

the submariner and all around us in the sea.

"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! Crack, swoosh! Damndest 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 depth 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 business end of that combination ever forgets it. No sound on earth, above earth, or under the sea, can be quite so pregnant with the threat of an abrupt and cataclysmic end.

It takes a special breed of fighting man 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 direst 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 subs. 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 too readily, under the sea. We move such people to other jobs. Absolutely no stigma attaches to such removal. They simply aren't the type."

Connole 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 unswerving 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 sympathetic attention he gives to members of the crew as they occasionally ask for advice or instruction—the warmth of his interest in their problems; the unfeigned 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 humorous 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 wise-crack, 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 credited with sinking an enemy 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 oldtimers 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

listen with all his might. Once, he was explaining this procedure to some men who were with him in the torpedo rooms during their first enemy contact. The torpedo left the tube and was on its way toward a heavily convoyed Japanese merchantman.

"Now I'll listen and let you know just what I hear," said the torpedoman, crawling into the hatch.

About then, there was a terrific explosion. It hurled the men to the deck and threw the veteran back out of the hatch, halfway across the torpedo room. An enemy depth charge had exploded a few feet from the sub.

As the torpedoman recovered from the jolt and picked himself up, one of the crew cracked:

"Well, Gramps, did you hear anything?"

The story is still good for a laugh at any gathering of the submarine fraternity.

Too Scared to Move.

A crewman told me his favorite. It developed during the first anti-submarine attack he and his mates had experienced. When the charges began to rain down round the boat, a fellow recruit announced:

"I ain't a bit scared, fellows; not a bit. When you're scared you're supposed to run; and, honest, I can't move a muscle."

Illustrative of another type that goes well with submarines is the engineering officer of this sub, Lieut. T. P. McGrath. A giant of a youngster, formerly a football star and heavyweight boxer at the Naval Academy. He got into submarine duty by a somewhat extraordinary route. He was attached to the California when the battle-

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