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Answer: Well, as I said before that tape ended, we were heading. They let us go back into Pago Pago to get some fuel and mainly food. We had fuel, I guess. We hadn't any food and stuff 'cause we were out. We had been supplying a couple destroyers all this time, and they cleaned out all of our lockers that morning. We didn't have a thing left in any of our fresh stuff, and we'd been giving goodies to these destroyers, we'd give them food, we'd also always send over a couple of 10-gallon cans of ice cream, 'cause we had an ice cream maker aboard ship, so they loved it. So we were out of everything, so we got to Pago Pago, they restocked us up there in a matter of just a few hours, and we were able to get back and join up with the force again. On our previous trip to Pago Pago, we did get one hour, one or two-hour liberty, I think. We got to go ashore, and the uniforms were whites and it was so sticky and so humid down there that anybody that had a tattoo just showed right through the uniform. It was so sticky. I went ashore there for about an hour, and that was enough to suit me, I tell you. But we did still get our mail, though. Our seaplanes would fly into the harbor there and would land and pick up mail and whatnot and bring it out. And one time there was a storm going on and you've heard of waterspouts. Well, we saw several. It's like flying through a forest with these forest (water) spouts. They were dodging them and everything. They're like a tornado at sea I guess, but they didn't hit us. But I'll go back and retrograde a little more, but the harbor there was so calm. There was no wind. It was right near the equator. No trade winds there. That harbor's just like glass. Well, our seaplanes couldn't get off without a little bit of help, so they'd run all the whale boats and motorboats and stuff out there and create a little bit of chop, and then they could get a little bounce and then they'd get airborne. Well, one plane would not get off the water no matter what they did, so they brought it back aboard ship and they found out that it's gas tank had been leaking into the float, so the float had about 110 gallons of gas in it, which was a lot of weight, so that's why she wouldn't get off. So they spent the rest of the day siphoning all that gas out of there and putting it in cans, and that night after we got away from everything, they were back there with a specialty ax that would not create a spark, they're made I guess of bronze or something. Anyway, they'd take that can and they'd whack a hole in it and throw it over the side. That's how they got rid of about 110 gallons of high-test gas, but it was.. I mentioned earlier about how we got fueled up with the oil from the tankers and what not. One time we were all hooked up and pumping oil and the ships pulled apart too much and ruptured one of the lines, so that made a heck of a noise, but there's a guy standing watch right over there, and he had that valve closed that quick. I mean that thing probably shot out 1,000 gallons in a couple seconds, when it shut off, you know. But that's how they fueled us. With gas and oil and sometime some foodstuff, but mostly just mail and that sort of thing, or personnel. Sometimes they had someone that had to come aboard ship. They went across in the breaches buoy you know. They'd be dragging them across and the ships would go together, all of a sudden go down, he'd get wet, you know. Oh, it was...

Question: How close were the ships?

Answer: Oh, they were probably, oh, I'm estimating now, 50 – 60, maybe that many, I don't know. One time I know, some kind of waves threw together.. actually one time, one of the destroyers came in and bumped, came up and actually, came up underneath one of our gun shields and kind of bent it up a bit, but all kinds of things can happen. Like one time at Pearl, this was before the war now; back there again I'm retrograding. We had the repair ship alongside there welding up all the portholes. And we were, it was kind of stupid because the gasoline barge came alongside and was filling our gasoline tanks and they overfilled them, so that goes

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out into the harbor, and here was this gasoline in the water, and the welders right above it. All of a sudden, instant fire between the ships. Well, I happened to be, one of my duties at that time, while the fire was the foamite hose, so I go by the foamite shed, they'd hand me the hose, the guys behind me each grabbed a connection, 'cause you couldn't drag them through the hatches, they'd hang up so there'd be, you'd have 50 feet between you and the guy behind you. So we started dumping that stuff in the harbor, force that fire on away from the ships. The repair ship got burned up pretty good on the side, but we survived. Again, a humorous thing in a way. One night about midnight the fire alarm went off, I get up, they hand me the nozzle, the fire was in the butcher shop, which was just forward of the hangar, so we go zooming in there and just as I get there, and the guys are making up the foam. They knew how many links of hose to put on, and they'd couple, if they wanted to start making foam. So I got to the butcher shop and a guy says, Oh, it's all out. It's all out. Well, the foam got there just at that moment. Comes out about that big around, you know. So he grabs the nozzle, tries to push it down the hole like this. Finally got the word back, quit making, he had about 100 gallons of foam in the butcher shop. What a mess. That was just life aboard ship. Like they say, never a dull moment. There was always something going on.

Well, see, where were we. Oh, we came back from, after we left Pago Pago, we joined back up with the task force heading back up to Pearl, and we had about 2 more, 3 days to go to get in, and we were actually at sea 76 days that trip without stopping.. except for our quick little stops and Pago twice, ok. Well orders came aboard ship, to ship one, Aviation Radioman 2nd Class back to San Diego, to form Torpedo Squadron 10. Well, I was the only one they had, so I had instant orders to leave the ship. We got back to Pearl. I did, I was transferred off the ship, went to the receiving ship which, at that time, was temporary barracks right there, and we didn't know what we were going to go on yet, how we were going to get back to the States, so they had us working on various details, and one of the details I recall very vividly was they had about 30 of us.

