

Navy Gives Four Citations To M'Clintock

Lieut. David McClintock, executive officer and navigator aboard one of Uncle Sam's large submarines, is home on furlough after spending more than a year in Pacific combat zones without having touched the shores of the United States.

He doesn't know how long he will be able to remain at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne B. McClintock, 1023 North Front street. Originally scheduled for a 30-day leave, he believes his stay may be shortened by the necessities of war.

Lieut. McClintock has seen plenty of action—and he has come out of it with four citations for meritorious service, one signed by Admiral C. W. Nimitz. His most recent citation recommends that he be awarded the Navy's Silver Star decoration.

He's Not Long On Talk

Dave is just like most other men in the armed forces — he doesn't like to talk about himself or what he has been doing. He is naturally a retiring sort of chap. On top of that he happens to be in a service that is distinctly "hush, hush."

Newspaper and magazine articles about the activities of the surface fleet and of land combat units are legion. Very little printer's ink is expended on the exploits of the undersea service.

All submarine work is under cover—under cover of darkness when on the surface, and under cover of the ocean during daylight hours. Success of a submarine attack, Lieut. McClintock pointed out, is based upon stealth—the careful approach into firing position—the silent surfacing in the darkness of night, all necessary if the lethal torpedoes are to be loosed and the submarine is to get away without being detected and her seams sprung by depth bomb charges.

Just Missed "Pearl Harbor"

And so Lieut. McClintock could not reveal many dates, or locations, nor could he reveal the name of the submarine upon which he is second in command.

He is one of two Marquette Naval officers serving in undersea-craft. The other is Lieut. Douglas Syverson, torpedo officer, who visited his parents here last December.

Lieut. McClintock was almost in on the ground floor of the Jap's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. His submarine had been based there since February, 1941.

While enroute from the United States to Pearl Harbor a little less than a year later, the attack on Pearl Harbor began. In fact, as navigator, Lieut. McClintock had it figured out that his submarine would arrive at Pearl Harbor at 8 a. m., December 7, 1941, at the height of the attack, but a storm delayed them, and it was not until December 9 that his ship sailed into the harbor.

marine started out after the voy, and in about an hour caught up with it and pulled into line behind the last ship of the file. A little later the destroyer put on speed and went off on other duties during the night, probably planning on taking up its convoy duty when daylight returned.

When the destroyer was well away, a torpedo was fired into the last ship of the line. Then another "tin fish" was let loose and the merchantman went to the bottom. By that time the other two ships had put on speed and had gotten away, but in another hour the sub again caught up to them.

"We hit both of them," Lieut. McClintock said, "but just then the destroyer came back, apparently summoned by radio, and we had to get clear. We don't know if the last two ships went down, but it is probable and we like to think they did."

Destroy Ammunition Ship

Another time they got on the tail of an enemy merchant ship. They were so close the guns on the ship's stern apparently could not be depressed far enough to fire at the sub, which was on the surface directly astern. The ship tried to turn so that it could bring its bow guns to bear, but the sub stuck too close. In proper position, the sub let loose a torpedo. The ship blew up in a great explosion. Thirty seconds later the sub was traveling through the same water as the ship when she was hit. Not a sign was left save a few splintered life boats and Japs swimming in the water. The ship apparently had been loaded with ammunition.

Lieut. McClintock matriculated at the Annapolis Naval academy in 1931, graduating in 1935. After two years service aboard the ill-fated Arizona, during which he was stationed in China, he became gunnery officer aboard the destroyer Barker. Then back to the States to become engineer officer of the destroyer Dent, stationed at San Diego, Calif., for six months. He then went to the submarine school in New London, Conn., and after training there was assigned to the S27 where he served at San Diego until February, 1941. He was then assigned as executive officer aboard a larger sub, the one on which he is now serving, based at Pearl Harbor.

Lieut. McClintock's wife is making her home with his parents here. They have two children, Wayne, 2, born in Baltimore, and David, Jr., born last December in Marquette.

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"The first sight to greet me was the Arizona, still smoking from the fire that destroyed her," Lieut. McClintock said.

The Arizona is a sort of first love for him, because when he was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1935, he was assigned to service aboard the Arizona.

"Why did you choose the submarine service?" he was asked.

Always Wanted Sub Service

"Well," he replied, "I guess I always intended to join the service. My room-mate in the Academy did a job of selling me on the idea, and I would have gone into that branch right after graduation if I had been permitted to do so. But they told me I'd have to get some other kind of service before I applied for a transfer."

After Pearl Harbor, his submarine has been almost steadily in service, with the exception of a three-months periods for repairs.

Men in undersea service like their work, Lieut. McClintock declared. Thrown into close quarters for long periods of time, the usual formality between officers and enlisted men drops away.

"I would say that morale in my service is equal to or better than in any other branch," he said proudly.

After war was declared, his ship went on the prowl. But it was not long before it saw action — and strangely enough, it wasn't very exciting, the lieutenant said.

Not Always "Duck Soup"

This business of sinking ships, if based upon his first experience, was going to be "duck soup." Of course it turned out to be much different in later encounters.

The submarine had been out on patrol and had stayed its full time. It was necessary that it go back to its base for fuel and supplies. The day she was scheduled to return, they sighted a Jap merchantman through the periscope during the morning hours. In half an hour the sub maneuvered an advantageous approach, let go two torpedoes, and the merchantman went down. It apparently was unarmed and was unescorted.

The tenseness and strain of a destroyer attack on a submarine, playing a cat and mouse game, dodging, turning and keeping low to throw the destroyer off the track, sometimes has its comic relief.

The submarine was surprised one night, while on the surface, by two enemy destroyers. The sub was forced down and the destroyers worked over it most of the night, dropping depth charges which, Dave said, "came pretty close."

A colored mess boy, during the height of the depth charge attack, turned up missing. Lieut. McClintock found him in a dark office, with just the whites of his eyes showing.

"Boss," he said, "we suah are given 'em hell, ain't we. W'en they gwine start shootin' at us?"

Describes Night Attack

One evening, just before dark, they sighted a convoy of four enemy ships, a destroyer in the lead, followed in line by three large merchant ships. By the time it was dark enough to surface to take advantage of greater speed, the convoy was out of sight. The sub-