



THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

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The Machine That Goes Anywhere

Just an idea in a man's head! That's all it was. Yet a good many men thought about it and changed it one way or another, before it became a real, live something—and that something is called a tank. And if it could realize how important it has been in the war, it would swell with pride to even bigger size than it is, which in some kinds is very great, right now.

Do you remember that old saying that "Necessity is the mother of invention." That is very true,—we usually have to feel the need of a thing very much before we spend our precious moments planning and making something to fill that need.

Some years ago men felt the need of some machine which could be used especially on ranches and large farms and would be more efficient than any they were using at that time—in other words, a machine that would do more work in less time and with less cost in the long run, than the machines they had. A wheeled machine was the best kind, but they have to have special tracks made for them, and people wanted a machine that could travel anywhere, over any kind of ground and would be self-propelled.

Then the inventors—which are really just men with ideas and the willingness to work very hard to make their ideas become facts, began to get busy.

A British inventor planned a machine with large wheels and on these wheels was something that took the place of feet, which could be planted securely in the ground, one after another, and could walk forward that way. This machine even went up a flight of steps.

Then some one thought that a wheeled machine could be made that could lay its own tracks. So some clever man made one. The track was an endless chain of steel plates that ran around the wheels of his machine. As the machine went forward, new links of track were laid down before them, and the links of track that they had gone over, were picked up behind them.

Many men worked on the idea, but it was Benjamin Holt, of Peoria, Ill., that made one of the most successful machines. His machine had many wheels which were mounted on springs and which yielded to any unevenness of ground. This machine was called a "caterpillar" tractor, because it crawled over the ground, just like a caterpillar. It was very powerful, and carried great loads,—and could walk, or rather waddle because it was so heavy and slow, over tree stumps, stones and ditches. It hauled gangs of plows and cultivators on large farms, or on the great wheat fields of the west.

As the great wheat fields seemed to be the only place, these machines were needed, no suggestions were made for their use anywhere else.

Then came the war. From the first, the Germans had used machine guns, of which they had a great number made and ready to use by the beginning of the summer of 1914. Machine guns shoot out a stream of bullets, which is much more likely to reach its aim than rifle fire with its single shot. Thousands of British, French and Italian soldiers were mowed down before these machine guns. The allies had nothing that could combat these guns. Something had to be done to defend the men fighting under the allies' flag. The need was very, very great,—so the solution of the problem was worked out—a splendid solution.

Just before war broke out, Belgium was holding an agricultural exhibition. A tractor—one of those developed by Mr. Holt—was on exhibition and aroused great interest. Col. E. D. Swinton of the British army realized then that such a tractor, with an armored case, would be effective on battle-torn ground. Later, when the machine guns proved such a terrible menace he remembered the tractor; and the British government procured one.

British engineers went to work to re-design the tractor to make it useable in war service. To make it climb in and out of deep shell holes, the traction belts were run

ONE WAY TRIBUTE WAS PAID ROOSEVELT



Army aviators circling over Oyster Bay home of Theodore Roosevelt after his death, dropping flowers on home and grounds.

Perhaps one of the most impressive tributes paid the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president, statesman and soldier, who died recently, was the act of army aviators in circling above "Teddy's" Oyster Bay home and dropping flowers on the home and grounds surrounding it. The act expressed the sentiment of the service men toward the ex-soldier and statesman.

OUR FRIEND---Theodore Roosevelt

Last Monday morning about four o'clock, we lost a friend—Theodore Roosevelt.

A friend of ours? Yes. For a friend is one whose interests are the same as ours, and who cares enough for us, not only to tell us what our lives and surroundings may become, but also to spend his time and energy in making these longed-for things realities.

Such was Roosevelt. From his earliest boyhood until the morning of January 6, Roosevelt believed in, taught and struggled for, strong, upright character in people and in their government; forceful and effective action after keen and careful thought and deliberation, especially on the part of those whom the people trust as their leaders; and a healthy and useful, simple and Godly life both in individuals and in the collected body of individuals represented by the nation. And he portrays these qualities in his own personality.

He loved children and was always interested in their work and play, especially boys. It is said that when a crippled boy was brought to see him he took his hand and spoke kind words to him. And when a little child offered his flowers, he would lift her up and kiss her. He did these things, not for "show" but as a result of the sincere feeling of his great warm heart.

And boys, everything they did, he was interested in; in fact, "Teddy" was only a great, big boy himself, and liked nothing better than to take off some time from work to "get in" some strenuous games or sports with his boys. He was the chum of his boys, of whom there were four.

He once said of the American boy:

"He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean

lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud."

All these qualities are personified in the life of Theodore Roosevelt, consistently and to a great degree. Besides all these splendid qualities, his free and easy ways, his kindness, his geniality with everyone he met, and his interest in people, endeared him to the hearts of the American people, as well as to many on foreign shores.

So it is not with pride alone, but with sincere affection, that the hearts of all American boys and girls are stirred as they think of "Teddy" Roosevelt.

We do not regard anyone of such a life and such a character, merely as a splendid memory. We realize that his spirit will always be a living, vitalizing, splendid force in the lives of men—especially the men of our own, wonderful America.

over the entire body of the car and the front part was brought up into a sharp angle.

