OCTOBER 23, 1925

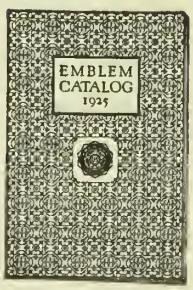
The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

THAT VITAL SECOND

THE one right instant to go over the top—a watch absolutely correct—it had to be—otherwise ghastly failure.

And today—success in business—you must always know the "zero" hour—five minutes late may lose you your great opportunity.

An American Legion watch is more than a perfect timekeeper, more than a handsome piece of jewelry—



It is a symbol of loyalty and patriotism—a useful and beautiful thing to be handed down as a precious heirloom.

Truly a Legionnaire's watch—for Legionnaires only—for on its case is beautifully engraved the American Legion emblem.

This is your "vital second". Act!

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THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

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Please send me at once catalog describing American Legion watches. It is understood this will in no way obligate me.

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October 23, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 43

MR. COOPER may be starting something with the provocative title he has selected for his article on submarines in this issue. But he can't be accused of good old unreasoning loyalty to the home team. His own navy service in war days wasn't under water, although at present he is living in New London, Connecticut, which is no town in which to say harsh things about a submarine.

* * *

OFTEN a reader's interest has been whetted rather than satisfied when he comes to the end of a necessarily compressed magazine article. This week, for instance, there may be readers who will want to know more about the *Jeannette* expedition than Mr. James has had space for in his article. Mr. James therefore submits a list of the principal works which he consulted in preparing his article, as follows: "Arctic Drifts and Ocean Currents," by Charles Walcott Brooks; "Narrative of the *Jeannette*," by J. W. Danenhower; "Icepack and Tundra," an account of a search for the *Jeannette* party and a sledge journey across Siberia, by William H. Gilder; "In the Lena Delta," by George W. Melville; "Proceedings of the Naval Court of Inquiry [1882] to Investigate the Loss of the *Jeannette*"; "The Voyage of the *Jeannette*," containing the ship and ice journals of De Long, edited by his widow. "The latter," Mr. James says, "is the best and most complete, but for vividness of narrative nothing exceeds the testimony of Nindemann before the court of inquiry—not to be confused with his appearance before a Congressional committee as told in the story. This unlettered man had an astounding memory and his accounts of many episodes of the expedition, as taken down verbatim by the court stenographer, are in better form and style, are better literature in fact, than most of the accounts of the same things which I have read in books."

* * *

LEIGHTON H. BLOOD'S recent series of articles, "Back to the Army Again," on the comforts of present-day soldiering, inspired in at least one veteran recollections of a thornless Army life in '17 and '18. Oley O'Brien, of Stevenson, Wisconsin, one-time private in the C. A. C. of the A. E. F., enters the bed-of-roses contest thus: "In one of Mr. Blood's articles, he mentions that present-day soldiers have sheets and foot lockers and exceptionally good chow. During the war it was my fortune to be with the coast artillery (we became 'field' when we reached France) stationed on the Pacific Coast. We had all the comforts of home—nice white steel beds, sheets, pillow cases and real mattresses, a wall locker and a foot locker. And, speaking of food, I believe we ate as well as the average American family. Some of the best meals I have ever had were in the Army. We had a recreation room equipped with a cabinet phonograph and two pool tables, besides books and magazines. All the rooms had steam heat. It seemed like leaving home a second time when we packed up and started on our round of tent life. It was a long time before we had those comforts again."

* * *

MR. O'BRIEN also submits an entry for the parley-voo mistakes contest. "The —th C. A. C. was on a troop train bound for Quebec and a waiting transport," he writes. "When the train stopped at a large town several of the boys were so hungry that they got up a little purse for food. They were not permitted to leave the train, so they had to try to find somebody outside who would bring it. It seemed as though everybody nearby was French Canadian and couldn't understand what was wanted. Finally, however, the gang took a chance. They picked out an honest-looking boy, gave him the money and pointed to their open mouths. The boy came back as we were about to pull out, and he handed through the car windows—tooth powder."

* * *

SWIFT news from Mississippi seems to sustain claims to The Old Gray Mare march as an Oklahoma product, as expressed by the letters of Roy Hoffman and Robert E. Flynn published on this page in the issue for September 25th. From Moorhead, Mississippi, E. C. Sanders writes: "On the Mexican Border in 1916 I was bugler in Co. I, 1st Louisiana Infantry, then in provisional brigade commanded by Colonel Robert L. Bullard. The First Oklahoma Infantry was also in this brigade, camped at San Benito, Texas, and we had Old Gray Mare for breakfast, dinner and supper. Few if any other tunes put as much pep in the army in those days. We had concerts every afternoon and the Oklahoma boys added originality by playing the tune and leading an old gray mare mule through the crowds of doughboys. 'I'm fer Capt. Flynn, dash burn it, right or wrong.' I believe The Old Gray Mare is an Oklahoma product." Texas has as much right as any other place to get into the argument.

NAVY DAY—OCTOBER 27th

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Friday October 21
131st day. Kaack was found dead about midnight between the Doctor and myself—
Lee died about noon—
Read prayers for sick when he found he was going.

Saturday October 22nd
132d day. Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice. The Doctor, Collins and I carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eye closed up.

Sunday October 23d
133d day. Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested all day and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of the Divine Service. Suffering in our feet—No foot gear.

Monday Octoter 24th
134th day. A hard night.

Tuesday October 25th
135th day.

Wednesday October 26th
136th day.

Thursday October 27th
137th day. Iverson broken down

Friday October 28th
138th day. Iverson died during early morning.

Saturday Oct 29.
139th day. Dressler died during night

Sunday Oct 30—
140th day. Boyd & Gertz died during night. Mr Collins dying

The Farther North You Go, *the* Colder It Gets

By MARQUIS JAMES

A diary to which starvation wrote "The End": Final entries in the Arctic journal of Lieutenant Commander DeLong, U. S. N., as he and his companions waited vainly for rescue in the northern reaches of Siberia, in 1881. The numerals denote the number of days since the wrecking of the Jeannette. Inset, Commander DeLong

TELEGRAPH HILL was black with watchers and the waterfront dizzy with flags on the eighth of July, 1879, when the little steamer *Jeannette* sailed out of San Francisco Bay on a voyage of discovery which was acclaimed as likely to be one of the most remarkable in the annals of navigation.

It was one of the most remarkable, though not so much as one commentator had predicted. He said the *Jeannette's* voyage would produce discoveries which would rank with those of Columbus. North of the eighty-fifth parallel would be found an inhabited tropical continent warmed by internal fires issuing from the hollow center of the earth at the North Pole.

This prediction was made in good faith and people all over the world believed in it. Never before or since has a voyage of discovery been more widely awaited and watched than the *Jeannette's*—not even in this day of miracles, when radio lets us follow every motion of an explorer two thousand miles away from civilization's frontier. James Gordon Bennett, the owner of the New York *Herald*, was responsible for the dramatization of the *Jeannette* expedition. He was also responsible for the expedition itself. He bought the steamer, presented it to the United States Navy, and with journalistic genius for that sort of thing which has never been surpassed, made its sailing the most speculated on happening of the time.

The speculation concerning the finding of a tropical continent in the region of the Pole was simply an elaboration of one of the prevailing polar theories of the day. Scientific men and many famous explorers believed that if one penetrated a band of ice some five hundred miles across encircling the earth south of the Pole he would come into a more temperate region lying about the Pole itself.

Not all Arctic veterans, however, shared this belief. This may be discerned from the minutes of a hearing before the Committee on Naval Affairs

of the House of Representatives in 1882, after the *Jeannette* expedition had passed into history. The Congressmen were discussing Arctic matters and examining as an expert witness William F. C. Nindemann, able seaman, and hero—the term is used advisedly—of three polar expeditions. Nindemann was the man who had saved the famous arctic ship *Polaris* by leaping on to an iceberg in a storm and lashing the vessel to it, after the captain had refused to order him to do so, saying the attempt would be certain death. But the simple sailor was a little nonplussed by the strangeness of this experience with the Congressmen, not the least part of which perhaps was being addressed as "Mr. Nindemann." The examination went something like this:

"And now, Mr. Nindemann, I presume you are aware the best authorities agree the North Pole is free from ice. The difficulty is getting through the belt of ice which hems it in."

"Yes, sir," replied the sailor. "I have heard that said, but it is not my opinion."

"What, then, is your opinion?"

"The farther north you go the colder it gets."

"And you believe there is ice at the North Pole—perpetual ice such as is found south of it?"

"Yes, sir."

The seaman stuck to this opinion despite a succession of skeptical questions. Finally the cross-examining Congressman, who could endure such obstinacy no longer, demanded:

"On what do you base that belief? Have you ever been to the North Pole?"

"No, sir," admitted Seaman Nindemann, and the Congressman passed on to other things with an air of one who had proved his case.

