

# What Our Submarines Are Doing

By Frank Gervasi



In the control room of one of the newest and most modern class of U. S. submarines, Lieutenant Commander Samuel D. Healey, commanding officer, takes a sight through his periscope. At the left is Executive Officer Lieutenant John H. Maurer, and, in the center, Chief Torpedoman Vernon Sloggett

Our submarines, manned by efficient and reticent men who flatly refuse to blow their own horns, have been doing a big job ever since the attack on Pearl Harbor. Of all the Jap ships sunk by American weapons, the undersea boats have accounted for 37 per cent

**S**UBMARINERS are word-shy men. Aviators aren't usually. Neither are sailors. Fliers love to yarn about themselves and their exploits, and surface sailors like to shoot the breeze, but not the submariners.

They live and work, fight and die in an element that is silent and imposes silence. You learn to be quiet when you're lying doggo on the bottom with enemy ships searching overhead, dropping 300-pound cans of TNT and listening with sonic devices to pick up voices, the sound of a dropped wrench, the grind of a propeller.

Swede was an exception. But Swede wasn't talking about himself, now. He was talking about Fear-

less Freddie, a very remarkable skipper, and about his boat, a very remarkable submarine. It was not clear whether Swede loved Fearless Freddie more or the submarine less.

Swede is J. M. Eckberg, chief radio and sound man on the sub, and Fearless Freddie is Lieutenant Commander Frederick B. Warder. It is said of Fearless Freddie that he must be watched carefully lest he decide to fire a torpedo at an airplane when the submarine has a steep angle on her, climbing up out of the deep.

"I figure," Swede said, "our boat got 21 enemy ships," and it was obvious that he was slightly annoyed at the Navy's insistence that the submarine be credited with only 14. But whether the figure is 21 or 14, his submarine has proved what all submariners have known for a long time. This is that the submarine is a deadly weapon of almost infinite offensive possibilities, so far realized and capitalized almost exclusively by the Nazis.

"Freddie is just a little shrimp," said Swede, "only a little more than five foot high and weighing maybe a hundred and twenty pounds. But what a guy! He watched 'em build his boat piece by piece and then he took her out there and brought her back. He made ten patrols when most men would make two or maybe three.

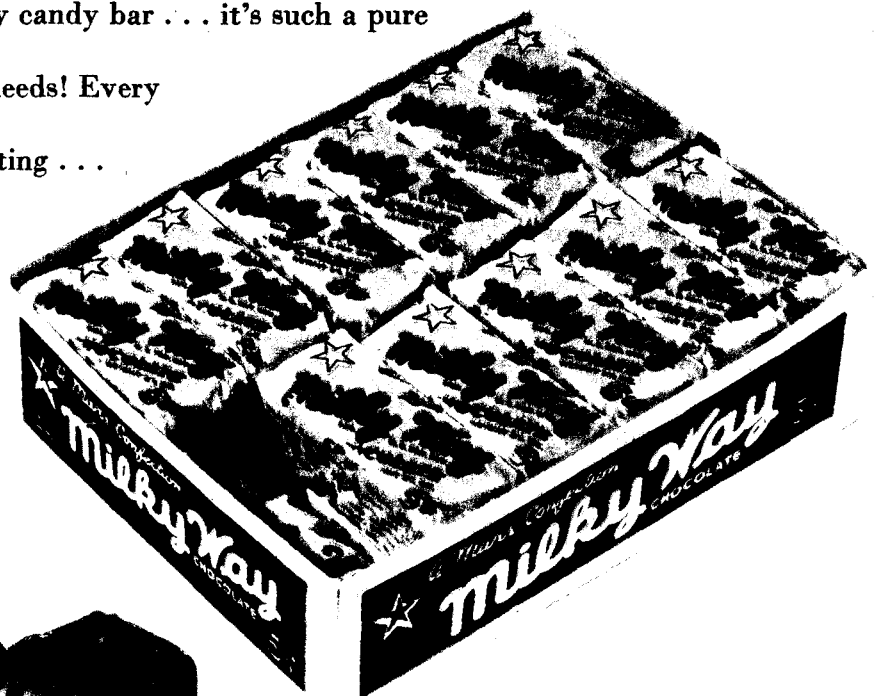
"We were doing the milkman's run in the Macassar Straits one time out. It was early in the morning and very pretty. The sun was just barely warming the night air, and it smelled good on deck. We were

