

SUBMARINE:

By Comdr. Edward L. Beach, U. S. N.

CHAPTER II.

Without exaggeration, the effectiveness of our submarine force was approximately 15 per cent of what it should have been in the early days of the war. In the Asiatic Fleet, until its final dissolution, the percentage of failure was nearly 100 per cent.

There is no question in the mind of any submariner today that if the submarines of that ill-fated fleet had had the percentage of successes that was achieved later, the outcome of the battles of Corregidor and the Java Sea, and possibly the whole Asiatic Pacific campaign, might have been much different.

It was not long before submariners knew the answer. Faulty torpedoes! Our submarines were being sent to war with defective weapons.

Time after time, in the early days of the war, our submarine skippers reported that their torpedoes were not running where they were aimed; were not exploding when they got there; were going off impotently before they arrived; or were running in circles, with consequent danger to the firing ship.

Letter after letter was sent to the Navy's Bureau of Ordnance and to the Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island, pleading that something be done.

But the desk-bound moguls in Washington and Newport, from their deep knowledge and great experience, were sure they knew the answer. Fire-control errors in the excitement of combat, or sheer lack of competent technique could only be responsible for the misses. The torpedo, a mechanical marvel of perfection, obviously could only where it was aimed. Q.E.D., it must have been improperly aimed, "and don't complain about faulty torpedoes until you can prove the rightful blame does not lie with your own personnel!"

So wrote the men responsible for development of our torpedoes.

Sincere and Hard Working.

Submariners are a sincere and hard-working lot of men. That is one of their innate characteristics, fostered by careful selection and training. Blandly accused of inefficiency and carelessness, they redoubled their efforts to make successful attacks. Torpedo after torpedo was fired under ideal circumstances. More often than not the only reward was the blank futility of "no explosions."

The story of defective torpedoes is a sordid one, and it is part of the tale of the Seawolf.

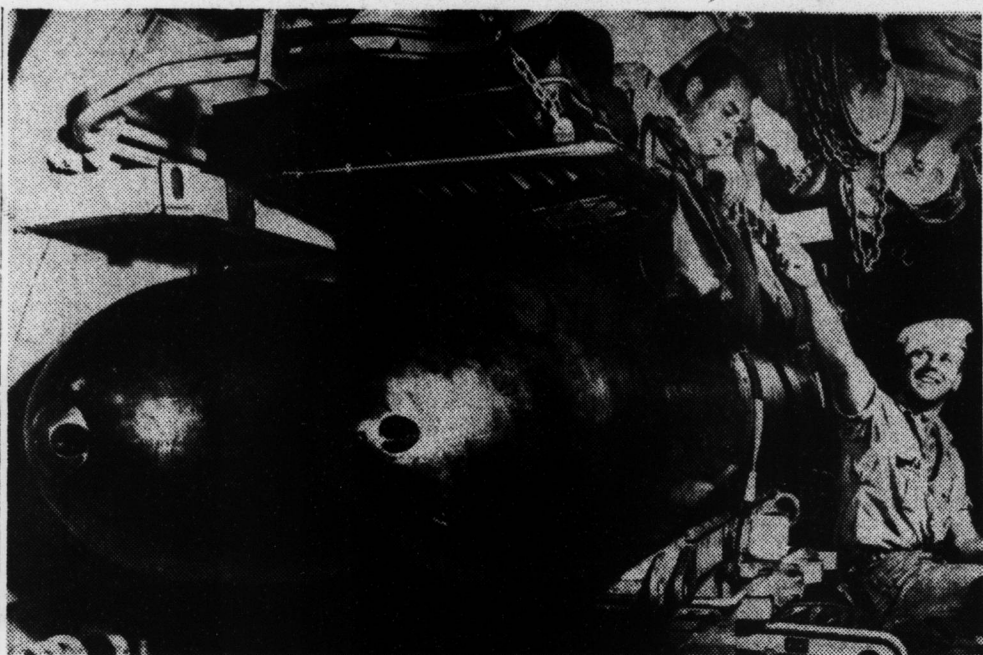
Her battle with defective torpedoes began on March 31 and April 1, 1942, when she engaged three Japanese cruisers off Christmas Island. For two days her skipper, Lt. Com. Frederick B. Warder, remained in the area, almost the entire time under search and attack, and delivered three deliberate, well-planned torpedo attacks upon three different Japanese cruisers.

Already furious, as were all his fellows, with unexplainable torpedo "misses," skipper Freddie made all his attacks from such short range that failure to hit was nearly as impossible as it was inexcusable. In two cases the target screws were definitely heard to stop after the torpedo explosions, and all indications were that at the very least all three must have been damaged.

