Recollections of the SC 1474

Donald J. Smith
Battleships, Cruisers, Aircraft Carriers and Destroyers all had their praises sung for deeds done during WW2. Behind these publicly acknowledged ships there were many others that played useful roles in helping to defeat the Axis enemy. Not the least among these were the small 110-foot wooden hull ships of the “Splinter Fleet” known as Sub Chasers, and the sailors who manned them. The following is one man’s recollection, some 50 years later, of the ship he was assigned to and a few of the events.

In the spring of 1943 I graduated from Quartermaster School in Newport, RI and along with 8-10 others was sent to the Sub-Chaser Training Center in Miami, FL. for further instruction. This was a busy place with people constantly coming and going. At that time it was not uncommon to see flashes in the night and then learn that another ship had been sunk in the Gulf Stream off the Florida coast.

Enlisted men and officers alike were being brought in from the fleet, training schools and colleges to become nucleus crew members of SC’s, PC’s, and DE’s. Until being shipped out the enlisted men lived in hotels that had been converted to barracks along Biscayne Blvd., daily attended class in the same hotel building and three times a day marched 10-12 blocks to the mess hall.

Although the formal name of the base was SCTC, Miami, we were also known as the “Donald Duck Navy”. This title arose from the fact that the base had a logo showing Donald Duck all dressed up in his sailor suit and flat hat with a “Y” gun strapped to his back and a depth charge tied under his tail. (Over the years I have tried to get a copy of this logo and have even talked to the Disney people, but to no avail).

Those of us in QM school were also required to take our turn standing signal watch in a shack on the roof of the Alcazar Hotel. Our busiest time was always about 1600 when the training ships were returning from the ocean and requesting berthing instruction which may or may not included need for fueling.

One day while I was on duty we lost our power and could not use our 12-inch blinker light. Ships were rounding the point into Govt. Cut at Miami Beach and flashing us for instructions – but they could not see the battery powered Aldis Lamp we were obliged to use because of the power failure. Finally in desperation we utilized our 32-power telescope to read the ship’s numbers as they entered the channel. With this info we
contacted the dockmaster for a berth and had one of our crew up on the roof of the shack to relay berthing instructions by semaphore. What chaos that day!

Finally in August after having put in 30 days of Shore Patrol duty my name was posted for the crew of the SC 1474 along with that of a Boatswain Mate 2/c, Motor Mac. 1/c, 2 Motor Mac’s 3/c, Yeoman 3/c, Gunner’s Mate 3/c, Electrician 3/c and a Radioman 3/c.

Daily we reported to Pier #1 and were exposed to all types of specialized training for the class of ship we were assigned to. How we dreaded it when we were teamed up with officers learning how to dock a small ship. Many times they were saved embarrassment thanks to the helmsman or the sailor manning the engine controls.

Finally in September we were told that our training was completed and the crew was being sent to the Fargo Building in Boston to put the ship in commission.

WAITING AND HOPING

It was a long winter in Boston! The rest of the crew assembled and we were as ready as we would ever be to have the ship launched and get going. However a speedy launching and commissioning was not in the cards. A few of the crew were sent to the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard in Quincy, MA, but the bulk of us were obliged to remain in Boston. For some reason, even though the hull was ready, the “pancake” diesel engines were not available... We waited months for them.

This did not help matters with the crew and moral dropped to a low ebb. The waiting was getting on everyone’s nerves and a couples of the crew even went so far as to cut leave papers for themselves and go home for a visit. This action was eventually caught by a surprise muster in February and two missing members were given brig time.

As a punishment the rest of us were banished from the Fargo Building and sent to the Charlestown Naval Shipyard. What was meant to be punishment turned out the opposite. Upon entering the mess hall one of our Motor Macs spotted a chief that he had served under while in the fleet. This led to the entire “black gang” being given Master of Arms jobs in the mess hall. I too was given a Master of Arms job in the office and I was able to take care of the rest of the crew.

Finally the engines showed up and work on the ship could be resumed. One by one we joined the officers and our shipmates in Quincy to help get the ship ready for duty.

