A Novel of Rivalry in Love by Mary Hastings Bradley

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

DECEMBER 35¢

Ursula Parrott
Booth Tarkington
Faith Baldwin
Paul Gallico
Pearl S. Buck
Martha Cheavens

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ROBERT BLACK
GEN DEL

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.

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

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—

Very few can claim real beauty . . . *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same magnetic 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!

The 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.

★ ★ ★ ★

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

★ ★ ★ ★

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.

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

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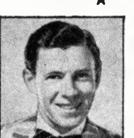
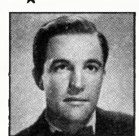


The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

★ ★ ★ ★

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." —*Leo*

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

THE FOUR-BOOK MAGAZINE

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

Frances Whiting • Editor

VOL. 113, No. 6

December 1942

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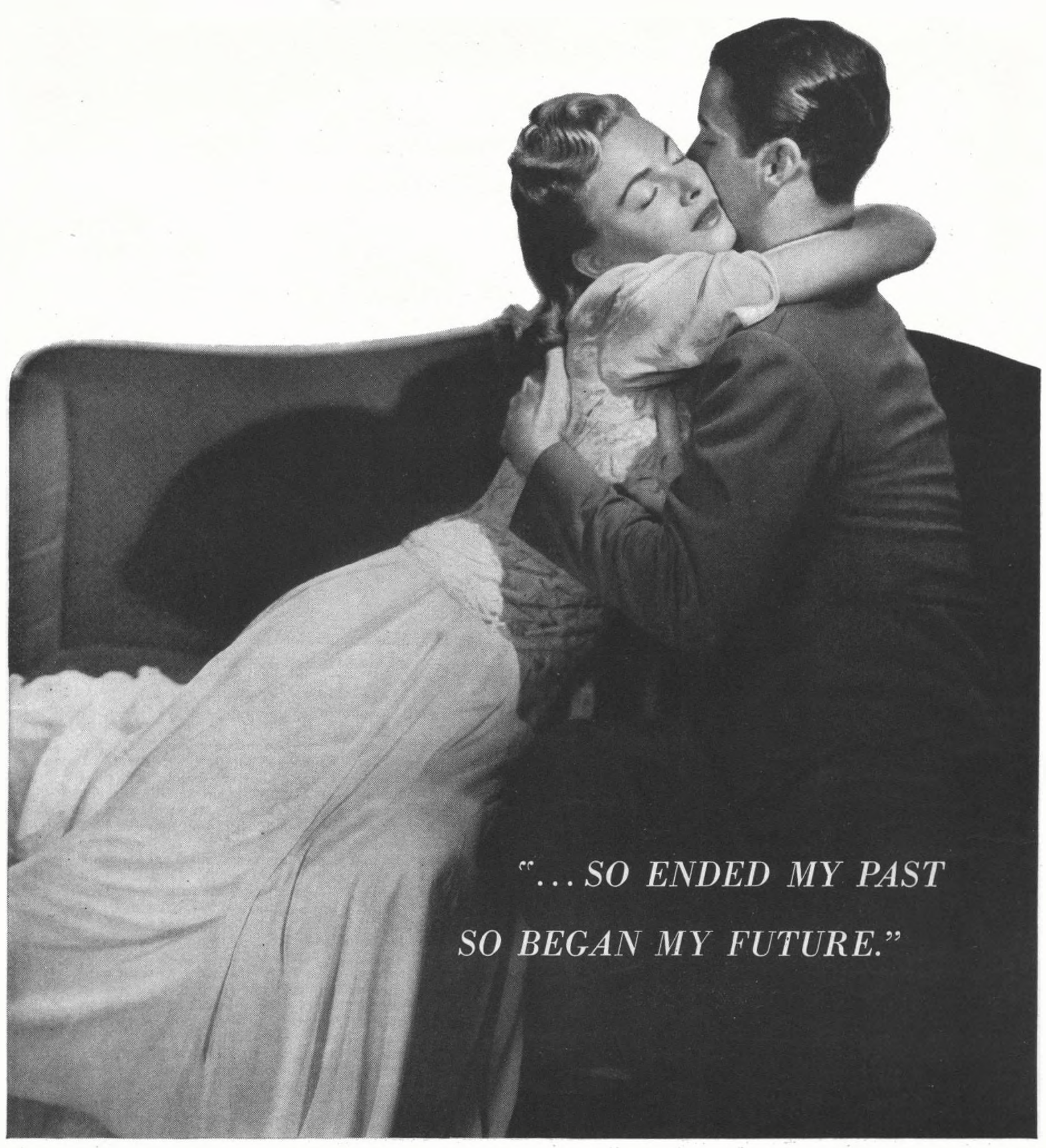
Keep informed—read Magazine Advertising!



I WAS A HITCH-HIKER on the highway of love. I was the woman men were glad to forget... I was the lonely heart with a capital L.

Then I got a straight-from-the-shoulder tip from my best girl friend that literally changed my entire life. Now I'm back from my vacation engaged to an adorable man whom every girl in the place was after. Life seems beautiful now. And the lonely heart is lonely no longer.

Here's the hint I got . . . and *took*:

"Don't neglect your breath*, darling," my girl friend told me. "When it's off-color people are off you. And you may never know when it is that way. From now on better let Listerine look after it."

If you seem to be out of things perhaps you, too, will do well to take the hint that helped me.

* * *

*While occasionally of systemic origin, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher less likely to offend. Better not guess about your breath . . . better not take chances. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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this Gremlin just wouldn't stay off the page

What's Going On

How The Gremlins Came to Cosmopolitan

It all began with a telephone call. One of our favorite literary agents said, "Would you like a story about The Gremlins? They are six inches tall and wear suction shoes and green derby hats, and there are two of them in my office now, but I can't see them because I'm not a pilot." We said soothingly, "Now, why don't you go home and get a rest and tomorrow you will feel better." But when we read the manuscript, sitting where we could see the sun on green fields and tall corn and smell sweet fresh hay, we thought, "This is how Alice must have felt when, in an English garden, she first heard of Wonderland. This is the greatest legend born in *our* time."

Disney's staff examines Gremlin sketches.

When you read the story on page 37 you will understand that enchantment descended on Cosmopolitan's offices after The Gremlins came to stay. When we heard that the author was coming to call we were glad and sorry. What mere mortal could measure up to The Gremlins? He walked in, the real man behind the pen name "Pegasus," handsome in the uniform of the R.A.F., well over six feet tall and with just the eyes and smile he should have had. He'd just completed arrangements with Walt Disney to bring The Gremlins to the screen. We said he must be very proud of his story, publication in Cosmopolitan and a Disney presentation to follow. Yes, he told us, he was glad because it would mean a lot of money for the R.A.F. Emergency Fund. "Aren't *you* getting anything out of it?" we asked. "Oh, yes, indeed," he said, "there is provision in the contract for enough money to buy me a new tooth."

Pegasus is a veteran of the Battle of Britain. He fought also in Greece and Crete and was shot down not so long ago in Libya. Invalided here for recuperation, he still carries a crack in his skull, but it is healing. We asked whether this injury would keep him permanently out of the air and said, "Surely The Gremlins will be able to help you." "Yes, certainly," he answered gravely, "except that they haven't quite mastered X-ray technique."

Pegasus does not claim to be the creator of The Gremlins. Nobody really knows, he says, how the legend started. There are many versions of the origin of these wonderful little creatures. What Pegasus did, with the approval of the British authorities, was to set down the most widely accepted version of their origin and exploits. As with any living legend, word-of-mouth accounts vary, and it's the writer's job to select and embellish the best and to raise the whole story to the level of literature. How splendidly Pegasus has fulfilled this task you'll discover in this issue of Cosmopolitan, *where for the first time the complete approved version of The Gremlins appears.*

Pegasus was careful to warn us that several of The Gremlins were now in our office. Not being fliers, we couldn't see them, of course. They are jealous little people and will be watching every move you make on their story, he reminded us. If you leave any of them out, beware. So far there have been no suspicious occurrences, and our Art Director, who flew out to work with Walt Disney's staff on the drawings, assures us that there was no Gremlin trouble in Hollywood.

Unquestionably the story of The Gremlins is the greatest contribution to living folklore in more than a hundred years. It is destined to live long after this war has been forgotten. The Gremlins belong with the immortals of literature because they express the invincible human spirit creating out of war and brutality the antidote for these very things; they demonstrate the miraculous human mind at work translating unendurable strain into gaiety and beauty. Just so, we believe, will that same human spirit build beauty and peace again into this tired world.

And now for a preview of Cosmopolitan's Christmas issue. Mary Roberts Rinehart ignored a badly broken arm to write a tale such as only she can. Booth Tarkington tells a story of a black sheep who points an object lesson in true charity, and Viña Delmar contributes a glowing family classic. J. B. Priestley's book-length novel, "Blackout in Gretley," is grand reading.

F. L. R.

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB INVITES YOU TO BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH ITS CURRENT CHOICE—*a double selection!*

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

BY W. L. WHITE

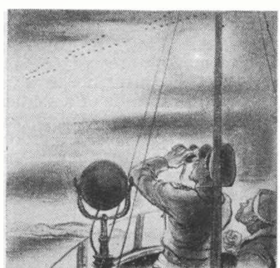
and

THE SEVENTH CROSS

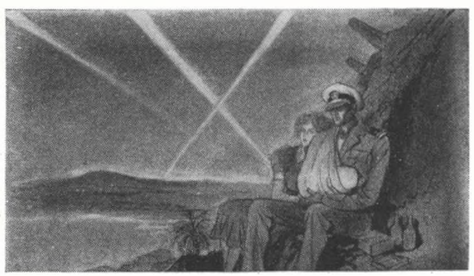
BY ANNA SEGHERS

FROM time to time the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club choose a double selection—two books offered to members at approximately the price of one. *They Were Expendable* has been hailed as the first great story to come out of the war—the tragic epic of the Philippines as told by four survivors of the heroic MTB Squadron 3. *The Seventh Cross* is a breathtaking novel of escape, "unlike anything that has come to us from a Europe under the shadow of darkness and fear." Our judges have introduced to American readers many of the most important European writers—Sigrid Undset with *Kristin Lavransdatter,* Arnold Zweig with *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* Felix Salten with *Bambi*—and many others. Anna Seghers surely belongs in this category. The two books together are being sold to Club members for $3.00.

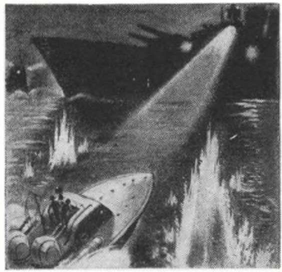
SQUADRON 3 consisted of six little boats—about a dozen men to a boat. Each boat was armed with four torpedo tubes, four 50 caliber machine guns. There isn't an ounce of armor steel on these boats—they're little eggshells made of plywood, powered by three Packard motors, designed to roar in, let fly a Sunday punch and zigzag out to dodge enemy fire. Yet between December 7th and the end of February they sank a hundred times their own combined tonnage in enemy warships. For every man in the combined crews, they had already probably killed ten Japanese. Their casualties to date were only one man, wounded. They were to lose more later, but the Japs were to pay at almost the same ratio.



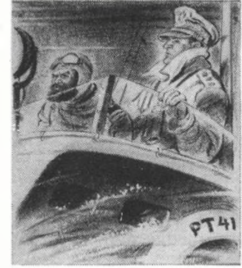
Suddenly five Jap bombers dive at the three torpedo boats commanded by Lt. John Bulkeley. Bulkeley's men begin circling and twisting. They pick out a plane, pour 50 caliber slugs into it until it crashes. The 31 boat gets two more. After this the planes don't bother strafing MTB boats.



Kelly, the squadron's second in command, gets bad strep infection in his arm, and is ordered to army hospital on Corregidor, where his irrepressible high spirits make him a pet of the nurses. They call him their one-man morale officer. And when Peggy, with a choice of 10,999 men on the Rock, turns down a party and spends New Year's Eve with Kelly, sharing two apples and a box of marshmallows, it's the best New Year's Eve Kelly has ever had.



Bulkeley in PT41, Kelly in PT34 surprise a big Jap cruiser. Although caught in her searchlight and a continuous stream of fire, Kelly gets two direct hits. The cruiser's magazines explode, she soon sinks. Four destroyers now chase the PT boats but both finally get away, not without casualties.



Looking like a Spanish pirate, black-bearded Bulkeley commands the PT41 taking General MacArthur and his family from Corregidor. Without navigation instruments or chart they roar along at full speed through pitch blackness. Always there is the menace of lurking Jap destroyers and dive-bombers. Yet the mission is safely completed.

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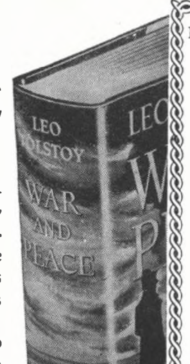

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SUSAN HAYWARD

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Ask your theatre manager when these Paramount Hits are coming.

When you write to us

BY PVT. JOHN G. McCULLAH

SOME OF us in the Army are beginning to worry about civilian morale. I don't mean morale concerning our fighting fronts. All of us, civilians as well as armed forces, are confident of smashing victory over the Axis.

What I do mean is the morale of those affected by the changes that come after a son or husband or brother or father leaves for duty in the Army, Navy, Air Corps or Marines.

And believe me, we are very closely in touch with this through the most important thing in the life of a soldier, letters from home. When I tell you that I have seen chow call ignored when the mail came in, you will understand the importance of letters from home.

When I was stationed at Fort McClellan, we had to go out on maneuvers. All of us knew we would need everything we had to make a good showing. The day before we left one of the fellows had had a letter from his wife. It was her birthday and she was upset because he was not at home for it. Instead of saying, "We will make up for this next year after you have helped lick those Germans," she went on to say that probably he had enlisted just to get away from her and from responsibility and that therefore she was going to find some way to have a good time.

I hardly need to tell you that her husband was one of the men who fell out before we got back to camp. His mind was all gummed up with worrying.

Of course we know that our mothers are bound to worry some. But then they used to worry if we had a cold or took the car out on Saturday night. It would be very nice if they didn't worry, but the thing that really destroys a soldier's concentration when he is trying to learn how to take a Garand rifle apart and put it back together blindfolded is to be told about all the petty troubles at home.

One of my buddies was off his feed for several days. None of us could make it out because he had always kept us laughing. Then we discovered that he had had a letter from his mother telling him that his pet dog had been run over by an automobile.

It seemed to me that his mother could have waited to tell him about it. It is pretty important, because someday maybe that soldier's life will depend upon how well he knows his Garand rifle, and if his mind was taken up with home troubles at the time he was learning he might have missed something.

Another fellow I know is stewing all the time because his father writes him long letters about the mistakes that Congress is making.

We are taught—and we believe—that we are the best-equipped Army in the world, and therefore, since we know we are better men than the Germans, we know we can lick them. But when a man gets letters from home full of complaints about Washington, it removes a lot of that faith.

Now take the other side of the picture. One of my friends got a letter from his sister telling him that she had gone to work in an airplane production factory. She said that she was very proud of him but she did not want him to steal all the glory and so she was going to do her bit. She told him all about how swell her plant was and how the workers considered themselves part of the armed forces, too. That guy went around with his chest stuck out for days.

A man at one place where I was stationed did not take very kindly to Army life and it did not look as though he would ever make a soldier. One day he got a letter from his kid brother who was about ten years old. He asked all kinds of questions about camp. He said maybe his brother could not answer them if they were military secrets, but he would like to know if possible so he could show off in front of the other kids.

Well, let me tell you that one letter made a soldier out of that man. He got interested in his work because he had to write his brother about it.

I do not wish to be tough on civilians. But I have just this to say: Don't you worry about our morale. You worry about your own. You can do the most for us by taking this war the way it should be taken. It is a tough, cold-blooded job. We are going to do it, all right. But we will do it a lot better and a lot quicker if our families take sacrifices and lonesomeness in the same spirit that the Army takes them. Maybe it sounds tough, but anybody who writes bum letters to a soldier may be responsible for breaking him down so he cannot take care of himself in the clinches.

Oh, yes—one other afterthought. If the man from your family who is in should happen not to like it and have a few complaints, don't encourage him. Give him hell. It is better than sympathizing. He'll get to like Army life, and the sooner the better.

Keep informed—read Magazine Advertising!

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THE Strange Woman

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JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to men that when only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother!

She drove her own father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her!

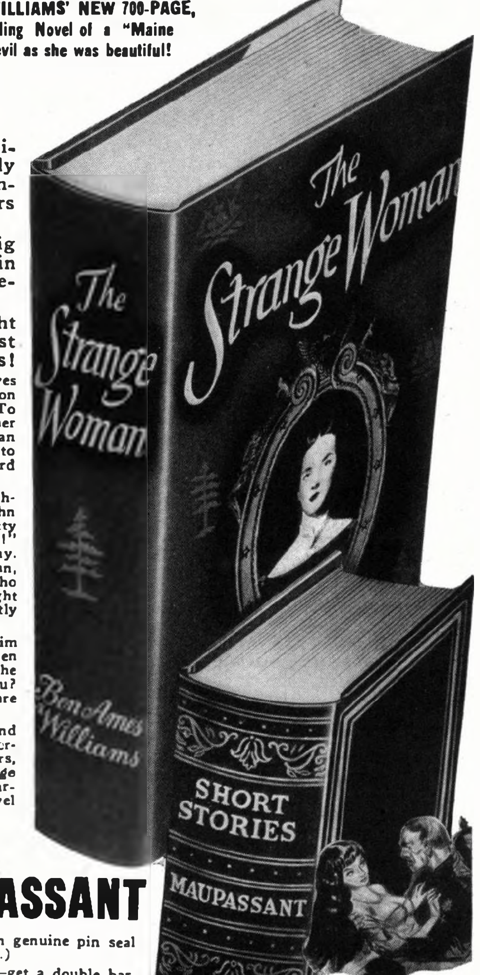
But, as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his 70 years!

A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do strange things! To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused his death?

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief—and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had spent a winter's night under a haystack with her—and after gallantly saving her from a shipwreck?

But John was different. Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

Jenny held Bangor in the palm of her hand—carousing Bangor, sprawling with lumbermen, sailors, militiamen, wily land promoters, hard-bitten sea captains. In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an amazing, human character at the heart of a rich, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember!



RACHEL—*who avenged France because of just one German kiss too many!*

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and SHORT STORIES of DE MAUPASSANT

IN ADDITION TO *THE STRANGE WOMAN*, you ALSO get (for the same $1.39) the greatest works of literature's most daring story-teller! Here, *complete and unexpurgated*, are the frankest, most realistic stories of their kind ever written—tales of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness, jealousy, heroism, surprise!

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Wide World

The Governor is a champion marksman.

Gov. Harold E. Stassen

THE COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

BIG-FRAMED, rusty-haired, soft-spoken Harold E. Stassen, young Governor of Minnesota, took another swig of whole milk from the bottle and walked to a window in the executive office. With a well-buttered bun he indicated a sign on a building a few blocks from the Capitol. The sign identified the building as the home of the Purity Baking Company.

"See that building? Well, some sixteen years ago a string bean of a kid used to gaze from one of those windows. His pans had been greased, the buns patted down, and for an idle minute or two the boy would fix his eyes upon the glittering quadriga atop the Capitol, admiring the charging horses, the lovely handmaidens and the overflowing horn of Amalthaea, symbolic of the progress of the state.

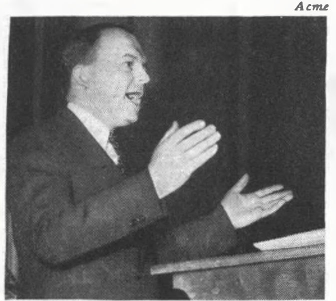
"The string bean, gazing, used to chuckle over a funny thought: He, too, must be making progress because just about now the Governor of Minnesota very likely was enjoying one of those buns for which the youth had greased a pan.

"I know all about it," Governor Stassen concluded. "I was that string bean."

Affable, immaculate, six feet three and a slim 220-pounder, Stassen is a political phenomenon who came up the hard way. His whole political philosophy—something of which he became convinced in his teens—is an abiding, fundamental faith in the ability of people to think for themselves. A human dynamo, farmer, writer, radio speaker, national champion rifle shot, lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, Willkie's floor manager and the keynote speaker at the 1940 Republican National Convention, president of the Council of State Governments, former chairman of the Governors' Conference, member of the National Civilian Defense Board, and the nation's youngest Governor even while a candidate for a third term, Stassen at thirty-five typifies the young progressive strength and revitalized liberalism of the Republican Party.

Stassen's elimination of corruption in Minnesota; his "cooling off" labor-relations law; his reduction of taxes, state debts and state pay rolls; his postwar program, and his demand that the governments of the forty-eight states "support the duly established foreign policies of the Federal Government," and at the same time "maintain strong and efficient state governments to safeguard the people's liberties in the face of inevitable great concentration of Federal executive power necessitated by the emergency," have won him national applause.

Astute political observers point to Stassen as the man to be reckoned with at the 1944 convention. It is said that despite his youth his name is heard most often in all Republican powwows having to do with 1944 presidential possibilities.



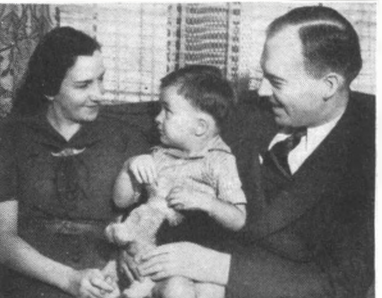
Acme

Delivering an inaugural address.

The Stassen saga began in a small house with an attic and a lean-to on April 13, 1907. Harold was the third of five children born on that Dakota County, Minnesota, farm. His father, William Stassen, was an American-born of Czech and Norwegian descent, who had married German-born Elsie Mueller in the 'nineties. To this day "Papa" William, a big, jovial, ruddy-faced farmer of nearly seventy, goes to the St. Paul City Market every morning during the harvest season, and it is not uncommon to see his son, Governor Harold Stassen, with him—both wearing the same sort of old brown hat with a turned-down brim.

On the farm, the boy Harold learned to milk, to feed, to bed down. He walked a mile through the fields to a little schoolhouse, actually red. When the snows were deep he traveled on homemade skis. He dammed a creek so he might learn to swim, had an occasional fight, skipped a grade, went on to a suburban school, skipped two more grades and entered West St. Paul High at the age of eleven.

International



Gov. Stassen with his wife and son.

The turning point in Harold's life came when he was thirteen. He had seen a man in the act of a theft and was called to court as a witness.

On the way to the courtroom his father asked, "Well, son, what will they do with this man?"

"They'll put him in jail," Harold answered with conviction.

"What makes you think so?"

"I think so because I have faith in the people."

Harold testified. Counsel for the defense could not change his testimony. The boy was fascinated by the scene and on the way home turned to his father and said, "I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Why?" his father asked.

"Because I like to argue."

Graduated from high school at fourteen, Harold faced his first big problem. "Pa" Stassen was ill. The older boys had gone out into the world, which put it squarely up to Harold. For a year he plowed, planted, cultivated, hoed, harvested and marketed. When "Pa" was ready to take over again, the boy faced an even greater problem. He wanted to continue his (*Continue on page 12*)

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 story that surpasses 'Stella Dallas', by its author, Olive Higgins Prouty
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CLAUDE RAINS
GLADYS COOPER · BONITA GRANVILLE · ILKA CHASE · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Music by Max Steiner · Screen Play by Casey Robinson

Attention! Girls, look what's landed.

Marine Landing Party

BY Gilbert Bundy

Eyes right! Eyes left! Which gal will she be?

AWARD FOR MERIT—
A dance with Hedy Lamarr
at the Stage Door Canteen.

She's Officer of the Day
on an uncharted cruise to Romance.

Dinner with her family. Mess was never like this!

A one-man Army takes over the Stork Club.

But a Marine never misses his destination.

For Instance . . .

. . . during the Dieppe raid, Gen. Roberts commanded from headquarters on a destroyer. . . . along a nine-mile front wireless [radio] messages could be heard coming in . . . . . . a smoke shield was ordered for troops on the "west beach" . . . the [radio] order was given to the Fighter Command . . . two hundred miles away . . . WITHIN A FEW MINUTES Douglas Bostons were dropping a heavy pall of concealing smoke . . . (news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 8*)

education but family funds, if any, were very low.

Harold matriculated at the University of Minnesota and worked his way through six years of academic and law courses. During those six years he paid for his board, tuition and books by punching an adding machine in a bank, clerking in stores, working as a "grease monkey" in a bakery and, during his last two years, as a sleeping-car conductor for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. He didn't have much time for sleep during those two years, but he did have a lot of time for studying.

Young Stassen was a string bean during his university years. Coaches shooed him from Gopher training fields, so he joined the debating and rifle teams and became an orator and a marksman, winning honors in both fields. As a marksman he almost caused the death of L. D. Coffman, president of the university—from heart failure!

It happened during a University Circus, before a record crowd. A sergeant of R.O.T.C. wandered into the ring and strolled to a previously designated spot. Bang! Stassen shot a cigar out of the sergeant's teeth, and then—bang! bang! bang!—proceeded to shoot the buttons off the sergeant's blouse. The marksman won a cup, but President Coffman, clutching the region of his heart, ordered the act eliminated.

Stassen and his teams set out on a record collection of bull's-eyes, medals and cups. They captured national championships in 1924-26 and gained permanent possession of the William Randolph Hearst Trophy by winning it three times in a row. In 1925 Stassen shot a perfect score of 400 out of a possible 400 in the Camp Perry National Matches. The future Governor and the debating teams won almost as many honors in oratory.

It was not all hard work, shooting and oratory, however. In his junior year Harold Stassen became a leader in campus activities and university politics; he led and won a fight to free the student press from faculty control, became the voice of student opinion. He waged a bitter battle against higher tuition that would have made impossible a university career even for hard-working students like himself. In a speech before the faculty and student body Stassen finished by shouting: "We ask that students be elected, not on their ability to pay, but on their ability to repay!" He won.

It was during this period that Stassen decided upon a career in politics. In common with other students, he felt there was a trend in politics that was breaking down confidence in government and stirring up class hatred. He felt this did not speak well for his state.

Graduated, Stassen returned to Dakota County, aided in the harvest, opened a law office with a classmate, Elmer Ryan, and married Miss Esther Glewwe, who was second in line with him at the university's thirty-third annual Military Ball in December, 1926. At twenty-one, Stassen was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Dakota County, an office he held for eight years. During this period he joined a posse which caught two jail-breakers who had killed a deputy sheriff, obtained confessions and sent them to Stillwater Prison for life—all in six days. At twenty-five he appeared before the United States Supreme Court and won a tax case which reversed a decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court.

Faced with a strike of employees of a packing company, the young prosecuting attorney did not wait for trouble, but got representatives of the two sides together and, winning their confidence, effected a quick settlement. Again, during the "Farm Holiday" trouble, when farmers called a milk strike and set out to block other farmers from delivering milk to markets, Stassen went to a strike meeting unannounced. As he sat down, an out-state agitator was shouting: "If the prosecuting attorney tries to cause you any trouble, run him right out of the county."

Seventy-five inches of fighting Stassen rose slowly. "No good can come of this,"

He was once a sleeping-car conductor.

he told the meeting. "If you violate the law, I'll prosecute you. But I have faith in you. The only thing you can accomplish, and you know it, will be to bash in some other farmer's head. If you want to organize for better prices, I'll represent you, without charge."

Stassen represented the farmers of Dakota and six other counties and won for them an increase of forty cents per 100 pounds of milk. There was no violence in those seven counties.

News of the aggressive young prosecutor spread and he needed no urging to become a candidate for Governor. As a matter of fact, he became a candidate a year in advance of the 1938 election. Stassen embarked on a speechmaking tour and began telling the people exactly what was needed and what he would attempt to do if elected. His program had to do with civil service, the firing of unnecessary state employees, cutting the state pay roll, hiring a business manager, and kindred subjects which politicians usually avoid like plague. Old-line politicians were outraged by the statements and promises of "that young Dakota County upstart."

"Politicians came to me," smiled Stassen, "and said I was a foolish amateur. They warned me the definite program about which I was talking would cause great dissension and untold trouble, including my defeat. They underestimated the ability of the American people to comprehend and carry out a constructive program. Because of my abiding faith in the people I went ahead, speaking frankly, telling the truth about my program and why I thought it merited support."

Stassen's faith was justified; he rolled up a plurality of 291,000 over his Farmer-Labor opponent, Governor Elmer Benson. Stassen went to work on his program the day he took office, and improvements in the public service which he instituted attracted nationwide attention. Up for reelection in 1940, he was sent back to the Capitol for another two years by the largest vote ever given a second-term Governor in Minnesota.

A few outstanding promises made by Stassen which have been fulfilled are:

LABOR PEACE PLAN. A law requiring a ten-day "cooling off" period before a strike or lockout can start. The waiting period gives time for tempers to cool and conciliators to work out settlements.

CIVIL SERVICE. A model law, eliminating

dispensation of state jobs under the old spoils system.

FINANCIAL CONTROL. Employment of a "commissioner of administration," or business manager, to pass on budgets, appropriations, etc., which has saved the state millions.

STATE EMPLOYEES. Twenty-five percent of all were pried loose from the pay roll, saving additional millions.

STATE DEBTS. Improved financial policies and careful management have cut state debts by more than $25,000,000. In addition, a state deficit of $8,522,020.54 has been wiped out.

POSTWAR PROGRAM. All state non-defense spending has been eliminated for the purpose of developing a stock pile of plans and funds for a great construction program in the immediate postwar period, for the purpose of furnishing employment and cushioning the economic shock. Minnesota wants no paid leaf-raking after the war. The fund is now well into the millions of dollars.

In announcing his candidacy for a third term, Stassen said, "When the important tasks [of the April, 1943, session of the legislature] are completed . . . I will enter the active service for the duration of the war in the United States Navy.

"I know there are those of our Republican Party who ask: Why did I announce I intended to enter active service? Why did I subject myself to the criticism of not intending to fill out my next term if elected? My answer is simply this: I have always followed the policy that the people in a democracy are entitled to know the plans of their public officials. From my very first talk to the people of this state I have talked frankly, straight from the shoulder. Consequently, when I reached my decision in this matter I felt the people were entitled to know about it.

"Others ask: Why am I joining the armed forces? 'As Governor,' they say, 'you are exempt from the draft, and in addition, with a wife and two small children, you would not be expected to go.' The answer is simply this: I feel very deeply the issue involved in this great conflict. There is only one country in the world where a farm boy whose mother and all his grandparents lived on foreign soil could obtain an excellent education and be selected by his fellow citizens as their Governor, and then be honored by his fellow Governors as their national chairman.

"There is only one country in all the world where that could happen.

"The fundamental things that made this possible are at stake in this war.

"I believe that only America can win this war for the cause of freedom—and can win it only if every citizen does his or her full part.

"I faced these facts carefully. I reached the conclusion I could best serve this country . . . when the main task at home was well on its way . . . in the armed forces. I faced the facts in my own conscience and reached my decision. My wife joined me in that decision."

If you listen to the old-timers in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and other Minnesota cities, towns, villages and hamlets, they will tell you that on the night of Stassen's broadcast dairy herds bawled, machinery whispered in the huge grain elevators, freight cars chuckled under the weight of flour, cheese makers paused, the Father of Waters stopped to listen and laugh before rushing south, and the tinkling of the falls of Minnehaha's laughing waters was audible.

We know Minnesota heard, and answered. The big guy with the huge frame, the rusty hair and the bottle of milk was renominated by an overwhelming majority.

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.

• • •

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★ ★ THIS MONTH **Major Alexander P. de Seversky** REVEALS: ★ ★

The Strategy Behind the Struggle for Bases

Acme

PERHAPS the greatest paradox of the Second World War is this: that the whole conflict has resolved into a deadly contest for something which, in the final analysis, no one will really need.

In every theater of action, the main objectives have been intermediary air bases—way stations for short-range aviation that will be utterly useless as soon as the fighting nations build aviation of long range.

Viewed from the angle of air power, the whole thing has been a grim comedy of errors. The warring countries had built their military airplanes in the first place as *auxiliaries* to their armies and navies. Almost immediately, however, experience proved that it was the other way around—that surface forces were in effect auxiliaries to air power. It is to make up for this great strategic fallacy that the belligerents have been obliged to conduct a relentless struggle for "steppingstones" for air power in the form of intermediary bases.

Students of aerial strategy, like General Douhet of Italy and our own General "Billy" Mitchell, had clearly foreseen this epoch-making reversal of rôles. But their warnings did not budge old-style surface strategists from their well-worn grooves. When war broke over the world, the countries involved were prepared to use aviation only in secondary capacities, to enhance the effectiveness of ground and sea forces. They had aircraft suitable for reconnaissance and as "long-range artillery"; that is to say, as adjuncts to the traditional methods of war-making.

Soon enough they discovered, however, that neither land nor sea forces could hope to operate successfully without first assuming control of the skies over the theater of battle. Their surface strength was simply immobilized until they had scored a decision in the air.

On land, aviation had to go ahead, operating singlehandedly to clear the skies. And when this was accomplished, the prime function of armies became the seizure of advance air bases for the next move forward.

At sea the picture was similar. The aircraft carrier, which had been regarded as an accessory of the fleet, in fact became its backbone, thus replacing battleships. The main job of sea power was now to conquer forward bases for air power, as the indispensable condition for any sort of action.

In short, a fundamental revolution occurred. The auxiliary weapon became the main weapon, and the main weapons became auxiliaries. But because they had been mistakenly conceived as subordinate elements, the military aircraft were improperly designed for short range. To extend their radius of action, "floating bases" or carriers became essential at sea, and ground strength was used primarily to establish "steppingstones" for aviation.

The whole conflict resolved itself into a desperate scramble for air-power bases. The side which held such bases controlled everything within the orbit of its aviation. Thus Hitler's invasion of Norway was at bottom a move to plant a line of air bases on the Norwegian coast to make the North Sea untenable for British sea power. The Nazi offensives in the Low Countries and France were essentially designed to carry the short-ranged Luftwaffe within striking distance of Britain.

Then Hitler had to plow through the Balkans, Greece and Crete in order to bring his air forces to the Mediterranean and thus deny that vital sea to British sea power. In the Nazi attack on Russia, the offensive was obliged to stop at regular intervals, while a new chain of bases for a new advance was established; only then could the mechanized surface armies go forward, along paths cleared by dive bombers.

In the Pacific arena the procedure has not been much different, except that naval rather than land forces have served as auxiliaries in the preliminary job of taking bases for air power. The spectacular Japanese drive through Hong Kong, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, the Philippines, New Guinea was in essence a series of hops from one intermediary base to the next, with the striking range of the Jap land-based aviation determining the extent of each new hop. The acquisition of new air bases, the denial of such bases to the enemy were the first objectives in the Nipponese advance, as they are in the United Nations counteroffensive.

Had these belligerents possessed air power of sufficient range to strike directly at one another's hearts, they would have had no need for these intermediary bases. Our own use of gigantic land and sea forces to retrieve scattered islands is the pay-off on strategic shortsightedness—on failure to equip ourselves with air power of the longest possible range permitted by aeronautical progress. To put it another way: if we had built the aircraft for striking at Japan directly from Alaska and the Aleutians we should have been spared the long and costly roundabout contest for myriad islands as steppingstones to Japan.

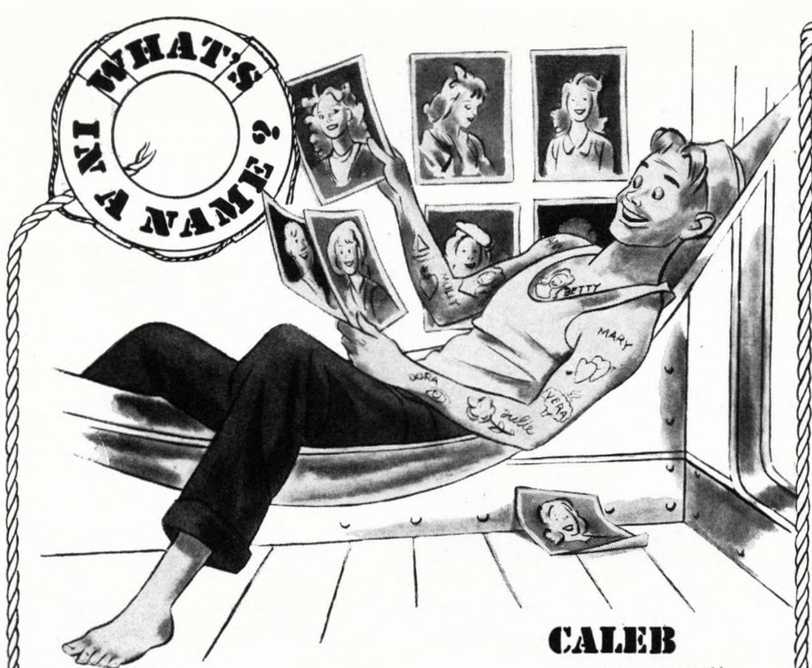
As soon as any nation acquires air power of longer reach, it has no need for in-between air bases. Ultimately, when the major powers come into possession of aerial forces capable of striking directly, they will lose all interest in way-station bases. To get from A to the main enemy targets at Z, planes must now go by way of B, C, D, etc.—expending huge quantities of ships, tanks and men to take every base in turn. But when planes packing a terrific wallop can fly in a straight line from A to Z, they will ignore B, C, D and the rest.

Our ultimate aim is to destroy the sources of Axis power which are located in their home lands, in Germany and Japan. Once their air power is eliminated, their factories and communications demolished, their forces outside Germany and Japan will be left stranded. Without supplies and reinforcements, their grip on conquered areas outside must fall limp.

The problem there is how to get at the heart and vitals of our adversaries. Old-style strategy proposes to do this by crawling closer and closer to the main target, thus bringing the present short-ranged aviation within striking distance of the citadels of our enemies. To do that, it will have to sink enemy navies, annihilate enemy armies, and finally attack the center of strength in Germany and Japan proper by overwhelming land, sea and air strength. For this, relatively short-ranged planes are enough.

Modern air-power strategy—the strategy that will ultimately prevail because such is the logic of the new weapon—does not go through these three stages. It starts at the other end, attacking the main target at the outset, with long-range hard-hitting air power. It skips the long and tedious approach, with its staggering costs in life and blood and materials. But obviously this strategy is impossible until the full potentialities of aviation—in range, striking power, fire power and other military essentials—are exploited.

That is why airmen urge curtailment of land and sea forces, so that we may divert our industries and manpower and strategic materials to the greatest possible measure for the creation of true air power. Then it will no longer be necessary to fight for intermediary bases. Once the enemy is deprived of its machinery for war-making, by direct assault on its home land, its armies and navies automatically will be canceled out. Our own armies and navies will then have only the tasks of following up the advantage by occupying and policing the territories of our conquered foes.



CALEB
means "faithful"

VERONICA
means
"true image"

ALFONSO
means
"eager for battle"

CORDELIA
means
"jewel of the sea"

ETHYL
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It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

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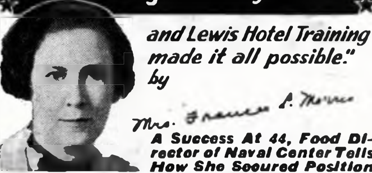
"I Found The Way TO SERVE MY COUNTRY And Safeguard My Future!



and Lewis Hotel Training made it all possible." by

A Success At 44, Food Director of Naval Center Tells How She Secured Position

"It isn't easy to start again at 44—but I had to do it. I did not try for ordinary jobs but enrolled for Lewis Training.
"Immediately after graduating I became Food Director of a Southern Hospital. Then came the war. Like all good Americans I wanted to do something to help my country win. Again I turned to the Lewis School.
"Their Placement Bureau had just the job for me—Food Manager in a naval center. Today I'm proud and grateful—proud to be doing my share in our war effort, grateful to the Lewis School because with my training I can look forward confidently to the future."

Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Thousands of Lewis-Trained men and women, from 18 to 50, winning success in hotel, club and institutional field. They are making good as Managers, Assistant Managers, Hostesses, Housekeepers, Stewards and 55 other types of well-paid positions. Now, new wartime, housing, food and recreation projects mean greater opportunities than ever. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in spare time. Free Book tells you how you are registered FREE of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service. Mail coupon NOW!

27th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Lewis Hotel Training School
Room AZ-239, Washington, D. C.

Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation. I wish to know how to qualify for a well-paid position.

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FRIENDS

. . . among Strangers

The next time you walk into a store for a tube of toothpaste or a pound of coffee, look around you. Together, your local grocer and druggist stock over 7,000 different articles of merchandise. Although your eyes have seen many of them often enough, only a few are registered clearly in your memory.

Those few emerge from shelf and counter as sharply as band music in a parade. Those few you quickly recognize, as friends among strangers. You know them well, not necessarily because you have them in your home, but because you see them month after month and year after year in the pages of your favorite magazine.

Cosmoddities

Well, It Had to Happen Sometime!

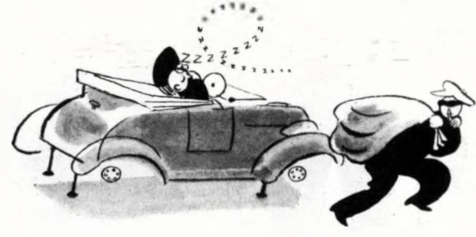
A bull escaped from a slaughterhouse in Windsor, England, recently and took refuge in an antique china shop near Windsor Castle. When it was finally captured there was hardly a whole piece of china left.

The Shadow

C. F. Welting awakened in the wee dark hours to see, clearly outlined in his room, the shadow of a man's hat. Shouting a challenge, he grabbed for a firearm. There was no answer. Yep, he ruined it Best hat he ever had, too!

Inside Story

R. D. of Fall River, Mass., denied stealing a $125 diamond ring from a girl in a café, but was sentenced to six months in jail when he complained of a pain and an X ray showed the ring in his stomach.



Bedtime Story

While young Jimmy Stevens of Cleveland. Ohio, slept in his car, thieves removed three wheels and the spare, took his wrist watch from his arm, lifted a wallet from an inside pocket and a second one from his hip pocket. A patrolman woke him to tell him the news. "Yes, I guess I was pretty sleepy," Stevens commented.

No Dice!

On a recent American troop convoy to England it is reported that during the first two nights at sea a doughboy won more than $1,000 in crap games. Then he paid two soldiers $5 a day to guard him while he read peacefully in a roped-off space on deck. Their duty: to keep losers from pestering their employer to shoot more dice.

