

Schools AT WAR

A REPORT TO THE NATION



Independence Hall
PHILADELPHIA
1776

SPONSORED BY * * THE WAR SAVINGS STAFF OF THE U. S. TREASURY
DEPARTMENT, THE U. S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION AND ITS WARTIME COMMISSION



SCHOOL Oak Ridge

ADDRESS Stigler Okla.

STREET

TOWN

STATE

Stigler

WE REPORT TO THE NATION

We herewith submit a bird's-eye view report of our
SCHOOLS AT WAR Program. It includes factual and pictorial
accounts of our War Savings Program and other outstanding
war activities. It is tangible proof of the resourcefulness, skills,
activities and the will to win of every student, teacher and
parent enlisted in our SCHOOLS AT WAR Program.

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Name of School Oak Ridge

Address Stigler Oklahoma

Enrollment 26 Grades 1-8

No. of Teachers 1 (Jewell Watkins) No. of Classrooms 1

Size of Community _____

Cash Value of War Stamps and Bonds sold during SCHOOLS AT
WAR Program \$43.11 (including Mrs. Hurst

one of the patrons) bond of \$18.75

"Father of Every Race,
Giver of Every Grace,
Hear us we pray!
Let every land be free,
May all men brothers be,
All nations honor Thee,
Now and for aye"

Oak Ridge Pupils.



We, the pupils of Oak Ridge School, realizing that we are all in the war and we each have a job to do, want to do our part. We started from the very first and mean to keep on. Our President and our boys are giving all their time and energy to win and we are gladly doing our part at home to keep America the land of the free and the home of the brave.

1. Sibyl Johnson 2. Jayce Hurst 3. Mary Akins 4. Wynne Forrester
5. Billy Stubblefield 6. Lora Mae Akins 7. Jewell Dean Stubblefield
8. Lavanda Johnson 9. Wanda 10. Bobbie Bailey 11. Patsy Apple
12. Patsy Stubblefield 13. Pat Stubblefield 14. Mary Apple 15. Freddie Apple
16. Pauline Stubblefield 17. Billy Gene Forrester

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... and make it
SNAPPY!