So Warder reported sinking or damaging three cruisers. But since they had been fairly well identified, it soon became known that all three ships were still very much in action.

A high-ranking Japanese naval

Crews Stunned to Learn They Were Waging Useless Battle With Defective Torpedoes



FAULTY TORPEDOES!—It was weapons like these that Seawolf carried across many perilous miles of the Pacific, only to find them defective. Photo shows how torpedoes are stored in a submarine.

officer was asked about his engagement after the war. His reply, as translated, was a classic understatement: "We realized that you were experiencing a little difficulty with your torpedoes." So Warder redoubled his efforts to make his torpedoes pay off.

One thought was that they might be running too deep. Instructions were to set them to run beneath the hull of an enemy vessel so that the magnetic feature of the warhead exploded would function under the keel and thus blow the bottom out.

If the torpedoes ran deeper than set, they might easily pass harmlessly beneath the target. Conversely, if the patent magnetic exploder were too sensitive, the torpedo might "premature"—that is, go off before reaching the target. The best guess any one could make at this juncture was that either of these suppositions might be right.

They Seek Proof.

On November 3, 1942, Seawolf had penetrated far into Davao Gulf, in Mindanao, in her search for enemy shipping.

Warder and company have reasoned that their torpedoes are passing under the targets without exploding, and have resolved to prove it. Their first requirement is to find a ship which will present no fire control problem whatsoever, thus disposing of that possible cause of failure.

Their second requirement is for the torpedo—if it misses—to explode after passing beyond the target. The location of the explosion should furnish conclusive proof of its path.

Taken together, these requirements spell out an anchored or moored ship in a harbor, where torpedoes fired from seaward will go off upon hitting the shore after passing the target.

For a clincher, Warder has taken two types of torpedoes on this patrol—the Mark XIV, recently put in service, and the obsolete Mark X. Maybe, he thinks, a little comparative performance data might be useful.

At last Warder and his Seawolves sight what they seek: Sagami Maru, an 8,000-ton transport lying at anchor in Talomo Bay, a small harbor.

With Fred Warder at the periscope and Bill Deragon, Executive Officer, backing him up, Seawolf

creeps into position, running silent.

Closer and closer creeps the submarine, her periscope popping out of the water at irregular intervals, never for very long. Finally, Seawolf is in position. Range, 1,400 yards. Target speed, of course, is zero. Current, zero, indicated by Sagami Maru's anchor chain which is hanging straight up and down.

Skipper Warder is determined to eliminate all possible points of error or argument. He will fire his torpedoes with the "straight bow shot"—the simplest one in the book.

"Set depth 18 feet!" With the target's estimated draft of about 20 feet, and with allowance for the torpedo to run only slightly deeper than set, this fish should pass right beneath the dazzle-painted Sagami Maru and explode magnetically under her keel.

The periscope comes up.

"FIRE ONE!"

Keeps Periscope Up.

Grimly determined to see the whole show, Warder now keeps the periscope up. An ever-lengthening path of fine bubbles streaks unerringly for the dappled side of the target.

"If that fish works the way it's supposed to," growls the skipper, "this ship is a goner. It should break him right in half!"

All eyes are on Bill Deragon, who holds the stop watch. The seconds tick away with excruciating slowness.

Suddenly the captain lets out a yelp. "Camera! I nearly forgot! Standby for a picture!"

Warder keeps his eyes at the scope eyepiece. "How much time, Bill?"

"Forty-seven seconds, Captain!" "Should be hitting right now!" Suddenly Warder whips the

camera toward the periscope eyepiece feverishly fits it into place. Almost simultaneously the roar of a torpedo explosion fills the conning tower, and a moment later the sound of hoarse cheering wells up from the control room. "We've hit him! A hit with the first shot!"

The skipper furiously quells the incipient jubilation. "Pipe down! That was no hit! Fish passed under point of aim and exploded on the beach!"

Dead silence.

The skipper's voice cuts through the gloom. "That torpedo was a Mark XIV. Deragon, see that the depth we set on that fish is logged and witnessed, and that the serial number and type are noted. This time we've got proof of what happened. This picture will show the torpedo track to the target and the explosion beyond it."

A smile plays around the corners of Warder's mouth. "For the next torpedo, set depth eight feet and have that witnessed and logged also!" If he's going to break specific instructions, Fred Warder is going to do it properly, with malice aforethought.

"FIRE TWO!" The cross hair of the periscope exactly bisects the single vertical stack of the target.

Ship Rolls But Stays Up.

