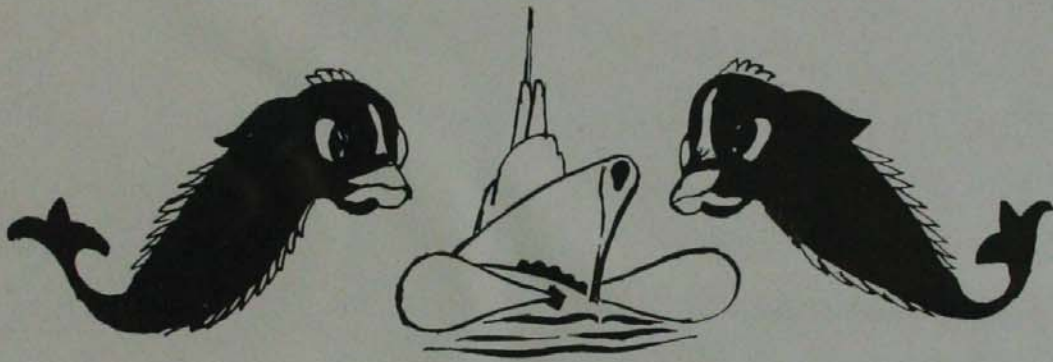


U.S.S. RAZORBACK

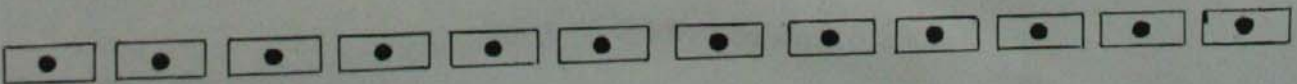
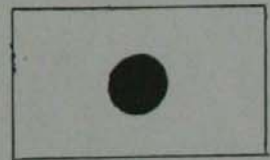
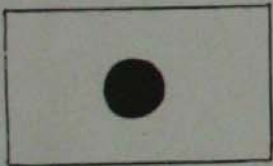
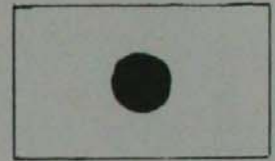
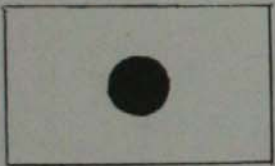


SS 394

# USS RAZORBACK



SS 394



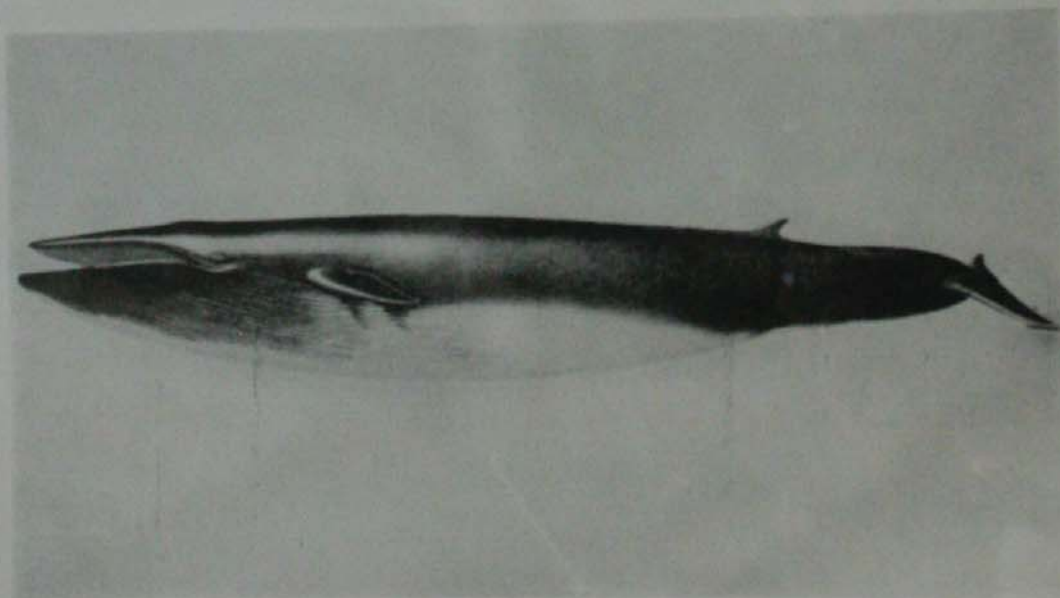


THE SKIPPER  
LT. COMDR. C. DONALD BROWN

Dedicated to Mrs. A. M. Bontier in  
memory of her husband, Lt. Comdr.  
A. M. Bontier, USN, who lost his life  
in the Pacific war zone, while in com-  
mand of a U.S. Submarine.



"COMING IN"  
"AND ARE WE HAPPY"



"OUR NAMESAKE"

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## STAFF OF THE RAZORBACK

Editor .....Lt. Aubrey  
Co-Editor .....Walker CMOMM  
Business Manager..Ens. Bonds  
Photography .....Lt. (jg) Anderson  
Art .....Borny, Roesch, Prescott

### HISTORIC INFORMATION—

Lt. (jg) Pattillo  
Guidry  
Aucoin  
Crenshaw  
Poczabut

### ARTICLES—

Captain	Massey EM 3/c
Lt. Crann	Crenshaw Y 3/c
Lt. (jg) Anderson	Darnell TM 2/c
Walker	Gibson TM 1/c
Moon RT 1/c	Prescott MoMM 1/c
Schwareer TM 3/c	Roesch S 1/c
McBride EM 1/c	Peugh QM 2/c

## LIST OF MEN WHO HAVE SERVED ABOARD

- Absher, Eugene Lee (Gene) F 1/c. Patrol No. 3.  
 Atkinson, Arland Kenneth (Ace) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission, patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Atkinson, George Junior (George) RM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Arts, Renee Andre (Michel) SC 1/c. Patrols No. 1, 2.  
 Anderson, Douglas Arthur (Andy) EM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.  
 Aucoin, Earle Leo (Yeo) Y 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Auer, Joseph Alois (Joe) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Ballard, Hugh Fletcher (Snake) EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission, Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.  
 Bauman, Budrow Howard (Spud) FCS 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.  
 Beasley, M. D., MoMM 2/c.—Qualified Submariner. Patrols 4 and 5.  
 Bly, Donald Archer (Dably) RT 2/c. Patrol No. 5.  
 Bohreer, John Cecil CEM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.  
 Borney, Walter Stanley (Skee) TM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Blue, Robert St. M. 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.  
 Brown, Charles Edwin, SC 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4.  
 Brown, Elden "H" (EH), EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.  
 Brown, Falma Lee (TLO), GM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.  
 Bryant, Edward Benny, St. 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.  
 Bundy, Fulton Charles FC 2/c. Patrols No. 4, 5.  
 Carlson, Eugene Ole (Olaf), EM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.  
 Carson, Kenneth Boyd (Kit), TM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission, no patrols.  
 Casson, Truman Nathan, Jr. (Sister), S 1/c. Patrols No. 2, 3.  
 Clague, George Wilson, S 1/c. Patrols No. 2, 3.  
 Clower, Joseph Franklin, CCS. Qualified Submariner. No Patrols.  
 Cobb, Willis Clay (Boots) BM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission, Patrols No. 1, 2.  
 Coffman, Arwin Ariel (Panama) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols 4, 5.  
 Cole, Troy Leon (Hoot), S 1/c. Patrol No. 2.  
 Combs, Elmer, S 1/c. Put the boat in commission, No Patrols.  
 Connelly, William Guy, S 2/c. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.  
 Corton, Charles Joseph, EM 3/c. Put the boat in commission, No Patrols.  
 Craig, John William, EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Crawford, John Raymond (Snuffy) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.  
 Crenshaw, Norman Lee Y. 3/c. Patrol No. 5.  
 Culp, Ercel Harold MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Darnell, Charles William (Charley) TM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Davis, Robert Wilson (Doc) Ph.M. 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.  
 Day, Arthur Eugene TM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 5.  
 Dement, George Elyott, Jr. (Little George) S.C. 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 DeMerritt, Alan Ellsworth (Al) QM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 4, 5.  
 Denmark, Fennis Leroy, RM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 3.  
 Dewald, Samuel Ellsworth (Sam) S 1/c. Patrols No. 4, 5.  
 Dubuque, Maurice Arthur (Deb) TM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.  
 Dukes, Madison Lavern (Preacher) TM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.  
 Echols, Albert Lawrence, Jr. GM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.  
 Erst, Charles Henry (Chuck) MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.  
 Evanger, Herbert Glen (Dewald Jr.), S 1/c. Patrol No. 5.  
 Everhart, Carlyle, Jr., S 1/c. Patrol No. 1.  
 Feitush, Clyde Edward, MoMM 3/c. Patrol No. 2.  
 Fosnacht, Medford Allen (Fuzzy) S 2/c. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.  
 Fudge, Ralph Leroy, GM 3/c. Patrols No. 1, 2.  
 Gallagher, George Robert, MoMM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.  
 Garcia, Louis (Cab), TM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Geltz, Harry Garfield, MoMM, 1/c. Patrol No. 5.  
 George, James Harris (Big George) MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Gibson, Charles Martin (Pop) TM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Gibson, George Franklin (Gib) RM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Goers, John Robert, RM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3.  
 Gordon, Billie, S 1/c. Patrols No. 4, 5.  
 Gordon, James Edward (Fluffy) C MoMM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Griffin, Tommy Neal (Grif), SC 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.  
 Guidry, Calvin Joseph (Frenchy) SM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Haegen, John Francis (Lover) TM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
 Hall, Elbert, StM 2/c. Patrol No. 2.  
 Hansen, Louis Randolph (Red), CTM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.  
 Hanson, Victor Irwin (Vic) TM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.  
 Hathaway, Paul Craft, Jr. (Red), QM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.



Hawkins, Harold William (Sadie) MoMM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Hershman, George Wilson, MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Hester, James (Jake), S 1/c. Patrols No. 3, 4.

Hobin, Francis Henry (Fearless), F 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Holman, Kyle Thomas (Hogey) MoMM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Hoover, John Franklin, S 1/c. Patrol No. 1.

Horvath, James Michael (Hunky), MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Howard, Berkeley William, St 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Hurley, William John (Boston), F 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Hustad, Lawrence Melvin, S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Hudek, John (Hunky) Cox. Patrol No. 3.

