

They Were Expendable

By W. L. White

By W. L. WHITE
Kelly fired his boat but missed New Thriller. Liberation of President Quezon masterfully accomplished by Lieutenant Bulkeley. No. 35 T-torpedoed the enemy while on patrol and ends its glorified career. Torpedomen's courage wins praise of Philippine executive.

CHAPTER 17

"We were about ready now for the test," said Lieutenant Kelly. "Another Army tug showed up. We hitched a line onto it, we untied the wheelhouse of the first tug with a line, and as the tide came in we took soundings. The 34 boat needed five feet of water to float—that meant we'd had to dig a two-foot hole under her—had we done it?"

"High tide was 9 o'clock last night. At 8:45 the two tugs started a steady pull; she didn't budge. The water churned as we took soundings. As mine approached, we signaled the tug to give everything they had. At 9:03 the 34 gave a sudden lurch—she was free and would float on her own! But first something had to be done about her back end—rudders, screws and propellers were a jumble of bent steel.

"Before he left for Del Monte the skipper had told us he'd heard of a little machine shop up the coast at Anaken which might possibly have tools straighten out the rudders. So we beached a tug from an Army colonel's tow vessel up there. We were gone ten days and I missed one of the high tide spots of the whole campaign while we were gone."

"It wasn't much," Bulkeley insisted. "Just one of those things where they thank you if you do it, but give you hell if you fail. The Army called me in and said that President Quezon was over on Negros Island and if he could be brought over here, they hoped to get him to Australia. I knew the ship to Negros was risky—seven Jap destroyers were looting the island. I probably to cut off Quezon's escape. So they weren't going to order it. They weren't explaining to me. But of course I knew the hoped for it."

"So we left at 7 o'clock—I was in the 41 boat and Akers was commanding the 35. Off Apia Island, we sighted our Jap destroyer. I tucked the 35 off to one side so we could dodge around the island in time to catch the 41 before she entered Dumatageit—it was pitch-dark, both the town and the harbor were blocked out. We had no chart—I'd never been there before—and when we pulled up to the pier—on President! However, his aide, Major Soriano, was there to meet us. He said three hours before he had already been told by Maudslayi. Quezon had got a telegram from General Wainwright possibly have tools straighten out the rudders. So we beached a tug from an Army colonel's tow vessel up there. We were gone ten days and I missed one of the high tide spots of the whole campaign while we were gone."

about 45 kilometers away—and he might change his mind. We went ripping over there in Sariano's car at 80 miles an hour. Quezon was up, dressed, and considerably interested. He listened to us, looked me over and carefully read my long black beard then, which must have been quite impressive—and finally, after a long talk, when he saw me in Melbourne, shaved. He said he'd never discarded his beard before. He'd known he was riding with a mere child of thirty. Anyway, Quezon and his family were lowered into cars and were off. So then we started for the dock. Meanwhile, I'd left Akers on patrol outside the harbor. If a Jap destroyer came "bumping around," I didn't want him to cut off our retreat and figured Akers could handle him.

"I was riding back and forth about two miles offshore in my 35 boat," said Akers. "Keeping my chain as taut as I could to avoid these seven Jap destroyers, when all of a sudden there was a thump and apparently, which I'm sure I didn't know, a submerged object, a raft with metal on apparently, which had ripped a twenty-foot strip out of our bow. Water came pouring in and we were busy with buckets and pump."

"—and kept right on with your patrol," said Bulkeley—"which took plenty of time. The water kept geysering on us but we thought we could hold it until Bulkeley got back to Quezon to the pier, although I knew we could never get her back to Maudslayi in that condition. When I saw the lights of the car I figured it was safe to come into the harbor. She was sinking fast then, so we left her in a place where she would drift on the sand and in the morning our boys could salvage her machine guns. Then we all climbed aboard the 41 boat with Bulkeley and the Quezon party. You might say that was the end of the 35 boat, and it was, but quite, although she fought her last fight. Bulkeley was working frantically to keep the sponsons together. A few days later he came over, plugged the hole temporarily, and towed her back to Cebu, where we hoisted her on the marine railway for repairs. We burned her just before the Japs came into the town."

"The trip back with Quezon was as rough as I'll ever see," said Bulkeley. "We left at three o'clock with 125 miles to go before dawn. At 4 o'clock a big sea landed us a punch in the jaw which knocked me and my men overboard. We were instantly started a hot run—a terrific hissing of compressed air, the propeller starting.

ing. It sounded like the end of the world.

"In a situation like that," said Bulkeley, "the logical thing to do is to get them off by firing an impulse charge—touch off some black powder in the middle of the tube which sends them scotching. But we were having trouble with the mechanism—it took a minute to get this done, and meantime the two aft torpedoes were sticking out of the tubes so they seemed about to fall, so the two torpedomen, Holthaus and Ligon, got out of our bow with their feet, hanging on by their hands to the forward tubes; and, to let us know they were loose. They couldn't, but they certainly impressed President Quezon very much. It was then, when he got to Australia, gave them to Distinguished Conduct Star of the Philippines for what they did that night, as well as to English Cox and me. And it was tickled for the two torpedomen, too. Before we left the torpedoes out, their back ends, where they had their right reds from the heat. On a normal day, the enemy who was entering water keeps them cool. But out of the water, they're not only hot but they're ready to crack across on us."