Or Maybe He's Married

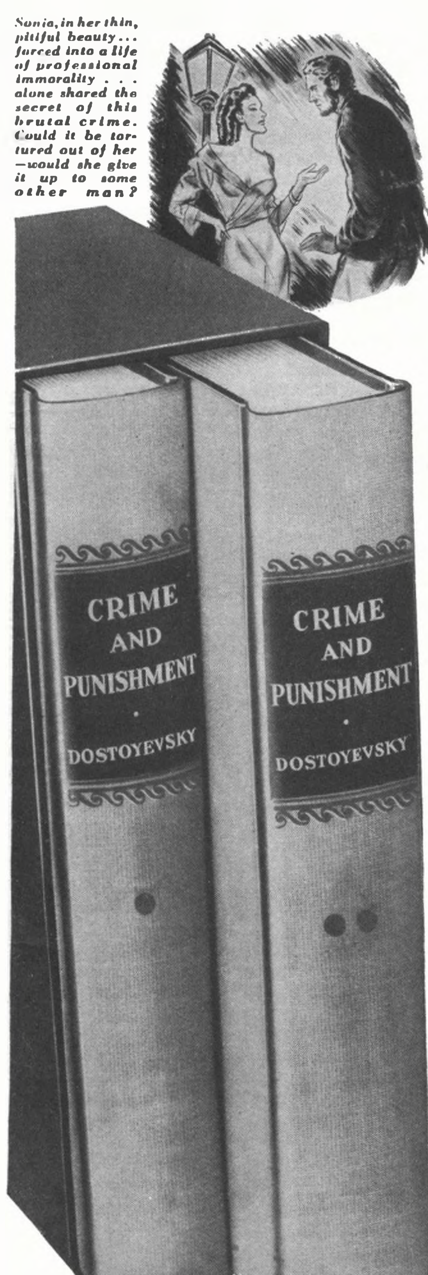
Army habit has become second nature for Private William Kuehl Finishing a meal in an El Paso, Texas, restaurant he absent-mindedly picked up his dishes and headed for the kitchen.

FREE ...the most gripping murder story ever written!

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by Fyodor Dostoyevsky



Sonia, in her thin, pitiful beauty... forced into a life of professional immorality . . . alone shared the secret of this brutal crime. Could it be tortured out of her—would she give it up to some other man?

YES, yours FREE—in two handsome volumes—CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, the most gripping murder story ever written! What motive had the gentle young student for murdering, with inhuman savagery, an old hag and her harmless half-witted sister? He scarcely knew them; and he took nothing of value, although he had plenty of time!

Would his street-walker sweetheart keep his secret safe—or would she sell it as she so often sold herself? And why, although in mortal terror of being caught, did the murderer scream taunting clues at his pursuers? Besides—another suspect, with a very good motive for the murders, had *already* confessed!

You will shudder at the terrible penalty the killer pays, even *before* he is trapped. The cleverness of the one man who finally tracks him down will astound you. The stormy character of Sonia, the destitute harlot who befriends him, will shock you. You will hate—and pity—the shameless rake who attempts to seduce and blackmail the murderer's sister. And you will be hypnotized at the murderer's mad urge to *reveal himself*—even when fleeing capture and almost certain conviction!

Thousands Are Saving Money This New Way

You are invited to accept, free, this most gripping murder story *of all time*—as a Membership Gift from the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, which brings you the finest mysteries being published *today*.

Each month the Club offers to its members THREE up-to-date detective books—*for the usual price of only ONE!* Each of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But there's one *sure* guide. Those by authors like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Van Wyck Mason, Mignon G. Eberhart, Frances and Richard Lockridge are *sure* to be good! All are top-notch writers whose books have been sent to members of the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB.

How This Club Prevents You From Missing the Best Each Month

If you like books so crammed with excitement that they keep you right on the edge of your chair . . . If you're looking for action, danger, daring—stories that keep you guessing from the word *go* . . . If you want to pit your wits against some of the cleverest murderers, thieves and blackguards ever caught between the covers of a book . . . THEN join the Detective Book Club NOW!

Every month you will receive, in one thrill-packed volume, three of the finest recent detective books—especially selected by the Club's Editorial Committee as A-1 "discoveries" our members should not miss. These books sell everywhere for $2.00 each. But, as a member of the Club, you get *three* of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89!

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By accepting this FREE two-volume edition of *Crime and Punishment* now, as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will *not* be obligated to take every month's selection during the next twelve months. *You make take as few as four during that time.* You may cancel your membership *whenever you wish.* A description of the next month's selection will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volumes you do not want.

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Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, the two-volume edition of *Crime and Punishment*. Also send the current triple volume, containing three complete detective books.

This does *not* obligate me to take every monthly volume during the next 12 months; I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

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THE COSMOPOLITAN Family Quiz

FATHER

1. What American patriot said, "A country not worth defending is not worth having"?
2. Under the same tension which of these threads breaks first: fiber glass, silk, cotton, linen?
3. If you were in London and a jarvey came along, would you ride it, give him a nickel or have your picture taken?
4. During what war did the U. S. acquire the nickname "Uncle Sam"?
5. In which sports do the numbers 3 and 10 have the same significance?
6. What is a telautograph?
7. Is a sciolist an understanding person, a member of a political party, or one with superficial knowledge?
8. What is another name for trefoil?
9. Who was the first President to wear long trousers?
10. How long is the average life of a dollar bill?
11. Which word is out of place? Prosit, wassail, skoal, kismet.
12. What king of England could not speak the English language?

(Answers on page 120)

MOTHER

1. What is the pen name of Grace Zaring Stone?
2. What common English word means both color and a noise?
3. What is the proper salute of a woman in civilian attire to the American flag?
4. When is a sardine not a sardine?
5. Do the letters given to vitamins indicate the order in which they were discovered?
6. If someone gave you a serape, would you eat it, wear it, or give it to a zoo?
7. Which one of these fruits does not belong to the citrus family: tangerine, kumquat, calamondin, loquat?
8. What queen was crowned king?
9. Who said: "Men are what their mothers made them"?
10. Who wove by day and unraveled by night?
11. How do you spell the name of the pigtail formerly worn by all Chinese?
12. A haddock is a fish. What is a shaddock?

(Answers on page 90)

BROTHER

1. Where is the largest college dormitory in America?
2. By looking at a snake bite, you can usually tell whether it was caused by a poisonous or non-poisonous snake. How?
3. What two animals have larger brains than man?
4. Why does a dog turn around several times before lying down in a strange place?
5. What is the A. I. F. in this war?
6. What three North American fur-bearing animals have no hair on their tails?
7. What part of our coastline is closest to Europe?
8. Who invented the name Technicolor?
9. How are honey bees sold?
10. What is the meaning of the Navy "E" pennant above an industrial plant?
11. S O S is the sea emergency signal. What is the "land S O S"?
12. What is the meaning of the naval expression "screening"?

(Answers on page 74)

SISTER

1. Who searched for: (*a*) an honest man, (*b*) the Fountain of Youth, (c) the Holy Grail?
2. What American novelist is the great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin?
3. If a chickadee is a bird, what is a chickaree?
4. Which of the planets do we definitely know to be inhabited?
5. What Shakespeare play titles include both hero and heroine?
6. What have the words tobacco, hominy, potato and moccasin in common?
7. What is the origin of the 13-at-table superstition?
8. Besides being bandleaders, what have Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller and Jack Teagarden in common?
9. What animal is a national emblem of Canada?
10. What bird is the symbol of (*a*) happiness, (*b*) silliness, (c) blackness, (*d*) craziness, (*e*) greed?
11. What word means at the same time "to adhere closely" and "to cut apart"?
12. If you ate a Ben Davis and a Sally Lunn, would you be a cannibal?

(Answers on page 128)

We will pay $2 for each original question submitted which the Editors find acceptable. Please give the source or proof of your answer. All questions submitted will become the property of Cosmopolitan. Address FAMILY QUIZ, Cosmopolitan, 959 —8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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!

LUSCIOUS SKIN may soon be YOURS through this proven beauty method!

This glowing promise to you of lovelier skin has been fulfilled to thousands of women.

TO RATE these days . . . a girl's complexion must be a honey! Your skin must be prepared to take the punishment of long hard hours of wartime work. Yet, at a moment's notice, it must be fresh, alluring, kissable...ready and able to delight the "one-and-only-warrior"!

A skin like that just doesn't *happen* . . . it needs care. Skin specialists advise for true complexion care . . . daily cleansing with a mild gentle soap.

Try Palmolive's gentle beauty-method

Palmolive Soap was created by scientists for beauty cleansing . . . *and for that purpose alone!* A recent nation-wide survey among women shows that Palmolive is valued for its "effect-on-skin" above all else, trusted especially for facial use.

Don't wait another day! Get Palmolive *now* . . . and start your beauty cleansing, tonight! With skin-warm water whip up a rich blanket of Palmolive silk-'n'-cream lather. Gently work this lather over throat and face with upward probing fingertips. Then, a quick chill-water rinse. Now, see how smooth, soft and relaxed your skin feels! See the fresh, lovely glow that tints your cheeks!

Use Palmolive daily for your beauty care . . . and, if there isn't a new light in the eyes of your Date . . . we miss our bet!

WHY PALMOLIVE IS THE COMPLEXION SOAP YOU SHOULD USE

A recent nation-wide survey among 4000 women reveals these facts:—

1. "Effect on skin" is rated by women as the most important consideration of all in choosing a beauty soap.

2. "Effect on skin" is the reason most often given by women for choosing gentle PALMOLIVE.

3. More of them prefer GENTLE PALMOLIVE for cleansing the face than any other toilet soap.

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Keep informed—read Magazine Advertising!

Don't Look Now! This girl has work to do

Bob Leavitt

BY INEZ ROBB

MISS MARIBELLE SCHMALTZ, a lovely, sensitive girl who is a spot-welder in a war plant in New Jersey, says in an exclusive interview for Cosmopolitan readers that if the war goes on long enough, it will force her to become a feminist in self-defense.

"I do not like being forced into such a position," says Maribelle primly, "because a feminist is a woman who is always demanding her rights. But I am more the womanly type like Marlene Dietrich, who only wants her privileges like a seat in the subway or a polite tip of the hat outta the boys on the corner."

But if the newspapers and personnel directors in war plants don't stop calling Maribelle a Disturbing Influence, she is prepared to fight for her rights.

"Every time I pick up the papers, I read that we patriotic girls who are helping make planes and guns and other military gadgets are a Disturbing Influence because certain low characters of the opposite sex cannot keep their minds on their work if the girl at the next machine wears a sweater, even if she has a figure like a thermometer.

"The papers say these low characters even whistle in a meaningful way as we girls go up and down the aisles to our appointed tasks. As if that was news!

"Why, the first day I came to work in the plant," Maribelle recalls, "I finally ask the superintendent, 'Is this what's become of all the truck drivers who lost their jobs with gas rationing? Or,' I ask, 'do the men here whistle while we girls work?' "

Well, Maribelle says she then spoke truer than she knew.

"The girls in my plant are so busy minding their own business, which is strictly spot-welding and riveting, that they have no time to whistle at anyone or give the eye to Robert Taylor even if he was to come there on a secret mission.

"So you can see why we are so indignant to be labeled a Disturbing Influence when it is the men who are wasting their time whistling and simpering and all the time combing their hair to attract our attention.

"But do the newspapers and the personnel directors blame the right parties? No! Do they put the odium where it belongs? NO!

"As usual it is us women who are blamed for everything, when it is plain to be seen that the wolf has simply come in offa the doorstep and is now operating on the assembly line."

Recently Maribelle read a whole column in a paper which said that even married women employed in factories flirt. But no place in the whole column did it point out, Maribelle cynically observes, that it takes two to flirt and one has got to be of the so-called sterner sex.

Furthermore, Maribelle thinks the public ought to know that the present situation, with newspapers and personnel directors sounding off, is not especially conducive to good morale among the armed forces.

Maribelle has just received a letter from her own gentleman friend, Joe McFlynn, a former steam-fitter, who is stationed at Fort Bragg. Anyone can see that Joe has been reading the newspapers, too, and that his morale is ebbing fast.

"I am ready and willing," writes Joe to Maribelle, "to fight for the Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms and a quart of milk on every porch. But I do not like to think I am risking my hide for old goats who act like they was in the baldheaded row at a burlesque just because fine, patriotic girls like you have gone to work to help our country in its hour of need.

"I was all ready and willing to go to Russia, Australia or France to defend American Womanhood and the Sanctity of the Home, but it looks like I got a few fights on my hands on the home front next time I get leave.

"You keep writing me that only old guys are left in the factories," Joe continues, "but they certainly got young ideas. It seems to me a guy who is still able to whistle at a girl in a knit garment ought to be reclassified 1-A by his draft board.

"Well," writes Joe in conclusion, "I do not mind you sitting under the apple tree with anyone else but me. But for Pete's sake, keep outta the tool shed with any of those Whistling Willies!"

For a while after she began her war stint, the whistling was so disturbing to a serious girl like Maribelle that she considered returning to her old job as a file clerk with the Wall Street law firm of Wiggins, Wiggins, Wiggins, Kelly and Wiggins.

She suddenly realized in all the years she had been with the firm, there hadn't been a single whistle out of Wiggins, Wiggins, Wiggins, Kelly and Wiggins. Not even a "yoo-hoo" out of the youngest Wiggins, who was fresh out of Yale when he joined the firm.

That set Maribelle, who is something of a philosopher, to thinking.

"You work in an office, or you clerk in a store, and does anyone whistle at you?" she asked herself rhetorically. The answer was "no."

"Because," Maribelle explains, "women have been working in offices and stores for so long that they are no longer a novelty, even in a sweater.

"So it occurred to me that before long the novelty of seeing women around big war plants, like the Brooklyn Navy Yard, would wear off and the men will begin to behave themselves. In another six months, these men who are wasting their time will get back to normalcy where they only case a new girl's ankles, which is to be expected.

"Sex is here to stay," adds Maribelle philosophically, "and so are women. It just seems hard at first to make personnel directors understand that both are a permanent institution.

"This is probably true because a personnel director seems to be a party who has no sex life of their own and does not intend that you shall have any either."

Maribelle says just the other day she went to work in an old sweater because she had a cold.

("Gosh!" says Maribelle. "I can remember 'way back before Lana Turner ever crowded herself into a sweater when it was just a knitted garment in which a girl kept herself warm and not in which to get the opposite sex hot and bothered!")

Well, no sooner does Maribelle show up in the plant than the personnel director goes to work. She calls Maribelle into the powder room.

"You have a very nice figure," she tells Maribelle, who does not fall dead of surprise at this news. "But in a sweater, dear, it is rather disturbing to the rest of the employees. You would not want to cause a man to lose his hand by momentarily distracting his attention from his machine, now would you, dear?" she purrs.

"Why not?" asks Maribelle. "I do not like Peeping Toms no matter where they do their work.

"Furthermore," says Maribelle, "you are attacking this problem from the wrong direction."

"Well, miss," says the personnel director, real snippy, "how would you solve it?"

"If you really want to know," advises Maribelle, "here goes: Don't take the sweaters off the girls. Just put blinders on the boys!"

Understudy

BY

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Jinny pretended not to notice the look of sympathy and understanding that passed between her husband and Betty.

Is it true that women are not fair fighters in love?
Find the answer in this frank novel of a wife
forced to become a rival for her husband's affection
by a scheming young guest in her own home

SHE STARED with doubtful eyes at the bright dinner dress she was trying on. She had swerved into the shop at sight of the chartreuse dress in the window, drawn by the memory of that triumphantly becoming chartreuse she had worn at an Assembly ball—Peter had exulted in her appearance. Now her gaze was unsure.

That ball was eight years ago. Then she had been twenty-six and now she was thirty-four, and her hair was not as blond nor her skin as fresh; perhaps chartreuse was a mistake. It was hard to tell in a fitting room; those fitting-room lights were always too enhancing.

"That's your dress, madam!"

The clerk was emphatic, but Virginia could not trust to that; this was not a shop where she came often and could rely upon the advice. Actually, this needle-nosed Miss Bateson waked distrust. Virginia felt the shy woman's desire to escape from pressure, but that was silly, she decided, for she more than half liked the dress. If, only——

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

"You have the figure for it, madam—you can carry it."

Yes, she had the figure, tall and slim, that could carry that swirling skirt, but could she carry off the color? She had delicate good looks—fair hair, hazel eyes, sensitive features—but she was no beauty, and anything too daring quenched her. Perhaps this color was too daring for her now. Uncertainty was reflected in her mirrored eyes.

"How much is it?" she inquired.

"One hundred seventy-five." Miss Bateson named the sum nonchalantly; then impressed, confidentially, "It ought to be two twenty-five but we are pricing very closely just now."

One seventy-five wasn't too much if the dress was what she wanted. Peter could afford it, and she would spend Peter's money recklessly to look young and captivating to him.

She said indecisively, "I'm just wondering about the color. Whether it's not too trying."

She had thrown open the door to high-pressure salesmanship, she realized, annoyed, as the clerk rushed out an incredulous, "For you, madam? But it's perfect on you, simply perfect! I'd like our buyer to see you in it—it's such a pleasure to see the type a dress is *for!* . . . Miss Viner!" she called out the curtained doorway. "Miss Viner, I want you just to *see* Mrs. Thorpe in the chartreuse!"

"And make it hearty!" said the lilt in her voice.

Miss Viner, alert, responsive, made it very hearty. She widened her eyes and said ecstatically, "Mrs. Thorpe is beautiful in it—simply beautiful!"

They took her for a fool, Virginia thought. Why hadn't she gone to Raeburn, where she could be sure of taste and candor? It exasperated her to have these women think she could be taken in by such adulation; yet their accents, overdone as they were, made an impression—perhaps, she thought, the praise wasn't as false as it seemed. That green-gold image did have charm.

Uncertainly she fingered the shoulder straps. She felt dissatisfied with the bodice; it seemed flat. Oh, she knew what was the matter with her—she was thinking of those full young curves in that tight scarlet frock; of that lithe young figure going off with Peter!

"Shall I have the fitter see it?"

They were trying to rush her, tired of her hesitations. Well, she was tired of them, too. "Yes, I'm taking it," she said in a firm voice, to show she had made up her own mind.

The fitter, with her cushion of pins, knelt at her feet. "Just a shade shorter," she suggested; "enough to step comfortably? And on the side?"

"I like the sides long." Her eyes were haunting the glass. It was pitiable, she thought, to be so anxious; to have her appearance at a dinner matter so much.

She had never thought this would happen to her. To worry about her looks . . . It was this wretched feeling of competition. That girl—— She pulled herself up short. She would not let herself get morbid about Betty. Peter was not in love with the girl. He was too fond of her, to be sure, but that was because Betty was an outlet for all the paternal feeling pent up in him. The feeling that should have been expended upon children.

Her eyes fell away from the glass, shadowed by the all-too-familiar pain of her thoughts. How hard she had tried to have children! How much of her married life had been spent in hope, in miserable disappointment! How many times she had begun resolutely to talk about the next time!

Only once had she carried a child long enough to feel it alive in her. That time she had believed herself safe, but she had lost the child after all.

A bitter resentment burned in her. Why did this have to happen to her? There was no reason for it that the doctors could see, and she had done everything they counseled: she had stayed in bed; she had kept calm and cheerful; she had been honestly, hopefully happy, confident that *this* time . . .

The moments of the premonitions of each loss were etched indelibly upon her heart. Cruelest of all was the time when she had felt so safe. She had been sitting up in bed, her breakfast tray across her knees, chatting with Peter. She had gasped, "Oh, Peter!" and her voice had told him, and he had said, "God, no!" in dismay, almost in disgust.

She did not blame him. She was disgusted herself. She was sick of disappointment.

There were times when she almost wished there had never been the hope of a child, for then she would not have that feeling of being culpable—a woman who could not bear a child. Peter wanted children. So did she, passionately, but it was worse to fail him than to fail herself. And the years were going by.

She had been married for twelve years. But it was only for ten years that she had been trying to have children, and there were couples who had their first child after ten years—it could happen. It could happen to her.

Thirty-four was young. It was too soon to think of adoption, though she had thought about it this winter; had even mentioned it to Peter. He had been outspoken. "No! Not if we can't have our own!" Then he'd said, more gently, "Why, Jinny, I'm not worrying about children."

That hadn't cheered her, for it was Betty who had changed his feeling. He liked to seem glamorous to Betty, and being a father wasn't glamorous.

Miss Bateson had relaxed, now she'd made the sale, but she kept saying, "Not so much, Miss Antoinette!" to show she was supervising. She said, "Mrs. Thorpe likes the sides long—it gives that floating effect so lovely on Mrs. Thorpe."

Everything to make Mrs. Thorpe lovely! Everything that Mrs. Thorpe wanted, so long as she could pay for it. She must seem to them, Virginia thought, a lucky, pampered creature—a young woman who could afford a gown that cost one seventy-five, who had real lace on her slip, and pearls with a diamond clasp; a young woman with husband, home, charge account, and nothing to worry about except whether chartreuse was becoming or not.

Well, she *was* lucky. She had all these things and she was grateful for them, but there were other women who had as much and who had children too. Children would have been a safeguard.

Safeguard. She struck the loathsome word out of her mind as she would have struck a spider from her.

The clerk was writing out the address. Mrs. Peter Thorpe. A Lake Shore Drive address. The Peter Thorpes had had three addresses: one poor; one medium; one proud. Virginia said she wanted the dress by Thursday, to wear that evening.

She got into her blue crepe and put on her hat and short fur jacket with a preoccupied air. The chartreuse was worrying her. That high-pressure salesmanship

had rushed her, after all, she was reflecting as she went through the outer shop and moved toward the door.

"Hello!"

Marty Caldwell, trying on hats at a table near the door, called the greeting, and Virginia stopped, surprised. "Oh, hello! Another hat?"

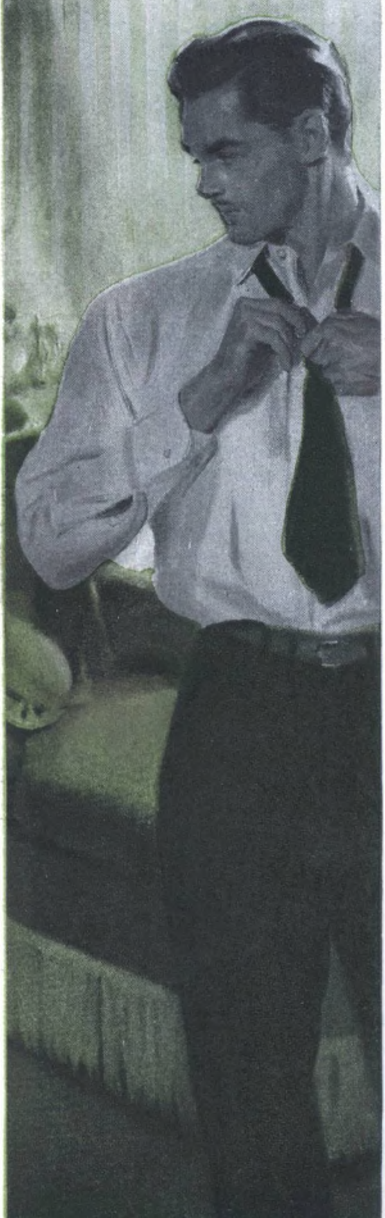
"Like it?" Marty twisted her head under its slant of green straw. "Is it amusing—or ridiculous?"

It would have been ridiculous on anyone else, but Marty Caldwell, who had no beauty at all, had style.

"It's smart," said Virginia cautiously.

"H'm. Sit down and have a cigarette."

Virginia took one and sat down; the young clerk who was hovering about Marty drew back a discreet distance.



"Now, Mrs. Thorpe," Peter said, "if you'll get out of here I'll do my lightning change act."

"How are you?" Mrs. Caldwell was demanding. "Flu all gone?"

"Flu? Why, that was ages ago," said Jinny, with a startled thought for those weeks in bed last fall.

Flu had been as good a name as any other for her losses. She did not want her friends to know about them. There was something almost ludicrous in their repetition. "Poor Jinny's hoping again." She did not want that.

"Why, I thought you had the flu the other evening. When you dropped out of dinner at the Camerons'."

"Oh, that night! Did Peter say I had the flu? It was tummy, really—one of those things. I had to call up at the last moment. Peter said it was a good party."

"He helped make it so. He's one of the few men who joins the ladies as if he really liked them." Marty laughed; then pursued swiftly, "And that Miss Shearer—so cute to have somebody in the house to send out with him when you can't go—who is she, exactly? She said she was 'almost a cousin.' "

"She's my cousin's stepchild. My cousin Anne, now Mrs. Cummings—she lives in Michigan—was once a Mrs. Shearer. Ned Shearer had been married before, and Betty is his daughter by his first wife."

"Complicated," said Marty. "How did you happen to take her on?"

Yes, how had she? How had she ever let herself in for this hateful situation? Ironic, to think it had been one of her better impulses!

"Oh, it just happened," she was saying vaguely. "You see, her father died quite soon after he'd married Anne, and after a time Anne married Dan Cummings and there were other children and not too much money, so when Betty wanted to go to the Art Institute——"

She stopped, vexed at herself. It wasn't like her to make self-revelations of generosity; to be showing Betty up as a dependent. Freud would have made something of that.

Quickly she amended, "I liked Betty so much when I was at Anne's last summer that I thought it would be nice to have her with us for a while. She's at the Art Institute—she's keen on painting. She really has a gift."

"Several," said Marty.

She sounded cryptic. Did she mean anything by that? Jinny said lightly, "I hope she fitted in all right?"

"Divinely. A treat to the men to have something under thirty. How old is she, by the way?"

"Twenty-three. Twenty-four, almost. She looks younger, doesn't she?"

"Yes—and no."

Virginia knew what Marty meant. At first impression Betty was sheer youth. You saw the smooth clear cheeks, the soft, sleek long bob, the full high breast and the supple waist. And then you saw that cool half-smile, with its hint of secrecy; that level, enigmatic look.

"I could have done more for her if she'd been younger," Jinny was saying, above her thoughts. "Got her into the deb parties and all that. But I don't know many young people her age."

"I should think you'd done plenty. She's not really anything to you, is she? I mean, she's not really *related?*"

So Marty was making that point, was she? Odd, she had never noticed before how curious Marty's eyes could be. "Of course she is!" Virginia protested. "Cousin or stepcousin, it's all the same."

"Oh, quite," said Marty readily.

"It's such fun to have her." Jinny felt a nervous compulsion to go on talking about Betty. "She fits in so well. I was fagged out last fall after the flu, and it was a comfort to have someone to dash out with Peter—he has a passion for the movies. He's always ready to go out to something."

"I have to dynamite Sam. He's a settler down. He'd like nothing better than a dozen eggs under him."

Virginia laughed; she said unthinkingly, "Sam and I would have made a wonderful couple," and then wished she hadn't said it. She hurried to add, "Oh, I like to go out when I'm up to it. But I haven't Peter's vim and verve. That's why"—was she overinsisting on this?—"it's been so nice to have the child with us. Dashing about is a treat to her."

"Understudy?" said Marty, grinning.

She countered quickly, "Just a companion."

Something neither humorous nor mocking flickered through Marty's eyes, but the hint of gravity was gone as quickly as it had come, and all Marty's bright mouth phrased was a casual, "Bring her over sometime. Maybe she'll play bridge with us old gals."

"Not in the daytime. She's at the Institute all day. That's why you haven't seen her at a luncheon."

"I see." Marty turned her eyes to the glass above the table. "No," she said, to the green straw. "Too trivial."

Jinny rose. "I'll leave you to your struggle."

"Did you get what you wanted?"

"Evening gown. Much too gay. One of those once-seen-always-remembered things."

"Better than just one more black."

"N-no. I'm afraid it's a mistake."

"You can afford them, darling. You're much too solvent."

That light speech rang disagreeably in her ears as she walked toward home. Now Marty had the facts, she thought ironically. More and more people had (*Cont. on p. 122*)

Running back to join his fellow Gremlins on page 38.

A straight-shooting, hard-hitting call to the nation for immediate action!

Let's Quit Stalling and Get TOUGH!

BY SENATOR HARRY S. TRUMAN as told to MARQUIS W. CHILDS
CHAIRMAN, SENATE DEFENSE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE

WE HAVEN'T time for rhetoric. We all know the job that has to be done. And yet most of us haven't got down to that job.

It is total war. It is war against the most powerful combination of enemies this country has ever known. It is war for our lives, for our homes.

I want to say what I think must be done, now, today, tomorrow. I want to speak frankly because I believe in winning the war as quickly as we can and winning it utterly and completely. I don't set myself up as an expert. I've tried to learn as I went along, together with the members of the investigating committee of which I am chairman. It is time for every man to speak out if he believes in his heart that he can bring victory nearer by a month, a week, a day, yes, an hour.

Washington blames the country; the country blames Washington. Changes must come in the country and in Washington. We must follow the example of the men in the field who *are* fighting a total war, the men who know that the treachery of the Japs is not a propaganda device but death by guile and trickery.

First of all bring the war home to the American people. Stop wrapping the truth in false optimism. That applies to the Government and the press equally. We should know what happened as soon afterward as it can be known without giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Why should the Army and the Navy keep back news for months? The Japs are not fools. We have discovered that their intelligence system is remarkably ingenious.

Only if we know the truth can we go ahead with those tremendous changes which we must come to if we are to win a total war. Everyone must do what he is best fitted to do. That means centralized control over manpower. We don't like the sound of it. We've been resisting it. But it is a fundamental need. The British, who specialize in muddling through, came to it long ago.

Centralized authority over manpower means that one office—one man and that man divorced from any political expediencies—has the power to say where you and you and you and I and all the other 60,000,000 available men and women can best serve our country. He can tell us to stay put or he can send us wherever our particular services are needed. That might be on the front line or it might be in a munitions plant.

Up to now we have had divided authority over manpower. The Selective Service system picks the men for our 9,000,000-man Army. The War Manpower Commission was created to look after the labor supply for farms and industry. But until very recently the Navy accepted volunteers even though they had been deferred as essential men in vital industries. Copper miners left the mines for higher-paid jobs. Essential war plants slacked down with the loss of technicians and key men.

Divided authority is the curse of Washington. The division of command between the Army and the Navy has hampered our drive for victory on every front. That situation is improving. Unification is coming about, but too slowly. Thousands of miles separate the Army and the Navy commands in the Alaskan theater. Communication takes time, leaves room for mistakes.

We must get better planes—the best planes. The skill and courage of our boys deserve the best. Let's look at the actual facts. That is what our committee has tried to do. Get the testimony of the men who have flown our planes in actual combat in Australia. Of course, the generals want to make the best possible case for the program they have fathered.

Some of our fighter planes are not as good as the best fighters of the British or the Germans. Let's find out why. Then correct the weaknesses. Get into mass production with the best fighter types in the world. We haven't time for alibis or apologies.

Let's release the creative energies of men like Henry J. Kaiser and Andrew Jackson Higgins. The brass hats in the Army and the Navy are inclined to be skeptical because, they say, Higgins and Kaiser make too much noise. But if they hadn't made a big noise, we might never have re-examined the cargo-plane and tank-lighter programs.

And what about the other Higginses and Kaisers? Men with creative drive and imagination? This country has always produced production geniuses, men with

ideas. They shouldn't have to be able to make a big noise to get a chance to produce.

One phase of our investigation showed nine months of delay by the Navy when Higgins had the solution all along. He built a model of a tank lighter on order of the Navy, and then for nearly a year the Navy fiddled with a far less efficient model before recognizing the superiority of the Higgins design. That is the reason our invasion-boat program is behind schedule. Such fumbling is intolerable. The men responsible for it must be removed whether at the top or somewhere in between.

On the production front one big obstacle is the concentration of orders in a small number of companies. We cannot produce enough that way. We must bring in the small companies that are now outside the program entirely. This isn't politics. It has nothing to do with the bigness of business. It is cold, hard fact. England faced it and farmed out "bits and pieces" to thousands of small plants. So must we.

Here are some figures that show how far the concentration has gone. War contracts let up to a recent date amounted to 55 billion dollars out of the 202 billions Congress has made available. Of that 55 billions the top 100 companies had 40 billions. And of the 40 billions the first ten companies had nearly 18 billions. One company had 4½ billions in war contracts.

All right, if they can do it, sure. But here's the difficulty. The orders pile up on the spindle. Deliveries are delayed. There are figures that show that, too. One company had ten times as many orders, measured in dollars, as the dollar value of the products that the company had delivered under its contracts. The ratio varied—of orders to deliveries—among the Big Ten. With one it was one to eight, another one to six, another one to twenty.

Of course, they farm out some of their work, subcontract it, but not enough of it. That process must be speeded up. We will have to learn from England. The big production step-up will not come until we do.

Talking tough is not enough. Donald Nelson is beginning to make the changes that all along he has had the power to make. He will have to revise the steel section of the War Production Board, and quickly, to end the confusion that has prevailed. No one up to the present has followed the flow of steel to make sure it went into the most vital war machines. No one moved to acquire idle inventories. Now at last Nelson is acting. I am for him. I think, now that he has taken courage, that he can do the job.

We must back the men who have the courage of their convictions. We must recognize the quality of such leaders as our Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, and give them the support they deserve. It is on the decisions of such men that we must rely.

If our military chiefs tell us it is necessary to draft eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds for the huge army that is in process of creation, then we must accept their word. Congress must act. Such vital decisions cannot wait on politics. On the other hand, our military leaders must say unequivocally, without fear of political repercussions, what it is they must have.

I believe that people everywhere want to do everything they can to win the war. Too often they do not know what is expected of them. Rubber is an example. Now that the distinguished committee appointed by the President, with Bernard M. Baruch as chairman, has reported, the grim facts are accepted generally. But why was it necessary to wait four or five months *(Continued on page 146)*

He kissed her for a long time, and the moonlight made a white mask of their faces.

ANNE HOMER WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

JIM WAS waiting downstairs, so Pamela had no time to linger in her pretty, chintz-hung room. No time to contemplate intelligently this incredible thing that was happening . . . She went to the closet first and picked out a gray dress, the one with yellow roses on the skirt. She laid the dress on her bed and wondered if tonight would after all turn out to be the most important of her whole life.

She brushed her hair in front of the long mirror. Her hair was a bright honey color, and her eyes were brown. They were shining now, and she had that look of inner radiance that comes from being quite helplessly in love. Still suspended in happiness, she smoothed powder on her nose and slipped into the gray dress. The bodice was plain, the skirt was short and swirling. Pamela was twenty-one, and she looked like something out of a dream. She felt that way, too; not real at all. Because she'd always known this would happen. She'd always known that someday she'd fall in love. But she hadn't known how it would feel; how it would wrap you in enchantment.

She carried a yellow wool jacket over her arm as she ran down the stairs, and Jim looked up at her and lost the thread of his conversation with her father. But he made an effort and picked it up again. And after a while Mr. Burke said, "Well, don't be too late."

And Jim said, "No, sir, we won't." And then they were walking down the brick path to the car. Jim took the yellow jacket, and over his arm it looked ridiculous, for he was a very big young man. and sturdily built.

He looked down at her and said, "I've a good idea what will go with that dress."

They drove slowly and stopped in front of a florist's. Jim ran in and came out with a small, fragrant corsage of yellow roses. And Pamela could have wept with happiness. Because Jim was like that. He wasn't subtle, but he was good. And she had loved him from the moment someone had said, just a week ago, "Pam, this is Jim Ransome. His family have moved to Lynnville."

That had happened at the country club, and they'd danced together, and she'd known from the very first that she was lost. She pinned the corsage to her shoulder now, and he said, "The roses are exactly the same color as your hair." She looked up at him, but she couldn't manage one of the impish smiles that used to come so easily with other boys. She couldn't manage any smile at all, because she felt suddenly as though she might cry.

But she didn't, of course. She patted the flowers gently into place and said, "They're nice, Jim. My very favorite kind."

He grinned happily, and they drove out of town to a little inn called the Wayside. And Pamela thought: Perhaps tonight Jim will tell me he loves me.

Because it was quite evident that he did. He'd been coming to see her every day all week long. And you could tell too from the look in his gray eyes—a kind of eagerness, a questioning. She wouldn't have minded having this suspended, falling-in-love stage last the whole summer if it weren't that time was so very short.

Jim was a lawyer in civilian life. But he was in the Naval Reserve, and he was being called up in a month. That is, a month from when they had met—only three weeks of the month were left now. But Pamela wasn't too worried about that. It wouldn't matter so much if he were a million miles away, as long as they belonged to each other, she thought.

They were almost out of town by now, and the lengthening rays of the sun cast a glow over the smooth lawns and the pretty houses. Jim said, "I like Lynnville. After the war I'm going to hang my shingle out here; might even try my hand at politics. I've always had a hankering in that direction."

Pamela drew a deep breath. The picture he created was safe and peaceful, but exciting too. A young lawyer in a Midwestern town, hanging out his shingle, trying his hand at politics—it sounded like a purposeful life, she thought.

Jim stopped the car at the Wayside, an attractive pseudo-English inn near a meandering river. The inn had numerous rooms and verandas for eating. Jim helped her out of the car. "No dancing here," he said with a grin. "But we can talk."

Pamela's heart skipped a beat. She didn't know why she felt so sure that Jim was going to be serious tonight. Perhaps it was something he had said yesterday. They had gone dancing with a crowd of young people, and she had had a lot of cuts, and finally he had said, "Tomorrow let's go out to dinner, shall we? That way we can be alone, and there isn't such a lot of time, when you think about it."

Of course she had thought about it. But she hadn't been sure until then that he was conscious too of the days passing, and the weeks . . .

He helped her up the irregular stone steps. He said, "When I'm with you, Pam, time seems to stand still and race along, both at once. I can't figure it!"

"No legal formula?" she asked.

"No legal formula," he agreed. "There's nothing legal about yellow hair and brown eyes, Pam. Maybe that's the trouble." He tried to make his voice casual and mocking, but he failed. Pamela was surprised. She had never *(Continued on page 109)*

THE CROWDED elevator stopped at every floor. Ellen glanced at her watch as Dorothy—the operators were girls now—finally opened the door for the eleventh. Nine-sixteen.

"Bailey come up yet?" Ellen asked as she slithered out between two fat men.

"Dunt esk," Dorothy said. "You could set your watch by him."

Ellen hurried toward the door marked "Patterson & Cole, Grain and Feed." She would brazen it out this time. No point in explaining that the bus was late. "That is hardly our concern, Mrs. Edmonds. Patterson and Cole is not interested in bus schedules. We are interested in selling grain." Nor could she tell him she had a headache, though that was true. "Then you might better not have come at all," would be his sympathetic comment. And at the end of the week her check would be twenty dollars instead of twenty-four. Patterson & Cole paid for eight efficient hours a day, and headaches impaired efficiency. No, she would walk up to Bailey and say calmly, "I'm late," and add mentally, "What are you going to do about it? You can fire me, and I'll haunt your dreams. I've often wondered what an efficiency man dreams about, anyhow."

At exactly 9:16½ A.M. Ellen Edmonds opened the door. The outer office was thirty feet long and Bailey sat like a monitor behind his desk in the far corner. She met his eyes unflinchingly. "Don't be afraid of him," she told herself as she started across the room. "You haven't committed a crime. You're just sixteen and a half minutes late."

Fred Bailey was a tall, angular man whose high starched collar accentuated the inordinate distance of his head from his narrow shoulders. He watched her—and smiled. Ellen broke her stride. He had probably just thought of some particularly devastating comment, or perhaps he was going to fire her. Well, in these times it didn't matter—much. There were plenty of jobs for pretty girls of twenty-three. We're at war. I can take a course in mechanics, she thought wildly, and be a lady welder in an airplane factory. I can tell them my husband—the rat!—is in the air force, and they'll put me on.

There was not a sound in the big office; not a clattering typewriter or a stuttering comptometer or a cough. The girls, and the men too, had stopped work and were watching her. Watching, and waiting. They wanted to be in at the kill.

Human nature was a strange thing, she thought bitterly. There's nothing funnier than a man taking a fall on

The Press awaited her. "Before you ask any questions," Ellen began, "there's something I ought to tell you."

the ice unless it's a girl being publicly chastised.

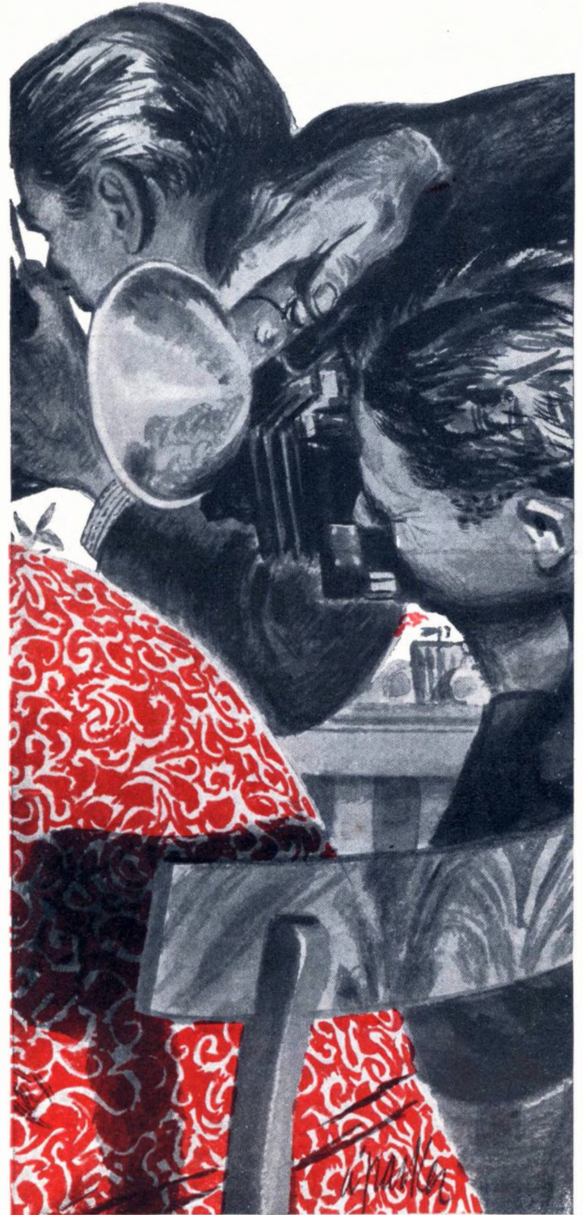
She stood before Bailey's desk. Well, if they wanted it, she'd give them a good show. He started to rise. He was still smiling.

"Don't get up," Ellen said, but he did. "I'm late. I can tell time too." She turned from him and faced her fellow employees. "I haven't an excuse in the world. I just didn't feel like getting in at nine today."

Without another glance at him, she walked straight to her desk and sat down. She yanked open a drawer and extracted paper and pen and ink. Bailey would be after her now. She was going to be fired. She had not known that she was trembling, but the inkwell in her hand was.

Ellen could feel the tears coming and she cursed herself for an emotional fool. Why couldn't she carry through with dignity? There he was beside the desk.

The Private Life of a Hero



What if you woke up one morning to find yourself the wife of a hero? Would you have the courage to keep your love story locked in your heart?