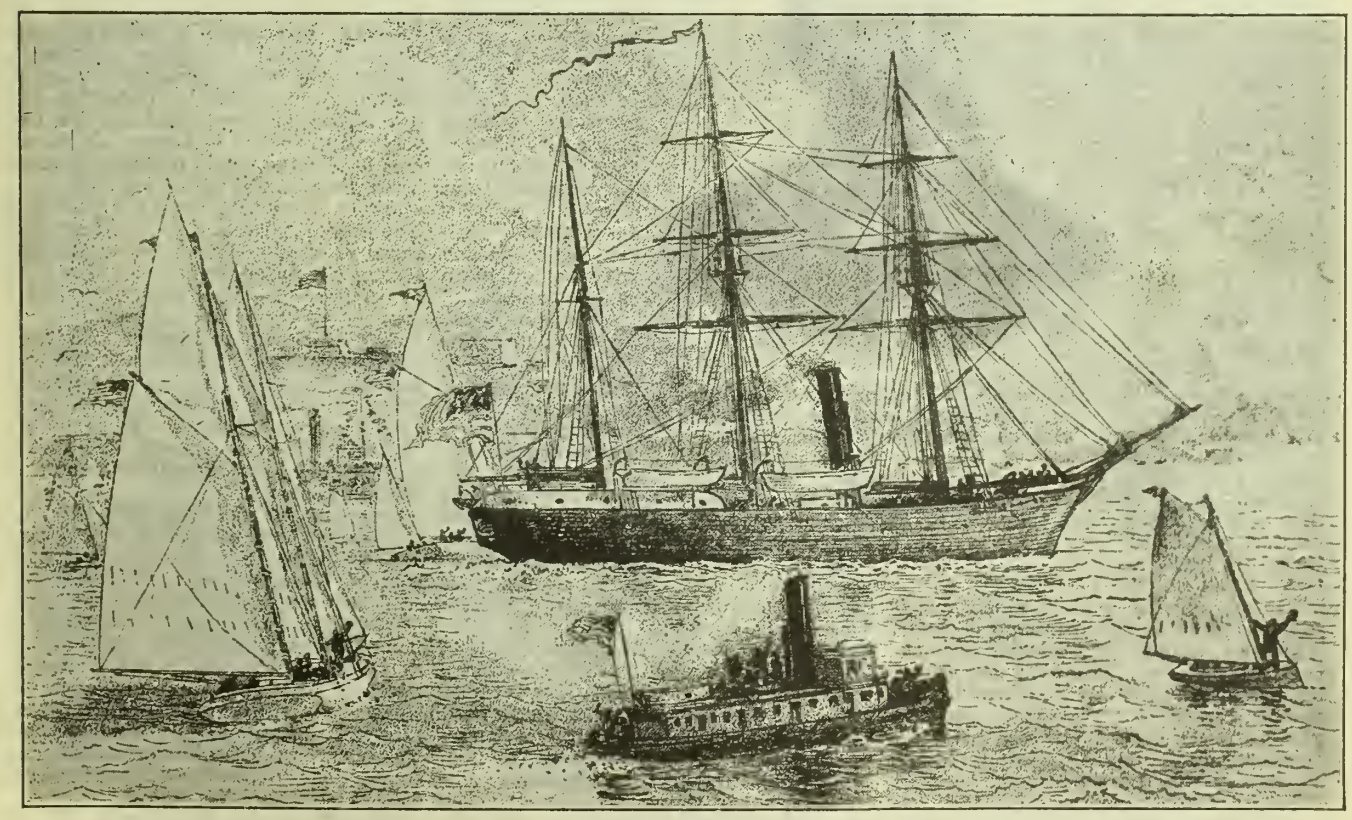
This Nindemann, able seaman and roving sailor of fortune, who had served under half a dozen flags, was in the forecastle of the *Jeannette* as it steamed out of San Francisco Bay. On the second day out a falling hatch smashed one of his fingers to jelly. Lieutenant Commander De Long notes in his journal that Dr. Ambler sewed it up and Nindemann "went ahead as if nothing had happened". George Washington De Long, captain of the *Jeannette*, and Nindemann were the only men aboard who had been in the Arctic before.

LEAVING San Francisco in July of 1879 the *Jeannette* laid a course for Alaska, which we had lately bought from Russia. There De Long picked up two Indian dog-drivers named Alexey and Anegiun, and a pack of dogs, and sailed through the Behring Strait into the Arctic Ocean. It was no colder than twenty above zero, so the Indians suffered with the heat and obtained permission to sleep on the bridge. However uncomfortable this weather may have been for the Alaskans it seemed a favorable augury for De Long, who, while not expecting any tropical continent, did expect to pick up the warm Japan current somewhere in the high latitudes and drift with it across the Pole and down on the opposite side of the earth.

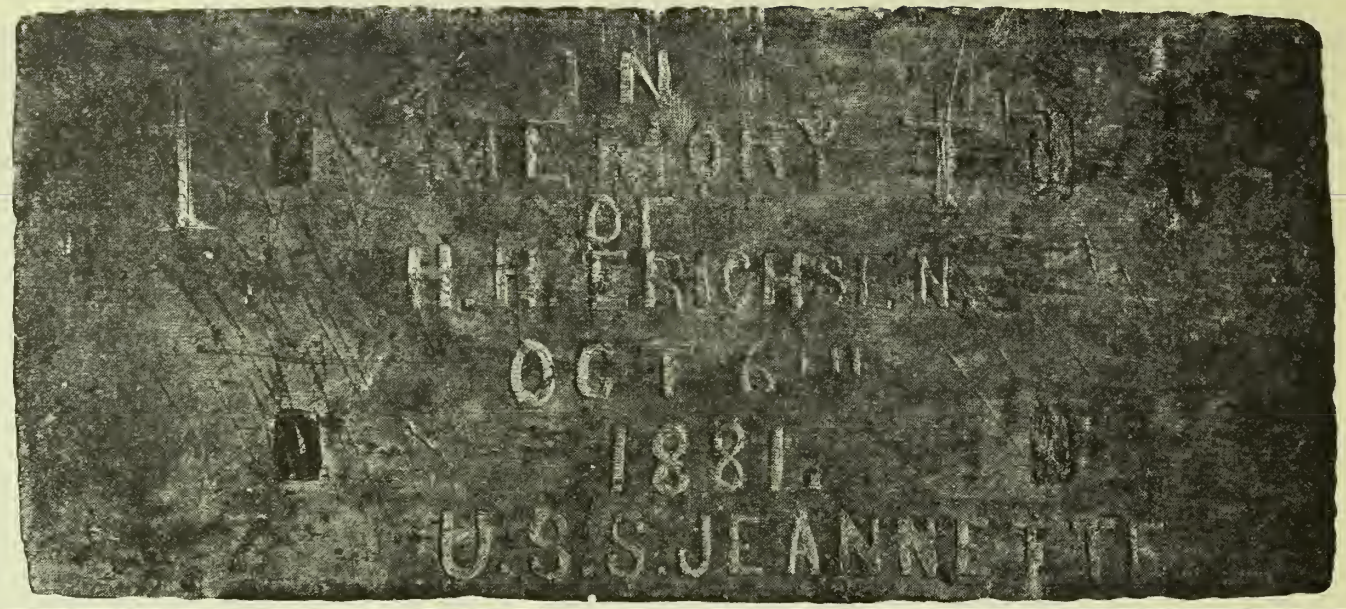
His surmises seem correct in the main. Some sort of current sets from the north of Alaska or Siberia across the polar area. This was demonstrated when wreckage of the *Jeannette* was picked up off Greenland a year after it had foundered and sunk two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles north of the Siberian coast, which is on the other side of the world. Belief in the existence of an undiscovered continent north of Alaska still persists. It is based on the action of the tides on known shores in that region. After forty-six years the Navy recently sent another expedition—the Byrd-MacMillan party—up there to find out. It returned this month without having accomplished its mission, after "the worst summer known to men in the Arctic."

By the sixth of September, 1879, when the *Jeannette* had been two months from home, the discomforts which Alexey and Anegiun experienced from the heat were alleviated somewhat. The ship was frozen solid in the ice; it could not budge. Arctic vessels are frequently so beset. A "lead" or lane of water opening through the pack was awaited with confidence, then with anxiety. But instead of a lead forming, the ice was piled up higher, due to tide action, and on September 11th the *Jeannette* found itself pinioned between two enormous floes which threatened to crush it. The ship listed nine degrees and creaked alarmingly. A few days later the fires under the boilers were put out to save coal, but the *Jeannette* was bark-rigged and could make way under sail. Sails were rendered useless, however, when it was reluctantly decided to unship the rudder to prevent its destruction. In arctic seas a rudder can be replaced only with difficulty, so the *Jeannette* had to abandon her last chance of a quick escape should a lead open in the ice.

The days passed, but not monotonously. Each one of them brought a new anxiety, a new danger. A polar



A contemporary drawing of the Jeannette on its departure from San Francisco in search of a new continent in the frozen north in 1879. It was believed by many that once beyond the rim of ice up to that time unbroken by civilized man, open water and a temperate, even a tropical, climate might be found at the North Pole

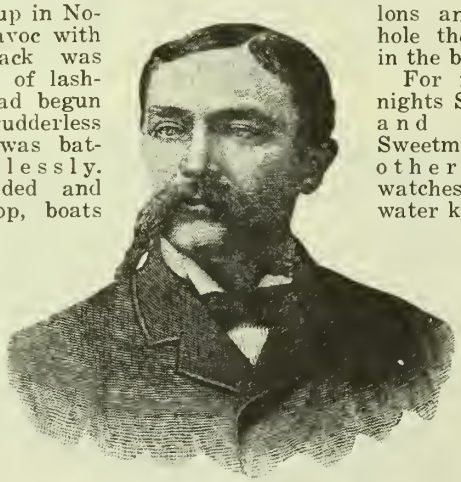


Grave marker of Seaman H. H. Erichsen, carved by his starving comrades in the Lena River Delta. Note that the inscription is not cut in, but stands out in relief—a task which doubtless required several days of painstaking effort

sea ice-pack is constantly in motion. Mountains of ice are piled up in a single day by the working waters underneath, only to be demolished overnight sometimes in favor of some new caprice of the Arctic currents. Should one of these walking ice mountains have decided to move in the path of the *Jeannette* it would have crushed it like an anvil falling on a hazelnut. A gale blew up in November, playing havoc with the ice. The pack was broken and a lake of lashing open water had begun to open about the rudderless *Jeannette*, which was battered about helplessly. Sledges were loaded and lashed to the poop, boats made ready — as if any escape from the *Jeannette* in that situation were within the realm of probability.

