

# USS *Terror* CM-5



An

Album

*Allie Ryan*

## SNAPSHOTS



**Captain Richard Spofford**



**Captain Robert Blakeslee**



# SNAPSHOTS



USS TERROR (CM-5)  
COMMISSIONED & WARRANT OFFICERS  
Pearl Harbor, December 1944

Back Row - Left to Right:

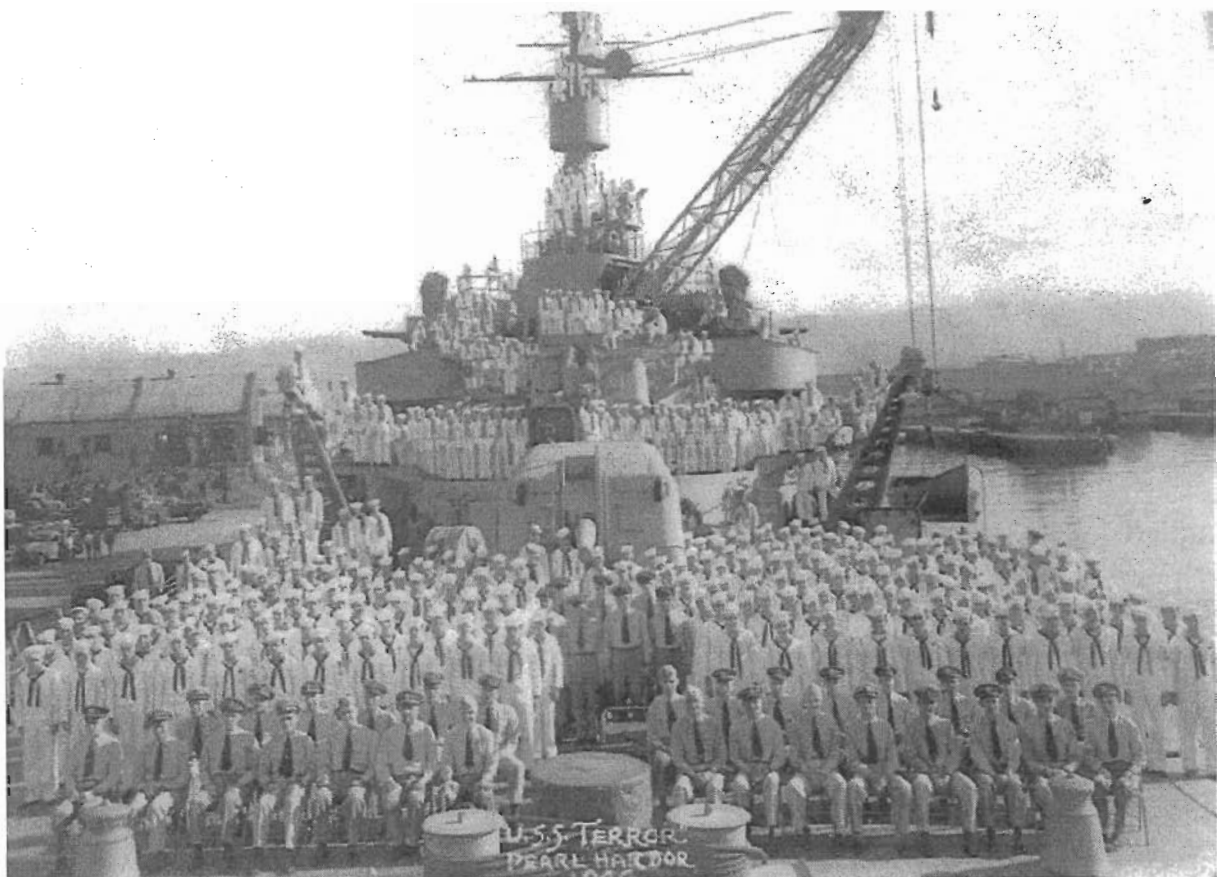
(1) LT. H.P. Jowett, NC Div (2) LT(jg) G.E. Boone, M Div. (3) O.N. McMurray, Pay Clerk S Div (4) I.F. Lindsey, LT(jg) MF Div. (5) W/From R Div (6) LT(jg) R.E. Doty, 3rd Div (7) LT R.O. Farrigon, 1st Div. (8) LT(jg) S.L. Tague, MA Div (9) LT. R.W. Seeger, Dental

Middle Row -

(1) LT E.G. Ruffand, NC Div (2) LT R.W. Glascock, Eng (3) LT C.E. Wood, Supply (4) LT C. A. Coombs, Gunnery (5) H.W. Blakeslee, CY (6) LT T. H. Bartindale, Nav (7) LT J.F. Catamar, First Lt (8) LT(jg) R.O. Rickert, Medical (9) LT D.L. Mincey, NC Div

Front Row -

(1) W/Elec F.L. Ditzel, E Div. (2) Ens. R.A. Crocker Jr, Asst. Damage Ctrl (3) Ens. H.J. Crumpler, Asst 3rd Div. (4) Ens. T.L. Heinz, Diab. (5) Ens. T.M. Conway, 1st Div (6) L.C. Triplett, R Div. (7) Ens U.S. Allen, A Div. (8) CW/Rad/EI R. Hargland



## HISTORY OF THE USS *TERROR* CM-5

*It would seem, at this point, a brief history of the Terror is in order. Unfortunately the only written history available is the Navy version found in the Dictionary of American Fighting Ships. This recounting of the ship's travels has been widely printed and does not really serve the purpose here.*

*A few years back Lois Mickey, wife of the late Marshall Mickey, sent a short history of the ship. At that time she did not indicate the author or how Marshall came by this piece and I simply filed this away without further thought. The document is dated May 1947, a full year after most wartime personnel had left the ship and five months before decommissioning in November 1947. As a guess, it would appear to have been prepared in a ship's office for the crew as a casual history of the ship.*

## HISTORY OF THE USS *TERROR* CM-5

First vessel specifically designed as a minelayer, the 6000-ton USS *TERROR* was constructed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and launched there at 1100 on 6 June 1941. As the new-type vessel began skidding down the lubricated fabrication of timbers enroute to the Delaware River, Mrs. Ralph A. Bard, wife of the Navy's Assistant Secretary, wielded a gaily beribboned bottle of champagne.

*TERROR* No. 1 had been a double-turreted Monitor-type ship used by the Navy against the Spanish in 1898 and sold by the Navy in 1920. USS *TERROR* CM-5, second ship to bear the name, was destined to divide her death-dealing career between mine and anti-mine warfare. As she lay berthed at the Philadelphia Yard being fitted out, the brand new minelayer was seen to have two stacks, a high freeboard and a comparatively large superstructure. Below her main deck level, tracks ran aft on which her deadly mines were conveyed to their stern dumping points. *TERROR*'s two screws, powered by geared turbines, were to propel her through thousands of miles on both Atlantic and Pacific forward areas while four 5-inch dual purpose guns (two single mounts forward and two aft) plus two 20mm gun mounts were to protect her from any challengers.

Commander H.W. Fitch assumed command of the *TERROR* as she was placed in commission on 15 July 1942, and proceeded to put his new command and the 400-odd men who were to man her through their nautical paces during trial runs in the Delaware Bay. There she began to perfect her mine-sowing profession as intensive maneuvers and general drills were effected under simulated battle conditions.

Preliminaries terminated just in time for minelayer *TERROR* to get in on the all-out assault against Axis-held North Africa and she left home waters on 1 November 1942, with a flock of amphibious support craft in the second wave of the North African invasion. Transiting the Atlantic to the subdued French Moroccan seaport of Casablanca, *Terror* and other mine force units quickly set to work laying a defensive field of floating obstacles around Casablanca's entrances.

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Returning to Norfolk, Virginia early in December, the sea-seasoned *TERROR* underwent changes in her armament - anti-aircraft defenses were sparked with a quadruple 40mm mount replacing the smaller 20mm's. On 2 October 1943, USS *TERROR* left Yorktown, Virginia for the Pacific War Theatre.

Passing through the Panama Canal locks the USS *TERROR* nosed north to San Francisco, there embarked naval elements for transportation, and proceeded on to Pearl Harbor. The *TERROR* arrived at the Hawaiian bastion on 25 October 1943, and received further routing orders six days later for remote Funafuti in the Ellis Islands.

Defensive mine fields were strewn around Funafuti during the three weeks spent in that area. *TERROR* also occasionally acted as relief Flagship for Commander Service Squadron 4, which was handling supplies for the bitter Gilbert Islands campaign.

With United States forces gaining the initiative in the conflict with the Japanese, the *TERROR*'s activities changed and she became a floating mine laboratory, a mobile supply base for serial minelaying campaigns in the South Pacific. Back in Pearl Harbor from the Funafuti job, *TERROR* loaded aerial mines and rushed them to newly-won Tarawa where American pilots quickly put them to use fending off enemy surface antagonists.

New Year's Day 1944 was celebrated at the Harbor of Esperito Santo in the New Hebrides. Ubiquitous *TERROR* then sailed with advance base mine equipment earmarked for Guadalcanal, delivered her cargo and passed northeast to string defensive mine fields around Makin Island in the Gilberts. In February she returned to Pearl Harbor.

Little time was spent in the shadow of Oahu's towering Diamond Head as the *TERROR* took onboard 400 Naval passengers. In 48 hours, "transport" *TERROR* was on her way back to Pearl Harbor.

From March to July 1944, *TERROR* operated between Pearl Harbor and recently annexed Pacific outposts Majuro, Kwajalein, Roi and Eniwetok, carrying ammunition of all kinds to re-arm the giant U.S. task forces scouring the seas of the Japanese. In addition, the ship also moved American casualties of the Saipan campaign, and a few wounded Japanese prisoners from Eniwetok to Pearl Harbor. In April 1944, Commander Horace W. Blakeslee, USN, relieved Commander Fitch as Commanding Officer of the USS *TERROR*.

Invasion of the Philippines was in the offing and, after another trip from Pearl Harbor to San Francisco where minor repairs were effected, "ammunition ship" *TERROR* sped to heart-shaped Ulithi Lagoon in the Western Carolines, her holds filled with bombs and shells. Further operations took *TERROR* to Guam and Manus.

Returning once again to Pearl Harbor the ship remained there until 22 January 1945, during which time alterations were made to receive on board the staff of the newly organized Commander Minecraft U.S. Pacific Fleet in the person of Rear Admiral Alexander Sharp.

## HISTORY OF THE USS *TERROR* CM-5

The new duties of *TERROR* prepared her for direction of pre-invasion minesweeping operations in the Iwo Jima onslaught; she arrived off that lava-coated Pacific pinpoint 16 February 1945. For three days before the projected landings, Flagship *TERROR*'s radios hummed directions to the minesweepers engaged in clearing the Iwo approaches. As the initial landings were made on 19 February "hospital ship" *TERROR* stood by to take wounded Marines aboard for swift evacuation southeast to Saipan. Having safely carried her cargo of casualties to hospitals on Saipan, *TERROR* returned to Ulithi and remained there until 19 March 1945. On that day she left for the Okinawa area leading an advance mine force of several hundred ships.

