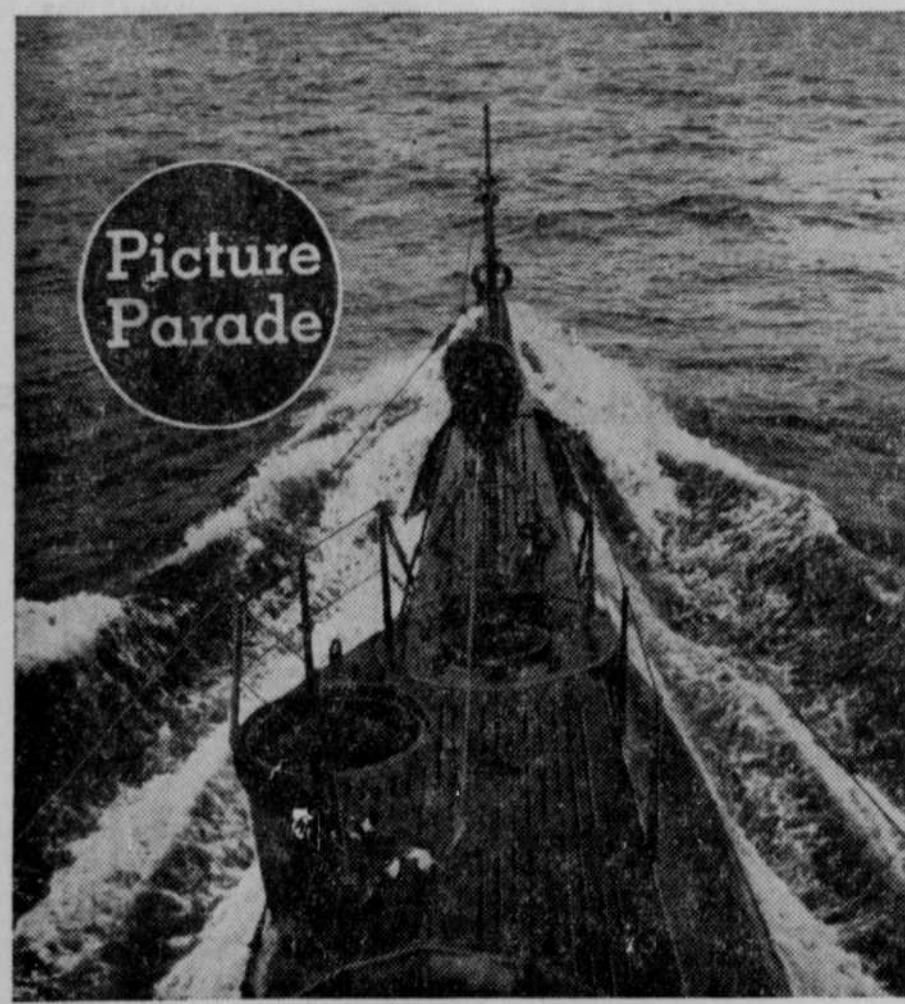
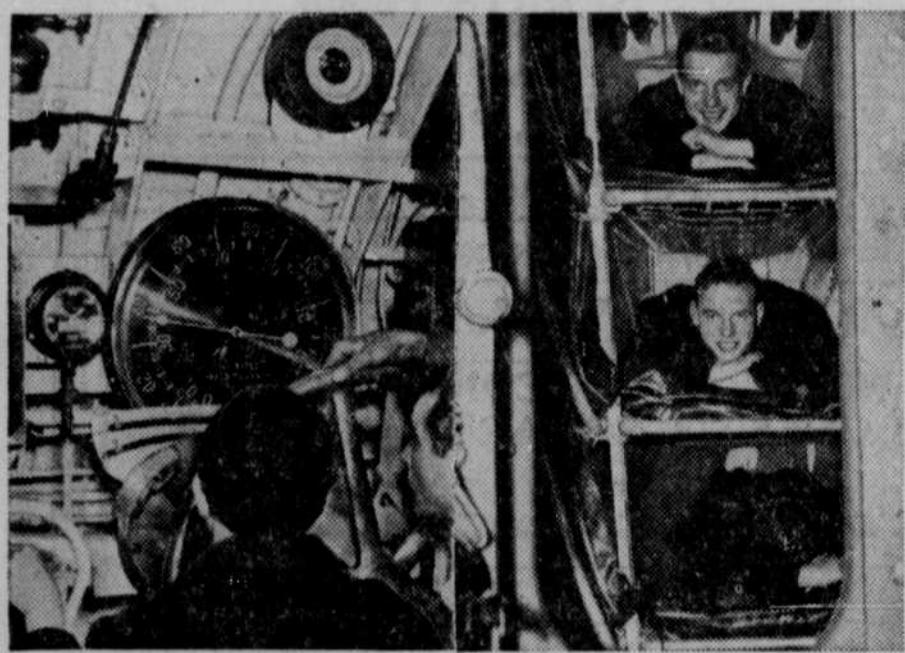


