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## "THE HITS THAT COUNT"

An Interesting Story That Illustrates Some of The Happenings on a U. S. Battleship During an Engagement

It was down in the handling room of the U. S. S. Nevada that I first met Drayton. He must have been seventeen or they would not have enlisted him, but in his sailor clothes he looked like a boy on the pond and had got separate from his nurse in a crowd.

I was boatwain's mate of the fourth division of the Nevada, and the division officer, Lieut. Lowney, had told me to take the draft of men we'd received and fill up the turret stations. When I got to Drayton, I had to stop and consider. He wasn't big enough for a man-size job, so I made him handling-room messenger. I could see that he was disappointed. "Messenger" didn't sound like a romantic job.

At quarters the next morning I mustered the division on the gun deck and reported to Mr. Lowney: "Sixty-three men in the division, sir. All present or accounted for."

It didn't take a nautical eye to pick out the new men. They were soft-looking and restless and kept staring round; but I don't suppose you can blame them for that, for you take a bunch of men right off the farm and slap them down in the middle of a mess of guns, armor and boats, and they've got a right to be curious.

After quarters I inspected double bottoms with Lieut. Lowney, preparatory to getting under way. Being in the navy yard, we weren't having any drills; there was nothing for the "gobs" to do till we got out. The result was that when I came up out of the bottoms, the gun deck was covered with bluejackets snatching a nap, with newspapers spread out between them and the deck to keep their white clothes from getting dirty. And in my favorite spot, between one of the broadside guns and the gun port Drayton was stretched out, sleeping peacefully. I don't allow any ordinary seaman in my division to get familiar with my hangouts, and I reached for him with my foot to kick him out of there; but I didn't. I would have lifted him a good one if it had been a man, but I didn't have the heart to bother a child. I just wondered what the navy was coming to.

We shoved off at noon on a high tide. It was an old story to me, but I guess I'll never lose the thrill that comes when we drop down the East River and pass under Brooklyn Bridge. It's always the same. The big ship slips smoothly down toward the bridge taking up the whole river. Traffic stops all round and crowds line the bridge rail to watch us pass. A shadow falls across our decks as the ship goes under, and we look at the maze of ties and girders, while the people on the bridge look down our stacks. Another minute and we're by, with our masts barely scraping clear, and we head for the Narrows and the open sea.

Outside Ambrose Channel we settled down to work. After the decks were swept down, we broke out the hose and the holystones and had a field day cleaning up the mess the yard workmen had made of our ship. Streams of water played on everything. Sailors, holystones, scrubbers, sand and water were all going after the dirt, and it wasn't a comfortable place to walk unless you were rigged for bathing. The "gobs" rolled their trousers up over their knees and sloshed round in their bare feet. That new youngster seemed to be having as much fun shoving his scrubber round as a kid wading in the creek. It must have tickled him a lot to feel the water and the sand between his toes; the job was play to him.

By the time we got the deck dried down we were out to sea and heading east. After supper I settled myself on the shelf plate of our turret. I was drinking in the calmness of the sea and the sky, and watching the ship cut her way through the water. I'd just about forgot matter-of-fact things when Drayton spots me, hauls himself up the barrette and sits down alongside. I took a good look at the boy. He had smooth velvety cheeks that he'd never have to shave that cruise. He was handsome, too, and intelligent-looking. I felt sorry that I'd had to detail him for a messenger, but he didn't have the size for a member of the loading crew and he didn't have the skill for a job in the turret.

"Well, Drayton, what do you want?"

"I'd like to find out something about target practice, and I thought I'd ask you. You don't mind telling me, do you?"

"Sure not, son. I'm glad to see you interested. To begin with, the Nevada's built to shoot—she ain't carrying round ten fourteen-inch guns for ornaments. And in order to hit what we're shooting at we've got to have practice, and we have it about six times a year.

