

IN A FIGHTING SUBMARINE

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

THOUGH it is not much spoken of, Canada has her part in this present war by sea as well as by land. There is in Halifax a youthful institution known as the Royal Naval College of Canada, where boys are taught manners and to obey on the run, and to learn the ways of the sea and of ships. Four of these cadets joined the Good Hope in the first year of the war, and went down with her in that brief fight off Coronel on Nov. 1, 1914. Others are sub-lieutenants now, doing what is required of them in cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

Half a dozen submarines tied up at a wharf look like a leash of whales ready for the spade and blubber-hook. The conning-tower in the centre may serve to complete a rough resemblance to the hump-back variety. The folded-in diving-planes at the bow have the look of fins. In the July sunshine they looked quiet and peaceful enough. Entrance was effected in the second one through a circular yard-wide hatch well up in the nose of her. Under the skin, the visitor was in the bright, clean, shiny interior of the newest model sub. Here are the "tin fish," the eighteen-inch Whiteheads, four of them in their tubes ready to be fired, and four "spares" in their chocks alongside. Each submarine carried the lives of eight first-class ships under her belt. Being of the newest model,

electricity has in each replaced man power, wherever possible. She was full of wonderful new contrivances, signals and electric lights. By pulling switches into contact all sorts of marvels happened. The officers' quarters were simply a green curtained space abaft the torpedo room. It contained a table and an underwater telephone. On a little book-shelf were a dozen well used volumes. One was David Copperfield. Next came the central control tower, shut off from the rest of the ship by oval watertight doors. The chief's place is up above it; the second in command's head is just under his feet. They communicate orders by very ingenious electric methods. Here the periscope lives. Looking through it is beholding a ruled off grey field, as in a microscope. Then come the rooming quarters for the engine-room crew. Their gear was lying about in disorder mixed with tins of canned food; and on the mess table was a bunch of faded flowers. Beyond that the final chamber showed an oily perspective of the Diesel engines that push her along at eighteen knots on the surface.

THE showman was the second in command, who had interesting tales to tell of Chinese gambling dens. When you win, you ring up the club and your friends come for you in a carriage. Otherwise you would never get away alive with your winnings. The day before, he had been testing his boat in the quiet inner basin of the harbour. Once he had felt himself moving along inside the ribs of an ancient wreck. He did not know, until he was told, that he had encountered one of D'Auville's ships scuttled in 1746. He had been diving also. It appears that a submarine may come down on soft bottom with a thud which will throw the crew off their feet and yet not injure the structure. Very different is the result if the bottom is rocky. A single stone may pierce your skin and then you drown. In this submarine's first dive, the pumps that should have forced out the water and checked her downward progress, refused to act. The men fumbled with them, and did not sing out, afraid of being rated for their clumsiness. Just in the nick of time other pumps were got to work and kept her off the stones. It was not a matter of



Eighty-eight men have enlisted for sea fighting in H. M. Navy from that vast inland province, Alberta. These are the men engaged in recruiting for the Pacific Coast subdivision of the R.N.C.V.R. They were all recruited at the Calgary office. Civilian in the middle is John A. Irvine, who has delivered addresses on the Navy without pay all over Alberta. As secretary of the British Sailors' Relief for Southern Alberta he has raised over \$8,000 for the fund. At his right is Lieut. Edwardes of the Rainbow.

minutes, but of seconds. Afterwards they found that the careless workmen had left various debris in the pumps that would not work. This is the sort of risk submarines run in their trials, in a quiet harbour, thousands of miles from any foe.

