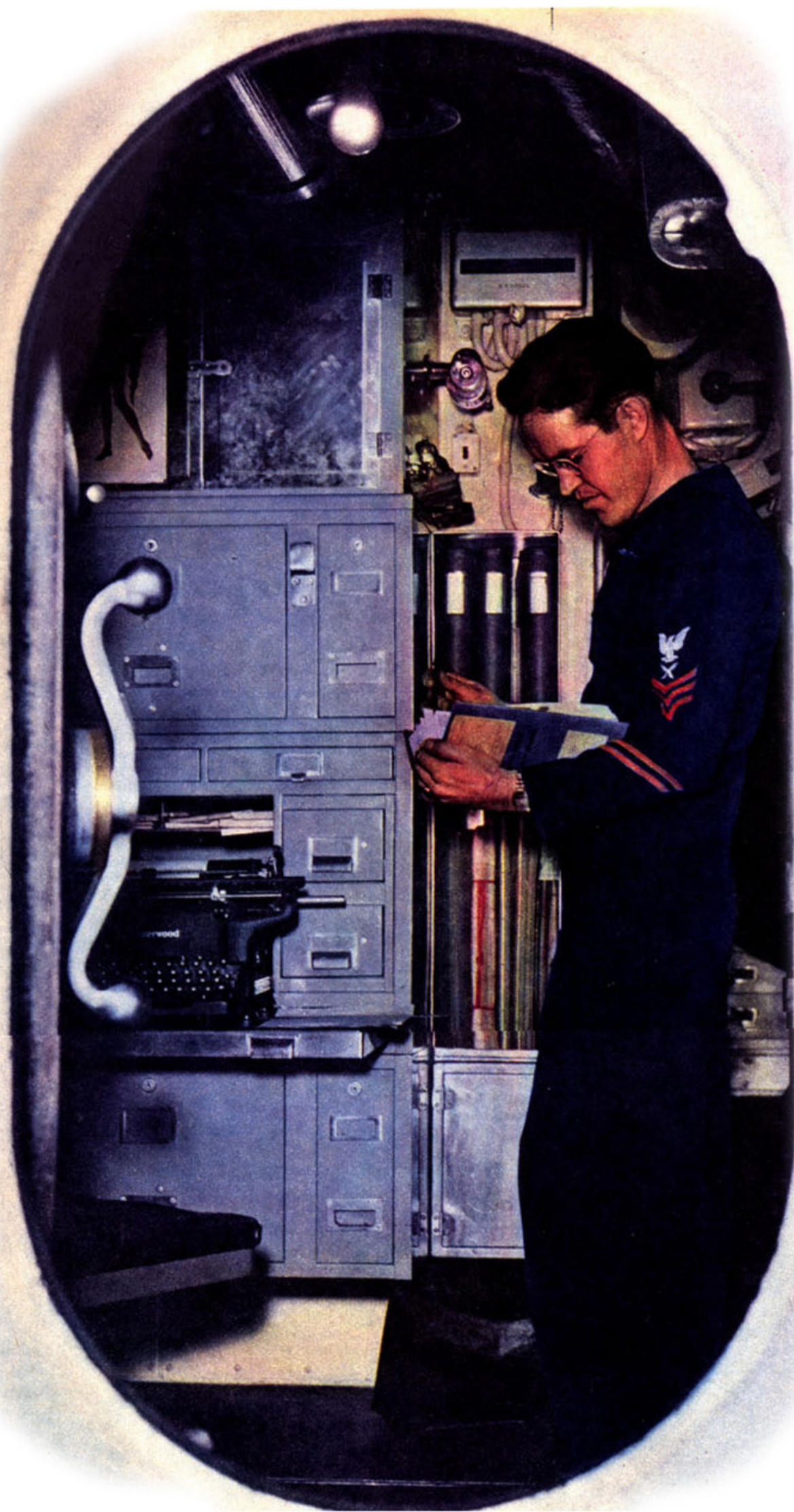




GUN CREW'S READY—ENEMY MERCHANTMAN IN SIGHT!