Jackson, Fred, Ck 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 1.

Jensen, Harry, MoMM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Johnson, Earle Edwin, MoMM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 5.

Jones, Lewis Samuel, T.M. 2/c. Qualified Submariner.

Julius, William Joseph (Jutio) F 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3.

Kemnick, John Albert (Diamond Jack), TM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Kochane, Harold Robert (Abe) MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

Kirkhuff, Robert, Glen, S 1/c. Patrol No. 5.

Kline, Ernest Edward, F 1/c. Patrol No. 2.

Kroll, Christopher Joseph (Cris), GM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Kron, Henry, S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

La Berteaux, "A" "O," S 1/c. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.

Langford, Denver Dismuke, Jr. (Lucky) MoMM 2/3. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

La Pointe, Alfred George (Shifty) EM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Lawson, Louis "C" (Cactus Jack) EM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Leke, Arthur Richard, MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Loftis, George Bartlett (Sister) Bkr. 2/c. Patrol No. 3.

Long, Earl Grover (Stush), EM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Luck, Preston Edward (Lucky), SC 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.

MacDougall, Donald Francis (Mack), TM 3/c. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Mancine, George Philip (Red) F 1/c. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.

Masiello, Arnold Pasquale, S 1/c. Patrols No. 2, 3.

Massey, Thomas, III (Twed), EM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Mast, Curt Albert (Snaps), EM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

McBride, George Thomas EM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

McCoy, Cecil Ore, Jr. (Moon) S 1/c. Patrol No. 5.

McKenna, John James (Red) S 1/c. Put the boat in commission. No Patrols.

McManus, Harold James (Mac) MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

McMahan, Roy Lucian (Mac) S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mehalick, Joseph (Joe) MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Miller, Jason Alden, Bkr. 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Moon, Calvin (Cal) RT 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Moore, Robert Lee (Big Deal) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.

Mosher, Duane Stanley (Body Beautiful) S 2/c. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Mulligan, Francis Bernard (Bud) F 1/c. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Naquin, Clifton Andrew, CMM, Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.

Nattelli, Anthony Manfredo (Tony) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

Nordstrom, Stanley Gilbert, (NoStrain) RT 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

O'Connell, Thomas Michael (Tom) QM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

O'Neal, Charles Chester TM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Ouderkirk, John Francis, RM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Pacifico Emilio Mario, F 1/c. Patrol No. 1.

Parker, Robert Earle (Lifeboat) S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Peck Francis Lamont (Toad) CTM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.

Peugh, John Willard (Jack) QM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Phagans, Floyd Scott (Phaig) MoMM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

Piazza, Peter (Pete) CMM. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Poczabut, Anthony William (Pozy) CTM. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Porta, William Rector, (Willie) EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Prescott, Johnstone (Rocky) MoMM 1/c. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Prybysz, Walter Joseph (Skoe) EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Puzzini, Anthony (Tony) RM 3/c. Put the boat in commission.

Quinton, Ralph Rubert, CRM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.

Raines, Marion Joe, F 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 3, 4, 5.

Ramser, Forrest Lee (Chick) EM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 5.

Ray, Dave E. (Baby) Bkr 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Rewold, Radford Crowell (Colonel) CMM. Qualified Submariner. Reported aboard after the fifth patrol.

Rives, Robert Austin (Rivers) CEM. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Roesch, William Bernard (Muscles) S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Rousseau, William Daniel (Rous) QM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

Ruffin, James Lauren (Slim) EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Reported aboard after 5th patrol.

Rush, Joseph John RM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Reported aboard after the 5th patrol.

Russack, John (Rus) TM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Safford, Manley Edgar (Slim) TM 3/c. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Sarti, Henry S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Reported aboard after the 5th patrol.

Scanlon, Frank Lee (Scan) EM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Schaaf, Fred Lee S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Schwaderer, John Frederick (Schwabby) TM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Shaw, Charles Fletcher QM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission, no patrols.

Sherrad, Welford, StM 2/c. Put the boat in commission, no patrols.

Sherwood, Orville Joe RM 3/c. Put the boat in commission, no patrols.

Sims, James Albert, RM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Small, Leonard Masters, Jr. (Lenny) FCS 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

Smialek, John Lewis, TM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Reported aboard after the 5th patrol.

Smith, Denver Dallas (Smitty) EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrol No. 2.

Sogmonian, Edwin Berchman (Sog) RM 3/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Stedman, Linwood Arnold, EM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Reported aboard after the 5th patrol.

Stickney, Robert Warren, MoMM 3/c. Put the boat in commission. No patrols.

Stogsdill, Claude Edward, GM 1/c. Put the boat in commission. No patrols.

Stuart, Robert Francis (Stew) ART 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3.

Swick, Charles Osborne, RT 2/c. Put the boat in commission. No patrols.

Taylor, Carroll Preston, CEM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrol No. 1.

Thompson, Joseph Douglas (Tommy) CY. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. No patrols.

Thompson, Verne Alfred, MoMM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2.

Wagner, Richard Tapley, S 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Patrols No. 4, 5.

Walker, Robert Lyman (R.L.) TM 2/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols 1, 2, 3, 4.

Walker, Thomas Alexander, Jr. (Duck) CMoMM. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Wilson, Donald Earl (Willie) EM 1/c. Qualified Submariner. Put the boat in commission. Patrols No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.



COMMISSIONING OF USS RAZORBACK  
CHAPLAIN GALLIGER OFFERS UP PRAYER FOR SHIP, OFFICERS, AND CREW.

# HISTORY OF THE U.S.S. RAZORBACK

(SS394)

## Pre-commissioning and Commissioning Data.

Authorized under the wartime building program, the RAZORBACK is a good example of Portsmouth Navy Yard's excellent workmanship. Her keel was laid on 9 September 1943; she was launched 27 January 1944 and commissioned at Portsmouth, New Hampshire 3 April of the same year. Mrs. H. F. D. Davis, wife of Capt. H. F. D. Davis, U.S.N., (ret) was sponsor.

## Commissioning Officers were:

The late Lt. Comdr. A. M. Bontier, USN, lost on the U.S.S. SEAWOLF

Lieut. J. L. Haines, USN  
Lieut. R. L. Smith, USNR  
Lieut. R. S. Thompson, USNR  
Lt. (jg) J. H. King, USN  
Lt. (jg) A. R. Hersh, USN  
Lt. (jg) L. S. Crann, USNR  
Ensign L. T. Adams, USNR.

## PRE-WAR PERIOD

An intensive training period and shakedown was conducted off Portsmouth, New Hampshire and Newport, Rhode Island. On 5 June 1944 Commander ROY S. BENSON, USN, a veteran submariner who had distinguished himself as skipper of the U.S.S. TRIGGER, relieved Lt. Comdr. BONTIER. Further training was accomplished at New London, Connecticut, Key West, Florida and Panama. On 19 July 1944, the RAZORBACK reported to the Commander Submarines Pacific Fleet and set course for Pearl Harbor where voyage repairs and the final training period were completed on 25 August.

## WAR NARRATIVE

The first patrol took place east of Luzon with this ship a member of an offensive group in support of the Palau landings. The Jap Fleet did not venture forth to oppose this offensive and the only enemy contact consisted of frequent encounters with anti-submarine planes. The last week of the patrol was conducted in the Luzon Straits where the major consideration was riding out a storm and keeping clear of JAPANESE aviators. The ship returned to Midway for rest and refit by Submarine Division 201 and the U.S.S. PROTEUS (AS19). On 21 October 1944 Lt. Comdr. C. DONALD BROWN, USN relieved Commander BENSON as Commanding Officer.

### CHANGE OF COMMAND

Lt. Comdr. Brown presenting commission pennant to Comdr. Benson— Lt. Smith takes Executive Officer from Lt. Cmdr. Brown.



Comdr. Benson reading his orders on Change of Command.



CREW ATTENTION!  
The fightingest crew in the Navy.



On 15 November the RAZORBACK left Midway and joined the U.S.S. TREPANG (SS412) and U.S.S. SEGUNDO (SS398) to form a coordinated attack group under the command of Comdr. ROY DAVENPORT, USN. After refueling alongside the U.S.S. FULTON (AS11) at Saipan the group headed for the Luzon Straits. First contact was made on two large vessels escorted by three gunboats and heavy air cover. An unsuccessful attack was made due to the inability of the submarines to close the enemy to good torpedo range. Many of the officers and crew had now heard their first depth charges, fortunately not close. At daybreak several days later, radar contact was made on several enemy ships. Dived to avoid detection. The target was approached and identified as a hunter-killer group consisting of a destroyer and two smaller anti-sub craft. The former was attacked, but results were not seen due to the advisability of rapid retirement. Torpedo hits and breaking up noises were heard as were the depth charges planted by the JAPS. Several nights later the TREPANG reported a convoy about 40 miles away from us. By the time the RAZORBACK arrived the TREPANG and SEGUNDO had sunk all but one ship, that having been stopped by the latter submarine. After skirting an escort at 2000 yards and having been challenged by two JAP escorts, this submarine closed the target sufficiently for attack. Sudden appearance of the moon necessitated diving. On the way down, the timely re-opening and closing of the hatch by GUIDRY, C. J. SM 1c, USN, prevented the loss of a tardy lookout who had not heard the order to clear the bridge. RAZORBACK torpedoes set fire to the large transport previously stopped by the SEGUNDO and she was left burning furiously as the submarine surfaced and eluded the angry escorts. Returned to Saipan for more torpedoes and rejoined the U.S.S. SEGUNDO with Comdr. J. D. FULP, Jr., USN, as the new pack commander. The last day of patrol, contact was made on a four-ship convoy escorted by an old destroyer, a D.E., and a float plane. Torpedo hits were obtained on a medium tanker, followed shortly by great relief to all hands as the bow was seen to blow off the destroyer which was closing in on the submarine. Though the plane flew up and down the torpedo wakes to mark the submarine's location, the latter retired without damage from the remaining escort. That afternoon the RAZORBACK surfaced and pursued the convoy. As the enemy was closed at night, a bright moon again forced a submerged attack which was rewarded by a terrific explosion as one of the remaining three ships lighted up the sky. Hits on another small cargo ship were so violent that they knocked cork off the submarine conning tower bulkhead, but the JAP proved tough and equipped with sound gear and depth charges. The persecutor was eluded with difficulty.