COMMISSIONING AND SHAKEDOWN

In April 1944 the SC 1474 was commissioned at the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard in Quincy, MA and was put through various trials and tests.
We were sent to the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston to have our sound and radar equipment installed and while there ran into another delay that frustrated us. Because of occupational jurisdictions we found an electrician could not drill a hole through a wooden partition to run his wires – he had to call for a carpenter and then wait for one to arrive. We finally got around the situation by finding our where holes were needed and then inviting the electrician and his helper to the galley for coffee and a snack. When they returned, lo there was the needed hole. This was bad enough to put up with, but what really aggravated us the most was when we returned from liberty at night and found workers asleep in one or two of our bunks. It soon became one of the duties of the gangway watch to periodically make a tour of the crew’s quarters and roust out the sleeping beauties. Needless to say the ship soon got on the worker’s black list as not a good place to work at night.

In early May our outfitting was completed, the sea trial bugs all ironed out and we were ready to head out. In company with the SC1475 we sailed from Boston, passed through the Cape Cod Canal and were on our way south. After going through various shakedown exercises at the Sub Chaser Training Center in Miami we sailed to Key West to try out our sound gear and mousetrap (the anti-submarine rockets). Then back to Miami for final tests and assignment.

The 7th Naval District, and Miami in particular, was a stickler for regulations. The sailors were required to wear their hats squared at all times and to salute anyone who had gold. The “fleet” Shore Patrol had been replaced by specialists who thought they had joined the navy only to uphold and enforce regulations. (During my stay in Miami, at SCTC I had 30 days Shore Patrol duty.

On day two shipmates and I were walking down Flaglar Street when one of the new breed jumped all over us for not saluting an officer that none of us had seen. Needless to say he took our liberty cards and told us we could have them at the police station in one hour. When I asked him if Chief---- was still in charge he gave me a funny look and walked off. Later when we three went to the police station, there behind the desk was the gentleman I had served under when I had Shore Patrol duty; also standing close by was the specialist who had taken our passes. I greeted him with a cheery “Hi, Chief” and he asked what I was doing and why I was in the police station. While I was explaining I noticed he had changed insignia and was now wearing two gold bars on his collar. I think that the specialist was ready to take us back to the ship and have us confined for insubordination, but he was taken back when the “Mustang” handed me our liberty cards and in a fatherly way told me that things were not like they were a year ago.

Note: There were 5 SC’s being built at the Quincy Adams Yard when we were being constructed. According to information in a PCSA Newsletter the other 4 were all turned over to the Russians.
EAST COAST PATROL AND CONVOY DUTY

After our shakedown the SC 1474 was assigned to do patrol and convoy duty on the East Coast working out of the Frontier Base at Little Creek, Virginia. When doing convoy duty we would be sent to Beaufort Inlet, Morehead City, N.C. to wait for a northbound convoy. This is located adjacent to Cape Lookout.

When the time came we would wait off Cape Lookout for the northbound ships, relieve the present escort and proceed to Norfolk, Baltimore or if we were real lucky to New York City. (This happened only twice).

Convoying was slow monotonous duty, never more than 10 knots and the sound gear pinged constantly. Every trip took us around Cape Hatteras twice and we saw it in all kinds of weather. One of our more interesting convoys was when we led a group of 5 or 6 SC’s that had been given to the Russians up to New York. They had been given no charts and had no knowledge of our swept channels so they followed us the way a bunch of ducklings follow the mother duck. They appeared to have no idea how to stay on station and it seemed we forever had to change speed for a straggler to catch up. Fortunately we got them to New York without any mishap and turned them over to a convoy heading for Iceland.

Shortly before being relieved from Patrol and Convoy duty there was a sub sighting off Hatteras and we were sent to investigate. When our tour of duty was up a YMS was sent to relieve us and continue searching. The SC 1474 had no sooner returned to the Norfolk base than a storm of hurricane strength hit. I am sorry to report that the Ship that relieved us did not survive this storm; it turned turtle and all hands were lost. The SC 1474 was a lucky ship and this was our first big piece of luck.

Sometime in the late summer of 1944 we were all given one week’s leave and told we would soon be heading out.

Note: The enclosed picture was taken while under way in New York Harbor.