The *Jeannette* weathered that storm, which lasted almost a week. Nothing there is space for in this chronicle took place for a couple of months, but on January 19, 1880, a violent lurch of the vessel threw Captain De Long from his bunk at two o'clock in the morning. There was a noise which sounded "like a ship breaking in two." This was followed by the sound of rushing water below. The hold was filling up. Captain and crew assembled on deck in the pitch dark. That new-fangled portable electric lighting machine, designed by a young inventor named Thomas A. Edison, had refused to work. Fireman Bartlett, coming on deck, reported a foot of water in the fire room.

The hand pumps were manned. The steam pump was started, the engine of Mr. Edison's electricity-generating outfit being used for that purpose because the main boilers were out of commission. Reliefs which were not working the pumps hauled stores from below to dry places on the deck. During the first two days the pumps almost, though not quite, held their own. The sea poured into the *Jeannette* at the rate of four thousand gallons an hour through a hole the ice had rammed in the bottom of the vessel.



William F. C. Nindemann, able seaman and hero of the Jeannette expedition, who was with Noros in the nineteen-mile hike across Arctic wastes that stretched into 122 miles. Nindemann was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his almost incredible feats of heroism and endurance

For fourteen days and nights Seaman Nindemann and Ship's Carpenter Sweetman spelled each other on twelve-hour watches, standing in sea water knee deep, in a temperature twenty degrees below zero, striving to diminish the leak. They cut the flow down to 2,250 gallons an hour and gave the pumps a chance to gain.

"This," wrote De Long, "is like living over a powder magazine. . . . A disabled and leaking ship, a seriously sick officer, and an uneasy and terrible [ice] pack, with a constantly diminishing coal pile at a distance of two hundred miles from the nearest Siberian settlement."

Within a couple of months the leak was reduced to 1,500 gallons an hour, which enabled the pumps to take short rests. It was never reduced lower than that, however. The filtering arrangement got out of whack and the men had to drink salty water for about sixty days, but in the spring the sun came out and brought new hopes. It might melt the ice and free the ship. Disabled as their gallant vessel was, captain and crew were for heading for the Pole rather than home.

But the ice did not melt enough to do any good. All summer long the ship was held fast—drifting, drifting with the pack. This drift described a crazy pattern, but generally speaking it was west by north. If it kept up and if the ship did not sink it might float close to the Pole after all.

The second winter came on. All hands were feeling the strain and several were ill. Lieutenant Danenhower was snow blind. Nevertheless they bucked up to celebrate Christmas and New Year's in approved style. The enlisted men gave a minstrel show which Captain De Long records as "better and more ambitious than the one the year before". December 21st, the winter solstice, marking the halfway point of the Arctic night, also was celebrated, as is customary among white men in the polar regions.

After these fête days time dragged. Not even a peril a day could keep the ennui away. The pumps clanked. Crisis succeeded crisis, as time and again it seemed the steamer would be crushed by the relentless ice.

But George Washington De Long, the captain, was a light-hearted as well as a courageous sailor. He was the natural as well as the nominal leader of his men. Writes he in his diary: "If life within the Arctic Circle were perfect comfort everybody would be coming here."

On the 13th of June, 1881, the thing that might have happened almost hourly any time in the past twenty-one months came to pass. The *Jeannette* was sent to the bottom of the ocean. The end came when it was least expected. A lane of water suddenly had appeared in the ice in the immediate path of the ship. The rudder was shipped by willing hands and sail made ready on June 12th. The sun was warm and bright. The great day had come. The *Jeannette* was a free ship again! North Pole, ahoy!

This joy was short-lived. On the afternoon of the 12th, the lead nar-

(Continued on page 13)

Speaking *of* Wild Nights

By CARTER JOHNSON

The good ship which Tisbury Post uses to get from Martha's Vineyard, its island home, to Legion meetings on the Massachusetts mainland is this catboat, happily called "On Time," and it gets the gang there and back despite heavy seas and winds and fog. It takes a hard storm to keep the Vineyard Haven delegates by their own firesides when a meeting is on

ONLY a few weeks ago and it was summertime on Martha's Vineyard, and the sun danced on the ten miles of waving ocean that separates the island from the mainland of Massachusetts. In the village of Vineyard Haven, with its clustered Colonial houses roundabout an inlet and looking over the channel to the Massachusetts coast, summer is a season of joy and life and color.

But the summer months pass swiftly. Vineyard Haven, with its 1,200 inhabitants, is now preparing to spend another winter—a winter on detached service from the rest of the world, the kind of winters the town has been spending since its adventurous young men more than a century ago started going to sea in square-rigged whalers. For in winter, the channel which smiles so pleasantly in summer is apt to turn capriciously. Swift winds blow up quickly from the ocean and waves roll high. The surf loses its summer voice and roars on the sands and thunders among the bluffs.

Communication between Vineyard Haven and the mainland is largely suspended in winter, and so it happens that when Tisbury Post of The American Legion in Vineyard Haven wishes to keep in touch with what the other posts in the Legion district on the adjoining mainland are doing, it must always consult the barometer and make its plans subject to change by storms.

Once each month the year through Tisbury Post sends a delegation of its members over to the mainland to attend a meeting of The American Legion Tenth District Council.

In order to get to the mainland and back, the Vineyard Haven Legionnaires have to charter a catboat, a craft of the type used by the fishermen of the island, open from stem to stern, with a small cabin in the nose. It uses a gasoline motor and sails and is cluttered up with a lot of equipment used in lowering and raising nets.

The mainland meeting of the district council last January was held on a typical New England winter day, cold, with a biting and bitter wind. Four Legionnaires got aboard the catboat and after a rough journey reached shore, driving forty miles to Scituate, where the meeting was held. On the return trip their boat hit a terrific gale. After a long fight that at any moment seemed likely to end disastrously, the little boat fought its way through to safety.

When it came time for the February meeting the weather was so bad no boat could have made the mainland, but in March the same four men again made the trip. This time the return trip brought the terrible danger of fog, with the possibility of being run down at any moment by some larger vessel cruising the waters off Martha's Vineyard. After an agonizing time of it their boat finally nosed into the inlet, safe at last. It was well after midnight when they climbed into bed.

Post Commander Howard Ellison Whitney, Past Commander Theodore Chapman Howes, Percy T. McDonough and William Howard Andrews are the Tisbury Post mariners who have set the tradition for mainland posts that Vineyard Haven will get there whenever a boat will float. All of them belong to Dukes County Voiture of the Forty and Eight. Rough weather in a box car or rough weather in a catboat—it's all the same to them.

A heavy sea and a high wind in a little boat on a black winter night—just one of the trips these four Legionnaires of Vineyard Haven made to mainland Legion meetings. They are (left to right): Past Commander Ted Howes, Paul S. Bangs, Percy T. McDonough and Post Commander Howard E. Whitney

America's largest and newest submarine, the V-3, taking to the water at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Well over a hundred yards long, this undersea dreadnaught has six 21-inch torpedo tubes, a five-inch gun, and a couple of Lewis machine guns for the give-and-take of surface fighting. In the battleship versus airplane controversy nobody has had the temerity to suggest that submarines be scrapped

The Only Warship *with a* Future

By WILLARD COOPER

TO contemporary wiseacres, Robert Fulton's steamboat was not his only folly. Fulton had also invented a submarine boat, and such authorities as Napoleon Bonaparte, William Pitt and the United States War Department repudiated it as impracticable. But George Washington had thought well of the thing, and Fulton had made it work, after a fashion. The inventor believed that his submarine, as an engine of war, was a more important invention than his steamboat. After nearly a year of spasmodic investigation, which has been none the less thorough because opportunities for the investigation came infrequently, I am inclined to agree with Fulton.

Indeed, I'll go farther than Fulton, and many navy officers will go with me every step of the way. I'll say that the submarine probably will wipe the steam-propelled battleships of today off the seas—at least in such measure as the wiping is not done by aircraft.

Like flying, submarine navigation owes much to the war—and to Germany, for that matter. The submarine bears much the same relation to the battleship that aircraft bears: It *can*, although it infrequently has done so, sink a battleship without particular danger to itself. Even during the World War, when submarines were not nearly so efficient as they are today, more warships were sunk by subs than were sunk in the Battle of Jutland by battle craft. And even in the World War it was proved that the only efficient weapon against a submarine is a submarine. Moreover, submarines have this advantage over other warships: They are practically impervious to attack by aircraft, by reason of being invisible to aircraft under most surface conditions and totally invisible when completely submerged.

If you agree with some authorities that aviation has put the battleship of today in a class with the Roman trireme, you must agree that the battleship of tomorrow will be a submarine.