BY DALE EUNSON

Her shaking hand brushed the tears from her cheeks, and the inkwell crashed to the floor. She dared not look up. The ink made a pattern on the floor like a blue-black Rising Sun. Part of the pattern lay across Mr. Bailey's tan shoes.

Now she'd done it! She would have to apologize. Offer to pay for having his shoes cleaned. You're fine, she thought. This is what happens when a woman tries to defy a man. She ends by doing something ridiculous; turning a dramatic gesture into feminine hysterics.

She knew how ludicrous she must appear as she lifted her face. "I'm sorry about your shoes, Mr. Bailey," she said. "I'll pay for them."

He was not even looking at his shoes. He was still smiling at her. He must be a really mean man to smile like that at a time like this. A true sadist.

All the other clerks and bookkeepers and stenographers rose as if by signal and walked toward her desk. Someone kissed her cheek. It was her friend Mary Gilchrist, whispering, "Oh, Ellen darling, isn't it *wonderful?*" And Esther Halvorsen grabbed her hands. "We're so proud!" she cried. "We feel as if he belonged to us too."

"Who?" Ellen asked in bewilderment. "Mr. Bailey?"

Mr. Bailey coughed. "Mrs. Edmonds," he said. "Hrumph! It gives me great pleasure to be amongst the first to extend the congratulations of Patterson and Cole. Indeed, we deem it an honor . . ."

Ellen searched the beaming faces of the young men and women around her. She felt as if she were suffocating. "What have I done?" she said in a strangled voice.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

"A man will do anything to keep the woman he loves," Tommy said.

"What have you done!" Mary cried. "Why, you—you're married to him. He did it for you. You—you inspired him!"

Then it came to her. It was Tommy—something about Tommy. He'd done something.

"You'll have to let me in on it," she said. "I don't know what this is all about."

There was a united gasp from the circle of faces. "You mean you haven't seen the paper this morning or listened to the radio?"

"No. I—overslept."

"Not a word, people," Mr. Bailey said, like a conspirator. He got the paper himself from his desk, unfolded it with a flourish and held it up before her eyes.

The headline covered the whole top half of the page: LOCAL BOY HERO. And then in only slightly less bold face it announced: "Tommy Edmonds Shoots Down Nine Japanese Planes Single-handed!"

Ellen sat perfectly still. There was a whirring in her ears, and her throat felt dry. Tommy's face swam before her. He was laughing, mocking, daring her the way he had the last time she'd seen him—a year ago. "You wouldn't divorce a man who was going away to fight for his country, would you? No matter how you felt about me, you couldn't do that."

"She's going to faint!" someone said. "Get a glass of water."

A paper cup was thrust at her, but she pushed it away. "Please," she murmured, and rose. "You'll have to excuse me."

Mr. Bailey, of all people, put his arm about her shoulder. "We can imagine how you feel, Mrs. Edmonds. So proud and excited."

"Yes," she murmured. "That's it. Proud and excited."

"You must go home and rest," he went on soothingly.

"No. I'll be all right. After all, I haven't done anything."

"She hasn't done anything," Joe Black echoed. "She's just married to the biggest hero in the whole damn United States, that's all she's done!"

"But I oughtn't to be," Ellen wanted to cry out. "I should have divorced him when I threatened to. I was a coward not to. I was afraid of what people would say."

"Don't pay any attention to me," she said aloud. "Let Tommy have his glory. It has nothing to do with me. I'm only——"

"Mrs. Thomas Edmonds," Mr. Bailey finished for her. "And no matter how modest you may be, you are going to have many obligations to the public." He turned to address the others in the room. "Young ladies and—hrumph!—gentlemen. Do you realize that standing in our midst is a woman who is more important today than"—he struggled for just the right comparison—"than Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt?"

There was nothing for it but that Ellen must go home. Mr. Bailey himself escorted her to the street below and hailed a taxi.

"This has been a memorable morning for me," Mr. Bailey said. "Believe me, Mrs. Edmonds, it has been a—hrumph—pleasure to work with you."

Ellen made one last try. "Really, Mr. Bailey, I'd rather just stay on the job. You don't seem to understand. All this—this excitement has nothing to do with me."

Mr. Bailey reached into the cab and patted her hand. He mentally made a note of what she had said so that when he called the Herald later he could quote it.

The Press (in the person of three reporters and two photographers) awaited her in what they described next morning as "Mrs. Edmonds' modest home." Actually it was a boardinghouse, but Mrs. Folsey the landlady insisted they use the parlor for the interview.

Ellen tried to slip (*Cont. on page 112*)

Thanksgiving

SOME soldiers and sailors and marines and airmen and coastguardmen will eat Thanksgiving dinner at home this year; but at millions of family tables the hearty faces and appetites of sons or husbands or brothers will be missing. Hidden anxieties, and anxiety not hidden at all, must be present at the feast in 1942, and in many, many houses there will be more distress than good cheer. Alas, there will be broken homes wherein Thanksgiving must seem a bitter irony and the sound of new mourning will prevail!

On this Thanksgiving Day we shall have been at war almost a year. A year of war is a long, long year, and, as we look back upon better times, how far away and different appear the lives we led in our ignorantly cheerful period of peace. We seem to have been creatures other than our present selves in those long-ago days when no thoughts at all of war were in our heads. The world we lived in then appears to us to have been unreal. Indeed, it more than seems; we know now that it *was* unreal. Even after an ill-omened name, Hitler, had begun to chill us with vague apprehension when we saw it printed in our newspapers, or heard it mentioned in a broadcast, we lived in that old world of ours blindly and went our blind ways busily, knowing almost nothing of undercurrent realities. Thus we were able to make our Thanksgivings jolly. We could be lighthearted easily, not knowing that this Thanksgiving of 1942 was waiting for us.

We are all too well aware now that war drags a thousand calamities in its train. All through the land families that were used to comfortable plenty may have to scant their tables. Many, many businesses and professions have melted away and the middle-aged and elderly men who lived by them, and provided for their families out of them, have seen bank balances melt to nothing, too. On the farms women have had to go out to pitch the hay. The young men are soldiers or sailors or pilots or workmen in the war plants.

On the war front itself our Allies have had three years of defeat and we ourselves have been driven from lands over which the Stars and Stripes had flown. On all the oceans deadly snakes come up out of the water and dreadful birds of prey descend upon our men from overhead. Our coasts are unsafe; peril comes to their very edges and may fly inland at any time, destroying our factories, our churches, our schools, our hospitals—anything that is ours. Some hundreds of millions of our fellow creatures on this planet, human beings, hate us with the murderous hate that is born of fear of us. Their brightest hope is to kill so many of us that the rest of us who survive bodily will live in obedient subjugation to the triumphant Will that hates us.

How then in such a plight may we find words for a Hymn of Thanksgiving? In what form can we utter a Prayer of Thanksgiving?

Such a hymn and such a prayer must express our gratitude for blessings received, for gifts of Providence.

What gifts? What blessings? Where are any gifts of Providence that have been ours in this year of blood and smoke and slaughtering explosion?

We render our thanks that within us, though we knew it not, there still always lived the spirit of the Founding Fathers of our country. Wholly devoted to the arts of peace, we tilled our fields, stoked our factory fires, healed the sick, taught children, studied law, painted pictures, drove trucks, sold groceries, mined the earth, made music, delivered the mails and carried on the business of government. All unaware of the mighty spark that still glowed deep within us, we could not have believed that America—all America—would or could turn Warrior, even in a vital cause. America did, though. All America did that unbelievable thing! On Thanksgiving Day, 1942, we give thanks that the old, old spirit, not dead, not sick, not even drowsy, now leaps into such bright, tremendous action as earth never knew before.

We give thanks that the spirit within us sends us forth to war rather than lets us live in a world humbled and driven by mechanized plunderers, hordes enthused for Glory and believing that Glory consists in enforcing their Will upon others. We give thanks that this Evil loosed upon earth so roused us that our young men bear arms against it, carry fire and sword against it, shake the ground as they march against it. We give thanks that they ride the sky, carrying terror against Evil, and that they do battle against it in the clouds and on land and upon and under the deep waters of all the seas.

In our easier days we gave thanks for abundant harvests. Now we have greater things for which to speak our gratitude. When her hour came America did not cower but stepped out to meet the conqueror of nations he had outnumbered and outwitted. America took note of his dreadful might and cunning and now has summoned all the strength of her good heart and inventive mind to match and overmatch him. We thank the Power that lifts us to this high task in the forefront of the assaulted nations. We give thanks that America has had no need to pray to be valiant. Praise be to God, her ancient valor shines as bright as it was at Lexington!

Thanksgiving, 1942, is a day when we give thanks that America has the right to be proud.

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKE

Mission to

Hiram Holiday started for that exciting land of adventure on a wild-goose chase— but he caught bigger game

MR. FOSTER WRIGHT, Second Under Secretary for Latin American Relations in the State Department, did little to disguise his disinterest when the visitor whose card he held in his fingers was shown into his office.

He read the name "Hiram Holliday" again and then looked up to see a plumpish man, no longer young, on whose face was the pallor of a recent illness. Mr. Wright recalled vaguely having heard the name before, but the man who bore it was so undistinguished an individual, of careless dress, dun-colored untidy hair and steel-rimmed spectacles, that the under secretary did not feel called upon to do more than wave him to a chair with a "Well, Mr. Holliday, what can I do for you?"

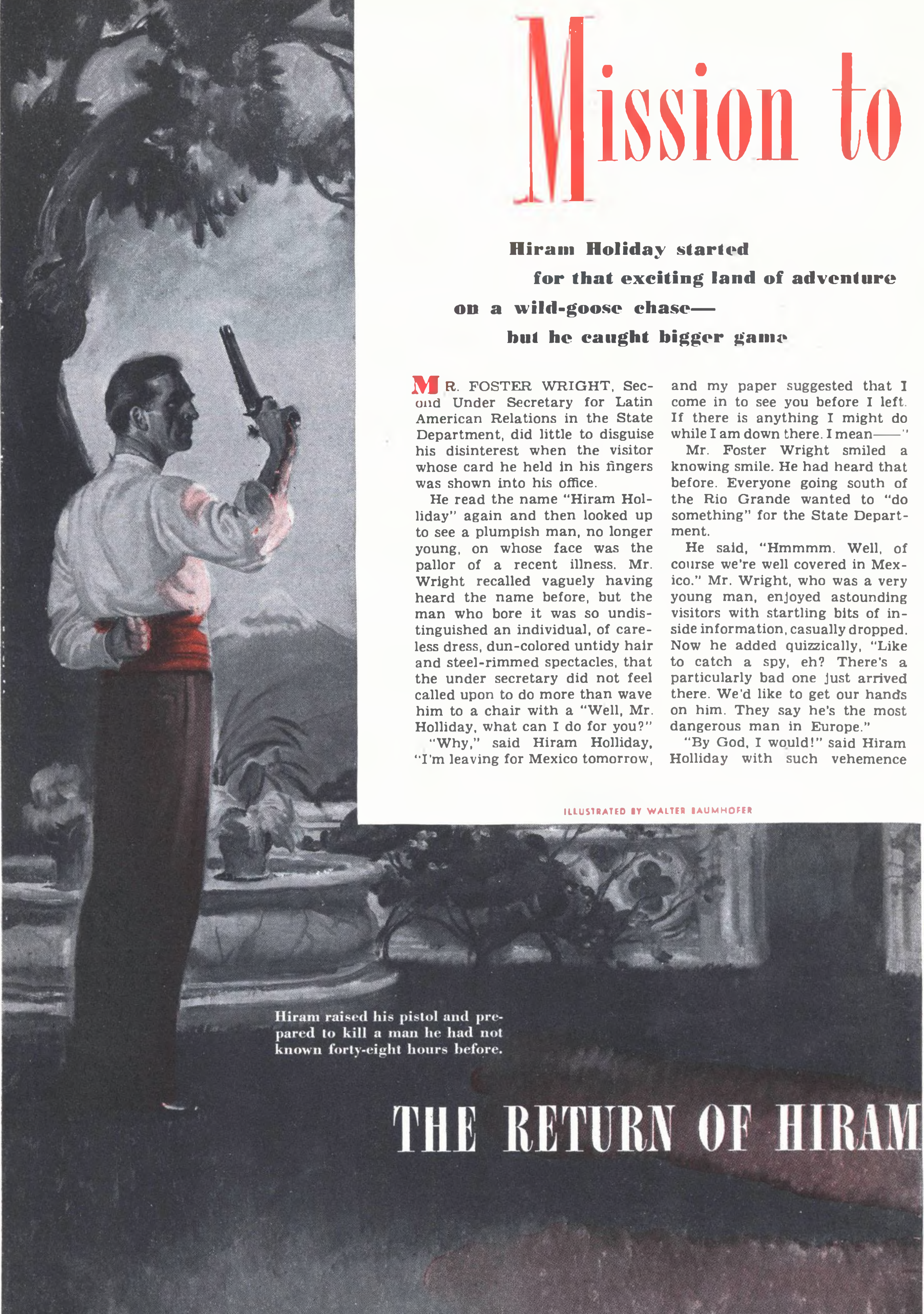
"Why," said Hiram Holliday, "I'm leaving for Mexico tomorrow, and my paper suggested that I come in to see you before I left. If there is anything I might do while I am down there. I mean——"

Mr. Foster Wright smiled a knowing smile. He had heard that before. Everyone going south of the Rio Grande wanted to "do something" for the State Department.

He said, "Hmmmm. Well, of course we're well covered in Mexico." Mr. Wright, who was a very young man, enjoyed astounding visitors with startling bits of inside information, casually dropped. Now he added quizzically, "Like to catch a spy, eh? There's a particularly bad one just arrived there. We'd like to get our hands on him. They say he's the most dangerous man in Europe."

"By God, I would!" said Hiram Holliday with such vehemence

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER



Hiram raised his pistol and prepared to kill a man he had not known forty-eight hours before.

THE RETURN OF HIRAM

Mexico

BY
PAUL GALLICO

that he startled Mr. Wright into dropping the card.

But the under secretary recovered quickly and said knowingly, "Oh. Reporter stuff, eh? You newspapermen! Well, of course you realize it doesn't quite work out that way. The Mexican government is co-operating one hundred percent. A lot of the FBI boys are on the spot and——"

"Who is he? What does he look like?"

Mr. Wright smiled patronizingly. "My dear fellow, if we knew that we'd have him under lock and key in eight hours. All we've had is an inside tip that the Nazis have succeeded in getting a number-one man ashore there recently. He might be any one of a number of people. However——" He paused and inquired suddenly, "Have you ever been to Europe?"

HOLLIDAY III.

The under secretary gave the impressive list of places Hiram Holliday had visited abroad what he considered proper reflection, possibly to hide his astonishment because Holliday did not look like a man who got around.

"Of course you realize this sort of thing properly belongs in the hands of professionals," he said then. "The FBI is doing a bang-up job. Still, it wouldn't hurt for you to keep your eyes open down there." He smiled again at Holliday's expression of eagerness and added hastily, "Nothing sensational now, mind you. What I mean is look around and if you should happen to recognize someone you had seen in Germany, let us say, why, simply notify the American Consulate and somebody will look into it at once."

"I'll do that, sir!" said Hiram Holliday. "And thank you for the opportunity."

"Well," said Mr. Foster Wright as his visitor arose to go, "we shan't be too disappointed if—ah——" The implication being plain, he did not finish the sentence but gave Hiram Holliday his card, adding, "Drop in to see me when you get back. Always glad to talk to you."

When the door closed, he smiled again, a little pityingly this time, and flicked Hiram Holliday's card into a drawer.

That gave the trip a double mission, in a way, Hiram thought as his plane droned through the night toward the Mexican border. True, his position was by no means official. But who could tell?

He tried to imagine what shape or form or guise the Nazi spy would have assumed. They were carefully trained, these hounds of the Gestapo, yet they remained always—Nazis. Their faces they could change, but their characteristics were undisguisable. There was an aura, a smell to them too. Somehow, the Nazi horror and brutality crystallized so that one could almost recognize it in the bearing of a man—in the fish eyes and the moist mouth that went with the breed.

In his imagination Hiram saw himself on a street or in a bar or a shop in Mexico City standing next to some stranger and feeling the hairs at the back of his neck bristle at some move made by the man, some inflection of his voice. God knows he had seen and learned enough of the Gestapo and its methods to recognize it where he encountered it. The most dangerous man in Europe! It was natural that Hiram should visualize him as resembling the Nazis of some of his more terrible experiences in Europe.

The excitement of these imaginings caused Hiram to move restlessly in his seat, bringing a flush to his face, and he forced himself to other thoughts. But it was either this or Heidi that kept his mind striving to outrace the drumming engines to Mexico.

For there was a potent slip of paper in his pocket—the principal cause of his new quest below the Rio Grande. It was a telegram which contained only three words: *"A moi, Hiram."* It was from Washington and was signed "Heidi." And the date was more than three weeks old. He had been lying unconscious in the hut of an old Negro woman in Georgia the day it had been sent.

"To me, Hiram!" Thus in the old days had the royal women of Europe summoned their men in time of danger. Heidi was in trouble or she would not have sent the message.

And yet apparently the danger had not been immediate, for when, in a sweat of fear and worry at being so late, Hiram had gone to her hotel, he was informed that the Princess von Fürstenhoff had left the week before—two weeks after the date of her message. Yes, she had left a forwarding address—the Hotel Reforma, Mexico City—but no note or message.

Fifteen minutes later Hiram was telephoning his office in New York to announce that he was leaving for Mexico. For his experience in Europe had taught him that much could be said with nothing—if the minds of two people were attuned and accustomed to communicating.

The danger still existed, or Heidi would have left him a note. She still had need of him. Whatever it was could not be entrusted to paper. She had gone forward to meet it, perhaps, leaving him a trail that was simple to follow and natural. The very absence of a further message indicated that she expected him to come, when and if he could. She had sent out her cry for help. Wherever he was, she knew it would bring him winging to her side from the far ends of the world . . .

Hiram looked at his watch. It was midnight. He fought off his restless imagination and tried to sleep. In fourteen hours he would be in Mexico City and would know the reason for her call.

BUT HEIDI was not at the Hotel Reforma when Hiram arrived, though the trail was still plainly marked. The hotel clerk said, "The Princess von Fürstenhoff? Yes, she was here, but she has gone away, I believe to Cuernavaca." He called to the porter, "José, did the Princess von Fürstenhoff leave an address? There is a gentleman inquiring."

The porter produced a card. "Si, Señor—care of Señor Manuelo Azuero, Avenida Cortés, Cuernavaca. The telephone number is Cuernavaca 773."

"Manuelo Azuero?" said Hiram.

"You know him, Señor?" The clerk was impressed. "He is one of the wealthiest men in Mexico. A great sportsman, no? Fly the airplane; play the polo."

"Could you get that number for me?"

"Inmediatamente, señor!" Carmen! Call please for the Señor. *Cuernavaca, siete-siete-tres, pronto."*

A minute later Hiram was motioned into a telephone booth. A voice said, "*'Allo.* Villa Flores!"

Was it going to be so easy? Hiram said, "May I speak to the Princess Adelheit von Fürstenhoff, please?"

"La Princesa? Momentito, señor!"

Through the receiver that apparently had been laid down, Hiram Holliday heard party noises—voices, laughter, the clink of glasses or silver on dishes, faintly the sound of a guitar, and even a splash as though someone had jumped into a pool. Steps approached the telephone. The instrument was picked up. Hiram felt cold suddenly at the pit of his stomach.

A voice, Heidi's voice, said, "Princess von Fürstenhoff speaking."

"Heidi!" said Hiram. "I got your message. I'm here."

There was a moment of dead silence. Then: "Who? Who is this speaking?"

"This is Hiram—Hiram Holliday. Heidi, is anything——"

Heidi's voice came alive in the receiver. "Mr. Holliday, you are in Mexico? But how astonishing! Where are you?"

Alarm bells set Hiram's nerves tingling. Was the game on again? He said, "At the Reforma in Mexico City," and added, "I happened to see your name on the register."

"But how delightful! Manuelo"—Hiram heard Heidi's voice recede from the telephone, as though she were calling to someone—"Manuelo, it is Hiram Holliday, the American writer. You met him in Paris." Then, to Hiram: "This is such a surprise. Have you been long in Mexico?"

Oh, yes, the game was on again. The tone of Heidi's voice was false, high-pitched. Hiram felt his way cautiously. "I just got in. Getting some material together. How have you been?"

"Oh, but wonderful. You would not know me, I am so brown. I am staying at the most wonderful place with the most charming people. You remember Manuelo Azuero from Paris? He had that delightful apartment in the Rue Anastasie."

Hiram's mind worked in high gear. Thus the game was played in Europe. A lead was thrown you. Never mind the whys or wherefores; pick it up and carry it on. He had already picked up the clue. If Azuero was a wealthy Mexican with a home in Paris before the war, hundreds of people he would not even remember must have wandered through the parties given there.

"Of course," said Hiram. "I was there with Knick and Jimmy Sheehan. Remember me to him. I had hoped to be able to see you while I was here."

"But of course we must meet. I am certain we will. I am sure Manuelo will wish to renew his acquaintance too. You may be reached at the Reforma? It was charming of you to call. Thank you so much. Good-by."

When he emerged from the booth the clerk smiled at him and gave him a newspaper with a paragraph marked. It was a copy of Excelsior, with the back page printed in English. The paragraph pertained to the distinguished guests being entertained at the palatial Cuernavaca villa of the well-known sportsman Manuelo Azuero.

Hiram took the list up to his room and studied it. For among those names in cold black type there was someone of whom Heidi was in deadly fear.

There was a letter awaiting Hiram the next morning. It was from Manuelo Azuero, recalling his acquaintance with Hiram in Paris in 1938 and begging for a renewal of it now. Would Señor Holliday do him the honor of joining them for the week end in Cuernavaca? A car and chauffeur would call for Señor Holliday early Saturday morning.

The cards Heidi had played so carefully had won. This was Thursday. In two days they would be together once more.

Hiram Holliday went forth into the streets of Mexico City, that lovely, sprawling, teeming city that lies at eight thousand feet in the shadow of Popocatepetl and the (*Continued on page 83*)

THE Gremlins

STORY BY
"Pegasus"
ILLUSTRATED BY
WALT DISNEY
STUDIO

Introducing the Gremlins

FLIPPERTY-GIBBET

GREMLIN JAMFACE

ATHLETIC GREMLIN

FIFINELLA

NIGHT-FLYING GREMLIN

GREMLIN GUS

NAUTIC-MINDED GREMLIN

WIDGET

GUS

JAMFACE

STUFFY

HERE THEY ARE! The Gremlins, those fantastic, lovable, mischievous Little People whose antics have become the first great legend of this war—the most enchanting story in a hundred years. Cosmopolitan here presents the first and only account authorized by the R.A.F., whose adventures with the Gremlins are told wherever fliers spin their yarns. Walt Disney, who made the drawings, will bring them to the screen

IT WAS many, many years ago; more almost than you could count, when the earth was just beginning to stir in its sleep. In the cold wet forests of England, under the dark trees, and in the slimy swamps, amongst the reeds and rushes, lived the goblins and the gnomes and the pixies and all their fairy tribe.

But there was one little clan which was quite different from the rest. They had funny horns growing out of their heads and funny pudgy faces, and they wore funny clothes which they made out of leaves sewed together with long shoots of grass.

This little tribe of funny men lived in a beautiful green wood up in the north of the land. They lived there for many, many thousands of years and watched the incredible changes which were taking place in the world around them. They saw men appearing, huge ugly monsters who fought each other unceasingly; towns sprang up and roads were built and everything became uncivilized. But the little men continued to live happily in their green wood; that is, until the year 1940, which was a difficult and troubled year for everybody. But it was a disastrous year for the little men. I'll tell you why.

One morning a lot of lorries drove up to the edge of the wood, and hundreds of workmen got out and started cutting down the trees. They didn't stop until the whole wood had been taken away, including the roots of the trees, which they dug up with picks and shovels. Then they brought huge rollers which rolled the ground hard and smooth, so that anyone seeing the place for the first time would never even have believed that it had once been a beautiful wood.

The tribe of little men had to move very quickly up onto a hill where they just sat watching the workmen below.

They saw them make a huge factory with tall chimneys right on the place where their wood had been, and a little later they saw smoke beginning to come out of the chimneys, and they heard the clanking of machinery inside the factory.

Then they saw why it had been built. It was making airplanes.

So the leader called a meeting of the tribe and there a big decision was made. It was decided that they would straightway split up into small groups, and taking with them their wives and children they would seek out all the airplanes they could find in the land and make mischief for those who flew them. They would accompany the pilot on his flight and they would harry him and tease him and worry him until they obtained some sort of satisfaction for all the harm they had been done.

It was sometime during the Battle of Britain when the Hurricanes and Spitfires were up from dawn to dusk and the noise of battle was heard all day in the sky; when the English countryside from Thanet to Severn was dotted with the wreckage of planes. I think it was in the early autumn when the chestnuts were ripening and the apples were beginning to drop off the trees—it was then that the first Gremlins were seen by the Royal Air Force.

A pilot called Gus, patrolling in his Hurricane at 18,000 feet over Dover, had sighted a Junkers 88 and was giving chase. He had everything wide open and was catching up steadily when he happened to glance starboard, and there standing on his wing-tip he saw a little man. He was probably six inches high with a large round face and a little pair of horns growing out of his head. On his legs were a pair of shiny black suction boots which enabled him to remain standing on the wing at 300 miles an hour.

Gus was now within range of the Ju. 88 so he gave it a few squirts, aiming at the port engine. He saw the smoke starting to come out and he saw a lot of little blue puffs trailing out astern which meant that the rear gunner was returning his fire; then it went into a cloud and he lost it.

But that little man was still there crouching on his starboard wing-tip; and do you know what he was doing? He had a large drill almost as big as himself grasped firmly in both hands and he was busily engaged in boring holes in the stressed steel skin of the Hurricane's wing.

Stuffy said Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets were all nonsense—but he learned!

With a whoop of joy they started pell-mell after the Fifinella riding on the aerial.

Gus did a few flick rolls hoping to dislodge him, but the suction boots held and he took no notice. He just went on boring holes with a look of the purest concentration on his face.

When he'd done about four holes he slung his drill over his shoulder, waddled up the wing and clambered onto the engine cowling. He then put on his little asbestos suit, sat on Number One exhaust stub and started drilling away just behind the propeller boss.

Gus was fascinated; so much so that he hardly noticed that his engine was beginning to cough and sputter like an old lady who had done the nose trick with her tea.

Gus got weaving and put her down nice and easy on a straight strip of the Dover-London road, got out, lit a cigarette and asked a policeman to get on the blower to his squadron and tell them where he was. Soon there were about thirty or forty of the local citizens gathered around, casually looking over his aircraft.

A little later his Sergeant and Fitter turned up in the squadron van and examined the machine. The Sergeant said, "Four bullet holes in your starboard wing, sir, and one's gone through your engine cowling and lodged in your magneto casing."

Gus looked around slowly in the direction indicated. "Those aren't bullet holes," he said. "A Gremlin did that." But the people didn't know what he meant.

And so out there on the Dover-London road on a cloudy autumn afternoon, a new word was born; a word which was to spread throughout the whole of the R.A.F. like a prairie fire. In a few weeks' time it would be common knowledge to every member of every bomber squadron and every fighter squadron in the United Kingdom. It would travel over the seas to the pilots in Malta and to the desert airdromes in Libya and Egypt where men work in sand. One pilot carried it to Palestine and another to Iraq. Someone mentioned it in India and someone else in Ceylon. And now they all have it. It was a very famous word.

Gremlin Gus kept his eye on the nurse but she couldn't see him.

After his forced landing Gus made his way back to the squadron and started to tell his story in the mess at drinking time. The pilots let him finish without interrupting.

Then Stuffy spoke. "Gremlins," he said, looking at Gus sideways. "Gremlins. Never heard of them."

Just then there was a scuffle amongst the ash trays on the table and a little man ran over, leaned his shoulder hard against Stuffy's mug of beer and began to push. He pushed and pushed and pushed until finally it slid off the table onto the floor and smashed into tiny little pieces. The little man peered over the edge at the frothy pool which was spreading over the carpet, just to make sure that he had done his work properly; then he stepped back and put his hands on his hips.

Stuffy's jaw dropped a mile. He looked at the Gremlin, and then he looked at Gus; then he looked at the Gremlin again. And the Gremlin looked at Stuffy, with a "so you've never heard of me" look on his ridiculous face, which was large and round and full of wrinkles, with a brown, rather vinegary look about it. He had a strawberry nose which looked like the moon through a telescope and his head was as bald as a coot. Obviously he was a very old Gremlin. He was wearing a little red bridge jacket, with a pair of well-cut corduroy trousers to match, and on his head, tilted at as much of an angle as his horns would allow, was a green derby. And of course he had on his shiny black suction boots.

Then he spoke, and his voice was deep and hoarse, but surprisingly loud coming from so small a man.

"Anyone else not heard of me?" he said, and looked around the group of pilots, who all leaped forward with one accord and seized their mugs of beer before they too should be pushed onto the floor. But no one spoke.

Thereupon he turned around, winked at Gus and climbed down the leg of the table onto the floor. He waddled across to the door, mumbled something about a date with a Fifinella and disappeared.

In case you don't know what Stuffy looks like, I think I'd better tell you, seeing that he had had the distinction of being the first man ever to annoy a Gremlin. He had wide feet like paving stones, and a thick thick neck. His shoulders were as broad as a road, and his head was square and flat on the top.

Then there was a sunburnt face covered in long scars which looked rather like an aerial photograph of the Grand Canyon. Crowning it all he had a lot of untidy black hair.

"That, I suppose," said Stuffy, "is Gremlin Gus," and Gus said yes it was, and went on leaning against the mantelpiece and smoking his pipe.

"And what, may I ask, is a Fifinella?" said Stuffy, who by this time was getting a little angry, chiefly because he had had to buy himself another beer.

"I should imagine that a Fifinella is a female Gremlin," said Gus, "but I haven't seen one yet. If there's one on the airdrome it means that they'll soon be breeding, which will be bad, very very bad."

The airdrome where Gus and his friends were stationed was situated in the South of England, in a district of green fields and tall oak trees and little white farmhouses. The buildings were new and very ugly and made of corrugated iron, and the hangars were cleverly painted green and brown by a man who used to draw advertisements for a chocolate manufacturer before the war.

Operating from the airdrome was, as you know, the Fighter Squadron of which Gus and Stuffy were members; and the aircraft they flew were called Hurricanes. But there was also a heavy bomber squadron there, whose crews used to fly over Germany nearly every night, taking off late after supper and coming back cold and tired at dawn just as the fighter boys were going onto "readiness." The bomber boys flew Wellingtons.

It was three days after the first Gremlin had appeared in the mess, and Gus and Stuffy were having breakfast after doing their dawn "stand-by." Then Jamface burst into the room in a high state of excitement. Jamface was a bomber pilot with teeth that stuck out at an angle of maybe forty-five degrees, and red hair the color of brick. "I've seen a Fifinella," he said.

Stuffy said, "Don't be a silly basket."

A Gremlin gets stuck in a leak-proof tank.

Jamface was annoyed. "I told you," he said, "that I saw a Fifinella."

"You're a silly basket," said Stuffy, and he was just about to say a whole lot more, when there was a rustle of silk and taffeta down the other end of the table, and something skipped nimbly across, dodging round the teapots and the milk jugs, and stopped right in front of Stuffy.

It was a Fifinella.

She too had horns, like a Gremlin, but they were very small and elegant, and very curly. Of course she had suction boots, but they weren't ordinary black suction boots like a Gremlin's, they were beautiful white ones made of buckskin, and they buttoned all the way up the front with a long row of little tiny white buttons.

As Fifinellas go, she was very beautiful.

When she spoke her voice was so high and shrill that the glasses tinkled on the table. She looked at Stuffy and said, "Who's a silly basket?" and it sounded very funny.

As the days went by it became more and more obvious that the Gremlins had come to stay. Large numbers of them began to appear on the airdrome and around the hangars, climbing about on the aircraft, peeping into the cockpits and examining the engines. Occasionally a rigger would complain that someone had let all the oil out of the hydraulic system of the plane he was looking after, and had filled it up with salad oil. A fitter would report the presence of cotton wool in a magneto, or an armorer would tell of how he found sand in the barrel of a machine gun; but it was from the pilots themselves that the most fantastic stories came.

When Gus force-landed in a plowed field at night after losing his way, the C.O. hauled him into his office and commenced to tear him off the usual colossal strip. Gus stood to attention and said, "Well, you see, sir, I was milling around in the dark over the airdrome, when a Gremlin popped his head in through the window and said, 'Good evening, do you know where you are?'

"I said of course I knew where I was and go away at once.

"Then he edged in a little further and sat on the side of the cockpit and said, 'I suppose you're absolutely sure you know where you are?'

"I said, 'Will you go away, because I'm trying to concentrate.' Whereupon he climbed right into the cockpit and sat on the compass just in front of me, dangling his legs in the air. He was a night-flying Gremlin and had a luminous face, which I confess was a trifle disconcerting at the time.

"Then he said, 'I really don't think you've got the slightest idea where you are really,' and I suddenly looked around and realized that I hadn't. The little devil had been distracting my attention for so long that I had forgotten all about where I was going. Then as you know, sir, I ran out of gravy trying to find the airdrome again and had to put her down in the country."

Then there was Jamface's story of how he got a leak in his Glycol coolant tank on the way back from Berlin.

"The nautic-minded Gremlins got at me," he said.

"What d'you mean, nautic-minded Gremlins?" said Gus.

"Well," said Jamface, "they apparently came from a Coastal Command Station where they'd been doing a lot of flying over the Navy, and they'd become very nautic-conscious, and they all wore little yellow Mae West life-saving jackets over their flying suits. One of them got into my machine, but we didn't find him until we were half way back from Berlin. Then Gremlin Jamface came along, tapped me on the shoulder and reported the presence of a nautic-minded Gremlin on board.

The Training School Gremlin gets his wings.

"I said, 'What's he doing?' and Gremlin Jamface replied, 'He's climbed down to the Glycol coolant tank, bored a hole in the top and gone in.'

"I said, 'Why did he do that?' and Gremlin Jamface looked at me as though I were a complete nitwit and answered patiently, 'To look for his boat, of course.'

"I said there weren't any boats in the Glycol tank, and Gremlin Jamface said no he knew that there weren't.

" 'Well, what happened?' I said.

" 'As soon,' replied Gremlin Jamface, 'as the nautic-minded Gremlin saw that there weren't any boats inside, he bored another hole in the bottom of the tank to get out again, and if I hadn't blocked it up myself you wouldn't have had any Glycol left at all by now, and your engine would have seized up long ago and we'd have been forced down and we'd all have been made prisoners of war. And I understand there are no Fifinellas in Germany anyway. That,' he said, 'would have been a very sad state of affairs.'

"I said, 'Thank you very much,' and he trotted off out onto the wing and started to scrape the ice away from the leading edge with his umbrella.

"You see," said Jamface happily, "I've already started to get him working on the right lines. Gremlin Jamface is almost a very good Gremlin."

Gus said, "How do you do it?"

"Feed them used postage stamps," said Jamface.

"Feed them what?"

"I said used postage stamps. It's the only thing they eat."

"I don't believe it," said Gus, and he went off to look for some used postage stamps which he could offer to Gremlin Gus the next time he saw him.

It was that same evening when the pilots were once more drinking ale in the mess and Gus was leaning up against the mantelpiece as usual, and the talk was all of Gremlins and Fifinellas, when Jamface came in. "I've just found a nest of Widgets," he said, and looked around the room in triumph.

"Widgets," said Stuffy. "Widgets. Never heard of them."

But Jamface took no notice of him and went on, "As I said, I've just found a nest of Widgets located in the rear-turret of my aircraft. There were eleven of them, and what is more there was a Flipperty-Gibbet there as well. They were very young."

Then Gus, who was still leaning up against the fireplace, said, "What are Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets?"

"It's very simple," said Jamface. "A Widget is a young Gremlin, and a Flipperty-Gibbet is a young Fifinella. It is very obvious to me that you are a lot of ignorant slobs."

Gremlin Gus said, "We told you this would happen if you tried to fly with the flu."

But Stuffy wouldn't have it. "Gremlins," he said, "definitely exist, and so do Fifinellas, but all this talk of Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets is just nonsense. And what's more, Jamface——" But he was never allowed to finish the sentence. The whole room was suddenly filled with little squeaks and yells as a whole army of little creatures hurled themselves at Stuffy in one solid mass. They climbed onto his shoulders and pulled his hair; they tweaked his nose and they prodded his face; they tickled his feet and they scratched his arms; they flipped his cheeks and they swung from his ears, and two of them got hold of his cigarette, hoisted it onto their shoulders and taking a little run along the top of his enormous shoe, drove the hot end like a battering ram into his ankle.

Stuffy took off with a yell and leaped up from his chair, and his mug of beer flew across the (*Continued on page 78*)

Husbands are like that

but every wife is sure that her own is different

BY GARTH R. SPENCER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

A SHORT STORY

WELL, I was home. Home again after just three months. I stepped inside the door and put my suitcase down. Mom was on the davenport. It was almost six, but Mom wasn't getting supper. She looked up from the magazine she had been reading. "Why, Babs, darling!" she exclaimed.

My heart sank a little. Mom was surprised to see me; that meant she hadn't received my wire. She didn't know I was leaving Bill.

Not that I'd telegraphed her that exactly, but I'd hinted at it. I wanted her to be receptive to the idea by the time I got home. Because, impossible as it was to live with Bill any longer, I wasn't at all sure that I could make Mom understand.

"Darling," Mom said, "take off your things. You look tired. Did you come all the way on the bus?"

"From Chicago," I said. I looked around. Everything looked natural, everything spick and span. But something was missing.

I wasn't able to spot it at first. Then I saw that Dad's old smoking stand was gone from its accustomed place beside his easy chair.

"Where's Dad?" I asked.

Mom took my coat. "Why, at the office, I suppose."

I glanced at my watch. Dad should be home soon. I wished he were here now; it would make things easier. Dad was a peach. He'd not ask any questions; he'd just put his arm around me in a big strong hug. "Whatever you decide to do, Babs, is okay with me." That was Dad, all right.

But not Mom. Mom would want details. More than she could ever have read between the lines of my letters. If I was leaving Bill Mom would want to know why.

Well, I could tell her why. I had reasons, plenty of them. Nothing big, maybe; I couldn't exactly claim Bill beat me. But there are other things, little things perhaps, but big enough to wreck any marriage this side of heaven. Bill's selfishness, his complete indifference . . .

I looked at Mom. I wondered what she'd say if I told her Bill had never really loved me, that all he had wanted was just a woman to make his bed and cook his meals. Suppose I told her that after the first few weeks Bill had lost all interest in me. That he hurried to get away after breakfast and was grouchy if I called him away from his work at the shop.

Suppose I told her that we hardly ever went out evenings any more, because Bill seemed to have lost all interest in the things we used to enjoy together. That all he lived for was the shop. That I was sick and tired of hearing of nothing but gears and pinions. And of cleaning up after greasy clothes.

I could tell Mom these things, but having lived with a man like Dad I doubted if she'd ever understand.

"Mom," I asked, "when will Dad be home?"

"I don't know." Mom started for the kitchen. "Come on, I'll get you something to eat. You look hungry, child. Would you like some steak and potatoes? I'd intended to just fix some tea and toast for myself."

Just tea and toast! I followed Mom through the doorway.

"Isn't Dad going to be home for supper?" I asked.

Mom shrugged. "If he isn't we can eat without him, I guess."

She washed some potatoes and began to peel them. Dad sure loved his steak and potatoes.

I felt uneasy somehow. "Mom," I asked, "is Dad awfully busy at the office these days?"

"I don't know," she answered indifferently. "Why?"

"Well, if he isn't coming home to supper——"

"Darling," Mom said, "let's not worry about your father. Tell me something about yourself. How are you and Bill getting along?"

Well, here was my opening. Here was my chance to tell her how things stood. But I didn't; I just looked at her curiously instead.

"Babs," Mom said quietly, "I suppose I'll have to tell you—though I'd not intended to."

COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

There was something queer in the way Mom was acting. Something was definitely wrong.

"Mom," I demanded, "just *why* isn't Dad coming home?"

Mom went on peeling potatoes. She didn't answer.

"Mom!" I said.

Still Mom said nothing. Then, after a moment, she put her paring knife down. She turned and faced me. "Babs," she said quietly, "I suppose I'll have to tell you—though I'd not intended to, not for a long, long time."

My heart tightened a little. "Tell me what?"

"Babs, you're no longer a child. You're a married woman now, and for that reason perhaps you'll understand . . . You probably realize that living with your father all these years hasn't been easy for me."

I stared at her. "Mom!"

"Don't get excited, darling. And don't look at me that way. I made the best of it, not for just a while, but for more than twenty years. Until you were married and away, so that it wouldn't matter quite so much to you."

"But, Mom!" I still stared at her. "You couldn't—*leave*—Dad!"

Mom looked away. "I know, darling, you always thought your father was perfect. Perhaps he was, in a way. Of course he didn't drink, and there never was any other woman. But it takes a great deal more than that to make a happy marriage, and your father never really loved me, Babs."

"Didn't *love* you!"

"Not as a man should. With your father his profession came first, even ahead of his wife." She paused, and after a moment went on again.

"For twenty-two long years I have watched him gulp his breakfast, then rush down to the office. When he came back at night he'd be too tired to go out, even to a picture show. Instead, he'd plump himself down in that old chair with his cigar and the evening paper. If he talked at all it was about lawsuits, trials and processes. Think of it, Babs—twenty-two years of listening to legal terms. And of cleaning cigar ashes off the floor!"

I swallowed. "But, Mom, surely you—you and Dad——"

Mom came close to me then, and put her hand on my shoulder. "Don't feel so badly, dear."

I began to sob. I couldn't help it. Mom and Dad! They'd seemed so happy all those years together. And now Dad—alone—after he'd worked and slaved for Mom, to make her a home, to furnish her with clothes, to keep her and to protect her . . .

Suddenly I hated Mom. My tears stopped. I threw her hand off my shoulder.

"Mom," I said, "you're my mother, and you've been good to me. But of all the mean, contemptible women I ever——"

I stopped. The front door had opened. I heard a heavy step cross the living-room floor. Someone sank into a chair with a comfortable grunt, and I heard the rustle of the evening paper. Then Dad's voice boomed out through the kitchen door.

"Kay, where the devil did you put my smoking stand?"

Mom glanced at me; she spoke over my shoulder.

"It's behind the radio. I put it there when I swept. You'd better come out in the kitchen, Hal; we've got company here."

Dad got up; he came to the kitchen door.

"Babs!" His arm went around me; I got that big, strong hug. "Honey, this *is* a surprise! How long you staying—a month?"

