periscopes. We even saw a whale and, while interesting, kept our nerves on edge. Everything was too peaceful, and one might know something would happen. All of a sudden, one of the look-outs glanced overhead and there just a thousand feet up was a Jap Betty, which is a twin engined bomber. He yelled, "Jesus Christ, look at that," and the O.D. took a look and yelled dive; we cleared the bridge. I never hit a rung in the ladder, just dived through the hole in a heap. We dove deep and waited for aerial bombs, but nothing happened. I was terrified and was shaken for hours by the experience, as the plane had come in on us without being seen and had us like a duck in a shooting gallery. As long as I live, I'll never understand it. He was equipped with radar, and we're in clear sight in a calm sea, yet he didn't seem to be aware of our presence. Then again, he may not have had bombs, but he would surely have tried to strafe us or crash into us. It was a horrible experience, and eight hours after it I am still nervous as a cat. When I looked up at it, he was so close that I had no trouble identifying him from my recognition training.

Except for these notes, each day, I can't seem to write. I have started letters many times, but I tear them up since I never get very far with them. It is strange as I always enjoyed writing, especially to Bea, but now I can't seem to do so. I guess the very strict censorship has something to do with it. I will write as soon as we hit a port, which I hope is very soon.

We received a message of congratulation from Nimitz and the commander of submarine operations in the Pacific, for sinking 5 Jap ships in as many days. This is a high honor, but what interests me is when we leave station for either a two week rest or maybe a trip to the states for major overhaul.

16 April 1945

We are close to shore again and into the cold. There is a nice warm current about 75 miles offshore, and when we are in it the boat is nice and warm too. This morning we heard about a dozen explosions while submerged, but they were a long way off and they didn't bother us at all. We are very close to a trawler, but we are not going to bother with it, as it is not worth a torpedo, and we have hardly any more ammunition for our deck guns.

17 April 1945

This place we are in is alive with PC boats and spit kits which run back and forth looking for us. Every so often they dump some depth charges over, but they don't seem to have the least idea where we are. Yesterday afternoon we took two depth charges or aerial bombs pretty close, and they shook us up a bit, forcing us to extreme depth. The pressure was pretty high in the boat, and I could not clear my right ear, so was pretty uncomfortable until we surfaced. A cold or congestion will cause the ears to clog up, and it is quite painful under pressure. With all of the sinkings we've done, this neighborhood is pretty well guarded by the Japs. The other night, the fellows on the bridge got a bad scare. They saw two streaks of phosphorescent light headed right for us and reported them as torpedoes, like which they looked. They crossed our bow and, when they got on the other

side, jumped playfully a few times and disappeared. The water around here is alive with good sized fish and seals.

18 April 1946

Yesterday afternoon the Japs unloaded some of their surplus stock of depth charges in our neighborhood, and by now the sound has become very familiar.

It was a scary night on the bridge last night, with old man moon outlining us in his silvery glow. As luck would have it, we saw a plane before he saw us and dove way down before he got our bearing. We didn't stay down long and soon resumed our Jap hunting.

This morning we made a submerged approach on a Jap freighter of fairly good size. After tracking him for about an hour, we finally fired three torpedoes at him at medium range. We waited for a long while and finally we knew that we had missed, and the Jap got away. We were very disappointed, but those things do happen. About five minutes later, the boat was badly shaken by three terrific explosions, and we dived deep on the chance it was the Japs looking for us. We lay low for three hours, expecting to have the whole Jap navy after us, but for some strange reason they never came out. We finally decided that the explosions were from the torpedoes which blew up after making their run. This leaves us with just nine torpedoes, and we are not much nearer to our end of patrol.

19 April 1945

Quiet day.

20 April 1945

Got within a couple of miles of a Jap harbor and got a contact on a Jap tanker with a destroyer escort. Tracked them submerged for two hours, but failed to close the range, so they got away.

We could clearly see a Jap lighthouse, and its inhabitants through our periscope, also snow covered mountains in the distance. Meanwhile we continue to suffer from extreme cold and dampness of the boat.

21 April 1945

We were within 1-3/4 miles of the shore today when the captain decided we were a bit too close. We headed out to about four miles and presently two nice fat tankers passed right close to where we were. We could not even make an approach on them, just watched them go by. A little later we heard pinging and were forced down by a flock of sampans and P.C. We are now about 300 feet down and playing possum while we listen apprehensively for screws.