Fifteen miles west of ill-fated Okinawa were the islands of Kerama Retto. These were seized on 26 March prior to the 1 April assault on Okinawa in order to provide a base for logistic support, a protected anchorage and a seaplane base for the operation of search and anti-submarine patrol planes. Into Kerama Retto's anchorage on 29 March to direct operations of the mine fleet steamed Admiral Sharp's Flagship, USS *TERROR*.

From every angle, Okinawa was covered by extensive minesweeping, surface bombardment, beach reconnaissance and underwater demolition before American troops went in for the kill. *TERROR*'s sojourn in the Kerama Retto group became progressively perilous as the tempo of enemy aerial strikes rose. Night and day, Japanese aircraft droned in to blast the rapidly swelling fleet. Over 100 times *TERROR* sailors scurried to their battle stations to repel these suicide attacks and the ship's 5-inchers banged away incessantly at the marauders. At 0400 on 1 May 1945, USS *TERROR* was knocked out of the Pacific War.

Screaming out of the early morning skies, an explosive-laden Nip dive bomber hurtled into *TERROR*'s high freeboard, exploding with an ear-crushing roar and wild flashes of flame. Iron decks were peeled back like waste paper; electric cable and steel fragments smashed against the overhead. Fire-fighting parties charged into thick black smoke to fight the raging fires and brought the holocaust under control in an hour. Repair ships anxiously swished around the stricken Flagship and rescue parties probed twisted steel for survivors.

During the next eight days at Kerama Retto *TERROR* licked her wounds and made emergency repairs as the staff of Admiral Sharp was transferred to Coast Guard Cutter *BIBB*. On the 8th of May the crippled minelayer limped from Kerama Retto and began ploughing the long distance to home waters. Not only had her activities in connection with the Okinawa invasion been brought to a dead halt - 42 of her crew members had been lost in the fiery ordeal (4 missing, 120 wounded). Behind her on beleaguered Okinawa, some half-million Yank ground troops were angling for position on the rugged terrain to break the back of the Jap's last hope of defense - the Shuri Line.

On 1 June 1945, a battle maimed USS *TERROR* passed beneath the Golden Gate Bridge into the placid serenity of San Francisco Bay. On 15 June 1945, with his battered command berthed at Mare Island Navy Yard undergoing a thorough overhaul, Commander Blakeslee left his position as Commanding Officer to take up other duties in connection with mine warfare. Commander Richard T. Spofford relieved him.

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Welding of plates, riveting of torn griderage and addition of more anti-aircraft fire power had been completed by 14 August and on the 15th, the day Japanese made public their willingness to quit, a rejuvenated USS *TERROR* sailed for a return trip to Okinawa

Okinawa's Buckner Bay was reached on 8 September 1945, and on the 9th, Rear Admiral Arthur D. Struble, who had relieved Admiral Sharp as Commander Minecraft U.S. Pacific Fleet on 30 August, came aboard and established his headquarters. Flagship *TERROR* went about the grim business of directing minesweeping operations from Formosa to the Kuriles.

Lolling around her anchor in Buckner Bay on 16 September 1945, *TERROR* was anticipating a sortie as Skipper Spofford contemplated a rapidly falling barometer. Suddenly the old oiler *PATUKA* crunched into her starboard side causing moderate damage. As the typhoon whipped Buckner Bay into a seething mass, the damaged minelayer successfully rode out the blasts.

Again on 9 October 1945, *TERROR* bore the brunt of Nature on the rampage; again, she was able to ride out the typhoon at anchor. Other Naval units were not so fortunate. Violent winds of titanic strength caught the high-speed minesweeper *DORSEY*'s bow, blew her right onto an Okinawan roof. At 1100, 10 October, her Captain gave the order to abandon ship. All survivors were picked up by "rescue ship" *TERROR*. In the days following, *TERROR* cared for more than 500 survivors of minecraft that were damaged, beached or sunk during the storm.

Considering Buckner Bay far from a safe place to be, *TERROR* weighed anchor on 20 October 1945, and two days later moored in the inner harbor of the shattered Jap Naval Base at Sasebo on Kyushu's western coast. Admiral Struble transferred his flag to USS *PANAMINT* on 20 November 1945, and *TERROR* gingerly unfurled her homeward bound pennant.

With a 3-month stop-over (December 1945 - February 1946) at Pearl Harbor's Navy Yard for repairs to the damage incurred in Buckner Bay, minelayer *TERROR* embarked the Pacific Fleet Mine Force's Administrative Command and sailed for San Francisco on 21 February.

Discharging her passengers at Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, *TERROR* wove her way back to Pearl Harbor where, on 21 March 1946, she received Admiral Struble and his staff onboard from USS *PANAMINT*. Four days later she left Pearl Harbor in company with six high-speed minesweepers arriving at Treasure Island 31 March 1946. *TERROR* operated from the Treasure Island base until 25 December 1946, when the Pacific Mine Force was dissolved.

A 10-day availability period at the Mare Island Navy Yard readied *TERROR* for duty with Atlantic Fleet minecraft and on 1 February 1947, she left San Francisco bound for San Juan, Puerto Rico. Through the Panama Canal went *TERROR*, leaving the Pacific in her wake. At San Juan on 24 February 1947, Rear Admiral Francis P. Old, Commander Mine Forces U.S. Atlantic Fleet, came aboard as per schedule. *TERROR* then joined the task force conducting spring maneuvers off Culebra Island.

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Spring peacetime maneuvers over, *TERROR* and other mine units steered a course to the U.S. Minecraft Base at Charleston, S.C. arriving there 20 March 1947. USS *TERROR* is, at the time of this writing (21 May 1947), berthed at the Charleston Navy Yard prior to her next assignment with the active U.S. Atlantic Fleet.