PACIFIC BOUND

Our last trip out of Norfolk started out just like most of the others – we went to Morehead City. However upon leaving there instead of heading north we turned south. Off Charleston, S.C. we were met by another SC and a large floating dry dock. It was our job to escort the dry-dock and the tug towing it to Port of Spain, Trinidad. No sooner had we arrived off the coast of Florida when a storm hit; in one 24-hour period we were only able to log 20 miles headway. It took us thirty days to complete this trip and because of a series of sub scares we were not able to run into Guantanamo Bay to replenish our stores, fresh water and fuel. Fortunately the dry-dock was carrying some extra supplies and as the seas finally calmed we were able to come alongside the dry dock and receive the needed provisions. This was our initiation into being conservative.
From Trinidad we headed for Panama with a stop at Wilemsted on the Dutch Island of Caracas. This was a welcome diversion and years later I met a Dutch sailor (worked with him for 28 years) who was stationed there at the same time we stopped.

Upon arriving in Cocoa Solo Panama I was instructed to bundle up all of my Atlantic charts and periodicals, turn them in and obtain charts and information to get us up to San Francisco.

The trip through the Panama Canal was beautiful. I have never before or since seen such butterflies. Upon reaching the Pacific Ocean we immediately headed north making a fuel stop at a small Naval Air Base in Nicaragua and another in Mexico. Coming up to the Baha Peninsular we encountered some of the roughest water we had ever seen. This was the famous Gulf of Tehaudepeck. My striker, who always enjoyed watching the inclinometer swing, logged one roll of 44 degrees.

Just before crossing into U.S. Territorial Waters we had to throw over the side all fresh meat and produce that had been obtained in Central America, so we arrived in San Diego in need of replenishing our stores. The crew thoroughly enjoyed our two-day stay, however the Electrician's Mate and I almost missed the ship. For some reason we had not gone out with the rest of the liberty section and had not seen the notice that liberty expired at 2400 instead of the usual 0800. Sparky's brother was stationed at a local base and we tried to look him up. Never did find the brother but others from the base took us to a dance they were holding and we ended up going to a private home for an afterparty. Needless to say we did not make the 2400 deadline but showed up about 0430—the ship was scheduled to sail for San Francisco at 0500. We were welcomed aboard but chastised and given extra duty for our escapade. It was worth it.

The trip up to Frisco was uneventful and we checked into Treasure Island for further assignment.

CONVERSION

Upon arriving in San Francisco we learned that the ship was to be converted into a Landing Craft Control Vessel—whatever that was. We later learned that our purpose was to help coordinate an invasion. There would be a line of small ships about one mile off the beach on which Landing Craft could line up and be directed when to proceed to shore.

As the conversion was to take 30 days and there would be major structural changes we were all removed from the ship and assigned to barracks nearby for sleeping and eating. During the day we all returned to the ship for our regular duties and of course we did keep our own gangway and engine room watches 24 hours.
Our main armament, the 40-millimeter, was removed and replaced with another 20. The magazine which was located between the radio room and the forward crews quarters was taken out and converted into another radio shack, also a passage was opened up between the new radio shack and the forward crews quarters. A second 12” signal light was installed on the flying bridge and an amplified voice speaker installed on the mast.

A bunk was added in the wardroom over the captain’s bunk and they managed to squeeze 6 additional berths in the forward crews quarters. These were to be occupied later by communication specialists.

We now had more radio and signal power than firepower. The loss of the magazine meant that all the ammunition we had for our 20’s and mousetraps were what we carried in the ready boxes.

Our trip from the East Coast had taught us the lesson that fresh water and provisions could be precious. Somehow during the conversion process we were able to obtain a small deep freeze for meat and two clean 55-gallon drums that we mounted on the depth charge racks for additional water.

Finally all of the work was completed and we again headed west. In passing I recall that the 30 days living on land had had a negative effect on some of our crew. We ran into a severe chop while passing under the Golden Gate Bridge and had a few mighty sick sailors.

**PACIFIC CONVOY DUTY**

After an uneventful trip we arrived at Pearl Harbor and were berthed at docks alongside the entrance channel before you actually get into the main harbor. Personally I do not think that the authorities knew what to do with us or the 4-5 SC’s and PC’s tied up with us. Finally we received orders to proceed to Enewetuk with a stop at Johnston Island. Upon arriving at Enewetuk we were assigned to convoy 3 ships back to Pearl. All were support ships that had a problem and could not travel on their own. They were going east to be put in a repair yard.

We made about 4 round trips to various islands doing this convoy duty and in general feeling useless. Sometimes we would convoy landing craft out and then sometimes we had to travel alone.