I started to read "Strange Fruit" in a desultory sort of way. I find it hard to focus my interest in anything that requires any amount of concentration such as reading. Most of the diversion I get is from small talk and drinking lots of hot tea and sleeping. Getting in bed serves two purposes, one of which is obvious, and the other is to warm up and get your feet off the cold, damp deck.

22 April 1945

We crept in close to the beach today and waited. Finally, we picked up two then three tankers in the periscope. We made our approach and fired six torpedoes forward at two of them. We heard three muffled explosions and the captain saw the entire stem of one blown off and at least one hit on the other; but we could not stay around to watch them sink. I believe both were sunk, but it remains for the higher ups to decide whether we get credit for both or not. They were each close to 5,000 tons and usually one torpedo is enough to send them down. Because we were so close, we immediately went deep and a short while later a P.C. or other boat came out looking for us and dropped one depth charge a long way off. All day we waited for the deluge of depth charges, but none was forthcoming. These two make a total of seven ships to our credit, but more important, we have three torpedoes left, which we must get rid of before getting out of this miserable place. Everything is dripping water; our beds are wet and everything in our lockers soaked from condensation water. We keep our spirits up by counting or enumerating the three fish we still have to go. Any minute can see them fired, then we can get from hence.

23 April 1945

About 2300 last night, during my watch, we picked up a Jap at 20 miles. We began chasing him, and about 0300 the range was closed sufficiently to plan an attack. They got me out of my warm sack, because I am battle lookout and had me wait, shivering, until the time for the attack to begin.

About 0400 the target began opening the range, and as the dawn came up we saw that we were the victims of a Jap trap as our target turned out to be a brand new Jap destroyer, which was drawing us toward shallow water where she could turn on us and finish us off. We immediately dove deep, and as I was falling off to sleep I heard one loud depth charge. In the morning, we were still deep, and the Jap was furiously looking for us, so we all turned in to sleep except the men on watch and played hard to find. A couple of planes dropped aerial bombs, first six-ton, then ten-ton, but they were not too close although scaring us all quite a bit. The Japs are mad at us and will do their best to keep us down until we have to rise to charge batteries. I don't think they will be successful and rather think they are wary of us and would just as soon leave us alone if we do likewise. We would do so too, but we must fire those last three fish before leaving. Meanwhile, living is hellish; no heat because it uses up electricity, no light for same reason, no hot meals for same reason. It is phenomenal to realize the amount of abuse you can take and still retain a certain sense of humor and civility; under the strain, the really young kids eighteen, nineteen, and twenty are, in some cases, sullen and irritable, while the older fellows seem to realize the situation and for the most part hold their tongues and patience.

24 April 1945

This morning found us submerged right at the entrance of a Jap harbor, about 3/4 of a mile from the beach. We waited and watched and listened as the small ships and boats passed close by. We had plenty of targets, but we waited for a big one. Finally we picked up a nice sized freighter with a small escort. We waited as they approached with the escort leading the way. We dived a little deeper, and the escort passed directly over us then we fired our last three torpedoes at the freighter. It was daylight, about 1300 and our target saw the torpedo wake and swerved so we missed completely. We dove deep and the escort came in on us. We listened to his screws getting closer and louder, then while we waited for the depth charges he turned away and took up position with the freighter. We were very lucky and got away without any trouble. Apparently, the escort was afraid we were operating with another sub, and his first responsibility was to protect the larger ship. With all our fish gone, we are going to head to some place to rest then either come out again or head for home. We were on station three weeks, and on this patrol for over five weeks.

25 April 1945

We rendezvoused with another sub with the intention of taking off two Jap prisoners they had picked out of the water. When we were close enough to talk they told us one had died and said nothing about the other, so I don't know what happened to him. We passed messages and papers to him, then he headed

off to take up the station we left.

26 April 1945

We are headed for Midway for a refit of the boat and a rest for us. I never really expected we would go home this time, so do not feel badly. I am completely tired and want to relax the tension of the past $1\frac{1}{2}$ months. My toes ache and feel slightly frost bitten, and walking is a painful effort. I hope it is nothing, and that a few warm baths will fix them up. I expect we will get to Midway in another four days and I am anxiously waiting to read all the letters that have accumulated for me. I have not written any, but will make up for it as soon as I get settled ashore.

30 April 1945

In a few minutes we are going to cross the International Date Line.