Under the limitation-of-arms treaty signed at Washington in 1921, no limit was placed on the number of submarines any nation might own. Since then the United States has launched a submarine (the V-1) which is potentially as powerful as any vessel afloat or submerged or flying. The V-1 is a so-called "fleet submarine." It can go as far and as fast as a battleship. In surface armament and fighting ability it will compare with a destroyer. It lacks the speed of a destroyer, but its defensive ability is well-nigh perfect. The keels for three more V-boats have been laid. The V-4, to be completed in two years, will be capable of going from San Francisco to Yokohama, laying mines across the harbor of Yokohama and returning to San Francisco. The V-1 is capable itself of a round-trip voyage on the Pacific.

These V-boats are about twice as big as any other submarines in our Navy,

and somewhat larger than the *Deutschland* which Germany used as a merchant ship during the World War and which came over after we got into it and sank a few fishing fleets for us. The V-1 is 346½ feet long, 27½ feet wide, has a surface speed of twenty-one knots and a submerged speed of nine knots. It probably can submerge in less than two minutes. Our S-boats, almost as modern, but much smaller, can submerge in a minute. The V-1 carries one five-inch gun. Such a craft could be built to carry and fire a twelve-inch gun—one of the kind that battleships of only ten years' standing carry. I know this is true, because the British have equipped some of their submarines with twelve-inch guns.

The V-1 cost less than $5,000,000; it could, almost without danger to itself, sink a $50,000,000 battleship. All it would need would be the opportunity. How our Navy is experimenting to find the opportunities for submarines to sink battleships I'll tell later on.

As more vessels of the V type are launched, they will display more and more improvements. Because submarines, like aircraft, are still more or less in the experimental stage, it is unadvisable to build battle-submarines at this time, but battle-submarines are coming. By this I mean first-line-of-battle ships—craft with twelve or fourteen or sixteen-inch guns, with turrets, perhaps, with armored decks and armored under-water hulls, perhaps. Even today a submarine can carry a seaplane, can run submerged without damaging the plane, can come to the surface and discharge the plane for service in the air. The battle-submarine of the future will carry a squadron of them, perhaps.

But even if submarines never develop for the purpose of surface fighting, they spell, to my mind, the doom of the battleship. The beauty of them is that they can play 'possum whenever they are outnumbered or outgunned. An airplane might be able to sink all the battleships in the world, but it could not sink all the submarines because it could not see them.

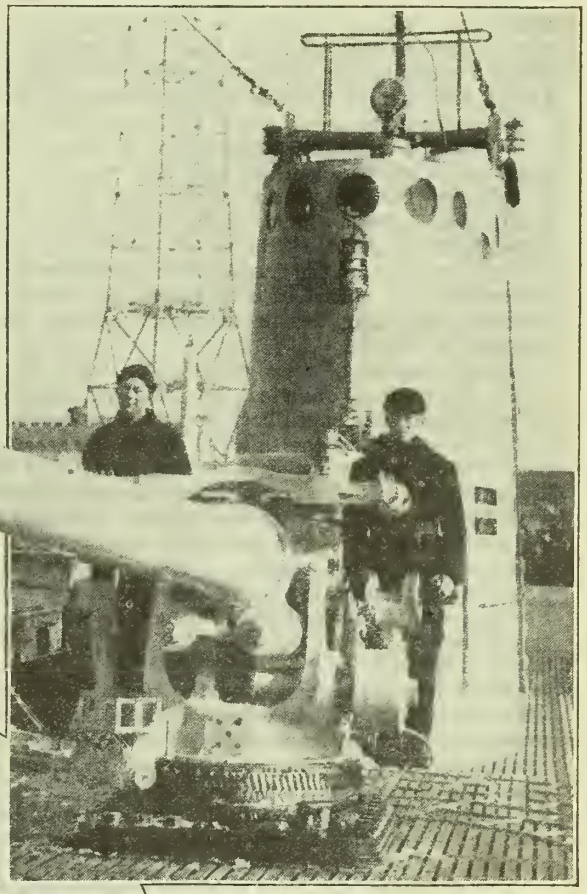
Tests have shown that a submarine is invisible from the air when submerged to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. Running with only the periscope awash, the submarine is visible to an airplane flying less than twenty degrees above the horizon. In white water (choppy water, not necessarily rough) the periscope would be invisible to an airplane under almost any conditions, and the submarine would not even be obliged to submerge to periscope sight to remain hidden from an airplane fairly well down on the horizon.

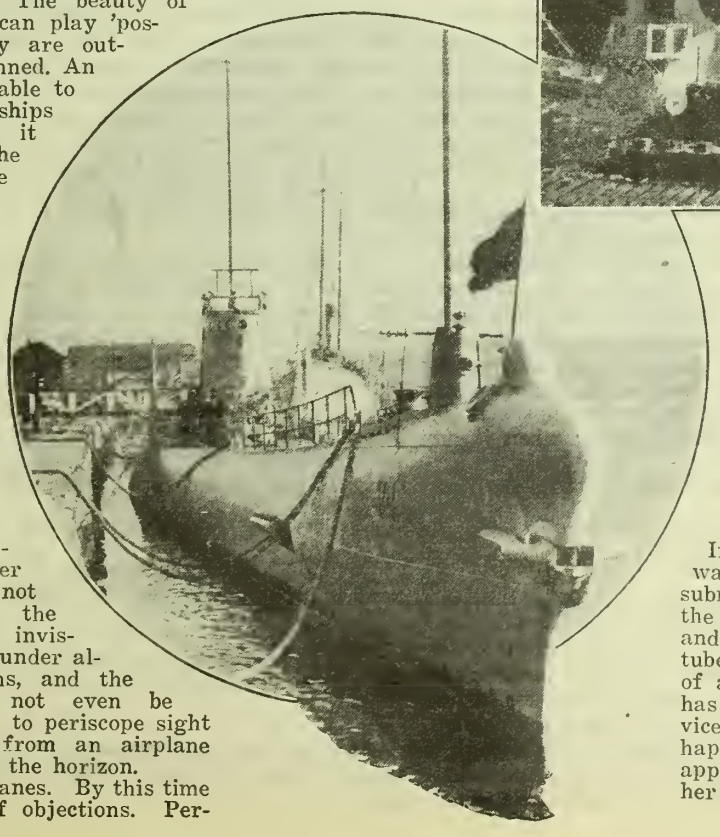
So much for airplanes. By this time you may be full of objections. Perhaps you are recalling the deadly depth bomb which was used against German submarines in the World War. But a good deal of the talk you heard about the efficiency of depth bombs during the war was propaganda, invented to cheer us all up while submarines went merrily about their business of sinking our merchant ships almost as fast as we could build them. You heard about the efficiency of the destroyer as a submarine hunter—or perhaps you heard of all the little submarine chasers that prowled the seas. Whenever a surface craft, destroyer or anything else, sank a submarine, it was just lucky. The sinkings may be divided into three classes: Defective submarines that left trails of oil and were spotted on that account; submarines that happened to come up within sight of a destroyer; our own and British submarines which our own ships sank.

Today, submarines are not so likely to leave a wake of oil as were the comparatively poor ones of the war. Today they are equipped with listening devices that would inform them of the proximity of any destroyer on the surface. The great danger from sinking by a friendly craft has not altogether been solved; it remains a menace today, but some form of undecipherable recognition signal (undercipherable to the enemy, I mean) will some day be worked out.

During the World War the most efficient weapon we possessed against the submarines of the Kaiser was our own flotilla of submarines. In proportion to their numbers, Allied subs sank more German subs than did Allied destroyers. The reason for this is that a submarine can play 'possum; it can remain in quiet hiding until it hears another submarine come around.

What's more, the submarine of today is not obliged to come to the surface to see if anything is approaching.





The bridge and five-inch gun of the V-1, the last word in undersea fighting craft. At left, the V-1 as she appeared when she docked at the Washington Navy Yard to give naval experts and the Congressional Naval Affairs Committee a chance to inspect her

It needs no eyes; it has ears. It can hear, and submarine hearing is so highly developed that submarine eyesight soon will become almost totally unnecessary.

If you were in the Navy during the war, you perhaps will remember the submarine listening devices which were the subject of constant investigation and experimentation. The original "C-tube," designed to detect the presence of a submarine running under water, has become one of the most useful devices of submarines themselves. Perhaps the backwardness of Germany in applying adequate listening devices to her submarines was the factor that lost

(Continued on page 17)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Thoughts for Navy Day

SO MANY millions of Americans spend their entire lives in inland States, remote from our seacoasts, seeing battleships and destroyers only on the motion-picture screens, that the observance of Navy Day each year is a wise provision for reminding the nation that the Navy still stands as our first arm of defense against foreign aggression.

In a changing world, in a world just beginning to develop the tremendous possibilities of aeronautics, radio communication and control and the recent inventions in metallurgy, the observance of October 27th this year as Navy Day should have more than usual significance throughout the United States. It should call to the attention of this country the fact that the whole world is now in the midst of a period of adjustment of fundamental conceptions regarding the problems of fighting on land, on sea and in the air.