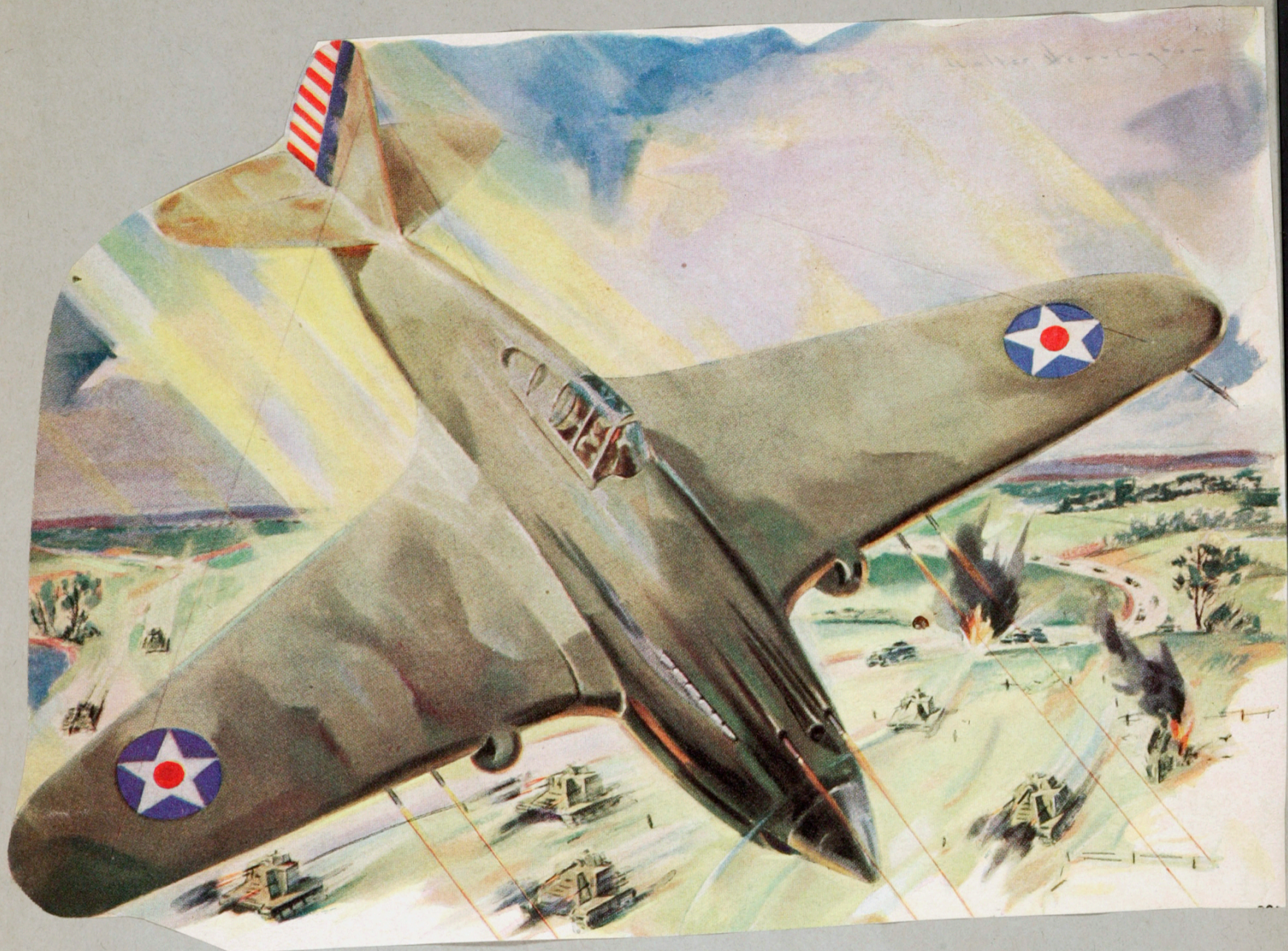
Scrap the Axis

Salvage and sell your scrap metals, waste paper, old rags, and discarded rubber . . . and do it TODAY!

We are doing just that! We have organized to collect scrap iron, rubber and metal. The pupils made a list of the people in the community who had scrap iron and got them to promise to haul it to the school houses if it was too much for them to carry. We are going to do everything "Uncle Sam" asks us to and "make it snappy" so our fighting forces will have planes, ships and ammunition.

Page 3.

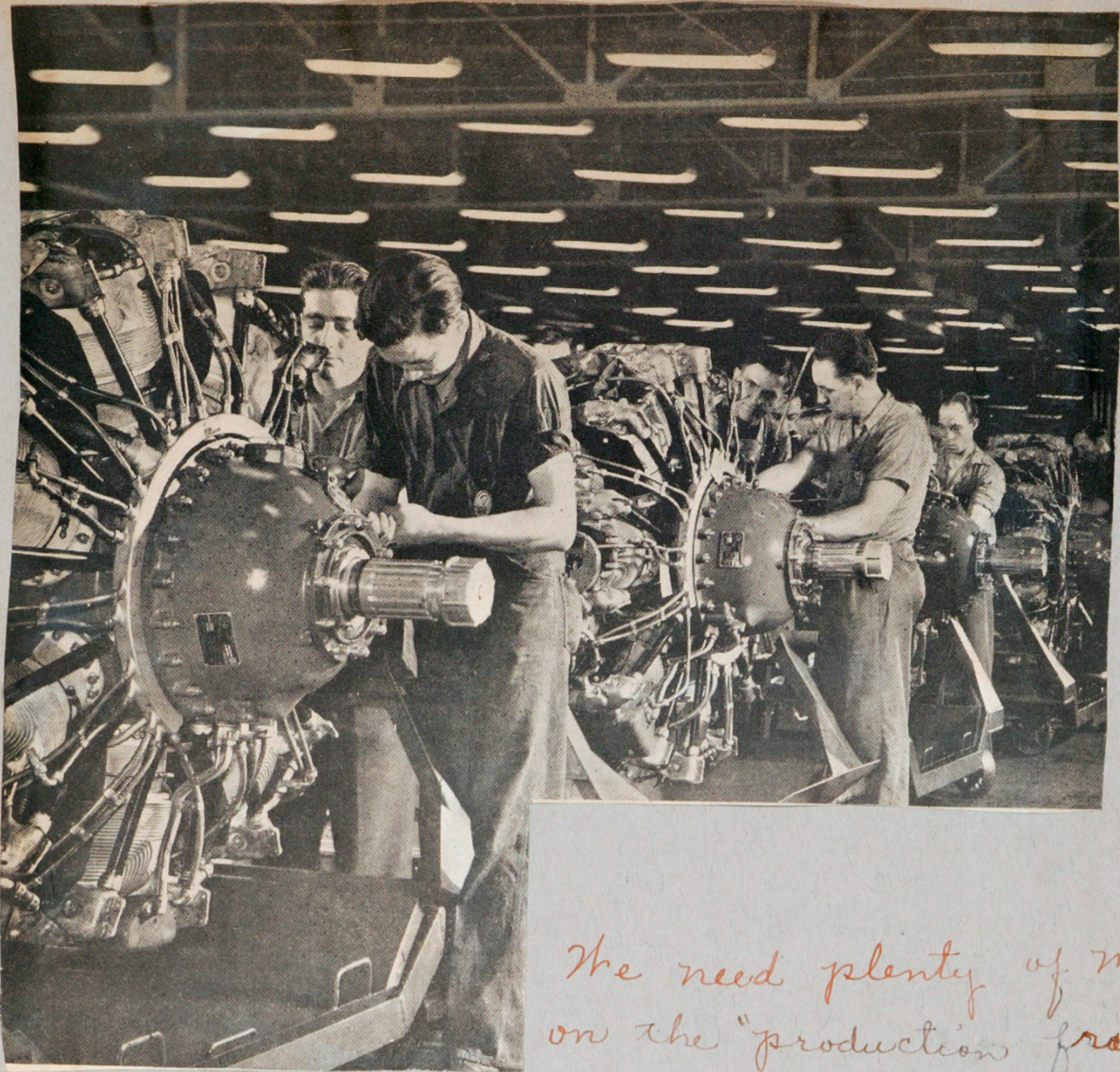




The need lots of Bomber Planes.