Joseph G. Savageau gets his turn in the sub's tiny shower. He's a machinist's mate, 2d class



## ***NOT TOO MUCH, DADDY***

You can be glad he loves a Milky Way candy bar . . . it's such a pure  
and wholesome source of the quick energy he needs! Every  
bite's a thrill . . . thick milk chocolate coating . . .  
layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . luscious center of  
chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk.  
For little boys . . . and big ones, too . . .  
there's no taste treat in all the world  
quite like a Milky Way!



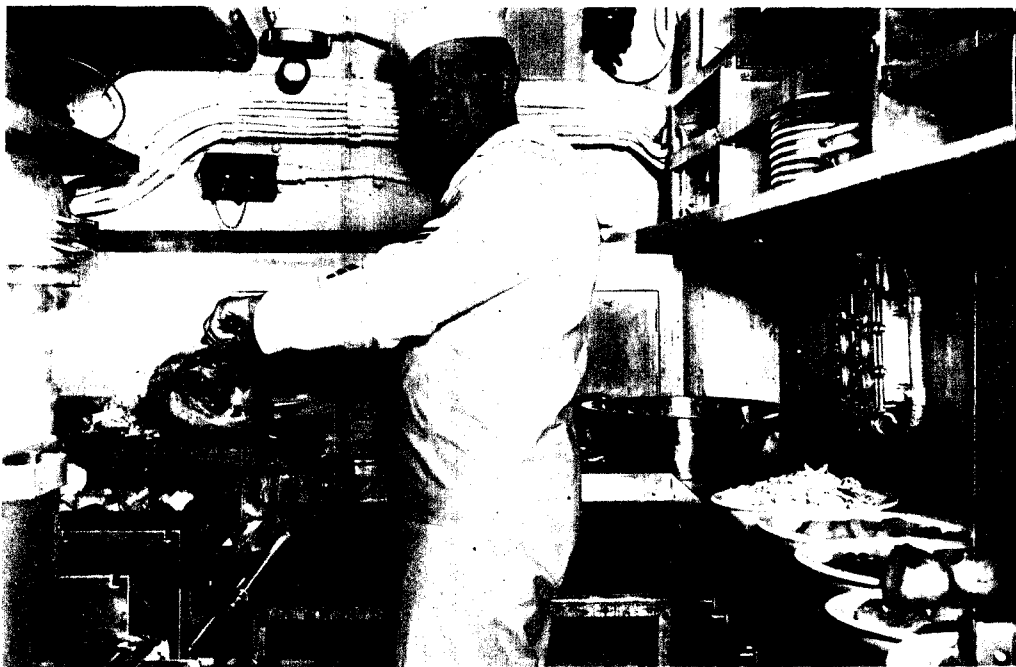




In crew quarters aft, a submariner relaxes alongside a live torpedo. Because of a submarine's limited space, crew quarters must do double duty as torpedo rooms



Mess Cook William Holden serves the chow in the crew's mess, affectionately known as "the dinette." Food served on U. S. submarines is the best in the Navy



Submarine cooks are justifiably proud of their ability to turn out lots of food in little space. Here is Chief Commissary Steward Audley Carver in his tiny galley



Chief off-duty recreation is the fascinating game of Salvo, explained on page 23. Playing it: Lloyd Weidman, Electrician's Mate, and Seaman Frank Majuri, Jr.

running on the surface, getting ready to dive for the day. Then the diving signal rang.