Never, perhaps, since ships with hulls of iron, propelled by engines, sounded the doom of the old wooden-hulled frigate has there been so much speculation and uncertainty regarding the fighting resources which would be most effective in case of a future war. Old ideas have broken loose. They are sweeping along, modified as they drift by newer and newer conclusions. Entirely new ideas are taking form as army and navy experts study and work to keep pace with science. Nothing is settled. Everywhere inquiry rules, the spirit of research and development. No one can yet predict the conclusions which will finally crystallize to govern our policy of preparedness and national defense.

While experts representing the specialized viewpoints of the Army, Navy and air forces engage in super-heated controversies, the American people can view the spectacle with equanimity. As long as powerful convictions are unhobbled there is every reason to believe that the spirit of progress, the lessons of modern scientific advancement, will prevail eventually in the formulation of policies of national defense.

The public cannot hope to understand or analyze all the arguments, veiled in technical phraseology, now being made by the proponents of the different schools of fighting methods. In time, however, the important matters at issue will become clear and the American people will be called on to render, by their attitude, important decisions. Ours, more than any other government in history, is a government by public opinion. And a country aroused to the necessity of devising the best means possible for its national defense may be counted upon to decide wisely when it has all the facts before it.

Navy Day this year is a good day for getting the facts which are now available.

Land Ho!

THE State Department gave formal notice at the time of the departure of the MacMillan expedition last June that the United States would not exercise the right of discovery as a claim to sovereignty over any new lands which the expedition might find. The return of the expedition prevents this declaration from finding practical application, but the question is none the less interesting even though it must remain, for the time, academic. The State Department's declared attitude is in keeping with our foreign policy. On a map of Siberia one will find some islands in the Arctic Ocean a few hundred miles northeast of the Lena River delta. They are called the De Long Islands, and they are the farthest north of any known land in that part of the world. They were discovered in 1881 by Lieutenant Commander George Washington De Long, United States Navy, the story of whose martyrdom to the cause of discovery is told in this issue. De Long raised the flag and formally "took possession" of them in the name of the President of the United States, but our Government did not enforce the claim, and now the De Long Islands are regarded as Russian territory. They have no population and probably are not capable of sustaining even a little colony, though De Long found coal there and small game. Our policy is that unless we can colonize a newly discovered land we do not care to have it.

No one suspects that any lands which may in future be found in that part of the Arctic which was the scene of the MacMillan expedition's endeavors are inhabited by human beings, though it would not be strange if many species of Arctic fowl and animals, including reindeer and musk oxen, were some day found there. Polar bears doubtless were familiar with the North Pole long before Peary found it. Polar bears have been seen hundreds of miles off shore rambling around on an ice pack, eating fish. It is within the range of possibility that the land might be colonizable —if not for white people, then for Eskimos. Greely found a valley in Grinnell Land, which is only about six hundred miles from the pole, capable of sustaining life. There was coal to heat and cook with, and an abundance of game. In the summer sometimes the temperature got up to seventy. Three hundred miles south of this place nothing to eat could be found, and nineteen out of twenty-five of the Greely party starved to death after they had been abandoned by a couple of spineless and incompetent relief expeditions.

So many impossible things have happened within the past fifty or one hundred years that one must be very careful what he says can never be done. The Romans were the smartest people of their day, and they were great for reaching out, exploring and annexing new lands. The Roman Empire ended at the Rhine, because north of there they deemed it too cold and inhospitable a country for the arts of civilization. The United States has acquired much territory against the advice of some of its (in other matters) wisest men, who claimed it would never be fit to live in—though not on grounds of northerliness. There was considerable objection to the purchase of the Mississippi Valley from France in 1803, and later Daniel Webster saw no sense in our making a fuss over the Oregon territory. Let England have it, he said. It would never be good for anything.

Already those who think ahead and dare to tell what they think say that travel by air over the polar regions will be common some day, and if there are any valuable metals or minerals there to be mined, the commercial exploitation of those regions will be made possible by air transport. A glance back at what has happened in the world in the past ten years makes that seem plausible. Meantime it is difficult to see in what respect the national welfare would suffer if the United States should put in a claim to any undiscovered lands which our explorers might come upon.

❖ ❖ ❖

When he pays her monthly bill for cosmetics any husband is glad his wife isn't two-faced.

❖ ❖ ❖

Where there's a will there's a way, unless a man tries to eat two peanut-butter sandwiches in succession.

❖ ❖ ❖

It is said that the longest way 'round is the sweetest way home. Yep, and it also helps the gasoline dealers to get rich.

A PERSONAL PAGE by Frederick Palmer

Keep to the Main Point

It is not an issue of which political party gains prestige: of whether Jones's or Smith's faction is uppermost in any department of the government; of who is promoted or who gets the glory of the headlines. The issue is that now and in the future America must have supremacy in the air.

The Wets Will Not be Dry

For a long time we shall hear rumblings of the report of the Federal Council of the Churches on Prohibition results. Both Wets and Drys find support for their views in the report. But one fact stands out of the conclusions of this thorough study. It is that in communities where a Wet minority demands liquor, and the rest of the community are not interested enough to prevent the Wets from having it, the Wets will not go thirsty. And the lesson of the fact is that to enforce a law you must have a majority of the community supporting enforcement. That brings us back to education. To enforce Prohibition the public must be educated to practise and support Prohibition. Meanwhile, communities that want to be Wet will remain Wet.

Call Them Sewer Cowboys

A druggist writes in to object to the use on this page of "drug store cowboys" for the type of loafers who hang about village streets after dark to ogle women and air their malodorous bromides, which they consider original wit, at the expense of passersby. The druggist asks why this aspersion on drugstores and why I should not refer to "department store" or "shoe store cowboys."

I used the expression once in a quotation and a second time on my own when I saw three or four of the ilk in front of a village drug store after the other stores were closed. They are the kind that used to hang around saloon doors before Prohibition. Unhappily, they were not proscribed at the same time as the saloons by the Amendment; and Volstead overlooked them in his famous law. Now they hang out at other doorways where a light calls them. To tie them up with apothecaries who fill our prescriptions, supply the kind of drinks the law allows, sell us stamps, and are so important to us in countless other ways is grossly unfair. The drug store is always expected to be open. We regard it as a public institution. My regrets and apologies for the slip. Hereafter it shall be "curb cowboys"—or better "sewer cowboys."

Now Is the Time to Put by

When a banker starts a subscription among bankers for something that appeals to bankers it is easier to get money than in a hospital for disabled veterans. At the recent meeting of the American Bankers Association $500,000 was subscribed to establish chairs of economics in our colleges to teach us how to invest and save. This tells us that bankers of today are farsighted enough to want money widely distributed and not in the hands of the few. The more people who are working hard to make more money the more the banks will have on deposit.

Times are good; the bankers say they promise to be good all winter. Even if they were to continue to be good forever it would be a mistake to spend all you make. Now, when times are flush, is the time to "put by": the time to make sure of a home of your own in which to live and bring up your children. This for your own sake and not to please the banker. No college endowments are required to teach this oldest and soundest economic truth. The man out of debt with something in the bank is independent. And independence means freedom and self respect.

The Lean and Fat

Adversity frees us from one danger which is the curse of prosperity. Too much wealth has always made a nation fat as surely as overeating makes an individual fat. It was easy for our forefathers to keep lean. They had to fight for existence. Our battle is against luxury and "easy come, easy go." The lean nations, because they were alert and hardy, have had a way of taking their power away from the fat nations just as the lean and hardy individuals outdo the fat individuals. To keep our wealth, individual and national, we must keep lean and on our toes.

Lessons From Old Bones

When we want to know how well off we are, take a hint from the cave-dwellers. Dr. Hrdlicka, Curator of Physical Anthropology of the National Museum, who has been looking up old bones in Africa, tells us that the primitive man "would fight on any provocation, often from sheer wantonness." He was always at war raiding back and forth because tribal boundaries were never fixed. The warring tribes of to-day know where their boundaries are, anyhow. We Americans are satisfied with ours and only to hold ours. We have resisted many temptations to increase our territory. If all the other tribes hold to our view we shall have peace in the world for a long time to come.

The Tallest and Highest

New York City is to have a 56-story hotel, costing twenty-five million dollars, the tallest and highest in the world, on the site of the Cornelius Vanderbilt château which is to be torn down. A room with bath, high up, looking out over the Park and Plaza, will cost thirty or forty dollars a day, without meals. But the occupant will have no grander view of the city than you can get free from one of the towers of an office skyscraper or the Statue of Liberty; no grander view than for climbing many a hill: no view that can mean as much as the outlook from your own door on the ranch or the garden that is your own.

Real Man's Work, This

In the midst of air investigations and the suspense when it was thought that the crew of the sunken submarine, S-51, might still be alive, I kept thinking of the divers, naval and civilian, under the heavy sea on the quiet ocean bed. One was down six hours. Another took a full hour, in his weighty cumbersome equipment, to move the length of one compartment of the wreck. Real man's work, this; rare expert work; heroic work; a triumph of a sense of trained personal power—and ready when the call came.

Pipe's to Pan

By Wallgren

The Farther North You Go

(Continued from page 6)

rowed as the two measureless floes which constituted its banks began to come together. They kept on coming and at four a. m. on the 13th the *Jeannette* was crushed between them like the shell of an egg. The crew escaped to the ice with sixty days' rations. They were two hundred and fifty miles off the north coast of Siberia, which is largely uninhabited.

How many of these two hundred and fifty miles were ice and how many of them were water no one knew, but the crew set out south over the ice dragging three ship's boats to take care of the water when they should come to it. They set off in great spirits, singing as they heaved tow-lines of their loads.

