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ERSKINE CALDWELL
VINCENT SHEEAN

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Novel

by HELEN DEUTSCH



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Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

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To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

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netic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise

by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



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Start today with
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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A lion like an elephant never forgets—

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

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Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.



The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.



The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal."

—Lea

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.



HERE IS YOUR DECEMBER REDBOOK MAGAZINE

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Art Direction by VAUGHN FLANNERY

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The short stories, serials, novel and novelette herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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THE REDBOOK SCHOOL DIRECTORY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGES 113 THROUGH 116

AFTER THE GAME—

LOOK OUT FOR
COLDS AND SORE THROAT



LISTERINE-Quick!

It may nip the trouble in the bud

If you go to one of those late season football games you may be letting yourself in for a sore throat, a cold—or worse.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that dangerous germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with

full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble.

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If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated,



THE
SAFE ANTISEPTIC

gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

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OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES,
STEVE?"



**Go modern—
Smoke
REGENT!**

STEVE, I'll let you in on some-
thing. The cigarette for *moderns*
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What's more, Regent is made
with choice Domestic and Turk-
ish tobaccos, *specially selected*
for finer flavor...then Multiple
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while this crushproof box
keeps the cigarettes firm
and fresh! So go
modern, Steve...get
Regent for *more*
smoking pleasure!

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OTHER LEADING
BRANDS**



*The only modern
cigarette with ALL the
modern features!*

News About Redbook

JOAN THORSEN, who makes her
first appearance on our cover,
comes from Auburn, Indiana. She
is a graduate of Northwestern Uni-
versity, has been to Hollywood, and
is at present living in New York.

Joan is considered one of the
most successful models ever to in-
vade the Big City.



UNLESS all signs fail, "Big Doc's Girl,"
that very fine and human story by
Mary Medearis which we published
as our complete book-length novel three
months ago, will follow in the steps of an-
other REDBOOK complete book-length novel
—"My Friend Flicka"—which we pub-
lished in the late summer of 1941. Like
the author of "My Friend Flicka" (Mary
O'Hara), Miss Medearis was an "un-
known" when her manuscript reached our
desk. Like Miss O'Hara, she was making
her first bow before a vast audience. And
like "My Friend Flicka," "Big Doc's Girl"
was enthusiastically received by the critics
when it appeared in book form two
months ago, following its publication in
our magazine.

Said the New York Times: "Here is
a story right out of the middle of Amer-
ica about the kind of Americans we can
be proud we still have in this country, by
a young writer who if she fulfills the
promise she shows here may yet make
America proud of her too."

Said Lewis Gannett in the New York
Herald Tribune: "When Miss Medearis
writes of the back-country folk trooping
in to help, after *Big Doc's* death, before
his city patients were out of bed . . . you
get out your handkerchief and wipe your
glasses and say: 'This girl is good.'"

TOMORROW's exciting literary events
are in today's REDBOOK. This sounds
like a proud boast, but elsewhere in this
issue you will find a chapter out of a vol-
ume that is certain to be one of the big
books of 1943. It is the story of "our
village," a village that used to stand (be-
fore the German bombers came) between
Dover and Deal on the high middle of the
southern cliffs. Sir Johnston Forbes-Rob-
ertson, the famous English actor, and his
family spent many summers there. It was
to this village that Vincent Shecan came
after he married Sir John's daughter Di-
ana. And it was likewise in that village
that, on a summer day of 1940 when the
Battle of Britain had begun, "the first
sharp thrust of hope penetrated the gloom.

The battle over the cliffs proved that the
British could and would fight for their
own freedom, and that they would do so
against colossal odds."

Two months ago in our October issue
we published an article entitled "Guerril-
las of the Radio War," by S. J. Rundt.
We introduced the author as "formerly in
charge of a listening-post of the National
Broadcasting Company." Mr. Rundt,
who was only an assistant to the super-
visor of the listening-post, asked us to
make it clear to our readers that he had
never made any claims as to the nature of
his former connection with the National
Broadcasting Company. The man in
charge of the listening-post of the Na-
tional Broadcasting Company until it was
taken over by the Government was the
very competent Jules Van Item.

* * * * *

In our next issue: a new *Claudia* and
David story by Rose Franken; a novelette
by Franz Hoellering (who wrote "The
Defenders"); short stories, articles and
special features by Peter Paul O'Mara,
Deems Taylor, Morris Markey, Jerrold
Beim, Joseph Harrington, Henrietta Rip-
perger, Albert Morehead, Harry Hansen,
Angelo Patri; the third installment of "All
Night Long," a grimly realistic novel of
the Russian guerrillas, by Erskine Cald-
well, who wrote "Tobacco Road"; the
concluding installment of that "mystery
with a difference," "This Is My Husband,"
by Mignon McLaughlin, and a complete
book-length novel by Whitfield Cook (who
writes the *Violet* stories).

DECEMBER FASHION CREDITS

The dress on the cover
was designed by Nettie Ros-
enstein, the jewelry by Sea-
man Schepps; the hat in
the illustration for "City of
Women" was created by
Helene Garnell; in "Ritchy,"
the fur jacket shown comes
from Gunther.



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...this thunderous new novel
of passion and violence in the
years of America's rebirth!

650 Pages—Publishers' Edition Selling for \$2.75!

YOURS as a gift—this thrilling new book which will be read and talked about from coast to coast. Over 130,000 copies were sold just 7 days after publication!

Drivin' Woman starts where *Gone With the Wind* left off. In "Merry" Moncure, you'll find a heroine even more exciting than Scarlett O'Hara! Merry had grown to young womanhood in the old South. But the war had changed everything. She had seen a carpet-bagger burn her Virginia mansion; she had fled from Virginia to Kentucky to escape trial for murder, when she killed to protect her sister's honor. She fell in love with Fant Annable, handsome, irresponsible gambler and did mad things to win his love. Her honeymoon ended in flight from New Orleans; and on her miserable journey back to Kentucky she sold dresses from her trousseau for board and lodgings. A price was put on her husband's head and their infrequent meetings held a happy secret. Through the years her children were born, fatherless in the eyes of the world and sneering neighbors. Allilee Drake, the belle of the country, bore her hatred for marrying the man Allilee wanted. Tugger Blake, genius for making money, was so greedy for power that he was willing to make beggars of the farmers who raised the tobacco that was the foundation of his fortune. And brother Ephraim rode with the Night Riders when they spread terror over the countryside spilling red blood on the soil and making the night sky red from burning barns and houses.

Told against the rich background of the Kentucky country where the embattled farmers fought against the mighty tobacco trust, "Drivin' Woman" is one of the most absorbing novels of the year. You may have it FREE if you join the Literary Guild now!



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As a Guild subscriber you receive FREE each month the famous Guild magazine "Wings" which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author.

"Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely notify the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you may have it sent for your approval.

"Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail prices.

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Dept. 12RB, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "Drivin' Woman" (650 pages, retail price \$2.75) absolutely FREE. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' editions) within a year.

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"The Road to Morocco"

Redbook's Picture of the Month selected by

THORNTON DELEHANTY

"THE Road to Morocco" is a very funny picture. I make that statement knowing full well that from some quarters may arise cries of, "You don't know what you're talking about."

Nevertheless, "The Road to Morocco" is a very funny picture. It will, I believe, appear funny to everyone except cranks and those benighted people who do not appreciate W. C. Fields, and who never could abide the Marx Brothers.

Comedy is not a subject that people can sit down and discuss coolly, and least of all do comics lend themselves to analysis. Whoever said *de gustibus non disputandum est* knew deeply whereof he spoke. Nothing will infuriate the average person more than to have another try to cram a favorite comedian down his throat, and nothing is more infuriating than to be told, because you don't react in the expected way to a particular comedian, that you have no sense of humor. The man who brags about his sense of humor usually hasn't any; he is like the fellow whom a friend of mine overheard remark: "If there's one thing I pride myself on it's my pronunciation."

All of which is by way of intimating that "The Road to Morocco" is a funny picture.

In viewing "The Road to Morocco" as a mirthful picture, you have to think first of Hope, even though the plot gives him no greater latitude than it does the others. In fact, romantically, he comes off second best, in that it is *Jeff Peters* (played by Crosby) who gets the lady represented by Dorothy Lamour. However, there may be a difference of opinion on that point. The evidence by which the picture stands is the contribution made by Hope and all the other players, plus the material, and *vice versa*. It is a film that is going in half a dozen different directions at the same time.



Turkey Jackson (Bob Hope), gay blade, traveler, student and adventurer, discovers the lady of his dreams in Princess Shalmar (Dorothy Lamour).

The plot would serve equally well if played straight as a romantic drama of two personable young men who fall in love with the same girl. They are shipwrecked adventurers from America who land on the African coast, and in due course find favor with a siren whom one of them finally wins after a torrid conflict with Life, Fate and several ill-winds.

Heaven knows, the foregoing in outline is no more fantastic than the plots of

many serious movies you have encountered. The antics with which these happenings are festooned are what matter. From the opening shot to the final fade-out, the picture is incessantly enlivened by unexpected twists and gags, and it has moreover a line of suspense which always seems mounting toward horrible disaster.

As in the early Eddie Cantor pictures, much of the merriment in "The Road to Morocco" derives from the fact that catastrophe is always just around the corner. Fright can be a funny thing, provided it's someone else who's frightened and not you. Woe and hardship too have their parts to play, as well as treachery, deceit and downright duplicity.

IN the midst of this low-down behavior, the double-cross is employed to great advantage in the plot. The gentlemen represented by the Messrs. Hope and Crosby, having made their perilous way across the desert wastes ("This must be the place where they empty those hour-glasses," says Hope from atop his camel), finally reach a city. It is a place full of narrow streets, of bazaars draped with water-jugs and other Oriental paraphernalia, mysterious patios and overhead arches, picturesque sheiks whooping it up on horseback, and veiled ladies.

(Please turn to page 9)



Jeff Peters (Bing Crosby), a stowaway de luxe, is disappointed in the ladies of the Moroccan harem, and dreams of a horse-race.

First on your list of glamour aids!

SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



Dress up and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new, hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special

Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble



This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!



All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!



Special DRENE Shampoo
with **HAIR CONDITIONER** added

**It
happens
in
the best
of
families**

But you'd never think it could happen to her!

WARNER BROS.

present their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

Paul Henreid

in

Now, Voyager

A HAL B. WALLIS
PRODUCTION

with

CLAUDE RAINS

*A story that surpasses
'Stella Dallas', by its
author, Olive Higgins Prouty*



GLADYS COOPER · BONITA GRANVILLE · ILKA CHASE · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Music by Max Steiner · Screen Play by Casey Robinson

(Continued from page 6)

Into this atmosphere of splendor and plenty, our bedraggled heroes arrive, penniless but sanguine. The sight of the luxury food-marts naturally puts an edge on their appetites, for it is to be assumed that they have not tasted food during the days of their tortuous journey from the sea. They match wits with the native vendors in an effort to lay hands on something edible, but each time at the crucial moment they are forced to flee.

Finally *Jeff Peters* leads his puzzled pal *Turkey Jackson* (Hope) to a restaurant and proceeds to order a sumptuous meal, not divulging how it is going to be paid for. *Jackson's* trust in his comrade turns out to be misplaced, to put it mildly, since it develops that the money which finally arrives is in payment for *Jackson's* person, his buddy having sold him as a slave to a native prince. Along with the money come mustachioed gentlemen to take *Jackson* away.

By a miracle of good fortune he is rescued from his unhappy plight by the lovely *Princess Shalmar* (played by Miss Lamour). It seems this lady had seen *Jackson* on the street and had taken a fancy to him, so she spirits him into her boudoir, where we next find him swathed in silks and satins and reclining on a canopied divan with his lovesick princess, the two of them being fawned on by maidens in not too many yards of mosquito netting.

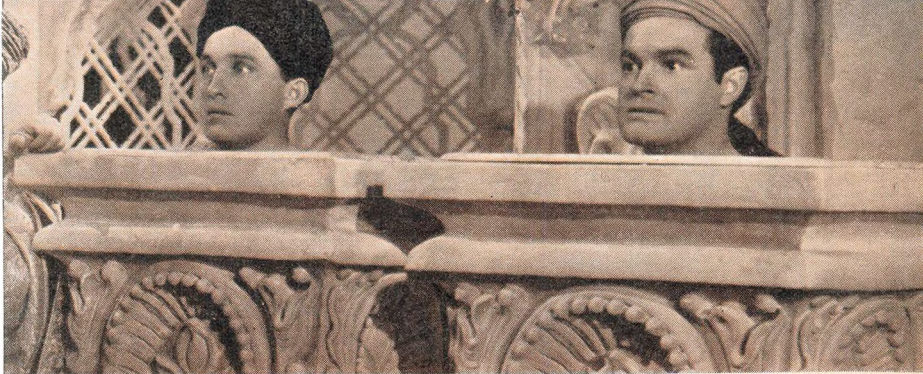
It is in this enviable attitude that *Jeff Peters* also finds his pal, with an amazement that can only be conjectured, and in the midst of a simulated joy at their reunion he starts his campaign to undermine *Jackson's* favored position and to replace that gentleman in the *Princess's* affections with no less a person than himself.

You can imagine how things seesaw from this point. The plotter is momentarily disgraced and sent to the guard-house, but in the moonlight he manages to get under the *Princess's* window to sing a song, and pretty soon the *Princess* is down there in the patio singing with him. It's as devious as that. As she and he grow in reciprocal affection, she tells him that the only reason she is going to marry *Jackson* (I forgot to tell you she was going to marry *Jackson*) is that her soothsayer has informed her that her first husband will die shortly after the marriage.

For a while it looks as if the blandly innocent *Jackson* was really headed for the grave. Everyone around the palace—excepting *Jackson*, of course—thinks so. Things even get to the point where *Jackson* is measured for his coffin, though during this elaborate ceremony he is delightedly under the impression it is for a new suit.

The conspirators, however, do not reckon with another gentleman who thinks he has a real "in" with the *Princess*—a fierce and handsome desert sheik who comes to town every so often. He arrives now, heading a band of burnoused cutthroats and bent on doing away with the upstart adventurers who, some local gossip has told him, are closing in on his lady.

A tremendous brawl ensues, which unfortunately (Please turn to page 13)



Mullay Kasim, the sheik (Anthony Quinn), is in no joking mood when he confronts Jeff Peters (Bing Crosby) and Turkey Jackson (Bob Hope) in his palace. They are about to experience the Moroccan version of the third degree.



Mihirmah, *Princess Shalmar's* lady-in-waiting (Dona Drake), makes a strenuous play for Turkey Jackson (Bob Hope), whose heart is pledged to the Princess. Jeff Peters (Bing Crosby) observes the scene closely but remains strictly neutral.



Both *Princess Shalmar* and Mullay Kasim seem to have Turkey Jackson on their minds. The former would like to throw her arms around him; the latter would like to throw something heavier and more deadly at him.

George Abbott

BROADWAY is superstitious about George Abbott. Who wouldn't be? For the past sixteen years, ever since a play written by him and Philip Dunning and named fittingly enough "Broadway" reached the formerly White Way, not a single theatrical season has passed without Abbott being responsible either for the production, or the writing, or the staging of this or that hit.

An actor, a playwright, a stage-director, a motion-picture director and a theatrical manager, Abbott tried his hand at almost every conceivable form of entertainment. He co-authored and staged "Coquette," that great dramatic vehicle in which Helen Hayes played for over two years; he co-authored and staged "Three Men on a Horse," that roaring farce which was equally successful as a play and as a motion picture. He staged Ben Hecht-MacArthur's "20th Century." He produced and directed "Boy Meets Girl," "Brother Rat," "Room Service," "What a Life," "Primrose Path," "The Boys from Syracuse," "Too Many Girls," "Pal Joey," "Best Foot Forward" and, two weeks previous to the appearance of this issue of REDBOOK, he was to unveil on Broadway his latest musical extravaganza, "Beat the Band."

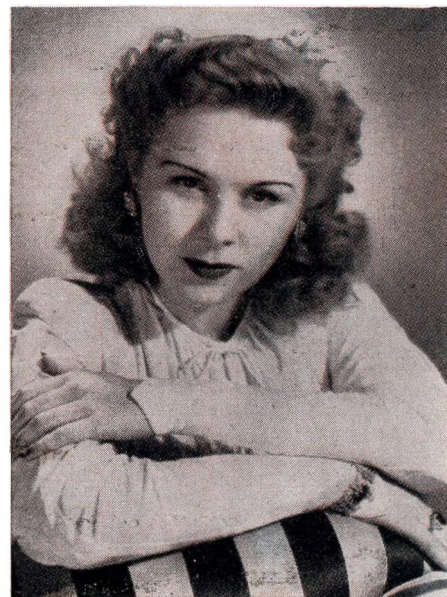
All in all, the boy from Forestville, N. Y., has done amazingly well by himself and his public. Today, at fifty-three, his is a quiet but solid satisfaction of knowing that whenever a ticket-broker sees those three magic words, "George Abbott Presents," he unhesitatingly recommends the show in question to his clients.

Like most of his colleagues the Broadway producers, Mr. Abbott has had his share of troubles with the temperamental stars who felt that their name on the marquee of a theater was more important than the play. Probably because of that, in the past three years or so, he developed a pronounced allergy to prima donnas of both sexes. His last few shows depended on youth and new talent almost one hundred per cent. None more so than "Beat the Band." In this his newest venture (a book by George Marion, Jr., and George Abbott, with music by Johnny Green and lyrics by George Marion, Jr., directed by George Abbott) the miracle man of Broadway relies on six girls, none of whom was greatly publicized before.

Susan Miller, described by Mr. Abbott's press-agent as a find and a sensation, is, according to the same source, "another Ethel Merman." We are told that "she's blonde, a natural actress and the possessor of a brilliant singing voice for both hot and sweet songs." Susan was born in Baltimore, played in several motion pictures and made her bow on the air with Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby and on several other programs. Her appearance in "Beat the Band" marks her debut on the "legitimate" stage.

Toni Gilman, who is entrusted with the second feminine lead in "Beat the Band," comes from a long line of theatrical folks. Her great-granduncle was John Barry, a well-known Irish actor. Her grandmother was Peggy Ryan, a Washington actress. Her mother was Vergie Moynahan, a Chicago actress. Her father was known to vaudeville as Enrico Guerra, the musician, and to the stage as Henry Gilman, the actor.

Eunice Healey, a specialty dancer, faces in "Beat the Band" what probably



Susan Miller, the romantic interest in Abbott's "Beat the Band."

amounts to the hardest task she ever undertook. Not only is Abbott responsible for some of the fanciest dancing numbers ever seen on Broadway, but he happens to be a great ballroom dancer himself. The people who are supposed to know such things claim that he is the best rumba and conga dancer in New York.

THREE more girls are sponsored and highly recommended by Mr. Abbott and his press-agent: Evelyn Brooks provides the comedy relief; Juanita Juarez sings and dances; and Joan Caulfield, formerly



George Abbott instructing Rhoda Hoffman and Doris York, dancers.



George Abbott, stern and solemn, holds a lengthy conference with the not-so-hard-to-look-upon dancing ensemble of "Beat the Band."

Presents:



Joan Caulfield, formerly a model, now Abbott's latest find and hope.



Toni Gilman, the second feminine lead in "Beat the Band."



Juanita Juarez, a Puerto Rican, who sings in Spanish and English.

a Harry Conover model, makes her stage debut. Miss Caulfield walked into Mr. Abbott's office without any letters of introduction and got her part because she was beautiful and proved she was talented.

So much for the girls in "Beat the Band." That Mr. Abbott should have decided to concentrate on the girls rather than men is not surprising. In the first place, the draft board sees to it that only a 4F boy is permitted nowadays to play the part of a red-blooded he-man. In the second place, officers and men on leave—on whom Broadway depends for patronage—are naturally most interested in girls.

As we have said before, the producer of "Beat the Band" was born fifty-three years ago in Forestville, New York. The happy event took place on June 25, 1889—students of astrology please note the date. He attended Kearney Military Academy and Hamburg High School. He received the A.B. degree from the University of Rochester in 1911 and attended Harvard in 1912. He became an actor in 1913 and played in a Boston stock company. In 1919 he made his first bid as a writer and director of plays. He invaded Hollywood in 1927 and acted as director for Paramount. Years later he did the

same thing for RKO pictures. No figures are available as to how much money has been made by him, his partners, co-authors and financial backers in the past twenty-three years, but the total gross runs well into eight figures.

With the possible exception of the late Charles Frohman and David Belasco, no other American producer of our time has been responsible for so many hits. The late Sam Harris sponsored a great many successes, but he acted only as producer, while Abbott has not only produced and directed his hits, but he has written or co-authored many of them.



Evelyn Brooks (right), the comedy relief, and Eunice Healey (left), the specialty dancer, demonstrate their art to Mr. Abbott.



George Abbott and Johnny Green (who wrote the musical score of "Beat the Band") miss nothing while watching a re'earsa'.

Our Readers Speak



Photograph by Paul D'Onofrio

EACH month we will publish no fewer than ten letters from our readers, and will pay ten dollars for each one published. Address all letters to Editor of Letters, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Keep letters within one hundred words. No letters will be returned, and all of them will become the property of McCall Corporation.

★ We Stand Corrected

Under "Our Readers Speak," you say, "Each month we will publish not less than ten letters, etc." Don't you think it would be better and more grammatical to say no fewer than ten letters?

Less and fewer are synonymous, but less applies more to size, and fewer to numbers.

J. H. Stone,
Tampa, Fla.

★ We Wish No One Would Ever Be Disappointed

The minute REDBOOK arrives, I feverishly turn to "What's on Your Mind" to see if by chance my last brainstorm might have been accepted! No soap! Well, then I turn to "Our Readers Speak." No Montana writers there! Then I think—try, try again. Then I get down to business. First I see what Angelo Patri has to say. Next I devour the "Pictures of the Month" section. That means a lot to us who live away out here on the prairie lands of Montana. Well, in due time I read it from "kiver to kiver," and then pass it on to various friends living on the more remote ranches twenty or thirty miles from town.

Mrs. A. E. K.,
Montana.

★ And There Are Many More of Them

I have personally known, and known for years, three women who had husbands just like Jerry in the serial "Margery's Marriage." Their lives were one long struggle; now all three, along in years,

are struggling to earn a decent livelihood. One death, one separation and one divorce is the sum total of these marriages.

Mrs. A. S.,
New York.

★ Changing America

Two hours after reading "Intimate Portrait of a Changing America," I was giving my second blood-donation. I have never walked more in my life, or eaten more carefully. Stamps and bonds are my next thought after health. I believe we all feel the realism of a changing America. Being a wife and mother, naturally my first thoughts are of home. These articles should wake up America and all her people to the fact that every little cog should be kept moving in the right direction to win. Loose, shallow tongues and thoughts have no place here!

M. E. L.,
Illinois.

★ Truth Forever on the Scaffold

I've always heard, and sometimes believed, that virtue is its own reward. Now my part-time belief has suffered two blows, both delivered by REDBOOK when it published \$110.00 worth of "Ohio's" (alias the "Frustrated Philanderer") boasts about his speed and remarkable control. Of course, a gal may well be wrong, but it is my sincere belief that this Casanova-in-Reverse got himself soundly smacked down by either his legal ball-and-chain or one of his intended "victims."

A. A.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

★ For Mary Medearis—and Our Bindery

I have just finished "Big Doc's Girl" by Mary Medearis, in your September issue. It was a lovable story. Please give us more novels like this one—not only for the pleasure they give us, but because they recall to us the essential values of life. Too many of us are apt to forget the simple goodness of other people.

I didn't mind part of the magazine being upside down. It elated me to find that even REDBOOK can make a mistake sometimes.

Katherine Simpson,
Port Gibson, Miss.

★ For Mary Medearis—and Whitfield Cook

A son in the Army—another in a dangerous defense job—widow of A. E. F. veteran, radio full of war, a daughter of thirteen another Violet (latest thing, taking my good books out on lawn and lending them to neighbors for "two cents a day"), worry about my own office. Well, reading "Big Doc's Girl" was just like taking a good big breath and starting all over again. All I can say is thank you. Please ask her, Mary Medearis, to continue with "Little Doc."

M. C. W.,
Maine.

★ A Good Sample of Many Letters about This

I have never read a more direct, simple and appealing story than Mary Medearis' "Big Doc's Girl" in your recent issue. It brings home to us, here in the mountains of Tennessee, the same lesson taught to the natives of the Ozarks—that even today there are men who are unselfish enough to give up all personal and selfish ambitions for service to their fellow-men.

John H. Marable, Jr.,
Tracy City, Tenn.

★ From an Old Friend

So you are now thirty-nine, REDBOOK! My earliest acquaintance with you was when I came first to Canada from England, in 1910.

My husband was an operator in the lonely Northern Ontario bush country, and on one occasion we traded a steak of moosemeat for a REDBOOK MAGAZINE and some newspapers! A train conductor was the other trader.

Many happy returns!

(Mrs.) Mary G. Soal,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

★ Our New Format

Haven't read a word of the October issue as yet. Just opened at random, and lo and behold, I discovered the new style you're using!

Permit me to offer not alone my thanks, but my gratitude, because of the enlarged type, the clearer print, and the division of columns. Now REDBOOK is not only easy on the pocketbook, but on the eyes too. And how important that is in times like these!

B. H.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

★ *Something for Everybody*

My wife strives to be a *Claudia* (very good), my daughter, a *Violet* (not so good); and confidentially, I'd like to be somewhat like that father in "Wonderful but Embarrassing"—constituting good material for a "U. S. Today" story, don't you think?

J. J. S.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

★ *From a Navy Nurse-To-Be*

Besides being good reading, Ursula Parrott's novel "Navy Nurse" has served as an excellent inspiration for many of us student nurses who were still merely considering joining the service upon graduation.

She brought the real need of our services more closely than all the appeals of the radio and press. The part the Navy Nurse plays was clearly presented without the glamorous drama so often attached to novels of this sort.

A. C.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Redbook's

Picture of the Month

"The Road to Morocco"

(This review is continued from page 9) ends in the complete vanquishment of our heroes and the abduction of the Princess to the sheik's lair out somewhere in the vicinity of Palm Springs. How the adventurers free themselves from their predicament and eventually put the sheik and his entourage to flight is something the picture had better itself reveal, that presumably being the reason for which it was made.

"The Road to Morocco" offers a more congenial framework for the carefree and irreverent comedy style of Hope and Crosby than any of its predecessors. Frequently they step out of character to make side-cracks to the audience, a practice which I believe Groucho Marx originated and which in this inventive script of Frank Butler's and Don Hartman's is carried on in a succession of startlingly funny outbursts of apparent ad libbing. This prankish quality, which is among the picture's chief delights, is reflected in a stunt wherein the voices of the three principals are switched in one of the song numbers, so that you have Miss Lamour's notes issuing from Hope's vocal cords, and Crosby, to their mutual astonishment and the audience's, singing like Hope.

Among the horde of costumed and bedizened players who make up the supporting cast are Dona Drake, Anthony Quinn and Vladimir Sokoloff. Little Miss Drake is vivacious and personable in the somewhat embattled rôle of Jackson's girl friend.

The picture is lavishly mounted, and director David Butler has handled it with a keen eye for variety, pace and spontaneity. It has these assets, and it has humor too.

In fact, "The Road to Morocco" is a very funny picture.

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Early American
Old Spice*

What's on YOUR mind?



Photo by Grey-O'Reilly

Greatness in the Little Things

YESTERDAY I saw something happen that set me thinking. I am a director on a playground in a Midwestern city. It was a hot, sultry day, one of those days that make your nerves jumpy and your temper ragged. Even the children were too lackadaisical to want to play. Then we saw something happen; out of the sky there came tumbling to the ground a small object.

It was a homing pigeon. Evidently it belonged to the Army, for it had an official-looking band about one leg. It was exhausted with heat and weariness. For five minutes it did not move; then slowly, laboriously, it dragged itself over to the sprinkler and began to lap at the water, letting the spray soak its feathers through and through. After that it became absolutely still again. For exactly an hour and ten minutes the pigeon never moved; its eyes were closed; its head tucked in. The children and I watched, careful not to disturb it. Then suddenly, with the directed force of a small airplane, it went zooming steadily up into the air, fifty feet, a hundred feet, and straight as a die, disappeared into the south.

"Boy, oh, boy!" said an eight-year-old youngster beside me. "Is he hitting on all four!"

I felt a sort of tightness in my throat. It seemed to me too that I had seen a minor miracle happen; but the boy had put it into words—maybe it takes children and poets to feel the common tie that binds all life. That small feathered object did have what it takes. I thought: we have to have the bold feats of a MacArthur or a Winston Churchill to stir our senses today to the greatness of man; and yet in the lives of the little things all around us lie daily miracles too, if we can only recognize them. I once read some-

where that Katherine Mansfield changed her whole outlook on life after seeing a painting of sunflowers.

It is not only the men raiding enemy bases who will win the war; it is, as well, the small unballyhoosed attacks of the world's nobodies on fear and discouragement and pain. Don't let us forget the small persistent nobodies who just keep pegging along.

Illinois

A Young Man's Challenge to Himself

BECAUSE I am like thousands of other boys—twenty years old, two years of college behind me, and the war ahead of me—I would like to tell you what is on our minds.

An unanswered question is haunting many of us: a question we ask ourselves over and over again, and keep asking, because we always find two answers, never just one. But see for yourselves.

I have spent two years in college, and will graduate in two more years. Maybe the war will be over by then; however, my draft number is up, and I am to fill out my questionnaire in a few days.

I am training for a degree in dentistry, for which Uncle Sam grants deferment until the completion of the college course; so I could ask for, and probably would get, deferment.

But how about the Jones boy who is also twenty? His family couldn't afford to send him to college, and so he went to work. He was very successful in his work, but now his draft number is up also; and even if he wanted deferment, he is unable to get it, so he is going to be drafted. If I ask for deferment, as my parents want me to, he is the one who is going to risk his life—not I, not both

of us, as it should be. I can keep my life for two years more if I want to; but how about him?

Every day, ten times a day, I ask myself, and am asked by others: "Just because my family is able to send me to college, and another boy is unable to go, will my college education make me so much more useful in the Army than he, that I should ask for deferment? And even though I may be more useful in the Army, after I am through college, than now, the war might be over by then, and perhaps just one of us will be alive then. Why should he offer his life for both of us—carry my load too? Surely he is just as important to his family as I am to mine; and yet I can stay out of the Army if I want to."

And so I, like thousands of others, ask myself if I should seek deferment, and for two years keep on leading the life I am now—fraternity parties, athletics, studying, and the pleasures of good books, and eventually, if the war lasts long enough, go into the Army better prepared to help in our battle. Then I ask myself if my conscience doesn't tell me to waive deferment, and go into the Army now: to stand beside the Jones boy, carrying my own load, and together marching into a darkness from which only one of us may return.

When two years have passed, one of us may still be here. Shall I make sure that I am that one, or shall I give my neighbor, and my equal, an even chance?

That is what is on my mind.

Minnesota

I Was Deaf; and Then I Heard

I AM sixty years of age. When a child of six I was stricken with scarlet fever and left with a collapsed eardrum. This condition of partial deafness shut me off from normal people and made me shy. It made me studious and idealistic, however, and I turned avidly to the world within the covers of books and my own dreams of perfection.

Throughout half a century I felt outside the pale. I felt myself very unfortunate, for I am a friendly soul. I felt that it would be the acme of happiness to be able to chat normally with my friends and relatives. I realized that no one, no matter how kind of heart he might be, would like to shout profound thoughts to me, but (Please turn to page 104)

● On this page we publish short contributions from our readers, dealing with personal problems affecting many of us in these perplexing days—simple statements of what's on your mind. We pay one hundred dollars for each contribution which is accepted. All contributions become the property of the McCall Corporation, and none can be returned. Address: What's on Your Mind, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.



ANDREW
means
"manly, brave"



DURAND
means
"enduring, used to hardship"



EUNICE
means
"happy victory"



CONRAD
means
"wise counsellor"



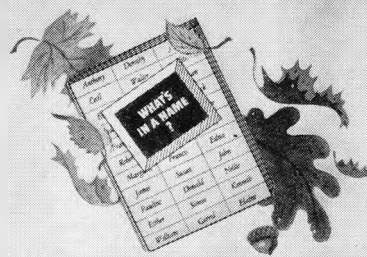
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"At Dover the first sharp thrust of hope penetrated the gloom. . . . The flash of the Spitfire's wing through the misty glare of the summer sky was the first flash of a sharpened sword; they would fight, they would hold out."

Between the Thunder

BETWEEN Hastings on one side and Margate on the other, edging a land as fair as any that ever whetted the appetite of conquest, the southern coast of England confronts the Continent across seas too narrow and uncertain for easy passage. Julius Cæsar made his landing at Dover; William of Normandy fought his battle at Hastings. All along the Kent and Sussex coasts are the memorials of another threat that was desperate, too, in its day: the Martello towers, round fortified look-out posts, were put there when Napoleon was massing his fleet at Boulogne.

At the narrowest part of the straits (Folkestone, Dover and Deal) where peacetime traffic was most incessant, the high chalk cliffs drop off sheer and lovely, like the Norman cliffs on the other side; and railroads, ports and dwelling-places all huddle into an occasional low-lying bight between. The downlands of Sussex and Kent, behind this high coast-line, are soft, rolling hills on which sheep and cattle have found fat nutriment for centuries; great houses and ancient parks occur at intervals; villages are feudal in tenure as in mood; and in the absence of great cities or heavy industry, there is little to suggest either stresses of capitalist society in times of peace, or the tension of war.

Between Dover and Deal on the high middle of the southern cliffs is the village of St. Margaret's, with a winding walk down to St. Margaret's Bay and its thin crescent of beach. This was "our village"—that is, my wife's family had lived there for years, and thought of it as home. After awhile I came to think of it as a kind of home too, although it bore little resemblance to my native Illinois prairie; whenever I could pass a month or two there I did, and nothing was easier on the battered nerves after a time in Spain, say, than the wind along the high cliff over the sea, the sun on the rose-garden, and the friendly sound of south-of-England voices.

When I first saw it, the late summer roses were blooming, and no more tranquil corner could have been found on the broad earth. We had come from Salzburg and Cannes; we had just been married; my wife's somewhat surprised but philosophical family were prepared to welcome us home. Lady Forbes-Robertson, driving a small car whose intricacies she never seemed altogether to master—"Oh, dear," she would say, and stop dead in the road—met us in the rain at Dover pier. She was averse to criticism of the accomplished fact, and although we realized that she would have preferred a different sort of wedding, a ceremonial or unhurried family observance, she never said a word to suggest it. By coincidence as much as skill she drew the car up at the cottage gate, and there we were at "Bloms."

It was called Bloms because it had been bought, years before, chiefly at the wish of the eldest daughter, Blossom (sometimes called *Blommy* or *Blom*). For years the family had referred to it as "Blossom's house" or "Blom's house."



and the Sun

BY VINCENT SHEEAN
ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

and finally as "Blom's." In the end the name had become so established that they decided to paint it on the gate, and Bloms it was. Strangers always thought it a surprising name, and took pains to correct us in it, saying "Blooms" or "Bolms" or other more reasonable variants. It was a house without deliberate style, rambling a bit—particularly after a large room called "the New Room" had been added to it at right angles some years earlier; and I suppose it was not greatly different from many others on the south coast of England; but years of family life and careful gardening and fair dealing between people had created a style for it, the style of love and kindness.

THE New Room, built on to the house at right angles, was actually a separate structure, and you reached it by walking a few steps in the open, beneath an added roof. This room, beautifully proportioned with a big fireplace at the end, was my favorite in the house; I wrote the greater part of two books there at the long

We are proud to publish this unforgettable chapter from the new forthcoming book by the brilliant author of "Personal History." It is a picture of our times that will be long remembered.

refectory table that ran down the middle; and I remember Sir Johnston best as seated or standing by the fireplace there.

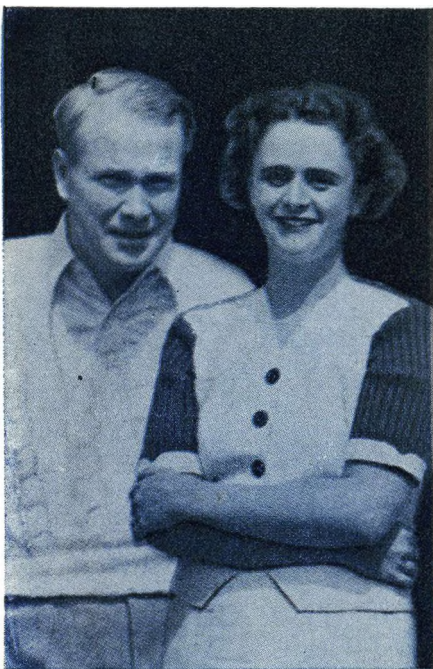
Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was the heart and center of the house. I suppose that in his youth he must have had his share of human frailty; but of this not a trace remained at the time when I knew him. He was a very beautiful old man, with a noble, even a majestic, head, with a voice of surprising power when he chose to use it, and with a manner so gentle and courteous that he charmed everybody who came near the place. Everybody in the house worshiped him; and not only those in the house. There was a large retinue of devoted friends of both sexes and all ages who came and went, sometimes stay-

ing in the house for weeks, sometimes appearing only on special occasions, such as his birthday (January 16th, in the house in London).

These were people he had known in his London life, or sometimes relatives of relatives, or sometimes people who had played in his company on tours throughout the world. The idolatry was not of the obvious or nauseating kind—there was none of the "dear master" atmosphere which infests the last years of such men in Paris, for instance. The attitude was rather that of mild heckling: "Come on, Dad, don't pretend you don't know it's time to go to bed." Even so he was worshiped; and when he died, the house, the family as such, ceased to exist. He had

only to express the slightest wish, and unless it was forbidden by the doctor, it took effect at once.

His weapon—a mighty one—against boredom or unpleasantness was his great age, accompanied by deafness. When an unwanted visitor stayed too long, he simply went to sleep. Sometimes he was known to wake up suddenly and ask in a stage whisper that could have been heard in the top balcony of the Metropolitan Opera House: "What? Has that woman not gone yet?" We could never fully determine whether he realized the carrying power of these whispers or not. In the same way he was totally unable to hear



Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Sheean photographed on the threshold of Bloms, the Forbes-Robertsons' house.

anything he did not wish to hear, and we never knew whether this was deliberate or not. At other times he could overhear things said in an undertone. He had been an actor all his life—rather against his will, for he would have preferred to paint; and no doubt the theater had left its imprint throughout his consciousness, so that he could not have been too sure himself where reality ended and acting began. When he went out for a walk in London with his cape and stick and square bowler hat, he tottered majestically: My wife used to aver that he was perfectly able-bodied until he reached the front door, and then began to be fragile, distinguished and ancient the moment he was under public observation. This may be so. I once asked Bernard Shaw whether he thought so, and he replied, brusquely: "Why, of course! Anybody with a trace of histrionic instinct would do the same."

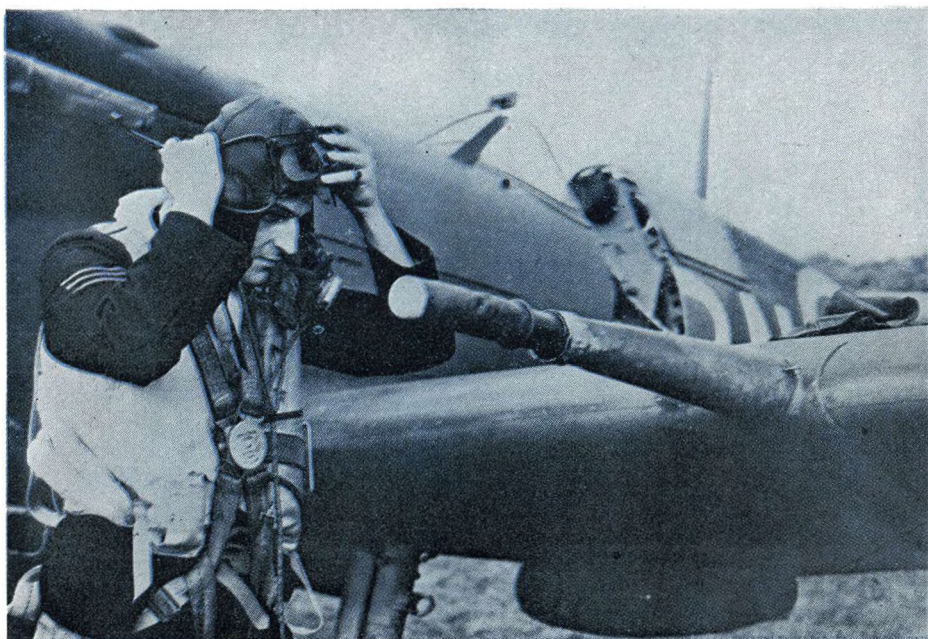
SUCH was the world of Sir Johnston, at any rate. It had a kind of magic, and you found yourself involved in it, playing in it, "playing up." On that first night when we arrived at Bloms, they had finished supper long since, but were waiting with another supper for us. Sir Johnston greeted us in his stately way—a mixture of affection and ceremony—in the drawing-room and took us into the dining-room. There was champagne, and at a given moment he rose to his feet, raised his glass in the air and sang out in a voice of astonishing power and resonance: "Here's to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Sheean!" For a moment all his fragility had vanished; he was acting (if acting it was) as a man in his thirties. In another moment he had subsided into his armchair and was old again. I afterward heard that he had spent a whole week memorizing my name, repeating it over to himself loud and soft to get it right. . . .

Much of the charm of his conversation came from reminiscence and the repetition of things said (and found good) in years past. This is true of all old people, I suppose, but the peculiarity of Sir John-

ston's repertory in that respect was that repetition by no means dulled it. He had such incredible skill in acting (or whatever it was) that he could tell the same story three times in the same evening and it was still funny; perhaps even funnier the third time. His daughters knew all his stories by heart, and could give him a word or a cue if he chanced to forget. If he forgot a name (such as Caruso, or Liszt, or Mrs. Patrick Campbell—he forgot all the most astonishing names) they supplied it. He had been a friend of Whistler, of Oscar Wilde, of Samuel Butler, of Coquelin; he had acted for years with Modjeska and Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving, before becoming an actor-manager in 1897.

He could remember his mother's very pre-Raphaelite parties where Swinburne read his own poetry; he had studied painting with Rossetti ("my dear Master") and was, indeed, the model for the figure of *Love* in Rossetti's "Dante and Beatrice." His life seemed to have touched the whole London culture of three-quarters of a century, here and there, and he remembered a great deal; so that, to anybody with a sense of history, it was a delight to hear him talk when he was in the mood. His pre-Raphaelite youth, his painting and poetry in general, had given him rather a different attitude toward the world than that of most actors, and most of his stories had nothing to do with the stage. The theater came in, with all its witchery, in his way of telling them, but not in the stories themselves—which is my idea of a good play in any case.

It took me a year or two to adjust myself to the peculiar magic of Sir Johnston, the way in which he lived mostly in the past, the way in which all times and ages had come to be nearly the same to him. He would speak of "dear" Mary Queen of Scots and Napoleon as if he had known them; and considering the remote figures he had actually known, it took a second's thought to decide whether these were among them. His favorite characters in history were Joan of Arc,



The brave youths in the Spitfires who thought they fought only for England offered their lives for the dignity and freedom of mankind, all mankind of every color and habitation. The long battle was beginning.



This was "our village"—that is, my wife's family had thought of it as home.

Mary Stuart and Napoleon, and he had hundreds of books about them which he pored over in the evenings.

When I first arrived at Bloms, I remember that he was reading the translation of Caulaincourt which had recently been published, and Napoleon figured largely in all conversation. It was two years later (the summer of 1937) when I felt myself genuinely and fully accepted by Sir Johnston into the family. He was standing by the fireplace in the New Room with a small glass of port in his hand, sipping it occasionally, with the family all sitting round. Suddenly, with a firmness which brought us all to attention, he said:

"You know, my dear Sheean, I have been thinking about Lincoln and Napoleon. I have decided that Lincoln was a greater man, because he did not wish to kill people. Napoleon—yes, but he killed many people, and wished to do so. Lincoln was a greater man."

This was clearly a tribute to the American nation, and done in my honor.

WE stayed at Bloms a week that first time, and it was in other summers (1937 and 1938) that I grew to know it better. We had it to ourselves for a month or two at a time, before the family came down from London, and there was nowhere better for sleep, for work, for tranquil happiness. At the end of the lawn was a rose-garden, and at the right, screened by high shrubs, the tennis court and a field of wild poppies. On the left of the garden was a planted garden, vegetables and some flowers, lavender and sweet peas, with a summer-house at the top of the hill where the baby and her friends spent their time. From that summer-house the coast of France was clear and white on most summer days. When the family came down, we moved to a cottage on the North Foreland cliff, farther toward Dover (Channel Cottage, it was called, and looked like a hollow of the downs). I had some prevision, of course, of what was to become of all this; in fact, in 1938 I wrote a poem of sorts

about that garden, suggesting that it was preserved in its tranquillity only by those who were now dying in Spain; but these premonitions were uncertain, flickering things; mostly one was content to be there in the sun.

THE house, the village, the family, included of course a number of other houses and villages and families. There were Blossom and Miles—the eldest Forbes-Robertson daughter and her husband—who made airplanes. I met them first at Bloms but afterward used to go to their house near Twyford, in Berkshire, as often as I could: they bridged the immense distance between the world of Sir Johnston, with its timeless remoteness, and the blaring modern struggle in which I mostly lived.

Down the lane were George and Flo Arliss, with whom we used to play bridge and talk about things far from the village (Hollywood, for example). Flo's Yorkshire terrier, the flowers and the goldfish, along with the weather and some of George's books, constituted the drama of their garden. In the last war one bomb had fallen in the hollow between George's house and Bloms, beside the lane. The spot was still pointed out: "That was the place where the bomb fell, during the war."

The Forbes-Robertson house in London, at 22 Bedford Square, was also an integral part of our village. It was an Adam house from which some enterprising dealer had removed all the best wood-carving many years before, but no merchant could take away the proportions of the big front room on the first floor, the drawing-room. Such houses have too many stairs for Twentieth-Century domestics, and the servants were mostly of a good age. Mrs. Happy, who "did" on Wednesday when all the others were out, seemed like something right out of a theater, with her apple cheeks, her extraordinary deafness and her curtsy. "The boys"—there were two of them—were from the Depressed Areas (I never



Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," a play which Bernard Shaw wrote for him.

knew exactly where) and had been trained to domestic service by some philanthropic agency so that they could come up to London and get jobs and not be so Depressed. They seemed merry as grigs throughout the time when I knew the house.

Lady Forbes-Robertson's maid Nellie had been a theatrical dresser for thirty years or so; she was married to the *Second Grave-Digger* in "Hamlet," and took a corporative interest in the Forbes-Robertson productions. When John Barrymore's "Hamlet" was on view in London she went to (Please turn to page 94)

Photos from British Combine and Culver Service



One by one the people went away, some of them in the Government's evacuation scheme. Our village was in a direct line both for shells and for bombs, and received more than its allowance of both.

A moving story of a sensitive girl who was afraid of darkness, her parents who were going "their own ways" and a blackout that was destined to become an eye-opener.

Never As

Laura Carran, brushing out her hair, saw Judy in the mirror of the dressing-table. The little girl, her large black eyes accusing, stood poised in the doorway. Laura felt the childish accusation; and her forehead, beneath the golden-auburn hair now brushed to a high luster, ruffled in a frown. Judy was going to be difficult!

Judy came into the room, sat down on the *chaise-longue*, and twisted her wisp of a body. Her eyes looked darker than ever, in the sallow little face. She should play outdoors more, Laura thought; she lived within herself too imaginatively; those black eyes of hers had a trick of seeing, especially in the dark—and tonight it was going to be very dark, for a while—strange and fearful things invisible to other eyes.

"Are you going out tonight, Mother?"

"You know I am, Judith."

Only when Mother was being severe did she call her Judith, and not Judy. Judy, too, felt that it was going to be difficult. Making a pleat down her skirt with her fingers, she looked around the room, still aglow with the lingering May-



The little girl, her eyes accusing, stood in the doorway.

day brightness. It would be wonderful if night-time never came! Never, never! If it stayed light all over the whole world, always!

"I thought maybe you wouldn't go out, after all," she ventured. "I thought maybe you're just pretending."

"Why should I pretend I'm going out?"

"I don't know." Judy's voice fell flat. She sighed. There wasn't, she knew, the slightest hope.

Laura turned back to the glass, in which she found her image rather satisfactory. The gray dress, of a soft material, enhanced the slenderness of her lines and made an oddly tender harmony with the ivory tint of her oval face. Gray was "her color."

"Where are you going?" the small voice quavered.

"To the Dennarts', darling. You know the Dennarts, don't you?"

"Yes. . . . Do you know that Daddy's going out too?"

"Well, what of it?" Laying aside the tortoise-shell brush, Laura rose, to select from a dresser drawer a brooch that would go well with the gray dress.

"Do you have to go out—and Daddy too?"

Laura's answering tone had a sharp edge of irony. "Daddy's going to a very important meeting. He's got to talk to someone there."

With dim irritation, she felt herself being illogical—"just a woman," as her cousin Hal Standish used to say when the girl Laura had fallen short of the rarefied heights of masculine logic. Perhaps Robert couldn't possibly miss that particular meeting. Perhaps what he had to say to Van Gelden, the Dutch chemist, wouldn't keep. But if it weren't Van Gelden, it would be something else—while *she* must accept, without a protest, the existence of lethal dullness which for almost a year, now, had been closing in around her. . . . She found the brooch she was searching for; it was beautifully effective on the gray. A flush of color stained her cheeks.

Robert could go to his meeting! She would go to the Dennarts'—that was to be her protest. Besides, you met such interesting people at the Dennarts'. Mark Dennart was a publisher, and his latest "find," the novelist John Marvley, would be there tonight. . . . Robert and his work! There had been a time—already it seemed to Laura lost in a far past—when Robert had talked to her, of an evening, about his work. But there were no such evenings now. Coming home late, and always later, fagged, uncommunicative, with the eyes of a visionary, Robert would soon fling himself down in heavy sleep; and she, with a sense of widening detachment, would feel the hours invade her; the solitary, empty hours. Her life and Robert's were no longer one. Had he a life, now, except that which he lived intensely—sometimes Laura imagined that the intensity was burning him out—in his office or his laboratory, in the university?

In those far-past days he had explained to her what he was doing, simplifying the complexities, as though speaking

to a child. And it had pleased her. She hadn't been able to follow, really; but Robert's smiling patience had warmed her, had brought her closer and closer to him, so that she felt that his life was her very own. Then all that had changed. She had not the least idea, now, what he was at. He was too tired, he said, to see people. There were no more evenings of bridge, no more dinner-parties. They were living like hermits!

Well, she didn't intend to live like a hermit! If Robert's work had become all there was in his life, it was time that she began to go her own way! She was weary of trying to break down his reticence. . . . What he had told her that morning made little difference. He had lost the human touch! She needed people around her—people! She could not draw breath in the cold air of science! She lashed on the revolt within her.

Framed in undulating waves of hair—like her father's, it was,—Judy's face began to twitch. Tears gathered in the dark eyes. "There's going to be a blackout tonight," Judy said. "It was on the radio."

"What difference does that make?" But knowing well the difference it made,—it was the crux of this whole miserable situation,—Laura felt a sharp rebuke of conscience. With Judy in such terror of the dark, they should have arranged a blackout room. *She* should have thought of it. It was too much to expect Robert to think of it! Robert had forgotten Judy's existence! "And mine—mine too!" Laura cried to herself.

"Why don't you stay with me, if Daddy can't? You don't have to go to the Dennarts'."

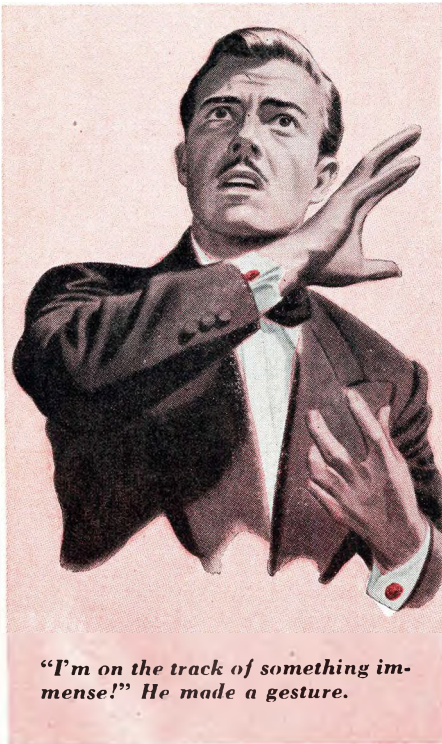


*"Are you going tonight, Mother?"
"You know I am, Judith."*

Dark

BY LEONARD L. HESS

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN



"I'm on the track of something immense!" He made a gesture.

"Now, let's stop talking about it, please!" Everything, even this necessity to argue with Judy, thrown in *her* lap!

THAT very morning Robert had brought up the subject of the scheduled blackout. Oh, to be sure, he didn't like the thought of leaving Judy to face it without either himself or her at home!

In darkness, Judy's very soul grew crowded with gibbering voices, whispered threats, forms that had no form, eyes in no heads. Three years of soothing, cajoling, appeals to reason, had not banished the shapeless horrors, the blazing eyes, the sinister hissings. So they had come to letting Judy have a shaded lamp burning, every night, beside her bed. And still she would sometimes scream out in the silent hours; and Mother or Daddy—both, preferably—needed to sit with her until the sweat of nightmare had dried, and the sobs had ended in restless slumber.

"I've that meeting on tonight," Robert said. "Van Gelden's to be there." For years he had carried on a voluminous correspondence with Van Gelden. And now, as he looked forward to seeing him face to face, his blue eyes became the eyes of a mystic.

Laura resented it. She had been his one dream, and now he had another.

"Oh, so Van Gelden's over here!" She saw Robert look up, with his still boyishly naïve eyes, at the mockery in her voice.

"He had to flee Holland. Hitler's 'New Order' has use only for scientists who'll turn out bombs. . . . Bombs!" A sigh came from him, and the lines seemed to sear his worn face. "Bombs! So

we'll have to retaliate in kind. Isn't it ghastly?" He shunned it; it was too ghastly to contemplate. "You're going to the Dennarts' tonight, did I understand you to say?" His brow, over which fell an unruly lock of black hair, wrinkled.

"That's right," Laura replied.

"I thought perhaps you'd like to meet Van Gelden. He's one of the elect."

"No. John Marvley's going to be at the Dennarts'."

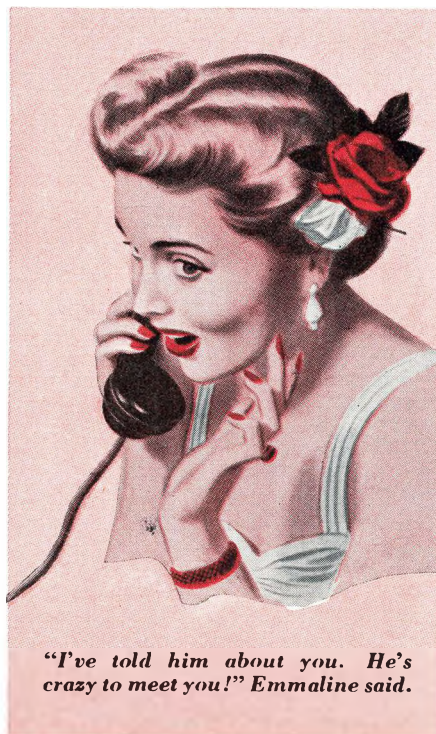
The coldness of her tone made Robert begin pacing about the bedroom. Laura saw the hollowness of his cheeks, his weary overtaxed eyes. She was a little startled by the dispassionateness of her feelings toward him. And with the question—had there ever been a glorious, impetuous romance to sweep them into each other's arms?—ringing through her like a great cry, she turned her back on him, tears all at once wetting her lashes.

"You see," Laura heard him say hesitantly, "I want to discuss something with Van Gelden, after the meeting, something I need his opinion about." His voice suddenly burst forth. "Laura!"

"What is it?" A cold anger dried her tears. She swung around.

"What I must talk to him about, is what I've been working on—"

"Oh—so at last you're ready to let me in on it!" Once more the tears came to her eyes, as she remembered those radiant years when Robert had so patiently carried his work home to her, as it were; those shining evenings when she had not comprehended in the least what he was talking about—but what had it mattered? Every word of his had swelled her heart with love, ever-fresh love.



"I've told him about you. He's crazy to meet you!" Emmaline said.



Judy's small features disintegrated woefully. "Can't I have one light?"

"A new high explosive," he went on. "A super-explosive. . . . Bombs, you know! God—to have to retaliate in kind! I'm on the track of something—something horribly immense!" He made a gesture of a hand, as if to sweep the horrible immensity away.

"Well, was it such a secret that you couldn't have told me, before this?" Laura demanded.

"I know *you* can keep a secret, Laura," he answered softly.

"Well, then?"

"It's dangerous work, you know. The most dangerous I've ever done."

"You mean—that's why you didn't tell me?"

"Yes. And I don't know why I've told you, now."

BUT then he knew, more and more clearly. And he seemed to himself to be trying to imprint on his heart Laura's slender perfection, and the rich glory of her beloved hair; as though soon the memory of them was to be all he had left of her. It came to him, all at once, that Laura had been drifting away from him. He could find no other word for it. *Drifting!* And she was the central fact of his life! Was it necessary to talk about that fact? To do his work, from day to day, with Laura to come home to; Laura at his side, after long, too often disappointing toil; that was all of life, for him. Need he tell her that—couldn't she feel it? . . . She didn't care to meet Van Gelden, because Van Gelden was part of his work. She didn't see why *he* need meet Van Gelden. So what was there left, but to explain to her the vital necessity of seeing Van Gelden? Anger was rising in him fast; anger and chagrin.

He saw the shock in Laura's face.

"Is it as dangerous as that?" she asked, her voice breathless.

"I was a fool to tell you!" he exclaimed. Then he was glad to have been such a fool; for the frightened violet eyes, the pallor, reassured him of her love. He

thought that he had never been happier. How could he have imagined her drifting from him? How could he have been so unfair to her?

"Well," she said at last, "if you've got to discuss it with Van Gelden, you must." She was being irrational again; she knew it. She could not, somehow, forgive him all those months of silence. She could not, somehow, persuade herself that he had wanted to spare her worry. No! He was lost in his work. His life and hers had nothing left in common.

Robert was dazed by her tone. It was as if she were saying, "It can wait, can't it?" He moved again around the room. It couldn't wait! Because, as it happened, Van Gelden was leaving the city early in the morning. It meant seeing him tonight, or not in weeks. But he wouldn't tell Laura that! She should feel his necessity; she should *feel* it! He was both angry and wretched. Silence, he thought, is the test of oneness. Love needs no words. Faith should be absolute. His mind strayed, exhausted. He scarcely was aware, as he offered, dully:

"I don't suppose Judy will be satisfied with having just Anna with her tonight?"

"I'm sure not. But I don't see what I can do about it."

Robert stood looking down at the floor. It was impossible for him to think, really, about Judy and the blackout. He could think only of the pass to which things had come to between him and Laura. It was all beyond his grasping. A spasm of pain crossed his face. . . . But he had never begged for anything, and he would not begin by begging for love.

LAURA sat down, passed an arm around her small daughter, and drew her close.

"You don't call it being alone, when Anna's here?"

"Anna! She won't even sit with me in the dark!"

"She will, if I ask her to." But *would* Anna? Anna, who had the cunning



Laura said: "It's never as dark as you think it."

vindictiveness of a peasant, knew quite well that her services were soon to be dispensed with. Besides, Judy was not very good at concealing her aversions. Was Anna likely, then, to put herself out to calm the child's fears? Laura felt a desperation. If she gave up this evening, what might not Robert require next?

Judy's small features disintegrated woefully. "Can't I have one light on—one single teeny light?"

"Indeed not!"

"Not *one*—like in my room, nights? What would happen?"

"It would probably get us into a lot of trouble. . . . Now listen to me, Judith! In the first place, Anna is here with you. . . . Wait—don't speak! . . . And you *must* get over this nonsense! At your age! I should think you'd be ashamed, a big girl like you!"

"I am ashamed, but I can't help it," said Judy, now with her face tear-stained. "Will it be very dark? *Very?*"

Laura, philosophically inspired, said: "It's never as dark as you think it."

Judy did not rise to the philosophy. Sobbing to herself, "I won't ask them, ever any more, to stay with me—they don't love me—I'll never, never ask them to love me," she slid off the *chaise-longue* and ran out of the room. Laura did not see her again until they were at dinner.

On that meal there pressed a silence almost unbroken. Laura wondered whether Judy had asked her father to stay home with her. If so, the plea had failed. And Laura's determination to go her own way, after having wavered, hardened. She glanced across the table at Robert, and remembering what he had said about danger, she felt a chill flee through her. She wanted, for a moment, to cry. But, she supposed, in times like these he was called upon to do such work. And hadn't he admitted to her, once or twice before, that there was some peril in what he did?

Robert drank off his coffee, scalding hot, and rose. He was among the honored few selected to greet Van Gelden officially. He explained that he had to put in an early appearance. The prospect of greeting Van Gelden did not seem, after all, to be affording him much pleasure. In a stiff, dark suit, he looked more than usually gaunt. His tie was askew, and Laura caught herself back from an impulse to set it straight. She still felt like crying. But couldn't he see Van Gelden tomorrow? No! He wanted to live, these days, only among his colleagues—not with his wife and child! And it would be increasingly so! And her life, his wife's, would grow from year to year more arid, if she let it come to that!

Robert kissed Judy. "Good night, dear. Be a good girl."

"Good night." Judy's voice was small, making its way out past the lump of tears in her throat.

Then, as though with afterthought, Robert passed around the table and kissed Laura. "You look stunning," he remarked. And while red rushed up into Laura's face, he went from the dining-room.

"When are you going, Mother?" Judy asked, in tragic resignation.

"What?" Laura was aroused from her unhappy brooding. "Oh, not quite yet,



dear." She had, then, the thought of waiting for the blackout to be over. It would still not be ten o'clock. But she recalled the flutter in Emmaline Dennart's voice: "Come early, dear. John may run out on us right after dinner—he's so charmingly unpredictable!" Laura, realizing with what eagerness she looked forward to meeting John Marvley, whose rather involved novel she had read, to prepare herself, as it were, glanced at Judy. "If I don't give in to her, now," she said to herself rapidly, "maybe she'll get over it, once and for all!"

Laura went to the kitchen, where Anna, flat-faced and sour-eyed, clattered dishes with unnecessary noise. "Anna, please be sure to stay with Judy all through the blackout."

"Aw-ri," Anna grunted.

"And remember to turn out all the lights, when you hear the whistles."

IT was a quarter past eight when Laura kissed Judy hastily, to fend off another outburst of emotion, and set forth along the parkside to walk the mile southward to the Dennarts'. She must give them good time to finish dining.

Dimmed street-lamps, and windows of apartments scaling up to heaven, burned in a murk of rainy air. The park was draped in pale mist, and Laura felt the damp on her cheeks. The blackout should be rather thorough. City-wide, too. Probably little reflected illumination. No moon or stars. . . .

A child sat quaking in a blacked-out room. . . . No, it wasn't a room—it was a closet! The child was nine years old, a big girl. Was she, though? *Was* she? She was six—just six! "Listen to Mother, sweetheart. This is our living-room!" But it wasn't; it was a black closet!

Then it was Laura who was six years old. She was stifling in the black closet. Her playmates had locked her in it; and their trail of diminishing laughter, their receding, scampering feet, were the last

sounds she heard before her own screams rang out.

She was surrounded by gibbering voices, hissing whispers. Things brushed her hands, her face, her hair. Shapes such as she had never before seen, swirled around her, fell toward her, as if to devour. Eyes glared, red and green and yellow; and they had no faces! Eyes without faces! Oh, eyes without faces!

Her hands pounded on the door. No one answered. Nora, the maid, was out. Mother was out. She pounded so, her knuckles bled. She kicked so, her feet were one great agony. She crumpled to a floor—or was it the bottom of a pit? Long shudders fled through her; she squeezed her face into wet palms, not to see the shapes, the eyes. Her screams sank to sobs, the sobs to moans. "They'll never find me, and I'll die!"

"Fee-fo-fi-fum!"—right into her ear it came, rough and husky. "I smell the blood of an Englishman!" It wasn't an Englishman's blood he smelled; it was *hers*! He was over her, with a knife! Oh, oh, oh—he had a big knife! She sprang to her feet. Her hammering fists, her shrieks, reverberated through the house, just as Mother came in—

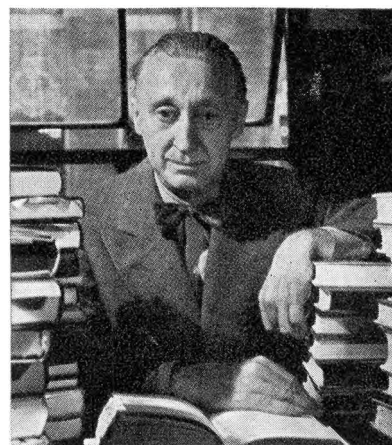
WALKING through the mist along the parkside, Laura thought, her cheeks losing their color: "How can I be so cruel? What's happened to me, to make me so cruel? I'm taking it out on Judy! I'm angry with Robert, and I'm taking it out on Judy! . . . Well, if *he* hasn't enough imagination to know what she'll suffer, all alone in the dark, thank heaven. *I* have! If he won't give something up, to be with her, *I* will!" And she ached to strain the child to her breast. "Mother's come back to you, darling!"

Her eyes full of bewildered tears, she found herself crossing the avenue, entering a drugstore. Now she was searching a directory. Good heavens, how often she had called the Dennarts' number, and now it had gone (*Please turn to page 72*)



Laura threw herself in his arms.
"Sweetheart, be careful, be careful!"

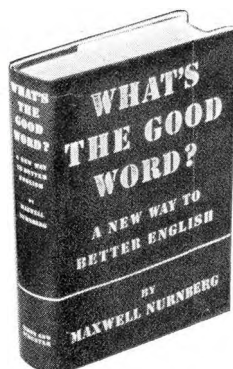
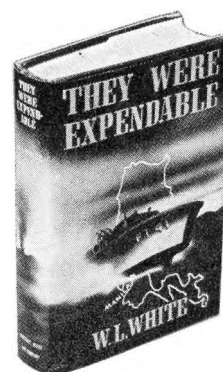
BOOK SUGGESTIONS for DECEMBER by HARRY HANSEN



The theater is both illusion and reality, make-believe and life. Both W. Somerset Maugham and Sinclair Lewis have drawn on it for stories. Fitzroy Davis has written its publicity and acted on its boards.

His first novel, "Quicksilver," is packed with its life; trivial, gay, sad, momentous, and with the experiences of the actors who trouped with that volatile *Juliet*, Miss Navarre. "You can't ad lib in Shakespeare!" warns the manager—but you can live a full life playing him.

Another thrilling page of American history awaits us in the story W. L. White obtained from the lips of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3, which fought the Bataan campaign to the last. He calls it "They Were Expendable."



Suppose you were teaching English to high-school students and had to tell them how to use the right words. You would have to talk brilliantly yourself to keep them awake.

That is exactly what Maxwell Nurnberg does in his book about usage—"What's the Good Word?" It entertains while giving useful information many of us need to match our wits with the Quiz Kids.

"Quicksilver," by Fitzroy Davis; Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3.

"They Were Expendable," by W. L. White; Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.

"What's the Good Word?" by Maxwell Nurnberg; Simon & Schuster, \$2.

This noted critic will briefly review in each issue the recently published book he deems the most interesting.

This is the eleventh in the series of articles about those rare individuals who do the things that most of us only dream of doing. Meet Ted Husing, the ace announcer.

Dream

EACH year, for the past sixteen years, come November, Ted Husing swears in the presence of numerous witnesses that never, never again will he broadcast another football game. Not for all the gold at Fort Knox—not for all the X cards in Washington! For the following ten months he sticks to his decision and tells all and sundry . . . now that he is through with the gridiron, he feels a new man. Then comes the perfidious month of September. Shortly after Labor Day, the ladies and gentlemen who frequent the “21” Club begin taking notice of a bespectacled six-footer who walks up and down in the lobby, waves his arms and mutters, addressing no one in particular: “Five will get you twenty that Minnesota will get licked this year.” Or—“I wouldn’t be surprised at all if those Duke fellows are the bunch to watch this season.” And so on, *ad infinitum*. The opening game finds Mr. Husing and his faithful assistant Jimmy Dolan exactly where everybody expected to see them: Right in front of the C.B.S. mike.

“The trouble with Ted is,” volunteers one of his best friends, “that he is a frustrated athlete. As a boy he dreamed of

becoming the greatest fullback this country has ever beheld. He failed to achieve that ambition. Worse still, he was suspended from the team of Stuyvesant High School because of his low scholastic standing. So nowadays he is trying to make the vicarious thrills pay for all those never-made touchdowns.”

This harsh accusation leaves Husing unruffled. He admits that he never got very far as a football-player, but he explains, with proper gestures, and a considerable amount of self-pity, that he never had a chance. He was born—forty-one years ago—in a modest room overlooking what he describes as, a “quiet corner saloon in the Bronx.” His father’s work (he was a club steward) took him to various cities and towns in New York State, and Ted never stayed long enough in any school to settle down to the grim business of making the All-American team.

For a time (while his father worked at the Catholic Club in Columbia University) Ted managed to endear himself to Columbia’s Varsity baseball and basketball teams and became their mascot. But

just then World War I came, and he enlisted. He was only sixteen, so he had to lie about his age and enlist under an assumed name. Surprisingly enough, the Army thought so much of him that he was assigned to the Intelligence Division. He did not get the Congressional Medal of Honor, but he acquired a great deal of self-assurance (a trait which still distinguishes him) and developed a healthy interest in stud poker.

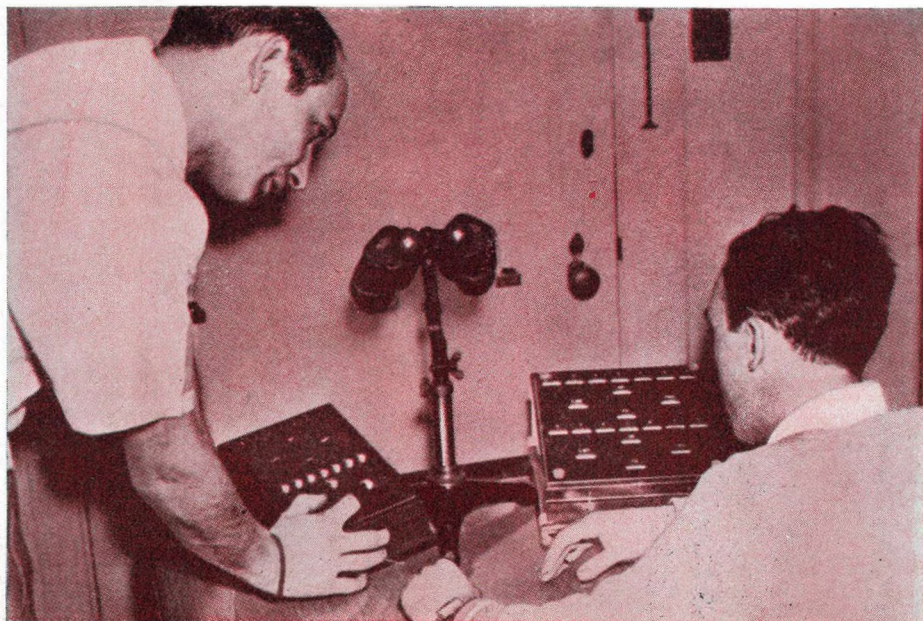
The war over, he decided to improve his I.Q. He attended Commerce High School in New York for something like three months; then he switched to Pace Business Institute and finally wound up at Columbia. Nicholas Murray Butler was not aware of his existence, but Ted actually remained one of the good Doctor’s charges for two long years.

Poker for a penny ante on Morningside Heights finally bored Ted to extinction. He was craving for excitement. So he shook Columbia’s dust off his feet in 1921 and joined a semi-professional football team known as the Prescotts. Even John Kieran remembers little about the Prescotts, except that both Ted Husing and his present assistant, Jimmy Dolan, were playing on that none-too-brilliant team.

IN 1922, the year Husing came of age, he fell hard for Billy Mitchell’s flamboyant elegance. “The guy’s right,” he said to himself. “The future belongs to the aviation.” Without any further to-do, Ted went to an aviation school and spent his nights dreaming of an imaginary battleship sunk by the plane piloted by Lt. Edward Britt Husing. *Edward Britt* is right because that’s how he was christened, the *Britt* part of the name being a compliment to prizefighter James Edward



Broadcasting a horse-race is a thrill and a privilege, not just a job, for Ted Husing.



Husing and his assistant Jimmy Dolan testing their beloved gadget—the Annunciator Board—responsible for the accuracy of Ted’s football broadcasts.

Jobs

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

(Jimmy) Britt, the idol of Papa Husing. Unfortunately for Britt and the head of the Husing family, the name did not stick. A mix of a little girl who was the great announcer's childhood sweetheart thought that that *Edward Britt* business was too silly for words and she nicknamed her boy friend *Ted*. He is still *Ted*. Were a letter addressed to Mr. Edward Britt Husing to reach the Columbia Broadcasting System, it would be undoubtedly returned, marked "Unknown."

The Washington brass hats being what they were in 1922, no battleship was provided for the very ambitious Mr. Husing. He had to be satisfied with joining a commercial air-line company. "God knows what I would be doing today," he relates wistfully, "had it not been for that unfortunate landing." The landing in question spared Husing's life, but it did wreck his plane. Exit Edward Britt Husing, pilot. Enter Ted Husing, announcer.

It all began very, very inauspiciously. In 1923 Husing read an announcement in the *New York Daily News* advising its readers that its publishers were prepared to give ten big shining dollars for the best criticism of a radio program, any radio program. "It's a push-over," said Ted, and sat down at his typewriter. A week later he received a ten-dollar check. Just like that! This started Ted thinking. If he was so good at criticising radio programs, why couldn't he be equally good at working for a broadcasting company?

He made inquiries and discovered that a radio station in New York was looking for an announcer. He had to be a college graduate and a musical expert. Neither qualification fitted Husing, but he applied for the job just the same. A friend who wrote musical reviews for a New York paper gave him several quick lessons in musical terminology. As to the college-graduate clause, Ted skipped it *in toto*. He didn't say yes; he didn't say no. On September 13, 1924, he was notified by Station WJZ that his application had been approved and that he had won over six hundred and eleven college graduates and musical experts, who were trying to get the job. "They hired me," he explains, "because I could talk louder and longer than any of the other boys."

THE people who know Husing concede this particular point only too willingly. It is their contention that even today, eighteen years later, with his reputation firmly established and his stake made, Ted can still talk louder and longer than any other man in the United States. With Huey P. Long dead and Father Coughlin in temporary retirement, no American of our times can hope to out-talk or out-debate Husing. At the drop of a hat, or even a handkerchief, he will argue on any conceivable subject, from gin rummy to zoölogy, and from Whirlaway to Secretary Knox.

There were (Please turn to page 98)

Photos by Acme and Press Association



An all-around announcer, Ted has covered every conceivable event from great political conventions to floods, railroad wrecks and marathon dances. He confesses his partiality for sports. Football is his favorite.



Husing scored his greatest scoop in April 1928, when in pouring rain he broadcast the description of Floyd Bennett's funeral at Arlington Cemetery. The broadcast lasted two and a half hours.



Husing and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., joined forces and merged their talents when "covering" the Columbia-Navy crew race on the Harlem River. Between them, they stirred up great excitement.

BY ELIZABETH GOUDGE
ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

There'll Always

As children turn the pages of a book of fairy-tales, so did Joy Malony stop every morning on her way to work to look at the pictures that the man with the lame leg had drawn on the pavement. They fascinated her. They fed something in her that was starving, that had always been starving ever since she could remember. She had been born and bred in London, breathed its river mists and been drenched by its rains for as long as she could remember, trod its pavements all the days of her life; and if you had asked her, she would have said that she loved London.

She loved the orange glow of its smoky sunsets, the silvery lights that sparkled over huddled roofs and chimneys when frost was in the air, the first trembling gold of the daffodils in the parks. And in pre-war days, before they had been sandbagged or taken away for safety, she had loved the statues of London; the winged Love poised above the traffic of Piccadilly, King Charles riding austere and sorrowful hard by his own Whitehall, Peter Pan blowing his pipes in Kensington Gardens. When peace came back, it would be wonderful, she thought, to hear again the rustle of Love's wings, the stately pacing of the King's horse in the moonlight, the low sweet music of the pipes of Pan.

The men of today had established a reign of hate, and they were making so much noise with their bombs and guns and airplanes and roaring munition factories that one could not hear the homely clink of a horse's hoofs on a frosty road, or the music of the fairies; but it was Joy's belief that those things were not permanently lost out of the world; one day there would come a great exhausted silence; and then, very faint and far away, the *clip-clop* of a horse's hoofs, a soft rustling like wind in the trees, a thread of music. . . . Peace, men would say wonderingly. Peace.

Yet though there was this beauty in London, these dreams and fancies swirling in the mist, something in Joy was still hungry. Her father had been born in an Irish cabin, where the hills of Donegal fall steeply to the sea; and her mother had come from the hills too, from those Sicilian hills where the clover and wild mignonette that Persephone trod still clothe the fields with color and hot fragrance under the sun. How the Irish poet and the Italian singer had come to London, met and mated, loved and died, was so old a story that their daughter had almost forgotten the little she had known of it. They had left her nothing but a small legacy that had enabled a kindly godmother, before she too died, to feed and clothe Joy through childhood, send her to school and then settle her with a good dressmaking firm, to be taught her craft by one of the best designers of beautiful clothes in London. The legacy was exhausted now; and Joy had nothing that had belonged to her parents except, it might be, their memories, that lived on in her quite extraordinary dreams.

It was because the pavement artist with the lame leg apparently had much the same sort of dreams that his pictures

so fascinated Joy. He did not draw the usual sort of thing at all; there were no fat salmon on his strip of pavement, no still-life groups of rosy apples and bunches of grapes upon the boards that he propped against the ruins of a bombed building behind him. He drew the oddest, most fragmentary pictures, that reminded Joy of phrases of music torn out of the symphonies where they belonged, and all jostled up together; or like all the birds trying to shout each other down, each with a different song, on an April morning.

Not one of his pictures was ever the same; not one was even what Joy as a good dressmaker called "properly finished off;" yet each seemed somehow to be quite perfect in itself, and yet to blend with the others into what was best described as a sort of patchwork of jubilation. . . . In fact, they were just like Joy's dreams, that she had once described to her godmother as "pictures of glorious places that I've never seen, and the exhilaration of lovely experiences I've never had, that make me wake up knowing that though I've never been anywhere, still I own the world."

On one particular morning in spring Joy stood looking at the pictures for longer than usual. It was the period of the London air raids, and the previous night had been, to say the least of it, unpleasant; and this morning Joy had walked through shattered streets very quickly with head held high, eyes right and tightened lips. It was her theory that it was better not to look too close if there was nothing one could do. If there *had* been anything to do, of course she would have done it, for she was no coward. But at eight-thirty in the London streets on the morning after a blitz, it was best for a girl of eighteen to get straight to her job and not to look about her too much; unless the scenes she looked at were fierce little trumpet notes of beauty chalked on a bloodstained pavement or against a shattered wall. . . . Yes, that *was* blood on the pavement. . . . She deliberately took her eyes from the stain and looked at the pictures instead.

A village of wooden houses painted eggshell blue at the foot of a snow mountain, with fields beside a stretch of still water where peasants in ballooning skirts, with bright cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads, gathered their hay. . . . A little Byzantine church of a warm orange color with a small brown dome, and behind it a sky of a blue that England seldom sees. . . . A group of pine trees with glowing trunks and blue-black branches



stark against towering cumulus clouds. . . . A shepherd boy tending goats in a field of orange marigolds. . . . Golden barley warm against a background of green vines. . . . It was an entirely new batch this morning. He always produced a new batch after a bad raid.

"Like 'em?" he asked.

"Yes," said Joy.

It was the first time they had exchanged any remarks; except for a brief,

be Beauty

REDBOOK'S NOVELETTE OF THE MONTH



*"It was a good answer," said the priest when the wedding was over. . . .
"The immediate celebration of a wedding in a church that has been
bombed. . . . Life goes on . . . Good luck!"*

"Good morning," on Joy's side, and a gruff, surly, "Thank you," on the artist's side when she dropped a coin into his hat. But they had taken stock of each other long before this. Upon the very first day that their eyes met, they had been deeply aware of each other.