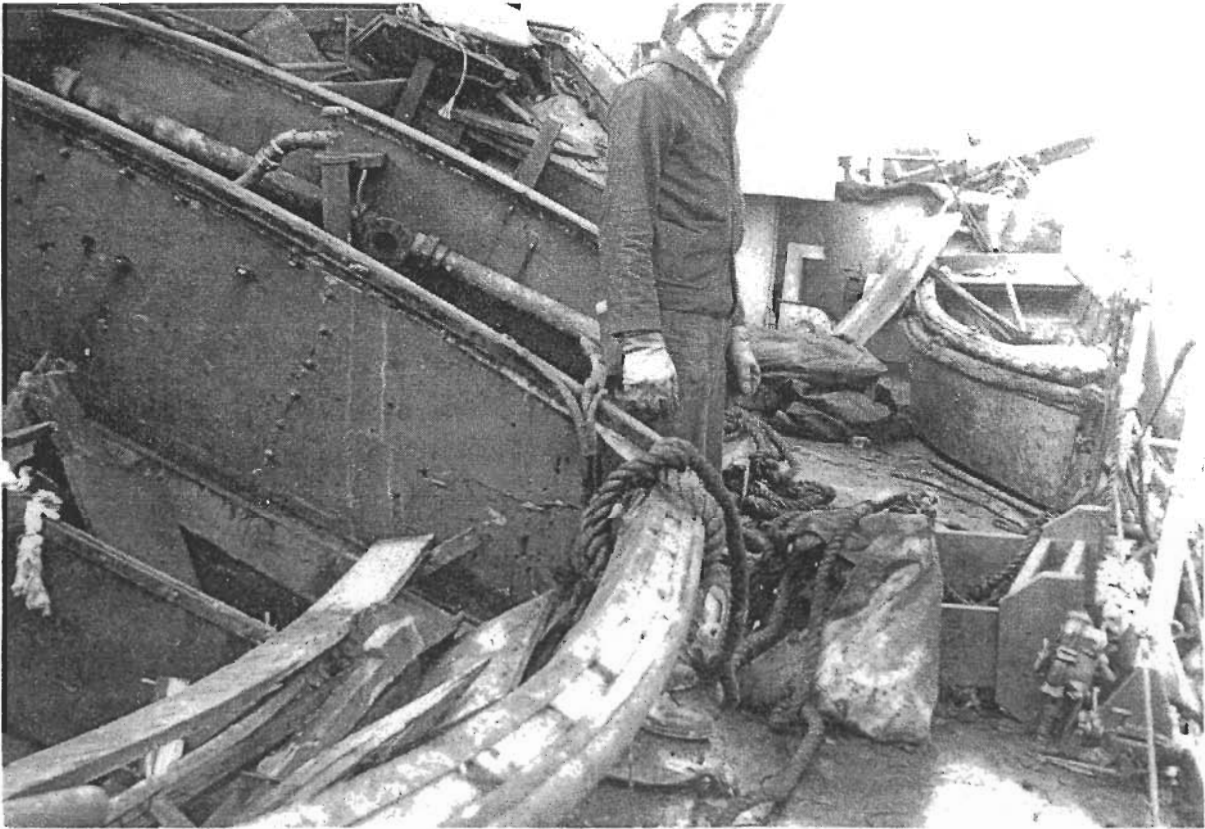
## BATTLE DAMAGE



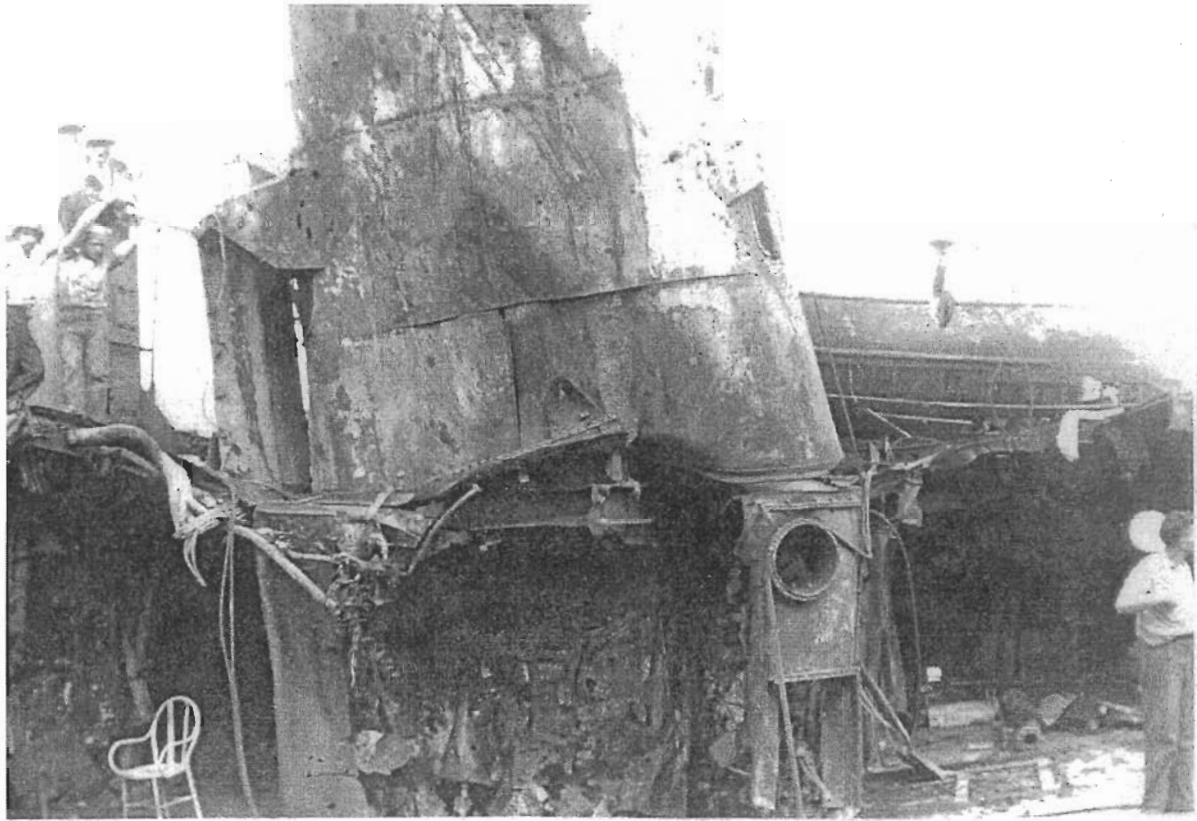
## BATTLE DAMAGE



## BATTLE DAMAGE



## BATTLE DAMAGE





## STATESIDE HIT USS TERROR CM-5

*Very few details of the kamikaze hit inflicted on Terror have been publicized. This is not terribly surprising since suicide hits were endured by Navy ships numbering in excess of three hundred. The only first person account of Terror's ordeal follows here. While it claims only to be an individual's observation, it accurately portrays the scene as experienced by the men involved.*

*The author, Richard Newcomb, came on Terror in March of 1945, serving as Enlisted Naval Correspondent. The following article appeared, I believe in late '45, probably in Our Navy magazine. After the war Newcomb wrote a trio of best sellers, Iwa Jima, Savo and Abandon Ship! (a chronicle of the USS Indianapolis sinking). For the wound suffered in this attack, Newcomb was awarded the Purple Heart.*

### STATESIDE HIT

#### Bursting Bombs Brought Death - But They Also Meant A Trip Back Home

by Richard F. Newcomb

A hit, in Pacific Fleet parlance, had nothing to do with baseball. In this league, there were only two kinds of hits - The Pearl Harbor hit and the Stateside hit, the former meaning that battle damage to your ship could be repaired at the great Hawaiian base, and the latter meaning the damage was of such an extent or nature as to require a trip to the United States for repairs.

The first kind was as good as no hit at all, but the second, ah, that meant one thing to the sailor - home. Now I do not mean to intimate that any sailor really hoped for damage to his ship or harm to his shipmates. He only looked at it this way; if we have to take one, please make it a stateside hit.

We were fighting to smash the Japanese, I suppose, but on a much lower plane we were fighting for just one thing, so we could go home. Methods of achieving this goal, even temporarily, were the subject of endless speculation and conversation during the long hours of inaction that surround the brief bursts of battle.

We were no different from the enlisted men on any other ship which has been a long time in the forward area. We used to talk about "taking a hit" saying it glibly, acting like we meant it, spitting out the phrase quickly so you wouldn't have to think that it entailed, by its very nature, death and destruction. If you did pause in your mind for a split second to think about the death part, you counted yourself out; it didn't mean you, because that would defeat the whole purpose of the thing. You couldn't very well go home if you were dead.

So this is the story of a hit, the one we wanted and didn't want, but the one we got.

Keramo Retto is a little group of islands just the other side of Okinawa. Retto, they told us, means a groups of islands, and that's what it was, a group of hills sticking out of the water to enclose an excellent anchorage. We were with the minefleet which worked around Okinawa before the invasion clearing the waters for the big stuff waiting to move in.

My ship anchored in the Retto on March 29, three days before the Army and Marines invaded Okinawa, and there we stayed. We were still there on May 1, but we had not been idle. The Japanese, goaded to fury by the certain loss of a key island in the home group and unable to meet us on land or sea, were using their only remaining weapon, the air arm, and using it in a typically Japanese manner.

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Suicide attacks had been tried out before, but only on a small scale and in scattered theatres. Here, in a fifty-mile circle from Okinawa, they used it on the grand scale, in sheer desperation, hurling hundreds of planes into the attack. That they failed to accomplish their purpose is another story.

Our story is the story of the ships that fought them off at Okinawa, that took a terrible toll of Japanese aircraft, but that did not emerge unscathed. My ship, like the others, spent the long weeks of April on the constant alert. Our guns were manned twenty-four hours a day, and more than a hundred times in those weeks the eerie whine of the general quarters alarm sent every man on board racing to his battle station, a little tight feeling around the heart telling him this was no dress rehearsal, no mere battle practice, but the real thing. Many times it meant just long hours at stations waiting, waiting - for nothing. Sometimes it was through the chilly nights, sometimes through the warm days. Four nights running we slept on our stations, wherever they were. Some meals we ate on our stations, others we left hot on the mess tables to answer the alarm and returned to find them cold and sodden. Coffee constantly brewed in the galley. Sleep became a thing you took when you could and where you could.

And over it all was the uncertainty. A dozen alarms meant only watching and waiting, the next turned into a swift, vicious, roaring battle for life itself. During those weeks we saw many planes, we shot at some, and we feel sure we downed a few. You could never be positive, with more than a score of ships firing, which one made the kill. And they weren't all kills. We saw ships hit, and we gave aid where we could.

To watch a plane, sometimes carrying bombs, sometimes not, deliberately dive through murderous fire, to crash into a ship, blowing itself and the pilot to bits, is an awesome sight. There is something in it the American mind cannot grasp. It accomplishes a purpose, in damaging or in some cases sinking a ship, but it costs many planes and many pilots for each hit. The many that fail are lost to no purpose, and the few that succeed do so but once.

We tussle with the senselessness of the tactic, trying in many ways to pick out and express the germ of the inherently alien ideology, give it up and face the fact that it is here.

We were doing that on the night of April 30 - May 1. Twice that night we had been routed from bed to dress hurriedly, run to battle stations and do nothing for an hour or so but wait and mutter imprecations over lost sleep. There was nothing to tell us that the third alarm, just before four A.M. would be any different from the scores of other "routine" alerts.

But it was different. I got my first surging thrill of something out of the ordinary when I stepped out on the starboard side of the main deck from the after messing compartment. A 20mm anti-aircraft gun on the boat deck, two decks up, was firing ragged bursts over my head. I stopped a second in the doorway, noted half consciously that the moon was still bright. I hurried forward on the main deck and began to go up the ladder to my battle station on the signal bridge, sixty feet above the water.

Now the rest of this is pieced together from fragments of memory, things I saw but did not see then; pictures my mind took, like a camera, but did not "develop" until the days that followed.

The first ladder was broken by a short landing half-way up to the boat deck. I think I had just passed that landing when I heard the noise, a noise that cut life in half, dividing it between the time before you had heard it and the time afterwards. It was a noise so loud, so violent, so rending, somehow with such a cruel, destructive sound that I was instantly frozen in terror on the ladder.

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I recall clearly my first response. I breathed "Oh God," twice, softly. At the same instant a holocaust of white-hot flames and gases came blasting and gusting over my head and down on the main deck behind me. In the awful roar which silenced forever the ears of some men, in the almost tangible, touchable waves of concussion were flying pieces of jagged metal, myriads of them from pinpoint size to a ton or more. A fifty-foot motor launch, caught in the fury of the explosion, ceased to exist. It became millions of flying splinters. The Diesel motor, in one piece, took wings and flew aft to the gun deck. Whole hatches, dogged down tight against just such a blast, burst their fastenings and mowed down whatever stood in their path. A thousand other things happened at the same instant, all adding up to one thing - metal twisted, torn, cut, broken, slashed, smashed, rolled, bent, bulged.

As the blast died, there was almost a full second of silence, as if the ship itself and everyone on it looked and gaped in terrible awe of this mighty force let loose. Even as this silence began to break, I breathed twice again, this time "I am alive. I am alive." It was not in exultation, for that would have required thought and I was not thinking yet. It was merely a flat, toneless report from my mind, made audible so my ears could take it in and reassure the rest of my body.

Then the flames began, and while they still sighed softly there came another sound, the screams of the wounded, the shouts of the hysterical. The ship was struggling back to life. The fire was now roaring behind me, drowning out the sounds of human agony. All this, and much more that a single mind could not encompass, took place in a few seconds.

Simply because the flames were close behind me, and without the necessity of thinking, I started up the ladder again. As I reached the boat deck, two men from the deck above arched in the air and landed at my feet on all fours, like cats. "You're all right. Lie still. Lie still", I recall saying, and they did, rolled up like little balls in a corner.

I went up the next ladder to the bridge deck. There wasn't a soul on the 40mm quad mount there. Ammunition lay scattered about, and a fire burned in the top of an opened shell can. I knew what it would mean if those shells started exploding, and I called to no one in particular, "give me something to put this out with." A man came out of the pilot house with a rag and beat out the fire.

I analyzed this late, trying to discover if there was in me a spark of real courage. I remember a split second of indecision when I first saw the fire, a moment during which my first impulse had been to run, somewhere, away, but I stayed, and did a half-way thing - called for aid. I could have done the job myself. Perhaps I would have if help had not arrived promptly, but I rather think I might have run in another moment.

But there were heroes that night, real heroes, and there were what I suppose we must call cowards. Some men, burned, cut, peppered with shrapnel or dazed, fought the fire until they were relieved. One man, on the fantail, farthest point from the explosion, jumped over the stern into the water without waiting to see what would happen.

I went up the last ladder to the signal bridge, looked back at the fire, heard the fire parties at work and decided the fire would be controlled, I was safe, temporarily. Someone bandaged my head, and with no immediate task requiring doing, I waited on my battle station for dawn to come.

Meanwhile, those with jobs to do turned to them in magnificent fashion. The captain came to the signal bridge as the only spot still in communication with the other parts of the ship,

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and took over in his usual quietly efficient manner. "I'd like to see the old man excited just once," a seaman said, "but I guess I never will." And he never did.

The plane, which apparently was a single-engined Judy, carrying a 500 lb. bomb on each wing and several incendiaries, struck on the starboard side of the boat deck. It was 3:50 A.M., four minutes after the alarm was given.

The after stack was blocked, extinguishing the fire in the only boiler then in use and cutting off the generator. The ship plunged into darkness, except for the weird light of the flames.

But almost immediately the auxiliary Diesel generator cut in automatically to supply temporary light and power. Within eleven minutes, the engineering force far below decks lighted off one of the forward boilers, got up steam and cut in a generator, restoring regular service. Damage control parties, fighting the blaze on three decks, conquered the fire within an hour.

The hours before dawn were filled with smoke and flame, shouted orders, one terrific blast when a 20mm magazine exploded, the arrival of rescue boats alongside, emergency treatment of the wounded and their removal to places of safety on the forecastle and fantail.

