

# TALES OF UNDERSEA FIGHTING

(By Rudyard Kipling)  
They bear, in place of classic names,  
Letters and numbers on their skin.  
They play their grisly blindfold games  
In little boxes made of tin,  
Sometimes they stalk the Zeppelin,  
Sometimes they learn where mines  
are laid  
Or where the Baltic ice is thin,  
That is the custom of "The Trade."

No one knows how the title of "The Trade" came to be applied to the submarine service. Some say the cruisers invented it because they pretend that submarine officers look like unwashed chauffeurs. Others think it sprang forth by itself, which means that it was coined by the lower deck, where they always have the proper names for things. Whatever the truth, the submarine service is now "The Trade," and if you ask them why, they will answer: "What else could you call it? The Trade's 'the trade,' of course."

It is a close corporation; yet it recruits its men and officers from every class that uses the sea, and enlists, as well as from many classes that never expected to deal with either. It takes them; they disappear for a while and return changed to their very souls, for the Trade lives in a world without precedents, of which no generation has had any previous experience—a world still being made and enlarged daily. It creates and settles its own problems as it goes along, and if it cannot help itself no one else can. The Trade lives in the dark and thinks out inconceivable and impossible things, which it afterwards puts into practice.

**Four Nightmares.**  
Who, a few months ago, could have invented, or having invented, would have dared to print such a nightmare as this: There was a boat in the North sea which ran into a net and was caught by the nose. She rose, still entangled, meaning to cut the thing away on the surface. But a Zeppelin in waiting saw and bombed her and she had to go down again at once, but not too wildly or she would get herself more wrapped up than ever. She went down, and by slow working and weaving and wriggling, guided only by guesses at the meaning of each scrape and grind of the net on her blind forehead, at last she drew clear. Then she sat on the bottom and thought. The question was whether she should go back at once and warn her confederates against the trap, or wait till the destroyers, which she knew the Zeppelin would have stung for, should come out to finish her still entangled, as they would suppose, in the net. It was a simple calculation of comparative speeds and positions, and when

it was worked out she decided to try for the double event. Within a few minutes of the time she had allowed for them she heard the twitter of four destroyers' screws quivering above her; rose; got her shot in; saw one destroyer crumple; hung round till another took the wreck in tow, said good-bye to the spare brace (she was at the end of her supplies), and reached the rendezvous in time to turn her friends.

And since we are dealing in nightmares, here are two more—one genuine, the other, mercifully, false. There was a boat not only at, but in the mouth of a river—well home in German territory. She was spotted, and went under, her commander perfectly aware that there was not more than five feet of water over her conning-tower, so that even a torpedo boat, let alone a destroyer, would hit it if she came over. But nothing hit anything. The search was conducted on scientific principles while they sat on the slit and suffered. Then the commander heard the rasp of a wire trawl sweeping over his hull. It was not a nice sound, but there happened to be a couple of gramophones aboard, and he turned them both on to drown it. And in due time that boat got home with everybody's hair of just the same color as when they had started!

The other nightmare arose out of silence and imagination. A boat had gone to bed on the bottom in a spot where she might reasonably expect to be looked for, but it was a convenient jumping-off, or up, place for the work in hand. About the mid hour of 2:30 a. m. the commander was waked by one of his men, who whispered to him: "They've got the chains on us, sir!" Whether it was pure nightmare, an hallucination of long wakefulness, something relaxing and releasing in that packed box of machinery, or the disgusting reality, the commander could not tell, but it had all the makings of a panic in it. So the Lord and long training put it into his head to reply: "Have they? Well, we shan't be coming up till 9 o'clock this morning. We'll see about it then. Turn out that light, please."

He did not sleep, but the dreamer and the others did, and when morning came and he gave the order to rise, and she rose unhampered, and he saw the grey, smeared seas from above once again, he said it was a very refreshing sight. Lastly, which on fours with the ramble of the chase, a man was coming home rather bored after an uneventful trip. It was necessary for him to sit on the bottom for awhile, and there he played patience. Of a sudden it struck him, as a vow and an amen, that if he worked out the next game correctly he would go up and strafe something. The cards fell

in order. He went up at once and found himself alongside a German, whom, as he had promised and prophesied to himself, he destroyed. She was a mine-layer, and needed only a jar to dislodge like a cracked electric light bulb. He was somewhat impressed by the contrast between the single-handed game 50 feet below, the ascent, the attack, the amazing result, and when he descended again, his cards were just as he had left them.

**The Exploit of E 11.**  
E 11 "proceeded" in the usual way, to the usual accompaniments of hostile destroyers, up the Straits, and meets the usual difficulties about charging-up when she gets through. Her wireless naturally takes this opportunity to give trouble, and E 11 is left, deaf and dumb, somewhere in the middle of the Sea of Marmara, diving to avoid hostile destroyers in the intervals of trying to come at the



fault of her aerial. (Yet it is noteworthy that the language of the Trade, though technical, is no more emphatic or incandescent than that of top-side ships.)