The man, upon his side, knew by heart now every line of the girl's erect, graceful, yet rather taut little figure, always so neatly and gayly dressed. It was

not necessary for her to be there for him to see the proud poise of the small head, the play of light and shadow on the straight dark hair and the dusky flawless skin, the lovely contour of the face with the straight little nose and resolute lips and chin curving faultlessly to the strong Doric neck, the glance of the deep blue Irish eyes, cool, appraising, without shame or fear. It was such a face as he had seen sometimes traced on old coins; and to his

eyes, the figure under the tautness of its courage had the eager grace of an age so dewy fresh that to love life had been the natural corollary of living. Yes, he could see that she loved living, and took trouble with it. It was not within the bounds of possibility that she could have slept last night; yet every hair on her sleek bare head was in place; there was not a speck of dust on the green frock she wore, straight and plain, yet vivid and fresh as a

daffodil sheath; and she had not forgotten to touch her lips with color. In the room where he lodged, he had a score or so of sketches of her, done from memory; and after today there would be another.

She was perhaps less accurately informed of his outward appearance than he of hers, for it had been his pictures that had captured her attention in the first place; and in approaching the man through his work, she was more aware of what he was than of what he looked like. She was aware of his obstinacy in the face of disaster—for who but an incredibly obstinate man would celebrate each fresh blitz with a fresh batch of pictures that scarcely anyone looked at, on a stretch of pavement that would probably be dust tomorrow?—his photographic memory for beauty, his unquenchable delight in it, his surly pride that could only growl like an irritated lion when a coin dropped into his hat.

It was through a knowledge of these attributes that she had become aware of the huge bony bulk of the man, fined down by privations and injuries yet doggedly stalwart still, like some storm-seamed old pine tree immovable upon its chosen post of observation on the top of the hill, of his seamed dark face, which was hard with his angry pride, yet lit up by the dark bright eyes that missed nothing at all of beauty or interest in the contemporary scene. It was impossible to guess his age. Though it could be said of him that he certainly was not young, it could be said with equal certainty that he was not old. He was a long way yet from that twilight of life when only the past seems precious, and men say of present years: "I have no pleasure in them."

A remark of which it was not possible to imagine either Joy or this man being guilty! As thrillingly alive in the moment as any two human creatures can be, they looked at each other across the brilliant little pictures on the stained and dusty pavement.

"ONLY half-past eight," said the man. "Early, aren't you? It's usually nine forty-five when you go by."

He spoke clear, beautifully enunciated English, with a slightly foreign accent. His voice was hoarse from much exposure to weather, but it had a depth and warmth behind the hoarseness that suggested that it had had beauty in its day.

"Yes, I'm early," said Joy. "It was a relief to get moving, after the packet we had last night."

"Spend last night in a shelter?"

Joy wrinkled her nose in distaste. "No; I can't stand those shelters. I spent it in my room, as I always do."

"Alone?" he asked.

"Yes, my landlady and the other lodgers go to the shelter. I'm not afraid. I sit up and knit."

"Is your room high up in the house?"

"Fairly high. It was rather fun last night, for it swung backward and forward like a bird's nest in a tall tree in a gale. I felt like a bird."

"Did you sing?" he asked, his eyes on her strong Doric throat, a singer's throat, his ears greedily drinking in every inflection of her musical Irish voice.

"No," said Joy.

"Just set your teeth and knitted? A little afraid after all, perhaps. Try

singing next time; any song, but the old ones are the best. Never let the body get taut. That's the way to break. Look at you now, tense as a bent bow, though you've nothing to do for ten minutes but stand there in the sun and gossip. . . . Ever been to Athens?"

The sudden change of conversation startled her, jerked some of the stiffness out of her body. "No," she said. "I've never been out of England."

He pointed to the picture of the orange-colored Byzantine church with the small brown dome. "It's the church at Daphne, just outside Athens. And the shepherd boy in the field of orange marigolds I saw in Crete; but I've missed out the purple mallow and the red poppies that grew to right and left of him, lest English eyes should refuse to believe it. And the vines and barley; I saw them in Crete too. And those pines—I don't doubt they still grow in Germany, in the Bavarian Alps, up among the snow winds and the towering clouds. And that village of painted houses—that's Norwegian. I've lived there."

Her face was alight with interest, her figure relaxed into the grace he had guessed was there beneath the tight armor of her courage. His muttered words of explanation had made the pictures come startlingly alive; she saw those gaudy flowers in the fields of Crete, and felt the snow wind in the Bavarian Alps.

"And you've *been* in all those countries?" she asked incredulously.

"I've lived in most of the countries of Europe, and fought in them as well, in this war and the last. I've been most things too: soldier, mountaineer, schoolmaster, actor, painter—and a pretty good painter too, when I'd oils and canvas instead of paving-stone and chalk for a medium."

"Yet there must be one country that you especially belong to?" questioned Joy.

"No," he said. "I am a European. I happened to be born in Corsica, of a French father and a Spanish mother; but Corsica and France and Spain hold my heart no more than Germany or Italy; or even Norway, where I fought my last fight before I escaped to England. I repeat; I am a European."

"But you fought for Norway against Germany," said Joy.

"I fought for Europe," he replied fiercely. "For Europe, old and lovely, diverse, free—" He stopped and laughed. "But good God, I can't tell a little chit of a girl with just ten minutes to spare what I mean by Europe. And you're English, and therefore too insular to understand."

Joy's head went up. "I understand, all right," she said. "You want men to be free to build orange-colored churches with brown domes in one country if they want to, and paint their houses eggshell blue in another, if they think that would be fun. You want there to be shepherd boys keeping goats in fields full of flowers, the way they did a thousand years ago, and people singing the songs they've always sung. You want some countries to paint their fishing-boats blue, with eyes to see which way they are going, just for a joke, and others to paint them brown with red sails. *That's* what you mean by Europe; men set free to make beautiful things and make them all quite different,

as though their fingers were stalks that flowers grow out of. You don't want Nazi tanks rolling all the world into one dead level of mud."

"Aha!" he said. "Boats with eyes to see which way they are going? So you know about those, do you? I thought there was something Sicilian about your neck! So you're not English, after all."

"I am!" flashed Joy. "Having had an Italian mother doesn't prevent my being English!"

"Nor having had an Irish father?"

"No!" stormed Joy. "I was born in London. I love London. I'm as insular as I can be."

"In the sense in which you use the word, thank God for that!" said the artist. "You misunderstood what I meant by *insular*. You mean that you love this land of your birth above all others. . . . Well, that's all right, that'll lead you to cherish its special and individual beauties; but I meant by *insular*, that narrow spirit that won't pay attention to the other countries, won't admit of a larger loyalty, can't be bothered to find out how to weld the diverse beauty of the many into the unity of the whole. And that's what we've got to learn to do, my girl; no dead level of stinking mud, but a patchwork quilt of fragrance and color."

"What made you become a pavement artist?" asked Joy.

"Boredom," said the man. "I got sick and tired of sitting waiting for a refugee committee to think how to employ me. I thought it would be a good joke, too. Also, there's no better answer to an avalanche of destruction than a spot of creation. Even Christ didn't propose that you should do nothing when your enemy struck you; he suggested turning the other cheek. That is quite a creative answer, if you think it out. . . . O mine enemy, you cannot destroy beauty out of the world! If you destroy it upon the one side, you will merely find yourself confronted with another even lovelier."

"Look at the time!" ejaculated Joy suddenly. "I shall be late at my job. And we're making quite an exhibition of ourselves. We're collecting quite a crowd."

"You're English, all right," the man assured her. "This dislike of collecting a crowd! Why not collect a crowd? The collectors of crowds are public benefactors, if they keep 'em amused. I've spent my life collecting crowds."

"I don't doubt it," said Joy a little dryly. "You're an extraordinary man—almost too startling to be true."

"Like the flowers of Crete," he said. "Yellow marigolds and purple mallow and scarlet poppies. Yet they were there before the Hun blasted the place to bits, and they'll be there again when the black mud has receded. . . . It is not I who am making you late at your job. You will keep continuing the conversation when I thought it was finished."

Joy turned abruptly on her heel and left him. Just once she looked back, and he was hard at work on a new picture, drawing it around and about that bloodstain on the pavement. For a moment she felt revolted, and a little sick. Then her shiver of revulsion turned to a thrill of admiration. Not very easy, surely, to make a gay picture out of a blood-

stain. But she wouldn't put it beyond him to succeed.

Rosa Macdanforth, the dressmaker for whom Joy worked, was a woman of genius. She had no shop, but a small dwelling-place and a large workroom in what had once been a mews. Joy walked up a narrow lane between two tall old houses and into a small cobbled yard and was immediately confronted by Rosa's bright blue front door, once a stable door, flanked by two blue tubs full of geraniums, with Rosa's painted sign with her name upon it swinging overhead, the sign of a Hebridean spinning-wheel beside a briar-bush. To the right of the yard the stable buildings had been turned into the warehouse of a perfumery, where herbs were stored; and through whose small windows there floated deliciously the smell of rosemary and verbenas, orris-root and lavender. To the left was a high garden wall with lilacs and laburnums just showing over the top. There was a dovecote in the garden, and the *coroo-coroo* of the doves, and the rustling of their wings, was an integral part of this fragrant and most highly individual corner, one of those curious little oases of charm and beauty that tuck themselves away in the odd crannies of the great city of London, like flowers growing under the ledges of a rocky cliff.

Rosa's own living-rooms were to the left of the door as one entered, next to the garden wall. To the right there were the fitting-room and storeroom below, with a flight of narrow stairs leading up to the big workroom over them.

It was almost more of a studio than a workroom, for Rosa, though her humility would have refused the appellation, was an artist and nothing less. She had stained her walls and ceiling a pale pearl gray, and her scrubbed wooden floor deep scarlet. Gay designs, painted some of them by herself and some by Joy, decorated the walls, their colors echoed by the materials that lay on the long trestle tables. Rosa dealt only in the finest and the best, and these materials were hand-woven tweeds and linen from her native Hebrides, silks that were soft as flower petals, muslins like gossamer. And she employed only workers single-minded in their art; any slackness, any skimping, and the girl was turned out at once.

At least, that was how it had been before the war. Today, when Joy came into the workroom, she found only Rosa there, for she and Rosa were the only workers left in what had once been a flourishing business. The others had all gone to do war-work; and Joy, now that she was eighteen, would of course soon be going too. And there were not many materials heaped on the tables today, for fine wool and soft silk were getting harder and harder to come by, and custom was falling off.

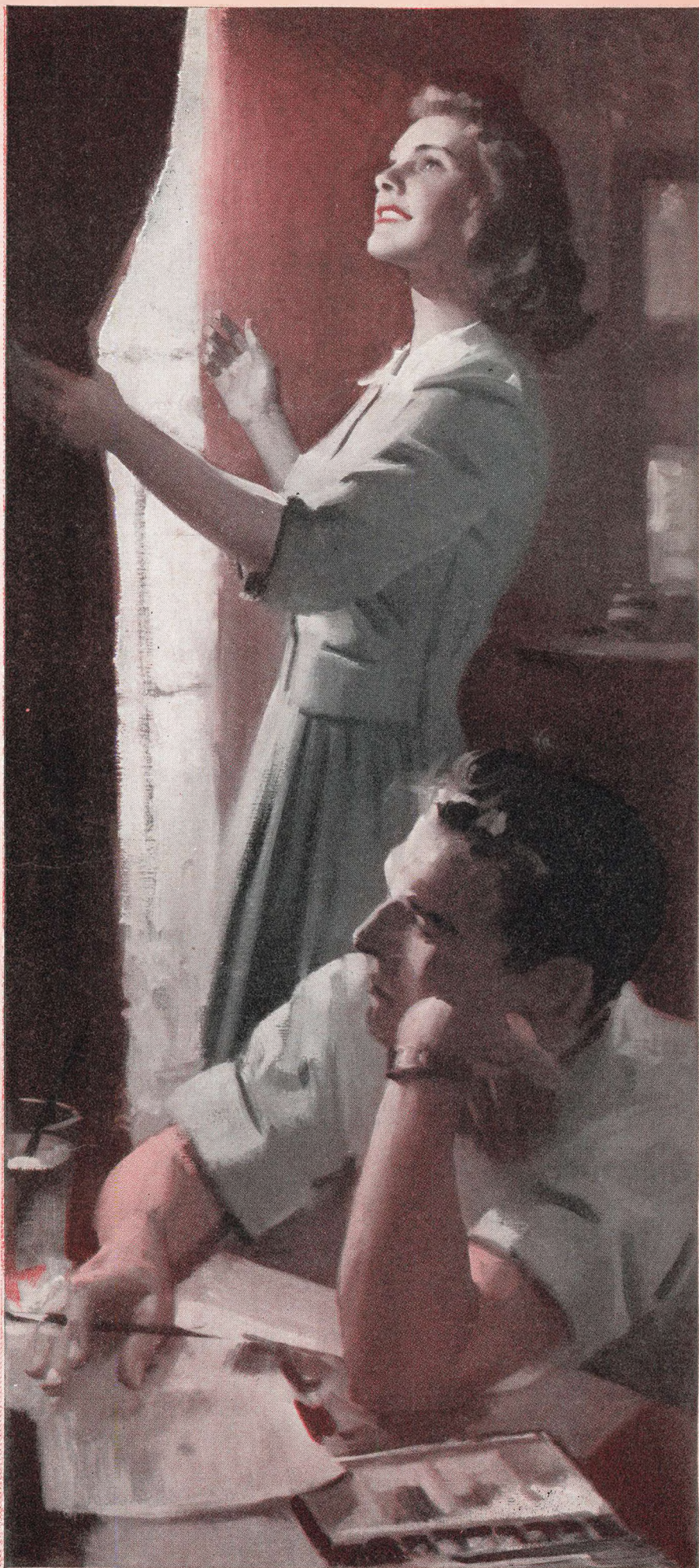
"I wish to goodness," said Rosa irritably, as Joy came in, "that you would provide yourself with husband, home and screaming baby."

"But why?" asked Joy.

"Because then you need not go and make munitions. In the intervals of smacking the baby and frying steak and onions for the man, you could carry on my business."

"Why steak and onions?" asked Joy.

"I hate steak and onions."



When the All-Clear had sounded, and Joy pulled back the curtains—"I can't say I expected to live through the night," he said. "Did you?" "I always expect to live," Joy answered.

Deems Taylor

suggests:



SERIOUS



Ernst von Dohnányi: Serenade in C major, played by Jascha Heifetz, violin, William Primrose, viola, and Emanuel Feuermann, 'cello. *Victor Album DM-903.*

Dohnányi deserves much more frequent hearings than he has been getting. The names of the performers will give you an idea of the perfection of the performance.

Fritz Kreisler: "My Favorites." *Victor Album M-910.*

And they're your favorites, too—the "Caprice Viennois," "Tambourin Chinois," "Liebesfreud," "Liebesleid" (not "Liebeslied," as Victor calls it), "La Gitana," and "Schön Rosmarin," played as only the master plays them.



POPULAR



Irving Berlin: Songs from "This Is The Army," by the original soldier cast. *Decca Album 340.*

This show has already turned over half a million dollars to the Army Relief and—at this writing, at least—is still packing 'em in at the Broadway Theatre in New York. The collection includes the classic "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," sung by old Marse Berlin himself. Incidentally, the profits from this album go to the Army Relief.



"Strip Polka," sung by Johnny Mercer with Freddie Slack's Orchestra. *Capitol 103.*

The author of "My Mama Done Told Me" and "Tangerine" has done it again, and puts over his own lyrics *con amore*.

Deems Taylor, one of America's leading composers and music critics, will select each month two or more records he believes our readers will enjoy playing.

"Men don't," replied Rosa bitterly. "They adore steak. It's because they eat so much beef—underdone—that they go to war. . . . All that hot red angry blood—"

"Hitler's a vegetarian," Joy reminded her.

"I don't care what he is," said Rosa. "What's got me down is the fact that he's ruined my business."

Joy looked at her where she stood in the full light from the window, twisting a letter round and round in her fingers, and it struck her with a shock of surprise that Rosa had quite suddenly become an old woman. She had always looked elderly, a tall gaunt Scotswoman with iron-gray hair, dour and self-contained, giving no sign in her outward appearance of the Celtic fire and imagination that had had their only outlet in her work; but until today Joy had seen no signs of weakness in her. But now she looked really old and quite incredibly tired. Her business had always been the passion of her life, Joy knew.

"Hang on," Joy said to her softly and fiercely. "Hang on. You make beautiful things here. Hang on."

"Somehow I don't want to," said Rosa slowly. "I want the business to go on, of course, but I dread the fight I'll have to put up to keep it alive. And these raids are getting me down. . . . What in the world am I to say to this letter?"

She tossed it across and sat down to her work; the making of a wedding-dress out of a strip of satin that gleamed like mother-of-pearl. It was the only wedding order she had had in months, for nearly all the girls nowadays were being married in their uniforms. One couldn't blame them, for they had no time to bother over fittings, but it was very annoying for the dressmakers.

Joy read the letter. It came from a well-known theater and was a request that Rosa should make a set of costumes for a ballet that was to be presented by a company of international refugee artists. The director had seen Miss Macdanforth's work and admired it. The ballet was to center round an old Norwegian folk-tale, and the dancers would represent peasants and trolls. There was next to no money to spend, but he was sure Miss Macdanforth would be able to achieve an artistic effect for very little outlay. He would be glad to hear her reactions to this suggestion.

"Oh, but that's grand!" cried Joy, looking up with sparkling eyes. "That'll keep us going for a long time."

"If I am to achieve an artistic effect with very little outlay, I shall be able to use only the commonest materials," said Rosa. "And that's a thing I've never done, and never will do. Cheap, shoddy stuff! I won't touch it. I shall refuse, Joy."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" said Joy hotly. "What does it matter about using shoddy materials? All over the world artists are having to make do with what medium they can find. Why, I know an artist who used to paint in oils, and now he's chalking his pictures on a London pavement. Better that, than not make pictures at all. Better to dance in sack-ing than not dance at all. Better, if you're driven into exile (Please turn to page 67)

Son at the Front

BY HUGH BRADLEY
PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL D'OME

ELSIE shifted the dial so that they might be prepared to catch another news-broadcast. Roy watched her, and thought about how amused they would have been even three weeks ago if they had heard of some other couple who did nothing all evening except try to pick up every available radio bulletin. He wished that he could manage some remark which would make her smile now. Instead of trying to frame the words, he leaned forward eagerly to listen.

The broadcaster completed his stint of good and bad war tidings from world capitals and remote outposts. Roy looked at the clock, and noted that half an hour must elapse before they could obtain any fresh news. He tried to concentrate on a book, abandoned it for a newspaper—discarded twice, previously—started to read a Washington dispatch, and then continued to stare at the printed words without seeing them. The dispatch dealt with new methods for conveying mail to and from the American expeditionary forces. It made him think again of that last letter received from Stevie.

The letter—it was really only a note evidently scrawled in a hurry—had been received three weeks ago. Because he had known it by heart even after the first reading, Roy repeated it to himself now with only one omission:

"Dear Mother and Dad: Arrived here with some other fellows awhile ago, and today's the first chance we've had to get a letter off. I've gained ten pounds, am in a swell outfit and think this ought to be a pretty interesting place. Don't worry, and if you see anybody I know give them my regards and tell them we're going to keep 'em flying. With love, Steve."

"P. S. Hope Dad still likes his new job and if you get a chance to send them, I could use some sugar cookies. S."

Elsie had been moving around the room, adjusting pictures that needed no attention. Now she was standing in front of the telephone, as if she was daring it to ring, and yet was half fearful that it would. Roy watched her and knew how she felt. The lone omission from the letter, as he had repeated it, was the name of the far-flung island where it had been dated. Since it had been passed by the censor, he supposed that this was not military information of value to the enemy, but he could not be sure about it, and so he refused to say the name even to himself. But it was this same island from which ten days ago there had been flashed a terse report of fierce fighting between outnumbered defenders and an armada's spewing of invaders. Since then no word had come either from friend or foe.

Roy tried not to think of what might have happened on the island, or what could be happening there now. He wished that Elsie would say something. He remembered how, in almost twenty-five years of married life, words never previously had failed them. Even last year when Stevie had enlisted, and business had been so bad that they had decided to retire and move to the country, it had not

been like this. As befitted two people who knew their way around, they had, he remembered, been almost gay about the prospect of exchanging a settled existence for a strange new one.

The telephone rang, but the call was for some other family on the party line. Elsie hurriedly left the room. Roy suspected that she had gone to cry in secret over this fresh disappointment. He tried to think of some means for comforting her, and remembered how, long ago, they had agreed that grown-up people did not make silly displays of sentiment.

Elsie came back into the room and dialed the next station. They listened to another report, which gave them all the news except that which they most wanted to hear.

"Maybe," Roy said, "no news is good news." He was not surprised when Elsie did not answer. He supposed that he had sounded like one of those pompous pulpit orators at whom they and their city friends had always looked askance. Nevertheless he was not sorry that he had said it. The more he thought about it, the more it seemed to him that it made good sense. He wandered over to the open window and breathed deeply.

MORE minutes droned by on their way to eternity. Roy listened to the not yet fully familiar rural sounds, and thought about the other couples in the crowd of which they had once been a part. He wondered what those couples would say now, if they knew that, in order to contribute his own bit to the war work, he was rising each morning at five o'clock so that he might travel twenty miles on a rattletrap bus and labor all day in a shipyard. It occurred to him suddenly that he did not much care what they would say. He thought about his reasons for not caring, and (*Please turn to page 81*)



"Maybe," Roy said, "no news is good news." He was not surprised when Elsie did not answer. He supposed he had sounded like one of those pompous orators.



This is My

"I don't understand you," he said. "You were frantic when you thought I'd been killed. And now, when you know I'm all right, are you sorry I'm not dead?"

TONIGHT we walked together in an armored silence to our bedroom. Seven years of marriage, and I was twenty-nine now, and not a single momentous thing had ever happened to me—except that the man I loved had once loved me, and didn't any more.

I hadn't meant to spy. It was only accident that I found out that day when I phoned Hugh at his office to make a luncheon date, and he said a business engagement prevented—and later I saw him on the street ahead of me with pretty little red-haired Lacey Lencival.

So that was one of the things that had happened to my marriage, one reason a silly thing like a broken mirror had set me screaming, one reason the warmth from the library fireplace wasn't able to warm me now. Hugh had lied to me, and we had grown so far apart that I wasn't even able to confront him with it. Hugh had lied to me, and he wasn't willing to be taxed with it—and now, on the flimsy pretext of needing fresh cigarettes, Hugh went out in a driving rain, rather than be alone with me and face any questions I might ask.

Or had he gone out to call Lacey?

A few moments later the bell rang, and I admitted—not Hugh, but a disheveled young man I'd never seen before.

"I'm the guy Lacey is supposed to be marrying," he explained to me presently. "Her lucky second. I'm the guy she'd have been married to now, if your fun-loving spouse hadn't decided to move in."

Hugh came back a short time later, greeted the young man casually enough—and telling me they had a business matter to discuss, said he'd follow me upstairs in a few minutes.

So obediently I went upstairs, and Hugh seemed to get rid of the wild young man without great trouble, for after a little I heard the front door close, and Hugh's step on the stairs. . . .

I had dozed off when I was shocked wide awake by the sound of a shot and of a falling body. I switched on the light—Hugh was not in his bed. Snatching up a dressing-gown, I ran downstairs.

On the floor near the leather sofa lay Hugh, crumpled and motionless. On the rug beside him, the dark stain of blood was slowly spreading.

"Hugh!" I cried. "Oh, Hugh!"

"Katherine," he said, and his voice though weak, was angry and unbelieving. "Katherine, I've been shot!" (*The story continues in detail.*)

The Story Thus Far:

I KNELT there in the nightmare confusion of that room—the window that had stuck earlier in the evening still stuck, still open, with the rain still slanting through it; the Venetian glass still lying in shattered fragments on the floor; and just a few feet away from it, Hugh's body that had looked so crumpled and lifeless, with the sinister dark red patch making a sort of grotesque extra pocket on his white pajamas. I knelt there, and I saw all of it. I guess, and I saw none of it. There was wild music playing, and there were great choruses of angels singing. Hugh had spoken; Hugh was alive; and I was the happiest human being on earth.

"Darling," I said, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad!"

Hugh looked a little startled. His last words had been: "Katherine, I've been shot." The response must have seemed strange.

He said weakly: "I hope you mean what I hope you mean."

"Hugh," I said, "if anything had happened to you—I mean, if—"

"I know," he said. "I just wanted to make sure."

If you could only hold on to happiness as it comes—if you didn't have, always, that terrible compulsion forward into reality—

It should have been enough, to kneel there beside him, loving him, having him alive. But you train yourself to think; you make your mind do it; and eventually your mind is stronger than you are, and it takes over, and the thinking goes on whether you want it to or not.

So it chanced that the first thing I thought of was that Hugh needed more professional attention than I could give him:

"I'll call the Doctor. Is there anything you'd like me to do first, darling? Are you in awful pain?"

"No," he said. "It's not good, but it's not awful, either. It feels as though a mule kicked me."

When Dr. Mayler answered, I said: "This is Katherine Vernell, Doctor. Could you come over right away?"

I was about to add, "Hugh's been shot—" and then I didn't. I didn't, because a question was rising stark and terrible in my mind. "Hugh's been shot—" *By whom? Who shot your husband, Katherine?*

And I saw again the face of that wild young man, that drunk, staccato, reckless young man who had come to see Hugh earlier that evening.

I knew who had shot Hugh. I could almost see Malcolm Enderby, tall and thin and blond and racked by jealousy—I could see him standing face to face with Hugh—I could even see the ugly gun in his hand—

I had completely forgotten Dr. Mayler at the other end of the wire. "Certainly I'll come, Katherine," he was saying now. "What seems to be the trouble?"

("Go on, say it, you've got to say it!") "Hugh has been shot."

The Doctor said calmly: "I see. Is he—alive?"

"Oh, yes," I said, and it was good for a moment to remember that part of it, that Hugh was still alive. "Oh, yes, and he's conscious. I don't think it's terribly serious. At least—"

"Good," said the Doctor. "You just stand by, Katherine, and I'll be there in about ten minutes."

"Shall I do anything? Do you want me to do anything while I'm waiting?" Give me something to do. I thought; don't make me have to think or speak.

"No. You can put a blanket over him if you like, and a pillow under his head. But otherwise don't move him. And don't give him any stimulants."

I turned back to Hugh. He must know that I had guessed the truth. In a moment we should have to talk about it. In a moment—

"He's coming right over," I said. "He'll be here in just a few minutes."

"That's fine." Hugh tried smiling, and had to give it up. He was looking pretty white around the mouth.

He was alive, and I loved him. Another man had shot him, shot him over another woman. Malcolm Enderby would never have shot him, unless— But he was alive; wasn't that enough?

Was it enough?

And he loved me.

Did he love me?

"Hugh," I said—and my voice trailed off. I tried to brace myself. There were things that had to be said. I had to decide; we had to decide. Would we tell the truth? Would we try to hush things

Husband

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA



*"Hugh," I said, "there's so little time—the Doctor will be here any minute—"
"I know," he said, "and I could do with a kiss. Quick!"
I thought, "Maybe he's right, not talking about it."*

up? Was it *we*, any longer? Did I want it to be?

"Yes, darling?" He looked at me expectantly.

The words stuck in my throat. Instead, I asked: "Can I get you anything?" I had put a blanket over him.

"I think I could do with a drink."

I started for the door, relieved to be having an errand. Then I remembered. "I'm sorry, Hugh, but the Doctor said you weren't to have any stimulants."

"Alcohol's not a stimulant. It's a depressant."

"Oh—" I hesitated. "But I don't think you ought to have a drink, though. . . . Do you mind very much?"

"No," he said. "You're probably right."

How was I going to ask him what I had to ask him? How could I get the words out?

"Hugh—"

"Yes, darling?" His voice was tired and it was tender. I couldn't speak now. I had to speak now.

"Hugh," I said breathlessly, "they'll ask you questions." He looked at me, and I didn't know how to go on. For better or worse, I was thinking; it's going to be tough, but we'll see it out somehow. I didn't know what to say, though, or what to ask. I don't know what I would have said, if we hadn't been interrupted.

I didn't hear them coming downstairs, but now I saw Vera and Nancy, the new cook and the new maid, standing wide-eyed at the library door. Both girls had obviously been asleep. Their faces were shiny with cream; their heads were carefully sculpted in bobby pins; wrinkled pink nightgowns hung out below their clutched wrappers. They stared at the wild disorder of the room, and they stared at Hugh, and went on staring at him in open-mouthed horror.

"Is he dead?" Vera asked in a sepulchral whisper.

"Of course he's not dead," I said. "Mr. Vernell has had an accident. But he's all right, and the Doctor is on his way."

They didn't move. They didn't even close their mouths. I was impatient. We had so little time. And I *had* to speak to Hugh.

"Well," I said sharply, "didn't you hear me? It's all right. You can go up to your rooms now." I walked toward them, as though I were going to push them out bodily.

THEY stopped staring at Hugh then, and fixed their eyes on me, with that look of horror in them.

It came to me hysterically what they were thinking, and I had a sudden, nearly uncontrollable impulse to laugh. Except somehow it wasn't funny, and I had enough sense to see that I must dispel that little lunacy quickly. With a great effort, I made my voice quiet and pleasant.

"I'm sorry, if I sounded cross to you," I said. "As you can imagine, I'm pretty upset. We very much appreciate your wanting to help. But at the moment there isn't anything to be done, so I really think you'd better go back upstairs and not catch cold for nothing. When the Doctor comes and examines Mr. Vernell, he'll tell us what needs to be done. Then I'll come and let you know if there's any way you can help."

Clumsy, clumsy, but it was the best I could do. I tried to smile reassuringly. They still regarded me rather suspiciously. ("Did she do it, d'you suppose? Gee, she sure looked guilty when we walked in on them, didn't she?") Well, I've never been much good as a diplomat. It would have to do.

And it did. At least, it got them out of there—slow and reluctant as people being dispersed by a policeman from the scene of a good juicy accident—but out, anyway.

I shut the door on them, and went back to Hugh.

"Nice work," he said. "It was making me sicker just to have to look at them. Thank God I've got a wife who looks pretty all night long."

"Hugh," I said, "there's so little time—the Doctor will be here any minute—"

"I know," he said, "and I could do with a kiss. Quick!"

I leaned over and touched my lips to his forehead. I thought, "Maybe he's right, not talking about it."

The doorbell rang.

I went and answered it. Dr. Mayler said: "I'll give him a quick once-over, and then we can see about getting him to the hospital."

I took him into the library.

"Well," he said, beaming at Hugh, "a fine thing to do—get yourself shot in the middle of the night when decent people are in bed where they ought to be."

I decided I loathed the entire medical profession, benevolence, bedside manner, corny jokes and all.

It didn't seem to bother Hugh, though.

"I just thought it was about time you got something fancier to play with than those female nervous breakdowns, Doc. Got some good pills for me?"

Dr. Mayler was briskly shedding his coat, whipping things out of his little bag. "How'd it happen—burglar?"

"Yep. He got away, too. Unless he's lurking under the sofa or something."

Hugh had not discussed it with me, before the Doctor came—and I had accepted his silence, accepted it as meaning that we must face things together, take whatever consequences might come.

I saw now that he had meant no such thing. The silence to him had represented nothing but a cheap tacit conspiracy. Fix it up easy, tell any lies you happen to think of, brazen it out; Katherine will back you up, no matter what you decide to say.

And when the police come? What then? They won't be so easily satisfied.

They won't put answers into your mouth. They won't—

"Made quite a mess, didn't he?" The Doctor gestered toward the open window beneath which the broken glass still lay.

"Oh, that," said Hugh. "No, can't blame that on him." Who did he sound like? He sounded like someone else. . . . He sounded like Malcolm Enderby—the brief, subject-less sentences. . . . I remembered saying to Malcolm Enderby: "You talk like a telegram. . . ." A million years ago, that had been. . . .

"Friends of ours—friends of my wife's—did that," Hugh went on. "Broke the mirror. Earlier. Burglar must have messed it around a little too, though. Guess that's how I happened to hear him."

Dr. Mayler had his things ready. "Well, let's have a look at you." But another thought struck him. "Have you called the police?"

"No," said Hugh. "We should, eh?"

"Might as well get it over with."

The Doctor turned to me. "Will you take care of it, Katherine, while I go poking?"

I had been standing there, frozen. I went on standing there, frozen, aghast at Hugh's hypocrisy, at his easy, glib, cold-blooded lies.

In the confusion and the horror of realizing what had happened, I hadn't got it straight in my own mind: what we ought to do, whether indeed it might be best to lie about it.

But not like this. Not blithely, frivolously. Not this facile seizing on the first easy way out, just because the Doctor had happened to put the words into his mouth—

"Katherine!" I heard the Doctor say.

I must have seemed strange to him, standing there so dumbly. I knew I would have to be more careful.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, of course, the police."

What would I say when they asked me about it? Not the truth, of course. Not the absurd lie, either. Just: "I don't know. I haven't the slightest idea how it happened." No, that would be a lie, too.

What could I say?

It was, fortunately, a decision that I didn't have to make. The police were pleasant, and they were polite, and they asked me practically nothing. My name and address, name of person who had had the accident, what relation was I to him, how was he, was there a doctor seeing to him? They said they'd come right over.

I WENT back to the library, and the Doctor was looking pretty pleased with himself, and so was Hugh. They were examining a small object Dr. Mayler held.

"Here it is," he said. "Nasty little customer, isn't it?"

"What is it?" I said.

"The bullet. Just a twenty-two, but you'd be surprised at the trouble they can make. Luckily, this one didn't, though."

"Where was it?" I asked.

"Over there near the baseboard. It seems to have hit this rib first, and sort of skidded its way around, and then ricocheted off onto the wall. At least, that's what I'm hoping. . . . Of course, we won't be able to tell for sure till I get you to the hospital and give you a real check-up."



"You might as well tell us what happened," said Duward. Hugh grinned. "I can't tell you much."

"I'm not going to any hospital," Hugh said.

"Now, look here," said Dr. Mayler, "there's no need for you to get all het up about it. I—"

"I'm not all het up; I'm perfectly calm," said Hugh. "I'm just not going to any hospital, that's all."

"Well," said the Doctor, sighing, "I don't suppose I have any right to konk you and drag you there."

"I don't suppose you have." Hugh grinned. "Why don't you truss me up, or whatever you feel like doing, and then run along home?"

"It's not as simple as that; it's no laughing matter to get yourself plugged."

"I know. But you can fix me here, can't you?"

"I suppose so. I suppose so. I'll ring Miss Fairfax and have her come over. You've got to have a nurse, you know, for a couple of days, anyway."

"All right."

AGAIN Dr. Mayler turned to me, and asked me to make the call, and again he had to repeat his request before I really heard him. I was in some sort of daze. I knew I should have to snap out of it somehow, but I didn't seem able to.

I phoned Miss Fairfax, and she said she'd be over in a couple of minutes. I had a crazy feeling that I was doing everything over and over and over, as in a wild, senseless dream. I was on a treadmill of phone-calls, eternal phone-calls to eternal people who eternally assured me they'd be over in a couple of minutes....

The floor rocked beneath my feet, the walls came lurching at me, I found myself clinging to the door for support a moment before I went back into the library. Dr. Mayler looked at me sternly. "What's the matter, Katherine? You going to faint on us?"

"No," I said. "Of course not. I've never fainted in all my life."

The next thing I knew, I was flat on the floor, and I felt very groggy, and my head ached and some sharp-smelling insistent stuff was being waved under my nose.

"What?" I said weakly. "What—"

"There, there!" said Dr. Mayler. "Take it easy, now. It was a perfectly natural thing to do."

I couldn't see Hugh, but I heard his voice. "It was a very wifely thing to do, Katherine. Thank you, darling. I wouldn't want a wife who went around all calm and collected when I was being shot at."

I struggled to my feet, against the Doctor's protests. "I'm perfectly all right," I said. I wasn't, but it certainly wouldn't help matters for me to go swooning again.

The doorbell rang, and I pulled myself together and went to answer it. My heart was pounding, and I wondered if I could face the police with any kind of decent composure. Would they guess at a glance that something was wrong? Would they read all my suspicions, all my secrets, the moment they looked at me?

I opened the door. It was Miss Fairfax.

I showed her where to leave her things, and ushered her into the library.



"Is he dead?" Vera asked in a sepulchral whisper. "Of course he's not dead," I said. "Mr. Varnell has had an accident. But the Doctor is on his way."

The next moment Dr. Mayler had all but ushered me out.

"I don't want you fainting on us again," he said. "You go off to the kitchen and whip yourself up some coffee or something. I'll call you when we're through, and Hugh will be all strapped up neat as a pin."

"But—"

"Do as he says, Katherine," Hugh ordered. "After all, he's the doctor."

My world collapsing about me, and all anyone could do about it was to make feeble little jokes.

I said: "All right, I'll make us all some coffee."

I went to the kitchen, the shining white and yellow kitchen. I measured water and coffee into the percolator, and set it going on the stove. I laid out a large tray with cups and saucers, sugar and spoons. And then there was nothing to do. I couldn't go back to the library, not until I was summoned.

I wandered about the downstairs of the house, like some distracted stranger. It was a beautiful house, but meant nothing to me. I might have been seeing it for the first time. It might have been a pleasant, impersonal "model home" in some department store. Hugh had carried me across (*Please turn to page 86*)

PART 2 BY ERSKINE CALDWELL
ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

All Night



"Don't let them get to the basement," Sergei said. "We've got to keep them from putting out the fire." "They won't get to it until it's hot enough to roast them alive," said Nikolai. . . . He reached for a grenade, and hurled it with all his might.

The Story Thus Far:

THE Germans had come. From their window Sergei and Natasha watched them down the village street, forcing their way into one house after another. Sergei made sure his rifle was safely concealed; then Natasha helped him to the hiding-place prepared in the loft. . . . Natasha told the Germans, when they thrust into the house and questioned her, that her husband was dead; they did not believe her, and made a search—were growing hot on the scent when Natasha managed to distract their attention with a jug of vodka. . . . That night Sergei arranged with Natasha that she should follow soon, then slipped out in the woods to seek the guerrilla camp in the marsh. . . . He made it at last, and killed two Germans on the way—but Natasha did not come. *(The story continues in detail:)*

After leaving Pavlenko, Sergei went outside in the cold air. It had stopped snowing at dawn, and the sky was deep blue. Smooth mountains of white clouds were piling up in the north. The tops of the spruce and firs waved gently in a northeast breeze, but on the ground under

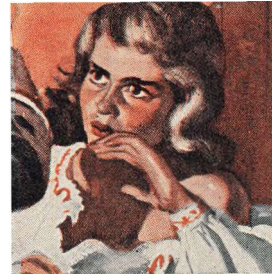
the heavy boughs, the air was calm. Off in the distance a group of men with spades and crowbars was digging into the partly frozen earth. Logs had already been cut for the roof of the new cave, and after these were in place, boughs would be laid over them. The covering of winter snow,

together with a charcoal-brazier, would keep the cave as warm as a heated room in a dwelling.

The front was twenty miles away. It zigzagged through the forests, following streams and hills with alternating layers of barbed wire, mine-fields and six-pronged tank hurdles. During the day artillery rumbled constantly, its deep-throated booming sounding like a prolonged thunderstorm. At night the guns blinked through the trees, and on the horizon there were flashes that looked as though hundreds of electric-light bulbs were being turned on and off at random. Every once in a while a dazzling white glow appeared over the front when a parachute flare opened and floated down so slowly that it looked as if it were suspended in the air.

Long

The author of "Tobacco Road" minces no words in this hard-hitting novel of those greatest of all fighters—the Russian guerrillas.



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A few yards away a man wearing a hooded short coat made of canvas was stooping over a charcoal fire. Sergei walked over and held his hands close to the warmth of the coals. The man was tending a big steel gasoline drum that had been cut in half. In it were dozens of large potatoes bobbing up and down in the boiling water.

Sergei stood beside the fire, watching the man inquisitively, but neither spoke. Suddenly a potato was impaled on a sharp-pointed stick and thrust into Sergei's hands. He grasped the hot potato, and the stick was withdrawn without a word. He bounced the potato up and down, first in one hand and then in the other, blowing at it as hard as he could all the time. When it was cool enough to hold, Sergei broke it open and bit into it. He chewed the potato hungrily for several minutes.

"My name is Sergei Korokov, *tovarish*," he said, looking at the man beside him.

The man in the hooded canvas coat showed no sign of having heard him. Bending over the fire, he piled coals under the pot until the water was boiling noisily in large round bubbles that burst and splashed over the potatoes.

Then, still not looking up from the fire, he said:

"My name is Fyodor Smirnovich."

The heat from the glowing coals and the warm mist from the boiling water, made his face look flushed and excited.

"How long have you been here in the *boloto*?" (marsh) Sergei asked.

FYODOR did not answer. He was looking at the red-hot coals as though they revealed images that were speaking to him in a language only he could understand. Then he raised his head, and Sergei saw that he was about his own age, thirty-five or thirty-six, and that his deep-set blue eyes were clouded as though a storm had settled in them. His shaggy light hair was only partially covered by his cap and the overhanging hood of the canvas coat.

"How long have you been here, *tovarish*?" Sergei asked again.

"Three weeks," he replied as though he had heard the question for the first time. "I came here the same night the *nemchura*" (pack of Germans) "burned down my house."

"Why did they burn down your house?"

"Why do they burn down anybody's house? Why do they do all their destruction? Why do they burn and kill?"

Sergei waited, watching Fyodor's face.

"They are barbarians—thieves—murderers—*nemchura*! There's nothing too fiendish for them!"

Fyodor stopped, looking at Sergei with wide fiery eyes. He had raised his voice until he was shouting; now, turning back to the fire like a man stricken dumb, he poked at the big steel drum and the coals, turning over the glowing embers deliberately and carefully as though each particle meant something he did not wish

to share with anyone else. He probed and pushed and turned, rolling the coals over and over again, his mind completely absorbed with his thoughts.

The sleet was beating down harder all the time and stinging Sergei's face and hands. They were standing in an open space unprotected by the trees, and every now and then a gust of wind swooped down through the opening in the grove and slashed savagely with its icy blasts.

He glanced at Fyodor from time to time, watching the expression on his face and wondering why he had stopped talking about the burning of his house so abruptly. Fyodor continued to poke the coals, rolling them over and over with the point of the stick.

SUDDENLY, his eyes glassy and staring, Fyodor broke the stick in half and threw it on the ground.

"They are gone. Gone forever. I'll never see them again. They'll never come back."

"Who?" Sergei asked.

"My family. . . . My wife. My little girl."

"Killed by the *Nemetskies*?"

"Killed! They weren't killed. They were tortured to death by fiends. A human being wouldn't torture a dumb animal to slow death, hour after hour. But those degenerates aren't human beings. They can't even kill mercifully."

He turned his head and looked far off across the marsh. The sleet beat against the canvas hood over his head and bounced off in graceful arcs.

"They came to our house. My wife was sick in bed. They made her get up. They stripped the clothes from her. She was soon to have a child. They—"

He turned and looked at Sergei. His sharp piercing eyes were blazing with the fiery lights of fury.

"A *Nemetski* stuck his bayonet into her. . . . She fell on the floor, crying for pity, begging for mercy. I couldn't go to her. They tied my hands behind my back and held me in a corner. . . . Then what do you think the fiends said?"

Sergei glanced at Fyodor's face, moving his dry lips but unable to say anything.

"They said: 'Now there's one less Russian to pollute the earth.'"

His eyes blinked, and he rubbed them with the knuckles of his hands. Sergei gazed at the ground.

"Then—my daughter—my little girl," he said slowly. There was a long pause before he said anything more. "I've never told anyone this before. You're the first person I've spoken to about it, *tovarish*. But you've got to know. They may get me any day. I want somebody to know, so the fiends won't go unpunished."

Sergei nodded, unable to look at Fyodor.

"She was young—very young—and she was beautiful. But she was only twelve years old last summer. . . ."

There were many lean-tos scattered through the grove, and Sergei found one that was unoccupied. He crawled under the sharp-pitched roof and rolled up in a blanket. It was warm there; the sun shone on his face. He lay awake for a while, thinking of Natasha, and wondering if ever again they would be together.

It was midafternoon when he woke up, and the sun had sunk low over the marsh. The air was cold again, with a wet mist blowing down from the north and freezing on the limbs of the trees. While he lay there watching the dim sun sink lower and lower, the mist began turning to sleet that beat against the roof of the lean-to with a harsh metallic sound. He got up, unrolled the blanket around his body, and stretched his arms and legs.



Sergei looked at the partly eaten potato in his hand. He had squeezed it so tightly that its white pulp was bursting between his fingers. He could still taste the potato in his mouth, but he could not swallow any more of it. He spat it out and threw the uneaten portion from his fingers. The sleet beating against his face felt like balls of fire when it touched his skin. The hot moist vapor boiling upward from the water choked his lungs and made breathing painful.

HE tried to keep from thinking of Natasha; but every jolting throb of his heart reminded him of her. He realized then that he had tried to keep from thinking of her because he was afraid she was being tortured and abused as Fyodor's wife and daughter had been. Now that he had listened to Fyodor, he knew there was no use in pretending that he could live without thinking of the pain and torture that she might be suffering. Natasha was clever, but she was surrounded by Germans, hundreds and thousands of them. She would have only the barest chance of escaping the fate Fyodor had described.

"I never saw or dreamed of such beasts as they were," Fyodor said, sounding as though he were miles away.

Sergei felt his fingernails cutting into the palms of his hands. He rubbed his open hands on the coarse cloth of his coat

to ease the pain. He looked around at Fyodor, surprised to see him standing only an arm's-length away.

"There have never been such beasts in the world before," Fyodor said. "They are inhuman fiends."

Sleet had begun to cling to Fyodor's shaggy light hair. It hung there glistening in the glow of the fire like fragments of diamonds.

"Then they set the house on fire and made me watch it until the roof fell in. After that they took me down the road to the village and threw me into a stone building with fifteen or twenty others they had arrested in the village. Some of the men had broken arms and bleeding faces. They had shot off one man's left arm. Another man had all his teeth knocked out. Before putting us into the building, they made us take off our coats and boots and put them into a truck. During the night I crawled through the ventilator on the roof. While I lay there waiting, I could see houses burning all around the village, and hear machine-guns killing the people. I waited on the edge of the roof until there was only one guard at the rear of the building, and then I jumped down on top of him, knocking him breathless and strangling the life out of him before he could fire his rifle or shout for help. After that I ran off into the dark. They never caught me."

Sergei looked into his face. It was white and drawn, and his eyes were narrow slits beneath his forehead.

"Now I am a killer of *Nemetskies*," he said. "I'm going to kill them by the hundreds—by the thousands. I have nothing else left to live for now."

Chapter Six

THE sun had disappeared completely over the rim of the marsh, and the short quick winter twilight was already turning into night. Sergei laid his hand on Fyodor's shoulder. The charcoal was burning out, and the large spewing bubbles had stopped popping to the surface of the water. Fyodor was staring at the dying coals. Sergei gripped his shoulder tightly.

"Pavlenko has directed me to organize a raiding party," he said in a low voice. "There will be seven of us. We will destroy a radio station tonight."

Fyodor did not respond immediately. He pulled his cap down tighter over his head and threw back the hood of his canvas coat. After that he thoughtfully stirred the dead coals with his boot-toe.

"I'd like to go with you, *tovarish*," he said, looking around at Sergei. "I want to go with every raiding party. As soon as I get back from one raid, I want to turn around and go out with another one. How soon will you leave?"

"As soon as I select the other five. It is getting dark fast."

"I'll be ready when you come for me. I'm going to look at the rifles now."

He got up and walked away.

Sergei stood beside the potato pot until he had disappeared in the grove. The sleet was coming down harder than ever, beating harshly against his back and stinging his cheeks. He could hear Fyodor's boots crunching on the crust of frozen snow and sleet. . . .

He found Nikolai sitting against the wall in one of the large underground rooms, silently eating black bread and canned fish. The floor was covered with spruce and fir boughs, and stretched across one of the walls was a long red banner with white lettering. The banner had been brought from a collective farm reading-room by one of the guerrillas. The banner read: LONG LIVE THE FREEDOM OF OUR FATHERLAND.

There were fifteen or twenty men in the room, besides Nikolai, and most of them were lying on their backs resting. Two men were hunched over a low wooden box playing chess by the yellow light of an oil wick in a bottle.

"It's just as I feared," Nikolai said, looking up and pointing a disdainful finger at the can. "Now that all the sausage is gone, there's only *Nemetski* fish to eat."

"The first thing we'll do when we drive the *Nemetskies* from the country," Sergei said, sitting down on the floor beside him, "will be to have a real meal, from vodka and caviar to creamed cherries and champagne."

Nikolai held up the can of fish, passing it first under Sergei's nose and then under his own, and made a wry face.

"It's just like the *Nemetskies* to make us eat *ersatz*," he said. "This is one of the things they are going to be made to pay dearly for when the war is over."



"They are barbarians—murderers! There's nothing too fiendish for them!" Fyodor had raised his voice until he was shouting; now, turning back like a man stricken dumb, he poked at the steel drum and the coals.

He took another mouthful and put the can aside.

"I looked for you this afternoon, *tovarish*," he said. "But when I found you sleeping like a baby in a shed, I decided it would be cruel to wake you up."

"I'm rested now. It was the first sleep I've had in two nights."

"Your wife did not come, did she?"

"No," Sergei said.

"Don't give up hope, *tovarish*. She may have been delayed for some reason we know nothing about. A clever woman has a good chance of being able to outwit them."

Sergei nodded. He gazed at the flickering yellow light over the chessboard.

"Pavlenko has told me to raid the radio station in Budnya tonight."

"I'd like to go with you," Nikolai said quickly.

"I was hoping you would come. I wanted you to be with me."

He got up and walked around the room, looking closely at the men. They had overheard him telling Nikolai about the raid, and each of them watched him expectantly. No one volunteered. They had volunteered when they became guerrillas, and to be selected to take part in a raid was an honor. They waited hushed and motionless.

"I need one man who is familiar with Budnya. He must know every turn of the streets in the dark."

"That's me, *tovarish*!" one of the men said, jumping to his feet. "I've lived in Budnya all my life."

"What's your name?"

"Alexei."

"We will leave within half an hour."

Sergei walked around the room.

"Who is the best dynamiter in the Soviet Union?"

"I've dynamited some of the biggest boulders in the country," one of the chess-players said, standing up.

"Then maybe you can dynamite some of the biggest bandits in the world," Sergei told him.

"I was given a decoration for efficiency in my work," a tall dark-haired man said in a deep booming voice.

"What is your occupation, *tovarish*?"

"I was the senior hog-throat-slitter in a slaughter-house in Smolensk."

"We couldn't do without you for a single second, *tovarish*! Get ready to leave. If we can't drive the hogs back into their pen, we'll do the next best thing to them."

SERGEI crossed the room and stood at the door.

"We need a good marksman," he said. "Is there a good sharpshooter here?"

A fair-haired boy, who looked to be about twenty years old, stood up.

"I've never won any prizes," he said, "but I'm a good shot. I learned how to shoot in Siberia."

"In Siberia!" Sergei said in surprise. "Were you banished there, *tovarish*?"

"No! I wasn't banished there!" he replied excitedly. "I went there one summer to visit my brother!"

"What was your brother doing in Siberia?"

"Well, he was banished there, and—"

Everybody in the room broke out laughing, and the boy's face flushed red. Sergei slapped him on the shoulder.

"Everyone will meet me here," Sergei said, pausing in the doorway. "We will leave as soon as I come back."

He went down the path toward Pavlenko's cave. The sleet had stopped, but the wind from the north was colder than ever. It whistled through the treetops, shaking the branches and sending showers of sleet that had been blown from the limbs, singing to the ground.

VLADIMIR stepped into the path as Sergei was about to enter the cave.

"Hello, Vladimir," he said in surprise. "You look excited about something."

The boy clutched his arm with both hands.

"Let me go with you tonight, *tovarish*!" he begged. "Please let me go! I've been here in the camp all this time, and nobody will let me go on a raid. They say I'm too young, but I'm not! I can shoot, and I know how to throw grenades. I can do anything anybody else can do. Please take me with you tonight, *tovarish*!"

"What does Pavlenko say about this?"

"Well, he says I'm too young, too," Vladimir said sadly. "But you could tell him you wanted me to go with you, *tovarish*!" he added hopefully.

Sergei squeezed his arm.

"If Pavlenko says you are not old enough, then you are not old enough. But maybe sometime soon he will change his mind."

"Do you think he will?"

"It's possible. Let's wait and see. How do you feel about that?"

"All right!" he said quickly. "I'll wait."

Sergei entered the cave and stood in the doorway until Pavlenko looked up.

"Everything is prepared for the raid, *tovarish* brigadier," Sergei said.

Pavlenko poured tea into two of the tin cups beside him, and stirred each one in turn with the wooden spoon.

"Sit down," he said.

They drank the hot tea, sipping it slowly for several minutes. Pavlenko put down his cup.

"You must not fail," he said. "No matter what happens, you must not fail. We accomplish what we set out to do. Our work is too important for us to fail. Excuses are not acceptable."

"I understand," Sergei said, looking straight into his face. "The *Nemetski* radio station will be destroyed before the night is over, or not a single one of us returns."

"Good," Pavlenko said, nodding. "It must be destroyed, but don't forget that it is equally important that the lives of our people be saved. No man must die if it's possible to save him and at the same time accomplish the task. The lives of our people are dear to us. No matter what task you are doing, Korokov, always remember that."

He turned on the small radio beside him. Music flowed from the small metal box and filled the room. The familiar tune of the Soviet Sonata, which they both knew (Please turn to page 105)



Fyodor waited until the sentry turned; then he leaped like an agile cat springing at a bird.

THE STORY OF THE SIGNAL CORPS

They Get the

AT Fort Monmouth and other Signal Corps camps and schools I have watched the young men pour in. They have been in the Army only a day or two. They are fresh from Induction Center, groggy from their first shots, awkward and uneasy in their new uniforms, still somewhat dazed by the speed of their transformation from civil life. They're in the Army now. What's more, they're in the Signal Corps.

I watched them file into the Replacement Training Center, where they are classified. It looks much like an efficient schoolroom; the rookies, both draftees and volunteers, wait on benches, until the non-coms at the rows of desks are ready to interrogate them. It's up to the latter to see in what special Signal Corps school they will best fit.

There are dozens of different schools at Fort Monmouth and at Camp Crowder, the big new Signal Corps installation in Missouri. The idea is, first, to fit the recruit in the niche where he will do the most good; second, to make him as happy at it as possible.

"How are you, Carl?" the sergeant says, glancing at the new man's "20 Card," which gives his vital statistics.

"I'm okay, Sergeant."

"Tell me your dog-tag number."

This is a little trick; by this time the recruit is supposed to have memorized the six or seven digits on his identification disk, but very few can reel them off correctly.

"Well, now, Carl, I see you haven't had any experience of electricity. Have you any other technical skills?"

"I can drive a truck."

"Your mechanical-aptitude test is high. You know about what goes on inside the motor?"

"Not much, I guess."

"I'll give you a test. Take your time. Don't be nervous." The sergeant takes up a question-sheet, and puts the question slowly. "What are the grooves called in the clutch-shaft? What type of thread is used on spark-plugs in late-model cars?"

"I can't answer those, but I can certainly drive a truck. Let me try it, and you'll see!"

One by one the sergeant and his assistants went through the lot of rookies. One boy, a cook by trade, was sent straight to the cooks' school. A husky bartender passed his code-aptitude test fairly well and was assigned to the radio school. One university instructor was dispatched to message center. A farmhand became a lineman. The wire school took three men; a soda jerker, a dry-goods clerk, and a youngster of eighteen, a volunteer, who had never had a job.

Steadily the questioning—efficient, friendly, quick—proceeded. One by one the boys lined up.

"Now, let's look and see: What ideas have you got about where you'd be most useful? Remember, this is your future we're talking about, so think it over carefully."

One rather timid youngster thought that he might not be good enough for the message-center school, which is for the superior men. The non-com grinned and said: "Well, I see by the card that your I.Q. is higher than mine, so you might as well brace up and give it a try."

SIGNAL CORPS means communications. It means use of every device, from signal-lamps and flags and homing pigeons, to the most elaborate possible super-modern radio apparatus to get the message through. It is a double-arm of the United

States Army, because it is both a fighting arm and a supply service; it maintains communications during operations at home and on the field, and at the same time it is responsible for the purchase and supply of signal equipment for all branches of the Army.

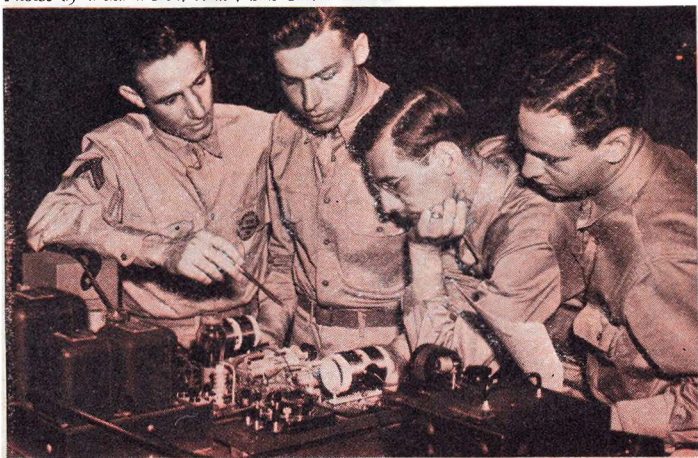
The purchasing bill for the Signal Corps now amounts to the staggering sum of four *billion* dollars a year. Deliveries of Signal Corps equipment are now being made at the rate of three million dollars *per day*.

OUR Signal Corps performs a variety of functions. For instance, in Washington I had a quick glimpse of that extraordinary room where the Signal Corps keeps up instant communications with our Army posts all over the world, from the Aleutians to Karachi, and from New Zealand to Eritrea and back again.

For instance, I saw in Philadelphia the largest supply depot of its kind in the world, where the Signal Corps stores and ships an inventory that includes forty thousand different items, in a building that covers acres of floor space and employs several thousand people. I will not soon forget the voice of the commanding officer as he showed me a massive series of reels of copper wire, more precious now than gold. He said: "It makes me feel good every time I come down into this armed basement and see this wire. I know just what it will do."

I studied maps showing how the Signal Corps operates the communications system in Alaska where commercial radio and cable companies don't function. I looked at movies and movies and more movies, because the Signal Corps makes the Army's training films and keeps its photographic history. I saw the meteorological and weather equipment that the Signal Corps develops. I heard about the apparatus and equipment with which the Signal Corps trains men in aircraft

Photos by Wide World, Acme, and Culver Service



A Louisiana corporal gives a lesson in radio to privates from New Jersey, New York and Chicago.



Men of the Signal Corps learn at Fort Monmouth to operate the field-telephone switchboards.

Message Through

BY JOHN GUNTHER
Author of "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia"



Take-off! One of the Signal Corps homing pigeons trained to carry messages between points of observation.



Gen. Albert Myer originated wig-wag, started our Signal Corps.

warning, especially at a new camp. And I learned above all that the Signal Corps is a huge expanding school for the technical manpower of this embattled nation.

WHAT has electricity to do with winning the war? The new rookies don't have to ask this question long. They learn that the foundation of modern blitz tactics is the combination of airplane, tank and radio, and that none of these is much good without the others; in a word, the *pace* of modern warfare makes communications of greater importance than ever before. Tanks and planes are useless without radio, and it is the Signal Corps which furnishes all their radios, though it does not operate them.

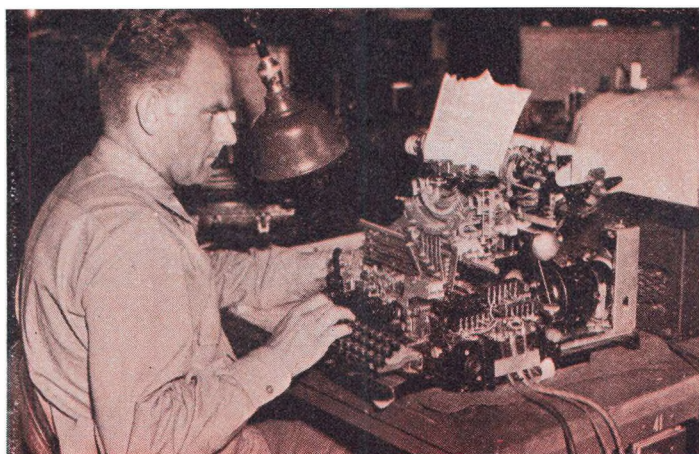
The Signal Corps is, in other words, the nervous system of the Army in all its branches. An army without proper communications is a mob in a wilderness, and it is the Signal Corps that keeps our indispensable communications going. In the United States, radio and other electrical devices have reached their greatest use and development, and the Signal Corps is symbolic of an electrical- and a radio-minded nation.

So what the Signal Corps attempts to do is turn men into machines, as it were. It demonstrates the cardinal and essential necessity to use electricity in warfare; electrons go to war. Every Signal Corps recruit, if he is any good, becomes a trained technician. He learns to employ

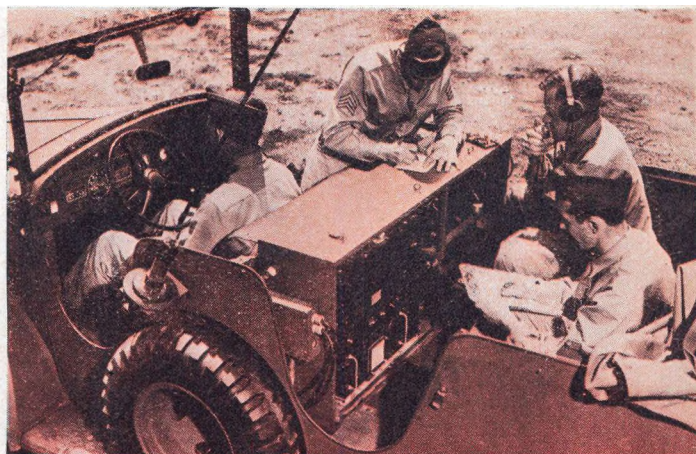
electricity—in all its tenuous and multifarious and puzzling branches—as a weapon.

In field training or actual operations the basic Signal Corps unit is the Signal Company, which is attached to a division. The Signal Corps itself does not work within the smaller units. It works with wire, switchboards, field trucks, radio units of various types, messengers, coding devices, pigeons if necessary, and radio intelligence—that is, locating enemy radio installations and trying to read enemy messages.

THE first thing the Signal Corps does on entering the field is to lay its wire. One of its big trucks (*Please turn to page 100*)



A student soldier at the Fort Monmouth Signal Corps school learns to operate a teletype machine.



Communication with headquarters. This command car carries both phone and key-type radio equipment.

U.S. Today

An Intimate Glimpse Into An American Home

BY HENRIETTA RIPPERGER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO AARONS

"WELL," I said, "I guess we can manage a one-day trip without a man along."

"Yes, but who wants to?" Babs looked appealingly at me across the corner of the breakfast table, then renewed her attention to the toaster. "I'm making this for you, Eileen," she said. "I want my nephew to be a nice fat baby."

Eileen smiled appreciatively. One of the things she enjoys most about living with us while Dick is overseas and she is waiting for her baby to come, is the light-hearted protectiveness of her seventeen-year-old sister-in-law.

"Oops!" Babs caught a slice as it popped up. "This is the spookiest gadget."

"What do you expect an electric toaster to do," Ed asked, "—ring a bell like a sidewalk elevator?" He put down his napkin. "Well, I've got to push off."

"But, Daddy, aren't you really going to let George off to go with us?" Babs made a doleful face. "That's a heck of a note. 'It's his last Saturday before college opens. I should think your old factory could get along without him this

once, so's he could take care of your wife and daughters for you."

Ed patted her curls as he came around the table. "I guess you three girls can take care of yourselves all right."

"That's chivalry for you," Babs said. "The American husband and father!"

Ed laughed. He had offered us the car and what gas was in it to drive out to the lake for a last picnic and swim of the season. He stood for a moment by my chair. "Here, Moms, better take the ration-book. Couldn't get any gas last night. I'm entitled to some more, but I tried three filling-stations without any luck. If you see a chance to get some, do." He leaned down and kissed me. "You've got enough to take you out there and back if you're careful. All you've got to do," he finished without even a prophetic gleam in his kind gray eyes, "is not to run out of gas on a lonely road."

Babs fixed him with a baleful eye. "What kind of dim-wits do you think we are?"

"I don't think; I know." Ed grinned and went out.

It really might have been an uneventful day if Babs hadn't spotted a roadside log cabin on the way to the lake and insisted on going in for something cold to drink. Considering the bright daylight outside, the interior was extraordinarily dark. There was a bar along the far wall; and although it was only about eleven in the morning, there were a number of men in front of it. They looked us over as we came in, and I realized it was not the sort of place for unescorted women. One of the loungers in particular impressed himself on my mind. Perhaps it was his outfit—a green-and-white-checked coat over colored shirt and slacks; perhaps it was his face, which was heavy with an upper lip overhanging the lower in a broad V; or his black eyes, which had a concentration I did not like. Nor did I like the fact that he looked fixedly at Babs. I thought of mentioning this to her and leaving, our glasses still untouched on the table, but decided not to. Plainly, she had not noticed him. Babs' greatest protection is the fact that such things don't even touch her. I would forget him too. . . .

It was almost noon when we turned down the dirt road that ran to the edge



"Hey, what goes on here?" Babs shielded her face and put out a hand to the pot as yellowish smoke puffed up from it. I exclaimed: "Oh, that must be the extra matches!"

of the lake. A northwest breeze swept down out of a brilliant blue sky piled with white clouds and darkened the water, driving it on in exciting little waves that slapped the shore. There was the smell of wetness and of dead leaves and of earth along the bank. We could hardly wait to get into our bathing-suits. Eileen and I swam rather sedately about in front of a short beachy stretch, while Babs dived from a great square boulder. As she came thrashing through the water, an enormous old turtle with a shell like the seat of a wooden chair rose where she had been and peered inquisitively after her over the surface. Something about the horny, reptilian head was vaguely reminiscent. Rolling in her crawl, Babs lifted her head and saw him, but she plunged on, unconcerned. He sank and slowly disappeared. After the swim, I lifted a small box of paper and kindling out of the car and Babs started a very professional fire.

"Here," Eileen said, "I can do something." She set the coffee-pot on the stone next to the blaze.

"Hey, what goes on here?" Babs shielded her face and put out a quick hand to the pot as a yellowish smoke puffed up from it into the breeze.

"Oh, goodness, that must be the extra box of kitchen matches." I stopped contritely; then: "I packed the coffee and the lump sugar in the pot. There wasn't any water in it, dear. The matches were on top."

"Well, that's one thing *not* to tell Daddy." Babs grinned down at Eileen's rueful face. "And now, why don't you two just sit down somewhere and relax and let me cook the chops?"

At last it was almost time to go. I wandered about picking autumn leaves and goldenrod.

"It's really kind of nice," I said, "not to have any men along. They never want you to stop for leaves. They always say, 'Where, dear?' when they know it was at least a half a mile back."

We talked about Dick, stationed in Ireland; and about George, Babs' great love, and how once he got back in the pre-medical course, he would never have a vacation again. Then silence fell. It's a funny thing about men. In a house, it's sort of a relief to have them go out for a little while. You can get to a lot of things that would bore or bother them if they were home. But you enjoy it because you know they're coming in again, presently, bringing with them the little air of excitement, and the little tightening up of morale that comes when you hear the door-knob turn. But going somewhere without them is different. Babs felt it too. She sat up and stretched.

"Well, kids," she asked, "what do you say we push off for home?"

WE were only about two miles from town when a gasoline truck swung on the highway ahead of us.

"Oh, boy," said Babs, "here's where we get that gas for Daddy. He'll be tickled pink."

"How?" Eileen asked, turning a puzzled face toward Babs, who was driving.

"Listen, my pet." Babs leaned out and watched the truck which seemed to be slowing for (*Please turn to page 64*)



"What's the matter?" I asked. "Did a car hit him?"
 "I hit him," said Babs excitedly.

BY ZACHARY GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBT. PATTERSON

Ritchy

He became a legend, a campus legend, that handsome, gay, gallant boy who had been busted out of college.

THEY talk about him now every pledge week, and on the week-end of the Homecoming Game when the old grads drop in at the house. They sit in the lounge talking of the things they remember: the Varsity shows, the more memorable football games, and what Harry or good old Johnny is doing now. But sooner or later someone mentions his name, and then for the rest of the evening they talk about Ritchy Lemorlake. . . .

He is a legend by now, and like all legends just a little shadowy. Of course there is his picture hanging in the long foyer, one face in a group: long, thin, with fine eyes and straight blond hair. But no one hears from him, and no one sees him. Occasionally there will be a rumor that he was seen clerking in a Chicago store, or that someone ran across his name in a story from Hollywood, doing publicity work or some such thing. But no one knows for sure.

"Remember the party he threw just before he left?" someone says. "Remember how he threw the lily out the window of the train?"

He never did throw the lily; it remained on the windowsill of his room. But there's no sense bringing that up. Ritchy is a legend, and legends have a certain *carte blanche*. Little things like that keep cropping up in my mind when-

ever I hear them talking; it's as if they were looking at old snapshots, blurred a little in focus, faded a bit, not quite clear.

Of course I was only a freshman during his last year, and I never knew him very well. He was a senior, a big man on campus, smooth, poised, assured—everything that I was not. I saw him at the football games, sometimes, or ice-boating on the lake; and Friday nights when there

was boxing in the Field House, Ritchy was always there sitting in an end seat with just a hint of tenseness in his shoulders, never cheering, never completely swept away.

But those were odd glimpses that never meant a great deal. It was only in the last three days he was in school that I really fell into the pattern of his life; we all did. And somehow it is never Ritchy alone that I think of: it's always in relation to somebody—to Ed Grimes, or to Eve Kalfer, or to his parents. It's unfortunate in a way, since it keeps me tongue-tied when they talk of him now. No one, it seems, is interested in the home life of a legend.

I was there the day his parents came up. Outside, some of the fellows were throwing a football around; it had stopped snowing, but the day was still gray. Inside, the radio was blaring music, and in the lounge the Sunday comics were scattered all over the room. There was a



Eve spoke up sharply: "Don't be a fool, Ritchy." But Ritchy kept looking at Ed. "Do you know what we should be doing now? We should all be in the library, reading good books. Isn't that right, Ed?"

bridge-game going on in the card-room. On one of the empty tables in the mess-hall an engineering major was carefully putting an airplane model together. As a freshman and a fraternity pledge, I was on door duty at the House that Sunday.

I saw them get out of the car and start up the walk toward the door. I didn't associate them with Ritchy; somehow they didn't look like his parents. I don't quite know what I'd expected them to be like, but somewhere I'd picked up the idea that they were wealthy.

These people weren't wealthy. They wore good clothes, and the car they drove was a medium-price model, not more than a year or so old; but they weren't wealthy people.

"Is Dick in?" his father said when I opened the door.

"Who?"

You never thought of him as Dick; his name was Ritchy, and that was as much part of him as his slow, mocking drawl or the careful way he shaped his hat each time he put it on.

"Dick Lemorlake," his father said.

"Oh! Ritchy."

"You must be new." Ritchy's father laughed. "Is he in?"

"Not right now."

"Do you expect him back soon?"

I didn't know. There were times when Ritchy disappeared for days; there was a stretch when I didn't see him around the House for a full month. I was

about to mumble something, but just then Ed Grimes poked his head over the banister on the first floor landing and called: "Hi, there!"

Ed came down, grinning. He was wearing a sweatshirt and running-pants from an old track suit. It was Ed's study costume; everybody in the House knew what it meant when Ed wore those old running-pants.

"Down for the day?" he said.

"We wrote Dick we might make it."

"He's out just now," Ed said. He waved them into the lounge. "You know the place. Make yourselves at home."

He cleaned some of the papers off the floor and the sofa, still talking. "Ritchy's out on a field trip, I think. Geology." He threw the whole mass of papers onto a small stand near the fireplace. "You know. Rocks."

Ritchy wasn't; I knew that. He was out with Eve Kalfer. I had seen them leave earlier in the morning in a rented car. But if Ed was mistaken, or if he was just making talk, I wasn't going to contradict him. And in any case it really wasn't my business.

They were nice people, the Lemorlakes. His mother was a small woman with quick graceful gestures, and his father was lean in the same way Ritchy was. Looking at them, you thought of the Middle West, of the suburb of a fairly large city, and a solid, comfortable house on a wide tree-lined street.

We brought out the scrapbook, and they looked through it dutifully, though they must have seen it dozens of times before. Ed pointed out the new cups we had won: Honorable Mention in Homecoming Decorations; First Prize, Inter-Fraternity Softball League. Mr. Lemorlake made a small joke about not seeing many scholarship cups on the mantel, and we all laughed. They sat in the lounge all afternoon talking to Ed.

RITCHY finally came at about seven that evening. We heard the car grate on the cinder-covered ice in the gutter before the house, and Ed said: "That must be him now."

Mr. Lemorlake stood in the doorway to the hall, and when the door opened, he shouted: "Surprise!"

It must have been a surprise. Ritchy stood there, his face stiff; he seemed almost angry. Then suddenly he laughed.

"Dad! Mom! Lord, it's good to see you." Eve was just behind him, shaking out the fur collar of her coat. "You know Eve," Ritchy said. "Did you eat? When did you come down?"

"We made it early this afternoon," his father said.

"Why didn't you write? I'd have had the fatted calf at the door."

"We did write," his mother said. "Didn't you get the letter?"

There was that curious stiff look on his face again. "You did? You must have slipped it into a lecture on the good life, Dad. I always skip those parts."

He took off his coat and threw it to me: "Hang it up, will you? Mom, you're looking wonderful." Then turning to his father: "Come on upstairs. I'll show you how I'm spending your money."

A little parade marched up the staircase. Ritchy, his father and mother, and

Eve tagging along behind; there was a rule at Lamont University forbidding coats the upstairs of fraternity houses, but I suppose Eve thought she was well enough chaperoned.

Ed and I stayed in the hall downstairs, watching them.

Mr. Lemorlake's voice drifted down:

"You're looking fine, Dick."

"The healthy life, Dad."

"Working?"

"Same as ever."

"Ed said you were out with your geology class."

"What geology class?"

It was getting cold in the lounge, and Ed poked together some logs and started a blaze in the fireplace; he snapped on the radio, hunted around a bit and then snapped it off again. Upstairs, we could hear an occasional burst of laughter. The bridge-game in the card-room broke up finally and some of the fellows drifted in. Van, the head of the House, began idling at the piano, striking chords, running bits of melody. Outside, it had begun to snow again, a light fall but steady.

THE Lemorlakes left about an hour later, and Ritchy stood at the door, saying: "I'm sorry, Dad. Next time we'll make a day of it."

"Forget it," Mr. Lemorlake said. "Those things happen."

"Got your skid-chains on?"

"I've had them on for a week."

"Take it easy. It's nasty driving."

"I haven't had an accident in thirty years," Mr. Lemorlake said. He poked his head into the lounge. "So long."

"Regards home," Ritchy called.

Eve had come down and was sitting on the edge of the piano bench; Van had finally decided on "Night and Day." Ritchy still stood at the door; a blast of cold air blew in, and a fine mist of snow. We heard the motor turn over and bark into life.

Ritchy shut the door gently and came into the lounge, brushing the shoulder of his jacket dry.

"You didn't have to lie to them, Ed," he said.

"I had to tell them something," Ed said flatly. "They said they wrote they were coming down."

"What difference does it make to you?"

"No difference, except that I kept them company for five hours."

"No one forced you to," Ritchy said.

"They're quite capable of amusing themselves."

Ed shrugged angrily: "Don't you ever do anything right?"

"I'll take care of my own fences."

"You better start, then. They need mending."

Eve said softly from the piano-bench: "What's all the shooting for, Ed? If we'd known, we would have been back earlier."

"Maybe."

"You didn't know they were coming, Ritchy?" Eve said.

"What difference does it make?"

Ritchy said shortly. "Come on, I'll take you home."

At the piano, Van shifted into "Mood Indigo." Someone snapped the electric switch, and we sat there quietly listening.



to the music in the light from the fireplace. We heard Ritchy and Eve leave, but no one said anything.

That's all there was to it, and perhaps it isn't even worth telling. But those are the things I remember, and if no one is interested in the home life of a legend, that isn't my fault. It's just a glimpse of Ritchy and Eve and a Sunday night before the heavy snows start to fall; and that's all. Or perhaps one thing more.

Ed Grimes was in love with Eve.

It wasn't a romantic secret. They had gone out together a few times in their freshman year; but after that, somehow, it was Ritchy and Eve. Ed never did anything about it, but he never pretended that he wasn't in love with her. It was as simple as that; it wasn't a secret at all.

We must have stayed up until one or two that night, listening to Van play. In

the half darkness someone would call out the name of a tune, and Van, bending over the keyboard, would nod, and then after a moment move smoothly from one tune to another, picking it up in his own way, playing with it.

He got tired finally, and it broke up. But I didn't go right to sleep that night. The music and the mood refused to wear off. I remember I was a little homesick then; but it was mixed up with a hundred other things. I sat up in bed, looking out of the third-story window, watching the steady fall of the snow. I planned my life that night; I was going to become smooth and grave, a little silent, and able to drink beer by the barrelful. I was going—

"Hey! Where's everybody? Hello! Where's everybody?" A door slammed violently shut downstairs. "Hey!"

The voice shot through the house like sudden thunder in a summer storm. When

I got down to the hall, almost the first, I saw Van holding Ritchy by one arm.

"For God's sake, Ritchy, shut up," he said.

"What's the matter with this house? Why is everybody asleep?"

His hat was on lopsided, and he was dragging his coat along the floor. I remember noticing how smooth his cheeks were, soft with a light down, as if he didn't shave very often. His face was almost dead white; he looked as if he had been sick. He was dead drunk.

It was out of key, wildly out of key. Ritchy rarely drank; he was moderate in everything he did. There was always something reserved about him, a formal quality. I never saw him wear a lumber-jacket or an unpreserved pair of trousers; you were never aware of his clothes, but they were always right. It was that way with his manner, his way of doing things.

"Let's get to bed, Ritchy," Van said.

There was no use talking to him. "I want to make a speech. Call a meeting."

"It's after four," Van said.

"The beginning of the evening. I'm going to call Eve and make a date."

He started for the phone, but Van held his arm, and Ed Grimes stepped down from the stairs and stood in front of him, blocking the way.

"It's pretty late, Ritchy," Ed said.

Ritchy screwed up his face. "Jealous," he said. "Jealous, eh?"

It was almost a burlesque; it sounded like a line out of some blood-and-thunder melodrama. But Ritchy said it seriously; he played it straight.

"Eve's asleep," Ed said.

"Don't tell me where she is." He wrenched loose from Van's hold to push toward the phone.

Ed grabbed his jacket and twirled him around; and then, sharply, he cracked him on the jaw. Ritchy slumped over. Ed lifted him to his shoulder and started upstairs.

"All right," Van said. "Let's break it up now."

Nobody said a word. They cleared out of the hallway. The doors snapped shut. Passing Ritchy's room on my way to the third floor, I heard Ed's voice: "Are you all right, now? Do you hear me? Are you all right?"

"Leave me alone."

Ed came out of the room. "He'll sleep it off," he told Van.

WHEN I got back from morning classes the next day, Ritchy was still in his room.

"See if he's up," Van told me.

Ritchy was dressing. He had mislaid the chair the night before and his jacket lay sprawled on the floor. His hat was cocked on a lampshade, and all the odds and ends from his pockets were piled neatly on the dresser top—match-books, scraps of paper, coins—as if he had been taking a methodical inventory.

"Good morning," he said.

"They'll be eating lunch soon down stairs."

"Late as that?"

"It's after twelve."

The wind off the lake cracked against the partly opened window and sent the shade shivering upward. Outside, there was new snow on the ground, piled in the



They didn't hear me, for they were talking. "Why not?" Ritchy said. "Why not?" "You're not in love," Eve answered. "At least not with me."

garden, rolling with the slope of the lawn. Some of the fellows had been up early to build a snow man in front of the house. It was beginning to melt in the sun.

"What time did I get in last night?"

Ritchy said.

"Around four."

"Happy?"

"Some."

"Sick?"

"No."

"Did I say anything?"