Dawn disclosed smoking wreckage amidships, but the immediate emergency was over and men had a little time to think of friends and inquire after them.

"Where's Chappie?"

"He's okay. I saw him on the fantail."

"What about Charley Druse?"

"He's all right. Two men were killed alongside him in the log room, but he wasn't even scratched."

I asked about Jack Englander, a cook, who shared my battle station.

"I haven't seen him," a pharmacist's mate told me, "Most of the cooks and bakers were killed. It hit right in the mess hall and galley. There's nothing left of them."

"Jack and I had walked through the galley together, but he stopped for his life jacket. ('I always keep it here. It's much handier.') No trace of him was ever found. The ship's dentist is dead, and the two other doctors are badly hurt."

I was the Enlisted Navy Correspondent on board, and the ship's dentist took the pictures I sent along with my little blurbs about the boys. I had passed him in the mess hall. He spoke to me, told me he'd have some pictures ready for me in the morning.

I knew his story, as I knew the story of so many of those men from talking to them. He had learned the printing trade, put himself through college and dental school as a linotype operator on an Ohio newspaper. Married with two small children, he had volunteered for service, asked for sea duty, and was about to go up to Lieutenant Commander.

A kindly man, he lived to talk philosophy. A few days before, we had discussed human hopes, ambitions and problems. Now, suddenly, violently, his struggle was over, his problems solved. I wondered, would he say it had been worthwhile?

And there were others gone too, many others. As I sat on the forecastle in the gray dawn, watching the basket stretchers being lowered over the side into a LSM, we talked and the list grew as other men brought new information. Gradually the details of the picture were brushed in, as each man breathlessly told his story - to him, naturally, the most important story.

He was alive. He wanted to tell you how and why he was alive, of what he had seen, and hear, and done, and what he knew of those who had been less fortunate.



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How can you describe a blast on a warship? Sheets and balls of flame and and blast and concussion roared up and down interior passageways. Paint flamed, wires whipped around, pipes burst, whole doors, kettles from the galley, anything remotely movable flew around; metal, wood, clothing in infinitely various sizes and shapes screamed through the air, impelled by furious forces.

Men in open spaces, in doorways, in passageways simply ceased to live, in some cases the spark snuffed out by flame or concussion, in others cruelly beaten out by moving objects. One man told me he opened the door of his office just in time to watch a man disintegrate in front of him. His face corroborated the story.

These men I knew stepped out of their office into a passageway, because they felt safer there. They didn't suffer, merely expired swiftly and quietly in the tornadic burst of flame that swept down that hallway a second later.

But to speak now of the living. At daybreak they began taking the injured off, the most serious over the port side to go directly to the hospital ship, the less serious over the starboard side to go to a nearby auxiliary ship for now. The first phase was over, they waited for the second to begin.

Those of us who weren't hurt too badly had been thinking and talking. We figured the ship would probably go to the States for repairs, and we wanted to be on her. It was as simple as that. The thing we had half-seriously talked about had turned into a grim joke indeed, but we didn't want to miss out on it now if we could help it.

Toward evening we were transferred to a smaller patrol craft for removal to the hospital ship. The stretcher cases were put in a covered bay at the stern, and we set out in a light rain. For the first time, really, I was seeing the serious cases as I walked among the stretchers. There were some I didn't know (I had been assigned to the ship only six weeks before) and others I couldn't recognize under their blankets and mountains of bandages, or with burned and blackened faces, seared or matted hair. Occasionally an eyelid flickered to me in greeting. Then I had to ask "Who's that under there?" and was invariably shocked when I found out.

It was my first close view of a hospital ship as we came near. I remember how very white she looked, after the blacks and grays of warships, how she seemed an island of rest after weeks of tension. It was comforting to be there, even though I knew a Japanese suicide plane had crashed a brightly-lighted hospital ship in this area two nights before. We heard about that later, the double agony of the wounded being wounded again, some of them dying when they thought they had found a haven.

Our stained and torn clothing, last reminder of a night of horror, was taken from us and we relaxed in fresh white pajamas, the first most of us had worn in many months. That night we stayed in the anchorage, less than a mile from where we had been hit. We were securely blacked out, with the firepower of destroyers and other warships massed about us.

But morning came, and at noon I was to help feed some of the wounded who were unable to help themselves. I went to the burn ward. You recognized the smell immediately. You'd caught the same odor of burned flesh and hair on the ship, but here of course it was stronger, much stronger.

And the men! They looked like mummies, wrapped from head to waist and fingertips in specially-treated bandages.

As I began feeding spaghetti through the lower of three slits in the face of one form, it spoke to me.

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"You're the Navy correspondent, aren't you?"

"Yes, but who are you?"

"I'm the flag radioman."

I remembered him well. We talked, and before I left that ward I had identified seven of the "mummies", heard from each his own miracle of escape, and answered his questions as best I could. I went back to that ward in the days that followed, saw some of the mummies shed their wrappings, witnessed the wonders of modern burn therapy.

During the second night, we steamed over to Okinawa which, if possible, was worse than our old anchorage because of the continuous firing and the night-long smoke in our compartment from the fog screen. As we sailed out at eight o'clock the next morning, I watched two Jap planes crash off our stern under the magnificent fire of a cruiser. It was our farewell to the continuing battle for Okinawa.

For the next five days the ship settled down to taking care of its load of Purple Hearters. There is something casual in the atmosphere of a hospital ship, and in a short time even the most delicate eyes among the patients came to look on the sternest sights without flinching. There were seventy-eight men from my ship on board, and I saw most of them at one time or another.

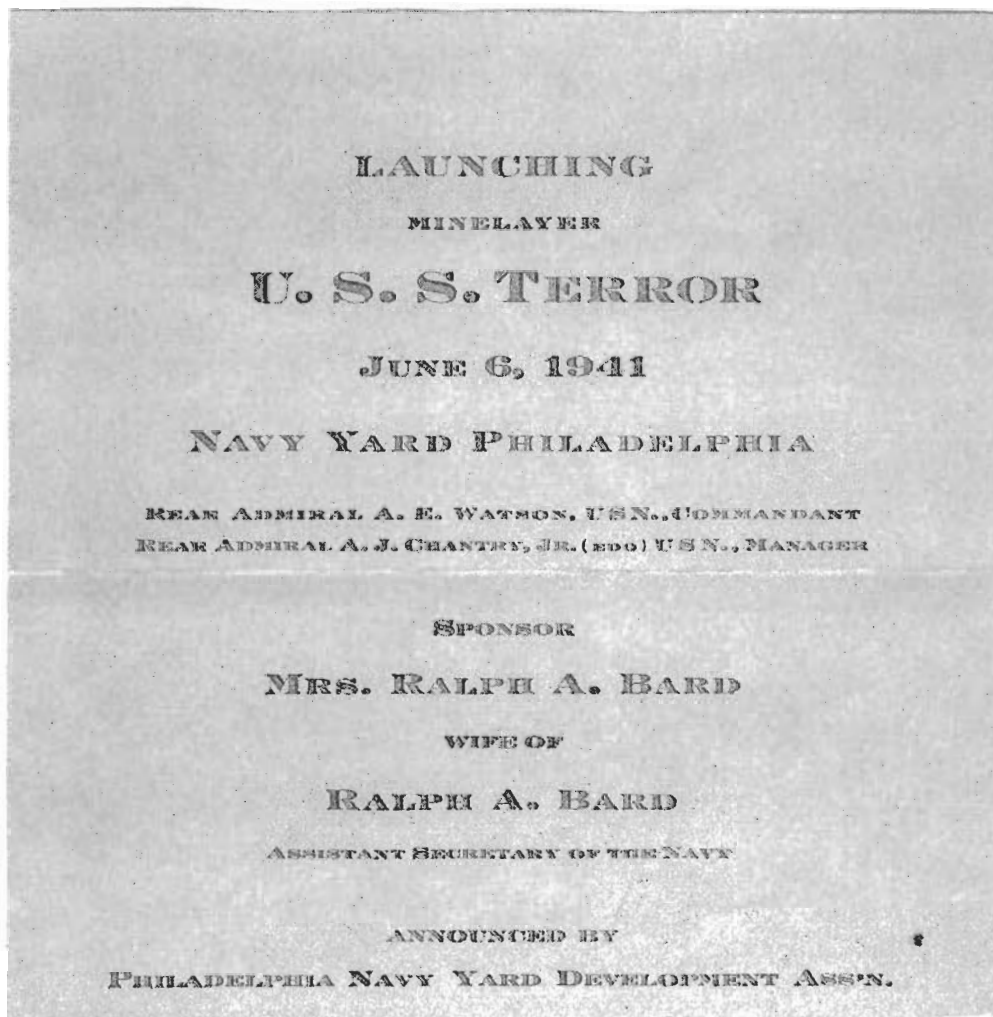
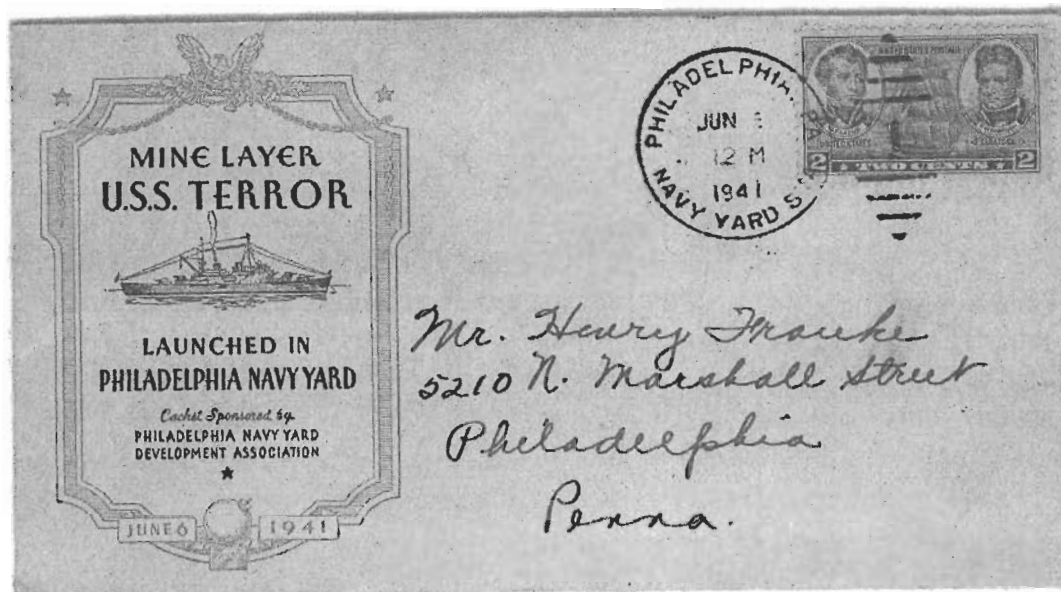
It was amazing what became ambulatory. Each day a few more joined the walking group on deck under sunny Pacific skies. I do not mean they were all cured. There was one man thirty-seven years old, married, two children, and a radio expert even before the war. He had been in the transmitter room in the center of the mess hall when the blast wrenched off a steel door and flung it past him. He emerged from that shambles of wires, tubes, motors, condensers and other radio paraphernalia with burns over his face and head. But it was his eyes that held you. There was stark fear in them. He had no business being alive, and he knew it. His hurts would heal, but it would take a long time for those eyes to forget they had looked too closely at death.