On June 25th, after ten days' struggling southward, De Long took their position and found the party twenty-eight miles north of where the *Jeannette* sank! He shot the sun six different times and got the same result. He whispered the news to two of his officers and told them not to tell another soul. The ice pack over which they were stumbling was moving northwestward. The party changed its course from south to southwestward, in an effort to offset, to some extent, the adverse march of the ice. This did some good and the latter part of July they came upon Bennett Island—discovered and christened by them. It was nothing but rock and ice, but a surface coal mine was found which provided fire. The party rested a week, living on birds and birds' eggs.

Late in August open water was found in the region of the New Siberian Islands, which lie north of the Lena River delta in Siberia. Eagerly they took to their boats—De Long in charge of the first cutter, Lieutenant Chipp the second cutter, and Chief Engineer Melville the whaleboat. They headed for the Lena delta, where some native summer settlements were shown on the charts.

On the morning of September 12, 1881, the little fleet cleared the southernmost of the New Siberian Islands and stood for the mainland favored by a stiff breeze. Thus far they had traveled more than eight hundred miles. The mouths of the Lena were only a matter of forty miles farther.

Toward evening it was blowing a gale. De Long put a reef in his sail so as not to outdistance Chipp's cutter, which was the poorest sailer of the lot. He signalled Melville, who was ahead, to slow down; the whaleboat was the swiftest sailer. Wind and sea increased, the waves breaking over all three boats all the time. Melville signalled he could not slow down without swamping his craft. De Long reefed his sail again to wait for Chipp, who was ill, and his boat, with eight men aboard, seemed in trouble. But De Long's cutter began behaving so badly that he had to shake the reefs out again and leave the second cutter behind. It was lost to view on the port quarter and was never seen again.

Wind and sea grew worse and the first cutter was taking water over both sides and the stern. A furious gust snapped the mast and carried it over-

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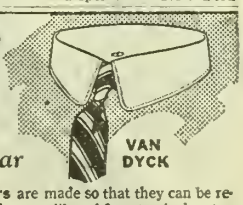

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board with the sail. The boat took in a heavy sea and was full to the thwarts. The men worked desperately to bail the boat and the mast and sail were secured and used as a drag. This drag was soon carried away and it did not seem that the cutter could live five minutes more. A new drag was contrived of oars and a pickaxe, and somehow the cutter was kept afloat during the night. In the morning the wind abated but the sea still ran high. Neither of the other boats was in sight. Nindemann rigged a sleigh cover as a jury sail and four days later—on September 17, 1881—the cutter grounded on a mudbank a mile off the delta of the Lena River.

It took a day for the exhausted party to wade ashore with their traps. Their legs were so cramped that they could move only a few inches at a step. The shore was a marsh in which one sank to his knees. This extended as far as the eye could reach. The Lena delta is a hundred miles across and is traversed by two hundred separate streams which never have been and never will be accurately mapped, because they change their courses every year. De Long and his thirteen companions knelt and thanked God for their deliverance. They calculated that the nearest settlement was ninety-five miles away. They had four days rations. It was snowing.

The first day they made five miles, the second day three miles. The third day Erichsen broke down and begged to be left. His frozen feet would not bear his weight. Two other sick besides Erichsen had to be carried. That night they slept in an abandoned native hut, going to bed hungry. Alexey, the Alaskan Indian, had been sent out to hunt with orders to be back at eight p. m. An hour later, when all were asleep, came a timorous knock at the door. The simple hearted Alexey was much afraid he would be reprimanded for coming in late.

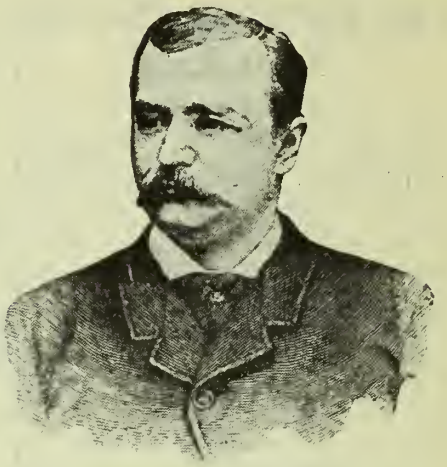
"Captain," he said, "I got two reindeer."

Cheers for Alexey, as all hands turned out to eat a good meal, prepared by grinning Cook Ah Sam—next of kin Ah Sing, Canton, China.

Another week of heartbreaking floundering through the swamp and they were down to one meal. Alexey disappeared and returned with a deer. "Saved again," De Long wrote in his diary.

But Alexey was not infallible. He failed in the next emergency. On October 2d, when the men had been for two days without sleep in a storm with the weather at zero, they ate Snoozer, their dog. On October 6th Erichsen died. On October 7th the party breakfasted on one ounce of alcohol each. De Long summoned Nindemann and told him to pick any man he wanted—excepting Alexey—and push ahead in a forlorn hope attempt to find aid. Nindemann, Arctic veteran, picked a young sailor named Louis Philippe Noros. They set out with two ounces of alcohol for food. The map showed a settlement called Ku Mark Surka only nineteen miles away—but De Long did not trust the map much. The next day's entry in his diary:

"October 10, Monday, 120th day [since the sinking of the *Jeannette*]. Last half ounce of alcohol at 5:30. Ate deerskin scraps. Not very cold. Under way at 8. In crossing creek three of us got wet. Built fire and dried out. Ahead again until 11. Used up. Built fire. Made a drink of tea leaves from alcohol bottle. On again at noon. Drifting snow, very hard going. Lee begging to be left. At 3 halted, used up. Nothing for supper except spoonful of glycerine. All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful. God help us."



Louis P. Noros, sent ahead with Nindemann by DeLong in an attempt to reach a settlement and bring aid

The party straggled on in the footprints of Nindemann and Noros. Alexey wore himself out hunting for game, but only killed two or three little birds in a week. His ill-success saddened him terribly. On October 17th he broke down, asked to be baptised, and died. He was buried with military honors.

At this time two living pictures of misery were staggering into a deserted hut in the ultimate stage of physical exhaustion. They were Nindemann and Noros. They were not nineteen miles away, where a settlement was looked for—these incredible men had traveled 122 miles and found no settlement yet. Their experiences defy belief. They started with one ounce of alcohol apiece for food, but resolved not to touch it until they had to. They marched four days, chewing leather to assuage the pangs of hunger. Then a blizzard came on. They could only sleep one at a time for fear of freezing to death. They decided to taste their precious stimulant. Noros felt in his pocket for the bottle. It had been broken and the alcohol was gone. They reached that hut 122 miles away having eaten only one small bird, one rat and their shoes.

In the hut they found something that looked like sawdust. It was fish—or had been. It made them ill, but kept them alive. They stayed in the hut three days, slowly gaining strength. On the third day there was a noise outside. Nindemann thought it was an animal and crawled to the door with his rifle. It was a native, who took one look at the rifle and fled as fast as his legs would carry him. The white men were crestfallen. But the native returned and Nindemann made elaborate signs of friendship, and gave the visitor his shirt. The native took them to the nearby camp of a hunting expedition.

Native women fed Nindemann and Noros and took the best of care of

them. The seamen immediately tried to get the natives to understand that their comrades were in distress down the delta, but seemingly they failed. Next day the expedition packed up and took a reindeer sledge journey of two days to a settlement. This was Ku Mark Surka. These natives are called Tungese. They are uncivilized and look something like Chinese. To the chief men of Ku Mark Surka Nindemann pantomimed his story. It was a veritable work of art. The natives seemed to understand—they could not have failed to understand. But they did nothing. Presently a Russian exile named Kusmah appeared. He further mystified the seaman by saying "Jeannette" and "Americansk" and signifying that things were all right.

Thoroughly baffled, Nindemann and Noros managed a ride of sixty miles farther south to a place called Bulun, where a petty Russian official was stationed. They wrote out a badly spelled but excellent dispatch explaining to the American ambassador at St. Petersburg how matters stood, and asked that it be telegraphed. The official said he would think it over. A day or so later they were lying in a hut sick and heartbroken at their inability to assist their comrades, when a man entered.

"My God, Mr. Melville!" cried Noros. "We thought you were dead."

It was the commander of the whaleboat, which had beaten the storm and landed fortunately near a settlement on another part of the delta. Melville found Kusmah, the exile, and had sent him inland to look for other survivors. But Kusmah got things mixed up, and when he found Nindemann and Noros and heard their inquiries he thought they were asking about Melville and the whaleboat party he knew to be safe.

Melville grasped the situation and immediately set out with reindeer transportation to comb the delta. Winter was at hand. Travel was hazardous. No trace of Lieutenant Chipp or any of the second cutter party was ever found. The De Long party was not found until the following March—1882. All were dead. While Nindemann and Noros were vainly trying to organize relief at Bulun the master of the *Jeannette* and his last two living companions—Dr. Ambler and Cook Ah Sam—had furled the Stars and Stripes and carefully put the records of the expedition in order. Then they laid down by the fire together and closed their tired eyes.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

363D INF. (93d Div.)—Seventh annual reunion in Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 24. Address H. Van der Zee, Humbolt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, or Joe Cahen, 19 Kearny St., San Francisco.

158TH F. H. CLUB—Sixth annual reunion at Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal., Nov. 10. Address K. W. Marten, 195 Hobson St., San Jose.