On 5 January arrived at Guam for refit by the U.S.S. SPERRY (AS12) and Submarine Division 82. Commander Submarine Squadron TEN presented the officers and crew with combat insignias, the first for all but thirteen. After rest at Camp Dealy and training, the RAZORBACK, with the U.S.S. SEGUNDO (Comdr. J. D. Fulp, Jr. as pack commander) and the U.S.S. SEACAT, set out for the East China Sea for the third patrol.

Difficulty was encountered in finding targets. Two unsuccessful torpedo attacks were conducted on a transport and three-masted schooner respectively. With the patrol coming to a close and the score still zero, the RAZORBACK surfaced and in three separate gun actions, sunk four wooden ships which were too small for torpedoes. Three Jap prisoners were obtained. Of interest was the fact that a bad grease fire in the galley necessitated surfacing and a subsequent gun engagement with the schooner which was nearby.

Prisoners were deposited in Guam and the RAZORBACK finished her patrol on arrival Pearl Harbor 26 March 1945. Although the patrol had not been considered successful for award of the combat insignia, morale was high and a good rest at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel soon had the crew in even higher spirits. The Submarine Division 45 and Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor completed refit and training on 7 May at which time the submarine headed for Nanpo Shoto and Tokyo Bay area for lifeguard work. She refueled at Midway on 11 May enroute to patrol area.

Much of the fourth patrol was spent on the surface uncomfortably close to Tokyo, day and night. Topside personnel often saw the fires resulting from the air raids. Efforts were rewarded by rescue of a fighter pilot who bailed out of his plane 20 miles from Tokyo and clambered aboard the RAZORBACK seven minutes later. Subsequently four B-29 pilots were picked up after an extensive search had been conducted for them.

The presence of enemy planes and proximity of enemy land (5 to 8 miles) made this rescue a ticklish operation, but lack of Jap intestinal fortitude for our two cover planes made the operation a success.

Returned to Midway on 27 June for refit by the U.S.S. AEGIR (AS23) and Submarine Division 242. Commander Submarine Squadron 24 presented the crew with their second combat insignia. On 18 July while proceeding to operating area Lt. (jg) PATTILLO, USNR and LANGFORD, D.D., MoMM 3c, USNR, risked their lives by going over the side in heavy seas near a dangerous reef to save a Chief Gunner's Mate who had been washed overboard from the submarine preceding the RAZORBACK in the outer channel. The rescuers received a Navy Marine Corps Medal for their unselfish act.

On 22 July the RAZORBACK departed Midway for patrol in the Okhotsk Sea. On 2 August a number of wooden cargo ships were discovered skirting a point for a certain harbor. They were too small for torpedoes, so surface gun action was necessary. Six ships were sunk and two damaged in what was to be the last encounter with the enemy for this submarine. OUDERKIRK, J. F., RM 2c, USNR, and LAWSON, L.C., EM 3c, USNR, were wounded slightly by return fire in this engagement, the only personnel casualties suffered from enemy action. The remainder of the patrol was spent performing lifeguard services off Paramushiro for Alaskan based planes.

On 31 August the RAZORBACK entered Tokyo Harbor in company with eleven other submarines where she took part in the formal surrender of JAPAN. On September 3 she departed, arriving at Pearl Harbor 11 September, and San Diego 20 September. ComSubRon TEN presented the officers and crew with their third combat insignia for a successful 5th and last patrol.

## SUMMARY OF PATROL RESULTS

Number of Patrol	Ships Sunk	Total Tonnage Sunk	Ships Damaged	Total Tonnage Damaged	Total Aviators Rescued
1	0	0	0	0	0
2	1/2 Large Transport 1 Medium Tanker	20,800	1 Destroyer 1 Medium Cargo	5,400	0
3	1 Destroyer 1 Large Cargo 2 Sea Trucks	350	0	0	0
4	1 Schooner 1 Junk	0	0	0	5
5	0 6 Sea Trucks	1,700	1 Trawler 1 Sea Truck	400	0
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>22,850 Tons</b>		<b>5,800 Tons</b>	<b>5</b>



THE SKIPPER AFTER RECEIVING THE NAVY CROSS

TO ALL HANDS:

As Commanding Officer, I wish to emphasize that my acceptance of the Navy Cross and any other awards has been a tribute not to me, but rather to a fighting ship and a fighting crew.

I will always have great pride, respect, and appreciation for the loyalty, ability, and cooperation of every officer and man who has served on this ship. Each of you played an important part in every creditable accomplishment of the RAZORBACK. In the same manner that you rate an equal share in the performance of your ship, you rate an equal share in any award for that performance.

With sincere admiration,

C. DONALD BROWN



## AWARDS TO SHIP'S PERSONNEL

1. Lt. Comdr. C. DONALD BROWN, USN  
Second Patrol—Navy Cross  
Third Patrol—Letter of Commendation with Ribbon  
Fourth Patrol " " " " " "  
Fifth Patrol—Bronze Star Medal.
2. Lieut. R. L. SMITH, USNR  
Second Patrol—Silver Star
3. Lieut. A. R. HERSH, USN  
Second Patrol—Bronze Star
4. Lieut. R. S. THOMPSON, USNR  
Second Patrol—Bronze Star
5. Lieut. L. B. CRANN, USNR  
Second Patrol—Bronze Star
6. Lt. (jg) W. C. ANDERSON, USNR  
Second Patrol—Bronze Star
7. Boatswain Henry F. Fort, USN  
Second Patrol—Silver Star
8. Electrician Homer P. Petty, USN  
Second Patrol—Bronze Star
9. KOHL, Carrol C., CPHM, USN  
Second Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
10. MOON, Calvin (n), RT 1c, USNR  
Second Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
11. MEHALICK, Joseph (n), MoMM 1c, USNR  
Second Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
12. QUANTON, R. R., CRM, USN  
Second Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
13. GORDON, James E., CMoMM, USN  
Second Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
14. SMALL, Leonard M., FC 2c, USNR  
Second Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
15. \*Ensign JOE E. BONDS, USN  
Fifth Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
16. \*GUIDRY, C. J. SM 1c, USN  
Fifth Patrol—Letter of Commendation With Ribbon
17. Lt. (jg) W. H. PATTILLO, USNR  
Training Period—Navy Marine Corps Medal
18. LANGFORD, D. D., MoMM 3c, USNR  
Training Period—Navy Marine Corps Medal.

\*Recommended by Commanding Officer, results unknown at this writing.

## MERITORIOUS MAST

Aucoin, E. L. Y1/c  
Bryant, E. B. ST3/c  
Haegen, J. F. TM3/c  
Borny, W. S. TM3/c  
Darnell, C. W. TM2/c  
Gibson, G. F. RM1/c  
Kroll, C. J. GM1/c  
Langford, D. D. MoMM2/c  
Mehalick, J. MoMM1/c  
Moon, C. RT1/c  
Parker, R. E. GM3/c  
Peugh, J. W. QM2/c  
Piazza, P. CMoMM  
Prescott, J. MoMM1/c  
Gibson, C. M. TM1/c  
Wilson, E. EM1/c  
Rives, R. CEM  
Kemnick, J. TM1/c  
Poczabut, A. W. CTM  
Schwaderer, J. F. TM3/c  
Walker, T. A. Jr. CMoMM  
Howard, B. W. ST3/c  
Scanlan, F. L. EM1/c

⚓ Tie Up ⚓



PORTSMOUTH N.H.	HAWAII
NEWPORT R.I.	SAIPAN
NEW LONDON CONN.	MIDWAY
KEY WEST FLA.	GUAM
PANAMA C.Z.	TOKYO BAY
YOKA SUKA, <small>JAPAN</small>	

HOWEARD BOUND!

San Diego Gulf

Benny

## NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Here the Razorback came to rest after a pleasant though misty passage through the Cape Cod Canal. She was berthed at Goat Island alongside the torpedo station. At Newport's famed torpedo range we were to fire many of the tin fish within the next few days to put the final edge to our skills. This was to prove that our ship and selves worthy of a combat area close to the Japanese coast.

Several liberties were made during our stay and this writer is quite certain that all concerned and many otherwise, will continue to chuckle over the hilarious evenings on the beach. On one particular night there arose between a group of our crewmen and a sizeable force of shore-patrolmen, a slight difference of opinion. As a climax to the debate, seven of the mighties were detained overnight in the local jug. For reasons quite obvious no names shall be disclosed, but I can say that there were no ill feelings afterwards, and the night's proceedings have since become a source of enjoyment to all who recall them. After firing our allotted number of fish successfully the Razorback hauled in her lines and sailed away to another liberty town—perhaps. But needless to say Newport will always remember her for she left her name indented in the very streets of the salty old seaport. And on the walls of the Blue Moon, and Ideal Cafes. Remember, boys?

## NEW LONDON, CONN.

When the Razorback pulled into New London she received a fine welcome. Many old friendships were renewed while the crew busied itself at the task of putting stores and ammo and fish aboard. We were making ready for the war zone with a sudden reality which heretofore had not existed on board. Here at New London where hundreds of sailors had taken their first faltering steps in Submarining, was a new and somewhat exciting atmosphere. Perhaps soon we would be working on a long chain of battle flags. This was not to be quite yet, for accidents will happen. Next time when coming into New London there was an air of depression about for we were to lose our Skipper and executive officer. Capt. Bontier was relieved by Commander Benson and Lt. Cmdr. Haynes by Lt. Cmdr. C. Donald Brown, who is Skipper at this writing. After a few days operations which proved quite satisfactory to all, the Razorback bade farewell to New London and its bright lights and got underway; this time with the ultimate destination of Dai Nippon—we hoped!

## KEY WEST, FLORIDA

One clear warm day we steamed into the southernmost island of the Florida Keys. This was Key West, one of a chain and looked like an island in the Pacific. Our first impression was that it was a beautiful place, with its clear blue water and warm bright sunshine.

However that soon vanished and it became apparent that the sun was too hot. It hardly ever rained which didn't help matters at all. Liberty expired at midnight but by that time you were ready to go back to the boat. The town was small and had lots of bars and small stores jammed together. The bars were smoky and noisy which gave it atmosphere but it was far from comfortable. The most popular place was the Habana Madrid, more or less a night club. The main attraction was Sally Rand, she being the reason for its popularity. After sitting for what seemed a lifetime in sultry heat, Sally would make her appearance, there being very little to see as her fans kept everything pretty well concealed. But every one would go back night after night with hopes, (maybe she would drop one of her fans). The main other attractions were Jack Waller, a good comedian, and Audrey Warner, a songstress.