"No," I said, "not a month." I looked at Mom. She was smiling at me. I smiled back.

I knew that I should still hate her; you should hate anyone who gave you a scare like that. But I didn't hate her. I loved her.

"No," I said, "not a month. Nor even a week. Just overnight. I've got to get back to Bill in the morning."

The young trumpeter must have felt Anna's eyes drawing him, for he came over to the car and introduced himself.

YOU HAVE seen Anna. She was the woman who sat across from you on the bus, and you wondered why you remembered her and forgot everybody else you saw on your way home that night. She looked like any other middle-aged woman, tired after a day's work.

And yet, you noticed her. She was, for one thing, slender and very comely. She had on one of those print dresses of which there must be hundreds just alike, trimmed with a white collar and an artificial white gardenia on one shoulder. Her hat was modest, her pocketbook was just a pocketbook, and she wore no make-up. But when she got on the bus you noticed her, and when she sat down you kept looking at her. You saw that her complexion was flawless. Her eyes too were fine, and her hair looked clean and fragrant, the color of a newly baked loaf of bread. You thought she might be of Scandinavian stock or perhaps English, because of her complexion.

As she brushed past you to sit down, the bus lurched and threw her off balance, and she smiled and said, "Excuse me." Then she sat down. She carried a suitcase and a bag filled with small bundles of assorted shapes, and she set them down on the floor at her feet. It was then that you noticed a small service pin on her dress, the kind worn during the first World War, and on her hand a plain wedding ring.

In the seat ahead of her, a woman began talking to another woman. "Yes," the first woman was saying to the other, "we heard from him yesterday. He's in Australia. His letters stopped coming after his last leave, and then we didn't hear a word for weeks and weeks, and we were just about wild."

"That's the way they do it," said the other woman.

"Is your boy still in Jacksonville?"

"The last we heard. He . . ."

The conversation went on. Nothing remarkable about it; similar conversations take place all over the country between the mothers and friends of American boys in the Service. Their words washed over you unimportantly because you were looking at Anna. As they spoke, her face had gone as hard as marble. Her whole body became taut. You wondered why. You kept wondering about it after you got home. She had lowered her eyelids as she listened, and presently a tear had slipped down one cheek. Then she rang the bell to get off. You watched her step off the bus and walk swiftly down the street.

You wondered which one of the hundreds of all-of-a-pattern houses in the suburb was hers. You knew, somehow, that although it would not differ from any of the others in architectural design, it would stand out just as she stood out. It would, you thought, have the neatest of all the tiny front yards. The brass knocker on the door would be the shiniest; the door, the whitest.

Thus it was. If you could have followed Anna down the street you would have seen her turn in at just such a house. It was one of those two-family affairs. By renting out the other half, Anna had managed to purchase and keep the dwelling. It was her pride and joy; also her refuge.

Inside, the house was spotless. She went into her tiny bedroom, opened the windows, changed into a house dress. She unpacked her bag, removing several crumpled white uniforms, which she put to soak in the washtub in the kitchen.

Anna was a nursemaid. She worked for a family in New York, taking care of three lively children. The mother of the family, as Anna put it, "went to business," but she and her husband liked to take care of the children themselves on Sundays, so Anna usually went home on Saturday nights and had the week end to herself.

Today things had been different. She had asked for a whole week. Anna had important work to do. She was going to Texas tomorrow to see her son, whom she had never seen. He was twenty-three years old, and she should have felt happy and proud at the thought of seeing him at last. But she was not. In all her life her heart had never been so heavy. She dreaded the morrow. She kept praying that at the last moment something would come up, some miracle, some God-sent reprieve.

She took from her purse a folded newspaper, a four-page daily from a small Texas town. She scanned it with a fierce hopeless hope. Some time ago she had written to the newspaper, saying, "If you have a paper with a roll of honor showing the names of your citizens who are in the service of their country, I should appreciate a copy."

The paper had come in answer to her request, and with trembling hands she had opened it and read eagerly through the *M's*. "Anthony R. Morgan," her heart sang, as it had sung his name all those twenty-three years. But it was not there. This issue of the paper had the list of the town's citizens in every branch of the Service. It even had the names of the conscientious objectors, and what they were doing. It had the names of those in civilian defense and essential war industries. This had been a special issue of the patriotic little paper, and it mentioned every person, even Girl and Boy Scouts, who were helping in the war effort. The names of Anthony's foster parents headed the list of civilian patriots. But Anthony's name was not there.

Anna could not understand it, could not rationalize it. She tried to manufacture some excuse for her son. Perhaps, she thought, he had moved away, had enlisted elsewhere, but surely the proud little paper would have made *some* mention of it. Perhaps—but no, the one thing she did know about him was that he was alive. Of that she was certain. She had arranged about *that* . . . She laid the newspaper aside. She was sorry now that she had sent for it.

Sending for it, indeed, had been her first act of weakness regarding this son of hers whom she had loved so long without ever having seen. After deliberately not keeping in touch with him, she had succumbed at last. Since Pearl Harbor, every time she saw a soldier or a sailor or a marine on the street, she had thought, with a proud lift of the

The Secret She Kept

BY MARTHA CHEAVENS

A story of two loves and a woman who found herself in such a strange predicament she could never speak of either— yet in her mother's heart she knew she had been true to both

heart: My son is old enough to be in the Service.

She kept wondering about him. She wanted to do something for him. Her heart had a bottomless feeling, not knowing what dangers he might be facing. He might have been at Pearl Harbor. He might have been wounded. He might be among those gallant boys captured in the Philippines. He might be in Australia. Somehow, she felt she *had* to know. Hence she had sent for the paper.

And now, fearing he was not serving his country in any way, she was filled with grief. She had read recently in the magazines and newspapers about draft evaders, about fifth columnists, about spies. Anthony might, of course, be married and deferred because of that. But even then he would be doing some service for his country. Especially knowing, as she hoped he did know, that his father had died for it, bravely, heroically.

Bitterness poured into Anna's heart. She determined that there was but one thing to do: to break the long silence, the firm vows. She would see him. She would find out why. She would tell him what no mother should ever have to tell a grown son—what it means to be patriotic. It was her duty; her duty as a mother and as an American. Up to now, she felt that she had never failed him. She had devoted her entire life to this son whom she had never seen, praying to God for wisdom and strength and courage.

Tomorrow she'd start on her long trip. Until she had seen the newspaper she had dreamed sometimes, the way people do—dreams which they know can never come true, yet which are not impossible. She pictured herself sitting in a movie and seeing a newsreel, say, of heroes being awarded medals for acts of valor. And Anthony would be one of the heroes! And she would feel her heart swell almost to bursting with pride and would pray a quiet prayer of gratitude: "Dear Lord, I thank Thee for a son like that. It has been worth everything. Everything!"

Anna sat down in her bedroom, her basket of mending at her side. She turned on the radio. There was a program she particularly wanted to hear. A broadcast was being made from the very Army camp from which her husband had been sent during the other World War; the camp in the Texas border town where she had met him. She listened to all the broadcasts from camps, anyway, and especially to band concerts. She was partial to military bands, to martial music, to the sound of fife and drum. She was especially fond of the trumpet. Tony, her husband, had been a trumpet player.

She hoped there would be a trumpet solo, although the program did not say so. Perhaps it would give her the courage she needed for the ordeal before her. Anna adjusted the dial, then picked up a pair of linen shorts belonging to one of her charges and began to mend them. Almost all her evenings she spent this way, listening to the radio and mending.

The concert began with "Over There," dusted off and streamlined as it had been for this war. And as Anna listened, she looked at the photograph of Tony on her bureau, and the years slipped away, and the present vanished, and she was looking at him as she had looked at him for the first time, playing his trumpet.

She was a nursemaid then, as now. A slim, straight girl with translucent blue eyes and a clear complexion and straight brown hair smoothed back from her fine forehead. She wore her hair then as she still wore it—in two braids, wound coronet-fashion around her head.

Like many people who on the surface are serene and quiet, Anna had always possessed a hidden yearning for adventure. She was alone in the world, and when she was offered the job of taking care of the two little girls of a wealthy family on the Texas border, she took it at once. Her future employer, Mr. Broderick, interviewed her in the New York employment agency. He had brought the two children East with him to visit relatives, and their nurse had suddenly got married, leaving him in a spot.

Anna was captivated by the little girls. They were twins, as alike as two plump cherry stones, very mischievous, branded with the confusing names of Rose and Rosalie.

Mr. Broderick, an insignificant, harassed little man for all his wealth, was glad to get the children off his hands.

"I hope you don't pop up and get married too," Mr. Broderick said with misgivings, seeing how pretty Anna was.

Anna had smiled. "The way I look at it, sir," she said, "marriage is for life. I would not, as you say, 'pop up' and get married. I would think about it a long time. I would not enter into it lightly. You would have plenty of warning. I am not even engaged. I give you my word. I shall not get married nor quit my job for a long time."

Mr. Broderick had said with relief, "I

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM

feel sure that I can depend upon you, Anna."

Anna would not have taken the job if she had first met Mrs. Broderick, a tall, svelte woman whose beauty was as artificial and patterned as the markings on a snake. Anna seldom disliked a person, but she disliked Mrs. Broderick. If she had not promised to stay, she would have given notice at once, without being able to explain why.

Mrs. Broderick lived a hectic social life, so for the most part Anna had the twins to herself, and they kept her on a merry jump. But in her leisure hours she was lonely. The ways of the border town were new to her, and there were times when she hated the sun-scorched buildings, the dusty streets, the copper sky, the mesquite and cactus and sagebrush.

It did not rain for months on end. It was so dry there were frequent fires; the flimsy shacks in Mexican-town caught like tinder and burned up before the fire department could even get there. Anna often thought it would be disastrous if a fire were ever to start when there was a strong wind.

"I had always thought I would not ask a girl to marry me until we had known each other a long time," Tony said, "but now things are different."

On her afternoons off, she had nowhere to go except to one or the other of the two movies or on long solitary walks along the banks of the Rio Grande. She had no friends, no chance to make any. The social life of the town centered around the Army Post and the streets were seldom without soldiers, but when they made passes at Anna, which happened frequently, she ignored them. She had been warned by Mrs. Broderick: "Nice girls are simply not seen with soldiers." This was true. The post had a bad reputation. The girls only went with the officers.

A sudden change took place when the United States entered the war in 1917. In fact, it began a little before then, during the trouble with Mexico. National guardsmen were collected and sent down there in a hurry. Many of them were young boys from nice families, and they were completely stunned by the social ostracism which awaited them. Stunned and hurt. At home they were just as good as anybody else. Here, if a girl was sitting on the front porch and a group of soldiers passed by, the girl went indoors. On the heels of these boys, draftees and volunteers were sent down as soon as the United States declared war on Germany. The little town's population was tripled. There were more soldiers than civilians.

Anna first saw Tony one day when she went driving with the Broderick family to one of the camps for a band concert. It was the custom for civilians to drive out in the late afternoon and listen to the music. There was also a band concert every Thursday night in the town. This afternoon Anna bathed and dressed her small charges and herself and accompanied the family to the parade grounds.

Mrs. Broderick was very fussy about the children in the matter of dress. Every afternoon after their naps they were attired like small French dolls. Today, the two little girls wore organdy dresses with wide sashes, and big ribbon bows in their black curls. Anna took pride in them. She was dressed as usual, in her white uniform. She was bareheaded.

Mr. and Mrs. Broderick rode in the front seat, the top having been turned down, and Anna and the two children sat in the back. Anna did not know what a picture they made: the handsome car; Mrs. Broderick in a wide picture hat; Mr. Broderick in his light summer suit; the children curled and beruffled, and herself, between the two dark-haired little girls, as cool and remote and beautiful as a flower.

All around them stretched acres of tents, and beyond the tents nothing but metal-hot sky and blistered desert. To Anna, there was something at once repellent and fascinating about the desert. Today, listening to the stirring music of the band, she felt happy and exhilarated. On the program was a trumpet solo, and when the young trumpeter stepped forward, Anna felt drawn to him by some magnetic force she could not understand. It was not that he stood so slim and straight in his uniform, nor that his dark eyes were gay, his thin face strangely touching. It was, rather, as if he were a part of the music he was playing.

As she listened to him, it seemed to her that there was nothing save this grandeur—grandeur of the open sky, the desert, the music—and the singing happiness of her heart. It seemed to her that there was nobody here but herself and the trumpeter. She could not take her eyes from him. And when he had finished he must have felt her eyes drawing him, for he looked directly into them, and they both smiled.

After the concert the Brodericks got out of the car and went over to talk to some of the officers. The two little girls went with them. Anna was alone for a few minutes. The trumpeter came up to her, introduced himself. His name, he said, was Anthony Ross—Tony, for short. He was from Maryland. He was not a draftee, but an enlisted man. "When your country needs a guy," he said, "it's your country first."

"That's the way I feel too," said Anna shyly. "Only there's not very much a girl can do about it, I'm afraid."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Tony quickly. "You can smile at a soldier like me! Do you know, until a few minutes ago I hadn't been smiled at by a nice girl since I left Maryland? It makes you feel pretty awful being shunned as if you had the smallpox or something."

Tony was sweet, Anna thought. He carried himself with grace; his features were clean-cut and sensitive. There was a disturbing quality about his smile, because in it there was both gaiety and sadness. His frankness was engaging. She could see at once there was nothing secretive or furtive about this vivid, impulsive, dark-eyed young fellow, and she wanted to be honest and direct with him.

So she said, "I'm just a children's nurse, you know. This isn't my car. I'm a nobody."

He held out his hand. "Shake," he said. "I'm a nobody, too. No money, no family, nothing. Except this." He patted his trumpet affectionately. "Music is my life," he added. Until he had enlisted, he went on to tell her, he had worked as a garage mechanic; but he studied music at night and hoped someday to be a composer. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this during the first five minutes of our acquaintance," he apologized. "I guess it's because I haven't had anybody to talk to for so long." He paused. "I hesitate to ask this of you, since 'nice' girls are not supposed to be seen on the streets with a private soldier, but I should like so very much to take you out on your day off."

"I'd be happy to go with you," said Anna.

He bowed. They arranged the time and the place. He had just walked away when the Brodericks returned. Mrs. Broderick's face was stiff with annoyance.

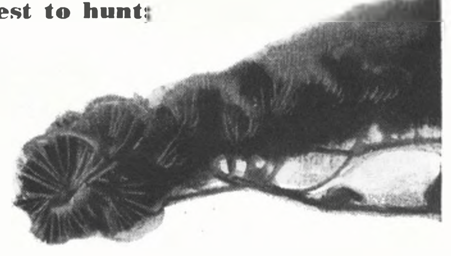
When they got home Mrs. Broderick said icily, "I forbid you to be seen with a common soldier, Anna, as long as you are in my employment. I am thinking of my two little girls."

Anna inclined her head meekly, but there was no meekness in her heart. Mr. Broderick looked at her, wanting to help, but said nothing.

It was ironical and unjust, Anna thought afterwards, that two people as honest as Tony and herself should have had to start (*Continued on page 89*)

Two men went into the forest to hunt;

but one found himself the hunted



Man-killer

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CONTENT

STEALTHILY through the late-afternoon shadows, the ten-pronged buck led his five does toward the deer lick amid the aspens. They made no more sound than drifting cloud shadows upon the matted fir needles as they picked their way toward the secret pool at the bend of the creek, where natural salt collected among the rocks. For generations their kind had known and used this salt lick. For five days now the little herd had approached the lick each day at sunset, but each time something, some indefinite warning, had turned them back.

The old ten-prong was ripe in wisdom. Often it took but a vague feeling to impress his sublimated senses and deflect the course of his normal habits. For no good reason at all he had not liked the feel of the deer lick of late. But the need for the salt grew unceasingly, a natural want that became a gnawing persistent craving as the days passed.

Tonight Nature again telegraphed him vague warning through that mysterious sixth sense of all wild things, but the need for the salt had reached a point where it was all too easy to disregard any but the obvious warnings of eye, ear and nose. These senses gave him no definite message; so, all atremble with eagerness, the six came to the pool.

For a space they stood with straining senses, nostrils widening and twitching as they tested the air.

The buck was in the very act of lowering his muzzle to the coveted salt when he whistled loudly, suspiciously, and bounded stiff-legged eight feet up the stream bank, the startled does instantly following.

Something subtler than any scent had twanged a warning on the buck's taut nerves. Nature, as if regretting her laxness, had impressed upon him that sharp final warning. His single flinching movement, ending in a leap, had saved his life, for up in the gnarled depths of an ancient cedar whose branches almost overhung the pool, a big mountain lion had frozen in the very instant of leaping. The buck knew only that sudden dread had galvanized him. But as he stood there trembling, disaster struck from another source.

The bitter clapping report of a magazine rifle rang out from the ridge above, followed closely by another. The buck leaped high in the air with an almost human cry, to collapse at the stream's edge, his muzzle plowing the soft loam. The doe that had stood beside him took three desperate leaps uphill, only to fall heavily upon her side. Their hearts pounding with wild uncontrollable fear, the rest of the band fled with all the strength of their steel-sinewed slender legs.

A man in a Mackinaw appeared on the ridge above. Reloading his weapon, he descended the slope. As he stood above the dead buck the grin on his face, with its unkempt beard and narrow, close-set eyes, was neither nice nor sportsmanlike. Three other facts also stood out: it still lacked a week of the open deer season; this stretch of forest was within the confines of one of the government's national parks, where all game is protected; and the man had wantonly killed a doe—a thing unlawful at all times in all places.

He was a specimen to satisfy a hunter's dreams.

For a space the man stood listening, his eye traveling suspiciously around the serrated skyline. Finally he stooped and swung the buck to his shoulders, moving away with it through the somber firs.

As he passed beneath the old cedar, two sets of claws sank fiercely into the bark, while the mask of the big cougar above twisted into a look of hate and frustration. In all the wild, there is no more unforgivable crime than that of robbing a hunter of his chosen prey. And this was not the first time the old lion, who included Table Mountain in his fifty-mile range, had been cheated of his kill by this same hunter. Tanapa, the cougar was called by the Indians, meaning Cat of God, because though he was always there and sometimes heard, he was never seen.

For ten years the old lion had been top tyrant of this region, prince of all deer-slayers. On an average of two deer a week he had killed in his arrogance—until the coming of the man. Now, he was fortunate to make a single kill in a fortnight, for wherever he went, the other hunter either had been there and killed before him or came later in time to spoil the big cat's stalk. For once, the lion had encountered a killer more proficient than himself: one who could kill from afar and who knew all the secret haunts of the herds. Thanks to the deadly efficiency of the two of them, the deer were beginning to move out of the range, and those that remained had become so wary and fleet-footed that they eluded Tanapa with almost ludicrous ease, so that he was often compelled to stalk rabbits to keep alive.

And then, on top of other evils, Tanapa had been made increasingly uneasy of late by being followed. Time after time he crossed the scent of a man—always the same man; and it became plain to the cougar at last that he was being hunted. At first it had given him little concern, but the grim persistence of the chase was making him jumpy. He could never

be certain the man was not close behind him, and many and many a time a delicate stalk was spoiled for him by sheer nerves. For the hunted cannot excel as hunter. And there too was the other man, the bearded one, the killer of deer, whom he was forever glimpsing in the hills; whose trail he crossed and recrossed, and who, he knew, would likewise kill him on sight.

Deer hunting at best was becoming difficult, for Tanapa was getting old. For a year or two age had been sapping his strength and agility, slowing his timing. And now these two men were adding to his miseries.

Many a time he had scrutinized both of them from some near-by, unguessed vantage, while the flame of savage ferocity mounted within him under the urge of hate and hunger. Oh, how he would love to strike down and destroy these puny two-legged lords of creation! He knew how weak, how dull of sense they really were. All their power lay in the glinting black sticks they carried, which spat fire when raised to the shoulder. But woven with his hate was always fear, which furled his black lips over his long dog teeth in a soundless snarl. Always the nine parts coward outweighed the one part frenzied courage which comprised his nature.

It was a short, grim battle there in the dark beneath the trees.

But by slow degrees the killing mood was growing upon him. Sometime the perfect opportunity might present itself; he might come upon one of the men without his weapon, asleep, off guard. In such case Tanapa might be able to screw up his faltering courage and attack. Thus man-killers are made by slow degrees among the lions of America as well as those of Africa.

Now, however, his blood was like water in his veins. Once more all his craft had been put to naught. The very deer for which he had lain in wait for six hours had been killed before his eyes and from afar, and in the *(Continued on page 72)*

What you'll eat

BY

HARRY THOMPSON

Photographs by Sarra, Inc

THE United States faces an acute food shortage in 1943.

Nationwide rationing of ALL essential foods is just around the corner.

Millions of all-purpose rationing books have been printed.

Uncle Sam has suddenly discovered that hard fighting abroad and soft living at home cannot win a tough war.

This month, or next, we are going to be asked to give up many things we have taken for granted in our high standard of living. From month to month throughout 1943 additional necessary sacrifices will be requested.

Food shortages and food rationing will be more or less mild compared with those of our Allies, but shortages and rationing will be actual and will be felt by all.

This does not mean hunger, but it does mean we will have to scale down our eating habits. Our Steak Civilization is out for the duration!

We must start living a total war instead of talking one.

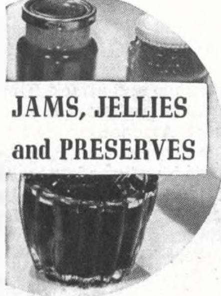
So that you may be prepared for what is to come, Cosmopolitan sent this writer to Washington to ascertain the truth about food and food rationing. Combing the offices of the Department of Agriculture and the Office of Price Administration, questioning the experts, digging into records, talking with Senators and Congressmen, the writer found the answers to all the questions.

We face very definite shortages.

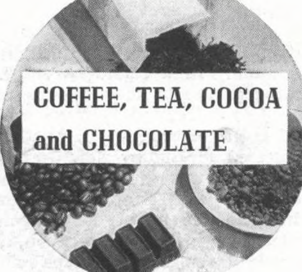
Rationing of meats, fresh, dried and tinned, and of meat products has been set for December or January, but may be under way by the time you read this article. The rationing of meat is to be followed by the rationing of:

Canned Foods (including meat, fish, fruits, vegetables, some soups, beans and meat and fish products).

Look carefully at the foods pictured below


JAMS, JELLIES and PRESERVES

VEGETABLES


COFFEE, TEA, COCOA and CHOCOLATE

MILK

in 1943

Here, Mr. and Mrs. America, is the complete forecast from official sources of how your food habits in the coming year will have to change

Fish (probably fresh, dried, frozen as well as tinned).

Lard.

Coffee and Tea.

Dried Fruits (if any are in market).

Bananas (if available).

Cocoa and Chocolate.

Frozen Foods (meat and fish only).

We face shortages of **spices, condiments, jams, jellies and preserves.**

Why do we face serious shortages in spite of our bumper crops and our record meat production?

Government experts and United States Senators and Congressmen say there are seven primary reasons:

Food requirements of our armed forces.

Food shipments to our Allies under lease-lend.

Greater civilian purchasing power.

Shortage of farm labor.

Staggering waste in our homes and in the feeding of our armed forces.

Shortage of transportation.

Mistakes.

Now the facts about the food outlook for 1943:

Meat

Production for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943, will be the greatest on record, but so will demands. Our supply: twenty-four billion pounds. Our demand: twenty-seven billion pounds. So we face a shortage of three billion pounds, which is a lot of steaks, roasts, spareribs, hamburger and pork chops.

Some reasons for the shortage, which will be even more acute late next year, are obvious: The armed forces and lease-lend need slightly more than a fourth of the total; civilians, with pockets jingling-jangling cash, have created the greatest domestic demand for meat in our history. Other reasons are not so obvious and two congressional investigations are under way in an effort to determine if the meat shortage was "man made."

Experts in the OPA and the Department of Agriculture have charged packers with sky-rocketing prices on pork and beef (the farm bloc prevented any "on the hoof" ceiling) to increase slaughter (after having been asked to withhold certain products until military and lease-lend estimates were completed) and dumping meats in districts with the highest-ceiling prices. This practice (which has been eliminated) not only caused regional meat shortages but, it is charged, resulted in unfattened cattle and hogs being rushed to market with a resultant loss of millions of pounds of meats. This is now being investigated.

The acute shortage of farm labor figures prominently in the meat picture. Numerous Senators and Congressmen told me that thousands of farmers had to dispose of cattle, hogs and dairy herds because their boys had been drafted and they were unable to compete with the munitions factories in hiring help. Experts in the Department of Agriculture agreed, pointing to the fact that fruits had rotted on the trees, berries were unpicked, and that as late as the last week in September unthreshed wheat stood in shocks in the fields for want of "hired hands." All agreed that mobilization of farm labor is "just around the corner" and coupled this statement with the fact there are now between eight and ten million families on public assistance and that at least four million of these are employable.

Congressman Hampton Fulmer of the House Agriculture Committee has charged that the farm labor shortage "is due in part at least to the Government's disregard of the problem."

Department of Agriculture experts go further, asserting too much attention has been paid to the military and to the manufacture of munitions, and not enough to the problems of farm labor, farm supplies and farm transportation. Train and truck transportation, they assert, not only can stand no additional strains, but cannot maintain its present pace.

Meat Rationing

Question: Will meat rationing be nationwide in scope? That is, will meat be rationed in packing centers like Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago in the same measure as in New York, New Orleans, Phoenix and Los Angeles?

Answer: Yes, equally. Two pounds per week per person. All meat and meat products will be rationed. Beans, cheese and other high-protein foods must be substituted for meat.

Question: How will rationing apply as between different qualities of the same commodity? Will a pound of shinbone take as many ration tickets as a pound of sirloin?

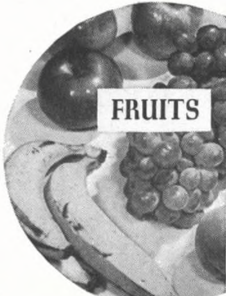
Answer: No. The point system, worked out in England for rationing of clothing, will be used. Prices will be fixed in terms of points. A pound of meat costing twenty cents would be one point; a pound of meat costing forty cents would be two points. Everyone would have the same number of points to "spend" per week.

Canned Foods

Fish: Total supplies will be well below average. Virtually all canned salmon (goldfish of 1917-18) will go to the armed forces. Canned clams, shrimps and oysters will be available to civilians.

Fruits and Vegetables: Domestic supplies well below 1941. Reasons: Shortage of tin; conversion (*Continued on page 68*)

and start planning now how to use them wisely when rationing starts.



WHEN Barbara Trent entered a hat shop, something happened to her judgment. In the presence of purring, insistent salespersons she became a perfect ninny. And hats being what they are, those Barbara found herself buying were beyond description. The hat that began like a saucer and ended like a cup was the breaking point. "Never," she promised herself, "will I buy a hat alone. Never."

She kept to her resolve. In other matters she was a tower of strength. She had an important position with an important trust and investment company, and was on her way to see an important client when the wind carried away her hat—a stunning gray-blue felt her sister had selected for her.

Down the street it rolled, gathering dust as it went; it finally landed in a puddle at the curb.

A young man picked it up. "I'm afraid it's due for a trip to the cleaner's," he said.

"It is a mess," Barbara admitted. Black smudges streaked the subtle gray-blue. The brim was limp.

"I liked it on you," the young man said. "When you hurried past I noticed——" He smiled. "I'm not in the habit of admiring women's hats. Most of them are such jokes."

"Yes," she said, dismayed by the prospect of having to go among the "jokes" to find a substitute for her felt. She couldn't call on an important client without a hat.

He misunderstood her furrowed brow. "It'll be as good as new after a cleaning."

She nodded. After a cleaning. But what would she wear now? She thanked him again and hurried on.

At the corner there was a smart-looking hat shop. Holding the place of honor in the window was a simple gray felt, almost a twin of the one that had received a puddle bath.

She could go in, buy it, and go on. Determined to be firm, she marched into Madame Louise's Hat Shoppe.

Madame Louise, a short woman in a tight black dress, greeted Barbara with enthusiastic deference. "The little felt hat? Surely, Madame," she said in the voice one uses on a child who reaches for an absurd trifle when he is offered an expensive toy. "But first . . ." The woman's eyes sparkled; lovingly her hands touched a triangular green hat with a crown stuck on as an afterthought.

"Is it not adorable?" She placed the hat on Barbara's unresisting red curls. "So chic. So amusing."

"But I don't want an amusing hat. I want something for business wear. Now that felt in the window——"

"That is for your mother," Madame Louise purred. "I have for you what you want. It is—wait. You'll be mad for it."

The hat was completely absurd: a tiny, pert black straw with a large blue rose topped by a pink bird.

"Close your eyes only for one moment."

Mesmerized by the woman's caressing words, Barbara actually closed her eyes. When she opened them there sat the bird, the pink bird on the blue rose on top of her hair.

"No, no," Barbara murmured weakly.

"It is for you! Look at the back!" Ecstatically the woman thrust a hand mirror at Barbara.

Barbara glanced at the back and the sides of the hat. It was a cute hat, and certainly different. "Do you think—with my hair——" she began.

"It is too perfect."

Barbara turned her eyes to the gray hat in the window. It did look drab and plain. And then she saw the young man who had rescued her hat. He stood outside the window shaking his head emphatically. Barbara rushed to the door and startled the young man by her excited, "You don't think this hat is for me, do you?"

"Well . . ." he smiled.

"It is a silly hat." She said it for him. "I want that felt hat. That would be better, don't you think?"

"It's a muddy gray. I—that is——" He smiled sheepishly. "I'd hate to see you buy the hat you have on."

"You don't like that gray one either?" she asked, troubled.

"Well, with your eyes——"

Her surprised expression stopped him. Suddenly she had noticed that

Madame Louise grimly emptied her shelves for the young man who wanted to see hats only to insult them.

his eyes weren't blue, and they weren't gray. They were "amethyst." That was what people called her eyes, and his were exactly like hers. It was disconcerting, but it was also like meeting an old friend.

"I wonder"—she tried to put executive detachment in her voice—"would you come in and help me select a hat? I seem to have a genius for picking the wrong one."

"You're the first woman I ever knew to admit it," he said, as she held the door wide for him.

Madame Louise grimly emptied her shelves for the particular young man who wanted to see hats only to insult them.

He studied Barbara's face. "A hat ought to be especially designed for you," he said finally. "A hat that would show the red gold in your hair and—you know——" he broke off and began again. "You have the most interesting eyes. They remind me——"

"Of your own."

They both laughed.

Wearily Madame Louise brought out a large straw hat with a wreath of yellow daisies around the crown. The young man liked daisies on hats. But with the gray suit?

"I've always had a weakness for violets," Barbara said.

Violets! The young man became enthusiastic; violets on the gray felt hat in the window.

Madame's fingers moved quickly; soon the gray felt crown was covered with violets. The result delighted them all.

"I'm so grateful to you." Barbara turned to the young man. "I hope you could spare the time."

"Never spent time to better advantage. I'm on my way to tackle the biggest job I've ever had. Been getting cold feet about it. Picking the hat, your liking it—my confidence pressure has gone up a hundred percent."

Madame Louise took the hat off Barbara's head and looked at the little price tag inside. It was as though until that moment she hadn't been allowed to look. "Only seventeen-fifty," she announced triumphantly. "I'll let you have the violets at cost—five dollars."

"We ought to start raising our own violets." The young man laughed and reached for his wallet. "But this hat is going to bring me luck."

Barbara opened her large shiny purse, fumbled in the bill compartment. She had three dollars with her. "You'll take my check?"

Madame Louise demurred. As a matter of principle she didn't take checks, "Unless——"

"I have it," the young man said, counting out three ten dollar bills.

"Then I'll make the check out to you."

"Oh, please. I did enjoy buying the hat."

Barbara shook her head, filled in the amount and signed her name. "I do appreciate your helping me."

He took the check from her hand. "Barbara Trent," he read. "Your name suits you. Now, my name, for instance, Tom Fielding——"

"It's not bad."

"Thanks." Carefully he folded the check—once, and again. Then he tore it across.

"That's absurd," Barbara protested.

"We'll talk it over at lunch."

"I'm sorry, I——"

"Oh, come, we have a lot to talk about. I wouldn't be surprised if our grandmothers went to school together."

"I'll bring you the money. I can't allow you to pay for my hat."

He laughed at her insistence, and finally agreed to talk the matter over when they met for lunch. "At Pendro's at one," he said.

If Barbara had not dismissed her taxi at the entrance to Pendro's, she would have left quickly, for her interest in the young man cracked and broke into a thousand pieces. Generally she ignored friendly young men she didn't know. This one had seemed different—like a boy she might have gone to school with.

But here he was in front of Pendro's holding a woman's purse. The woman was fussing with his tie. She was one of those petite blondes, impeccably smart. White crisp frills peeped out at the throat of her smart black coat dress. A tiny ridiculous hat perched on top of her curls, black straw it was, with a blue rose on top of which sat a pink bird.

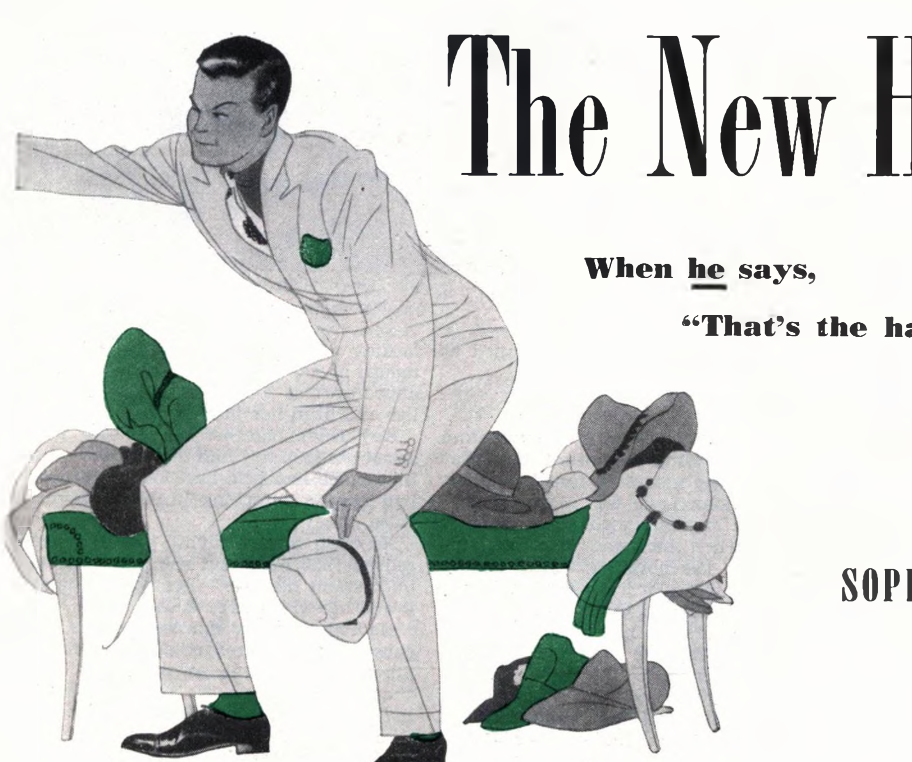
Tom Fielding reddened when he saw Barbara. "Hello," he said.

The blonde gurgled, "So you *were* expecting someone?"

Ill at ease, he introduced her to Barbara.

"So glad to meet you, Miss Trent."

"I'm glad to (*Continued on page 76*)



The New Hat

When he says,

"That's the hat for you"

—look out!

BY

SOPHIE BOGEN MAYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Girl With Wings

For the hostess Flight No. 14 would decide whether her future was to be— reunion with an old love or adventure with a new

BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

THE AIRPORT, a bright spot on the prairie east of Denver, was playing host to a sportive wind that whined through the wires, that made the red boundary lights appear to blink and fired short, sharp volleys of dry snow at feeble humans. Kay Hammond, air-line hostess, raced into the welcome warmth of the terminal.

A telegram would be nice, she thought, or a phone call or flowers.

Her mind persisted in preoccupation with the date, while her body shivered. It was February first, and the date had been ringed in red for a year and a half on every calendar she owned. *He* would either remember and do something about it, or he would not. She tossed her head, and the dark curls of a brand-new permanent bounced.

" 'Tain't no fitten night for nothin'," she said.

The terminal clock struck one A.M., and the man at the traffic desk grinned at her. "No like, huh?" he said.

"No like. Anybody riding?"

"Two."

The reservation sheet was clipped to a board. He swung it toward her. Kay looked at the names of tonight's riders casually. John Lane was a regular customer, an engineer with connections in Chicago. Then there was "Dr. Court Berwin," with the notation: "First Rider."

Kay felt the color leave her face as she stared at the name. Court had not wired or sent flowers: he had come personally. How very, very like him! She felt suddenly frightened.

Court Berwin had been the Gable of all the internes at the hospital in San Francisco where she had won her "R. N."; rugged and masculine and very sure of himself. She could not even think of him now without her pulse rate going up. He had had a trick of standing still and looking at a girl; not smiling with his mouth at all, but smiling with his half-closed eyes, as though he knew all about her and liked her just the same!

Kay Hammond bit her lip. He had asked her to marry him that night on the hilltop. He had held her close, and there had been a throbbing huskiness in his voice.

Never in all the nights that she had relived that hour had she been able to understand her "No"—her ability to say it and her will to keep it said.

He had given her eighteen months, because that was the average career of an air hostess. It was so typical of him that he had known the figures; that he had set a time. This was it—this day before dawning. The eighteen months were up. The passenger reservation read: "Dr. Court Berwin." He had come for a decision. She brushed a wisp of hair out of her eyes as she went upstairs to

Kay broke in on a conversation that seemed more than professional. "You'll have to take your coffee in the sky room, doctor."

the operations office and tried to banish panic with the gesture.

The pilot and copilot were already there poring over the meteorological data and preparing their flight plan. The tall, lean young man in the captain's uniform raised his head, and Kay's eyes widened with surprise. Tommy Fullerton! He interpreted the expression on her face correctly and grinned, rising. He walked beside her to the door, and they stopped in the hallway outside.

"I thought Kennedy was taking Fourteen," she said.

"He was." The man's eyes were grave. "But this is finis, Kay. Last flight. I'm off to instruct on the big bombers."

She looked up at him, and her heart dropped with a thud. It was inevitable, of course. She knew he was going, but the finality of it got her. Last Flight! Life had changed so completely in so short a time. It was not so long ago since Tommy Fullerton was the cheerful first officer on her own first run as hostess; a mischievously kind young man who had hazed her through most of the time-worn gags of the airways and had yet managed to ease her through the inevitable uncertainties and mistakes.

"It will never seem like the same air line without you, Tommy," she said.

His hand touched her shoulder, turned her around. "Things have been upset since I've had a run of my own, Kay," he said. "A man couldn't plan anything. I'll have a captain's bars in Texas. I——" He hesitated. "Have dinner with me in Chi, will you?"

Question marks whirled around the sentence, and there was a strange intenseness in him. He was not merely a man asking for a date; he was a man asking one question as a prelude to another. Kay's mouth felt dry. He was such a perfectly swell person! He stood there looking down at her and there was nothing of the hero in him, despite the way he had come: small ships and big ones; swinging wrenches at a score of airports for the knowledge and experience that had put him where he was. There was nothing movie about his looks, either; his cheekbones were high; his nose straight but undistinguished, his mouth, perhaps, too wide. He was clean, though, and glowing with the health that an air-line pilot must have in abundance. "A swell person!" summed him up. She was sure she felt nothing else. It would not be fair to compromise.

"I am sorry, Tommy," she said. "I've got a date."

"Important?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so. It's a kind of anniversary."

His grin was slow, but warmth was in it when it broke. "Congratulations," he said. "It had to be, of course."

He went back to the table in Operations where Sweeney, his first officer, bent over the charts. Kay felt sadness stab deep down into her and twist in the wound. It was Tommy's hour of glory, and she had tarnished it.

There was still much to be done before take-off. At the commissary, she collected her grip with its supplies of stationery, report sheets, telegraph blanks, arranged for the food she wished put aboard and checked her silver kit. She went back then to the terminal office, feeling suffocated at the thought that "he" might already be there.

He was not there, and she stood inside the wide picture window staring out across the snow-covered fields. The big transport came in with a sighing whoosh, its landing lights slashing the snow. With infinite gentleness it touched and rolled. Snow clung to it, but it was glistening silver when the lights of the terminal flowed over it. Kay Hammond drew a deep breath as it taxied to the ramp.

Flight Fourteen to Chicago. Hers!

Helen Mack, the hostess who was going off duty, came out of the big silver ship as the delivery truck from the commissary rolled out with the thermos jugs. "All sleeping peacefully," she told Kay, "except Section F." As Kay looked down at the manifest, the other girl continued, "None other than little Merrillee Millington herself, goddess of the silver screen."

Kay smiled. "She must have given you a time."

"Smile now. You'll be getting it soon. She joined us at Salt Lake. Big party. Big headache. But colossal, my dear. She eats aspirins as if they were peanuts."

Miss Mack waved and was gone to warmth and rest and two days off. Kay entered the ship, dimly lighted and silent, with curtains drawn discreetly over the berths. She checked over the ship and superintended the placing of the food in the galley.

Outside, the mail was being loaded, the ship fueled. Kay moved down the aisle. Merrillee Millington lay with her face averted, blond curls spilled across the pillow. She was on the manifest with "S. A." after her name, but it did not stand for sex appeal; it meant merely "Special Attention," the warning signal of a fussy passenger.

Kay went back to the head of the steps and her passengers came out to her: a short, chunky man who plowed head down into the ice-laden wind, John Lane; and a tall man who took it with his shoulders back, Court. Her heart raced as he came swiftly up the steps to her.

"Kay!"

He would have kissed her, but her eyes warned him. "I'm thrilled, Court," she said softly. "We'll talk after a while." Aloud, she said, "Good morning, Dr. Berwin," and checked him off the manifest. "Will you go all the way front, the seat to the right, please?"

John Lane was snorting up the steps. He was an old-timer, and he knew where the sky room was. The traffic man handed in the flight pouch, the door was closed and the engines roared into sudden life. On the panel up front in the plane a lighted legend came on: "Fasten Seat Belts. No Smoking." Kay moved up the aisle and worked down. She showed Court Berwin how to fasten his seat belt.

She checked the belts of the passengers in the berths and took her place on the jump seat in back, with her own belt fastened as the big ship taxied out. The engines ran up against the brakes at the head of the runway; then, suddenly released, the ship sped across the field. Red lights and green fell back and down; the "Fasten Seat Belts" sign went out.

John Lane started toward the lavatory, and Kay turned back the covers on his bed. Such passengers as John Lane were seldom a problem. They bought fast transportation and asked for nothing else. Kay moved down the aisle, unlocked the door to the pilots' compartment and stepped in.