They took us onto the Battleship California that I'd seen sinking. They had brought her up part way and they were still bringing her up and they had us down in the decks that had been under water, right by that number one forward turret, cleaning up the mess and everything that was there, and all the electrical stuff had emanated white goo all over everything, and we had to clean up all that mess, and all the tools we could find there, and one guy picked up a shoe and it still had a foot in it. I mean, it was sort of grim. That was a day I'll never forget. I got back to our ship and the clothes I'd worn that day, I didn't even bother, they just went in the, they were so full of grease and oil and mess, I just got rid of them. We did that, then another day worked at the, see, I guess it was the supply dock, and they had us working where they have all the frozen food and stuff. They had us going in there making up orders for various ships and things, so we had heavy clothing on and everything. It was subzero in there I know. That's where I met this friend of mine, we became real buddies. He was also a radioman, and he was being shipped back, so.

But one day, it was a Saturday and I was put on this detail over at the submarine base. It turned out I became a gardener. I was pulling the weeds and clipping the lawn and doing everything. Pretty soon I hear someone walking up behind me and this guy stops and starts talking, and I turn around and it was a captain or admiral. I get up and salute quick like. Oh, don't worry, just carry on, carry on. You look like you're enjoying this. I said, Oh, yes sure beats the heck out of being shot at. He said, Well, would you like to be here permanently? I said well, really, no sir. I couldn't see being a gardener the rest of my life. But he was very nice. They told me if the captain or admiral comes down, be sure to salute them, and I did. I almost got myself in garden work there. Later I wish I had, but anyway. All kinds of little

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things happen to you like that. Well, one day they had us go. It was a Saturday, I believe, the next day, I went over to, they had a bunch of us go over to the Lurline, which was the Matson Steamer that had just arrived with several thousand troops, Navy people and Army people, and I guess they were one heck of a seasick bunch, 'cause that ship was a mess. Out on all those promenade decks they had erected bunks and what not, hammocks, not hammocks, but regular bunks, about 3 or 4 high on all those decks, and inside everywhere. Well, we spent the whole day cleaning up this mess and so they told us, ok, you guys get to go back on the Lurline to the States. So next day we went aboard the Lurline, and this buddy and I had met, we were sittin' there talkin' and a guy he knew came along and he says, Hey, here's a detail you guys wanna volunteer? Well, we'd learned then not to volunteer for anything. He says, This you'll enjoy. Ok. So we did finally. It turned out what we would do, we'd go down to the chow hold where they served the food, set up the steam tables and dish out the food to any, to the Army or Navy people on board, secure that and then we were off the rest of the time until the next meal. Everybody else had to stand watches, had to get up on the weather decks and do all kinds of duties and things. We were living high on the hog, I tell you. Eat all we wanted, I mean. None of us were sick or anything, but the first couple of meals out, though, I mean there was hardly anybody there, 'cause so many people were sick. They had about 2,000 women and children on there. Mostly the women were pregnant, that sort of thing. They were all being shipped back to the States. They were all dependents and things, and they had about 200 Navy and several hundred Army on board that were being shipped back. We had the best duty on the ship, so. Well, the night before we got into San Francisco, they said, Well, we want to get rid of this ice cream. They had tons and tons of ice cream bars. We were givin' them away, everywhere. We'd see some kids, Here, have it. We'd give them a whole carton of 24 ice cream bars! We had roast duck, we had everything on that ship. I was really a chowhound on that thing. Well, the night before we got in the Golden Gate there, they called us down to the purser's office. Let's see, you guys, let's see, you were here 4 and a half... they paid each one of us \$2 a day for all that work we'd done. So we each got eleven dollars I think. Well, next morning the Golden Gate opened up, let us in. By then, they had submarine nets right across the gate there, and they had the blimps were.. the barrage or what do you call them, were drifting around. They escorted us in, you might say, and we came in under the Golden Gate and ended up down there at the, came into the pier, and nobody knew what was going on. But my buddy and I, we already had our sea bags all strapped up and roped up like they're supposed to be and we saw some deck hands down there getting ready to put a ladder up against the side of the ship so we, Hey, we opened that big door ourselves, and we signaled up, Ok, they put the thing up there, so my buddy and I, we just went right on down the ladder and off the ship. We were traveling on independent orders, so we didn't have anything to worry about anybody else, see. So we got to the end of the pier there and dropped our sea bags right there. In those days, you could trust things. Things didn't disappear. Went a couple blocks down the street to the YMCA, 'cause I knew a friend of mine that I, a friend of my father's, he was in the transportation business before the war, and the Navy had him doing transportation things, so he said, What are you guys doing? I told him, I said, Well, we just came on the Lurline. Oh, he knew nothing about it. It was so secret. I said, Well, you have a problem. You've got a couple thousand women over there, and you got about 6 to 800 Army and couple hundred Navy and nobody knows what the heck to do. So he got right on the phone and he called the Red Cross, everything else, get them going, and then he called over the Navy base over there and said, Hey, check in so-and-so as have them report in and go on liberty and oh, give him a week's delay till he's reporting in at San Diego. And I said, Hey, my