It was a glorious day when we left Key West but that is another story.

## PANAMA CANAL ZONE

For the most of us it was our first trip through the Big Ditch, and what amazed us most was the speed with which they operated the big locks. Captain Benson must have been trying for a speed record, because

we crossed Gatun Lake at full, on four. We tied up in Balboa and soon were pitching a liberty in Panama City.

## HAWAIIAN ISLANDS - OAHU

Diamond Head is a welcome sight after a few patrols in Never-Never Land and the Sub Base at Pearl Harbor our favorite port in the Pacific. Mainly because it offers a little in the way of stateside entertainment, and need we mention, women.

A quick liberty in Honolulu doesn't offer much except cheap bars, photo shops and souvenir stands. Tho' when you have a chance to look around, something like Harriet, usually turns up. Probably the most noted spots are Waikiki Beach and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. A nice time was had by all.

## SAIPAN

After leaving Pearl Harbor, bound for run one, the boat stopped at Saipan, the northernmost island of the Marianas, for voyage repairs and "topping off" of all fuel tanks. There were still plenty of Japs left on the island and you could very plainly hear staccato gun fire and frequently an explosion, either hand grenades or some of the demolition squad at work destroying booby traps. The island was a mass of shambles, bomb craters, and demolished buildings.

We were fortunate in being able to go on a sight-seeing tour of Tanapog and Garapan, the places where our Marines and Soldiers landed. We first came upon "Sea Bee" constructed buildings for mail, supplies and operations. Walking further on we noted the accuracy of our Naval gunners. Buildings were literally torn to bits, telegraph poles were either sheared to the ground or sadly blasted out of shape.

Walking toward Garapan down a typical "Mississippi road," havoc reigned supreme. We passed a cave that had harbored approximately one hundred and fifty Japs. The complete interior of the cave was blackened by our flame-throwers. There were empty field ration cans and plenty of empty Saki bottles. Strolling still further along the beach, the Jap defense was plainly seen. Sandbag dugouts stretched from one end of the beach to the other. Several Jap legs and arms were seen protruding from these and across the road inland, the concrete pill boxes were placed in any conceivable place—in houses, under houses and a few were left in the open.

Both American and enemy tanks were wrecked over the entire area. We came upon, what at one time had been a laundry, now only a pile of destruction and ashes. Another place, which must have been the telephone exchange, was a replica of the first, and several Nip phone books were taken back for souvenirs.

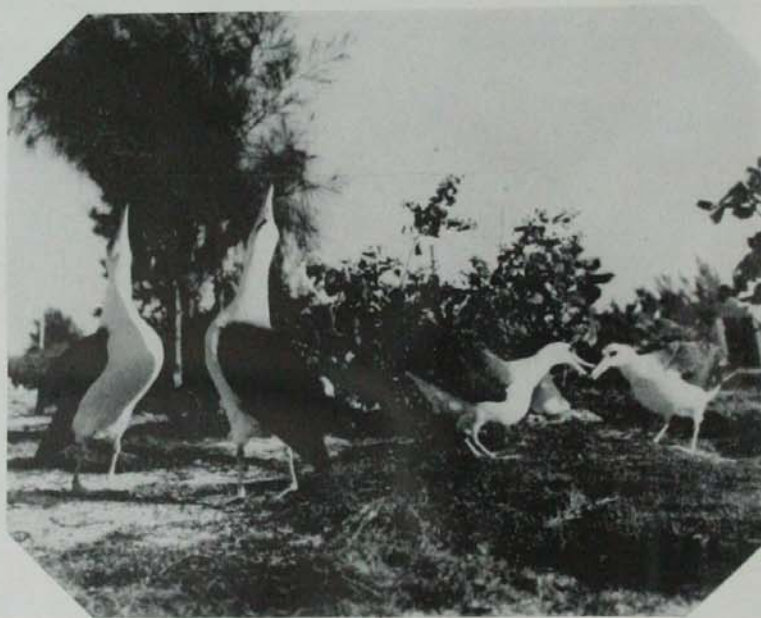
Walking the streets of Garapan was like walking the Street of a Ghost City, as seen in the movies. The houses were built high and from all evidence pigs, chickens, cows, goats, and any other animal seemed to share the house of its owner. It was here that we came upon the remains of several dead "sons of Heaven," and a few steps further along the way we were taken back by the hot licks of an American jive band and the murmur of American voices, "shoot five," "faded," "come on seven." It was some of the off duty soldiers having a royal session of crap shootin'.

Easing back to the boat, Marines that had trophies were doing a land office business of selling them to the souvenir hungry sub sailors. Such expressions as "Yes sir, that money came off a dead Jap. I removed it myself." "Yep, I personally took this gun away from a Jap and then beat him to death with it." All this sounded pretty good to our fellows, but we later on found it to be slightly exaggerated. As soon as the men had sold as many as they could, and as we were leaving they passed the money (that a few seconds before had been bringing a pretty nice price) out as though they had piles of it. They were a swell bunch of guys.

Making our way down to the landing we were mighty glad to be Sub sailors instead of foot soldiers. Bidding Saipan adieu we were out to avenge some of our comrades who died that you and I might taste the sweet fruit of Victory.

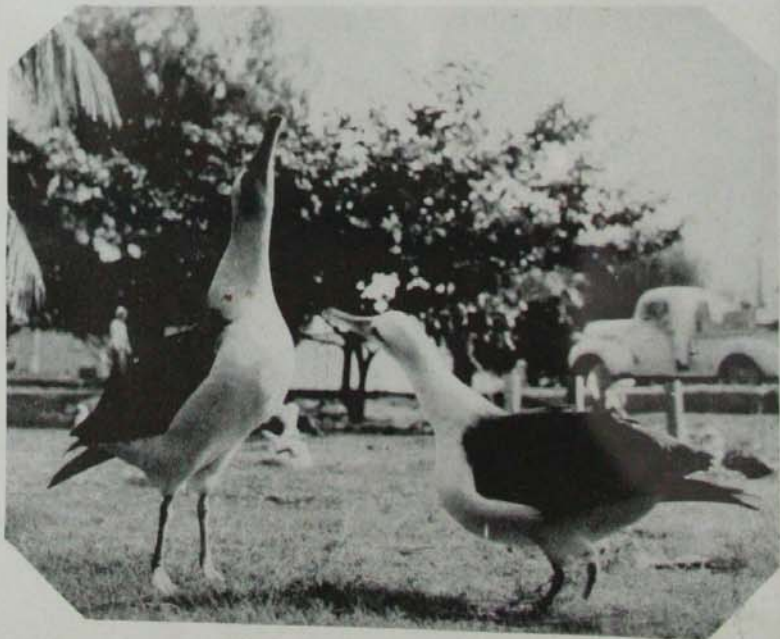


THE MATING DANCE OF THE GOONEY BIRD



A DUET IN "G" FLAT

SUCH A LOVELY VOICE YOU HAVE!



## MIDWAY ISLAND

There are two things that one remembers longest about Midway, one is the blazing whiteness of the sand, the other, the antics of the Gooney birds.

The entire group of islands, two in number, namely Eastern and Sand are made up of an almost pure white crushed coral rock. The brilliance of this sand is nearly blinding at times. A grove of trees on Sand Island is the only welcomed break in the glare. Eastern Island is entirely devoid of trees or bushes.

No one who has ever seen a gooney bird, that dizzy member of the Albatros family, is likely to forget the antics of these soaring creatures. They bow to each other, dance around, clack their bills together, and then raise their beaks skyward and give forth with a racket which there is no describing. The young birds are very fluffy and soft, almost black in color and exceedingly clumsy. Mature birds are white breasted with black wings, pretty clumsy looking when they start their takeoff into the wild blue yonder, but as soon as they are off the ground they are one of the most graceful birds there is.

Midway might be called the garden spot of the world in the way of recreation facilities. There is a fine sandy beach equipped with lawn chairs, volley ball courts, rubber life boats, and several very fine rafts for diving. A large hand surfaced softball field is surrounded by tennis courts, handball courts, a basketball court, parallel bars and space for playing with footballs or baseballs. The athletic clubhouse contains weight lifting, wrestling, boxing and instructions in Judo are given. For the less hardy souls Gooneyville Lodge offers ping pong and pool tables, as well as the beer hall and a large library.

Ship's picnics are held at a picnic grove built among the tall shady trees. Here volley ball and softball or football can also be played.

The ship's service at Midway is one of the finest outside the states. Almost anything can be purchased. In this large building is a theatre, photo shop, and even a bowling alley. Special alleys were reserved for submariners on certain days of the week.

Deep sea fishing is a sport popular with all who stop for a rest at Gooneyville, and many a swabby has hooked a man-sized battle while on one of the fishing parties that could be arranged on request.

For a quiet vacation spent in soaking up sunshine, and reconditioning a flabby body, Midway can't be beaten.

## GUAM

Guam, at the time we spent a rest period at Camp Dealy, had just been retaken from the Japs. There

were many evidences of the struggle that had just ceased. Most of the ships were riding at anchor, a sure sign that the docks had been damaged beyond use. Mammoth bulldozers, dozens of trucks, graders, scrapers and gangs of Sea-Bees were carving roads and camps out of the jungle. The beach, where our forces had landed, was littered with wreckage. Stubs and battered stumps of cocoanut palms lined the beach like tattered scarecrows. Agana, the principal city of Guam, was torn to bits. Not many houses were left standing, and those that were, showed gaping holes from gun fire of all caliber.

Everywhere people were rebuilding, patching, and trying to raise small gardens to supplement the food supply. Blasted and torn tho' they were, all of them had a smile and friendly greeting for any sailor, soldier, or marine who stopped to pass the time of day. Meager as was their supply of food, they extended an invitation to eat to all who stopped. Tuba, the sap from the cocoanut tree, is their main source for booze. After drawing the sap from the tree they distill it and produce a product that is strictly dynamite, Agie by name. Cool jugs of it were freely passed about.

Most of the crew took advantage of their thumbs and saw quite a bit of the island. One of the most visited spots was the B-29 air field. Several of the local towns, which were not restricted, also held a high point in sight seeing. A number of the crew enjoyed fresh water swimming in several of the rivers. Perhaps the women who gathered to wash clothes had something to do with that.

Altogether it was a rather enjoyable place, and something entirely different from what we had heretofore seen.

