

"The Submarine"

Poem by S-4 Victim Laughed at the Dangers of Life Under Sea "In a Damned, Old Sub"

Washington.—The lure of the submarine, as well as some of the perils of life in naval "pig-boats," as the undersea vessels are called by the sailors, are vividly pictured in a poem written some time ago by Walter Bishop, of 1,413 E Street, Southwest, this city, radioman, who lost his life when the submarine S-4 sank off the Provincetown coast of Cape Cod.

The poem, which was given out by Mrs. Bishop for publication in The Washington Post, is almost prophetic in its recital of the dangers daily encountered by officers and enlisted men aboard the under-water craft.

You've no doubt heard the people rave
Of battleships, spotless and clean.
But stop! Have you ever heard a word
Of life on a submarine?

I shall try to tell you the story,
Now that I think I may,
And am hoping that you'll hesitate
Ere going your busy way.

In the Cankerous mind of the devil
Ther festered a fiendish scheme;
He called his cohorts around him
And designed the submarine.

They planned and plotted to do their worst
In perfecting this awful thing;
And since completing their hideous work
Are awaiting what evil it will bring.

I'll try and describe this monster
That theimps of hell have wrought;
And when I'm through there's still
The fact
I'll have left out a lot.

And all the time I'll tell about
The officers and the crew,
Some of the hardships we must stand
And some of the things we do.

The engine room when under way
Is a place of torture for the brain,
With the two big Diesel engines
Roaring and shaking as though in pain.

Throttle man and lower oily
Striving to stand the pace;
While with the rag half-soaked in
fuel oil
They wipe the sweat from their face.

The motor room is another hot place,
Just motors and pumps and things;
But none the less a busy spot
When the diving signal rings.

The after battery is where we eat;
That is, when we roll the least;
While hanging on to keep our place
Like some prehensile beast.

Most of us in the battery room
Close to a lurking death;
With the storage cells giving off gas
That smothers our every breath.

The torpedo room is a deadly spot,
But we have small choice, you know;
So some sleep there, next the over-
head
With tons of TNT below.

The C O C is a little place
Just crammed with levels and tools;
And let me tell you, on a dive,
It's not a place for fools.

It takes ten good men to operate
The diving gear that's there,
And each man knows that a clear,
cool brain
Insures his return to the air.

When the diving siren sounds
There's action never seen
At any place upon the earth
But inside a submarine.

Hatches are closed and engines se-
cured
All openings closed up tight,
For it takes less than a minute
To submerge clear out of sight.

Main motors are started, periscopes
raised,
Bow diving planes rigged out;
All done in a very few seconds
and you've never heard a shout.

Everything silent everything calm,
No sound is heard
But the orders of the Captain
Given by quiet word.

We know it's a serious business,
You never hear laugh or quip;
Efficiency prevails supreme,
Our lives are forfeit for a slip.

Yes, daily we make a risky dive,
While Uncle Sam, with his brim-
ming cup,
Bets us a dollar while we're alive,
A dollar to nothing we don't come
up.

We're bottled up, just like a trap,
With nothing in between
The sea and death but a metal cap
Like the lid on a soup tureen.

We get a five-dollar bonus,
They call it extra pay;
But it always goes for dungarees
That the acid eats away.

The best blood in the service
You'll find on the old pig boat,
For it takes more than a common
mind
To sink and still to float.

The officers are real to-men-
Of character and nerve supreme;
It takes the keenest intellect
To command a submarine.

They must be democratic,
Broad-minded men and strong;
Capable of quick decision
Should anything go wrong.

The electrician's mate has a rather
hard lot,
For labor as much as he might,
He returns from a dive only to find
He has to charge batteries all night.

The radio man has his troubles, too,
Cooped up in a little shack;
With an Underwood mill against his
chest
And a bulkhead against his back.

Seamen, torpedo men and gunners'
mates
All have their share of woe;
They must take care of the upper
decks
And the armament below.

You've seen these bronco busters
Suffer while doing their stuff;
They don't hold a candle to what we
stand
When the gods of the sea get rough.