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buddy here, too. So he fixed him up, also. He had to go to New York, but he had a week's delayed report, too. Meantime, I got to a telephone, phoned my folks that were just across the bay there, and as it turned out, my fiancée was living with them then, because the people that, the guys that she'd been living with, that gal had kinda gone fruitcake, so she was living with my folks, so of course, they came over, they brought her along, and so we, that's how we got together again. Well, that night, her name was Sybil, S-y-b-i-l, by the way, we decided now's the time, so next day we went to our normal church that we went to and talked to the priest afterward, and said, Can you arrange a wedding in a heck of a hurry. Oh, yeah. Anytime. Ok, we'll let you know. We hadn't even talked to our folks yet. Come home from church, and we blew the bubble, see. Uh, how soon can we get our marriage license and everything else. We're gonna get married this week. Well, they called her folks. They lived over in San Francisco. Meantime, Sybil and I and this friend, we went visiting a few of her friends and my friends. Came back and her father was there then, see. Well, technically I should be asking him permission to marry his daughter, see. Ok. Every time I tried to get along with him, everybody else would gather round me, knew what was going on. Finally, and he was just about, he was smoking a pipe. He just about twisted that pipe apart. Finally, I blurted out, ok, want to get married. Ok, well, he gave me a little talk for a while. Well, I hope you can do this, this, ok. Then he gave me a little lecture, and he says, Well, ok, fine, so good. So believe it or not, they phoned their friends. My folks phoned their friends, and next day Monday, we went up to the courthouse there in San Rafael and it just happened that Charlie McCrumb, who was the county clerk or what do you call them? His wife, Muriel, had been my algebra teacher in high school all those year. So Charlie knew me awhile back, knew my Dad, 'cause he been in the American Legion Commander at one time, and, What do you need? I told him, he said, Oh, ok. So he got the papers filled out. He says, You know, they got this 3-day law, you're supposed to wait 3 days. Let me see, we'll go see Judge Butler. Go up and see the judge. He told the judge, he said, You know, he might be transferred out of here before he can do anything. The judge waived the 3-day waiting period, so technically you had to take the blood test and get the results back and then wait 3 days or something. Well, they waived all that, but we'd already gone over that morning and I'd had my blood test and she had her blood test, but the results of hers weren't in yet, so he said, ok. So he rolls up the paper and hands it that very day and says, For God Sake, don't get married until Thursday. So that was it. So by God, Thursday night came and that little church of ours was packed. It was really packed. And I had to be married in uniform. At the time, I had, I was in a 2nd Class Aviation Radioman, and so we were married in the little church there, and my brother, who was then living nearby or working nearby, they drafted him back into the Forest Service because the Japs had sent some submarines over, or some of the balloons of theirs had come over and they had them up there (inaudible) so he's already applied to get in the Navy and go to flight school, so he'd been accepted, so about a few weeks later, he actually went into the flight training, but so we got married. Went over to, after the ceremony. A good friend of mine, his mother, he was in Annapolis by the way at that time, just getting out. I had on this Navy thing, you know. She pulls back my collar and dumps a whole pound of rice down the side, you know! Ahh! Well, when Sybil and I got done, her father put on a little thing for us and we left there and went down to San Francisco, down to the hotel there, and everywhere we walked, I left a trail of rice behind. So we registered in, and the uh.. Let's see, so we... let's see, honeymoon, yeah, yeah, so forth. I had those few days, though. I didn't have to be down in San Diego. That was Thursday night, so I didn't have to get down to San Diego until Monday, so some friends of ours had given us the keys to their little cabin up on the Russian

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River, so we went up there Friday morning, and we had Friday and then Saturday we went over and got my brother and took him a show and that sort of thing, and then back, Sunday morning, we had to drive back down to Mill Valley and got with the folks, and this friend that I told you about in transportation, he gave us transportation over to the bus station there. And I had to go across the bridge to. I was going down by the train, the Santa Fe train. We went up from Oakland up, then down the San Joaquin-Sacramento Valley later. So we bid adieu at that point, and I got down to LA, had to take the bus from Bakersfield 'cause the train took a real long route to get over, so finally got down to San Diego about 7 o'clock that morning, and went over to North Island, it's called down there. And I got a ride down to the hangar, and I checked in there, and the chief was just, Chief (inaudible), he was the chief in charge of all that. He was taking muster of all the people there. Well, as soon as I came in, I heard this radio (inaudible) everything. All these ersatz radiomen all spotted that, man, they were clustered around me like bees in a honey hive, you know, and the chief said, Who are you. I told him and showed him my papers. Oh, stay there. Don't move. Stay right there. I did. He got all done taking the muster, then he grabbed me. He took me up to see the skipper, who was the pilot, Collette. He said, Oh, glad you're here. I thought for a minute there I was in trouble, because I'd been, you know, a week's delay reporting, see. This skipper (inaudible) had just been inaugurated there, activated about a week before that, see, so. Well, he says, We're getting a new plane, new torpedo plane just coming out of the Grumman factory. We don't have any here yet, but they're coming. We've got 36 boot radiomen, radio school, you're going to train them to become aviation radiomen, you're going to continue with your gunnery, and, oh, by the way, your plane has a Norden bombsight, so you're going to bombardier school, too. I said, Sir, I just got married last Thursday. He said, Well, that's your problem. Well, anyway, routine became quite evident. I was working with these guys. We set up table with lots of keys, headphones, so the guys could still learn Morse code, which we thought they had to use. Turned out later they didn't. Radio gear, so forth and so on. And a plane came in. They took it up to the shop, decided they were going to tear it all down and make a catalog out of it, so I got stuck with that duty, and I was up there for a couple weeks, completely tearing out all the electrical and all the radio stuff, laid out on big boards, putting labels on it, then taking a picture from overhead of this thing. That all became in the operating manual, these pictures. That plane was so new they hadn't done this yet, you see. In the meantime, all the orders kept coming in for instant changes to be made. The book was that thick just to make changes on the planes. Well, that went on for a couple weeks before we got that all squared away, had all the radio equipment categorized, what have you. We did get a plane in to fly, ok, so the XO grabs me and says, We're gonna go fly. Ok. I'd never been in that plane before, neither had the gunner, neither had he, so it was kind of a new experience. So we get out on the North Island, there, get out on the runway and get ready to take off, got the green light to go, about half way down the strip just about ready to round up, there was a big crash. I looked out the little porthole, the right wing was gone. Just completely gone, just a bunch of material fluttering there. The pilot brought her under control, stopped there. I thought we ground looped or something, but no. I climbed out, the gunner came down the turret, he was white as a sheet. I said, Steve, what's the matter. Da, da, da, da. A P-38 was still landing. Now that darned P-38 had been, had failed to land a couple times and was given a wave off, but he came in anyway. All I can figure is that his left wheel must have hit our wingtip, which broke it off, but if he'd landed right on top of us, there would be a big flash and a big fire, because we were carrying a full load of gas. So that was my first experience with a torpedo plane. Well, obviously, we got more planes in before long and it was becoming a daily procedure then. We