"Now the target is only a canvas screen ten feet square, with a two-foot bull's eye in the middle of it to aim at. A tugboat tows a string of targets on a raft, and each turret of the ship has one target assigned to it. For this practice the firing is by turrets individually. The turret officer has his station in a little booth in the turret, where he's in communication by telephone with the gunnery officers, who gives him the orders when to open fire. The turret officer gives the orders to his gun crews to load, and tells the gun pointers what the target is and when to begin firing.

"The pointers down under the guns are the ones that have the big jobs. One of them keeps the turret with its two guns trained on the target all the time—he's the trainer. The other one keeps the guns level till the crew gets them loaded, and then he elevates them till his sights come on the bull's eye; he's called the firing pointer. Both of them try to get the guns staided when the ship comes to the end of a roll; then the pointer squeezes a button and that fires both guns by electricity.

"Then the pointer levels the guns, the turret crew loads as fast as it can, and the pointer brings them up and only gets two minutes to fire the shot. That means the loading crew has to send up five tons of shells and two tons of powder up from the magazines in two minutes, and the men aiming the guns have to fire as soon as the guns are loaded, or else their time'll be up before they get off all their shots. The reason for the speed is that if we were fighting a real ship, we'd want to hit her first and follow up fast, so as to knock her out before she could do much shooting back. To do that takes teamwork all round, but mostly it takes good pointers."

"I think I'd like to be a pointer," said Drayton. "Do you think I could?"

"No, sonny, I don't think you could. This turret's got two pointers already. Bessel is firing pointer and I'm the trainer. Seeing that we made the high score at the last practice, I don't think Lieut. Lowney will try any recruits. You see the 'E' painted on the side of this turret? That means 'Excellent.' Bessel and I made that by hitting our target five times out of six shots. Uncle Sam paid the turret division two thousand dollars in prize money; Mr. Lowney got a letter of commendation from the Navy Department; and Bessel and I are getting ten dollars a month extra pay, because we're qualified as 'heavy gun pointers.' That's what this white circle on my sleeve with the cross wires embroidered in it means. That's a gun pointer's mark."

Drills started the next morning, but they were mostly loading exercises for the handling rooms and the guns. I never saw the loading drills, for Bessel and I always had to go to the pointers' station under the guns, but I could always tell by the sounds how a load was coming along. It must have been a week before the crew was able to make a load without having somebody spoil it by dropping a powder bag or jamming the shell in the hoist. And every time I could hear Drayton down in the magazine explaining through the voice tube to Mr. Lowney what was delaying them below. I guess that's all Drayton did—just keep his ear glued to the lower end of that voice tube to get the loading orders; but when he did talk, it was a pleasure to hear his boyish voice saying that the turret would have to wait because one of the shell men had dropped the shell off the trolley, or maybe one of the rookies had fumbled a powder bag and it had torn open on the way up.

So I never saw Drayton at drill, although I heard him often. It didn't take long before everybody was his friend. He learned everything fast, and before the end of his first week

aboard he was as nautical as a second cruise sailor.

One day our second week out Mr. Lowney was strapping on his head telephone as I went by on my way to the firing station. He made a sign to me to stop, so I sat down on the rammer tray till he'd reported the turret to the gunnery officer. Then he handed me a severs jolt.

"Blackton," he said, "I've given you a new running mate. Bessel told me today he is not going to ship over when his cruise is up, and I've decided not to let him fire this coming practice. Now we haven't any more qualified pointers in this division, so we'll have to train a new man. The junior division officer recommended Drayton as the most intelligent man he had down below. I told Drayton to come up here to-day, and I'm going to make a pointer out of him. I'm counting on you to help."

"Ay, ay, sir. I'll do the best I can for him."

"Very well, Blackton; you'll find him under the left gun. I'll be with you when this loading drill is over."

I slipped off the rammer and dropped to the loading platform under the breech of the gun. The layout of the pointers' station was simple. I entered by dropping under the gun breech and crawling forward on my stomach to a small cubby-hole under the trunnions, not high enough to stand up in it. Underneath was the turret floor, covered with gear trains and motors to drive them; overhead was the sleeve in which the left turret gun rested, a monster hoop of steel, with a row of recoil cylinders clustered on its under side; in front was the barrette, eighteen inches of armor to protect the operating machinery and the pointers from damage.