Short Cruise on a U. S. Sub

Let's go for a bit of a cruise on one of Uncle Sam's submarines and see what it's like in these compact little vessels that pack such a big wallop. Watching the crew makes even the landlubber forget to be scared on his first trip to Davey Jones' locker.

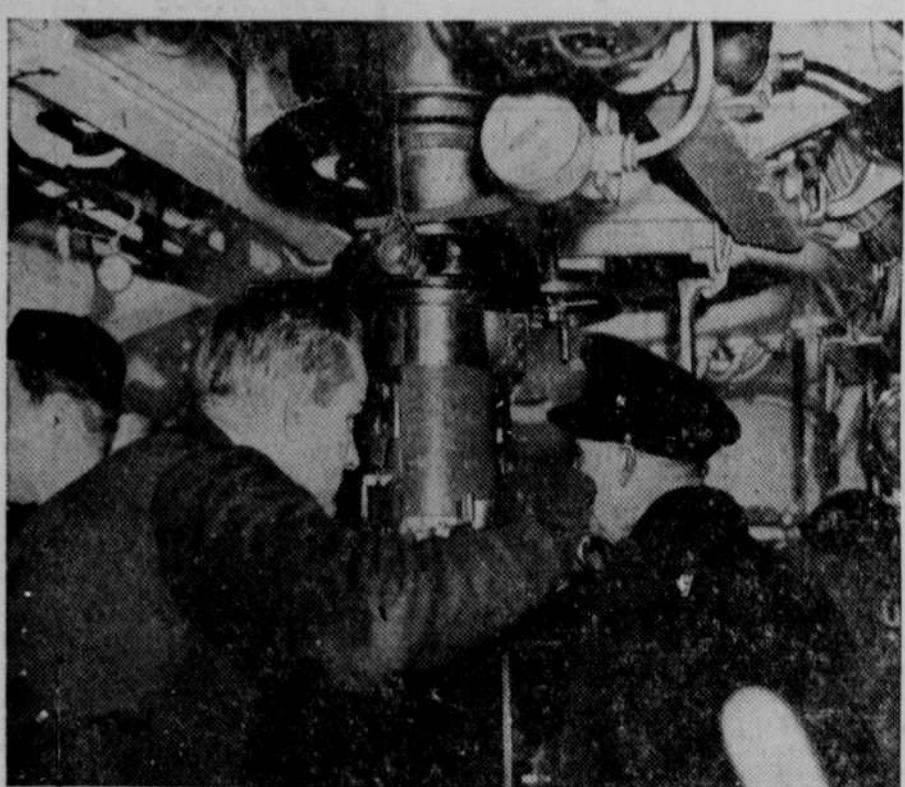


This is how the bow of a submarine looks as the craft begins to submerge. There is no sensation of plunging, merely a tilting of the deck and an effort by the landlubber to adjust his balance.