I saw another too. He had lost his memory, and for three days stared vacantly in front of him and spoke not a word. But one day he smiled in recognition, told me my name and sank back on the pillows in joy, because he knew what that meant. He will gradually recover his memory, the doctor said.

No two cases were alike, and each man received individual care. By the time we reached the base hospital, each sailor, soldier and marine had had full preliminary treatment and from then on would continue to receive whatever benefits modern medicine could give him.

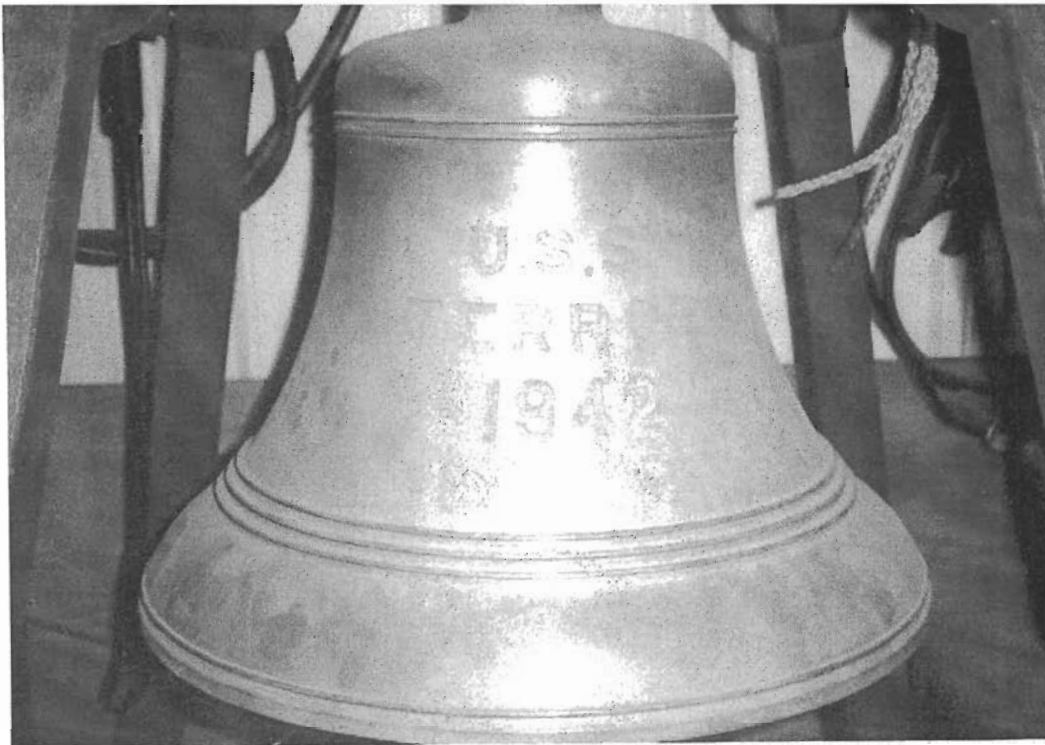
Time passes, wounds heal, men and ships can be made new and whole again. The Battle for Okinawa is won, and perhaps the strange phenomenon of mass suicide plane attacks will emerge as a unique feature of this war. Certainly never again is the tactic likely to be used on such a wholesale scale. The Superfortresses are slowly blasting and burning out Japanese airplane factories, while the Navy lies off Tokyo hammering the Jap cities and new bases much nearer the heart of the Nipponese empire will sound the doom of the enemy's air force. But the men in the Navy who met and turned back the onslaught at Okinawa will not soon forget it, nor their unfortunate reward of a Stateside Hit.

# THE FIRST DAY



## THE BELL

Received a late night phone call from a gentleman in Georgia requesting information on the USS *Terror*. He stated he had purchased a ship's bell at a Florida auction and the bell indicated only the ship's name and the date 1942. Expressing a bit of doubt that he had the "real thing", I suggested he send me a picture of the bell and upon receipt I would forward a brief history of the ship. The bell, indeed, was the real thing as evidenced by the photo below. The gentleman refused to part with the bell. As a curious sidelight, although the bell is real, I have yet to contact anyone who ever heard the bell or could tell me where on the ship it was located.



## THERE WAS A DOG NAMED ERROR



## THERE WAS A DOG NAMED ERROR



**Ed Stetter** writes "It was really good to see ole Error again in the latest issue of the newsletter. I'll never forget when we stopped our part in the war and turned the ship around to return to Tarawa to find Error on the beach. I believe a bunch of Marines had him but we picked him up anyway and I'll never forget seeing his four legs dangling from the breaches buoy being transferred from one activity to our ship. He indeed was the star of that moment in the war. He always hung around the butcher shop with Salvatore Bologna, the butcher, being his favorite shipmate."

The following page was published in a Charleston Navy newsletter, probably in 1948

# THERE WAS A DOG NAMED ERROR

Copy sent by Captain Blakeslee

## Chief Error of the Terror Has Had Colorful Navy Career

Error, DCA, USN — chief dog, acting appointment — could tell some salty but nostalgic tales of World War II, if he could talk, and no doubt would keep the people of Charleston, S. C., entertained with his stories of the sea.

Error was shanghaied into the naval service in 1942 by a sailor who brought him aboard the minelayer USS *Terror* (CM 5) in his pea-coat pocket. Navy life proved to be to the liking of the young dog, and he was soon dubbed "Error of the *Terror*." Although slightly underage for enlistment, he was officially made ship's mascot. He was given a service jacket and a service number — 000 00 00 — and a clear record was made of his leave, absences and conduct.

Error grew to be a large brown dog capable of taking care of himself in any situation. He has taken part in brawls in foreign ports that almost equalled some of the Navy's major engagements against the foe. When a lady was involved, Error usually trotted victoriously away with the object of his affections.

When Error's ship, *Terror*, was decommissioned in 1947 and placed in the Charleston group, Error — by then a chief — was transferred to the high-speed minesweeper USS *Hambleton* (DMS 20). He took one cruise aboard *Hambleton* and decided that he was aboard the wrong kind of ship. He was seasick! But back ashore he held his head high as though he thought such a minor failing couldn't lower the dignity of an old-time sailor with a record such as his, with all his war service and everything.

The closest Error ever came to spoiling his service record by being



SHIPMATES sit and swap sea stories with Error, DCA, USN, on board the chief's ship USS *Arcadia*.

AOL was when he missed his ship in Tarawa. The morale of *Terror*'s men hit an all-time low when they had to weigh anchor without their beloved Error aboard. The captain sent the word by dispatch throughout the Pacific that Error of the *Terror* was AOL.

Before long, Error was located, and as an early example of unification the Army flew him back to his ship. It was said that he had acquired a family and was rather reluctant to return to duty. He was given captain's mast, but since he hadn't been fully instructed as to when his liberty was to expire, he got off with a warning.

In the Okinawa operation, while *Terror* was an anchor at Kerama Retto, the ship was struck by a Jap suicide plane. Error was right in the middle of things, but got off with superficial wounds.

After his postwar cruise aboard *Hambleton*, Error found duty closer

to home — and of a less rigorous nature. He reported aboard the destroyer tender USS *Arcadia* (AD 23) which is tied up alongside the inactivated *Terror*. His present duties consist mostly of barking at the tugs which pass his ship. Tugs are to him what motorcycles and noisy cars are to landlubber dogs. He rarely, if ever, misses one — and can tell when one is coming, even if he is dozing and the tug is soundless to human ears.

Chief Error goes independently on his way and seldom takes orders from anyone. Most of his real friends — those with whom he shared comradeship during the years of combat — are gone. He is left alone to care for the pride of his old buddies and himself — the minelayer *Terror*. Although usually gentle and almost listless, Error can spring into action with surprising speed — especially if he thinks his old home needs protection. Recently a high school class visited the Navy Yard and included an inspection tour of *Terror* in their program. Error made such a commotion about strangers being allowed on "his" ship that he had to be tied until the visitors left.

Error is getting a little older, and perhaps wiser. He doesn't go on liberty quite so often now and is getting fussy about his food. If he and the cook aboard *Arcadia* have a falling out over the quality of the chow, Error goes to another ship to eat and is always welcome.

He shows a slight favoritism toward cooks and boatswain's mates, but is not a one-man dog. He's a one-ship dog, though — and his ship will always be USS *Terror* (CM 5) — George V. Johnson, JO2, USN.



## SNAPSHOTS



**Fred Bartlett** S1 1st Division

Tulsa, Oklahoma

"I went aboard in Sept. '44 and left in '46. It was a good day because they wanted someone to take over #1 Motor Launch and she became "my baby". I loved that job; we got to go places and see things that most of the gang wasn't "privy" to enjoy. During those years I figured I was born to loose so you know by now, after hearing all those "war stories" from Hogan and others, that I was a pretty "honery" sailor. I was, however, a happy guy on Aug. 15, 1946, and even happier when it came time for my honorable discharge. Guess I'm lucky it was honorable.

I have many fond memories of the *Terror* days and I considered every person aboard to be my friend, and I still do. Especially the ones that get together annually for reunions. Those were good times considering the situation we lived in at the time."

**Audrey C. Hogan** S1 1st Division  
Port Arthur, Texas





## SNAPSHOTS



**Andrew Stamos S2c**  
Shreveport, LA



**Allie Ryan F1c A Division**  
Blue Hill, Maine



**Herschel Thomas S2c**  
The Woodlands, Texas

## SNAPSHOTS



**Leon J. Biscay**

SSMB3c

**Leon Biscay writes:** “ I was one of two barbers on the USS *Terror*. My battle stations were 1) 20mm gun, 2) stretcher bearer, 3) 40mm quad, 4) lookout supervisor on the bridge. One of the most amazing is when sailors were rescued from the ocean, they looked like they were barely alive; the doctor would give them a shot of brandy and they would come back to life. I still shudder when I remember the typhoons and Kamikaze attack. I was first assigned to mine deck duty but when a barber position became available, I tried out for it and was selected for the job. One of my first haircuts was for the Admiral in his cabin. Boy, was I nervous! As the ship’s Barber, I became acquainted with just about everyone on the ship and enjoyed talking

with the officers and men.”