One such “lone” trip did prove to provide much needed diversion and excitement. We had been to Majaro in the Marriannas and were on our way back to Pearl. About a half-day from Johnston Island we received a message to proceed there at flank speed and take on fuel and provision. For once Johnston was very friendly and could not give us enough. Our Captain returned with instructions for us to retrace our racks about 200 miles and instigate a search. It turned out that an Air Force General’s plane had gone down in that area and search aircraft had reported seeing survival lights. The SC 1474 was the closest
ship and we were to proceed to the position where the sighting was reported and commence a search until relieved. This proved to be an interesting exercise as in addition to a standard box search pattern we had to figure in set and drift of the current and also a wind factor.

The entire ship had been promised 30 days stateside leave if we came up with a rescue. Once the search started and for a couple of days we constantly had off duty crew voluntarily standing lookout watch with all available glasses and generally someone was looking over the radar operator’s shoulder to see if he was missing anything. I am sorry to report that we were not successful.

Just like in working out of Norfolk we went around Hatteras twice for each round trip, so in working out of Pearl and going to the islands we crossed the International Date Line twice on each trip. We got to be pretty expert on whether we were gaining or losing a day.

New Years eve 1944 found us in Pearl Harbor with work being done on our forward deck. Returning from liberty our cook tripped over the construction, fell and had to go to the hospital. A couple of days later the captain came into the chart room and asked how our charts etc. were for the area west of where we had been operating. He gave me a destination, instructed me to run a course and told me to keep the destination confidential until we got to sea.

We requisitioned a new cook and all hands “turned-to” so we would be ready to head out. Sailing orders arrived and at the last minute as we were putting the old cook’s gear ashore to be sent to the hospital, the cook appeared on the dock ready to rejoin us. In the hospital he had heard where we were going, when we were leaving and he did not want to be left behind. He was a good cook and we welcomed him with open arms. Less than an hour later we sailed for Guam with two cooks.

**ACTION AT LAST**

The trip from Pearl was uneventful and we arrived at the Harbor of Apra, Guam, wondering what was going to happen to us. The captain checked and he was told that we were to just stay on standby. Finally word came giving us a departure time and meeting point, but no destination.

As I recall, in company with another SC we got under way and just off Guam we rendezvoused with a flotilla of LST’s, LSD’s and LCD’s. The two SC’s were to act as escorts. Course changes and speed were relayed to us by light from the flagship and our duty was to cruise on station and be alert for enemy action, particularly subs.

Finally after listening to Tokyo Rose we decided that the flotilla was heading to Okinawa as an invasion had just begun there. We escorted the convoy directly into Nagagusuko Wan (later named Buckner Bay) where we saw the Texas and other ships shelling the
shore. The flagship released the two SC’s while all the landing craft continued west to the beach there to discharge their cargo.

Our orders were to proceed just south of Okinawa to Karema Retto which was being used as a staging area. There were all types of ships anchored in the harbor.

Arriving shortly before sunset we left the captain off at the flagship with orders to find a safe anchorage and let him know where to find us. We anchored and I was in the midst of sending by blinker a message to the flagship when a plane came out of the setting sun, about 20 feet off the water, and crashed into a tanker that was directly between us and the flagship. With the excitement of the burning tanker and the fact the flag could no longer see my light I closed down and left the skipper on his own. Fortunately enough of my message had gotten through so that the captain later found us all right. This was our introduction to Kamikaze planes!!! I might add that the tracer shells were beautiful that night and I do not recollect ever seeing a better pyrotechnics display.

Using Karema Retto as a base we did convoy and/or patrol duty to various bays on Okinawa’s east and west coasts. As there were no anti submarine nets at any of the harbor entrances we, along with the other SC’s took our turn anchoring off the harbor entrances and standing sound watches. It had been reported that the Japs were using small 2 man submarines as suicide boats. We never did see or hear any of the subs, but the enemy had another trick that kept us busy many nights.

The invasion and securing of Okinawa was progressing nicely and Buckner Bay was being used more for supply and support purposes. Tankers and cargo ships become frequent visitors in the northwest sector where there was deep water and good cargo landing facilities.