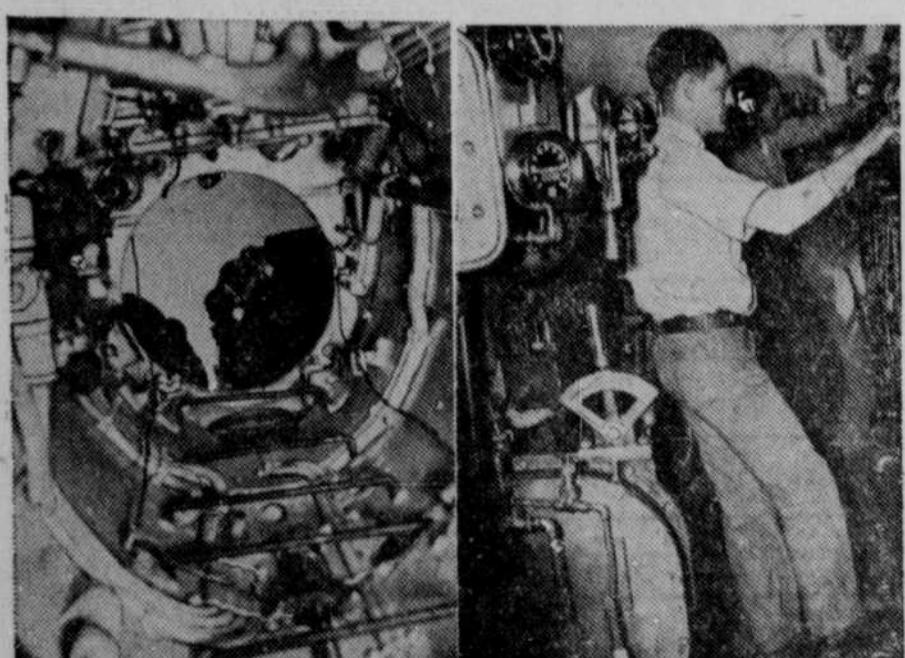


View of the depth gauge. Indicator here points to 38 feet. The man at the wheel controls the depth.

Living accommodations are not luxurious. Here is how the sleeping quarters are arranged, in three-tier bunks.

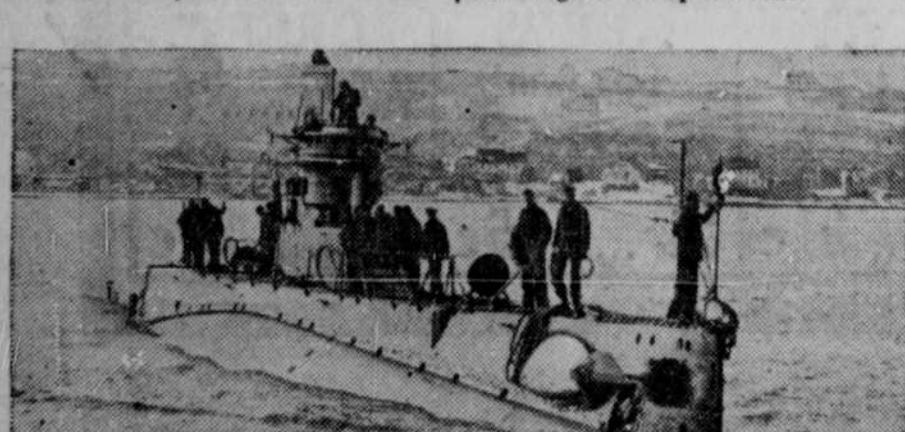


The eye of the submarine is its periscope, a gadget something like the view-finder on an ordinary camera. Here you see a gentleman of the press taking a peek through the periscope. The whole horizon may be surveyed.



Standing inside a sub with the main conning tower shaft open, this is what you see.

On the submarine every man is an expert. This is a view of the engine compartment.



"We can't afford to take the chance, Dunc," she told him. "Why,

He Had the Betting Fever

By STANLEY CORDELL
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

PEOPLE of ordinary means sometimes have difficulty in adjusting their lives to a more leisurely mode of existence. It was so with Maria and Duncan Spencer who had just inherited a small fortune from an uncle of Duncan. They had, of course, always talked of what they'd do if they ever "had money." And now that overnight, they had become wealthy, it was a little difficult to grasp the full extent of the possibilities at hand.

The inheritance came in August. A month later Duncan quit his job. And two months after that the Spencers closed their suburban home in Rainsford in New England and set out for Miami, Fla. By January they felt reasonably acclimated, had acquired a number of friends and were enjoying themselves.

Now, not far from Miami there is a race track known as Hialeah, which begins operations in January, and serves the winter tourists of many nearby resorts for more than two months. Betting is carried on a large and profitable scale—profitable for the winners, who, it usually turns out, are the stakeholders.

The Spencers attended the Hialeah races with a Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Graves, whom they had met at their Miami hotel. The Graveses were weathered tourists, and knew all about Hialeah. They were bettors of the first water, and smiled when the Spencers expressed a preference to observe the activities from the grandstand.

However, after watching from the grandstand for two consecutive

days, the monotony of Hialeah horse racing began to pall. Duncan Spencer consulted the Graveses, and received firsthand information about betting. A "show" ticket, they were informed, would pay winnings if the horse on which the bet were placed came in first, second or third. A "place" ticket would pay if the horse were first or second, and a "straight" ticket paid only if the horse came in first.