**John S. Eddleman** FC3c



**Willis A. Shirley, Jr.** WT3c



**Gene Kwasny** WT2c



**Earl R. Baron** EM2c



**William C. Bannerman** MM2c



**James Bush Jr.** WT3c

## SNAPSHOTS



**Emil Eusanio** MM2c



**Raymond Gierut** MM1c



**Jack Hoerger** RM3c CoMinPac  
Indianapolis, Indiana

## SNAPSHOTS



**Charles Jones RDM3c**  
Hurricane, Utah



**William Cserny S1c**  
Erie, Pennsylvania



**Virgil R. Ranft SC1c**

## SNAPSHOTS



**Jack S Sarka** PhM2c  
**Edward J. Depot** S1c  
**Dr. Parks**

**Nicholas J. Marra** WT3c  
with **Error**



First row: **J. C. Morris** F1c  
Edgewood, New Mexico  
Back row left to right:  
**Jesse O. Phlegar** MM2c  
**Albert T. Libby** MM3c  
**George A. Gerba** WT2c

## SNAPSHOTS



**John H. Decker SK1c**

### **BROTHERS OF THE *TERROR***



**James W. Decker SK3c**

Thanks for keeping me informed on the *Terror* reunion. My brother John and I were assigned to the USS *Terror* new construction in the Philadelphia Navy Yard in January of 1942. After serving four years on the USS *New Mexico*, we were the only two storekeepers assigned in the early part of the ship's company.

We had a big job putting her in commission. We made the Battle of Casablanca in North Africa. We laid 1000 mines in the harbor and prevented Hitler from using the port to supply Rommell with the necessary supplies for battle. We also helped with the landing of Patton's third army.

After the North African Invasion was locked up, we came back to the states. John was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, Virginia. I was assigned to USS *Yorktown* at Newport Shipyard at Norfolk, Virginia. After commissioning, I served aboard her until the end of the war in 1945.

I was discharged from the Navy in February 1945. I stayed out until 1948 when I joined the USAF in June of 1948. I retired in 1960 and served in civil service until 1973 with thirty-one years of retirement.

## SNAPSHOTS



Christmas 1945 With Children From The Kalihi Orphanage  
**Michael Asiello SK1c**  
Corning, New York



**Michael Asiello SK1c**



**Robert E. Case S1c**

## SNAPSHOTS



**Robert L. Cinibulk MM3c**  
Loyalhanna, Pennsylvania



**Thaddeus L. Lazarz M1c**  
Minneapolis, Minnesota



**Emil Gelatko WT2c**  
Belle Mead, New Jersey



## SNAPSHOTS



**Charles "Ed" Wolfe**  
Chief Gunners Mate  
New York City, NY

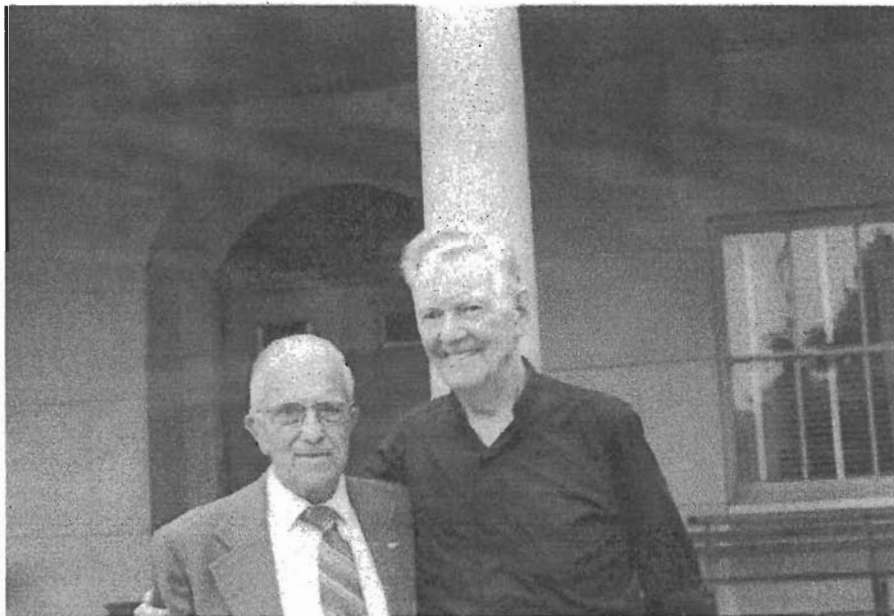


**Ira "Doug" Humphreys**  
Chief Yeoman  
NC Division

## SNAPSHOTS

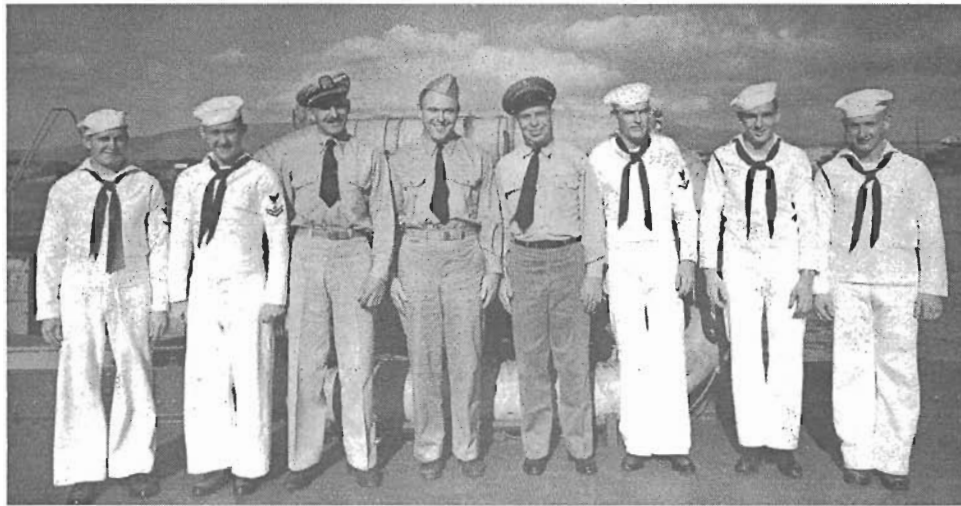


**Theo Yates** WT1c  
Clintwood, Virginia



San Antonio Reunion 1994  
**Father Carney & "Uncle" Donald Hicks** RT1c

## SNAPSHOTS



**Hospital Staff of the USS *Terror***

**J.M. Hanley PhM3c, R.C. Nelson PhM2c, R.W. Seeger Lieut.DC, R.G. Rickert Lieut.MC  
P.G. Nodacker CphM, Tex McMahon PhM2c, J.R. Hodges HA1c, C.B. Trenholm S2c**



**Entiwetok**

**P.G. Nodacker CPhM  
Tex McMahon PhM2c**



**Left to right:**

**Jack Sarka PhM2c  
Tex McMahon PhM2c**

## SNAPSHOTS



On left:  
**Nicholas J. Marra** WT3c

**Leon Biscay** SSM3c  
Madera, California



Left to Right  
**Dr. Parks**  
**Eugene R. Maloney** HA1c  
with unknown patient

## JOE COLELLO'S STORY

*Terror* suffered on May 1, 1945, a staggering number of casualties, both killed and wounded. Those men and boys who had life snuffed out in an instant were soon forgotten by the world at large. Numbers without faces as memories dim. The wounded suffered a different fate. Some wounds were superficial and duty beckoned, while others needed surgical procedures and recovery was delayed somewhat. There were, of course, extreme cases with wounds so grievous that there are men confined to VA hospitals to this very day.

This brings us to the case of Joe Colello. The name first surfaced about four years ago with a communication from, I think, a daughter. Something like "my father was wounded on the *Terror* and how come there is nothing about him" etc. Well, yes he was wounded but never answered a Muster so we'll check it out later. Much later, I get a copy of a newspaper column with a complete account of *Terror*, May 1st, and - Colello. Well? So, after checking every log entry, we find that Joe came aboard April 27, 1945, and then blank. No record. Now it's back on the things "to do" list - later.

Just yesterday I had a couple of long chats with Joe by phone. Joe traveled the same route a lot of us from the Northeast took. Boots at Sampson, Service School (radio) , a long five day train ride to Treasure Island and the transport to Pearl. Finally off to Okinawa on a Coast Guard Cutter. Coast Guard Cutter? Can't remember the name but that's what it was. Now the light bulb clicks on. Joe was CoMinPac and went to Okinawa on USCG *Bibb* and boarded *Terror* as Flag Allowance. The records confirm this and a copy is off to him, and I hope he shares it with his daughter. At least Joe can say he was on a first name basis with the Admiral - almost.



Joe's wounds? Well, he remembers the blast, groping his way out of the mess hall and transport to the Samaritan and little else. Joe, with others, went to Saipan and later to the states. Colello suffered burns over 80% of his body. Face, arms, legs, eyes all dramatically affected. Released from the naval Hospital in San Leandro, Ca. in early 1946, he was discharged from the Navy and went home to endure another ten years of treatment and therapy.

Today, legally blind, he resides in his home in New York, still enduring effects of his injuries some sixty years ago.

## SNAPSHOTS



**H. R. (Mac) Macomber S1c(SS)**  
Arlington, Texas

**Mac writes:** "I served 3 years, 3 months and 20 days sea duty aboard the USS *Terror*, Supply Division as SS2c. The day the *Terror* was decommissioned on Nov. 24, 1947, I transferred to Atlantic Sub Group Two, Charleston, SC; then, from there to the USS *Nereus*, Sub Group 7, San Diego, Ca. I was discharged August 3, 1952."



## SNAPSHOTS



Left to right:  
**Frank Galainena** S2c  
**Leon Biscay** SSMB3c

**Phil Webster** S1c 2nd Division  
Stokesdale, North Carolina

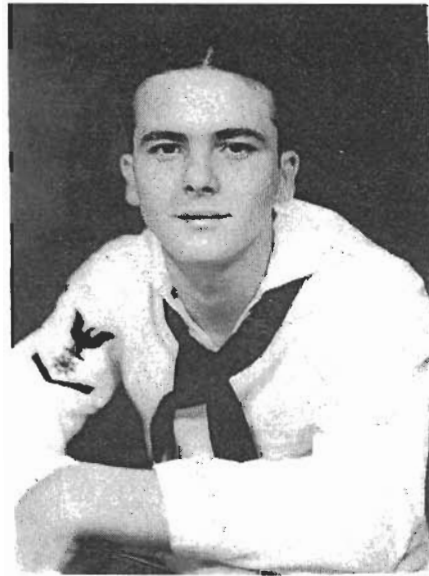


**Raymond Gierut** MM1c  
Orland Park, Illinois

## SNAPSHOTS



**Victor Blume S1c**  
Clarinda, Iowa



**Richard Brinson Q3c**  
Collinsville, Illinois



**Audrey Hogan S1c 1st Division**  
Port Arthur, Texas



## SNAPSHOTS



**Carl Shirk S1c**  
East Stroudsburg, Pa.



**Allie Ryan S1c**



**Peter Keenan S1c**  
Peekskill, New York

## SNAPSHOTS



**Jimmie R. Weber F1c**  
Independence, Missouri

**Charles "Ed" Wolfe CGM**



**Nicholas J. Marra WT3c**  
Brooklyn, New York

**Emil Gelatko WT2c**  
Belle Mead, New Jersey



## SNAPSHOTS



**Robert Ryan S1c**

**James Ferguson SM1c**

**George Sherwood S1c**  
Dover, New Hampshire

**Curtis Rommerein S1c**



**Herschel Thomas S2c**  
The Woodlands, Texas



## SNAPSHOTS



**Our brave fighting men in the Pacific crossing the equator**



**Crossing the equator Oct. 10, 1944**



**"A sleepy lagoon, a tropical moon --and you"**

## SNAPSHOTS



Top left to right:

**Samuel Pace** QM2c

**Gordon Sole** QM3c

**Robert Wolfe** QM1c

**Percy Arnaud** CQM

**Addison Turner** QM3c

Bottom left to right:

**Samuel Parker** S1c

**Michael Malanchuk** QM2c

(?) QM2c

Some of the QM gang aboard the USS *Terror* CM-5 homeward bound from operation Torch, November 1942. Her code name was "Pink Elephant" and her task was planting "Pansey's Garden" in Fedala Bay off Casablanca.