30 April 1945 (Second)

Arrived at Midway in the morning. A small launch came out in the channel to meet us and brought us our mail, ice cream, oranges, and apples. When we reached the dock, the band started playing, and the gold braid reception committee came aboard. I was pretty engrossed in my very important mail to pay much attention to all the fuss. The ship was all decked out with 14 Jap flags flying from the periscope to the forward 20 mm. Our battle flag, said to be the best in the Pacific, was flying from No. 2 periscope.

We have two weeks to rest and then I'll start this chronicle again.

Second War Patrol

25 May 1945

Left Midway at 1530 amid the usual band playing and gold braid committee to see us off. Our departure was rather auspicious, as we had a photographer aboard taking pictures and a plane flying close overhead taking more of them from the air. We passed a tug which followed us for a while, also taking movies. We looked pretty good with our battle flag flying and our Jap victory flags strung out. Most of these shots of us will be in a movie called the "Silent Service" which the Navy is making. I will be in most of the shots as I was the QM on the bridge, which is the most prominent spot on the ship.

My feelings at the start of this patrol are much different from those last time. I am very anxious to go in and get it over with because this time I know we are going back to the States after the patrol. Then, too, I know exactly what to expect and have a good deal more confidence than before. We crossed the International Date Line and so gained a day. Therefore, we had no May 26.

May 29, 1945

We have had nice sailing weather so far; clear days and moonlight nights. Yesterday we sighted a Japanese fishing ball made of glass, and, except for that, nothing has happened. Today our starboard shaft began banging, and we had to stop to investigate. One of the officers put on a shallow diving

mask and went over the side to inspect the screws and bearings. He found that the bearing was bad on one side, but we are continuing on course just the same. Our cameraman was topside and took pictures of the entire affair.

9 June 1945

We arrived at Guam on June 3 and immediately went into drydock where we had our propeller changed. A few days later, on trials, we found out that this was not actually our trouble, but it was too late then. I was lucky enough to go on a bus trip around the island and was glad for the chance. I saw the places that had been destroyed in the fighting as well as the new buildings we are setting up all over the place. It is really a beautiful island, lush and fertile, but the heat for us was unbearable and spoiled things for us. I only got to go ashore once in the four days at Guam, as we were tied up to a tender anchored off shore. I did see some women ashore; I guess they were Chomoros, and each one of them was washing clothes. I suppose they were doing laundry for the G.I.s for a living. They were fully clothed and clean looking, although I still can't see the beauty in any of these island people.

We are now on our way to station where we will be doing lifeguard duty, that is, picking up downed fliers. I would rather make an offensive patrol, but of course, my desires are not important.

11 June 1945

This trip so far has been very easy and I can't help comparing it with the last one. Except for the heat at Guam the weather has been perfect, and the sea calm and pretty. We have reached our station, and the weather is comparable with that of New York in March. Below decks it isn't bad and a blanket feels just right. On deck, a sub jacket is just right. We are getting lots of plane contacts, but all of them are our own.

17 June 1945

We have been on this lifeguard patrol for almost a week, and it has been very dull. We have made no rescues, just patrol back and forth all day and night. The only excitement we had was when we picked up two Jap mines and destroyed them. We sank the first one with the 20 mm, but the second one exploded about 100 yards from the ship and scared the daylights out of us. The explosion was upward and certainly gave us something to think about for a day or so. They were rusty and had barnacles on the underside of them and were ugly things with horns sticking out all over it. I was on deck at the time of the explosion and ducked behind the conning tower when it unexpectedly exploded.

20 June 1945

We were relieved of our lifeguard duty and have come back up to the area we patrolled last run. It is quite cold, not as bad as last time, and it seems a lot clearer. The water

is shark infested, and almost anytime you can see a fin sticking out of the water. I sure loath the damn things, and I can't help but think of how long you would last in the water. We are about 12 miles from Honshu and will probably begin our patrol in earnest tomorrow. I broke out my heavy shoes and sweaters and socks, as I expect to be pretty cold before long. It is quite a relief after Guam where the temperature was usually over 100°.