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were going, every day we would ride on this bombardier training thing where you'd ride along and you were up there about 10 feet off the deck with this bombsight, and the bug? was a little thing that was motorized. It could go in circles and do anything, and that was your target, so you got to where you could learn a bombsight. And the guy that ran the thing would put a dime or a quarter on there. If you could hit that then you got to keep it, see. Well, I got quite a few quarters that way. I got fairly decent and shootin' that thing. Then we'd go out every day or so with a load of practice bombs and go out over Salton Sea and drop, they had a big pylon target out there. If you look at Salton Sea from the air, it's on the west side, there's kind of a point that comes out, and just off that point is where the target was, about 60 foot triangle, white, made up of white slats and things so you could see it. We'd come in anywhere from 10 to 12 to 15, 18,000 feet and drop the bombs on there and see how close you came and everything. Well, one day when I got out there, opened up the bomb bay, the bombs were gone. I don't know where we lost them. Somewhere between inlets. We didn't have any bad reports from San Diego. Evidently, the shackles or something had been triggered so they were all released and they were lying on the door. The minute the door's opened, they just spilled out. So, but, um, after day in and day out of that practice, we were doing radio practice, bombardiering practice, everything, and then we actually dropped some torpedoes out there in the ocean, you know. They had, they didn't have warheads on them, but they had the regular heads, and we would drop them, and then they had some old storage and things out there that we were shooting at. And they had them set so they'd go way below underneath them. But, those torpedoes that first came out in those days were not very dependable. One day we dropped ours, and when it hit the water, it made a 360 right there. That was just enough delay that it went dead center under the destroyer. A lot of times, they'd go and never come up, they'd go whooooo, hit the bottom I guess. But when they got to the end of the run, 5 or 6 miles down the pike, they would come to a float, they'd stop and they'd float with a, then a smoke bomb would go off to mark it. They recovered it, 'cause those torpedoes were worth about 10,000 bucks, 1940 dollars, and they would recover them and then fire them, use them again. But at that time, it was interesting, too, 'cause some B-25s were being fitted out with torpedoes, one under each wing. They were planning those to use up there in the Aleutians, so those Army pilots were right in line with us. They'd follow right behind. We'd drop and then they'd drop. They had two to drop, see, and that was during May and June of '42. Well, as time went on, we got these radiomen pretty well trained, and I'd already been a second class for 6 months or so, and I was ready to up for 1st class, which would be like an E6 today's ratings. And the radio officer didn't really know anything at all about radio at all, so, Hey, you make up the tests for the 3rd class and 2nd class, so I did. I made up a test. I wondered what was going to be my test, so I got in there to take the test. Guess what, I got the second and the third class. The tests I'd made up was my test. So obviously, I (inaudible) it! I knew the answers. Just took a little longer to fill out the answers, so I became a first class on the 1st of July, 1942. So my folks came down and made a quick visit. We told them we had a surprise for them so when they showed up, the didn't know what it was going to be, 'cause my wife had taken a real liking to avocados and she was eating them about 3 times a day and put on quite a bit of weight, see. So they thought she was pregnant, but no. Well, all things came to a good end there. First of August or thereabouts they said, Ok, we're shipping you back out to Kaneohe, which was on the eastern side of Oahu Island. Because in the meantime, a few battles had taken place, the Coral Sea battle, where we lost a carrier. The Midway battle, where we lost the Yorktown. And originally, an air group would be set up and would be attached to a particular ship. That's why we were called Torpedo Squadron 10. We had a