# Pig Boats and Tin Fish

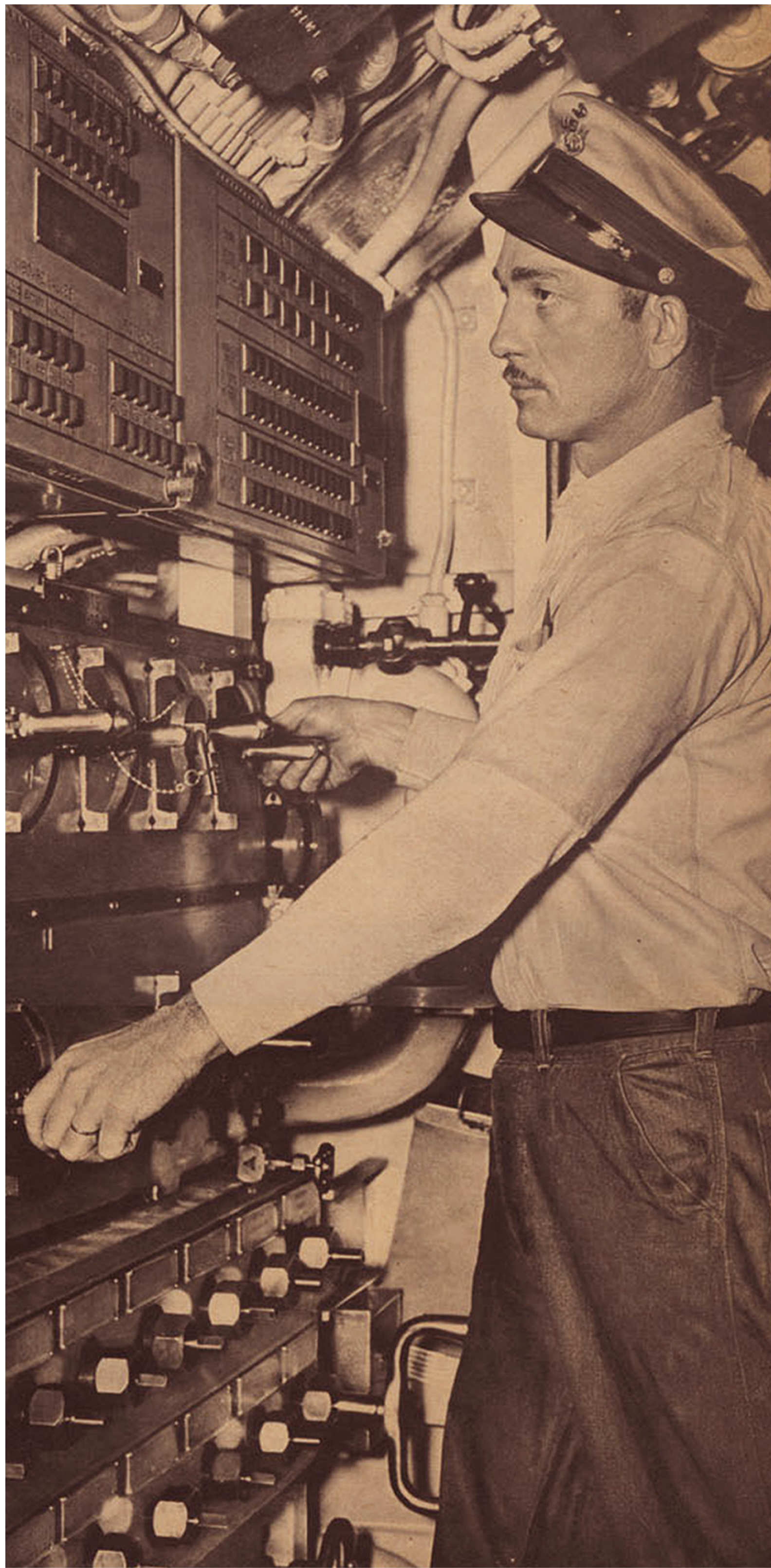
**Make submariners our  
most efficient killers**



**EVERY PIG BOAT** must have its "secretary," a yeoman who keeps its many official papers. His office isn't big enough to swing a cat in but it's as orderly as an efficiency expert's dream. His talents aren't limited to his job of typing and filing. A call to fight sends him to his action station.