"You wanted to know why everybody was asleep. You wanted to call Eve."

"Did I?"

"No."

There was a black-and-blue mark on his jaw where Ed had hit him the night before. He must have seen it, shaving, but he didn't say anything or ask about it. Standing before the dresser mirror, he ran a comb through his hair two or three times. He was wearing the same clothes he had worn last night, but somehow, miraculously, they didn't seem wrinkled: gray tweed suit, white shirt, black knitted tie. He picked his jacket off the floor, brushed it once and then slipped into it.

"Let's go," he said, and walked out.

THE envelope must have been in the inside pocket of his jacket; for it had slipped out and lay now face up on the floor. I bent for it automatically.

"Ritchy!" I called. But he was already halfway down the stairs.

A letter lay loose under the envelope; a half-sheet with the Lamont University shield embossed on top. I read halfway through it before I realized what I was doing. Then I finished it.

Dear Mr. Lemorlake:

It has been called to the attention of this office that you have failed to attend certain of your classes an inordinate number of times. As stated in the University catalogue, this means automatic failure. Since you have been on probation for the past semester, this office is forced to take a severe view of the matter. Until further notice, therefore, you will refrain from attending scheduled classes and all other University activities. Please report to this office at your earliest convenience.

It was signed by the Dean of Men.

It had the true dean's touch to it, the musty sound of a jargon which has no real meaning. For a moment I scarcely understood. Expulsion is a remote and incredible possibility to a freshman, a none-too-real bogey. But then, suddenly, it dawned on me, and I stood there gaping, holding the letter, not knowing what in the world to do with it.

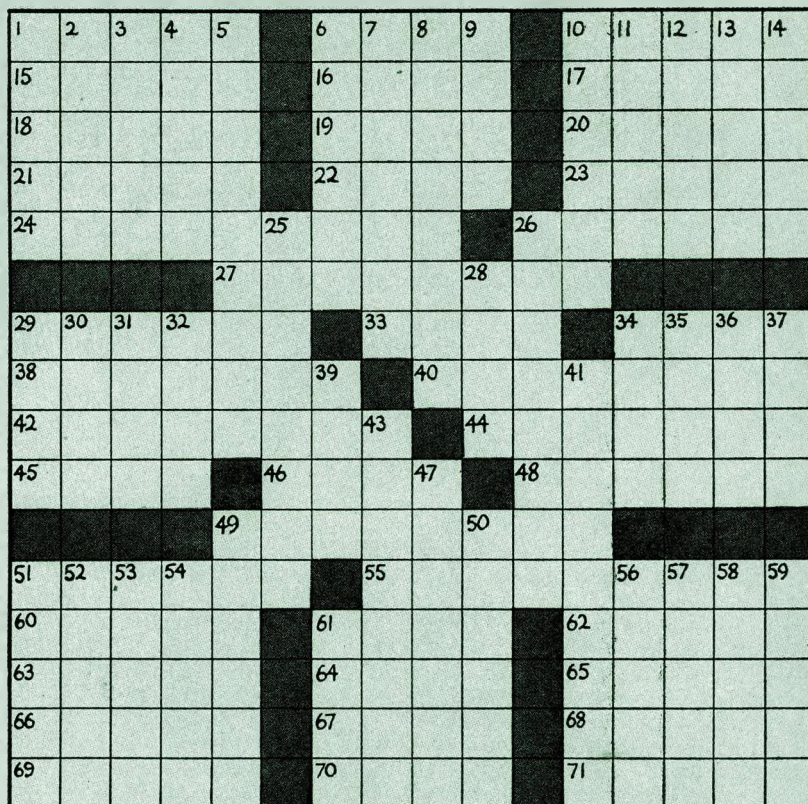
Downstairs the phonograph was playing, and the sound, blurred and fuzzy, echoed through the house. I heard some one yell. I ran to the staircase to catch Ritchy, but he was already gone.

"He must have known yesterday," I was thinking; he must have known all the time. It was incredible, almost impossible to believe. "He must have known even when his parents were here," I thought. And he hadn't told them? How had he possibly held it back? How had he carried it off? And then, sharply, the image came of (Please turn to page 73)

Redbook's Crossword Puzzle of the Month

EDITED BY ALBERT H. MOREHEAD

The definitions below are tricky—look out for puns, anagrams, "hidden words," phonetic spellings, and other word-games. But a straight dictionary definition is usually included, if you can find it. The solution appears on page 74.



ACROSS

- 1 Press fifty into camp
- 6 Strike back for your friends
- 10 Discuss plates, but leave us out
- 15 Bulkier in a rug, eh?
- 16 Confusedly I met the issue
- 17 Wife's brother in Wilna
- 18 I lean like an imbecile
- 19 American team contains no German
- 20 Hide, you can't travel openly to wed
- 21 Island that named a cat
- 22 It acts in all acts
- 23 Plenty of ease in this shelter
- 24 Give directions from crisp beer
- 26 Hate to get a D before the exam
- 27 Called for a doll here
- 29 Naught is lost when Ada goes for saws
- 33 A mixed diet is correct
- 34 Came to the top
- 38 Disturbances suggested by Nazi leaders
- 40 Poor writer includes slow mover
- 42 Coeds' act is hailed

- 44 A hound makes Harry err
- 45 Take a dare and interpret this
- 46 O art, thou art a game
- 48 The vaults begin to wail
- 49 Impregnate with sap of trees in a different form
- 51 Go — and do things
- 55 Tail veers from one thing to another
- 60 Timber I see makes sense
- 61 Mix-up in author Harte's name
- 62 Have thorns; create sores
- 63 Eat or try to make a speech?
- 64 Addressed from the cross (Mark xv. 34)
- 65 Heavens! A giant!
- 66 I rest from my efforts
- 67 Used for a Roman god
- 68 Fabled saviours of Rome
- 69 Dispatches, often said of dispatches
- 70 Brooklyn oyster without R at last is out of season
- 71 Raider from a German city

DOWN

- 1 Take a bite, Victor
- 2 Run, Al, from the moon
- 3 A young girl is always active
- 4 Mixed fish does this in your mouth
- 5 More than one minister causes a scrap here
- 6 Pocket accessory with clip en closed
- 7 I'm agreeable, but am I able?
- 8 Revolution of isle ends our source of flax
- 9 This type is O. K.
- 10 Perish, Ted, because you ate too little
- 11 Transpose to let in the waterway
- 12 The poles seem to slant
- 13 Open space has its points
- 14 Dear but tiny in a short street
- 25 Lapel buttons fitted to steers' shoulders
- 26 Takes away C, then started back
- 28 Them as has and gits
- 29 Is gone a long way from the safari
- 30 The Fascist is too spotty
- 31 A car gets into the alms-box

- 32 "Be —, sweet maid." —Kingsley
- 34 Take a whiskey, but not straight
- 35 Shear a clasp apace
- 36 Get together for a fitting
- 37 Irish spelling needs correction
- 39 Sounds to grasp
- 41 Gee! ra! ra! ra! The rent is overdue
- 43 Fool of a driver who picks up the Spanish
- 47 Having you on Eros is irksome
- 49 Time out for the S. S. Cree
- 50 I start to be a painter
- 51 Grounds for saying a lot in a postscript
- 52 Peter, Mr. Moto, goes when hero Flynn returns
- 53 Keep a profit for another time
- 54 Summoned to court and indicted without din
- 56 Met to arrange for a pole
- 57 Dotted with islands
- 58 Agree to rent the meadows first
- 59 Eat in Germany at Krupp headquarters
- 61 Historian can be decorative

BY JAN STRUTHER
WHO WROTE "MRS. MINIVER"

Mr. Miniver

A GREAT deal has been said and written lately about Mrs. Miniver, and the American public has been good enough to show a deep and sympathetic interest in all her doings. It occurs to me that this same warm-hearted public might be interested to hear more about the present situation and activities of her husband, Clem Miniver. The following is, I think, a pretty accurate account of how the first three years of the war have affected him, and most of the other men of his age and position in the British Isles, whether their names happen to be Miniver, MacDonald, Morgan or Micklethwaite.

Up to three years ago Clement Miniver was considered pretty comfortably off. He earned about £1,500 a year (\$6,000, according to the present rate of exchange). This was enough to enable him to have a good-sized house in the country within commuting distance from London; he could keep a car, and a motorboat on the river; he could go away to the seaside or to Scotland with his family for the summer, and even take trips abroad with his wife occasionally.

He had a fairly good, though small, cellar; he expected his sherry before dinner when he came home from the office, and a highball later in the evening. His suits were made up for him by his favorite tailor, and when he and Mrs. Miniver went up to London to see a show, once or

twice a month, they sat in the higher-priced seats. Friends came to their home for week-ends; there were automobile expeditions in the countryside on Sundays, and summer picnics on the river.

Clem Miniver was mainly an architect of public buildings—hospitals and swimming baths and play centers were his specialty. He was particularly interested in this type of work because his tastes lay in the direction of community planning. He didn't consciously have any strong views on civic duties, but I think he vaguely liked to feel that he was contributing to the general welfare. He was forty-five when the war broke out—too old for the forces. The bottom fell out of business; his firm was idle for many months—no town councils were spending

money on public works, and his few private clients were certainly not building.

He had some money saved up, however, and for the first six months of the war he did not feel the pinch badly, though the future worried him and he chafed against his enforced idleness. He threw himself into his volunteer war work—the river patrol; he dug up his garden and turned the tennis court into a vegetable garden. His motorboat was one of those which went out across the Channel at midnight to help bring back the British soldiers from the Dunkerque beaches. Of this experience he talks very little.

But after Dunkerque things changed. Like almost every other civilian, Clem was called to an urgent job—he himself was attached to the Ministry of Works and Buildings. All over Britain, in the remote parts of the countryside, new factories were being hurriedly and secretly built. Weapons of war had to be made; the British Army had lost all its equipment at Dunkerque, and invasion was expected daily. For a while men and women were working sixty hours a week to turn out the guns, planes and tanks. Britain stood alone against the Axis, and everyone in the island was mobilized to fight or to provide the fighting men with what they needed.

Clem was put to building hostels and living quarters for the workers who would be moved from their homes to work in the new factories. It was a hurry job. Billets were giving out, and the workers had to be housed.

Clem now lives near his work in London in a small apartment that he shares with a friend, who also works in the Ministry. The days of \$6,000 a year, the small car, the well-filled cellar and the vacations in Scotland are over. His salary is about half of what he earned in the old days, and of his salary he pays more than a quarter to the government in taxes. If he were childless, and his money came from investments instead of being earned, he would be paying as much as half of it in taxes—and, indeed, if he were still earning his pre-war income, as much as \$2,204 would be going to the British government.

So how fortunate it is, he tells his wife, that he doesn't earn that much now. In fact, he reckons that he and his family now have about \$2,300 to live on—and he knows that he is very lucky; many of his friends who had an income equal to his own before the war have less than he has now.

It means that he cannot see his family very often. He has lost the car—for no one is allowed gas for private use now—and he cannot afford weekly rail fares. The two younger children, Judy and Toby, are going to the village school instead of



After Dunkerque . . . like almost every other civilian, Clem was called to an urgent job—attached to the Ministry of Works and Buildings . . . put to building hostels and living-quarters.

The creator of Mrs. Miniver, the character that inspired one of the great motion-pictures of 1942, tells us what three years of war have done to Clem Miniver and to his formerly comfortable way of living.

REDBOOK'S ENCORE OF THE MONTH

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to the private school which was picked out for them. When he does get down for the week-end, he helps in the house and the garden, for Mrs. Miniver runs the place almost single-handed now—Gladys the maid and Ada the cook have both been drafted into war industry; the gardener is a sergeant in Egypt.

A good deal of time is spent during these precious week-ends putting tiles on the roof and repairing fittings, for it is about impossible to get such jobs done now—the carpenter's man and the plumber's mate and the electrician are all in war work. But his ingenuity can't make new fittings and new light globes, and no one else can supply them.

Mr. and Mrs. Miniver share the one reading-lamp that is left in the living-room. The drink before dinner is no more: a precious bottle of sherry is brought out on special occasions, when Vin, his Air Force son, gets leave; but the highball before turning in is a matter of memory only—with whisky twenty-five shillings a bottle. Mr. Miniver is very nearly a teetotaler now, and Mrs. Miniver declared a year ago that she always preferred milk anyway—till the milk ration came in and she found that two pints a week made a glass of milk a luxury too. Both of them miss their cigarettes, but Clem can get enough pipe tobacco for a pipe or two a day.

It was rather unfortunate that, just before the war, Clem had decided to have two new suits made, because, in happy anticipation of this, Mrs. Miniver gave away two old suits of his to the Czech refugees. When the war came Clem canceled the orders for the new suits, and decided to carry on with what he had: but some months ago his suits began to look really threadbare, and one Saturday evening he decided that on Monday he would go and buy a reach-me-down suit from a cheap tailor. That evening, however, clothes rationing was announced on the radio.

His shoes were worn; he needed a new raincoat very badly; and Mrs. Miniver said that his pajamas were a disgrace. If he got all of these and his suit, he would use up fifty out of his allowance of sixty coupons, which has to last fourteen months. And sometime during next winter he will have to have some woolen socks (for offices are cold places to work in wartime), and these will take nine coupons a pair. His shirts are pre-war too—but a new cotton shirt will relieve him of five coupons.

When last seen, Mr. Miniver was wearing a suit slightly too short for him, and his shoes were patched. The suit is one of the new utility suits, made of government standard cloth. Clem doesn't like the cut very much, but Mrs. Miniver says the color is *(Please turn to page 103)*



Mr. Miniver works late hours at the Ministry, dashes back to the apartment, puts up the blackout, and sets out again for his A.R.P. post, where he is on duty till midnight.

BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

City of

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLINE had not known; she had not understood. Brought up in the little Southern town of Samberley, she'd never before met people like that handsome wolf, Captain Stuart Blackpool IV.

When war conditions forced Caroline's widower father's factory to close, she had gone to young-old Bill Conison, proprietor of the local newspaper, for a job. Bill had turned her down, but had wired Senator Chaddock in Washington to arrange a job for her. So she had gone to Washington, and had made good at her job—first as filing clerk, then as private secretary.

But there she lived almost exclusively in a city of women, first with young Christina Gustaben of Minnesota, then with older and more sophisticated Lacey Morlone—wise, fascinating Lacey, who had been a great friend of Bill Conison's at one time. And then—lonely lovely little Caroline had allowed handsome young Captain Blackpool to pick her up in an art gallery, and she had fallen for him hard. But when Bill Conison chanced to make a remark about Blackpool's marriage and Caroline asked the young officer why he hadn't told her of it, he casually explained that it was over and done with three years ago—that Sara had divorced him because he had been playing around with a friend of hers. . . . Caroline told him she could not see him again.

Bill Conison came to see her, and showed his practical interest by figuring out a munitions job that her father's little factory could handle, so that it re-opened. It was when Mr. Hasbrey came to Washington in connection with this that he met Christina, and was greatly taken with her.

But all this time Caroline's heart was still with Stuart Blackpool, and finally she called him up and made a dinner date. They saw a good deal of each other that week, and then one day:

"Look," he said, "look, Caroline. I'm going to a house-party next week-end. I can get you invited to it."

"A house-party?"

"Some friends of mine near a little town called Merlane in Maryland. Lacey knows them—the Hilbridges. Their parties are fun."

She hesitated. To go away for a whole week-end at the same house-party with him was certainly daring the gods.

But a house-party ought to be all right. There would be a lot of people around, and one was safe enough, even from one's self, in the middle of a crowd.

"All right," she said at last, "get me invited, and I'll go."

Christina had heard of the Merlane Hilbridges and was suspicious of this week-end arrangement. Then Stuart sent a box of orchids to Caroline, and Christina saw the note on the card with them.

"*Because I love you more every day,*" it read. "*And because I expect to love you twice as much on Monday as I do now, if that's possible.*"

This was obvious enough to anyone except innocent Caroline; and Christina went to Bill Conison for help. He in turn went to Lacey Morlone, who knew the Hilbridges, and she arranged to get herself invited to the house-party also. . . .

Caroline was dancing with Blackpool that first evening at the Hilbridges'. Earlier Blackpool had come into her room from the one given him just opposite and had tried to make love to her. . . .

Lacey was very gay. "Hi, baby!" she said. "Hi, Captain Beautiful! Thirsty work, dancing, eh? Let's have a drink. Let's all have a drink. Come on, Georgie! Bartender!"

But George Hilbridge spoke up.

"I won't drink with that guy," he said. "I don't like him and I never did. Some people," George went on with aggressive dignity, "think I don't know what goes on under my own nose. But I do know. And no guy can use my house and make himself too familiar with a girl who's my wife's guest. What the hell does he take us for?"

In a dream Caroline felt her arm being disengaged from Stuart's, and saw Stuart move forward and put his hand on their host's shoulder.

"Take it easy, George," he said quietly. "You've been drinking."

"Well," George said, "have a drink yourself, you flying tomcat!"

He threw his glass full into Stuart's face. Stuart caught his arm; then Lala Hilbridge thrust her way into the group.

"George!" she said. "Let him go, Stuart." (*The story continues in detail:*)

STUART released him, and George stood in front of his wife, looking sheepish and trying to preserve the last shreds of his belligerence.

"All right," he said. "But get him out of the house, see?"

"George!" Lala's voice was very sharp. "I'm sorry, Miss Hasbrey. I'm sorry, Stuart. He'll apologize in the morning. Come along, George."

She put her hand on his arm, and he went with her through the crowd, shambling along obediently at her side.

Caroline awoke a little from her dream and looked around her. Everybody was looking at her. When she met their eyes, they looked away, polite and incurious. There was no condemnation in those eyes and no enmity, only the certainty of knowledge. One or two people even smiled at her sympathetically, and she felt naked and ashamed.

She turned helplessly to Stuart, and watched him calmly take out his handkerchief and mop his face and uniform where the drink had spilled on him. He felt her eyes on him, and looked up to grin cheerfully at her.

"Don't mind old George," he said.

"I wonder what got into him, blowing his top that way?" Lacey said.

Stuart put his hand under Caroline's elbow. She shivered violently.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply. "Caroline, what is it?"

"I want to go home," she said.

"Darling, you didn't let George upset you?" He looked at her anxiously. "He'd been drinking. He didn't mean anything by it."

"I won't stay here!" she whispered almost hysterically.

He stared at her for a moment in worried silence, and then he shrugged, capitulating. "All right, darling," he said gently. "Get your things, and I'll get the car. I'll meet you out front."

IN the car, Caroline sat straight and stiff, as far away from Stuart as she could get. She was cold, both inside and outside, and she had to use all her strength to keep from shivering.

"It's silly to pay any attention to what he says," Stuart said, speaking for the first time since they had left the house. "Just let it go in one ear and out the other."

She did not answer him. If he did not feel it himself, there was no way that she could explain to him how utterly and completely horrible had been the thing that had happened. He would laugh at her if she told him that it had taken every ounce of her strength and her pride to walk through those crowded rooms and out of the house, not running, not hiding her face, not bowing her head and closing her eyes against the polite, curious gazes of all those strangers.

"Anyway, darling Caroline," he said in a quiet voice, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. We love one another, and there is no shame in that."

There was something the matter with that statement, and she turned it over in her mind, trying to find the fault. They

The love-story of a small-town girl who went to Washington seeking a career, and who discovered that it was not too quiet along the Potomac.

Women

PART 6 (Conclusion)



He stared. "You mean, you want to go home?" he said carefully. "Wasn't that what we were talking about?" Caroline asked, and she actually smiled at him.

loved one another, and there was no shame in love. That seemed to be all right. If they loved one another, there was no reason for shame. *If they loved one another.* But she didn't love him!

FOR a little while, there was no shock involved in that realization. She turned a little in her seat to look at him curiously, to try and find out what had happened to her. He was just as he had been an hour ago, his profile just as fine and clear and beautiful. And when he turned to smile at her, the same tiny fires lit in his golden eyes, and his clean mouth curved just as softly and just as tenderly as it ever had. But the smile did not touch her. It did not touch her at all.

He took his hand from the wheel and put it over her hand, lying on the seat beside her. Dry and warm his fingers were, and strong when they closed upon

hers. But his touch meant nothing. It did not arouse the blood in her veins, or make her skin tingle with electricity.

And now a great desolation engulfed her, a sense of loss and pain, and she knew that the Stuart she loved had died back in Lala Hilbridge's house. Perhaps he had never lived. Perhaps she had only dreamed him, and had clothed him in the corporeal body of this stranger who sat beside her in the car. It did not matter. The Stuart whom she had loved no longer existed. . . .

"I can't imagine what got into George," Stuart said after a while.

Caroline, isolated in her sense of loss, tried to think of what he was saying so that she could escape from pain for a little moment.

"Please drop me at Christina's," she said.

"Whatever you like, my darling."

She clenched her hands, trying to hold on to the flash of anger that she had felt against Lacey. But the desolation came back, crowding in on her, smothering her, and with it came a new terror of loneliness. Stuart was gone, for good this time, beyond hope of recovery. And what would she do without him? How could she, having known love, live without it? How could she go back to the long drab meaningless days, the eventless months, of the days before Stuart? She had been a woman for a little time; how could she be again an office machine, with no soul to disturb her at inconvenient moments with the lovely memory of love?

WHEN Stuart stopped the car before the boarding-house, Caroline started to get out, but he stopped her with a hand on her arm. "Caroline!"

She turned (*Please turn to page 83*)

BY EDMUND WARE
ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY POTT

Mr. Bardith's

ONCE, in his dim-remembered youth, Henry Jendrake Bardith must have thrilled to a sunset, a starlit night, or the marching of majestic clouds. Somewhere he must have looked upon a beautiful face, and in the attic of his soul stored a measure of the poetry of love. Albeit Mr. Bardith still believed in these things, and even advertised them to others in his skillfully worded circulars of the H. J. Bardith Travel Agency, he supposed that far horizons and the tang of adventure were not for him.

In Mr. Bardith's own life, romance had been stifled by innumerable realities, of which his wife Muriel was one. Mr. Bardith didn't blame Muriel for being a reality. He didn't blame anyone for anything. Once in a while he dreamed that Muriel might give him a larger share of the devotion she bestowed on her two docile goldfish; and sometimes he imagined, just for fun, that Thursday-night suppers might consist of breadfruit and African lobster tails, instead of mutton, peas, potato and wrinkly apricots. There were still other times when he thought mistily of going somewhere besides his office, and of returning anywhere but home. But Mr. Bardith had never done anything about it. He believed he never would.

At forty-two, Henry Jendrake Bardith was a patient prisoner in routine, a trusty in a brown suit, brown shoes and brown overcoat. He had no regrets, save for the fact that the second World War had brought travel to a standstill and caused the rationing of gasoline. Mr. Bardith uncomplainingly accepted an A-card, which found its way inevitably into the pocket of his son. Junior was seventeen.

"Pa, can I have the car today?"

"Well, Junior, you had it yesterday; and what with the gas shortage, and our tires smooth, I don't think it's patriotic to—"

"Aw, gee, Pa! I wanna go to the movies with Eddie Macon. And besides,

what good's my driving license if you won't let me drive?"

In habitual support of her son, Muriel Bardith asserted that Henry didn't really need the car. "Why don't you walk to your office?" she asked. "Mr. Forbrush walks, and he's a banker."

So, because Junior had a driving license, and because Mr. Forbrush was a banker, Henry Bardith relinquished all claims on his car, and walked to his office. He continued to walk. He rather enjoyed it. With pleasant irony, he told himself that the walk freshened him for his work—of which, currently, there was none.

But even with his car monopolized and his business dead, Mr. Bardith was grateful for many things. There was the sanctuary of his office with its golden oak desks and four superfluous typewriters, including one which wrote French, and a little one with elite type; there were the large cardboard cut-outs of ships sailing in a dusty sea atop the filing cabinets; there was the comfort of sufficient money saved. And of late, ever since the chimney fire in his home, there was a ray of understanding from his daughter Gladys, who was a year younger than Junior.

THE night of the fire, Junior had rushed out dramatically to ring the alarm, and seemed disappointed when the fire department extinguished the blaze in a mere five minutes. And Muriel, in dressing-gown and curling clips, had stormed at the water damage to her living-room rug.

"Henry, I don't see why you didn't have the chimney cleaned last fall! Just look at my beautiful rug! It's ruined!"

Mr. Bardith, who had prided himself on thinking first in the emergency of Muriel's goldfish, stood in the open doorway holding the bowl. Within, the fish swam idly, oblivious to peril. Water had slopped from the bowl and trickled down the front of Mr. Bardith's bathrobe. His initial sensation of gallantry in action had changed to one of clamminess.

"I didn't think about the rug," he apologized. "I just thought about your goldfish. First thing that came to mind."

"It's a wonder," said Muriel, rescuing the bowl from his arms, "that we weren't all burned in our beds. Incinerated!"

"Well, now, Muriel, really, I—"

"Anyway," interrupted Junior, "you should have had the chimney cleaned, just like Ma said. Eddie Macon's old man had theirs cleaned."

It was then that Mr. Bardith's daughter took his part. He was strangely moved by the sound of a voice lifted in his defense. The sensation was unique, and heartening. He thought Gladys extremely pretty in her blue kimono and slippers. It was as if he had noticed her for the first time—or rather, as if someone nice were noticing him.

"Pa's not to blame," said Gladys. "Why don't you leave him alone? It was just one of those things."

"But my rug! Oh, my poor rug!"

Turning to his wife, Mr. Bardith said: "I'll carry it out to the car, dear, and take it to the cleaner's tomorrow."

"You use the car tomorrow, Pa? How'm I and Eddie Macon going to get to the hockey game?"

"Maybe," said Henry, "you could leave a little early, and just drop the rug on the way to the game."



"Pa, can I have the car today? What good's my driving license if you won't let me drive?"



Muriel asserted Henry didn't really need the car. "Why don't you walk to your office?" she asked.



"Pa's not to blame," said Gladys after the fire. "Why don't you leave him alone?"

Infidelity

There are laughs and pathos in this delightful story of a man stifled by innumerable realities and by his only True, Great, Everlasting Love.

"Me drop the rug? *Me?*" Junior sighed tragically. "After all, Pa, the fire was your fault."

Gladys' blue eyes sparkled warningly in her brother's direction. "Selfish! Go ahead and take the old car! I'll simply telephone the cleaner and have him come and get the rug. So there!"

"Why, that's an idea, Glad," Henry said. "Never occurred to me. Settles the whole thing. Well—guess it's time we all got back to bed."

Muriel replaced the goldfish-bowl on its accustomed table, and after murmuring words of endearing solace to its occupants, started toward the stairs. She paused to touch her eyes with her handkerchief. "There'll be precious little sleep for me tonight."

"Count sheep," said Gladys gently.

His daughter's rôle in the chimney-fire episode was a bright spot in Mr. Bardith's family life. In fact, it was so bright that he half-doubted its reality. To test Gladys' affection, but perhaps more to savor it again, he invented the dog proposal. Purposely dawdling over his coffee one morning, even though Muriel repeatedly declared her wish to clear the table, Mr. Bardith contrived to leave the house just as Gladys started for school.

"Glad," he said, walking beside her, "what would you think if I got a dog?"

"Why, Pa? Lonesome?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. But"—Mr. Bardith hesitated cautiously—"I've noticed how much pleasure your mother gets from her goldfish, and I thought maybe if I had a dog, I'd enjoy him, too."

"Better just keep him in your office, Pa. The rug, you know."

"That's right, the rug. Maybe I could get one to match the rug, though—eh, Glad?"

She looked up at him and laughed. "Do they have green dogs, Pa?"

For an instant, seeing into his daughter's eyes, Mr. Bardith was almost elated. But the instant passed swiftly. Two of Gladys' school friends hailed her; and as she rushed across the street to join them, he felt himself futilely trying to keep her near to him a little longer.

"Glad," he called, hastening after her, "here's something for you. A dollar—for movies, and ice-cream. Wait a minute!"

"Never mind, now, Pa!" she shouted over her shoulder. "I'm having my hair done this afternoon, anyway. Good-by!"

Mr. Bardith stepped back onto the sidewalk and watched the three girls greet each other. He knew Gladys' friends well, but in their eagerness at meeting, they failed to notice him. They did not, however, fail to notice Mr. Forbrush, the banker, who at that moment emerged from his house, pulled on his suede gloves and started off to his office, swinging a cane.



"Here you are! Dark, isn't it?" The voice was a girl's—clear, gay. "That was awfully nice of you," stammered Mr. Bardith. "And very quick too. I—I like quick people."

Mr. Forbrush was a splendid figure, dashing, white-mustached, and long-striding. As Mr. Bardith observed his daughter and her friends following the banker with admiring eyes, and whispering in his exalted direction, he felt summarily forgotten. Perhaps he too should carry a cane instead of an umbrella. Perhaps he should have been a banker.

On that morning, and for many mornings thereafter, Mr. Bardith wondered if his office weren't a trifle too much of a sanctuary. Where once had been a comradely secretary, there was now a vacant chair. Mr. Bardith missed the flap and flutter of mail dropping through the slit in his office door. The telephone no longer rang, except when Muriel wanted him to stop at the bakery for éclairs, or when salesmen called.

In his yearning for friendship, Mr. Bardith invited salesmen, and became an easy mark for them. He thought it unfair to take up their time without making a purchase. This had led to his acquisition of the superfluous typewriters, now five in number. He would undoubtedly have bought more, if typewriters hadn't been frozen, along with foreign travel.

During the winter Mr. Bardith pondered quite earnestly about dogs. He visited a number of kennels, and scratched the ears of many setters, spaniels and re-

trievers. He bought a thin volume entitled "Your Dog, Its Care and Training." But he put off making an actual choice, partly because there were no green dogs, but mainly because of a jolly vendor of printing who called at his office one afternoon in February.

Mr. Bardith regretted that he had no excuse at this time for printing circulars, but he engaged the young salesman in an hour's conversation, in return for which he ordered an assortment of stationery. Some was plain, some monogrammed; some bore the H. J. Bardith letterhead—complete with a halftone of a full-rigged barkentine, hull down on a blue horizon.

To Mr. Bardith, a union between his new stationery and his five typewriters seemed predestined. It provided an outlet for his imagination, and filled his days with fanciful correspondents and fictitious business relations. Seating himself at one of the typewriters, he would insert a sheet of stationery, spin the roller, and type.

My dear Mr. Bardith:

I am eager this year to extend the range of my travel, perhaps as far as Czechoslovakia. An acquaintance has assured me that you are able to give me excellent advice. Therefore, will you kindly—

It mattered not to Mr. Bardith's reverie that Czechoslovakia was now as unreachable as the stars. In the course of a business day he wrote himself several such letters, mailed them, and jubilantly received them next morning through the slit in his door. He prided himself on his ability to write inspiring and authoritative answers, even though his own travel experience had been limited to Atlantic City and Bangor. He would write:

Dear Mr. Harper:

I strongly recommend that you spend some time in Prague, which is one of the world's oldest and most beautiful cities. You will see traces of Moorish architecture, and you will find an atmosphere of refined antiquity.

The Hotel Alcron is modern, however, and very comfortable. The rate of exchange between the American dollar and the Czechish kron is currently . . .

Or,

My dear Miss Moresby:

Mañaos is approximately two thousand miles up the Amazon River. The trip is long, but not difficult in the proper season. The tropics have always held deep fascination for wanderers, bringing to mind a line written by the late Rudyard Kipling . . .



"Henry," stormed Muriel, "just look at my beautiful rug! It's ruined!"
 "I didn't think about the rug," he apologized. "I just thought about your goldfish. First thing that came to mind."

Toward the end of a rainy day in March, Mr. Bardith was in the midst of one of his finest letters. He was planning a honeymoon for a mythical young couple who enjoyed outdoor life. Oblivious to the gusts which flung the rain against his dreary windows, he wrote with all the passion and poetry in his lonely heart:

... for certainly I not only appreciate but encourage and abet your desire to be alone on this, of all occasions. That is why I suggest Mystery Lake, north by plane from Hudson, Ontario. In this vast wilderness the stars hang low at night, and the silence is your friend. By day there are beaches of white sand; and the wind is washed by eight hundred miles of forest. I wish that I might, for my own sake, have some small part in making your trip more beautiful, and I—

Reluctantly Mr. Bardith left his typewriter to answer the intrusive telephone. His abrupt return from the land of midnight sun to a view of the rain-swept street below unnerved him. Muriel's voice, coming over the wire, was petulant:

"Is that you, Henry? Why didn't you answer? They've been ringing and ringing. Where have you been?"

"Why, right here, dear. I was absorbed in some work. I guess I just didn't hear the phone."



"Well, I wish you'd be more wide awake. Now, listen, Henry: on your way home, stop at the Goodie Shoppe and get a dozen macaroons, and a box of cream cheese."

"Yes, dear. Anything else?"

"There is. It's about Junior and the car. He had to drive all the way home from the movies on a flat tire. The spare's no good. Can't you get him another secondhand tire?"

"I'll try, Muriel."

"Well, do it tomorrow. I don't want you to be late to supper. Gladys is going to the high-school dance tonight, and she can't help me with a thing. Don't forget the macaroons and cream cheese. And—wait, Henry, don't hang up till I'm through! Stop at the pet shop and get some more goldfish food. That's all."

As Mr. Bardith pulled on his rubbers, took up his umbrella and prepared to leave his office, he was disturbed by an unkind thought about the goldfish. It seemed to him that in the past six months they had grown even more obese, ignorant and footling. Or was he simply comparing them with the flashing trout and muskellunge native to the north country of which he had so recently been dreaming?

In the puddled street below his office, Mr. Bardith opened his umbrella, crossed to a mail-box, and mailed the day's letters. He made his purchases in the Goodie Shoppe, which smelled of chocolate syrup instead of wind-clean pines. The pet shop smelled alarmingly of pets.

A further sense of the unchanging dullness of his life penetrated Mr. Bardith as he tucked his bundles under his arm and trudged homeward. He was examining the sensation rather guiltily, for he felt it disloyal to Muriel, Junior and Gladys, when—suddenly the lights of the little city went dark. He was startled for a moment before he remembered that at six-thirty there was to be a practice blackout. All lights were to be put out; and all cars, except scheduled buses, were to turn off their headlights.

In the rain and darkness Mr. Bardith's umbrella grew companionable. So did the bundles. Dark figures of pedestrians loomed terrifyingly toward him, then passed in the night. A small spirit of adventure awoke in him. He clutched his umbrella as though it were a weapon, and walked sturdily into the wind.

As he paused uncertainly at an intersection, feeling for the curb with a cautious toe, he was startled by someone standing near him—a shadow among shadows. A swooping gust of wind tugged at his umbrella, and tore it from his hands. He groped helplessly, but the shadow before him, moving with sprightly precision, retrieved his umbrella and handed it to him.

"Here you are! Dark, isn't it?"

The voice was a girl's—clear, gay.

"That was awfully nice of you," stammered Mr. Bardith. "And very quick too. I—I like quick people. I'm ever so much obliged."

In the sudden-sharp lights of an approaching bus, her face and figure took shape before him. She was wearing a camel's-hair coat, and her chin nestled attractively in the upturned collar. As the bus drew nearer and slowed toward the

stop, Mr. Bardith noted that the girl's hair was raven black. In a wind-blown strand escaping at one side of her jaunty hat, raindrops glistened like pearls.

But not until the bus drew to the curb did he see the wraith-like loveliness of her face. The wide star-shot eyes glowed full upon him. She smiled, and said: "It was fun. I'm glad I could catch it before it blew away. Isn't the rain wonderful? Good night."

"Good night," he said, and watched forlornly while she swung away, and up the step of the waiting bus.

That she should appear and vanish so swiftly seemed to Mr. Bardith like a kind of tragic miracle. He heard the bus door clank shut behind her. To him it was the portcullis of a castle. The engines roared, and between him and the girl-of-the-darkness a moat widened, and became a gulf. Just once again he saw her high-boned, lovely face framed in the silver-streaked window. He waved, and her white hand flashed against the pane. Then the bus showed him its dwindling red lights, and on the rear platform an illumined globe across which blazed the names of remote destinations: *Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles!*

MR. BARDITH didn't realize the moment when the blackout ended, but he found himself looking at his umbrella, which he held still open, point down on the sidewalk. He suddenly relished the sting of wind and rain, and his heart awoke and sang a tune of gallantry. Armor gleamed in the sun! Spears clashed in the dust and shock of tourney! In fancy, kneeling before the girl-of-the-darkness, Sir Bardith touched his lips to the hem of her skirt, and in his mailed fist held her satin hand.

In defiance of the storm, Mr. Bardith recklessly closed his umbrella, tilted the brim of his hat, and started homeward at a brisk pace. His shoulders were back, his chin high. His sordid bundles contained incense, myrrh and precious stones. His umbrella, now tightly wound, was a cane—or, no! It was a rapier! Squaring off to a threatening telephone pole, Mr. Bardith made a thrust, and cried: "On guard! Have at thee, sir!"

He marched on victoriously, and at length arrived at his home. In the front hall he furtively opened his umbrella, stepped into the view of his family, and closed it. He smiled at them, said "Hello," and awaited their blessing.

"Henry, you're soaking wet—and late, too! Did you get the goldfish food? Can't you just carve before you change your clothes?"

"Hey, listen, Pa! It's insulting to not have a decent set of tires on the car. Here I and Eddie Macon had to drive on a flat all the way back from the movies, and people laughing."

"Does your umbrella leak, Henry?"

"No, dear."

"Why didn't you use it?"

"I did use it."

Unassailable in his vision of the girl-of-the-darkness, Mr. Bardith didn't even wince when Gladys turned on him, saying: "Pa, with a flat and no spare, how'm I going to get to the dance without getting my new slippers simply soaked?"

"Call a (Please turn to page 77)

BY SMILEY BLANTON, M.D.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS VAN NES

How to Conquer

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

seen objects in the dark, some of the worry can be dissipated by turning light on it.

During a war, there are people one loves in the fighting forces, and so a certain amount of worry and unhappiness is normal and unavoidable; but superimposed on that, there is a great load of anxiety that has somehow attached itself to the legitimate worry. It is this excess worry that is waste at this time, this worry which is sabotage; and this worry can be removed, or at least partly dispelled, by first bringing it out and looking at it, and then doing certain definite things.

While it may sound strange, this displaced worry, as we may call it, has usually had its beginnings in the early relationship between the parent and child. No relationship can be completely ideal. We each of us fail some time or other in our efforts to adjust to our children or our parents or our husbands or our brothers. In every relationship there are times when it is unsatisfactory and even burdensome. There are few parents who have not at some time or other felt in the depths of his or her heart that the sacrifice that they have been called on to make is a bit too great. It is a rare husband or wife who has not questioned at some time the wisdom of their marriage. Many a child has felt unduly the pressure of its obliga-

tions to its parents and wished to be free of it.

So now each of us finds something from the past to grieve about and exaggerate. How inevitably do you hear someone say who has just had a loss by death, "Oh, if I had only been more understanding!" or, "If I had only on that particular day done such or such a thing."

We say that that is part of the "unreasonableness" of grief; and that, indeed, it is just what it is. For these early feelings are normal reactions, and it is only in the light of later separation that they take on an altogether unnatural value. Looking back on them, we do not see ourselves as normal people, reacting as such, but imagine ourselves monsters who com-

mitted murder in our hearts—or at least a little bit of murder—and who deserve to be punished now.

"Of course if I got my just deserts," the grieving mother of a soldier said to me, "he would never come back." And all of this she felt over some slight neglect of him when he was in the first years at school. Now her feeling of guilt has been greatly magnified by the present circumstances and has acted to enhance her worry over his danger in the Army.

When a beloved person leaves us for even a short time, there is always a little of that feeling that, as Stevenson says, "every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness." How much stronger is this feeling when welfare and even life is actually jeopardized.

Our worry is deepened also by a comparison of the present with the present-imaginative. For we tend, reasonably enough, to idealize the present that we do not have. We think, "If he were here now, all would be perfect." Part of our mind knows better—but only a very small part. And the emotionalism of the parting has not been a very good basis for stability, either. This love relationship has not gone awry, and yet something of the same sort of adjustment has had to be made as if it had. Somehow the heart has to be made to find a balance, reach a plane of stability and, you might almost say, fold itself up and put itself away un-



Each of us finds something from the past to grieve about, and exaggerate.



Go into some sort of active war work. . . . Get into the game.

Worry

A large order? Yes, but it can be done. The noted physician and writer gives you a list of do's and don'ts that will enable you to win the battle against worry.

til after the war, if there is to be the steadying of the personality necessary to a successful existence alone.

The soldiers themselves have to do this, but in another way. They find a new love—and it is a wise woman who encourages it—for after a period of mourning, and more or less maladjustment, they come to love “the outfit.” If they have a strong leader who makes a good father substitute, so much the better; but at all events “the outfit” temporarily may become father, mother, wife and family to them. There is a fundamental emotion in the old song of Napoleon’s grenadiers: “*Let my wife and child beg their bread if they hungry be! My Emperor needs me.*” It is necessary to accept and understand this devotion to the symbol of the Army because it is through just such attachments and loyalties that the safety of each soldier is increased.

It is a thing hard for the noncombatant to understand! In civil life the unit is the family, but in military life it is “the Second Division” or “the Fighting 69th” or even more simply “Bill and Joe.” And they largely have replaced the family “for the duration.” It takes just that to make the continued abnormality of the situation normal, and it has to be rejoiced in rather than worried about.

THERE is in fact enough to worry about in the future. Even if he comes back, will he be the same? Well, he will not be the same. He will not be the same, whether husband or son. It would be a strange person who went through a war without being modified by it. Nor will there be time for him to mature slowly, for from the beginning these men know that they risk death or, what is worse to the minds of many of us, mutilation.

Yet we know that in civil life every street-crossing or holiday ride held the same threat, and we did not worry about that. We would have considered it very morbid to wait for his return in an ambulance each night. Why is it that now we pin our worry and grief onto such dramatic things? We could look up the statistics and be comforted, but we will have none of that. It is a real danger, yes; but like the fear of death, it is magnified by all the neurotic elements in our personality—and all of us have some neurotic elements: it is the penalty of civilization.

The men themselves develop a strong feeling of fatality. “If the shell has your number on it—” But civilians do not feel that way about them. We try to reason away our sense of impending doom, but the fear that is in us is stronger than reason. We feel—irrationally—that we ourselves will be singled out for punishment, for retribution. The reason is not far to find. All of us have been taught, “Thou shalt not kill.” Our civilization is based on it, except for capital punishment in which we go (Please turn to page 66)

5 Definite Things to Do

FIRST:

(and perhaps hardest to follow) *Permit yourself to abreact. Talk it out, cry it out.* If you have real reason for grief, permit yourself a period of mourning and if it is necessary to you, get off alone; or if it is possible, talk your grief out with some wise friend, if you have one, who won’t argue too much. Someone else who loves and grieves for the same person may be the one to select; for remember, you are not trying to gain reassurance but to permit your grief and frustration to come to the surface, and they may need that also. Usually it lies too deep for easy tears. But for this brief period forget the “chin up” admonition.

True courage comes best after the heart has worked out its griefs and regrets. Then, and then only, the head can take over. It is very hard for people to believe this period of grief to be necessary—maybe for other people, yes, but not for us; and it seems too simple to have value. But it is the first step in recovery and sooner or later one comes to it. Better at once.

SECOND:

While waiting for news, clear the decks physically. Don’t keep his room as a sort of memorial. If he does not come back, it will be infinitely more difficult to clear later, and if he does come home his tastes will have changed. Move things around. Utilize the room for some other purpose.

THIRD:

Reject all schemes for life as usual. Change your actual physical schedule if possible—meal hour, bed hour—anything to break up the familiar routine that you held together. Even other members of the family may welcome this.

FOURTH:

Go into some sort of active war work. Even if you don’t feel your contribution amounts to much, utilize every free hour. The main point is *get into the game.* Don’t remain on the

sideline. If you do, you will continue to feel desolate and forsaken. After you get into some sort of war activity, you will have the satisfaction of feeling reunited in effort even if it is a different sort and of different value.

Sideline standers suffer most and, understandably enough, hate the most. But that also you must tackle. Try to be reasonable in your hatred. It is common knowledge that civilians are the great haters, that in every war they sing the hymns of hate. They have no other outlet for their fears. Strive to avoid it for it will only add to your sense of guilt and make you suffer more. Take it out in being efficient and productive.

FIFTH:

Refuse to daydream. But that, indeed, is the hard one. We are all prone to daydream the sad, not happy ending. Or if we dream the happy ending it makes the reality seem so much the worse.

If it were only just the conscious story that we tell ourselves it would be bad enough, but even while we carry on our everyday activities, of the sort that require no special concentration, the dream persists. We ride on a bus, seemingly attentive to life, while in and out of our minds go pictures of him in some reign of terror.

To master this takes two things: will power and concentration on something else. Will power one must have, at least strong enough to take out a book and open the pages.

But the kind of book one carries depends on the individual. Some carry absorbing novels but perhaps the best is something to study, something that keeps one working just a little harder than one wants to. A language, whether it is a classic or modern, or mathematics. History is good, too, for in that we can gain perspective as well as diversion. Indeed we can see ourselves, for we too, we civilians, are history and we will take our places in it, either exalted or otherwise.

One More

BY MAX WERNER

Author of "The Great Offensive"

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

WE are again in a winter war. It is the fourth winter campaign of the Second World War, the second winter war in Russia, and the second winter campaign in which the United States is a participant. These coming months—from December, 1942, to April, 1943,—are bound to be crucial months of the Second World War. Major battles during this time are possible, but they are not probable.

This winter will be the time of major preparations. It offers the great opportunity to the anti-Hitler coalition. It will be during this time that matériel and military superiority over the Third Reich will be achieved. This ought to be the last war winter. When this winter shall have been passed, the trend of victory over Hitler will begin and continue uninterruptedly.

Such is the Allied war plan, and it can be realized.

The Second World War has become a war of attrition. As such its course already displays a similarity to that of the First World War. In that war, also, four winter campaigns were fought. Then too Germany then made its greatest military effort in the fourth winter campaign. But Germany was unable to endure a fifth winter campaign: the collapse came in late summer of 1918. We must now follow the schedules of the First World War. Then Germany gained its greatest victories before and after the winter campaigns: these were the victory over Russia, and the Ludendorff offensive in the spring of 1918. But these were only illusory gains, followed by collapse. The Allies did not know then that the high point of German strength had been already reached. This time, victory is to be prepared by more careful planning, with exact military calculations. More must be achieved in the winter of 1942-1943 than in the winter of 1917-1918. Greater foresight and a stronger concentration are necessary.

Allied victory in 1918 came nineteen months after the entry of the United

States into the war. The nineteenth month after the entry of the United States into this war will be July, 1943. But the decisive time of preparation with the full participation of the United States now must be this winter campaign of 1942-1943.

The first two winter campaigns of World War II, the campaigns of 1939-1940 and 1940-1941, were by far less costly and difficult than the first two German winter campaigns of World War I. But the winter campaigns of 1941-1942 and 1942-1943 were and will be incomparably tougher than those of the First World War. In general it may be said that the measure of German exhaustion in four winter campaigns of the Second World War will be about the same as in the four winter campaigns of the First World War.

SINCE the fall of 1941, Hitler has lost his stride. The fact that there is a war of attrition already means a strategic failure of the Third Reich. Blitzkrieg meant a strategy which divested the enemy of the



possibilities of developing its entire power, and on the other hand was also the effort to save Germany from the risks of a war of attrition. It was thus that all German campaigns of the Second World War were planned—beginning with the rape of Poland—and through the invasion of the Soviet Union. In July, 1941, in the fourth week of the German-Russian war, the German General von Hasse wrote:

"Surprise and speed are the pre-eminent characteristics of German tactics in all the campaigns of this war. The suddenness and the impact of the first attack are to surprise and paralyze the enemy."



This photograph taken somewhere on the Russian front last winter shows Hitler's invincible soldiers huddling close together after their capture by the Red Army.



Moscow strikes back. The Russian machine-gunners were photographed in the firing line west of Moscow, as they were slowly pressing the Germans back.

W. Winter

A noted military expert outlines the plan which the Allies must follow in order to turn the winter of 1942-'43 into the last winter campaign of the war.



Frostbitten, hungry, frightened, these German soldiers who were taken prisoner in Russia last winter may tell a thing or two about Russian climate to those of their comrades who are about to fight the winter campaign of 1942-'43. They too trusted the Fuehrer.

Photos by International

But in Russia this method failed. The war in Russia was prolonged into a winter campaign which Hitler endeavored to avoid at all costs. The 1941 German war-plans set the goal of defeating the Soviet Union before the beginning of winter. Hitler made known this goal in his famed "proclamation to the troops" on October 2, 1941.

So firmly convinced was the leadership of the Wehrmacht that this plan must succeed—and on the other hand so great were the difficulties of a winter campaign in Russia—that the Wehrmacht was not at all prepared for a winter war. After the catastrophe of the first winter campaign in Russia struck the Wehrmacht, Hitler knew that now another winter campaign in Russia would be unavoidable. He attacked in Russia in the summer of 1942 in the shadow of the Damocles sword of the coming new winter war.

BEFORE US we now have the experiences of the German winter campaigns of 1941-1942. The crisis of the German conduct of the war did not consist of the German soldier's unpreparedness for the climatic conditions of the Russian winter, nor in his being unsuited for them. The sufferings of German soldiers were of no interest to Hitler militarily. But important militarily, in the winter campaign, is the failure of the German war-machine for offensive purposes. This upset the entire German war plan, convulsed the German strategy and gave the entire war a new trend. There was a single German military expert who already at the beginning of 1939 saw the failure of the Wehrmacht in the winter campaigns in Russia. This man was an otherwise little known Captain Schoeneich, who in January of 1939 wrote: (Please turn to page 92)



Dr. Goebbels asked Hitler's subjects to contribute "any kind of warm clothing." He got just that. The two Germans in the photograph are shown wearing women's woolen gowns over their overcoats.

Excerpts from "perhaps the most sensational book that has come out of Germany since the beginning of the war"

Last Train

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

LIKE an army, civilian morale moves on its stomach. And the better part of a high national spirit is a well-filled national pantry. These are axioms which cannot be stated unconditionally. For other factors may enter into the complex, such as a growing sense of the righteousness or wrongness of the cause one is fighting for, and destroy the consistent relationship between food and morale. Take Loyalist Spain, Britain and Russia as examples. There, in war, morale actually moved in inverse ratio to supplies of foodstuffs; as food supplies went down, morale moved in the opposite direction: upward.

But regarding Nazi Germany, the axioms fit as snugly as Goering's tunic. In Germany, there had been no disturbing factor such as a clear conscience among the broad masses of the people regarding their leader's acts. I do not mean what Germans say about their government's actions. I mean what they feel deep down inside about them. Just as eternal boasting is a sign of some weakness in the make-up of a bully, so constant drum-beating to attest innocence, repeated protestations of guiltlessness, are a sign the drum-beater doesn't quite believe his own case, or that he is convincing anyone else of it.

Why does each and every one of Hitler's speeches follow the same, monotonous pattern of nine-tenths reviewing the wrongs done to Germany by the world,

These excerpts from "Last Train from Berlin" are reprinted by special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Publishers.

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In order to give you these graphic pages from "Last Train from Berlin," which presents a startling profile of changed Germany, we have postponed this month's chapter of our Profile of Changing America.

and one-tenth threats aimed at cowering opponents? The answer is that the nine-tenths are meant for the German people whom the Nazis distrust, and who distrust, deep down inside, the Nazis. The fact that the Fuehrer feels called upon to repeat the same pathetic story with the same pitiful ear-scraping screams of righteous indignation each time he enters the forum is proof of nothing more nor less than that he doesn't quite believe his people believe him.

Or why does Ribbentrop lock up a vast staff of office-workers in the upper rooms of the Adlon Hotel before each new act of aggression, to prepare mountains of documents proving Germany was not menacing, but menaced, when he knows the outside world does not believe him: obviously, he must try to convince the German people. As loudly and voluminously as possible he must deluge them with paper evidence to convince them that their national conscience is clear.

WHEN British troops entered Syria, Iraq and Iran; when American troops joined in the occupation of Iceland, there were no theatrical performances accompanied by carloads of documents, no in-

cessant tub-thumping for weeks afterwards by a uniform press to drive the conviction in. There were official statements, brief and frank. But Hitler and Ribbentrop cannot let matters rest at that. The characteristic difference between Axis and Allied propaganda is one I have already indicated. The German propagandists are still, after nine years of power, or three of war, pounding the moral tomtom; still emphasizing Germany's righteousness in fighting the world. Allied propaganda seldom, if ever, touches on this question; it deals only with the technical question of how this thing we all know is bad can be crushed. Although every Allied statesman fears being called on the carpet by his people regarding possible failures in the technical question, none fears being called to account on the moral one. But every German leader does.

In this frame of mind, to Germans bread—and by this I mean the symbol for food, clothing, shelter; all the things human beings live by and with—is axiomatically the principal constituent of morale. In war, the principal element of the Hitler Myth for me had been, of course, Hitler's phenomenal military triumphs. In peace, the most disturbing element was the success with which Hitler maintained home consumption economics; and this, not even the shocks of war seriously influenced. Despite the inevitable strain on consumption economics his rearmament program and his campaign entailed, the home front continued to be enigmatically and disturbingly well provided. Food and clothing were not exciting; they were, like morale, indifferent. But what was surprising in view of the circumstances was that they, again like morale, were not at all bad.



The result of early sell-outs in Berlin was that the rush hours shifted up to midday and finally to morning, when housewives gathered outside the shops.

from Berlin

BY HOWARD K. SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Butter was not abundant, but it was sufficient. A goodly slab of meat, a medium-sized *Schnitzel* or a couple of long fat sausages were available before the war for almost every meal; and after the beginning of the war for a smaller but not insufficient number of meals. This, garnished with carrots, beans and potatoes, constituted a normal repast; thereto a crock of beer or a bottle of good Moselle wine. For a people engaged in a life-or-death war, in which absolutely everything was in the scales, the German people for two years of war ate amazingly well.

UNTIL the Great Watershed. The quality of things declined perceptibly and automatically from the first day of the Russian campaign. Then quantities of things were cut into. Two months after the outbreak, these two developments seemed to gain speed in a downward direction. And by the time Dr. Dietrich had "conquered" Timoshenko's armies, a spiral had begun. The old charm had been broken. . . . Scarcity, with vengeance laden by postponement, set in. By the time I left Germany, I could honestly report for the first time that *the German people are undernourished*.

During the long years of apparent Nazi prosperity, accounting for the existence of that visible well-being was difficult, for the Myth discouraged any attempt at reasonable explanation. One simply had to accept it as magic. Now that the mirage of the supernatural has been swept away by one circumstance after another, it is not hard, in retrospect, to divine the grounds for it. For two years of war Germany staved off the diminishing of supplies and the decay of capital equipment which processed supplies, by rapid acquisition of the supplies of her neighbors by quick blows, which because of their speed were relatively painless for the German people. The conquest of France, for instance, yielded a wide-open treasure chest to the German civil population. The German troops simply pilfered the contents of the rich boulevard shops of Paris and the well-stocked pantries and the wine-cellars of the French countryside. . . .

Whether the recklessness with which the High Command laid bare these conquered riches to its soldiers, and in more generous measure, to its officers, was moral or not is beside the point. The main consideration is that this was a strategic mistake. It hastened the exhaustion of these resources. A wiser, more gradual exploitation might have made them last twice as long, or longer. But they apparently felt the need to let their people enjoy the fruits of victory in a hurry and a-plenty. At any rate, by the time the Russian war began, Germany was already actually scraping the bottom of Europe's economic bin (which, doubtless, is one reason why the Russian war began). Too ruthless, too haphazard an

exploitation had drained the wrecked losers dry.

To prepare his troops for the grand attack, to carry out the *Aufmarsch* of his forces against the Russian border, Hitler no longer had the coffers of food, fuel and textiles of the enslaved nations to draw from. Further, the Russian front was longer and better defended than the border of almost any nation he had saved the world from hitherto; it required far more soldiers (it is estimated that the Russian campaign required double the number of soldiers which fought in the West) than any other campaign up until that time.

That Hitler's armies should eventually have to suck at the bungholes of their last, long-spared reservoir—Germany itself—was inevitable. Take the prime example of meat: Once, when I was writing a feature for one of my broadcasts on how such a gigantic aggregation of men as an army is supplied, the Propaganda Ministry prepared a little hand-out for me in which it was stated that a single army consumes in a single day one hundred head of slaughtered livestock. In view of its source and the nature of the information, the figure can be accepted as reliable. Now, a conservative estimate of the number of German armies operating on the Eastern Front is twenty. There are probably, in reality, half as many more. But even on this estimate, this means a drain on livestock supplies as high as two thousand head each day for the Russian campaign. Thus, at the end of eight weeks, ninety-six thousand head had been drawn away mainly from Germany's own stock. By the time of Dr. Dietrich's visit to Berlin the number had reached two hundred and sixteen thousand. And by the day the civilians of Rostov threw the S. S. out of that city and initiated the Great Retreat, the figure had reached almost three hundred and fifty thousand head of good German livestock! That they were mainly German is certain. Innumerable stories written by the soldier-reporters of the Nazi *Propaganda-Kompanie* testified that the Russians were the first of Hitler's opponents who left nothing, absolutely nothing, behind in their retreat.

THE effect on supplies for the German home-front was immediate. For the first two years of the war the German meat ration had been five hundred grammes per person per week. That amounts to about five steaks, a little bigger than medium-size, each week. At the beginning of the Russian campaign, the government announced the first cut in German rations since the outbreak of war—a reduction of meat rations to four hundred grammes a week.

The war dragged on beyond schedule, and another cut became necessary. But an official reduction was never made. From a source in the Nazi food ministry, whose reliability cannot be doubted, I



I sat in the station restaurant (at Basle, Switzerland), gawking. . . . The menu was filled with entrees and desserts.

learned that the food ministry had determined to introduce the cut, lopping off another fifty grammes, leaving the total ration at 350 grammes a week. And if the campaign lasted much longer, this too was to be reduced by another fifty grammes.

The propaganda ministry . . . always in touch with trends in popular sentiment, interceded and protested that another official reduction would have an extremely bad effect on morale and hasten the decline that had already set in. By this time Goebbels was already faced with the decline in morale, and had begun those now-famous "explanatory editorials" in *Das Reich*. . . .

The solution to the meat problem was eventually settled by compromise—and here we have another typical Nazi "solution" to a given problem. The cut would be made. But it simply would not be announced. Appearances would thus be maintained, and the two parties concerned satisfied; only the people were left out of consideration. So, while there was no official announcement, less meat was delivered to butchers' shops and to restaurants. In restaurants, for a one-hundred-gramme meat coupon, the chef simply dealt out an eighty-gramme piece of meat.

But even this could not be maintained. Food supplies were not, to use a figure, walking down a staircase; they were sliding down a chute, and a very slippery one. More reductions were introduced in the same manner, until they passed the limit of imperceptibility, until it became obvious that it was not the chef who was depriving you, but the government. Restaurants not only reduced the quantity of their servings, but in the first days of autumn began to run out of meat altogether before the end of serving time. In order to maintain appearances, the Hotel Kaiserhof began the practice of issuing a menu with two meat dishes on it, when the kitchen actually could serve but one. Just before noon, the hour when law permitted serving to begin, the waiters would simply visit each table and run a pencil mark through the second dish on the menu as though it *had* been available but too many orders had exhausted the sup-

ply. The stragem fool at least half the clientele, that half which came after one o'clock and thus had no reason to doubt appearances. The poor butchers had no such simple way out; they could only shrug their shoulders and point at empty counters when customers came in after the sell-out. The result of early sell-outs was that the rush hours gradually shifted up to midday and finally to early morning, when housewives gathered outside the shops before opening time.

Just before I left Berlin I had an opportunity to make a statistical measurement of that stage in the progressive reductions. I was sitting with a group of correspondents and petty officials of the Propaganda Ministry in the Press Club on Leipziger Platz, where the healthiest rations in all Berlin were served. The meat course was served, and the little officials set up their evening howl at the tiny blobs of meat on their plates. The size of the portions was actually a little better than the standard for all Berlin. But the bureaucrats demanded justice and scales. They would weigh the portions. The waiter, noticing me, a foreigner, said there were no scales. But one grouser, who had been down in the kitchen during an air-raid one night, had seen scales and could tell him where the scales were. So, reluctantly, the waiter produced the scales and the various portions were weighed. Each was exactly forty grammes. A little simple mathematics yields the result that in five months the German meat ration of five hundred grammes a week had dropped to 160 grammes a week. I think it is not an exaggeration to say that for the mass of the German people, five months of war in Russia had cost them *four-fifths* of their weekly meat ration!

It is not as easy to measure other foodstuffs. The quality of fats, for instance, is so elastic that its nutritive value can be reduced by dilution to a great extent before the change becomes perceptible—a device which the food ministry took full advantage of regarding cooking fats, lard and oil. In the long run this can only be noticed by its bad effect on

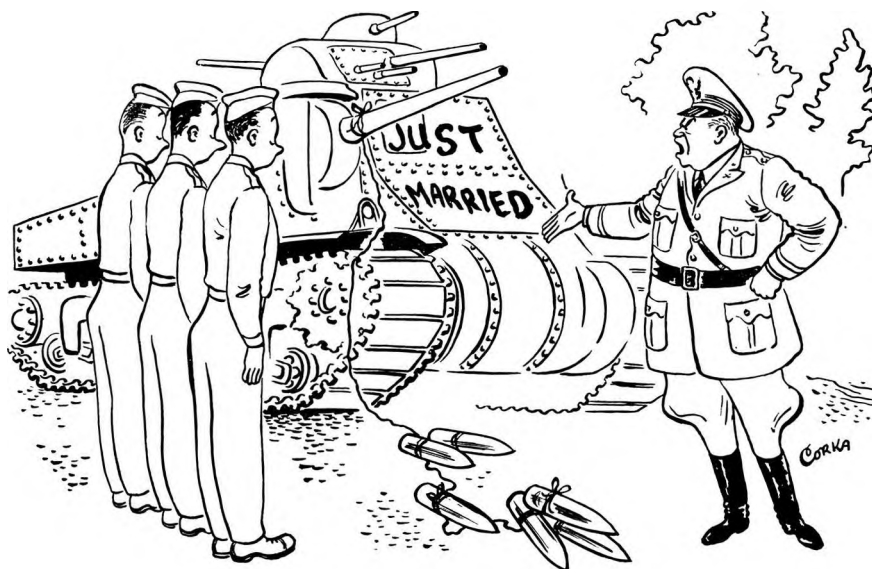
the health and strength of the people, which eventually made itself visible. But the fact that dilution was occurring became obvious before this effect set in, for the Eastern Front drained away already scarce fats so quickly that swift and large reductions had to be made within a very short period, and the stage of perceptibility was entered early after the beginning of the campaign. I experienced it personally twice, and had to abandon the relatively good meals of the Press Club on its own doorstep a few minutes after I had eaten them.

After the second occasion, I began having my meals in my apartment most of the time, eating meat imported from Switzerland and butter from Denmark. On one occasion a German friend who ate this food at my table grew nauseated and ill because, she said, the fat was too rich and plentiful for her constitution after having survived on German fats for two years. The fact is, that the only decent fats in Germany are shipped off to the East for the troops. What civilian food is prepared with is a weak *Ersatz*, which is made by filtering restaurant rubbish in a special contrivance all restaurants have been forced to install in their kitchens. It is given flavor by addition of chemicals.

Most foodstuffs become worse and less in stages. But the main constituent of the German diet, the very staff of German life, potatoes, disappeared with alarming suddenness one day in early autumn. This was the most serious deficiency of all. For potatoes are to Germans what bread is to Americans and spaghetti to Italians. Germans eat twice as many potatoes as Britons, and thrice as many as Americans. Throughout the entire war there had been a superabundance of potatoes in Germany. At the beginning of the war all restaurants were required to post little signs on their walls offering second and third helpings of potatoes, without extra charge, to patrons who felt they had not had enough to eat. That patrons took advantage of this arrangement is evinced by an official statement that consumption of potatoes has gone up about twenty per cent since the beginning of the war. Potatoes were, in short, the last and most reliable line of reserve on which the food ministry always knew it could fall back. . . . But one day the unexpected happened, and there was not a single potato in all Berlin.

THE potato crisis had but little to do with the Russian war. It was just another one of the many circumstances that "ganged up" against Hitler. The reason for the scarcity was not martial but meteorological. The summer had been brief and unusually wet, and autumn unusually cold. The incessant rains took a heavy toll of the crop; then the early cold made it impossible to remove the potatoes from earth-pits to be transported to cities, for they would freeze before they could be moved, or before the pits could be closed again. The Nazis claim only about five per cent of the crop was lost; but the actual figure, according to my friend in the food ministry, was over thirty per cent.

To housewives who had watched all their other shopping items dwindle, the sudden disappearance of this thing they thought they could always rely on was a



"And what's more, it isn't even very funny."

severe shock. For almost two weeks there were no potatoes in Berlin. It was at this time that the government cut passenger schedules on the railways and began using heated third-class railway coaches for transporting potatoes to consumption centers. Even after this, however, supplies were scanty and the quality of the potatoes bad, and ration-cards for potatoes were introduced, something no German would have thought possible!

OTHER vegetables came to count as luxuries. Tomatoes were rationed too for a while, then disappeared altogether to canning factories, where they could be preserved and sent to the Eastern Front.

The new situation taxed the ingenuity of housewives. In order to get two different vegetables from the markets on one day, they invented the system of "rotating queues," whereby one woman could stand in two lines at one time. The scheme operated this way: Frau Schmidt reached the market early in the morning and got a place in the potato line, the most important of them all. She immediately set about making friends with Frau Mueller behind her. When relations were cemented and an oral pact made, Frau Mueller agreed to hold Frau Schmidt's place in the potato line while the latter went over to the carrot line and repeating the procedure, succeeding in inducing Frau Hinkel to hold her place while she returned to the potato line in order to hold Frau Mueller's position, while Frau Mueller went over to the carrot line. At length Frau Schmidt's turn for potatoes arrived; and after she had bought her potatoes, she rushed over to take her position, by now at the head, in the carrot line. Thus, and thus alone, could one buy two vegetables. Of course the scheme was eventually prohibited by the police. . . .

Lesser amenities of life followed the same pattern of decline: first, dilution of quality, then decreases in quantity, which continued until many commodities disappeared altogether. The little two-by-one-half-inch cake of soap one got to keep one's person clean each month yielded perceptibly less lather each distribution period, a development which was registered not only in the qualities of the soap itself, but also by the increasingly bad odor in crowded subways, trams and in theaters. Cosmetics disappeared. Tooth-paste was chalk and water with weak peppermint flavoring, and a tube of it hardened into cement unless used rapidly. *Ersatz* foods flourished. Icing for the few remaining pastries tasted like a mixture of saccharine, sand and cheap perfume. White bread was issued after the third month of the campaign only on the ration cards formerly for pastry. A red-colored paste resembling salmon in color and soggy sawdust in taste, appeared in restaurants on meatless days. Several strange bottled sauces made of incredible combinations of acid-tasting chemicals made their appearance in shops to answer the public's growing demand for something to put a taste of some kind in their unattractive and scanty meals. . . .

I want to emphasize that all these scarcities and absolute disappearances of things was not spread over two and a half years of war. They came all at once. In five months the face of Germany's supply



"Can you unfreeze my funds?"

situation changed with a swiftness that was staggering. The only figure which describes it was one I have used—a dizzy, downward spiral.

Clothing offers one of the best examples of this rapid decline. All through the war, clothing was not good, but one had no difficulty in getting one's allotted number of "points" worth, as allowed by the annual ration-card. This was still true at the beginning of the Russian war. But by the time the Germans entered Kiev, clothing rationing had become purely theoretical. Clothing simply ceased to exist, to borrow the term the High Command was then applying to the Russian armies. In show-windows all-important appearances were kept up; the windows were full of fine shirts, red pajamas, striped socks and real woolen sweaters. But the give-away was an inconspicuous little card down in the corner of the window which stated the contents of the window might not be sold until decorations were changed. Decorations simply did not change. In June, I put in a bid at one shop for a pair of those red pajamas. When I left Germany six months later, decorations—i.e., my pajamas—still had not changed.

Inside, shops were empty. Shelves were stone-bare. There was nothing, except a lone, worried salesman, who was always sorry but if you would come back next week, perhaps new stocks which had been ordered would have arrived. About shoes, the Nazis were frank. At the very beginning of the campaign, they issued a leaflet to each family in Berlin explaining that civilians could expect no more shoes; all leather was needed for the soldiers. The leaflets did state, however, that "special conditions" might justify the granting of a permit to buy shoes; but nobody in my rather large circle of acquaintances ever discovered what these special conditions were. My charwoman, who walked in shoes held together by packing cord, the bottoms stuffed with cardboard—her only shoes—could not discover the conditions after three applications to the authorities for a new pair.

The next blow was to the shoe-repair shops. The authorities stopped delivering

leather to most of them, and they had to close. The population had to concentrate on the few remaining ones, which were soon overworked and began turning down new orders. As their leather allotments from the government were not commensurately increased, the cobblers who remained open eventually had to resort to wood for heels on women's shoes, and merely tacking small wedges of old leather on the worn-out spots on men's shoes, instead of replacing the whole heel or sole. The Nazi government's "corporation" for leather (a government bureau manned by the biggest shoe industrialists, similar to all the German *Wirtschaftsgruppen*) had already ordered semi-experimental production of shoes made of straw, wood and glass, but these materials were in such short supply that shoes produced from them soon became unobtainable, as the materials were needed for more important branches of production. . . .

The third traditional category of things essential to man after food and clothing—shelter—too, has entered a pre-crisis stage. . . .

LIKE the "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," the whole Nazi contrivance seemed to have been precisely so constructed, that it would run along nicely without a single complaint until one fine day the whole thing and all its parts would go to pot at once—the axle would break, the tongue and the bridle, and every screw and spoke decay all at once. Berlin had one of the best municipal transport systems in the world. It is now a crippled shadow of its former self. Buses which had groaned successfully through years of hard labor suddenly, *en masse*, stopped running. There was nobody to repair them, no parts to repair them with, and petrol was too scarce for their old inefficient highly absorbent motors. Trams jolted to dead stops and had to be hauled off to terminals to wait, like everything else, for the end of the war for repairs. One bus or tram-line was discontinued after another. . . .

The economic situation inside the Hitler household has become dismal. All the little things that make life pleasant have disappeared. (Please turn to page 102)

U. S. Today



(This story is continued from page 43) a turn. "He's delivering gas to a filling-station, isn't he? All right, we drive in right behind him and get ours. They can't say they haven't got any when we saw it come." The truck turned sharp right onto a dirt road. "He's taking the short-cut over to Route Eleven. There's a filling-station right where the dirt road comes out."

"But we're going away from home," I began doubtfully.

"All in a good cause." Babs took the turn and bounced us down over the culvert. The car followed a soft road which ran across a swampy stretch and then plunged into woods that met overhead. Bright patches of sky were visible through the leaves, but a kind of twilight lay like a carpet on the gravel. The truck led us on. Suddenly, without any warning, our engine coughed a little, and the car rolled to a standstill. Far ahead the bouncing tail of the truck vanished around the bend. We were alone.

Across Eileen, Babs and I looked at each other.

"Well, we're out of gas," Babs said. "I guess we're not as smart as we thought we were."

A late bird gave forth a few high notes in the treetops and then was still. It began to seem very lonely indeed.

"Something's coming," Eileen peered nervously down the road.

Around the bend, so recently left vacant by the truck, a small car was coming on. It was driven by a lone soldier. He stopped, his fender almost against our own. He was sandy-haired and quite undistinguished-looking except for his eyes, which were of a blazing blue and had a laugh in them.

"Hey," he said, "would you mind pulling out of the road so I can get by?"

"Sorry—we're stuck," Babs smiled.

He studied the situation. "I'll give you a shove." He nudged our car to the side of the road.

"Thanks." By this time I was standing by his running-board. "Would you mind taking me along to a garage or at least a telephone?" It would be better for me to go with the stranger, and the two others to remain together.

He cast what I thought was a somewhat disappointed glance at the girls; then he leaned over and opened the door. I climbed in and we drove off.

"I'm real pleased to meet up with you," the soldier said. His name, I had found out, was Michael. "Matter of fact, I'm sort of whistling to keep up the old courage, and I hate doing it alone."

"What's the matter?" I looked up in some surprise at this tawny boy who sat so tall beside me.

"I went home on a couple of days' furlough to see my grandmother." He

explained she had given him this car. "I was supposed to report back for duty early this morning."

"Oh, dear," I said, as he paused.

"But you don't know my grandmother. She's just a little bit of a thing, but she's awfully determined. She isn't going to have her boy 'all wore out.' She took away the alarm-clock while I was asleep, so I never woke up till almost noontime."

I did not answer. I was thinking about Grandma and her little scheme and all the invisible cobwebs set up by affection, through which men so often have to break to reach their posts of duty.

"Golly!" We swerved to avoid a turtle placidly crossing the road. A car coming the other way had missed it by inches. The turtle, the coupé, the driver, were a single picture in my mind as we drove on. And then I sat up stiffly.

"Wait, that man in the car—" I told Michael about the horrible man. "He was watching the girls while we got a rootbeer in a roadhouse this morning. I'm sorry," I finished, "but I've simply got to get out and go back."

"We'll both go back." He was already turning the car. "I'm A.W.O.L. anyhow. Protecting the girls will give me a really good excuse."

MICHAEL saw it first. "Good God-frey," he said, "what happened?"

Another car stood beside our own, but it wasn't that that caught my vision. It was Babs bending over something by the side of the road. My heart stopped. Eileen? No, there was Eileen sitting on the running-board. Hearing us, Babs stood up, distress all over her face. The boy named Michael and I reached the fallen figure in almost the same instant. It was the man in the checked coat and the arty green slacks.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Did a car hit him?"

"I hit him," Babs said excitedly.

"But he's out like a light!" Michael was plainly unconvinced.

"Well, I didn't mean to hurt him. Honest, Mother, I didn't. Honest, it wasn't my fault."

"He must have followed us," Eileen put in. "He just came down the road and stopped and got right out and—"

"And he poked his goofy old face right in over the door at me, and here Eileen's having a baby and everything. Oh! 'Scuse me!" She looked meekly at Michael.

"Think nothing of it." Michael's face relaxed into a grin.

"So I gave him a push. I had no idea he'd go over so easy. I guess he hit his head on something. He just lay there with his eyes closed, like in a movie. I dragged him over here to the grass so he'd be more comfortable." Babs' voice dropped to a worried note. "You don't think he's dead, do you?"

At this moment the man rolled his head and opened his eyes. They were yellowish and devoid of expression, yet menacing, like those of a snake. He saw Babs, looming over him. He closed them with a groan.

"I bet a bird like this has got an extra can or two of gas cached somewhere." Michael was poking around the coupé as he spoke. He lifted the back.

"I thought so. Two five-gallon cans, both full. Here's where we take one."

"All right. But I'm going to leave the money for it." I counted out a little pile of coins from my purse then went around and put them beside the remaining tin. I smiled up at Michael passing with the can in his hand. "I'm fussy whom I'm indebted to," I said.

Michael emptied the tin into our tank and put it back. "And now," he said, "we better get this guy into his car." He put his foot out. "On your feet!" The man opened his eyes heavily; then recognizing a uniform, he got up groggily.

"How do you feel?" Babs studied him anxiously. "All right now?"

"Don't you worry about him." Michael propelled him toward the car. The man climbed, grumbling, under the wheel. Michael reached in and snapped on the head and rear lights. "Just in case," he said.

We all walked back together to our car, where Eileen was sitting—looking, I noticed, a little drawn. This had been quite a day for her. We must get home now. Michael, Babs and I smiled at each other. It had been us against the intruder.

"Gee, it was swell of you to come back." Babs was all friendliness. "The good old U. S. Army! Always there in case of need."

"We have a boy in the Service too," I put in. "Haven't we?"

Eileen's thin hand lay against the side of the car and I placed mine on it.

"Oh, yeah?" Michael's glance at Eileen was full of quick sympathy. "What outfit?" We told him. "We might meet up some time."

"If you do," I said, "be sure to tell him how you protected the women of his family." We got into the car. "Good-bye now, and thanks for everything."

Michael stood with his hand on the door next to Babs.

"About that 'case of need'," he said, "from what I've seen around here, you don't need us men much. You can pretty well take care of yourself."

"Oh, sure. But—" Babs turned her brown eyes toward his. "Well, all the same—we miss you!"

She started the car; we drove away.

AND then we were going into our own driveway. While Babs put up the car. I walked slowly to the house with Eileen. At my suggestion, she went upstairs to lie down. I entered the living-room. I confess my nerves were badly shaken. It was not only the sense of danger met, although that had left a tremor behind it; it was also the sense of change, a realization of how fast our men were moving into action, and of how girls of Babs' age really might have to take care of themselves for a long, long time.

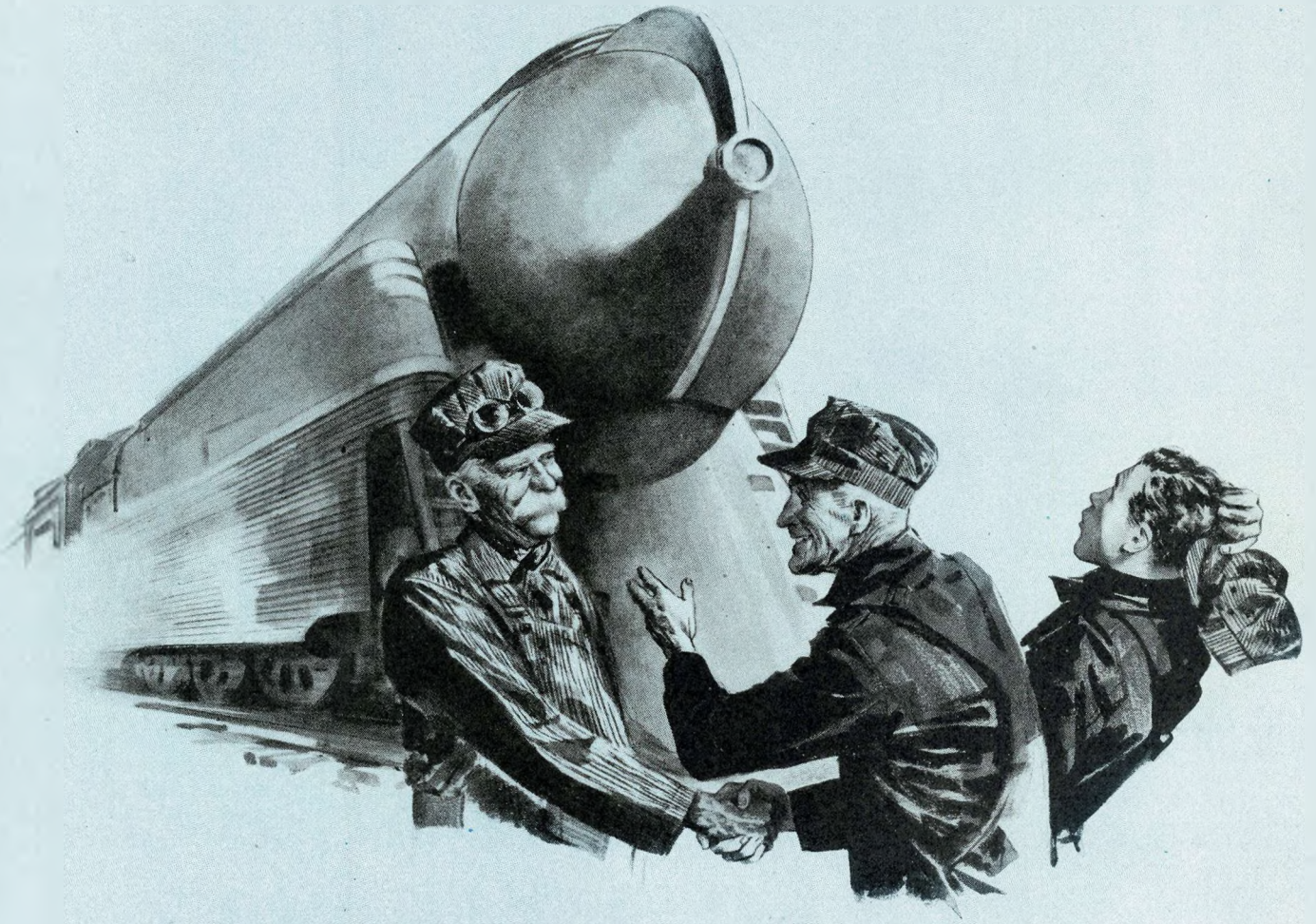
I found Ed peacefully reading his paper to the accompaniment of the baseball news over the radio. As I dropped into my chair, he glanced up.

