

contents for November, 1951 vol. XXXVI No. 5 Whole No. 111



The December, 1991, issue undoubtedly will rank as a collector's item, stepping beyond its role as a popular national magazine into a cherished niche in your library. To this production are being added all the famous names included as contributors to this distinguished issue.

Frederick Lewis Allen	John Bown
James A. Michener	Paul Marston
Nelson Algren	John McArthur
John Wayne Brown	James Thompson
F. Scott Fitzgerald	Paul Newman
Paul Robeson	William Sherry
Leslie Fiedler	Robert Ripp
Norman Mailer	Richard Wright
Ray Wright	Max Westcott

RESEARCHER'S NAME:	DATE SUBMITTED:
SUBJECT AREA:	PAGE NO.:

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view at home... Contents of the American room--at its truly past
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EXHIBITION FOR THE MONTH'S ARTWORKS . . . Photography by Richard Levin
RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE MUSEUM . . . Exhibition by Martin Davidson

Keywords: social capital; trust; organizational commitment; organizational citizenship behavior

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Special *Special Advertising Section* *Chick and Dee* *Richard Joseph* *is*
responsible for *The role of the nurse, and what medicine for health insurance*

deparments	Edmunds: county clerk, superior	Chalmers: traditional man, in December
	the last day of the year	Robert in the P'lane
	Robert and John May	Presumably conducted tour of the Pompano
	normal places	Do hope you enjoy pleasantly during "vacation" story day
	Edmunds	Robert the the subject man
		Ed. E. McMillan

Walking shoe *uncommon* *stream* . . . For him, a powerful, winning magnet, for her, (All) gold water sliding
for finished joints, completed metal joints, and a total liquid art . . . beginning on the
stream . . . *Where Can We Win*, by Paul E. Hoffman, and those others . . . the
uncommon . . . (I) *several* *stream* *flow* for *uncommon* *share* *flexible* *light* *and*, *more* . . .

contains Photographs on pages 71, 72, 73, 100 and 101, Police Department pages 90 and 99, Army Medical Department pages 97 and 98, Marine Corps.

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DRAGON

in Somerset Street



Illustration by [illegible]

The hunt for zoology was a windfall profit for one by **ELMER HOOSIER**

That day started off badly. The gin bottle was unaccountably empty, so I had to have my tomato juice straight. The toast burned. The coffee was weak. In flipping my egg over, I missed completely and the top of the stove looked like an animal's waste. No.

As I left the house, I discovered a dragon in the gutter. My first thought was that it was small for a dragon. Then I realized I had no basis for comparison. It was smaller than the paper dragons they parade in Chinatown and larger than an alligator.

I dashed back into the house and dialed the police. "There's a dragon in Somerset Street," I shouted.

"Who's dragging what?" asked the desk sergeant.

"A dragon!" I said. "A dragon. A live dragon!" "See," said the sergeant, "you'd better go home and sleep it off." He hung up.

I dialed the fire department. "Look," I said, "there is a dragon in Somerset Street. A live one."

"What's burning?" the fire department asked. "Nothing's burning. It's not a fire-breathing dragon. Just the ordinary kind."

"How?" and the department men. "Be you're one of those Chinamen who go around spreading more stories. Tell us who you are. I dare you. I hang up and returned to the street. The dragon wasn't in the gutter, but a block away I saw a circle of people, and I ran down.

The dragon was in the center of the circle and the circle was a large one because everyone was keeping a wary distance. Someone had thrown a rubber block on the dragon's tail. The tail was crushed and bleeding and the block pinned the dragon to the spot. A woman saw for Sheffield Dairy had advanced on the beast and was trying to break it with a handle of homogenized milk. He was having no success. The dragon's head was small and at the end of a scaly neck three feet long. The dragon had wings and sharp claws. Besides, the milkman was keeping safely outside the orbit of the milk bottle.

"Here! What are you trying to do?" I shouted. "Stop it!"

"I'll tell the damn thing," the milkman said. "It's a monster."

"No. Don't do it!" I cried.

"Listen, mister," said the milkman. "I got a lot of little babies on my route. They depend on Sheffield and me. I got kids of my own. I'll risk my life any day to protect them."

"Wait a minute, buddy," I said. "I need to be a member of the union myself. Worked for Butler's. He owes a minute. Look, this is a scientific wonder. Probably the only living dragon in the world. The last one. Do you want to go down in history with Don Bradman and Signor Infante, the men who killed the last two great bats? Or with Bartolomeo Dapigni-

win, the man who killed the last European dinosaur?"

