

# The Old Man

WILLIAM L. PITTMAN

Seated in the conning tower or standing on the bridge dressed in a suit of nondescript khakis with his cap set at a rakish non-regulation angle, he is perfectly at ease. He seems to be as much at ease there as in his house in California.

A picture of the Admiral shows the benevolent grin by which he is recognized. The rugged, lined face, with the tiny blue eyes and overhanging brows, reflects the life and disposition of this genial master mind of naval warfare. His body is as rugged as the life he has led. His clothes hang on a compact, powerful frame. He once proudly wore the coveted N of the naval academy and now, just as proudly, shows some of the country's highest decorations.

The respect he receives from his men is not derived from the four stars he wears on his shoulders because they

salute him, and not his rank. They know he has the skill, the determination, the intestinal fortitude to carry out the most demanding assignments. They know he would not ask of them more than he himself would do or has done.

This little man with the strong chin has become an almost legendary figure to the men in his South Pacific squadron. He is a "good Joe" to thousands of men, and in the Navy this is one of the highest compliments paid. To the men under his command he is "The Old Man." This means not only that he is the commander, but that he is father, mother, and guardian of their safety.

I do not believe there is a more familiar or beloved sight in the whole South Pacific than the wrinkled suit of khakis and battered sun helmet housing the robust body and fertile mind of Admiral William F. Halsey U. S. N.

# I Examine My Instructors

JEANNE SUTTON

The room was deadly quiet. The sound of scratching pens was the only noise which dared to break the silence. Someone sighed once, and four heads turned accusingly toward the offender, who dropped his head and hid his crimsoning cheeks in shame. Outside the door, which was padlocked with an enormous ball and chain, a pin dropped, and six professors jumped from their seats; but they sank back again, remem-

bering that they must finish before I should declare their time was up and should decide, on the basis of unfinished papers, to flunk them all.

This was the greatest moment of my life. I had under my absolute power six members of the Butler faculty, and I was giving them the toughest and the hardest examination that my brain could conceive. I remember one question very well; it concerned the exact number of