Every man on a submarine has been trained to do at least two jobs; this young chap can handle the No. 2 Post of a deck-gun as smartly as his typewriter. There's an interesting rumor about assigning Waves to sub duty. The pig boat lads are reported as protesting this unhappy decision.

**W**ith a crew of 44 men, an American submarine in Pacific waters may reasonably hope to sink twenty or more enemy ships before the end of this war. A cruiser, manned by 800 to 1000 men and with many times a pig boat's fire-power, can count itself extremely lucky to do half as well. The 120 to 150 men who make up the crew of a destroyer will be pleased if they are able to equal a cruiser's bag. As for the 1200 men on a battleship, their chances of doing spectacular damage to enemy craft are governed by luck. Not more than once in one war do they expect to use their killing capacity to the limit. By the nature of his ship and machine, a submariner thus rates himself as the most efficient killer in the science of naval warfare.



**THE SEA-GOING "TOP SERGEANT,"** usually the senior enlisted man aboard, is on his job at his diving station. His eyes are glued to the "Christmas tree," a big indicator panel dotted with red and green lights; red when the valves are open; green when closed. When all green shows, tanks are flooded; the boat submerges.

boresome duty the submariner seldom knows.

Like the crews of Flying Fortresses and Liberators, pig boat men are trained hair-fine for team action. To an extent impossible to sailors on cruisers and destroyers, the security and efficiency of each one is involved with that of his fellows. No submarine skipper rates himself as more valuable than the humblest Seaman 2ndC on his ship. They are a proud lot, our pig boat men, but not boastful. They talk less of their exploits than the public likes. The brasshats apparently have decided to keep it that way. Certain critics, particularly Walter Lippman, believe the strategists in Washington have a long way to go before they will be as smart on undersea warfare as the Germans; this despite the fact that the sub is an American invention.

Maybe we aren't really smart in the way we run this branch of naval warfare, but there can be little criticism of how American subs fight. Prowling the dangerous waters of the western Pacific even to the coasts of Japan they are taking terrific toll of a wily and vicious enemy. One will get you five that when the victory score is at last compiled, the pig boats will be crowding the top.