The milkman looked at me quizzically. "You mean it may be worth something if we catch this monster?"

"Probably," I said. "Let's not kill it."

I looked at the beast. Its body was not unlike that of an alligator, powerful pillars and strong six long, jointed limbs. These last in a tail. The tail was only one-third as long as the alligator's and it did not have a spade tip as the Gorgon's dragon had. The small head on the long thin neck was shaped like a snout's, and a forked tongue darted out of its mouth. The eyes were Duke Dabbler blue, slightly bloodshot.

"Wait here," I said to the milkman. "I'll phone and find out. Don't let it get away."

I ran into the new apartment house on the corner and rapped on the first door on the right. "Can I see your phone?" I asked, as the door opened.

The woman who had opened the door smiled. She had a shock of twisted black hair and a round face in which dimples danced as she smiled. She had a purple dressing gown drawn tightly about her. Almost too tightly.

"Of course you can use the phone. Come in," she led the way to the living room and waved me toward a sofa.

"Sorry to crash in this way," I said, "but there's a dragon out there—at least I think it's a dragon."

She sat down beside me and said, "You're excited. You're all perspiring." She ran a soft hand across my forehead.

"You were trying to find out if I'm Jewish," I said, accusingly. "Well, I'm not. I'm perfectly normal. No insanity in my family, either, although I do have an aunt who collects dancing snags. These really is a strange animal out there on the street, and I want to make a phone call about it."

"How exciting!" she said. "I just moved here, and I had no idea I was moving out where dragons roam."

"And the dinosaurs don't roam daily. May I have the Manhattan phone book?"

"Surely," she said. "Would you like a cup of coffee, too? I just made it."

"Yes, but"

She handed me the phone book and then called from the kitchen. "With a dash of honey!"

"You bet?" I said. I started to look up the number of Willy Ley, who knows all about extinct animals, but I remembered he was in Stockholm getting some sort of prize. So I dialed the Museum of Natural History, and when a girl answered, I said, "Can I talk to the dragon man?"

"Surey," she said. "He's heading an expedition in Kentucky."

"Will, have you somebody in alligators?"

"There's Dr. Jones in Kentucky. Will be do?"

I was connected with Dr. Jones who wanted to know who I was.

"My name is Hoosier," I told him. "I just found a dragon."

"Spell it."

"H-O-O-S-I-E-R."

"Mr. Hoosier?"

"No, Mr. Hoosier. H-O-O-S-I-E-R-N-E-R. It is in quotes. O as in oxygen."

"Oh so in Kentucky," Dr. Jones put in. "Look!" I fairly screamed. "I can have you expelled from Princeton Anonymous for that! Now listen carefully. I just discovered a dragon. It's in Somerset Street right now. It's a real dragon. Momentarily, too."

"Well, Mr. Hoosier," said the doctor, "if you will give me your address, I'll send you Form 504 on which to make a report. If your discovery is valid, I can use the museum authorities will give you proper recognition, perhaps granting you the honor of naming the subgenus."

I hung up.

"My name is Maudie," said the voice of my hostess. She handed me a cup of brandy, flavored with coffee. She sat down beside me. "Come."

"That's an attractive smile you're wearing," she said. "I think you can tell an awful lot about a man's character by his choice of necktie, don't you?"

"It's a lumpy necktie, you see. Otherwise, I'm not sure."

"This seems to be such an interesting night, wouldn't it? But I'm so lonely here. I have hardly any friends. Oh, I have a few girls, of course. But no real friends," she said, working the dimples again.

"I'll try to do something about it sometimes," I said. I drained my cup. "Right now I've got to go out into Somerset Street and see how the dragon is doing."

When I got outside, the crowd was gone, and so was the dragon. Only the rubber block remained. The dragon man had pulled his tail out from under it. From the center block, a thin trail of blood led down the street. I followed it to where it disappeared down a sewer culvert. The sewer was one of those built in the great New York sewer tunnel of the Twenties. No one knows for sure just where they are or where they come out. From the price the taxpayers paid, they might empty into Lake Okechobee or the Swanton River. There was no doubt about the success of the dragon's disappearance.

I looked at my watch. I was late for work—later than usual. I wondered whether to go downtown at that hour or go back and see Maudie. I took a coin out of my pocket and spun it high into the air. Heads I would call on Maudie, tails I would go to work.

I caught the coin and slipped it back in my pocket without looking at it. I didn't have to look at it. I'd need my two-handed quarter. ■