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fighter group, scouting group and bombing group and torpedo group, and we had 12 – 15 planes, torpedo planes, and they had the fighters. Total plane count was about 75 planes for a ship. But since they had lost the Yorktown at Midway and the, oh boy, escapes me right now which ship was lost at Coral Sea. They changed the situation around where instead of air group assigned to a given carrier, every carrier ended up with 3 air groups. You had one training, fighting, and then recovering and reassigning. So when we got out to Pearl for our last training there, that's when they suddenly threw this radar at us. At that moment, none of our planes had radar. And our skipper pulled some strings or something, so we ended up with a plane that had radar in it. That was one of the earliest models off the production line 'cause they had controls in the second cockpit, where they installed the radar. Every morning, he or one of the other pilots would take me over to Ford Island where this school was. I went through a special one-man school. I couldn't tell anybody what I was doing. All the guys thought I was goofing off somewhere, and we learned how to use that radar. Actually, it did, you couldn't tell. And they tested me, they'd have the left and right antennas crossed up. You could tell right away. Just correct the thing, and ok, then came the next step. I almost bought it. We got up on one of these radar hops, and just after we took off, I smelled gasoline. I looked down, there was about 2 inches floatin' round by my feet, and I picked up the microphone. Let's see, I guess I could be safe with that mic, no spark gets out of it. I called the pilot, said, I don't know, we got gasoline floatin' around down here, be careful, so he just put the plane in a real slow turn and came right back in and landed, came up to the flight line, and the mech was standing there, What's the matter, what's the matter. He still had the gas cap in his hand for the inside tank. Skipper said, That's the matter. That guy got demoted down to nothin'! Instantly. Just like the one that previously started up the plane with these big signs over the stick said, Do Not Start, 'cause they didn't have the exhaust pipes back on the plane. He started it anyway. Well, he burned out a firewall, and it was, you know, all of sudden a lot of smoke. He likewise got demoted to nothing, too. So there's another time that I almost bought the bullet. It can happen, you know, and you ever wonder why, well. Well, on the 16th of October, we, well, we did a few more practice things. We made a practice bombing, trip along the, Maui one day, and we landed after that. All the pilots ran off to the officers' club and we were left to our own devices, so we all went down to the beer garden for lunch. Well, they had a rule that we could only have two bottles at a time, so each had a little carrying case thing, so both Steve and I got back to the plane with this really a 6-pack of bottles in our little thing. Got back to the plane, we learned, we had to learn also how to start the plane and have the engine running, so we got, I got the engine running, and the pilot came, and we got underway and got up in the air and went up to 18,000 feet, and we're sipping this beer. Pretty soon Steve taps me on the shoulder and says, Hey, pass me the relief tube. I said, You know, the damn thing don't work. That thing goes outside of the plane just for foot. If you used it all that stuff goes back inside, gets down in there and then, boils, see. I got an idea. So I took my dikes, I cut that damn tube off where it was there and went back to where the little hatch there, underneath my 30 caliber tunnel gun, opened that up and put a couple feet of that tube out there, and oh, it worked beautifully, see. So I tapped, Come on down and use the tube. Oh, never mind. I used the bottles. I said, Ok, give me the bottles. Oh, I threw them out! My God. We were flying in step-down formation, which meant there was 3 of us like this and another guy right below us. Well, we got aboard ship, and the pilot comes up to us, says, You guys been having quite a party up there. Yeah, I been dodging bottles. Well, the skipper heard about it, so he came over, kind of, you know, kind of talked to us seriously a few minutes. But he didn't court marshal us or anything. He could have, really, but he didn't. And the other pilot comes and says,

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Hey, I saw something under your plane flopping lose, so I thought I'd go up and see what the trouble was. Every time I got up close, my windshield fogged up. So anyway, that was some of the humor we had.

Well, on the 16th we flew aboard with all our baggage and everything. The ship was on the way out to do battle. We went down and we crossed the international dateline again. I was already a sea salt (shellback), you might say. I'd already gone through the pollywog status when I was on the San Francisco, and that damn near killed me, too, once, 'cause they caught me on fire. They had it all smeared up with paint. God, it was all over your body, and they, my friend the radioman, he had a magneto in there, and every time somebody'd come along he had a magneto with a silver spoon with a wire on it. You come by there, he'd dangle that thing and he'd be kicking his (inaudible). Well, that caught me on fire. So they smothered that out and took me down to sickbay. And so, I guess he's had enough, so anyhow, that's how I survived crossing the equator there. And, that was a lot of fun. Some of the ships didn't allow them to do it 'cause it was kind of serious sort of thing, but, so I was on the Enterprise, they didn't even have any ceremonies then. We just did it. I was already indoctrinated, you might say, so.

Well, on the 25th, which was a Sunday, a Japanese fleet had been spotted by search plane, PBY or something, so part of our squadron went out to do battle, I was, unfortunately, I had been in the sick bay. I had a heck of a headache, so they kept me in. They wouldn't let me out. They kept me in there for 24 hours, and I was there when this thing went on. I didn't like the idea of being in sick bay during a battle, either, so I pulled every string I could to get out of there, so next morning I was out and, but that night when those guys came back it was dark, and most of those pilots had never made a night landing, so we lost a few planes that night. They were out of fuel. They came and almost landed, and then whoooooo, into the water. Destroyers were picking them up like gangbusters, and, we only lost one man that night. One of the radiomen just went into shock or something and didn't get out. But, so I was back with my normal pilot again. That picture that I brought, one of the picture I brought shows a plane taking off, getting ready to take off, with the guys holding the chalk boards. Well, that happens to be our squadron taking off, 'cause this picture doesn't show the details, but the first time I saw that picture, the details show the message that I memorized. You pass that down to the pilot, and he passed you any data that he had that you had to know, like, what our name was that day, what the ship's name was. Well, so we took off about 9 o'clock after everything else went off, and we had to run the entire length of that deck to get off. The smaller planes could get off in shorter distance, so they were parked up further, but we were right back by the fantail, 'cause we had to run the full length of the deck to get off, even with the ship going top speed into the wind sort of thing. They didn't have the catapults they do nowadays, at that time anyway. Well, we got airborne, and we had to, one problem was that we had to fly. We had to follow some SBDs, which were slower, because they outranked our men, which was sort of funny, 'cause we could have gotten much higher much quicker, but we were following, we almost fishtailed to keep from running over them. And about that time we heard a message come in the radio that, Land on blue base, or land on red base, one of the two, because something or other was damaged. And I didn't know at that time, we had not exchanged, I didn't know which was blue and which was red. Just about that time, we were only about 5,000 feet. About that time all of a sudden some Japanese Zeros came down out of the sun and they nailed us right off. The plane went into a quiver and.. like this and started down, smoke and stuff was, bits of metal were flying past, so I knew damn well we were in trouble. I picked up the mic, called the pilot twice, no answer, got the gunner down out of the turret, I clipped on my 'chute, we had emergency 'chutes, 26 footers. The gunner would not wear his

