

The Sinking of a \$30,000,000 Dreadnaught

IN THESE spectacular photographs of the recent sinking of Uncle Sam's \$30,000,000 dreadnaught Washington off Cape Hatteras, after a terrific four-day bombardment by air and by sea, we have a vivid picture of a war that knows no truce: the never-ceasing rivalry between offensive weapon and defensive structure.

Military science tolerates the superiority of neither one. The moment bombs and shells can sink a ship or wreck a fort, then every expert flings himself upon the problem of defense. The minute armor defeats the hail of steel hurled against it,

our military brains fly back to the problem of offense.

So it was with the Washington, which, by the Limitation of Armament Treaty,

we were obligated to destroy.

"Our chance to prove we're right!" cried the gunnery experts and naval constructors in unison. Who won? Even the experts cannot say. For though the great ship finally sank, her sides sieved by 14-inch shells, the story might have been different had a crew been aboard. At Jutland ships fought on and won despite shot-holes and leaks.

The human aspect of this picture must

not be misunderstood. The old horror of a raking fire that turned the war-ship's deck into a shambles no longer exists. The modern man-of-war drives into action with not a man in sight. Captain, gunnery officer, and navigator stand in their little conning tower. Through slits in 18-inch armor they watch the battle's progress. Through a score of telephones they direct the complex machinery of their swiftly moving ship. A direct hit from an aerial bomb would destroy this conning tower. At once the whole control would be taken up by a substitute command group in one of the heavily armored turrets.