She'll roll and pitch and twist and
squirm
With the devil's own curse upon
her;
The movements, like those of a mighty
sperm,
Cause her to suffer from mal de mer.

With all of this it may seem strange
When you ask a gob off any pig
boat;
He'd rather be there than anywhere
As long as there's a sub afloat.

There's a sort of fascination
Attends this job of ours
That could only be duplicated
By a rocket trip to Mars.

We cuss and mutter "never again"
Until we get paid off;
But the blamed old life will drag us
back,
No matter how we scoff.

We all come back, come back for
more,
And there, friends, is the rub:
We like the life beneath the sea—
Life in a damned old sub.

CLEANING A RAINCOAT

Perhaps the reader has never clean-
ed her raincoat, fearing that she
might spoil it. The method given
here will prove satisfactory in the
case of rubber raincoats.

Prepare a large pan of suds made
from a good quality of soap or soap
powder. About four ounces of soap
are required. Let it come to a boil and
let it cool slowly, stirring the suds oc-
casionaly. When almost cold, add
four or five ounces of wood alcohol.
If one is compelled to use hard
water, soften it by adding ordinary
dry soap-powder.

The coat should be spread full-
length upon a table, and the warm
solution brushed well in both on the
right side and the wrong side with a
penetrating scrubbing-brush. Use
plenty of suds. If the coat is excep-
tionally dirty, go over it a second
time. Fuller's earth will usually re-
move any obstinate stain. The coat
is then ready for rinsing.

This must be done quickly. Do not
leave it for a moment. Two or three
rinsings will be required, for it must
be rinsed until every trace of soap is
removed. If any soap is left on the
coat, streaky marks will result when
the coat is dry. The first two rins-
ings must be lukewarm and the last
one cold. In the first, dissolve sal
soda (a handful to 10 gallons of
water) to assist in removing the soap.
To the final rinsing add acetic acid (a
teaspoonful to two gallons of water)
to set the color and give the raincoat
a fresh appearance. If the coat is
insufficiently rinsed and streaks ap-
pear, rinse it again in the soda solu-
tion. Dry it in the open air in the
shade. See that all water is out of
the pockets. If left in, rings may ap-
pear which are almost impossible to
remove without repeating the whole
process.

Raincoats that have lost their re-
sistance to water can be reproofed af-
ter cleaning. Dissolve one-fourth
pound of alum in one gallon of boiling
water. In another receptacle dissolve
one-fourth pound of sugar of lead in
one gallon of boiling water. When
both mixtures are thoroughly dis-
solved, pour the two solutions into one
bath. Immerse the coat in the bath
and well saturate every part. Squeeze
as much liquid as possible from the
garment and hang it outside to dry.
When it is quite-dry, wash it again in
cold water and dry. When nearly dry
press it with a slightly warmed iron
over a cloth.

A mackintosh may be cleaned in
much the same way as a raincoat, but
with a paste made of four ounces of
soap shavings boiled in four ounces
of water, to which has been added an
ounce of light magnesia. A mackin-
tosh, of course, should not be ironed.

Rubber cement will mend any tears
so that they are hardly discernible.
Dampen a weight to prevent it from
sticking, and then place it on the
patch to help the cement to adhere.

Father (to daughter)—"So you and
John Gildmore are in love, are you?
I suppose you want to get married."

Daughter—"No, I don't want to
marry John. I want him to marry
some other girl so that I can break up
his home."

Sunday Sport

Sports on Sunday Are Pleas-
ing to God After Wor-
ship, Bishop Man-
ning Asserts

Asserting that religion is in the full-
est sympathy with clean sport, Bishop
William T. Manning addressed the
National Collegiate Athletic, Associa-
tion recently. Speaking unexpectedly
at the invitation of Brig. Gen. Palmer
Pierce, President of the Association,
Bishop Manning stated that Sunday
sports had a place in the life of every
one. He also announced Jan. 29 as
the date on which the Sports Bay, the
quota for which has recently been
filled, would be officially assigned.

The Bishop's address follows in
part:

"Clean sport as represented and
promoted by your association is one
of the most powerful influences for
the upbuilding of character and for
the development of true manhood and
womanhood, and so I feel that there
should be the closest possible associa-
tion between sport and religion.

