

Gary Copeland Lilley is a native of Sandy Cross, North Carolina. Here at the southern edge of the Great Dismal Swamp is where he calls his ancestral home. He is a veteran of the U.S. Navy Submarine Force and a long-time blues denizen of Washington, DC and Chicago. He has been a poet-in-residence for WritersCorps, the Poetry Center of Chicago, and Young Chicago Authors. He is an outsider artist, and has published poems and prose in numerous journals. He earned his MFA at Warren Wilson College and presently lives in Port Townsend, Washington, having moved there from North Carolina in the Spring of 2009.

Dudley Glass, Jr. was the Engineering Officer aboard DORADO. It was on a visit to Port Townsend, WA, in the early months of 2009 that Gary met Polly Fish (the niece of Dudley's sister) and Dudley's son, also a Dudley (who has since died of pancreatic cancer at age 53). Ms. Fish realized that the meeting was truly a serendipitous one, and commissioned the poem in tribute not only to her uncle, but to all those who lost their lives on DORADO.

### **The Lost U.S.S Dorado (SS-248)**

Dudley Glass Jr., Engineering Officer, from Atlanta, wore a sailor uniform to the state fair when he was a child and climbed up on a tractor and smiled into the camera, which may have started his passion for photography, a hobby he shared with his Shreveport, Louisiana bride, at his submarine base home he turned his kitchen into a darkroom where he and his wife, Marcy, developed the film they shot on their walks around the town.

Duty: to conduct yourself with the moral obligation to perform the tasks that arise from your position. The newly commissioned submarine sailed from the dock of New London, from wives and sweethearts, on 6 OCT 1943 for Panama, and into the war, with a crew of sixty-five men who believed in the mission, and believed in each other.

Lieutenant-Commander Dudley Glass Jr. had written home the year before that he knew all the officers lost on S-26 and two on the Jacob Jones, that every man on his training ship had lost friends but there was no sign in anyone of backing out or slipping, that the losses only made them ready and willing to go, and that he was anxiously waiting orders to a new boat. He was assigned to the Dorado in August of 43.

Commitment: a pledge, a responsibility to a particular course. A good bet would say that Dudley Glass watched this boat being built. The submarine: keel laid by Electric Boat, 307 feet long with a width of 27 feet, six forward torpedo tubes and four tubes aft, a full load of weapons, fuel, and food, painted black, all systems checked and ready for a war patrol.

The hard choices a sailor makes are easy, it is the soul of the patriot, the summation of all he holds dear: the family and the land they've loved for generations. A southerner such as Dudley Glass has a homegrown sense of place which serves as testament to anywhere else on the map; the Georgia piney woods, the Gullah sea islands off the coast, the bayou and cypress swamps of Louisiana, the white-capped waves off Montauk Point, the autumn colors of New England.

Honor: purity, living up to a standard of merit in fulfilling the terms of the task; iron men live inside the steel machine. A righteous war is a war to save the lives of others. The submarine operates independently, the lone wolf beneath the sea, and sailors submerge with chests of treasured memories; wives, children, fathers, mothers, siblings, friends and lovers.

The unseen vastness under the sea does not discriminate against any ship. True sailors hold reverent the will of God. Their lives are governed by hope. At 2:20pm on October 6, Marcy standing on the dock, Dudley Glass rushed down the ladder to his stateroom, wrote her a letter and was able to send it to post:

*Angel... this is only the first of a great number of epistles  
I will be posting to you, but remember that as I write each one  
I will love you more each time. I love you, Dudley*

Sacrifice: to give up the warmth of home for the sake of freedom, to see it more precious than yourself. They set the watch, cast off lines and the ship underway on a war patrol was never again heard from or seen. The known truth is that Dudley Glass and the Dorado crew, and let it be said, perhaps all brave young submariners, eternally belong to the sea.

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