"I'll never forget that morning as long as I live. Like I said, the water was shallow. We dived and hit coral twice. The first time we came up there was nothing in sight. The second time we broached, which means we came spang up fast and burst out of the water all drippy and shuddering.

"We took a quick look around and there we were, smack in the middle of a covey of Jappos. So help me, they were so close we could almost hear 'em hiss with surprise. We'll never know how many ships we got. Freddie was shooting at everything in sight. He never made any claims about how many we got. But we got four or five. Look, I know, I'm the sound man."

In the earphones of the sound man's mechanisms, the explosion of even a distant ash can is like the clap of thunder. Swede said he could hear the sub's torpedoes strike and explode, and the dull, distant sounds of bursting boilers.

"I could hear the innards of the dying Jap ships gurgle just like listening to a baby's belly," Swede said. "And I counted five ships. . . ."

But that was one patrol. His submarine made ten. Swede's estimate of how many Jap ships were sunk by his favorite submarine is probably accurate. The Navy

Department, however, credits a submarine with a sinking only if (a) the skipper comes out flatly and says, "Yep, I sank her," or (b) a sufficient number of the crew can testify to same, or (c) a photograph provides the evidence. What the sound man hears isn't regarded as conclusive evidence.

#### Damage to Enemy Understated

"It's easy to deduce, from this insistence on proof, that the number of enemy ships sunk or damaged since we entered the war is probably much greater than either the admitted or the real total. If you knew that last figure—one known only to those privy to the secrets of the Navy—you'd be wide-eyed at the extent of the punishment inflicted on the enemy by our subs.

Here's a clue: On the basis of the number of United Nations vessels sunk in the Atlantic by German U-boats up to the end of 1942, our submarines have done a proportionately better job against the Japs in the Pacific. And when Germany went to war, it had at least 250 submarines and possibly 300, while we had a censorable fraction of that number in actual service.

Swede's skipper Warder is but one of dozens of American submarine commanders who've made records in the Pacific. Their roster grows every day, and to

Warder's name you can add, among others, those of Frank Fenno, Elton Grenfell, Lewis Parks, and Moon Chapple, whose story was told in Collier's of May 16, 1942. There are proportionately more Navy Crosses in the submarine service than in any other branch of the Navy, and for this, there are many reasons. The submarine is an American weapon, invented and now perfected by Americans. Our men understand what the submarine can do and they employ it as what it is—an offensive weapon of irresistible hitting power. Most important of all, however, is the fact that German U-boat men are ordered or "sent" into action in ships lacking even elementary comforts and unequipped with any safety devices. Our men "go." They love the submarines and spend as much time telling you how safe they are—"safest ships afloat"—as fliers will say in describing the good qualities of our planes. Submariners and fliers are the most weapon-proud men I've met in this war.

There is evidence of the submariners' contention concerning the safety of our submarines. Since the war began the Navy has reported the loss of only six undersea boats, including the Argonaut.

Concerning their exploits, however, submariners are invariably mum, and no matter how well prepared you might be to

contend with a submariner's economy of words, his reticence will still surprise you. Warder, a round-faced young man from Grafton, West Virginia, where he has a wife and four children, has a habit of saying, "Good," at the most surprising moments.

His sound man might report ash cans exploding very close. And when the cans are bursting and rocking the ship about, Warder will still say "Good" with each report. Swede says he couldn't figure out at such times whether Fearless Freddie was happy that the ship was still safe after each explosion or that he's caused the Japs overhead to become so roiled.

A quiet "Very well" is the accustomed acknowledgment of all orders, disasters, communications and missions aboard ship. A torpedoman might come to the control room with news that the aft or the forward torpedo room is flooded, and he would probably obtain from the Warders and the Fennos and the Grenfells who boss our subs nothing more than a "Very well."

