

How to cook for a whole crew

Ladies, take a lesson from the cook aboard the "USS Skipjack." In a tiny galley he prepares food for 80 well-fed submariners. His efficient Navy way can make your next big party a success

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

This Week Food Editor

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I had asked for it — a dive to the ocean floor. The wind rushed at me like a mad bull. I clung to a one-rope rail, walked the narrow ramp from State Pier, New London, Conn., to the curved top of a mighty whale. It looked like a whale, but it was a different kind of fish. The *USS Skipjack*, the fastest nuclear submarine in the world.

"Down we go," said my escort, Lieut. T. L. Ingraham. "Down" was 30 feet down through a steel tube, like a chimney built for a slim Santa Claus. A narrow ladder embraced the side. I started down the rungs. My skirt blew higher than my head. I couldn't see the ladder or the sky above. I was clothed in darkness — and in gooseflesh. "Who cares," I thought to myself, "what men eat on submarines?"

"This is the wardroom," the young Lieutenant said, "a dining room and meeting place for the officers." Commander William W. Behrens, Jr. was there having his morning coffee. "Welcome aboard."

Now other members of the staff arrived, all strapping fellows, so tall their crew cuts brushed the ceiling. The room was six feet, three inches high. Ceiling and walls were wood paneled. The table seating nine was the main piece of furniture. A leather upholstered bench was along the wall side, on the other, chairs. A tiny built-in sideboard was at one end. Here the coffee perked merrily. Cups went 'round; sugared doughnuts were passed.

The big underwater hotel

I had come aboard for a day of routine maneuvers and to see how America eats in what the crew call "our underwater hotel."

"What's that noise? Anything wrong?" Just testing the alarms. First the klaxon, a diving alarm, sounding like the horn of the old Model T Ford.

Next, a squeal, long and persistent; a warning of collision. A bong, bong, bong — the general warning for all men to go to their stations. We are off, down the Thames River and five miles into Long Island Sound, operat-

ing at 80 to 200 feet beneath the surface.

Now to the galley to see dinner get under way. . . Here Chief Commissaryman John E. Cody of North Quincy, Mass., opened the oven door to show five 12-pound prime ribs of beef coming to tenderness. Cakes were baking for strawberry shortcake. A capsule kitchen six by nine feet. Here Chief Cody and his two assistants prepare food for 75 to 100 men, three times a day.

"E" for Navy efficiency

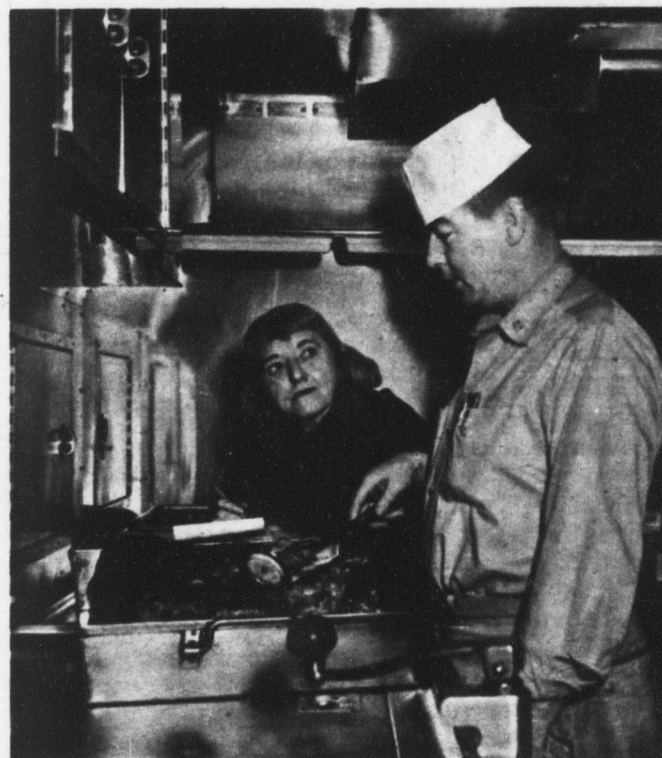
How do they do it? One answer is the Navy has developed compact and multiple-use equipment. Every detail is a marvel in efficiency. The new scullery sink, for example. It has a heating element fastened on the outside to heat cold water for washing dishes in 20 minutes flat; this keeps the water hot automatically. There is a steam pressure cooker which operates fast enough to keep up with the serving line. One of the cookers, completely automatic, prepares six pounds of peas in only four minutes.

Nuclear submarines are capable of cruising 60 days at a time without replenishment, so more food must be carried aboard than ever before. Where to store it? This problem was turned over to the U.S. Naval Research and Development Facility, Bayonne, N. J. There sea-going food is being revolutionized by scientists and engineers.

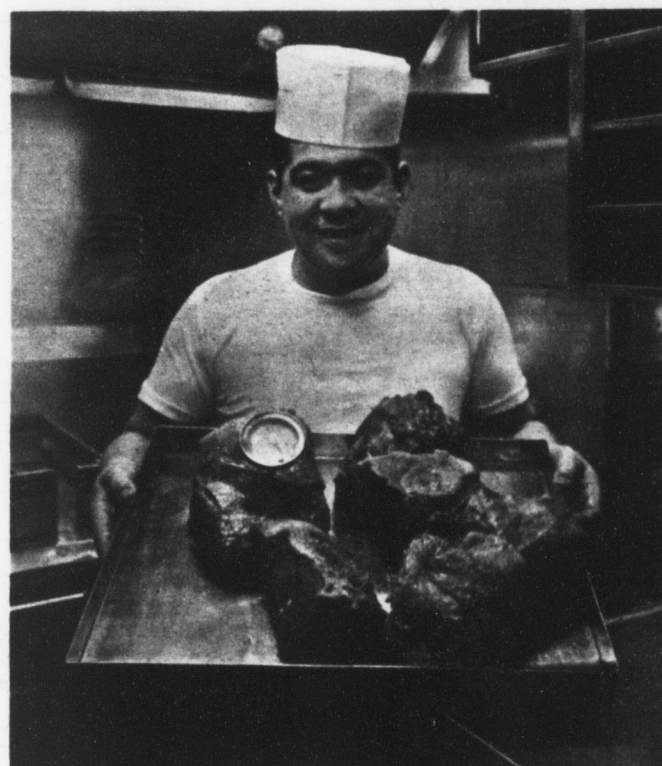
The *Skipjack* was stocked with semi-prepared and so-called convenience foods. Some of these you are familiar with, such as precooked items which require only the addition of boiling water and a quick stir for a delicious hot dish.

One of the many powders and flakes I saw on the *Skipjack* was a one-pound can of dehydrated orange juice crystals which will reconstitute to one gallon beverage, with a space saving of 75 per cent over the canned, three per cent over the frozen.

By adding 3 1/2 parts of water a new tomato juice used by the Navy can be substituted for



Submarine chef: Clementine Paddleford studies his secrets



Guy Gillette Photos

Kitchen on the ocean floor: Paul Bargas serves Sauerbraten

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