"And," Mrs. Graves explained, "if you play the favorite to show every time, you're bound to come out a winner, though your profits are small."

What Mrs. Graves had said was the truth. What she failed to mention was the fact that few amateurs are contented with playing the favorite to show each time. After they acquire the "feel" of the thing they inevitably succumb to a combination of betting fever, natural ego and instinctive restlessness, which usually has dire results.

However, inspired by the enthusiasm and winnings of the Graveses, and despite Maria's emphatic disapproval of indulging in any type of entertainment which remotely resembled gambling, Duncan placed a two-dollar "show" bet—and won.

After that it was merely a matter of time. For two days running Duncan adhered to Mrs. Graves' advice by playing the favorite to show. His winnings were small, but the satisfaction derived therefrom was great.

On the third day Duncan took a flier by betting two dollars on the favorite to place—and won. On the fourth day he became more reckless than ever and bought a straight ticket, with satisfactory results.

Within a fortnight Duncan considered himself a seasoned race track enthusiast and looked with scorn and contempt upon grandstand sitters. Maria still wore a fretful look, provoked, no doubt, by her innate New England conservatism, but her constant admonitions against recklessness failed to dampen Duncan's ardor.

Another week passed and Duncan threw all caution to the winds. He bought several fifty-dollar place tickets at a crack, and was only mildly satisfied when the day's receipts netted him a total profit of three hundred dollars.

It was when Duncan took a long shot on an unknown horse by buying two \$100 straight tickets that Maria gave way to impulse and voiced a complaint. Even the fact Duncan won didn't change her ideas on the subject.

"We can't afford to take the chance, Dunc," she told him. "Why,

if you should lose four or five times, it would mean the end of our fortune. We'd better not come out here any more."

But by now Duncan was very sure of himself. He knew, he said, his horses. Moreover, after he'd cleaned up they could live just so much higher than heretofore planned.

And so Duncan, much to Maria's consternation, began to plunge. He bought hundred-dollar straight tickets in bunches. And it wasn't long before the fact that the worth of acquired experience, touts and tips and dope sheets was practically nil. Favorites didn't always win, and old-timers' advice was about as good as nothing at all. No one, Duncan discovered, knew a great deal more than anyone else about which horse would win a certain race.

Duncan lost \$6,000 on a single race. Before the day was ended his total losses had risen to \$10,000.

That night he consulted his most reliable dope sheet, made certain notations on a block of paper and the next day journeyed out to Hialeah with a vengeance. Before the last race was run he had contributed \$30,000 more to the fund that supports the pink flamingoes in the park's center green. A sort of desperate feeling kept him awake that night. And when he dropped another \$5,000 on the day following the desperate feeling changed to panic. His losses now were serious, and unless he made a final plunge in the hopes of cleaning up—well, things looked pretty bad.

Duncan was standing all alone by the paddock railing when the horse on which he held a straight ticket came in third, and the feeling that came over him was similar to that which comes to men who contemplate suicide. He felt suddenly old and broken and sick at heart.

Explanations of what a fool he'd been swept over him and brought a tremor of disgust to his lips. He thought of Maria, remembering her quaint old New England custom of being conservative, deriding himself for scorning it. New England seemed very far away just then.

He turned away, dreading the moment when he would have to face his spouse; he turned and found her standing two feet away, watching him. Duncan gulped and tried to meet her eyes and couldn't. She took a step toward him, placed a hand on his arm, and smiled.

"I know, I know," she said. "We'll go away tomorrow. I guess we're not gamblers, Duncan. We're—we're New Englanders, conservative folks."

Duncan looked at her miserably and shook his head. "We can't go away, Maria. We've lost—everything."

But Maria still smiled, and then Duncan saw that her other hand held something in it. He stared, and heard her voice as if from a distance.

"I told you to be careful, Dunc," she said, faintly admonishing.

"It was all right so long as we played the favorite to show. That—was conservative betting. I was sure of it. That's why I bought a show ticket on every favorite every time you played the horse to win. It was safest."

She paused. "I've figured it up, and we're right back just about where we started. But—we've certainly had a thrill. We'll have something to tell folks back in New England."

Duncan gulped and grinned.

"Yes," he said, "we will, but we won't."

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