This reticence, however, as admirable as the submariners' courage and ingenuity and calm efficiency, has contributed to the neglect which was the lot of the service until war came. The submariners never had a Mahan, a Mitchell or even a De Seversky to ballyhoo their virtues. Hide-bound naval traditionalists with limited imagination couldn't see the submarine as

(Continued on page 22)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

# OUT WHERE MAN HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE



*to mother*

The colors of light which man can see are called the Visible Spectrum. But they make up only a very small part of the complete spectrum. Beyond man's sight are the ultra-violet, infra-red, radio and X rays, and many others today being converted to the service of mankind.

The naked eye sees very little. It can't see in the dark, through mountains or buildings, or around corners. And yet today man is seeing the wonders of a great, invisible world never before open to him — through the magic of the science of electronics.

One branch of this science, *electronic television*, lets you see what is happening many miles away, through dark or fog or walls.

Television — for industry and for your home — must wait until the war is won. The great Farnsworth laboratories, whose research has done so much toward making television a practical reality, are

today engaged in the development of instruments for our Army and Navy.

Farnsworth's plants, with years of experience in the precision manufacture of the superb Capehart Phonograph-Radio and other equipment, are now devoted solely to the production of sight and sound devices for ships, planes, tanks and field forces.

But out of today's work is coming a greater knowledge for tomorrow. When the war is finally won, Farnsworth will be able to bring you radios and phonograph-radios far better than any you have known in the past. It will be ready to provide studios

with telecasting apparatus of remarkable efficiency. It will provide businesses with special television equipment for many new and interesting uses.

*And eventually, of course, there will be Farnsworth television receiving sets for your own home — so you can see news and entertainment and the great wonders of science right in your living-room. You can bring that day closer by buying today the War Bonds that will spell out the Allies' Victory!*

*Ed. Farnsworth*  
President

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana

## FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

• Manufacturers of Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers . . . Aircraft Radio Equipment . . . the Farnsworth Dissector Tube . . . the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse, and the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radios

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





# China Flight

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Three of the enemy fell in this one night from Daniel's gun, and a fourth he would not count, for as he took aim he saw the Silent Wolf lower his gun

## The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Pearl Harbor is attacked, Lieutenant Daniel James, of the U. S. Marines, is houseboating in China with two friends—Arnold Hatford and his Eurasian wife, Leone. James rushes to Shanghai, but his ship has sailed, and he is arrested.

Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official, sends him to prison and at the same time interns two women: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and elderly Mrs. Shipman, who runs a house for unfortunate girls.

Secretly in love with James, Leone Hatford deserts her husband and makes her way to Shanghai, where she takes refuge with her grandfather, old P'an Lao-yeh. . . . Fascinated by Jenny Barchet's beauty, Shigo Kuyoshi terrifies her with his advances. Then, guessing the truth—that the girl is in love with James—he forces the lieutenant to become his ricksha man.

Assisted by Shigo's chauffeur—a Chinaman named Ling—James eludes his guards and finds a hiding place in P'an Lao-yeh's house. A short time later, Shigo goes to Jenny's hotel room and orders her to accompany him. In terror, Jenny leaps from a window. The fall does not kill her; it does, however, render her unconscious, and Shigo takes her to his establishment.

Leone induces a noted Chinese guerrilla leader—the Silent Wolf—to get James out of Shanghai. . . . Learning what has happened to Jenny, Mrs. Shipman—her home closed—goes to Shigo's, where she nurses the girl. Then, when Jenny has recovered a little, Ling helps her to escape. Mrs. Shipman is not so fortunate. She is seized, taken before Shigo and shot.

Like James, Jenny takes refuge in P'an Lao-yeh's home. The Silent Wolf—who loves Leone and hopes to marry her—is there. He and Leone agree that Jenny must, somehow, be spirited out of the city. But the girl cannot walk. How can she be carried past the Japanese guards?

The Silent Wolf tells Leone that he will place Jenny in a coffin, form a funeral procession and take her to a village where James is hiding. Then he sends Ling out to procure the things that will be needed.