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harness. There wasn't time enough to get it on, so I'd already pulled the pin and kicked the door out, so he indicated that, so I did, I bailed out. I didn't count to 10 and yell Geronimo! like they said. I pulled the cord. It spun out in a hurry and phuph! I went and blacked out. I didn't see, the shock of the opening just put me out for a few seconds of so. And when I came around, the first thing you notice is you hear before you see. If you've ever been out you find that out. Ok, I heard a funny noise. I good look, the damn zero was strafing me. My 'chute was slowing developing a lot of holes it didn't have before, so I played dead. I just went slack and, I hit the water. I wasn't very far up, there was a burning slick just up a short distance away, which evidently our plane, so I didn't have much time either. That's why the gunner didn't make it. Well, I get in the water, and I was all tangled up in the 'chute. Shrouds were all, I got up, something was still pullin' me down. Remember, I had a Mae West on, life jacket, so I pulled the seal. This one opened up, pulled the left one, it was a dud. Thank God I pulled the right one first. But I was still being hauled down. I realized finally that one of those 'chutes was tied around, along the buckle on my flight suit. I got that off and then, ok, then I was floating ok. Then I realized there was a dogfight going on right overhead. There was some of our fighter planes and some zeros were still dangling it up. Every once in awhile some of the stray shells and what have you would hit the water near me, so I would duck under the water. Well, pretty soon that ended up. I saw two of our planes, 2 or 3 of our fighter planes get shot down. We finally ended up with one of our planes and one of their planes took off, each was smoking. Then it got real quiet. You can't believe how quiet, quiet is until you're in that situation. I was 200 miles from the nearest land except straight down. And I said to myself, What in the hell did you get yourself into now? So I found out in a hurry that the guy that designed that Mae West, I wished he had been in that situation, because it tries to hold you up like this, but my legs, my back was really hurting from that jerk out, and I couldn't stand in that position very long, and then I had one side of my Mae West was sick, so I bundled the whole thing up under my chin, and that kept me floating vertically, which I think may have saved me. 'Cause the sharks normally like to go for things that resemble a seal or something like that. Well, me vertical in the water didn't mean as much. That may have been what saved me. I don't know. But I did not get shark bit, and the two fighter pilots that went down nearby that I'd seen shot down, they each had their little one-man rafts, and the sharks were swimming around them. So they knew they were there. Well, the day went on. I'd hear a plane, I'd look and see and it was usually one of theirs, and late in the afternoon I did see a PBY, but of course, he was probably 10 miles away, so naturally you don't see very well. Having been on a search mission, it's awfully hard to spot something in the water. You live your whole life over and over again. And that's when I made the declaration that I wanted to see my 21st birthday. Now as I said earlier, if you haven't figured it out, I was born on leap year day, so at that point in time, I'd only had 10 birthdays. As I sit here today, I are now 82 ½ plus. I've got another year and a half or so before I see my 21st birthday, so that's a goal I'm working on still. Well, it got dark, and 'course my watch had gone completely...saltwater got into it, so I was telling time by the stars. I'd learned as a boy scout years before all the constellations in the northern and southern hemisphere, so as each constellation came up, I would know what time it was. Well, the night went on and on, and when you're in the water when it's totally dark like that, you don't realize every time you moved, there were little organisms in the water that would floress when you disturbed them. So every time you moved you'd see this stuff moving around. So I tried not to move too much to attract any attention from anything, but every once in awhile a darned jellyfish would come nearby, and if you've ever been hit by a jellyfish, it hurts. They sting something bad, I mean, they brush against your face or