"Religion stands for true and up-
right living and for obedience to the
law of God, but religion must do this
not only by opposing what is evil but
by encouraging all that brings happi-
ness and gladness and wholesome
pleasure into human life. We need to
get free from the notion that reli-
gion is opposed to the happiness and
joy of life. One of the great symbolic
descriptions in the Bible describes
the Holy City to us 'as full of boys
and girls playing in the streets there-
of' which suggests that we shall have
our sports and recreations, or their
equivalent in the future life as I cer-
tainly believe we shall. And there-
fore while Sunday is the Lord's Day
and on that day worship should have
first place, my own view is that pro-
vided our boys and girls perform
their religious duties on that day they
should then feel quite free to enjoy
their tennis or golf or other sports, and
I believe it is pleasing to God for
them to do so.

"As you perhaps know, there has
been some discussion and some dif-
ference of opinion as to the propriety
of our having a Sports Bay in the
Cathedral of St. John the Divine. I
have received hundreds of letters upon
the subject, not all of them approv-
ing the idea. My own conviction up-
on the matter, however, is entirely
clear. I feel that it is a splendid and
most significant thing that here in
New York, in the greatest religious edifice
in our country, we shall have this
striking symbol of the fact that sport
has its true place in life and that reli-
gion does not frown upon clean sport
but is in the fullest sympathy with
it."

Henry Ford is going to send his
friend, Thomas A. Edison, one of the
new model cars, but Mr. Edison says
he is going to stick to his thirteen-
year-old silver till it rusts away. Can
it be that he is trying to make a new
Edison record?

They're probably happily married
if they like the same tooth paste.



Turban, Scarf and Cuffs
Ermine trim sets off this attractive
walking suit by Worth.

Lloyd George in Optimistic Mood

Tells Interviewer at Lisbon,
World's Peace is
Durable

London.—A Lisbon dispatch to the
Daily News detailing an interview
with Lloyd George aboard the steamer
Avonlea, quoted the former British
Premier as saying he was convinced
that the world's peace was durable.

Lloyd George compared the present
period with the aftermath of a great
earthquake and added:
"There still are political shocks and
quivers but the equilibrium is being
restored to a solid basis."

The former Premier is on his way
to Brazil "where I am going to rest
and not meddle in politics or journal-
ism for some time."

Politics, he said, "brought me only
disappointment and journalism af-
forded some compensations. I have
got more during four years from
journalism than in 16 as Minister of
the Crown and Prime Minister."

Satisfied
Lady: "Have you been successful
in your search for employment?"
Trump: "Yes'm. I couldn't find
any."

The science of aviation has now ad-
vanced to the point where the air-
plane is a reasonably safe means of
transportation, if Col. Lindbergh's
flying it.—Ohio State Journal.

Short Wave Length in 1928 Seen As Certain to Follow Development of Past Year

Commissioner Caldwell Reviews 1927 and Looks Ahead
to Many Improvements

By O. H. Caldwell.

Washington (A. P.)—During 1928
the spotlight of public interest in
radio will turn upon the long reaches
of the radio spectrum below the
broadcasting band. For invention and
commercial development these chan-
nels form a vast terra incognita, in
which pioneers are now exploring and
staking their claims.

In the short wave region we may
expect during the year a rush of ap-
plications for channels which in its
commercial, industrial and economic
reverberations will make the recent
episode in the broadcasting band
seem mild by comparison. Aside from
all other communication demands, it
is clear that future aviation progress
will depend wholly on these short
waves for communication to airplanes
in flight.

In the broadcasting band through
various methods of synchronizing the
carrier frequency of stations we may
succeed in multiplying by several
times the carrying capacity of exist-
ing channels for regional stations.
Chain station operation on but three

or four frequencies instead of fifteen
or twenty may further economize our
precious channels.

Single sideband transmission may
cut the present ten-kilocycle separa-
tion nearly in two, further doubling
the channels. Meanwhile broadcast-
ing service in cities during 1928 may
start on its inevitable transfer to local
wire systems, telephone or electric
light, leaving space to radio to serve
the open spaces and rural communi-
ties.