YOUR SCRAP

Give your scrap to Uncle Sam,
 And give those Japs an awful
 wham.
 Send their ships to the bottom of
 the sea,
 And then we will be free, free, free.
 The Japs, they think they're awful-
 ly smart,
 The smartest you can find,
 But when our boys get over there,
 They'll gladly change their mind.
 Uncle Sam is asking you
 To buy war bonds and stamps.
 They will put the Axis where they
 belong,
 And help the boys in camp.
 Don Totty, Second grade.



The need plenty of workers
on the "production front"



When Her Husband and brother joined the army, Mrs. Helen Diorio decided to become a "production soldier." In a G-E factory where home appliances once were made, she is now busy assembling those vital control switches that are the electrical nerve centers of U.S. tanks and planes.

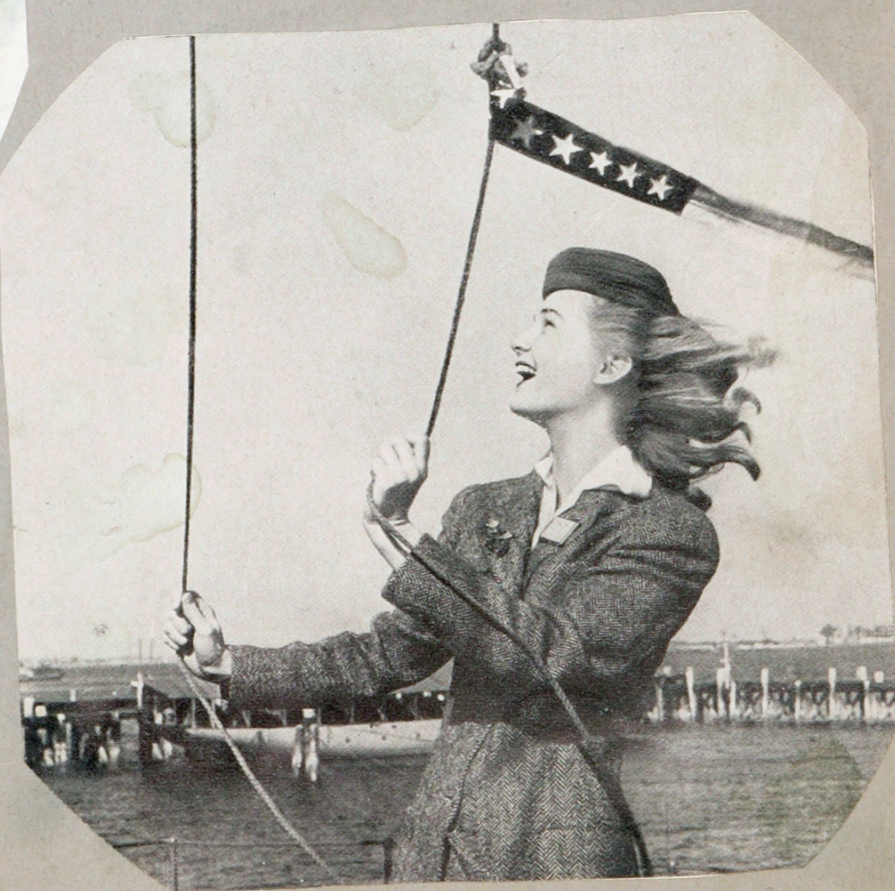
Saving Our Tin.

We appreciate what is given us in tins for our hot-lunch. So in a measure, to show that appreciation and more to do what we can to help win this war, we are saving our tin cans.

Every Friday we take time to open the cans clean and press them out as directed and turn them in to the Commodity office. We believe tin will help us win. It is fun to get our cans ready for use.



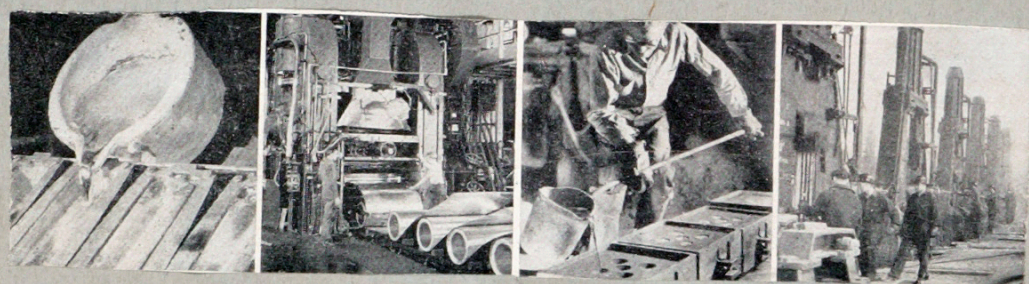
"It ain't the guns nor armament
Nor funds that they can pay
But the close cooperation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual—
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul."
Rudyard Kipling.