As darkness falls, Ling returns, lays everything he has collected before the Silent Wolf. The guerrilla is pleased. "You have done so well," he says, "that from now on, I command you to stay by me always and be one of mine." Ling listens. "I will indeed," he says joyfully.

## IX

IN THE depth of the night Leone rose softly, without waking Jenny until she must, and she set about the preparations for the escape. The Silent Wolf and Ling were already at work in an inner room from which no light would escape from windows to tell that there was disturbance in this house. Into the bottom of the coffin the Silent Wolf now bored five or six small holes for air to come in and out, and then he took out an end and grooved the inside of the coffin less than halfway up, ready to slide in the false bottom. It was not an easy task, for the joiner had made the coffin exceedingly strong, and yet the end must come out so that the false bottom could be slid in.

When all was ready it was well past midnight and halfway to first cockcrow, and then the Silent Wolf said to Leone when she came in, "It is almost time to wake the foreign girl and bring her here."

And Leone answered, "When you bid me, I am ready."

This she said so sweetly that the Silent Wolf looked at her with love in his eyes, so clear that she turned her head quickly away from him.

Now the menservants of the house were already gathered here and dressed as coolies, and all was ready, except that Le-

one said to Ling, "How is it that your friends do not bring the Old Foreign Mother here? We cannot leave without her."

At this Ling saw there was nothing for it but to tell a tale of her death, and so he said bluntly, "Lady, I wish I had not to tell you something, but I have no other way. When I went to my friend's house today they said that the Old Foreign Mother had been found and killed in their courtyard before their eyes."

Leone's eyes grew big at this and her lips trembled, but she said as steadfastly as she could, "I cannot believe it—for if it had happened so, why were not your friends killed too?"

Ling thought to himself quickly that having made such a large tale he had no choice but to make it big enough to fulfill its usefulness and so he wiped his eyes on his sleeve and said, "Alas, so my friend was killed and his son with him, and the younger daughters taken to give to the enemy soldiers, and the house is ruined because of what I did when I left the old foreigner there, and I wish I were dead with my friend."

At this Leone turned away to hide her tears, and she had not the heart to reproach Ling, seeing his own case, but now sadly she went out of that room. The Silent Wolf was putting on his disguise, and he looked after her and then he said to Ling, "Is it true what you say, man?"

"It is true that the Old Foreign Mother is dead," Ling said.

"I am sorry for that," the Silent Wolf said, and then he went on frankly, "and yet I will say that it is easier for us all if we have not the old foreign woman to hide, too. We have a better chance of our lives, now."

Not one word of it did she tell Jenny until she must. But be sure that Jenny asked very soon when she found the time had come to escape again, and then how could Leone refuse to answer her?

"Where is Mother Shipman?" Jenny asked when she had been roused. "We must not go without her."

Then Leone helping her to dress told her very gently: "She is dead. Do not ask me how, please, for I cannot tell you. But—she was seized—and she is dead." Her lips trembled as she spoke, and she said very quickly: "Please let us not speak of her. She was dearer to me than my mother and kinder to me always than any other ever was. If we speak of her I shall weep again and I must not weep now. When we go through the gate I will think of her and weep indeed, but not now. We must make haste to do what is to be done."

So without another word, in sad silence the two young women hastened and made themselves ready. There was nothing to do for Jenny except to wrap her warmly enough, but Leone disguised herself well as a mourner, and she put ashes into her hair and made her face pale with powder mixed with water, and she put on the coarse white cotton garments of mourning, which had lain ready for old Mr. P'an's funeral. Then hand in hand they went into the room where the coffin was, and Jenny lay down in the bottom and the false bottom was slid over her, and the end of the coffin fitted into its place.

Now the Silent Wolf had bored a hole where her nostrils could breathe most easily as she was carried, for he feared the stink of the offal would creep through the wood and he bade Leone tell her to hold her face close to that hole, and so Jenny

(Continued on page 80)