Two telescopes, attached to the gun sleeve above, look out through small ports cut through the faceplate of the turret. A bicycle saddle mounted below each telescope furnished a seat for the pointer. In front of each seat was a vertical wheel, the controller for that station. Drayton was there, leaning against the pointer's seat. He was strictly keeping his hands and feet off the controls round him. I had to give him credit for restraining his curiosity and leaving things alone, but I wasn't altogether tickled over the outlook. Bessel and I had been firing together for three years, and we were pretty good on the teamwork that the pointer and trainer need in order to get their shots off in any time at all. Now it looked to me that after the next practice we'd be painting out that "E" on the turret.

"Take your station," I ordered, and Drayton climbed up on the pointer's seat. I got on the trainer's seat alongside him, reached over to the bulkhead between the right and the guns, and threw in the switch that started up all the motors. "Squeeze your right eye against that telescope," I said. What'd ye see?"

"Two wires in the telescope field, crossing each other, and the waves on the horizon. They look pretty close, too."

"All right. One of the wires is yours and one of them's mine. Now watch," and I turned my controller wheel and started the turret training round. "What do you see now?"

"The vertical wire's moving left." He looked through the telescope port with his left eye at the deck outside. "The guns and everything are moving left."

"Just keep that in mind, son. I move this turret and the guns in it right or left till I bring that vertical wire on whatever I'm aiming at. Now watch again," and I leaned over to his controller and worked it slowly.

"The horizontal wire's coming down," Drayton said. I reversed the controller. "Now it's coming up." "If you look up, you'll see that the guns are turning in the trunnions." I said. "That's your job. You elevate these guns till that horizontal wire covers the target, and then you keep elevating or depressing them with the roll of the ship to keep the target covered. When you're ready to fire, you press that button on your control wheel. Now look through my telescope." He did. "You see exactly the same thing through mine as you do through yours. They're both held parallel to each other and to the bores of the two guns in this turret. The wires in these telescopes are carefully adjusted with the guns, and they're clamped in position with nuts. The intersections of the wires in each telescope cover the same spot. If one of them's on, the other is on, too. Remember that. Now let's see if there's anything in sight."

I trained forward on the starboard side, then aft again, and went round to port. On our quarter I picked up a

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## MR. EDISON SEEKS SUBMARINE CHECK

Inventor Spends Ten Weeks on Sea, and It is Thought Probably He has Found Defensive Weapon—His Bond Appeal

Orange, N. J.—Thomas A. Edison, veteran inventor, has spent the last 10 weeks on the high seas, striving to perfect some means of defeating the submarine, his laboratories announced yesterday. He is now back "somewhere in America," with the results of his studies and experiments.

First news that the electrical expert had carried his search to the seas was made in a brief statement by William Maxwell, vice-president of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., and general manager of the musical phonograph department. It was in connection with a stirring appeal to the American people written by Mr. Edison that they buy Liberty bonds.

"One hundred and forty-one years ago our forefathers fought for less than we are fighting for today. We have made heroes of the men who fought to make this country free, and have branded as cowards and traitors the men who refused to fight. Posterity will grant similar judgement on the men and women who do not do their duty now, and are creating a heritage of shame for their children and their children's children.

"Germany's place in the sun means nothing short of world domination. Every Liberty bond you buy this week is a message from you to the Kaiser that his ambition to conquer the world cannot be realized.

### "EDISON"

Prior to reading the Edison message, Mr. Maxwell said: "If there is any man in this country today who typifies the spirit of 1776 that man is Thomas A. Edison. He has been giving every moment of his time to the Government. He has been on the high seas working day and night for America, wherever his duty has taken him, under all conditions. Sometimes his assistants in the laboratory or on the sea with him have complained, but he has replied to them, 'You can stand it if I can. Mr. Edison has been so busy on special government work that until now he has not had time to urge purchase of Liberty bonds, although he has purchased every dollar's worth he can afford.'"