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your chin or something. Oh, they really burn you. Well, finally came sunrise. I was still there. Most beautiful sunrise, there were a few clouds. The sun was shining through with all those, like the Japanese flag, and well, here I are, what's up now? Didn't have much hope, but where there's life there's hope. Sometime later on, I noticed, happened to look over to the horizon and I saw what looked like some sticks on the horizon. I thought, well, I was hallucinating, so I turned away. Later I looked back later on, and by God, they were closer and they were moving. It was a whole doggon Jap battle fleet. Battle wagons, cruisers, destroyers, everything, headin' my direction. As it turned out, they were making evasive squares and patterns and I was right in the middle of one of their big squares. Well, I made a decision then, that I would rather be picked up or put out of my misery, 'cause I could see no other solution. So every time I went up on a swell, I would kick up some white water. There was probably 10,000 binoculars looking at me. Those big battleships, they had those huge, they call them pagoda towers. Those things went way up in the air, and I knew darned well they could see me. Well, they kept going by and nobody was stopping. The cruisers were going by, and all of a sudden, a destroyer came around and damn near clipped this cruiser, came around, pulled up alongside, throw on the brakes and pulled up alongside, threw down an old dilapidated rope ladder. I mean, well, I grabbed, I was so exhausted, not exhausted, but so weak by then from being in the water I couldn't even climb. So I just hung on. They pulled me and the ladder up together, put me on the deck, and I just immediately crumbled right on the deck there. So they stripped off this flight suit I had, poured a bucket of fresh water on me, gave me a Japanese coveralls type thing to wear, real rough canvass and that was it. Next thing I knew they had me in the thing in the wardroom there where the officers were, and they started asking questions. Well, you'd heard this code of ethics, Name, rank and serial number. That's good for twice. After that, you better say something or that's your end. Well, I, the first question they wanted to know was how well they had done at Pearl Harbor. Well, having been there, I knew. Pretty close to what they had done. They seemed so anxious to know, I thought, well, what if I exaggerate the heck out of it. So I did. I gave them, I multiplied everything by 10. Really, really exaggerated superficially, and they lapped it up. Every time I would answer a question, they'd give me another teaspoon of tea. I was so dehydrated from all that saltwater exposure, I was just thirstier than you wouldn't believe. So to get another spoon of tea, I had to answer a question, and, How well, how many of our ships have you sunk? Well, I knew it was, I divided that by 3. So technically, I was giving them a 30 to 1 advantage, see, and they loved it. So I survived that day with lots of questions and even some rice, which I soon got used to eating, and that evening, they had me down in this compartment, and this interpreter came down, and he was the only one on the ship that spoke English, and he was a school teacher, and he, one of the seamen came in there and he reached right down in his coveralls and brought a little can of pineapple. He brought a can opener out of his thing that would be a huge slug, had a point on the end of it, and then you'd move the cutter thing way out and went along that thing. I stabbed that can and whoooo, took the lid off like that. Handed it to me with some toothpicks, so I was eatin' this pineapple, and I was talking to this schoolteacher. He said, the captain allowed me to come down and question you, you know, ask some more simple questions, you know, like where you lived and that sort of thing. By then, they knew anyway, but.. so I talked to him and talked to him. Then I asked him I said, Why did you people start the war? He said, We didn't start it. Churchill and Roosevelt did. They engineered this war. Well, that got me to seriously thinking. A,b,c,d I found out later on that a little sailing sloop called the Lanikai that was down in the Philippines with a complete Navy crew was given orders to go out and hassle the Japanese and try to get the Japanese to fire the first shot at 'em,

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which they didn't do. That's quite an interesting story. Two or three things happened at Pearl Harbor, too, that was kind of mysterious. Like that submarine that was sunk off the entrance there. They found that, by the way, they just found that sub here a few weeks ago.

Question: I heard that.

Answer: Yeah. I've seen the pictures of it, and then a few other things that happened. Friday night before the, Saturday night, Friday night, yeah, about 2 o'clock in the morning Saturday morning, all the alarms went off around Pearl. We didn't know what to do, we got dressed, when down to the hangar, and then they blew the All Clear. Next day nothing was said. So obviously somebody had detected something and had sounded the alarm, but then they were told to hush up. So I still think that Churchill and Roosevelt had agreed that we would help them, but at that time, everybody was thinking peace, peace, peace. Now I'm going to ask you a question. At the time of Pearl Harbor, which was 5 minutes to 8, what time was it in Washington, D.C.?

Question: I'm trying to remember when we called that, we always called in the middle of the night, or we called the other way around. Is there 5 hours difference? No, it's less than that.

Answer: Tell me the time it was in Washington, D.C.

Question: I can't tell you. I don't know.

Answer: Well, anytime you see a clock in a movie that says 5 minutes to 1 is wrong, because at that time, the time difference between the Pacific Coast and Hawaii was 2 ½ hours, not 3 hours. So anytime you see a clock that says 5 minutes to the hour, it's wrong. Had to be 25 after the hour. Ok, that's how I trap a lot of people. I trap a lot of school kids, too, because they don't know that either, see. I don't know when they changed it back to, maybe to 3 hours, but it was 2 ½ hours at that time. And even to this day, I have a program in my computer that shows the whole world and all the countries and the times in all those different countries, and there's still a lot of countries that are still on that half-hour time. Particularly, like down around, I forget the names, near India to the east, some of those countries down there are on half time. Still. Kind of weird, but, also, I like to ask kids, What at the north and south pole, what is the time basis up there? Greenwich mean time.

Question: Yeah. Oh, yeah.

Answer: Alright. I have another quiz I give kids, too. You've heard of the 21-gun salute. Where did that number 21 come from?

Question: Well, it wasn't the original colonies. I don't know.

Answer: Take the number 1776, add them up.

Question: Oh, wow. I'll have to remember that one.

Answer: 21. Ok. Yeah, I like to throw these at the kids at school and that sort of thing. Different, a little trivia. Well, here I was on this destroyer. They questioned me off and on and the next morning, a Japanese seaman came in and