On active service the risks are increased a thousand-fold. There is always cold and bad air and sea-sickness. There is the peril of mine-fields and nets under water, the peril of hostile destroyers and submarines on the look-out on the surface. And there are always the perils of navigation, storm, losing your way, gear going wrong, sea getting in and swamping. "Last week was a bad week for submarines. They did in four of ours." That is all that comes out except the list of naval officers drowned in The Times. On the other hand, the newspapers are silent as to the man who was unhappy about the way some chit of a girl had treated him, and took it out of the Hun. He left his beat, made his way actually to Wilhelmshaven, "bagged" an enemy ship and got away. After groping about in the dark underwater world, you may come to the surface of the houseless ocean's heaving field not knowing where you are till a friendly destroyer gives you your bearings. If you open the hatch of the conning-tower to take a look, you may ship a ton of water as a wave slaps over, or you may put your shoulder out against the base of the periscope as she lurches, and finish the trip with the diversion of a dislocation. A submarine may rise and find a hostile destroyer waiting apparently unconscious of danger, until the keen eye at the periscope catches the flicker of a signal and swings his instrument about just in time to see another Hun destroyer preparing to ram from behind, while the first maintains the role of live bait.

The record of a single submarine day by one who was there will enlighten the comfortable folk ashore who feed fat and sleep warm because the writer and thousands like him are living daily within arm's length of Death.

"At 9 o'clock this a.m. we came to the surface—at least we poked our periscope out—and found a big sea running (this we already knew, for the boat had been doing an exaggerated turkey-trot), and a

German submarine taking sights 1,000 yards astern of us. The next sea that came along uncovered our conning tower. She spotted us and dived before we could get turned. Of course we had been frantically getting the tubes ready and, of course, we had them flooded. Then we went to fifty feet and started to pump the tubes into the fore trimming tanks. The boat began to get frightfully heavy by the bows and it suddenly dawned on me that the bow cap was leaking. I went forward and found two hands there up to their waists in water and feverishly trying to stop leaks.

"**T**HE boat was so heavy by the bows that we couldn't keep her up, although we were going full speed ahead with hard to rise on the hydroplanes. We stuck our nose in the bottom with a crash, which didn't improve the leak any.

"I put the pumps on and a deuce of a job it was to get them to heave at that depth. I spent a hectic forenoon climbing up to the stern—we had an inclination of about thirty degrees—to see how the pumps were working and sliding down forward to see if the water was going down. Eventually, after some honest effort by our chief (name censored) we got the worst of the leaks stopped and pumped back to normal trim. We got off the bottom and dived at fifty feet,

not wishing to come to the surface and give our friend the Fritz a free shot at us, and besides, the sea was too big for decent depth keeping. At three this afternoon, after having been twenty-six hours submerged, the coxswain flopped out. I have never seen anyone look as ill as he did. Four of the hands followed his example, and I felt like doing the same. We couldn't smoke, because there wasn't enough oxygen to light a match."

They got home at last sorely exhausted, because there is little difference between drowning in a box of carbonic acid and drowning in the sea. But the four that were "done in last week" went through all this and worse, and never reached port.

Joseph, My Henchman

A LITTLE book called Canada Chaps, by J. G. Sime, contains typical pictures of Canadians at the front. One of the best is as follows:

Joseph, says the writer, is—what shall I call him?—my houseman, my henchman, my pearl of great price. He is Canadian—French-Canadian—something neither quite French nor quite Canadian, something distinct from and yet appertaining to both France and Canada. . . . He came right in with a dash and a hustle and he took hold. He took a bird's eye view of my flat with his intelligent brown eyes, he took off his boots and he put on a pair of list slippers, he tied an apron of strong green baize crosswise about his body—and there was Joseph.

When Joseph broke it to me that he wished to go and serve his King and Country, it was, I confess, a blow; the more of a blow, perhaps, because I had never thought of Joseph as wishing to go fighting anything. . . . As soon as I had got my breath back, therefore, I most unpatriotically pressed Joseph for his reasons, and Joseph ticked off on his fingers.

"Joseph," I said, "it is not a snap! It is not a job sur! You may, and probably you will, get killed."

"Death, madame," replied Joseph, instantly, with a shrug in which were all the centuries of France and not one of those of Canada, "is an accident which comes to any man, which must come to all. I go a little way to meet it. Voila tout!"