

## War Era Story Project 2012

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Current home town: Greenville, Ohio

Age: 88

I graduated from Arcanum High School in 1942, and in 1944 was drafted into the Navy at Great Lakes. After graduating from boot camp I was sent to a radio school in Bedford, PA. I graduated from this school on August 29, 1944 and was sent to the west coast and assigned to a PCS (patrol craft small), on which I patrolled the Straits of Juan de Fuca in Seattle, Washington. In December 1944, we were ordered to Pearl Harbor by way of San Diego. In late December, I was transferred to a cruiser mine layer, the *U.S.S. Terror*, carrying the staff of Admiral Sharp, commander of mine craft in the Pacific.

I worked in the radio room handling messages in and out. We arrived at Iwo Jima on February 17, 1945 (two days before invasion). There were five or six battle ships firing on Iwo Jima. Several landing craft that were hit came along side of our ship and we loaded casualties and wounded, and buried casualties at sea. We left Iwo Jima on February 19 (the day of the invasion) for Saipan. On March 24, 1945 we arrived at Kerama Ritto (island) for the invasion of Okinawa.

During the month of April our ship went to GQ (General Quarters) 93 times – anywhere from seven minutes to 6½ hours at a time. GQ was the assigned station when they were expecting an attack. On May 1<sup>st</sup> at 04:00 we were hit by kamikaze, starting fires on board. The kamikaze hit the communication deck and ended up just one deck below me. There were 41 killed, 7 missing and 123 wounded. I was not wounded.

The *Terror* then went back to U.S., but dropped me and some others off at Mine Assembly Base at Pearl Harbor. After the ship was repaired, it came back and picked us up, and we continued to go to Japan. By this time, Japan had surrendered. We went through two typhoons while anchored at Buckner Bay, Okinawa, and over 100 vessels were beached or wrecked. We weren't hurt. Then, we went to Sasebo, Japan and went through another typhoon and suffered some damage. We were then transferred to the *Panamint A.G.C.* (communication ship). The *U.S.S. Terror* went back to San Francisco. Again we were transferred to a troop ship that brought us back to San Diego, where I was discharged February 7, 1946. Time in service was two years and two weeks.

In my lifetime, I've been hit by a bicycle, a car, a train and a plane. I consider myself very lucky.