The highway of the sky stretched beyond the long silver snout of the ship, and she could see the broad, dark sweep of its blue immensity, the racing, sooty clouds in broken formation below. The big DC-3 was rolling on invisible pavement, velvet smooth. Tommy Fullerton turned his head. "Greetings!" he said.

He accepted the passenger manifest and scanned it hastily. If he noticed the name of Merrillee Millington, he did not comment.

Jack Sweeney was different. "Oh, oh!" he said. "We've got glamour. Marked S. A., too. Do you have to give her a bath, Hammond?"

Kay grinned. "If I did, I wouldn't need help."

She handed the ship's log to Tommy Fullerton, and their eyes met; then he turned to the instrument panels, and she went back to the cabin. After checking to see if any of the call lights were lighted, she slid into the seat facing Court Berwin in the sky room.

"A long time, Court," she said. "Tell me how you're here—and why."

His eyes half closed, but they were intent upon her face; the same old look that she remembered so well. "You know why," he said, "and the how is just as simple. I took a train from San Francisco."

Have you read about me yet? See page 38.

"You could have flown faster."

"I wanted my first flight with you. I found out when you were scheduled."

"That was sweet!"

"You've changed a lot," he said then. "Hair, complexion, everything. And I don't like the damned uniform!"

That was the Gable in him—rough, masculine, walking over a woman. It had always thrilled her, but now some perverse streak of antagonism stirred in her. She had had to work hard and lick some mighty tough competition to win that uniform that he waved away so lightly.

"The company has a charm course and a recommended beauty parlor and a personality expert," she said lightly. "I've been worked on."

"You were okay without them!"

"Thank you. I wasn't even sure you would remember the date."

"Weren't you?" He was looking at her again as though he knew all about her, was amused by her and still liked her. It was a tense moment such as she had dreamed about—and there was an impatient movement down the aisle.

Kay started. Her call light was on from Section F. She went down the aisle immediately.

Merrillee Millington was awake, with her berth light on. Her eyes met Kay's coldly. "You are not the girl I had earlier," she said.

"No. We change crews at Denver. She told me that you were not feeling well."

"I'm not. I am very ill."

Merrillee, Kay saw, was not as young as she appeared on the screen. Her hair had a brassy look, and her skin was waxy.

"I can't sleep," she said petulantly. "If you will massage the back of my neck for a while, it might help."

She rolled over as she spoke. Kay massaged her with strong, capable fingers. Here, she reflected, was the antithesis of John Lane. Merrillee bought fast transportation plus—and the plus included everything that was coming. Lying there on her face, she almost purred and Kay sensed the secret of her appeal. Merrillee was soft and cuddly and self-indulgent. Men would be protective about her—and blind to the fact that here was no helplessness or need of men.

Kay ran her fingers down the other girl's spine, patted her and fluffed out the pillow. "I think you'll be all right," she said. "Would you like a sedative?"

Merrillee screwed up her face. "Ugh, no!"

Kay snapped out the tiny light and went back to the sky room. Court did not hear her soft approach, and she stood looking at him.

He said that she had changed. Well, he had changed too. He had lost the eager, intense, hungry look of the young interne: the look that so many of them had if they were going places. This Court Berwin was a man with a practice; sleek, heavier, less drive and more calculation.

Looking at him, she told herself that she was being unfair. He had, after all, come a long way to be with her on a date that they had ringed together. He turned suddenly and their eyes met.

"I don't understand what you see in this job," he said.

"It's the grandest job in the world."

"I won't argue about it. But this porter work on berths, the jumping for bells, the serving of meals. It's all pretty menial, isn't it?"

Her lips tightened. "I made a lot of beds and served a lot of meals as a nurse. And you've jumped your share of bells yourself."

"A nurse fights death," he said. "There's dignity in that."

The door to the pilots' compartment opened. Tommy Fullerton stepped into the cabin. They were an hour out of Denver and flying over the plains of Nebraska. The air was as smooth as macadam now. *(Continued on page 132)*

How to Get Along With WOMEN

Now that so many men are away, this is every woman's problem. A famous movie star tells how it's done

BY ANN SOTHERN

"WELL, we'll have to get along with women now, I guess. Isn't it *forlorn?*"

The girl who made this lament looked as though she were doomed to live her life out among the zombies. And how many times, since Pearl Harbor, have I heard women say the same thing, their mouths drooping like inverted V's!

Well, girls, I can tell you that is one way NOT to get along with women. This is going to be a woman's world for the duration. We'll work together and play together more intensively than we ever have before, so let's face it—with a smile.

And it doesn't need to be a concentration camp for "Ladies Only." Matter of fact, we are not going to have time to play, but if I do find myself facing a week end of "hen parties," I'm going to invite the soldiers stationed near by.

Strange as it may seem, I have never found it difficult to have women friends, in spite of the handicap of a stuck-up nose which gives me the appearance of looking down on my fellow men. It is a kind of disinterested, snooty look, calculated to raise the fur on any woman's back and make her hiss. It takes a bit of doing on my part before girls realize this is a conformation of feature and not (I hope) of character.

Among my closest friends are Hedy Lamarr, Mal (Mrs. Ray) Milland, Lillian (Mrs. Fred) MacMurray, Ann Sheridan, Mary Benny and Barbara Stanwyck. I am proud of my friendships, and feel they entitle me to sermonize on "How to Get Along," because women in this business are not always friendly. It is not a politic thing to say, but I think they are afraid of each other.

Perhaps women are afraid of each other wherever they meet. I suppose it is instinctive with a woman not to like another woman at first, especially if both are attractive and potential rivals for boyfriends, or jobs, but it seems to me that's awfully old-hat stuff—it belongs to the era when women were clinging vines. It may well be that to eliminate fear from the ranks is the way to get along with the Sisterhood.

I know only one way of dealing with this mistrust and that is to BE NATURAL, BE YOURSELF, and at all costs BE FEMININE. If you have confidence in yourself, and start out on the premise that a woman is to be trusted until she proves otherwise, you may find that her claws are drawn.

I think my friends and I get along because we have something in common to talk about besides ourselves. Hedy and I, for example, close off business when we leave the studio. Hedy often spends the night at my house and we sit up till all hours talking like mad. We discuss people and life and all the problems we have to face in this troubled world. We have a great many common interests. We love music. We love picnics, and houses, and children. (I have no children of my own but I'm "Auntie Ann" to a HORDE.)

I have found that the girl who is stimulating only when she is with men, who saves all her sparkle and her best anecdotes for them, is definitely pre-MacArthur.

It would be relaxing if women did not feel they must be cagey with each other. When they meet they are apt to give out with the old, falsetto "Oh-darling-you-look-*divine*" formula, while they are thinking enviously, "I wonder where she got that hat." I say, compliment a woman, by all means, when you can do so sincerely. But be critical, too, when there's a reason to be.

We all know the type of girl who seems to belong to a Benevolent and Protective Order of Elusiveness, when it comes to imparting her little beauty secrets. Ask her how she achieves that hair-do, what sort of make-up she uses, and she looks like Bambi on the alert for danger. That's a sure way to lose a friend or make an enemy.

We have four or five top-flight dressmakers in Hollywood. Since most of the stars go to them, there is danger of duplication, which simply makes some women go to pieces. But my friends and I have a checkup system. On the night of a big party I may call Mal Milland and say, "I thought I'd wear my Irene dress with the white roses tonight, but if you are going to wear yours . . . ?" "No," Mal will say, "I'll wear the black." A bit of co-operation smooths the way—and the face.

Many make the mistake of becoming too intimate too quickly. The worst taste in the world, and the surest bid for enmity, is to confide your personal affairs to a new acquaintance. A few weeks later, you may no longer be friendly and then you are embarrassed in her presence and resent her, feeling that she has done you a disservice in listening to you.

To get along with women, you must be able to judge them accurately. Modesty having been put aside for the writing of this article, I can look at any member of my sex, however camouflaged, and tell you whether she belongs to the "regulars" or in the "witch" category. In the latter are the tabbies who have an ulterior motive for everything they do, some little implication in everything they say. They are consumed by petty jealousies and fears, and in time it is reflected in their faces. They age quickly. Their mouths turn down, their manner is brittle, and even their eyes are cold and calculating. I feel sorry for them, poor things, but I don't try to get along with them. I ignore them, or in my way I tell them off, in defense of the women who suffer at their hands.

At a cocktail party I attended recently, a girl I shall call Jezzy arched her spine and said a particularly catty thing about a girl I shall call Angie. (Now, I didn't care a hoot about Angie. But I do care about loyalty among my own sex.) So I merely said at the top of my voice, "I must be sure to tell Angie you spoke so highly of her the next time I see her." That stopped Miss Jezzy cold. If women would stand up for each other more often, we'd put an end to the amused conviction held by men that women cannot stick together.

Men stand together. Now that we are going to have to do the same, we can too, and *like* it, and make a good job of it—and God bless us, we'll do it!!!

How can Elinora find a way to tell her husband the truth and save her marriage?

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

THE STORY SO FAR: Unknown to her husband, a rising young doctor with old-fashioned ideas about marriage, Elinora Welles had found a career. Using her maiden name, and with her friend Marcia Eames as partner, she had established Jobs for Women, Inc., a confidential business service for women anxious to do something on their own.

From the first the unique enterprise was a success, and as it grew Elinora became more and more involved in deceit. In time Evan, her husband, noticed that she withheld part of herself from him, but so well did she guard her secret that when he read a newspaper account of Jobs, Inc., he thought merely that it might be helpful to some of his patients.

Unlike Elinora, Marcia Eames had not kept the secret from her husband, a busy surgeon much older than herself. Dr. Eames had been delighted with the idea, for he understood his wife better than she knew. Beautiful and susceptible, Marcia was continually falling in love, and she had decided that a business interest might keep her out of temptation.

But despite herself, Marcia fell in love again—this time with Elinora's husband. Deliberately she exerted her charm upon the attractive doctor, feigning illness to lure him to her home. Evan was dazed by her beauty, and frightened by it. But afterwards he was conscious of a restlessness in himself, compounded of the memory of a lovely face and a new feeling that his wife did not appreciate him.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LIKE SOME secret subterranean force, Jobs, Inc., began to be known. Jim Hart, editor of the morning newspaper, was first aware of it through the sudden appearance of strange advertisements. He was a dyspeptic, disillusioned, weary man with a scent for news. He had nothing to do with the advertising, but he read his own paper every night from beginning to end in order that he might know where to come down first upon his staff the next morning. He found nothing to make him raise an eyelash of interest until he came to the advertisements; not all the advertisements, but certain clearly typed blocks remarkable not so much for what they said as for what they advertised. Thus he found that there was advertised by a firm called Jobs, Incorporated, a shoe store run for invalid feet. He had a bunion ten years old, and he took down the name of the store.

When one afternoon late he managed to get there he found a small spotless office in charge of an elderly woman who took as much interest in his feet as if they were her own. He had long since ceased complaining about his bunion even to Rose, his second wife, because she merely said, "Well, why don't you do something about it?" which was what Mabel, his first wife, had always said. Now he found himself telling this strange woman that his bunion bothered him so much he couldn't sleep, that the shoe wasn't made that could help him, and that sooner than go to a doctor he would go barefoot.

"I know exactly how you feel," the woman said. "My husband used to have a bad joint, and that's how I got interested in shoes. Now, just let me look at your foot."

He found himself sitting with his foot in her lap while she felt and measured and drew charts.

"You'll have to be fitted twice," she said.

"I'm a very busy man," he grunted.

"We'll send our fitter to your office."

He went home that night with hope in his heart. "A damned sensible woman," he told Rose. "Now, that's the sort of thing women ought to take up. They're good at it."

He studied his advertisements with more than his usual interest after that and discovered some strange ones, always under the names of Jobs, Incorporated—a canary shop; three new gardening firms that came to your house and furnished anything from an herb garden to formal shrubbery; a training school for house workers; a book-wagon route that covered half the state.

He went to his office to snarl at his subeditor, "Why don't you investigate some of this crazy advertising? There must be stories behind it. Who are these people, anyway? You never see anything that's going on under your own nose!"

His reporters came back separately and not until the stories had appeared for six weeks did Jim Hart himself notice that they were all about women. "I'm damned," he said to himself.

When he got home he said to his wife, "Is something queer happening to the women in this city?"

"I haven't heard of it," Rose said. "There's certainly nothing queer happening to me."

"My husband said the queerest thing to me," she said the next day at the bridge club. It happened to be meeting at her house, and everybody was there except Elinora and Marcia.

"What was it?" Bess asked.

Jill Peters listened in silence. But that night when the house was quiet she looked at the evening paper over her husband's broad shoulder. He was reading the financial news, but he felt her there at his shoulder.

"What are you wantin', wumman?" he inquired.

"I want to see something in the paper," Jill said.

"Will you be wantin' to buy somethin'?" he inquired.

She smiled, her fingers already slipping between the pages. "Here it is," she said.

There on the feature page was a story. A plain-faced woman looked out from the middle of it. Jill read the column quickly—a librarian, a woman years out of work, who went to this wonderful new firm, Jobs, Inc., where they . . .

"What a wonderful idea!" she breathed. "Now, who could have thought that up?"

"They'll have a job for themselves if they're goin' to get women to work," John Peters said. It was his conviction that except for his Jill all women these days were idle parasites.

But Jill took up her basket of stockings. Her mind was running over a list of indigent women within her scope of charity. There was that girl expecting a baby, for instance; but not like Madge. This girl wanted to keep her baby. She put down a stocking and looked thoughtful. John Peters caught the look over the top of the newspaper.

"What's the matter now?" he inquired.

She stared at his burly red-cheeked face. "Do you think Madge might have wanted to keep Patty if she could have had a job here away from people she

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"Evan, would you love me no matter what I did," Elinora asked hesitantly, "love me just the same?"

knew? Then should I have been so quick to take Patty? John, the truth is I wanted her the minute she was born."

"You wanted Patty and the other woman didn't," John said with decision. "That settles it. Besides, that Madge—has she ever so much as sent a word to ask how the child is?"

"She has never sent any word," Jill said, "and when I write her the letters come back. She's gone and left no trace."

"Then quit troublin' yourself," John said. His eyes were already absent. A Scottish regiment had won honors in Libya.

Jill sighed and picked up the stocking. All the same, she thought, she was going to investigate that place someday.

"Mrs. Peters," Emily Fane said to Elinora the next day.

"Show her in," Elinora said absently. She had not thought of Jill in months, and there were three other women named

Peters among her clients, one of them married. She went on working and was not in the least prepared, therefore, for Jill's voice. Nor could Jill believe that Elinora sat behind the desk.

"Nora! Not you!"

Elinora looked up. "Jill! How did you come here?" She held out her hand and took Jill's warmly.

Jill held it with affection. "I saw the story in the paper, but I didn't dream of you—is this where you've been? I've wondered. You haven't come to the bridge games for ages."

They sat down on the couch.

"You've changed," Jill said.

"You haven't, a bit," Elinora replied.

Jill laughed. "Well, nothing has happened to change me. But this—my goodness, Nora!" Her eyes moved eloquently around the room.

"This is what I did instead of Patty," Elinora said.

"Does your husband mind?" Jill asked.

"Jill, it's too silly—but he doesn't know."

"Doesn't know!" Jill echoed her words.

"You know how he feels about women working." Elinora tried to laugh. "Of course, I'm going to tell him. The trouble is now that I've gone on so long—I can never seem to find the right time."

Jill looked grave. "He'll mind, won't he, the longer you wait?"

All the excitement of success seemed to escape from the room around them. "Yes, I'm afraid he will," Elinora said.

"My goodness," Jill said, "what a tangle to be in!" She put out her hand and touched Elinora's knee. "Tell him. Tell him tonight as soon as he comes home. You love him, don't you, Nora?"

"Of course I love him, Jill. But I was bored. It's the old story. When I found I didn't want the baby, I just had to do something, and he couldn't see it. He was sure I couldn't be his wife and keep his house and do anything else. Yes, and he didn't want to have other people think I had to do something, because it would make him seem less successful."

"Don't think you have to defend yourself to me," Jill said. "Just tell him."

She went away soon, having forgotten entirely the reason for her coming, because she was troubled. She remembered something which she had seen and forgotten. Two days ago—no, it was only yesterday—she had seen Marcia Eames and Evan Welles walking along a street. Well, she had not thought anything of it. Besides, they had parted in a moment. From the opposite side of the street she had had a glimpse of Marcia's face under her brown hat. Jill had not spoken to them, and she had only thought that Marcia Eames was the prettiest woman she had ever seen. She could not see Evan's look as he stood gazing down into Marcia's face, and in a moment he had tipped his hat and leaped into his car. Now on her way home she asked herself a question: Why had his car been parked there?

None of my business, she thought sternly and went on. But her eyes were troubled.

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BOOK 4 Complete Book-Length Novel....Page 147

I will tell him now, Elinora thought. Her heart was beating until it was pain in her breast. Now was the right moment, now when the house was quiet with evening.

But before she lifted her eyes from her sewing Evan jumped up from his chair. He had been sitting smoking his pipe since they had come in from the dining room. He went to the fireplace and stood leaning against the mantel.

"I'm going to take a vacation," he said suddenly. "Where'll we go?"

She looked at him. He did look tired. No, she must not tell him tonight. "Do you feel all right, darling?" she asked.

"I'm tired," he said. "Dog tired, Nora. Let's go away for a couple of weeks if Roddy can take over for me."

She thought swiftly. Three new projects were about to start in the next two weeks—a candy business that would employ eight women; a mothers' co-operative kindergarten; a sculptors' shop that would specialize in modeling deformed limbs for doctors, so that a record could be kept of change and improvement. And Jim Hart was on the scent of Jobs, Inc.! If she went away for two weeks, could Marcia be trusted to keep all secrets?

She will have to, Elinora thought. Evan comes first. Aloud she said, "I'll be ready to go whenever you say."

"I haven't anybody likely to die or have a baby just now," he said. "So—day after tomorrow."

She picked up her work. "All right, darling."

"All days alike to you?" Evan inquired.

"Why not?" She did not look up.

"Sure you don't mind missing your bridge?"

"Oh, that!" She could answer him honestly enough now. "I don't care about that."

Behind her frank gray eyes she was planning. Emily must take hold in the mornings until Marcia came. Emily was now a great deal more than a secretary. She had become business manager and had a secretary of her own. Emily could be trusted to go on with all that had been started but not to begin anything new. Julia was disappointing. She obeyed Marcia without judgment.

"What is the matter with you?" Evan asked sharply. "You look queer. As though you were a hundred miles from here."

"Do I?"

She suddenly saw herself slipping away from Evan. Was she slipping away from him, not from lack of love, but because the business was so fascinating, so absorbing, so successful? Perhaps that was the real danger to love; perhaps that was why men were so determined to keep their wives at home, away from business. They were jealous—they knew!

"I do feel queer," she gasped.

"You need a vacation as much as I do!" he exclaimed. "Look here, we're going for sure."

"Sure," she said.

No, certainly, this was not the time.

"Let me tell him," Marcia said eagerly. "Elinora, I will tell him! I will take a little time, *(Continued on page 140)*

Merry Christmas... from

Mary Roberts Rinehart, who gives you a warmhearted story of two lovable old men who mend a girl's broken heart;

Booth Tarkington, who tells of a black sheep who shows his home town what Christmas should be;

Viña Delmar, who writes an appealing story of a stepmother playing make-believe for the happiness of a little girl.

All Three Coming Next Month in Cosmopolitan

BOOK 2

FROM THE Fighting Fronts

The map on this page presents a graphic picture of the far-flung sections of the globe where American troops are quartered on foreign soil. This includes:

Australia, Northern Ireland, New Guinea, New Caledonia, India, The Solomon Islands, China, Eritrea, British Africa, French Africa, Belgian Africa, Basra, Iceland, Greenland, England, Egypt, Newfoundland, Labrador, Bermuda, Bahamas, Antigua, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Jamaica, British Guiana, Panama, Guatemala, Palestine, Dutch Guiana, Venezuela

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Nine-day Miracle in Eritrea

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U. S. Subs Go into Action in the Pacific

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Last Man Off Bataan

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Nine-day Miracle in Eritrea

The Italians said their sunken drydock could never be salvaged—so Captain Ellsberg did it!

BY LEON KAY

United Press War Correspondent

BY CABLE FROM CAIRO, VIA LONDON: Salvage history was made last May in Eritrea when American resourcefulness and ingenuity, personified by Captain Edward Ellsberg, U.S.N.R., did the impossible and raised in nine days' work the five-hundred-foot drydock which the Italians, when they blew the bottom out of it last year, believed had sunk for good. This salvage, owing its accomplishment to audacity, has drawn a great share of the admiration of American energy in Eritrea; but when the full story of American work there can be told, it will be seen as only one spectacular aspect of the American war effort in this strategically important but geographically difficult region. On the work being done in Eritrea depends the success or failure of Western Desert warfare, now that the Mediterranean supply line is no longer what it used to be. Once the back door to the Middle East, Eritrea has now become the front door.

One can only hint nowadays at the enormousness of the task faced by General Maxwell, now commanding the United States Army forces in the Middle East but then the head of the United States Military Mission to North Africa. Naval, air and land transportation facilities had to be planned and constructed. Technical personnel had to be assembled from halfway around the world. When the British drove them out of Eritrea, the Italians had left nothing undone to make Massaua with its port facilities as useless as destructive agents with high explosives could make it. When they saw they had to surrender Massaua, they scuttled over twenty ships in the harbor with one or two bombs apiece. There was one large and one small floating drydock there. The Italians were fully aware that —not counting Alexandria—the nearest drydocks were at Bombay and Durban, about 2,000 and 3,000 miles distant by sea respectively. (Since then the British have lost the big drydock at Singapore, too.) To make sure that the drydocks remained at the bottom of the harbor forever, the Italians managed to explode seven 200-pound bombs in the large drydock and five in the small one.

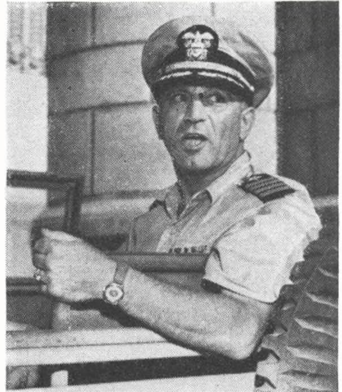
Ellsberg, one of whose qualities is simple modesty, was unable to suppress the gleam in his steel-blue eyes when he told me the following anecdote:

"The British captured the Italian captain, a one-hundred-percent fanatical Fascist, who had personally supervised the scuttling of the big drydock. He bragged that his job was so complete that nobody would ever raise it again. As I was being told this story I was already looking at the drydock once more afloat."

When the British occupied Eritrea, they sent a salvage officer with a ship to Massaua. Divers inspected the large drydock and found seven huge holes torn through the hold from end to end, each large enough to drive a big truck through. The drydock lay at the bottom of the harbor completely submerged, only the small deckhouses atop the dock wall showing above water. These inspectors reported that it would not be practical to attempt salvage and recommended that it be abandoned, wherein the Admiralty in London later concurred.

The result was that the dock had lain sunk for nearly a year when the United States North African Military Mission arrived. Salvage was part of its duties and Ellsberg told me, "General Maxwell took the strongest personal interest in our work." Ellsberg was the man loaned by the Navy to do this impossible task. He already had a reputation for salvage work which first reached the public at large when he raised the submarine S-51 off Block Island in 1925-26. "It was there," said Ellsberg, "that I first got my feet wet with compressed air." Compressed air, ingeniously applied, was what raised the drydock at Massaua.

Ellsberg graduated from the Naval Academy in 1910 and saw action in the last war. He left the Navy in 1926 and was a Naval Reserve officer when the United States entered the present war. He immediately volunteered and, at the age of fifty, was assigned the Eritrea job as his first task. He is a native of Denver, Colorado, but for the past sixteen years has made his home in Westfield, New Jersey.



International

Capt. Edward Ellsberg, U.S.N.R.

He arrived last March, but it wasn t until May ninth that the first salvage party arrived, consisting of Captain William Reed—now a civilian salvage-master from California but in the Navy during the last war—accompanied by five divers and seven salvage mechanics. When the party reached Eritrea, they had no salvage equipment except for two diving suits and two hand pumps, as it had not yet arrived. Later they borrowed some British equipment, mainly air compressors, and with this only these fourteen men accomplished in nine days what was regarded as impossble by experts, or at most, accomplishable by perhaps two years of hard work. But let Ellsberg—this short, stocky, iron-gray-haired, soft-spoken man—tell what followed in his own words:

"We approached the job with this thought in mind: that drydocks are scarce, more valuable and more essential than any other naval auxiliary equipment, and that there's a war going on and ships must be repaired. Well, we had our gang assembled on May ninth. On May eleventh we started work on the large drydock. With only two diving suits, only two men could work at a time. I went down myself—I always do on these salvage jobs. I was certain that we could raise it, and so we reported to the Admiralty. Nine days later the dock was afloat. The orthodox way would have been to patch the seven huge holes in the bottom, which would have required a huge gang of divers working for two years, and then pump the water out. But such a gang was available neither to us nor to the British. The Italians had wanted to finish this dock for good and had done enough damage to sink seven ships. However, my way of looking at things is not to be orthodox in a case like this, but to try doing it the easiest way. Anyway, having examined the damage, I saw it was impossible to raise the dock by orthodox methods. The thing to do was to disregard the damage completely.

"Sounds crazy, I know, but that's what we did," Ellsberg continued. "We made no attempt to patch the holes. Instead, we decided to treat the dock as if it were a diving bell. You know the principle of the diving bell. It's an inverted vessel open at the bottom. When submerged it can be raised by pumping air into the top, forcing the water out until buoyancy brings it to the surface. The two huge hollow sidewalls of the drydock each served as a diving bell to bring up the shattered sides and bottom. We wasted no time on the bottom. Instead, we spent about a week closing the holes in the top sides of the dock, such as leaks in scuppers and air ports. We could thus use our salvage mechanics on this work, whereas if we had tried to patch it on the bottom we would have required divers. This done, we put our borrowed compressor to work and we were at it two days and two nights, filling the sidewalls with compressed air. Nine days after we started the dock was afloat."

Getting the drydock back into service was a matter of about six weeks' work repairing the huge holes—no longer by divers groping slowly along the bottom of the harbor but by mechanics working speedily on the surface.

The same principle was applied to raising the small drydock.

This quiet-spoken, bustling man is certainly to be allowed the small gleams of pride that light up his tanned, resolute countenance as he tells this story of achievement with seamanlike simplicity, for he has not only made salvage history but has been incalculably instrumental in aiding the war effort at a time when the United Nations are struggling to control the seas—to say nothing of saving a huge sum of money for his government.

FROM THE FIGHTING FRONTS

U. S. Subs Go into Action in the Pacific

Our submarine men don't talk much but here are a couple of stories they tell

BY DONALD E. KEYHOE

WHEN the Navy code flash came, it was an hour until dawn. Lieutenant Commander Elton Grenfell climbed down the ladder from the dark bridge of his submarine, scanned the radio warning.

"To all U. S. Naval forces in Pacific Area D: Japanese submarines reported operating near latitude —, longitude —."

In the shadowy control room, Grenfell looked across at the bearded face of the watch officer. They were on the way home, the crew's nerves tight after weeks of dangerous action in enemy waters. But this was too good to miss.

Wide World

Lt. Comdr. Elton Grenfell.

"Clear the bridge. Change course to 315, true."

For an hour the ship proceeded below the surface. By now, the skipper knew, it would be light above.

"Periscope depth," he ordered. A moment later the steel tube hummed out of its socket. Grenfell swung it slowly around the horizon, then stopped. Almost dead ahead was a big Jap sub, cruising on the surface. A blast of the siren, and the men off watch tumbled from bunks and sun-lamp booths, hurrying to battle stations. Increasing the electric motors' speed, Grenfell began a quartering approach for a bow shot. When the periscope went up again, they were so close he could see the Japs on topside.

"All tubes ready for firing," he said into the phones.

"All tubes ready for firing, sir!" came the swift response. Grenfell reached for the firing button. Through the graduated periscope lens he could see a Jap lookout's dark face. The man was slowly swinging his binoculars . . .

Grenfell's finger went taut on the button. The ship jarred with brief shock, as compressed air hurled the two "fish" from their tubes.

"One and Two fired, sir!"

"Fire Three!" said Grenfell. Another jar from recoil. "Take her down!"

Bow planes set for a full dive, the sub tilted steeply, turning to avoid the force of torpedo explosions. Moments of tense waiting . . . Then a muffled report reverberated through the hull—and a second. Two sure hits!

Coolly, Grenfell took his ship up. The periscope rotated under his skilled hands, but only barren sea met his gaze. There was not a trace of the Jap raider.

"Stop all motors." Grenfell motioned to the radio electrician at the sound detector. "Listen all around."

The man swung the instrument, bending to listen. Hushed minutes grew into half an hour. Still only stark silence from the cold, dark ocean beneath. At last the skipper's eyes met those of the control-room crew, and he nodded slowly. Under naval regulations, only "positive damage" could be claimed; he had not seen the Jap sink. But he and his men knew. Somewhere on the bottom, a battered hull would rest in eternal darkness with its dead . . .

The number of Axis vessels sunk by American subs—more than a hundred to date—tells a significant story. But terse communiqués reveal little of the long patrols in enemy waters. Weeks, even months, without a glimpse of the sun. Constant danger, the routine. Close escapes from death, a commonplace.

The men who wear the dolphin insignia of the submarine service are close-mouthed—by strict order, and for their own safety. But now and then some story of high courage comes through. Like the epic patrol of the Seawolf, Lieutenant Commander Frederick B. Warder, commanding.

They were already veterans, Warder and his men, the night they attacked the Jap cruisers. Tiny Jap flags painted on the Seawolf's bulkhead stood for a destroyer and a transport sunk; a cruiser hit, probably sunk; two more vessels heavily damaged.

Less than twelve hours after its last triumph, the Seawolf crept in, at periscope depth, toward another Jap naval force.

"Propellers at 190 degrees, sir," reported the man at the sound detector. "Approximately 2,000 yards."

Through the periscope, Warder could dimly see the flat, rakish hulls of Jap destroyers, the sea boiling astern under the tropical stars. This was the scouting screen.

Motors off, Warder waited until the beat of the destroyers' screws had died away. As he closed in, he saw three more destroyers—part of a ring about a cruiser force. He dived under them, came up again to periscope depth. Almost at once he heard the heavier pound of a cruiser's propellers. Across the marked lens, his eyes—now fully adapted to the dark—caught the unmistakable silhouette of a light cruiser.

Torpedo tubes loaded and ready, Warder began his approach. Suddenly another shape raced into view under the stars—an inner-screen destroyer. Engines idling, it had caught the beat of the Seawolf's screws. At full speed, it bore down on the submarine. But Warder grimly held his course.

"Fire One and Two . . . Fire Three! Fire Four!" he said crisply. And then: "Down periscope—full left rudder!"

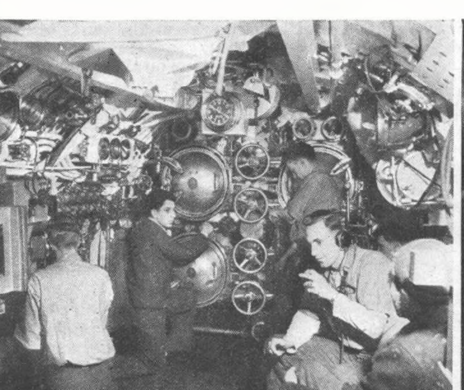
The glare of a searchlight stabbed across the waves as the Seawolf crash-dived. Twisting as it dived, the submarine knifed for deep water. With a roar like a speeding train, the destroyer raced over the spot where it had been. A second later, the ear-shattering blast of a depth charge shook the steel hull. Almost simultaneously there came a torpedo explosion.

Even in that tense moment, Warder had time for brief exultation. At least one of their fish had hit!

Two more "ash cans" exploded, dangerously close. The pressure hull groaned, trembling under each new blast. Warder took the Seawolf close to the shallow bottom, stopped his motors until the crash of depth charges began to diminish. Then with a quick rise he made a hurried inspection by periscope.

Smoke was billowing around the stricken cruiser. He saw it list, start its death plunge. As he submerged, Jap destroyers raced overhead, sowing depth charges with vengeful fury. But by cool skill, Warder slipped from under the raging Japs and took his ship to safety.

International



Torpedo room of a U. S. submarine with the crew ready for action.

Sleeping quarters in a sub are tight but comfortable.

Last Man Off Bataan

General MacArthur's aide tells his vivid eyewitness story of the last heroic stand on Bataan

BY COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO

Colonel Romulo decorates Capt. Roland J. Barnick, who flew the last plane off Bataan.

SEVERAL days after my first bombing raid on Corregidor, I went to Bataan as public relations man for General MacArthur, to sound out the men's reactions to our "Voice of Freedom" broadcasts.

I have traveled around the world four times and have spent considerable time in the tropics, but I've never encountered anything like the heat of Bataan.

The command car jolted us through choking dust into the jungle. Half-naked, sweating Filipino and American engineers labored with picks and shovels in the thick dust. We met trucks packed with soldiers, strange-looking fellows yellow with dust, tattered and disheveled, wearing their gas masks.

Our trip was interrupted every once in a while by Japanese dive bombers that roared down on us to drop their eggs close to the car. It was no joy ride.

We visited command posts hidden in the natural camouflage of the jungle. Everywhere officers crowded around me, apparently believing that because I represented the press I had all the inside dope. On everyone's lips was the eternal question:

"When is American help coming?"

Early that afternoon we reached the Moron front, the front line of Bataan. Barbed-wire defenses were strung along the seashore. On the roads were antitank obstructions. On the hills above us were artillery emplacements. General Segundo's Filipino troops with their automatic rifles and machine guns were deployed along the line. Boys with fuses waited beside the bridges to blow them up in the faces of the invaders.

U. S. Marine Corps

Between raids on Corregidor a Marine sergeant instructs Filipino soldiers.

For the first time I saw our Filipino boys in the fox holes of Bataan. Their fox holes were open trenches they had dug with their picks and shovels. Some of these holes were round and held one man; others were dug at an angle and held several soldiers. These fox holes dotted the fields. In front of some were land mines and others were fronted by barbed-wire entanglements decorated with tin cans which set up a clanking when any enemy tried to crawl through.

Jap snipers were everywhere in the trees. They tied themselves to branches at night and covered themselves with nets to which leaves had been fixed. A sniper who was killed did not fall. His body hung there, stinking.

I shall never forget the stench of the Bataan forests nor the stench of the seven thousand Japanese corpses piled up at Abucay. We drove close to that battlefield.

All night long, the Japanese kept up an unholy din designed to keep our men awake. By day, aside from the constant bombing by planes and shelling by artillery, low-flying planes dropped propaganda leaflets and "armistice tickets," offering freedom for any Filipino soldier who would "cross our lines with his gun pointed down." The boys in the fox holes laughed at those. They said, "The only way to point a gun is at a Jap."

During the months that followed I saw a great deal of the fighting on Bataan. Sometimes the action was so heavy that I could not get back to Corregidor and had to spend the night at a post or in a fox hole. Once I spent a week on the field.

Of all I was to see at Bataan and Corregidor, the thing that made me most furious was the hospital collection of shrapnel taken from the bodies of our soldiers. Many of these vicious hunks of metal bore American markings. The scrap iron that Tokyo had bought from America was being sent back by the Japanese.

In the hospitals of Bataan I saw men being operated upon without sufficient medical supplies.

I was in Bataan Base Hospital Number One when it was destroyed. It had been bombed by the Japs before and General Wainwright had said, "It must have been a mistake. Surely the Japanese did not intend to bomb a hospital where the big red cross was plainly seen!"

We quoted this statement over the "Voice of Freedom" and a reply came whizzing back from KZRH, the Japanese station in Manila: Yes, the bombing had been a mistake. The Japanese High Command wished to apologize.

Three days later, the hospital was promptly bombed again. This time, the Japs made a complete job of it. The walls and roof caved in and the air was thick with dust. Nurses and doctors who were buried in the debris crawled to their feet—most of them—brushed themselves off and went about attending the wounded. Patients heaved themselves off their beds in panic.

Amid this murderous bedlam I saw Father William Thomas Cummings of the Maryknoll Mission standing on a chair. In calm, even tones he began the Lord's Prayer.

He was hit by shrapnel. In that swirling dust he looked symbolic, a Christlike figure. His steady voice kept on. Slowly the room quieted. Every person in the hospital able to do so was on his knees, repeating the Prayer after the priest.

When the raid was over, fifty men and women lay dead in that hospital. One hundred and forty had been wounded.

Tragic as were the field hospitals, I thought the refugees who hung around the Army camps were pitiful. They in-

U. S Army Signal Corps

One of the fox holes from which our soldiers fought the Japs on Bataan.

cluded women and children and young girls whom war had driven to this bloody refuge.

As the Battle of Bataan raged back and forth, we all kept on hoping and planning. Brigadier General Harold George took three thousand American grounded airmen and ground crews and put them to work with shovels and dredgers, building airfields and tunnels in anticipation of reinforcements.

We kept on fighting—and waiting. MacArthur's men outfought and outsmarted Homma's army in every way. Time after time MacArthur planned brilliant attacks that flung the Japanese lines back in the hills of Bataan. But the Japs' ever-increasing strength kept pushing our boys back and back.

I like to think I played my part in that campaign. When I was with MacArthur and Quezon at Corregidor I went on the

"New recipe! Wait till you taste it!"

50% MORE CHICKEN IN CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TASTE WHAT THIS ADDED CHICKEN MEANS IN FLAVOR AND HEARTINESS!

Never have you tasted a chicken noodle soup so brimful of chicken-rich flavor and nourishment! The golden broth just glows with the goodness of plump chickens slowly simmered—for 50% more chicken goes into making it now than before. The pieces of chicken are deliciously tender—and there are 50% more of them now.

Yes . . . Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is now lots richer, lots more nourishing and hearty, too. Naturally, it costs more to make this new, improved soup. And the Government, recognizing this, has authorized a higher price to cover the added cost.

For a real taste treat that outdoes even the best old-fashioned homemade chicken noodle soup, look for the red-and-white label with the "new recipe" marker—"50% MORE CHICKEN"

More plump chicken in each can,
More good noodles, too—
Make a soup that hits the spot
With hungry folks like you!

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Keep informed—read Magazine Advertising!

"How would you like a punch on the nose?"

MAN: Listen, my intrusive Oriental: Once there was a man. He was like you, my friend. He stood up and talked when he should have sat down and listened. Now his nose is broken. Do I make myself clear?

CAMEL: Pardon, Prince. But were you not talking about whiskey?

MAN: Well, my Libyan Limousine, and what if we were?

CAMEL: Sahib, I am the Paul Jones Camel. I am considered an authority on whiskey. Indeed, I am the living symbol of that quality in whiskey which connoisseurs admire—the quality of *dryness*, Effendi!

MAN: *Dryness,* Camel? In *whiskey?*

CAMEL: Assuredly, Pride of the Alleys. For in the peerless Paul Jones it is this *dryness,* or lack of sweetness, which brings out the full flavor of this superb whiskey. The *full* smoothness and richness!

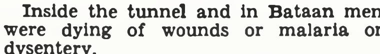
MAN: Sure. Okay, Knuckle-knees. But we're not interested in any expensive whiskies around here.

CAMEL: Ah, but Master, this *dry* Paul Jones is *not* expensive! Indeed, it is most modestly priced.

MAN: Fuzzy . . . Fuzzy, my fiddle-footed friend, listen: Once there was a man. He stood up and talked when he should have sat down and listened to a camel. Well, he apologizes to you, Fuzzy. Profusely. And right now he'll be off to enjoy the wonders of a *dry* whiskey—Paul Jones!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



air as their spokesman. It was a very great honor.

Later, on Bataan, I had a tougher job. It was my duty to go into the field and explain to the boys why certain things happened: why President Quezon was leaving, why MacArthur was leaving. The boys had no radios. All the reports they got came over the grapevine telegraph, often deliberately distorted by spies and traitors.

But back to Corregidor. The Japanese forces had closed an iron fist over the Island of Luzon, only to find MacArthur entrenched on Corregidor and Bataan, almost within their fingers but still impossible to crush.

"They have the bottle," MacArthur said. "But I have the cork!"

His spirits always were high when he was with us. When he was alone, I imagine, he was assailed by some of the doubts that plagued us all. But with us, he was soft-spoken, smiling, able to laugh through the darkest days. For instance, when word reached us that Santa Barbara, California, had been shelled by a Japanese sub, the General chuckled.

International

Jap prisoners being questioned during the Battle of Bataan.

"I think I'll send a wire to the commander of that area," he said. "I'll tell him that if he can hold out for thirty more days I'll be able to send him help."

He kept on working out strategic moves that were slaps to the Japanese "face."

There was the miracle of Subic Bay when Radio Tokyo bawled: "Twenty-four American bombers have attacked Subic Bay!"

Twenty-four bombers! Why, with twenty-four bombers MacArthur could have held the Philippines indefinitely! All he had were the four P-40's hidden on Bataan. General George added makeshift bomb racks to the planes. With these, the four P-40's left Bataan for Subic Bay, where the Japanese were getting ready to land heavy forces. In the bewildering attack, seven Nipponese transports were sunk. Thousands of Jap soldiers were killed.

With four P-40's, our boys did that. And the Japanese filled the skies with heavy bombers, day after day, night after night.

Then came February twentieth, and Quezon left Corregidor. The damp, unventilated tunnel had brought on a cough that resulted in hemorrhages. At times, his temperature reached 105. His chief physician said he must leave Corregidor or die.

From across the bay, at Manila, came subtle Japanese radio reports that could only be interpreted as overtures directed at Quezon. The President must have known that he could go back to Manila to take over the reins of the puppet government of the Philippines.

Instead, he decided that he could serve his country best by leaving for the United States.

His party had a strange journey. Their submarine cruised by night and lay hidden under the surface during the day. The President traveled from one unoccupied island area to another, always in hiding, until at last he came to the security of America.

But the MacArthurs kept on living at the cottage on Corregidor, Mrs. MacArthur and little Arthur rushing to the tunnel with every air raid. The General remained in the cottage.

MacArthur had sworn never to surrender alive. He wanted to die, if necessary, with his men.

But he was not permitted to hold to this last resolution. He was ordered to leave Corregidor and assume supreme command of the United Nations forces in the Southwest Pacific. Twice he protested against the order. The third order left no room for protest.

"You are hereby ordered to assume supreme command . . ."

It was from his Commander in Chief, President Roosevelt.

He told only a few of us that he was leaving. He summoned us for a brief conference and told us of his orders. He told his key men what was to be done on Bataan. They nodded almost wordlessly. There was no need for questions, maps, explanations. MacArthur had set the strategy.

I had my choice of going to Australia with the General or staying in Bataan and Corregidor. I told him I had decided to stay. He smiled. His hand came out to touch my shoulder.

