

We had to be on the flight line about 4 o'clock and take off on patrol. And the patrols, most times were pretty uneventful, just flying through the clouds and keeping ... looking for ships on the radar. And it got a little bit monotonous sitting, looking at a radar screen for several hours but we did have a second radioman that relieved us occasionally.

The morale was generally pretty good. When we got on a plane in the morning to take off on patrol, you never even thought that you might not come in that evening and you might not be safe on patrol. These things hardly ever entered your head.

We lost quite a few men, which was pretty hard to take up there. VP-46, the squadron that relieved us in the fall of 1943, lost about half their men. That was pretty rough because I had quite a few friends in that group.

The weather was something else. You could be 10 minutes away from Attu, be sunshine, you could see the island and be just great. By the time we got there and ready to land it would be all fogged in. We'd either try to go to Shemya, which was a few miles away, and land at the field there. Sometimes we couldn't even make that at all, be fogged in. We had to fly clear to Adak in order to land.

We pretty much felt in touch with the family back in the States 'cause we had mail coming in and out. We kept in touch by mail.