Again the wait for the explosion, but this time it is not so long. As the impact of the explosion reaches the submarine, the skipper grins and motions to Deragon to take the scope for a look. "I think we really did hit him that time, Bill."

Through the tiny periscope eye-

Suit for \$6,191 Filed Against Grunewald Here

A suit to recover \$6,191.55 from Washington mystery man, Henry (the Dutchman) Grunewald, was filed yesterday in the U. S. District Court for the District of Columbia. James McCunn of Brooklyn, N. Y., asserted the sum of \$4,062.65 has been owed him by Grunewald and his wife, Mrs. Christine M. Grunewald, since he obtained a New York Supreme Court judgment for that amount on May 21, 1935.

Since then, Mr. McCunn said, the mystery man and his wife have repaid \$2,000. However, with the balance and interest, the debt now stands at the figure for which he sued.

can be seen a cloud of spray and mud thrown into the air, accompanied by what looks like pieces of debris. The ship rolls far over toward them, approximately 30 degrees and immediately returns to an even keel.

Share as they may, Seawolf's skipper and exec must admit that there is no conclusive evidence of damage. Despite an obvious hit and the subsequent wild rolling, the target has suffered no appreciable increase in draft.

"How long did that torpedo run?" Warder suddenly asks.

Bill Deragon looks at his stop watch. "Forty-four and a half seconds, captain." The two men look at each other thoughtfully.

Warder speaks first. "Let's see, now. Torpedo run . . . torpedo speed . . . Why, the earliest that fish could have got there is 45 seconds, probably a little longer! It must have gone off just before hitting the target!"

The exec nods in agreement. "That's why he rolled over so far. What'll we do now?"

"Do? We'll let him have another one, that's what! Set depth FOUR feet!"

And so a few moments later fish number three goes on its way, set even closer to the surface. Again the torpedo track is observed to run straight to the target, but this time there is no explosion whatsoever. Sound hears the torpedo running perfectly normally long after the time it should have hit the target. Suddenly it stops.

"Standby FOUR! . . . FIRE FOUR!"

Shells Lobbed at Ship.

Again nothing. Seawolf has expended all her bow tubes, and Sagami Maru still rides at anchor in Talomo Bay—unharmed. And now the submarine has drawn upon herself the quite understandable wrath of Sagami. Two large guns on the Jap's bow and stern have been manned and are lobbing shells at Seawolf's periscope.

But Warder has no thought of quitting, with his target still afloat. The Mark XIV torpedoes have failed. Now he will try the old Mark X fish.

Working against time, checking and reloading torpedoes in the four bow tubes, the men of the

AU Park Group Sets New Time, Place for Meetings

The American University Park Citizens' Association last night voted to change its regular time and place of meeting.

Beginning next month, the association will meet at 8 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of each month in the Westmoreland Congregational Church, Massachusetts and Western avenues N.W.

A motion limiting business to one hour each meeting, unless otherwise specified by a majority vote of those present, also was approved.

The meeting was held in Hurst Hall of American University, Massachusetts and Nebraska avenues N.W.

Seawolf silently perform a miracle of effort, in spite of a room temperature hovering around the 120-degree mark. And half an hour after the fourth torpedo was fired the submarine stealthily creeps back into Talomo Bay for another try.

Again Warder approaches as close as possible before shooting—if anything a little closer this time—again gyro angle is zero, and the camera ready, and so are the obsolete torpedoes.

"FIRE ONE! . . ." This one does it. The torpedo explodes in the stern of the ship. When the smoke clears away the after gun crew has disappeared and Sagami is sinking at last, with bow up and stern down.

A few hours later Fred Warder composes the concluding words to an official report. He has expended five torpedoes, of which the four new Mark XIV were defective. The ship was sunk by the old torpedo. He has photographic proof of the whole thing.

And so he contents himself with a simple statement of fact, leaving much more between the lines than in them: "The failures of the first attack are typical, and merely add weight to the previous complaints of other C. O.s and myself as to the erratic performance of the Mark XIV torpedo and its warhead attachments."

The torpedo problem was not solved yet, for it takes more than one documented report to change the mind of a whole naval bureau. But the weight of evidence continued to mount.

(Copyright, 1952, by Edward L. Beach. Published by Henry Holt & Co., Inc. Distributed by the Register and Tribune Syndicate.)

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Does It Better!
Professional Know-How

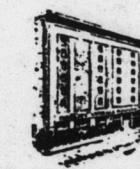
RUGS CLEANED & STORED . . .

Storage in Mothproof Vault—
guaranteed against moths and all
other vermin. Min. 4 mo. (Store
Summer Rugs Now.)