"Have fun?" he asked with casual kindness. "Anything happen?"

Did anything happen? I opened my mouth to speak, but at that moment Babs wandered in.

"Oh, nothing special, my pet," she said. "Oh, yes, I forgot. We bought you your gas!" She leaned across him to spin the radio dial, yawning slightly.

How American it is... to want something better!



IT'S PRETTY GRAND, you know, to live in a country that's forever hunting "something better." A more efficient locomotive is hardly through its tests till someone's working on a better one. A new record in turning out ships is topped the next week.

But this hunt by energetic America for *something better* doesn't stop with the *big* things. A better recipe, for instance, or a better screw-driver, or a better movie "packs 'em in." That's part of what *makes* America!

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked... is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, that has been discovered and *approved* by many. So many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better*?" is on every tongue, it has become...



America's largest selling Ale



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

"Here's a pointer on good living... Happy Blending makes Thanksgiving!"



Roast turkey, dressing, ice cream, pie,
With raisins, nuts, and fruit heaped high—
Man, what a treat Thanksgiving brings—
A Happy Blend of ALL good things!

That's just what CALVERT offers, too—
A feast of *whiskey* traits for you!
A Happy Blend of qualities
That's tops for holidays like these!



You know, ALL whiskey traits don't click;
Some get along—some fight and kick;
So CALVERT shuns conflicting traits
And weds just friendly, *happy* mates!



Add CALVERT to your feast-day treat,
In cocktail, highball, punch, or neat—
This mellow harvest of the best
Will win the thanks of host and guest!



Clear Heads Choose

Calvert

The whiskey with the
"Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

How to Conquer Worry



(This article is continued from page 57) back to the older law of "an eye for an eye." And so also we do in regard to war; and while part of us accept this as a necessity, another part holds ourselves to blame, and we are tormented by a deep sense of guilt for having transgressed.

In the deepest recesses of our minds we fear that we may be punished even by the death of the loved object who fights. The more highly responsible we feel to a code of ethics, the more likely this feeling of guilt is to be strong in us. In the fighting of a war (aside from its objectives), the clock of civilization has been stopped for a while. And we, like the soldier, must learn to serve our country in an older and more direct way.

But before a philosophy can be developed, there are certain practical things to be done, and they can be just as specific as the routine for any other type of re-education. . . .

If a high sense of purpose is demanded of those who fight, it is, indeed, demanded also of us; and however large or small each man's contribution is, it is his contribution to the progress of the race. Once we would have been told that "he also serves who only stands and waits." And that is true often, but it is not good advice to one whose worry is about the life of his or her child or husband. An elderly friend wrote from London that in spite of the terrors of the bombing, it was a great comfort to feel that he was also on the firing line and could at least be active. I think many of us would feel that way.

But after all our devices have been used, there will still be left an inevitable load of distress—inevitable and normal. And to meet this, is necessary to summon our religion and our philosophy. We must face that lurking fear that perhaps the price we pay for freedom is too dear. The mother of five boys consoled herself with the knowledge that war would not be as terrible for them as a concentration-camp. And we know that that is true.

The question is not, after all, solely what we think about the war, but what the boy thinks of it. Emerson has said in four brief lines something that we should have graven on our hearts:

*Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."*

And it has been truly said that life itself is impoverished when it may not be risked.

Whether our consolation be in religion or philosophy, in the end it will be we ourselves who stand or fall. For meeting the dangers of our loved ones with courage and resolution, we share in their experiences and build in them a faith and love in us which is only possible when they feel that we appreciate the necessity for the sacrifice they may have to make.



There'll Always be Beauty

(This story is continued from page 30) in a foreign country, to tell fairy-tales than sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon. 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' They ought to have sung it. *Loudly.* The Babylonians would have been most interested."

She was walking up and down, excitedly waving the letter, talking in that rapid un-English way that always slightly annoyed Rosa, even though Joy was the creature she loved best on earth.

"I don't feel I can undertake it, Joy," she said wearily. "I know nothing about theatrical work."

"Don't answer the letter till tomorrow," said Joy. "Sleep on it." This was her invariable advice when she and Rosa disagreed. It gave her time to bring the older woman to her own point of view.

As Joy worked that morning, she sang under her breath, and her mind was bright with visions of fairyland. She saw wooden houses beside the water, and dancing peasants with ballooning skirts, with bright handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and trolls running out of a door in the snow mountain behind the village. Gradually the colors fitted themselves into a sort of patchwork quilt before her eyes. In the background pale blues and greens, the blue of shadow on snow, the green of the fairy folk, and in the foreground the dancing peasants, a brilliant kaleidoscope of color, marigold-orange and mallow-purple and poppy-red.

"I suppose we aren't allowed actually to *design* the costumes?" she said to Rosa. "I suppose the designer of the scenery does that? I wonder who he is."

"Whoever he is, I don't doubt you could get him under your thumb!"

"Then you've decided to accept this order?" asked Joy.

"You have," said Rosa. And then she chuckled dryly. "I am quite aware, Joy, who it is who has been making the decisions in this establishment just lately."

Joy dropped her work and flushed hotly. "Rosa!" she cried in reproach.

"I'm not reproaching you," said Rosa. "I've been glad to have them made for me. This war has separated the sheep from the goats, the young from the old. Age isn't a question of years. If you can still have faith in the future, you're young. If you can't, you're old. . . . I'm old. . . . Decisions have to do with the future, and I want no more of them."

"You're not feeling ill, Rosa, are you?" asked Joy in consternation.

"Not in the least," said Rosa. "But life's too hard nowadays. I'm fed up."

There was pity in Joy's heart as she went on stitching, but at the same time a slight loss of respect for the woman she had always revered. Whatever happened, one ought not to be fed up. That man out in the streets, that battered man who had fought in almost every country in Europe,

was not fed up. . . . She wondered what sort of picture he had drawn around that bloodstain.

When she went home that evening, she saw it; a brown boat with a red sail upon a wine-dark sea. "A scene in the Aegean," he told her. "Had a good day?"

"It was a dull day for my fingers, but a good day inside my head," said Joy. "I was making a gray dress with black trimming for an old lady who hasn't realized that the older you get, the gayer your clothes ought to be. But in my head I was designing costumes for a ballet. I wish you could design the scenery."

"Very well, I will," said the artist. "But I think somebody else is doing it!" laughed Joy.

"No harm in my doing it too," said the artist. "I've designed stacks of scenery in my day. What sort of ballet?"

She told him about it, and lingered so long listening to his descriptions of Norwegian fjords that the shadows deepened in the streets and the sky turned from smoky blue to dusky orange.

"Time you went home," he said at last. "Where do you live, by the way?"

She told him, but she did not ask him where he lived himself. She guessed that his nightly lodging might vary with the state of his finances, and she had already had experience of his pride. But she did ask him his name. "Matthieu Cellois," he replied; and if she had been a painter, she might have recognized a name once well known among European artists.

NEXT day, for the first time in weeks, he was not at his accustomed pitch, and his pictures had been all washed away by rain in the night. It had been a fairly quiet night, but not wholly quiet; and even though London is so vast a city, she felt a little sinking of apprehension, as one always did nowadays when someone was not there; and she missed those brilliant notes of color on the pavement more than she would have believed possible. And the next day he was still not there, and she felt sick with fear for him. . . . But she posted the letter she had written in Rosa's name, accepting the order for ballet costumes, and she went on planning the dresses and making tentative sketches for them.

The next night they had the worst raid they had experienced yet. The other occupants of the house fled to the shelter, but Joy sat knitting alone in her room, which seemed more than ever like a bird's nest in a gale. It had never swung so wildly; the noise had never been so deafening; and her anxiety for Matthieu had shaken her nerve. There was a red glow of fire behind the drawn curtains, and for the first time in her life she was in the grip of real terror. Her hands shook so that she could not hold her knitting; and when she tried to obey Matthieu and sing,

her throat was so dry that no sound would emerge. Her panic seemed to her to go on for hours, though in reality it was only for a short while.

And then, just when she felt that she could not bear it any more, that her control must break, she heard during a lull in the racket the feet of a lame man stumbling on the stairs. She knew at once who it was, and a sudden lovely sense of joy and peace flooded her. She picked up her knitting again, and when he opened the door, she was dropping stitches fast and singing—an old song, an English folksong.

He came in with a cheery, "Good evening," carrying a portfolio under one arm, his leisurely movements a complete contrast to the urgency of his stampede up the stairs. He did not mention the raid, even though he must have passed through hell as he made his halting way through the streets to get to her. The inference was that this was merely a social call, having nothing to do with a man's instinct to protect the woman he loved from deadly danger. Joy accepted the convention, pulled up her best chair for him with a charming smile of experienced hospitality, set out the cigarettes with an air, and retrieved the ash-trays from beneath her bed, to which haven they had slithered from the mantelpiece during a particularly convulsive heaving of the house, quite as though that were the natural place for them to be.

"Fine moonlight night," said Matthieu conversationally.

"Delightful," said Joy. "Do you like Turkish or Egyptian? Sit down. What have you been doing with yourself these last two days?"

"Designing scenery for that ballet of yours," said Matthieu, holding a lighted match with a hand as steady as a rock, and not appearing to notice what hard work Joy had to keep her cigarette steady enough between her trembling lips and fingers to catch the flame. She was not really afraid now, but there was still this infuriating trembling of her body. And she was shaking, too, with the reaction of her anger. Here she had been worrying herself sick about him, while all the time he had been sitting quietly at home designing scenery! He might at least have chalked a message of reassurance on the pavement. But then of course he could not know that she had been crazy enough to fall in love with a pavement artist after a mere ten minutes' conversation.

"And I'm in a bit of a mess with it," continued Matthieu. "I've come for advice and assistance. Have you done the sketches for your costumes yet, so that we can compare them?"

Joy nodded, and fished them out from beneath her chest of drawers, whither they had slithered from the window-sill; and as she did so, hell broke loose again, and further conversation was impossible. Matthieu, grinning at her, spread them out on the table, his own beside them; and then, as they stood looking at them, he flung one arm round her. He had the strength of a colossus, she thought—his arm was like iron. They stood there laughing, though they could not hear each other's laughter, and looking at the bright defiant patchwork of color spread out upon the table. . . .

"Good," said Matthieu, when the next lull came. "You've a fine color sense and

plenty of imagination, but your anatomy is quite atrocious. Now let's get to work. We'll get these drawings coordinated by the time the All-Clear sounds."

THEY worked all night in their small corner of hell. They did not work very well, but they had not known it was possible to work at all under such conditions. It would not have been possible, but for the courage of the man beside her. Her courage was of the kind that gathers up the spirit into a taut hard armor of isolation, but his was of the type that expends itself in warmth and strength to the full radius to which the spirit of a man can reach.

Yet when the All-Clear had sounded, and the dawn had come, and Joy pulled back the curtains, he was the more exhausted of the two.

"I can't say I expected to live through this night," he said. "Did you?"

"Yes, I think I did," said Joy. "However frightened I am, I always expect to live."

"That's youth," said Matthieu, feeling his chin. "Have you a male lodger in this house whose razor I could borrow before he returns from the shelter? Somehow I always feel younger when I've had a shave."

"Old Mr. Dawson," said Joy. "And he keeps his shaving things in the bathroom on the first floor. While you're away, I'll get breakfast."

The gas had gone, of course; but she lit a bright and fragrant little fire with paper and cardboard and the cedar box that she kept her handkerchiefs in, and heated the coffee over it; and tidied the room and spread a gay checked cloth on the table, and set out biscuits and marmalade; and she washed her face and brushed her hair and painted her lips. When Matthieu returned, his tired face lit up. "There's a mess outside," he said, "but you've got a good answer here."

"Come with me to Rosa's," said Joy, when they had finished their breakfast and smoked the last of the cigarettes, and it was time for her to start out. "I'd like her to see those designs of yours."

It was a transparent lie, but she did not want him to leave her. He saw that she did not, and thanked God.

The walk through the streets took a long time, for Matthieu's progress was always slow, and many times the direct route was blocked by wreckage, and they had to find another; but his energy had returned with breakfast, and his amusing colorful talk kept Joy's thoughts off the sights about them. But in any case this man's life had now become her world; what moved beyond it had taken on the vague outline and muted murmuring of a fantastic dream.

Yet the dream turned to sharp nightmare when they reached the mews and found the house at one side of it a pile of ruins, and the narrow lane blocked by

fallen bricks. Beyond the mound they could see helmeted firemen moving in the cobbled yard, and the acrid smell of smoke had vanquished the familiar scent of the herbs. She was glad, then, of Matthieu's arm about her again, though she did not cry out at all.

"Stay here while I investigate," he said when she had steadied herself. "Stay here and think of the ballet till I come back."

She could not think of the ballet, of course, for she had not through long years learned to control her thoughts as he had. That secret of sane living, the direction of the attention at will, the one controlling the other as a rudder a boat, was not hers yet. She stayed where he had left her, and thought of Rosa.

"Rosa?" she whispered, when he came back.

"All right," he said quickly. "She wasn't in the house."

Joy sagged against the wall, white-faced and trembling. She loved Rosa, and the last ten minutes had been the worst of her life. She could not speak.

"Miss Macdanforth was not in the house," repeated Matthieu in a steady tone. "There was no one in the house last night."

Joy's wits began to return. "Then where was Rosa?" she asked hoarsely. "She never goes to a shelter; she always stays in her room, the way I do."

"This time, apparently, she did not," said Matthieu. "And a good thing too, for it's the private end of the house that has been knocked about, Joy. But not badly. It won't be much of a job to build it up again. The other end of the house is all right; I went in to see. In the upstairs room, by some miracle, the blast has spared the windows, and everything is in perfect order. There is a half-finished wedding dress lying on the table, and a note addressed to 'Joy.'"

His eyes held hers, bright and challenging, and she made a great effort to steady her shaking limbs. "Yes," she said, "Rosa was making a wedding dress."

"It is lying there half-finished," said Matthieu, and a harsh note that Joy had not heard before hardened his voice; and hardened her too, so that when she spoke again, it was with greater ease.

"Yes," she said. "I know."

"I repeat," said Matthieu, "that it is only half-finished." And this time his voice was very nearly contemptuous.

INSTANTLY Joy straightened her sagging figure and stood away from the wall. "Come along," she said. Her world was pitching and swaying about her, but she was aware all the same of Matthieu's sudden smile and the flash of respect in his eyes. And when his hand gripped her arm, the world steadied again, and each detail of the scene about her became clear-cut, hard, brilliant, as though seen beneath a microscope.

When they had climbed over the fallen masonry into the stable yard, she saw that he was right, and that it was only one end of the house that had suffered. The worst of the damage had been done next door. The blue front door was intact, with the tubs of geraniums on each side of it, and the sign of the briar-bush and the spinning-wheel hanging over it; and when they had mounted to the work-



"During my furlough I lost a bet."

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room, it all looked just as usual, except that instead of Rosa sitting in her usual place, there was that note lying on the table before her empty chair. It was addressed in Rosa's handwriting. Joy took it up and read it through. It bore the date of the day before, early closing day, when she had said good-bye to Rosa at one o'clock, and had not seen her again. Rosa had been very quiet all that morning, she remembered. Joy had to read it several times before the sense of it got through to her bewildered brain. . . .

Rosa's letter said:

"My dear, I'm through. I can't face another of these raids. I can't live any longer in this world of bombs and tumult and insanity. It's not my world. I'm taking the night train north. I'm going back to the Isle of Skye, Eilean Sgiathanach, where I belong. It will be quiet there, with just the wind blowing, and the rain-bows and the gulls. I've a little money, and I'll take a cottage somewhere, and weave and spin as I used to do when I was a girl. As for 'The Spinning-wheel and the Briar-bush'—it's yours. I've seen my lawyer, and it's yours to do what you like with. You've been a good child to me, and it's my gift to you. You'd better sell it. You'll be glad of a little money at your back when the war is over. You'll think I'm a coward, Joy, to run away like this, and I suppose I am. But I can't help it. I've grown old. Something seems snapped in me, some sort of contact, and I can't adjust myself to this new hideous world."

Joy passed the letter across to Matthieu, sat down in Rosa's place, picked up the wedding dress and began to sew as though for dear life. Matthieu read the letter and then looked at her. Her face was white with her bewildered misery. "How could Rosa!" she whispered at last.

Matthieu wandered round the room, absorbing its charm into his soul, trying to feel his way to some knowledge of the woman who had made it. "Don't feel bitter about it," he said at last. "I think it is probably quite true that she could not help herself. With some ageing people, though not all, there comes a sort of shadow death that precedes the death of the body, like the queer false dawn that comes before the real one, when the cocks crow and the birds stir, and then go to sleep again. The soul is getting ready to go away. It withdraws a little and covers the eyes, but it does not leave the body yet. But it cannot live in today any more, or take much interest in tomorrow. It belongs to Eilean Sgiathanach, the Winged Island, the spirit land. I see no reason why you should lose your respect for Rosa. Take her parting gift with gladness, and be worthy of it if you can."

Joy let out a great sigh, as though he had lifted a burden from her. "Thank you," she said

"AND now for a good morning's work," said Matthieu briskly. "I could get those drawings into better shape."

"You'll find everything you want in that cupboard," said Joy.

"It's a good spot, this little workplace that your friend made," said Matthieu. "Highly individual. It has beauty too. At all costs, it should be kept in the patchwork, I think."

"Yes," said Joy.

For the rest of the morning they said little, but they worked hard; and exhausted and bewildered though she was, Joy found herself working well. Yesterday she had been working with a woman who had lost contact with life, and there had been no feeling of vitality in the room; now she was working with a man who retained it to the full, and the whole place was tingling with it.

"It's one o'clock," said Matthieu suddenly. "What about lunch?"

"Lunch?" said Joy, and her interior recoiled from the idea. What with one thing and another, she did not feel hungry. She just wanted to stay where she was.

"Yes, lunch," said Matthieu. "And none of your cups of tea and a bun either, but a really good substantial feed at a first-class restaurant."

Joy Malony, who in time past had controlled Rosa Macdanforth and all the work-girls with a hand of iron well hidden within the prettiest possible velvet glove, went with him as meekly as a little lamb. It is a fact that the strong-willed do at times enjoy the little holiday from their own strength that can only come when an even stronger will takes charge.

"Roast mutton, steak and onions?" asked Matthieu when they were seated at a little table at the restaurant of his choice. "Not a great variety today. One can't expect very much, you know, after a blitz. It's a marvel these places can carry on as they do."

But he did not show her the menu, of which he had taken immediate possession when they entered; and Joy had a shrewd suspicion that there was one of those watery war-time fish pies on it too.

"Roast mutton, please," she said meekly.

"Don't you like steak and onions?"

"No," said Joy.

"Unwise of you," said Matthieu.

"There's nothing like it for the fighting spirit. . . . One roast mutton, please, and one steak and onions. . . . So you'll have to learn to cook it, Joy, when we are married."

"Are we going to get married?" asked Joy.

"I think it would be a good idea, don't you? That is, if you are not married already."

"Yes," said Joy. "I think it would. No. I'm not. Are you?"

"No. And I never meant to be."

"Why not?" asked Joy

"I have not hitherto met a woman whom I felt I could propose to whilst devouring a lunch upon which I am spending my last penny," said Matthieu. "And all my life long I have been devouring steak under those circumstances."

"But I'm paying for this lunch," said Joy.

"You are not," he said. "It has always been my habit, when down to my last five bob, immediately to spend it on a good meal for myself and a friend. There's no better investment for your last five bob. It cultivates both love and courage. . . . And that's all you need, Joy, for a happy life."

Joy suddenly found she was crying.

"That's all right," he said, passing her his handkerchief. "Do you good. Take it easy. We're living a bit too quickly nowadays."

The pace was so fast during the next week, which included endless business discussions and a wedding by special license, nights of weeping for Rosa lost out of her life, and days of rejoicing in Matthieu taken into it, that Joy scarcely knew if she was on her head or her heels. It was only her work that kept her on an even keel, work that had increased in importance, owing to the fact that the Spinning-wheel and Briar-bush was now hers and Matthieu's forever.

"Sell it?" they said incredulously to Rosa's lawyer, who thought that the wisest course. "No! We'll repair the place and carry on."

"Rebuilding will run you into debt," the lawyer warned them. "And the business has practically disappeared. How will you carry on?"

"From day to day," they said. "We have on hand an order for a wedding dress, and perhaps one for ballet costumes."

It was only "perhaps" about the ballet costumes, for there had been no answer to the letter Joy had written accepting the order. . . . The director must have found somebody cheaper.

Joy was married very early on the morning of a perfect spring day. She had finished the other girl's wedding dress the night before and on her way to her own wedding, she left it at its destination. She had had no time to make a dress for herself; she wore the green one like a daffodil sheath that she had been wearing on the morning when she and Matthieu had first talked to each other.

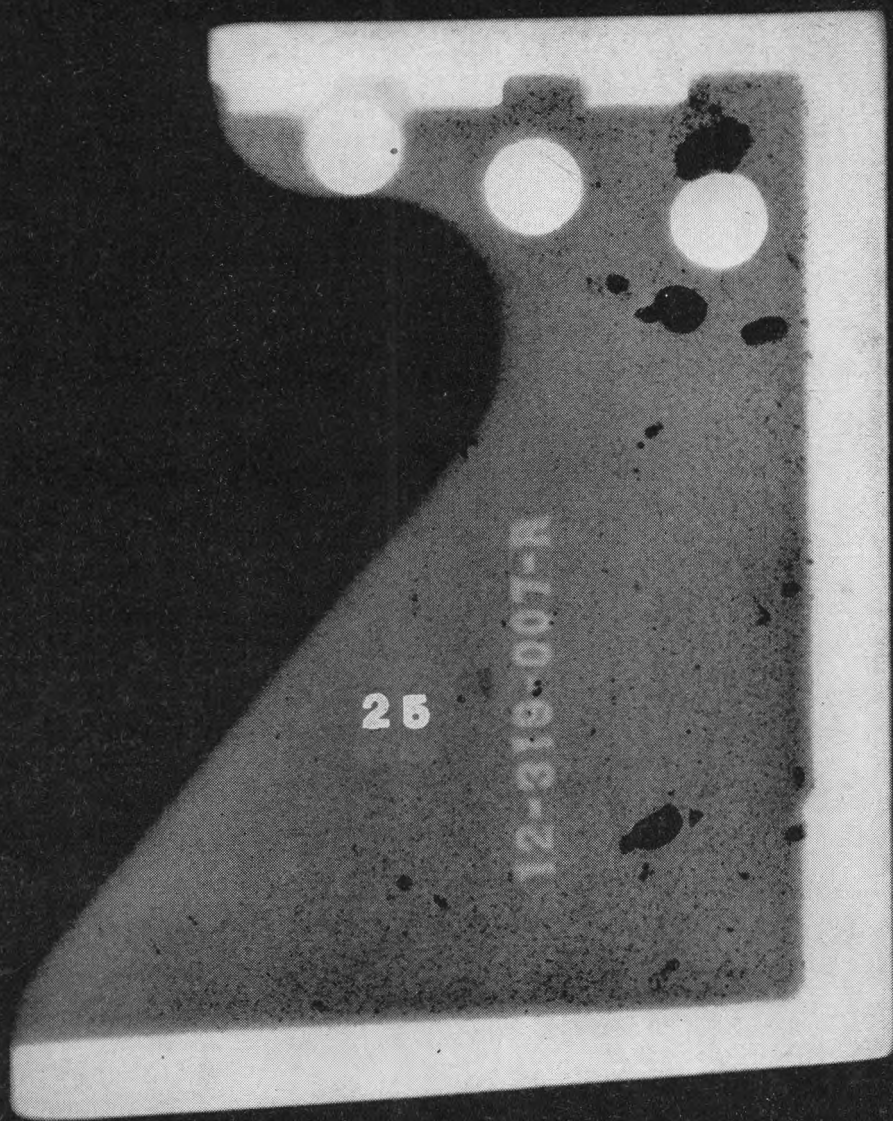
The church where they were to be married had been badly knocked about in the last raid. The roof had been shattered, and most of the nave was a pile of rubbish. But the chancel still stood intact beneath the blue sky, and Matthieu had spent a whole florin, which he had unexpectedly found inside the torn lining of his coat pocket, upon a bunch of yellow daffodils for the altar. Did ever a girl have such an extraordinary wedding, wondered Joy, as her bridegroom, and Rosa's lawyer, who was to give her away, helped her to climb over the pile of rubble that stood between her and the altar, where a smiling priest stood robed in a clean white surplice and a stole that was stiff with gold embroidery. Joy had heard that he had lost all his possessions, and she guessed that he had borrowed the surplice and stole, and borrowed also the glorious frontal of Spanish embroidery that he had put upon the altar, to make her wedding gay. For it was a gay wedding. The sun blazed down through the shattered roof upon the yellow daffodils, the pink and yellow silken tulips of the frontal and the girl in the bright green gown, illumining a patch of brilliant color that was somehow like a shout of triumph in the surrounding desolation.

"It was a good answer," said the priest, when the wedding was over and he had taken the bunch of daffodils from the altar and handed them to the bride.

"What was?" asked Joy.

"The immediate celebration of a wedding in a church that has been bombed. . . . Life goes on. . . . Good luck!"

"We shall need it," said Matthieu. He spoke with a certain soberness, for Joy had told him only yesterday that she loved children and would like to have four as



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soon as possible. But his soberness had nothing of depression in it. "And will have it," he added confidently.

It came sooner than he had expected. When he and Joy had climbed up the stairs to the workroom, where before she left Joy had set ready the wedding breakfast on one of the trestle tables and pinned the ballet designs all round the walls as decorations, they found a large man in a gray overcoat lost in contemplation of them.

"They'll do," he said briefly. "I've been a long time coming round, but the chap who was to design my scenery for me was suddenly called up, which put me in a fix. . . . But I needn't have worried," he added, tapping one of Matthieu's designs with his finger. "This is exactly what I had in mind. Couldn't be bettered. Who did it?"

"I did," said Matthieu. "I did a good bit of that kind of thing at one time, in France and Italy. My name is Matthieu Cellois. You wouldn't know it."

"Yes, I do know it," said the other, and he held out his hand. "I've seen your

work in Paris." Then he turned to Joy. "Are you Rosa Macdanforth?"

"Yes," said Joy. "The woman you wrote to has gone away to live in Skye. She is old, and she won't be coming back. But she made this lovely little house, she made the business, and she made me; and we'll carry her name for as long as we exist."

The big man smiled. "Well spoken, Elisha," he said. "The mantle has fallen worthily. It's a good system, that of the prophet and the son of the prophet, the plumber and his boy; it ensures a very satisfactory immortality. . . . What's this, a wedding breakfast?"

"I hope you'll share it with us," said Joy. "It's ready except for the coffee."

"Thank you," said the man. "I'd like to drink your health. And I'd like to drink, too, to our very profitable partnership. I like your work, and I'm willing to prophesy that this won't be the only occasion on which I shall use it." . . .

Joy woke up very early the next morning in the room on the ground floor that she and Matthieu were using as their

bedroom. It was utterly quiet, for though she did not know it, they had had the last of that particular series of bad raids. It was still dark, but she knew by the attentive hush of the listening world that it was the hour before dawn. She did not know what had awakened her, but she thought it was some faint thread of music that was now stilled. How blessed it was, after so many nights of pandemonium, to be aware again of the dawn hush, and the listening!

This was not peace yet—not the great exhausted silence that would come one day, but it was a foretaste of it; and she lay very still, drinking it in, letting it flood her whole being. Through the open window came the familiar scents from the warehouse—rosemary and lavender, ver-bena and orris-root, and high over the roof there was the rustle of wings. . . . The next-door doves, frightened away by the raid, must have come back again. . . . Then the wings were still and the silence came back, deeper and more blessed. And then, very faint and far away, there came the *clip-clop* of a horse's hoofs.



Never As Dark

(This story is continued from page 23) completely out of her head! For an instant she closed her eyes.

A life of her own! What did she mean by that? Often, of late, she had thought about it: living a life of her own. Well, what did she mean? She had a sense as of currents far stronger than her own will, bearing her on. But where—where to? A life of her own!

"I've told him all about you! He's crazy to meet you!" Emmaline Dennart had said, raving about John Marvley. . . . "A life of one's own;" that was a pet phrase of Emmaline's, who said: "I never read any of the books Mark publishes—they're so high-brow! But Mark's a sweet. He goes his way, and I go mine. No questions asked!" When she referred to Robert Carran, it was as "The great man;" and in Emmaline's bright manner, it suggested a skepticism of his being quite the right husband for a woman like Laura.

By the time Laura reached a booth, she felt a dim tearful pride, as in some act of renunciation.

"Emmaline? Emmaline, I'm dreadfully sorry. I sha'n't be able to make it."

"My dear, don't be absurd! You've got to! John's waiting! He's got something else to do, but I'm sitting on him till you arrive!"

"Perhaps I'll meet him some other time. I can't leave Judy. I forgot all about the blackout. You know—I've told you how Judy reacts to the dark. And Robert's not home—"

"No? The great man's not home? Well, then *you* certainly should be there!"

"That's just what I think." Laura smiled to herself at Emmaline's gibe.

She hurried from the drugstore and hailed a taxi. . . . In the foyer she let her voice ring out: "Judy! Judy, darling—Mother's come back to stay with you!"

A rush of airy feet came to her; and Judy's voice, like the vibrations of a silver wire plucked by joyous fingers.

"Mother—Daddy's back too, to be with me!"

"Daddy?" Laura felt herself go pale.

"Uh-huh!" crowed Judy. "So now I don't care how dark it gets!"

As Laura slowly entered the living-room, Robert put down his pipe. He did not look at her. "I thought she'd better not be alone with Anna," he said. "So *you've* come back too! Must have been mental telepathy." His voice was taut. But Laura heard how happy he was.

Laura peeled off her gray gloves. "But aren't you missing Van Gelden?" She did not quite know whether she wanted it to sound ironical, or whether she was inexpressibly glad he was not seeing Van Gelden, to discuss with him such awful things. "Oh, Robert, Robert," she thought, "you mustn't do such dangerous work! Nothing's worth it!" There was cold all through her. It seemed to have struck into her now, for the first time, fully, the meaning of his peril—to her.

"I'm missing part of the meeting," he answered. "And Van Gelden's missed," he smiled—"the pleasure of having me welcome him. But I'll dash off now, since you're here. He's leaving, early in the morning. That's why I've got to catch him tonight."

"I see." She wanted to cry out, "Forgive me, Robert!" But instead, she said: "Well, hurry along then."

"Daddy," Judy cut in, "stay till the blackout's over! You *and* Mother, and me, all together in the blackout. It'll be such fun! I won't be a bit afraid!"

"All right," Robert said, after a moment.

Laura turned her head away, to let tears come. What, in heaven's name, had she imagined she was renouncing? But then it tore through her, like a cold wind: suppose Judy was the single bond of in-

terest between them? He had come home for Judy's sake! She saw Robert through a prismatic iridescence—an iridescence of her tears. His face—it told her he had guessed her fears; it told her that for him only she and he were in the room of quivering silence. *How* had he guessed the question that had stormed upon her? He was answering it by taking her in his arms and kissing her, again and again, on the mouth. Every kiss might have been asking: "Need I say how I love you? Need I say it, over and over?"

"There's the whistles!" Judy cried. "It's the blackout!"

"Come on, help me put out the lights!" her father said.

Then the three of them were sitting on the sofa. Curled between them, Judy pushed her small hands into theirs. She was chattering away:

"You're right, Mother. It *isn't* as dark as you think, ever, is it?" The vague bulk of chairs, and of a piano, had begun to move in upon the island sofa; and Judy, gazing, saw an impalpable loom of city beyond the windows.

"Judy," said her father, "since it's not ever as dark as you think it, if I asked you to go to sleep tonight without the lamp on in your room, would you do it for me?"

After a pucker of brows, Judy answered: "Yes, I will, Daddy."

"And every night, from now on?"

Judy considered it, with another pucker. "I'll try. Because Mother was right. It's not so very dark."

A hand stole past Judy and found Laura's. It was Robert's hand. The fingers closed on Laura's fingers; and it came sweetly to Laura, how Robert had come back, to please her; perhaps more to please her, than for Judy's sake. But she was glad it was for Judy's sake too.

WHEN Judy was in bed,—and no lamp burning next to her,—Laura closed the child's door and joined Robert in the living-room. He looked up from a book. "Aren't you going?" Laura asked.

"Yes. I just wanted to wait, to see whether she's satisfied"

"She said again that she'd try. I think it's going to be all right. Anyway, here's hoping, darling!" She bent to kiss him. "Go along, now."

"What about coming with me? Van Gelden's someone to meet, you know!" Laura thought, and then shook her head. "I'd better be here, just in case. Judy's first night without the lamp—"

"Yes, you're right," Robert agreed. "Look; shall I bring Van Gelden back with me, if I can collar him? There'd be Mrs. Van Gelden too, I think."

"That'd be just grand!"

"Any beer and sandwiches available? I may bring some of the others, too. It'd be a little party."

"I'll take care of it."

He was moving toward the door when Laura threw herself after him and caught him in her arms. "Sweetheart, oh, sweetheart—be careful, be careful!"

"Oh, I'll be careful, always, while I've got you! It just can't be helped, dear. We've got to retaliate in kind—as I said—and quickly, quickly. There's no time to lose. This is the devil's own hour. We must hurry—or there may be a blackout forever."

He went, and Laura looked slowly around her. Everything on which her eyes rested was beautifully familiar. . . . She had a life of her own! But it was here—right here! . . . The devil's hour? What—ever might come afterward—perhaps nothing dreadful would, but whatever might, afterward—*this* was the angels' hour.



Ritchy

(This story is continued from page 47)
Ritchy standing in the downstairs hall, his coat dragging behind, saying: "I want to make a speech. Call a meeting."

On the stairs I realized that I was still holding the letter in my hands; I stuffed it into a back pocket. I could feel it, like a small spear, jabbing against my leg at each step.

"He must have known all the time," I was thinking. . . .

They were eating lunch when I came down. I slipped into my chair and began to eat as if I had never seen food before. I wanted to look at Ritchy, but I didn't dare. I kept my eyes on the plate.

The sound of a spoon clattering against a glass was the first notice I had that he was standing. Waiting for the spoon idly in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've been busted out. Or is it *burst*?"

And he sat down.

We waited for him to say more. I think we expected a little speech, something graceful and perhaps a bit sentimental; something about fraternity, or how sorry he was to leave. But of course, we were wrong. He didn't say another word.

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Ed Grimes was waiting on our table when he heard it. He turned and began walking toward Ritchy, holding the empty tray stiffly before him.

"You had it coming," he said. "You asked for it, Ritchy."

Van said sharply: "What's the matter with you, Ed?"

I don't know just why Ed said it. He wasn't self-righteous, and he had never been vindictive. I think he just blurted it out, and regretted it the moment after.

"Maybe you're right," Ritchy said—and Ed turned away abruptly.

"I'm throwing a farewell party in my room," Ritchy said. "Drop by, will you, Ed?" Ed was in the kitchen by then; the doors swung out and back noisily on their ungreased hinges. Ritchy turned to the rest of us: "You're all invited."

He sat down and began eating again. Once he turned to Van and said: "The chops are greasy. You ought to speak to the cook."

THE party was a high point, an apex. But most clearly I remember the mounds of salted peanuts and pretzels, the smell of beer, and the glare of an unshaded bridge-lamp in a corner near the window.

All the pictures had been turned face toward the wall: the handsome blue-toned print of the campus, the candid-camera shot of the Dean asleep at the fall football rally, a picture of Eve and Ritchy at the boathouse on the lake.

"Did you have to do that to me?" Eve said.

"We can't play favorites," Ritchy said.

It seemed as if the whole University turned out to see him off; all the big men on campus, the social lions, the letter men, the Varsity players, the most photogenic of the co-eds, even a local taxi-driver. The room had been decorated with black crepe paper strung from the ceiling and on the walls. On the windowsill lay a single white lily.

"I'm taking it with me to the train tonight," Ritchy explained, "and I'll throw it out like a bride's bouquet. The one who catches it—well, he's next."

He was rarely in better form; he had a sheen, a gloss, a flow. The crowd was laughing and singing around him, and he moved from one group to another. He was a catalyst, an activating agent. It was a wonderful party; they'd remember it for years.

Later they started to pack his trunk; his train, an express, was due through a little after midnight. They formed a lifeline from the chest of drawers to his trunk, and passed the pieces along, yelling: "Heave!"

That was when Ed came in. He stood uncertainly in the doorway, watching them. Someone shouted: "Lend a hand, Ed—heavy shirts coming up."

Ritchy was clearing out the top drawer of his dresser.

"I spoke out of turn this afternoon," Ed said to him. "I'm sorry."

"You were right," Ritchy said.

"Please," Ed said in a low voice. "I'm sorry."

"You've nothing to be sorry for."

Eve must have sensed what was happening, for suddenly she was between them, saying brightly: "You'd better get at the beer, Ed, before it's all gone."

"I don't think Ed likes our beer," Ritchy said.

Eve spoke up sharply: "Don't be a fool, Ritchy."

"Do you know what we should be doing now?" Ritchy kept looking at Ed. "We should all be in the library reading good books. Isn't that right, Ed?"

The mob stopped moving. The fellow nearest the trunk was holding a shirt in one hand and a pair of socks in the other; he leaned forward slightly, still holding them. Someone said, "Heave!" but no one moved.

"I don't want to spoil the party," Ed said quietly.

"How many books have you read, Ed? Ten thousand?"

"Tell him to shut up, Eve," Ed said.

"Just as a point of information. I want to know exactly what it is I've

"You're not in love," Eve said. "At least not with me."

He must have proposed to her. But it is an odd thing: I can imagine Ritchy saying many things but not, "I love you," or, "Will you marry me?"

"I'm sorry," Eve said.

"It seems this is the evening for apologies," Ritchy said. "I'm sick of them."

"You don't mean that."

"No." Then after a pause: "Ed?"

"Maybe Ed," Eve said. "I don't, think about it."

"Had a good time?"

"Yes," Eve said.

"I'm good for that," Ritchy said.

I shuffled my feet a bit. I think I coughed. When they turned around, I said, "They're waiting for you, Ritchy!"—and I bolted.

Ritchy called: "Come on back. I won't bite."

I didn't turn around. I kept running.

I WAITED for them at the station. A little after twelve, the eye of the locomotive winked far down the track, and for a minute I thought Ritchy wouldn't make it. But then two cars pulled up at the curb, and the crowd that came down with Ritchy piled out. The train came in a moment later. I stood at the end of the platform, watching.

Ritchy shook hands all around. I could see Van talking to him earnestly; Ritchy nodded absently, and once he laughed. The steam puffed out of the engine, hazing and breaking over the crowd; a bunch began to sing "Auld Lang Syne." Then, quickly, Ritchy turned and pulled himself up the steps into the car of the train. He didn't look back.

That was the scene: the sky smudged in tones of gray, and the buildings on the hill silhouetted like paper cut-outs. I kept thinking of a movie. You know how they do a movie about college with all the co-eds beautiful and the moon always full; and never any sweat and never any worry. Ritchy was of the same stuff, I thought; I envied him.

At the first warning jerk of the train the mob had turned back to the cars. I walked down under the shed of the station; I thought I was alone. But in the middle of the platform Eve was standing, with the fur collar of her coat cradling her face, her hair powdered with snow.

"There he goes," I said.

She didn't seem to be listening. "Yes?"

"I wish I could be like him."

"Do you?"

The train began to move slowly; a car clanked past, shooting sparks from the wheels. Piled in the autos, honking horns impatiently for Eve, the rest of the crowd didn't see him again.

But we did.

"Did you see him?" I said. "Did you see him, Eve?"

"Yes," Eve said; she turned away.

"What did you expect?"

Quick as it flashed past, with the train curving on the track and only the echo of the whistle in the empty station: quick as it was, framed in the yellow lighted window, he was unmistakable.

Hunched in a red parlor-car chair, Ritchy was crying.

SOLUTION OF OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE APPEARING ON PAGE 47

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missed," Ritchy said. "Give me a list of the titles."

"Stop it," Eve said.

I thought Ed was going to hit him again; but he didn't. He turned away and walked out. Ritchy, still standing by the open dresser drawer, said: "Don't forget your beer, Ed."

Someone in the room said: "Let's get this trunk packed."

Eve's face was white; the anger was there in her eyes. "Take me out for a walk, Ritchy," she said. "I can use some fresh air."

Ritchy didn't look back when they walked out; he seemed to have forgotten all of them. From the door, Eve motioned to Van to keep on packing.

The crowd finished up the job in silence. When the trunk was filled, Van came to me. "It's getting late," he said. "See if you can find them. They're probably up on the hill."

OUTSIDE, the air was sharp and dryly cold. The wind scattered snow on the lake, raising drifts against the banks. There was a long single line of footsteps going up the hill, curving finally to the swept concrete walk.

I found them sitting on a bench at the edge of the campus. They didn't hear me, for the snow muffled my footsteps, and they were talking.

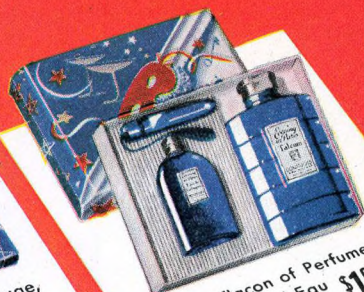
"Why not?" Ritchy said. "Why not?"



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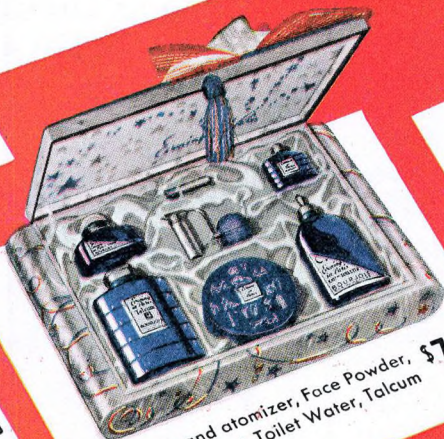
Purse flacon of Perfume,
Talcum, and Eau \$1.65
de Cologne . . .



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face \$5.50
Powder, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum



Perfume in bright \$2.25
Holiday Package . . .
(Small size \$1.25)



Perfume and atomizer, Face Powder, \$7.75
Lipstick, Sachet, Toilet Water, Talcum



Perfume and atomizer, Face Powder, Rouge, \$10.00
Lipstick, Bubble Bath, Toilet Water, Sachet, Eau de Cologne, Talcum . . .



Purse flacon Evening in Paris
Perfume, Face Powder, \$7.00
in gift package . . .



Hand Soap, Eau de \$7.35
Cologne and Talcum

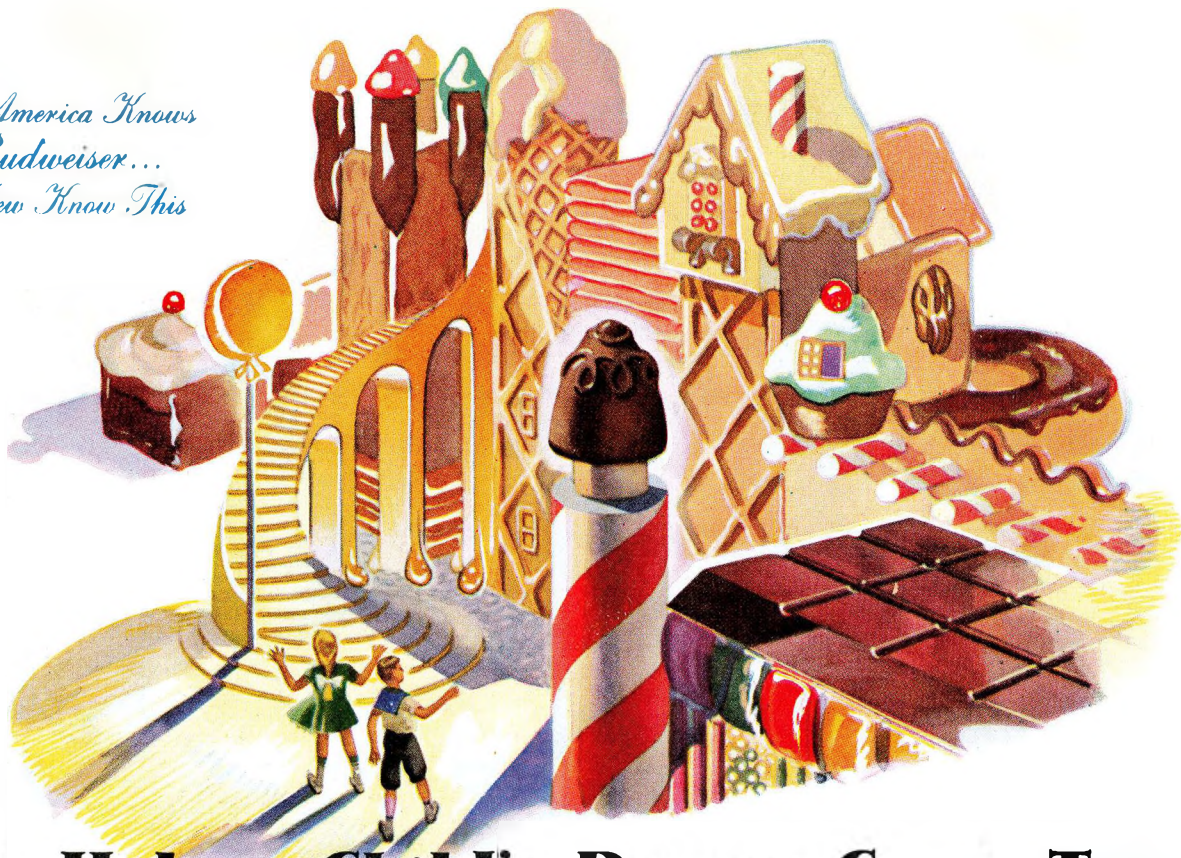


Evening in Paris Eau de
Cologne and atom- \$2.45
izer, Talcum . . .



Perfume and atomizer, Rouge, Lipstick, \$4.25
Eau de Cologne, and Talcum
in beautiful gift package . . .

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

Mr. Bardith's Infidelity



(This story is continued from page 55) taxi," suggested Mr. Bardith, as he carved the cooling mutton. . . .

The next day Mr. Bardith did not open his business letters. He didn't even hear them flutter through his door. His thoughts of the girl-of-the-darkness enchanted him, filling the empty wells of his heart. He had named her Evelyn, since it was the most beautiful name he could think of, and since, shortened to Eve, it took on a profound and stirring significance. He was grateful now for the small typewriter with the delicate keys and elite type. It seemed wondrously suited to the purpose of his dream.

Eve, my dearest: Last night when I met you, all things I have wished for lived within me. Your nearness, your love, your beauty, have given me something all human beings need, and yet so seldom have. The ache to tell you of the fullness of my heart is like a wound. Eve, my darling, what change have you wrought me—and what have you brought me? What is the nature of this light, where once was darkness? All I know is that the dark is gone, and I am happy, lifted now above the run of men, because you love me, dear, as I love you.

Please write me soon, and tell me of your journey, of all the smallest things of your life, that I may see you in your day and night, and find myself with you. I love you.

Henry

This, the first of his letters to Eve, Mr. Bardith mailed to a hotel built of grass, which, he had been told by a former client, rested among palms near a coral strand in Tahiti. He gave Eve the surname of *Crevecœur*, remembered from a book. The envelope was plain, with no return address. But Mr. Bardith, after an appropriate interval, eagerly tore open the reply, as though it were fresh from the pen of Eve herself, and as though he had not written and mailed it to himself the day before.

Dearest Henry: Your beautiful letter reached me at last; and you, who are so far away, are close to me once more. I think I know, and feel, the things you need to say—and one of these is the very need itself, the human need to speak, and to be answered.

Do you remember those times, when, together, we both had the same thought at the same time? That was speaking, dear. It was understanding. It was unity of spirit.

And the light you see—the light that once was darkness. What is that light but the hope and will to live? What was the dreary dark but the dust of small interminable duties through the creep of time?

We must not let ourselves succumb, my darling! We must not die the sleep-

ing death of the commonplace, for there is something extra to be wrung from this, our life! It is of the stuff of dreams, and we shall steal it to combat reality. It is the sparkle of dew on white flowers, the sound of a stream speaking among the stones of its bed, and the web we shall weave from the contemplation of starlight. These, through our love, we have created, until our hearts are full. These are the children we may never have.

Oh, darling—please hold to this, to me, forever! Don't let them tear you away from me, for how can a love as

The Answer to an Emergency

AT present, in many instances, both mothers and fathers are employed, or engaged in defense activities. The boarding-school, with its excellent academic training and supervised living, is a boon to busy parents who do not wish the physical or spiritual well-being of their children affected by the necessary changes in the home.

Are you aware that there are boarding-schools for children of all ages? Perhaps your son or daughter needs the special preparation for college offered by our "intensely American" private schools. Or, again, you may feel that you cannot give your best to the part in war activity you are taking while your home is not as carefully supervised as heretofore, and the welfare of that three-year-old child is at stake. The well-directed boarding-school for small children is the best solution.

The members of REDBOOK'S Department of Education have visited and investigated private schools for more than a quarter of a century and are glad to be of service in suggesting the most suitable schools to busy parents. Even though your requirements are unusual, we will endeavor to help you find the school you are seeking. Address:

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beautiful as ours be wrong? Can it be wrong, when it hurts no one?

Write soon, dearest one. You too must tell me of the days, of the smallest detail of your life. I love you.

Eve

For months Mr. Bardith lived in ecstasy with Eve *Crevecœur*; their romance ripened through April, May and June. Eve's replies to his letters, to be sure, bore the local postmark—but Mr. Bardith blithely destroyed the envelopes, preferring the effect of the addresses within. These addresses were of places he had always longed to see: Cairo, Dakar, Trinidad, San Cristobal. In all her fanciful, far wanderings, Eve's eyes turned ever toward him, making him happy, insulating him against such things as gold-fish, cold mutton, the transportation problems

of his son and Eddie Macon, Muriel's shrill orders to stop on the way home and buy peanut brittle, or lard, or soap, and Gladys' casual "hello-Pa-good-by."

Mr. Bardith guarded his love with reticence. He showed no outward sign, until at last the spirit of Eve prompted him to buy a new suit.

Not since he could remember, had Henry Bardith worn anything but brown. He bought one suit a year; and the new one, within two days, invariably looked exactly like the old. But on this cloudless day in June, he went, rather sheepishly, to a clothing store where he was not known—a fashionable and expensive shop.

"Light gray, darling," whispered the voice of Eve. "With a fine blue stripe in the weave."

And as Mr. Bardith tried on the suit, and gazed upon his reflection with an outwardly placid eye, it seemed to him that Eve rested her hands on the bold lapels, kissed him tenderly on the cheek, and said: "There! You see? How young you look, how straight, and strong!"

After some minor alterations extending the waistline of the trousers, Mr. Bardith called for his new suit, and decided to wear it home. He changed in the clothing shop, and refreshed by his appearance, stepped merrily into the street, carrying the old brown suit in a box.

His family greeted him as if he were a mildly incredible specimen. Gladys, however, awarded him a glance of interest, and a smile. When he arrived, she was about to leave for a friend's house for supper. She met him at the front door. "Hello, Pa! Say! Snappy! Going to the races? Good-by." And she was gone.

JUNIOR, sprawled on the sofa, raised himself to one elbow and stared with languid disapproval. "Huh! Where'd you locate that, Pa? They saw you coming, all right. Collegiate! 'But Sam! They made the pants too long!'"

"You don't like my suit, Junior?"

"Aw, maybe it's okay. But Eddie Macon's old man, he wouldn't—"

Mr. Bardith didn't learn what Eddie Macon's parent wouldn't do, for Muriel came from the kitchen to frown critically, and to observe: "But you've always worn brown, Henry! What's come over you?"

"I thought I'd just change to gray."

"But your brown suit had months of good wear. Isn't it early for you to buy your new suit?"

"Why, yes, dear. It is—a little."

"What have you done with the old one?"

"Oh, it's right here. Right in this box. I can use it for an extra, after it's cleaned and pressed. I'm—I'm sorry you don't like the suit."

"Well—what's done is done! Supper is ready. How much did the suit cost?"

"Seventy-five dollars," said Mr. Bardith limply.

The next evening, partly to quiet his family's objections, and partly by way of guilt-payment, Mr. Bardith came home bearing gifts. For Muriel he had selected two gardenias—not the small ones, but the dollar size. For Gladys he had chosen a silk scarf, and for Junior, at great effort, a secondhand tire with practically two thousand miles of wear left in it.

As he came in, cheerfully banging the screen door, he felt pleased with him-

Y

OUR GUESTS

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Famous **OLD**
FORESTER

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self, and even a little debonair. Junior's tire hung over his shoulder. He carried the other offerings under his arm.

"Hello, folks," he said. "See what I brought? Something for everyone!"

He was greeting with a bleak and penetrating silence. Muriel lay on the sofa, her head turned away from him, a damp-looking handkerchief pressed to her face. Junior, after an uncontrollable jerk toward the tire, settled back in his chair with an outraged look, while Gladys gazed pensively into space. A sense of catastrophe traveled along Mr. Bardith's spine. He dropped his gifts, took off his hat, and came on into the living-room.

"Why! What—what's the matter?" he blurted.

"You've just wrecked the whole family," mumbled Junior. "That's all. That's absolutely all."

"What?"

Mr. Bardith, staring from one to another of his family, was bewildered. A low sob from Muriel added to his confusion. Gladys' strange sidelong glance filled him with dread.

"I wish you'd please tell me what's wrong," he begged. "And—Muriel, dear, I brought you some gardenias."

Muriel sat up on the sofa. After a single heartrending look, she covered her eyes and reclined again.

"I don't want the gardenias," she said quaveringly. "You can save them for that woman!"

"What woman?"

"She means Eve, Pa," said Gladys, her wide, wistful eyes on her father's. "She found the letter from Eve in your old suit. She was going through the pockets before sending it to the cleaner's."

"Oh," said Mr. Bardith, slumping into the nearest chair. "Oh!"

"It's a disgrace," Junior said.

Gladys drew in her breath sharply. Muriel reveled in a sob. Mr. Bardith licked his dry lips, and said: "There isn't anything to it—I mean, not really. Eve is just—well, she's just a—"

"Just a pal," supplied Junior.

"Oh, do be quiet, Junior," Gladys snapped. "Let Pa talk!"

"What can he say?" wailed Muriel.

MR. BARDITH, his brows puckered, guessed that the letter had been read by his entire family. "Which—uh—what letter was it?" he asked confusedly.

Muriel groped under a sofa pillow and found the letter. She passed it to him with a wan and drooping hand. "All about passion flowers," she cried, "and moonlight, and—oh—oh—"

Henry glanced at the letter, read the first line, and shuddered. In this one, he remembered, he had really let himself go. It opened forcefully with, "*Henry, my dearest one,*" and went on up the scale to tell of Eve's plucking a passion flower for him, and touching it nightly to her lips; of how she recalled swimming with him in the moonlight, how the waters of the lagoon were like cool velvet, and—

Muriel's tortured questions broke in. "How long has this been going on, Henry? Where did you meet her? How often do you see her? What—what shall I do?"

"Do?" Henry swallowed painfully. "Don't do anything. We'll just go on, as before. I—just let me explain. I—that is, you see—"

Mr. Bardith abruptly realized that he couldn't explain. If he told them the truth, that Eve Crevecoeur was a fantasy woven from the wraith of a girl who had rescued his umbrella, they wouldn't believe him. If they did believe him, they would judge him ridiculous or demented. With curious relief, Mr. Bardith saw no course other than to substantiate Eve's reality. His family's appalled interest in him, moreover, had an element of admiration which caused him to tingle pleasantly. Very well—let them believe!

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Bardith, with a new and mounting dignity. "I'm sorry you found the letter. I have nothing more to say, at the moment."

Mr. Bardith's family were momentarily stunned, including Junior. Muriel was the first to recover. Her voice was so piteous that Mr. Bardith restrained himself with difficulty from taking her in his arms, and patting her.

"How do you think I feel?" she asked. "Haven't I— Henry! Haven't I been—I mean, haven't I tried hard to be a good wife? And the children, Henry! Didn't you think of them, when you were in this other woman's arms? How will the children be able to face their friends, knowing of their father's—uh—infidelity?"

"You've broken Ma's heart," remarked Junior, who was examining his tire for possible defects. "And when Eddie Macon hears about this, he'll probably never speak to me again."

"You dare to tell Eddie Macon one single word about Pa's affair, and I'll—" Gladys' outburst ended in a lethal hiss.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Bardith, "we'd had better not discuss the matter any further at this time. Is supper ready?"

"Guess no one's very hungry to-night," sighed Junior.

"I am," said Mr. Bardith.

At supper he was subjected to the hurt-silence-and-untouched-food treatment. Even Junior managed to starve himself, eating but a single helping of hamburger and two pieces of bakery pie.

Mr. Bardith bore up extremely well. His appetite, heightened by his family's shocked attention, was excellent. He felt marked, for once in his life singled out, their eyes covertly upon him, wondering, accusing, grieving, yet vaguely respectful.

During the next few days Muriel was sad and Spartan by turns. She varied these attitudes with an occasional touch of martyrdom, spending much time alone in her bedroom with the door closed. She brought up the subject of Eve at frequent intervals, sometimes in the presence of the children, and sometimes not.

"Henry, have you told her—that woman—that you have been discovered?"

"Why—uh—yes. I wrote at once."

"What did she say?"

"She—uh—she hasn't had time to answer. She happens to be out of the country."

Muriel, for a moment, suffered in silence. Presently her eyes filled with tears. "I've always wanted to travel too, Henry. Does Eve travel a great deal?"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Bardith gently. "Practically all the time."

The yearning so plainly sincere in Muriel's voice touched Mr. Bardith. So did the expression of wondering uncertainty in the eyes of Gladys. But what

touched him most deeply of all was the subtle change in the perquisites of home.

One morning, to his thoughtful amazement, he found an ashtray placed conveniently on the breakfast table.

"Smoke, if you want to, Henry," Muriel murmured. "I really don't mind."

He delectably smoked, and read the unravaged newspaper which Gladys had brought to him without even looking first at the funnies. On two consecutive evenings Muriel ordered Junior to vacate Mr. Bardith's armchair in the living-room. Mr. Bardith pondered long over his shaving the morning he found a fresh package of blades waiting in plain sight on the bathroom shelf. And he felt a definite ache in his throat the night he went to his lonely bed to discover that someone had folded back the covers invitingly, as in a good hotel.

IN the dark watches of that very night, Mr. Bardith was awakened by a plaintive knock on his door.

"Henry, may I come in? I can't sleep. I want to talk. Please, Henry."

"Why, yes, dear. Of course."

The door opened. Muriel's shadowy figure approached. She stood beside the bed, hesitant and uncertain. "May I—do you mind if I get into bed with you, Henry? Or shall I just sit on the edge?"

"Get in," said Henry, moving over.

Muriel had treated herself with a drop of perfume, and as she settled herself beside him, Mr. Bardith sniffed pleasantly.

"What disturbs you, Muriel? What is it?" he asked.

In a thin, frightened voice, she said: "What does she look like? Eve, I mean."

"Oh, she's—well, she's hard to describe."

"Is she young, Henry? Is she much younger than I? Young and beautiful?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bardith, truthfully but reluctantly, "she is young and beautiful."

"Do you want to leave us, and—go to her?"

Mr. Bardith had intended to speak solemnly of "this thing which has come into my life." The vision of Eve was clear and beautiful in his fancy, beckoning always, elusive, inspiring, ineffably dear. Yet he could not withstand the hurt despair in Muriel's voice, and as he lay beside her, his hand crept out and caressed her shoulder. Surely Muriel also had felt the long, dull pain of monotony. She too must have breathed the dust of interminable duties—sweeping, cooking, washing, worrying, waiting for him to come home, all the while yearning vainly, even as he had yearned, for the tang of romance, the dew on white flowers in a jungle, the sensation of starlight, and the wonder of far wandering.

"Muriel, dear," he whispered, "I—maybe I have done wrong."

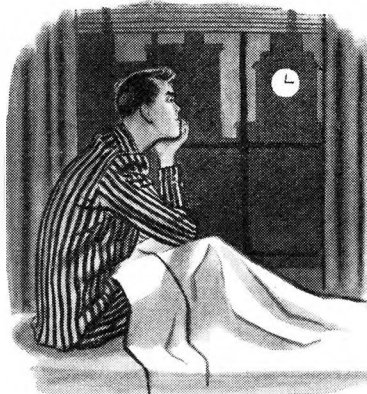
"No, Henry. I don't blame you. But—but—" She struggled to keep back the tears. "It's just that I can't compete with Eve, Henry. It's so hopeless! I'm not young any more. I'm not beautiful any more. But I was, once, Henry—wasn't I?"

"You still are," said Mr. Bardith.

"I want to make you happy. I want to try so hard. It's all I have to live for, Henry."



1. When Rip Van Winkle lived up the Hudson, there was trouble and uncertainty; a war was brewing, and times were tough. One day Rip went to sleep and slept for 20 years... right smack through the Revolutionary War.



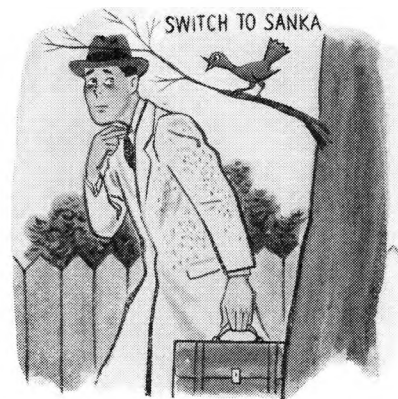
3. But you can't. In fact, you don't really want to. Of course, you *do* want to get a good night's sleep. But maybe you are one of those who are kept awake by the caffeine in coffee.



5. Maybe you've been planning to try Sanka Coffee...so why wait any longer? Today is just the time to start enjoying its superb aroma and delicious flavor. Remember...Sanka is *all* coffee, nothing but coffee!



2. When Rip woke up, he found that things had turned out all right, after all. Maybe sometimes you think it might be nice if *you* could go to sleep and not wake up until after *this* war is over.



4. You love coffee and can't resist it. So you torture your already-war-strained nerves with caffeine...when you *could* switch to Sanka Coffee, the coffee that is 97% caffeine-free and *can't* keep anyone awake!



6. And so skillfully is 97% of its caffeine taken out that not one smidgen of its tantalizing aroma or delightful flavor is removed. Get Sanka Coffee *today!* (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

SANKA COFFEE

VACUUM PACKED IN GLASS OR TIN.

Sleep isn't a luxury; it's a necessity. Drink Sanka and Sleep!



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What flavor has a vitamin?



WE DON'T KNOW the flavor of a vitamin... but we do know that flavor and food value generally go hand in hand in cooked foods.

This means that when food is prepared so that its flavor is retained, the chances are that most of its vitamins and minerals have been retained, as well. The most *nutritious* food is usually the most *delicious* food... especially as regards vegetables.

This is cheering information. It is also a challenge to every person who cooks a meal, either for herself or for others. Unskillful cooking can be responsible for flat-tasting, unappetizing meals... and for the loss of valuable minerals and vitamins.

Good cooking can make even the most inexpensive foods into appetizing, nourishing dishes. Variety may be obtained by combining them with other foods, and by using tasty sauces and garnishes. Modern cook books, magazines and radio programs offer many suggestions.

Here are some suggestions for conserving vitamins—and flavor!—in the meals you serve your family.

Suggestions for saving vitamins

► In cooking vegetables, it is best to

raise the temperature to the boiling point as rapidly as possible. Heat may then be lowered.

► Stirring air into foods while they are cooking causes vitamin destruction.

► Foods should not be put through a sieve while still hot.

► When cooking, use as little water as possible.

► The water used in cooking and from canned vegetables is valuable for soups, sauces, gravies.

► Chopped fruits and vegetables should be prepared just before serving.

► Start cooking frozen foods while they are still frozen.

► Frozen foods which are to be served raw should be used immediately after thawing.

Additional suggestions and information about the nutritive value of various foods can be found in Metropolitan's free pamphlet, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?" We will gladly send you a copy.

. . .

This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration.

Mr. Bardith's heart ached unbearably. It ached not only for Muriel and himself, but for the tragically vanishing ghost of Eve Crevecœur, as he said: "I'll give her up, Muriel. Yes, I will. I'll write her tomorrow. I'll write and break it off—forever!"

"But—do you *want* to? Are you sure? Do you truly want to?"

"I—yes!"

"Then you *do* love me!"

"Yes."

The eager happiness and relief in Muriel's voice flooded through him. It was compensation—almost.

"Oh, Henry, dear! You mean it! You do! Oh, you really, truly do!"

THE rest of the night, while Muriel slept peacefully by his side, Mr. Bardith lay wide awake, composing in his mind his last letter to Eve. He was tortured by a feeling of divided fidelity. On the one hand, his loyalty drew him powerfully toward Eve for the strange, fantastic beauty she had given him. On the other hand, he was drawn as powerfully toward Muriel and the children for the life of day-by-day. He perceived that the letter would be the most difficult and delicate of his career. He decided to write it at home, wishing to get the task over with quickly, and fearing that in his office, away from his family, his resolve might weaken.

When, in the morning, he sat down before a small cleared space on the table beside the goldfish bowl, Mr. Bardith's eyes were haggard, and his pen stubborn. It was Saturday, and the children had no school. They didn't interrupt him, although they remained in the house. His only interruptions were Muriel's whispered orders not to disturb him.

"Junior! Sh-sh-sh! Your father's writing to *her*! He's giving her up!"

"Huh? Give her the air? Boy-oh-boy-oh-boy!"

"Gladys, please stop rustling that paper. You'll distract Pa."

Meanwhile, seated at his table, Mr. Bardith, after protracted staring at the goldfish, had written, "*My dearest, dearest Eve*," and come to a stop.

Out of penitence or loyalty, or both, he destroyed this beginning and made a new one limited to a single "Dearest." This brought him to a second stop. Just when it seemed to him that the flame of composition had expired, an oriole sang in a tall elm outside the window. An urchin whistled in the street. A white cloud billowed in the sky. The goldfish suddenly cavorted like rainbow trout; and without stopping, Mr. Bardith wrote:

My dearest Eve: It cannot be. Perhaps there is no change but death. The roots of family, of children, wife and home, have struck too deep within me. We must part. For us, there is no destiny, my darling—none save the memory of the pale nights when the stars burned down upon the lonely secret of our love. This we may have and hold in all its sweet transcending glory. I am pledged to write no more, yet the fountain runs full. And forever, darling, you are the flame in my darkness, the song in my silence. . . .

But I love my family, and belong to them, and with them. If the flesh of mv

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Please send me a copy of your pamphlet,
122-R, "Your Food—How does it rate for
Health?"

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flesh may some day know the beauty you have given me, then have I lived to high purpose. I want my son to be a finer man than I, and my daughter to know the poetry and music of life. And above all, my dearest one, I want my wife to have my last, unswerving loyalty.

Farewell, my lovely.

Henry

With something akin to awe, Mr. Bardith watched the slowly drying ink. He capped his pen, and wiped his beaded forehead. Then, glancing up, he observed his family silently peering at him from the living-room doorway; and—whether from the desire to exhibit proof of his future fidelity, or from pride in the creation of his pen—he held the letter toward them, saying: “Here it is. Read!”

Breathlessly they grouped around the letter, and breathlessly they read. Mr. Bardith was impressed, and pleasantly thrilled by their reactions. Junior, confused by the phrase about the fountain still running full, sought enlightenment.

“What d’ya mean, ‘fountain,’ Pa? Fountain pen?”

“No, Junior. I do not mean fountain pen.”

“He means,” said Gladys, in a small quivering voice, “the fountain of—of—his soul. Don’t you, Pa?”

“I do.”

Muriel, half-smiling through her tears, looked wistfully toward her husband, and said: “Henry, dear, I liked the part about the family best. The part about how you love us.”

Mr. Bardith nodded agreeably. “Yes, Muriel. That part was good.”

The appraisal over, Mr. Bardith addressed an envelope to Miss Evelyn Crevecœur, Empress Hotel, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. He folded the

letter, tucked it inside, and after sealing the envelope, glanced thoughtfully toward the front door.

“Henry,” said Muriel cooperatively, “I have plenty of stamps.”

“Stamps? Oh, yes—thanks, dear.”

“And an airmail sticker, too.”

“Splendid.”

Henry kissed Muriel good-by and left the house, carrying the letter all riotously stamped and labeled for its journey to oblivion. He paused uncertainly at a mail-box at the corner. Just once he turned and looked back toward his house. Then he touched the letter to his lips, dropped it into the mail-box, and whispered: “Good-by, Eve, my darling.”

He had walked on some distance toward his office when Gladys overtook him. She put her arm through his, hugging his elbow against her side. Suddenly averting her eyes, she held his arm still tighter, and said: “Pa, I wish—some day—someone would write to me like that. I mean that part about the memory of the pale nights, and the song in the silence, and how in your heart you felt the—you know, Pa—the bigness of time.”

“Someone will, Glad—some day.”

But it was not his daughter’s understanding heart that really lifted Mr. Bardith to the skies triumphant. Nor was it wholly Muriel’s warm, almost passionate kiss of welcome when he came home that evening, nor yet the fact that on Saturday night, when baked beans were not only tolerable but almost obligatory, there was steak for supper—thick, juicy porterhouse. It was Mr. Bardith’s son Junior, who, with gangling gestures, nervously working lips, and strangely enlightened eyes, approached him in the privacy of the front hall, to say:

“Pa, I won’t need the car tomorrow.”

the wish. He told himself that he would gladly start right now on a three-thousand-mile hike if at the end of the trip he could obtain such news as had been denied to them again tonight.

“Yes sir,” he repeated, surprised to hear himself talking out loud. “That’s what I’d do, and I’d do it gladly.”

“Do?” Elsie was adjusting the pictures again. She did not even turn her head. “What are you going to do? What is there that anyone can do? Haven’t we tried everything?”

“Yes,” Roy said, “I guess you’re right. Anything that it’s possible for two humans to do we’ve—” He forgot the rest of the sentence along with his aching legs. The uneasy thought which had come to him while he stood by the window returned. He wondered if they had tried everything.

“Listen,” he said. “Listen to me.”

Roy was afraid Elsie might laugh, but she did not. She held his hand, and when at last he paused, she kissed him.

“It’s true,” she said. “Every word of it. Instead of putting our trust where we should, we’ve all these years acted like a couple of know-it-alls. Now when it’s come to a test, we—” She felt Roy’s fingers tugging gently.

Hand in hand, they knelt there on the living-room floor. . . . When they arose at last, an unaccustomed peace was in their hearts. Come what might, they knew that now they could face the breaking day.

Son at the Front



(This story is continued from page 31) wondered uneasily if all the while he and Elsie had been actors in a make-believe world too.

“Goodness,” Elsie said, “it’s way past bedtime!”

Her tone was so natural that Roy suspected she must have rehearsed the words before saying them. He left the window, saw that she was making no move toward either light or radio switches, and let himself down into his chair. He knew how she felt. Until some word should come, sleep could only be a nightmare.

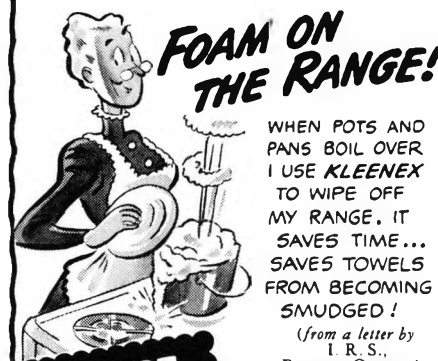
They sat there while the outdoors sounds dwindled, and one by one the radio stations signed off for the night. Roy’s legs, so long accustomed to taking their ease under a desk, ached from the strains imposed upon them lately. He massaged the throbbing muscles and wished that he had not walked that extra mile to the post office in search of late afternoon mail. Almost immediately he was ashamed of

TRICKY ST. NICKY!



BEING SANTA AT THE LOCAL STORE IS FUN SINCE I LEARNED HOW EASY IT IS TO REMOVE MAKE-UP WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES!

(from a letter by F. K., East Stroudsburg, Pa.)



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(from a letter by I. R. S., Buxton, Oregon)



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SAVES TISSUES
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BECAUSE IT SERVES
UP JUST ONE
DOUBLE TISSUE
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HANKIES AWAY!



SINCE I ADOPTED THE KLEENEX HABIT, MY HANKIE-SCRUBBING DAYS ARE OVER! SAVES MY GOOD LINEN KERCHIEFS— SAVES ON LAUNDRY BILLS!

(from a letter by P. A. M., U. S. S. Paducah)

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Paramount
Hit Parade
"THE FOREST
RANGERS"
in Technicolor

Starring

FRED MACMURRAY
PAULETTE GODDARD
SUSAN HAYWARD



Paulette's got that jingle, jangle, jingle that's sure to make everybody tingle! in Paramount's "THE FOREST RANGERS"



"THE FOREST RANGERS" is as colorful as a wild frontier celebration ... as breath-taking

as the majestic giant forests ... as exciting as a roaring lumber camp! Thrill-packed story of women who play with fire ... and men who fight it! With the No. 1 song of the Hit Parade, "JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLE!"

**TWO MORE PARAMOUNT HITS
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"ROAD TO MOROCCO." The screen's top laugh trio, BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE and DOROTHY LAMOUR hit the "Road" again and come up with a harem-scarem riot of song and laughter. Directed by David Butler.

"THE GLASS KEY." The roughest, toughest trigger-fast thriller ever turned out by Dashiell Hammett, author of "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Thin Man." With the hottest threesome on the screen, BRIAN DONLEVY, VERONICA LAKE and ALAN ("This Gun For Hire") LADD!

Ask your theatre manager when these Paramount Hits are coming.

Redbook's Film Suggestions for All the Family

★ WINGS AND THE WOMAN



THIS is the story of Amy Johnson, celebrated British woman flyer, and of her husband Jim Mollison. Made in England while Nazi bombs were dropping, the story gives a deeply sympathetic portrait of those two aviation pioneers who, after their marriage,

became known as the Flying Mollisons. Anna Neagle, the lovely English actress, plays the chief rôle of *Amy Johnson* with a proper reverence for the woman's inflexible determination to reach the top in her field.

The picture recounts such notable achievements as Miss Johnson's first record-breaking flight from England to Australia in a tiny outmoded plane. It shows the later air trip to South Africa, and the joint flight of the Mollisons on the history-making east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic.

Amy Johnson lost her life in the current war when she parachuted from her plane into the Thames River and was drowned before help could reach her. The picture, ably directed by Herbert Wilcox, and played with great sensitivity by Miss Neagle and Robert Newton, is a fitting monument to her memory. (RKO)

★ THE NAVY COMES THROUGH

THERE is a wealth of action, intrigue and flavor in this salty tale of an Atlantic convoy and an embattled merchant ship. There is also romance to satisfy adherents of the boy-and-girl theme. Placing a girl in the midst of sea action is neatly contrived by making her a Navy nurse on duty aboard a destroyer. She is the sister of *Chief Gunner's Mate Michael Mallory* (Pat O'Brien), and her romance with *Lieutenant Thomas Sands* (George Murphy) was broken when the latter became disgraced for an act which later turns out to have been misinterpreted. The picture moves rapidly, and it is enlivened by the true-to-life quality



which it conveys in the sea battles. Jane Wyatt plays the nurse, and in addition to Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Murphy, the cast includes Jackie Cooper, Desi Arnaz, Max Baer and others. (RKO)

★ FOR ME AND MY GAL



THIS new Judy Garland picture cashes in handsomely on both the present revival of vaudeville and the mood created by the war. The story deals with the trials and tribulations of *Jo*

Hayden, the feminine part of a song-and-dance act, and *Harry Palmer*, a young, handsome and arrogant juggler. *Jo* falls in love with *Harry*, and *Harry* pretends he is in love with her.

Later *Harry* meets *Eve Minard*, an internationally known singing star. Fortunately for *Jo*, *Eve* is too good a woman to break *Jo's* heart. Just as *Jo* and *Harry* are about to be married, World War I breaks out. Much to *Jo's* disappointment, she discovers that *Harry* is a slacker. She walks out on him. Eventually they are reunited in France, where *Jo* is entertaining the soldiers while *Harry* vindicates himself by saving the lives of a company of wounded men. Judy Garland as *Jo* is everything that the Garland fans have the right to expect. She sings and dances her way into their hearts once again. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



City of Women

(This story is continued from page 51) to face him. "I'm sorry, Stuart. It's just that I'm so tired!"

He took her cold hands between his, warming them. "You'll feel better in the morning, darling Caroline. I'm horribly sorry that had to happen tonight."

She tried to smile at him, thinking to herself how really sweet he was. "It wasn't your fault," she said simply.

"That doesn't make me feel any better," he said. "You know I would rather cut off my hand than give you one moment of pain."

He would, too, she thought curiously. Consciously, deliberately, he would never hurt any living thing, and far less anything that he loved.

"Never mind, Stuart," she said. "It's all right."

GENTLY, he pulled her to him and kissed her. His arms were warm and strong around her. But there was a hard, frozen lump of unshed tears in her throat because his kiss meant nothing to her, and she knew beyond doubt or hope that it never would again. He might be the twin or the double of someone she had loved once; he certainly was not her lover.

"Good-by, Stuart," she whispered.

"I'll call you in the morning," he whispered back.

"No," she said. "No, Stuart. Never again. Please."

She felt him stiffen against her, and saw his face grow pale and taut. But he did not say anything for a moment. He took her face between his hands and looked into her eyes.

"Are you sure, little Caroline?"

"I'm sorry, Stuart. But I'm sure."

He held her like that for a moment.

"Perhaps you're right, my darling. The trouble is, I love you."

"I'm sorry, Stuart."

He looked at her for another little while, and then he took her hands and bent his head to kiss the palms of each of them, as he had done on another night not so long ago; and on that night also, for another reason, it had almost broken her heart. On that night she had closed her fists tightly to keep his kisses as long as they would stay, and tonight she had no desire to keep them.

She got out quickly and walked up the steps of the boarding-house.

The door opened before Caroline could ring the bell; there was Christina, looking beautiful and anxious in a long blue dressing-gown, with her hair in two silver-gilt braids hanging over her shoulders.

"I saw you from the window," she explained, closing the door behind Caroline. "Caroline, what happened?"

Caroline, tired to death, and almost emotionally numb, suddenly found the emptiness inside her being filled with relieving anger.



Miss Patricia Quinn

Blonde as a sunbeam is this deb of Sarasota, Florida. She says:

"It's good beauty tactics to look as lovely as one can. My secret is a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to keep my skin bright."

For a complexion that sparkles try Woodbury Facial Soap. Woodbury cleanses so gently, your skin soon responds with starry freshness. Pure. Contains a mellowing ingredient for mildness. Get famous Woodbury. Only 10¢ a cake.

"Glow with Glamour," advises Deb "Try my Woodbury Facial Cocktail"



1. Cholly Knickerbocker, society reporter, learned deb's skin care: "Woodbury's lather is velvety. That's how it leaves my skin."



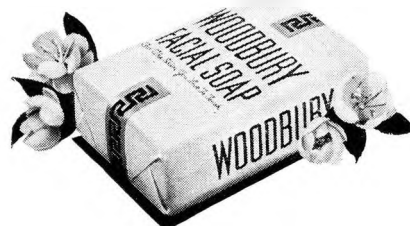
2. "Over my face I pat on a cleansing lather of Woodbury Soap. Let it gather up grime and grit, then splash on clear water."



3. Patricia plays hostess at service club party. "I'm sure my Woodbury Facial Cocktail plays a big part in popularity." Get Woodbury today!

FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

now 10¢



"What are you doing up at this hour of the night?" she demanded. "Were you waiting for me?"

Christina put her hand to her mouth, and her eyes looked suddenly frightened. She did not answer.

"How did you know I'd be coming here?" Caroline asked quietly.

Christina put out her hands toward her in a helpless, appealing gesture. "Caroline, I—oh, Caroline. I hope I did not do wrong. I was so worried. I had to—" Her voice trailed off.

"What did you do?"

"I—I told Mr. Conison."

Caroline stared at her, disbelieving, shaking with anger. "You told Bill Conison. And he told Lacey. And between the three of you—"

But Christina's mouth was trembling now, and her eyes were misty with tears; and suddenly, reasonlessly, all Caroline's rage was gone. How could she be angry at Christina? How could she hate her? How could she hate anybody, even Bill Conison, even Lacey, when she was so full of tears that would not come?