Mr. Maxwell would not further discuss Mr. Edison's absence "on the high seas" or whether the inventor has perfected an anti-submarine device. It was believed from the fact that Mr. Edison's sea voyage was announced as ended and from strictest reticence at the Edison plant today as to his whereabouts that the inventor had probably found the anti-submarine weapon for which he has been searching. It was understood that Mr. Edison's experiments included duplication as far as possible of Germany's submarine warfare methods.

## Aircraft Guns For Philadelphia

Philadelphia is to be protected from the possibility of attack from the air by two or more of the largest and most powerful anti-aircraft guns that have yet been constructed. The Philadelphia navy yard and the Frankford arsenal are the vulnerable points that are to receive most of the protection but the city itself will also be considered in the protective plans.

The gun is of the mobile type and can be demounted quickly and rushed to a new position by a big motor truck that is part of its equipment. It is said at the navy yard that the gun is very much like the great anti-aircraft rifles that guard the approaches to Paris and London.

The war department is not contemplating an attack by Zeppelins or airplanes flying across the Atlantic, but they are providing against an assault by seaplanes making the trip across seas on the decks of the German high seas fleet. The warnings that have been received from Admiral Sims and Jellicoe to the effect that the German fleet may rally forth at any time and, passing the strongly defended coast of England, attack the Atlantic coast of the United States, is responsible for the precautions that are being taken.

In such a raid seaplanes and submarines undoubtedly would be used, the submarines to threaten the American fleet and keep it behind protective nets the planes to bomb munition plants, naval yards, arsenals and the large cities of the coast.

That the prospect is not a chimeric one is proved by the activity of the war and navy departments in taking the "stitches in time." There is no objection being made to the publication of the few facts here stated.

## BORROWING MAY BE CONTINUOUS

Frequent Periodical Recourse to the Money Market Not Considered Satisfactory—Involves Stupendous Amount of Work.

New York, N. Y.—It may not be very long before the United States resorts to a process of continuous government borrowing for purpose of carrying on the war. There are those who maintain that present periodical recourse to the money market for prodigious sums in the space of a few weeks, necessitating as it does tremendous effort on part of Treasury officials and bankers, is detrimental to business and financial conditions. It is proposed that a systematized form of borrowing all the time, would afford a better opportunity for various loan committees to work out their plans of soliciting subscriptions from public.

Allotting say, a period of four weeks in order to raise a loan of several billions involves an exacting strain upon those actively engaged in the undertaking. As in the case of the present loan, fruits of selling effort are not apparent until a long day of the campaign by reason of the fact that thousands of subscribers, especially the wealthy classes, refrain from sending in their subscriptions until the last minute. In the meantime, however, there is an inevitable period of suspense and uncertainty as to ultimate success of the issue. This occurs with every succeeding offering, and each time it is necessary to whip up public enthusiasm. Yet it requires at least four weeks to float a loan of several billions. This disturbance would be obviated if solicitation of contributions was made a continuous affair.

We may take an example from England and France. These countries had a full opportunity before our entrance into the war of trying out various plans of war financing. As time went on, they have been relying more and more upon continuous borrowing to meet their war requirements. There is not much to choose between the business sense of American and British people, and England's experience in this matter is consequently of significance to us.

## Opportunities for Education At Washington.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 30.—To the young man or woman who seeks to obtain a college degree and a livelihood at the same time, no city in the country offers an opportunity more attractive than that to be found in the national capital. The several universities at Washington provide evening classes with hours arranged conveniently for Government employees, who ordinarily complete their day's work at half past four and all libraries, including the Library of Congress are open at night.

For years thousands of young people have entered the civil service at Washington with the main idea of devoting three or four years to equipping themselves for a professional or scientific career while supporting themselves. Many of the young men live at fraternity houses, cooperately conducted, thereby lessening the living expenses and also securing a place where they can entertain their friends.

In addition to the university courses, the Young Men's Christian Association and private schools conduct evening classes in technical, languages, accountancy, stenography and typewriting, and the usual high school studies.