21 June 1945

We went in close to the beach and waited around for a short while. We saw houses, a lighthouse, signal towers as we were about 2 miles out. I was on the periscope and made the first contact of this patrol. It was a P.C. boat coming out of the harbor. We did not bother with him, but waited a few more hours. Finally we got a good contact. It was a large tanker, about 2500 tons, escorted by a destroyer. We got into position and fired four torpedoes, one of which blew the tanker all to pieces. We were in shallow water and only had about 200 feet under us, so our position was bad in case the escort began dropping depth charges. We dove to 150 feet and waited for the deluge; but for some reason the Jap ran like hell and left us alone. We thought he went for help, but all day long we waited and nothing happened. About 1600 a "Rufe" came circling around, but we saw him first and went to 150 feet. We surfaced at night and ran north till the area cooled off a bit. The explosion must surely have been heard and seen on the beach.

We were submerged 16 hours and felt lightheaded from the pressure we were under all day. I still can't figure those damn Japs out; they never do as you would expect them to do.

22 June 1945

We went to battle stations, submerged this morning, and tracked an escorted freighter for about 3 hours, but failed to get in a position to fire . It was too bad, but no use firing torpedoes, wasting them, and risking giving your position away unless you can sink a ship for it. In the afternoon we went to battle stations surfaced and as usual I was lookout high on the periscope shears. We chased three auxiliary trawlers for ten miles then sank two of them and left the other one destroyed. They were about 125 feet long and had a sail for auxiliary power as well as a diesel engine. Before we could open fire, they were already spraying us with machine gun fire and hitting all over the ship. We soon quieted that and a few 5" shells soon had them sinking. I had the narrowest escape of anyone else in that two bullets hit the periscope 6" from my back and several more traced a pattern directly over my head. I was sure lucky to have my skin intact after that, as it was the closest I've been yet. The ships were typically Jap, high bow and stern with the bridge amidships. They were good shots, as the range was about a mile when they opened fire. We did not submerge, but ran like hell and went down after about two hours.

23 June 1945

It never rains but it pours! This morning we crept toward the shore on the surface and saw a few fishing boats about 5 miles offshore, but still in plain sight of land. We battle surfaced and manned the guns, then went in and sank two and destroyed a third. They were small, about 75 to 100 feet long, and did not shoot back. We only made one run on them and ran for it for fear of planes coming out to investigate. The Japs went sailing in all directions when our 5" went to work on them. Our crew is almost perfect in that they lay most of their shells right on even with our ship rolling and pitching as a sub will. After we finished our work, the rain came down and the fog closed in on us, as if by divine command, and we were safe from any Japs coming out for revenge. We did not even bother to submerge until later in the day, although we were just a short distance from shore.

In three days on this station, we have sunk one tanker, two trawlers, and two spit-kits. Also destroyed, because we did not see them actually sink, one trawler and one more spit-kit.

24 June 1945

This morning it was very foggy, so we did not go close to land, because of the danger of mine fields and because we feared a Jap trap. Instead, we went back to the place we sunk the spit-kits yesterday to look for prisoners. We saw the wreck of the third boat I have listed as destroyed, and it was

still afloat. Curiously, its anchor was still down and it was awash and a complete, hopeless wreck. A mass of sticks was sticking out of the water, which I took to be the cabin or bridge of the boat. I will say it is sunk although it will probably float around for years. Naturally, there were no survivors. While looking the wreck over, we picked up another small fishing boat, but we did not bother sinking him, as he was headed for the beach at a good rate.

What I write now is probably one of the best submarine stories of the war, and like everything else I've written is absolutely true and not just imagination.

In the afternoon, we picked up a ship at about 12,000 yards. Visibility was about 1,000 yards, and we could see practically nothing by binocular. We chased this ship down and I was lucky enough to see him first through a rift in the fog about 200 yards away. It was the biggest ship I've seen in Jap water, and I judged it to be about 20,000 tons, in the glimpse I got of it. I was very excited and as soon as we saw him, we submerged and got into position to fire torpedoes. We made our tubes ready and opened the outer tube doors and waited for the jar of torpedoes leaving the ship. We were going to fire eight torpedoes at him, as he was well-worth that number. Then, quite to our astonishment, the captain ordered the tube doors closed, and we secured from battle stations. Then we found out that just at the instant he was about to send the

torpedoes on their way, he saw a red cross on the ship, indicating that it was a hospital ship and not to be molested. The ship was not acting as it should and not lighted as it was supposed to be, so if we did sink it we could not be censured. He was zigging, and he should have kept a steady course and speed or else he could be attacked. I checked our records and I identified him as the Tatasugo Maru, 9,367 tons, 453 feet, and is in reality a Jap hospital ship although we will never know what he was carrying or why he was so far north. I wondered if the Japs would have lived up to the rules if it had been an American hospital ship. After it was all over, the captain sent a message to all other subs in the neighborhood to guarantee safe passage for the Jap. That ship was just the press of a button from being sunk, and he was lucky to be identified in time. I did not see the cross nor any lights, but I saw him in the fog and at extreme range through glasses. This is one of the strangest sub stories, I believe, I have heard so far.

