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Patrol 8

U. S. Submarine Base, Navy 128

Wednesday, August 26, 1945

Run 24-25

# WE DID IT AGAIN!

1776

1812

1898

1917

1945

## V-J DAY - DAWN OF PEACE

by Clarence Strong Williams

V-J Day has at last dawned upon a war torn world. With the dawn comes a new day, different from the war days that preceded it, and at variance as well with the ante-bellum days of peace, for V-J Day dawned upon an era of confusion, an age of change.

V-J Day was ushered in with clamor and clangor. A steady din of auto horns punctuated by the shrill crescendo of air raid sirens broke the tranquil stillness of a community still bearing the scars of war. It marred the calm that had settled upon an area, which not so long ago, resounded with the explosions of Japanese bombs and the busy bursts of machine gun bullets, as the Japanese pilots dove on life boats and strafed the peaceful occupants of automobiles.

When the news was received that Japan had surrendered, service men and civilians patrolled the streets, jubilant with joy because those who had died at Pearl Harbor, the heroes who had fallen by the wayside in the "March of Death," posthole of Bataan, and everyone whose life had been sacrificed in the war against Japan, had been avenged.

The evening sky, which formed a background for the spot, where on December 7, 1941, stricken battleships lay helpless in their death throes, was lit up with "the rockets' red glare" proving



to all the world that "our flag was still there," ready and waiting for the morning to come and the bugle call to colors.

The darkening vault of the heavens was pierced by quivering searchlights, busily weaving a fabric of luminescence against the background of the stars. The automotive world sang the psalms of victory with a blast and blare. The searchlights revolved the chorus with a blaze of light, while the black night formed a shroud

## SUBMARINERS

There are stories told about knights of old and the shooting of Dan McGrew,  
And the classic tale of the Great White Whale still thrills us through and through  
There's Farragut and John Paul Jones, but the saltiest of them all,  
Were the boys in blue from World War Two, who answered freedoms call?

Now I won't boast, but I'll drink a toast to the boys who went down under,  
With Navy pride, they fought and died, when their boats were ripped asunder.  
They learned their trade, our dept they paid, in the world beneath the sea.  
And there they sleep, in waters deep, a part of history.

Those noble ships, with sonar blips, once fought their way to Glory  
And the men inside, because they died, left none to tell their story.  
Proud Argonaut, you had your shot, you and Amberjack,  
Twas near Rabaul, you gave your all, and never will come back.

Pompano, and Runner too, were lost in forty-three,  
Your gallant crew went down with you, defending liberty.  
The Pickerel too, the sleek Wahoo, the Grampus and the Herring  
The Albacore, all lost in war, have taken their last bearing.

So many more, subs by the score, went to their watery grave  
In silence deep, they lie asleep, the young lads and the brave  
But this I know, somewhere below, lie those who paid the price,  
Our debt is paid, because they made, the final sacrifice.

Robert L. Harrison  
Navy Veteran of WWII  
Greenfield, Indiana — October 1997

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