"I knew you'd say that," he told me. "The 'Voice of Freedom' can't be quieted, Carlos. It must go on. It's our voice."

Later, he said to me, "I'm placing Wainwright in command and he's the best soldier I've got. If Bataan should fall and Corregidor becomes untenable, you'll be brought by plane to join me at headquarters, wherever that happens to be."

The General, his wife and son streaked through the dangerous waters of Mindanao on a mosquito boat. The story of their trip has been told too many times to bear retelling here.

Suffice it to say that they all arrived safely in Australia on March seventeenth.

After MacArthur had left, we were all slumped in gloom. We could not tell the men in the field that he had gone, nor where, nor why, until he had arrived safely.

But the Japs could tell—their own version, of course. Their radio hurled jeers through the air. I replied, via the "Voice of Freedom" broadcast.

April first marked the beginning of my fourth month on Corregidor.

A Bataan village after a Jap artillery bombardment.

Wave after wave of Japanese planes pounded at the Rock. Two-thousand-pound bombs sheared the side of the mountain that held our tunnel as if it were sliced by some gigantic knife. Explosions rocked the deepest laterals and filled them with choking dust. We were under constant shell fire from Cavite. The Japs were pressing on in Bataan. The lights went out and we lived in darkness. The bakery was shattered by bombs and we had no bread. We were under an almost continuous air-raid alarm that made us stay in the tunnel. Sometimes, when the All Clear sounded, we stamped to the entrances for a mouthful of precious fresh air.

Inside the tunnel and in Bataan men were dying of wounds or malaria or dysentery.

Food became something to look forward to with eternal hope, only to be eaten with a churning stomach. A typical day's menu included a little cooked rice and a slice of soggy bread for breakfast, a watery soup—very suspicious to look at—for lunch, and carabao, or water buffalo, steak for dinner. Carabao steak is stringy and tougher than leather.

Meantime, the Japanese radio issued my death warrant. General MacArthur heard of that broadcast, in Melbourne.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of April eighth, General Wainwright sent for me. He spoke only a few words. He didn't need many. The situation *was* hopeless on Bataan. He had made out special, confidential orders. General MacArthur was saving me from the kind of death the Japanese would have delighted in inflicting on me by ordering me to join him in Australia.

"I can't go," I told the General. "You—my friends—everybody here. I can't go off and leave them."

"You are leaving here at seven on the last boat," Wainwright said in a clipped voice. "Those are orders."

When I left the tunnel that evening, three Jap bombers were hovering over the Rock. Spikes of flame on the peninsula showed me we were now being shelled from Bataan. And I was on my way to Bataan!

The Jap planes dropped bombs, then flew low to machine-gun our launch. We fell flat in the boat, but they killed two of us before the pilots took it for granted they had got everybody and banked back to Bataan.

We reached Cabcaben on Bataan but the dock had been smashed. We used bamboo poles for a gangplank.

On shore, I commandeered an Army car to take me to Bataan airfield. The road was clogged with trucks filled with exhausted soldiers, cars jammed with nurses, ambulances burdened with their wounded, command cars, artillery pieces. They were all headed for the bay. Officers stood in the swirling dust, howling and cursing as they tried to direct the tangled traffic.

The Jap artillery was closing in. Overhead there was the scream of enemy bombers and from far off came the sound of our demolition blasting, the death rattle of Bataan. In the jungle, where the bombs crashed, trees flared up like torches. Bataan was in retreat.

Our army was being driven back to the water's edge. Between them, in their last stand, and Corregidor lay three miles of water, with its ravenous sharks. But many men would make that swim before the night was over.

Hours passed before I fought my way to the airfield, only to see a P-40 take off. I thought: There goes my plane!

I got to the telephone of the motor pool. Someone had left word at the field exchange that I was to go to Cabcaben airfield and ask for Lieutenant Barnick.

We got back to Cabcaben about midnight. Jap planes were droning overhead and bombs were crashing down.

In a thicket we found a group of men

in overalls working by flashlight on a plane hidden under the bamboo.

"Let me make you acquainted with the Old Duck," said Lieutenant Barnick. "We're trying to get her to fly. If we do, I'm a genius. If we don't oh-oh!"

The Old Duck, he explained later, was an ancient Grumman amphibian, the only one of its kind on Bataan, and there were no replacement parts at hand when the old girl burned a hole between a cylinder wall and a piston.

But Roland J. Barnick is a North Dakota farm boy, and resourceful. He remembered that a similar plane had been sunk in Mariveles Bay at the outbreak of the war. He fished a barnacle-encrusted cylinder out of the bay, a cylinder that had been under salt water for three months. The lieutenant and his crew had worked three days and nights in shifts, cleaning and installing that cylinder in the Old Duck.

It was about one o'clock when Barnick sat back on his haunches, looked at the Old Duck and shook his head.

"If you won't do it now," he murmured, "you never will. Let's test the motor."

I sat in the car and crossed my fingers and prayed—hard—while they spun the prop. There was a popping noise. Sparks flew. The motor choked, snorted, started. It pup-pupped for a moment and then settled down to a fairly even hum.

Inside the Old Duck it was pitch-black. With us were four air officers who were to alternate as navigators. Six men in a plane built for four!

The plane waddled down the field. She was off the ground! She was over the water—a few inches above Manila Bay!

Barnick turned and yelled back at me, "Last man out of Bataan, colonel!"

Then the searchlights pinned us.

Somebody yelled, "They're shelling us!"

It was like one of those crazy nightmares in which you're chased and you can't run. We couldn't get any altitude. The Old Duck crawled along at about seventy feet above the water.

Barnick dropped a note down from the cockpit: "Throw out all extra weight."

We read the note by flashlight. We threw out everything, our baggage, our tin helmets, parachutes, even our sidearms. The Old Duck seemed to get a new lease on life and we crawled on.

Barnick was swearing audibly. The propeller, it seemed, was stuck in low. It was like starting an auto off in high.

As the gasoline was spent, the Old Duck grew lighter. We finally made some altitude between three and four hundred feet. The old plane drove through the cloudy night to Cebu.

Hours later we broke through the low clouds and I guess we all drew in our breath in one concerted gasp. There, below us, was a cluster of searchlights. The Japs had got to Cebu first. Those searchlights were on Nipponese boats.

Barnick got the Old Duck back up into the clouds. "What now?" he asked. "My gas is about out."

I reached into my dispatch case and dragged out the map that few people have seen. Within another hour, we were circling over a field. Lights flashed two hundred feet below. The Old Duck lurched wearily down to the ground.

Near the airport there was a little restaurant. I had eight fried eggs and six cups of coffee. Barnick had a whole dozen eggs.

Then, when we had finished breakfast, it came. We stood together—Barnick and I—on the airfield at Iloilo and heard the loud-speaker give us the "Voice of Freedom" broadcast from Corregidor:

"Bataan has fallen. The Philippine-American troops on this war-ravaged peninsula have . . . yielded to the numerically superior enemy . . .

"Men fighting under the banner of an unshakable faith are made of something more than flesh, but they are not made of impervious steel. The flesh must yield at last, endurance melts away, and the end of the battle must come. Bataan has fallen, but the spirit that made it stand—a beacon to all the liberty-loving peoples of the world—cannot fail."

I turned away, but Barnick's big arm reached out to hold me. He was crying too, that husky American, the hard guy.

On April twenty-fifth I left by plane for Australia.

I'm an aide-de-camp of General MacArthur now, and in the United States. I brought sealed dispatches to President Quezon and others. Those cannot be published now. One dispatch, one message can be—should be—heard by every American.

It's the message of the "Voice of Freedom" speaking from Corregidor.

We can answer that message now. We can promise that the spirit of freedom cannot fail, will not fail.

THE END

What You'll Eat in 1943 *(Continued from page 51)*

of canneries into dehydration plants; shortage of labor. Consumers will find the variety of vegetables and fruits and of can sizes restricted.

Rationing: The shortage is actual and transportation problems are serious, and a rationing plan for all canned goods is now being worked out.

Dried Fruits

Why bring that up? Military and lend-lease requirements will take virtually all the dried pears, peaches and apricots and the lion's share of prunes and raisins.

Milk

Demands for cheese, butter and dried skimmed milk have resulted in a terrific drain on the fluid milk supply. Production now is far below needs. Subsidies are being considered. Acute shortages of milk have been reported in some localities. The trucking of milk to population centers must be streamlined to cut mileage.

Rationing of milk seems inevitable.

Fish

The supply will be limited because of the situation on the Pacific Coast, where Japanese fishermen formerly predominated, and by the limitation (because of submarines) of fishing on the East Coast.

Rationing of fish, along with meat, seems certain.

Beverages

Coffee: Stocks are not large but the pinch has been eased. Brazil tossed its sombrero into the war ring and doubtless will exchange coffee beans for bullets when bottoms are available. In the meantime, restrictions on delivery have reduced civilian supplies by thirty-five percent and additional curtailments are contemplated.

Tea: The Japs cornered the Far Eastern fine tea markets but we've got a sizable stock pile.

Cocoa: We haven't much here. Current cocoa stocks in licensed warehouses are only a third of last year's, with estimated arrivals cut to a quarter. The nickel candy bar is said to be on the way out.

Rationing: Coffee, already rationed indirectly by the Government, is being actually rationed by grocers, who refuse to sell more than one pound a week to customers. Coffee, tea, cocoa and chocolate will soon be added to the ration lists.

Fruits and Vegetables

Curtailment of fresh fruits and vegetables in 1943 will cause shoppers to fold right up in their baskets. Washington has all but finally agreed that fruits and vegetables containing ninety percent of water (as most do) will not be accepted for distant shipping by rail or truck. So you will eat what is grown in the immediate vicinity of your community. There will be no watermelons from Georgia, cantaloupes from California, and yes, we'll have no bananas save for an occasional small shipment for invalids' diets. There will be no rationing, in 1943, of fruits and vegetables.

Bread

There is no shortage of wheat. In the last war we went wheatless on Mondays and Wednesdays. There will be plenty of bread, cake, etc., for civilians this time.

Fats and Oils

Owing to large lease-lend shipments of lard, available supplies will not be sufficient to meet demands. There will be an overabundance of butter, a hangover from the lease-lend skimmed-milk-powder program, but substitution of butter for other fats will not be feasible for most consumers at the current level of butter prices. There will be a terrific shortage not only of lard, but of imported palm oil, olive oil and cocoanut oil that came not only from the Far East but from Brazil. The condition will be alleviated to some extent by the 14,000,000-bale cotton crops, which will produce some 3,600,000 barrels of cottonseed oil.

Rationing: A plan for rationing all fats is being worked out. A fats allocation program has been decided upon.

Poultry and Eggs

The supply will be excessive. Stepping up of egg production (to meet lease-lend and our own military needs for powdered eggs) has been one of the most successful Department of Agriculture undertakings. Increasing egg production means increasing poultry production, too.

Frozen Foods

The Department of Agriculture, like a lot of housewives, loves these foods! The pack for 1943 is the greatest in the history of this industry. How much of it will reach the consumer's market depends upon demands of our continental forces.

Rationing: Frozen foods will be considered as fresh foods in the program.

Dehydrated Foods

There has been a sensational development of this industry. Save for two products you may encounter (dried skimmed milk and powdered eggs) you can skip the program—it goes to the armed forces!

Maybe the outlook is bad. But consider our Allies and their food. In England, if you're there first, you get one egg per week, a pound of meat (including bone), one quart of milk per week (if you can find it), eight ounces of sugar, eight ounces of cheese, two ounces of butter, two ounces of cooking fats, four ounces of margarine. You also can have some fish heads (when available) and a pound of jam every month (if you're a good detective). King George is looking to the day when he can show a lemon, an orange and a banana to his children.

She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this* one may help Arthur.'"

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

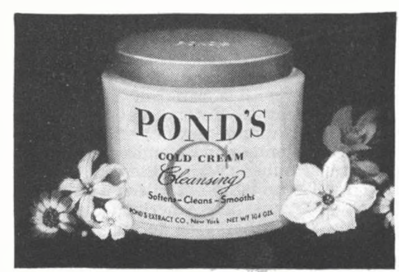
"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's *costs you less* than a *small jar* of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

NEW Pictures YOU'LL WANT TO SEE

Cosmopolitan lists a few of the many fine pictures now in production in Hollywood. Release dates are approximate, but they will probably be shown at your neighborhood movie during the next few weeks. Titles are subject to last-minute change.

W. B.—WARNER BROS. PAR.—PARAMOUNT COL.—COLUMBIA
20TH—20TH CENTURY-FOX M-G-M—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER RKO—RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

TITLE AND COMPANY		TYPE	STARS	WHAT IT'S ABOUT
White Cargo	M-G-M	Drama	*Hedy Lamarr* *Walter Pidgeon* *Richard Carlson*	Hedy, as exotic Tondelayo, and Walter, brutal plantation overseer, contribute fine performances to this famous stage hit.
The Desperadoes	Col.	Western	*Randolph Scott* *Claire Trevor* *Glenn Ford*	Combining all the thrills and action of a Western, this one is blessed with several new story twists. Add Technicolor.
The Glass Key	Par.	Drama	*Brian Donlevy* *Veronica Lake* *Alan Ladd*	Fast-moving mystery about a political boss suspected of murdering a local playboy. A fine cast in an outstanding yarn.
For Me and My Gal	M-G-M	Musical	*Judy Garland* *George Murphy* *Gene Kelly*	Lively saga of the heyday of vaudeville, marking the screen bow of Gene Kelly as Judy's leading man.
The Hard Way	W.B.	Drama	*Ida Lupino* *Dennis Morgan* *Joan Leslie*	Ida's determination wins Broadway stardom for sister Joan but her ruthlessness bears bitter fruit. A powerful drama.
Springtime in the Rockies	20th	Musical	*Betty Grable* *John Payne* *Edward Everett Horton*	Sprightly music by Harry James' orchestra and Carmen Miranda's band, plus songs, dances and laughs galore. Technicolor.
Journey into Fear	RKO	Drama	*Joseph Cotten* *Dolores Del Rio* *Ruth Warrick*	Effective spy story concerning an American engineer's attempt to evade Nazis and return home with vital information.
The Ox-Bow Incident	20th	Western	*Henry Fonda* *Mary Beth Hughes* *Dana Andrews*	Strong drama of how the West was won by the forces of law and justice.
Eyes in the Night	M-G-M	Drama	*Edward Arnold* *Ann Harding* *Donna Reed*	Ann Harding returns to the screen as a retired actress caught in a web of intrigue. Arnold plays a blind detective.

★ ★ ★ Three Good Bets ★ ★ ★

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON (RKO). Ginger Rogers' portrayal of Katie, an ex-strip-teaser with a bankroll, is memorable. She goes to Europe, determined to buy respectability through marriage to a title. In Vienna she becomes engaged to Baron von Luber (Walter Slezak). She doesn't realize he is one of Hitler's thugs until Cary Grant, an American newspaperman, opens her eyes to the truth. A series of grim but exciting adventures follow as the two elude the Nazi who is husband in name only.

THE ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount). Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour and Bing Crosby are happily reunited in a screwball farce set against Arabian Nights grandeur.

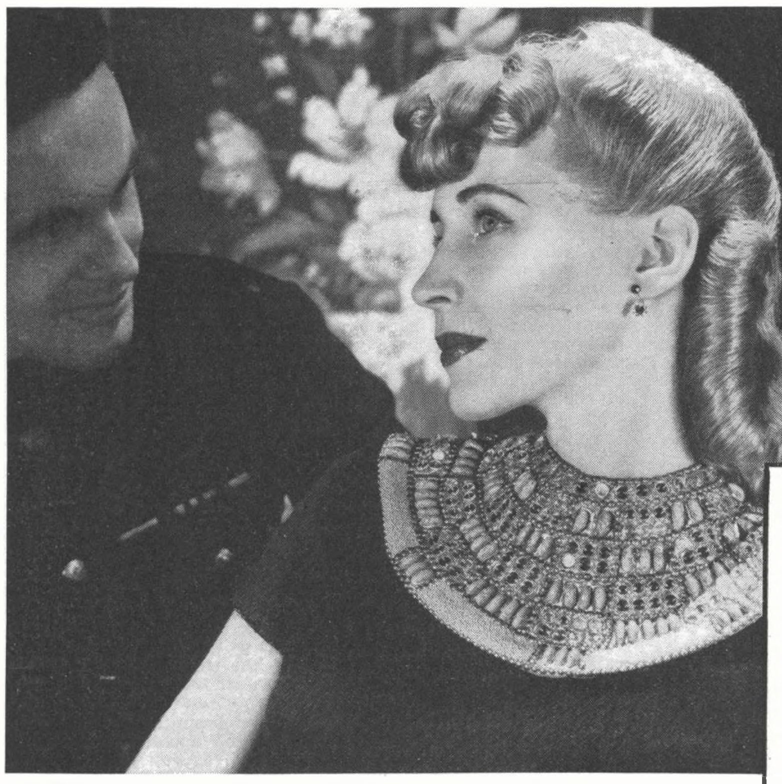
Stranded in the village of Karameesh, Bing sells Bob into "slavery," to pay the dinner check, not knowing that the buyer is Dottie, the ruling princess. When Bing tries to rescue Bob he too falls in love with the princess. But both boys have to compete with a local sheik (Anthony Quinn) and a confused astrologer.

NOW, VOYAGER (Warner Bros.). This strong psychological and emotional drama permits Bette Davis to play a two-sided rôle as the neurotic daughter of a selfish mother who nearly wrecks her life.

At the rest home of a famous psychiatrist (Claude Rains) Bette's real self is reborn as a charming and beautiful girl. Later, on a cruise, she falls in love with Paul Henreid, another lonely voyager. Their romance is idyllic but not without problems which they meet with newfound courage.

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.

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. (Bathtub 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!

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!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

air all about was the terrifying taint of powder smoke.

His body quivering, his malevolent yellowish eyes aflame, he watched till the bearded hunter was out of sight. He longed to squall his fury to all the forest, but he did nothing beyond slipping down from his watchtower with the sinuous movement of flowing water. Coward that he was, he did not even touch the dead doe that lay not twenty feet away, though his hunger was like a burning coal in his vitals. Man-killer he might be at heart, but he was not yet ready to show his hand against the most dangerous enemy of all. So he merely vanished with the bewildering abruptness of his kind, like a wisp of tawny smoke swirled on a breeze.

Two miles down the valley, a man was urging a powerful bay horse along the winding stream. Tom Handy, park game supervisor, had heard those two rifle shots echoing through the hills, and though his cabin was a good four miles to the east, and it was already late, he decided to reconnoiter. For two weeks Handy had been in the woods trailing old Tanapa, the Table Mountain cougar who had been so rapidly depopulating the game preserve of deer that news of his depredations had traveled to the outside world. The result was that Handy had been detailed by his chief to hunt the killer.

Handy knew that for years the big cat had included a large section of the game preserve in his hunting range. Only once had he glimpsed the killer among the high ridges, but all too often he had come across his handiwork—the half-eaten carcass of a deer. He had studied the big round pad marks of this cat so often that he would have recognized them anywhere. So far as Handy could ascertain, the cougar was mateless and hunted alone. But master killer though he was, as the days passed, it seemed more and more incredible that a single lion could have wrought so much havoc among the deer herds.

Up to now, Handy's suspicions had not included any human agency: the kills he had come upon had shown no evidence of bullet holes. But the sound of those two shots had set him wondering. Whoever had fired them was hunting in open defiance of the law and within the limits of the game preserve, for the reports came from the vicinity of the deer lick.

On a ridge some three thousand yards below the lick, Handy halted and trained his field glass on the pool above. Not a sign of life showed in the vicinity of the lick. The warden was about to turn away when his idly sweeping glass caught a movement on a pine-clad ridge half a mile to the left of the salt lick. One of the dark trees on the far slope seemed to stir suddenly and come to life.

As he held his glass on the spot, a gaunt grotesque beast stalked into the open. Handy recognized the giant bull moose who was the real monarch of all this region. Seldom indeed did men catch a glimpse of this shiest yet lordliest of the forest kings. Only twice before had Handy seen the bull, but as always the blood went tingling through his veins at the sight.

For old Wapootin—so the Indians always spoke of him upon seeing his big splay tracks by the stream banks—was a beast for a fair shot at which many a big-game hunter would have paid a thousand-dollar bonus. Handy watched in sheer admiration as the shaggy bull drifted down the slope, his rusty black form seeming to take on added size in the orange light and shadow of late afternoon. He was moving away from the deer lick, agitated no doubt by the recent shots. The warden marked the height of the foreshoulders covered with coarse bristly hair; the "bell" of hair pendent from the neck, the curved proboscis-like muzzle built for tree feeding.

But the real thrill was the seven-foot spread of the perfect palmated antlers, which added two feet to the bull's regal height, wreathing his somber head like some weird Druidic crown. Those antlers were at the height of their size and glory in this, the love moon of Wapootin's clan. They marked him as indeed a king among kings of his kind.

Accustomed to patrolling his domain with an arrogance which recognized but one foe to be dreaded, Man, the tall bull was exercising little caution. Rash indeed would be any hunter who disputed the trail with Wapootin at this season of fierce uncertain temper. Handy continued to watch, and suddenly, within the focus of his glass, above and beyond the bull, the bushes stirred, and a man's head topped by a felt hat appeared. Then a rifle barrel was cautiously thrust forth.

The warden's action was instant and instinctive. He seized his carbine and fired two shots high above the man, stepping boldly into the open as he did so. He saw the great bull wheel and flee madly away among the trees. Lifting his glass again, he scanned the vicinity carefully, but the hunter too had disappeared.

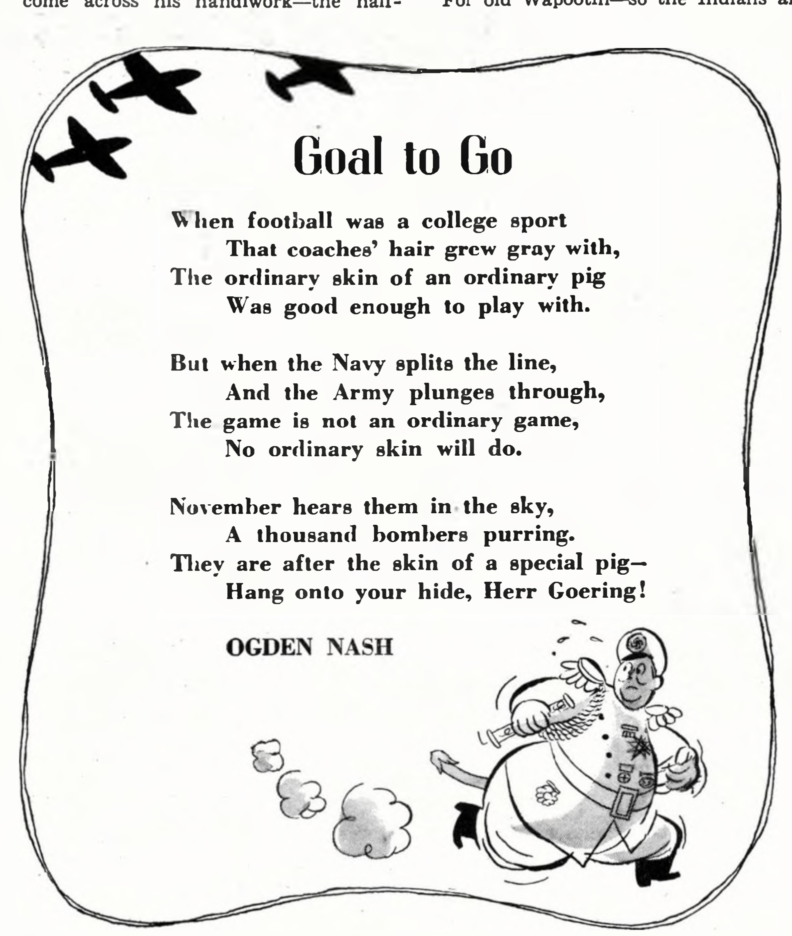
His shots had been timed to the instant to save old Wapootin's life. Fright would send the bull far away from this vicinity, Handy knew, and he was glad. His wrathful thoughts, however, were all on the poacher he had glimpsed in the thickets. He did not dream that by his involuntary act he had made debtor the most powerful yet most benefic of the forest lords—and the one most closely attuned to nature.

As night was falling Handy turned toward his cabin and not until morning did he return on foot. At the deer lick, he saw the bloody spots near the stream where two deer had died, and wrathfully he took up the poacher's trail. But within a quarter of a mile all signs were hopelessly lost among the endless stretches of rock along the higher slopes. The man had worn moccasins, which made tracking difficult. Handy spent the day fruitlessly combing the countryside, but found nothing beyond the ashes of a campfire several days old.

That the hunter was an accomplished woodsman Handy knew by numerous signs—the clean ax strokes shown on his firewood; the efficient manner in which the temporary camp had been made; even the way in which the campfire had been built between the rocks. Such a man would be wary and hard to catch.

Another day, and Handy decided that the hunter had left the region. Then, toward nightfall, crows and other meat birds led him to the remains of another kill. It was no cougar kill; the deer had been skinned and quartered, and hard by were the ashes of another fire.

Slow fury was mounting in the warden's breast. His authority was being brazenly mocked. So far as the poacher



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was concerned, there was something wholly mystifying about this matter. Malice or madness alone could not account for the chances the fellow was taking; for hunting out of season in a government game preserve was a matter entailing the penalty of a prison sentence. Handy was determined to solve the mystery.

For two more days he put forth every effort to overtake the man, who by now had usurped his every waking thought. He continued to find numerous indications of the fellow's presence: fresh tracks by the stream banks; secret one-night camps in the green timber and once he actually came upon grass blades still slowly lifting after the pressure of the poacher's feet.

So intent did Handy become upon the man hunt that on the third day he missed a perfect chance to kill the lion. He was sitting still as stone on a high ridge, scanning the forest below for smoke and listening for some telltale sound, when Tanapa suddenly crossed a cleared spot in the forest less than three hundred yards down slope. The warden's weapon leaped to his shoulder with the quickness of light; his aim and the sound of the shot were almost simultaneous. Yet he knew he had missed by the manner in which the lion disappeared in the thickets.

Followed five more days of a weird three-sided hunt in which Handy stalked both the man and the cougar, and knew by numerous intimations that he was being stalked by each in turn. Again and again he knew by the fuzz of nerves along his back that inimical eyes were secretly scrutinizing him. Yet the other two of the trio remained invisibly screened.

More than once he was tempted to bring dogs to his aid, but he knew too well the havoc wrought when hounds are loosed in a game forest. More death comes about through panic and flight among the deer than through the killer tracked down by the dogs. So he continued to carry on alone, with a constant feeling of uneasiness that was hard to define. It did not come from fear; Handy would have laughed at the idea that he possessed nerves. Yet the sensations were distinctly threatening, and it was against all forest training to disregard such intuitive warnings. So he kept constantly watchful, constantly on his guard, until a certain night when the Hunter's Moon had reached its full.

As the moon rose this night the nasal, unmusical call of a cow moose seeking a mate went echoing through the forest. Three times the mournful, elemental complaint sounded across the wooded hills. Handy, moving homeward in the dark, stopped in his tracks at the sound. It came from the vicinity of the deer lick—a natural place for an amorous young cow moose to be waiting for a tryst. Yet before the call had sounded the second time, Handy had looked to the action of his carbine and was hurrying toward the lick.

What was peculiar about the call, the warden could not have said, yet he had knowledge, sudden and sure, that it was no cow moose but a human hunter who was sending forth that plaint. It was like the sign for which he had been waiting all these days.

In spite of the hour, his knowledge of the region enabled him to thread the forest blackness as though he were possessed of night-seeing eyes. Not even old Tanapa himself could have achieved a more soundless approach. Some twenty-five minutes later Handy was descending toward the deer lick, his movements soundless because of the carpet of ancient needles underfoot. A hundred yards above the pool, he settled himself to wait, and it was not long before his suspicion ripened to conviction.

The call of the cow moose was abruptly renewed from the darkness below, filled with a soft amorous entreaty. A second time the lying lure sounded; then the dimness at the pool's edge was relieved by movement. A man's form crouched there, a calling-horn of curled birchbark in his hand. This he half filled with water, which was emptied back into the pool with a noisy splashing—an artful imitation of the sounds made by a moose knee-deep in a drinking pool.

Never in Handy's life had rage so swept him. He was calm outwardly, very calm, as he moved softly down the slope; only his gray eyes were fierce as a hawk's.

"I'll take that gun—and stand where you are!" His voice caught the other in the act of reaching for his weapon, where it leaned against a tree. The Mackinawed figure jerked round; Handy made out in the faint light a swart bearded face and a pair of close-set eyes.

"Kenoe Joe!" he cried. "I might have guessed it was you—all these weeks!"

The poacher was like a frozen figure as Handy's rifle held him. He was well-known in the region, a typical backwoods derelict whom Handy had had to send to prison three years before for hide hunting and various kinds of poaching.

"Over with that gun." Handy's voice was hoarse. "I'm giving you a chance, man; don't tempt me!"

The other flung his weapon to the ground with an oath. Handy kicked the gun into the pool.

"So you're up to your same old tricks, eh, Kenoe? Trying to show me up on the preserve, I suppose; make a fool of me. You swore you'd get even when I had you sent up, but I never thought you'd try as crazy a thing as this."

Kenoe Joe muttered unintelligibly and suddenly lunged forward, fists flailing. Their bodies met with a thud, and for Handy, there was a fierce elation in the contact, the chance to relieve his muscles of their stored-up fury.

It was a short grim battle, there in the dark. The two men collided with tree trunks, slipped on stones and rolled panting amid the thickets. The poacher attempted to blind Handy with forked fingers; tried to break his bones and crush his hands beneath hobnailed boots. But rage made the warden unwhippable. His big hands found Kenoe Joe's throat and tightened inexorably until there came a choking sound in the stillness.

Handy let the limp body fall, and stood above the prostrate form, still shaken with a primordial rage. Then he tied the poacher's wrists and ankles. Suddenly the warden was desperately tired; only now did he realize the strain he had been under for days.

It was late, and his cabin was several miles away—miles of hard going through the darkness. So Handy elected to remain overnight at the deer lick. He had no blankets with him and neither had Kenoe Joe, but the night was warm. An armful of young spruce boughs would serve for beds.

With the aid of his light belt ax Handy cut some spruce branches and arranged beds beneath two trees, some twenty feet apart. Midway between the beds, he built a small fire. He had to drag Kenoe Joe over to his bed, so thoroughly had he secured the fellow. For he knew that his prisoner would have no scruple whatever in killing him if he could get his bound hands on knife or rifle. For twenty minutes the poacher lay on his back, in one breath telling what he would do to Handy when he was free; in the next, wheedling and trying to bribe him. The warden maintained an impassive silence. What he yearned for above all else was rest. He lay down therefore, with his rifle beside him, telling himself that he would rouse long before the fire burned out. Within ten minutes he was asleep.

When he awoke some two hours later, he knew that something had aroused him. True to his training, he did not start up groggily. Before he had opened his eyes or stirred a muscle his brain was alert. The growing cold, he decided, was what had awakened him; yet through every nerve a vague tocsin of alarm was ringing.

Without turning his head, through lids only slightly parted, his eyes sought Kenoe Joe. The poacher still lay on his bed of boughs in partial shadow, but the filter of moonlight was strong enough to show Handy that the fellow was awake. Awake and watching Handy with a fixity that sent a chill up the warden's spine.

Something warned him against making the slightest move; instead, he slowly opened his eyes to find himself gazing up into the cruel eyes of old Tanapa.

The cougar was on a cedar limb about fifteen feet above him, and Handy saw in a flash how he had gained his perch by creeping silently along overlapping branches from the black depths of the fir forest above. For days the warden had striven to bring about a meeting with Tanapa—but not such a meeting as this. The savage hunger flaming in the killer's eyes told Handy all that had led up to this act of daring madness. Instinct warned him that if he so much as stirred a hand, the cat would spring. But if he remained utterly still there was a slim chance that the beast might go away.

Began then an ordeal which taxed every atom of the warden's physical and mental control. His body was numb and full of aches from sleeping in one position. All his muscles cried out to be stretched. Yet he dare not move an inch.

Moments passed, horrible heart-thudding moments, during which neither man

? ?

Family Quiz Answers
BROTHER

(Questions on page 18)

1. **Bancroft Hall, U. S. Naval Academy.**
2. **The bite of a poisonous snake is often two small puncture wounds, while that of a non-poisonous snake resembles a horseshoe-shaped row of tooth marks.**
3. **Elephant and whale.**
4. **To see which way the wind is blowing, so he can face it to scent danger.**
5. **Australian Imperial Force.**
6. **The opossum, muskrat and beaver.**
7. **Maine's.**
8. **The Technicolor process was named for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, alma mater of the inventor, Dr. Herbert Kalmus.**
9. **By the pound, approximately 5,000.**
10. **It is the official recognition of excellence in the accomplishment of Production for Victory.**
11. **Q R R—the distress call adopted by the American Radio Relay League.**
12. **The use of warships, generally destroyers, ahead and on the flanks of a fleet to protect it from attack.**

Questions accepted from Mrs. D. M. Logan, Wood River, Ill.; Marion Wells, Danbury, Conn.; Zola Mayfield, Dyersburg, Tenn.; Mrs. Lew Meyer, Freeport, Ill.; Frank Gray, Hoodsport, Wash.; Jane Cliff, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lamar Schoonmaker, N. Y. C.; Mrs. Gladys Field, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Julius Ladner, Warren, Pa.; Chester Morris, Springfield, Mo.; Rose Dalle, Winona, Minn.; Delbert D. Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.

? ?

How to turn a hull into a hornet's nest

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in the tableau stirred a muscle, and the cougar remained frozen in an attitude of vigilance, head sunk on paws, every muscle set except for the slow undulating twitching of his rounded tail tip. His eyes held the warden unwinkingly as he waited in the fiendish way of cats for the moment when the man must stir. But most horrible of all was the equally cruel and gloating regard of the poacher watching from the shadows, fiercely hoping that Handy would be torn to pieces.

The warden began to feel that he was going mad. Dank sweat stood out on his body, prickling sensations ran along his cramped limbs, and he could hear the pumping of blood in his temples like the beating of a great drum. He knew he could not hold out much longer; that soon his tormented nerves and muscles must assert an involuntary rebellion of their own, even though his will remained inflexible.

An almost overpowering impulse to risk all on a desperate grab for his gun, on the chance of putting a bullet into the malevolent watcher above, obsessed him; but his cooler faculties told him that he would never live to fire the shot. The cougar would be on him like lightning, his great claws like steel hooks, ripping, tearing . . . Yet the torture was too great. He must move, in another minute, another second . . .

And then, even as he was on the verge of desperate action, came interruption.

Since that evening when Tom Handy's rifle shot had sent him fleeing into the safety of the forest, old Wapootin had spent more than a fortnight in almost sleepless wandering in search of a mate. Enforced celibacy had whetted the always touchy temper of the great bull to a dangerous edge. The pairing season of his kind was well into the second week, and still the mate which the wilderness surely held for him could not be found. Though he had come upon several trails in his sixty-mile range, not a single cow moose did he scent or sight. The forest had remained lifeless, save for enemies who seemed to be everywhere. The cougar and the two men who seemed to be hunting him, he scented wherever he went.

Tonight he had been feeding disconsolately in a spruce thicket, literally stewing with rage and frustration, when there sounded abruptly the soft summons of a cow moose, less than half a mile away. The tall bull's eyes and nostrils had opened wide, and a quiver ran over him as the call was repeated. It seemed impossible that any strange cow could have been in the vicinity without his sensing her, yet the call was unmistakable. Immediately his weariness fell from him.

Most moose bulls answer the call to a tryst noisily and with a great bellowing and threshing of bushes. But Wapootin was as wary as he was old. With no more sound than a stalking cat, he drifted through the fir wood toward the salt lick. In this silent, suspicious, uncertain mood old Wapootin became one of the most dangerous creatures in all the wild.

It took him fully an hour to accomplish his soundless approach to the deer lick. He had no real reason to suspect that anything queer was afoot, yet something subtler than any scent or sound struck a false note in the air tonight. And finally he got concrete proof of it. The night breeze brought him the tang of wood smoke—and then the taint of man. But no slightest savor of the cow moose that had called from that very spot. Tricked again! To his dim understanding, a cow moose must have been there and the man had somehow done away with her.

Ordinarily, Wapootin would have drifted quietly away from that dangerous spot, but tonight he waited while slow rage boiled within him. Nearer he drifted, his little eyes bloodshot. He felt combative enough to have charged man himself had there been any visible movement in the warden's camp. But there was nothing to be seen but the dull red eye of a dying fire.

This Wapootin watched while his wrath mounted. And then an abrupt downcurrent of air brought him scent of another enemy which he had missed until now. Mountain lion! Of all the enemies of the forest, he hated the lion most—that tawny skulking shadow forever lying in wait to slay some unwary moose calf or immature cow. Perhaps the lion was an ally of the men in doing away with the cow that had summoned him; at any rate, he was a part of the conspiracy which had made this mating month a lovelorn season of misery for Wapootin. The carnivorous reek of the big cat made the black hair rise stiff and ominous along the big moose's neck and shoulders. He advanced in an involuntary surge of wrath—and a dry twig crackled beneath his feet.

It was a slight sound, yet in the breathless stillness of the forest night it was magnified a hundred times. It was exactly timed to upset the dramatic situation by the pool at the moment of crisis, for it electrified the cougar on his high perch, breaking the dread spell.

Wapootin had approached from behind Handy, out of the range of his vision, so the warden was unaware of what had caused the interruption. But he saw the change in the attitude of the cougar—the lifted head; the relaxing of tension—and his quick brain read in it the chance for which he had been praying. For a second or two, he knew, the cat would not leap; for its shallow brain could focalize upon but one thing at a time. The warden lunged for his rifle, went to his knees and took one blindly aimed shot in a single follow-through movement.

Almost in the same instant Tanapa launched himself frenziedly downward. But in mid-air his outstretched body buckled and crumpled; his leap fell just short of the man, who had hurled himself aside. Again the carbine blazed death at the writhing body on the ground, and that shot took vengeance for the terrible ordeal Handy had undergone and for the lives of scores of wantonly slaughtered deer.

As the warden gained his feet there was a scream of terror from Kenoe Joe. Handy felt the ground tremble beneath him as a vast form rushed out of the blackness. Had there been another bullet in his carbine, he would undoubtedly have fired point-blank at the apparition. Instead, he flung the weapon from him and hurled himself toward the nearest climbable tree, as old Wapootin, with a blast of fury, came pounding after him.

Handy swung himself up into the branches of a fir with not an instant to spare. Then Wapootin, threshing at the lower limbs just beneath the warden, veered away in a renewed paroxysm of rage at sight or scent of Kenoe Joe.

What followed was mercifully swift and mercifully hidden by darkness. It was a long time thereafter before the big bull's wrath began to cool. Kenoe Joe, by refusing to give warning and wishing a terrible end on Handy, had drawn that very end upon himself!

For nearly half an hour Wapootin continued to storm back and forth, goring and trampling the bodies of man and cougar; threshing thickets and branches to splinters with his wide palmated antlers. He was taking his rage out on all enemies and the forest at large. At last, with a snort, he wheeled and went striding upstream, splashing noisily in the middle of the current as if to cool the fire of his wrath.

Handy watched him out of sight. A fortnight before, he had saved the life of the big bull by a well-timed rifle shot. Wapootin had repaid the debt with interest.

The first salmon tints of dawn were in the sky when the warden descended from his perch and took the down trail to make his report at the town in the valley. Behind him, deep in the fir wood, a snowbird greeted the first light with its four ethereal notes, which are surely echoes from some higher plane. To Handy, who was an outdoor mystic, it was the voice of Nature herself proclaiming that all was right once more in her secret domain.

The New Hat *(Continued from page 53)*

meet you, Mrs. Fielding." The "Mrs." hurt Barbara's throat.

"I've been trying to persuade Tom to let me go shopping with him for some ties." Madge Fielding rolled her blue eyes in mock horror. "Don't you think his are pretty bad?"

"I hadn't noticed," Barbara said.

"I just met Miss Trent this morning." Tom was like a small boy caught in the jam pantry. "If you'd care to join us for lunch, Madge . . ."

She shook her curls. "I don't want to intrude."

"I wish you would stay," Barbara said. She meant it. There would be no pleasure in lunching with Tom Fielding now. Of course, she told herself, married or not, he didn't interest her. She would send him the money. No, she would give it to him right there at the table. Then she would hurry off. She had no time to waste on other people's husbands. She felt herself getting madder and madder, and she was unable to take her eyes off the ridiculous pink bird resting on the blue rose. What if she had bought a similar hat, and they had met—or would they have met?

"So nice to have met you." The woman's voice dripped sweetness. "And I love your hat. I'm going to give you a little tip. Never let Tom go with you when you buy a hat. He's a wonderful designer of glassware and stoves, but what he doesn't know about hats . . ."

"Give my regards to Stephen," Tom put in abruptly.

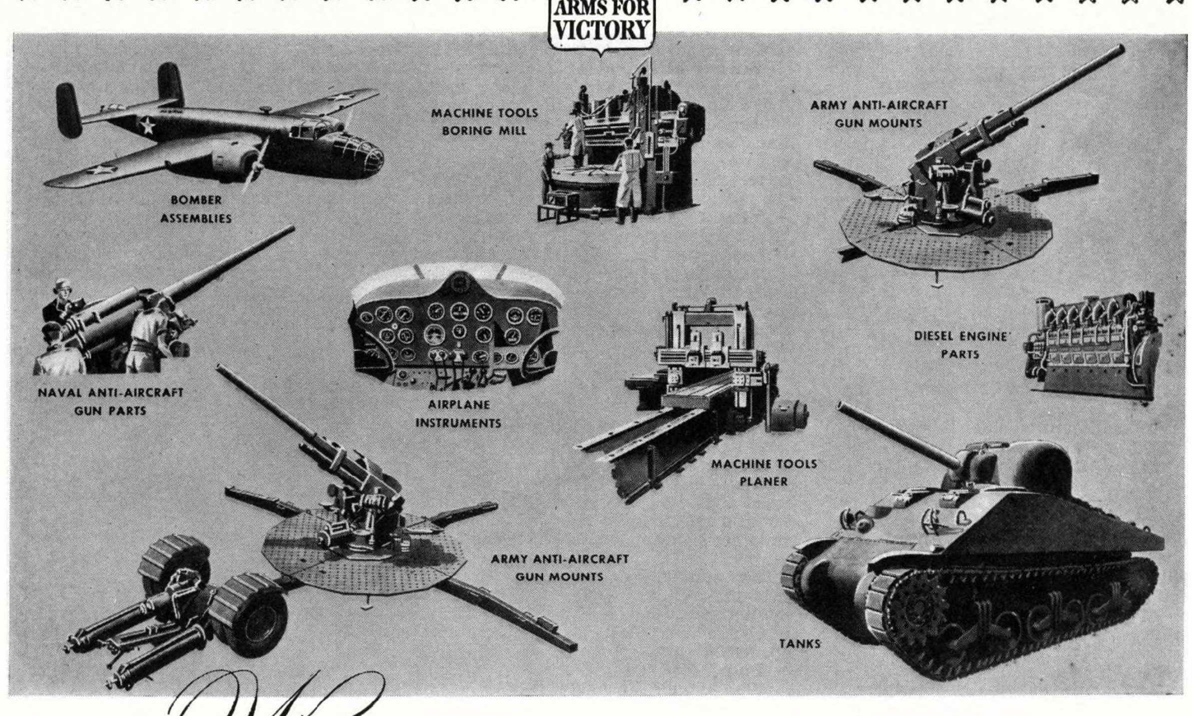
"Tom, bring Miss Trent down some week end." The blonde gave Tom a pecking kiss, divided a bright smile between them, and disappeared into a taxi.