The Japs next tried using suicide boats to disrupt this operation. Under the cover of darkness they would bring down from the hills in the southeast sector, 18-foot plywood boats. These were powered by Chevy engines and had a 300 pound load of explosives in the bow. The operator was put in the boat and then had 40 pound lead boots padlocked on each foot. It was his duty to try and penetrate the picket line and crash into a tanker or cargo ship. When an alarm came for suicide boat attack destroyers would move to an area in the center of Buckner Bay there to shoot off star shells. A line of SC’s was stationed toward shore and had the job of trying to detect the suicide boats either visually or be radar and destroying them with machine gun fire. (We became fully aware of the suicide boat details when one of the SC’s captured a boat that had become disabled, disarmed it and later used it as their ship’s launch.)

The charts of Buckner Bay were not good and two Hydrographic Ships were brought in to develop usable ones for the allies. It was a common sight to see small boats from these ships working in teams with a cable between them trying to find hidden reefs. One day while we were crossing the bay heading out we hit an uncharted reef and damaged one of our shafts. This meant that we only had one usable engine and were not fit for some types of duty.
Unfortunately this led to us being permanently being assigned to sound duty at the main entrance to Buckner Bay. This was monotonous duty and the crew became bored and irritable; there was nothing to do but stand anchor watch and listen to the constant pinging of the sound gear. SC’s had the reputation of being scavengers because we had no evaporators and not too much room for stores. While we were on Harbor Watch the authorities seemed to forget about us and no relief ever came so we could obtain fresh water or food. The time came when we were almost out of water and down to eating dehydrated mashed potatoes, creamed corn and a little spam—we had run out of rice, beans, flour and all our other supplies. Finally a supply ship arrived and somehow the captain obtained permission for us to leave our post, replenish supplies and immediately return to station. This was all we needed to be told, immediately the anchor was hoisted and we followed the supply ship to its destination. They had no sooner anchored than we were alongside with our “wish list”. They must have been aware of where our station was as we were given priority service and sent back on our way to the harbor mouth. Those fresh oranges sure tasted good. (For years I could not eat creamed corn.)

Somewhere along the line, while we were at Okinawa, someone realized that we were supposed to be a Landing Craft Control so we had two or three of our crew transferred and were given in return 4-5 radiomen, 2 signalmen and an ensign to act as communications officer. This raised the complement of the ship from 26 to 32 and led to real crowded conditions. I was particularly sorry as I lost my Striker who had been with me since commissioning, to one of the hydrographic ships — I really would have liked that transfer as aboard the hydrographic ships the QM had a great chance for promotion.

Finally we were sent to Karema Retto for our new shafts and were again ready for full duty. One incident I will always remember—While at Karema Retto I spotted a fleet oiler in the harbor and suddenly realized a close friend was aboard, he was the gunnery officer. I sent him a private message (p vt) and he replied asking if he sent a boat for me could I come over for a visit. The captain said “yes” and a time and date was set. Just before I was to be picked up we had to get under way and move. It created quite a laugh when a 50-foot launch manned by a bowman, a motor mac and a coxswain came alongside our 110-foot ship to pick me up. This was the only time I had to visit my friend as right after that we were sent to Subic Bay in the Philippines for what was supposed to be R and R.

The R and R proved to be only a half-truth as very soon we were dispatched to Iloilo to join up with a task force that, off the coast of either Panay or Negros, was training for the invasion of Japan. This exercise taught us what a Landing Craft Control Ship’s function was to be. Starting at daylight the “Landing Craft” ships would launch their boats and amphibious equipment, line up on the string of SC’s and assault the beach. Usually about noon they would secure and move back. It was then our turn to move in towards the beach, anchor and have liberty. As I said before, the area was remote but the natives were very hospitable and wanted to entertain us. I was fortunate enough one day to meet a Philippine Scout home on leave; he got three ponies and took two of us up into the hills to get a real feel of the countryside.

Finally our training was completed and we returned to Subic Bay for further assignment.
V J DAY

August 14, 1945 found the SC 1474 in Subic Bay preparing to return to Okinawa. I remember watching a waterspout come across the bay and pass over the fantail of YP anchored nearby. I watched clothes drying on a line, suddenly those securely tied were straight up and those not secured went flying in the waterspout. I watched the spout until it reached land and then fell apart.

Shortly after that we heard shots and all kinds of noise. That was when the duty radioman came running on deck with the announcement that the Japanese had surrendered.

This did not change the plans for us as a couple of days later we set sail to return to Okinawa.