111TH INF. (28th Div.)—First reunion, at 18th Regt. Armory, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 10-11. Address Ben Prager, Criminal Court, Pittsburgh.

69TH ARTY., C. A. C.—Reunion in Seattle, Wash., 7 p. m., Nov. 11. Address "Scotty" Shaw, Woodman Advertising Agency, Henry Bldg., Seattle.

Co. I, 138TH INF.—Fourth annual reunion at Hotel Claridge, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 14. Address Clyde K. Sims, 314 No. Channing Ave., St. Louis.

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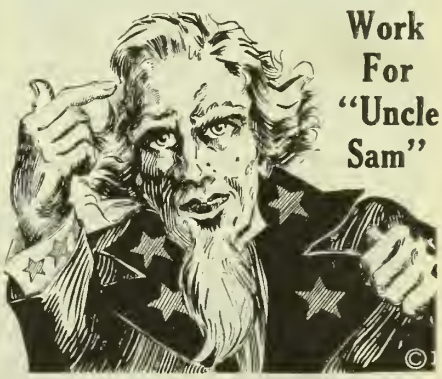

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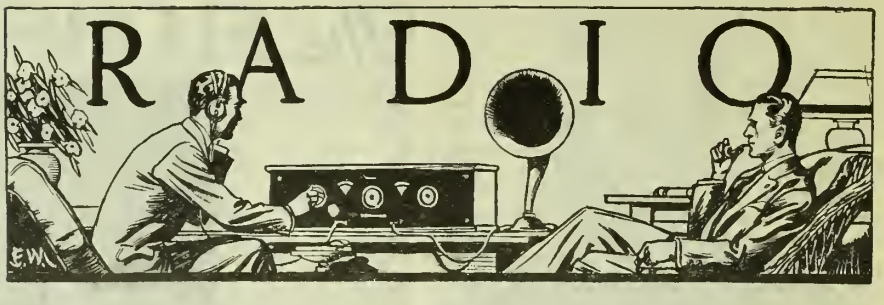

ALAMO POST of San Antonio, Texas, reports that supplies for the extensive radio receiving plant in the Station Hospital at Fort Sam Houston are being received daily and are being installed as soon as possible after receipt. While the actual installation work is being done by the hospital electricians, assisted by technicians from the Army, the radio committee of Alamo Post is checking all equipment received and keeping the Board of Trustees advised of the progress of the work. The committee is also in charge of the purchase of certain supplies which are obtained locally and has obtained special prices from local firms which are thus contributing to this worthy work. John K. Weber, commander of Alamo Post, states in a recent letter, "We have received much favorable publicity by reason of this installation, and it has tended to make our position more substantial in this community—a goal I have long sought. It is a fitting climax for the success we obtained in securing sixteen thousand dollars cash in The American Legion Endowment Fund campaign in the face of the worst drought this section has ever experienced."

Radio installation in the United States Naval Hospital at Balboa Park, San Diego, California, is the first project in a naval hospital undertaken by the present trustees of the Fund. San Diego (California) Post is representing the trustees locally. In returning the questionnaire and approval form covering this hospital, Post Commander Harold Angier reports that "this request is most heartily recommended by San Diego Post of The American Legion," and that "this hospital is constantly receiving ex-service men, veterans of the World War, and I want to add that Captain Spear and the entire management of this hospital stand particularly high in the opinion of Legionnaires of San Diego." As San Diego is the base port of the Pacific Fleet, the hospital at times has as many as seven hundred patients.

The second largest radio installation project of the Fund now under way is that in William Beaumont General Hospital at El Paso, Texas, next in size to the receiving apparatus being installed in the General Hospital at Fort Sam Houston. Amplifiers and transformers sufficient to carry a load of seven hundred headphones and four loud speakers will be hooked up to the receiving set. The radio committee of El Paso Post, which is overseeing this work, advises that twenty-eight thousand feet of inside telephone wire and thirteen thousand feet of outside wire will be required to connect up all of the wards and porches with the central receiving set. Lieut. Col. M. W. A. Shockley, M. C., present Vice-Commander of El Paso Post and commanding officer of Beaumont Hospital, is chairman of the post radio committee. Colonel Shockley advises that there will be no delay in installing the equipment as his hospital has adequate electrician service and in addition has available the engineering and electrical technicians of the Signal Corps on duty at the adjacent government station, Fort Bliss.

THE American Legion Weekly has assumed charge of the distribution of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, now known as the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, for the purchase of radio equipment for disabled World War veterans. The Fund is governed by the following regulations:

1. All requests for radio installation must come through posts of The American Legion. All government-owned hospitals operating under the United States Veterans Bureau have been or will be equipped with radio reception by the Government; the Fund, therefore, will affect only contract and general (army, navy and marine) hospitals in which disabled veterans are patients.

2. On receipt of a radio installation request, the requesting Legion post will be furnished a questionnaire and approval form for use in making specific non-technical recommendations regarding the hospital to be equipped. This questionnaire, filled in, must be approved by the post before being submitted to the Fund's board of trustees.

3. After the proposed installation has been approved by the trustees, a specifications form will be submitted to the post. The post, after consultation with the hospital authorities, will report in detail the nature and amount of supplies required for a complete radio installation. From this form the secretary of the board will place orders for supplies to be sent direct to the hospital.

4. The Fund may be spent for the purchase of radio equipment only. The cost of actual installation must be borne by the hospital. Incidentally, all expense of administering the Fund is borne by the Weekly. In many cases post members who are trained electrical technicians will doubtless be willing to contribute their services. Hospitals have governmental authority to call on technical experts of the nearest army post or naval station to assist in the installation.

Address all correspondence to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Only Warship *with a* Future

(Continued from page 9)

Germany the war. With better listening devices, Germany would have lost almost no submarines except from the weather. The Allies went ahead in their investigations and have been going ahead since. Today listening tubes are almost exactly accurate instruments. The submarine listener has become as important to sea fighting as the aerial observer to land fighting. A submarine listener can tell within one or two degrees the bearing of another craft from his own. Experts say that it is only a matter of months when submarines of our Navy will be able to fire at targets they have never seen, and will score as many hits as misses!

Imagine, if you want to go in for horrors, a war breaking out in 1950—twenty-five years from now. If you will not concede that the battleship, destroyer, cruiser, *et al.*, have been made obsolete by aircraft, consider the plight of those ships when they fall in with hostile submarines. Imagine ourselves at war. An enemy fleet of submarines is sent to New York. Part of the fleet submerges off Sandy Hook, part of it between Shelter Island and New London. There they are, anchored to the bottom, making no noise, inaudible and invisible from the air or the surface. The crew of one plays acey-ducey and checkers and shoots craps. The officers play bridge, maybe. Only the listener seems busy. Suddenly he pricks up his ears. After a moment's ardent listening he calls to the captain in guttural German or Japanese or Russian or Armenian or something:

"Captain, sir, there are five battleships and twelve destroyers issuing up the channel. They are on a course of forty-nine degrees. They bear three hundred and forty degrees from here. They are in three columns, with the battleships in the center. The leading battleship is exactly 3,109 yards from here, making twenty knots an hour."

With just that much information, the captain could fire a torpedo that would be sure to strike the leading battleship. Being one of a fleet of submarines, he might know that each of his comrades had picked on another of the enemy. By 1950 under-water radio communication between submarines should be as perfect as under-water sound communication is today. There may be casualties among the submarines. But these casualties won't be a patch on what will happen to the surface craft.

But suppose again. Suppose this time that the submarine flotilla is not lying in wait for a battlefleet; it is only waiting for merchant vessels. The blockade then will be too easy. The subs of 1950 will not even bother to submerge. Contemptuously, they will stand off out of range of the puny guns of the on-coming mariners and pick off the merchant ships one by one with their twelve or sixteen-inch guns.

Suppose again. Suppose this time that the submarine flotilla doesn't even wait for an approaching merchant fleet. Suppose it just wants to terrify New York. Aircraft may not be able to fly with certainty across the Atlantic, even by 1950, but submarines can carry them by 1950—they can do it already. The undersea ships come to the surface, discharge their seaplanes, and wait around until the aviators come back with glowing stories of how the Woolworth Building looked when it came toppling down.

Now one of the latest ideas for the protection of a battleship was invented largely because of torpedoes and aerial bombs. It is the "blister," which is designed to make a torpedo explode before it touches the skin of the ship. Perhaps blistered bottoms and such things will be brought forward in argument against submarines. Personally, I have my doubts about blisters. Also, I recall that the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* in their day were almost impregnable to gunfire, but it wasn't long before guns were built that would penetrate their armor. History is a long story of a race between projectiles and defenses against projectiles. The projectiles always win in the long run.

The torpedo, be it known, is just as capable of development as the submarine. They are terrible enough today—almost human. Their range varies from a few yards to nearly six miles. A thousand yards is the ideal battle range today, but it should be many thousand yards in a few years. They can be set to travel at any depth, on any course, and they are not appreciably subject to the circuitous gyrations that were characteristic of them a few years ago.

The greatest drawback to the development of the torpedo today is the standardization of the tubes from which they are shot. When we get around to building bigger tubes we can build bigger torpedoes, with greater speed, greater accuracy and tremendously greater explosive force. The armor-piercing torpedo is a dream today, but it is a dream that will come true.