54¢

A Month

9x12-ft. size washed and sham-
pooned with Ivory Soap Flakes for
only \$5.40
Orientals \$6.48

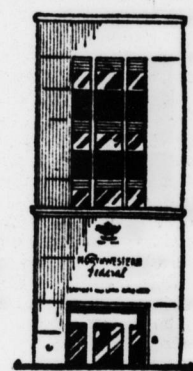


Fidelity Storage

1420 You St. N.W. Established 1905 NO. 3400

What do you do
with your
excess funds?

Why not invest in a safe
place and a sound savings
plan?



HERE SAVINGS are insured to \$10,000 and
liberal dividends are credited twice a year

NORTHWESTERN Federal

SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

1415 Eye St. N.W. RRepublic 5262

You can have beautiful new
rooms in a few hours—with . . .

Pittsburgh WALLHIDE rubberized Satin Finish



So Easy To Apply . . . Has No Objectionable
Odor . . . Can Be Washed Again And Again

● This remarkable new kind of wall paint dries
so quickly you can have beautiful new rooms ready
for use within a few hours. And it's so easy to apply

—start or stop any time—touch up missed spots later—and
get a color-perfect finish without laps or brush marks. It has
no objectionable odor while you put it on or while drying.

● Its rich, velvet-like surface is elastic and rugged—will
not mar easily or rub off. Even stubborn stains—greasy finger
marks, crayon, inkspots, lipstick—can be scrubbed off
quickly and easily. Try rubberized WALLHIDE in a room
or two and see for yourself how it gives thrilling new charm
that lasts and lasts.

PAINT RIGHT with Color Dynamics
PAINT BEST with Pittsburgh Paints

● Ask your Pittsburgh Paint dealer for a free copy of
a colorful new book which explains how you can use
COLOR DYNAMICS in your home to make it lovelier
to live in as well as lovelier to look at. Contains scores
of suggestions for attractive color arrangements.



See Your Neighborhood PITTSBURGH PAINT
DEALER Listed Below

Pittsburgh Paints

PAINTS • GLASS • CHEMICALS • BRUSHES • PLASTICS
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

Washington, D. C.	GAINES BROS., INC. 109 Dangerfield Rd., AL. 6152 Alexandria, Va.	CORAL HILLS FIRESTONE STORE 4731 Marlboro Pike Coral Hills, Md. JO. 8-6300
NORTHWEST	DALE LUMBER CO. 3300 N. Wash. Blvd. Arlington, Va. 8-3100	CAPITAL HEIGHTS GLASS SHOP #1 65th St., Capitol Heights, Md. HI. 6706
CRAYEN & CO. 1919 Pennsylvania Ave. N.A. 8661	R. K. HIRST Tyson's Corner, Va. FA. 1340	LELAND L. FISHER Rockville, Md. Phone 6123
LANSBURGH & BRO. 7th St. bet. D & E Sts. N.A. 9800	LUCAS PAINT & HARDWARE 80 N. Giebe Rd. Arlington, Va. GL. 1148	WHEATON PAINT & HARDWARE Wheaton, Md. Lo. 5-2696
FRANK POCH 4515 Wisconsin Ave. WO. 4517	TREMONT BUILDING SUPPLY CO. Falls Church, Va. FA. 1760	BOWMAN'S HARDWARE 5402 Queen's Chapel Rd. West Hyattsville, Md. WA. 6096
NORTHEAST	WM. SPITTLE 338 W. Center St. Manassas, Va. Phone 368-W	LA PLATA MILL & SUPPLY CO. La Plata, Md. Phone 5661
SOUTHWEST	Maryland	SILVER SPRING BLDG. SUPPLY CO. 8226 Georgia Ave. Silver Spring, Md. SH. 2300
SCHNEIDER'S HARDWARE 716 4th St. DI. 6922	ASHBY AND HARRISON Laural, Md. Phone 329	
Virginia	BRYANS ROAD BLDG. & SUPPLY CO. Bryans Rd., Md. Indian Head 5081	
ANNANDALE VARIETY SHOP Annandale, Va. 2-9861		



WIN A BIKE
FOR XMAS! 150
BIKE PRIZES!

ENTER TODAY!

KIDS... send your statement on why you
like your sandwiches made with Skylark Bread,
and your 16 "Santa's reindeer" end seals to:
P. O. Box 5310,
Terminal Annex, Denver, Colo.
Don't wait, get started now! And remember
Skylark White Bread is the bread made with
extra milk, extra sugar, and extra shortening
all for extra health!

Get full contest details on
Skylark BREAD at **SAFEWAY**