## TOKYO BAY

From Yokosuka, as far out as the eye could see, were ships and more ships—the Occupation Force of Japan. To the left, when fog or rain permitted, we could see the smokestacks and buildings of Yokohama.

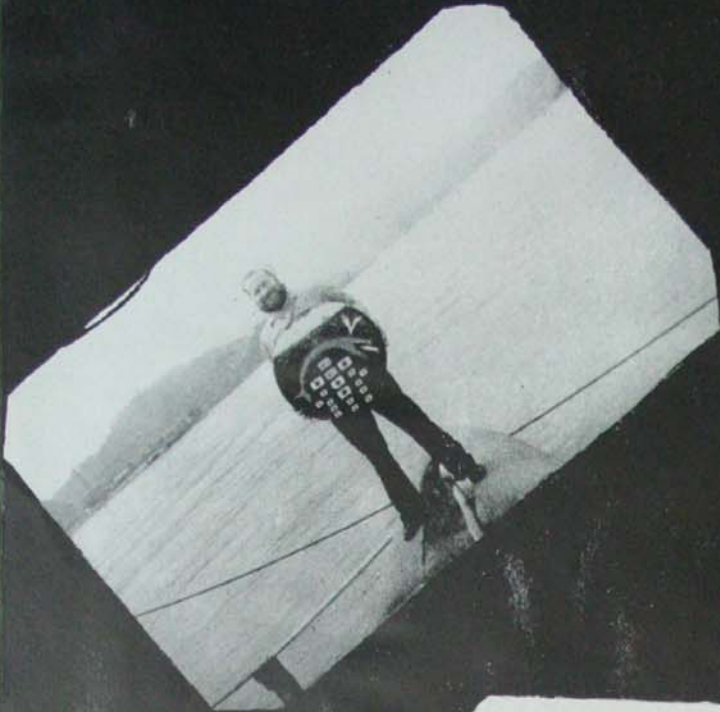
On September second, we listened to the recording of the signing of the Treaty aboard the Missouri, and all morning huge formations of bombers roared overhead. All of our sightseeing was done through binoculars as our visit was a short one. Taking part in the surrender of Japan brought a triumphant end to our fifth war patrol.

## SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Probably the most adequate way to describe our return to the States was seeing the sign at the entrance to the harbor, "Well Done—Welcome Home."

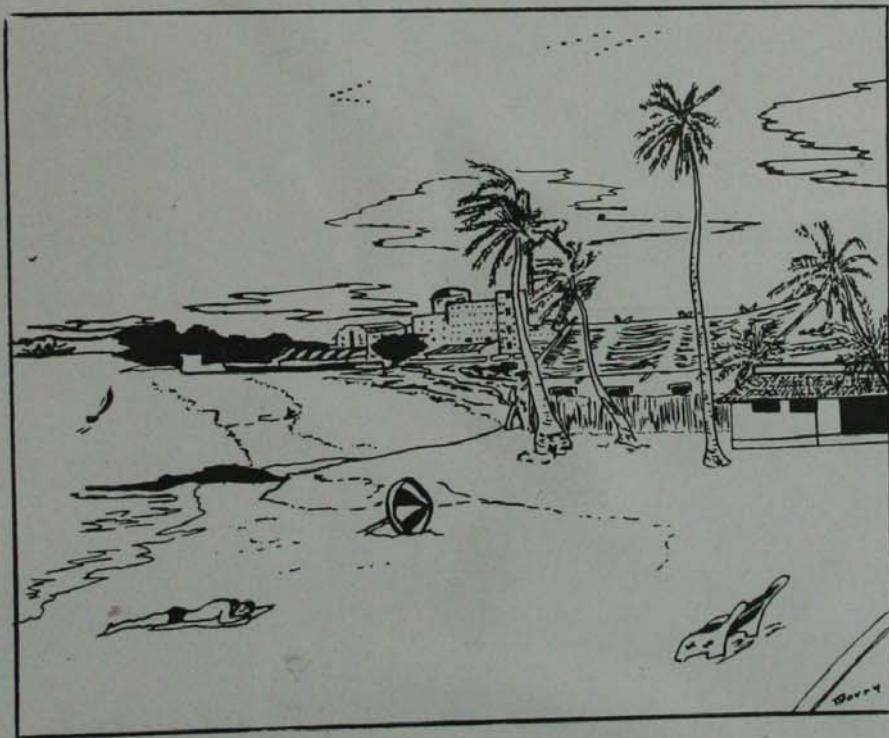


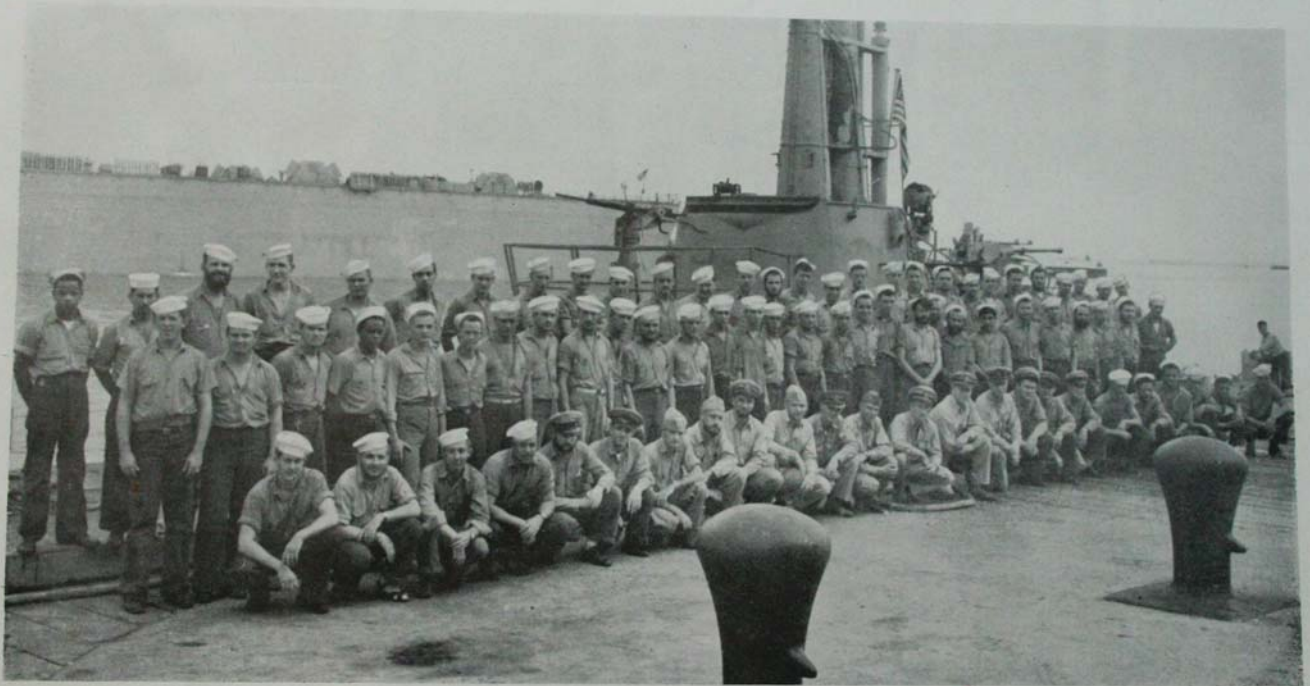






# Rest Camps





1st ROW—L to R: Claque, Atkinson, Gibson, Auer, Fort, Quinton, Naquin, Lt. Cmdr. Brown, Lt. Smith, Lt. (j.g.) Patillo, Lt. (j.g.) Adams, Lt. Hirsch, Lt. (j.g.) Anderson, Lt. Crann, Kohl, Gordon, Petty, Langford, Fudge, Culp, Darnell, Dement, Holman; 2nd ROW: Dukes, Keohane, Peugh, Blue, Barney, Cassou, Wilson, MacManns, Moore, Guidry, Scanlan, Cobb, Russack, O'Connell, Massey, Massillo, Schwaderer, La Berteaux, Small, Thompson, Hirshman, Walker, Garcia, Mehalick, Long, Stuart, Julius, Aucoin, Phagens; 3rd ROW: Hall, Peck, Hanson, Ballard, Cole, Gaers, MacMahon, Haegen, Porta, Walker, Gibson, Arty, Mast, Proscott, Hawkins, Natelli, Moon, Atkinson, Feitush, George, La Pointe, Craig, Kline, Prybysz, Miller, Echols, Roesch



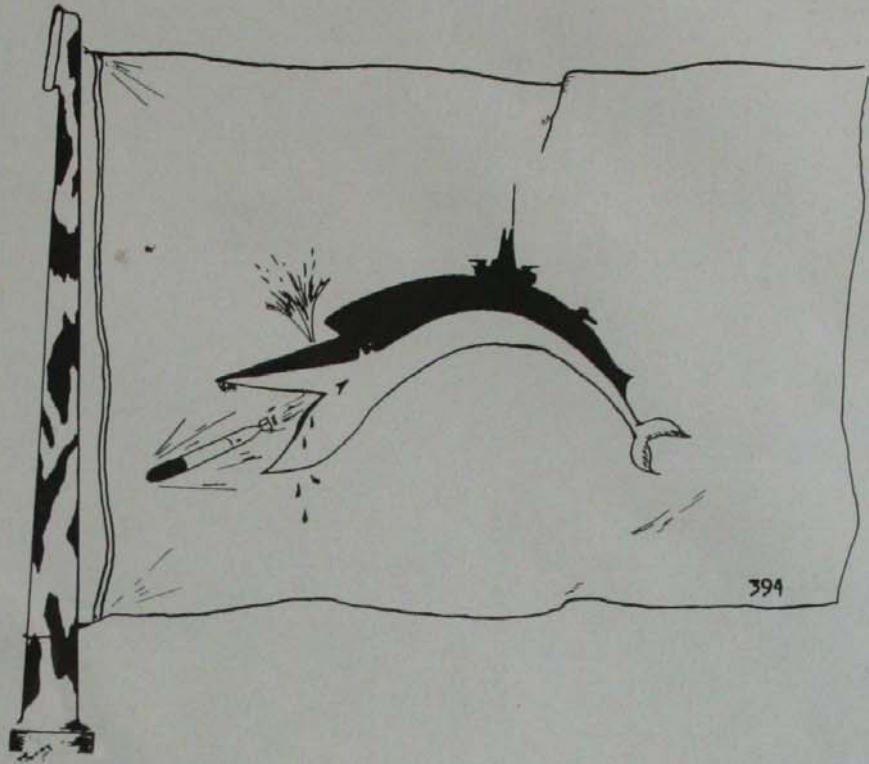
FRONT ROW—L to R: Lt. (j.g.) Patillo, Lt. (j.g.) Johnson, Lt. Thompson, Lt. Hirsh, Lt. Comdr. Brown, Lt. (j.g.) Adams, Lt. (j.g.) Anderson, Lt. Smith; 2nd ROW: Dukes, Auer, Russack, MacManns, Barny, Casson, Scanlan, Kemmick, Prescott, Long, Kline, Hawkins, Atkinson; 3rd ROW: Walker, Dement, Haegen, Darnell, Gibson, Moon, Massey, Wilson, Porta, Ballard, Hanson, Julius, Mehalick; 4th ROW: Schwaderer, Gaers, Masiollo, Miller, Holman, Arty, Mast, Keohane, Roesch, Phagens, Langford, Walker; 5th ROW: Guidry, Petty, Gordon, O'Connell, Kohl, Cole, Gibson, Stuart, Small, La Pointe, MacMahon, Rousseau, Fort.