When, and if, the next war comes, if I am alive, and in it, I want to be in the submarine service. By then it will be the safest branch of the Navy. This statement may be hard to swallow, but it is true. I've taken my share of dives (for a civilian), and I assure you that the things are safe, even if one did go to the bottom when a ship rammed it near Block Island a few weeks ago. You get no thrill out of a dive; you don't even know when you submerge, unless you watch a conning-tower porthole or the indicators in the main control room. Below the surface a few feet, the things are practically impervious to bad weather. Modern submarines are tested to submerge up to two hundred feet and they probably could go down three hundred feet. Today a crew can stay submerged for nearly twenty hours without undue hardships—in a few years subs will think nothing much of making a trans-oceanic voyage completely under water.

And submarines will still be in process of development. Their only competitors on the high seas, I predict, will be aircraft, and the two types of ships will enjoy comparative immunity from each other. The greatest dangers will be from experimentation. These dangers will be borne, as hardy pioneers of the Navy today are bearing them, just to see what a submarine can do before she will sink.

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Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Identified

"How are you coming along with your reducing?" asked Eleanor.

"I guess I must be one of those poor losers," sighed Irma.

Seasick?

[*New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury*]

New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamboat Company has gone to the Cosgrove Sauitarium at Edgartown to be treated for ulcer of the stomach.

The Cynic's Definition

"What is bigamy?"

"A double portion of too much."

Another Real Estate Boom

[*Ad in Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader*]

CITY PROPERTY to exchange for California.

Justified

"Jedge, yo' honah," complained an irate colored lady to the court, "dis yeah no 'count husban' o' mine drinks."

"Yassuh, jedge, yo' honah. Ah does drink some," admitted the husband. "But, jedge, dat womau don' treat me right. Why, Ah pawus de kitchen stove t' git a li'l money an' she don' miss it fo' two weeks."

A Light Diet

[*Beaver Falls (Pa.) Tribune*]

Welcome relief iu the form of wiud aud rain has come to most cities in the great heat zone, where people have lived on lemonade and fire escapes since June 1.

The Age of Chivalry

"I consider myself to be the most courteous man who ever took a girl auto riding."

"Explaiu yourself."

"I uever make her walk home without first furnishing her with a pair of roller skates and a road map."

Ride 'Em, Cowboy!

[*Farmers' Elevator Guide*]

The Carrollton Farmers Elevator Company will remodel the residence occupied by Manager Floyd Barton. A rodeo is part of the office equipmeut.

The Dentist Goes Fishing

The deutist had just pulled out a uice sunfish, aud noticed that it had swallowed the hook.

"Now," he cautioned, in his most professioually amiable toue, "this is going to hurt just a little."

The Sensitive Grain

[*Ethan (S. D.) Enterprise*]

During the storm of heavy raiu aud wiud last Thursday eveniug, hail worked havoc to corufields and shocked grain west of towu.

Social Error

Mrs. Hatch was iu mourning for her mountaineer husbaud and their two children, who had been killed the night before by Hardboiled Jem Rugger.

The door of the room swung open and there stood the murderer himself. He smiled faintly and said:

"I sho' owe you an apology, ma'am, 'cause I reckon I made a mistake. I really was meanin' to get the Griggses, but I must of got lost in the dark. The joke sho' is on me this time."

The Light That Failed

[*From the Waterbury (Conn.) American*]

Patrolman Garrick was walking down North Main Street when he heard peculiar noises coming from the Renihan home and at the same time saw a dark light in the house.

Never Say Die

[*Moline (Ill.) Daily Dispatch*]

Denver police early today were searching in the vicinity of Fort Logan for a holdup man who late last night shot and killed them while they were sitting in a slowly moving automobile just outside the city limits.

For Mathematical Experts

[*Associated Press Report*]

Weather outlook for the week beginning Monday: Upper Mississippi Valley, a period of scattered showers during the first half and again during the latter half.

Free Ad

"So you were on sentry duty in the front line trenches?" asked the old lady.

"Yes'm," replied the Legionnaire.

"Well, what did you watch for especially?"

"Why, Bursts and Duds, of course."

Lucky, at That

[*Ethan (S. D.) Enterprise*]

Con Schurz who autoed to Lake Madison last Sunday to bring back a load of the Camp Fire Girls, had the misfortune to have the top of his ear torn off in a storm which struck there.

Epitaph

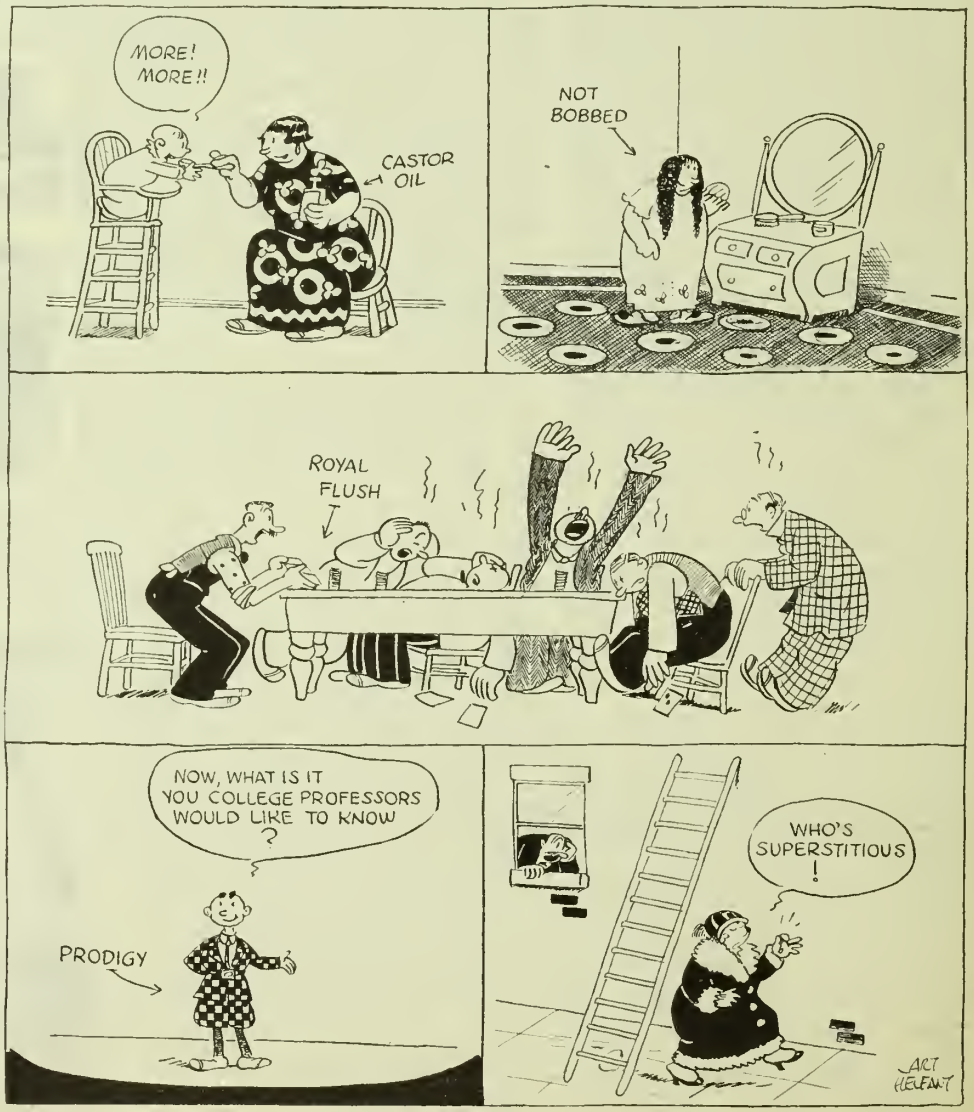
Rube Smart, he was, and very sharp;
His spirit now has risen;
And up in heaven every harp
Is out of time, 'cept his'n.

—*C. L. A.*

Face Lifting?

[*Anderson (S. C.) Daily Mail*]

WANTED—Lady for alteration. No one need apply unless experienced.



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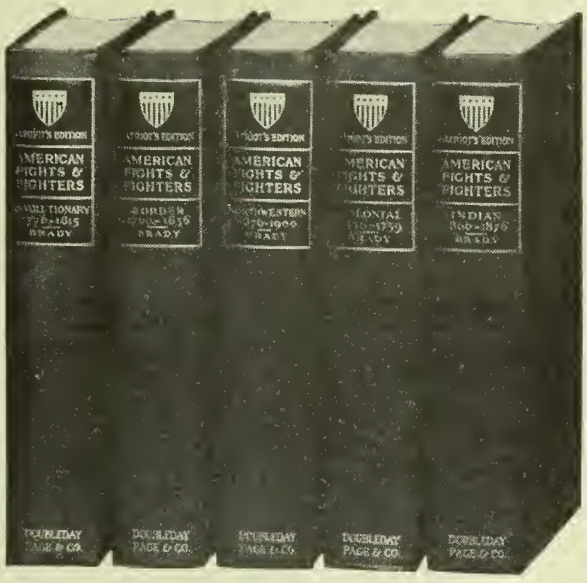

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THIS great work is authoritative and is in story form which does not make it a history of dry facts. It is volume after volume of true adventure—many are by the men who have experienced them and from tales by the pioneers themselves.

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The experiences of these men were making this country's history and they were making their sacrifices for our benefit. This great work is a valuable addition to any library.

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