"I want to go to bed," she said wearily. "I'm awfully tired."

CAROLINE lay on Christina's little hard bed, feeling heavy-eyed and limp. There were no tears left in her; she had shed them all last night with Christina's arms around her, and after that she had slept heavily and dreamlessly for long hours. But the sleep had not rested her; now, after three in the afternoon, she was still too listless to want to do anything, even eat. She wondered if she would ever really want to do anything again, as long as she lived.

Christina came in, looking determinedly cheerful. "Bill Conison is downstairs," she said. "He wants to see you."

"Tell him to go away," Caroline said, turning her eyes away from the sight of Christina's bright smile.

"I told him you didn't feel up to go company. But he says he won't go away without seeing you. Really, Caroline, you'd better go down."

Caroline was too tired to argue. "Oh, all right," she said, and got up. She was going toward the door when Christina stopped her, looking shocked.

"But, Caroline, your hair? And your nose needs powder."

She got a comb from the dressing-table, and Caroline submitted bonelessly to having her hair fixed and her face powdered before she was allowed to leave the room. Then she went downstairs and found Bill waiting for her in the parlor.

"Hello," she said listlessly. "Christina said you wanted to see me."

"Lacey sent me to find you. She was worried."

"Well, she can stop worrying," Caroline said bitterly. "From now on, she never has to worry about me again."

"Don't be silly, kid," Bill said, and his voice was gentle. "Lacey's very fond of you; you know that."

"She picked a fine way to show it, last night."

"She picked the only way she could of showing it. Do you think she enjoyed doing that? Now, look, kid: You're going to come along with me and see Lacey if I have to kidnap you."

There was no fight left in Caroline; she could not argue with him. Besides, she thought wearily, she would have to go to the apartment to get her things sooner or later, anyway. She might as well do it now and get it over with.

"All right," she said. "All right, I'll go."

Lacey heard the key in the lock and sat up on the couch upon which she had been lying. Here came the storm, she told herself grimly.

"Hello, baby," she said quietly.

Caroline looked at her for a moment without speaking, and her eyes were cold

and hard. Then she turned away and started for the bedroom.

"I came to get my clothes," she flung over her shoulder.

LACEY sighed. She had expected something like that, but hearing the words spoken definitely could still hurt. "All right, baby," she said. "Whatever you like."

She waited for a moment, then got up and followed into the bedroom, to lean against the door-jamb with her hands in the pockets of her flannel slacks, watching Caroline empty the contents of her bureau drawers into her big suitcase.

"You're really sore, aren't you, baby?" she asked at last.

Caroline did not answer or look up. It was obvious that she did not want to talk about it. But Lacey had to talk; she was too fond of Caroline to let her go like this, without even trying to straighten things out.

"It was the only plan I could think of on the spur of the moment that I was sure would work," she said. "George Hilbridge was amenable to suggestion in your interest. I'm sorry it had to be so public, baby."

Now Caroline did look up, her eyes direct and hot with anger. "Why couldn't you have minded your own business?" she asked. "I never butted into *your* affairs."

"Are you sorry I butted in?"

Caroline did not say anything; she put a pile of nightgowns into the suitcase and stood looking down at them, smoothing them absently. Her face was twisted with pain, and for a little while Lacey thought she was going to cry. She wished Caroline would cry; it might make things a bit easier.

"I told you once before, baby," Lacey went on gently, "that I didn't think you were meant for Stuart."

Now Caroline looked at her, and her eyes were no longer hard or angry, but were full of misery and pain.

"Lacey, what made me think I loved him? He's just—he's empty. He's just a face and a uniform."

"Oh, he's not a bad guy," Lacey said tolerantly. "He's just not the guy you thought he was. You kept seeing something that wasn't there, just because you wanted it to be there."

They were silent then, and after a while Lacey went and began to help pack the bag, taking dresses out of the closet and handing them to Caroline.

"You're still going?" she said at last.

Caroline looked at her sidewise. "I must, Lacey. I'm sorry, but I'd think of last night every time I saw you. And I want to forget it."

Lacey sighed. "Okay, baby. Where are you going?"

"I suppose I'll stay with Christina until I can find another room."

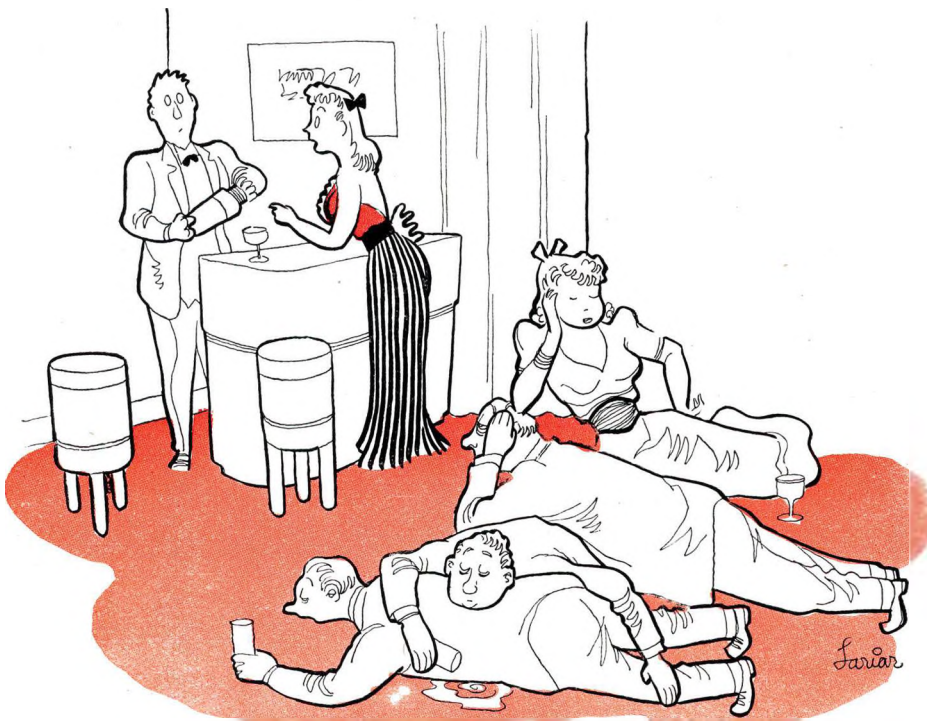
"Why not go back to Samberley?"

"I can't do that. You know I can't. Run away!"

Lacey said forcefully: "Listen to me, baby. The best thing anyone can do, on occasion, is run away. What do you think you're going to get by staying in Washington? A career, maybe?"

"I'm not doing badly at the office."

"Baby, my advice is, go back where you belong, to your own town, where people lead normal lives. Get yourself a job



"Are you sure that was exactly the way the bartender in Havana mixed it?"

if you want. And get yourself some nice guy and marry him and have nice kids. That's living. Leave Washington and men like Stuart Blackpool to people like me. We've got calluses. We can handle them."

"You don't know Samberley. There isn't anyone to marry in the place."

Lacey hesitated for a moment, and then said it, the final thing, the bitter thing. "You might give Conison a thought," she said. "He's a good guy, and he's crazy about you. Bill has his faults, but he'll never let you down. He's strictly a one-woman man."

There it was, she thought wryly, her all on a silver platter. And Caroline was just looking astonished and a little blank. She probably would not appreciate her luck. People were awful fools, no matter how you looked at them; and the younger they were, the more foolish.

When the bag was packed and locked, Lacey insisted on carrying it to the head of the stairs. Then they both stood and looked at one another for a little while, awkward and ill at ease, neither of them wanting to be the first to speak farewell.

"Well!" Lacey said at last. "Good-by, baby. I'm sorry you're going. It's been fun."

"Yes," Caroline said slowly. "It was fun, wasn't it?"

Impulsively, without really thinking of doing it, Lacey leaned over and put her hands on the girl's shoulders and kissed her quickly. Caroline's face crumpled as if she were about to cry, and she bent and picked up her bag and hurried down the stairs, not looking back.

Lacey stood looking after her, her hands in her pockets, wondering what to do next. She might have herself a good old-fashioned cry, only it seemed somewhat of a waste of time and effort.

BILL leaned against the car and wondered if he ought to go upstairs and see what was happening. Caroline had been a long time up there, and he hoped she was not quarreling with Lacey. Women, he thought, were always getting themselves mixed up in some emotional upheaval or another. And then he grinned with wry amusement at himself, thinking that he had not done a bad job of getting mixed up himself.

Just as he was deciding that he had better go up, the door opened and Caroline came out, carrying a heavy bag. He met her halfway up the steps and took the bag from her. They did not talk until he was again behind the steering-wheel, with the bag stowed away in the back and Caroline sitting beside him.

"Where to?" he asked then. "Christina's?"

She did not answer for a moment, and he looked at her. She was frowning thoughtfully down at her clasped hands.

"I don't know," she said at last. "I'm not sure."

Here, he thought, was where he stuck his neck out again, and got his ears pinned back nicely. "Look," he said cautiously, "have you thought of coming back to Samberley?" He hurried on without waiting for an answer: "I need someone on the paper now; a couple of my men have been drafted."

He wondered what was behind the faint sparkle in her eyes as she regarded

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WHAT YOU DESERVE

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A LITTLE SWEET (Half-teaspoonful of sugar)

THE TROPIC SUN (A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver)

WITHOUT THE HEAT (Ice and shake thoroughly)

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BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

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him gravely. "And just what use would I be to the paper?" she asked.

"You've had a year's experience now. You know more. You've been around. I could turn you into a newspaper woman now, I think."

"Oh?"

He took hope from the fact that he'd been setting himself up in the alley, and she still hadn't knocked him down. "You'll be a lot more useful in Samberley right now than you are in Washington," he said. "Any reasonably competent secretary could do the stuff you do here. Only Caroline Hasbrey could do the things you could do in Samberley, with the Red Cross and the Navy Relief and the U.S.O. You're an individual there, and you're only a cog in the machine here."

She continued to look at him gravely, still with that slight glint in her eyes, and did not speak for a long time. He had to restrain himself from squirming under her level gaze.

"All right," she said at last. "What are we waiting for?"

He stared, quite conscious that his mouth was hanging open. He wondered how many more years it would be before he got used to women.

"You mean, you want to go home?" he said carefully, as though by making sure she understood him, he might possibly also understand her.

"Wasn't that what we were talking about?" Caroline asked, and she actually smiled at him.

It was a small smile, and not very steady, but it was a smile, and he felt his mouth and his eyes automatically answering it. He was grinning like the village idiot, he told himself, but he was too relieved to care.

"Right now?" he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

He felt suddenly and ridiculously happy, and was more than a little embarrassed by it. He had to turn his eyes away from hers so that she would not see inside him, and he had to scowl to hide the idiot's grin that continued to try to force its way onto his face. My God, he

thought irritably, what was the use of growing up, if a man could just start in feeling like a high-school boy again at any time, without warning?

"We're on our way," he said gruffly.

SOMEWHERE in the street a child called to his playmate; and the sound, thin and sweet, came clearly through the windows of the office, wide open to the May breeze. Caroline's fingers halted on the typewriter and her head lifted, listening. This was one of the things she had missed in Washington without knowing it—the sound of children playing in the streets, the feeling of life going on, of generations succeeding one another.

Briefly, for a little minute, she took time out to be glad that she was home again, back in a land of living people, where real things were important, birth and death and the daily matters of the living. Even the war: In Washington the war had been headlines in the paper and extra work in the office. Here it was the story she was writing now, about young Enoch Jones on Elm Street being lost with his destroyer at sea. In Washington it was drudgery. Here it was terrible and beautiful and bitter and fine.

In Washington by now Stuart had probably forgotten her for some other girl, and she felt no regret because of that. That was the way he was built, and therefore nothing you could complain about. She was only grateful that she could remember him without shame or regret. And God knew, that was none of her doing. Credit for that went to Christina and Lacey, who had protected her against her will. Christina and Lacey—and Bill.

She bent to her work again, and was typing furiously when she heard the door open. She waited to finish a paragraph before she looked up, and then she found Bill and her father grinning at her.

"Busy little bee, isn't she?" her father said.

"That's the professional touch," Bill said. "Ignoring the world until you get good and ready."

She smiled at them imperturbably, and stood up, stretching. "There's your Enoch Jones story," she said. "When the news came through, his two kid brothers went right down and joined the Navy."

"Did you get a picture?"

"Yes. Taken last year in his high-school football uniform."

"Good," Bill said expressionlessly, but she saw in his eyes a reflection of the bitter anger that she had felt herself when the boy's father had given her that picture. Bill looked at her, and they half grinned at one another in wry sympathy.

"See?" Bill said, turning to her father. "She's coming right along."

"What I don't see," Randolph Hasbrey said disconsolately, "is why she can't work for me if she thinks she's got to work. I need a secretary."

"Lay off!" Bill told him. "She's my right-hand man. I'll dynamite your damn plant if you try any funny business."

"But I do need a secretary. I've had four in five weeks, and not one able to read her own shorthand. How can we win the war if I don't have a decent secretary?"

Caroline caught Bill's eye, and they looked at one another a moment. She knew that he knew what she was thinking; and when he winked at her, she had to struggle hard to keep from laughing.

"You know, Daddy," she said thoughtfully, "I think I have just the girl for you. She's fast and very accurate, and as efficient as all get-out."

"Who is she?" he demanded eagerly. "Why haven't you told me about her before?"

"Remember Christina?"

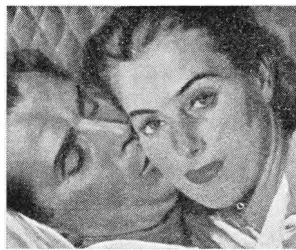
"Of course I remember Christina! The nicest girl I've met in years." And then the eagerness went out of his face. "But she's got a good job in Washington. She'd never come down here."

"Oh, I don't know," Caroline said, carefully avoiding Bill's wicked eye. "I think I could persuade her. I might write and try, anyway."

"Write, hell!" Bill said. "Here's the telephone!"

THE END

This Is My Husband



(This story is continued from page 35) that threshold on our second wedding anniversary. He'd said: "Happy is the bride the mortgage shines on."

I paused at one door, the door to the little blue powder-room—a little cubicle with three pale blue walls, one deep maroon one. A dressing-table and bench, a boudoir chair, a tiny chest, and a *chaise-longue*.

I sat down, and automatically I reached for a powder-puff and a lipstick, and began to make up my face. Then I ran a comb through my disheveled hair. I tried to see myself, really see myself in that mirror. Was I beautiful? Hugh al-

ways said so; Jane Colch had said it; lots of people had been saying it for years. I hated that sharp-boned, fine-drawn face, the dark, anguished eyes. I tried to concentrate on it. But I found I was looking at the reflection of the *chaise-longue*.

A pretty piece of furniture. If you're going to lose a baby, you couldn't ask for a prettier, more comfortable place to have it happen.

I buried my face in my hands. Dear God, you think you've forgotten those things, you think at least that you've put them off in some part of your mind where they won't return to haunt you. . . . And then, without warning, they're right there,

with you, and all the careful, civilized, common-sense attitudes you've built up crumble and fade away before the unchanging fact of grief.

What had happened? No one ever knew, not even Dr. Mayler. No one ever would know, apparently. I had followed every rule—diet, exercise, rest. I had been in excellent physical condition. There had been no particular worries; we'd had plenty of money; we both wanted the baby; everything seemed perfect. Too perfect, maybe; maybe you weren't supposed to have things that easy in this life.

Anyway, there was no warning. . . . We'd given a party, a quiet, non-riotous affair, and I hadn't even taken a drink. Then, suddenly, the terrible pain, the agonizing pain inside me, and still I refused to believe it could be anything important, and I'd managed to get to the little powder-room without anybody noticing; there I lay down on the *chaise-longue*.

Hugh had found me there, and he took one look at my white, deathlike face and he called Dr. Mayler.

But it was too late. Whatever it was, it had happened, and we didn't have a baby any more. Maybe sometime again; no reason why, if I took good care of myself, we shouldn't try again sometime. . . . Oh, in a couple of years maybe.

No reason at all—*then*.

No Lacey Lencival in our lives then. Of course, even in those days, just two years ago, pretty girls liked to flirt with Hugh, and Hugh liked to flirt a little with them. But none of it was serious. And perhaps if I'd only had my baby, none of it ever would have become serious. . . .

There was no use thinking any of that, though. No use—

The doorbell rang.

This time it had to be the police, and it was. Chief Duward said good evening as politely as though he had come to sell us tickets to the annual town benefit game, and introduced his new assistant, Joe Petley. The Chief was a big, incredibly intellectual-looking man who had only been prevailed upon to take his job when it became clear that no one else of any kind of ability would take it. Actually, it occupied very little of his time. Pentonby was the most well-behaved of villages, and its very prosperous citizens practically never got themselves into any trouble. Not publicly, anyway.

Joe Petley was a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed young man. There was no reason why Duward should have an assistant, since there wasn't really enough work for one. But we all knew young Petley was merely being groomed to take over the post of Chief, so that Duward could, with a clear conscience, go back to his books and his research.

"Come in," I said. "Hugh is in the library, there, and Dr. Mayler and the nurse are with him. I've been making us all some coffee. It ought to be ready now. May I bring you a cup?"

"That'll be fine," said Duward.

The two men went down the hall toward the library, and I went to the kitchen for the coffee.

WHEN I took the tray in, the Doctor was just finishing. He had made a neat job of the bandage, and Hugh looked almost as though nothing had happened. The men were all talking amicably among themselves, and I realized they had waited till the Doctor was through to start their questions.

We all sipped our coffee, and Hugh said: "I don't see any reason for me to go on lying here, do you? It's not any too comfortable. What's the matter with my own room upstairs?"

"I don't like to move you that far."

"Nonsense," said Hugh. "You boys can give me a hand if you want to, though I bet I could make it myself without any trouble."

With which he sat up. The Doctor said, "Okay, okay, if you're set on it." He and young Peters helped Hugh to his feet; Duward took the tray from me, and slowly we all went upstairs.

Once we had got Hugh into bed, the Chief said, "Well, do you feel up to a few questions now, or are you too knocked out? Because I can probably get all the information we'll need from Mrs. Vernell, if you—"

"No," said Hugh quickly. "I feel fine. Fire away."

Hello Mom—What do I do now?

THE BRIDE: (tearfully) We've been married eight whole hours, and he hasn't so much as kissed me, and . . .

US: Tut tut, sweet bride, why worry your Mom? Hang up the phone and dry your tears . . . we'll solve your problem!

THE BRIDE: (suspicious) How?

US: Easy! Simply telling you the one thing you should have known—The Big Secret!

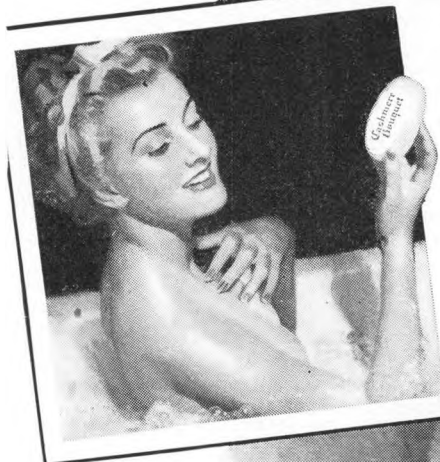
THE BRIDE: (more suspicious than ever) What secret?

US: The secret of personal daintiness, my dear . . . the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way—

THE BRIDE: The feminine way? That's a laugh . . . I've always thought a soap to remove body odor had to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective!

US: Not this one, honey . . . here's a gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented—and daily use stops all body odor.

THE BRIDE: (skeptical) Well, right now I'll try anything! But can you prove all this?



US: Sure we can prove it—and quick—because today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathes away every trace of body odor, instantly!

THE BRIDE: Sa-a-y, you're not kidding! Such suds, and—mmm—I love that heavenly perfume! Smells like \$20-an-ounce!

US: On you, dear, it's priceless! And remember—no other soap can get rid of perspiration better than complexion-gentle Cashmere Bouquet!

THE BRIDE: Well, I hope I'm luscious as I feel, I hope . . . 'cause I've got a date with my mate—I hope!

US: Oops, sorry . . . didn't mean to intrude!

THE BRIDE: (blushing) You're forgiven—this time! But tell me . . . does Cashmere Bouquet always make a groom so attentive?

US: It's you, who rates the attention, my pet . . . Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of tender moments by guarding your daintiness!

THE BRIDE: Well, thanks a million, pal . . . how can I ever repay you?

US: Just stay as sweet as you are.

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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

"Well," said Duward, "you might as well just tell us what happened."

Hugh grinned. "I'm afraid I can't tell you very much. I was asleep and something woke me—a noise, I guess. We'd had an accident in the library—a mirror slipped from the wall—and there was broken glass on the floor. I might have heard someone stepping on the glass. Anyway, I got the idea there was someone downstairs. So I went down to have a look."

"Did you see him?" Duward asked.

"Well, yes and no. I didn't turn on any lights, but when I went into the library I knew there was somebody there. I guess I said 'Who's there?' or something like that, and then there was the shot."

"Could you give me any idea of his size?"

"I think so," said Hugh. "He was outlined against the window as he ducked out, and he seemed a short, stocky character—but he might just have been crouched over."

Duward looked at his notebook thoughtfully; Petley cleared his throat, and Duward nodded encouragingly. "Did he get anything?" Petley asked.

Hugh gave me an inquiring glance and I said: "Why—I don't know. I never thought to look."

"We'll check up in the morning," said Hugh. "But I doubt it, somehow. I think I got him pretty fast—or rather, he got me."

"I take it he came in through that window?"

"I imagine so," said Hugh. "It had been open all evening."

"It was stuck," I said, automatically.

"I see," said Petley, as though I'd contributed some profound thought.

The Chief asked me: "How about you—did the noise wake you up too?"

"No," said Hugh, before I could say anything. "She sleeps like a log. I'm surprised she even heard the shot."

"But you did hear that?" said Duward.

This time, I saw that Hugh was going to let me speak for myself.

"Yes," I said. "I heard the shot."

There wasn't much more. Dr. Mayler gave them the bullet and explained where he'd found it. Duward told us to let him know if we discovered there was anything missing. Meanwhile, he said, he'd notify the State Police to be on the lookout. If this was the usual type of house-breaker that turned up every now and then in these parts, we'd probably hear of him trying something else in the vicinity soon. It was a pattern the police were grateful for; it made their work a good deal easier.

Dr. Mayler said: "Well, I guess there's nothing else much I can do to-night either." He called over Miss Fairfax, who had been sitting quietly at the other side of the room, and began to give her instructions.

I started downstairs with Duward and young Petley. Dr. Mayler caught up with us before we got to the bottom of the stairs.

"There's nothing for you to worry about now, Katherine," he said. "Hugh's been awfully lucky. . . . If no complications turn up, he'll probably be on his feet again in a few days."

"Is there anything special I ought to do for him?" I asked.

"No, you'll find Miss Fairfax very efficient. She'll look after him. Just keep him as quiet as you can. I'll stop in sometime tomorrow."

I saw them all to the door, and we said our good-by's. And then, just as I was about to open the door, the bell rang again.

It was another strange young man—a reporter.

"Mrs. Vernell?" he said. "I understand you've had an accident here to-night—"

Chief Duward came to my rescue. "Okay, Luke, you can ride back to the station with us, and I'll tell you all about it. Mrs. Vernell is pretty tired now; you don't want to bother her."

I gave him a grateful smile, and Joe Petley looked so wide-eyed and nice-puppyish that I included him in the smile too. Then at last they were really going out that door, and we were rid of them all: I was going to be alone with Hugh.

I rushed back upstairs to our bedroom—and nearly collided with Miss Fairfax coming out.

"I'm sorry," she said, though of course it hadn't been her fault at all. "I was just going to ask you where I could sleep."

I showed her to the room across the hall. "There's a bath on the other side of it," I said. "I hope you'll be comfortable." I wished her good-night, and started to go to Hugh. She said quickly: "Oh, Mrs. Vernell, I think perhaps you'd better not disturb him any more tonight."

"What?" I said impatiently. "That's our room: I sleep there with Hugh."

"Oh, but tonight I'm afraid you can't, not until the wound has healed. Couldn't you use one of the other rooms?"

I said: "I see. Yes, I suppose so. But I do want to go in and talk with him for a while."

She shook her head, and smiled, the coy, conciliating professional smile. "No, no, I wouldn't do that. You see, the doctor had me give him a sedative, and it's very important that he be allowed to have his rest now."

"All right," I said, feeling angry and frustrated. I started down the hall toward the little room I had fled to earlier in the evening.

"Mrs. Vernell!"

I turned, frowning: "What is it?" Again that smile. "I didn't mean you couldn't kiss him good-night."

"Oh!" Confound the girl! "Well—" I went back to Hugh's room—our room. He seemed already asleep. I bent over and touched my lips lightly to his forehead. I did it because I had been told to, because it was expected of me, because I almost had a feeling that Miss Fairfax might be watching to see that I did it.

Then I tiptoed out, and went to bed.

I WOKE to a morning of blinding-bright sunshine, and I shut my eyes quickly against it and lay perfectly still while wave after hopeless wave of memory flooded back over me.

It was a terrible thing to wake up and hate being awake. It was a terrible thing to wake up and hate being alive.

What I wanted, desperately, was to be able to turn over and go back to sleep.

Not because I was tired, but only to keep from facing things.

Instead, of course, I got up and washed my face and made my hair neat. And then I squared my shoulders and put my chin up, and walked to the room where so much love had once been.

Hugh was lying there, looking very cheerful. Miss Fairfax turned quickly as I entered.

"Good morning," she said briskly. "Isn't it a beautiful day? I almost waked you earlier, but Mr. Vernell thought it would do you good to sleep."

"Thank you," I said. And then, to Hugh: "How are you feeling?"

"Wonderful," he said. "How do I look?"

"You look fine," I said. "Have you had your breakfast?"

"Yes, hours ago. Why don't you have yours in here?"

"All right."

I went down to the kitchen and ordered a tray.

"I'll take it upstairs with me."

While I was waiting, I glanced through the paper. There was no mention of Hugh's—accident. But then, we got a pretty early edition.

When I returned with the tray, Miss Fairfax went out.

At last I was alone with Hugh. I closed the door, and I locked it. When I turned to face Hugh, he was looking at me quizzically.

"What's the idea?" he said.

"Suppose you tell me." I felt nearly as tough as I must have sounded.

"Tell you what?"

"Why you lied."

Hugh said: "What do you mean? I didn't lie."

I was having trouble keeping my voice calm, but I did. "You let them think I was sleeping right at your side when all this happened. You didn't say anything about our quarrel, or that I was in the other room."

"Oh, that," said Hugh.

"Yes," I said, "'that'—among other things."

"Well, there's never any point in confiding all your domestic troubles to the police. Certainly not right after a shooting."

"So you were protecting me?" I said angrily.

He grinned at me. "I suppose you might call it that. You've got no idea how suspicious some people get when they find out a lady has had a fight with her husband right before he's mysteriously shot."

"You're not really serious. Hugh, are you?"

"What's the matter with you, Katherine? You're acting very peculiarly. No, I'm not exactly serious—after all, Duward knows you and all that, so there wouldn't have been any question of anything funny. But what would have been the point of going off into long-winded explanations, when it was none of their business?"

"Hugh," I said abruptly, "why did you tell the other lie—the big one? Why did you say it was a burglar?"

He frowned. "I don't understand you. I didn't tell any lie."

I came and stood beside him, and said as steadily as I could: "Malcolm Enderby came back and tried to kill you."



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"You don't really believe that!"

"It's a very good act, Hugh. Unfortunately, it doesn't impress me."

He shook his head incredulously. It was a very good act. "No wonder you've been so strange. Well, I don't know where you got that cockeyed idea, but I hope you get rid of it in a hurry. Malcolm Enderby was here just once last night, the time you saw him, and he didn't come back. Why you think he would be beyond me, anyway."

"Is it?" I asked. "You simply can't imagine?"

"I've told you the truth, and you won't believe it."

"The truth!" I said bitterly. "The truth about you and Lacey Lencival, too?"

He shook his head. "I give you my word that's got nothing to do with this. What do you want to know about Lacey?"

"Are you in love with her?"

Hugh said: "Are you crazy, Katherine? Of course, I'm not in love with her."

"Is she in love with you?"

"No, of course she's not."

"Stop saying 'of course,' as though the idea never entered anyone's head before I said it."

HUGH was beginning to be angry too. "There are a few things I want to know, now."

"Yes?"

"Suppose we start with this Enderby. Suppose you tell me why you're so sure he tried to kill me—and then, what you think it would prove if he had?"

"All right," I said. "I'll tell you: I think he came here because he was desperate—"

"He came here because he was drunk," Hugh interrupted. "I should think any child would have noticed that."

"Do you want me to finish?"

"Sorry. Go ahead. Only try to get it straight, will you?"

"I'll try. He came here because he was desperate. . . . All right; he had been drinking, yes; but that was just what gave him the nerve. But it certainly wasn't his real reason."

"And what was his real reason?"

"That you had taken his girl away from him."

"Then what? He came here to shoot me, and he saw me, and he didn't shoot me. Period. How come?"

I pushed the hair back from my forehead. I was trying to speak quietly, without emotion. It wasn't easy.

"Well, I don't think he really knew he wanted to kill you, that first time. Maybe it hadn't even occurred to him then. But you must have said something to infuriate him—you were pretty tough with him. And when he saw that you weren't—weren't going to let Lacey alone, he went out of his head and decided there was no other way he could get rid of you."

"So he came back, and prowled around the library till I obligingly walked downstairs, and then he took one shot at me, and left?"

I nodded. "That, in general, is the way it was."

Hugh said: "Katherine, I'm trying not to lose my temper, because I know that won't do any good. I'm trying to straighten you out on this. Did you have these—these suspicions about me and Lacey before last night?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I did. But last night just confirmed them."

He brushed that aside impatiently. "Wait a minute. What I'm getting at is this—you thought maybe there was something between Lacey and me, and you weren't sure, and you decided not to say anything about it. Then, when I got shot, it suddenly changed everything for you."

I clasped my hands together, tight, to stop their trembling. "I wasn't sure how—how important it was, you and Lacey. But I met Malcolm Enderby; I talked

with him. Drunk or sober, he would never have wanted to kill a man unless—"

"Unless? Go ahead."

"Unless you had given him good cause."

We stared at each other; it must have been a full minute. When Hugh finally spoke, his voice sounded strange.

"Listen," he said: "Enderby didn't shoot me, and he didn't try to shoot me—but even if he had, don't you think he might have got it wrong?"

I said, slowly: "I don't believe that he did."

He leaned forward in the bed. "Katherine," he said, "come here, please."

"No," I said. "No, there's nothing else to say."

"Come here, Katherine."

In spite of myself, I went over and sat down on the edge of the bed. Maybe to prove that it was all over, that I couldn't be tempted or teased or talked out of it.

"Well?"

He didn't lunge at me, or grab me. Very slowly, very deliberately, he put his arms around me. I made myself rigid; I wasn't going to feel a thing.

"Katherine," he said, and his lips were against my cheek. "Katherine, I love you."

It shouldn't have worked. There wasn't a reason in the world why it should work.

But it did.

The anger and the hatred and the misery seemed to vanish from inside me, to melt away; and suddenly I was crying as though my heart would break, not tears of grief, but great convulsive sobs that were my happiness.

"Oh, Hugh," I said. "Hugh, darling."

"Darling," Hugh said comfortingly. "Darling, don't cry. You do believe me, don't you?"

"I shouldn't," I said. "Oh, I shouldn't."

"But you do?"

"Yes."

I lay there in an ecstasy of warmth and happiness, and Hugh stroked back my hair and murmured little foolishnesses to me, and the bright sunlight I had hated earlier in the morning was the most beautiful thing in the world.

AND then the telephone rang.

"Let it ring," Hugh said. "We don't want to talk to anyone."

"It might be your office."

"No, I called and told them I won't be in."

The phone went on ringing. "The new maid will never answer it," I said. "She's afraid of them."

"All right," Hugh said. "Go on and take it, then. But I don't want to talk to anyone. If it's for me, tell 'em I'm asleep."

I picked up the receiver.

"Yes?"

"I'd like to speak with Mr. Hugh Vernell."

It was a feminine voice, a very pretty voice. I knew, before it got to the last word, that it was a red-headed voice.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but he's resting just now." I could have let it go at that. I could have hung up. I would never have had to know. "Who is calling, please?" I said.



Larion

"What do you mean—'what did I stuff it with?'
It wasn't hollow!"

There was a momentary hesitation. I could almost hear the wheels going round: ("They have lots of money; it's bound to be a maid answering the phone; this is safe.") "Will you please tell him Miss Lacey Lencival called?" she said. I might even then have let it drop—but she began to spell out the name.

Funny what little things can be your breaking-point.

"Yes," I interrupted. "I've got it. This is his wife. Would you like to leave any other message?"

"Oh." It couldn't have been more significant. Except it didn't matter now. Hugh's specious magic was gone now.

She had started to speak again. "I heard that—that Hugh had had an accident, and I wanted to—I wondered how he was. It isn't—serious, is it?"

"No," I said. "No, it isn't serious."

"Oh. I just happened to be up here at Jane's, and I wondered if I might stop over and see how he is—as long as I'm in the neighborhood, I mean."

"Of course," I said. "Hugh will be delighted to see you."

THEN, without warning, the appalling, the dreadful thing I must not think, was upon me.

How did she know he had been shot? It was not in the paper. How did she know? There was only one possible way.

All my fine social caution had vanished. I said: "You might as well bring Malcolm Enderby along too."

And I rang off.

I hadn't let myself meet Hugh's eye throughout the call, but now I faced him.

He gestured helplessly. "Katherine, it was rotten luck having Lacey call just now. I suppose it was Lacey?"

"Yes," I said. "It was Lacey."

He reached out for my hand, but I pulled away from him.

"No," I said. "no. Hugh, I don't love you."

"But you said you did. Last night, even after I had been shot—Katherine, don't you remember when you kissed me. you said: 'If anything had happened to you—'"

I was utterly cold and unmoved.

"Katherine," Hugh said, desperately, "Katherine, I don't understand you. You were frantic last night, when you thought I'd been killed. And now, when you know I'm all right—Katherine, are you sorry I'm not dead?"

I continued to stand there, wordless, icy-cold. What could I say to him, that he didn't already know? For he was all too right about it.

If Hugh had been killed the night before, I would have gone on mourning him to the end of my days.

But Hugh had not been killed. He had lived; he was going to be well again. And, alive and well, I no longer loved him, and I was going to leave him. There was no other way.

The strange meeting of Katherine and the girl Lacey is only one of the dramatic episodes that build up this notable novel to its powerful climax in the next installment. (In our forthcoming January issue, of course.)



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**BRITISH
RAILWAYS**



One More Winter



(This article is continued from page 59)

"In the East, soil and climate erect barriers before which we must stop. From late April till late September we can wage a war of movement in the East. But then, in the autumn, we shall have to call a halt. If motor transport is used beyond September on the Russian front, supply lines are likely to become paralyzed in short order."

This was the essential thing that the Wehrmacht could not avert in 1941-1942, and which it cannot remedy in this winter campaign either. On the Russian front the Wehrmacht must rely on motorized transport. Without smoothly functioning motorized transport, it has no means of advancing. The offensive power of the German army depends on the utilization of their motorized arms, of tanks and mobile troops. Aviation, too, is a motorized weapon. But the Russian winter cripples the German motorized weapons. This necessarily strikes at the very roots of the offensive power of the Wehrmacht.

The German army will be better prepared for the winter campaign of 1942-1943 than it was a year ago. It will have greater quantities of warm clothes and underclothes, more stoves on the front lines, and at least partially better organized means of transportation. But their offensive weapons will hardly be any more effective than in the last winter campaign—and from a military point of view this is decisive. The cumbersome German war-machine, which is geared to undisturbed functioning, cannot stand any frictions or forced pauses. In addition, the Wehrmacht is not a master of so-called winter tactics. Winter war demands special troops, special equipment, special training of years of tough work.

In the five months of the past winter campaign the Wehrmacht neither obtained nor mastered any of these prerequisites. As Captain Schoeneich wrote:

"In training and equipment, our army is prepared exclusively for combat in the Western theater of war."

In this respect nothing has been essentially changed since that time.

So the winter campaign must again have the following consequences for the Wehrmacht: Cessation of major offensive operations, loss of time, great losses of men and matériel. In one respect, moreover, the situation of the Wehrmacht on the Russian front is now much more endangered than it was a year ago. The German offensive front in Southeast Russia constitutes a big pocket, aimed at the Volga and the southern Caucasus. The German communications lines here are inconceivably overextended. Almost one and a half thousand miles separate the German troops which stand in the North-

east Caucasus from their base of operations. The German front line in the Russian Southeast is now four or five times as extended as the German front in the South was a year ago. The difficulties and the risks on this front are still greater for the German army than they were in the winter campaign of 1941-1942.

We can be sure that the Red army will continue its work of weakening and bleeding the Wehrmacht during the coming winter months. German losses must be calculated cumulatively. The offensive power of the Wehrmacht, although still significant, was less in 1942 than it was in 1941. In 1943, after this winter campaign, it will be less than in 1942. But the winter campaign means not only a greater crisis of German war-conduct in the East. It means also the gaining of time for the Anglo-American coalition. Winter campaigning does not mean merely Russian cold and mountains of German corpses on the Eastern Front. It means also six months of production in American war industries, and a concentration of new forces in the British Isles.

Hitler's blitzkrieg in Russia had a very specific goal: To defeat the Soviet Union before there was a chance of Russian-Anglo-American military collaboration and the full expansion of American war-production. If this plan is not executed, then Hitler's calculation was a gigantic and suicidal mistake. And this plan has not been executed to completion.

The German offensive of 1942 in Russia was the last major German offensive. This does not mean that Hitler can never attack again. But it does mean that with the beginning of the winter campaign, Hitler will no longer be able to conduct his earlier One-Front War against the Soviet Union. For 1942 was the last year in which Hitler possessed superiority of arms in the European theater of war. The winter campaign means not only the crisis of German warfare in the East. It means also the shift in the balance of power in the global war.

In the spring of 1943 that condition must and can be reached in which the anti-Hitler coalition will for the first time be in possession of matériel superiority. The winter campaign of 1941-1942 had not yet promised that possibility, in spite of the German retreat in Russia and despite the successes of the Russian arms. It was still only a German-Russian duel. But in this winter campaign the war decisions are being prepared simultaneously in American war industries, in the British Isles and on Russian battlefields. There is still no guaranty that this task will be accomplished within the next six months; but it *can* be accomplished in this time.

If American war production is increased according to plan, then American arms production must be double that of the Germany in the summer of 1943. Together with the British and Russian arms production then, the Powers of the anti-Hitler coalition can by 1943 count on powerful matériel superiority. This, however, is not merely a production problem, but a military one: These arms must reach the front line against Germany, and must be put into action. It is not sufficient merely to pile up airplanes, tanks, and ordnance! These must shoot at the Wehrmacht; this requires military organi-

zation, concentration of troops, expenditure of troops, battle. The five-months winter campaign gives time for this—time for preparation and time for a good start. Anglo-American action on the European continent can be undertaken earlier, too; but it must not be later than spring, 1943.

In these winter months the Anglo-American combat forces must prepare and achieve superiority in the air. They are now by way of becoming stronger in the air. The German Luftwaffe is already in crisis. On September 4th, the German Aviation General Quade made a radio speech, which contained an important admission: German aviation cannot be strong everywhere.

In actual fact, German aviation last summer and fall could be strong only on a single sector of the Russian front: at first on the Don, and then against Stalingrad. The German Reich gave up the air war against England, and German aviation did not dare any more to bombard Moscow and Leningrad, Russia's chief cities. The Third Reich is not capable of actively attacking by air on many fronts. Even on the Russian front, it is not capable of attacking in the air on several sectors. And it is not at all capable of raiding the production and communications centers of its enemy at long distance, either in the East or the West.

Germany can no longer intensify its air war, but the Allies can considerably intensify their air war. If the American aircraft program is realized, the air war against Germany can be doubled or tripled in intensity with the systematic destruction of German war-economy centers and the crippling of major portions of German transportation centers.

But air war against Germany means not only long-distance bombing raids. We need total air war against the Third Reich, which means long-distance bombing raids on production centers and air attacks with invasion and air superiority on the battlefields—that is to say, offensive action in the air against the combat forces of the enemy. For he who is not stronger in the air cannot be victorious; and Germany cannot be stronger in the air than the Anglo-American-Russian coalition. Air superiority alone on the part of the Allies is not yet a guaranty of victory. But it is one of the parts of victory. By the end of this winter campaign, Germany must be inferior in the air to such an extent that its general strategic situation will have decisively deteriorated.

And in the course of this winter campaign, the Anglo-American superiority must also be reached in land combat forces in the West. The Anglo-American-Canadian forces on the British Isles are already stronger than the German forces in Western and Northern Europe. In the course of the winter this numerical superiority will be still further increased. But numerical superiority alone will not suffice. This superiority must be realized in action on the European continent; and for that, a mighty invasion machine is necessary. The Wehrmacht must be outdone in combat capacity and strategic plan. Our winter's task is, then: to out-produce, to outnumber and outgeneral Germany. Thus the path will be open toward coordinated offensive action against the Third Reich on all fronts.

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



Between the Thunder

(This article is continued from page 19) see it and reported: "We didn't do it that way." Nellie had a slight tendency to tyranny in her own field, and would never allow anything to be thrown away: "Oh, you couldn't do without that, m'lady. It'll come in handy some day, you'll see." As a result there was a fabulous collection of aging haberdashery, millinery and drapery in the house, tucked away in odd corners and stored ceiling-high in the cupboards.

The sixteenth of January, Sir Johnston's birthday, was the greatest fixed festival of the year. I was only present once at this feast; it was in 1936, on his eighty-third birthday, when Dinah and I happened to be in London between Egypt and Ireland. The early part of the annual celebration we missed, as we were living in a hotel, but I have no doubt the telegrams started coming at an early hour and continued through the morning. We used to cheat a bit on this, and put our friends up to sending telegrams of congratulation: it helped swell the volume and make an occasion. And indeed I think there is something triumphal about every birthday for all old people: it marks another victory over time, the greatest victory of which man is capable. Sir Johnston was not unaware of this and could even treat it with some lightness. When Dame Madge Kendal died—a celebrated actress of the previous century, an old friend—he said: "Poor old Madge! Well, she was no chicken."

At lunch-time on the birthday the whole family gathered: the immediate family, that is, the four daughters and their husbands. Later in the afternoon there was a sort of open house for all the relatives and friends; cousins came up from the country; dignified old gentlemen never seen at any other time of the year would put in an appearance.

The festivity I attended (the eighty-third birthday) was graced by such an arrangement of weather as would have suited a story by Dickens. Snow was falling in great, clean, lazy flakes, lying soft and white on Bedford Square. The dining-room windows looked out upon the square. The table and chairs were Chippendale (similar ones are in Mount Vernon, incidentally). There were portraits of the girls on the walls; their grown-up versions sat beneath them with the strangers, Miles and I, who had been thrust into this family by fate.

A Highland piper known as "Peeper Duff" appeared in the snow outside the windows midway through the meal and tramped up and down valiantly in the Robertson tartan, blowing away on his weird instrument. This had become part of the ceremony; the same piper had appeared for some years past.

Somebody had to go to the door and ask the piper in; he came in, a vast

red fellow with bare knees knobbled with the cold, and piped his way around the dining-room table, strutting and swinging his kilt as if he had been on some mountain-top in a rising of the clans. It was a strange and almost intolerably moving noise. When he finished, Sir Johnston poured him out a whole tumblerful of neat whisky, which the man tossed off in no time at all, prefacing the draught, in a sort of amiable bellow, with birthday wishes ("happy retur-r-rns") to Sir Johnston. When this was accomplished, he swung round and made his exit.

We were all, I think, somewhat shaken by the sheer theater of all this; I saw tears in Jean's eyes and was not far from them myself. It was Sir Johnston who—characteristically—brought us back to a more sensible estimate.

"Did you see the way that fellah swigged off a whole glassful of neat whisky?" he inquired, his head expressing surprise and admiration. "I never saw such a thing."

He had been seventy-five before he discovered that whisky was not fatal to the system; he had two weak whiskies every evening, on the doctor's orders, and although he began by protesting, he ended by liking the potion. Even so, his allowance of it was very small, and I think his esteem for the vast red piper who could drink a tumblerful of it neat was an unaffected tribute.

At this point the doorbell rang and Maxine Elliott walked in. She always carried with her a breath of the great world, of dukes and palaces and the latest fashionable intelligence; she was wrapped in a mink coat and wore her large pearls and diamonds; she had just arrived in London a day or so before on one of her brief visits. The enclosed, ingrowing quality of this house—its magic, I have called it: at any rate its self-sufficiency, its settled and myth-making life within its own strict limits—was something that must always have escaped her. Perhaps it did not interest her; probably not. At any rate, she looked at us all in some surprise and said: "Why are you all gathered here? What's happened?" Then, as realization dawned on her, she turned on Sir Johnston and said: "Why, Forbie, is it your birthday? My dear, I never dreamed—"

THIS had been the great day of the year for all the Forbes-Robertsons for decades, and it is not possible that Maxine did not realize it; but with her very different preoccupations, she had simply forgotten. In spite of her deep, possessive affection for all her sister's family, she somehow always remained a stranger to it because she did not see, or did not wish to see, what it most treasured—what gave it, for good or ill, its peculiar quality.

In the afternoon scores of people came and went. Sir Johnston did not always recognize them at first, and his deafness made him unaware of the carrying quality of his own voice. "Good God, who's this coming now?" he would exclaim quite audibly, and then, a moment later: "My dear, how good of you to come and see me! I am delighted, delighted." A little later he stood in a corner and told some of his best and most familiar stories to his sons-in-law and some other younger men; you could

see that he was transported for a moment back to his clubs, which he had once frequented daily and could visit no more: he drew the Beefsteak and the Garrick about him. ("I stopped going to the Garrick when Pinero died. I knew so few people there any more.")

His stories were purity itself; if even so much as a lady's ankle were mentioned, he thought the theme a bit *risqué*; and yet there was a definite club manner that came over him when he had an audience of men. He was still repeating (in 1936) witticisms made in the 1880's at the Beefsteak, and we all knew the names of these forgotten wits of another age. (A favorite was named Pellegrini; and there was one called Judge Chetty.)

All this time the snow fell clean and white in Bedford Square. I never saw snow like that in London before or afterwards.

WHEN I flew to London from Paris in late May, 1940, it was with the intention of returning to Paris as soon as I had seen Dinah safely on to a ship for America. I did this by early June, but was then unable to get back to Paris.

During her few days in England, Dinah and I went down to see Gertrude (Lady Forbes-Robertson), who was living at Hurstmonceux in Sussex. She had left St. Margarets because the constant explosions in and across the Channel made it impossible to sleep. Bloms had become a hospital at the outbreak of war, and she had spent the intervening months in a friend's house. Now the whole south coast of England was a military area, the threat of invasion had suddenly risen like a dark cloud over the whole island, and the explosions in and across the Channel were more constant than ever.

We spent Saturday and Sunday at Hurstmonceux. There were no explosions to be heard there, but the barricading of the roads was going on all through the country, and you did not have to travel far down any one of them to see the sudden, feverish construction of tank-traps and airplane obstacles.

On the Monday morning we drove down the coast to Dover and St. Margarets in a hired car. Strictly speaking, this was against military rule, although we did not know it then; I was an alien and as such had no right even in the district, much less driving along its most forbidden coastal road. However, nobody appeared to bar our way. The few sentries we did pass at barricades along the road either saluted with smiles or cheerfully gave us directions for going farther.

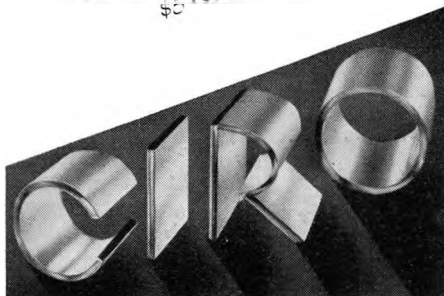
As our drive neared its end and we topped the great hill between Folkestone and Dover, coming out on to the immense white cliff for the home stretch, we saw and heard full proof of the war's approach. It was just over there, across the friendly Channel, to be seen in clouds of smoke and clouds of flame, to be heard in the rise and fall of thunder from gun, tank and plane. Dover seemed, as we drove through, to have gone into uniform, but its shops were all open, and its general look—except the khaki—familiar enough. We went on to St. Margarets.

Here we ran into the clearest show of a sense of war. The gentry seemed to have vanished, for the most part, boarding up their houses and moving



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farther inland. We found our friend Edward, who kept the garage at the top of the hill, busy with new duties: he had been appointed ambulance driver for the village and was to organize his unit.

There at the top of the hill, not far from his garage, was Bloms. We went along to visit it, having been forewarned that its condition was not exactly that which we remembered. Inside the house we were greeted by a cool, surprised V.A.D. nurse, a little supercilious, who gave us permission to walk around.

It was a hospital at the time, although only minor cases had been brought there so far. The New Room, where I had worked long and (for me) well, was now a ward with rows of beds in it. All the rooms were bare and clean, without rugs or curtains or furniture.

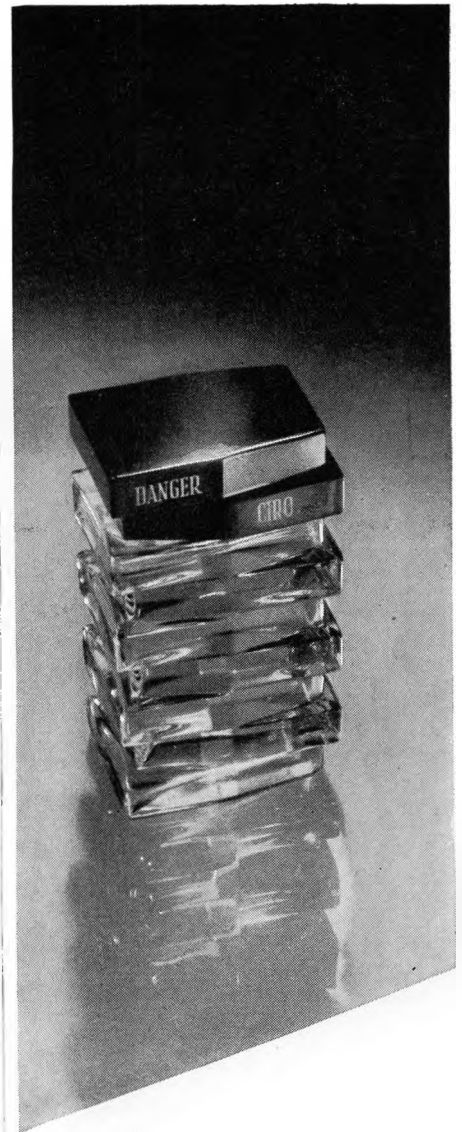
But the garden was a real surprise. One large dug-out shelter in three sections occupied its whole center. The lawn had, of course, ceased to exist; the rose-garden at the end kept up an obstinate and unaided struggle; only the vegetable garden (minus its sweet peas and lavender and the rest) looked halfway normal. From the summerhouse at the top you could see the great sheet of flame on the other side of the Channel, and greater explosions were distinct against the minor thunder.

We went back to London on a boat train the next morning. It was the last boat train I ever saw with Pullmans and all accommodations; for all I know it was the last one that ever ran. The evacuation of the British army from the continent had actually begun, although its great and difficult phase was still before us.

DINAH got her ship and took her way across the disturbed Atlantic without mishap; I stayed on in London trying (for a few days at least) to find a way of returning to Paris for the inevitable retreat of the French army and government. I still thought, only half-heartedly because in truth I knew better, and knew by bitter experience—but still could not escape the habit of thinking—that what one wrote about such things could in some way affect or accelerate the course of events. I wanted to help to make my own countrymen realize the urgency of the danger to themselves, to their institutions and preferred structure, in this stupendous German victory. . . .

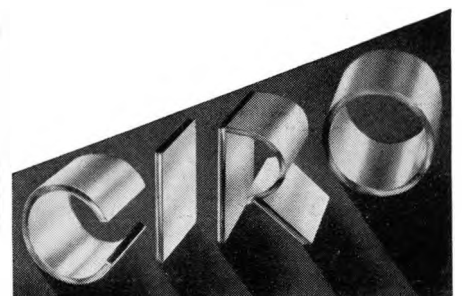
The army came back from Dunkerque, having lost all its arms, ammunition and equipment. During the week of the evacuation it seemed hardly possible that so many men could be safely taken off the French beaches. It was true, as Mr. Churchill said in the House, that "wars are not won by evacuations," and yet the escape of the army from Dunkerque was so much a happier event than we had expected that it came near to producing the illusion of victory. Most of those who knew anything at all of the situation expected the British army, with that French army which accompanied it, to be annihilated or taken prisoner. The men's return, battered and disgruntled as many of them were, and often with no arms at all, was what Mr. Churchill called "a deliverance," an event outside the calculations of probability.

Those few weeks in London were keyed too high for regular work or for



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his convictions?

Danger
is *Ciro's* perfume that's
not for the timid!
\$12 · \$27.50



exact recollection. Sometimes I wonder what I did through all that time. I had engagements to write for American magazines, but did not do so; it would have been impossible just then. I remember one extraordinary cablegram I received just about then from my agent, quoting an offer from an editor. He was prepared to pay a very large sum for "an eyewitness account of the German entry into London, twenty-five thousand words." I did not answer this, but puzzled a good bit then and since over what he might have meant. Where did he think I would be when Hitler rode into London?

That entrance was strangely delayed. It began to be clear that the water of the English Channel, narrow though it was, would at least delay the Nazi enterprise.

ONE day in July, I heard that rifles had arrived from Canada; they were old rifles, but they were better than none. During that month rifles, machine-guns and sub-machine-guns arrived from Canada and the United States; the Home Guard began to train for combat in every village street; the R.A.F. began to show its mettle and its numbers. The situation was as bad as it could be, I suppose; the island was certainly without adequate defense against a determined invader; and yet, by the tautening nerve and heightened head of people—just the people you happened to know or to meet—I felt that the story was by no means over. Both the French and the Germans fully expected this people to sue for peace, but exactly the opposite response to disaster was, in fact, being evoked by tradition, character and circumstance. "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the hills"—by July, at any rate, I knew that they meant it.

I started going back to Dover in July. It seemed to me that the classic, unchangeable routes were always the roads of conquest—that Hitler would come to England the shortest way, the way approved by history and geography. His invasion of the west had taken the route of all invasions since Caesar; there were sound reasons for it. The routes of conquest are indeed the routes of Caesar, Napoleon and Alexander; at one time or another Hitler has attempted all three, quite possibly because the exploits of his predecessors captivate his imagination; but those routes were in no case chosen by individual talent or whim. They were fixed by conditions over which Hitler has no more control than Napoleon. Dover-Folkestone was the point closest to the continent; the narrow seas were too narrow and too treacherously channeled for the big ships of the Navy; the jump, if it were to be made, should in reason be made here, within easy operating range for the whole German Air Force including fighter planes.

There had been German raids over a great many places in England—all military objectives at least in theory—before the long air battle of the south began. These were raids made by a small number of aeroplanes which frequently lost their way and dropped their bombs harmlessly in open fields from five to fifteen miles off from their presumed targets.

I went down to Cardiff in late June to broadcast to America on a program of Ed Murrow's for the Columbia Broadcasting

System. It was a round-up, and other men spoke from Belfast, Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham. In Cardiff, at the Welsh ports and up in the lush valleys where the coal mines are, I found plenty of evidence of German bombing and very little evidence of real damage. Even in the Cardiff docks it was remarkable how many bombs had neatly missed doing harm. In a suburb across the water from the docks there were ruined houses but there had been almost no casualties. There I saw, for the first time in England, the kind of sight that had been so familiar in Spain—houses almost totally ruined, yet with a bowl of roses standing undisturbed on an intact table, or with a second floor sticking out, without walls or ceiling, over the rubbish of the rest.

In that Cardiff suburb one bomb had landed in the garden behind a school for small children (what was once called a "dame's school"). The house was a ruin but none of the children had been hurt. They had all huddled together in the closet underneath the stairs on the ground floor, and the stairs remained after the rest of the house had mostly fallen in. The teacher at this dame's school told me about one small boy of four who inquired, when the tempest was over: "Was that a bomb?"

Down at Dover the hostelry at which the press and considerable sections of the Navy and garrison congregated was the Grand Hotel. It was one of those hotels on the Marine Parade, down at the end underneath the great cliff of Dover Castle, and in the years of peacetime I had been unaware of its existence. But since the Army and Navy had taken most of the other hotels—including the old Lord Warden, the most familiar—this was now the chief one left to private enterprise. Its owner was doing the sort of business hotel men must dream of, a sort of cross between Yukon gold-rush and Elks' convention. If or when you got a room, you shared it with anybody who happened to be put in it; you slept in sitting-rooms or writing-rooms if there was nothing else; and you made no exaggerated claims on the available service.

There was still plenty of food and drink then, and the water ran hot in the bath when you could get into it. Under the circumstances it always seemed to me that the Grand Hotel did a fairly good job, and when we compared it, as press people will, with hotels similarly overrun by war, we thought it came off well. At any rate it achieved dignity in its finish, for one fine day, before the paint was dry on the "re-decoration" which its sanguine manager had ordered, the inevitable bomb came along and wrecked one half of the house. But before that happened, throughout July, August and most of September, the crowded hotel on Dover Beach went through all the intense excitement, the high and hopeful bewilderment, of the Battle of Britain.

We did not call it the Battle of Britain; indeed I never knew that name for it until the following spring, when an Air Ministry booklet came out under that title and revealed all the secrets we had been forbidden to mention in 1940. We knew it was a battle but we did not know it was *the* Battle of Britain. Neither did the hotel manager, the barmaid or the waiters in the Grand Hotel.

The first high cliff to the west of Dover (Folkestone direction) is called Shakespeare Cliff. It gets its name from the scene in "King Lear," which legend says was written of this place. There is a walk up from the paved street to near the brow of the hill, and beyond that you step out on the great open cliff which continues, broken by dips and bights, to the Valiant Sailor above Folkestone. On these cliffs and on the cliff road, at the pubs and between them, we passed a good part of the weeks while the struggle went on in the air above us.

We had quickly constructed a sort of life of our own there, the spectators of the epic; some of us lived on the cliffs; one—Art Menken, the March of Time photographer—did some yeoman work digging potatoes when he was not otherwise engaged. High in the wind and the sun, in the most brilliant summer weather for many seasons, we watched that assault in awe, conscious that the whole destiny of mankind was in all probability being decided above our heads. When we saw the clash of silver plane and black, or watched the slow descent of the fleecy white parachute, we felt our earth-bound nature, like moles, and burrowed in the hollows. There were times when an episode brought us to our feet with the constriction of the throat that might have been a cheer if it had dared—if it had dared run the risk of turning into a sob. For, as a matter of fact, the terrible beauty of air battle lies chiefly in this, that it is an individual conflict: the moment of combat is like the clash of knights in armor, and no matter what colors the tournament wears, that clash of the single life against life will never leave the heart unstirred. You could read of casualties by the thousand in a battle on land and calculate their results, the territory gained or lost, the consequences to the enemy; you could not see a duel in the air without thinking of two hawklike youths in armor, brief falcon lives launched one against one in the briefest, purest combat ever known.

It was at Dover, I think, that the side of England became "our side" in my eyes. I had distrusted and disliked British imperialism all my life, and the lamentable events of 1938, in which the Chamberlain government gave over the strategical predominance of Europe to Hitler, had strengthened these feelings to the point of bitterness. Soviet Russia, which had seemed for some years to steer a straight course in opposition to Fascism, had out-Muniched Chamberlain with the Nazi-Soviet pact of August, 1939, directly preceding the German decision to go to war.

Experience had shown that there was no health in the French Republic. Small wonder, then, that I came perilously near to the sour and sterile misconceptions of "isolationism" in 1939-1940, thinking that the free or freedom-looking peoples of Europe had deserved their impending conquest by the enemy of the human race. I never fell into the error of supposing that we in America could remain aloof from the planetary struggle (in this I was never even remotely "isolationist"), but I felt, with an immense sadness, that there was no single positive principle to which we could appeal for union against Fascist oppression. In this motley crew, in this array of mutually distrustful peoples,

THIS IS A LONG DISTANCE SWITCHBOARD ➡

We can't get materials to build enough of them. And those we have now are crowded with war calls.

So please do not make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity.

These girls are at battle stations on the telephone front. They have as much as they can do to get the war calls through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**

slothful and self-indulgent, none willing to give battle until it was forced upon them. ignominiously standing by while the enemy obliterated one after another of their earlier champions, what was the flag, the belief, the battle-cry? None could be seen, none heard.

Events in their relentless march seemed to prove, ever more conclusively, that only Hitler had a plan, a program and the directed force to carry it out; only he had the sense to think of the world as a whole.

At Dover the first sharp thrust of hope penetrated this gloom. The battles over the cliffs proved that the British could and would fight for their own freedom and that they would do so against colossal odds. The flash of the Spitfire's wing, then, through the misty glare of the summer sky, was the first flash of a sharpened sword; they *would* fight, they *would* hold out, and in the steady development of the laws of history the Russians and Americans, willy-nilly, would eventually be obliged also to fight, each for himself but in the objective result each for all, so that a pattern of victory—now, on the cliffs of Dover, only faintly discernible—would at last appear and glow into life: this would happen, must happen, the tree must grow from the acorn, the flower from the seed, the vast common result from the first single effort.

But along this development would lie uncounted graves; and if the imagination recoiled from so long a prospect of suffering, it had to draw strength again from the deepest of instincts, a faith in humanity, so as to be able to believe that at the end

of the sacrifice there would come forth a voice heard, without benefit or barrier of language, in the heart's blood of the people, speaking in the pulses and the glands and brain, saying: *Man, man, upon what altar have you immolated your youth?*

To this final question arising from the depths there would be no easy answer in the vocabularies of capitalism, imperialism or national pride. Something to which their striving has produced no key must dwell upon that altar, exacting tribute so bitter and profuse. I call it the dignity and freedom of mankind, all mankind of every strain and color and habitation: the direct antithesis of the tribal concept. For this, large, remote and not yet seen, the brave youths in the Spitfires—who thought they fought only for England—offered their lives. The long battle now beginning would in its course shatter or exhaust the economic and social power of older systems, war-engendering systems, so that even the enemy's victories would contribute to his defeat by obliging us, on our side, to make ever larger and larger our pledge to freedom: we could never regain the lost half of the world in any other way, and we could never regain it at all without the will to fight. This was now appearing, for the first time, on the side which I—like millions of my countrymen—now called "our side."

Such were the vast and shadowy outlines of a possible future which appeared in the sky over the cliffs of Dover, drawn in the mist by the Spitfire's wing.

The story of the Battle of Britain has been ably told over and over again. It is

no part of my purpose to attempt to tell it here.

In the early days I was accredited to an anti-aircraft post down at the end of the beach, underneath the Castle, and I spent many hours there. Unfortunately, whenever the Germans attacked, that stretch of beach was so dangerous that I could never get down to my post until the worst was over: the falling shrapnel alone was enough to make the walk (or run) impossible. When I made the run one day during a lull in the action and reported to the lieutenant in charge of the gun-site, he nodded absently and said: "What did you think of the fire?" I said I thought it seemed to come a little short of the planes. "That's it," he said sadly, "a little short and not high enough." This appeared to be Lieutenant Streatfield's only preoccupation, although his open gun-site was in the most dangerous corner of the beach.

Then, one day in August, the shelling began. I was in bed when it started, at an hour which shames me to confess: it was eleven o'clock in the morning. Peter Beatty and his huge Alsatian dog had arrived to haul me out of bed. The sound of the exploding shells drove the dog under my bed, which he nearly overturned with his agitated heaving. For some minutes Peter and I debated over these recurrent explosions. He thought they were ordinary bombs and I thought they were something different; then I concluded they were bombs and he disagreed. Finally, with a mighty effort, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom to look out. There, directly under my window in the port, high trajectory shells were exploding in the

water; they made the little patrol boats dance like corks. Out in the Channel a convoy was passing, the first in weeks, and the shells were exploding in and around it. Two destroyers rushed busily up and down on both sides of the convoy, setting up a smoke screen. Across the Channel—it was a bright day—the four flashes of the battery could be distinctly seen. Twenty seconds later (I timed it) the explosions occurred.

This first shelling of the port and the Channel convoy took one hour and twenty minutes. It was a complete failure; not one ship was hit. Peter and I drove to Margate that afternoon to watch the convoy steam around the end of the coast and head for London. All the ships—sixteen of them—were intact and the convoy was in good order. However, the existence of the German battery across the narrow sea was what eventually caused most of the civilian population to leave Dover.

Up at St. Margarets, between Dover and Deal, our village was also deserted. One by one the people went away, some of them in the government's evacuation scheme and some to visit relatives further inland. Our village was in the direct line

both for shells and for bombs and received more than its allowance of both. Edward, who kept the garage on the top of the hill, stayed in the village and drove the ambulance. "I'm in a safe spot here," he said. "This place is too near for the far ones and too far for the near ones. They never hit just here."

They never did hit just there, but they hit nearly everywhere else. The village churchyard was ploughed up by a big bomb; the gravestones were thrown crazily about, the dead of generations disinterred. The mute forefathers of the hamlet were, indeed, among the first to suffer. Afterward the houses on the cliff and the positions all along to Dover were considerably damaged by shelling and bombing.

I USED to go up to our village from time to time to see how it fared. Bloms had been evacuated by the hospital people and taken over by the soldiers. They had their mess in the New Room, where I used to work, and the rest of the house was their quarters. The grass had almost all been worn away; the center of the garden was still occupied by the big dug-out; the roses were bedraggled but ob-

stinate. I could nearly always get some onions and some roses from the garden. The coast of France was clearly visible from that place through most of August. When I stood there I remembered many things—the quiet garden that once was here, serene and safe, and how I used to visit it as a sort of refuge from the terrible struggle in Spain, and how the flowers in the sunlight never could altogether drive out of my mind the desperate brown hills above the Ebro. The vision mists over; past and present are one; is that the Channel flowing before me, or the Ebro—the first or the last line, the Frontier?

It must be here, I thought, the line we shall hold for ever; the line that must never be passed if we are to survive and make the world whole: here is the Ebro, the Yangtze, the Volga, here is the Channel: let us stand and fight, retreat no more. *Camaradas, no podremos perder mas territorio.* Those were the words of Dolores the Pasionaria at Madrid in 1938: we can lose no more territory. Such a point comes in every war. So far as Hitler's advance westward is concerned, I think it was reached at our village in 1940—there and in the sky above it.

Dream Jobs



(This article is continued from page 25) no Jack Bennys, Fred Allens or Eddie Cantors on the radio programs in 1924. Still in its swaddling-clothes, the broadcasting industry depended on homemade and self-made talent, and the whole affair resembled a buffet supper consisting of potato salad and more potato salad. Some of the stations would broadcast for two or three hours and then go to bed for the rest of the day; others would try to create an illusion of continuity by using bright boys and girls who could double in brass and do anything from playing piano to discussing the gist of a Presidential message.

An improviser by nature and inclination, Husing was God's answer to the WJZ prayer. He opened the station at nine A.M., did the morning programs, announced luncheon and dinner music, gave a terrific build-up to the night dance bands and then said good-night to everybody at eleven-thirty P.M. His staccato speech was clear, crisp and pleasant. It is a source of endless amazement both to him and his intimate friends that there should be so much difference between Ted Husing's voice as you hear it on the air, and Ted Husing's voice in, say, a restaurant. The former obviously belongs to a man who watches his grammar and syntax and glories in polished sentences. The latter—well, to use Ted Husing's own favorite expression, it suggests "a quiet corner saloon in the Bronx."

Be that as it may, Ted Husing's radio voice and manners gained for him an immediate following. His employers thought so well of him that they sent him to

Washington to "cover the National Capital." That was a tough assignment, but Ted came through with flying colors. It was his good luck to be the first radio announcer in America to introduce a President of the United States on the air twice in one day. That that President should have been Calvin Coolidge provided a good chuckle for those who knew Ted. They thought of Ted, loud and long-winded. They visualized Coolidge, tight-lipped and monosyllabic, and then they roared.

Back in New York, in 1926, Ted scored what even his competitors admitted to have been the two major radio scoops of the year. In September, acting on his own initiative, he interrupted a program of light music in order to broadcast a hurricane warning to the people of Florida. The Press Association said afterward that had it not been for Husing's warning, the loss of life would have been much heavier, because the newspapers that carried a similar warning reached the people hours after Husing's announcement. A month later Ted made the front page again by getting the late Queen Marie of Rumania on the air. Her Majesty had changed her mind after agreeing to make a broadcast, so Ted decided to get even with her. She thought she was talking to him, but she overlooked a carefully concealed microphone. "It wasn't very ethical," says Husing, "but what the hell! Even a queen should keep a promise."

Worthy as those two achievements were, Ted Husing's greatest scoop was yet to come. Floyd Bennett, the aviator, had been killed in a plane smash in April, 1928, while trying to rescue a group of flyers who had been forced to land in a Canadian wilderness. His gallantry and unselfishness made a tremendous impression on the nation, and the Government ruled that he should be given a State funeral at Arlington Cemetery. The night before the funeral, Husing had a brain-storm. He woke up his boss, Major J. Andrew White, and said: "I want to go to Washington and cover the Floyd Ben-

nett funeral for our network." Major White shook his head dubiously. It was a great idea, he admitted, but a potential boomerang at the same time. Suppose, he suggested, people should resent the broadcast as being too undignified. What then?

Husing pleaded and argued. "Just think," he pointed out, "how much more our grandfathers would have been impressed by the Gettysburg address if a guy like myself had been describing the ceremony on the air." Major White thought of it, and it was his feeling that Mr. Lincoln had done quite well without the benefit of Mr. Husing's presence. Ted argued some more. Finally White felt too exhausted to listen to him any longer. "All right, go ahead," he said; "but remember, it might turn out to be a double funeral—the Floyd Bennett funeral and the Ted Husing funeral."

On arrival in Washington the following morning, Ted learned what he should have found out in New York—that in order to broadcast a funeral taking place at Arlington Cemetery he had to have:

- (1) An authorization from the Secretary of War;
- (2) An authorization from the Secretary of the Navy;
- (3) An authorization from the Secretary of State;
- (4) And finally, a written permission from the relatives of the deceased.

For ten minutes or so Ted toyed with the idea of committing hara-kiri, but then he regained his courage. The Secretary of War was the first one he tackled. He talked and talked and talked. He promised on his word of honor that his broadcast would be nothing short of "a shrine built on the air." The Secretary of War gasped. He realized that he was faced with a condition, not a theory, and he hurriedly wrote and handed Husing an official authorization. The Secretaries of Navy and State thought that both Husing and his idea were utterly crazy, but they decided to follow the Army's lead.

It was half-past ten in the morning by that time. In just fifteen minutes the special train carrying Floyd Bennett's body, Mrs. Bennett, Admiral Byrd and other relatives and dignitaries, was to leave New York for Washington. Ted put through a long-distance call to the master of the Pennsylvania Station and begged him, as only Husing knows how to beg, to get in touch with Mrs. Bennett immediately and have her sign a permission for the broadcast.

That was not all, however. In order that he could show that permission to the Superintendent of the Arlington Cemetery long in advance of the funeral, the master of the Pennsylvania Station was to rush the document to the downtown office of Western Union and have it photo-wired to Washington. As Husing's luck would have it, the Western Union people had announced just a few days previously the introduction of their photo-wiring service.

At one o'clock in the morning Ted walked into the office of the Superintendent of Arlington Cemetery, a gentleman by the name of Robert Dye. The latter blinked, but Husing's credentials were in order, so there was nothing for him to do but to permit the technicians of Husing's network to start laying wires that would connect the Arlington Cemetery with the transmitter in Philadelphia. That was the most difficult part of the job. Everything had to be improvised, and the men had to work like beavers.

Rain was falling heavily during the funeral, and the broadcast lasted two and a half hours. In order to be able to see every detail, Ted had to stand by the

very edge of the grave with a towel rigged around his mouth so that his voice would not be heard by the people at the cemetery. When all was over and he staggered into Mr. Dye's office, the latter said: "Young man, you look like the wreck of the *Hesperus*. Let's take your temperature." It developed that Ted was running a fever—104.

"I think," he said, "I'll rush to the Union Station, grab the very first train, and ask the porter to bring me at least ten blankets. I've got a terrible chill."

"You've got a chill, to be sure," agreed Mr. Dye, "but that idea of ten blankets is out of the window. That would kill you. What you need now is not blankets, but plenty of ice to keep down your temperature. I'll attend to it."

Too worn out to argue or protest, Husing nodded meekly. "Do your worst," he said. He didn't suspect how bad it would be. He left Arlington Cemetery in a large wooden box, packed with ice.

His associates who met his train in New York got the shock of their lives when they saw four husky porters carrying Husing in a box that looked suspiciously like a casket.

ALTHOUGH an all-around announcer who has covered every conceivable event from the great Democratic Convention of 1932 that nominated Franklin Delano Roosevelt, to floods, railroad wrecks and Marathon dances, Ted confesses his partiality for sports. Football, horse-racing and intercollegiate track contests are his favorites. The newspaper men, who as a rule are inclined to pooh-pooh the sports-

announcers, admire Husing for his uncanny accuracy. In sixteen years of describing the football games he has never made a mistake. When he shouts, "Watch Joe Whosiz—he's about to surprise us all," you may bet your hope for heaven that it is Joe Whosiz who is carrying the ball, and not any other player.

"It isn't that I am so accurate," says Ted. "The thing is that as early as 1926 I realized that I should not depend on my eyesight. It was in that year that I invented what some call the 'Identification Machine,' but which I prefer to call an 'Annunciator Board.' I first used it in the Princeton-Navy game in the fall of 1926, and I never stop improving my gadget. It cost me a lot of money, but it's been worth it."

Ted's "Annunciator Board"—in its present streamlined edition—consists of two boxes, one with about one hundred buttons, each representing a player, the other with about one hundred names. Husing's assistant, peering through his binoculars, presses buttons according to which player has the ball or is tackled. On Husing's board the names immediately light up. Therefore he does not have to indulge in guesswork, and is capable of maintaining his machine-gun account of the game. Originally there were only twenty-two buttons on Jimmy Dolan's box, and a corresponding amount of names on Husing's board. That didn't work so well, because of the great many substitutes used by the coaches. As of today, Husing is prepared for any eventuality. Last year, when he was broadcasting the Duke-Tennessee game, for several opening



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*Guard your fine pen against wartime
breakdown. Fill with this amazing
NEW PROTECTIVE INK!*

If your fountain pen fails now, it may be down and out for good. For pen repair parts are becoming scarce.

Your patriotic duty, therefore, is to safeguard your pen. That's why you'll welcome the sensational new *protective* ink just discovered by Parker scientists.

It's new Parker Quink, the only ink containing *solv-x*.

Solv-x in new Parker Quink eliminates clogging and gumming...

flushes away the sediment resulting from inferior inks... keeps pens safe against the corrosion and rubber rot which are inevitable with inks that are strongly acid.

Guard your pen against wartime failure with Parker Quink containing *solv-x*. It's rich, full-bodied, brilliant. Dries far faster than ordinary inks! Makes steel pens last longer, too. Get new Parker Quink today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.



NEW PARKER QUINK is the only ink containing *solv-x*.

Eliminates the cause of most pen failures:

1. The *solv-x* in new Parker Quink dissolves sediment and gummy deposits left by inferior inks. Cleans your pen as it writes!
2. Quink with *solv-x* prevents the rubber rot and corrosion caused by strongly acid writing fluids.



PARKER Quink

CONTAINS *SOLV-X*

For V... Mail "MICRO-FILM BLACK"

New Parker Quink in "Micro-Film Black" photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 8 permanent colors: Micro-Film Black, Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Retails for 15¢, 25¢ and up.

minutes both Duke and Tennessee coaches were using their third teams. Husing did not care. Even the names of those third-line boys were duly represented on Jimmy's box and on his own.

Aside from his magic gadget, Husing owes the accuracy of his football broadcasts to the infinite patience with which he watches (on oath of secrecy) the practice games. He assembles all data and research material long before the actual game, and thus is able to tell his listeners everything they could possibly want to know about every player.

Highly critical of football players (he had quite a run-in with the Harvard boys in 1930 for his remarks about their game against Dartmouth), Husing is an unabashed sentimentalist and romantic in his dealings with horses. Beginning with 1929, when he broadcasted his first Kentucky Derby, he made it a point to pick a horse months and months in advance of the great race in Churchill Downs, and advise his audience that that horse was a cinch. In 1938, while spending a short vacation in Florida, he fell in love with a thoroughbred named Lawrin. Nobody

knew anything about this horse; in fact, most people thought that the animal was a cheap plater, but Husing was adamant. The day Lawrin ran his first race in Hialeah Park, Ted went from one box to the other, begging everybody to put every cent they possessed on Lawrin's nose. So keen was he that his friends should rally behind his favorite horse that it was only after the race was over, and Lawrin had returned thirty dollars for each dollar invested by his backers, did Husing realize that he himself forgot to bet. Four months later Lawrin won the Kentucky Derby, and the selfsame people who were kidding Ted in Florida said that they were not surprised at all. "The truth of the matter is," they grumbled, "that Husing is not a sports-announcer. He is a race-track tout."

Husing's present equine enthusiasm is a little sturdy horse with a big tail, named Whirlaway. Not even Mr. Warren Wright, who owns this greatest money winner of all times, or Ben Jones, who trained that miracle horse, are as ecstatic about him as is Husing. When Husing describes the home-stretch rush of Whirl-

away, his voice trembles. His listeners hope to God that the little horse will win, because they fear that Husing would die from a broken heart should any other animal dare cross the finish line in front of Whirlaway. . . .

A few months ago Ted saw a bunch of kids playing softball in Central Park and he stopped to watch them. He made a few suggestions. He was told by the kids that if he knew so much about the game, why didn't he join them? Ted took off his coat obligingly, ready and willing to prove to the youth of America that a man of forty-one was still a man, not a mouse. Two minutes later he fell. Man or mouse, he managed to break a couple of ribs and was confined to a hospital for a whole week.

Reputedly the wealthiest announcer in the country, who can afford to retire any time he chooses, Ted works harder today than ever before. Always on the run, hopping from one city to the other, he seldom spends more than three days at a stretch in New York, where his headquarters are in the Columbia Broadcasting System building on Madison Avenue.



They Get the Message Through

(This article is continued from page 41) chugs forward and establishes a message-center near division headquarters. Here a switchboard is set up. Poles have to be installed, wires laid, and radio contacts established. Some wires go underground; some are strung through woods and thickets.

As a rule, wire is used in preference to radio, though of course it is only radio that can communicate with tanks or planes that are actually moving. There are several reasons for preferring wire. First, radio can be heard by the enemy; thus, ordinarily at least, radio communication must be ciphered, which takes time. Second, the radio spectrum is limited, and radio is also subject to interference by static. Third, once a telegraph wire is laid, it can be operated by fewer trained technicians. Fourth, wire telegraphy is more efficient than radio telegraphy. But radio is always used in an emergency, or if the wire is cut by enemy action or otherwise breaks down.

THE Signal Corps as we know it today was founded by a remarkable medical officer, General Albert J. Myer, just before the Civil War. Myer was a young doctor. As an M.D. he wrote a thesis on the use of sign-language by deaf mutes; soon afterward he went into the Army. Then he worked out an elaboration of his sign language that could be used at long distances. This was the origin of the wig-wag system of visual communication that has been used by armies ever since. Myer became the first signal officer of the Army, and he opened a signal school at Fortress

Monroe, Virginia. In the Civil War, Myer's work was inestimably valuable, and semaphore communication expanded into communication by the field telegraph. Myer was promoted to be a general, and died in 1880.

Rapidly then the functions of the Signal Corps expanded. It grew to include weather reporting, and the first communications in Alaska. An officer named General Greely introduced a heliograph in 1888, which could send messages up to 125 miles. Then telegraph and telephone began to come into their own. By the time of the first World War, radio (in code but not voice) was in use, and it enormously increased the sphere of Signal Corps work; then came the vacuum tube and *spoken* radio. It was the Signal Corps which, in 1908, purchased the first Army airplane; our present Air Forces developed out of the Signal Corps, and in fact was part of the Signal Corps until May, 1918. During 1917-'18 the Signal Corps jumped from a strength of fifty-five officers to 2,713, from 1,570 men to 53,277. Its casualties were the highest in any branch of the service except infantry.

