Well, I certainly heard it," I said. "What the devil was it?" Lieut. Connole explained: The "swoosh" is set up by the compressive effects of the charge. It is the rush of tons of water that come boiling through the submarine's superstructure.

"You ought to hear it when the things are really close," Lieut. Connole said. "Crack, swoosh! Crack, swoosh! Damnedest most unpleasant thing you ever heard, and it took us a long time to get the word on what it actually was.

"Didn't you get this indoctrination practice before the war?" "Oh, sure, they'd drop a deep charge on us now and then. But you didn't get that 'swoosh,' because they have to be fairly close for that.

**Sound Never Forgotten.**

No submariner who has been on the battle end of that combination ever forgets it. No sound on earth, above earth, or under the sea, can be so pregnant with the threat of an abrupt and cataclysmic end.

It takes a special breed of fighting men to stand up under such psychological punishment and come back for more. Veteran submariners agree that what you especially want is a type that is able to mask the normal anxiety and nervous tension which any human being feels under such circumstances.

Despite the care with which candidates are selected, a few break under the strain to the extent of not being able to disguise their emotions completely in the direct emergencies. "They are brave men," a submarine division commander told me as we sat together at the Royal Hawaiian, the big resort hotel taken over by the Navy as a recreation center for submarine crews. "They are just as brave as any of the rest of us. They don't quit. They want to go back for more. They kick like steers when we transfer them to other duty. But we can't leave them in the sub. A man who can't keep himself under iron control no matter what the going is, is a menace to himself and everyone else. The least sign of nervousness—a shaky hand or voice, the tremor of a face muscle—can be more dangerous than the depth charge. Panic is a thing that communicates itself so readily, under the sea. We move such people to other jobs. Absolutely no stigma attaches to such removal. They simply aren't the type."

**Conno Is the Type.**

What is the type? This Connole, the executive officer, is obviously the type. His young face is wise beyond his years in the experience of danger and hardship. In the lean, square jaw, the eye of blue steel, there is unwavering resolution, but his voice is quiet and friendly and so is the grin that keeps breaking over the wide, firm mouth as he tells about the terrors of the "swoosh." I note particularly the unfailing proficiency he gives to members of the crew as they occasionally ask for advice on instruction—the warmth of his interest in their problems; the unfailing profundity of his concern for their personal welfare. It is not so much in what he says as in his attitude toward his men, which is at once that of brother-in-arms and father confessor.

As he talks about the "swoosh," he gets just the right amount of humor over-emphasis into it, so that the other officers and men in the control room start to laugh and the tension is broken. There's another valuable trait in a submariner. The man who, in the midst of anxiety and peril, can come up with some joke or wisecrack, is worth his weight in gold. Submariners treasure the minor witticisms that this or that officer or crewman managed to get off in some tight situation. There is a growing anthology of these, and they are repeated until they become legendary throughout the submarine navy. They don't have to be gems of humor. Really to appreciate them, you have to have been a submariner yourself and lived through some of the situations that bred them.

**Judge Results by Sounds.**

There's the one about the veteran old torpedoman who had his own method for determining whether his torpedoes had struck home. Submariners, by the way, are divided in thinking an escape craft craft only when they have actually seen the ship go under. Often, when the target is protected by planes or warships, it would be suicide to come up and have a look after the torpedo is fired. But submarines claim they can tell by the sounds they hear under the sea whether a ship has been hit and whether it is breaking up and sinking, or only damaged and still afloat.

This torpedoman was such an "expert." His method was to crawl into the escape hatch, glue his ear to the metal frame and