25 June 1945

Today is a month since we left Midway. To celebrate we went to battle stations submerged this morning, but nothing came of it so back to sleep. I haven't written anything about the place we're at, so I guess I'll make up for that here. We are very near Russia, and it is cold - not too bad though, but cold enough to warrant wearing heavy clothing. One blanket is sufficient, provided you pull it over your head. There is

usually fog at the surface of the sea, and for most of our purposes it comes in very handy as it hides us pretty effectively. The sea isn't very rough, but there are lots of conflicting currents which have to be watched while submerged. The sea is teeming with seals, porpoise, and other fish including whales. I saw one spout twice the other morning and got a kick out of it. Ducks are always in evidence, and must be a mainstay of the Jap diet. Most of Japan up here consists of mountainous places, snow-topped and sheersided. It is a most uninviting place, but when the morning sun outlines the crags and peaks it is really very beautiful. The people must live on fish and fowl, as it does not seem as if the mean country could produce any other food. We are now operating in the same area as last run and, as before, we have lots of contacts but hear hardly anything of any size to bother with. We have 18 torpedoes left, but even if we do not fire them all, I think we will leave station in another two weeks and go back to the States for overhaul. We are all hoping to go back to Portsmouth instead of the West Coast, as that would be so much nearer home besides taking about a month longer.

We still have school for about 1- $\frac{1}{2}$ hours every day, except when battle stations interrupt. It is a nuisance, but I don't lose any sleep over it, as I have to get up to go on watch anyway. Speaking of watches, I stand mine with a l/c SM who was my instructor in New London. Small world! I spoke for him at Midway, and they took him aboard for this run. He is a

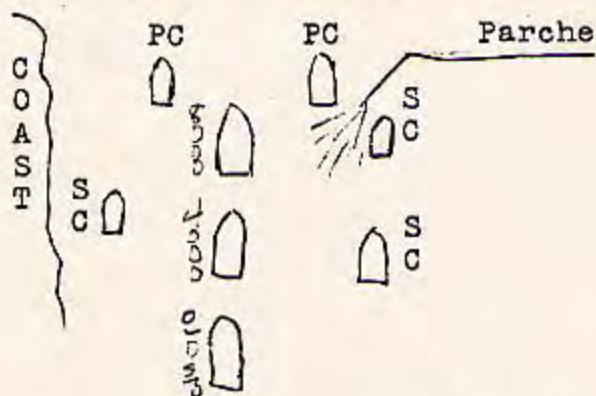
swell guy, and we have a good time while on watch, submerged.

26 June 1945

About 0930 we picked up a small convoy headed for us while submerged. We struggled to get into position for about two hours. When they were close enough, we saw that it must be a pretty important convoy, since they had five escorts for three ships. The captain decided to attack even though the odds were all against us and fired six torpedoes at the first and second ships, trying not to hit the escort. We heard all six of our torpedoes hit and explode, so we figure we sank at least two and possibly three ships. One was about 2,000 tons, and the other was about 8,000 tons. They must have been precious to the Japs. We heard them breaking up in our sound gear. Then came the deluge and the worst experience of my life. The remaining ships, if any, ran for it and for a while we had four escorts pinging on us. Then just two remained, and they started dropping depth charges on us. They shook us and mauled us and scared us somewhat. Once, very clearly without sound gear, we heard the screws of one start at our stern and come all the way up our keep line while dropping depth charges as he came. I was terrified and gave myself up for lost, but our hull took the pounding like a major. Light bulbs popped all around us, lockers flew open, my bed collapsed with me in it. It was sheer hell, and I never want to go through it again. The explosions forced us down to 600 feet. They dropped charges for about six hours, and later we figured that they dropped

about 100 charges or about 30 tons in all. Later they even sent a couple of planes out, and they dropped aerial bombs; but they were a long way off. When we surfaced at night, we were just 9- $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from land, and we put a lot more distance between us as soon as possible. There were no exceptions, every man considered himself lost, but everyone joked and laughed even when the explosions were worst.