Front Row L to R—Walker, Rives, Poczabut, Gordon, Piazza; Second Row—Ens. Berry, Ens. Bonds, Ens. Farris, Lt. Aubrey, Lt. (j.g.) Patillo, Lt. Comdr. Brown, Lt. Wetherby, Bos'n Fort, Ens. Kjerulf, Lt. Crann, Lt. (j.g.) Anderson; Third Row—Auer, Craig, La Pointe, George, O'Neal, Gordon, Haegen, Schwaderer, Walker, Wilson, Porta, Gibson, Sogmonian, McBride, Bryant; Fourth Row—Brown, Brown, Wagner, Jenson, Beasley, Denmak, Borny, Dement, Long, Roesch, Mehalick, Langford, Moon, Auccin, Davis; Fifth Row—Lawson, Raines, Kron, DeMerritt, Hershman, Holman, Guidry, Scanlan, Schaff, Garcia, Hester, Prescott, Darnell, McManns; Sixth Row—Parker, Peugh, O'Connell, Miller, Carlson, Culp, MacMahan, Hawkins, Massey, Atkinson, Hustad, Ouderkirk, Bundy; Seventh Row—Nordstrom, Atkinson, Gibson, Kemmick, Kroll, Hobin, Harvath, Coffman, Dewald, Bauman, Howard, Brown.



PARADISE



394



TUBA!



ONE, TWO, IN YOU GO!!



Gooney Juice!

## CAMP DEALEY, GUAM

Pulling into Guam after our second patrol, we tied up alongside the USS Sperry. We had ice cream and fresh fruit as soon as the gangway was over. All hands went for this in a big way, as they always did after a long war patrol. When everyone had just about all they could hold, our mail man began calling out mail. Everyone was very interested in this and gathered around close to him.

Time to leave the ship came and two motor launches pulled up alongside. Everyone jumped into them bag and baggage, leaving the ship in the care of the relief crew for the next two weeks. When we reached the beach there were trucks waiting for us. We jumped out of the boat and into the trucks and were on our way to Camp Dealey.

The scenery on the way was typical Pacific Island scenery. Coconut trees on both sides of us as we wandered down the narrow dusty road. Occasionally we would pass through a small village. The natives would wave to us as if they were glad to see us, not considering that their homes were practically all torn down by gun fire not long before, or that the place where they now stood was but a few days before a place of bloody battle and cross-fire.

As we neared Camp Dealey we could see Quonset Huts on both sides of the road, hidden from the sky by coconut trees. The trucks stopped and we all jumped out. We were told of the Japs still on the island, that had not been captured yet, that many of them were still armed and would kill for food. We were given four huts which were going to be our homes for the next two weeks. Everyone scrambled to find the bunk he wanted and some would save the one next to him for his buddy, who was coming on the next trucks. The bunks were all covered with mosquito net to protect us from another very sneaky enemy.

We did not get private rooms and bath, but there were about 25 men to a hut and our baths were outside. However we never were crowded and never went dirty. The heads were outside also and very primitive, but were kept very sanitary by use of lye and every so often they would be moved to a new spot and the old ones covered.

Our huts were so arranged that we could see, through the coconut trees, the blue Pacific and on the other side the green mountains.

Just a hop, skip, and a jump from our hut was the beer garden. For a floor it had the earth and for a roof it had the blue Pacific sky. Adjoining this was the ball diamond in which almost everyone took an interest.

The beer was rationed to us very freely. We got 22 cases a day, 11 in the morning and 11 in the afternoon. This was plenty and sometimes too much as most of the men took more interest in the ball diamond and could not play and drink at the same time.

A typical day at camp was: Get up for breakfast, if you felt like it. After breakfast you could write letters, play ball, horseshoes, go swimming or go to bed again. There was also a later snack for late sleepers. Later in the morning you could go out for a few beers or continue what you were doing. Lunch was down and then by the time that was over it was time to get our afternoon ration of beer. We could drink, play ball, or write letters until dinner time.

In the evening when there was no ball being played and no beer given out there was the movie house. The camp had its own show. After the show, we would either retire or write some more letters. This wasn't like being home or staying at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Honolulu but it was sure a rest after spending 60 days in a submarine.

SCENES FROM GUAM



# SPORTS







MIDWAY!



GUAM!



HAWAII!

SAIPAN!

We had our first taste of things to come in the way of athletics at our first stopover in Panama. The first looksee was much better than ever expected as men on subs have very little time for practice.

The first game was the age old conflict "deck apes" vs. "grease monkeys." This game, regardless of what type ship it is from, seems to always be a pretty snappy contested affair. Ours was no exception, winner by a score of 5 to 4 was the topside gang. Following the above game was another hard fought battle, officers and chiefs against the white hats. Won by the crew 11 to 2. The officers and chiefs later revenged this score by defeating the crew 13 to 6.

## PLAQUE No. 1 MIDWAY ISLAND

Razorback's try for her first plaque was against the USS Tilefish at Midway Island, September 1944. At which time the boat captured an early lead over its rival and proceeded to hold it all the way.

Results:

EVENT	RAZORBACK	TILEFISH
Softball .....	5	1
Tennis .....	3	0
Handball .....	2	1
Basketball .....	5	1
Volleyball .....	1	5
	16	8

The plaque was accepted by Acting CHIEF OF THE BOAT HOMER PETTY, at the beer party that was given for the winning team.

## PLAQUE No. 2 CAMP DEALEY, GUAM

In competition against the USS Segundo the rivalry was keen, as the two boats were built at the same time and the opposing players were well known and liked.

After getting off to a bad start in softball the team finally started clicking behind the four hit game pitched by Lt. (jg) Pattillo. Mr. Pattillo was credited with 15 strikeouts. In the following games it was nip and tuck all the way. At the close of all games it was found that the two boats were deadlocked in a 30 to 30 tie, Razorback winning 3 out of 5 in volleyball, and the Segundo winning 3 out of 5 in softball. Instead of having some type of playoff, the athletic committee decided to present both boats with a plaque. This was approved by both teams.

## PLAQUE No. 3 MIDWAY ISLAND

Final competition was again at Midway against the USS Muskallunge, Razorback winning by the very close score of 38 to 37. This was by far the tightest play of any. After getting off to a very early lead, which was slowly overcome by the opposing team, the outcome of the tourney rested on the final game of handball—won by Mr. Bonds and "Fearless" Hobin—21 to 7.

While enjoying a picnic on Midway Island, the squared circle was brought into play with the following bout. (No one was injured—only tired).

Mr. Thompson .....	155	Mr. Adams .....	140
Mr. Smith .....	190	Mr. Crann .....	160
Cobb .....	160	Mehalick .....	170
Petty .....	145	Gordon .....	135
Bohreer .....	185	Ernst .....	190
Ray .....	175	Crawford .....	125
Langford .....	150	Mast .....	170
Atkinson .....	165	Walker .....	140
Kenwick .....	160	Moon .....	160

Highlight of the "leather pushers" was the match between Homer Petty and "Fluffy Duff Powder Puff" Gordon. After a wild start, both men running for protection of the referee, the slugging contest simmered down to several draughts on a bottle of beer. This seemed to bring out the beast in Petty and the bunny in Fluff—a running battle ensued, won by Gordon, 100 yards in 3½ minutes.

COMMISSIONING  
PARTY

*The Officers and Crew of the  
U. S. S. RAZORBACK  
Request the Company of*

---

*at their Commissioning Party*

*Saturday, April 1, 1944*

*at Casino Del Jamon, Hams.*

*Lafayette Road*

*Buffet Turkey Dinner at 7*

*Dancing 8:30 to 1:30*

*Guest of \_\_\_\_\_*

## CHRISTMAS 1944

"Fear not: for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

Luke 2: 10-12

Even tho' we were at sea and far from our loved ones on this day, the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Spirit of Christmas still rang true aboard the Razorback.

The trees, made of paper, complete with electric lights, and all the trimmings, was erected in the after torpedo room on the work bench. Beneath the tree lay many Christmas cards received by members of the crew and in their midst was the Bible opened to the story of the birth of Christ. The trimmings shimmered and sparkled from the beam of a flashlight which was kept on the tree all during Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

At eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, all those who were off watch, were invited to the after torpedo room for a little get-together. They sat around on bunks and stools while Chief Petty Officer Petty read from the story of the birth of Christ, the second chapter of St. Luke. This was followed by repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. Mimeographed sheets of Christmas carols were then brought out and everyone joined in the singing.

After a couple of hours of practicing, the songs that were rendered the best were picked out and more copies of them were made—enough so that each man present could have one.

At eleven thirty (2330) they started forward and stopped off in the crew's quarters in the after battery and sang, "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," "Come All Ye Faithful," and "Silent Night."

The group then went on to the chief's quarters. Chief Gordon was the only one there but sleepy as he was, he sat up and listened to "Silent Night" and "The First Noel."

The next stop was the wardroom. "Silent Night," "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" were sung, then on to the forward torpedo room where the fellows there listened to "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" and "The First Noel."

On the way back through the forward battery the Captain passed out candy to the singers and expressed his gratitude and thanks, wishing everyone a Merry Christmas, stating that he hoped everyone would be home for Christmas in 1945.

Even tho' Christmas day was broken with "Battle stations" the Spirit still remained.