Then she goes towards Constantinople, finds a Turkish torpedo-boat off the port, sinks her, has her periscope smashed by a six-pounder, retires, fits a new top on the periscope and at 10:30 a. m.—they must have needed it—pipes "All hands to bathe." Much refreshed, she gets her wireless linked up at last, and is able to tell the authorities where she is and what she is after.

In due time E 11 went back to her base. She had discovered a way of using unspent torpedoes twice, which surprised the enemy, and she had as nearly as possible been cut down by a ship which she thought was running away from her. Instead of which (she made the discovery at 3000 yards, both craft all out) the steamer steamed straight at her. "The enemy then witnessed a somewhat spectacular dive at full speed from the surface to 20 feet in as many seconds. He then really did turn tail and was seen no more." Going through the Straits she observed an empty troop ship at anchor, but reserved her torpedoes in the hope of picking up some battleships lower down. Not finding these in the Narrows, she nosed her way back and sank the trooper, "afterwards continuing journey down the Straits." Off Killd Bahr something happened; she got out of trim and had to be fully flooded before she could be brought to her required depth. It might have been whirlpools under water, or—

other things. (They tell a story of a boat which once went mad in these very waters, and, for no reason ascertainable from within, plunged to depths that contracts do not allow for; rocketed up again like a sword-fish and would doubtless have so continued till she died, had not some-



Since colonial days intoxicating liquors have been a curse to the Indian—so much of a curse that it renders him incapable of taking care of himself or his property. Never before has the government been quite as active in its efforts to break up bootlegging among the Indians as at the present time. In the last three years 502,880 pints of alcoholic liquor have been confiscated and destroyed; 5511 arrests have been made and the amount of fines assessed against convicted offenders about equals the annual appropriation of congress made for the purpose of breaking up the traffic in

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thing she had fouled dropped off and let her recover her composure.)

An hour later: "Heard a noise similar to grinding. Knowing this to be impossible in the water in which the boat then was, I came up to 20 feet to investigate, and observed a large mine preceding the periscope at a distance of about 50 feet, which was apparently hung up by its moorings to the port hydroplane." Hydroplanes are the fins at bow and stern which regulate a submarine's diving. A mine weighs anything from hundredweights to half-tons. Sometimes it explodes if you merely think about it, at others you can batter it like an empty sardine tin and it submits meekly; but at no time is it meant to wear on a hydroplane. They dared not come up to unhitch it, "owing to the batteries ashore," so they pushed the dim shape ahead of them till they got outside Kum Kate. They then went full astern and emptied the after-tanks which brought the bows down, and in this posture rose to the surface, when "the rush of water from the screws together with the sternway gathered allowed the mine to fall clear of the vessel."

Now a fool, said Dr. Johnson, would have tried to describe that.

**FIRE WATER.**  
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the pledge, are in their own way protecting themselves when under the influence of liquor. In Miami, Fla. (among other things a trading post for the Seminoles) the story is current that these Indians always paddle down the Miami river in pairs; that they do their trading, deposit the surplus cash with a certain merchant of tried honesty and then go off for a

debauch, one on the first day and the other on the next, the sober fellow refraining from even a drop of "fire-water" until his brother has finished his fun. When both have had their day, under the guidance and protection of a sober mate, they reclaim their funds from their merchant despoisary and paddle away to their homes.

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## Pendleton Auto Co's. New Garage is Credit to City

Round-Up week saw the opening of the new home of the Pendleton Auto Co., on the corner of East Court and Johnson streets. The finishing touches on what is undoubtedly as complete and attractive a garage as there is on the Pacific coast were put on last week by painters and decorators and the moving from the old garage completed.

The new garage will be for the display, sale and storage of cars and accessories only, the company having decided to keep the shops in their present location so that there will be no noise or dirt at the new place.

**Display Room Faces Court.**  
The display room of the new garage, facing on Court street, is truly a work of art. The floor is of art tile and the walls and ceiling have been decorated much the same as are the walls and ceilings of fashionable hotel lobbies.

Cutting off a corner of the display room is a luxuriously furnished ladies' rest room. A writing desk, Davenport, easy chairs and other furnishings make a most inviting place for the tired motorist. Off the rest room is a dressing room and toilet.

Manager McCormack's handsome office is also off the display room. Back of the display room is a commodious storage room with a capacity of 40 cars. It has three large door-

ways and passages, making entrance and exit easy.

**Men Have Rest Room.**  
One of the new features of the garage, a feature heretofore overlooked, is a men's rest room where men patrons can clean up, rest, read and write in comfort.

On the east side of the Court street passageway is an accessory store. Below in the basement is a storage room for tires, the coolness and a slight dampness making it ideal for the purpose. The furnace room is also in the basement, for the garage will be steam heated. The air pump is in the furnace room so that there will be no noise above.

A shipping and receiving room, conveniently located on the alley, an oil room, a locker room for men employees, a gallery for parts, three air, water and gasoline stations, one at each entrance and one each within, are some of the other features which make up the completeness of the whole. The building is of reinforced concrete and architecturally most attractive.

The Pendleton Auto Co. will be able to make a most attractive display of cars in its display room for it handles some cars of beautiful lines. The company is now handling the Franklin, Cole, Marmon and Reo and the Duplex and Republic trucks.