I am adding this bit a few days later, and it is the dope put out by the captain. We definitely sank one 8,000 ton ice breaker and a 4,000 ton ship that was brand new and fully dressed with flags and bunting. All six torpedoes hit something, and since only four were aimed at these two ships, it is likely that the other two hit something that got in their way. He also saw a plane circling overhead as escort, as well as the five P.C. and S.C. escorts



This is a diagram of the attack. We got inside the escort screen and fired at the bigger ships. It was a daring attack, and we were lucky to come out of it.

27 June 1945

We ran out a ways and submerged and repaired the damage. As a relaxation, we had a movie which sure was a treat.

28 June 1945

We ran in toward the beach today to try our luck again,

but the sea was glassy calm and visibility too good, so we did not take too many chances. In a calm sea a periscope is visible a long way so we sneaked off early and took it easy.

29 June 1945

About the same as yesterday. One small Jap we did not even bother with.

30 June 1945

We are going north today. This morning we saw lots of wreckage and finally a dead Jap floating in the water. He was quite dead and bloated, and from this evidence we gathered that other boats were operating successfully in the neighborhood. It is getting foggier and that is exactly what I like for this kind of game.

1 July 1945

Another foggy day, and nothing big in sight so about 1400 we surfaced and sank three more boats. Two were about 100 feet long, the other was about 200 feet long and a trawler. It was pretty nice looking, painted white and very Jap looking. We sank them with 33 rounds of 5" shells and some 40 mm - was damn good shooting. Our photographer got some good shots of the action, and I saw the Japs dive overboard as the shells started over. We were about 5 miles from the beach, and through the binoculars I saw a town and streets. The big boat had a good sized gun on it, but they never got a chance to man it. Our total to date is one tanker, one A.K., one ice breaker,

three trawlers, five sampans, and one trawler destroyed. We did not dive right away, as the fog was heavy but did so in about an hour just to rest up since there was nothing else around.

2 July 1945

We picked up a Jap fishing ball this morning. It looks like a mine, but is made of glass with rope mesh around it. The diameter is about 24" and looks like a mine at a distance. I guess the skipper wants it for a souvenir. In the afternoon, we sighted a big Jap mine, but before we could stop the ship it was lost in the dense fog. We searched for an hour and finally found it again only to lose it once more in the fog. It was the biggest one I've seen. We also saw a Jap life boat that was smashed and awash, but it was empty except for a bottle. We did not bother to investigate.

3 July 1945

The fog is so dense that we are not going in too close because we know these waters are heavily mined. We are farther north than we've ever been, but the weather isn't too cold, and except for the fog it is pretty nice. This fog is so thick you cannot see the bow of the ship, and it lasts all day and night with hardly any breaks at all.

4 July 1945

We just floated around in the fog all day. At 1030 we made contact with a Jap fleet of destroyers or escorts, but when we got close enough to be sure what they were we just eased away from them. They were pinged as they went, evidently looking for subs in the vicinity. This is borne out by what happened on the 5th.

5 July 1945

At about 0400 we picked up a Jap convoy headed north. We circled way around out of sight, and headed them off. I was on lookout at the time and got a look at the largest one. It looked very big, about the size of a Victory ship. That was the last look I got because we submerged and waited for them to pass over us. They did come and when they were close enough the captain saw these two freighters escorted by two destroyers and six escorts. They were pinging as they came and certainly made our position uncomfortable. When we speeded up to get in position to fire our torpedoes, our port shaft began making a racket, so the captain decided not to risk the attack. Although we didn't fire any torpedoes, we were still in a bad spot, because at any moment they were liable to pick up our ship with their sound gear. We went deep and they did pass close but by good fortune they did not find us. We were in silent running all day but came out of a bad situation very well. The shaft is still very bad so I doubt if we will go in close.

6 July 1945

We are way off shore, trying to fix our shaft. We got a four day extension so we have to stay on station for another ten days or until 16 July. It is tough, but bitching will not make it easier. I saw another whale spout today, and the lookout said it was a white whale - shades of Moby Dick!

7 July 1945

Still patrolling way off shore. The fog lifts occasionally now but not for long. We passed through a school of whales and I saw three of them. They seem very large and have a dorsal fin that is about 3 feet long. When they dive you can see their tails left out of the water.