TYphoon LOUISE

I am hazy on what we did between August and October except for the fact that we returned to Buckner Bay and speculated on our next assignment. The strongest rumor was that we were to be sent to Japan as part of the occupational force. In late September there was a tropical storm that we weathered tied up in the northern section of the harbor. We thought it was bad but in reality it was only a forewarning of what was to come.

On October 9, 1945 it was announced that a storm was approaching and to make ready. Some ships headed out to sea, but we received permission to tie up behind a seagoing tug. It was felt with their engines and ours turning over we would both hold our own. The barometer kept falling and the wind velocity kept increasing. About 0500 it developed the tug’s anchors were dragging and we were told to either cast off or they would cut the connecting lines. With no alternative we cast off.

From that time on we proceeded in circles within the confines of Buckner Bay trying to stay afloat. When our screws came out of the water the engine room crew would shut the engines down only to restart them again as soon as they would bite. In my opinion these people were in the worst spot in the ship, as if we should flounder they would be certain casualties.

The captain remained on the flying bridge throughout the ordeal as even though we could not see very far that spot did provide the best visibility. Two lookouts were constantly on duty with the captain and it was necessary to constantly rotate the helmsman and engine control personnel. There were many instances of solid green water breaking over the bow and during one such occurrence a gunner’s mate standing just aft of the pilothouse was washed over the side.

When he went over he was fully dressed including life jacket and white hat. How we ever maneuvered no one will ever know, but about 15 minutes later we spotted his white hat slightly upwind of the ship. Very soon the wind and current washed him to us and we
were able to pull him aboard badly shaken up, minus his pants and shoes but otherwise in good shape. This rescue appeared to boost our moral for survival and motivated us to rig additional lifelines.

As we proceeded to circle within Buckner Bay we could see ships of the line and merchantmen breaking up and drifting to shore. Wreckage in the water was everywhere and all hands had to keep a sharp lookout, as we could not afford to hit anything.

Finally about 1700 the barometer started rising and the storm seemed to be abating. Visibility increased and we realized that we had over the day maneuvered to the southwest sector of the harbor and were coming up on a pipeline from a dredge that was in the process of making a fleet landing. When we hit the pipeline someone yelled "Abandon Ship" and 5 or 6 of the crew jumped on the pipe and started scrambling towards the barge. I was standing next to the captain on the bridge when he shouted, "Belay that order". The rest of the crew remained aboard and after breaking the pipe the ship drifted to a shelf right next to the shore. We found ourselves high and dry with a 1-degree list. I don't mind telling the world that those 12 hours were the scariest I experienced in my entire war duty.

The elements must have known that we were beached as very soon the wind died and the sky lightened. Where the ship was setting on sand we had to shut down all engines and the only power we had was from batteries. Examination showed that we were in a cove and all around us was wreckages and many cases of foodstuffs. Work parties were sent ashore to assess our surroundings and see what could be salvaged. The boatswain with his group used hatchcovers and other wood to construct a lean-to shelter for the cook. The engineers cut a 55-gallon drum in half and fashioned two cookstoves out of it while the cook took a party to check out the stores and salvage the choicest. Among the canned goods we found cases of shortening that we used to provide fuel for the stoves.

Over the next 2 or 3 days our camp was expanded and our supply of salvaged food was used to barter for bread and other needed items. A salvage team came, looked over our ship and pronounced it as being fit to return to service. (The Oct.-Dec. PCSA Newsletter reported the SC 1474 as "Grounded-Unrepairable"). This is not true as the ship was refloated on the 4th day after it was grounded.

We had no sooner been refloated and anchored than I received a message from the Red Cross of an emergency in my family back in Boston. The captain told me of a DE Squadron leaving the next day for the states. I had the necessary points for discharge and my relief was aboard so the captain said if I could get a berth he would release me. I immediately got on the light and the first ship I called asked my rate. When I told them they said they would have a boat alongside for me in 4 hours. (On boarding the ship I learned that discharges had hurt them and their leading QM was 2/c and had only held that rate for about two months). In a little over 2 hours, before my orders had been completely cut, a boat was alongside for me and I said goodbye to the 1474.
***NOTE: I was later told that the SC 1474 had been sent from Okinawa to Seattle, Wash. for decommissioning. I still have the original commissioning pennant. The captain was given the second although he believed he had the first.