Notwithstanding the drafts for military service, practically all schools in Washington show an increased enrollment this year. This is due to the great influx incident to the war. Ten or twelve thousand new clerks and other employees have been appointed in the departments and this great civilian army is being added to daily. Stenographers and typewriters and mechanical draftsmen for the service generally, and what are known as schedule clerks, index and catalogue clerks, clerks qualified in statistics or accounting, and clerks qualified in business administration for the office of the Ordnance Department of the Army are in demand.

The representatives of the Federal civil service commission at the post offices in all cities are receiving numerous inquiries from persons who wish to be at the seat of government at this time of big events and to have a part in the actual administration of the Government's great business. Women are finding in this office work an opportunity to "do their bit" in a very practical way.

## UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

What You Can Do to Help Win This War.

Our Problem is to feed our Allies this winter by sending them as much food as we can, of the most concentrated nutritive value, in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products, and sugar.

Our Solution is to eat less of these, and more of other foods of which we have abundance, and to waste less of all foods.

Bread and Cereals—Have at least one wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oat, rye, barley, or mixed cereal rolls, muffins, and breads in place of white bread, certainly for one meal and if possible, for two. Eat less cake and pastry.

As to the white bread, if you buy from a baker, order it a day in advance; then he will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table, and only as required. Use stale bread for toast and cooking.

Meat—Use more poultry, rabbits, and especially fish and sea food, in place of beef, mutton, and pork. Do not use either beef, mutton, or pork more than once daily, and then serve smaller portions. Use all left-over meat cold or in made dishes. Use soups more freely. Use beans; they have nearly the same food value as meat.

Milk—Use all of the milk; waste no part of it. The children must have whole milk; therefore, use less cream. There is a great waste of food by not using all skim and sour milk. Sour milk can be used in cooking and to make cottage cheese. Use buttermilk and cheese freely.

Fats (butter, lard, etc.)—Dairy butter has food values vital to children. Therefore, use it on the table as usual, especially for children. Use as little as possible in cooking. Reduce the use of fried foods, to reduce the consumption of lard and other fats. Use vegetable oils, as olive and cottonseed oil. Save daily one-third of an ounce of animal fat. Waste no soap; it contains fat and the glycerine necessary for explosives. You can make scrubbing soap at home, and, in some localities, you can sell your saved fats to the soap maker, who will thus secure our needed glycerine.

Sugar—Use less candy and sweet drinks. Use less sugar in tea and coffee. Use honey, maple syrup, and dark syrups for hot cakes and waffles without butter or sugar. Do not frost or ice cakes. Do not stint the use of sugar in putting up fruits and jams; they may be used in place of butter.

Vegetables and Fruits—We have a superabundance of vegetables. They take the place of part of the wheat and meat, and, at the same time, are healthful. Use potatoes abundantly. Store potatoes and roots properly, and they will keep. Use fruits generously.

Fuel—Coal comes from a distance, and our railway facilities are needed for war purposes. Burn fewer fires. If you can get wood, use it.

### General Suggestions

Buy less; cook no more than necessary; serve smaller portions. Use local and seasonal supplies.

Patronize your local producers, and lessen the need of transportation.

Preach and practice the "gospel of the clean plate."

We do not ask the American people to starve themselves. Eat plenty, but wisely, and without waste.

Do not limit the plain food of growing children.

Do not eat between meals.

Watch out for the waste in the community.

You can yourself devise other methods of saving to the ends we wish to accomplish. Under various circumstances and with varying conditions you can vary the methods of economizing.

## German People are Said to Want Peace

Washington, D. C.—An Italian workman, interned in Germany since the beginning of the war, has escaped through the Alps to his own country with a report that the German people want peace and expect it to come in November.

Official dispatches received here state that, according to the man's story, the Germans have abandoned hope of victory at arms. Laborers are threatening to leave the factories if the war continues another winter, and the civil population generally is living under terrible conditions. The man said 800 soldiers, attending a circus at Essen, were destroyed at one time by bombs of allied aviators.