I'm in this War... Personally!

"Maybe I can't 'join up' and wear a uniform or work in a factory, for I've a good-sized family of war workers to care for. But I'm finding a lot of things I can do to help... like saving tin, for instance, and keeping the household budget down so there will be more dimes and dollars for War Bonds!"

"We women know this is our war, too."



Hitler

Hitler is a dirty dog.
 He ought to be butchered
 like a hog,
 He sits in a mansion and
 studies up lies
 The coward sends out dirty
 spies
 But we'll bomb Old Hitler and
 take his land
 Because you know he can't
 whip "Uncle Sam".

By Wayne Forester
 Oak Ridge

FOR FREEDOM
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You only aid the Axis
 When you stop, or pause.
 You owe it to the soldiers
 To furnish shells and guns
 To crush the cruel Axis
 The Japs, Wops and Huns.
 Adopt this for your slogan,
 "Full Speed Ahead"
 And don't ever shirk or slacken
 "Till the Axis all are dead."
 And, remember Pearl Harbor,
 Corregidor, Bataan,
 By producing more explosives
 To bomb Germany and Japan.
 W. H. Crockett (Guard)
 Naval Ammunition Depot.

Old Dirty Hitler.

Hitler is a wild cat
He is crazy as a bat

I'd like to shoot all the Japs
And get back all our scrap

"Sink a Jap with our scrap.
Keep him sunk with our junk"

Hitler is a dirty skunk
When we get over there he
will be sunk.

By Freddie Apple
Oak Ridge

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Frown Hitler, Frown!

Frown Hitler! You're so pert
Frown Hitler, you'd better be alert
For we are coming in a jiffy
To make you scared and stiffy

We are going to make you frown
We will get you with a slam.
You and your men will drown
You'd better watch for our boys
and "Uncle Sam".

Let's buy war bonds and lots
of stamps
To kill a million Germans
and Japs, the scamps.
They will give them a heavy
rap
And kill the Germans, Wops,
and Japs.

When this war is over Hitler
won't feel so clever.
"Old Glory" will wave forever.
Our flag will keep waving high

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And there will be no more
clouds in the sky.

by Mary Atkins

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Naval Ammunition Depot.

A Free Country.

I. Those dirty Japs are yellow saps
They bellow and bawl
When our boys get over there
Just watch those Japs fall.

II. We're all gathering scraps
To whip the dirty Japs
One good pile over your junk
Will fix a bunch of the dirty
skunks.

III. We'll also gather all the tin
To be sure that we will win
We will win the Victory
Our country then will forever
be free!

IV. We'll all buy war bonds and
stamps
To help whip the dirty
scamps.
We'll bring the Japs down
that have told many a lie
And then we'll keep "Old
Glory" waving high.

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IV. The boes that are in this
 awful fight
 Are going to put the Japs
 out of sight.
 And when this war is
 through
 They will carry the flag
 with the red, white and blue.

by Sybil Johnson

FOR FREEDOM
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PATRIOTIC POEMS

We are this week publishing some patriotic poems written by the grade pupils in the Hoyt school.

MY PART FOR FREEDOM

I'll buy defense stamps, all that I can,
For that's not much. My teacher gave her man.
I'll gather scrap and not mind the dirt,
For our boys over there would never shirk.
I'll zip my lip about all I know,
So our boys won't hear the bugles blow;
But they can come home where they want to be,
For this is the land of the brave and the free.

Carleta Faye Heflin, Grade 7.



STARS IN A STORM

When all is calm and quiet with peace,
The flag sags on its mast;
The colors cling in breathless air
Around the glorious past.
But when a storm strikes on our shores
The flag unfolds its length;
The Stars and Stripes stand out again
To show united strength.

Do you like this little poem? It was written by an old man who was run over by a car and who was laid up in a hospital for two months. While he waited for his bones to mend, he looked at a flag on a Government building across the way and thought out the words of the poem. They were printed in the "letters to the editor" column of a newspaper, where I found them. United we stand.

BUY WAR BONDS FOR FREEDOM

Buy all the war bonds you can,
To help the boys defeat Japan.
They must have guns and ammunition,

To drive old Hitler to submission.
J. B. Hamlin, Grade Two.

I'll buy a war bond,
You gather scrap.
I'll get old Hitler,
And you get a Jap.
It will take a lot of both,
So we will all work together.
We'll put old Hitler and Mussolini
in the junk pile together.
Conard Wayne Heflin, Grade 5.