The year 1927 made radio history
in several important respects. A basic
law for radio control and regulation
was passed by Congress. "Television,
or 'seeing by radio,'" was accom-
plished and widely demonstrated. The
lamp pocket receiving set became a
commercial product, merchandised on
a large scale. Adequate radio chan-
nels have been cleared, reaching into
every home. And by international
agreement among seventy nations fu-
ture operations and development in
the whole radio spectrum have been
outlined and protected from interfer-
ence.

Wasp's Nest in Wooden Leg New Process Steel Made by Wireless

London.—There is a wooden leg
with a queer history now reposing in
the Natural History Museum here. It
was worn by a wounded soldier. It
began to irritate him. At last he took
it off—and out came a dozen wasps.

Analytical-minded experts have dis-
covered that eggs, from which the
wasps hatched, lay in the wood before
it was made into artificial limbs.

This furnace, the Ajax Northrup
high frequency furnace, is the first of
its kind in the world to be used for
the manufacture of high quality tool
steel. The old crucible furnace, fired
by coke or gas, held only 60 lbs. of
metal.

The electrical effects were similar
to those used in wireless installations.
The walls of the crucible served as a
container; no heat passed through,
and the wooden box containing the
furnace was so cool that the hand
could be placed on it.

First of Its Kind
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Professor C. H. Desch, Professor of
Metallurgy, University of Sheffield
after the demonstration, said the fur-
nace provided a means of making high
class steel under strictly controlled
conditions without the slightest dan-
ger of contamination by foreign gases
or anything of that kind.

The heat consumption was remark-
ably low, because the heat was gen-
erated exactly where it was wanted,
inside the metal and not outside. The
process seemed to have every pros-
pect of being successful.

Leaning Tower Of Pisa in 1927

"It has been reported that the
Leaning Tower of Pisa was begin-
ning to lean more than ever. Mind-
ful of the fate of the Campanile of
Venice twenty-five years ago, Italy
appointed two commissions to exam-
ine the danger at Pisa," says the
London Daily Telegraph.

"The report is that at the moment,
and in the immediate future, no dis-
aster is to be feared, but the list of
the Tower is slowly increasing; and
to ensure its stability the base must
be strengthened and the streams
which flow underground diverted. At
the present time the Tower is some
14 1/2 feet out of the perpendicular. In
1800 the list was less than 13 1/2 feet.
These figures are sufficient proof of
the need for watchful care."

"The Leaning Tower is not merely
one of the wonders of the world, for
its equilibrium between stability and
instability; it is the noblest building
of its kind. After the crash the Cam-
panile of St. Mark was rebuilt, to the
general admiration. But that was
a shaft of brick, and the arches and
columns of the Tower of Pisa are all
marble. It dates from 1174.

Whether Bonnano and William of
Innsbruck, who were the architects,
meant their Tower to lean has been
disputed, but the accepted theory now
is that after building was begun the
foundations on the south side sank,
owing, no doubt, to the underground
water against which precautions are
now, seven centuries later, to be taken.
Foundations were not the strong
point of mediæval architects.

The foundations of the Leaning
Tower, which is 180 feet high, only
go down 10 feet, and are no larger in
circumference than the building
above ground. When the Tower was
up to the third storey, the architects
seem to have decided that it must be
given an inclination in the opposite
direction to counteract the subsidence.

Nearly two hundred years went by
before the last arcade and the last
column were wrought and the citizens
would climb to the eighth storey
where the seven bells hang, and look
out over the wonderful prospect of
sea and river and mountain.

Interesting Historic Ball



LT. GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC IS HOST TO OLD TIME NOTABLES
Standing, Left to Right—Premier Tachereau as D'Agusseau; Mrs. Reginald McKenna, the Governor's daughter,
as Marie Leczinska; Lord Willington as Charles I; Lady Willington as Queen Henriette Marie; Gov. Perodeau (the
Host) as Louis XIV. Seated—Miss McKenna as Marie Louise de France; Capt. Inigo Freeman-Thomas (son of Lord
Willington), as the Duke of Buckingham; Mrs. Freeman-Thomas as the Duchess of Buckingham.