A similar prodigious acceleration and expansion is going on now, going on every minute of every hour of every day. Detailed figures are secret. But it is estimated that by the end of this year, 1942, the number of Signal Corps officers will be greater than the total number of officers in the entire United States Army in 1939. The number of enlisted men will soar correspondingly.

At Fort Monmouth, the parent Signal Corps post, I thought I was visiting a university. But it not only looks like a university; it is organized like a university. Here almost every branch of Signal Corps work is taught, from pigeoniering and cryptography, to the latest and most bizarre developments in electronics.

Let us take the hypothetical case of Private X, who, on induction, is dispatched to Fort Monmouth for training. First, he goes to the Replacement Training Center at a town sixteen miles away, where he does three weeks of his basic

training. Then comes a march—the only marching that a signalman normally does—to Fort Monmouth itself; he marches under full pack in circumstances simulating actual operations. On a recent march in which 548 men took part, not one dropped out.

Then at Fort Monmouth come ten additional weeks of basic training, with particular attention to the specialty assigned each man. If a recruit is very intelligent and industrious, he may be pushed ahead before his total of thirteen weeks "basic" is over. Good technicians, whether in wire or radio, are spotted quickly, and advanced as soon as possible. At the end of thirteen weeks Private X may be transferred directly to a combat unit in the field; he may go anywhere, either to some station in the United States or overseas. But if he is a really good man it is likely that he will receive further training, either at Monmouth or some other Signal Corps establishment, in some specialty.

FOR a man in "basic," reveille is at five-forty-five A.M., and everybody is kept strenuously busy every second, except at meals, till seven-forty-five P.M. Calisthenics come between seven-fifteen and seven-thirty A.M. and drill takes an hour in the afternoon. This is all the drill a signalman has to do, infinitely less than that required by the infantry or other arms. But late in the afternoon an hour of outdoor games is prescribed. All the rest of the time is spent in class. The rookies sit at desks; they scrawl on blackboards; they look at movies; they work in laboratories; they sweat and cram and sweat and try to hold it all, till their heads are bursting.

If you think that this "basic" period doesn't include some pretty heavy stuff, you're wrong. A field switchboard-installer has ninety-one hours to get through, on that one subject; and a specialist in field line-construction deals with field-lines for seventy hours. There are fifty hours to the switchboard-operation course, seventy-two hours to message-center operation, eighty hours to teletypewriter operation.

126 hours on code practice, 148 hours on open wire and cable construction, and 250 hours on photography.

This "class" work takes place partly in the field. I went out and watched it. There's Private X again—trying to learn to climb a pole. There he is squeezing himself through a gas-chamber; and he has to take his mask off when he's inside, just so that he knows the sergeant isn't fooling when he says that tear gas will make you cry. There he is again, out with a unit laying field wire and operating switchboards under conditions as comparable as possible to those that might be encountered under fire. After three to four weeks of training, Private X's unit should be able to lay twenty-five to thirty miles of wire per day, get the switchboard working, transmit messages satisfactorily to the command post, pick all the wire up, and return to camp.

SHOULD Private X turn out to be a first-class man, he may be sent to the "Post School," where he gets thirteen weeks more. The keynote of this Post School, as its officers explained to me, is "individual specialist instruction." Class work is on a personal basis; that is, any student who is better than his fellows gets pushed right ahead; it's every man for himself. The very best students become non-coms and are kept as instructors for the new men who keep pouring through the mill.

In the Radio Division of the Post School the recruit may learn to be a radio operator, a radio repairman, or a teletypewriter printer operator. He spends

hour after long hour listening to the dots and dashes of the International Morse code transmitted to him from a central mechanical sending device. The objective is to get the student up to the reception and transmission rate of regular commercial operators.

In the Wire Division of the Post School he may take courses in the technique of field wire systems, in the repair of field equipment, in switchboard maintenance operation. Men who are scheduled to maintain and repair equipment need more training than those who are merely operators. Every maintenance man must know how to make his own tools, how to splice and solder, how to keep a circuit working.

Our hypothetical Private X may decide that he wants to become an officer. Any Signal Corps private may apply for a commission after three months in the Army. But his record must be good, his education adequate, and his I.Q. high. He appears before an officers' board, which weeds out many applicants, and takes a stiff physical examination. Then, if selected, he enters the Officers' Candidate School.

Here Private X will have what are probably the toughest three months of his life. The curriculum is arduous and crowded, and discipline is as strict as at West Point; every young officer I met who had gone through the School seemed dazed that he had managed to survive.

Each man gets an orange armband when he is admitted to the Officers' School, and he moves into special barracks; non-coms (who may also enter)

drop their ranks, remove their stripes, and are called Mister. Men enter the School from every possible variety of life. I met embalmers, actors, bank tellers, male nurses, law students, real-estate agents, salesmen. Here are a few of the courses that the men have to take (and survive) in those thirteen fierce and grueling weeks:

Course	Number of Hours
Basic mathematics	12
Elements of electricity	50
Code	23
Wire & Radio	22 each
Map reading	34
Training methods	42
Signal orders	20

I WENT to see the pigeons at Monmouth, and I saw some famous birds, both alive and dead. In one loft is a German pigeon, a brown-red creature named Kaiser, who was captured during the last great war, but who is still breeding, though twenty-five years old. In the library two stuffed pigeons are displayed proudly, Mocker (1917-'37), who was wounded and blinded in France while carrying a message; and Spike (1918-'35), who carried fifty-two messages for the A.E.F. Another pigeon now gathered to his fathers, Cher Ami, served with the Lost Battalion, lost both legs in action, and died after getting his message through—a message which saved the lives of many men.

What pigeons do is carry messages when all other means of communication fail. They are the last resort. They can fly at a speed of about fifty miles an hour

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for considerable distances; and birds with the proper homing instincts will always find their home loft, no matter how long it takes, unless they are killed or wounded in flight. Every American field army has a pigeon company, and all pigeon messages are sent on onion-skin paper wrapped in a capsule; every pigeon carries two messages, the current one and the one preceding, in case of mishap.

FORT MONMOUTH, as I have said, looks like a well-established campus; Camp Crowder, in Missouri, the overflow camp, looks like a boom town springing out of wilderness. You see derricks, tractors, new frame and beaverboard buildings, gaunt meadows, and naked-looking barracks. This camp—of enormous area, so that a whole army corps can maneuver in it—comprises a new Replacement Training Center. It has been created from nothing during the past few months, and its commanding officer told me that, "It is the layout of our dreams." The terrain is

extremely varied, and provides almost every kind of condition that may be found in combat; grassy slopes, thick woods, cliffs, rivers, hills with heavy underbrush, and deserted farmhouses which are ideal as message-centers and command-posts. Here thousands upon thousands of young signalmen are being competently trained.

One of the most important schools at Crowder is that which trains recruits as Signal Corps specialists. These recruits are carefully selected. They first learn the rudiments of map-reading and identification of various types of planes, and much instruction is done through movies, the training films which the Signal Corps itself prepares.

There are thousands of men at Crowder, working murderously hard in the fierce heat of a Missouri summer. I ate lunch in the barracks, and at my table were a groceryman, a manual laborer, a high-school teacher, a legal investigator for an insurance company, a kid who had been crazy about amateur radio, and a

three-hundred-pounder who had been a motor mechanic and was now, miraculously a corporal, despite his weight.

ANOTHER Signal Corps camp is in Florida; but the work there is of such a restricted nature that it cannot be written about in any detail. But here too able and intelligent young Americans are being taught with tremendous efficiency not merely to be good soldiers but to be good technicians, to be men who in future civil life will have useful and remunerative jobs, who will become a kind of permanent *cadre* representing the technical manpower of the nation. Since the work on this equipment is of an extremely complicated and technical nature, there is an urgent need in the Signal Corps for the training of young men of high intelligence.

"Get the Message Through"—that's the Signal Corps motto. And the message that the Signal Corps as a whole represents is one to make every American heart glow with pride.

Last Train from Berlin



(This article is continued from page 63.) All the things which are necessary to make physical life continue have deteriorated, and in some cases fallen below the level of fitness for human consumption. The general health condition of the masses has fallen steadily, whatever doctored Nazi figures say. Civilian hospitals are overcrowded and doctors overworked. Environment, which has a great deal to do with mental health and well-being, has grown seedy and ugly. Hours are longer and real wages immeasurably lower than they were before the Russian war. Families are losing their youngest and strongest members, or seeing them come home legless and armless. The horizon of the average German is desolate. He may not win the war, and even if he does, it will take many years to defeat Russia, England and America. The end is nowhere in sight. . . .

Peace, brother; it's wonderful! Peace is unbelievable. You cannot take somebody's word for it. You must spend two years in the Berlin blackout sometime when you have nothing else to do, and then go to Switzerland suddenly, if you want to love Peace the way Peace deserves to be loved. Whatever the dead hand of Hitlerism touches—whether it comes as friend or foe—it kills, dulls, grays, deadens. It kills in allied Rumania and Hungary just as it kills in hostile England and Russia. Wherever it passes, it leaves a streak of gray death, spiritual and physical, to mark the path of its progress.

Berlin is the color of a cadaver I once saw preserved in a big jar in a medical school: gray, lifeless and sickening to look at. The moment you cross the Swiss border, the atmosphere changes, as if by a miracle. There was life, and there was color in everything. It was the life

and color of normality, which I had forgotten. People's faces were downright beautiful. They would have been, I suppose, ordinary to anybody else; but to me they were lovely, tinted with the color showing there was life going on inside of them. Color in cheeks and eyes. No red rims around the eyes. Facial muscles were relaxed, and they smiled easily, as though there was no particular reason why they shouldn't smile. December 7 was just one more day in Switzerland, but it marked an epoch in my young life; the way eyes sparkled, not because people were happier today than yesterday, but just because they were healthy, at peace, with clear consciences, and normal.

Houses were bright and painted in various fresh colors. . . . Shops were clean and neat, with bright neon signs and clean windows just chock-full of everything. No *Attrapen*: oranges and apples stacked in pyramids, canned goods with white, printed labels on the shelves, quadruple rows of bottles of everything, ketchup made of tomatoes and not of acid chemicals; and there were bars of soap in paper wrappers which you could smell the perfume of; there was everything.

People's clothing, even the clothing of workers, breathed good quality, and shoes had the hard, clean lines of good new leather. I sat in the Bahnhof restaurant in Basle gawking at things like a country visitor in the big city. I have never had such a kick out of just looking at plain, ordinary people, and ordinary things.

Along one whole side of the restaurant there was an endless glass show-case filled with things to eat, cakes with colored icing, chocolate, sandwiches with large slices of ham in them, fish, lobster, and at the end three beer-taps which flowed beer almost constantly. On the

counter by the beer-taps were about three dozen bottles of all kinds of liquor, including whisky. The menu was filled to the margins with *hors d'œuvres*, entrées and desserts. There were exactly fifty-two entrées. German menus offered one entrée. I asked the waitress if it was all there for ordering, or was it only *Attrapen* to impress visitors. She said it was there to sell; and to test her. I picked out the most unlikely dish I could find in the middle of the menu. And sure enough, it was brought to me in fifteen minutes on a big platter brimming over with luscious green peas, red carrots and potatoes, fried crisp and brown in good fat.

In Berne that night the street-lights were on. Now, that is a sight to see! It makes every street-corner look like a stage-setting. . . .

In the brightly lighted shop-windows there was rich red meat, and big, fat sausages hanging from hooks. The candy shops had many boxes of chocolate all done up in yellow, and pink ribbons in them, and a big department store was exhibiting plaster models in woolen suits and dresses. I grinned the whole time in spite of myself. I imagine many people must have thought me a bit balmy, shuffling up and down the streets in my lumpy worn suit and my dirty hat with a crooked brim, grinning the whole time.

I HAD a room in the Schweizer Hof, across from the station. In the hotel bar I met a couple of newspaper men I had known in Berlin. They treated me to welcome whiskies; then we had dinner. I had a T-bone steak as big as a ham and almost two inches thick, garnished with six different vegetables. Afterward I had a bicarbonate of soda, and went to my room to be alone and think. I filled my pipe with good American tobacco I had bought, and turned out the light. I sat before the window, looking down on the streets outside, and smoked a long time, until the telephone rang.

It was the *Portier* downstairs, whom I had asked to let me know if a Mr. Conger from Berlin should arrive in the next couple of days. He said he was only calling to tell me, because I might be interested to know, that Mr. Conger

was not coming, because ten minutes ago the Japanese, Germany's ally, had bombed Manila and Pearl Harbor, and no more Americans could get out of Germany. I asked the *Portier* to get Berlin on the phone, to see if the lines were still open. They were, and I talked briefly to Fleischer. Fleischer said the situation looked critical, but everybody was glad the waiting was over. They might get other brands of blues, but they would never have the Berlin Blues again.

Mr.
Miniver



(This story is continued from page 49) becoming. New cuffs have been added to his old shirts; unfortunately the cloth available was not the same color as the rest of the shirt. Clem has one secret anxiety: there is very little staying power left in his braces—I mean his suspenders. And he will not be able to buy any more.

Mrs. Miniver is pleased about one thing the war has done for Clem. He was getting rather broad around the middle, and although he has no tennis now and no long walks on happy vacations in Scotland (the Miniver family have not had a vacation since war began, and it looks as if they will not be able to leave Starlings till the war is over, either), he has, in fact, lost fifteen pounds in the last two years. This is partly due to digging—turning six acres of garden and tennis court over to vegetables is a heavy job. But it is mostly due to a change in diet.

Mr. Miniver's breakfast before the war was hearty—tea or coffee, grapefruit, toast and butter (a great deal of butter), marmalade, eggs and bacon. His breakfast now conforms to rations. He and his friend get their own breakfast in the apartment (though a charwoman comes in later for an hour to clean up). They have tea without sugar, bread (toast uses up precious fuel), margarine—enough for a thin scraping on the bread (margarine is rationed, though not quite so severely as butter), and a teaspoonful of jam. He hasn't tasted grapefruit, an orange or a lemon for over a year.

He dines and lunches at a restaurant, lining up with the queue of business men who are waiting for a table, for many of the restaurants have closed down, and getting a midday meal in London is not the pleasant, leisurely affair it used to be.

As far as eating is concerned, a good deal of the pleasure has gone out of this too. No matter if Clem were a millionaire—and he knows nobody who is one now—he could not get more than three courses and coffee, and whatever liquor he could afford to pay for, which in Clem's case means none. His portion of meat or fish is what Clem would have considered in the old days about enough to feed his six-year-old son Toby. He has learned to eat carrots and like them.



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I GOTTA DATE,
MOM

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of REDBOOK MAGAZINE published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for October 1, 1942.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis F. Boller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of McCall Corporation, Publisher of Redbook Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher: McCall Corporation, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor: Edwin Balmer, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor: None. Business Managers: None.

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Louis F. Boller, Assistant Treasurer.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1942. Victor J. Lore, Notary Public, Kings County, Kings Co. Clks. No. 122, Reg. No. 4123. Certificates filed in N. Y. Co. Clks. No. 232, Reg. No. 4L128. Commission expires March 30, 1944.

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Of all the minor irritations, however, Clem finds the shaving limitations the hardest to bear patiently. His shaving soap is rationed, and owing to fuel shortage he can get only a cupful of warm water. This hardship he could surmount with the new technique he is learning in lathering. But nothing can replace the razor—and it is almost impossible to get new razor blades. It is a question as to which will come first, Clem says, the end of the war or his beard. Studs are difficult to buy, too. . . .

Clem is busy these days. Before the war he sometimes got home early for a game of tennis, or met his wife at a cocktail party. Neither tennis nor cocktail parties exist now, and Clem has no spare time. He works late hours at the Ministry, then gets some supper, dashes back to his apartment, stumbles over the furniture in the darkness, puts up the blackout, and sets out again for his A. R. P. post, where he is on duty till midnight (unless there is a raid, when he may be there till morning).

But Clem and his wife, adding up the assets and the liabilities on this third anniversary of the declaration of war, think that life is still pretty good. They have lost just about two-thirds of their income. They have had a tragic bereavement—Vin's wife, their much-loved daughter-in-

law, was killed by machine-gun fire from a German raider in the blitz of September, 1940. Part of their house was destroyed by a bomb. Most of the time they are separated from each other. Vin is in hourly danger. All material pleasures have been removed—holidays, sports, entertainment, theaters, good food and wine, the car.

But the Germans have not occupied Starlings, even though they succeeded in destroying the dining-room from the air. Vin is still alive, and unwounded. The children are in good health—the bombing raids of 1940 and 1941 left them unscarred.

They still have a house of their own and can grow fresh vegetables for themselves. Clem has an income, if a small one. Mrs. Miniver is young enough and strong enough to do all the new jobs that fall to her—housework and gardening and mending.

Next winter may be harder than the last; there will be less food, probably, and less fuel; the blitz may strike again, and the news may be even harder to bear. But Mr. and Mrs. Miniver are prepared for all this. They have seen what the war has done to many families, and they know just how much they themselves have to be thankful for.

What's on Your Mind?

(This article is continued from page 14) confined his words to matters that were simply said.

Then came the new ear devices fashioned so wonderfully that the partially deaf can hear the faintest whisper. I managed to buy one. I was aglow with anticipation. Now, thought I, now I shall hear the pearls of wisdom that will fall from the lips of all those with whom I come in contact! Now I shall hear what people talk and think about, their philosophies, their secret ambitions and ideals. Now I shall hear of their struggles and their failures and be able to sympathize with and console them with my own philosophies acquired from study and contemplations during my long years of being partially deaf (I hate the term "hard-of-hearing").

I thought that I would be able to exchange ideas with people about several subjects that vitally interested me, one of them being immortality and death. I am not interested in this subject in a morbid way, mind you, but in a way as to "cause and effect"; I reasoned that anything so universal and sure would naturally be a popular subject. What a surprise to find that people shied away from the subject in as much embarrassment as though the matter was a low experience that could never happen to them!

I was surprised, too, to find that most people are bored with the classic stories. "Oh, Dickens bores me to tears, and Shakespeare is simply impossible!" That was the invariable comment if I went literary on my friends.

If it be true as scientists claim that no sound is ever lost but goes on and on

forever, then what a mess of picayune chit-chat is cluttering up the ether somewhere! Don't tell me to attend lectures and there hear discussed the subjects in which I am interested. I want to talk about it in an exchange of ideals and theories. I'm not a hopeless idealist, because I am interested in most anything that is unusual; the method of fertilizing land with angleworms, growth of the one-celled amoeba, anything—just anything but what they do talk about. Ye gods! Operations and movie stars, hair-do's and fingernail polish, mud-packs and tomato salads!

At night, after these days of the ear device, I go gladly to my room and remove with alacrity the battery and amplifier, and there comes over me a peace. I'm enwrapped again in that safe, calm velvety silence that excludes horns and sirens, screechings and roarings and aimless chit-chat. I don't feel bitter at my disillusionment, only slightly amused to think I've waited fifty years to hear my fellowmen's voices in conversation, only to learn that no one seems to have anything to say worth listening to. But I have heard some things that raised me to a seventh heaven of delight—to wit: the chirp of a robin this spring, a frog chorus on the creek at night this summer, and this fall the lovely chant of the cicadas; and music!

Missouri

These Things I Can Do!

"DON'T forget that this will be a better world to live in when I come back," he said, his blue eyes smiling under his blue Air Force cap. . . . He isn't coming back, and it is up to me to see that it will be a better world because he had to die.

How? I can't pilot a bomber and avenge his death; nor can I go to sea on convoy duty; but there are things, important things, which I can do here and now.

First, I can fight myself—the smug, luxury-loving person I had grown to be because I have lived in comparative safety and comfort all my life, and have never actually wanted for any necessities.

I can make a contribution to national morale by accepting whatever rationing may be necessary, and helping to promote it by coöperating cheerfully and to the best of my ability. Democratic ingenuity is providing us with substitute commodities in the form of synthetic goods and plastics. These I will use and laud the inventive genius which makes them possible. Cotton stockings may not improve my appearance, but neither will a sad and com-

plaining countenance. The first may be a necessity; the latter is not.

Lastly, there is that all-important privilege of helping to pay for the victory. There are a great many things which I used to spend money on without improving myself in any way. These I can do without, and use the money to help swell the victory fund. Red Cross enterprises can use my spare time.

The boys in blue and khaki can fight our alien enemies, but we alone can fight that enemy which can ruin any country. Fifth Columnism? No, callous indifference!

Canada

All Night Long



(This story is continued from page 39) was being broadcast from a studio in Moscow, brought smiles to their faces as they sat looking at each other. They were still listening to the music when Vladimir came in and laid a handful of charcoal on the fire.

Sergei looked at his watch.

"It's time for us to leave for Budnya," he said, getting to his feet quickly.

Pavlenko reached out and took Sergei's hand in both of his.

"I hope your wife is safe, *tovarish*," he said kindly.

Sergei said nothing, but he squeezed the hand that was gripping his with such fatherly devotion. Then, turning, he went out into the night.

He heard Nikolai call his name from somewhere in the darkness ahead, and he hurried toward the waiting men.

Chapter Seven

AFTER nearly two hours of steady walking, they left the soggy reed-covered ground of Deshva Marsh and entered a small birch grove that bordered the rough dirt road leading to Budnya. Not a single man had spoken even in a whisper since leaving the camp, and in order not to lose sight of one another, they walked in single file a few feet apart.

The remainder of the way led over rolling snow-glazed fields.

Silently the men went on toward the west, keeping close to the hedges and fringes of trees, and watching the horizons for the silhouette of a German patrol. The Germans usually kept a safe distance from the groves both day and night, for many of their patrols had been wiped out completely by guerrillas sniping from tree tops, and confined their activities to the bare hills and broad pastures.

When they were within a mile of Budnya, Alexei, who knew the location of every house and tree in both the village and the surrounding country, led them down a steep hill to a stream. Beside the stream under several tall willows was a one-room straw-thatched hut. When they

came within sight of the hut, they stopped and listened for a long time.

Leaving the other men in a thicket fifty yards from the building, Sergei and Alexei crossed the stream and went to the door. They listened for several minutes, but could hear no sound or movement on the inside.

"*Tovarish!*" Alexei whispered through a crack in the door. There was no answer, and he raised his voice and called louder: "*Tovarish! Tovarish!*"

The old woman who lived there alone opened the door cautiously. They could see only a portion of her face as she looked at them, but as her eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, she opened the door wider. Finally she pulled the door open, and bending forward, peered intently into Alexei's face.

"Don't you know me, *tovarish*?" he asked her.

"Are you Alexei Ivanovich?"

"*Da, da, da!*"

"Alexei Ivanovich Andreyev of Budnya?"

"*Da, da, da!*"

"What in the world are you doing here, Alexei Ivanovich?" she asked in amazement. "I heard that you had been hanged and shot and everything else those monsters do!"

"I'm too tough to die yet, *tovarish*," he said. "Let us come inside so we won't be seen."

They stepped into the room and the woman closed the door and bolted it securely. There was a warm fire in her stove and they went to the corner and warmed their hands.

"Are you hungry, Alexei Ivanovich?" she asked.

"I'm always hungry. And so is my friend. We are always ready to eat."

She took a dish of gingerbread from her cupboard and gave it to them.

"I wish I could give you some milk," she said, "but the thieving *Nemetskies* drove my cow away."

"Did they pay you anything for it?"

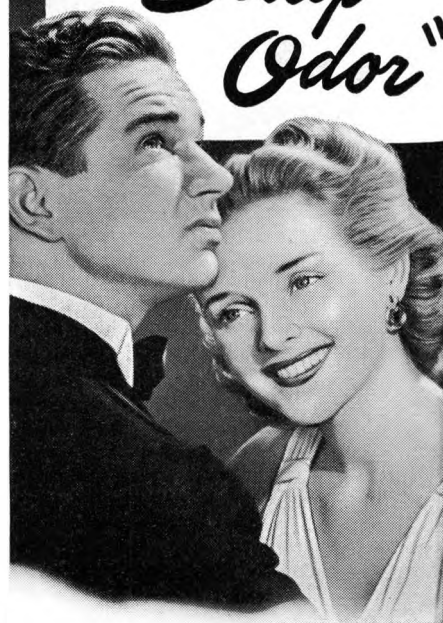
"Pay! Do thieves ever pay for what they steal?"

"How many *Nemetskies* are there in Budnya now?" Alexei asked.

"I've heard there are five hundred," she said. "There may be twice that number now. Anyway, the thieves and murderers have guards and sentries scattered everywhere. They are all over the countryside—like rats in a grain-house. They come here and tramp mud in my house, upsetting my bed and prying into everything. Every day they come and ask me if I have any food."

GUARD AGAINST

"Scalp Odor"



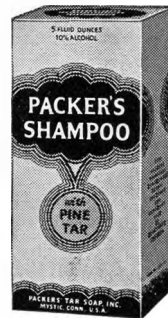
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"You must be patient, *tovarish*," said Alexei. "We will kill every one of the bandits. Tonight we will kill some. Tomorrow night we will kill more. And every night more and more will be killed."

They went to the door, opening it a few inches, and listened.

"Are there any sentries along the path to the village?" Alexei whispered.

"There are always sentries," she replied. "But they can be removed, Alexei Ivanovich."

He patted her on the shoulder again and stepped outside. Soon he and Sergei were hurrying toward the thicket.

ONCE more they started out, one behind the other. After climbing up the other side of the hill they crossed a rye-field and followed a hedge beside a drain ditch. At the foot of the next hill they carefully avoided going close to three houses clustered beside a road, and hurried along the cover of another hedge toward the village.

In a few minutes they could hear the hungry dogs howling near Budnya, and immediately Sergei spread out the men ten feet apart so they would not be easily detected by sentries. They moved over the crusted ground as rapidly as possible, at the same time being careful not to make any sounds. Suddenly Alexei, in front, stopped and spread out his arms. Everyone dropped flat on the ground.

Twenty yards ahead was a lone sentry walking his post. He was moving slowly up and down across the path, his rifle held stiffly on his shoulder. The bayonet blade glistened in the starlight.

Nikolai and Sergei crawled along the path until they reached Alexei.

"We can't shoot him," Sergei whispered. "That would spread an alarm."

Fyodor was beside them.

"Sentries have to be removed," Nikolai said. "Even if we circled around him, there would be danger of his hearing us and shooting at us from the rear."

"I'll take care of him," Fyodor said. "It will be as quiet as a leaf falling on the ground."

"What are you going to do?" Sergei asked him.

"This," Fyodor said, taking out his knife and opening the blade. "There is no better method of killing *Nemetskies*."

He was already laying his grenades on the ground beside his rifle and pistol. Then without a sound he began crawling forward on his stomach, pushing himself over the snow while gripping the knife in his fist. After a few minutes Fyodor had reached the end of the ditch, and they could see him rising slowly to his hands and knees. The German continued to walk up and down across the path, not once stopping to look toward them. Fyodor waited until the sentry turned around; then he leaped at the dark figure like an agile cat springing at a bird. There was scarcely a sound made even when Fyodor's body struck the German; but as both of them went down, the listeners could hear the thud of the two bodies hitting the ground. In an instant Fyodor's hand went up, there was a brief flash of his knife-blade, and a moment later they heard a muffled cry from the sentry. They could see the German's boots beating the ground, but he was unable to free himself from Fyodor's strangling grip

around his throat. They saw Fyodor strike him a second time; and as the knife sank into his throat he ceased to struggle.

Fyodor was getting to his feet when Sergei got there. They rolled the German on his back and looked at his face. The other men came running up.

"They're sending kindergartners here now," Fyodor said. "Look at his face! I'll bet the next ones they send here won't even be weaned. They'll have to send their mothers along to nurse them."

"There's one less *Nemetski*, anyway," Sergei said. "It's one less, even if he was only a boy. He wasn't born a Hitlerite, but he was growing up to be one."

He took the German's identification papers, as they had been instructed to do, so Pavlenko could send them through the lines to Moscow. . . .

The two long rows of straw-thatched houses beside the road was the village of Budnya. There was a market square in the center of the village, on one side of which was an onion-domed church and on the other a two-story stone building with a slate roof. The stone building had been the administrative hall of the village soviet before the Germans came and converted it into a radio station.

Sergei was determined to enter the village without being detected by the sentries even if they had to get past two or three hundred of them. He knew it could be done, because the Red Army instructor at the collective farm had demonstrated in detail how such a raid could be accomplished.

As they crawled closer and closer to the village, they could see the outlines of the houses and hear the voices of Germans somewhere near by. The larger buildings had been taken over by the Germans and converted into barracks, but the smaller houses, the ones containing only one or two rooms, were still occupied by citizens who had not been killed or driven away. They crawled within fifty yards of a barracks where a noisy group of soldiers was quartered. Sergei carefully avoided the building and led his men along a hedge. Next they came within a few yards of a sentry, but rather than risk having him make an outcry, they went back to the end of the hedge and crawled off in the opposite direction.

A block from the radio station Sergei divided the party into two groups. He gave Fyodor directions for meeting the rest of them, and the two parties crawled off, one going north, and the other going east. Sergei's plan was for the two groups to meet on the northeast corner of the square and to approach the rear of the building separately, so that if one group was seen, the other one would still have a chance of getting to the door.

After Fyodor and his three men had crossed the street and disappeared between two houses, Sergei, Nikolai and Alexei began creeping toward the square. They went between a high stone wall and a one-room house, and in a few minutes were within sight of the radio station. A guard of eight soldiers could be seen pacing around the building, and three more were stationed on the stone steps leading to the front entrance. The rear door, and another door opening into the basement, were partly in a shadow. To get there,

they would have to crawl twenty yards over the cobbled street from the nearest house.

"Give me the gasoline," Nikolai whispered. "I'll get to the basement."

"No," Sergei said. "I want you to stay here to protect us. The *Nemetskies* will begin shooting the instant they become suspicious, and it is your task to keep them from suspecting that I'm in the basement. I want you to send Fyodor behind me with the powder when he comes. Now, if I don't come back, you are to save as many men as you can and take them back to camp."

After waiting five minutes he decided that Fyodor and his three men had had sufficient time in which to reach the corner, and so he began crawling over the sleet-covered cobbles. Halfway across he looked back and saw Fyodor coming behind him.

He lay in the shadow of the steps by the rear door, hugging the heavy can of gasoline and waiting for Fyodor to make his way past the next sentry.

"We've made it," Fyodor breathed in his ear a few minutes later. "The *Nemetskies* are asleep on their feet."

He reached up and lifted the latch on the basement door. It swung open easily, but it squeaked loud enough to bring a sentry running around the corner of the building. The German walked into the middle of the street and listened for a minute, then returned to the front.

Sergei opened the door enough for them to enter, and crawled inside. Fyodor came behind, squirming over the doorsill with the heavy can of powder held firmly in his arm. As soon as both of them were inside, they closed the door, but did not latch it. Then they went down the steps, feeling their way in the dark over the creaking boards until they were standing on the basement floor.

"Take off the cover," Sergei whispered, at the same time opening the can of gasoline which he had been carrying.

He heard Fyodor take the cover off the powder can, and without waiting any longer, he splashed the gasoline against the timbers and ceiling. When the gasoline can was empty, Sergei struck a match and held it against a dripping beam.

The gasoline ignited with a muffled roar, and a moment later the entire cellar was blazing. They put the can of powder at the foot of the steps and hurried up to the top. There was not a sentry within sight when they opened the door, so they ran toward the side of the square where the others were waiting. They were halfway across when a sentry shouted, and almost at the same time, fired from the corner of the radio station. The sound of the shot had barely died out before bullets began whistling through the air.

"Guerrillas!" a German shouted at the top of his voice. "The — guerrillas are here!"

Chapter Eight

A WINDOW on the second floor was flung open, and one of the radio operators leaned out.

"What's this?" he shouted. "What's happening down there?"

The heavy clomp of running sentries echoed over the cobbled square.

"It's the guerrillas! The guerrillas have come!"

Rifle-bullets pinged off into the night, leaving bright red sparks rising in graceful arcs from the cobblestones.

The German on the second floor cursed, his voice floating away in a feeble flutter of sound. He reached out to close the wooden shutter, just as the bullets from the other side of the street hit him. For a moment he clung to the sill, trying to support himself, and then he fell head forward to the snow-crusted ground.

"Help!" a sentry shouted. "For God's sake, send some help quick! The guerrillas are everywhere! There are hundreds of them! Help! Help!"

Sergei and Fyodor leaped over the stone wall and fell beside Nikolai and the other four men, who were firing at the sentries as fast as they could reload their rifles. Two Germans, besides the radio operator who had pitched head-first from the window, were lying motionless in the street, but others were coming from the front of the building.

"Don't let them get to the basement," Sergei said. "We've got to keep them from putting out the fire."

"They won't get to it until it's hot enough to roast them alive," Nikolai said, firing at a crouching figure darkly outlined against the snow at the north corner of the building.

A machine-gun began firing tracer bullets from the other corner. The orange-colored streaks flowed in a swiftly moving stream waist-high over the street and splattered against the stone wall and nearby houses. The machine-gunner could be seen kneeling in the snow. Nikolai dropped his rifle and reached for a grenade. He stood up, leaped to the top of the wall, and hurled the grenade with all his might. There was a greenish flare of light, followed by the sound of the explosion. The bursting grenade had struck the corner of the radio station a few feet above the machine-gunner's head, and a jagged hole was torn in the stone and mortar. The stream of tracer bullets stopped abruptly. The German and the overturned gun lay on the ground.

"The guerrillas are closing in on us!" a sentry shouted out of the darkness. "They've got us surrounded! Why don't we get help? Where are the tanks? Where are the machine-guns?"

"Keep them away from that door!" Sergei ordered. "Don't let them get anywhere near it!"

"It's taking that powder a long time to go off," Fyodor said. "Maybe we didn't set it close enough to the fire."

"It'll go," Sergei said. "Keep shooting."

Somewhere in the darkness on the other side of the building the motor of an armored car broke into a roar as it was warmed up.

The blaze in the basement suddenly burst through the door in a cloud of black smoke and red leaping flame. Two sentries who had been crouching at the corner ran toward the fire. They fell face downward, their bodies slithering over the slick icy cobblestones, before they had gone more than half the distance.

"Fire!" a German somewhere inside the radio station shouted. "Everything's on fire! Where's the fire brigade? Get some help, quick!"



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An officer, shouting and cursing, ran from one of the dwelling houses on the south side of the square.

"Put out that fire, you dumb louts!" he yelled at the sentries. "Where's Oberleutnant Hessel? Where's the fire-brigade?"

He dashed toward the flaming basement door, buttoning his overcoat collar as he ran. He reached the middle of the street before pitching forward and falling heavily on his face with a startled cry.

Two Germans on the second floor, their escape cut off by the blazing staircase, opened a window and leaped out one at a time. Both were dead when their bodies thudded on the ground.

Another officer came running out of the darkness and just as he appeared in the glow of light from the fire, he stumbled over one of the bodies under the window. He got to his hands and knees and was crawling away when Fyodor, after taking careful aim, dropped him in his tracks.

"They'll never put out that fire now," Nikolai said. "It will break through the roof any minute."

"We'll stay here as long as we can," Sergei shouted at him. "We've got to be sure they don't save any of the radio apparatus."

The armored car, firing wildly in every direction, raced around the building, its tires whining on the icy pavement.

"They'll bring up tanks if they can ever get them started on a cold night like this," Fyodor said.

"Never mind that," Sergei said. "We'll be out of here before they can get ready."

The blaze had broken through most of the second-story windows and the entire square was lighted as brightly as day by the flames. They could see sleepy-faced Germans tumbling out of the barracks on the south side of the square and staring bewilderedly at the burning building while strapping on their helmets. Several officers were rushing up and down in front of them, shouting orders.

Machine-guns and automatic rifles began firing from the north side of the square, and bullets began chipping the stone wall. A siren wailed.

"There goes the *partisan* raid warning," Fyodor said.

ALEXEI came running up behind them. "There's a patrol coming this way," he said breathlessly. "I heard them talking on the other side of the field."

Sergei ran back with him to the rear of the house. They could hear voices somewhere in the dark, and in a few minutes they could see half a dozen shadowy figures creeping toward them over the potato field. He sent Alexei to get the other men, and when they were all together at the corner of the house, he motioned for them to follow him.

He ran toward the north, staying close to the sides of the houses and searching for a way out. He knew they would have to cross a street, no matter which direction they went, but he wanted to keep his men from being exposed to rifle fire. They passed several houses and were about to dash across a street toward open country when a group of ten Germans suddenly appeared ahead of them. The Germans opened fire at once. They fell flat, fumbling for grenades.

There were half a dozen ear-splitting explosions as the grenades burst, so close that fragments of steel whistled over their heads. Without waiting to find out how many Germans had been killed, they ran behind the nearest house, and from there dashed boldly across the potato fields.

After going several hundred yards they came to a road. There was nothing to do but make an attempt to cross it; and as they started toward the other side, the headlights of a truck burst full upon them. They could hear the truck screeching to a stop, and the sound of fifteen or twenty men leaping to the ground.

They ran back to the ditch along the side of the road and began hurling grenades at the truck. The machine exploded with a crash that could be heard all over town, and immediately afterward burst into flames. The Germans around it were perfect targets. They fell one at a time as the bullets tore into their bodies.

Just when it looked as if the way were clear, an armored car roared down upon them and stopped a few yards from the blazing truck.

They had no choice but to go back across the potato field toward the village. The armored car, with the help of the light from the burning truck, commanded the road. Sergei crawled up the side of the ditch, motioning to the men. They started running across the potato field as the guns of the armored car began firing at them. Nikolai, who was running beside Sergei, suddenly stumbled and fell. The others kept on, but Sergei went back to Nikolai.

"Are you all right, *tovarish*?" he asked.

"Never mind me," the political instructor said weakly. "We've done the task we came to do. The radio station is burning."

"Where are you wounded?"

"It doesn't matter, *tovarish*. Don't stay here. You must save the rest of the men."

Sergei dragged him over the hard rough ground toward the hedge. The armored car had started moving again, and as it moved slowly back and forth over the road, its guns raked the potato field with a relentless stream of fire.

When he reached the hedge, the other men helped him pull Nikolai behind it.

"If we can get you across the road, we'll be able to carry you to the country," Sergei said, lifting Nikolai's head and holding it off the cold ground.

"No, *tovarish*," Nikolai demurred. "That's too dangerous for the others. Do nothing that will cost lives. We must save as many as we can, because there is other work to be done."

They partly dragged, partly carried Nikolai to a small grove near the hedge. The armored car was firing all around them without pause. They laid the political instructor behind a tree, and put his empty cartridge-belt under his head.

"I wish this hadn't happened," Sergei said. "In another minute we would have been across the road and in the open fields."

"That's not important, *tovarish*," he said weakly. "We burned down the radio station."

"I won't leave you here, anyway. We won't let you die."

"I have to die sometime, *tovarish*," he said. "All of us have to die sooner or

later." His voice became more firm and clear. "I won't live much longer, Sergei. I want you to think of me every time you raid the *Nemetskies*. Each time I want you to kill a share for me. You'll know that I'm watching you. It will be just the same as if I were there with you. I don't mind dying when I know that you will be doing that for us."

KNEELING beside him, Sergei was watching the armored car as it moved slowly up and down in the road. Though Nikolai was dying beside him, Sergei knew he should plan what was to be done. The Germans in the armored car were waiting for help to arrive, and as soon as other armored cars or tanks came, an attack would be made. He knew the Germans would attempt to surround them, so not a single one of them would be able to escape to the country.

Fyodor was beside him.

"They are getting ready to come after us, *tovarish*," he said.

"We'll have to break out of here somehow," Sergei said quickly. "We can't hold them off much longer."

A loud explosion jarred the ground under them. It was the powder blowing up in the basement of the radio station. When they looked around, they could see blazing timbers falling through the air.

"Why did it take that charge of powder so long to explode?" Fyodor said. "It should have gone off a long time ago."

"It's done its work, anyway. But next time we'll see that it does explode sooner."

"They won't use that radio station again for a long time, just the same," Fyodor said. "That's the last of that."

Sergei felt Nikolai's hand touch his arm.

"*Tovarish*," he whispered weakly, "I want you to tell my wife—"

His hand fell to the ground.

"What is it, Nikolai?" Sergei asked desperately. "What do you want me to tell her, *tovarish*?"

There was no response. His eyes stared lifelessly at them.

"What do you think he was going to say?" Fyodor asked.

"I don't know," Sergei said, shaking his head. "We don't even know where his wife is. She may have gone to Moscow, or she may have been captured by the *Nemetskies*, or anything could have happened to her."

A shell exploded several yards away, showering them with earth. The armored car had stopped, and was firing at them from only fifty yards away.

"We can go after that armored car with grenades," Fyodor said.

"No. We can't risk that. We must do our best to break out of here."

"But it will be easy to knock out that car," Fyodor said. "I'll go—"

Sergei pulled him back roughly.

"You will obey my orders, *tovarish*," he said sharply. "We have got to get out of here without taking any risks. More armored cars are coming, and—"

The dynamiter sank to the ground beside them with a groan. When they reached him, they saw a gaping wound in his chest. He had been struck by a shell-fragment.

"We are going out!" Sergei said. "Follow me!"

He began crawling along the hedge parallel to the road, watching the armored car and listening to the sound of the fast-approaching reinforcements. At the end of the hedge they crawled over a small potato field. Several tanks and armored cars were coming down the road.

They ran several hundred yards before stopping. The tanks and armored cars had stopped near the burning truck, and the road beside them was clear. They ran across it, and when all five of them were safely on the other side, Sergei led them between two houses and started running toward the open country. They passed the rear of the house, but Sergei suddenly stopped and looked back.

There, standing erectly against the side of the house, was a sentry. Sergei could not believe his eyes when he saw the sentry standing there with his rifle held rigidly across his chest.

Fyodor walked up to the sentry and poked him in the stomach with his pistol.

"Surrendered! Surrendered!" the German said excitedly.

"Surrendered?" Sergei repeated incredulously, bending forward and looking into the sentry's frightened face.

"Don't kill me!"

"You're crazy!" Fyodor told him. "You can't surrender to *partisans*!"

The German held out his rifle, placing it in Sergei's hands. He unbuckled his cartridge-belt.

"How many troops are there in Budnya, *Nemetski*?" Sergei asked.

"Seven hundred," he said.

"How many tanks and armored cars?"

"I don't know exactly. I think there are about fifty."

The searching party moved slowly along the road, firing into the fields on both sides.

"Why are you fighting us, *Nemetski*?"

The German hesitated for a moment.

"Der Führer—"

"How old are you, anyway?"

"Sixteen," he said promptly.

"How long in the army?"

"Five months."

"Were you conscripted, or did you volunteer?"

"I was asked to volunteer."

Fyodor put his pistol back into his belt and drew out his knife. Sergei held his arm.

"Why did you surrender to us?" Sergei asked. "I thought all *Nemetskies* would rather die than surrender to Russians."

"I don't want to fight any more. All my friends have been killed at the front. I want to go home."

"I think he's trying to trick us," Fyodor said sharply. "I don't trust any *Nemetski*."

"This boy is all right," Sergei said. "He's scared. He's just like any sixteen-year-old boy. He shouldn't be so anxious to talk and give information to the enemy, but that's because he's excited. The political instructor at my collective farm said Italian boys of sixteen and seventeen did the same thing when they surrendered in Spain during the Civil War. Any sixteen-year-old boy is loyal to his country, but they get excited and talk too much at a time like this. When this boy says he wants to go home, he means it."

"Just the same," Fyodor said, "he's a *Nemetski*, and—"

"If we spare your life, will you do exactly as I tell you?" Sergei asked.

"Ja!" the boy said eagerly.

"Then walk toward the east until you meet the Red Army. Walk only at night and hide during the day. Don't let yourself be seen. When you reach the Red Army, say that the *partisans* took you prisoner and sent you to them. You won't be harmed. You'll have plenty to eat, and a warm place to sleep at night."

"I will obey!" he said gratefully.

"If you don't do exactly as I told you, the next time we capture you, it will be different. You'd better hurry!"

Sergei was not certain, but he thought he saw tears flowing down the boy's cheeks as he turned and walked away rapidly toward the east. Once, after he had gone a few yards, he looked back over his shoulder with a hurried grateful glance.

Chapter Nine

SERGEI lay prone on the hard ground, his heart pounding like a fist against his chest and his mind racing with uneasiness. He could remember almost every word the Red Army instructor had told him about guerrilla fighting. The workers at the *kolkhoz* had been taken into the fields and woods every Sunday during the spring and shown how to surround small groups of the enemy, how to dynamite bridges, how to mine fields, how to destroy tanks and trucks with hand grenades and bottles of gasoline, and how to protect themselves while firing from slight cover. Then in the evenings the political instructor had told them why they must fight the enemy. They must fight for three reasons; first for their fatherland, next for their homes and, for what to Sergei now seemed to be the most immediate of all, their lives.

He turned over on his side and looked toward the village. The red glow in the sky over the square hung like an unextinguishable symbol. On the ground around him, the four remaining men waited for some word from him. He did not know what to tell them; they still had not been able to determine whether the Germans knew where they were lying, but Sergei knew that sooner or later one of the patrols would see them. More armored cars had arrived, and several tanks were crashing toward them over the frozen ground. The tanks were dashing out into the potato fields, suddenly turning sharply and roaring back again to the road.

Fyodor came sliding over the ground toward him.

"Let's start shooting at them, *tovarish*," he whispered. "I can pick them off faster than they can come."

"No," Sergei said firmly. "Our rifle-flashes would give us away. We've got to make a dash for the country as soon as we get a chance."

One of the tanks swung toward them, its tread rattling over the hard ground. Sergei reached for a grenade. The tank was moving at a speed of twenty miles an hour, and if it did not change its course, it would crush them under its treads in another minute. Sergei set the fuse on the grenade.

"Throw the grenades!" he ordered.

He hurled the grenade from his hand with all his might. The onrushing tank was coming directly toward them, loom-

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ing bigger and bigger with each flap of its treads. After his grenade had gone hurtling through the air, he could hear three or four others whirling over his head. The tank was less than fifteen yards away when the first grenade exploded against its side. A moment later one of the others struck the gun-turret, shattering the steel plate and sending a large sheet of it crashing to the ground. At almost the same instant another grenade exploded against the right-hand tread. The tank by then was so close that Sergei and Fyodor began crawling out of its path, but the broken tread whipped through the air, slapping the ground with a sound like a gigantic chain flailing the frozen earth, and the machine went clattering off to one side out of control.

Sergei got to his feet, waving his arm for the men to follow him. Just then the crippled tank crashed into a tree and turned over on its side. The hatch was knocked open, and the Germans inside made muffled shouts for help. The other tanks were several hundred yards away, but they turned and roared toward the potato field. The sound of the bursting grenades and the crash of the tank against the tree brought the Germans in the road racing and shouting over the fields. Fyodor stopped and hurled a last grenade at the wrecked tank.

They were several hundred yards from the wheat field that lay on the long sloping hill in the east. A patrol began firing at them from the left, and machine-guns in the road were spraying the ground with bullets. After going a short distance, they paused in the cover of a thicket.

A flare lighted up the field behind them, and another patrol began firing across the field.

"We can fight them!" Fyodor said, grabbing Sergei's arm.

"Not without grenades and ammunition," Sergei said.

"Seven hundred *Nemetskies* fighting five Russians," he said scornfully.

"Four Russians, *tovarish*."

Fyodor looked around, silently counting heads. One of the men lay motionless in the snow.

"Are you here, Alexei?"

"The bandits can't shoot straight enough to hit me," said Alexei's voice.

"Konstantin?"

There was no answer.

"Mikhail?"

"I'm here!" said the boy who had visited his brother in Siberia. "I'll still be here when spring comes, too."

"You'll be here by yourself then," Sergei said, "because the rest of us are leaving. Hurry!"

They left the thicket and followed a hedge growing waist-high along the foot of the hill. As they ran, they bent over as low as they could, keeping well hidden behind the hedge. They could hear the Germans banging on the steel sides of the overturned tank with crowbars, and trying to free the men trapped inside before the machine burst into flames.

They finally reached the top of the hill without being seen, and without pausing to look back, they continued running toward a road leading southward toward the marsh. They reached the road and stopped to listen before crossing it. In the darkness they could hear a truck crawling slowly up the steep grade. There

were no lights visible, but in a few moments they could see it outlined against the horizon.

When the truck came up to the top of the hill, Fyodor leaped down into the road and sprang like a cat at the driver.

"Guerrillas!" the German beside the driver shouted.

Fyodor flung the driver into the road and slashed at the German who had yelled. By the time the others got there to help him, both Germans were dying in the road. Fyodor stopped the truck by jerking on the brakes.

Sergei climbed into the back of the truck.

"It's as empty as a priest's pocket-book," he said. "There's nothing in it."

"These *Nemetskies* make me sick," Fyodor said. "Either they drive around with empty trucks, or else they go around with loads of canned fish."

"At least we can ride in it. Let's go!"

They all got in and turned the truck around and started down the hill. After going half a mile they came to a fork in the road. A sentry stepped out of the darkness ahead.

"Halt!" he ordered.

Sergei shot the truck ahead, knocking down the German as though he were a stick of wood. The truck rolled over him before he could cry out again. Another sentry shouted from the side of the road, and a moment later the headlights of an armored car flashed on. They drove down the road as fast as the truck would go, while machine-gun bullets plunged into the wooden body.

Presently the armored car could be seen coming down the road behind them, its guns making reddish flashes like splotches of luminous paint against the black curtain of night.

"What will we do?" one of the men shouted at Sergei. "We can't fight it out with them empty-handed. All my grenades and cartridges are gone."

"Get ready to jump!" Sergei said. "At the next curve we'll jump out and let the truck crash."

After they jumped, they lay in the ditch until the armored car had roared past; then they ran across the field.

At the top of the hill they stopped and looked back. The Germans were around the overturned truck, shooting into the fields on both sides of the road. Beyond them a pale red glow tinted the sky over Budnya. Snow began floating down around them like little white feathers.

Sergei slung his rifle over his back and looked down at the excited Germans in the road.

"They are shooting at snowflakes. Fyodor," he said.

Turning, he started walking slowly toward the marsh, the other three men following silently one behind the other.

Chapter Ten

PALENKO was sitting in a lean-to on the south slope of the ridge, gazing into infinity. His pot of tea was boiling beside him, and the morning sun was shining full on his lean tanned face. The marsh was flat and unbroken, and where it disappeared over the horizon, it looked as if it were the beginning of a limitless new world.

The far-away look in Pavlenko's eyes was steady and unchanging. All morning he had been thinking of his family. His only son was in the Red Army, and he had not heard from him since the war started. His daughter had joined a guerrilla brigade near the village where she was teaching in an elementary school, two hundred miles to the north; and he had not heard from her either, since the Germans came. The last he had seen of his wife was when the Germans knocked down the door of his house and carried him away.

His son and daughter, if they were still alive, could take care of themselves; but his wife was old. He remembered the look of fear and anxiety on her face as her eyes followed him out of sight that day. There had been no word from her, and no one had been able to bring him any news. He did know, however, that the Germans had burned all the houses in their village, which meant that if his wife were alive, she would have to exist as best she could in a forest. He was afraid she would not survive many weeks alone in a damp cave. He did not believe he would ever see her alive again.

ALL around him men were at work completing the camp before the ground froze solid. When winter came, in another week or two, it would be almost impossible to dig the caves with the few shovels they possessed. Some of the men were hewing logs to be used as supports for the roof of earth and boughs that would cover the underground rooms; some were camouflaging the observation-tower that had been erected in the top of the tall tree that grew on the highest point of the ridge; and others were lining a baking-oven with green and white tile that had been carried on shoulders to the marsh from one of the near-by villages.

At the foot of the slope, less than a hundred yards from Pavlenko's lean-to, a group of women bent over a pool of water. They were washing clothes for the men. All of them were wearing dark heavy winter dresses and thick felt boots. A short distance away another group was boiling long strips of white cloth which, when thoroughly sterilized and dried, would be used for dressing and bandages for the wounded. All the women had arrived during the night. They had come from widely scattered villages between the Dnieper and Deshva Marsh, and although one of them was from Ivanovka, she had heard nothing of Natasha.

The sun was two hours high when Sergei reached the camp. He had walked slowly up the long slope on the north side of the ridge, his legs so tired he could barely move them from one step to the next. Fyodor had fallen behind, and the other two men were still slogging through the marsh half a mile from the camp.

When Sergei reached the end of the path, he stopped and looked up from the ground. Vladimir, who had been waiting all morning at the top of the path, came running toward him. The boy was breathless with excitement. Sergei sat down on the ground and smiled while the boy's questions tumbled from his lips in an almost endless procession. Vladimir wanted to know where they had been, what they had seen, what they had done, how many Germans they had killed, and

on and on. Sergei could only smile and nod his head as long as Vladimir thought of one question after another.

"Do you choke sentries to death, or is it better to hit them over the head with a pistol?"

Sergei leaned back against a tree.

"How high do you count after setting a grenade fuse before you throw it? Do all the *Nemetskies* have automatic rifles? Do you get hungry while you are fighting *Nemetskies*?"

Sergei put an arm around the boy's neck and drew him tight against his chest. Even when his face was buried against Sergei's coat, he continued mumbling unintelligibly. Sergei held him in a fierce grip until he quieted down.

"You don't think much about those kinds of things while you're out there, *tovarish*," he said, releasing the boy. "It's just a lot of hard work."

"I'll bet I'd think about them, no matter what I was doing," Vladimir said excitedly.

Sergei got up.

"You'll have to wait until you're old enough to go and find out all those things yourself," he said, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder and shaking him playfully.

"That's what I want to do, *tovarish*!" he said quickly. "I want to be a *partisan* and go—"

"You are too young yet, Vladimir."

"I'm not too young! I'm as strong as a man! Just feel how big my muscles are! I can fight *Nemetskies* as good as anybody!"

"I don't think Pavlenko would let you."

Vladimir was silent for a moment. Then he grabbed Sergei's arm with both of his hands and began tugging at him.

"Will you ask *Tovarish* Pavlenko to let me go with you the next time? Will you? Please, *tovarish*!"

Sergei put his arm around the boy's shoulders and patted him affectionately.

"You do your duties well in camp," he said sympathetically, "and one day before you know it you'll be big enough to go."

They walked across the ridge toward Pavlenko's lean-to. When they were several yards from it, Vladimir stopped and watched Sergei go down the path. Sergei looked back and waved at him, and Vladimir smiled hopefully.

Pavlenko looked up.

"Did you burn down the radio station in Budnya?" he asked immediately.

"We carried out your order, *tovarish* brigadier."

Pavlenko's face beamed with a broad warm smile. He motioned for Sergei to sit down on the pile of spruce boughs and reached for the teapot. He poured two cups full before saying anything else. Sergei could see Pavlenko's eyes sparkling with excitement. He took the cup from the brigadier and sipped the hot fragrant tea thirstily.

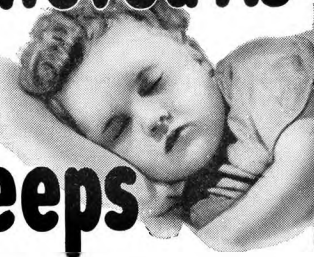
"The *Nemetski* radio station was destroyed," Sergei said quickly when he saw Pavlenko's inquiring stare.

"Good! Very good!"

"We burned it to the ground. There is nothing left of it." He stopped and looked down at the steaming tea in his cup. "But three of us did not come back. They were killed."

Pavlenko nodded soberly.

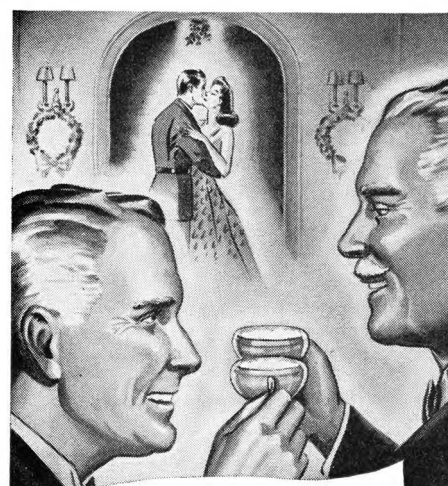
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"Some of us must die in order for our fatherland to live," he said in a low voice. "Those of us who die give their lives so the rest of us will be free."

There was silence between them for a long time. They both looked down at the coals under the pot of tea. The group of women around the pool of water below them were talking in a low murmur. Sergei did not hear them at first but presently he raised his head and looked down at the bottom of the ridge with a startled expression. He turned to Pavlenko questioningly.

Pavlenko, knowing the unasked question on his lips, shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Are you sure my wife didn't come?" Sergei said. "Are you sure none of them is named Natasha?"

"I spoke to them about her," he replied. "They have heard nothing."

"But if they could get here, why couldn't Natasha?"

He looked appealingly at Pavlenko. The brigadier shook his head, at the same time reaching out and laying his warm friendly hand on Sergei's. He did not attempt to answer any other way.

VLADIMIR suddenly appeared before them, carrying a double handful of charcoal which he laid carefully over the glowing coals under the pot.

"Every time the sun sets, there is another chance to escape," Pavlenko told him. "As long as the sun follows its path, there is hope for her."

Vladimir filled the teapot with fresh water and left.

"I haven't given you a full report on our raid yet," Sergei said. "You will want to know about it."

Pavlenko nodded.

Sergei explained to Pavlenko how they got the blaze started and the means they used to prevent the Germans from saving any of the radio apparatus. After he

had finished, Pavlenko leaned back, his face beaming with satisfaction.

"That's going to be a good message to send to the Red Army. Now, the Red Army will be able to move quickly and secretly, and the counterattacks will be more effective. The *Nemetskies* have been gaining much ground—too much ground."

He paused and poured tea into their three cups.

"The enemy has been moving steadily forward for three days and two nights. That's why the destruction of the radio station in Budnya was so important."

"Then the news is not good?" Sergei asked.

"No, *tovarish*," Pavlenko said gravely. "It is not good."

All three of them sat silently, looking at the glowing coals under the teapot.

"If the news is not good, then we will fight harder than ever," Sergei said. "We'll fight so hard it will make the news good. If we haven't killed enough *Nemetskies*, we will kill more and more and then the news will have to be good."

"Then you can soon change the news," Pavlenko said solemnly, his eyes grave and piercing in the shadow of his heavy brows.

"How?"

"I have another task for you, *tovarish*. It will not be easy. You may lose your life. But you will not fail."

"I won't fail!"

"This time you will take only one man with you—Fyodor, if you choose—"

"Of course—Fyodor!"

A twig cracked behind the lean-to with a muffled sound as though it had been stepped on. Sergei turned his head slightly and from the corner of his eye saw Vladimir leaning forward and listening.

"You will go to the paved highway, where the main railroad line runs, and remain as long as necessary," Pavlenko told them. "This is the town of Vyndomsk. The citizens who are still there will help

you. They will feed you, give you a place to sleep, and help you in any way you ask. You are to call on the citizens to help you in Vyndomsk just as you would here at the camp. The *Nemetskies* have been very ruthless there, and so we must be ruthless toward them. You will destroy one thing after another—anything that is of any value to the enemy."

"This sounds better all the time!" Fyodor said.

"You will cross the *boloto* and go directly north over the hills. There will be patrols along the way, but you will be able either to remove them or to go around them. Vyndomsk is closer to the front than Budnya, and much more important to the enemy. All of their supplies and replacements for the central front pass through Vyndomsk, either on the railroad or the highway. They have storehouses of food and ammunition there; they have large quantities of equipment. Nearly everything used on the front against our Red Army passes through Vyndomsk or is kept in reserve there."

"But are there any *Nemetskies* there?" Fyodor said.

"Thousands of them. Replacements are quartered in the town before being sent to the front. They come in by train every night. Besides, the staff headquarters for the sector is located there, which means you will see many officers."

"I'm ready to leave now," Fyodor said excitedly. "There's no use in waiting all day—"

"Go to your rest, *tovarish*," Pavlenko laughed, shaking his head. "And may your spirits be as high when you wake up as they are now."

Fyodor got up reluctantly.

Sergei was getting to his feet when Vladimir appeared beside him. The boy looked up at him appealingly.

"Did you ask *tovarish* brigadier if I could go with you?" he whispered.

Sergei shook his head.

"Please, *tovarish*! Please ask him!"

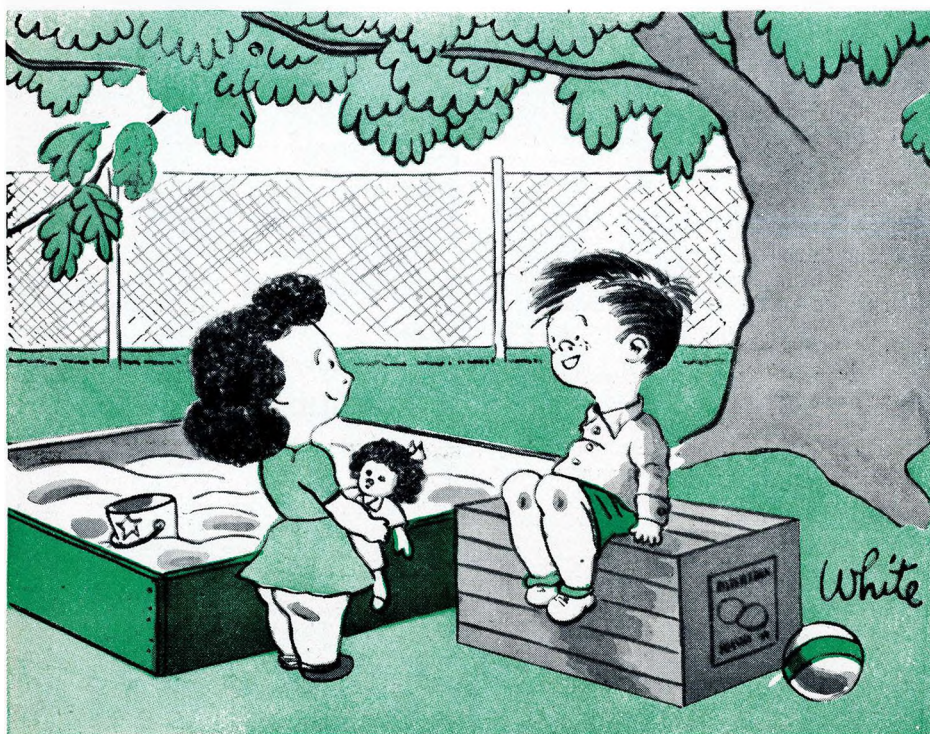
The boy waited several moments, and then walked off silently.

"Vladimir wants me to take him along," he told Pavlenko.

"I know. He's been begging to go every day since he came here. I admire his persistence, but I'm afraid he is still too young. He's only a boy."

Sergei looked around. Vladimir was standing several yards away under a tree beside the path watching him.

"The *Nemetskies* butchered his whole family before his eyes—his mother and father, his brothers and sisters. First they were bayoneted, and while they were still alive, the fiends poured oil over their bodies and burned them. Vladimir dug a grave and tried to bury them, but the *Nemetskies* carried him away in a truck before he could move the bodies." Pavlenko paused and looked out over the marsh. "No. I don't want anything to happen to Vladimir. He's like my own son to me now."



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A Teacher's Thought

BY ANGELO PATRI

HEAVENLY FATHER:

Thou to Whom the mysteries of a child's heart and mind are open, teach me how to reach them. Enable me to help these children in my care to know themselves and to reverence the good that is in them.

Grant me the grace of humility before the tremendous task I face. Let no pride of place or authority dishonor my service. Teach me to walk humbly in the footsteps of the great Teacher, loving, serving, teaching, giving all and withholding nothing in the service of these children.

Give me wisdom to deal with them. Grant that I may not in haste or impatience wound or distress one needlessly. Let me remember their childishness and be gracious to its helplessness.

Give me the wit to discern their needs and to supply them before they feel the lack, so that growing up may be natural for them.

Give me understanding, that I may see beyond their difficulties to their strengths, and so guide and direct them that they may grow strong in overcoming, powerful through endurance, skillful through experience.

Among these children are the leaders of tomorrow, the day to be born out of this war's terrible travail. Enlighten me to the

needs of that day, that I may help these children to strengthen and develop their powers, so they may act wisely and honorably in their day.

Sweep clear my mind of every prejudice, every selfishness. Instruct my ignorance. Destroy my fear. Open my heart and mind to the new ways of the future, to the new ideas of living. Let me welcome the unfamiliar, unknown good of the future, so that I may offer it to these coming leaders, who must in their turn carry this nation's welfare on their spiritual power. Help me so to lead and inspire them that their minds shall be fortified, their intelligence illumined, their understanding of human needs be akin to Thine own.

Let me be quick to feel their doubt and fear, and prompt to relieve, encourage and uphold them in their faith in righteousness, in good deeds, in the eternal power of truth.

Fill my heart with love for them, for my work, for all of life, that I may remain forever in communion with the Infinite Mind, and share its peace and beauty with all about me.

I am a teacher, and would do Thy will in the service of the children of my own people, of this my beloved country. I put my trust in Thee, Father of all the world. Amen.

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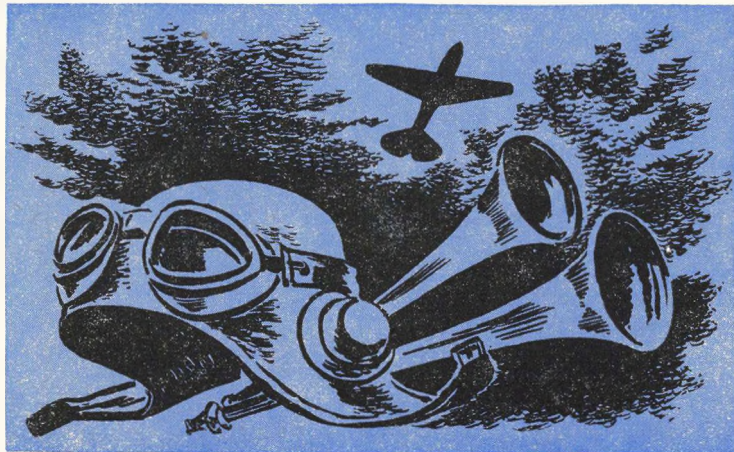
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BY HELEN DEUTSCH



*"We Shall Nobly Save or Meanly Lose the Last
Best Hope of Earth."*

Lincoln's Second Annual Message to the Congress, December 1, 1862.

THE LAST BEST HOPE

By HELEN DEUTSCH

DECORATIONS BY EVERETT HENRY

CHAPTER

1



SHE had been looking at houses all morning with Mr. Porter, a real-estate agent. It was almost noon when they came to this one, a white house with a columned porch and tall green-shuttered windows; it stood on the crest of a green slope, flanked by big old elms.

Mr. Porter raised the knocker and rapped smartly. The sound echoed emptily inside. "The owner's nephew is living here," he said.

A plane went by overhead, flying low. Mr. Porter was apologetic. "They don't often come by here. There's a flying-school about a mile down the road. They shouldn't fly so close. I'll speak to the town council." He knocked again. "The owner's nephew is camping here, to be near the flying-field. But he'll get out when the place is sold."

Footsteps came toward them at a trot inside the house. The door opened.

Mr. Porter turned on a smile. "Good morning, Mr. Brenley. May I show the house?"

The tall young man was holding an egg-beater. He gestured with it. "Sure thing. Come in." He wore knee-sprung denim pants, and an old black sweater.

Mr. Porter performed introductions. "Mark Brenley. . . Miss Adelina Calgerry."

"I hope we haven't interrupted anything important," she said, eying the egg-beater.

His glance followed hers. "It's Sunday," he explained.

Lina smiled. "Is Sunday the day you eat?"

"The day I eat breakfast at noon."

"I'll show Miss Calgerry over the place," said Mr. Porter. "We don't want to keep you from your breakfast."

But Mark Brenley insisted on escorting them. He led them across the spacious front hall, and with the flourish of a major-domo threw open the door of an enormous high-ceilinged room on the north side.

"Ambassadors," he said, indicating the magnificent vacancy with a wave of the egg-beater. "Ambassadors, governors, satin bustles, waltzes, magnums of champagne—"

"Notice the fireplace," said Mr. Porter.

"Garfield and McKinley," continued Mark Brenley, "Harding and Coolidge, dry-rot and wood-worms."

"You don't see such floors nowadays," said Mr. Porter.

"It would make a nice skating rink," said Mark Brenley. He led them across the dusty expanse and into a dining-room, stately with paneling. "Here my grandfather sat. He was a fine old man. He ate too much."

"They all ate too much in those days," Lina said.

"Not all," he replied. "Only those who could afford it."

They went from the dining-room back to the entrance-hall and across into the library.

"After dinner," Mark Brenley announced, "the gentlemen gathered here. Nice old fellows, with hardened arteries and collapsed consciences."

"You make them sound dreadful!" she laughed.

"They weren't. They were like other people. They were all right. They had their posturings and heartaches, their deceits and their dreams. They were all right."

They returned to the hall and started up the wide stairs toward the second floor. Lina wondered where Mark Brenley lived; the egg-beater was the only sign of furnishing, and every surface in the place bore that uniform powdering of dust native to untenanted houses.

"Why do you want such a large house?" he asked.

"Because in these days big houses can be found more easily, and bought more cheaply, than small ones," she replied. "Nobody wants the big ones any more."

"True, true!" he murmured. "This is 1938. Dissolution of the family. Vanishing ideal of permanence. The old family manse a thing of the past. Well, maybe it's a good thing."

She knew that from behind his screen of chatter he was studying her carefully. At first she thought he might be measuring her as a prospective tenant, but she soon realized he didn't care who moved into this house. He had no affection for it; it was to him a relic of a dead era. No, he didn't care about that. She looked at him again.

His skin was very brown, and one strand of live black hair hung over his temple. Something about his wide mouth, the easy double-edged foolishness he talked, and the grace with which he moved up the stairs, reminded her of someone. . . . She felt a sudden pang as she remembered: when she was fourteen, she had known a restless, impatient boy called Henvar, who played the piano and cared about nothing else. She used to trail him like a puppy, never wholly fathoming what he was about, but worshiping nevertheless; his music had created around him an unknown world that set him apart from the other boys and girls, and she had adored him. . . . Mark Brenley was like him.

He was examining her now, his eyes traveling upward from the ankles, resting in turn upon her legs, thighs, hips, waist. . . .

Lina Calgerry, by any standard at all, was beautiful. She had been created by an inspired artist from a palette of golden browns and warm yellows. She brought to mind all golden things—amber, topaz, sard, autumn leaves, honey—

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ciplined, ill-bred boy. Mrs. Calgerry had fired the teacher and had done her best to keep Lina and the boy apart, but Lina had been willful and disobedient. It was that iron streak. Mrs. Calgerry had been considerably relieved when the boy won a music scholarship and went away. But she had had a dreadful time with Lina for months afterward.

Mrs. Calgerry was reshaping her opinion of her younger daughter, whom she had formerly regarded as fairly level-headed for her age. It was strange the way a person, even your own daughter, looked different when examined from a new angle. It was like looking at a dress; you tried it on, and it seemed wonderful in the mirror, slimming and quite *chic*, and then you examined the rear view, and suddenly it was a different dress, dumpy and without a trace of style.

Doris came into the breakfast-room. "I was going to town with Lina this morning," she announced as she sat down, "but she's not here." She unfolded her napkin.

Mrs. Calgerry sat up. "Not here? Where is she?"

Doris was drinking her orange juice. She shrugged.

Mrs. Calgerry started to ring for Mildred, then thought better of it.

"Did she sleep at home?" she asked.

"Yes."

Mrs. Calgerry released her breath and rang for Mildred.

"But she must have gone out very early," said Doris. "I've been up since eight."

Mildred came in, bearing coffee and toast for Doris.

"Mildred," asked Mrs. Calgerry, "were you up when Miss Lina went out?"

"Yes, Mrs. Calgerry."

"Why didn't you tell me she'd gone out?"

Mildred was silent. The answer was obvious. She hadn't been asked, and Mrs. Calgerry had taught her not to volunteer such bits of information.

"What time was it?"

"About six, Mrs. Calgerry."

Mrs. Calgerry thought for a moment. "What was she wearing?"

"Her warm blue coat with the lynx collar."

That gave them nothing. Mrs. Calgerry tried again.

"Did she say where she was going?"

"Yes, Mrs. Calgerry."

They turned to her and waited.

"Only to see somebody off on a boat," finished Mildred, and since Mrs. Calgerry had fallen silent, she returned to the kitchen. Mildred had a rich, highly organized and well-nourished hatred for Mrs. Calgerry; it was rich and flavorful, like a ripe old cheese.

CHAPTER

8



THE tramp steamer *Waldis*, gray in the bleak morning, creaked in her dock. Over her the seagulls wheeled and cried, moving between the gray water and the gray sky.

On the foredeck Howard Brenley winced as the ship's whistle blew a deafening blast. He had come to see the three boys off, and had brought with him a bottle of champagne which they had shared hilariously with passing members of the ship's crew.

Joe blew a hollow note into the mouth of the empty bottle.

"We keep this bottle," said Rigo, "and we blow it if there is fog."

"He's not very funny in English," Joe said apologetically. "I hear he's a wow in Spanish, but I wouldn't know."

Rigo smiled and nodded. "Wow," he said happily.

A winch began grinding off to the right of them. The boat groaned, and something landed aft with a thud.

"I hope the old tub lasts," muttered Mark. "Do you think she'll make it?"

"She looks like a tough old babe." Joe slapped the scarred rail.

"What's she carrying?"

"Canned milk, prunes and woolen drawers," Mark replied; and then he added, his eye following the course of a seagull as it dipped by: "The Germans, I hear, are sending Messerschmitts."

"It's the embargo," said Howard Brenley.

"It's the stupidity," said Mark.

"You tell 'em, kid," Joe laughed.

They joked about the Quakers, and Rigo's English, and the elegance of Mark's luggage. They kidded Howard Brenley about his experiences in the last war. He had loaded them all down with woolen socks, cigarettes and chocolates. Finally the boat's whistle blew again.

"That's for me, I guess," said Howard Brenley. He shook hands with Joe and Rigo. Mark walked with him to the gangplank. Behind them officers shouted orders, and the boat began to throb as the engines turned over. They stood in awkward silence.

"If you see her," Mark said at last, "try to explain. I bungled it, I'm afraid."

The old man nodded and went down the gangplank. He watched from the pier, waving to the three figures on the foredeck as the *Waldis* moved slowly out, nosed along by persistent, barking little tugs.

At last he blew his nose, turned, and made his way along the dock, a gaunt, lonely figure with the wind flapping his overcoat. He picked a course among the empty luggage trucks and towering piles of cargo, and suddenly came face to face with Lina.

She was standing half-hidden by a heap of packing-cases, watching the boat go; she had been there more than an hour, without the courage to let herself be seen. She looked ill, and her face was wet with tears.

When Howard Brenley put an arm about her, she began to shake with deep long sobs. "Why? . . . Why!" It was a cry of pain choked with desperation. "I don't understand! . . . Why?"

The old man looked out over her head to the *Waldis* pulling out into the harbor with its convoy of seagulls.

"Because," he replied softly, "humanity has struck its tent and is on the march again."

AT first they tried ignoring it. They tried treating Lina as though nothing had happened. Howard Brenley had brought her home the day the *Waldis* sailed, and Lina had gone up to her room, silent and pale, and hadn't come down again. He had murmured to Mrs. Calgerry as he departed: "Leave her alone. She'll be all right."

But as the weeks passed it became clear that Lina was not all right. She didn't sleep nights; they heard her moving about in her room, and once or twice someone woke before dawn and saw her lights still burning.

During the day she was always tired, too exhausted to say no or to argue when her mother made engagements for her, and too tired to keep them when the time came. Although she was wakeful at night, she slept long hours during the afternoon; she shut her eyes upon the world and withdrew from it into heavy slumber from which she emerged still tired, still restless.

She grew thin and white as sand, and acquired a disconcerting way of smiling faintly, a smile like the meaningless little curve on the face of an archaic statue, fixed and tragic. The lips smiled while the eyes stayed blank. She hid behind that smile as she hid behind the sleep.

It was Doris who was most troubled by the change in Lina. During the days of Doris' divorce, Lina had been sympathetic and comforting. She had not asked for explanations or logic or good sense. Fiercely protective, she had stood by Doris with unquestioning devotion and a sturdy blood-loyalty. Doris had not liked her mother much during those days; Mrs. Calgerry had made her feel ashamed, asking questions, throwing out veiled accusations, dropping hints. The divorce wasn't anything Doris could explain. Whenever she tried, she found herself saying sharply defined things she didn't quite mean, for it was all more involved and subtle than she could express in polite or accurate terms; she gave up trying.

Doris wanted now to be good to Lina, as Lina had been to her. When Lina couldn't eat, and Mrs. Calgerry begged her for the fourth time to try a nice soft-boiled egg, it was Doris who said: "Never mind."

"But she's ruining her looks! She'll be too thin! Look at her!" cried Mrs. Calgerry.

"Never mind, Mother," said Doris.

More than that, she could not do. She could not reach Lina, could not get beyond the flat curtain of reserve. . . .

The *Waldis* sailed in May. In June Mrs. Calgerry took her daughters to Bermuda; Lina was ailing, and it would do Doris no harm to meet some new men.

BERMUDA was crowded; there was a feeling of last-chance gayety in the bars and hotels. One noticed the flowers less and the portable radios on the beaches more. There was talk of the war in Europe. Hitler was becoming increasingly bold; not long before, he had screamed predictions, bellowed complaints, and gobbled Austria. Now, a patient and misunderstood man, he began to suffer for the downtrodden minorities of the Sudetenland.

Lina began to read newspapers. In other years, when she had looked at them at all, she had limited herself to the society and fashion sections, but now she studied with care the news from Spain. Unfamiliar place names began to take on meaning and identity, and since events in Italy, France and England showed some relation to the reports from Spain, she read about them too; her horizons moved back.

"Newspapers are very difficult to read nowadays," said Mrs. Calgerry, who preferred murders, arrests for drunken driving, and tabloid *crimes passionnels*. "Nothing but maps on the front pages! Imagine a girl being interested in *maps*! Geography is for boys; and besides, it doesn't pay to bother, with countries changing hands so fast!"

On June 7th the ports of Valencia, Barcelona and Alicante were bombed. In New York City, at a "Lift the Embargo" rally, Premier Negrin, in a radiophone speech from Barcelona, pleaded for the privilege of buying arms from the United States. The embargo stayed put. In Massachusetts, a delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London arrived to see the sights and to celebrate with the Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, chartered in 1638, their three-hundredth anniversary; tea was served. The Insurgent forces took Villareal and Castellon and pushed the Loyalists' lost 43rd Division over the border into France. President Roosevelt in a fireside chat said that the issues confronting the United States transcended traditional party loyalties, and that new conditions throughout the world called for new remedies.

The President's address came over the radio in the bar of the Bermuda Hotel. One listener called him a warmonger and another predicted he would run for a third term. A woman holding a gin fizz in a heavily bejeweled hand said to Lina: "Do you think it's so?"

Lina's little smile stayed on as she replied: "I don't think he's a warmonger; but he has an understanding of the suffering of others."

Mrs. Calgerry, whose political philosophy consisted of the principle that it is good form to agree with your neighbors, laughed and hustled Lina off to dress for dinner.

Lina was docile enough, on the whole. She did as she was asked, obediently swallowed pills and tonics, submitted to massage and electro-therapy, and listened to advice; but she was not, in the opinion of her family, quite herself.

In July Mrs. Calgerry took her to Maine. It rained most of the time they were there. Mrs. Calgerry selected a young man and expertly managed to include him in their outings and games, pairing him with Lina for tennis, lunches, dancing, and bridge. But it didn't take.

It was in July, about seven weeks after the *Waldis* sailed, that a letter arrived from Mark. "*Dear Lina,*" he wrote, "*there isn't much to say. We arrived safely, and, after some abracadabra of identification and whatnot, they put us to work. We're old hands at it now, having been on the job a week. They let us stay together, Rigo and Joe and I, and we're pretty much on our own, as these fellows don't seem to have much time for formalities, precedence or rank. Since orders don't get through very well, and there's no one to issue them anyway, it's pretty much a matter of figuring things out for yourself. I hope this letter gets through. Have you seen Uncle Brenley and is he well? Rigo and Joe send their regards. Joe has cooties and I'm told we'll all have them before long.*" That was all; there were no further letters.

Lina went on reading newspapers, at first gleaning only a jumble of dissociated facts, then, as time went on, beginning to correlate and to discover interdependence and significance in world events. She began to feel that the newspapers were inadequate; their reports sounded somehow like half-truths, and, comparing one paper with another, she found with some surprise that there was such a thing as bias. She grew increasingly familiar with the prejudices and attitudes of correspondents and so avoided some, sought out others, and looked for special articles in magazines which Doris called highbrow.