Buy bonds and stamps
And whip the Japs.
And we will win the war
A little scrap will kill a Jap,
And make an army car.
We'll whip the Germans and the Japs,
When we get through we'll take
their scrap.

Donald James, Grade 4.

KEEP THE BALL A-ROLLIN'

If you have a job to do,
Do it with a will—
If it be just common labor,
Or if requiring skill.

Keep the ball a-rollin'
Be loyal to the cause.
You only aid the Axis
When you stop, or pause.

You owe it to the soldiers
To furnish shells and guns
To crush the cruel Axis
The Japs, Wops and Huns.

Adopt this for your slogan,
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Naval Ammunition Depot.



First line of defense - food!
We can all produce it too
in our Victory Gardens!



To start us off and create interest the teacher gave us each a war stamp book with one stamp in it as a Christmas present. We have had patriotic programs and talks almost daily. We don't talk so much about the war, but we are saving and adding to our war saving stamp book to give what we can to help win this war.

Twenty-five stamps and books were given making \$2.50

To that amount has been added \$3.10, making a total of \$5.60. This doesn't sound like much but the pupils are adding to their books as they can, and all plan to fill them.

The teacher has bought one bond. (\$18.75).

Victory Gardens

IT TAKES A HEAP O' DIGGIN'

"It takes a heap o' diggn' in the dirt to make a farm,
It takes some earnest plannin' uv your work to find its charm,
Ya won't find much time for sighin'; it takes some honest tryin'
If yer goin' t' make a livin' on the farm.

"It takes some cultivatin' uv a plant to make it grow,
You'll find it aggravatin' when the weeds begin to show,
Tho' yer back is nearly breakin', and yer bones are a-achin',
Ya jist duck you head and hurry up the row.

"If yer heart gets wrapped up'n it when ya go to cuttin' hay,
Yer so anxious to begin it ya can't wait fer crack o' day,
If ya see a storm a brewin', then ya get the farmstead stewin'
An' most every other worry fades away.

"When yer body's near t' flunkin' cause ya couldn't stop t' eat,
And you'd like to be a bunkin' with a chance t' rest yer feet,
Then the chores must be attended, not t' have t' would be splendid,
But the soundness of yer sumber can't be beat.

"Ya perhaps won't make a fortun' that'll show among the best,
But ya keep right on a marchin' ya can feather quite a nest,
And the world will call ya wealthy, if ya keep the family healthy,
As ya split yer time fer work and play and rest.

"Taint all jist tedious diggn' on the farms t' make it pay,
Yer partner with creation if yer trained t' see that way,
There's a glorious soul-expansion, fer yer workin' in God's Mansion,
And yer heart sings as ya watch the sunbeams play."

—Author Unknown.

We are all going to have to do a "heap o' digging" to feed our boys and the Allied forces. A fighting man eats twice as much so we are having to double our efforts this year. We have been talking and planning a Victory Garden. Each one has promised to raise all the food possible in a Victory Garden.

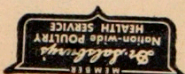


Hitler gives them propaganda -



Dr. Salsbury's

DR. SALSBUURY'S LABORATORIES, Charles City, Iowa
A Nation-wide Poultry Health Service



Buy from hatcheries, druggists, feed, produce dealers who display this sign. Our service enables them to give you sound poultry health advice.

Early Worm Control Pays! Get CECAL and LARGE ROUNDWORMS With Dr. Salsbury's AVI-TON 100% medicine; contains 7 drugs that also stimulate appetites, aid digestion. Ideal fock wormer for older birds, too! Mix it in the mash.

page 15.

VICTORY

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG



EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

PACK T

Good



Illustration of a family (mother, father, young girl, and boy) gathered around a table preparing food. The table is set with various food items including a box of NESTLE'S MILK, a bowl of eggs, a bowl of orange sauce, a red lunchbox, and a tin of food. The background is a bright yellow glow. The text 'PACK T' and 'Good' is visible in the upper right corner of the illustration.



Norman Rockwell

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

Abraham Lincoln

Thrilling Account of Dramatic Escape From Corregidor In U. S. Sub Given by Wife of Former Philippine Official

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this stirring story, Elizabeth E. Sayre, wife of the former high commissioner to the Philippines, tells of the dramatic, danger-filled journey by submarine from besieged Corregidor to Australia with her husband, their 15-year-old son, Bill, and a small group of other Americans. The account is a condensation of a copyrighted article by Mrs. Sayre appearing in the current September issue of the Atlantic Monthly.

By ELIZABETH E. SAYRE

NEW YORK, Aug. 29 (Wide World)—Every incident of our last day on Corregidor stands out vividly in my memory. I talked with many old friends, knowing I should not see them again, yet unable to tell them so, as our departure was a military secret.

The submarine which had evacuated President Quezon and his party was returning to pick up us that very night.