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unlocked the compartment. I was up right in the bow of this destroyer. Unlocked and said, Ohio (Ohayo). I said, No, I'm from California. I used that the other day when I was talking to these 4 or 500 people up there at McChord and, of course, everybody there knew that Ohayo meant Good Morning. So, that was the first word I learned in Japanese. Well, came Friday, we went into Truk, which was there (inaudible) Pearl Harbor. They blindfolded me, put me in a little whale boat, and went into shore and took me up to a, turned out to be sort of a, it was the entrance into their base there, and put me in a little room in the back of the guard shack. I knew I hadn't been the first person there 'cause somewhere on some wall I saw a little guy had painted like with a pencil like a palm tree and put his name under it. I knew I wasn't the first person that had been there. Well, later that day, that was Saturday, they took me up in the hills that afternoon, and that's where I thought I was really in trouble, because they put me down in the basement of this house. The house was very equivalent to the houses that were built in our country here in about the 1920s with stucco outside and heavy, regular wood timber. I was down there on a wood floor in this basement. They were questioning me, and they still wanted to know what carrier I was off of. I'd been lying at first, but they trapped me up on that 'cause I had a piece of paper in my pocket from the Enterprise dispensary that said USS Enterprise. I'd been lying and said off the Hornet. Well, see the Hornet was sunk that day. She got too much damage and she went down that night. But I didn't know that. So they kept asking me, Which ship went down? And they were desperate to find out. The two ships were so equivalent and I didn't know what the difference was until much later in being questioned in, Ofuna the navy questioning (work) camp, that they had "Jane's Fighting Ships" records here, of course, and they showed me one ship that had up near the bowhead, 6 portholes and the other one didn't. And I didn't know which was which. I never saw those damn port holes so, that was one of the, so anyhow, boy they worked me over with that club pretty good that day, and I thought, Man, this is it. But when they got through with me then, they took me out and put me in a little tool shed about 3 x 3, locked me in there, hard wood floors, nothing, you couldn't lay out, you couldn't sleep. You just.. and mosquitoes about carried me away. I thought oh, man, malaria's going to get me. I didn't know then that Truk is the one place where malaria didn't exist, believe it or not, so. Next morning a little scratch at the door, Jap opens the door and hands me a little bowl or rice. I indicate something like a fork or spoon, he says, Fingers before forks, so I learned to eat with my fingers. Well, a little later that morning they took me back in a Japanese little small sedan they called Jidosha, that's the Japanese name for it. Blindfold on again. I could see a little bit down there. I could see the ground about where my feet were, see, but I pretended like I didn't so they wouldn't know I could see something. I came to this building, up the steps, into this room, and I knew right away, I could hear a lot of people talking in this room, and I was up against a big table, so when they whipped off the blindfold and it was one of those huge battleship tables, and must have been 30, 40 officers there, all with a lot of braid. Admirals, captains, you name it, and one interpreter there. He said, Now, you won't be able to pull the wool over my eyes 'cause I went to U-C-R-A. UCLA, Ok. He said, Now I want this true scuttlebutt, blah blah, so they start asking me these questions again. Same questions. How well did we do in Pearl Harbor, so I gave them the same old story again and again and again. Finally I get all through and they said, Do you have any questions, I said, Yes, when are we gonna. When will our folks know we're still alive. Well, maybe never because we figure you're still front-line enemy. We could take you out any time and shoot you. Besides, we're gonna win this war, and we're going to march down Market Street in San Francisco. I thought to myself, Yeah, yeah, yeah. I won't say the cuss words that went through my mind, but anyway, I did. So they put me back in this Jidosha, Japanese, and

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took me over there and up the steps into this building, slid the door back, sliding the door, threw me in this thing, and by God, the first friendly face I saw was this kid from the squadron. The gunner, you saw the pictures, and in the next room right next to us through the closet was the two fighter pilots. First thing they get in the corner, What did you tell them? What did you tell them? I eventually gave them an outline. Oh, good. You know that 3 out of 4 were telling the same damn things. Amazingly. The same lies, so they thought they really had the facts straight. And later on I read in the Nippon Times, the English edition of, where they were quoting those numbers. Well, they put us on a. I developed mastoid from immersion in the water, my ears started aching something horribly, and I kept complaining about it, and they uh, they used to bring us fresh water. They'd boil that water, everything had to be boiled down there in the tropics. They'd bring these big 2-liter bottles, and they always laughed, big joke to bring us this water so boiling hot we couldn't drink it, see. So I laid alongside that thing all night with that heat right up against me, and you know the next morning, no more headache, no more earache, but by...the guard then had gotten word so he had the doctor come around, and he took a look in there and he shook his head like this, I said, Oh, oh. But that doctor came around twice a day believe it or not and treated that ear. He put a bunch of that yellow picric acid or whatever it was and put packing in and everything, and then we were there for about 3 weeks, I guess. And then they took us down and put us on a uh.. in the hold of a regular NYK freighter. And they'd hauled cement in there recently, so everything was full of that gray dust. We were literally down on the boards, right down on the bottom of that hold. I still had my Mae West jacket, too, by golly. I kept it on, because we got shot at a couple times by subs on our way up to Japan, but that's that one short time when the magnetic heads were not working on our torpedoes. They went under us and didn't go off. You could see up through the hole there, you see the stars spinning around, you knew they were doing evasive maneuvers, and the guards come down the next morning and whoooo, torpedo, all that sign language. We learned a lot of sign language in a hurry, I tell you. Well, I won't go into too much detail, 'cause it's going to run into too much, but

Question: Were they pretty humane at this point?

Answer: Well, they were reasonable. They'd bring us down some food, what there was of it. So, well, the day we came into Tokyo harbor, they had brought us up to the operator area there where they had so-called quarters. I talk about quarters, hell, you might as well set up a Quonset with a couple of pillows and that's what some of their officers were living in on that trip, for Pete's sake. I mean, they had no accommodations at all, so. We came in there, they took us to shore in a little boat. They didn't bother to blindfold us that time. And we came to this quay and we went up these steps and we saw a white woman standing over there with a couple small kids with her. As soon as she saw us, she made the kids look the other way. I don't know what she was, maybe German, I don't know what she was, but they took us on a train like a trolley train, and it went up maybe 10 miles or so, and we got off of there, then we had to hike about a mile or so through a couple small tunnels, through these hills, finally came to this camp called Ofuna, which was the Navy questioning and intimidation camp.

Question: I'm going to switch tapes here.

Answer: Oh, yeah. Ok.