At the end of July a major battle was fought on the Ebro River. The Loyalists attempted an offensive, but it failed; the water of the river ran red, and the Loyalists retreated. Things were going badly for the Spanish Republic. It was only a question of time, people said; they said it was the Communists who were fighting Franco, and that the Americans who had gone over in the International Brigades were all Communists, getting what was coming to them. This was a stand, Lina recognized, which had been taken by Mussolini and Hitler as an excuse for rushing further aid to the Fascist Franco in his "holy war" against the "Reds." She grew angry about its adoption by Americans; she spoke of it; her friends eyed her strangely. The celebrated neurologist whom Mrs. Calgerry, in despair, consulted on their return from Maine, recommended rest and the healing properties of time.

Mrs. Calgerry didn't like the neurologist. "He talks too much," she said, "and he doesn't say a thing. I know very well what's wrong with Lina." But what she couldn't figure out was Lina's constant reading—not gay books or funny ones or mystery books, which take your mind off your problems, but "heavy" ones, as though Lina were trying to educate herself.

Mrs. Calgerry once had had a beau who was a botany teacher, and for weeks she had renounced Elinor Glyn while she tried to learn about legumes, fungi, and the arcana of vegetable physiology; she finally gave up and chose the simpler path of renouncing the botany teacher. She decided Lina was going through something like that, and she was fairly close to being right.

HOWARD BRENLEY, looking thinner and older, came to see Lina from time to time. He, too, had had a brief letter from Mark in the same mail as Lina's, but August passed with no further word.

"The mail just isn't getting through," he said. "Things are confused over there. Communications are thoroughly disorganized." But she could see that he was troubled.

not only her hair and her eyes, but the glow in her skin, and even her voice. She had never quite accepted the fact of her own beauty. Compliments about it made her grin guiltily. Admiration still touched her with happy surprise, for only a few years ago she had been a homely little girl, all angular gestures and awkward exclamations. Her older sister Doris had been the beauty.

Mark Brenley's eyes, in their deliberate upward journey of appraisal, came to her eyes at last, and found her watching him. He grinned, flushed and looked away. Lina smiled. So that was it! He was just plain woman-hungry after weeks shut away here. They continued on up the stairs, preceded by Mr. Porter. The silence stretched a little thin.

"Have you been living here long?" she asked.

"About two months."

"Studying flying?"

"Advanced aeronautics. The fine art of the barrel-roll and the loop."

Mr. Porter opened a door on the second floor. "This is my idea of a master-bedroom," he said proudly. It was a sunny room with French windows opening on a balcony. He showed her the mirrored dressing-room, the spacious closets, the bathroom of pale rose tile, the adjoining bedroom.

"It's beautiful," she said. "The whole house is beautiful."

Mr. Porter beamed as though he had built it himself, stone by stone. "Wait till you see the rest!"

She spoke impulsively. "I'll look at the rest, but I know now, Mr. Porter. This is it."

MR. PORTER was happy. "Well! That's great! In my business we don't always find somebody knows their own mind this way! You'll be getting a fine place!" His face was damp with pleasure. "We'll run back to my office now and—"

"Better look at the rest first," Mark Brenley suggested. "Of course!" Mr. Porter agreed heartily. "Better be sure!"

They went on with their tour of the upper floor and the attic. The passageway to the servants' quarters was lighted by a small colored window of murky green and red.

"Some people like this stained glass," said Mr. Porter. "They say it's quaint. I think it keeps the light out. You know—makes the place dark."

"I think I'd remove the quaint Victorian glass," Lina said, "along with any quaint Victorian plumbing."

"Quite right," said Mark. "Quaintness gives me a pain, too. When we call something quaint, it isn't because we think it beautiful or in any other way admirable; it's only because we feel superior to it. Because we think we know better. An attitude of condescension is necessary to the enjoyment of quaintness."

"Not entirely. There's nostalgia," she said. "Nostalgia's all right, isn't it?"

"Not always," he countered. "It's a form of escape."

"Oh, pooh!" she laughed. "What's wrong with escape? And for that matter, what's wrong with feeling superior to people who like bilious little windows?"

"Just that it's all based on misunderstanding. If you understand a period thoroughly, its clothes and its manners and its wallpaper become the logical product of their time, and from that viewpoint they cannot be funny. They cannot be quaint."

"I guess you're right," she said, turning away. She had come here to look at a house, and Mr. Porter was patiently waiting.

"Let's not give it another thought," Mark Brenley said.

They came to a small bedroom prettily festooned with wallpaper roses. "What about this?" Mr. Porter asked nervously. "It's sort of cute, but—" He glanced apprehensively at them. "Is it quaint?"

"It's charming," Lina assured him.

They started single file down the back stairs. Mark Brenley was idly turning the handle of the egg-beater round and round. It made a thin metallic rattle.

"How soon would you be wanting the house?" Mr. Porter asked.

Lina made mental calculations. "Well, let me see. . . . I'm being married at the end of June—"

The sound of the egg-beater ceased.

"We'll go away for a while after the wedding," she went on. "But of course the painters and decorators will have to come in." She turned back to Mark Brenley. "Will the first of June be all right?" They reached the foot of the stairs, and she stood waiting, expecting him to say the right thing—something polite about moving out in time, and not minding and all that.

"Whom are you marrying?" he said.

It was easier to answer than to find just the right, delicate reproof. "His name is Charles Brelward." She followed Mr. Porter into the kitchen. There were tins of food on the open shelves, a toaster, boxes of crackers, and on the table a bowl into which a couple of eggs had been broken.

"Charley Brelward of the scrap-iron Brelwards?" inquired Mark Brenley.

"His family exports things—"

"Things like scrap-iron," he said. "To places like Japan. For profits like five hundred per cent. Yes, I know him."

"Fine fellow," said Mr. Porter, who had never met Charley Brelward. "Friend of yours, eh? Small world!"

"No friend of mine," said Mark.

"Notice the stove and the refrigerator," said Mr. Porter. "Very up to date. And plenty of cupboard space. Right through here you'll find the laundry."

Mark remained in the kitchen. Lina heard the eggs being beaten as she examined the laundry, which, like the rest of the house except the kitchen, was innocent of any sign of habitation. Even Mr. Porter was puzzled; as they returned to the kitchen, he asked Mark: "Where have you been sleeping?"

"Out in the *palazzo*," He put down the egg-beater and led them out by the back door.

"I hope my taking the house won't complicate life for you," Lina said, as they crossed the garden toward the garage.

"There's a place near the airfield where I can stay."

"Crazy about airplanes nowadays, young people are," contributed Mr. Porter. "In my day they all wanted to be bank presidents. Now they want to be pilots. It's a trend. Dangerous sort of business, though."

"Not much more dangerous than being a bank president."

Mr. Porter laughed heartily. "You said it!"

They came to a flight of stairs in the garage.

"Are you planning to be a professional pilot?" Lina asked, "or do you fly just for fun?"

Mark Brenley was silent as they mounted the stairs. At last he said almost absently: "Ever hear of the Ebro?"

"It's a river, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "it's a river."

"Somewhere in India, isn't it?"

"No," said Mark. "Not in India."

THEY had reached the head of the stairs, which led directly into a large room. There was a studio couch covered in deep red, several worn easy-chairs, a battered desk, lamps, tables, shelves filled with books, and a comfortable litter of pipes and magazines. Despite the indifferent furnishings, there was something—perhaps the arrangement, or the proportions, or the rich red of the drapes against the dove-gray walls—that made it an attractive room. Lina exclaimed.

Mark Brenley dropped his jack-in-office air of the comic seneschal. "This stuff goes with the house," he said. "Uncle Brenley left it when he moved to Wilton."

"I'd begun to suspect you were sleeping in a bathtub," she laughed.

"This was always my place whenever I came to stay with my uncle. It has its own heating system and all." He fell silent, and seemed to have lost interest.

They left the garage and walked back to the house, with Mr. Porter talking about the gardens, and how the *palazzo* would make a nice guest-house, and the possibility of building a swimming-pool.

"Well, good-by," said Mark, at the kitchen door. "Glad you like the house."

Later Lina wondered what made her return to the unfinished conversation of the garage stairs; perhaps it was the note of scorn she had caught in his voice when he discovered her ignorance, and the change she had noticed in his manner afterward.

"Where's the Ebro River?" she asked.

Then she was almost sorry she had said it, for the answering look was so alert, so aware, so intimate, as though by that blind question she had established something between them.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked.

"I don't," she said. "But I think you want to tell me."

"Well, the maps say it starts in the mountains of Spain and runs south and east to the Mediterranean."

"You don't say!" Mr. Porter said vaguely.

"But here's a secret," Mark went on, "which some day even Charley Brelward will know." He leaned confidentially toward her: "*The Ebro flows down Broadway. . . .* Vincent Sheean says it flows down Oxford Street, but it's getting around. Don't look now, but it's flowing down Broadway."

Mr. Porter looked startled. "Well, good-by," he said. "We'll get in touch with Howard Brenley."

"You may quote me on that," said Mark. He walked up the steps and turned in the open doorway. "Tell them that for me. Good-by." He shut the door.

"Funny fellow," Mr. Porter said as they drove away. "I couldn't make head or tail of what he was saying."

CHAPTER

2



CHARLEY kept a couple of horses at the Edgcroft Stables. Lina thought, as she went to meet him there that afternoon, how she had loved the Brenley house the moment she saw it. It was like those stories one hears, about how "we hunted for months, absolutely months, from one end of Connecticut to the other, and just as we were giving up, *there* was this house, and the moment we laid eyes on it, before we so much as set a foot inside, we said this is it, and sure enough it was absolutely perfect." Lina never quite believed them. People made up pleasant lies to add color.

But it had happened to her. Like love at first sight, which was another of those things that were always being reported but never really happened—not really, not ever really. Love at first sight was like sea monsters, which everybody tells about, though nobody ever actually sees—And yet, hadn't they found one just the other day in Scotland, the real dead body of a real sea serpent?

Charley was in the paddock, talking to the stable-master. He came toward her, leading the horses.

"Charley, I've found it! The house, I mean!"

He kissed her cheek. "That's great!" And he held her horse while she mounted.

"It's near Carroltown right here in Connecticut, with about twenty acres. It has everything!"

"What about a tennis court?"

"No," she said, "but there's a place we can build one."

She told him all about it as they rode up the hill. "It's owned by a Mr. Howard Brenley."

"Old Howard Brenley?" Charley knew everybody. "He was an old beau of my Aunt Maggie's. *That* house?"

"Do you know it?" she cried.

"Nice place. Haven't seen it in years. The old man stopped entertaining when his wife died."

"That's right," she said. "Mr. Porter says he's moved to a smaller place in Wilton, and wants to get rid of the Carroltown house."

"Shouldn't wonder. Pretty big place for an old man without a family."

"He has a nephew, hasn't he?" she asked casually.

"Nephew? Oh, yes. Mark Brenley."

"Do you know him?"

"Went to school with him. But he ran with a different crowd."

They reached a stretch of open ground and broke into a gallop. After a while the horses slowed to a walk in a grove of young birches.

"What sort of person is he?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Mark Brenley."

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing special. He had a job with a brokerage house for a while; then I ran into him trying to sell something—I forget what. I don't know what's become of him. I think he worked out West for a time—oil-fields, probably. He couldn't seem to settle down to anything."

"It takes some men a little longer, I guess."

"He's no puppy. Must be around twenty-eight. Seems to me a fellow should know by that time where he's heading."

They came to the crest of the hill and stood looking out at the farms and lakes below. Charley always stopped to look at the view because that was the thing to do. One rode for the view on this hill, so he looked and said it was nice. Then they started homeward.

"I'll call Howard Brenley tomorrow," he said. "Meanwhile you'd better go back and take another look at the house."

"Oh, I needn't do that," she said quickly. "You think it's all right, don't you?"

"It's all right with me if *you* like it." He smiled at her warmly. Charley was a darling. "But you'd better go back, anyway," he added. "They're not always so good on second sight, you know."

Lina wondered why she hadn't mentioned meeting Mark Brenley. Charley did the same sort of thing when he came upon something he preferred not to face or couldn't quite handle; he simply avoided it. It helped keep life pleasant and smooth. It was the way in which she, too, had been bred. It was safe and comfortable; when something threatened to become disturbing, you ignored it, evaded it, avoided it, and finally you forgot it.

AND yet, that evening, when she went dancing with Charley and the Patsons, she found herself asking John Patson, as he led her smoothly through a rhumba: "Do you know where the Ebro is?"

"In Spain."

"What about it?" she asked.

"It'll soon be over. The Loyalists are pretty well beaten. Mussolini's sending planes by the hundred."

"I see."

"It's a damfool war. Nobody knows who's on which side or who's fighting whom. . . . I say, Lina, Agnes and I want to give a party for you and Charley. We talked about it last night. We thought maybe week after next, on Wednesday evening. Is that all right?"

"What?"

"Will Wednesday evening be all right, week after next?"

"Oh. Yes. . . . Yes, Wednesday will be fine."

WHEN Lina went back to look at the house, nobody was there. She hadn't told Mr. Porter she was going. Young Brenley, she had thought, would let her in.

The front door was unlocked. She walked through the empty, echoing rooms, not knowing exactly what to look for or to examine, and made her way at last to the kitchen, where she turned faucets on and off, peered gingerly into the refrigerator, and opened cupboards. She was dutifully inspecting the stove when she heard a car pull up and stop in the garage driveway.

It was Mark Brenley, and he had a girl with him. "You're in time for tea," he said, and introduced the girl. Her name was Kate Merrilane; she was tall and fair-haired, and she wore a tan one-piece flying suit just like Mark's. It was very becoming, even though it encouraged her to stride a bit with exaggerated ease.

Lina and Kate prepared the tea, getting out bread, cheese and jam. There were only two teacups, but Mark found a beer mug inscribed "*When Good Fellows Get Together*," which he insisted Lina must use, because she was the guest, and it was "the biggest and the prettiest."

Kate talked a great deal, mostly about flying. The party had turned into a threesome, and she didn't like it. "I just saw this man take a plane from a tail-slide into an outside loop," said Kate.

"Is that very difficult?" Lina asked.

Kate laughed. "It isn't easy, lady!" She pointed at Mark with the bread-knife. "That man," she said, "is probably the best natural stunt flyer you ever met."

"He's the first I ever met."

"He can make a plane act like a trained seal. He can make it sit up and take notice."

"Have you been flying long?" Lina asked her.

"About a month," replied Kate. "Ever since I met Mark."

If Mark had been a ballet dancer, Lina thought, Kate would have become a balletomane. If the man after Mark were a pianist, Kate would develop a passionate interest in music. If the man before Mark had been a politician, Kate would have been one, making up in enthusiasm what she lacked in brains. Girls like Kate loved artists and writers and acquired minor salons where men talked about the books they were going to write; they were the camp-followers of art and progress, found on the fringes of any cause, good or bad, in which a desirable male was present.

They carried the trays of food out to the garage and up the stairs to Mark's *palazzo*.

"And how's Charley Brelward?" Mark asked, while Kate poured the tea.

"He's very pleased about the house," Lina said. "He knows your uncle."

"Charley Brelward knows everybody," said Mark, digging into the jam-pot. "Everybody who is anybody."

It was exactly what she herself had been thinking about Charley only the other day, but it sounded wrong now.

"Is that the Charley Brelward I know?" Kate interposed. "The one I met when I was working on the Landon campaign?"

"Very likely," said Mark. "Miss Calgerry is going to marry him."

Kate offered felicitations, relaxing a little, letting down the guards, sheathing the claws, for Lina was now revealed as no adversary. Mark spread jam on a slab of bread, carried it to the couch, and sat there eating it while Kate and Lina discussed the relative merits of church weddings, garden weddings and City Hall elopements. Lina could see that Kate was taking her measure, trying to figure what there was about her to snare a catch like Charley. "I was wrong the

other day," Lina thought. "Mark Brenley isn't woman-hungry; he has plenty of female here."

Kate rose. "I'm going to get out of these things." She opened a closet and took from it a yellow print dress on a hanger, shoes, underwear and stockings, and carried them into the bathroom.

Lina pretended not to notice the implied intimacy in what Kate was doing, but Mark was uncomfortable. He fumbled with an explanation: Kate had stopped by that morning on her way to the flying-field and had changed her clothes here.

They were silent for a while. Mark picked up a pencil from the table and scribbled on a sheet of paper, making circles and giving them eyes, noses and grinning mouths. After a time he cut into the silence.

"The word is 'reserve'," he said quietly. "You have it. It's a quality many find attractive."

"I'm not particularly reserved," she said.

"Yes, you are. After a point one encounters a wall. It's probably part of your education."

She thought a moment. "Perhaps it is."

"Being reserved isn't much fun," he said, "but some people enjoy it. It gives them the upper hand. In general, as a human attribute, it's not particularly admirable. True reserve, sustained and consistent, requires a dash of smugness."

"That's pompous nonsense!"

He watched her as she laughed. She knew he didn't care what she was saying; he was looking at the way her mouth moved. His eyes were lazily caressing her face; she could almost feel them upon her cheeks, her eyelids, her throat. She drew breath, took a sip of tea from the beer mug, and looked around the room.

On the table lay an open book, an enormous old volume bound in gray-brown leather. From where she sat, it was upside down, but she could see a penciled line drawn along the margin of the page.

"Where were you born?" he asked.

"In New York."

"I thought nobody ever was *born* in New York. It's a place where people go."

"I'm one of the few natives," she said.

"Do you live there now?"

"No, my mother and my sister Doris and I have lived in Connecticut—Trencherly—ever since Father died."

"How long ago was that?"

"About ten years."

"Is your sister older?"

"Yes, by four years."

"Where did you go to school?"

"The most 'proper' girls' school in New York."

"Why didn't you go to college?"

"Mother didn't approve of it."

"What do you do all day?"

"Well, today I seem to be answering questions."

MARK smiled slowly. "Sorry," he said, then continued: "What do they call you? *Adelina*?" He mouthed it with distaste. "What does Charley Brelward call you?"

"Lina."

"In that case," he said, "I'll call you Sweet Adeline."

"Don't you like Lina?"

"I like Lina very much. . . . I just don't like Charley." He stretched out on the couch and went on eating bread and jam.

"What's wrong with Charley?" she asked.

Kate was singing in the bathroom, "*A-tisket, a-tasket, a green and yellow basket*—"

"Not a thing," said Mark. "Solid citizen, Charley. Started at the top and worked his way up."

The entire scene was suddenly distasteful to Lina—his impudent scorn of Charley, the girl dressing in the other room, the Greenwich Village sloppiness, her own guilty

pleasure in the presence of this man. Her life and training folded in upon her, Adelina Calgerry, daughter of Mordant Carrington Calgerry, and product of New York's most proper school for girls.

"It is quite possible, you know," she said, "that Charley Brelward's qualities are simply beyond your understanding."

He cocked an amused eye at her. She went on, trying to keep it cool and cutting. "Charley works hard and with dignity, while *you* haven't been able to stick to anything in your whole life. You worked in a brokerage house, in the oil-fields, you tried to sell things, you never made a go of anything, and now you're devoting yourself to doing outside loops!"

Mark sat up. "You've been investigating me!" he cried gayly. "Watch out, or I'll set my spies on *you*!"

"I really don't care what you do."

"That's not true." There was a moment's silence and then he went on. "Please don't think I'm blind to Charley's virtues. As a matter of fact, I don't mind him so much in the male version; it's the female Charley Brelwards I can't take."

She met his eyes squarely. "Meaning me?"

"Meaning that when you marry Charley Brelward, you'll become one. When a woman as sensitive and as feminine as yourself marries, the person she will become depends on the nature of the man whose life she shares."

"That doesn't sound too bad," she said. "Charley's life is the life I've been leading as long as I can remember."

"But it's possible for a woman to grow up, isn't it?" he said sharply. "You might conceivably develop purpose and direction!" He rose and began to pace. "Nobody can be blamed for having led a stupid life these past ten years; the guilty are those who go fatly on in the same old paths and patterns! It's a different world! This country's due for a coming-of-age; some people will go along with it and others won't. And if I know Charley Brelward, he won't!"

Kate came out of the bathroom, wearing the yellow print dress and carrying the flying-suit. She stood listening, her eyes going quickly from Lina to Mark.

"Charley will pretend nothing's happening!" he said. "He'll be willfully blind and deaf, governed by soft, safe discretions; he'll go on playing golf, voting straight Republican, hanging on to his American Tel. & Tel. and sitting on his U. S. Steel! And for his wife there will be the hanky-panky of society, the getting-on, the stale gestures of tradition, and, of course, there will be dear Charley, whom she will hate within six months, endure after a year, cling to jealously after two years, and in the end outdo in dullness and futility! Until the sick world explodes right in her face!"

Lina set down the beer mug and rose to her feet. Without a word she picked up her purse and gloves and went down the stairs. As she walked toward her car she thought she could hear Kate's high, musical laugh. It clung and echoed in her ears as she drove away.

CHAPTER

3



EVERYBODY was at the Patsons' party, even old Howard Brenley.

"I'm glad you're taking the house," he said. "There hasn't been a beautiful woman in it for a long time." He grinned at her; he was a tall, rangy, rusty-haired man, not a

bit like his nephew. "A lovely woman helps a house. Keeps it young, they say."

"I'll do my best to fend off the dry-rot and the wood-worms." Even as she said it she remembered where she had heard it—Mark Brenley, gesturing with an egg-beater at an august expanse of ballroom. "The dry-rot and the wood-worms—"

The old man looked at her blandly, giving no sign, but she knew that he, too, had heard it before. "By the way," he said, "my nephew asked if he could come tonight. I think you've met him."

"Yes," she answered. "When I was looking at the house."

"I told him I thought it would be all right for him to drop in. I know these parties of the Patsons'."

It was almost midnight when he showed up. She saw him across the room, coming toward her, his face tan above the white shirtfront, his black hair combed into order, his evening clothes well-fitted on his broad shoulders.

"Hello," he said.

"Good evening, Mr. Brenley."

"Must we go through the chilly formalities?"

"I think so."

"But I've come to apologize."

"As good a reason as any for coming to a party," she said.

"I talked out of turn the other day. It was none of my business. I'm sorry."

"We'll forget it, then." Beyond his shoulder she could see Charley talking to Lester Oldan and looking toward her. "Thanks for coming." She started to turn away.

"I was jealous," said Mark.

She stopped and waited.

"I don't know why," he went on, "unless it's the way any man feels when any beautiful girl is about to get married—sort of an instinctive male resentment."

"You're good at finding reasons for things."

"Not always," he murmured.

It was about half an hour later that the argument began. A group of them were in a corner of the library, and Lester Oldan started it with a careless remark about yachting.

"I hope that man Franco finishes his job this summer," he said. "I don't want to miss the yachting at San Sebastian again."

Mark turned sharply toward him. "You don't want to miss the yachting!"

"Things will straighten out just as soon as Franco wins," John Patson promised, "and then the yachting—"

Mark's voice cut across. "There won't *be* any yachting if Franco wins, or any San Sebastian, either! And you'll be too damned busy to remember there ever *was* anything like yachting!"

"I sha'n't be busy!" Lester crowed. "You don't know me!"

The laughter over Lester's habitual and well-known laziness might have stopped the whole thing right there. It was an answer characteristic of the group, of Charley's friends and Lina's, who hated serious talk and shied away from argument. After all, everybody knew what everybody else believed and liked and trusted, and that left nothing to argue about, except things like who would win the Hambletonian and whether the doubles tournament was going to amount to anything this year. So it might have ended there if John Patson hadn't spoken up.

"Are you in sympathy with the Loyalists?" he asked. He spoke sleekly, as though he were baiting a trap. But his wife sprang the trap too soon. "They're Bolsheviks, aren't they?" she asked.

Mark flushed angrily. "For the love of mud, don't you know what they're fighting for?"

"Nobody knows what they're fighting for!" laughed Patson.

"They're always fighting in Spain." Charley put in. "It's the Spanish temperament!"

Mark's voice rose. "The Spanish temperament! Do you mean they've a national predilection for getting killed?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if the answer were yes!"

"Then so had the men at Valley Forge!" shouted Mark. "And some day soon so will you and your sons!"

"You aren't trying to tell us we're all going to be fighting in Spain?" said Agnes Patson.

"Spain is the beginning of a war whose end we may never live to see!" Mark said. "It's the dress rehearsal, and the show isn't going to be a comedy!"

"It's a sideshow," said Lester Oldan.

"It's a little chukker between the Fascists and the Communists," said John Patson. "and I don't care which side wins."

Mark's level tones crackled and spat. "There are going to be other such games, and Hitler and his friends will call the other defenders of the democracies by that popular cuss-word—*Communists!* Or that equally useful one—*Jews!* Wait and see!"

"You have second sight, old man," said Lester, laughing. "You're a reg'lar old Cassandra!"

"Remember what happened to Cassandra's prophecies," said Mark. "They were all disbelieved and scorned, and they were all, all true!"

"You can't prove this to me by Greek mythology!" said Patson.

"I can't prove it to you, it seems, by anything, even the facts! But I tell you this is everybody's war! And some day everybody will know it!"

If Lina had been asked exactly when she fell in love with Mark Brenley, when it was that her world quietly turned over and scattered everything out of range of caring—everything except Mark and Mark's face and Mark's voice and Mark's anger for the world, she might have said it was during those ten minutes. The discussion went on, picking up momentum and becoming charged with high feeling, but after a time it was only Mark she saw, while the others faded to meaningless background.

"Must you be told in parables?" he was saying. "Do you have to hear it in words of one syllable set to nursery music? There's a world revolution afoot, and how it will go I don't know, but I do know that Hitler and Mussolini and Franco are dangerous as all hell, and that the ocean is not as wide as some kiddies think! The fight's begun, and it will spread and spread, like fire in a field!"

The battle went on, with Mark alone against the rest. People gathered to listen; behind Lina two girls whispered:

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. Frightfully attractive, isn't he?"

"Gorgeous. What's he talking about?"

"Who cares?" They giggled.

Since time began, Lina thought, the zealot has had the power to win women. He attacks the Philistines, and the Philistines' wives adore him. He threatens Herod, and Herod's daughter lusts for him. Not only for the wide mouth, the smooth brown skin, the black hair, the eyes clear, dark and steady, but for the fervor and the biting impatience, the impassioned crying out against evil, for the spirit in him that sets him apart and makes him more than a man.

AGNES PATSON spoke up again, her voice falling upon the ringing air like the clank of a tin plate. "I gather you're an interventionist." Aggie prided herself on her knowledge of current affairs.

"There's no such thing as an interventionist!" cried Mark. "There are only those who see and those who don't!"

"Well, surely you'll grant," said Patson, "that there are two sides to any question, and that you're not the only one entitled to an opinion!"

"I can see no other side to this! A man who's walking off the edge of a cliff can be as open-minded as he pleases

about whether or not the chasm is there, but there are no two sides to the question of what's going to happen to him!"

"Just the same," said Aggie Patson, "I think we have enough trouble in this country without worrying about Europe."

"My mother used to say something like that," said Mark. "She used to say 'Let each man sweep his own dooryard and the whole world will be clean.' That philosophy will be the end of us yet in this country!"

A man at Lina's side spoke quietly to the man beside him. "Who is this fellow?"

"Mark Brenley. Good family but a little cracked."

Once there was a woman, in a story Lina had never before quite understood, who followed a man who spent all his time looking for a god. They asked her, "Why do you love him?" and she replied, "Because what other man would go looking for a god in broad daylight?"

And there was a woman in a story about Villon, who said, "Men have but one name for a thousand meanings, but I would keep the word love for the flame which it sometimes pleases heaven to light in one heart for the worship of another."

Old Howard Brenley said something about how late it was and took his nephew firmly by the elbow.

Mark shook him off. "Don't worry. I'm going." He went quickly out of the room. She heard the outer door slam.

Charley was smoothing things over, pretending it had all been nothing more than chitchat, and that Mark had just stepped out for a drink. He asked Howard Brenley whether it would be possible to build a swimming-pool on the Carroltown place. The group was breaking up; people were wandering away. Glasses had been emptied and were being refilled at the bar. Lina slipped quietly out of the house.

CHARLEY'S car was parked among a dozen others, with the key in the lock. She never was able to remember much about the drive to Carroltown. It was cold, and it was dark, and as she approached the house she was suddenly seized with panic, afraid of why she had come and of what she might say or do. Her hands tightened on the wheel, and she drove past.

Half a mile down the road she turned the car and drove back. She ought to return to the party. This was the ridiculous behavior of a smitten schoolgirl. She passed the house again, slower this time; there were no lights on, not even in the *palazzo*, yet Mark must be there, for she saw now that his car was in the driveway.

At the crossroads she turned once more and once more drove back. In front of the house she parked the car, switching off the motor and the headlights. She must think this out. She began to shiver with cold and exhaustion.

Then she saw him. He was leaning against a tree, motionless, watching her. His lighted cigarette made a tiny red spot in the darkness under the leaves; he flipped it away and came toward her.

"What do you think you're doing?" He walked around the car and opened the door. She stepped out, slowly, and stood facing him in the road. "You drove past twice. What's the matter with you?"

"I wanted to tell you. . . . I thought I might—" Her voice fell to a whisper. "I came because I—I don't know—"

"You came because you wanted to see me. . . . Just as I went to that damned party because I had to see you!"

Somewhere in the dark a cricket began to make a whirring to-do. Over the low hill hung the yellow moon, incredibly large and gentle. She did not know how long they stood there, trembling between two worlds, but at last his arms went around her and he held her so tight she thought he must feel the choking beat of her heart, and when he kissed her it was like nothing she had ever known, for all thought, all sense, all being disappeared, melting and running away. Then there was only Mark, the hardness of his

shoulders, the warm skin of his throat and cheeks, and she thought, as her fingers moved upward through his hair, that never in books had anyone told of this, not even the best of the poets—this singing even in the palm, in the finger-tip, this joy of nearness, this sweet need.

CHAPTER

4



MRS. MORDANT CARRINGTON CALGERRY of Trencherly, Connecticut, was troubled. Her daughter Lina was behaving in a fashion calculated to set a careful mother's teeth on edge. Lina refused to explain what it was all about, but something very clearly was afoot, and it had to do with Charley.

Mrs. Calgerry was sensitive to such things; for Doris, her elder daughter, whom she had married off so nicely to Henry Leverage two years ago, had recently been divorced. And now it was Lina who was acting strangely. Charley Brelward had phoned that morning, and she had refused to speak to him. He had sounded unusually firm and cold, for Charley.

"But is she there?" he asked.

"She has a dreadful headache," Mrs. Calgerry lied, hoping he couldn't hear Lina singing in the next room.

"I'll call her later," said Charley. "We have a date for lunch."

Mrs. Calgerry went into Lina's room and found her lying on the *chaise-longue* in a posture she hadn't seen since her daughter's school days; Lina's head was hanging over the foot of the *chaise-longue*; her feet were propped up on pillows; and she was humming.

Mrs. Calgerry seated herself at the dressing-table. "Charley seems disturbed about something," she said.

"Oh, dear!" said Lina, but to her mother's trained ear, the remark rang more of boredom than of distress.

Mrs. Calgerry picked up a comb and adjusted her pompadour in the dressing-table mirror. She was a pretty woman, small and plump. "Lina dear, have you and Charley had a little quarrel?"

"No, Mother."

"Then why wouldn't you speak to him?"

Lina didn't answer. She had not spoken to Charley because she had not yet figured out an excuse for running away from the Patsons' party last night. Explaining this to her mother would be an arduous undertaking.

"Are you certain, Lina, you're not being a little unreasonable about what happened?" Mrs. Calgerry hadn't the vaguest notion what had happened. The question was a stab in the dark. But she felt she had to do something, for she remembered the events preceding Doris' divorce. Doris had not confided in her mother, and the whole dreadful mess had snowballed from an innocuous incident. If Lina was being unreasonable with Charley, now was the time to step in.

"Yes, Mother," said Lina, "I think I am being unreasonable."

Mrs. Calgerry gazed anxiously at her daughter. Even in that ridiculously abandoned posture, Lina was beautiful. Her face had an aristocratic modeling none of the other Calgerrys could boast; Mrs. Calgerry traced it back to Mordant's mother, who in her day had been a great beauty.

But what good was such beauty, Mrs. Calgerry thought, if a girl did not know how to conduct herself? Mrs. Calgerry had a tendency to believe her daughters were lacking

in judgment. She gave them endless advice concerning their social lives and their relations with men, but it was always with a touch of exasperation at having to conduct the business by proxy. "Tell him," she would say, "that you must be home by twelve o'clock"—and then during the evening, at home alone, she would think of the scene at the country club or the school dance, and play it out in her mind, with herself as the leading character demurely telling the young man, insisting with just the right measure of wistfulness and regret.

She knew exactly how they should act; but always, inevitably, there came a point beyond which they had to proceed on their own; there was always a door that closed, the door of the wedding chamber or the lover's nook, and Mrs. Calgerry was left outside.

She would have fainted dead away at the suggestion that she was jealous of her daughters, that she had for several years been making private comparisons between them and herself on such points as charm, femininity and ability to handle a romance. She looked upon it all as a mother's intense and natural concern for the welfare of her offspring.

The phone rang downstairs. Lina swung her feet off the pillows and sat up expectantly.

"If that's Charley," said Mrs. Calgerry, "I do hope you'll speak to him."

A maid tapped on the half-open door.

"Yes, Mildred," said Mrs. Calgerry, "who is it?"

"It's for Miss Lina," said Mildred. "A Mr. Brenley is calling."

Lina dashed to the phone beside the bed. "Good morning!" she said.

Mrs. Calgerry's eyes widened at the warmth in Lina's voice and the radiance in her face. She turned to the maid. "That's all, Mildred."

"I'm fresh as a pup," Lina was saying. "How are you?" She listened for a moment. "What did you have for breakfast?" She listened again, smiling, and then laughed softly. "Well, I had orange juice, eggs, bacon, three slices of toast with lots of butter, and two cups of coffee!"

Mrs. Calgerry had had her own breakfast in bed and therefore had not witnessed this hearty meal. It wasn't normal; Lina's customary breakfast seldom went beyond fruit-juice and coffee.

"I'll meet you in the village," Lina listened a moment. "All right, the barber-shop." She glanced at the clock on the bedside table. "In half an hour. . . . No, on the dot! Good-by."

Mrs. Calgerry watched her daughter get a coat out of the closet.

"Charley said he had a lunch date with you, Lina. Aren't you going to wait for his call?"

LINA dropped a kiss on the pompadour. "You speak to him, Mother. Tell him I'll meet him at one-thirty." She ran out, and a moment later the front door slammed below.

Mrs. Calgerry went thoughtfully down the stairs; something had come over Lina, and she had a pretty clear notion what it was. Brenley—Brenley—but which Brenley? She couldn't remember any nice Brenleys. Not in their set. Not recently.

Doris was in the breakfast-room, looking a little sallow. "I wish I had Lina's energy," she said. "It was after three when she came in, and she just drove off like a maniac. Before breakfast!" She swallowed her vitamin pill with a gulp of water.

"No, she had breakfast," her mother said. "A big breakfast."

Doris looked at her curiously, for she seemed worried about it. . . .

Mark came out of the Carrolltown Inn barber-shop pink, shiny and redolent. "Smell me!" he cried, tipping his head toward her. Lina sniffed, closed her eyes, and produced a swooning gasp of appreciation.

"Look," he said, drawing her by the elbow to stand at his side before the mirrored panel of the barber's window. "We're a handsome couple!"

"The imbecile sultan and his seraglio favorite," Lina agreed.

"I can remember when you were a sweet-spoken girl," he complained, "with a respectful attitude toward me."

"It only goes to show," she said, "you can't ever judge by the wrapper."

"I like your wrapper, baby," he murmured. "I'll buy." She pointed at him in the mirror. "Look. Look at you!"

"Yes?"

"You're so *pretty*!" she cried.

"That's just what I was thinking," he replied. He leaned toward the mirror, surveying his teeth and the interior reaches of his open mouth.

"How do things look?" she asked.

"Elegant. Finest tonsils in Carroltown." He turned from the mirror. "You know what? I think I'll let my beard grow." He linked her arm with his, and they began to walk slowly along the town's clean little Main Street. "I'll let it grow, and scent it with musk and roses."

"That would be nice," she said. "And braid it with poppies and ivy and little red ribbons."

"I'll arrange it in long oily curls, like an Oriental king of old. Would you like it in erly coils?"

THEY paused to study a large poster announcing the advent of a motion-picture called "Desire," featuring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

"What is done," Lina asked pensively, "with the hair that is cut off in barber-shops?"

"I'm surprised at you," he said. "Don't you know?"

She shook her head. "It has worried me for years," she confessed.

He glanced carefully up and down the street before he answered: "They stuff horse-collars with it."

"Oh. Thanks. I'm glad it was you who told me; you make it sound beautiful and good."

"The facts of life are an open book to me," he said.

They walked the length of Main Street, bought ice-cream cones, and walked back again, asking each other important questions: "Do you like beer?" "How many hours do you sleep?" "Don't you hate coloratura sopranos?" "Do you worry about vitamins?" They went shopping in the five-and-ten, purchasing an extremely jeweled comb for Lina and a pair of green sleeve-garters for Mark.

Mark was wearing his character loosely; the rebellion and the unrest were not apparent.

"Why can't you be like Gary Cooper?" she asked. "When something bothers him, he doesn't shoot his mouth off. He goes to a hilltop and struggles with himself. You talk so much." She was half-serious, for she remembered the things he had said, the bitter accusations and criticisms of people like Charley Brelward.

"I'm a far cry from Gary Cooper. As a matter of fact, I'm completely out of date."

The articulate rebel was no longer fashionable. He was the hero of another decade, out of place, somehow, in May of 1938.

"I'm not strong and silent," he said, "but I'm all right. There's only one thing I lack."

"What?" asked Lina.

"An ice-cream cone," he said. "I could use another chocolate ice-cream cone."

They bought him another ice-cream cone and then went window-gazing, awarding imaginary prizes to the most deserving objects in each display. They were looking into the window of a drygoods store, weighing the relative merits of pink rayon curtains and orange bungalow aprons, when Mark fell silent. Lina grew suddenly and acutely aware of his hand holding hers; the warm contact of his fingers be-

came a focus of feeling, shutting out all other sense, so that she no longer saw the window, no longer heard the passing sounds of the street. All at once she wanted his arms around her again, like last night. That inalienable sign of love, the need to touch, to be close, became so compelling that she could pretend no longer, and she turned to him in surprise and silence. He knew; his eyes were very dark, and his face almost pale. They went back to his car.

They drove for a time, not speaking, and came at last to the top of the hill. He stopped the car, took her in his arms and kissed her. She clung to him. Never before in all her life had she felt this way about anyone. It happened sometimes, this meeting, recognition and quick welding of two spirits; she knew that he could have told her, if he wished, all the things that ever she did or thought or wanted.

Mark was looking out across the valley to the hills on the other side. Only a few days ago Charley had been beside her here, looking out in much the same fashion.

The thought of him sobered Lina. She drew away from Mark.

"You're a bad girl," he said. He had guessed her unspoken thought. He smiled mischievously. "But it's fun, isn't it?"

She looked up at him slowly. "Please kiss me."

"As brazen a piece as ever strolled a lane!" He pulled her closer to him, but he did not kiss her. "Not yet," he said. "I like the suspense."

She smiled. "I used to see people kissing in parked cars," she said. "I thought it was bad taste. I used to wonder why they didn't do their kissing at home."

"Home's a good place too," he replied, "but there's nothing wrong with a car."

"Nothing at all," she said. "I'll never disapprove of those people again. I had no idea what a pleasant thing they were doing. It opens new vistas for me. Other undignified things people do are probably worth trying too."

"Absolutely. And there's a whole world of trite and conventional things, scorned by the sophisticated, which you must look into."

"Think I'll find anything interesting?"

"I'm certain of it. After all, they wouldn't be trite and conventional if they hadn't been done for years. And they wouldn't have been done for years if there weren't something to them."

"That sounds profound," she said. "It's a basic truth, I betcha."

"Sure is. Give it some thought."

"I'll set aside an hour for it tonight."

"An hour for what?" he asked.

"For whatever it is we've been talking about."

"What is it we've been talking about?"

"You started it!"

"I don't remember," he murmured. He was holding her hand and moving the fingers carefully one by one. "You have such tiny bones," he said at last. "They're so—tiny."

"I've had enough suspense," she said softly.

He kissed her, then drew back and ran a fingertip along her cheek, across her mouth, over her closed eyelids. "You're my girl," he whispered.

AGAIN the thought of Charley came between them. She sat up and glanced nervously at the little clock on the dashboard.

"I must go back now," she said. "I have a date for lunch."

"I'm cutting classes too," he said. "Let's have lunch in the village."

She shook her head. "No, I can't. Please take me back to my car. I have just time to make it. I'll be late as it is." As they drove back, she tried to formulate what she would say to Charley.



CHARLEY BRELWARD was up against something that was making him acutely uncomfortable. He was going to have to speak to Lina. There might even be a scene, and he dreaded scenes. But perhaps if he handled it right—

Charley wasn't a bad sort. There were certain doors in his mind that had never been opened, and certain levels of feeling that had never been explored, but he was generous, well-adjusted and cheerful, and there was no nonsense about him. He had no serious ailments, no odd sizes, and no unwieldy ideals; he indulged in the right sports, and his conversation was not without wit. He was like his friends—normal, prosperous, well satisfied, concerned only with whether things would ever get back to where they were before the crash, and not too concerned about that.

He ran his department in the Brelward Company ethically and with good judgment; Charley was no sharpshooter, and it was not necessary for him to be, for his grandfather had attended to that. Many a grandfather had been a pirate or a robber baron or a slave-trader. That was America. The second generation had been ashamed of the old men, but the third generation was different. They laughed and praised the old robbers. Great fellows, the old men! Outlived innumerable wives and goodness knows how many unacknowledged offspring! Worked from dawn to midnight, like horses! Never missed a trick!

Nowadays you didn't work that hard or show that much interest in money. Business was a social affair, conducted over lunch-tables and cocktails, and the respected business man took time out to act like a human being; he inquired after your children and your golf; he left the office at four o'clock for a game of tennis with his peers, and settled his tightest deals during casual week-ends in the country. A successful career did not hang on earnest plugging; only factory-hands and bookkeepers depended on their skill; you could sweat at your job from breakfast till doomsday, and all it would get you was the jealousy, and therefore the fear, and therefore the knifing, of your colleagues. A man of superlative ability could be a total loss if he didn't know how to meet the right people, and an ex-football-hero with the right wife could go further than a financial genius with a grouch.

Before the crash it had been a little different. You made your money in the market, and in your leisure time you played as you pleased, where and with whom you pleased. Now you played as policy dictated, where it did the most good. But in a way it was a more respectable and wholesome state of affairs than the craziness of pre-crash living. It fitted better, certainly, with Charley's character and predilections. He was a nice fellow, liked by everyone, welcome in the best clubs.

He rehearsed his opening gambit as he waited in the restaurant for Lina. "There's something I must point out to you, Lina. . . . I understand perfectly, of course, but other people. . . . It doesn't take much to make people talk and. . . . In all fairness, Lina, don't you think you owe me a few explanations? First for running off the way you did from the Patsons', and—"

It had been very embarrassing. She had taken his car, and he had felt like a fool accepting a lift from snickering Lester Oldan, who had ribbed him about it all the way home. And then her refusal to speak to him on the phone!

Lina arrived, looking strained and unhappy.

"Hello, Charley."

"Hello, Lina."

She was obviously uncomfortable and embarrassed. Perhaps it would not be necessary for him to open the subject at all.

"Sorry about yesterday," she said, as they sat down.

This was the cue for his speech, but it was too soon, somehow. She looked so nervous. "What would you like for lunch?" he asked.

Lina didn't want anything, but Charley ordered consommé and a salad for her. The waiter left.

"Charley," she began. "I don't know how to say this."

"It's all right." The prepared speeches vanished.

"Charley," she said, "listen to me." She stared down at the empty plate in front of her. "Believe me, I don't want to do this, and it's not a matter of any shortcoming in you. . . . It's just that—" She faltered and stopped.

Charley was puzzled. This wasn't at all the scene he had expected. Now she was holding out her closed hand across the table. Automatically he reached to receive what she was giving him, and found that it was his family ring, the token of their engagement. He looked down at it blankly, and then at the third finger of her left hand, not quite understanding that the ring could not be in both places at once.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Nothing I can explain."

"I think you should tell me. It may be something I can straighten out. I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding."

He was searching quickly in his mind for incidents that might have been misinterpreted. There was his secretary, of course; but no, that had been only in his mind, and not even his closest friends, who were of course the people that usually started such trouble, could have— No. . . . And then there was Aggie Patson, who had a way of singling him out and clinging to him so that of late he had begun to avoid her; but no, there was really nothing that even the most vicious gossip could have perverted into—

"It's nothing you did or didn't do," Lina continued. "It's something that happened to me."

Charley began to grope in his little store of human understanding. Women were unstable, given to whims and imagined hurts. "You may be doing something on impulse. Women do such things, and then they discover they didn't mean them."

"It's not that simple," she said at last. Her voice became almost inaudible. "I've fallen in love."

Charley couldn't understand. Her love, like her ring, couldn't be in two places at once. She was engaged to him; therefore she was in love with him; therefore she couldn't love anyone else. It was confusing.

"I thought I was in love with you," she said, "but I find I've never really been in love with anybody, never before. I didn't know what it could be like. I thought the way I felt about you was all there was. It isn't, Charley. I like you; you're very dear to me; you're everything I was taught all my life to respect and look forward to. But I've fallen in love with Mark Brenley."

Charley's mouth dropped open. His pale blue eyes popped.

"Lina!" he cried. "You're not serious!"

"I know what I'm doing," she said quietly. "I've thought about it."

"I beg you, Lina! Don't be hasty about it! Think it over!" Charley was aghast; he was appalled.

"I have. I tell you I have," she said desperately.

AND then a new aspect struck him. "What are people going to say?" he asked hoarsely. What were people going to say about *him*, about Charley Brelward, jilted, and for Mark Brenley. "That man's not for you, Lina! Why, he's *nobody*!"

She had heard him say things like that before, about other people, and she had always known exactly what he meant. You could be kind to such people, considerate, even helpful, but they never became part of your life, because when you got down to it, they were nobody; and that was something neither Charley nor anyone else could help. That was life.

"He's no husband for you! He's just one of those fellows who knock about and never amount to anything! What will your life be like, Lina? Have you thought about that?"

Mark had told her what her life with Charley would be like, and now Charley was going to do the same for Mark.

"I didn't say I was going to marry him," she interrupted. "I'm not certain *he* wants to marry *me*. I just know I can't go on being engaged to you when I feel the way I do about him."

"It's just an infatuation, Lina! Nice girls get fascinated by men like that."

"Men like what?"

"Like Brenley."

"I've never met anyone quite like him."

"He's just a run-of-the-mill radical! They're cropping up in good families everywhere. I tell you it's just an infatuation! I've seen it happen!" And here Charley revealed a vein of insight. "Girls get fascinated by those wild, violent fellows; they mistake the violence for virility. They mistake great talkers for great lovers! I've seen it happen, Lina, even in our own set!"

Even in their own set! Even on Olympus. "It may be just an infatuation," she said quietly, "but there's no way of telling it from the real thing, is there? Because it wouldn't be an infatuation, if it didn't carry with it the conviction that it's going to last forever." They were silent as the waiter brought the soup, fussed about a bit, and left.

"Well—" Charley cleared his throat and smiled uneasily. "There's nothing more I can say, I guess."

She shook her head, looking down at the table. "You're being sweet, Charley. I'm grateful."

"It's all right."

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right."

CHAPTER

6



"FILL her up?" asked the attendant.

"Just five." Filling takes too long; she was impatient.

"Great day!" he said, beaming at her.

"Swell!" she replied.

"Five of our very best," said the breezy attendant.

"Kling!" said the cheerful little bell on the gas pump. Mark would be surprised to see her at the airfield. She hadn't been able to wait; she wanted to see him today, now, and tell him she was free.

"Kling!" said the gas-pump. She wondered if Kate Merrillane would be there. Not that she cared. Out you go, Kate Merrillane! Flying-pants and all! You're bailing out!

"Kling!" She leaned to see herself in the rear-view mirror, ran a comb through her hair, and began to apply lipstick.

"Kling!" A car pulled into the gas station, an old blue car with two men in the front seat. One of them leaned out of the window and asked: "Where's the Carroltown airport?"

"Two miles straight ahead!" called the attendant.

Remembering it later, it seemed to Lina that she had a cold little premonition, as though a cloud had passed briefly over the sun. Yet there was nothing strange about the blue car or the two men in it. She saw them quite clearly, one a big man with red hair and a sunburned face, and the other smaller, younger and olive-skinned.

"Kling!" said the merry little bell, and the blue car drove away, and Lina forgot it.

She drove on with the top down and her hair whipping in the cool wind. The world was all sweet with spring; along the road the fields were in bloom, and everywhere the little leaves were showing, pale green and sticky with newness. Lina was happy, not just satisfied, as she had been a few days ago, but actively, warmly happy, at one with the world and its fullness, bursting with life.

She remembered how he was going to greet her, his big hands seizing hers, his eyes warm upon her face. He was so quick, so aware, so charged with life that the air about him throbbed with the strong beat of his heart, and she breathed it, and the rhythm became her own: "I'm in love. . . . I'm in love. . . . I'm in love!"

WHEN she reached the flying-field, the blue car was parked near the south hangar, and beside it the two men stood talking to Mark.

Lina tapped the automobile horn lightly. Mark turned and raised a hand in greeting. Still talking, he began to walk the two men toward her. Then, lost in what he was saying, he stopped. He was describing something. His left hand made a quick spiral while the right moved straight through; he was talking about planes.

She sat in her car, waiting for him to finish, trying to sustain the wonderful singing feeling she had had on the way to the field.

The big red-headed man was talking now. The young Latin brought papers out of his pocket, and Mark examined them, nodding.

Lina's ebullience began to fade. Her heart settled down to earth. She waited. Mark went on talking to the two men.

She busied herself with things in her purse, applied lipstick again, powdered her nose. At last, with the heat of tears behind her eyes, she called rebelliously: "Mark!"

He looked up. "Be with you in a minute."

The minute stretched to two and then to five. She began to feel cold, so she raised the top of the car and spent a minute or two fastening the braces.

At last he led the men to her side. Her smile went on again, but it was politeness now, the expert gayety of Charley and his set, the sweet interest in strangers taught by her mother and her very proper school for girls.

The dark one was called Rigo Bareta, and the big red-head was Joe Hegart. Rigo spoke softly, with a foreign accent and an almost literary turn of phrase, so that he sounded like a bad translation from the Spanish; his face was delicately formed, with liquid brown eyes and the flesh beautifully modeled over the bone. Joe had bright blue eyes, a dimple in one cheek, and massive shoulders. He looked like a truck-driver, and his accent clanked of Brooklyn, but he was intelligent, nimble-witted and sure of himself. Joe and Rigo, she learned, were flyers too.

"Not like Mark," said Joe, "but we make a stab at it."

"Can you do an outside loop?" she asked, and when they nodded, she added, grinning: "I haven't the vaguest notion what an outside loop is!"

Rigo tried to explain, but he ran into language difficulties. Joe came to his aid.

"An outside loop is a loop with the wheels toward the center. It's difficult."

"What about a tail-slide followed by an outside loop?" she asked. She didn't really care, but she was making conversation on a subject which interested them. They were Mark's friends, and she wanted them to like her.

"A tail-slide followed by an outside loop!" cried Joe. He pointed a thumb at Mark. "Did he do that?"

"I have it on good though somewhat biased authority," she said, "that he did. What's a tail-slide?"

"You put the plane in a vertical position" (he pronounced it *voitical*), "with its tail toward the earth, set the controls for a deep nose-dive; the plane stalls and slides backward for a while, and then you go into the nose-dive."

"And then they roll out a wheelbarrow and a mop," said Lina. "What's the good of such flying?"

"It has its uses," said Mark.

"I don't believe it! It sounds to me like nothing but showing off!"

"It used to be," said Joe. "It used to be just that. Just a way of showing off, and maybe a way of earning money at fairs and circuses, because people like to see other people break their necks."

"But now," Rigo interposed excitedly, "there is important use for such flying! You see, in combat in which, which—" He turned to Mark for help.

"In aerial combat," Mark said. "the weaker side, with fewer planes, can successfully engage a larger number if the pilots are good enough. One man who can do Immelmann turns, barrel rolls, tail-slides and loops, can fly circles—I mean real circles—around the ordinary military pilot."

"Stunt flyers can take on guys in faster and better planes," Joe finished. "See?"

"In better planes," repeated Rigo happily, "and more guys. Three, four, five, a flyer like Mark can fix them."

"All you need is a war!" laughed Lina.

There was a moment's silence. She saw a quick glance pass between Mark and Joe.

"Come on, let's go to the *palazzo*," said Mark.

HE rode with Lina, and the others trailed them in the blue car. Lina drove; with Mark beside her, isolated in the intimate chamber of the car, shut away from the world, she began to experience some of the happiness she had felt as she drove to the flying-field.

"Look," she said softly, holding up her left hand.

Mark was staring ahead. He didn't answer, and she returned the hand to the steering-wheel.

"Look where?" he replied too late.

She tried another tack, throwing him a sly sidewise smile. "I guess I sha'n't sign the lease on the house, after all."

Again there was a pause as he pulled himself back from some distant realm of thought. "Oh! Too bad. Anything wrong?"

"Well, I just can't bear to see you dispossessed!" she laughed.

"What? . . . Oh, yes. . . . But I don't mind, really." He spoke with only half a mind, as one answers a prattling child to keep it contented.

"Mark," she said, "I'm trying to tell you that I've broken my engagement to Charley. Look. No ring. No lease. No big house for Mr. and Mrs. Brelward. No Mrs. Brelward."

After a long pause he said quietly: "I see—"

Her heart sank. She began to chatter. "Charley was very nice about it. I don't believe he minded a bit!" She laughed a little shrilly. "In fact, I suspect he was rather relieved!"

She had made a fool of herself. He wanted no part of this, no responsibility for what she had done.

"It's amazing how easy it is to break an engagement!" she babbled. "There's a routine for that sort of thing, apparently. I mean as far as the public and the newspapers are concerned. It's an established formula—the bride becomes ill and goes away, and the wedding is postponed; and nobody does or says anything about it for quite a long while; and then the bride comes back and goes about her business, and the whole thing is just forgotten! Everything's quite

polite and friendly, and your friends all know, of course; but by that time it's too old and too dull for the newspapers to care about it. Isn't that simple?"

He sat withdrawn from her, uncomfortable, not looking at her. They reached the house, and she stopped at the foot of the driveway.

"All this," she said softly, "has nothing to do with you, Mark. You have no obligation and no responsibility. I'm grateful to you, of course, for making me realize that Charley and I were never particularly—" She swallowed. He didn't say a word. She heard the other car drive up behind her.

"I don't think I'll stay," she said. "You'll want to talk to your friends."

"Will you come back later?" he asked.

"I think not," she said. She wanted to get away from here quickly before she burst into the awful sobs that were rising inside her. She had thrown herself at this man, and he was a decent sort who was embarrassed by it now.

Mark sat staring down at his knees. "Please. Please come back."

"What for?"

"I must speak to you."

"There's nothing much to speak about, is there?"

He turned to her quickly, and she saw that he was painfully unhappy. "Nothing much," he said, his voice thin with restraint, "except that I'm so terribly in love with you that I—" He put his hands over his face, and she couldn't hear the rest.

Joe and Rigo had sauntered over. She didn't bother to hide the tears of joy as she said to them: "Would you mind waiting a few minutes?" Joe, who was nearest, threw a quick glance at Mark, nodded, and the two men strolled slowly away across the lawn. Let *them* wait now, she thought fiercely. Mark took her hand and held it to his face. He kissed the fingers, the palm.

"What is it, my darling?" she begged. "*What is it?*"

"Wait. I must talk to you."

He left the car and went to Joe and Rigo. "The key's under the mat," he heard him say. "Make yourselves comfortable. I'll be along in a minute." They started toward the garage, and Mark came back to her.

As he led her across the lawn, Lina experienced again that sharp foretaste of sorrow she had known when she first saw Rigo and Joe in the gas-station, only an hour ago. Mark had bad news for her, and it had something to do with these two men.

They sat on the front steps of the empty house. On the lawn before them, a late robin was hopping about his business. The slanting afternoon sun stretched across the grass and extended long shadows from the trees.

"I'm going away, Lina," said Mark. The robin on the grass cocked its head at the sound of his voice, stood motionless for a moment, and hopped away.

"For a long time?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"Where are you going?"

"To Spain. With Rigo and Joe."

She should have known. Everything he had been saying since the day she met him—"The Ebro flows down Broadway," the fight at the Patsons' party—added up to this.

"You're going to fight in Spain?"

He nodded. "It's what I've been planning and training for. I've been looking forward to it, building everything on it for weeks—and yet here I sit, Lina, trying to figure a way to postpone it, because I don't want to leave you."

There was a long silence. The robin hopped, and hopped, and suddenly flew away.

"You don't *have* to go, do you?" she asked quietly.

"I do."

"Won't they release you?"

"I'm not tied. Nothing is forcing me to do this. It's something I've chosen to do."

"It's not your war."

"That's something I cannot and will not argue again."

A small brown beetle was climbing mightily up a green stalk that overhung the step.

"If you had known me a few years ago," he said, "you wouldn't have liked me. I didn't like myself much. I was bitter and rebellious, without knowing what I rebelled against. I've come into focus now; I've jelled; I know what I want, and what I believe, and I must give what strength I have to it."

The beetle paused upon a leaf, devouring in tiny portions the delightful world.

"I've never before found anything I cared about," he went on. "I couldn't sell bonds, because I didn't care if anyone bought them; other men may sell refrigerators or build houses, and it's good work and must be done. But not by me. I'm not alone in this. There are others all over the country, rotting away in flophouses, drinking, destroying, or just quietly dying day by day; bewildered failures, men gone wrong because they've had to fit into the pattern of a world which for twenty years has been laughing at ideals."

A gust of wind shook the leaves on the trees and ruffled the uncut grass that bordered the lawn.

"I'm no wiser than God's other fallible men, Lina; but one thing I know and am certain of—if I don't go through with this, I'll never be a happy man again. I don't know about others, but I do know this of myself: that I'm one of those who must have something to live for. Some men can spin out their lives without that, but not I. I don't like this in me; it's nothing to be pleased with or grateful for; it's a nagging torment, for it makes me always guilty, always at war with myself for not doing what I should."

The wind lifted the dust in eddies on the road below. Mark watched for a moment and then went on: "So in the end there's no rest for me and others like me, and we might just as well learn not to try. We're the damned fools who must be fighting or preaching or dying while there's a cause somewhere to fight for."

"It's a romantic notion!" she cried bitterly. "Why don't you mind your own business? Accept what the gods provide, and let other people take care of themselves! That's being grown up! That's being wise and adult! Only school-boys want to be heroes!"

"I'm no Quixote," he said. "The cold sweat of heroism is certainly not for me. But I've seen a cruel injustice, and it's become the cause I care about; and if I don't fight for it, I'll never again be free of guilt. I want very much for you to understand this, Lina."

"But I *don't* understand!" she cried.

"I see that now," he said quietly.

He raised his head and looked out beyond the road to the top of the wooded hill that rose on the other side. "When I was a kid," he said, "I had a terrible nightmare. Something was coming to hurt me, something I feared most horribly. I screamed and screamed, in my dream, but nobody heard. I screamed and died and screamed, and people walked by, paying no attention, talking and smiling and never hearing. Spain is like that, crying out, fighting back like a crazy thing, but England and France go calmly on making pacts with Italy and 'cultural agreements' with Hitler. Someone has to hold out a hand, someone has to say: 'Don't despair! We hear you!'"

"It doesn't have to be you!" she cried. "Peace on earth and good will to men are all very fine, but you know there's never been any peace on earth since time began! You can go on like this forever! There's *always* a fight somewhere! You'll always be running off, like a dog chasing a stick!"

He frowned in thought. "It's such a long story, Lina." He seemed weary. "I didn't think I'd have to tell it to you.

It's odd, but from the moment I first met you, and you listened to my idiocies with grave eyes, and kept turning on me that level look, I felt that you would know at all times what I was feeling and thinking and talking about, that I wouldn't have to explain, ever. . . . Even today, when I faced the job of telling you I was going away, I thought my only struggle would be with my own unwillingness to leave you."

She began to cry. "Mark, I beg you, my darling, don't do this to me!" Her voice came hoarsely through the sobs and the tears, in one last desperate question: "*Do I mean so little to you?*"

He turned to her quickly, his eyes suddenly wide. "What did you say?" He rose to his feet and stared down at her.

"You can't go," she wept. "You can't! You can't!" She stood up and threw her arms around him. "I won't let you go!"

His arms hung at his sides; he did not return the embrace.

The sound of a car cut across her sobs. Mark pushed her gently away from him. In the road a smart green roadster had come to a stop, and Kate Merrilane, in a flying-suit, began to cross the lawn toward them.

"Where did you disappear to, Mark?" she called. "I saw you at the field, and then I didn't see you!"

Lina turned away and pretended to adjust a shoe.

"Hello, Lina," said Kate. "Mark, where have you been? You haven't called me in days!" The accusation was clear in the glance she threw at Lina. Then she saw that something was wrong. "Oops! Sorry! I'm *de trop*."

"Do me a favor, Kate," Mark muttered. "Run over and wait in the *palazzo*. Introduce yourself to the two men you'll find there."

Kate became silky. "Why, of course. Glad to oblige. See you later."

She trotted away. Mark walked up the steps to the front door of the house and threw it open. "Let's talk in here," he said.

There was a window-seat in the library. They sat there. It was dusty and gritty to the touch.

"We're sailing next Monday," he replied, "Rigo and Joe and I—on a ship called the *Waldis*. We're joining the Lincoln Battalion."

"I thought the war was almost over," she said. "I thought the Loyalists were beaten."

"We're needed," he murmured.

"For a lost cause?"

"It's a cause that mustn't be lost," he said; "and if it is, I'd just as soon be lost with it."

"I don't care about your fine phrases!" she cried. "I don't want you to go! I can't let you go! Oh, Mark! Do I mean so little to you?"

He looked at her steadily for a moment, his lips tightening. "That's the second time you've said that. You shouldn't have said it, Lina. It was the wrong thing to say."

"It's what I feel! It's what I think!"

"I know. I wish you hadn't said it."

THE vacant room stretched out before them. Beyond the open doorway she could see the entrance hall and then the room on the other side, a long dusty vista, bleak and empty.

"I heard it for the first time many years ago," Mark said softly. He was silent for a time. "My father died when I was fourteen. He was a physician with a fairly fashionable practice. When I was about twelve, he was offered a post in a hospital in Chungking. I don't remember much about it, for he never spoke of it later, but it was a job that meant sacrifice and toil. My father wanted to go, more than he had ever wanted anything before. I wasn't intended to overhear what was said between him and my mother that afternoon in his study, but I did hear it. He told her why he wanted to

go. I had never before heard him say such things—him or anyone. They sounded like poetry to me, like King Arthur and the Bible and all the stories of heroes a kid reads. He talked about that Chungking job as though it were a crusade. It was something he had to do, something that would give him a reason for living."

Mark's voice was dry and matter-of-fact; he went on with his story in an even monotone: "But he didn't go. He gave in, and kissed her, and she went upstairs. I was only an overwrought kid of twelve, but I never forgot my father's face as he sat in his study that afternoon." He paused, looking down at the floor. "He was never the same man again. He changed after that. He began to hate my mother, I think, and even me at times. He lost interest in his practice. He died bitter and drunk, cursing himself for a weakling. I think my Uncle Brenley knew what had happened, though we've never talked about it; he was very kind to my mother. She died later, when I was sixteen. Perhaps what happened to my father was not her fault—she didn't know she was married to a man who wasn't quite tough enough or sensible enough to go on living after his dream was buried. But I've always blamed her for it, because I heard what was said in the study that afternoon. I remember in particular one thing she said over and over—her voice was just like yours when you said it. She said: '*Do I mean so little to you?*'"

After a moment Lina rose and walked to the door. Mark did not follow. Beyond question now, and beyond hope of change, she had lost. He was going, and there was nothing more to say or do.

Yet, an hour earlier, he had been struggling between his love for her and his fealty to the crusade. He might have stayed, but she had chosen the wrong way to keep him. What other way there was she did not know, but she had failed, and he was going away, not only because the far drums called him, but also because she had shown herself in some fashion not strong enough, not good enough, not wise enough or big enough, to hold him.

There are some men who hear the trumpets and see the banners of fire across the sky and must pursue them. And there are some women who can love only those men, and they are all tragic figures—destined for heartbreak and destined for sorrow.

CHAPTER 7

On the morning the *S. S. Waldis* pulled out of New York for Spain, Mrs. Mordant Carrington Calgerry had a headache. She came down to breakfast profoundly convinced that fate was imposing upon her an unequal and unwarranted portion of trouble.

"No egg this morning, Mildred," she said bleakly.

Mildred seldom spoke unless addressed in the interrogative; she poured the coffee and left.

Mrs. Calgerry pressed fingers against her temple and gazed dejectedly into the steaming cup. Six months ago things had been so nice. The future had begun to spread out before her all clear at last, a prospect of dignity and charm—mornings of leisurely shopping in town, afternoons of bridge, perhaps a second marriage, and no more planning for anyone but herself. That was a year ago, when Doris was married, and Lina was being courted by Charles Brelward of the Connecticut Brelwards.

Now Doris was home again, divorced and growing a little worried, and Lina had broken off with Charley. And last week, as though canceling her engagement weren't bad enough, Lina had had to go and get herself jilted—what else could you call it, after all?—by Mark Brenley.

"Here I am with two daughters," thought Mrs. Calgerry, "to whom I have given every advantage and every opportunity, and both of them are failures. Mark might have be-

come an acceptable substitute for Charley." Mrs. Calgerry had engaged in a little research; the Brenleys were a good family and Mark would one day inherit Howard Brenley's money. Of course there was a chance old Howard would outlive them all—he gave signs of it; still, they could have done very nicely, on Mark's small income, and Lina's. Of course Mark had a reputation for eccentricity, but he would have outgrown that under Lina's influence.

No doubt about it: Lina had mishandled the whole thing. She must have done *something* to drive him off like that: a man doesn't just pick up and run away to the Foreign Legion for nothing. Mrs. Calgerry was a little confused concerning Mark's destination, but she knew he was leaving today for some foreign war.

MILDRED came in, bearing a small silver server. She put it beside Mrs. Calgerry's plate and departed silently. Mrs. Calgerry was pleased. On the server two aspirin tablets were neatly bedded on a doily. Mildred did things nicely; she was an almost perfect maid.

In the Calgerry household there were also a cook and a gardener-chauffeur, but Mildred was chief of staff. She had been with Mrs. Calgerry and her two daughters for six years, and in that time, under Mrs. Calgerry's firm tutelage, she had changed from an untrained, pert Cockney to a disciplined, unobtrusive servant with just the right measure of automatic deference.

Mildred had taken Doris' return to the household, and the resultant increase in work, without a word of complaint, even though things had gone off-kilter for a time. Doris, Mrs. Calgerry thought, might at least have brought a personal maid with her; three were too many, really, for one maid to take care of. It seemed too bad that she and Lina should be inconvenienced; after all, it wasn't *their* fault that Doris hadn't been able to stay with Henry. She had probably made life miserable for him; Doris was a bit of a nag in her own way, Mrs. Calgerry thought. Not that Henry was a saint or any great shakes as a husband, but he was as good as Doris could do, and probably a little better than she deserved; she should have had the sense to keep her mouth shut and pretend nothing had happened. It would have blown over; it would have died a natural death of inconvenience, embarrassment and satiety, the way those things do; and he'd have come home, and that would have been that. But no, Doris had to make an issue of it.

Mrs. Calgerry took a sip of her cooling coffee. "Look at me," she thought; "I'd have been divorced half a dozen times if I hadn't been clever. Of course, divorce wasn't so easy in my day; in my day you endured because you had to, and then it turned out all right." Doris didn't know how to give in; she had notions of right and wrong, and was ridiculously uncompromising about them. She had a streak of iron in her nature. Lina had it too, but in Doris it took the form of a somewhat unreasonable morality. Mrs. Calgerry traced it back to her late husband. In him the iron streak had been just plain stubbornness. He developed notions, at times, which Mrs. Calgerry found herself helpless in combating. Like his refusal to take an interest in her charity work; he wouldn't go to the bazaars or the dinners; he wouldn't contribute; he wouldn't do anything but growl about it. Yet after all, hadn't she met Mrs. Leverage at the local Women's Auxiliary? They had served on a committee together, and that was how Doris had met Mrs. Leverage's son Henry. . . . Well, all that was over. The problem now was Lina.

Mrs. Calgerry faced the depressing possibility that Lina was silly. Looking back, she selected from memory hitherto-forgotten incidents in her daughter's early years; and, reconsidered in the light of Lina's recent behavior, they emerged with new significance.

For example, there was the time that Lina, just fourteen, had developed a sickening crush on a boy who played the piano. He was the son of Lina's music teacher, an undis-

The twenty-six nations represented on the Non-Intervention Committee met in London and agreed upon the withdrawal of foreign combatants from both sides of the conflict in Spain in order "to eliminate the constant threat that the Spanish struggle may turn into a European conflagration." So the American boys who had gone to Spain prepared to go home; oddly enough, however, the Italians stayed on, fighting the depleted Loyalist army.

There should have been news from Mark after that. Some members of the International Brigade came home in August. In September Howard Brenley went to the State Department to ask help in locating his nephew, but they could tell him nothing.

"It doesn't mean anything," he kept assuring Lina. "After all, there isn't much the State Department can do. They never did recognize American citizens fighting in Spain."

Hitler screamed about the "shameless treatment" of the Germans in Czechoslovakia. Fighting broke out in the Sudetenland, where the Fascist Henlein's men were mysteriously well-equipped with arms manufactured in Germany.

Chamberlain went to Berchtesgaden to confer with Hitler on Czechoslovakia, which England was bound by treaty to protect. A week later he went on to Godesburg. Two days later he went to Munich, where, with the coöperation of Mussolini and Daladier, Czechoslovakia was sold out.

Chamberlain came home from his travels speaking of "peace in our time." In a London broadcast he said, "How horrible, fantastic, incredible it is that we should be digging trenches and fitting gas masks because of a quarrel in a far-away country!" England relaxed under the opium of appeasement.

In October there was still no word from Mark. "It doesn't mean anything," Howard Brenley said. "Nobody really knows what's going on over there. I'll get in touch with the Embassy at St. Jean de Luz." He did, but they knew little.

Benes resigned. Hitler marched into the Sudetenland, and Chamberlain and Daladier joined in praise of the arrangements. England began negotiations with Germany for the limitation of armaments, a bit of huggermugger which provided the Fuehrer with his laugh of the week. Madrid was bombed; several hundred angry Arabs and Jews were killed in a series of Palestine riots which seemed to rear up out of nothing, like cobras from wizards' empty baskets. Poland swallowed a piece of Czechoslovakia, the palatable Tetschen area, rich in coal and iron; Hungary also helped herself.

Two million Chinese refugees swarmed westward and northward out of Canton, and the evacuation of Hankow in the path of the Japanese invasion crowded the road to Chungking with fifteen thousand rickshaw-pullers and the Yangtse with a jam of fleeing junks. About ninety thousand people were killed in October. The readers of newspapers grew slack with too much horror. Tragedies piled up until imaginations refused to respond. Slaughter and betrayal became routine and expected, and crimes against the human soul were read about and forgotten. In the latter part of October, Barcelona was bombed nine times in twenty-seven hours and the Jews of Czechoslovakia moved into the open fields of the no-man's land between two armies.

MRS. CALGERRY decided Lina needed a fur coat. There was nothing like a well-fitted mink and a few new hats to renew a girl's interest in the better things of life.

It was a crisp autumn afternoon. The shops were crowded. They were leaving the milliner's when Lina saw Joe Hegart coming out of the office-building next door. He began to cross the street.

"Joe!" she called.

He turned, recognized her, and came back. "Hello, Lina!" he cried. "How've you been?"

"All right," said Lina. He looked about the same, a

Brooklyn truck-driver in an old tweed suit, a sweater, and no hat. "Mother," Lina said politely, "this is Joe Hegart."

"How do you do," said Mrs. Calgerry, looking him over without pleasure.

"When did you get back, Joe?"

"Early in September. About five weeks ago. Been in Boston. Just pulled into town." Uncomfortable under Mrs. Calgerry's expressionless stare, he swallowed and wet his lips. "Well," he said, "nice to have seen you." He turned away.

"Wait," said Lina.

He came slowly back to her, his eyes on her mother, who was waving a white-gloved hand at a passing cab. "There's a taxi!" cried Mrs. Calgerry. "Come along, dear."

"What happened, Joe?"

After a pause, he asked: "Don't you know?"

"We've tried to find out," she said, "but nobody seems to know. Nobody knows anything for certain."

Joe looked down at his feet and stuck his hands into his pockets.

"Well, first Rigo was killed at Gandesa."

"Who was Rigo?" asked Mrs. Calgerry.

"As for Mark," he went on, "I'm not sure." He paused, ran a hand through his hair. "It happened when we were trying to keep them away from Valencia. Mark and I went out with some others. There were four of us, which was a lot by our standards, but we ran into an enemy squadron. About thirty of them, mean as weasels. I was the only one that got back."

Mrs. Calgerry seized her daughter's arm. They left Joe Hegart standing on the curb.

CHAPTER

9



IT was months since she had been at the Carroltown house. Not since that day in May when Mark had told her he was going away. The place looked different; the approach of winter had turned the trees brown and yellow, the shutters were closed, the lawn had not been cut, and dead leaves lay upon the doorstep. She went to the garage, slowly climbed the dusty stairs, and found the door-key under the mat.

The room was dark and somehow too still. She pulled open the curtains at one window, letting in a bleak shaft of cold afternoon sunlight. The place was unchanged; even some of his pipes were still there, neatly laid out in a row upon a table. The large cushion at the end of the couch was denting in the center as though a head had recently rested there.

Lina lay down upon the couch, slowly lowering her head to the pillow where Mark had lain. She had never really believed he would die. Men who go adventuring do not get killed. They come back with stories to tell in the years that follow. But Mark was dead.

She dared at last to think about him, and the few hours they had had together, and how much he had meant to her. He had been all that was living and beautiful, and much that was beyond her understanding.

She remembered that afternoon, long months ago, when she had come here to the *palazzo*; she had drunk tea out of a beer mug, and he had called her Sweet Adeline, and she had been jealous of Kate and had quarreled with Mark about something, she couldn't remember what. "But it's

possible for a woman to grow up!" he had shouted at her. "You might conceivably develop purpose and direction!"

On the table beside the couch lay a large old volume bound in gray-brown leather. In it, like a bookmark, was that same sheet of paper on which Mark had scribbled circles and squares, giving them eyes and noses and mouths. They looked up at her now, grotesque trolls fresh from pyres and sepulchers, with grinning gnome-faces.

She pushed them aside. Beneath was the page Mark had penciled. It was strange, she thought, how a line drawn along the margin of a page could be so intimate and personal a thing. He had sat there, reading, and for some reason this passage had struck him as important, and he had picked up a pencil. . . . She could almost see his lean brown hand moving downward along the page.

She leaned closer to read in the half-light the indicated passage:

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves; no personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We hold the power and bear the responsibility. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. . ."

She turned to the title on the preceding page: "Abraham Lincoln. Second Annual Message to the Congress. December 1, 1862."

Abraham Lincoln. There was a brotherhood of such men, all over the earth and past the barriers of time, men with vision that reached beyond the day's circumstance and must be followed to the point of sacrifice. Lincoln was of that brotherhood, and Mark Brenley, too. Mark Brenley, dead in Spain in a fight for what he wanted the world to be. He and the others who had come from far places to die beside the Spanish had imbued the war with values beyond the immediate struggle, bringing with them a guarantee that the world was not altogether lost, that men still had a hope for the future. Vincent Sheean had said that of young Jim Lardner, who had also died in Spain; she had heard him say it: "He offered his life, and it was his unanswerable contribution to a cause much greater than any single life. Lardner and his companions did not die for nothing. If the world has a future they have preserved it. They must overcome the Chamberlains in the end, for provinces and nations can be signed away, but youth and honor never."

The wonder was that she should have loved Mark so, before she wholly knew him or understood the cause that drew him, and that she should have grown up to meet him only after he was gone.

She looked around the room. It had been Mark's, and somehow, by some metaphysical process of inheritance, it was hers now. She went to the bookshelves and looked at the titles: "Fighting Planes of the World," "Plays of Chekhov," "Mardi," "Twelve against the Gods," "Modern American Painters," "The Man of the Renaissance," "The American Revolution." There was a book of crossword puzzles, a volume of Shakespeare's plays, a history of Western Europe, a Spanish dictionary, a few popular novels, Shelley's poems, Molière's plays, a book of New Yorker cartoons, "War and Peace," "The Red and the Black," two volumes of the Forsythe Saga, several technical books on flying, "Through the Looking Glass," Wintringham's "The Coming World War," "Caspar Hauser," "Great Naval Battles," Emerson's "Essays," Strachey's "Menace of Fascism," Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought." She came upon authors she recognized but had never read: Veblen, Freud, Plotinus, Aristotle.

She selected "War and Peace," returned to the couch, and began to read.

In the days that followed, Lina came back to the palazzo again and again to spend long hours reading Mark's

books. She took them home with her and went on reading through half the night.

Her mother and sister were mystified. In Mrs. Calgerry's opinion, Lina was going from bad to worse, for she now indulged in pointed argument and political discussion with the young men she met. Since Mrs. Calgerry went to considerable trouble to bring these young men into range, it seemed to her most ungrateful to Lina to frighten them off.

Lina was looking better and eating well, but her mother found no comfort in that; it was bad enough to have a swooning daughter, but an intellectual was a curse. Doris brought strange reports: Lina had heckled a speaker at a lecture; she was attending classes at a certain new and serious school for social research; she donated her allowance to peculiar organizations not on Mrs. Calgerry's list of recognized charities; she spent whole days in the empty Brenley house in Carrolltown.

And so the winter passed. On Christmas Day hundreds were killed by bombing planes in China and Spain. In Germany the ancient Yule rites were celebrated with medieval torchlight processions and the chanting of hymns to the holy fire. France and Germany signed a pact guaranteeing pacific neighborly relations.

The Insurgents and the Loyalists fought for territory west of Barcelona. The center of the Catalan Front was broken, and Granadella, Artesa, Castellidans, Borjos Blancas and Mollerusa were taken. Tarragona was shelled. In quick succession the Insurgents took Montblanch, Falset, Tortosa, Valls.

Spain begged the democracies for arms, but they held themselves aloof from the fight, refusing to sell munitions, planes or other materials of war. Italy announced a London-Rome agreement "aiming effectively at the maintenance of peace," and poured more equipment and men into Spain.

Then Tarragona was taken, and the Spanish war was virtually lost. The Loyalists began to withdraw along the entire Catalan Front, and at last shattered Barcelona surrendered. In Rome Mussolini addressed a throng: "Our fearless troops have beaten Spain! The shout of your exultance blends with the shout now rising in all the cities of Spain, which are now completely liberated!" But in the bleeding cities of Spain the "liberated" natives still fought stubbornly in the streets; the Loyalist members of the Spanish Government met in the underground cavern of a castle in Figueras and voted to continue the war. They went on fighting, but they had no equipment; it became the rule for an unarmed soldier to follow one who had a gun, in the expectation that he might pick up the gun when the armed soldier fell. Then Figueras was abandoned, and the Loyalists lost in quick succession the towns of Malgrat, San Celoni, Vich, Gerona, Arcabell and a dozen others. Madrid was bombed.

Addressing the Reichstag in Berlin, Adolf Hitler said: "Germany wishes to live in peace with all countries, including America, and refrains from any intervention in American affairs." Nazi espionage and propaganda flourished in America.

SPRING came early in 1939. Late in March, on the day Franco triumphantly entered Madrid, Lina ran into Kate Merrilane in New York, at a meeting called by the Spanish Refugee Committee. They had not met since the afternoon Mark introduced them at the Carrolltown house.

Kate knew one of the speakers, and was, she confided to Lina, dining with him that evening.

"How's your flying?"