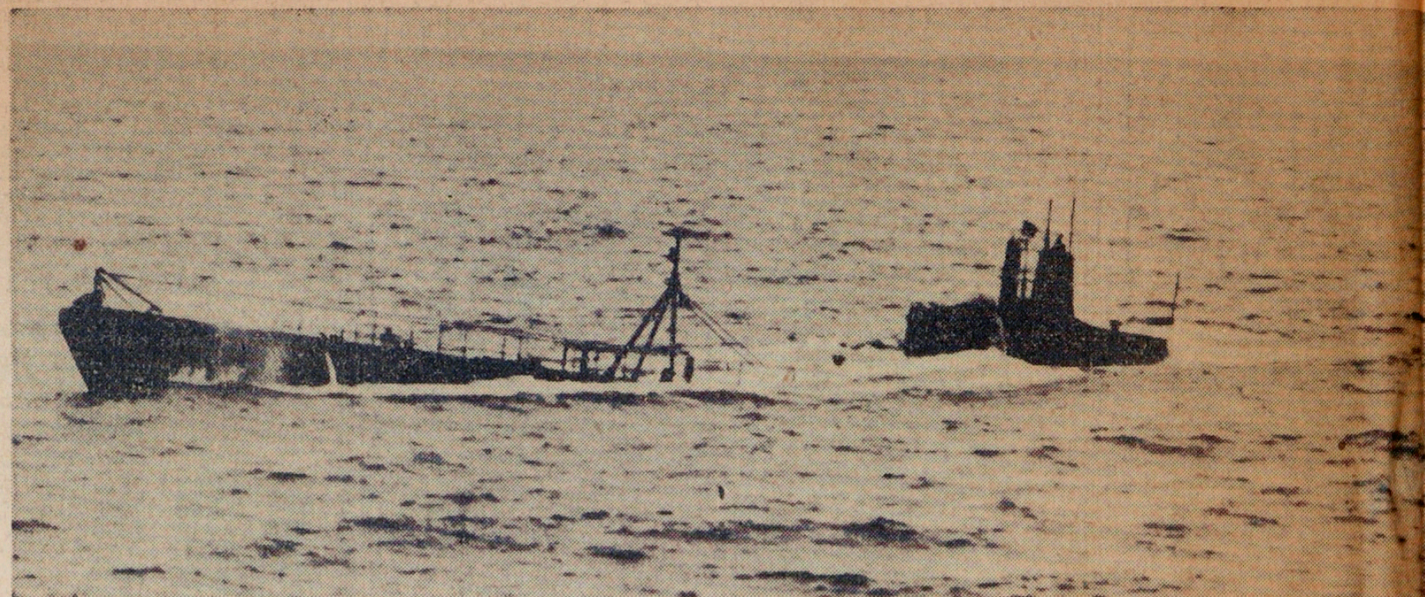
Some of them knew, however, and pressed into my hand a watch, a note, a class ring, asking me to take it home.

Small Yacht Quietly Loaded

"Tell them I'm fine; they mustn't worry; we'll lick the Japs! This place is the safest spot in the Philippines." They wouldn't look at me when they talked. They knew that I knew what they meant.

It was dark when we drew up on the north dock where many figures were quietly loading a small yacht. We were to get aboard quickly because the Japs had been shelling this particular "hot spot."

Gen. MacArthur's voice was reassuring when he said, "you will have a hard trip, but when you come up at the end you



"We lived for that wonderful moment each evening when our ship dared to rise to the surface and the first sweet breath of fresh air swept through the passageway," says Elizabeth Sayre, recounting her dramatic escape from Corregidor in a U. S. submarine. (A. P. photo)

will be in a different world." Adm. Rockwell's hand was firm and warm.

"Good luck. You are going out with our ace submarine skipper. He'll get you through."

We huddled on the afterdeck on top of our suitcases as the ropes were cast off and we moved away mysteriously into the blackness.

Our 15-year-old boy pressed against us

in the dark. "Where are we going, Daddy? You said you would tell me as soon as we started off."

"We're going home, Bill. We're going home!" what a surge of emotion those words aroused in our hearts.

Our eyes were straining into the star-reflecting waters.

"There she is!" someone whispered. "Look! On our starboard!"

From the darkness we saw emerging a slim black shadowy ship. Hands reached out to help us across and down a narrow wet gangplank.

"Good-bye and good luck!" came across the water from the men on the Mary Ann. We said farewell.

We went down two narrow, round hatches, through the conning tower and ca-

(Continued on Page 3-C, Column 4)

DRAMATIC ESCAPE FROM CORREGIDOR IN U.S. SUBMARINE RECOUNTED BY ELIZABETH SAYRE

(Continued from Page 1-C)

trol room. We were moving! There was a slight motion. A young officer motioned our party down the narrow passage.

Along each side were three tiny cabins, the largest of which was the wardroom, a compact little room which seated eight people at meal times, slept three people at night, and had two canvass folding chairs, a built-in library on one wall, a radio speaker and two wall fans on the other.

