

There wasn't a whole lot for the crews to do at Attu during our off times when it was fogged in and we couldn't fly. So they had some pretty good poker games going. On sunny days we'd kind of walk around the island and look around. One day, at noon, we were going to chow--and we had about a quarter or a half a mile to go to chow. I looked up at the hills above the bay and I could see two or three shadowy shapes running and then ducking down behind the rocks. I told the fellows I was with there was some Japanese up there. And they said, "Skinner you're nuts, I don't see anybody up there."

So after chow, I got back, I went to see the Executive Officer and I told him about it. And he said, "Well, we'll send an Army, get an Army patrol to go up there. The Army patrolled and found and caught three Japanese soldiers who were up there behind the rocks and they were pretty hungry, I'm sure."

One night, in VP-45, we awoke to pandemonium in the hut and somebody hollered out, "There's a Jap in here!" Dermity, an enlisted pilot who bunked above me, grabbed this 45 and was waving it around in the air. The guys were hollering, "Dermity, put that down you're gonna shoot one of our guys." And another one of the enlisted pilots reached up and grabbed the 45 out of Dermity's hands and about that time the Japanese soldier ran out the back door of the Quonset hut. He was in ... I'm sure, looking for food.

One other time, the Army saw a Japanese—what appeared to be a Japanese--in their chow line and the fellows clothes didn't fit him too well. So one of the Sergeants grabbed the guy and started questioning [him] and [word unclear] us. And, of course, the guys answers weren't right. So the Sergeant hauled him into headquarters and the officers intelligence was questioning and they found out he was a Japanese soldier who got hungry and stole some American uniforms off the line where the guys had put them out to dry and tried to sneak in the chow lines to get some chow.