**Taken in San Francisco**

Next to waitress L to R:

**Buford J. Skinner** MM2c MA Div.

**Calvin C. Knight** WT3c MF Div.

**Robert L. Cinibulk** MM3c MF Div.

**William A. Riley** WT3c MF Div.



Left to right:

**Robert L. Cinibulk** MM3c MF Div

**Chief Davies**

**George Hartung** MM2 MF Div.

## SNAPSHOTS



**Radio Room**

**Jack Hoerger RM3c**



**Charles Jones RDM3c**  
at the keyboard



**Ship's Basketball Team**

ca 1946

## SNAPSHOTS

**Dick Perry writes:** “I was on shaft alley watch and remember being down there, like 60 feet below the water line, with the sound power phones on. I could hear everything on the ship but could hardly understand a word. I also was on duty (watch) on the evaporator. My duty station was the machine shop. I was a fireman 1/c, right out of boot camp and a MoMM striker. I remember we found a Kamikaze motor boat in a cave with a ramp that led to Buckner Bay. We brought the boat aboard and overhauled it. I remember the engine was made in the states by Chrysler. I was in the boat crew, as an engineer. The night before the second typhoon, they told us to take all the boats (actually liberty launches) about thirty miles to a Seabee camp. Would you believe Camp Perry? We got there and tied up to a buoy. All of the boats were tied up to the same buoy.

The evening sunset was bright red and the sea was very calm. We went swimming and lit the battle lanterns. One of the guys dropped a lantern over the side. Lots of guys tried to recover it. We could see the beam of light on the surface but the water was very deep. I went over the side, being a good swimmer, I swam downwards about 30-40 seconds. Deeper and deeper I went; finally, I reached the lantern and quickly swam to the surface. I reached over the gunwale and handed the lamp to one of the guys. I noticed that my arm was illuminated. Eerie!



We all went to sleep but were awakened by the hard rain and wind. The sea was very rough, maybe 20 to 25 foot waves. About 2:00 A.M. a boat came and rescued us. The waves were so big he beached the boat. They put us up in a Quonset hut and the rest of the night proved uneventful. Next morning was bright and clear. We went down to the beach and all of the boats were gone. I saw the gunwhale of my boat barely out of the water. I swam out to the boat, pumped the water out and, oddly enough, it started right away. I drove the boat back to the beach and picked up many of the guys. Bear in mind, we had received no orders or communication from the big “T”. On the way back to the ship we saw the USS *Dorsey*, one of the WW1 four stackers. It was grounded with a large hole in the side. We hailed them and asked if we could be of assistance, and they waved us off. Later we arrived at the ship and found that the main shaft was broken because she had backed into another ship’s anchor chain.”

One fine afternoon some low-life Ensign went to exchange movies. He decided to take the whale boat (as opposed to the liberty launch) and went to various other ships. I was the engineer. When we were ready to leave, it already being dusk, the cox’n shoved us off and we started to drift away---I could not get the engine to start. After some thirty minutes or so, the cox’n signaled the *Terror* (flags) and she pulled anchor to come to get us as we were drifting out to sea. We got picked up in due course and were told to report the next day for Captain’s Mast.

I entered shakily and of course, scared to death. The Captain asked me “What was the matter?” I said, “I don’t know sir”. He asked “Why did you not repair the boat?” I said, “I don’t know sir, besides I had no tools”. He said, “Son, how long have you been in the navy?” I made a quick calculation and said “Twelve weeks sir, seven weeks in boot camp, one week in Shoemaker and four weeks aboard”. He laughed out loud and said “Son, case is dismissed!!!”

It took the entire Motor Mac group about four weeks to find the problem. We found the fuel pump was out of timing. It was marked wrong and somehow the rotor slipped.”



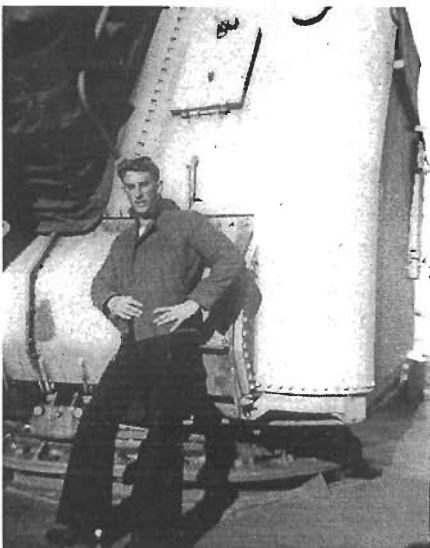
## SNAPSHOTS



**James Ferguson** SM1c NC Division



**Thomas Horrigan** SM2c  
CoMinPac Staff



**Andrew Stamos** S1c

## SNAPSHOTS



**Allie Ryan** (r) with good buddy **Don Pray**. Don was first a CB and later USS *Kitkun Bay*



L to R: **Emil Eusanio** MM2c  
Sylmar, California

**Gordon Olson** F2c

**Raymond Gierut** MM1c  
Orland Park, Illinois

**Fred Kruger** MM3c

## SNAPSHOTS



**Addison Turner** QM3c



**Pedro Peter Cebrero** QM2c



**William Hayes** BM1c 3rd Division  
Alburtis, Pennsylvania

## SNAPSHOTS



**Edward J. Depot S1c**

**Robert S Archer S2c**



Left to right:  
**Charles Sheaters** Cox  
Massilon, Ohio

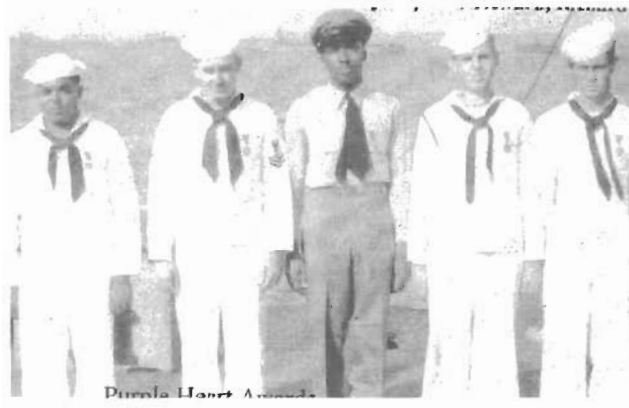
**Olympic Barson** Cox  
Canton, Ohio

## SNAPSHOTS



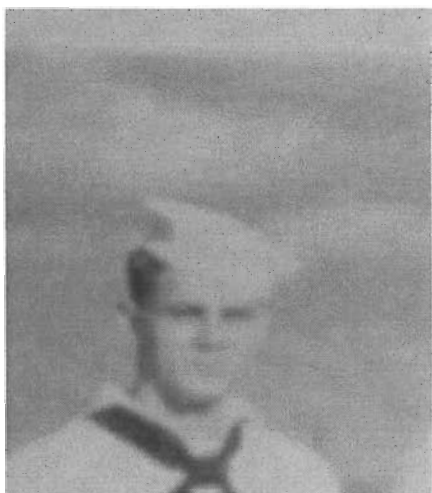
**“Tex” McMahon PhM2c**  
with patient

Left to right:  
**Raymond Pye StM1c**  
**Kenneth Schave RM2c**  
**Nelson Ridley Captains Steward**  
**Richard Newcomb SpX3c**  
**William Ringleib Em2c**



**Sick Bay**

## SNAPSHOTS



**John T. Phillips** FC3c  
Three Oaks, Michigan



**John A. Barr** MM3c



Front row left to right:  
**Albert L. Walka** MM1c  
**Robert Ruble** GM2c  
**Billie J. Witbracht** S1c  
**Marshall E. Mickey** GM1c

## SNAPSHOTS



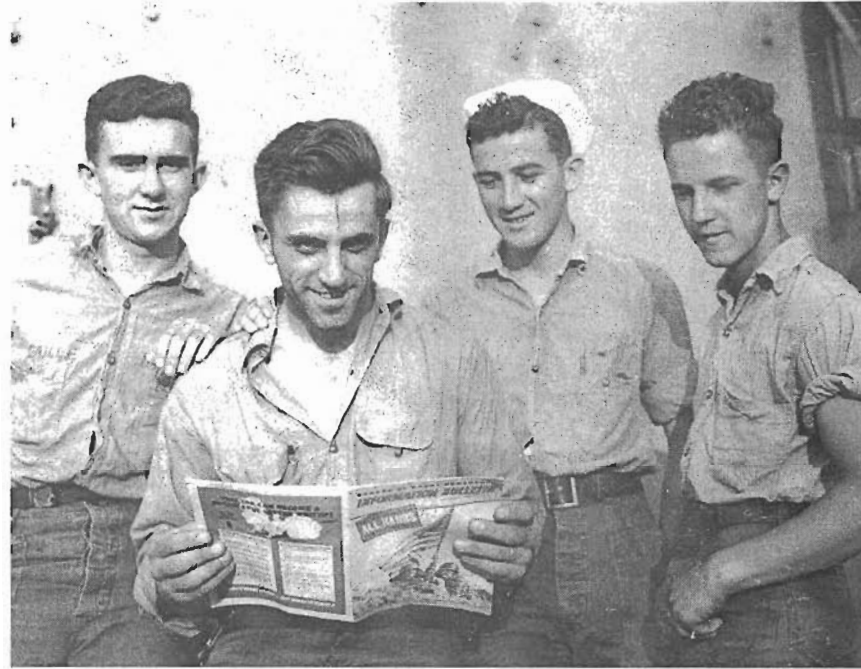
**Herschel Thomas writes:** "I went aboard the USS *Terror* in August of 1946 when she was berthed at Pier 17, Treasure Island. I was one of the forward deck divisions. We were berthed just forward of the laundry. I remember sanding and holy stoning the deck every Friday. I had not been aboard long when I was transferred to the Engineering Division, assigned to the forward engine room. I hardly had made my appearance and they put me on mess cooking. I spent the remainder of my time on the *Terror* here. In December 1946, I was transferred to the USS *McCook* DMS 36 at Mare Island Shipyard in Vallejo, Ca."