Next to this was a tiny galley. Directly across from the galley was the submarine's shower bathroom, which I called the "execution chamber."

MECHANISM INTRICATE

A young officer escorted the four women of our party into this tiny cell of horrors and explained the intricate mechanism of its sanitary arrangements.

"It is quite simple," he assured us. "I believe you will not make any mistakes."

Poor deluded but hopeful instructor! we learned to avoid this room like the plague unless the ship was surfaced.

We were led down the passage toward the stern to the four-bunk cabin at the end. Here there were two double-decker bunks, a wash-basin, a mirror, and four drawers.

"Try to get some sleep now," suggested Lt. McCloskey. "We will submerge at 6 a.m."

At 6 a.m. a harsh klaxon sounded three times; we felt a slight motion; our ears tightened up, and soon the air became so close and so hot we could not sleep, we were now deep under the surface at the usual cruising depth.

It seemed only a few minutes later when we were called in to breakfast with the captain. This young man already had eight scalps

to his belt—eight Jap ships he had sent to the bottom.

The captain explained our routine: "Immediately after breakfast you had better turn in and pretend it's night. You'll find it too hot to do anything but be still, and you'll use up less oxygen that way."

We went back to our cabins, where it was now 90 degrees, took off all but the most scanty clothing, and lay down in our bunks.

AIR GETS HOTTER

The air got hotter and more foul as those long hours dragged by. We would lie in our bunks, which soon became pools of perspiration, getting up now and then to take a sponge bath to relieve our burning skin.

Sometimes we would put on a robe, and walk down the passage to the refrigerator, and it was heavenly to open the icebox door and feel a breath of coolness for a moment while we reached for the pitcher of water.

As we turned to go back, we looked down the hatchway into the torpedo room.

Here was where our son, Bill, slept—when he slept!

Somehow the days passed by. We lived for that wonderful moment each evening when our ship dared to rise to the surface and the first sweet breath of fresh air swept through the passageway.

Our admiration for Capt. Smith and his men increased daily.

I never saw a man idle on the two weeks and 3000 miles of our trip, save when they took time for food and drink and a rare game of chess or cards.

CAPTAIN HONORED

The captain had been 15 years in submarine service. One day we picked up a message saying Capt. Chester C. Smith would receive the navy's distinguished service cross for outstanding service in the Pa-

cific. No wonder his officers and crew were proud of him.

In our cabin, we managed to do a little laundry and it seemed that our ceiling pipes and handles were always strung with intimate apparel drying—or trying to—in the breeze of our hard-working little fan.

Submarine food was surprisingly good and there was plenty of it. It was wonderful to see a platter of sliced ham or of curried chicken.

Making our toilet in the morning and evening was an affair of short order. There was no privacy about it—but then we were used to that.

One evening about 8 o'clock a coded message came from Adm. Glassford, telling the captain to proceed to Perth on the southwest coast of Australia. We had expected to land in Soerabaja on the ninth sailing day, but now we knew we should have at least six or seven more days of underwater life.

EXPERIENCE TERRIFYING

The seventh night out we went through a terrifying experience while emerging from Macassar strait. After being surfaced for two hours, we unexpectedly made a quick dive and went down deep. The chief engineer put his head in our cabin and said:

"Better stay in your bunks. Here's some cotton for your ears. We've sighted a ship and we may get some depth charges."

He turned off our fan and the ship settled into a deathlike stillness. All ventilation (and breathing!) ceased and we dripped from every pore, suffering from both apprehension and terrific heat.

After what seemed hours, the engineer put his head in again, reached to turn on our fan, and said, "It's O.K. now." Blessed relief!

Once in the Indian ocean, we began to feel a greater sense of safety although we dived once when a

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dark when we drew up on the ck where many figures were quiet- ng a small yacht. We were to get quickly because the Japs had been this particular "hot spot."

MacArthur's voice was reassuring e said, "you will have a hard trip, en you come up at the end you

"We lived for that wonderful moment each evening when our ship dared to rise to the surface and the first sweet breath of fresh air swept through the passageway," says Elizabeth Sayre, recounting her dramatic escape from Corregidor in a U. S. submarine. (A. P. photo)

will be in a different world." Adm. Rockwell's hand was firm and warm.

"Good luck. You are going out with our ace submarine skipper. He'll get you through."

We huddled on the afterdeck on top of our suitcases as the ropes were cast off and we moved away mysteriously into the blackness.

Our 15-year-old boy pressed against us

in the dark. "Where are we going, Daddy? You said you would tell me as soon as we started off."

"We're going home, Bill. We're going home!" what a surge of emotion those words aroused in our hearts.

Our eyes were straining into the star-reflecting waters.

"There she is!" someone whispered. "Look! On our starboard!"

From the darkness we saw emerging a slim black shadowy ship. Hands reached out to help us across and down a narrow wet gangplank.

"Good-bye and good luck!" came across the water from the men on the Mary Ann. We said farewell.