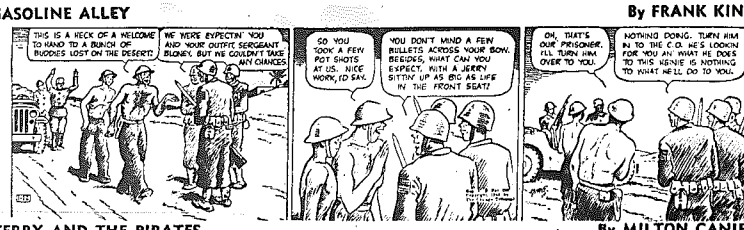
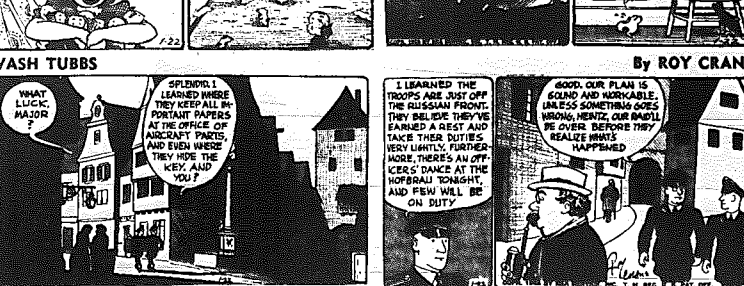
"At first President Quezon didn't understand what was going on, and asked why we were getting ready to fire the two torpedoes. Not wanting to worry him unnecessarily, I said we were just fixing them up—the enemy who was entering water kept them cool. When we got him ashore at Oroquieta, I explained that we'd really been in quite a dangerous situation.

"We found a passage through the coral reef outside Oroquieta just at dawn and found General Sharp waiting in his car. In order not to be recognized, Quezon had a red bandanna over his face below his eyes. But the natives all knew him in spite of it—hats were worn by the natives as he rode off down the street." "We missed it all," said Kelly, "because we were up there in Akers trying to repair the crumpled steel in our hind end at that little overzealous back monkey laboratory which they called a machine shop. Native divers, holding their breath, took off the struts and struts of the rudders and the propellers. We teled to pound the propellers back into shape with hammers on iron logs, while the proprietor did his best to straighten the rest in his machine shop."

"He was a nice guy," said Kelly, "and a red bandanna over his face. In one way he was glad to have us there, because if the Japs had seen us, they could be most useful. On the other hand, if their planes saw us, they'd be in a hell of a fix to get us. And he was doing a lot of good work for us. Anyway, the longer we stayed, the more unappreciated we got."

"Finally there was a trial run. She'd make only two kinds of fraction of her normal speed; and the vibration was terrible; you'd think someone had packed an earthquake in our lair."

"Next, chapter stocking submarine for Corregidor's heroes."



WISHING WELL

Registered U.S. Patent Office.

N	8	3	6	4	1	2	8	3	6	4	8	3
M	Y	T	A	A	A	S	O	O	W	D	U	B
R	E	I	C	R	E	S	A	A	S	E	S	U
4	7	4	8	2	7	3	6	3	8	5	3	2
6	5	3	2	6	3	8	4	2	3	8	5	7
1	T	H	C	I	L	F	T	A	T	L	H	O
2	3	4	8	6	5	3	2	7	6	4	8	3
S	P	W	E	I	W	C	D	2	8	3	5	7
4	5	3	2	6	3	8	4	2	3	8	5	7
E	N	L	A	U	C	I	W	C	D	2	8	3
T	3	2	1	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	7	6
J	G	L	E	C	S	S	T	E	B	E	Y	E

HERE is a pleasant little game that will give you a message every day. It is a numerical puzzle designed to spot in our fort. Count the letters in your first name. If the number of letters is six or more, subtract four. If the number is less than six, add three. The result is your key number. Start at the upper left-hand corner of the rectangle and check every one of your key numbers, left to right. Then read the message the letters under the checked figures give you.

OUT OUR WAY

TH' BIG GUY'S HAD TWO YEARS' REPAIR GANG EXPERIENCE AN' TH' STUPID LOOKIN' ONE NEVER DID REPAIR WORK BUT IT WILL IN TRY IT!

I'LL TAKE TH' STUPID GUY--I CAN'T USE THAT OTHER ONE AT ALL, NOT FOR A MINUTE!

THAT'S ONE FER YOU! HE SEZ A MAN WHO IS TOO PROUD OF HIS HANDS CAN'T YAPPIN' IN ALL TH' PAPERS. BE VERY PROUD OF HIS JOB OR HIS COUNTRY AN' IS AS USELESS IN A MACHINE SHOP AS A DOLL IN A DISH PAN!

HE SEZ THEM GLOVES! HE SEZ A MAN WHO IS TOO PROUD OF HIS HANDS CAN'T YAPPIN' IN ALL TH' PAPERS. BE VERY PROUD OF HIS JOB OR HIS COUNTRY AN' IS AS USELESS IN A MACHINE SHOP AS A DOLL IN A DISH PAN!

THE BEAUTY PACKS J.R. WILLIAMS 1-22

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE

EGAD! PERHAPS A MORSEL TO TICKLE HIS PALATE WOULD INDUCE THE LITTLE MAN TO CEASE THAT INFERNAL CATER- WAULING!—HU! BEANS, HEAD LETTUCE, COLD WORK?—JONE! WHAT'S IN THIS BOWL, JASON? IT HAS A MOST FETCHING AROMA!

I GUESS HE STILL A LITTLE YOUNG FOR A BANANA OR HOT DAWG!

BAW-YAWP!

MANICE PIE MIGHT DO IT—

Today's News Today
Why Wait 'Til Tomorrow?
The Charlotte News

DOROTHY THOMPSON SAYS PLENTY

... and what she says is down right interesting. Her straight-from-the-shoulder talk has won for her thousands of loyal readers all over the country. You, too, will enjoy Dorothy Thompson's interesting column appearing regularly in—
THE CHARLOTTE NEWS