**H. R. (Mac) Macomber S1c**



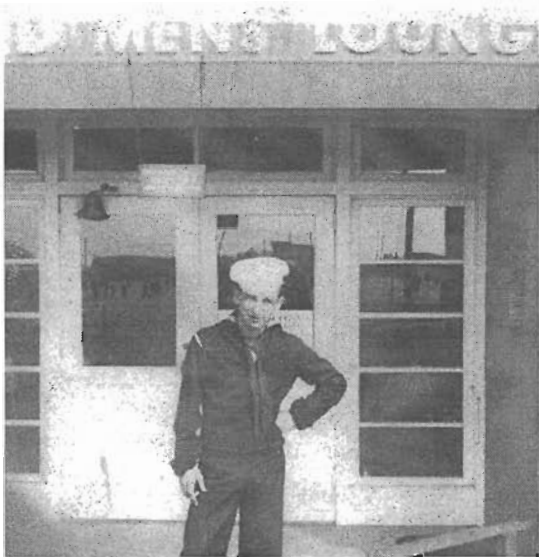


## SNAPSHOTS



### BOYS FROM DOVER NEW HAMPSHIRE

Left to Right: **Raymond Daigle S1c**, **Pericles Stefanopoulos WT3c**, **George Sherwood S1c**,  
**Edward Coleman S2c**

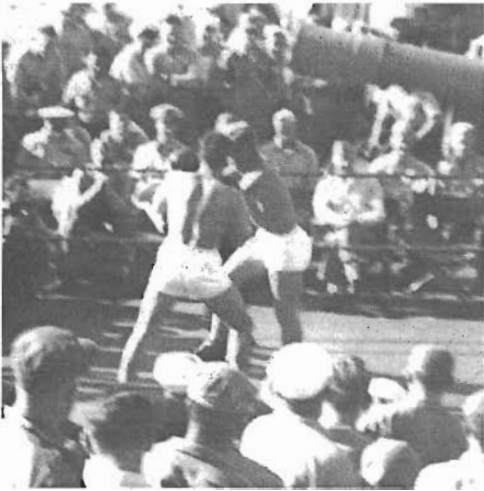


**Allie Ryan** at Quonset Point



**Arthur Roeper S2c**

## SNAPSHOTS



**Quarterdeck Smoker**

**Chief Bowers** in charge of the initiation when *Terror* and her crew crossed the equator on November 6, 1943



Barbed wire for invasion of the enemy on Waikiki Beach in '44 with the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in the background

## SNAPSHOTS

I did my boot camp at Great Lakes, then was sent to Yorktown, Virginia where the *Terror* was berthed after returning from Africa. I'm a ship's cook and was aboard the USS *Terror* for eighteen months and other various ships for a total of thirty-seven months.

"The idea of a cartoon book came to Sharpe while he was aboard the USS *Terror*. After each battle engagement he gathered his notes and put them into cartoon form, compiling them for later use. In "Gripes and Groans" Sharpe has depicted the life of a typical sailor dedicated to those men who served in all branches of the various services." Charles R. Topp USN



**Paul M. Sharpe SC1c**  
Anderson, Indiana

**Bos'n:** For this job we want a responsible man.

**Seaman:** That's me. Wherever I worked, if anything went wrong, they told me I was responsible.

"It's pretty cold, sailor. You'd better wear gloves when you go over to see that girl"

"Not me. I feel better without them."

The automobile motor began pounding and finally stopped.

"I wonder what that knock could be?" asked the worried sailor.

"Maybe," the blonde said snuggling up, "it's opportunity."



---

Aggressive wife to meek little husband, whom she had just raked over the coals for making a fool of himself at a party:

"And don't be sitting there making fists at me in your pockets either!"

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## SNAPSHOTS



Left to right:

**Gustaf A. Johnson** MM3c

**Robert L. Cinibulk** MM3c

**William C. Bannerman** MM2c

**Francis J. Bradbury** MM2c

Left to right:

**Robert L. Cinibulk** MM3c

**George Hartung** MM2c

**William C. Bannerman** MM2c



Front row seated left to right:

**Billie J. Witbracht** S1c

**Robert Ruble** GM2c

Comanche, Texas

Back row third from left:

**Marshall Mickey** GM1c



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**Clair Glines writes:** "--having reported on board as a fireman in the division that was to patch up small minecraft as they were shot up (which wasn't happening anymore). After a couple of weeks on details, I made connection with Ed Stetter and was transferred to the S Division to take over the spare parts storeroom. I was aboard for the two typhoons at Okinawa, trip to Sasebo and back to Pearl for repair (great duty). Then, a trip to the States, back to Pearl to receive the Admiral from the *Panamint*, taking him and his staff to Treasure Island. At this time I had enough points to go home from Treasure Island."



**Jack McMahon writes** "I went aboard the USS *Terror* at the mine depot in Virginia and was on her through all the good times and the bad times. I was one of the very few people that knew almost everyone on the ship as I was always giving everyone their shots and helping the Doctor with sick call. I was assigned to H1Rescue Squad when the PCER was dispatched to most of the ships that were damaged by Japanese kamikazes. The *Pinkney* was at anchor near us a Keramo Retto. Okinawa was one of the most frightening. Dr. Warren, Jughead at the helm, and I don't remember the motor mac or bow man. We were going aboard, but were driven away by exploding ammo. We circled and picked up men when our escort was hit by two planes at the same time just forward of the bridge. #2 gun mount and forward deck were peeled back over the bridge like peeling a banana. There were depth charges and 5" ammo on fire with bodies lying all over the ship. When I left the ship with the wounded to transport to APH (I forgot the number), we went to the rescue as Rescue #1 aboard PCER (#?). I stayed away from *Terror* for 3 or 4 days aboard the APH at Iwo Jima. I was the one that went down in the LCI to bring up the dead and wounded. The forward half of the ship was blown off and a Petty Officer was in charge. We picked **Ruble & McMahon** up seventy-seven wounded marines and treated them as best we could until we got them to Saipan and discharged them. I was in the boat that picked up the dead pilot that was killed when the Kamikaze just missed us. I sure did loose lots of good friends, and believe me, there were some great men aboard. I received the purple heart and was fortunate to come out of Mess Hall where so many were wounded or killed. I enjoy the letters; I'm 78 and like an old man "enjoys everyday as long as he is getting along."



**Ed Stetter writes after 9/11:** "There are so many questions on my mind about so many things (and I would like to express myself about so many things) that I hardly know how to begin. First of all the great ship USS *Terror* was my home for all of 34 months beginning on May '43 until

## LETTERS

March '46 and I can truthfully say I was most proud to call my home the *Terror*. Now, all these years later, I think of May 1st in 1945, when I sped up the ladder to my battle station in the lookout tower. Who would have thought that a suicide plane would ever zoom again into our lives."



**E. A. Hutter:** "A little while ago, I read about your planned reunion for the *USS Terror*. I am a Navy veteran who served on *the Duxbury Bay* AVP 38 in the early 50's. In February 1955, I took a walk to the piers one night and, lo and behold, there was the CM-5. A cold iron watch was on board. I went up the gang plank, walked around, never realizing how much action and carnage took place on her ten years earlier. I was amazed to learn later how much the crew had to do. You men must have been on station 18 - 19 hours a day; and, responding to general quarters seventy-three times in one month must have been absolutely nerve wracking. A great ship and a great crew. My cousin, John McMahon, was killed aboard this ship, I believe, during the battle for Okinawa '45. Thanks again for all your help. Wishing you and yours only the best."



### **Excerpts from *THE HOUR*, daily newspaper from Norwalk, Ct. on November 11, 1998**

"**Jack Hynes** did not realize on May 1, 1945, that he was just about to qualify for an odd but very select club that has come up for honors this year in Norwalk - the Military Order of the Purple Heart.

Hynes' initiation began sometime about 4 a.m., when he was aboard the aptly named *USS Terror* and saw what turned out to be a Japanese Kamikaze plane bank off the stern of the American mine-layer ship, come around starboard quarter and dive straight at the crew.

"The last I saw was the blue sparks of the exhaust from the radial engine," Hynes said. His next memory is of waking up in an Army hospital in Guam, suffering burns and shrapnel wounds. For Hynes, his injury added gravity to his life. "I learned what the word fear meant," he said. "Before that, I was devil-may-care. That's your attitude until it happens to you. Then you think twice."



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As Told by William Ringleib, Jr.:

### Christmas 1945 in Pearl Harbor with the Orphans

Christmas 1945 found the USS *Terror* in Pearl Harbor and the Captain made arrangements for a family style Christmas although most of the crew was a long way from their families. He arranged for a Christmas tree to be sent from the states and set it up on the deck with decorations. A local orphanage supplied the children and each member of the crew was assigned one child to spend the day with and give them a small gift. The day was lots of fun and it was really funny to see these sailors helping the kids through the day and having dinner together.

### Near Disaster in Pearl Harbor Drydock

During a typhoon in late 1945, the USS *Terror* sustained damage to her hull from banging against another ship in the high winds and rough sea generated by the storm. The repairs required a short stay in Dry-dock #2 at Pearl Harbor. During the repairs, oil and water stored in the tanks on the side of the ship which was damaged, needed to be moved to the other side to allow welding to be done safely on the hull. Following the repairs, the process of refloating the ship in dry-dock was begun. Apparently the *Terror's* tanks were never properly balanced and the ship began to severely list to one side as it was lifted from the blocking used in the dry-dock to support the ship. It listed so far that the engines needed to be stopped and power shut down since the *Terror* could no longer properly use sea water for cooling. The refloating process was stopped and the tanks needed to be rebalanced once power was restored from the shore lines. For some time there was a big concern that the ship would capsize or become wedged due to its severe list. After several hours of hard work, the *Terror* was finally balanced and the refloating continued. One major consequence of the whole event was that many walls needed to be repainted following the incident since the best way to move around some of the rooms or passageways was to use the walls rather than the floors.



**Addison Turner writes:** " I was transferred from the USS *Biscayne* and once aboard the *Terror*, I was assigned to the 2nd Deck Division headed by Warrant Bos'n or Chief Warrant Bos'n Cizmar. A really wonderful, colorful shipmate. A short time later he received a commission as full lieutenant. One day CQM Arnaud appeared on deck looking for me. He asked if I had been a QM Striker on the *Biscayne* and if so would I like to continue learning the rating on the *Terror*. No fool, I said yes and joined *Terror's* QM gang.

As I recall there was another wonderful, colorful shipmate who made it his personal business to interview each new crew member shortly after reporting aboard. He was Chief



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Warrant Gunner Coombs. His welcome went something like this, "Son, welcome aboard the *Terror*. We want you to think of this ship as your new home and your shipmates as your new family. We want you to be happy here." He made me feel important for the first time since enlistment. When I left the *Terror* I was transferred to Anti-submarine Warfare & Amphibious School in Miami, Florida. I was discharged in 1948."