We went down two narrow, round hatchways, through the conning tower and co-

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DRAMATIC ESCAPE FROM CORREGIDOR IN U.S. SUBMARINE RECOUNTED BY ELIZABETH SAYRE

(Continued from Page 1-C)

control room. We were moving! There was a slight motion. A young officer motioned our party down the narrow passage.

Along each side were three tiny cabins, the largest of which was the wardroom, a compact little room which seated eight people at meal times, slept three people at night, and had two canvass folding chairs, a built-in library on one wall, a radio speaker and two wall fans on the other.

Next to this was a tiny galley. Directly across from the galley was the submarine's shower bathroom, which I called the "execution chamber."

MECHANISM INTRICATE

A young officer escorted the four women of our party into this tiny cell of horrors and explained the intricate mechanism of its sanitary arrangements.

"It is quite simple," he assured us. "I believe you will not make any mistakes."

Poor deluded but hopeful instructor! We learned to avoid this room like the plague unless the ship was surfaced.

We were led down the passage toward the stern to the four-bunk cabin at the end. Here there were two double-decker bunks, a wash-basin, a mirror, and four drawers.

"Try to get some sleep now," suggested Lt. McCloskey. "We will submerge at 6 a.m."

At 6 a.m. a harsh klaxon sounded three times; we felt a slight motion; our ears tightened up, and soon the air became so close and so hot we could not sleep, we were now deep under the surface at the usual cruising depth.

It seemed only a few minutes later when we were called in to breakfast with the captain. This young man already had eight scalps

to his belt—eight Jap ships he had sent to the bottom.

The captain explained our routine: "Immediately after breakfast you had better turn in and pretend it's night. You'll find it too hot to do anything but be still, and you'll use up less oxygen that way."

We went back to our cabins, where it was now 90 degrees, took off all but the most scanty clothing, and lay down in our bunks.

AIR GETS HOTTER

The air got hotter and more foul as those long hours dragged by. We would lie in our bunks, which soon became pools of perspiration, getting up now and then to take a sponge bath to relieve our burning skin.

Sometimes we would put on a robe, and walk down the passage to the refrigerator, and it was heavenly to open the icebox door and feel a breath of coolness for a moment while we reached for the pitcher of water.

As we turned to go back, we looked down the hatchway into the torpedo room.

Here was where our son, Bill, slept—when he slept!

Somehow the days passed by. We lived for that wonderful moment each evening when our ship dared to rise to the surface and the first sweet breath of fresh air swept through the passageway.

Our admiration for Capt. Smith and his men increased daily.

I never saw a man idle on the two weeks and 3000 miles of our trip, save when they took time for food and drink and a rare game of chess or cards.

CAPTAIN HONORED

The captain had been 15 years in submarine service. One day we picked up a message saying Capt. Chester C. Smith would receive the navy's distinguished service cross for outstanding service in the Pa-

cific. No wonder his officers and crew were proud of him.

In our cabin, we managed to do a little laundry and it seemed that our ceiling pipes and handles were always strung with intimate apparel drying—or trying to—in the breeze of our hard-working little fan.

Submarine food was surprisingly good and there was plenty of it. It was wonderful to see a platter of sliced ham or of curried chicken.

Making our toilet in the morning and evening was an affair of short order. There was no privacy about it—but then we were used to that.

One evening about 8 o'clock a coded message came from Adm. Glassford, telling the captain to proceed to Perth on the southwest coast of Australia. We had expected to land in Soerabaja on the ninth sailing day, but now we knew we should have at least six or seven more days of underwater life.

EXPERIENCE TERRIFYING

The seventh night out we went through a terrifying experience while emerging from Macassar strait. After being expected for two hours, we unexpectedly made a quick dive and went down deep. The chief engineer put his head in our cabin and said:

"Better stay in your bunks. Here's some cotton for your ears. We've sighted a ship and we may get some depth charges."

He turned off our fan and the ship settled into a deathlike stillness. All ventilation (and breathing!) ceased and we dripped from every pore, suffering from both apprehension and terrific heat.

After what seemed hours, the engineer put his head in again, reached to turn on our fan, and said, "It's O.K. now." Blessed relief!

Once in the Indian ocean, we began to feel a greater sense of safety although we dived once when a plane circled overhead.

COMES INTO PORT

We went to bed early that last night aboard the submarine. At 3 a.m. I got up and dressed and went up the hatchway. We could hear the welcoming sounds of bell buoys, foghorns, and cawing gulls. Everything was dripping wet and we scarcely moved.

As we came into Fremantle (port city of Perth), the sun burst out in full glory and we saw stretches of green hillside, pine trees, white sandy beaches. I suspect paradise must look very like that.

A few moments later we caught sight of a small launch buried in white spray, heading directly for us. It came alongside and Adm. Glassford climbed up onto the deck to greet us.

We were almost sorry to go. For two weeks we had been living with heroes. I wonder if we shall see them again.

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11" x 14"

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