8 July 1945

Still way off shore and now it is obvious that the captain will not risk another attack with our shafts as noisy as they are. The Japs would pick us up easily and give us a good working over for the damage we've done. We still have eight more days to go and each one is an eternity. God, how I wish this were over. I spent a few hours yesterday talking about homes with another fellow from New York; it sure makes you miss a home of your own, living like this in an enlarged section of sewer pipe.

9 July 1945 - 11 July 1945

We are still well offshore, with no intention of going in closer. The only thing of interest is the whales which seem to own this part of the ocean. We saw a dead one which the birds were eating, and curiously enough, it was a white whale. We passed close to it so there is mistake about the color. Another playful one breached 20 feet from the ship and scared us silly till we realized what it was. I was so close to it I saw his vertebraed backbone and his dorsal fin and his tail flip when he dived. He did this several times, very close,

but then hurried off after losing interest. We, also, passed through a school of blackfish, and for as far as you could see, in on any side you could see them jumping clear of the water or else playing in our wake. They were about 4' to 5' long and had silver undersides. They very much resembled a porpoise. With as many fish as I've seen, I doubt whether we could ever starve the Japs.

We heard over the radio that the hospital ship we almost sank was stopped by one of our destroyers and it was found that it had on board sick and wounded from Wake Island. I kept a copy of the Parche Press as evidence that we had some part of this curious incident.

14 July 1945

These last few days have been easy for us, with just our watches to stand and the usual school. We are on lifeguard duty again and waiting for a big raid to be executed against the Japs. The raid will be made by planes, of course, but we will be between the carriers and the beach so if some unfortunate fellow lands or crashes in the sea we will be in position for a rescue. It is a risky business as the Japs may be out looking for the fleet and stumble on us. The raid was scheduled for yesterday, but the weather was so bad that it did not come off. As I write this we are on our way in to try to pick up the pilots of two planes which collided near here. We saw the planes go in this morning and are wondering how they made out and how bad our losses were.

15 July 1945

I witnessed the prettiest sunsets of the patrol last night. The sun was quite low in the sky when a space appeared between a low layer of Stratocumulus clouds and the sun was reflected on some small altocumulus clouds higher up. The effect was like an oil painting in the sky. The colors were not uniform, but appeared to be smeared on by an artist, working in oils. Then off to one side another space turned a beautiful shade of purple, which we know as magenta. A word picture is very inadequate, but it will recall the scene at some future date. I thank goodness for these small favors, fish playing, sunsets, changes in weather, to relieve the monotony of the endless patrol. We have been out now for 50 days and it will be at least two full months before we reach port.

There is another raid today, and once more we are looking for our own planes that may have been forced down. We have four fighter planes covering us, so we will not have to submerge in case of attack. If we did have to go down for some reason, we would lose all our effectiveness for search as we could not come up again till dark.

16 July 1945

We left from Midway tonight, but we got a message telling us we had to look for pilots another day. We were mad as hell as we were quite a bit on our way, but we raced back at full speed and began our search. It was fruitless again, so we started for home again.

17 July 1945

We rendezvoused with another sub today and transferred three flyers to our ship as the other sub was going to remain on station and we were leaving. We came close alongside, and they rowed over in a rubber boat. They had been three miles from the beach when forced down, and instead of rowing for it and capture, they headed out for sea. The Japs came after them but our planes strafed them, and our pilots got away at night. They paddled for 21 hours when the sub picked them up. There is one ensign pilot, one aviation radioman, and one aviation ordnanceman.

Just before we met the other sub, we had a very narrow escape. A Jap plane came out of the sun and was about 6 miles away when our detection gear picked it up. We dove in a hurry and were down to 200 feet when he dropped a bomb right where we had been. It scared us, but we were safe as we know he could not have harmed us. We were afraid he would radio for the Jap navy or air corps to come out and get us as long as we were pinned down. We waited two hours then came up only to discover he was still circling around, so we went down again to 350 feet. He did not bomb again. We surfaced at night and began our trip for Midway.

19 July 1945

We passed out of the Japanese current and the weather turned bitter cold, but it is better than extreme heat which we will have soon enough. We used a good deal of fuel racing around looking for pilots so we will have just enough to make

it if we do not use too much speed. The trip should take about one week, but I don't care how long it is as it is in the right direction.

F I N I S