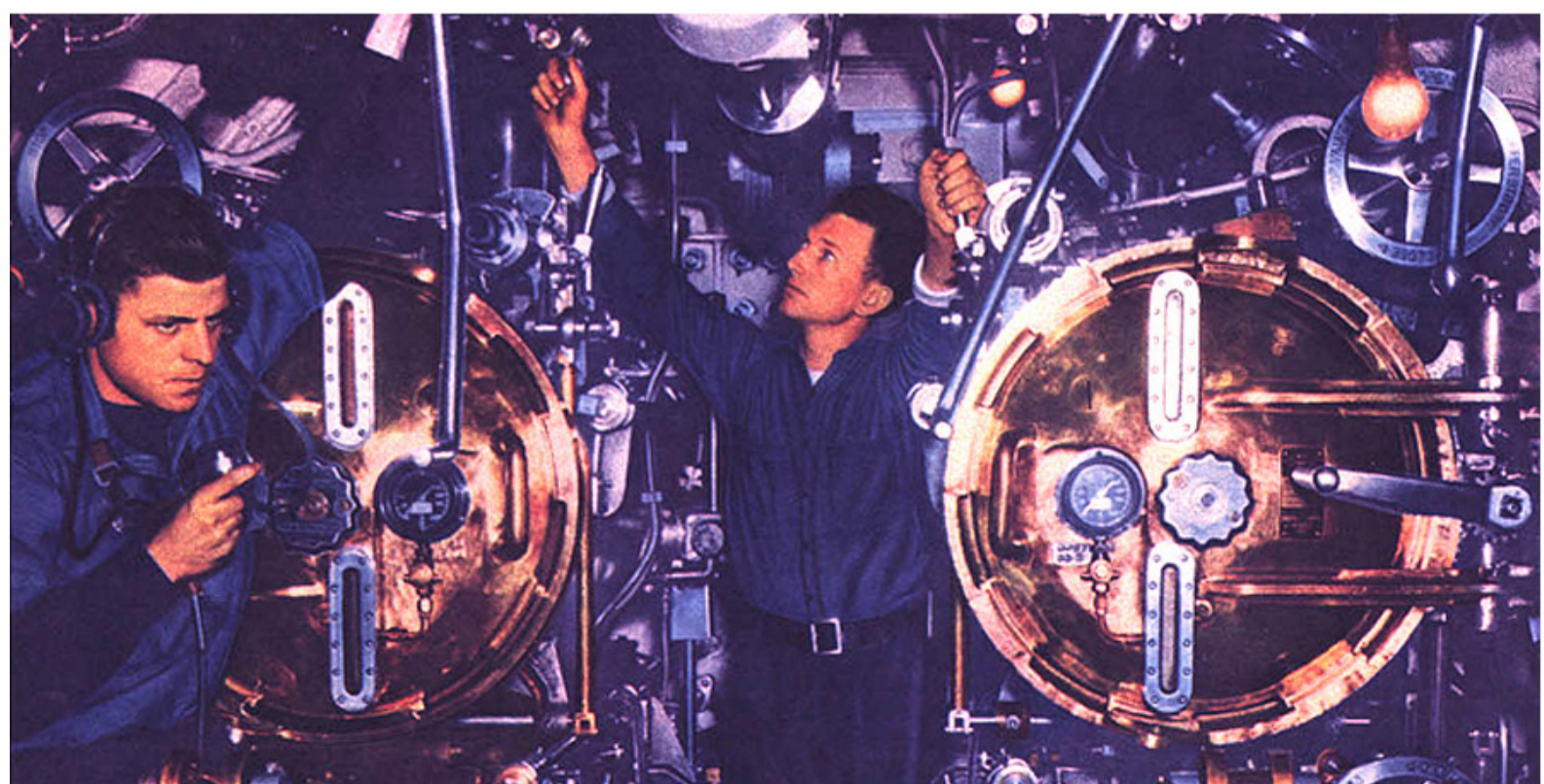
**THIS PARTICULAR SUB,** while not new, is still reliable and doing regular patrol. New boats are larger, more comfortable, and can carry more torpedoes. Two lookouts on the conning tower are ready to signal for a crash-dive if necessary.



**THE CAPTAIN HAS HIS EYE** to the periscope as the enemy is sighted. The sub is only a few feet below the surface ready to launch its deadly cargo of tin fish. The crew is tensed for action because a crash-dive may follow loosing of the torpedo.



**THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE** also doubles as a mess room. A sub skipper is a real commander with terrific responsibilities. Discipline is firm, but understanding between officers and men is a necessary element in subs' effectiveness.



**STANDING BY** the torpedo tubes, the crew is ready for instant action at the command. The tin fish is the sub's main weapon. 21 inches in diameter, it carries about 600 pounds of TNT, can knock out almost anything.

A man in a blue shirt is working in a kitchen, possibly a submarine's galley. He is leaning over a counter, and his hands are positioned as if he is handling something. The background shows various kitchen equipment and a dark, confined space.

**PIG BOATS  
AND  
TIN FISH  
continued**

**IN A SPACE** smaller than the average kitchenette, "Cookie" is able to turn out a royal meal for nearly 50 men. He will drop his pots and pans and rush to position at his battle station whenever the call for action is sounded.



**IT TAKES TWO SITTINGS** to feed a sub crew and the "boardinghouse reach" is unpopular, to say nothing of impolite. Despite excellent food, crews of the pig boats often shed ten to twenty pounds on a long cruise. It's the strenuous life.