Christmas dinner was served at noon. The tables were set with white linen and the menu consisted of the following: Roast turkey with dressing, giblet gravy, fresh frozen whole kernel corn, asparagus, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, bread and butter, cranberry sauce, pickles, olives, ripe and stuffed, pumpkin pie and fruit cake. Bowls of candy and mixed nuts were kept full and on the tables all day.

Although the Mothers and Fathers, Brothers and Sisters, Wives, Children, and Sweethearts could not be present other than in thought, Christmas of 1944 aboard the Razorback was one never to be forgotten by anyone aboard at that time.

"Glory to God in the highest,  
and on earth peace, goodwill  
toward Men."

Luke 2:14

## SINGING

One of the most popular forms of entertainments aboard the Razorback is the singing festivals often held in the crew's mess.

We are very fortunate in having quite a bit of talent aboard, and when all hands get together, the result is quite harmonious. Lil Georgie Dement, the world's greatest baritone, Hog Eye Halman and his howling guitar; George Hershman, also a guitar player; and virtuoso of the violin, Mr. Petty, are perhaps the main stays in our musical world because they provide the sound and fury which we follow. When persuaded to do so, R. L. Walker could really "beat it out" with any implement on hand, and thus provide the percussion instruments for our band.

Among us, who will ever forget the records Lil Georgie and Hog Eye made on the beach at Honolulu? I think none. Those records were enjoyed more than any "platters" ever brought aboard.

A vote of thanks has often been extended to the fellows of the electrical gang who made up that Super Song Book. "Old Melodies," containing all the favorites, old and new, the songs that people just naturally sing when they get together, this book was a huge success.

A write up on singing would scarcely be complete if we were to leave out mention of the giant strides our own ward room had taken to preserve traditional American music. If it can be called music. Their singing was publicly unveiled at the ship's picnic in Midway. There, for the benefit (?) that delightful melody (?) "Be Kind to Our Web Footed Friends." If it's ever sung before a music critic in the hopes of having it published, we fear his reaction can be summed up in this one word. "Ugh."

Honorable mention should go to the fellows who go about tuning up on those accordions, among them G. F. Gibson, Culp, O'Connell and a host of others. Also, let us not forget the painful strains of Mr. Anderson's trumpet emerging from the engine room, where both he and "Big" George held forth until, to the relief of all hands, an essential part of that infernal noise-maker was irrevocably lost.

## MOVIES

"The house lights go dim; a hush falls over the audience, and the blare of trumpets and a crash of cymbals fill the Razorback Rialto."

Movies aboard the Razorback hold high place in providing entertainment for all hands. It certainly excels eating in popularity, because even Jack Hoegen will cease partaking when movie call is sounded. Held in the torpedo rooms, with detours now and then to the wardroom and the crew's mess, invariably all available space is occupied. And if Betty Grable and the rest of Filmland's luscious inhabitants could see the enthusiasm displayed when it is our luck to have "promoted" a colorful musical, there is no doubt but that

they would be inspired to even greater effort.

Recognition must be given also to Scanlan, Prybysz, Porta, and O'Neal for their operation of the projector. Were it not for these men, the talents of the stars would not have been viewed by us. And, had one of these men not volunteered to show his skill, the world would never have heard the phrase "Pulling a Porta"

The opinion of the crew is that there are two types of movies. Good and bad. Movies such as "Diamond Horseshoe" come in the "Good" category, and there is no doubt in anyone's mind which rank Republic Pictures hold.

## BEARDS

Mention "submarine sailor" to most anyone, and why is it that nine out of ten people will come right back with the word "beard." It seems these two words have become synonymous, and it is the prerogative of the undersea salts to raise a full crop of "chin spinach."

Not to be outdone in anything, the mighty Razorback has had her share of these proponents of fuzzy faces. There has been many beards, short beards, Van Dykes, Mutton chops, the scraggly types, full bushy varieties, the one pet hair kind and lastly, although no one could ever think of a name for it, the type grown by Mr. Adams. Mr. Smith once put this bit of wisdom on the bulletin board concerning beards. I quote: "There are three types of beards, Trimmed—Hobo—Moth Eaten—." I should like to list, as nearly as can be recalled, the names of the fellows who have forsaken the razor at one time or another, aboard this submarine.

1st Patrol	2nd Patrol	3rd Patrol	4th Patrol
Captain Brown	Mr. Pattillo	Davis (???)	Mr. Bonds
Mr. Smith	Massiello		Mr. Farris
Mr. King	Schwaderer		McBride
Prybysz	Mehalick		
Steward	Langford		
La Pointe	Dukes		
Hanson	Hershman		
Prescott			
Gibson			
Porta			
McManus			
Scanlan			
Atkinson			
Walker			
Mr. Fort			
Massey			
Phagans			
Auer			

### 5th Patrol

Alas and alack, the only man aboard who will wear a beard back to the States is Chubby McBride. He expects to play Santa Claus to some cute little babe if, he can find one.



MEHALICK



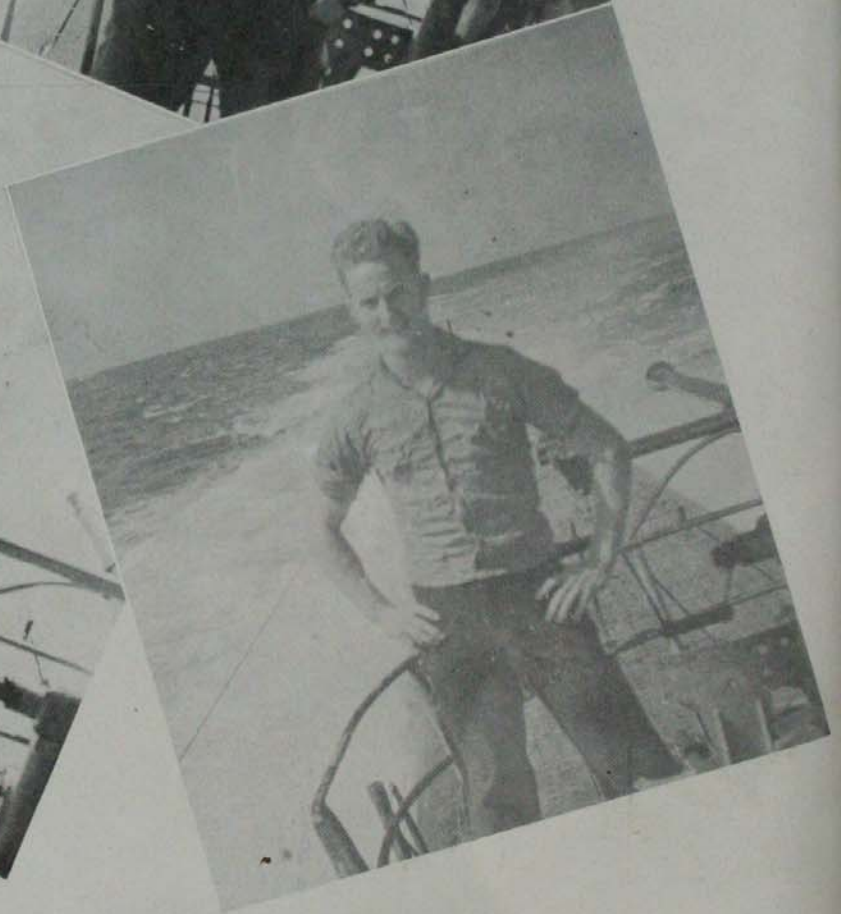
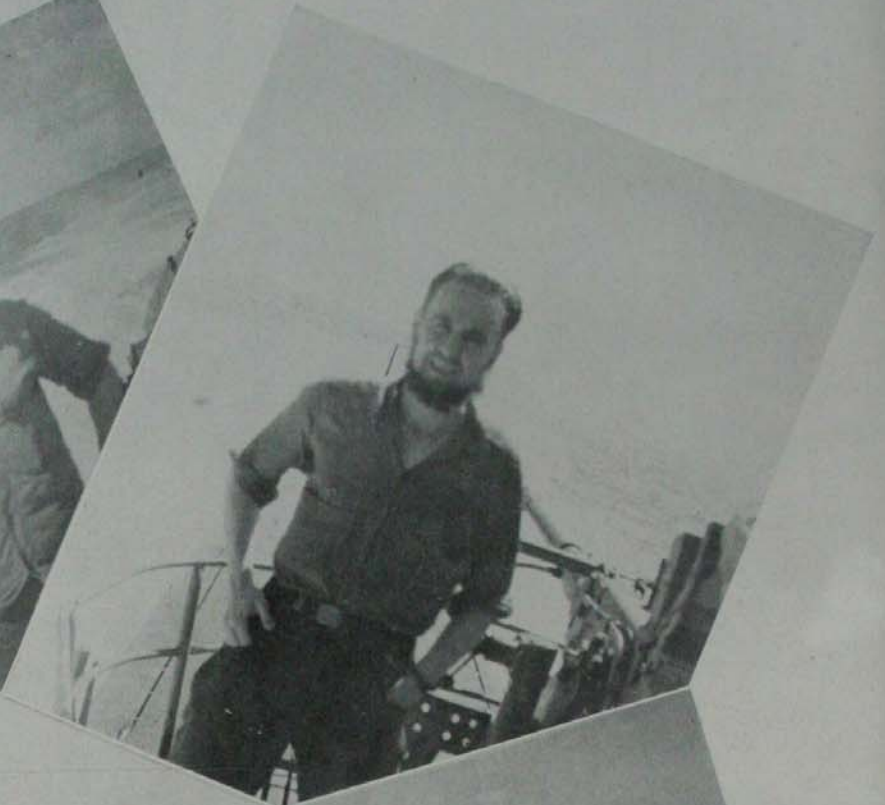
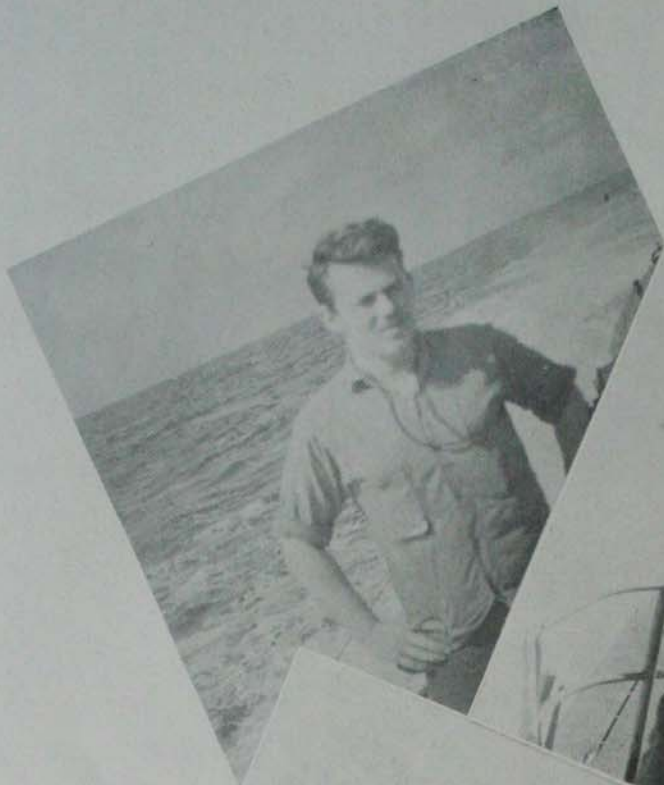
SCHWADERER



