

my mouth, swallowed some to grease my throat, esophagus and stomach, and drank sea-water until the grease was washed away. For five days I drank a pint of water each day without ill effects. One night, when my raft capsized, I swallowed enough salt water to become nauseated. When I got back on the raft, I felt like vomiting. I got out some of the bird's fat and swallowed it, and my stomach was settled immediately.

On the night of July 29 it rained continuously all night. I laboriously filled my canteens. I caught the rain-water in my sea anchor, but couldn't put it into the canteen because of the rough sea.

I finally solved the problem by putting the water in my mouth, then filling the canteen like a mother robin feeding its young. When the canteen was full, it was still raining and I caught another cup of water. I didn't want to waste it, so I drank the rain-water, thus ending the sea-water experiment.

On August 1 at 0900, after I had seen nothing but Japanese planes for several days, a New Zealand land-based Lockheed Hudson passed very close to me. The tail gunner saw my sea-marker dye spread on the water.

The plane turned, made a wide circle and flew down close to the raft. For the first time in my life, and I hope the last, I cried for joy. The New-Zealanders circled for about one hour. I was afraid they would check my position and leave without dropping supplies, and, frankly, I was getting pretty hungry and thirsty by this time. I put on my rubber paddles, leaned back in the raft, and signalled in semaphore the letters E-A-T. They made another wide circle, and then dropped an inflated life jacket with supplies attached. The bundle hit the water about 30 ft. from my raft. I paddled to it and found Army-type emergency rations, a canteen of water, a map marking my position, ammunition for my .45, a waterproof flashlight, first-aid equipment, a Vey pistol and star shells, and other useful items. I was hungry, but I ate sparingly, not knowing how soon I would be rescued.

The New-Zealanders flew by once more, wobbled their wings, and headed for home.

I watched for a rescue plane the rest of that morning and all that afternoon, but none appeared. I watched, waited, hoped and prayed all day of August 2, but there was no rescue in sight.

August 3 was a dreary day. Mist and thunderstorms were all around me. I didn't expect rescue. I was convinced that I had drifted so far out of position that the rescue planes couldn't find me. I was therefore a surprised and happy man when, at 1100, I spotted three Navy Catalina flying-boats approaching me. Two passed within half a mile but failed to see me. The third passed directly overhead and saw the sea-marker dye I had spread on the water.

He dropped a smoke-bomb to mark my position and called the other planes back, and all three circled the raft. The waves and swells were 10 ft. high. It would have been a rough sea for any craft, let alone a flying boat.

Two of the planes lowered their retractable wing floats and made an attempt to land. Both pilots decided, upon closer observation of the waves, not to risk setting down on such a choppy sea. About that time I drifted into a rain squall and the rescue planes lost sight of me completely.

The third pilot was a little more adventuresome than the others. Although he could not see me, he decided that, if one of them did not land on the water in that vicinity, they would probably never find me again. He dropped his depth charges and about 800 gallons of gasoline to lighten the plane and made a power-stall landing on the water.

His starboard wing float hit a swell as he was landing and started to spin the plane to that side. Quick as a cat, the pilot hit the throttle on the starboard engine, and kicked the rudder and stick to port. The lumbering Catalina straightened out and dropped into the sea. A wave broke over her and smashed the port gun blister, filling the after compartment with water. The plane remained afloat, however, and the crew bailed out the water as it taxied into the rain squall where I had disappeared. After taxiing about two miles, they found me, gorging myself on the