"Oh, I've given that up!" said Kate. "I've been so frightfully busy."

"Working with your new committee?" asked Lina.

Kate took a small mirror from her purse and examined her face. "Well, no, not yet," she said. "For the past few months I've been interested in the ideas of Kimakhurvata."

"Who?"

"Kimakhurvata."

"What does he do?" Lina asked.

Kate's bright blue eyes grew bigger with amazement. "Haven't you heard of Kimakhurvata?"

"I'm really not up on Indian politics," said Lina. "Or is it a cult?"

"Well, it's not exactly what you would call a cult," said Kate. "It's all mental, you see, and tied up with the subconscious."

"I see," said Lina.

That afternoon Lina stopped at the *palazzo*. At home her mother was having friends to tea, and it was simpler to hide out here than to face them. They eyed her curiously, these days. Little silences fell when she approached, and they addressed her too brightly, as though she were an invalid: "How've you been, Lina dear?" . . . "We haven't seen you in weeks, Lina." . . . "You're looking just *splendid*, darling." They thought Lina had grown peculiar. Probably the result of a broken heart. Many girls took to social work, or lecture courses, or loose living, or painting-in-oils, after severed engagements. Charley Brelward, they knew, was escorting Geraldine Hasworth these days.

LINA threw open a window in the *palazzo* and settled on the couch to read the pamphlets the speaker had distributed at the meeting in New York. Kate had helped hand them out, walking up the aisle in her smart suit and veiled hat, doling out the leaflets from exquisitely gloved hands.

Lina smiled. Kate had had the chaste air of an acolyte, a handmaid-of-the-Lord going devoutly about her appointed task. Poor Kate! She was all right, really, better than most of the girls Lina knew. At least, she was trying. She too, like Lina, reached out for someone she could believe was more than a man. She too sought a man stronger and wiser and greater than other men, and only her own limitations were complicating the search.

"I used to dislike Kate Merrilane," Lina thought, "but I don't any more. I'm growing up. I've changed. I'm coming of age." It was Mark's doing, in a way. This new Lina was a memorial monument to him.

It was not only Kate she understood better now. The people of her old world, too, the people she no longer saw, seemed to her now more comprehensible, and a little sad. Charley Brelward, and the Patsons, and Lester Oldan, and all the rest—they were the product of their age, their set, their incomes, lulled by their ability to succeed without effort, unaware of their own ignorance. She remembered something she had read somewhere: "The major duty of the reformer is patiently to explain." Mark had been wrong, really. They were not bad people; he had been too impatient with them. They would come through some day. Courage and strength were there, though dulled by ease. They couldn't be expected to care what happened in Spain or in China. It wasn't quite fair to expect it of them, unless you made it clear to them in terms of their own lives, and nobody had. It was, and it always had been, too far away from them. You didn't hate people for that. . . .

A damp spring breeze lifted the window curtains. The room was growing cold. She unfolded the blanket that lay at the foot of the couch and pulled it over her. She put aside the pamphlet; she was too drowsy to read. On the table beside the couch lay the large gray-brown leather book, with the scribbled marker still in it. Phrases from the Lincoln speech drifted through her mind: "*We cannot escape history. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. . . .*"

She turned on her side, and followed a path in a valley where clinging mists blew and drifted around her. Far above, on a steep mountain-side, stood a great god-sized man. She saw his face and knew him, as he opened his arms and came down toward her, dragging cerements of cloud. Then his face changed, and he was no longer Mark, but an-

other, older, sadder and gentler. She reached out to him, but he receded from her and returned to his place on the cliff, and once more he was Mark. Again he came down to her, and again he changed into the face and figure of Lincoln, and once more drew back out of reach. She ran up a long flight of mist-washed stairs, straining toward the one who stood on the cliff, but always he drew back, receding, going from her, disappearing into cloud, while she struggled after him, desperate and weeping. . . .

It was dark when she woke. Her eyes opened thick with tears. She lay still, wondering how long she had been asleep, trying to remember her dream. It had been about Lincoln. The details were vanishing. Lincoln had stood upon a cliff. . . . Suddenly she held her breath and listened.

There was someone in the room. She could see him moving toward her. For a moment she thought it was her dream, for she recognized him, and he came toward her so softly, like a fragment left over from sleep.

"Please," he said. "Please, I don't want you to be frightened. Don't be afraid." He spoke slowly, in level tones. "I beg you, Lina darling, don't cry out. I don't want to hear you do that." He seemed afraid to stop speaking, fearful that if the hypnotic flow of his words ceased, she would scream. "It's Mark, all right," he said. "I'm no ghost. I'm alive."

Her heart was beating so wildly she could not understand what he was telling her about a prison camp, and a bribe, and walking twenty-six rain-drenched miles. His voice was different; the resonance was gone from it somehow; it fell flatly upon the ear. "I was afraid to phone you. . . . It's luck you're here. . . . What shall I do about Uncle Howard? . . . I don't know how to let him know without scaring him into a stroke." He was being purposely very prosaic, very matter-of-fact. "He'll probably read it in the papers. . . . They'll have it tomorrow. . . . They got at me when the Clipper landed." And still he went on, not daring to touch her until she had fully realized and accepted the truth—that this was he, Mark, alive, home again. "But tired," he said, "very tired. So if you don't mind I'd like to sit down. . . ."

But he still stood there, waiting, without volition, until she reached up for him and brought him down beside her, into her arms. His eyes closed, and he drew a broken sigh as his head came to rest upon her shoulder. All through the night they lay there, with no word spoken. Toward morning, she too slept.

They were married at noon by the justice of the peace in Carrolltown. The Justice's slender, gentle-voiced wife acted as witness. When the ceremony was over, she stood at the window watching them walk down the street.

"Did you notice," she asked, "anything odd about him?"

"Who?" asked the Justice.

"The husband. . . . He talked and did everything all right, and yet he seemed to be far away. Like a sleepwalker. . . . As if he was deaf or blind. . . . As if he was dead."

CHAPTER

10



THE Florida sun was hot. Lina lay face down and felt it burning pleasantly on her shoulders. She turned her head sidewise on her arm and looked at Mark. He was asleep on the sand beside her, one arm outflung, and his face to the sun. The weeks in Florida had darkened his skin to

brown, and the lines of fatigue were gone from his face. He had been sweet and tender these weeks, every hit the honey-mooning lover. And yet—

She ran her fingertips over the sand, picked up a tiny pink coquina shell, fragile and perfect, and added it to the little heap beside her on the beach towel. She loved these dainty butterfly shells of yellow, orchid, green, red, orange. She hoarded them by the hundred in a candy-box back at the hotel. Mark brought them to her when he found especially bright ones. He said his wife had the acquisitive instincts of a chipmunk, and he was glad her taste didn't run to diamonds.

He was gay and charming and attentive, and he was in love with her. And yet—he was different somehow. He was not the old Mark who had gone away in that spring of 1938. He was healthy enough, and calm; he laughed and spoke, played tennis, danced, dealt out small-talk to acquaintances in the hotel, but he seemed to have reached a level in himself where nothing truly delighted or deeply hurt him, and nothing mattered; he met the days with no great interest and no desire. Nothing stirred him now to the old angers and the old contempts. He was amenable and pleasant, offering no challenges to the world; it was as though the stream of life had tossed him out of its turbulent channel and had left him floating quietly in one of the motionless, stagnant margins. Some people who go on living above and beyond desperation and futility begin to lead supernormal lives, unnaturally calm, unnaturally healthy, unnaturally indifferent. That had happened to Mark, as it had happened to so many of the young men who came back, defeated, from the lost cause in Spain.

Lina rolled over on her back. Above her, black against the deep blue sky, a buzzard soared in silent dream-like flight, its fringed wings motionless.

MARK would come out of it soon. He needed rest, a normal life, and a job of some kind. The thing to do was to leave him alone and not ask questions. She remembered the stories about the last war, and the men who came back unable to speak of what had happened. The war in Spain had shocked Mark into that silence. But it had also done something more; for it was not only death he had seen, but such betrayals as shake human faith in the strength of God and the perfectability of man.

She remembered how, a few weeks ago, on Easter Sunday, just as they were dressing to go to church, the news had come over the radio about Mussolini's bombardment of Albania. Lina had been putting on her new Easter bonnet, and Mark was picking up from the dresser his wallet, keys and coins, and filing them away in his pockets.

She had held her breath, watching him, half afraid of the bitter outburst the news would evoke. But he went on picking up dimes and quarters from the dresser, while the radio told how the Italian athlete had killed a few hundred women and children, and had made himself master of the miniature country.

Mark leaned toward the mirror and adjusted his tie, then sauntered to the radio and turned it off. Lina arranged the veil of her Easter bonnet in the mirror. It was very strange, that lack of any living response from him; it was like reaching out in the dark and finding a fleshless hand.

In the old days she had been able to find, beneath his mockery, scolding and scorn, an unquenchable love for the people he was castigating, a rich tenderness for the frailty he deplored. It was because he loved the world and its people, that he grew angry with them when he thought they were endangering themselves. But now he didn't care. He was willing to let them destroy themselves. They no longer mattered to him.

Lina sat up, locked her arms around her knees and looked out across the white sand at the bright sea. The beach was almost deserted in this cove. A boy and a girl were tossing a ball back and forth down by the water.

Mark stirred on the sand beside her, stretched, reached out and pulled her down to him.

"Hi," he said sleepily.

"Let's go back to New York," she said.

He picked up a handful of sand and let it run between his fingers down to her chest. "What's in New York?"

"People. Mother, your Uncle Brenley, my sister Doris. Your friends and mine."

"All right. If you'd like to go."

"Would you rather stay a little longer?"

"I'd just as soon go," he said.

"Shall we take that little apartment on Seventy-fourth Street?"

"Which apartment?"

"The one Mother wrote us about. I think it would be nice to live in town, particularly if you're going to be working there. Did you answer your Uncle Howard's letter?"

"Not yet. What shall I say to him?"

"That depends upon how you feel about it, darling," she said.

"I don't feel one way or another about it."

"It's a good job, but what do you think you want to do?"

"I haven't thought," he said.

"Well, are you interested in cotton mills?"

Mark laughed. He picked up another handful of sand and let it drip on her stomach. "I'm crazy about cotton mills," he said. "I also like ham-on-rye, and a babe called Lina." He rubbed his palm gently against her waist, enjoying the texture of sliding sand against the sleek, firm surface of the bathing-suit.

Just then Lina heard the plane. First it was far away; it grew louder, and then there it was overhead, bright and beautiful against the sky. Mark stirred, drew away from her, and shifted his position restlessly. He ran nervous hands over the sand, pretending to look for coquina shells. He was trying not to hear. She had seen him do that before; he avoided the sight and the sound of planes when he could.

"You know whom I saw last fall?" asked Lina.

"Nope."

"Joe Hegart. In the street outside the milliner's." She waited a moment. "He looked much the same. I was with Mother. She didn't care for him."

Mark's face stayed blank. "What's happened to Joe?" she added.

"I don't know. He's around, I guess." He sat up. "Let's swim."

"It's too cold."

"You're lazy." He got to his feet.

He had grace; she thought; the way he slapped the sand from his thighs, the way he hitched up those bathing-trunks. . . . He trotted down to the water's edge, waded out, and plunged into a breaker. Not even Joe Hegart interested him now. He had closed a door upon the past year. It was over, and he wanted a new life. Perhaps it was just as well. She'd help him find it.

CHAPTER

11



"It's wonderful," said Mrs. Calgerry, "the way Mark has changed."

"Yes," said Lina, "he *has* changed somewhat, hasn't he?"

"I always knew he would. Those temperamental ones all quiet down after a time. His father was like that, too."

Lina started toward the dining-room. "I'd better check the table. Mother."

Mrs. Calgerry followed at her heels. "I hear his father had notions about running off to China as a missionary or something. But he settled down."

The dining-room table was set for ten, with silver and crystal gleaming on white damask.

"Very nice," said Mrs. Calgerry. She straightened a folded napkin and moved a wineglass.

"Let's look at the cake," said Lina. She pushed open the swinging door to the kitchen.

Mrs. Calgerry's chin went up a bit, and her manner chilled as she entered the kitchen, for Mildred was there, crisp in black silk uniform and white organdy apron, rolling butterballs. Two days after Lina's marriage, Mildred had announced to Mrs. Calgerry her intention of going to work for the Brenleys. She had thereupon been generously donated to them by Mrs. Calgerry, who told them, and herself, that the gesture was entirely voluntary. She nevertheless had an understandable tendency to color and bridle whenever she saw Mildred, particularly since Mildred was indulging, these days, her six-year-old inclination to turn a deaf ear upon Mrs. Calgerry.

"Where is it?" Lina asked.

"In the pantry, Mrs. Brenley."

THE cake was a round white one with a candle in the center. Mrs. Calgerry read aloud the chocolate inscription: "'Happy Birthday, Mark.' Isn't that nice!" she said. "Chocolate inside?"

"Yes," said Lina.

"It's always best. Vanilla is more conservative, but people like chocolate." They went back to the dining-room. "How are you seating them?"

"I'll just let them lie where they fall."

"Now, don't be bohemian, Lina! With as many as ten for dinner, you should plan where they'll sit!"

"I find it works out better if I do it *ad lib*."

"Do it how?"

"Just as we're going in to dinner, off the cuff."

"Off the *what*? Really, Lina—"

"Extemporaneously, depending on how things go during the cocktails—depending on who seeks out whom, which avoids which, who looks bored, and which is in a tizzy. It's really a better system."

"Well, all right, but just don't put Doris' young man next to the extra woman," said Mrs. Calgerry. "Who is the extra woman?"

"Milla Seacombe. Very pretty."

"Seat her between Lester and old Howard Brenley." Mrs. Calgerry said promptly; "and for heaven's sake, don't put me on the other side of old Howard. I always have the feeling he's laughing at me."

"I doubt it, Mother. He's very sweet."

"He's not my idea of sweet! Even Charley Brelward says he's a sharp old fox."

They went back to the library, where the cocktail-tray stood ready in a corner and the fire was neatly laid. "When did you see Charley?" Lina asked; she toured the room, checking ash-trays and matches.

"Doris and I came into town the other day and lunched at Armand's. Charley was there, and he came over and spoke to us." She settled herself on the sofa. "He still has a soft spot for you. He's no longer dating Geegee Hasworth, you know."

Lina bent to light the fire, and stood watching the paper spills catch, and then the kindling.

Mrs. Calgerry was silent for a time. Finally she asked: "Does Mark keep regular hours?"

"Regular hours?"

"I mean does he leave here promptly at the same time

every morning and come home from the office at about the same time every evening?"

Lina repressed a smile. "What are regular hours a sign of, Mother?" Mrs. Calgerry had a collection of little portents, weathervanes and barometers by which she judged human behavior; she had a mystic faith in them, and was given to predictions and I-could-have-told-you-so.

"When men keep regular hours," she stated, "it means they're happy and dependable. Just before Doris and Henry broke up, he took to leaving the house before breakfast and coming home at all hours."

"Sometimes," Lina said, "he didn't come home at all."

Mrs. Calgerry goggled and swallowed. "Who told you that?" she breathed. It was something she had never known.

"Doris," said Lina.

"Well, really!" cried Mrs. Calgerry. Doris had never told her; it took her a minute or two to digest her resentment.

Lina poked the fire, and the flames rose. Behind her she heard her mother strike a match; she turned, throwing her an examining glance. It meant something when Mrs. Calgerry lit a cigarette, for she had never learned to smoke with pleasure; she did it only when she had something difficult to talk about. She puffed gingerly, pursing her lips and screwing up her eyes.

"What is it, Mother?"

Mrs. Calgerry blew a violent stream of smoke and coughed slightly. "I've always felt that Doris and Henry would not have broken up if they'd had a child."

"Oh, I don't know—" said Lina.

"I just figured," Mrs. Calgerry went on. "that you've been married seven months, dear."

"That's right." Lina looked into the mirror over the fireplace. Her gown was dark green and cleverly cut, curving wisely over her slim figure. The honey-colored hair was brushed back simply from the wide forehead. She regarded herself gravely: the fortunate young matron, wife of a successful young cotton broker, with a perfect home, a faithful husband—what more can a woman ask?

"Have you thought about it?" Mrs. Calgerry continued.

"About having a child? No, I haven't, really. It's a little soon, don't you think?" She smiled. "Even though Mark is keeping regular hours."

"Well, you should start thinking about it."

Lina crossed the room and turned a bowl of golden asters to a better angle.

"That's a good dress, Lina."

"Glad you like it, Mother." She knew very well why she didn't want to have a child. It had something to do with her feeling of insecurity about Mark. She was less sure of him these days, less certain of his love, than she had been when he was wild and unstable. He was easy-going now; he went to parties: he was an excellent host; people liked him; he attended soberly to his work. But he did it all without fervor or deep interest, just as he made love to her.

The man who had once struggled hard against the current was now drifting, letting himself be carried. The world beyond his immediate orbit did not exist for him. It was Lina who read the front pages with interest, while Mark turned to the sports sections. Again and again, arriving home from the office and finding her listening to a news-broadcast as she dressed, he would say lightly, "Do you mind?" and turn the radio dial to a rhumba band.

Those were the days when all the country sat, day after day, with its ear to the radio, hearing in the reports of newscasters the first crackling sparks and frightening thunder-claps of disaster. On August 21st a ten-year nonaggression pact had been signed between Germany and Soviet Russia, right under the noses of the Anglo-French emissaries.

LINA had learned not to speak of such things to Mark; but this was an event of such bitter significance that she asked him at dinner that evening: "Did you hear what Molotov said?"

"No," said Mark, helping himself to green peas.

"Wait, I'll read it to you," she said, rising. She found the newspaper in the library and brought it back. "Listen: 'They needed a pact'—he means France and England—to guarantee Poland, but they were not themselves concerned with Poland. They wanted us to provide their promised assistance to Poland, yet Poland rejected the idea of assistance from us. Britain and France guaranteed help to the Soviet Union in case of aggression, in return for corresponding assistance. But their offer was so hedged about with clauses and peradventures as to suggest that in case of need, their aid would prove fictitious, leaving the Soviet Union without effective assistance.'" She looked up at Mark. "Something must be wrong!" she cried. "It's been fumbled!"

"Are these canned peas?" he asked.

"No, dear, they're fresh. . . . Maybe Stalin—"

"They taste like canned peas," he said.

She persisted. "I guess Stalin has lost his faith in England."

"I like fresh peas better," said Mark.

A few days after that, France closed her German frontier. Poland fortified her Slovakian frontier. Rumania fortified her Russian frontier. France fortified her Italian frontier. Children were evacuated from London and Paris.

The Pope appealed for peace. The Duke of Windsor, vacationing in Cannes, dropped a note to the King of Italy asking him to intervene in the cause of peace. The British ambassador to the United States exchanged peace hopes with President Roosevelt. Germany assured Belgium, Denmark, Finland, the Netherlands and Luxembourg that in case of war the Reich would respect their territories. Everybody was assured peace by everybody else, yet Europe was bristling with arms, and trains were jammed with moving troops.

On September first Germany invaded Poland. The Polish government called on Great Britain and France for support in accordance with their recently signed military pact. France and England thereupon sent a note to Hitler, telling him that if he did not recall his forces, they would go to the aid of Poland. They didn't say positively, and no answer was received from Hitler. They waited. Hitler proceeded with the slaughter and dismemberment of Poland.

And then this morning, on Mark's birthday, England had declared war on Germany.

"Isn't it interesting," Mrs. Calgerry was saying, "about Chamberlain declaring war? Doris says there's going to be a shortage of tweeds. It's a good thing I don't like tweeds."

Lina had hurried to Mark that morning with the news of the declaration of war. He had glanced at the screaming headline and had turned to the funny page. "I'd better check on what *Jiggs* and *Maggie* are doing," he had said.

And, "Tweeds are bulky," Mrs. Calgerry had said. "They never look right on me. Some women can wear them, but they make me look overstuffed."

MARK arrived, looking tired. He accepted the birthday greetings and the kisses with quiet patience.

"Hurry and dress, Mark!" said Mrs. Calgerry. "It's very late. Lina, he looks run down. You've been working too hard. Mark, you're positively gray in the face. You should play golf. You can't work all the time. Golf takes you out in the sun."

He patted her shoulder. "I'll be all right as soon as I've bathed and had a cocktail," he said. "Mix me one, will you, Lina?"

She brought him his cocktail as he shaved. He gulped it and asked for another. By the time the guests arrived he had had three, and there was color in his face, spring in his step and hard glitter in his eyes.

"Well, I see that England is celebrating your birthday," said Lester Oldan.

"England," Mark replied, "is moving in marvelous ways her wonders to perform." He poured gin into the cocktail shaker.

"You said she wouldn't fight," John Patson reminded him.

Mark measured vermouth. "She won't," he said.

"But she declared war!" protested Aggie Patson.

"That's right," Milla Seacombe informed them. She was a fragile little thing with a face like an empty plate.

Mark twisted lemon-peel and added it to the cocktail. "I'll wait and see."

"I think war is dreadful," said Milla. She turned her wide brown eyes upon Doris' beau. "Don't you think war is dreadful?" He nodded; he was a hungry-looking man with spindly hair.

"I'll sit this one out," Mark said.

"It's a good thing Mark feels that way," said Mrs. Calgerry, turning to Howard Brenley beside her on the sofa. "Otherwise, he'd probably go running off to *this* war too!" She laughed at her little joke, but Howard Brenley merely stared embarrassingly into her open mouth. She closed it quickly, with a feeling he was spying on her bridgework.

LINA was passing drinks. As she picked up two glasses from the tray beside Mark, he caught her eye. The corner of his mouth turned downward in a crooked smile. "See you later, baby."

She gave him the expected, private little glance, and carried the glasses away. There was a time when this little scene might have pleased her, when it would have been fraught with the sweet secrets of marriage, with the unashamed mutual knowledge of love. But she almost hated him for it now.

Mark drank a great deal during dinner. It was a gay party; even when the talk turned to the war, it remained light. Even war has its jokes. Lina thought: the people of Czechoslovakia and Italy and Germany still laughed at whispered, forbidden stories derived from oppression and fear.

"Did you hear the one," John Patson asked, "about the two little men who were about to be executed? One of them asked the guard: 'Are they going to hang us or shoot us?' 'They're going to hang you,' said the guard. One turned to the other and whispered, 'You see? They're running out of ammunition!'"

Lina remembered the last time this group had been together, the evening of the Patsons' party, when Mark became so angry with them all about Spain. The Patsons liked him now. He was one of them.

The party broke up around midnight. John and Aggie Patson were the last to leave. "It's early," Mark said as they were getting into their coats. "Let's run down to a night-club." And he named one.

"There's a girl there who sings," said John Patson. "They say she's good."

The club was a dimly lighted place crowded with small tables. The four of them sipped drinks and listened to a groaning contralto who sang, "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," as though she were giving it right there under the amber spot.

"This," thought Lina, "is what married couples do who don't want to be alone with each other at home. They go out and sit in night-clubs until they're dulled and weary, because they're bored, or afraid, or because each is lonely in spite of the intimate presence of the other." Marriage could be like that, she was learning, with each partner living a private life, insular and uncommunicable.

"*A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket,*" sang the contralto.

"What's she singing *that* for?" Aggie said. "It's so ancient!"

A few minutes later the singer began "*Bei Mir bist Du Schön*," and after that went promptly into "Thanks for the Memory." Lina wondered. Someone must be requesting these songs, which had been popular the season she met Mark.

"Thanks for the memory," sang the contralto.

Mark was noticing too. He sat up and looked around the room.

"*'And tha-a-nks for the memory—'*"

Mark rose to his feet. "Excuse me." He started toward a table against the far wall.

"Who's that girl over there?" asked Aggie. "She's stunning."

Lina had seen her at the same moment. "Her name is Kate Merrilane."

Mark bent over Kate, shook hands with her escort, then turned and indicated the table where Lina sat with the Patsons.

The girl by the piano sang on, her eyes closed and her face depicting polite agony: "*It was swell while it lasted. . .*"

Mark was bringing Kate and her escort back with him. He introduced them, mumbling the name of Kate's companion, so that it sounded like *Brrrrmm*. Mr. Brrrrmm was a man of about fifty, with the thin voice and the smart-aleck manner of a sophomore.

"I hope you folks have been enjoying the serenade," he said. "I've been handing that singing doll all the dough in my pocket to get her to sing those old numbers."

"He's been just sweet," Kate said. "and ever so understanding. You see, I looked up and saw Mark; and suddenly I began to remember the old days and all the things we used to do. . . . I was in a mood—"

Very good, Kate, thought Lina. This frankness was effective. Kate was clever enough to guess that the Patsons could also add two and two, and wise enough not to be secretive or discreet with Lina. Very good.

"Songs have such strong associations for me," Kate was saying. "Do they have for you?" She addressed her question to Mark, who shook his head, nodded, then shook it again. He was growing tight; he sat with an arm on the back of Kate's chair, and absently ran his fingertips over her shoulder.

KATE had changed. Lina wondered whether it was Mr. Brrrrmm or another who had wrought this latest transformation, and decided it must be Mr. Brrrrmm, because Kate was a sophomore's idea of a siren. Her eyelids were heavy with violet shadow; and her hair, redder and darker than before, fell in long waves to her shoulders. Her gown was white, drapery and focused between the breasts with a cluster of emeralds. On her limp white hand a large green stone glittered wickedly. Mr. Brrrrmm was rich.

Mark sang softly with the singer. "'So thanks for the memory—'" He leaned toward Kate. "What was that other song?" he asked.

"'Love Walked In.'" Kate replied promptly, and met his eyes; they smiled, remembering something.

Lina turned brightly to Mr. Brrrrmm. "What's your favorite song, Mr. Brrrrmm?"

"I haven't any," he said. "I'm tone deaf."

"I thought," Lina said, to keep some conversation going, because Mark and Kate were still gazing at each other and Aggie was taking it all in, "that being tone deaf meant you couldn't sing. I didn't know it meant you couldn't—er—hear."

"It works both ways with me!" yapped Mr. Brrrrmm, and laughed obstreperously.

When the crowd thinned out, they went on to a noisy place in Harlem. The Patsons didn't go along, but Mark and Kate were unwilling to let the evening end. Something electric and compelling had sprung up between them. They danced and sang and laughed, and left Lina pretty much to Mr. Brrrrmm.

It was dawn when Lina and Mark went to bed. She lay beside him, staring at the narrow channel of graying light between the window draperies. She had heard him make a date with Kate as they said good night. He would keep it; he was not too drunk to remember.

"What's happened to us?" Lina thought. "What's happened to our love?" It was not the enveloping wild love that had turned her world upside down a year ago; it had changed, like the man himself. Perhaps it was natural that the first bright white fire should cool down; perhaps it was not a result of the change in Mark, but only an inevitable phase of marriage. She had read about it; she had heard: habit and companionship and affection replaced the first wildness. All worshipping wives in love, unless they were hopelessly stupid, learned after marriage that love settled down.

And yet it was not merely that; something was wrong, and she knew it. The feeling he had for her was no longer a strong thing deeply rooted in his soul; the explanation perhaps was that he was now a man with no soul at all, and so the love was shallow and viable, and it could shift, and it would. It was a love good enough for people like the Patsons, but it was not the love that had burned between her and Mark a year and a half ago, before he went to Spain. The words he whispered to her now seemed to start, not at his heart, but from his teeth.

Sometimes he turned to her in the night, clinging in a kind of desperate frenzy, and then she would find that he was asleep, and that the clinging was not for her, but because his dream must be of drowning, or of death, or of some great unbearable loss.

Something was wrong. She had loved a different Mark; this one was without fire. She remembered how the air about him used to throb with the great beating of his heart, so strong that she caught it, and the rhythm became her own. But the air about him now was still. . . . "It will come back," she told herself. "The spirit doesn't die; it toils on, threading its mountain passes; some day he will find his way back and be again the one I loved. . . . Loved?" Past tense?

She shook away the thought, but it persisted and would not be dismissed; she fought it off, unwilling to face it.

Mark turned his head on the pillow. "No?" he asked. "No what?"

"I didn't say no," he said.

"You shook your head."

"It was my hair in my eyes," she replied.

He turned again and fell asleep. Bleak daylight seeped into the room, and objects took form—the little quilted rocking-chair, the bottles on her dressing-table, and Mark's clothes in a heap on the *chaise-longue*, spilling over to the floor.

She closed her eyes, and once more the unwelcome idea reared in her mind and would not be downed. It broke through into clarity and confronted her: she was falling out of love.

There are some men who hear trumpets and see banners of fire across the sky and must pursue them; and there are some women who can love only those men, and she was one of them.

CHAPTER 12

THAT was the winter of "the phony war." The armies of France and Germany faced each other, but no battles were fought. Twice the Germans moved toward the border of Belgium, and everybody thought something was about to happen, but nothing did. Prime Minister Chamberlain reported on the progress of the war: "What we will not do is to rush into adventures which offer little prospect of success."

Mark didn't even bother to say: "I told you so."

He was seeing Kate, and Lina knew it. Mrs. Calgerry knew it too, and had her own ideas on how such situations

were to be handled. One Saturday morning she phoned Lina:

"Are you and Mark doing anything this week-end? Would you like to come up here?"

Lina hesitated. "I don't know. . . . I'm afraid we can't. Mother. I think Mark has other plans."

"Well, why don't *you* come alone? You can have two nice restful days. And I'm going to have a surprise for you."

The surprise turned out to be Charley Brelward. Lina knew at once what was in her mother's mind when she found him seated by the fire on her arrival.

"Hello, Charley," she said.

"Hello, Lina."

"Nice to see you, Charley. How've you been?"

"Just fine. You're looking very pretty."

"Thanks. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing much."

"How did you happen to be here, Charley? Did Mother ask you?"

He looked down at his hands. "Why, yes. She thought it would be sort of nice. After all, there's no reason why you and I can't be friends."

"She's using you, Charley. You know that, don't you? She wants to make Mark jealous, I think."

"Why would she want to do that?" he asked.

"Don't play the innocent, Charley."

"Is it necessary," he asked, "to make him jealous?"

She stretched her feet toward the fire. "Maybe," she said. "I don't know. Maybe."

"I guess it doesn't hurt any husband to be waked up now and then," laughed Charley. "That's what marriage is like, and we bachelors are useful in our way."

"Marriage *isn't* like that," she said. "It doesn't have to be."

Except for that brief exchange, it was a pleasantly empty evening. They talked of their friends, and the season's plays, and who had married whom. There was no emotion and no strain between them. Lina had almost forgotten how comfortable Charley was, and the smooth way he avoided anything serious or controversial. Two years ago Mark's winelike headiness had made Charley seem unexciting as warm milk. But there was something to be said now for his effortless good nature and the undemanding companionship he offered.

He drove her back to New York the next day.

"Thanks, Charley," she said as they parted.

"If you ever have a free evening on your hands, you'll let me know, won't you? I'll take you to the movies."

She smiled. "I haven't seen a movie in months. I'd love it. I'll call you."

In the weeks that followed, Charley helped fill the evenings when Mark didn't come home. It was better than dining alone or being seen among their friends without Mark. Charley never stepped beyond friendliness, but she knew that this relationship was assuaging the old hurt to his masculine pride.

"He's entitled to that," she thought, "for what he's doing for me now."

One evening, as they were coming out of a motion-picture theater, she saw Joe Hegart. He was with a girl. He didn't see Lina. The girl wore red shoes with high spike heels, and a bright little red hat perched on frizzy brown hair; she hung on Joe's arm as they walked down the street, her hips swinging sharply at each step.

CHAPTER 13

MR. AND MRS. MARK BRENLEY were going out to dinner. Mark studied the perfect hang of his trousers in the

door-mirror; he made a minute adjustment of his braces and leaned forward to straighten his black tie. Lina fastened the jeweled belt of her dinner dress.

The doorbell sounded faintly, and a minute later Mrs. Calgerry appeared in the open doorway.

"Hello, children!"

"Hello, Mother," said Lina.

"I was in town, so I just stopped by to say hello. Going out?"

"Yes, Mother."

"My, don't you look handsome, Mark!"

He whistled between his teeth, patting her shoulder as he walked past her to the closet.

"How's Doris?" asked Lina.

"She has a cold," said Mrs. Calgerry. "She's taking shots for it. The doctor says she's anemic. Where are you going?"

Lina hesitated a moment. "Just out to dinner."

Mark put on his jacket and selected a hat from the closet. Lina picked up the evening wrap from the bed.

"Will you be warm enough in that, dear?" asked Mrs. Calgerry.

"Quite warm enough," said Lina.

Mrs. Calgerry walked with her into the living-room. "I'll stay here for a while if you don't mind. Doris is meeting me at nine o'clock. I'll have Mildred fix me a cup of coffee. You children just run along. Do you think you'll spend the summer in town, Lina?"

"I don't know. We've made no plans."

Mark had come out of the bedroom. He crossed the living-room to the front door and turned there, hat in hand. "Well, good night," he said. He opened the door, smiled, nodded and left.

After a long moment Mrs. Calgerry swallowed and drew her eyes back from the closed front door. "But where is he—"

Mildred appeared in the living-room. "Your taxi is waiting, Mrs. Brenley."

"I'll be back around midnight, Mildred. Don't wait up."

Mrs. Calgerry looked dazedly from Lina to Mildred and back again to the door through which Mark had departed. "But where did *he* go?" she asked. "Aren't you going to geth—"

"No, Mother," Lina replied, "we're not. Good night." She left her mother staring at the closed door. . . . The Brenleys were going their separate ways for the evening.

It was after three when Mark came home. Lina heard his key in the door and his footsteps passing her bedroom to the guest-room where he now slept.

Fifteen minutes later her door opened, and he stood there in a dressing-gown.

"I saw your lights," he said.

"I've been reading."

He lit a cigarette and pretended to look for something on the dresser. He always came in for a moment this way. "When did you get in?" he asked. He always asked her that.

"Not too late," she said.

She studied his face carefully, and he caught her at it. "Yes," he said, "I'm tight. I've had too much to drink."

She didn't answer.

"Are you sleepy?" he asked.

"No."

"I'm bored," he said.

"That's too bad. Was it a dull evening?" she asked.

"Very dull. Very sane. And you? Was Charley bright and cheerful?"

"Amazingly bright and cheerful," she said, "considering your rudeness to him earlier in the evening."

"Oh," he said, "he told you about that, did he? All I did was say hello in a comradely fashion when I saw him waiting for you in the taxi."

"I'm afraid he doesn't understand your comradeship."

"Then he's too damned dumb! Why, Brelward and I are soul-mates. We have much in common!"

"You have *nothing* in common!" she said. "You don't understand Charley, and you never did! Charley's one of the nicest, most considerate—"

"I see!" He looked at her owlishly.

"No, you don't see!" She sat up. "Mark, what's happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, . . . There's a growing difference between us. Mark, like a current between two swimmers—"

"Very poetic," he said. "You're beginning to sound like a Brenley. . . . The Babbling Brenleys, Full of Sound and Fury, Masters of Rhetoric, Super-colossal Performers on the Slack-rope!"

"Super-colossal fiddlesticks! You're like a water-soaked log stuck in a three-inch puddle and rotting away!"

"Very vivid. You're uncommonly chatty tonight; you shouldn't drink, darling."

"Neither should you!" she said.

"Stop wagging your head at me like Father Time." He laughed. "I know what's bothering you."

"If you mean Kate," she said, "you're wrong! Though I am tired of seeing you come slinking home like a tomcat!"

"Careful," he said. "Throw me another cue, and I'll mention Charley Brelward."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she cried. "Charley's just being kind. He's sorry for me."

"I know *that* system!"

"You don't know anything!" she cried. "You don't see anything, you don't feel anything, you don't live! There's no heart in you!"

Mark wasn't even listening. "One of these days," he said, "I'll tie a can to that fellow's tail and send him rattling down the street."

"Don't pretend you're jealous."

"Not jealous. Careful of my dignity."

"Oh, Mark," she cried, "what's happened to you? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "I'm just drunk."

"What are you heading toward?"

"I guess I'm heading toward a hangover." He lowered himself to the bed and let his head fall back upon the pillow. "It would be nice to pass out." He closed his eyes.

"Mark, darling, please talk to me. . . . What's happened to us?"

He didn't seem to hear. He stared up at the ceiling. "Remember 'I sink in deep rivers—'?"

She pressed her cheek against his arm, trying not to cry.

He went on, addressing the ceiling: "I sink in deep rivers, where there is no standing; I am come unto deep water, where the floods overflow me. . . . It's an evil world, lady, a stinking, heaven-forsaken world, where honor goes hungry . . . and hope wears down . . . and there is only lying and breaking of faith, and the good die young."

CHAPTER

14



THAT spring Hitler began to move. In April he invaded Norway. In May he took Holland. A few days later Belgium fell. On June 14, 1940, France surrendered. . . .

Mark was drinking too much. On the day the Germans took Paris, Howard Brenley brought him home battered and bleeding. His lip was cut and one eye was puffy.

"It's all right, Lina," the old man said. "I'll just put him to bed. There's nothing wrong that a night's sleep won't cure."

Mark seemed dazed. He plucked at his blood-stained shirt, looking down at it in mild surprise as Howard led him off to his bedroom.

"It's nothing to worry about, Lina," Howard Brenley said, half an hour later. "He just walked into a fight."

"Where? How? With whom?"

"Down at the docks. With the mate of an English boat."

"What was he doing there?"

"Just walking, he said, but I guess he talked out of turn. Keep him at home a few days if you can."

"I'll try," she said, "but I haven't much influence over him."

The old man was silent for a time. He reached into his pocket, brought out a pipe and filled it. "It's none of my business," he said, "but why don't you and Mark have a child?"

Lina rose to her feet impatiently. "What makes people think a child can solve *everything*?" she cried. "Ten children couldn't solve *this*!"

She walked to the window and stood looking out across the rooftops at the gray sky. The sound of traffic came faintly from the streets below. "It's something new in the way of marital problems that Mark and I are up against. The world has come between us, Uncle Howard; not another man or another woman. . . . It's not Kate Merrilane; it's the newspaper headlines. Mark and I are living a new kind of love story; we're acting out a new kind of problem play that the theater hasn't caught up with yet.

"Nowadays the newspaper headlines are not just something to exclaim over and forget; they're part of everyday life. They affect love and marriage and children. They control security and faith. They determine at breakfast what's going to happen by nightfall. Mark's all turned to gall, and I'm a miserable woman, and if we're divorced before the year is out, it will be because of what happened in Spain in 1938 and what's happened in Europe since. I may tell myself it's Kate, and his drinking, and a dozen other things, but in my clearer moments I know better."

She came back to him and sat in the chair opposite. "It doesn't seem possible, but it's true—economics and world politics and sociology used to be dull sciences that the average woman ignored and the average man didn't bother with much. But they've suddenly sprung into power, Uncle Howard, and they rule our lives. They haven't reached everyone yet, but they will. Mark and I are among the first, because of the sort of man he is; but other men and women will feel it before long. They'll come upon new pitfalls where the old safety devices won't work.

"It's a changing world. Things will never be the same again; maybe they'll be better in the far years to come, but it's the changing that's hard. Our futures are no longer predictable, not in the terms we used to understand. It's dark ahead. We need new wisdoms, Uncle Howard, if we're to survive. We need new wisdoms and new strengths. And new faiths, for we've lost the old."

Howard Brenley puffed at his pipe.

"You'll be all right," he said at last. "You'll be okay."

PERHAPS the Brenleys might have been divorced that summer, but as Lina said later, England prevented it. The emergence of the old Mark began with Winston Churchill's stubborn refusal to compromise, and his declaration that Great Britain would wage war by land, sea and air.

The grim words came slowly from the radio. "I have *nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat. . . .*"

Mark stirred restlessly. Lina kept her hand on the radio dial.

"I want to hear this," she said firmly.

"We have before us," said Churchill, "many, many months of struggle and suffering. You ask what is our policy? I say it is to wage war . . . with all our might and with all the strength God has given us . . . against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark and lamentable catalogue of humankind. . . ."

Mark heard it out in silence.

"I think the old duck means it," he said quietly. "I think he'll do something."

He listened to the radio after that, and began to read the newspapers. The bombing of Britain had begun. Early in June the fabulous incident of Dunkerque took place, with its tragic revelation of military weakness and its inspiring display of ingenuity, gallantry and courage. Churchill spoke again: "We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on beaches, landing-grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills."

The bombing of Britain went on. London took a daily beating. Bombs fell impartially on Berkeley Square and Clerkenwell, on Bond Street and Petticoat Lane, on Buckingham Palace and Rowton House. Mayfair and Soho bled. Whole districts went without water or gas; whole buildings disappeared, leaving the Londoners gaping at empty holes. The acrid smoke of one attack had scarcely cleared before another began. And Londoners laughed and shook their fists at the sky; they cursed the wailing sirens, dug bodies out of the rubble, fought the flames, slept underground, and sang, "There'll Always Be an England."

The world discovered that summer that years of freedom do have the power to shape men's souls. Democracy, Hitler had said again and again, softened men to decadence and destroyed them; his lie was thrown back at him every day in London, Dover, Birmingham, Derby, Chatham, Liverpool, Southampton, Cardiff, Bristol, Glasgow, Rochester and Barking. That Britons would never be slaves became more than the meaningless words of a song; it was something bred in the bone.

The world kept its fingers crossed and prayed for England, not for the Chamberlains, nor the clever Cliveden set, nor the smugly blundering Colonel Blimps, nor the greedy imperialists, but for the people of England, for the little seagoing terriers who kept their mouths shut and did their work well, for the earnest wardens watching through the night, the old men drilling without guns and the women indomitably calm; for the young students, pimply clerks and runty factory hands doggedly going about the job of learning to fly Spitfires and Hurricanes, and for the motley tragicomic Home Guard, training for the grim guerrilla warfare that would come with invasion.

CHAPTER

15



ONE warm Sunday Lina and Mark were sitting on the terrace of Mrs. Calgerry's house in Trencherly when a transport plane went by overhead. Mark looked up, watching it alertly. The sun glittered on its metal body; it banked, turned and headed off westward into the blue summer haze. Lina's heart beat faster as she saw the keen interest in Mark's face; it was the first time he had glanced at a plane since his return from Spain.

As the sound of the transport faded, he drew breath again and looked down at her. He saw that she had been

watching him, and he smiled guiltily, like a small boy caught kissing his baby sister.

England needed planes and flyers. Young American pilots were going overseas to fight in the R.A.F. The courage of the English had caught the imagination of America, for it was not just the old blind fealty to king and country that kept the British going; something new had sprung into being in England, a great new hope among the people, a deep will that the old world should end and a new one be born from the flames.

MRS. CALGERRY was happy these days; she was convinced her little trick of shoving Charley into the picture had worked, for Mark was no longer seeing Kate Merrilane. Lina had less time for Charley now; Mark was staying home again.

"Have you heard about Charley?" Mrs. Calgerry asked them one evening at dinner.

"What about him?" asked Mark.

"It seems he's going to work for the Government in Washington," said Mrs. Calgerry. "He's going to get a dollar a year. I don't see how he can live on *that*!"

Two weeks before, President Roosevelt had signed a bill authorizing the building of a two-ocean Navy. Charley Brelward had left his office in the Brelward Company to assist in the program.

"Good for Charley!" said Mark. "He's all right."

"There are lots like him," Lina said. "I remember thinking about it a long time ago, while you were in Spain, Mark. They're not bad people. It's just that the things going on in the world have never been made clear to them in terms of their own lives. They're all right, really. If they weren't, this country wouldn't be worth worrying about."

Mark smiled at her. He liked what she was saying, and it showed in his face. She colored, and buttered a piece of bread.

"I guess," said Mrs. Calgerry, "Charley has enough money so that he won't have to get along on his dollar a year. Why do they bother to pay them that? What are they supposed to buy with the dollar?"

"Chewing-gum," said Mark, "and safety-pins."

"Don't be foolish," scoffed Mrs. Calgerry. "Charley doesn't chew gum."

"It's nice to have a stick or two handy," Mark assured her, "to offer your friends, or the President, or somebody. You never know whom you're going to meet in Washington, you know."

Mrs. Calgerry giggled. "Your husband is a silly, Lina," she said happily. "He's always making fun of poor little me." She shook her head. "Just the same, I still don't see why they pay them a dollar!"

"I guess," said Lina, "it's so that they can fire them if they don't like their work. You can't fire a man who isn't working for you, and I guess he isn't working for you if he isn't being paid."

"Now that's what I call a sensible explanation," Mrs. Calgerry turned to Mark. "You know, all those books Lina read while you were away made her very intelligent. She read all sorts of things—non-fiction and history and all. I remember one that was simply enormous—there must have been five hundred pages at least. What was it, Lina? You remember, dear. That dull book, in Maine that summer Mark was away."

"You must mean the crossword-puzzle book," Lina laughed.

Mrs. Calgerry shook her head.

"No, it was a real book, and she read it all, Mark, and it had the tiniest print."

"You mean the telephone book," said Mark.

"No, I *don't*!" laughed Mrs. Calgerry. "You're teasing me! I assure you, Lina knows ever so much! She can answer all sorts of questions. Ask her a question, Mark. You'll see. Ask her anything!"

Mark put his forefinger to his cheek in solemn concentration.

"All right," he asserted, "I have it." He turned sternly to Lina. "What do they do," he asked, "with the hair they cut off in barber-shops?"

Lina looked into his eyes. It was more than nonsense, this. It was a tender nudging of her memory, a reminder of the day when they had first been so terribly in love. "That's easy," she said. "They stuff horse-collars with it."

Mrs. Calgerry was impressed. "Do they *really*?" she cried. "What won't they think of next! And imagine your knowing about it!"

When Mark's birthday came around again, Aggie Patson wanted to give a party for them. They hadn't seen the Patsons in several weeks.

"Thanks, Aggie," said Lina over the phone, watching Mark, who was registering silent, violent rejection, "but I think Mark has some idea about going away for a few days over Labor Day. That means we sh'n't be here for his birthday." Mark, in dumb show, was indicating his fervent approval. "We'll call you when we get back," Lina finished. "Thanks again, and say hello to John for us."

Mark kissed her as she hung up. "Well done," he said. "The Patsons give me a pain."

"I thought you liked them."

"Frankly," he whispered, "their ideas stink."

She threw her arms around him and held him tight. "Oh, darling," she laughed, "they *do* stink! Indeed they do!" She drew back, holding his hands, and they laughed together in mutual understanding of what had come to pass. Mark had changed, and he wasn't afraid to admit it.

One morning he looked up from his newspaper and said:

"I wonder where Joe Hegart is."

"I think he's in New York. I saw him awhile back, coming out of a motion-picture theater with a girl."

"I'd like to see Joe. Haven't talked to him in—how long has it been?"

"Over two years," she said. "You haven't seen him since we were married."

They looked in the phone-book, but Joe wasn't listed.

CHAPTER

16



IT was just five o'clock when Lina let herself into the apartment and walked on to the living-room.

The man standing by the fire had his back to her, but she recognized him at once. She stood in the doorway, and the clock on the mantel began to strike. Once again, like that day when she saw him for the first time in the gas station, a sudden cold premonition briefly darkened her world. It was very like that first meeting, even to the thin bell sounding: *Kling! Four. Kling! Five.*

"Hello, Joe!" She went to him, hand extended. He seized it and shook it heartily.

"Hi, Lina!"

"You must be psychic!"

"How'd you know?" he grinned.

"Mark and I spoke of you just last night!"

"No kidding!"

"We looked in the phone-book, but we couldn't find you."

"I'm living out in Jersey."

"That *explains it*."

"I'm *married now*."

"No!"

"Yep."

"Why didn't you get in touch with us? Why didn't you tell us you were married?"

"I don't know. Guess I was just too busy getting used to it myself!"

She put her purse and gloves on the mantel, took off her hat, and ran her fingers through her hair. "You should have called Mark. He—he missed you."

"Where is he?"

"He'll be home soon."

"How is he?"

"Just fine."

"You're looking swell, Lina."

"Thanks. So are you!" She went to the tray on the table. "Highball?"

"Thanks."

"How long have you been married?"

"About four months."

"How do you like it?"

"I'm for it," he said. "How do *you* like it?"

"I'm for it," she laughed. "Say when."

He watched her squirt soda into the glass. "When," he said. She gave him the highball glass, and went over to the sofa.

"Do you still fly, Joe?"

"I'm teaching at an aeronautical school in Jersey," he replied. After a time he went on, speaking somewhat too casually: "I understand Mark's given it up."

"Yes," she said. "He's running his uncle's business now."

"Cotton, isn't it?"

"Yes, cotton." She studied him for a moment, so deeply that he looked away and took a gulp from his glass. "Mark likes his work," she said slowly. "He's doing very nicely." After a pause she repeated: "Very nicely."

Joe got it. It was veiled, but the challenge was there. "Mark is happy as he is," she was telling him. "If you have come to take him away again, you'll have his contentment to cope with. And me."

She sat back on the sofa, adjusting a cushion under her elbow. Joe sat in the armchair opposite.

"Tell me about Mrs. Hegart," she said, smiling again. "Where did you meet?"

"Right here in New York," he said, "in a restaurant. She was a waitress. We got married a week after we met."

Lina laughed. "Must have been a whirlwind romance!"

"No. We sort of knew, right away. And we weren't wrong."

"I'm glad, Joe," she said. "I'll bet she's pretty."

"Yes, she's pretty," he replied. "Sort of little—and sort of sweet." His eyes were warm with some inner reminiscence. "She's a good girl."

"Doesn't she mind your flying?"

"Mind?" He considered it for a moment. "She doesn't like to fly herself—won't go near a plane; but she's never said anything to make me think she— No, I guess she's not afraid I'll get hurt, if that's what you mean."

Lina heard Mark's key in the outer door. "Here he comes," she said.

THE reunion was joyous and noisy, with much wringing of hands and shouted abuse. They hugged each other, called each other names, and lapsed into the Spanish phrases of their months together on the Ebro. Mark insisted on meeting Joe's bride at once.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Honey," said Joe. "Short for *Gertrude*."

"Call her! Get her over here! We'll all go out to dinner together." He turned to Lina. "How about the World's Fair?"

"Wonderful," she said. "The French Pavilion."

Joe whistled. "I hear it's ten bucks for a cup of coffee, and twenty for a kind look from the waiter. It's for millionaires."

"We're all millionaires!" said Mark. "Four millionaires on a toot!"

"Honey wants to see the Futurama," said Joe. "I've been planning to take her, but you have to stand in line so long."

"Mark can get us in," said Lina. "He knows somebody."

"I know all the right people now, Joe. Wait till you get a load of me! I'm on the way to being a tycoon."

"Not you," Joe said quietly. "Not for long." The glance between them held.

Lina broke it. "If we're going to the Futurama before we eat, we'd better hurry. I'll go dress."

"I'll go get Honey," said Joe. "She's at her sister's over on the West Side."

"Finish your drink," said Mark. "There's time."

FROM her bedroom, as she dressed, Lina could hear the rumble of their voices. There was no laughter now, just a low, even, uninterrupted murmur. After a while she heard Joe leave.

Mark came into the bedroom. He was abstracted, preoccupied with whatever it was that had been said between him and Joe. He stripped and went into the bathroom, and she heard the whish of the shower as he turned it on.

She knew what it was they had talked about. She knew as though Mark had told her, as though he had come and had stood before her, saying:

"Joe and I want to go away. . . . England, this time—the R.A.F."

"I'm going away, Lina." The robin on the grass cocked its head at his voice.

"For a long time?"

"I don't know."

"Where are you going?"

"To Spain, with Rigo and Joe."

The sound of the shower stopped, and she heard Mark whistling softly in the bathroom.

"I want very much for you to understand this, Lina."

"But I don't understand."

"I see that now."

"But it's not your war?"

"It's a cause that mustn't be lost."

"I don't care about your fine phrases! I don't want you to go! Oh, Mark, do I mean so little to you?"

The white, awful pause, and then, "That was the wrong thing to say."

That was the wrong thing to say! This time she would be less honest, but far more wise. Only an utter fool makes the same mistake twice. This time she would not beg him to stay. She would not complain or plead. This time she would be clever.

Mark came back into the room, tying the belt of his bathrobe, his wet hair sticking up all over his head. He shoved his hands into the pockets of the robe, walked slowly to the window-seat, sat for a moment, rose again and lighted a cigarette.

("He's trying to think of a way to tell me," she thought. "He's afraid; he's not certain how I'll take it.")

"You've gone and got your hair wet again, Mark. You'll be bald before you know it."

"Never. My father kept his hair." He stood behind her, his arms resting on her shoulders. "That's what counts. The heritage." She could smell the faint perfume of soap and talcum as he bent to kiss the top of her head.

The heritage: "I wasn't intended to overhear what was said between my father and my mother that afternoon in his study, but I did hear it. . . . He was never the same again. . . . I always blamed her for it."

"What shall I wear?" Lina asked.

It took him a while to answer.

"What?"

"Shall I wear the little black dress? Then I can wear the black hat with the veil, the one you like."

"Mm-hm," he murmured. She was sure her words had not registered at all. He wandered away, removed his robe, and began to dress.

After two years she had found again the man, the husband, the lover she wanted. When you found what you wanted, you held on to it. You didn't give it up. You held on with all the strength and cleverness that was in you. That was marriage. That was life. That was fighting back against the world that could take him away and maybe never send him back. This time he wouldn't leave her. She'd see to that.

Mark, selecting a tie from the rack, paused and turned to her. He seemed about to speak. She didn't want him to; not yet.

"I like the dark red tie," she said. "I never did care much for the black and white." He put the black-and-white tie back on the rack and pulled out the red one. She went to the closet and busily pushed dresses aside on the bar, though she knew that the little black one was hanging at the right-hand end.

There were any number of ways to keep a man from leaving, without actually asking him to stay. It had been done before, a thousand times. Men had been tricked before. There was nothing so dreadful about it. Ten years from now, nobody would be the worse for it. In books and plays, perfectly decent women did such things and were called clever for it at the happy ending. It was part of the struggle, old as love itself, between woman's need for security and man's need for freedom. But how—

The doorbell rang.

"There they are," said Mark, putting on his jacket.

"I'm almost ready."

"I'll mix a cocktail for them," he said. "Don't be too long." He went out of the room.

LINA put on the dress. There were rows of small buttons along the wrists. She began to do them up.

But how? By getting Joe out of the picture? Make Mark quarrel with Joe. What could they quarrel about? Jealousy, of course. That was the obvious. . . . But Mark wouldn't believe it. A sudden passion between Lina and Joe would be comic. Besides, there was Joe's bride. No, it was ridiculous. Find something else.

She put the last little loop over the last button, picked up the veiled black hat and went to the mirror.

Wait. Don't drop the jealousy idea entirely. Maybe not Joe, but what about Charley? Jealousy could make Mark unwilling to leave her. During the Kate Merrilane period he had been jealous of Charley; despite his own defection, he used to come into her room before he went to bed to ask what time she had come in, to look carefully into her face, to satisfy himself that Charley was still no more to her than a compensation for neglect.

Charley would come running at the first hint. That would be easy. . . . No. It was no good. Charley was in Washington, and there had been talk of an engagement between him and Geegee Hasworth . . . Geegee had gone to stay with her aunt in Washington.

Lina adjusted the veil on her hat and fastened it with a small pin.

Find something outside the realm of love and sex. Something hard and cold and inescapable, like money or business. . . . Business. What if things could not be straightened out at the office? What if duty and responsibility kept him tied to his job? Perhaps Uncle Brenley could help there. It was a possibility. But would Uncle Brenley help?

"Lina!" Mark was calling.

In the living-room, Mark turned to Joe and his wife. "Look," he said quickly, "if you don't mind. I'd rather you didn't say anything about our—about the R.A.F."

"Doesn't Lina know?" Joe asked.

"Not yet," said Mark. "I'll speak to her tonight, when we get back from the Fair." He turned, smiling, as Lina entered the room, and introduced Mrs. Hegart.

Honey Hegart was the girl with the frizzy hair whom Lina had seen with Joe in front of the motion picture theater. She was a small girl, somewhat overpowered by a green satin dress with an accordion-pleated skirt, a green hat blooming with assorted flowers, and a large green purse that bore her initials in two-inch letters of shiny brass. Despite careful makeup, her pretty little face carried like a not-wholly-erased shadow the pinched look of a hungry childhood.

THEY drove to the Fair in Mark's car. Honey was happy and at ease, completely unaware of the contrast between herself and Lina. She was looking forward to her evening at the Fair; like a child savoring in advance the treat it is about to enjoy, she chattered about it, asking questions and retailing things she had heard.

"The French Pavilion is where they have the fountains outside, isn't it?"

"That's right," said Mark.

"They say it's the best place to see them." She turned to Lina. "The fountains are all colors, and they play music by themselves."

"I know," said Lina. "They're very beautiful."

"Every time we planned to go," Honey said, "something came up. We kept putting it off, and now the Fair is almost over and we've only been once and spent the whole time at the Aquacade and watching the panda. Did you see the panda?"

"Yes," said Lina. "He was a darling."

"That's just what I said. I thought the panda was just darling. Joe, do they call it a baby giant panda or a giant baby panda? I never can remember."

"Nobody can," said Joe.

"Well, anyway," Honey said, "it was just darling."

They parked the car and walked to the Futurama. Mark linked his arm with Lina's.

"Tired?"

Lina shook her head. "I'm all right."

"Something the matter?"

"I guess so," she said. "I think you know what it is."

"Do I?" he asked.

She turned to him and smiled. "You want to go away with Joe, don't you?"

The color rushed to his face. After a pause he said: "I was hoping we'd have a chance to talk it over quietly."

"England?" she asked.

"Yes." He was almost pathetic in his eagerness to tell about it. "There's a committee from the Canadian Govern-

ment here signing men up. Joe spoke to them. He says it's a cinch. They're hungry for trained flyers. They've been getting a flock of inexperienced kids."

HE laced his fingers through hers, and his arm pressed her closer to him as they walked.

("He's so afraid," she thought; "he's so very afraid I'll say the wrong thing.")

"When are you going?"

"We were planning to register tomorrow. That is, if—"

"Will they send you away very soon after that?"

"I don't know. It's likely. We're needed badly."

"Mark. . . . I have just one question."

"Spill it," he said, trying to smile.

"It's just. . . . Are you sure you're needed? I mean, shouldn't you say to yourself: 'What are my talents and where can they be most useful?' Maybe you're just throwing yourself away. Remember that young physicist we read about? Moseley was his name, I think. In the World War. He was one of the greatest minds of the Twentieth Century, they said. But he went out to fight like anybody else, and was shot in the head at Gallipoli. He would have served his country better in a laboratory back in England, they said later. Maybe you're wasting what you have to offer."

"I've thought about it," said Mark, "and it seems to me that at the moment I'll be most useful in England. Maybe some day I'll be needed here. I hope that need will never come; perhaps I can do something to forestall it."

He folded his other hand over hers. "They may not even let me fly, you know. They may put me to work teaching. Remember what we told you about the value of stunt flying for pilots who are outnumbered or have to engage better planes than their own? I can teach their boys that. I can teach them a lot."

Even if he were safe, even if they kept him in a flying-school, he would still be away from her. Thousands of miles away, in England. She wanted him here.

"Hey!" came Joe's voice. "Where're you going?"

Mark and Lina turned; they had passed the entrance to the Futurama. Joe commented on the absent-mindedness of people who hold hands.

He was going sooner than she had expected. That changed things. The plan must be something that could be carried out quickly, perhaps tonight. It must be something that did not depend upon the uncertain, not wholly predictable reactions of others. It must be something she herself could do, alone. . . . If she were seriously ill, or injured—

And suddenly there it was, easy and perfect: the box of veronal tablets, the sleeping-pills prescribed for Mark by the doctor a year ago, and left forgotten in the medicine chest. There must be at least thirty of them, and Mark knew it. Take three or four, enough to drug her deeply. Throw the others down the drain. Leave the empty box where Mark would find it. He'd rush her to a hospital; they'd pump her stomach, thinking she'd swallowed them all, and she'd recover. Mark would be frightened and deeply moved to find she didn't want to live without him. He wouldn't go away then; he couldn't under those conditions. He'd be afraid she'd try it again; people who did it once always did it again. . . . This was it. It was perfect. To lie white and wan in her bed and beg his pardon, pleading that she couldn't help it. . . . He wouldn't leave her.

"Come tour the future," the air-borne voice of the Futurama began. "This magic Aladdin-like flight through time and space will show you what will develop in the not-too-distant future."

Mark wasn't watching. His eyes were on Lina's face. She had a moment's fear; it was not beyond possibility that he might succeed in guessing her thoughts; he had done it so often before.

"We have arrived," said the Futurama voice, "in this wonder-world of 1960! Sunshine, trees, farms, hills and valleys, flowers and flowing streams. . . . This world of tomorrow is a world of beauty!"

"A world of beauty!" Joe hooted. "Everything in place, everything just dandy, running smooth as silk! Everybody full of vitamins, eating grapefruit! Pyaa! Don't they read the newspapers?"

"Man has forged ahead since 1940," said the voice. "New and better things have sprung from his industry and genius."

"Get that!" said Joe.

"Is this Motorway actually the roadway of 1960? Perhaps. We know only that the world moves on and on, and that the highways of a nation are what set the pace for advancing civilization."

"Advancing civilization!" muttered Joe. "They're dying of starvation in Poland! They're living in caves in Spain! Advancing civilization, my foot!"

They traveled from level to level in the magic chairs, viewing the endless panorama of towns and cities, rivers and lakes, industrial plants, country clubs, forests, valleys and mountains. It was a smooth, well-ordered, ivory future, a best-of-all-possible-worlds created by the god-like power of science in the form of streamlined automobiles, super-highways and multi-decked bridges.

"Here, in buildings of simple but functional architecture," said the Futurama voice in rich, promising tones, "the youth of 1960 study for and envision their future in a world of still greater progress and achievement."

"I can't take it," moaned Joe. "Oh, mommie, I don't like it!"

"Whether you like it or not, you goof," Honey laughed. "you're on the train and you can't get off!"

"Mark," said Joe, "my wife's a philosopher. We're on the train, and we can't get off."

But Mark was still looking at Lina, puzzled. This was a new face, one he did not recognize. It was not brave or tearful, not troubled by the sudden news of his leaving, no longer even enigmatic; it was cold and still, as though she were adding up figures in her head. When she caught him looking at her, she smiled and tried to conceal it, but it was still there. . . . Calculating. . . . He had never seen her that way before.

"Dawn is breaking!" said the Futurama. "Another day is born! Who can say what lies before us?"

CHAPTER

17



THE powder-room of the French Pavilion was a model of Gallic boudoir elegance, lush with satin surfaces, perfumed air, softly-cushioned couches, and cunning flattery of lights. Honey threw a cautious eye at the chic maid and lowered her voice. "It makes you feel so ladylike and important, doesn't it?" They seated themselves at the long dressing-table. "My goodness, look at my hair!" She pulled off her hat and took a comb from her purse.

A few seconds later, glancing at Honey in the mirror, Lina stopped, her powder puff halfway to her chin. A

change had come over Honey. She was gazing blindly into the mirror, her face pallid and her mouth slack; slowly her eyes closed and her head began to slump.

Lina caught her as she fainted. The maid came running, babbling in French.

Honey came to on the satin couch, turning her head away from the smelling-salts. "I'm all right," she breathed. "I'm all right now."

"Drink this," said Lina.

Honey swallowed the spirits of ammonia and lay back, closing her eyes. "I guess I was just too tired. . . . Too much excitement, I guess."

"Don't talk. Just rest awhile." Lina turned to the maid. "She'll stay here for a few minutes. She's all right now."

Honey's color was coming back. She spoke apologetically, in a thin voice.

"I did too much rushing around today, I guess. First I was at my sister's, and then at your house and then coming out here and all—"

Lina was regarding her steadily.

Honey avoided her glance. "Maybe I oughtn't to of taken that cocktail." Her eyes went halfway to Lina's and moved away again.

After a pause Lina spoke quietly: "Does Joe know?"

"Know what?" Honey asked, and began to look about on the couch. "Where's my purse?"

"Does he know," Lina asked, "that you're going to have a child?"

HONEY drew a deep breath and swallowed. She found the purse and held it, running her thumb over the shiny initials.

"Why haven't you told him?" asked Lina.

Honey sat up, pulling the green pleated skirt into order over her knees. "I feel better," she said. "I'm all right now." She began to fumble in the purse. "What did I do with my compact?"

"You should tell him," said Lina.

"I guess maybe I'll tell him later. . . . I only just found out yesterday."

"But he's going away," said Lina, watching her carefully. "You know that, don't you? He may leave in a day or two."

"I thought you didn't know. Mark said you didn't know."

"I do, though. I know now. But if I were going to have a baby, I wouldn't let him go. I'd tell him. Why don't you tell Joe?"

Honey looked at the floor, then up at Lina.

"Because he wants to go away—and he wouldn't go if I told him."

Two women came out of the inner room. "So I'll just give her a good reference and send her off," one of them was saying.

"That's all you *can* do," said the other. They crossed the powder-room. "You'd never be comfortable again with her in the house."

"That's what I said to Oliver. We just can't take any chances, I said, with two children in the—" The door closed upon them.

Honey had located the compact in her purse. She rubbed the puff against the cake.

"But he doesn't have to go," said Lina. "Why shouldn't he stay here with you?"

Honey shook her head slowly. "He wouldn't like it." She went on rubbing the powder cake.

"That's nonsense!" cried Lina. "Why wouldn't he like it? He's in love with you."

"Yes, I know. . . . But that might change if he felt tied down."

"Why *shouldn't* he be tied down? That's something men have to face when they get married! It's part of grow-

ing up! Don't you see that his going is only a kind of self-indulgence? He married you, and it's his duty to stay!"

"But he's just crazy to go," said Honey. "It's his dream."

"The man never lived who didn't give up a dream or two when he married. That's part of being an adult. He should expect it."

Honey seemed confused. "I don't know about those things," she said. "I don't know about the rules or anything like that. I only know Joe's not like other men. I have to treat him according."

"But what about yourself?" Lina persisted. "Why don't you consider yourself? Aren't you afraid to be alone?"

"Yes, I guess so," Honey whispered. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I hate it. . . . I just hate it!" A tear broke bounds: she wiped it away with the puff and automatically began to powder her face. "But what can I do? It would be worse if I made him stay. He might get to hate me." The powder was too pale and too thick; it gave her a clownish look. "I couldn't do that to him. He might get to hate himself."

"What if he doesn't come back?"

"That's a chance a girl has to take who's married to a man like Joe. Even with that chance it's better than being married to anybody else."

There are some men who hear the trumpets and see the banners on the sky and must pursue them. And there are some women who can love only these men. . . .

Honey looked up, her eyes warm and bright. "You ought to know, because Mark's the same, isn't he? Joe says he's the same."

There is a brotherhood of such men all over the earth and past the barriers of time, men with vision that reaches beyond the day's circumstance and must be followed to the point of sacrifice, men who can hear the unexpressed dreams of the world. . . . And the women who love these men are destined for heartbreak and sorrow, but also for greater joy than other women ever know, for their men are to them more than men, being touched with godhead.

"Yes," Lina whispered, "Mark's the same."

"I don't want Joe to go," Honey said. "It's almost killing me. But it would be much worse if I made him stay. I know that. I just know it. . . ."

Lina's voice was almost inaudible. "I know it too. I've known it all along, but I didn't let myself think of it." She felt a sudden cold fear, like someone who, having stopped just in time on the edge of a precipice, later begins to shake with horror at what might have happened.

"At least he'll go on loving me while he's away," Honey was saying. "If he's all right with himself, inside, he'll love me. He won't be all right if he stays here."

"It's more than just making him go on loving you," Lina said. "It's that women have responsibilities, beyond menus and bringing up children, in this world."

Honey was puzzled. "Yes," she said, "it's just crazy, isn't it?" She wasn't quite sure now what Lina was talking about.

"Yes," said Lina, half to herself, "it's crazy. . . . To keep them, we must send them away. That would sound crazy to anybody but us, I guess, Honey."

Honey nodded, her eyes filling with tears again.

ON the terrace of the French Pavilion Mark and Joe sat at a table set for four.

"I wonder what's keeping the girls," said Joe.

"When you've been married as long as I have, you'll stop wondering."

"Some day I'm going to spy on one of those ladies' rooms and see what they can find to do that takes them so long."

"Didn't you ever watch her dress?" asked Mark. "That ought to tell you. Straighten the stocking seam, pull down the girdle, pull up the shoulder strap, smooth out the eyebrows—"

Joe was grinning. "Yeh. It's cute. I like it when they walk around the room in their slippers and those clackety bedroom slippers. Their legs look cute sticking out of those short slippers, like colts' legs."

"I once knew a fellow," said Mark, "who said that to be happily married you must never see each other dress. You must never watch your wife putting on cold cream, and she must never watch you shaving."

"He was nuts, that guy," said Joe. "There's nothing gives you that nice feeling of being married more than watching her smear her face with grease. I like it. And I get a kick out of the dumb questions she asks about shaving."

"I knew another fellow," Mark told him, "who said if you wanted to stay happy there were only two things you had to remember: tell her at least once a week you were crazy about her, and avoid her family."

"Everybody's got his own rules," said Joe. "I've heard guys say twin beds, and I've heard others say double beds, and I even heard one guy say separate apartments."

"I've even heard some recommend infidelity," Mark laughed.

"It's a lot of double-talk," said Joe. "There aren't any rules except try to be happy."

MARK nodded slowly.

"It's a pretty complicated business, marriage. Everybody's married, everyone goes through it, and yet they're still figuring it out. The professors are still writing books about it." Mark looked out across the lagoon. On the edges of the pool people were gathering for the fountain display. "The most interesting part of it to me," he said, "is the way it keeps changing. The feeling that a man and his wife have for each other doesn't ever stay the same for long. You read the newspaper interviews with people who've been married for fifty years, and they say 'We love each other now just the way we did the day we were married.' Maybe they do, but what went on in the years between?"

"I wonder about that too," said Joe.

"Love changes. It never stands still. It's constantly increasing, and then diminishing, and then increasing again. It wanes and waxes like the tides. . . ."

Joe was staring at the tablecloth. He looked up. "Do you think it's true," he asked, "what they say about absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder?" He was like a schoolboy.

Mark smiled. "Getting worried?"

Joe shifted in his chair. "It's pretty tough," he said, "cutting loose, and for I don't know how long."

They sat in silence for a time.

"By the way, Lina knows now," said Mark. "She knows we're going."

"Is that what you two were talking about before, outside the Futurama? I had a hunch you were telling—"

"Yes, but I didn't have to tell her. She guessed. She's pretty quick."

Joe's question was in his eyes. Mark answered it. "I don't know, Joe. She hasn't said go, and she hasn't said stay. She didn't complain or cry, and yet I have the feeling that—" He hesitated.

"What?" Joe asked gently.

"I don't know what she's planning, but I think that—" Again he paused.

"That something's cooking?"

"I don't know."

"Will you stay here," Joe asked, "if she says don't go?"

"What bothers me is that I don't think she'll say don't go. This time she'll just do something."

"This time?"

Mark didn't answer that. The musical prologue to the fountain display began, with a sharp flourish of trumpets. Joe turned toward the door through which Honey and Lina had disappeared. He didn't want Honey to miss the show.

Mark rose and walked to the railing of the pavilion. The lights were being dimmed for the display. The crowd around the lagoon grew quiet to watch, as the opening passage of the symphony came rolling out, rich with 'cellos and violas.

"The World of Tomorrow," Mark murmured. "They call this 'The World of Tomorrow.'" The fountains were beginning to rise, breaking the smooth surface of the lagoon into scores of silver spearheads. "It's not that. It's a swan-song. It's the final summary of a way of life we'll never see again."

The World's Fair, which at its beginning was sometimes termed somebody's "Folly," was ending, in the autumn of 1940, as the rich death-bloom of an era in which the possibilities of man's progress had seemed limitless and the course only upward: an era which, seeking salvation in streamlining and hope in refrigerators, had been able to look forward with high satisfaction to a world of magic highways, conversations over light beams, dinners prepared by robots, milk from mechanical cows, hearts kept alive in jars, and humans living on without hearts.

Mark looked beyond the lagoon toward the International Section where, earlier, he had walked with the others through avenues bright with modernity and had come upon those ghosts, the buildings erected by countries now dead or dying—Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Poland, Norway, Holland, Spain. . . . There they stood, grim, ironic reminders of the one thing the scientists had forgotten—the still unperfected soul of man.

But the world of tomorrow would belong not only to science but as much to a spirit in the people, a new spirit which had just begun to stir, like a great sleeping giant, and would some day be the greatest and most powerful force that ever existed upon the earth.

The fountains were launched upon the beautiful pageant which they played every night in this graveyard of dead nations. The light changed to a coppery glow.

LINA and Honey came hurrying to the rail, squeezing in between Mark and Joe. The copper light turned to amber, and the four young faces were illuminated in the reflected color. The music diminished to a thin silver thread of sound, the sweet treble note of a cornet; the fountains went crystal white.

Then, cutting across, the brasses sharply began a new stirring theme, and the fountains turned blood-red, spreading out in wide floods. The air filled with the sound of rushing water.

"Listen!" Lina whispered. "Listen! It's the Ebro!"

Mark turned to her quickly.

"It's here!" she said. "The Ebro, flowing right over our feet! Remember, Mark? Remember what you said?"

"I remember. . . ."

Spain is the beginning of a war whose end we may never live to see. It's the dress rehearsal, and the show won't be a comedy. . . . The fight's begun and it will spread and spread like fire in a field. . . .

The fountains broke into luminous areas of green, blue and gold, and changed to rose and then to deep, shining blue.

"And do you remember what you said to me a long time ago? You said it was possible for a woman to grow up. I think I have, at last."

We need new wisdoms, Uncle Howard. We need new wisdoms and new strengths. . . .

You'll be all right, Lina. . . . You'll be okay. . . .

"I've learned, Mark, that lovers can't shut themselves away and forget the world . . . love can't exist in an ivory tower. Not today. Not any more. Not for you and me."

Mark's arms suddenly went around her, holding her painfully tight. "I said the right thing," she thought, "I said the right thing!" He was kissing her eyes, her throat, her mouth, wordlessly pouring out his passionate gratitude. And Lina recognized at last, for the first time since their marriage, the complete, deep, almost violent love he was capable of, too rich to be borne, too deep to be plumbed, and too strong to die, for it sprang now from that element in human love which puts it, in the end, above the animals and beyond them.

Honey was weeping in Joe's arms. "Give them hell, Joe!" she sobbed. "Fight hard and give them hell!"

Humanity has struck its tent and is on the march again. . . .

The music of the fountains had built to a wild cry and the water was spurting in powerful jets of white and gold, so high and so bright that out of the surrounding darkness the crowd became visible, a silent ring of white faces framing the lagoon like the compelling ghosts of the future.

We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last best hope of earth. . . .

Mark bent to kiss her again and then spoke over her head to Joe, exultantly raising his voice against the music that now filled the air with enormous waves of sound.

"Hey, Joe! Mom says I can go!"

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Book-Length Novel

by Whitfield Cook

who wrote the

Violet stories

(this highly dramatic

novel is not a Violet story)

★ *And a Novelette*

by Franz Hoellering

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE *Thanksgiving*

We had polished off the turkey,
And they'd cleared away the food,
And my host and I were lounging
In an after-dinner mood,
When he raised his glass of
Seagram's Seven
And said: "Well, come what may,
Here's a toast to all the blessings
We are fighting for today.

"Here's to liberty and tolerance
And justice for mankind,
To the country where a fellow's
Not afraid to speak his mind,
Where there's food for all the hungry
And where life is worth the living
Yes, as long as there's America
There will always be
Thanksgiving."

Served either before or after, Seagram's 7 Crown is a mellowing complement to a traditional Thanksgiving dinner.

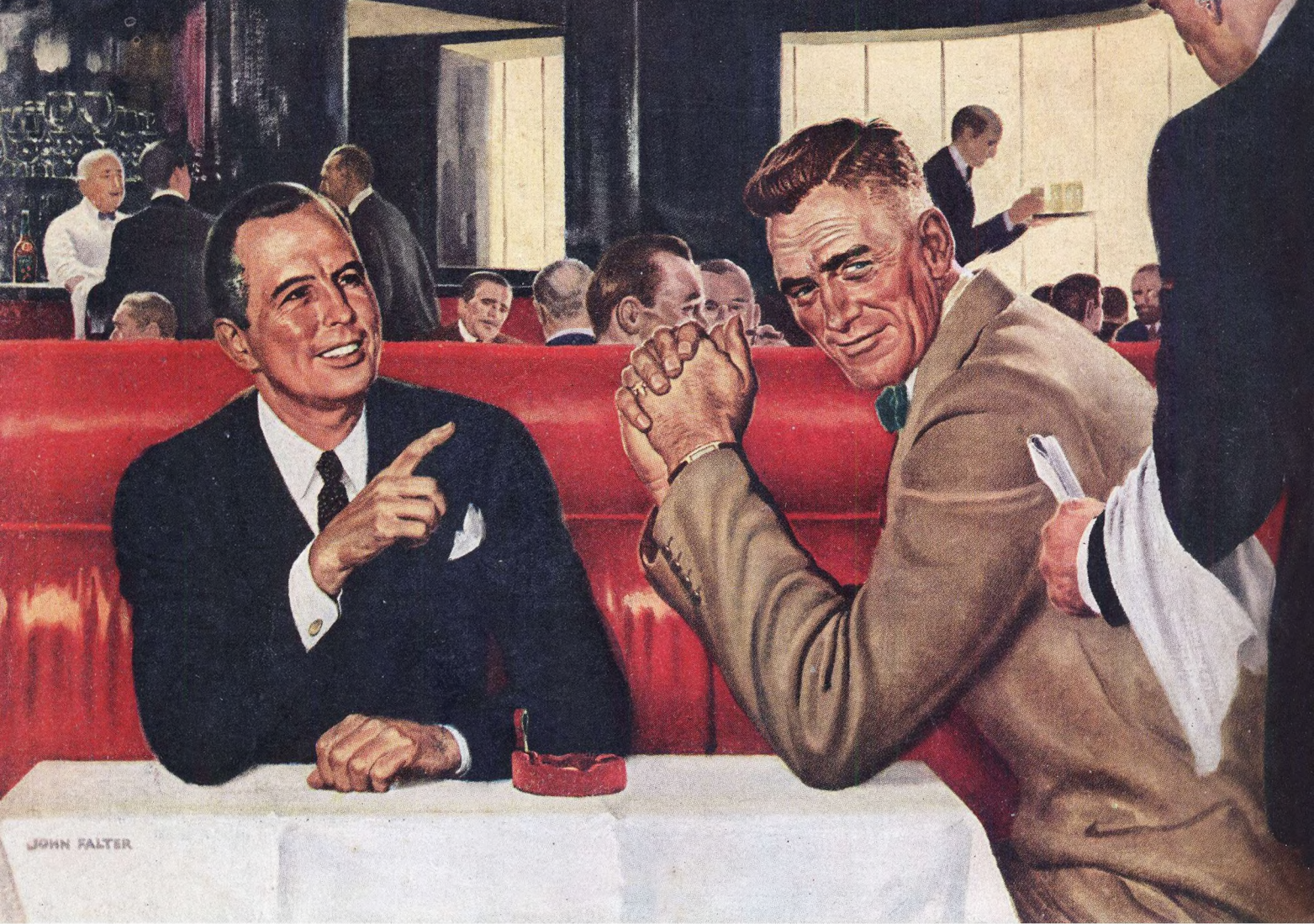


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MOST PLEASING to the Palate - **LEAST TAXING** to the Taste

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York



Four-Star hit with a Lone-Star man



TED: How's every little thing down home in Texas, Bill?

BILL: Zooming along, Ted. But it's good to be here in the Big Town again. What's first on the program?

TED: Well, to start things off right, I'm going to have the barman introduce you to what we New Yorkers consider the world's finest whiskey-and-soda.

BILL: Deep in the heart of Texas, when a man says that, he's talking about just one thing: *Four Roses!*

TED: But...

BILL: Four Roses! There's a whiskey a man can tie to! That velvety smoothness... mellow as a Texas moon!

TED: Wait a minute, old man. I was just going to...

BILL: It sure beats me how anybody

could pass up the glorious flavor of today's Four Roses! Man! That bouquet... soft and fragrant as purple sage on a sun-soaked prairie!

TED: Hold on, now, you ham-fisted cowpuncher! You can sell me Texas, but I don't need a Texan to tell me that today's Four Roses is the best whiskey ever bottled. I already know it! In fact, it was Four-Roses-and-soda that I was about to order when you stampeded me! Waiter...



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!