SCANLAN



TOP—L to R: Lt. Comdr. Robbs, Ens. Farris; CENTER—Lt. Smith;  
BOTTOM—L to R: Lt. (j.g.) Johnson, Ens. Bonds



TOP—L to R: Rousseau, Hershman  
BOTTOM—L to R: Masiello, Langford





GIBSON



FORT



WALKER



DAVIS



AUER

# OFFSPRING



Rozak

It is a known fact and an irrevocable truth that Navy men originated the gab-fest, or more commonly known as a bull session. No matter where it may be; no matter what the circumstances; when two or more of Uncle Sam's finest chance to meet, a rousing verbal free for all is in the making.

The topics are varied, ranging from wine, women and song, through ball teams and their ships, and reaching the pinnacle of interest in women. Underlying the subject in question and forcing it always upward and onward is each man's pride. He's proud of

his ship, he's proud of his ball club; but above all he is proudest of his family.

Seeing him gazing dreamily at the latest snap shots of Junior prompted the editors to include the kiddies in our history. This may seem strange, but who knows fully the power of two chubby hands reaching out for an unseen daddy? Is morale a concrete thing that can be measured after seeing that first picture in many weeks? Because they do embody all we fought for, and because we're proud of being called Daddy; we give you the Razorback Juniors.



DONNIE and ROBBIE BROWN



SUSAN WALKER



RICKY AUBREY



UPPER LEFT: Judy Dewald; UPPER RIGHT: Karen Fort; LOWER LEFT: Carol Ann Guidry; CENTER RIGHT: Charles M. Gibson; BOTTOM: Marie La Pointe.

## END OF WAR MESSAGE

Any time there is an attempt at praise, we are likely to overlook assignment of credit due. With no intention of making that mistake, we want to express sincere thanks to the personnel of the Portsmouth Navy Yard who designed and built this boat; those responsible for design, manufacture, and procurement of her appurtenances; and those whose research improved our tactics and equipment so as to keep us well ahead of the enemy. The Razorback is a beautiful piece of fighting machinery.

My hat is off to the reserve officers and men who so ably fought this war. At no time have I seen any friction between reserves and regulars on this ship. In fact, both have rather lost their identity in the close-knit organization, fellowship, and cooperation that is so necessary in this branch of the service. It has been with deep regret that I have watched a high calibre crew broken up by demobilization. Regardless of your choice in profession, I wish each of you success in the ventures resulting from your decision on reenlistment and enlistment versus discharge.

C. DONALD BROWN,  
Commanding.

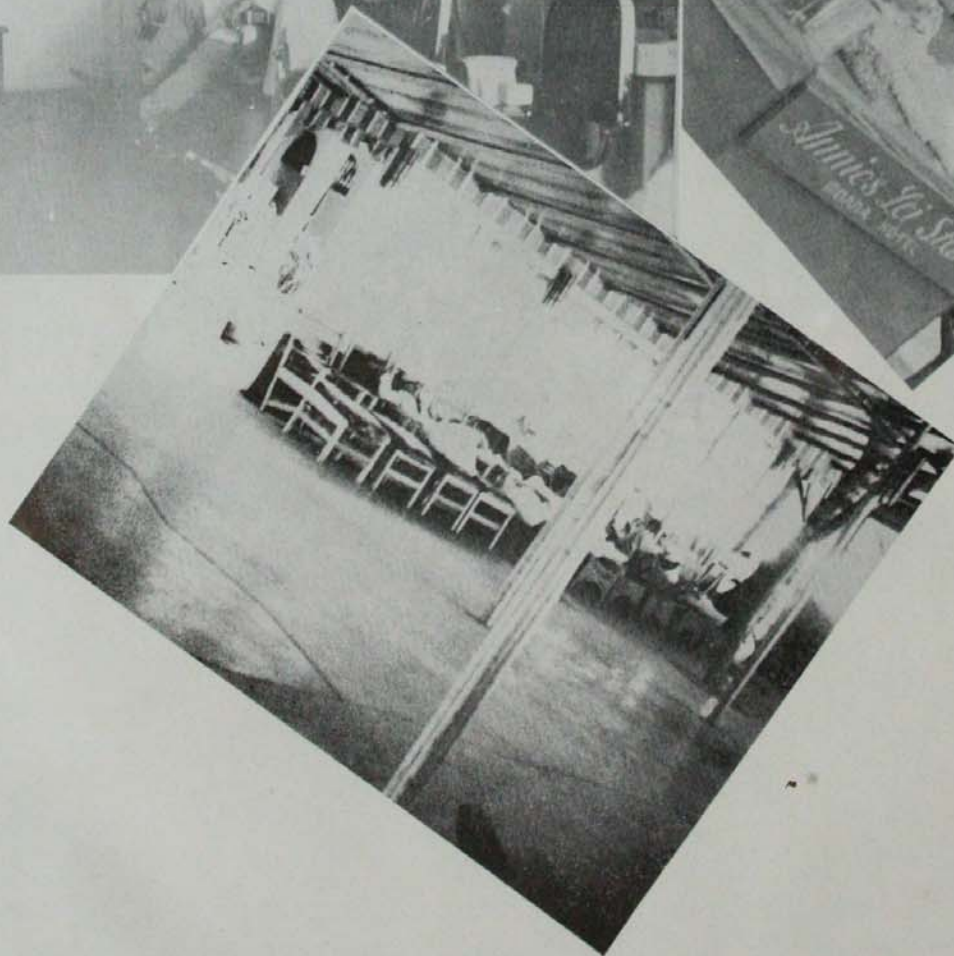
TOP—WAIKIKI THEATRE  
Hawaii's Best



BELOW—Female Barbers - Honolulu



CENTER RIGHT—LEI STAND  
Smell Galore!



BOTTOM—LAZINESS!—Really  
Resting at Royal Hawaiian Hotel

## RIG FOR DEPTH CHARGE (Tune of Clementine)

Rig for depth charge, rig for depth charge  
Take her down to ninety feet,  
Watch your angle Mr.....  
'Cause this water ain't so deep.

Hard rise Mr.....  
Bring her up to sixty feet,  
We will take a look around  
But do not secure the sound

Target sighted, target sighted,  
Sighted on the starboard bow,  
Tell the Captain we are ready  
To go up and show them how.

All clear Captain, cried the sound man  
Ease your rise, don't let her broach,  
After room stand by your tubes  
We have started the approach

Ready forward, ready forward,  
We are waiting for the word  
To fire all our pickles  
And get away undisturbed.

Fire one boys, fire two  
Fire three and fire four,  
We don't need number five  
So secure the outer door

There goes one, there goes two  
Three and four are on their way,  
We have sunk the yellow B-----  
So our work's done for today

Call the Captain, call the Captain  
Tell him we have sighted smoke,  
We will surface and will follow  
Till we sink the bloody bloke.

Battle surface, battle surface,  
Quickly man the surface gun,  
We will battle all the night through  
Till we sink the Rising Sun.

## AND NOW

By ROCKY PRESCOTT

We've fought a war and won—  
And now we're homeward bound,  
How long will last, this costly peace?  
Which blood has bought the world around,  
Must we rise again in future years  
To meet and fight another foe  
Or will we live without the fears  
That so many till now did know—

We've fought a war and won—  
And now we're homeward bound  
But let us keep our strength,  
And insure the Peace it found  
And before the crosses on fields afar—  
Let us swear as one,  
That what was started by them that died,  
Did Not—Shall Not remain undone.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS (On a Submarine)

By McBRIDE

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the boat,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a roach.  
The socks were all hanging  
'Round each sailor's bunk,  
So dirty and crummy,  
Oh Lord! How they stunk!  
When up on the topside  
There rose such a clatter,  
We jumped from our sacks  
To see what was the matter,  
Then down through the hatch  
Came a sailor so silly,  
For clasped in his arms  
Was a gallon of "Gilly"  
"Come fellows!" he called,  
As he brandished the jug,  
"Let's celebrate Christmas,  
Come on, have a slug!"  
"There's plenty for all,  
So you don't need to worry.  
Just pass it around.  
Take your time, there's no hurry."  
So the Gunners, Electricians,  
Torpedomen's Mates,  
Machinists and Cooks,  
And all kinds of rates,  
Took a drink of the "Gilly,"  
And everyone said,  
"It is pretty good stuff,  
But it goes to your head!"  
No one knew how it started,  
At least, wouldn't tell,  
And it soon was a riot,  
A merry old Hell!  
But the "skipper" just said,  
As they broke up the fight,  
"Merry Christmas to all!  
And to all, a Good Night!"

## PERHAPS

By GEORGE McBRIDE

Perhaps I may not live to see  
The day we win the victory,  
For long before the war shall cease,  
I may be laid to Rest in Peace.

Perhaps no more, I'll ever thrill  
With friend and foe, in politics,  
And try to make the voters sway  
To my side, on election day.

Perhaps no more, I'll ever thrill  
To see the moon rise o'er the hill  
Or share the pleasure of a kiss,  
And sweet caress, from a lovely miss.

Perhaps, when summer is so hot,  
I'll miss that old vacation spot,  
And when the frosty mornings nip,  
There'll be no yearly hunting trip.

Perhaps I'll miss the Union fights  
We had at meetings, Sunday nights,  
Good fellows all, and right or wrong,  
The grudges never lasted long.

AUTOGRAPHS 1846