"I'm sorry we had to run into the family right off," Tom said blithely. "But now you know the worst. Steve's a prince of a fellow, and Madge is not bad. But like all sisters-in-law——"

"Steve's your brother?" Barbara asked, laughing.

Tom grinned. "You see why I didn't want you going in for pink birds. One in the family is enough."

It was incredible to think that they had just met that morning.



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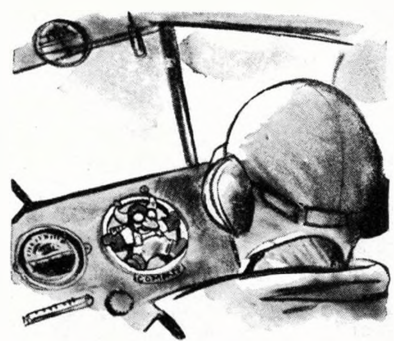
The Gremlins

(*Continued from page 41*)



"Good evening, and I'll bet you don't know where you are," says the night-flying Gremlin.

room and shattered on the floor.

The Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets, their task accomplished, formed up in two long rows on the floor and looked up at Stuffy; they looked up at his ankles, because they couldn't see any higher however much they craned their necks.

They were the smallest people that you ever saw; they were so small that you had to look three times before you were quite sure that they were there. They all had little horns and little faces, and the Widgets were all dressed in little red smocks and little green shorts, but unlike their fathers the Gremlins, they had no suction boots; they merely wore little brown shoes with crepe rubber soles. And of course, they didn't have derby hats.

The Flipperty-Gibbets had on little short blue dresses instead of the crinolines that their mothers, the Fifinellas, wore; but they didn't have suction boots either. Just little white shoes with crepe rubber soles.

As I said, they were all standing there looking up at Stuffy, who was very bedraggled and discomposed.

Then all the Widgets and all the Flipperty-Gibbets suddenly turned around and marched out of the room in line astern.

Meanwhile it was agreed by one and all that some sort of training must be instituted very quickly, which would convert all Gremlins, Fifinellas, Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets into good Gremlins, good Fifinellas, good Widgets and good Flipperty-Gibbets, and Jamface, who already seemed to have had some success in that direction, was made Director of Training.

Gus was at "readiness." He had a temperature of about 102° and a head that felt like a kitchen range. Obviously he had flu, but he was at war with the medicos and refused to report it. He stood on the tarmac resting his elbows on the wing of his Hurricane, idly watching another machine circling the airdrome to land.

He watched it lower its undercart, turn into wind, let down its flaps and start its glide in. It was using just a trace of engine.

He watched it hit the deck, bounce about fifty feet into the air, hit the deck again and bounce again and then again and again until ultimately it came to rest. It taxied back, parked next door to his, and Stuffy got out. He was very angry.

"This," he said, "is carrying matters entirely too far. I actually saw them, at least fifty or more, getting underneath the runway and pushing it up to meet me. I saw them climbing onto each other's shoulders to get it higher and shouting and laughing and clapping their hands and falling over one another in their excitement; I'll swear I was still ten feet off the ground when they shoved it up at me. What is more," he said, warming to his subject, "there was a Fifinella standing at the far end of the airdrome and they all caught sight of her at the same time and with a whoop of joy they just let go the runway and all ran helter-skelter in her direction. The damned runway dropped about eight feet just as I was going to touch down again a second time.

"These Gremlins," he added, "are becoming a menace."

"What happened to the Fifinella?" said Gus.

Stuffy pointed excitedly at a Hurricane that had just taken off. "She jumped on board that one just before they reached her and she's riding side-saddle on the radio aerial. Can't you see her, can't you see her?"

Then suddenly he stopped dead and a look of genuine concern diffused his countenance.

"Gus, old boy," he said, "you're next up, aren't you?"

"I am," said Gus.

"Well, you'll have the whole lot of them on board when you take off. Don't you know that when a Fifinella takes the air every Gremlin on the station tries to do the same? They've got a curious idea in their little heads that they've got a chance of catching up with her somewhere if they can only get into the air at the same time. And you're feeling lousy anyway."

Just then a scruffy head poked out of the window of the nearest hut and a

All Gremlins firmly believe that Woffledigits feed on nothing but Gremlins.

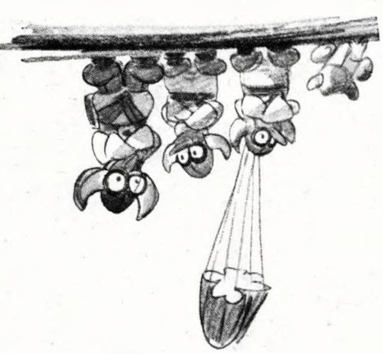
voice shouted, "Red two scramble, scramble Red two, scramble. Get your orders in the air."

Gus was in the cockpit of his Hurricane like a flash.

The Gremlins came at him in a wave, shouting and yelling, and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get on board; jumping on to the wings and up over the engine cowling, clambering up the fuselage and clinging to the undercarriage, swinging on the elevators and riding on the rudder. They dangled from the radio aerial, pirouetted on the propeller boss and waltzed on the windscreen. They came into the cockpit and danced on the reflector sight. One got inside the airspeed indicator and swung on the needle and another was trying to smash the glass of the compass with a little mallet to get at the alcohol inside.

But Gremlin Gus, who had by now received a little training and was well on the way to becoming a good Gremlin, clambered up onto his shoulder and whispered, "You can't fly with flu, you can't fly with flu; better not try, better not try."

But it was too late, and Gus had made up his mind anyway. How he got off the ground he just didn't know. He swung violently to the left as about ten of them braced themselves against the rudder and pushed it sideways. Then the chief Gremlin mustered his forces on the port wing-tip and shouted in a deep bass voice, "Running jump, running jump, go!" And they all ran across to the starboard wing



Topside or bottomside, it makes no difference to the Gremlins with suction boots.

and it dropped so suddenly and violently that it nearly went into the deck. Yes, that was a bad take-off.

Gus climbed steadily to 17,000 feet. He was frozen stiff, and little beads of cold sweat were starting out on his forehead and running down on to his oxygen mask, and Gremlin Gus was still sitting on his shoulder and whispering, "You can't fly with flu, you can't fly with flu. Be careful what you do, be careful what you do."

Gus felt like death. Gremlin Gus was so right; you can't fly when you are ill.

Then he saw it. First just a glint of reflected sunshine caught his eye, then gradually as he got a little closer it resolved itself into a tiny airplane. It was heading south and was traveling very fast.

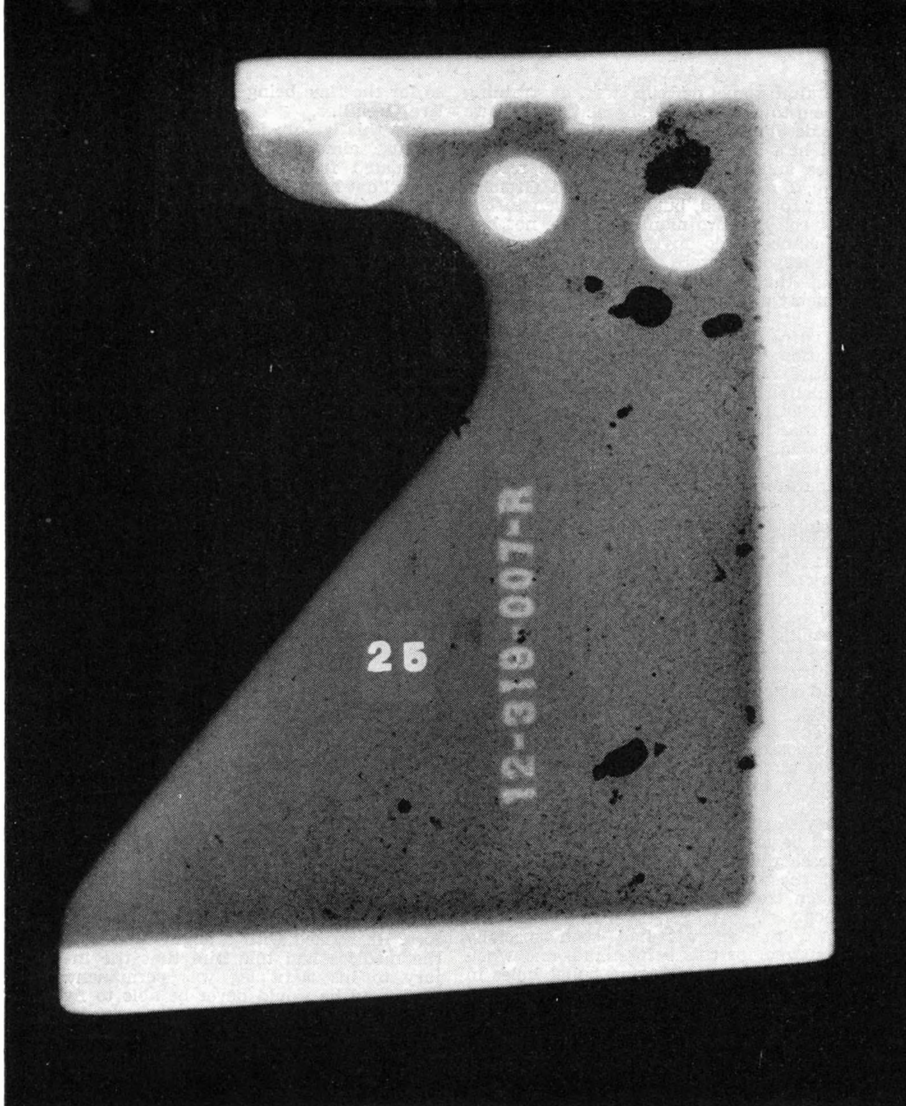
Gus switched over his radio. "Red two calling control, Red two calling control. Tally ho, Tally ho. Going into attack Over."

"Hello, Red two, control calling Red two. Message received. Good luck. Over."

He was catching up but not fast enough, because the Hun had seen him and was going flat out. Better pull the plug, that always helps. Yes, that was better, he won't get away now.

But Gus never had a chance. The German pilot, using one of the oldest tricks in the world, waited for him to come up close; then quickly, like lightning, he throttled right back and at the same time applied just a little bit of flap. The Heinkel seemed to stop dead in the air.

The German rear-gunner was waiting for him. He raked the Hurricane from stem to stern as it passed, and Gus' right leg fell limply off the rudder bar. He had stopped two German bullets, one



A FATAL ACCIDENT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

This X-ray of the casting for a vital airplane part plainly shows defects. Time will not be wasted machining it, and building it into a plane. And a crew of American flyers will not face the possibility of a structural failure in the air, due to the defects . . . so in spite of its unprepossessing looks, it's really a significant picture.

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X-RAYS are penetrating little rays, 1/10,000 the length of light rays. The eye can't see them, but they register on sensitive photographic film. You know how they go through flesh and bone—flesh easier than bone. You've seen the pictures.

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Invisible defects in the welded seams of high-pressure boilers—for the U. S. Navy—are searched out through X-ray pictures. Welders even "go to school" through the medium of radiographs—they "pass their examinations" when X-ray film shows they can produce a flawless weld.

The widespread adoption of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film was hastened by the urgencies of war. Now that this method of testing has proved its value so conclusively, you can be sure that it will continue to serve you after the war, by guarding against hidden defects in products you will buy . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

A Flipperty-Gibbet

through the kneecap and one in the ankle.

Now it was hurting like hell, and bleeding fast. The Hurricane was almost out of control because the Gremlins were out on the wings again. Jumping up and down, running from one end of the plane to the other, pulling at the control cables and boring holes in the fuselage. There was a gang of at least twelve of them working on the main petrol tank with their drills and hammers. Half a dozen more had marched up on to the engine cowling carrying on their shoulders little screwdrivers with porcelain handles. Gus saw them and knew exactly what they were going to do. They were going to short-circuit the spark-plugs by leaning their screwdrivers against the cylinder wall and resting the top end on the plug.

Everything was going wrong. His mind began to wander again.

How Gus found the airdrome he never knew. He never knew how the engine kept going or how he himself managed to remain sufficiently conscious to retain control. What he did know was why he landed in the plowed field about a hundred yards short of the airdrome and turned over on his back.

He saw the Gremlins in their thousands lined up all around the perimeter of the airdrome and he saw them watching him and waiting their chance. He saw them at the last moment, when it was too late to do anything about it, pick up the complete airdrome and carry it away on their shoulders, running faster than the wind, because they were all athletic types. They wore little white running shorts with a blue stripe down one side, and instead of the regulation suction boots, they had on spiked running shoes in patent leather. They ran for a hundred yards and then stopped, and the chief athletic Gremlin said, "Mind your toes, down she goes. Mind your toes, down she goes. One-two-three, down." And they dropped it and ran away into a wood near by.

When Gus landed, the runway was still a hundred yards away. Stuffy, watching from the tarmac, knew exactly what had happened.

Gus languished in a hospital for many weeks. He lay in a small dark room, with his right leg in a long splint, with a multitude of bandages around his face and arms. For a time he was very ill. But all this while Gremlin Gus sat on the bed rail above his head and kept watch.

All the types from his squadron, as well as Jamface, who as you know was from the bomber squadron next door, came to visit him, and the tales that they had to tell about the work of the Gremlins were harrowing indeed. They told of how at night the Gremlins would move the flare path off the airdrome and lay it in the adjacent field; of how they pushed whole mountains up into the clouds; of how they altered the position of marker beacons at night and of familiar landmarks by day.

Gus, from his bed, said, "We've got to find some definite way of training them to become good. Some time ago, we made Jamface Director of Training, but all he's done is to train Gremlin Jamface and that's no good to the rest of you. I admit that I've trained Gremlin Gus to be good, but as I've been in bed for the last two months, I have not had a chance to do anything else."

Everyone agreed that Gus was right, and that something had to be done quickly and on a large scale.

Three days later the G.T.S. was in operation, and Jamface posted up a large notice outside Number One ' angar on which it said "GREMLINS TRAINING SCHOOL," because it was in the far side of that hangar that the school itself was located.

The Gremlins had to undergo two separate courses of training, and in the right-hand corner of the hangar there was another large notice which said "INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL" and in the left-hand corner was another equally large notice which said "ADVANCED TRAINING SCHOOL."

Gremlin Gus was fetched from the hospital and put in sole charge of I.T.S., and he worked from morning till night, trotting around and around, supervising and helping and scolding and encouraging.

The Initial Training School itself was composed of an infinite number of miniature aircraft of every kind and description on which the Gremlins were allowed to climb about. Immediately, of course, they started getting up to their old tricks and began boring holes in the wings and messing about with the engine and doing all those things which cause pilots so much trouble. But they received a rude shock.

All the aircraft had been specially prepared for this beforehand, and when a Gremlin started boring bullet holes in the wing, a stream of oil shot out and hit him in the face. In most instances the Gremlin resolved there and then never to bore bullet holes in aircraft any more.

If he started jumping about on the wings, they immediately collapsed, and he fell into a bucket of India ink which was very cleverly placed just below. This ruined his clothes, and as Gremlins are particularly sensitive about their dress, he usually became so infuriated and felt so humiliated that he resolved there and then never to jump up and down on the wings any more.

If he opened the bomb-doors in order to fiddle with the fuses, a trained Woffledigit would jump out and start chasing him around and around the hangar until he got so tired and so hot and so frightened that he couldn't run any longer. Then the Woffledigit would lollop back into the bomb bay leaving the Gremlin sitting on the ground, muttering to himself "Never again; never, never, never, again."

A Woffledigit, by the way, looks rather like a wolf, except that it has six legs instead of four, and looks very funny when it runs because the legs in the middle are always getting tangled up with the other four. All Gremlins firmly believe that Woffledigits feed on nothing but Gremlins, but as a matter of fact they are quite harmless and won't touch anything but used engine oil.

Meanwhile the process of training in I.T.S. goes on until finally the Gremlins are cured of all their misdeeds. This is very good so far as it goes, but of course it is not enough, because although they have been taught not to be bad any more, they haven't been taught to be good; and so for the time being they become negative Gremlins.

But this is only for a very short time, because almost as soon as they have graduated from I.T.S., and have been passed out by Gremlin Gus, they are sent over to the other corner of the hangar to where the large notice board says "ADVANCED TRAINING SCHOOL," and here Gremlin Jamface is in charge.

Gremlin Jamface goes around with a large satchel of used postage stamps slung over his shoulder, encouraging all the Gremlins to run about from one aircraft to another, mending this and repairing that, straightening these and polishing those, and for each little job which they did Gremlin Jamface would give them a used postage stamp. Every now and then when he thought no one was looking he would pop one into his own mouth and during the course of the day he did this a great many times, with the result that he always had indigestion.

And so the Gremlins' training school continued to flourish and in a very short time the news of its success spread to other R.A.F. Stations in remote corners of the country, where Gremlin trouble was being experienced. So they all rounded up their bad Gremlins and put them in little wooden boxes with holes on the top and sent them down to the Gremlins' Training School in the care of their squadron Intelligence officers; and all day long streams of these men would come into the airdrome from all over the country. The school grew bigger and bigger as it became more and more famous.

Just after Christmas Gus came out of hospital and returned to his squadron. But it was not the same Gus as before. He walked with a slight limp, and the medicos had told him that the injury to his right leg was permanent. They said he would never be able to fly again.

The news traveled over the airdrome

A Widget

to the Gremlins, who were very, very sorry for Gus, and they all removed their green derbies and scratched their bald little heads, wondering what they could do to help.

Gremlin Gus himself summoned a conference of the tribe, and all sorts of ideas and suggestions were put forward. But none of them was any good, and the meeting was just about to break up, when a little man in the back row, who was called Gremlin Griff, stood up and said, "Why don't we tell him to ask for another medical exam? Then we could all go along and help him to get through."

Gus was delighted with the idea, and rushed off to the medico and told him that he was suddenly feeling very much better, and could he please have another medical exam.

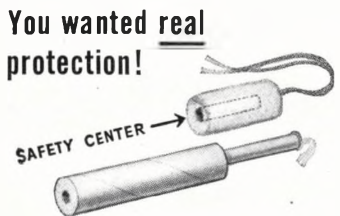
The medico said, "You only had your last one the other day," but Gus said that didn't matter. He said that all of a sudden he had begun to feel so much better that he was quite sure that he'd made an amazing recovery. So the medico, who understood pilots very well, said,

Anniversary
December 7th
1941
anniversary of a Sunday's quiet dawn, and what came after. Recalling *not the bombs*, for their smoke has long since blown away. *Not the scars* in Hawaii's hillsides, for ginger lilies covered the scars long ago, and flower scents blow sweet in city streets where bombs fell. Anniversary *not of bombs and scars*. It's for bigger things which came after, that the Nation will always "*Remember Pearl Harbor!*"
that date saw 130 million Americans come together as one! That date made clear that we must fight for our rights, if we are to have any rights left. On that date was born one united resolve, *to win the war for these rights at all costs.*
since then, we've seen teeming cities of armed men rising out of fields. We've seen industry of peace turned into industry of war, seaports seething with troops and war's endless baggage, and *a peaceful Nation become a fighting Nation.*
on that day of treachery, the LURLINE, eastbound out of Honolulu, was near the center of the gathering storm. This fact was prophetic of her destiny for the duration, and the destiny of her sister liners, MARIPOSA, MONTEREY, and MATSONIA, and of MATSON'S armada of freighters. From that day to this, these ships and their crews have been in the thick of it, and they will be, until Pearl Harbor has been satisfactorily *remembered.*
the day which proclaimed a new bond, made sacred by American blood, binding Hawaii close to the heart of the Nation.
anniversary then, *not of disaster, but of dedication! Dedication* of every American, man and woman, and every American thing, to our Country's ideals, and to the preservation of these ideals. Remembering all these things, now, through victory, and beyond, the Nation will always "*Remember Pearl Harbor!*"
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR
E. SAVAGE
SHIPS FOR VICTORY
Matson Line
TO Hawaii · NEW ZEALAND · AUSTRALIA VIA SAMOA · FIJI

This tampon was really your idea!

Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because . . .

You wanted real protection!



That means *quick, sure* absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption *fast* and *sure!* Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

...combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator —so sanitary, so easy to use!

...at no extra cost!

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for *you!*

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢

The Modess Tampon

"All right, come along at ten-thirty next Tuesday morning."

So everything was arranged; and all that day and far into the night a stream of little couriers flowed out of the airdrome bearing the news to the good Gremlins in every other squadron in the country. They each carried with them a little note on which it said, "Operational Order. All those that can be spared report at the hospital here before 1030 hours Tuesday next to help someone who is in trouble. (Signed) Gremlin Gus."

Each one stopped only once on the journey, and then just long enough for him to fish a used postage stamp out of his pocket and munch it quickly in order that he might be sustained on his travels. Each one arrived at his destination and delivered his message before the sun rose the next morning, and each one returned home before the sun set the next day, bearing a reply which promised assistance.

And so, as you see, everything was arranged.

The day fixed for Gus' medical dawned bright and clear. He had breakfast, read the papers and at ten twenty-five sauntered down to the station hospital and reported his arrival. Then he sat down in the waiting room to await his call.

Sitting in there alone and twiddling his cap in his hands, he suddenly realized that he didn't feel quite so nervous as he had on the three previous occasions. Someone was going to help him this time; he felt sure of that. He could swear that even now there was someone in the room. He could hear the newspapers rustling on the table, and the curtains seemed to be moving about as though someone was shaking them from below. He thought he heard whisperings and little footsteps running all over the floor. The electric lamp was swinging to and fro for no good reason, and every now and then the door would creak and open a little further.

The Gremlins were assembling in the hospital.

Someone called his name and he went into the medico's room.

And then they came. Gremlins, Fifinellas, Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets rushed the door and poured into the room in their hundreds. They perched on the pictures and ranged themselves along the bookshelves; they hung from the lamps and crowded the table; and those that couldn't find room anywhere else, squatted on the floor cross-legged in neat little rows, with the Flipperty-Gibbets in front, the Widgets next and the Gremlins and Fifinellas sitting next to each other at the back.

The medico didn't see them; oh dear me, no. Only pilots can see those things; only pilots and navigators and air-gunners and people who fly.

Then the examination began, and the medico said, "Jump up and down onto that chair ten times and then let me feel your pulse." Gus jumped up and down, and then gave the medico his wrist. He knew his pulse was going too fast and he could hear his heart beating great hammer-blows in his chest, but immediately a Gremlin hurried forward, gently lifted the medico's finger off the wrist and tapped it with a little mallet, at first a bit faster than normal, as was only natural, then quickly slowing down to a steady 72 to the minute.

"Very good," said the medico, and noted it down on a sheet of paper. "And now, will you take off your clothes."

Gus began to strip and immediately all the Fifinellas and all the Flipperty-Gibbets turned the other way, covering their eyes with their hands. The Gremlins watched intently while the medico tested his heart and thumped his back and whenever there was any sign of trouble, one or two would run forward and put matters right. When the medico tapped his knee to make his leg jump forward, as they always do on these occasions, six Gremlins got behind his foot and gave a little push just at the right moment.

"Very good," said the medico. "You can dress again now." And all the Fifinellas and Flipperty-Gibbets uncovered their eyes and turned around once more.

Then after a lot more rigmarole and a lot more tapping and thumping, there came the big test, the one that Gus had so far failed every time. It consisted merely of standing on one leg with your eyes shut and balancing there for a period without falling over. He was all right when standing on his left leg, but the right one with a couple of bullet wounds in it was not the same as it had been.

"Shut your eyes tight and balance on your right leg and stay there until I tell you," said the medico.

Immediately every Gremlin and every Fifinella rushed to his assistance. They stood on each other's shoulders and held up his left foot; they formed a solid wall around his right leg and braced it from all sides, and they attached little ropes to his shoulders and pinned him to the ground, making him rigid and steady like a tent. Two Flipperty-Gibbets climbed up and held his eyelids down tight so that no one could say he was cheating, and Gus balanced, steady as a rock, on his wounded right leg.

"Very good," said the medico. "You've

A Gremlin

certainly made an amazing recovery," and he noted all these things down on his sheet of paper. Then he looked up and smiled. "I think you're quite fit to fly at last; good luck to you," and Gus danced out of the room and waltzed down the passage, setting a straight course for the squadron mess, with all the Gremlins and Fifinellas, Widgets and Flipperty-Gibbets following in a long line behind. They chanted a special song which Gremlins sing when they are pleased, which no one has ever heard except pilots and navigators and air-gunners and those who fly. It sounds like the croaking of frogs and it has a great number of verses; and as they sing they hop from one leg to another in time with the rhythm:

> Wipple skrumpet in the sky
> Pilots all were born to fly
> Higher than the highest high,
> Wipple skrumpet in the sky.

That night Gus too sang many songs and drank many tankards of good strong ale; and the Gremlins ate used postage stamps until the small hours.

You can help by giving to Army and Navy Relief

Mission to Mexico

(*Continued from page 36*)

Sleeping Lady, and felt the pulse of a brave, strong, virile nation. He walked not only the broad boulevards with their graceful modern houses and fine statues of departed heroes of Mexico, the busy shopping and business centers, but also the outlying districts where dwelt the poor and the lowly.

Here he found dirt and squalor, but also the dignity and nobility of a free people who had bought their freedom dearly and were willing to die to keep it. A mixture they might be, but the ingredients were the seed of gallant people —Indian and Spanish blood. They did not ask for much, these natives of this hard, dramatic land, but one thing they breathed and must always breathe to live, and that thing was liberty.

Even in this city of adobe, Hiram felt the bigness of the land and its people. The war would strike these people too and bring them suffering. They touched Hiram in their poverty and simplicity. He looked into their eyes and saw that the lowliest peon balanced on his burro, in grimy whites, sombrero-crowned, was a more decent being than the best Nazi alive.

And all the time Hiram Holliday was hunting the Man from Europe.

He lunched at Paolo's and Manolo's, where aristocratic Mexico met to eat stewed kid and *spaghettini;* he dined at Prendes on red snapper and *arroz con pollo* and at Henri's where the famous chef cooked quail in red wine for him. He had tea at Sanborn's, which was a daily rite of the elite of the city, and sat through the cocktail hour at La Cucaracha, the lively cocktail club where the faster set gathered before dinner. And late at night he visited the cabarets.

Mexico City at war had become a little Paris and at night glittered with the jewelry of many uniforms, worn by small men with fierce eyes and dangerous mouths, pure Spaniards, pure Indians, mestizo mixtures; infantrymen with high-peaked caps and red-tabbed collars; artillery officers with crossed cannon at their throats; the new air arm, proudly wearing its golden wings; men on leave from the now more than valuable Mexican Navy, in their dark blue tunics crossed with much gold braid.

Not since he had left Europe had Hiram seen such a glittering cosmopolitan gathering. There were Dutch and Belgians and French, refugees from the stricken countries; British oilmen, resident Americans and military missions; South American diplomats, tall Swedish engineers, purchasing agents from Spain and Portugal; Mexican generals, government officials and politicians. Only the blond arrogant Nazi was missing. The rats had been quick to hole up.

Hiram studied the faces of the men and of the exquisitely groomed women, seeking features that might awaken a flash of recognition. It exasperated him to think that somewhere in this glittering throng was a man whose presence endangered the cause of freedom, and he, Holliday, could not smell him out.

He gave himself no rest, but the results were nil. The few Germans he encountered were harmless small-fry merchants, long-time residents of Mexico City and scared out of their wits. The gentleman from the Wilhelmstrasse had buried his identity well—if he was there at all.

At nine o'clock on Saturday morning the porter announced that a car and chauffeur were awaiting him at the carriage entrance. Hiram went downstairs

with a queer nervous feeling. If one part of his mission to Mexico had so far to be acknowledged a failure this part *must* succeed.

As the car left the vast plain of Mexico City and took the climbing, twisting turns that led over the leven-thousand-foot range before dropping six thousand feet to the shining city of Cuernavaca, nestled in a flower-filled valley, Hiram took from his pocket the paper the clerk had given him and examined the list of guests gathered at the Villa Flores.

In part, it read like a page from the Almanach de Gotha. In addition to the Princess von Fürstenhoff, there was the Marquis Luis Villar de Albarracin of Spain, Count Gosta Axelred of Sweden; a Baroness Lutzkaya and Countess Jeanne Vaubleu, formerly of Paris. General Sayulo and Colonel de Garcia represented the military. Señor Pablo Llera of the Foreign Office, Pepe adilla, a polo player, Dr. José Oguira, noted Mexican specialist, and Conchita Noria, Mexican singing film star, rounded out the roster of guests. The presence of one of these had caused Heidi to send the message: *A moi, Hiram!"*

The car clattered through the dusty, dog-ridden village of Tres Marias on the hump of the range and began its swift winding descent to the pink-and-white city that lay sparkling in the morning sunshine in the valley below.

Sunday afternoon, still baffled, Hiram Holliday in borrowed bathing trunks sat at the side of the tiled swimming pool and studied the gay swimming party, searching for some clue to the undercurrents and cross-purposes that threaded the group like ugly stitches half concealed in a bright pattern.

The Countess Jeanne, too beautifully groomed to go into the water, was coquetting with Colonel de Garcia at the side of the pool, her yellow curls close to his swarthy face. The colonel had short-cropped jet-black hair that stood up straight. He was part Indian, with a hard mouth and the tough, filmed eyes of a fighter.

Señora Azuelo, the hostess, young, bright, red-lipped, was playing bridge at the poolside with the dark-haired Polish Baroness Lutzkaya, General Sayulo and Dr. Oguira. The doctor had a high bald brow that gave him a kind of Martian aspect. The General was spare and dry as a leaf, but his eyes were restless.

Pepe Padilla, the polo player, handsome as a statue, was showing off on the diving board. Heidi sat at a table of the bougainvillæa-covered cantina at the far end of the pool with the tall Swedish count who was so blond he seemed to have no eyelashes. Manuelo, slender, aristocratic, slightly bald, was playing badminton with Pablo Llera, who was fattish but moved with astonishing agility.

Lounging side by side in deck chairs were the Marquis de Albarracin and Noria, the little firebrand. The flashing brown girl had a red flower in her glossy black hair and her head was inclined toward the Spanish marquis, who was holding her hand. Albarracin had a long nose, thickish lips and somewhat bulging eyes. He had the air of one who missed lace at the sleeves, a rapier at his side and a snuffbox to tap. Indian servants moved through the gay scene, replenishing champagne or whisky glasses.

Hiram had been unable to snatch a second with Heidi. The game was still on between them and the others. He could only guess at its desperation, because it was Heidi herself who had prevented their being alone. On Hiram's arrival she had greeted him as a mere acquaintance from London and thereafter fostered the wholly fictitious friendship of Hiram and Manuelo in Paris; until Manuelo was convinced he and Hiram had been bosom companions in the days before the war.

But they were close, these two, Hiram and Heidi. The dangers they had lived through in Europe enabled them to communicate without actually speaking. In Heidi's most casual phrases, Hiram felt an appeal to him to be on the alert, to guard her against something she dared not even reveal to him.

Whatever it was, he must find it himself, with no help from her. Those were the rules. It was a kind of blindman's buff, played with eyes wide open and senses sharpened to super-alertness.

Hiram trusted no one, not even Manuelo, who appeared to be the soul of hospitality and friendliness. It was the Europeans he watched most closely for some sign, yet the very fact that Heidi had come to Mexico made him also study the Mexican members of the party.

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The human pattern shifted. Heidi and the count arose from their table and came toward the group at the pool, Heidi walking quickly as though there had been some disagreement. Padilla, somersaulting into the pool, raised a great splash that chased the Frenchwoman squealing away from the pool's edge. She sat down on the arm of Dr. Oguira's chair. De Garcia walked stiffly past the deck chairs where the marquis and the actress lounged. Hiram saw the fierce eyes of the colonel bent on the Spaniard and wondered.

The badminton game ended, and the two players dived into the pool. Conchita Noria burst into a shrill parrot-chatter of Spanish and arose from beside the marquis as the bridge game broke up. Hiram slipped into the water too, because he did not want to talk to anyone.

Looking up from the edge of the pool where he clung for a moment, Hiram found himself beneath Heidi. She was alone, for in the change of positions no one had yet addressed himself to her. A servant offered her a glass of champagne, screening her from the others as she took it. And for just an instant Hiram saw her face grow gray and the violet eyes cloud. For that infinitesimal fraction of time that she was alone, the pose she had so valiantly carried without cessation fell away and exposed the terror in her heart. Then General Sayulo and Padilla claimed her. The color came back in her cheeks, and her eyes were laughing again. She moved off with them.

Before coming down for cocktails that evening Hiram made a new list:

Count Gosta Axelred: Under suspicion. Don't like his eyes. He and Heidi were together. She left him in apparent anger.

Manuelo Azuero: Unlikely but must be considered. After all, it is his house to which she came.

Marquis Luis Villar de Albarracin: Possible, but not probable. Old Spanish aristocracy. In Mexico to arrange transfer to safety of Spanish art treasures. A woman chaser. Heidi brushes off that type.

General Sayulo: Never keeps his eyes still. Watching everybody.

Colonel de Garcia: A soldier, a savage, a killer. The most dangerous man in the party. The marquis is going to get hurt if he doesn't stop fooling with Garcia's movie girl, unless Garcia is more interested in the French girl. Or is it Heidi he really wants? He never left her side after dinner last night.

Dr. José Oguira: Funny-shaped head. He and Heidi talked for an hour in the patio after lunch.

"Damn!" said Hiram. "It's not very revealing. I've got to break it soon or——" He went down to cocktails. The break was closer than he knew.

The cocktail hour in the cantina was a throbbing, lantern-lit darkness shot through with the gleam of white shirt fronts and the glitter of eyes and jewelry and moving cigarette ends. The talk had turned somehow to extra-sensory perception. Curiously, it was Dr. Oguira who championed the possibilities, while the Swedish count denied it with some heat. Hiram took no part in the debate, though he did reply to a question put to him by the Baroness Lutzkaya, at his right.

A moment later the baroness said, "My neighbor, Meester Holliday, believe he can tell from a theeng what kind person it have belong to, no?" She turned to Hiram for confirmation. The others fixed their attention on him.

Hiram said, "Well, not exactly. But I believe that violent human emotions connected with an object linger and come through. It's something I don't understand very well, though Dr. Oguira might. But in the past, with me, sometimes to touch an object has revealed——"

The hostess, Madame Azuero, said, "But how fascinating! You must do it at once for us, Mr. Holliday. Who will give something?"

Count Axelred said, "Representing the skeptics, Madame, permit me to try." He wore a slender watch chain across his evening vest. He took from his pocket a small golden cross of curious workmanship and worn quite smooth, detached it from the chain and placed it in Hiram's hand. "Does this tell you anything?"

There was a silence. Then Hiram said slowly, "This cross has been worn in battle. It has also been worn around the neck of a child, a girl. When—when that child passed on, the grief was—terrible."

There was no need to ask whether it was true. The count looked shaken.

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the French girl giggled and said, "Oh, Monsieur, you must try this locket."

But Count Axelred protested, "Wait! It is clever, but I am still a skeptic. Mr. Holliday knew that cross was mine. Our family is well known in Sweden. The death of the child who would have been Sweden's reigning queen had she lived is history. Let Mr. Holliday try under more difficult conditions."

Dr. Oguira put in, "What conditions do you suggest?"

"If Mr. Holliday will permit himself to be blindfolded, each of us will place some small object belonging to us in that silver bowl on the table. Mr. Holliday will then, without removing the blindfold, choose something from the bowl and tell us what he reads from it."

There were murmurs of excitement, but Madame Azuero said, "Oh, that is not fair. We cannot tax Señor Holliday so."

"If it would amuse you," said Hiram "I will gladly agree to the conditions"

While Hiram permitted the Countess

Jeanne to blindfold him, he heard the faint chinking of small objects being dropped into the silver bowl. It was Count Axelred who inspected the efficacy of the blindfold and then placed Hiram's hand on the rim of the receptacle, saying, "Now, sir!"

Hiram dipped his hand into the bowl and began to finger the articles there. He touched a ring, a brooch, a watch, a locket, a pendant earring, a key, a heavy seal fob, jewel encrusted. This last he held in his hand for a moment and then allowed it to fall back into the pile, while with his free hand he held to the side of the table to steady himself against the wave of sickening horror and loathing that had swept through him.

He knew that in their midst there was a monster, foul, evil, revolting, drenched with innocent blood. He felt the same sick horror as when he entered Moabit Prison in Berlin. But he gathered strength to grope an instant longer in the bowl until all the objects had been felt. Then he sighed, reached up and removed the blindfold and faced the party.

"I—I am sorry," he said. "I think perhaps Count Axelred is right. I am unable to meet the conditions he has set."

There was a murmur of disappointment and a little tinkle as Heidi's cocktail glass shattered on the tile floor and she slumped in her chair, her hands held to her head. Hiram and Manuelo reached her side almost simultaneously.

"Princess, you are ill!"

"The sun," said Manuelo. "It was intense today. It will pass. But Madame must wear a hat in the future."

The flurry of excitement passed quickly. Madame Azuelo sent for smelling salts, over Heidi's protests that she had already recovered. Indeed, Heidi's composure had returned completely, and when she thanked the two men, no one could have told from the glance she threw Hiram that she was other than casually grateful to an acquaintance for polite solicitude.

But when he turned back to the table, the bowl of trinkets was more than two-thirds empty and the jeweled seal that had given him such a shocking glimpse of human bestiality was gone. A moment later dinner was announced.

The women had departed, and the men sat around the table for coffee, cigars, brandy and off-color stories. Hiram had supposed that the custom of postprandial smoking-room tales was an American one. He found the Europeans equally avid. Hiram was no prig, but the session became increasingly distasteful to him. It was climaxed by the story told by the Marquis de Albarracin, which brought roars of laughter. Hiram did not laugh.

Padilla, who had had a little too much to drink, challenged him. "You are nct amused, Señor?"

Eyes were turned on him. He had to reply. He began, "Frankly, stories predicated on the virtue of——"

"Pah!" snorted the marquis. "You naïve Americans." He then delivered a little speech about all women, whether they were from the gutters or house parties like this, and used a word that was brutal and shocking and all-inclusive.

When he had finished, a hush fell over the table. The silence was broken by the scraping of Hiram's chair as he arose, saying succinctly, "The man capable of such a statement deserves to be shot. I should be very happy to do it."

"Gentlemen!" It was Señor Llera who had spoken. They were all on their feet now, with the exception of the marquis.

He said softly, "Pray be seated again, gentlemen. I am willing to concede that my ears have deceived me."

"They did not," said Hiram. "I will be

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more specific. You failed to exclude the Princess von Fürstenhoff from your disgusting category. I demand satisfaction."

"With your fists, I take it."

"With any weapon you choose——" Hiram moved around the table toward the marquis, who arose and threw up his hands as though to ward off the expected blow. But Hiram did not strike. Instead, he flicked back the corner of de Albarracin's dress coat. A heavy seal with a jeweled crest hung from a black silk watch fob. Hiram concluded his sentence with a single word. "Fascist!"

The marquis looked down his long nose at Hiram. He said, "Do not make yourself more ridiculous, sir. A de Albarracin does not fight with a nobody. I suggest, sir, that you leave at once."

Colonel de Garcia spoke sharply in Spanish. "In that case, permit——"

"Wait," said Hiram Holliday. "I think perhaps you will find it possible to meet me. I fought a duel once in Rome. My opponent was Colonel Il Conte Raffael del Tevere. I was seconded by Count d'Aquila. The referee was General the Duke of Brabazon."

The men stirred. "Hah!" exploded de Garcia. "Well, Marquis de Albarracin?"

The Spaniard shrugged. "Until proof of such an unlikely story is forthcoming——"

Hiram reached into his pocket. He drew out a white-gold cigarette case and opened it. He said, "Until today, no one has seen the inscription in this case. I am willing to have you see it now if it will convince the marquis."

He passed the case to Manuel Azuero, who stared at it, then read aloud: "'To Hiram Holliday, the bravest of the brave Di Brabazon, del Tevere, Ara-Pesca, di Cavazzo. Rome, April, 1939.'"

"Bastante!" snapped Colonel de Garcia 'Señor Holliday, may I have the honor of acting as your second in this affair?"

The marquis looked around the room into hard, stony faces. He sighed. "Very well. I accept. Will someone act as my second? I warn you, I have killed three men on the field of honor."

"That is no warning," said Hiram Holliday. "That is a bid for retribution."

No one offered himself as a second until Manuelo made a sign to Pepe Padilla, who said stiffly, "I offer myself in that capacity."

Manuelo said, "I have an excellent pair of French pistols."

"Satisfactory," said the marquis. "And the time?"

Colonel de Garcia conferred with Hiram and then said, "There is a full moon It will be quite light. My principal suggests at once."

The little group repaired to the far corner of the garden, a hundred yards from the villa, where a flat space of smooth lawn stretched between thorn trees.

Hiram watched General Sayulo remove the long, slender inlaid dueling pistols from their mahogany case and load them. They were muzzle-loaders and took powder, wad and ball and a copper cap that fitted over a nipple at the breech. When he pulled the trigger, hammer would fall upon cap, explode the powder and send a lead pellet winging toward the brain of a man he had not known existed forty-eight hours before

He denied the absurdity of the reality he faced, which in a way he had forced because of the powerful necessity he felt for what he was about to do. A moment later he was waiting on the green turf, his pistol upraised, measuring the small figure of the man turned sideways to him, thirty paces away, awaiting the command of General Sayulo to fire.

"You will remain as you are, gentlemen, until the command 'Fire' is given. From then on you are at liberty to shoot. Ready?"

Hiram thought of the grizzled Regular Army sergeant in the armory back in New York who had taught him to shoot many years ago and his precepts: "Don't hurry in a gun fight. Let the other fellow do the hurrying. Don't count on a lucky hit. Pistols shoot where they are aimed. Never mind about the other fellow's bullet. That's his worry. Take care of your own. Cover the target with your sight, hold it there—squeeze."

