we sailed out of Pearl Harbor and headed south, we just figured we were goners. We knew we had a job to do. We knew we were all alone doing it. None of us ever figured to come out of it alive. So we did what we had to do."

The *second* Navy Cross?

"This time," says Dornin, "we were not only surprised to be alive. We were knocked clean off our pins for the way the Navy had come back overnight after Pearl Harbor. Suddenly there were U. S. ships all around us, instead of our being one lonely sub in an ocean full of Nips."

"Daring Night Attack"

THE occasion of the second Navy Cross reads like this: "For extraordinary heroism . . . skillfully and aggressively attacked a large, heavily escorted convoy and sank two ships. Later, in a daring night surface attack on the remaining ships . . . succeeded in sinking two additional ships. . . Several days later he penetrated the destroyer screen of a heavily escorted convoy and sank a medium freighter. . . "

The Silver Stars just blow the same bugle call over again. "Tireless, patient, cool, courageous, expert, accurate, loyal, bold, forceful leadership, struck again and again." Those are words from the cool, detached, Navy record, and always, over and over — "In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

That's the man King of the Navy picked to be his Flag Aide. A man King can ask about submarines.

"What did he ask you about when you went in just now?"

"He had a map in front of him. He pointed to a spot on the map. 'You were there, Dornin,' he said. 'What's the current there?' "

"Is that the kind of stuff he asks you?"

"Stuff like that. Or it may be: 'Get me a chart of the Philippines.' Or, 'How much does the *Texas* draw?' Or, 'What's this man's record?'

"Or, it might be to tell me to pack a bag because we're going to sit in on a conference with Stalin or Winston Churchill — I accompany the Admiral wherever he goes. And if it's a conference in the Pacific — I go along to shoulder the detail. Weed out stuff. See that he is presented with the essence."

He wasn't made Flag Aide because of the medals. They're important. But he was made Flag Aide at the tender age of 32 because — well, the Navy isn't exactly a club, but in it everything a man does and thinks and the general cut of his jib are well-known to his fellows. And the chap who preceded Dornin, asked to suggest a successor, knew about Dornin, named him instantly.

Admiral King called for Dornin's record. And that settled it. **A message was relayed to a sub then cruising near Japan. The Navy had a new Flag Aide.**

Well, you know something about his working day. But there's a human streak to King, and Dornin too.

There was the time the pretty Wave came in with mistletoe King had ordered. Dornin hung it back of his desk. One word led to another. And then Dornin was daring the Wave to stand under his piece of mistletoe. And she did. And he did. And right in the middle of it — in walked Admiral Ernest J. King, Admiral of the Fleet.

Dornin's lean, handsome face flushed at the memory.

"I just stood there," he said. **"'It's your fault, sir,' I blurted finally. 'What do you mean, my fault?' he roared. 'Well, sir,' I said, 'if you hadn't ordered mistletoe — '**

"King cleared his throat. I could feel the gold melting off my buttons. 'It's *your* mistletoe!' he shouted. 'Don't try to blame *me* for *your* mistletoe!' And then he wheeled and strode into his office."

Dornin's a busy man. Effortlessly busy. He's been Flag Aide over six months. It's the longest period he's been ashore in nine years. He's married, his wife's name is Eleanore, and they live in Washington. And he's got a family.

He's the New Navy

HE'S six feet of pure Navy, salty, "taut-ship" as the Admiral he serves, but in a different way. He's the new Navy, the young Navy. What he knows, he knows. And he's got it at his young fingertips.

A diplomat who sends you away with a swell idea of his boss, a man with humor, a man who in a half hour of talk about everything else under the sun sells you Navy right up to the chin.

That's the kind of man Admiral King picked for his Flag Aide.

Watch for another "Meet America" cover and story in next week's THIS WEEK.

- See how vivid ROYLEDGE captures your attention.
- Makes decorating easy. Just fold the border down!
- Keeps the kitchen sparkling. Colorful double-thick edge won't curl in steam or heat. No laundering needed . . . just a whisk of a damp cloth!
- So much, for so little! Only 6¢ for 9 feet.
- See the rainbow of merry colors at your 5 & 10, neighborhood, or dept. store, today.

1945's MAID OF COTTON *advises* LUX

MISS JENNIE ERLE COX (*right*) of West Point, Mississippi, is 1945's Maid of Cotton. She is wearing a smart cotton daytime dress with a pale green organdie blouse, a striking pink and black striped skirt. *This dress was Luxed 14 times* before being photographed . . . looks lovely as new!

● This summer's pretty cottons are really fine fabrics! And they're more precious than ever, because war needs take so much of our cotton crop.

So take the advice of 1945's Maid of Cotton. Miss Cox says:

"I wouldn't dream of using anything but Lux for the lovely dresses in my all-cotton wardrobe. With gentle Lux care they stay lovely so l-o-n-g! Colors don't fade or run."

Avoid strong soap, hot water, rough handling. Keep pretty cottons —rayons, too—new-looking longer!

Cotton mesh stockings are smart—so are fine cotton slips. They need gentle Lux care, too!

Soap contains vital war materials . . . DON'T WASTE IT!