The British used the greatest care in keeping the manufacture of these machines an absolute secret; for of course, no hint of the idea must get to the ears of the enemy. The name "tank" was given to the machine to make people think the steel plates were being made to be used in building vessels to hold water or gasoline.

It was on the morning of Sept. 15, 1916, that these steel monsters started leisurely across No Man's Land—a complete surprise to the German and Austrian fighters. Down into the great shell holes and up again with perfect ease, over wire entanglements, over machine gun emplacements, even over and passed small trees, the waddling tanks went. The Germans fled in greatest terror, before them. The tanks were a wonderful success.

Life in the tanks isn't very pleasant, as the air is bad, and the noise is terrific, but that is war, and such things must be endured.

After a while, the Germans built themselves some tanks; but they turned out to be exceedingly awkward, ugly things, too heavy to be efficient.

The big British tanks, because they were slow moving, though they were proof against machine guns, were not proof against the big field guns.

So another surprise came. The British made some baby tanks, that could travel at the rate of twelve miles an hour, called "Whippets;" that name being given after the name of a certain kind of dogs noted for its great speed. These carried only two men, one to guide the machine and one to operate the machine gun, while the bigger tanks carried from eight to ten men. The French, later, made some baby tanks, too, and called them, "Mosquito" tanks, and these little tanks proved splendidly effective, darting back and forth on the battlefields, proof against the machine guns and evading the big field guns.

America has made some tanks for her soldiers, and is developing other kinds of tanks for military purposes, but this information, has so far been, necessarily kept secret. Perhaps we can soon learn what the United States has done in perfecting these great, almost human-looking machines.

So far as is known, Leland Hadley is the only Richmond boy who has enlisted in the tank service.

He guides one of the Whippet tanks while a comrade operates the machine gun. He was injured once in the battle of the Argonne; but was out in the fighting again when the armistice was signed.

BIRD SONGS.

The robin sings: "Cheer up! cheer up!"

The bluebird: "Tru-ally!"

The meadow lark: "Spring o' the year!"

Goldfinch: "Per-chic-o-ree!"

The crow send forth his: "Caw! caw! caw!"

Redwing his: "O-ka-lee!"

And we all know the blithesome song Of merry chickadee.

And then who has not heard bob-white

His name call o'er and o'er, From fence rail or an old stone wall

Where he has perched before? "Chewink! chewink!" ground robin says,

"Teacher!" the oven bird; And I suppose there're many notes That I have never heard.

—Selected.

Faithful Dog Finds Lost Child

In the widest part of the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, was lost a little child on the night of November 28, 1918. The child is the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellick Godsey, who live on a small farm four miles from the little village of Ozone, Tennessee. The little girl asked her mother if she might accompany a little friend part of the way home. The request was granted. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

When the child failed to return at dusk the mother became alarmed, and the father went to the home of his neighbor, thinking his little daughter had accompanied her friend home. He learned that the little girl had left her friend at the edge of the clearing early in the afternoon.

The father took a lantern and alone went to the top of Black Knob. It was raining and the night was very dark. This is a very wild, isolated region, and the scream of the wildcat is often heard. The mountains here abound in bluffs and deep streams, and for miles and miles no one resides. The father returned alone at 10 o'clock that night.

By this time a party of neighboring men joined in the search. The signal, should the little one be found, was to blow the dinner horn. This horn is used in calling men out of the fields to their noon-day meals in the Tennessee Mountains. The signal was not sounded, and the hunters returned in the early hours of the morning and reported that no trace of the child could be found.

It was at this juncture that the father of the little girl turned to "Old Babe," the dog, and told him to "go find the baby." The dog was taken to the clearing where the child was last seen. For some time the dog failed to take the scent. But at last with a yelp of joy Old Babe was off, the father of the child following.

Miles from home, in the thick underbrush, the little hood belonging to the girl was picked up. Some distance beyond the father heard the joyful yelps of the dog. The little girl was found in a deep gulch, safe and unharmed, soundly sleeping between two logs. The dog was tugging at her garments in an effort to arouse her, when the father heached the spot. Her wanderings had brought her near the banks of the swift waters of the Big Sandy.

"I was losted, Babe, and I was coming home to play with you when it got light," she said.

The gratitude of the father and the joyful tears of the mother were combined with the joyful yelps of the faithful old dog at the finding of the lost child. This is a true story of a faithful dog. The writer has traveled many times through this section and knows the dangers of being lost in such a region.—Our Dumb Animals.

Girl Scout News

The Girl Scouts met at the home of Captain Jones, Monday, December 30, 1918. Two members were initiated.

Various committees were appointed. The members of those committees are as follows:

Captain Jones, Lieutenant Way, Corporal Libbking, Pauline Klotz, Christine Du Vall, Ethel Heithaus, Alice McGrew, Bernice Weaver, Sarah Kring and Madge Whitesell, secretary.

Lieutenant Way will announce plans for the Scout basket-ball team next Monday.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Corporal Libbking next Monday evening, January 6, 1919.

SEA SCOUTS SELL BONDS.

The Sea Scouts of the Sloop Pennsylvania connected with Troop No. 10, Wilkinsburg, Pa. (under the Allegheny County Council), sold during the Fourth Liberty Loan drive bonds to the amount of \$125, 800.

The Sea Scouts are ready to buy uniforms. They are receiving much help from the men in charge of the Navy Recruiting Station in Pittsburgh.