"Fire!" shouted General Sayulo.

The black bead of the sight stood out in the moonlight. Slowly Hiram brought it down to cover the chin of the Marquis Luis Villar de Albarracin. A white squirt of smoke covered his target for an instant, and Hiram felt a flick and wondered whether he had been hit, as a report drifted over and echoed from the hills. The smoke drifted away, the bead was firm on the white spot; inexorably he squeezed the trigger.

The marquis fell first to his knees, then forward on his face and remained thus grotesquely doubled until Dr. Oguira turned him over and pronounced him dead from a shot through the mouth that had broken his neck.

Hiram handed his weapon to Manuelo. He said, "Señor Azuero, I surrender myself in your custody. I am ready to accept any consequences or punishment."

"Consequences be damned!" rasped General Sayulo

HE SPOKE rapidly in Spanish to Manuelo, who nodded and said to Hiram, "He deserved to die. I am informed he was a man who caused much suffering. My house has been dishonored by his presence. But you must leave Mexico immediately. Do not even return to the villa. Your part in this affair will be hushed up. My car will take you to Mexico City at once. Remain at my home there overnight and in the morning take the first plane back to the United States."

"No," said Hiram Holliday. "Let me remain and take the——"

Manuelo said, "It is better that you go, Señor. Do not forget that the name of La Princesa has been mentioned. Our respect and admiration go with you."

Coat over his arm, Hiram stood in the shadow of the portico with Manuelo awaiting the car that was to take him to Mexico City. He was absent-mindedly fingering a hole in the collar of his shirt, wondering how it had got there.

There was a rustling of skirts, a little cry and a figure in white with honey-colored hair came rushing out of the darkness to throw herself in Hiram's arms and sob, "Hiram—Hiram! Oh, thank God you are safe. I saw from the window. Oh, Hiram, Hiram!"

Hiram held her. "It's all right now, Heidi. He won't bother you or anybody else any more."

The release from the terrible tension Heidi had been under shook her with sobs.

"Hiram, I thought I would die when I heard he was on this continent. I sent for you, but you did not come. He was related to our family distantly from the Spanish side, but he was half German. He has always blackmailed us. He was the most evil man in Europe. He was trying to force me to help him get into the United States."

She went on. "I dared not tell you when you arrived; I dared not speak, for if he so much as suspected I had called for aid, he would have killed you. You had to find him by yourself. This evening—when his blackness came through to you there in the cantina—I nearly died of fear for you. If you had spoken!"

The big car growled into the driveway

Heidi held Hiram off for a moment looking up at him. She said, "No one but you could have done it. No one but you could have groped so surely through that darkness into the light. No one but you could have the courage then to destroy evil when you had found it"

Manuelo cleared his throat noisily Heidi reached up and kissed Hiram on the mouth, as once she had on the quay at Plymouth.

"Good-by, dear, brave, gallant Hiram," she said. "God bless you. Until we meet again."

"Until we meet again, Heidi," said Hiram. He turned to Manuelo. "Good-by, Señor. And thank you."

Azuero held out his hand and said drily, "Do not thank me, Señor You forget that the late marquis also failed to exclude Señora Azuero from his category But in my capacity as host"

Hiram looked back at the man and the girl standing beneath the portico and saw them wave and then turn and go into the house. The car roared out of the driveway onto the cobbled street.

Two weeks later Hiram Holliday found himself in Washington. There he happened to come upon the card of Mr. Foster Wright, Second Under Secretary for Latin-American relations, and his conscience smote him with regard to his mission. He went to pay a courtesy call and report.

Mr. Foster Wright was hazy at first as to who Mr. Holliday was but remembered when his mind was refreshed and Hiram said, "I didn't stay in Mexico long, but I did keep my eyes open while I was there. I'm afraid, however that——"

Mr Wright laughed and patted Hiram on the back. "Don't give it another thought," he said. "We hardly expected you to do more." He paused The temptation to bedazzle this insignificant-looking man was too great to be resisted. He lowered his voice to the pitch reserved for confidential information "As a matter of fact, we turned up our man. That is, our boys down there found out who he was. By the time they were ready to catch up with him, he obligingly got himself killed in a duel, saving everybody a lot of trouble. Naturally, you wouldn't know about things like that."

Hiram pondered for quite a while before he sighed and said, "No, I guess I wouldn't know about such things. Well thank you very much." He turned to go

"You understand, of course, that what I have told you is in strictest confidence," said Mr. Foster Wright.

"Oh, yes," said Hiram. "The strictest."

He managed to hold back his grin until he reached the door, but once outside, it spread all over his homely face He went down the long corridor wagging his head at himself.

He said, "You'll never learn to think far enough, will you, Holliday? A spy had to be a Nazi with a monocle or blond hair or a triple-tiered neck You never looked at the Falangist under your nose until the Nazi in him showed itself. The mad-dog breed."

He went out into the bright Washington sunlight. Brighter and sunnier, Hiram decided, because there was one less enemy in the world.

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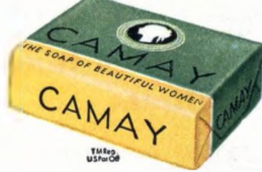

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Fashions in Fiction

Paul d'Ome

Air-line hostess to Cosmopolitan cover girl in five years! That's the record of beautiful golden-haired *Betty Jane Hess.* And good fortune doesn't come singly for her. *Harry Conover's* modeling sensation won unanimously in a contest sponsored by the Stork Club to select the Cosmopolitan Girl for Columbia's forthcoming opus, "Cover Girls." This will be Betty's first and last appearance in movies. Her attractive young husband says "nay" to the legion of contracts offered her.

Born in Pittsburgh twenty-one years ago, Betty is the eldest of three children from a typical American family. She modeled in a local department store to earn high-school pin money. After graduation there followed a succession of vocations. Hostessing, theatricals, and now modeling. Standing five feet eight and one-half inches, Betty in a size twelve dress is the delight of fashion photographers. She wears the distinctive American designs with natural regalness. Here she is photoed in a black-background coat by *Philip Mangone* which sets off *Lilly Dache's* exquisite accessories.

Fall collections of New York designers are ingeniously planned to sustain line and durable richness with such perfection that the new regulations seem non-existent. Since there is no ban on furs, luxurious ones predominate. Illustrated for "Understudy," page 22, is *Sophie Gimbel's* ermine jacket patterned after those worn by lumberjacks (the style, not the fur). Sophie utilizes the tails for trim on scarf and headdress. A style 'way out front, because of proposed heatless days, is one-piece wool dresses like the one shown on page 24. Knitted garments are back in favor. There's a honey on page 97, "Society Nurse." Multicolored lacy-knit Norfolk over plain wool skirt. The trend for cozy lounge wear is substantiated by the long-sleeved negligee on page 55, "Girl with Wings." All the clothes mentioned above are from *Saks Fifth Avenue* . . . Millinery has come into its own again. Page 52, "The New Hat," depicts *Bonwit Teller's* actual millinery department with a galaxy of devastating bonnets. And that's all for fashion forecast sneak-views now.

BY LEE RUSSELL

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their friendship furtively. She dared not allow him to call for her on her day off, so she met him a few blocks away.

When she explained about Mrs. Broderick, Tony said, "I'd better not take you anywhere. It might get you into trouble."

"No," said Anna, her blue eyes flashing, "this is a free country. Mrs. Broderick doesn't own me! Anyhow, I have everything planned. Look!" She indicated a lunch basket she was carrying. "We'll have a picnic. I know a place."

Tony hesitated. "I wouldn't want to be the cause of your losing your job."

"I'm not too afraid about that," said Anna enigmatically. "Trust me."

She did not explain that Mrs. Broderick occasionally was all too glad to be rid of her. Her husband had to go to San Antonio one day a week on business, and Concha the cook took care of the twins that day and was too witless to know what was going on. Anna, having once forgotten something and returned for it, found out things she was sorry she had to know. Well, no matter! Nothing was important except that she and Tony had a long afternoon ahead of them.

"Come," said Anna, "today is ours. Let's enjoy it."

She had often gone walking along the banks of the Rio Grande with the children, and she took him there now. Except for a few Mexican children playing in the dust, they saw no one, and presently she led him to the spot she had been seeking. The river bank was high and somewhat rocky and had been hollowed out into a cave, almost concealed by tangled vines and the long roots of mesquite trees on the high bank. It was an enchanted spot. It was secluded.

The cave had been used as a dwelling once, Anna explained, no doubt by some Mexican family who had forded the river here without a passport. On the Mexican side, there was a small village of such river cave dwellers—poor people who could afford no other place to live. But this was the only one she had found here. Apparently it had been uninhabited for a long time.

Anna and Tony picnicked here, sitting on the rocks. They laughed and joked. They watched the sunset. It was magnificent, as desert sunsets so often are. They watched the night fall from the sky suddenly, like a black silk curtain unrolled in front of their eyes and nailed to the heavens with stars. They talked.

She told him about the Brodericks—that Mr. Broderick was kind but very stupid, and entirely in the clutches of his wife, who was corrupt and evil. "I would have left long ago, if it were not for the little girls," said Anna. "I don't know what lies ahead for them, poor darlings. It is cruel for children to be made to suffer for the mistakes of their parents."

"You are sweet, Anna," said Tony. "You are good." He looked at her. She was seated on a rock which jutted out into the river. "The way you are sitting there," he murmured, "with the sky all around you, your hair seems full of stars."

He moved nearer to her. They looked over the edge of the rock into the inky water. The river too was full of stars. A magic spell was upon them.

"Anna," he whispered, "we are very lucky, you and I."

"Why?" she asked softly.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe because we have stars at our feet as well as over our heads. Maybe because we are young. Maybe because love has come to us like this, unbidden. Anna, you *do* love me?"

"Yes, Tony, from that first moment." She looked up at him.

"There are stars in your eyes too," he said, and took her in his arms.

They talked a little, fragmentary nothings, the universal language of lovers.

Presently he said, "Anna, in times of peace, the way I see things, life is measured on a triple scale: there is a past, a present and a future, and they all have to balance. But in times of war, Anna, there is only the present."

"I know."

"I had always thought I would not ask a girl to marry me until we had known each other a long time. But now, things are different."

All over the country young people were saying similar things to each other that year, as they are today, using the same arguments, closing their eyes to all but the one secure moment they possessed, the present one. All over the country young people were plunging into secret marriages, just as did Anna and Tony. They were married by the Army Post chaplain. And thus it came about that the enchanted spot where she had first taken him became not only their trysting place but also their first home.

Anna, who had promised to blithely that she would not "pop up and get married," had not known that she would fall in love with a dark-haired, dark-eyed, gifted boy who was going to be sent to France soon. That marriage, a thing which had seemed a pleasant, hazy dream for some indefinite day in the future, became suddenly a matter of immediate importance, because there might not be any future for this boy she loved.

Their days together were so brief, so poignantly beautiful, so perfect. Always afterward she could recall the flaming colors of those desert sunsets, lighting up the sky with glory, turning the river water into melted jewels. When night came, they could hear the magpies chattering in the canebrakes and the coyotes howling on the edge of the desert, and once, when Tony did not have to go back to camp until midnight, they heard Taps blowing faintly from the Army Post, and it filled them with unutterable sadness because they had forgotten for a while that all things must end.

Nevertheless, she and Tony made endless plans. As soon as the war was over, they would have a small, neat home. Tony would compose wonderful music and they would have at least six children.

But there was no future for them.

There was only a fleeting present, and then Tony was sent to France. He left his trumpet with Anna. "I wouldn't want anything to happen to it," he said. "Keep it for me until I come back."

But he did not come back. He was killed in the Argonne, but Anna did not hear about it, ironically, until after the Armistice was signed.

A pall seemed to have settled down over the garish border town that had once been so gay. Not only because of the casualty lists which were posted daily in the window of the little newspaper office, but because of the flu epidemic. There were so many deaths that the tolling of the church bell was almost continuous.

And then one night almost the entire downtown district was destroyed by fire. The whole population turned out to fight the spreading flames; but before it was under control two churches, a bank, several stores and the courthouse had been left in ruins.

How this fire became a link in a chain of events that changed the course of Anna's future is one of those unexplained mysteries of life. It was not until after Tony was killed in France that all these grim details wove themselves into a dragnet that closed in upon her, leaving her helpless and crushed.

It began, innocently enough, when the mischievous twins got hold of Anna's marriage license and cut out the pictures of flowers and doves and pasted them in their scrapbook. Concha, who was supposed to be taking care of them, had been taking a nap, and they had slipped into Anna's room.

"Never mind," said Anna to the contrite, weeping children. "I'll get another one."

"Where do you get them?" asked one of the little girls.

"Oh," said Anna, "maybe I can get another one from the chaplain."

"Chaplain Francis?"

"Yes."

"But he died, Anna. He died last week of the flu. Didn't you know?"

Anna shook her head. "Nobody told me," she said, a nameless fear clutching at her heart. "I don't read the paper any more. The news is too sad. I didn't know."

That was the night of the big fire. And with the burning of the courthouse, every record of Anna's marriage was destroyed. There were no witnesses; the state did not require them. Nobody except Chaplain Francis knew about the marriage. The clerk who made out the license did not remember it. After all, he said, he filled out so many, especially in wartime.

At first Anna would not believe it. Why, it was incredible, impossible, fantastic! Every record of her marriage destroyed? No, that *could* not be true! Such things did not happen. But it had, nevertheless, happened to her. To be sure, she had her wedding ring, but anybody can walk into a jewelry store and buy a wedding ring. She had her word; but that, she discovered, was of no value either. Who was she? A nursemaid, picked up in New York. Nobody knew anything about her, really. Servant girls were always getting in jams, especially with soldiers. It was an old story. Nobody believed her. Nobody.

She went to see a lawyer, but she had little money for lawyer's fees, and he would not take her case. It was, he said, too trivial. Too ordinary.

"I suppose," he said, and he even had the effrontery to wink at Anna, seeing her there so young and pretty, "I suppose you are going to have a baby? Otherwise, you wouldn't be so upset."

Anna flushed. Her lips trembled. "Yes," she whispered, "but we planned it, Tony and I. We wanted it."

The lawyer laughed. "That's a new one, sister," he said, "but the rest of your story is old as time. Tough, my girl. You should have had more sense."

Anna stumbled away, blinded by tears. Too trivial, she thought bitterly; too ordinary! Trivial, to be the widow of a man like Tony and have nobody believe her. Trivial, to love her unborn child so much no sacrifice seemed too great.

Mrs. Broderick fired her on the spot; she had been looking for an excuse. She was afraid of Anna; afraid she knew too much. To have to fire her because she was immoral—ah, if Mrs. Broderick had ordered it, it could not have been more perfect.

No sacrifice . . .

Anna thought it all out carefully during the ensuing months. She went to another town, not far away. Over and over she threshed the matter out, arguing with herself, although she knew she was defeated from the start. Once several years before in the course of her work

she had cared for an illegitimate child. The mother had considered herself a free woman; she refused to be inhibited by conventions or laws. "There is no reason," this woman had argued, "why I can't have a child if I want it and not have to bother with marriage." The child was born. Everything worked out beautifully except for one thing. The little boy was persecuted. He was tormented and teased. He was always coming home with black eyes from fights over his mother. He loved his mother; he was sensitive and loyal; he could not understand why he was always having to defend her. The mother adored the child; it pierced her heart to see him suffer. She finally took the child to Europe.

Anna lost track of them, but that little boy haunted her. She made up her mind that she would never subject a child to such suffering. So she lost her arguments against herself over and over again, when she tried to work out some plan whereby she might keep her and Tony's child.

She went to the hospital when her time drew near to make the necessary arrangements. When she got up to go, she said stonily to the receiving nurse, "One thing I insist on. I do not want to see my child. Since I have to give him up anyway, I refuse to see him."

The nurse thought she was hard. She too thought it was the same old story. She had little sympathy for Anna. While Anna had been talking to the nurse, she had noticed a girl about her own age, down on her hands and knees waxing the floor around the carpet. She looked at Anna, and her eyes were full of compassion.

"That's all, Jenny," the nurse said to the maid. "You don't need to do the rug."

Out in the hall Anna paused to wipe her eyes with her handkerchief. She felt a touch on her shoulder. It was Jenny.

"You ought to at least see the baby," Jenny said. "No matter what your trouble is, you ought at least to see it."

"If I once saw him," replied Anna, "I could never give him up."

Jenny said, "I'm through here for today. Why don't you come home with me? Let's have a cup of tea together."

Jenny's little house was just the kind Anna and Tony had hoped to have. Jenny's husband Tim, who was a carpenter, joined them for a cup of tea. As soon as they made the final payment on the house next month, they told Anna, Jenny was going to quit work and do nothing but keep house for Tim and raise flowers. She had a passion for flowers. The small porch had pots full of flowers, and there was a morning-glory vine over the back door. She had "the green hand," Tim said of her proudly; she was good at growing things. They wanted a child, but Jenny could never have one. That was the only flaw in their marriage. Jenny wanted to adopt one, but Tim didn't like the idea.

"Of course," he said, "if anybody were to leave one on the doorstep, I suspect I'd be a fool and take it in."

Anna visited them frequently after that. She told Jenny about herself and Tony, but although Jenny was sympathetic and sweet, somehow Anna felt that even she thought there was something hidden there.

And then at last the hospital, and she was being wheeled toward the delivery room, and Jenny was whispering, "Good luck, Anna! Be brave. But *do* change your mind about seeing the baby."

"No," whispered Anna, through lips gone gray with pain, "I couldn't! If I once saw him I'd keep him, no matter what. He'd seem so real if I saw him. This way, it'll be like a dream. I'll be able to forget it someday."

But it had been hard. So much, much harder than she had dreamed it would be. It had been hard, hearing her baby cry—that first lusty, thrilling birth scream—and knowing that he was real, in spite of everything, and not a dream. That if Tony had lived and everything they had planned had worked out, she would in a few minutes have the little fellow in her arms; she'd see him in the clothes she had made for him. It was hard too, there in the ward, seeing all the other mothers so proud of their babies, brought to them at feeding time.

Not once but countless times Anna weakened. "I'll keep my baby, no matter what people say!" she said fiercely to herself. But then she thought: No, if I love him, I will give him up. I won't make him pay all his life for something he is not responsible for. Mother love, she realized, was too often selfish. It was for herself she wanted him, not for him.

? ?

Family Quiz Answers
MOTHER

(Questions on page 18)

1. **Ethel Vance, author of "Escape."**
2. **Hue.**
3. **To stand with her right hand over her heart.**
4. **When it is not in the can. They are small pilchards, herring, etc. When canned they are called sardines.**
5. **No. Vitamin B was discovered first, then Vitamin A. Vitamins C, D, E and G followed in that order.**
6. **Wear it. It's a Mexican blanket or shawl.**
7. **The loquat is a Chinese fruit belonging to the jasmine family.**
8. **Christina, Queen of Sweden.**
9. **Ralph Waldo Emerson.**
10. **Penelope, wife of Ulysses.**
11. **Queue.**
12. **Grapefruit.**

Questions accepted from Virginia E. Green, Lynchburg, Va.; H. Sears Kershaw, Keene, N. H.; Thomas Garrison, Miami, Fla.; Moraine Lanham, Stephenville, Tex.; Mrs. Moss Scott, Elizabethtown, Ky.; E. Vera Idol, High Point, N. C.; Mrs. B. F. Johnson, Harlingen, Tex.; Mrs. G. E. Bateman, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Myrtle Mayfield, Glencoe, Okla.; Mrs. Wm. E. Wisenbaker, Lake Park, Ga.; Sam J. Huber, Orlando, Fla.

? ?

She should not have kept her marriage a secret. She should have ignored Mrs. Broderick and married Tony for all the world to know about. She should have shouted it from the housetops. Now it was too late. But she would not make her baby pay for it. It was not fair.

In the hospital, she lay wondering about little Anthony, as she had named him. She wondered about his hair. Was it dark or light? And were his eyes blue? Was he a plump baby or a long slender one? All these things she wondered about, until in her mind she began to form a picture of him. She could see him in her mind so well that she realized she was not, after all, giving him up. She was just lending him to somebody else, to tide over his childhood, so that he would not be hurt. She made up her mind that she was going to devote her life to him. She was not giving him up at all. She was just going to need a little help.

Jenny came to her the second day after the baby's birth. Her face was radiant. She said, "I've seen him! Anna, please change your mind. You should at least take one look. He's so sweet. You must!"

Anna turned away. "No," she whispered, "if you love me, don't tempt me."

"But Anna, he's——"

"Don't, please Jenny! I can't bear it."

When Anna departed from the hospital, she left a note giving the baby to Jenny. It wasn't quite leaving him on her doorstep, she decided, but almost. Late one afternoon a week later, just to make sure about everything, she went to Jenny's little house. Unobserved, she stood across the street and saw all she needed to see—a line full of clothes. Diapers, snowy-white. Little nightgowns, filled out by the wind, almost as if there were a fat baby inside them.

Presently Jenny dashed out of the house, humming, her face shining. She took the clothespins out, popping them into the bag fastened to her apron. She dropped the clothes into a basket.

Tim came to the back porch. His face was shining too. He held a bottle in his hand. "Hey!" he called. "How do you cool these things off when they get too hot?"

Jenny laughed joyously. "Wait a minute, I'll be there."

Oh, they were so happy! Anna stood there a long time, weeping.

Anna found work, and later moved to New York. When she applied for a job as nursemaid, she said, counting in her mind the months since Anthony's birth, "I'd prefer a six-months-old baby. A boy." In that way, she thought, she could keep in touch with her own baby. When this little boy, her charge, first talked, she thought: My little boy is perhaps learning his words too. And at night she prayed that they would be good words and kind ones and gay ones, as his father's had been. She kept watch over him, in her mind and in her heart. More than that, she helped with his support. Every month she sent money to Jenny and Tim. She gave them her address, but asked them not to get in touch with her under any circumstances—save one. Only in the event of her son's death must they try to reach her. She knew Jenny would respect her wishes, would understand.

She sent, too, Tony's trumpet. "When Anthony is older," said the letter accompanying it, "give him this. Tell him that his father was a brave man. That he gave his life to his country, set to music."

"My Anthony is three years old today," Anna said to herself one day. And then, in almost no time at all, she was saying, "My Anthony is *twenty*-three years old today." For the years had gone, the way years do, slyly, mysteriously, like tracks in the sand. Here one moment, and washed away by the tide the next. Since the other war there had been a troubled peace, and now there was war again, and all the things Tony had died for had to be fought and died for all over again.

That first little boy Anna had cared for after Anthony's birth had looked her up when he got his wings in the Air Force. He had come to her small house and told her how he had loved her, how, next to his mother, she stood first in his heart. That was a nice thing for him to do, she thought. She did not tell him how she had used him as a measuring stick for someone else.

After he had left, she kept thinking: My boy is old enough to be in the Air Force too, and she had felt a surge of pride, and weakness had assailed her, and she had sent for the newspaper . . .

"There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land of my dreams . . ."

The band tonight over the radio was playing all those old songs. Those that had been popular during that other war and were popular still: "Over There" and "Tipperary," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Smiles" and "K-K-K-atie."

As Anna sat there beside the radio, it

seemed to her that she was again in a car listening to a band concert at an Army Post on the Texas border, and that the trumpeter, that dark young fellow who looked right through her eyes into her heart, was playing especially for her.

The radio program continued. Some of the soldiers at the camp were interviewed; there was laughter at the jokes, applause. Anna kept thinking: Why isn't Anthony in there fighting too?

Now the radio announcer was speaking. At first Anna did not pay attention to the words until she heard him say there was going to be a special treat not on the printed program. A trumpet solo, he announced. The musician, he said, had been afraid he might not get there in time for the broadcast, as he had had to fly from the School of Music in the East where he was a student. He particularly wanted to be on this program because this was his father's regiment.

His father's regiment!

Anna's heart leaped. But no, how could it be? She didn't understand . . .

"Gentlemen," the announcer continued, "I take pleasure in introducing to you Tony Morgan, composer and trumpeter. His name may be unfamiliar to you now, but it won't be for long. This lad is going places! His first selection tonight will be a brilliant march of his own which he has dedicated to this regiment, and I might add that, beginning with this broadcast, he will spend all his time playing for our men in the Service."

Anna's spirit soared. The young trumpeter, the announcer continued, was going to play his solo on his father's trumpet. "And now," said the announcer, "he wishes to say a few words to you."

Anna's heart was beating so hard she thought it would surely drown out the sound of her son's voice, but above its tumult she managed to hear him.

"First of all, he said, "I want to tell you fellows that I envy you from the bottom of my heart because you are going, as my father went, to defend our beloved land and all it stands for in its hour of peril. You are giving your lives for your country. All I can do is give it my songs." He paused, and there was a spontaneous burst of applause. When it died down, he said, "There is one thing more. Music has been my life. It has been the difference between hope and despair, between victory and defeat. And somewhere in the world exists a person who is responsible for my musical education. Without going into any more detail, may I say here that I hope that person is listening in tonight? And may I say too, 'Thank you, Mother, and may God bless you'?"

That was all.

All, except for a few words added by the announcer. A few words that explained everything to Anna, sitting there by her radio, tears streaming down her face. The words that made it unnecessary for her ever to take the trip to see her son, because suddenly he was revealed to her as few sons ever have the glory of being revealed to their mothers, making her know that she had seen him every day of his life, and that he had seen her.

"For the benefit of those of you who are listening in," the announcer concluded, "those who do not have the privilege we have of seeing this fine-looking, gifted lad standing here before the microphone, I would like to explain that he is blind. He has been blind since birth."

And into the stillness that followed came the first clear triumphant notes of the trumpet solo.

Coming: Jane Abbott's understanding story of a mother whose problem daughter tries to run her life

FELS-NAPTHA Beauty Bath"

The lady knows her laundry . . . she knows Fels-Naptha Soap will change that basket of limp, bedraggled 'wash' into clothes so crisp and fragrant it makes a person perk up just to put them on.

She knows another thing . . . a Fels-Naptha washday *won't* leave her a limp, bedraggled woman. That tireless washing team —gentle, active naptha and richer, *golden* soap—takes the work out of washing as surely as it gets dirt out of clothes.

How long since you've washed with Fels-Naptha Soap? Today's Fels-Naptha is milder, quicker-sudsing. A better washday and household helper than ever. *And—Bar or Chips— a better value for your money!*

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

FELS-NAPTHA

Golden bar or Golden chips_ **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay

My upper lip was swollen like one of the Ubangis.

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER AND EMILY KIMBROUGH

NUMBER Six Rue Demours was a comfortable and respectable pension. Madame Griffe, the proprietress, gave us a pleasant and genteel greeting and allotted us a large room overlooking a charming garden. Our most conspicuous piece of furniture was a canopied bed, so enormous it looked as if it belonged at Fontainebleau with a rope around it. We protested to Madame Griffe that we could not possibly share a bed. She said that was too bad, for it would destroy the symmetry of the room, but if we insisted, she would provide a cot for the night and next day substitute twin beds for that piece of museum grandeur. With sweet unselfishness, Emily insisted that for the sake of my beauty I sleep in the large canopied affair.

When the sun streamed in the window next morning I woke with a start, knowing that something was definitely wrong. It was my face. My upper lip was swollen forth in a fabulous sort of disk like those of the Ubangi people. The swelling took up so much of my skin, my eyes were pulled down like a bloodhound's.

"Emily!" I commanded in ringing tones which Duse, Bernhardt and Modjeska never equaled. "LOOK at me!" Emily looked.

She started to speak but the sight of me paralyzed her powers of utterance. At last she was able to croak out, "What did it?"

"BEDBUGS!" I declaimed.

If I had burst forth in the most lurid blasphemy, Emily could not have been more shocked. The very word, she told me later, was one a nice person never uttered.

"It's this damned historic bed!" I wailed.

"We're going to the American Drugstore," Emily said, and leaped out of bed. "They'll tell us what to do."

We dressed with alacrity and hopped into a taxi, telling the driver to go as fast as possible, and in record time he came to a squealing stop. We threw him his fare and shot into the pungent haven of the American Drugstore.

And there, just inside the door, stood Miss Mary Moore Orr, a friend of Mother's—very aristocratic and equally rich. At sight of her, I retired into the recesses of my white veil and Emily stood blocking me from view as best she could.

"Hello, girls," Miss Orr said cheerily. "What's brought you out so early?"

"You tell her," I muttered to Emily behind my tomato mouth. "I can't."

"All right," Emily replied, "only I won't say the word."

Leaving me to occupy the clerk, she walked off, beckoning Miss Orr, who followed in amused bewilderment. In the lee of a case of sponges, Emily started whispering. "Miss Orr," she said, "we are in terrible trouble."

"Why, you poor children." She was still indulgent and kind. "What's the matter?"

"Well"—Emily wanted to be explicit, without saying the word—"it's really Cornelia. She's the one in trouble physically, but I'm in it too, of course, because we're together."

"What do you mean? Cornelia's in trouble physically?"

"Well, she was—attacked last night."

Miss Orr grabbed Emily's arm. "Where?" she asked hoarsely.

"In bed. We just moved into the pension yesterday and we didn't know about it." She meant the bed.

Miss Orr groaned. "Oh, these French!" She had turned very white.

"We don't want to tell Tante and Mr. Skinner, but we thought we could get something at the drugstore, because she's really very badly bitten."

I thought Miss Orr was going to faint, but Emily decided it was better to keep on to the end. "And isn't there something that will keep them from coming back?"

"*Them?*"

"Yes," she insisted—"or should we burn the bed?"

I had thought Miss Orr's strength had practically ebbed away, but she leaned over and shook Emily.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded. "*Bedbugs?*"

We shuddered at the word. "Why, yes," I chimed in, and wondered what on earth she'd *thought* Emily was talking about.

"Young man!" this scion of old New York roared out to the clerk. "Make up a gallon of that solution I take to my villages and find some of those large brushes. These young ladies have bedbugs. And give me a chair. I've had a bad fright." For some reason she appeared to be quite put out with us both.

We Go to Eat Cakes

One afternoon Emily and I decided to go to tea at Colombin's in the Rue Cambon. Emily was dubious about her ability to eat any cakes, but we could at least bring some home. We did go to Colombin's to tea, but instead of the characteristic little packages of petits fours looped on our forefingers, we came home with two dogs.

They were toy Belgian griffons, and we spied them in the window of a pet shop a few doors from Colombin's. The moment we saw the enchanting little beasts, we knew we'd have to buy them even if the expense meant working our way home on a cattle boat. Emily's was named Gamin and mine was Lili.

To accustom the dogs to leashes was not simple. We bought ravishing little collars with bells on them, and tiny matching leads which charmed us, but not their wearers. The minute they were fastened on, the little hellions, bracing their wee paws, yanked and pulled until their heads came completely out of their collars. Sometimes they did it violently; sometimes so subtly we found ourselves walking happily along, dragging empty collars, in the innocent belief that the creatures were trotting obediently behind us. But that was a vain hope, for they never trotted. They sat on their stubborn rears, and in order to budge them at all, we walked backwards down the Champs Elysées, bent over double, holding tidbits before them, like hay before recalcitrant donkeys.

Being Doggy at the Ritz

One day we decided we owed it to our dogs and ourselves to have lunch at the Ritz. This was a daring move.

We were clad in our best homemades. Mine was a "slinky" black satin and Emily wore her davenport velours. As we stood in the doorway of the dining room, we were moderately assured of our superior appearance. But lest such superiority might not be instantly recognized, we held up the dogs in front of us.

We were immediately greeted by the major-domo. He had noticed us at once. I think anyone was apt to notice us. Making little crooning noises over Gamin and Lili, he led us to one of the best tables and seated us, all four, on chairs

of pale rose brocade, and we ate under the rapt scrutiny of the dining room.

An imposing dowager at a near-by table had been focusing her lorgnette on Lili with such enchanted admiration that, toward the end of the meal, I couldn't resist picking the little dog up, with the pride of a fatuous mother, the better to show her off. I hadn't lifted her five inches before I hastily dropped her back again, for there in the center of the pale rose brocade was a small, round puddle. Emily, who caught a fleeting glimpse of it, was even more mortified than I. Then, as the dowager's lorgnette veered in her direction, she too became the fatuous mother, and held up Gamin to be admired. Five inches above the chair, she hastily put *him* down again, for under him was the twin of Lili's puddle. We sat there, silent and horrified, not knowing what to do. We lingered endlessly over our coffee, hoping that maybe it might just dry up.

Finally we called for the bill, paid it and rose. Emily seized her little *"chou"* with one hand, and with the other dropped a napkin over the telltale seat, and I on my side of the table went through the same motions, as if it were a sister act we had done for years. We managed to make a fairly dignified exit as far as the hall, but from there we scooted like rabbits across the lobby and out the main door.

Five Conquering Alexanders

Next time we ventured into that elegant hostelry, it was via the Rue Cambon and into the bar. Nor did we go entirely on our own. Mother, who by now had left Paris on a trip with Father, had bequeathed us, as a chaperon, a strange old spook named Madame Venuat.

She was hardly a type for the Ritz Bar. Her clothes, which were frayed and spotty, looked as if she'd bought them at a rummage sale. Her hair, dyed the shade of stove polish, was always falling in wisps. But we took her there that day because we were dying to go and were too scared to venture in alone.

We leaned back against the wall and ate overflowing handfuls of peanuts while we tried to think of what to order. Madame Venuat wasn't much help. She had obviously never tasted *"le cocktail"* and she read off the list of mixed drinks in her hoarse, penetrating voice, commenting learnedly upon the derivation of each name. Everyone in the small room stared at us and we were fairly harassed until Providence stepped in, in the person of Mary Miller Brown, sister of the noted dramatic critic, John Mason Brown, then fresh out of Harvard. She flopped down at our table and we cried gaily, "What'll you have?" which we felt sounded sophisticated.

"An Alexander," she said, and we all said that that was just what we were about to order. To be sure, none of us had the faintest notion what, outside of a conqueror, an Alexander was.

The things arrived, and it was either a comment on the lack of development of our palates or a proof of our abstemious habits that we tasted that rich, sweet concoction and found it delicious. We sipped with delight and kept on shoveling in handfuls of peanuts.

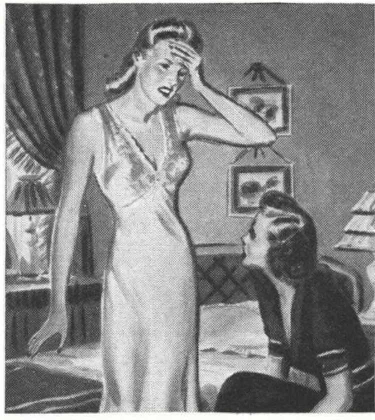
In the midst of this epicurean debauch, John Mason Brown arrived. He seemed pleased to see someone he knew.

"What are you all having?" he asked, and we said "Alexanders" as nonchalantly as we could, only in chorus. He beckoned a waiter with his cane.

"Alexanders all around," he said. *"Et un de plus pour moi."*

We hastened to say that we didn't want another. But John was firm and lord-

"Don't say Solo Flight to me," sobs Sally



SALLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but she's making her first solo flight at 9.
"I'll wait till tonight," she tells her roommate. "If I don't pass the test, I don't get my pilot's license!"

HEAVY-HEADED, SUFFERING from symptoms of constipation, Sally makes a one-point landing, if that.
"No license for me this time, that's plain," she mourns, ready to cry.

"I'm Proud of My Ace," says Jane's Beau

JANE NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's making a solo test flight at 9, too.
But she takes speedy Sal Hepatica because she knows it usually acts within an hour.

JANE WINS her pilot's license easily. Her fiancé, home on leave, watches the flight. "Bravo!" says he, with a hug!
Jane—beaming—is grateful for Sal Hepatica's prompt relief.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

You've just got to keep fit, these days. So don't wait till tonight to take the laxative you need this morning.

Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

This refreshing, sparkling saline acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort or griping. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity, as well; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed recently, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative! Remember, it's your duty to keep feeling your best!

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor will testify to the efficacy of this prescription.

"TIME TO SMILE"—Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., EWT

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette

Drain each leisure moment of its maximum enjoyment. Insist on MARLBOROS! Luxuriate in the keener pleasure of their rich, rare tobaccos (*that cheaper cigarettes cannot* possibly *afford!*)

(MERELY A FEW PENNIES MORE)

IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

ly. He wanted to "treat" and he was going to "treat." We were firm too and said no, *sir*, we weren't going to have any more. And our stubbornness made him mad.

"Very well," he said with hauteur, "if you all won't accept my hospitality, I shall treat myself and drink them all!"

That scared the living daylights out of us and we begged him not to do anything so crazy. But he wouldn't listen. With awful fascination and in pin-dropping silence, we watched him drink five of the sickening mixtures, one right after another. Then we waited. But not for long. He had hardly finished the last drop before he stood up. His face was a malarial green, his eyes bulged and his cheeks blew out like an allegorical drawing of Aeolus. From afar he groped for the check, but to lower his head and focus his eyes on it seemed too difficult, so he handed it over to Mary Miller, together with his cane. He forced himself to give us a dreadful grin and a dying-swan wave of the hand. Then he pulled himself to attention and, in a wan imitation of a West Point cadet on parade, marched from the room and disappeared.

We sat for a few minutes in stunned speculation. When we could speak, we thought we'd better go see what had happened to him. We tried to saunter out of the room, but our gait was more of a scuttle. At the threshold we paused and peered apprehensively around the corner. We thought we might find a body there. But the hallway was empty and it was not until we were out on the street that we saw John again.

He was lying back in a taxi which was parked just outside the Rue Cambon entrance. The greenish tinge of his face had faded to alabaster white and his eyes were closed. As we watched, they opened, and with difficulty fixed themselves on the taximeter. He tried to say something to the driver, but the effort was apparently too great, for he shook a fist at him, after which he collapsed again.

We were afraid to interfere, and anyway, Mary Miller said she'd take charge of things. So we left them there in front of the Ritz, the cab still quite stationary, but by the reckoning on the meter, John was far, far beyond the outskirts of Paris.

Just Au Revoir, We Hope

At last summer was ending, and Emily and I were to part. We had planned to sail home together, but Emily received an invitation to visit some friends at Deauville and go on a motor trip through the château district, and I told her she'd be crazy to miss the opportunity.

The day before our departure we blew ourselves to a superb lunch at Prunier's, after which we went on a pilgrimage to say good-by to some of the places we had loved best: the rose window in the transept of Notre Dame, the little garden of St. Julien le Pauvre, the tomb of Ste. Geneviève to thank her for having saved Paris for us, Manet's "Olympia," and the lights at dusk coming on up the Champs Elysées.

We didn't weep, but we were awfully quiet. It was the end of something and we both knew it. We'd come back again but it would never be the same. There would never again be a "first time." Our hearts were young and gay and we were leaving a part of them forever in Paris.

THE END

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" embraces some representative high lights of the forthcoming book by these authors, to be published under the same title by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is also a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December

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Society
Nurse
BY
FAITH BALDWIN

**She was mad about the fascinating Washington career man—
she respected the earnest young doctor.
Which would she marry?**

IN WASHINGTON there was a legend to the effect that Bettina Parker lived in a cave, a very old cave in Georgetown. And certainly, opening her eyes on a late spring morning, she herself had a momentary illusion of green coolness and suspended quiet. But not for long.

The illusion dispelled itself. She was lying in her big bedroom with its high ceiling and molded cornices. Light filtered through apple-green draperies and a gentle breeze was blowing.

Bettina stretched and sighed. She was small and delicately fashioned, lost in the ancient four-poster bed. Her red-gold hair was short and curly. She lay still for a moment reflecting that she would not see Ronnie again for a long time, if ever. She had not been in love with him although "everyone," including the columnists, had tried to make her believe it almost as doggedly as Ronnie himself. Well, he had gone back to London on the Clipper. He was a charming, correct young diplomat—or had been. A younger son of Someone Important, he had arrived at his British Embassy post in Washington and had immediately been taken to the composite feminine heart of that city.

Ronnie had asked Bettina to marry him a month ago; not for the first time during the year she had known him, but it was the first time he had accepted her refusal. Now he was going home to get into the Army as fast as the great wings of the Clipper would take him, and she would miss him very much.

She rang for breakfast, slipped out of bed and into the bathroom, emerged presently from her shower, wrapped a silken affair about her and slid her small feet into mules. She was sitting by the window in the big chair when Nellie came in and set the tray on the table by her side. Nellie had been Bettina's nurse.

"Mother up yet?" asked Bettina.

"Yes, Miss Tina, your mother she up since eight o'clock," said Nellie. She went out, closing the door softly.

Bettina drank her orange juice and coffee. She ate an egg and some toast, but she wasn't hungry. She was worried.

She was worried about Clark Mason.

She thought: Is it possible that I'm in love with the man, after all?

She hadn't been worried about Ronnie. She liked him, but she had been certain from the first that she wasn't in love with him and never would be. But Clark . . .

Clark was not a diplomat nor a Cave Dweller. Clark was from New York. A Cliff Dweller, perhaps. He was young, staggeringly ambitious; he was eager and quick, but as inexorable as a steam roller. Bettina had known him for three months.

She had gone to that absurd tea with Alice Davidson, though she rarely turned up at the more or less public functions. "I simply must go to meet Garson Gaul," Alice had explained. Garson Gaul had written a witty, wicked book about Washington.

In the crowd at the tea Bettina had lost Alice. She looked for faces she knew, found a few, none of them welcome. Then a society reporter saw her and started toward her. Bettina lowered her head and attempted something that was like running in a nightmare in which your feet remained in the same place despite your exertion.

"May I clear the tracks?" inquired a masculine voice.

Bettina looked up. Here was an utterly strange young man. He was moderately tall and moderately broad-shouldered. He had a pleasant smile and an expression

of almost savage intelligence. His eyes were as blue as ice and just as cold.

She said, "I'm sorry. Did I practically knock you down? I was trying to battle my way to a door—any door."

He said, "I'll help." He took her arm, and instantly they constituted a sort of flying wedge. They made it, finally, at the expense of several ankles, an elbow and one cup of tea.

This room led into another, and beyond that there was a small anteroom with no one in it. Bettina stopped there as she was out of breath. She said, "Thanks a lot. I wouldn't have been able to make it on my own."

"Look," said the young man, "I don't know the etiquette on these occasions, but I understand that any taxpayer can crash one of these affairs. I was curious, so I came—alone. It wasn't as much fun as I'd anticipated."

He added, "Would you sit down and talk to me a moment, or do I speak out of turn? Have you had tea or a cocktail?"

Bettina smiled. "No, I hadn't room to raise my elbow."

"Then," suggested the young man eagerly, "which shall it be? If I bring it to you here, will you stay five minutes, ten?"

"I'll stay," said Bettina. "And tea, please; lemon and no sugar."

He vanished, and Bettina sat waiting. Her rescuer reappeared. He had corralled a harassed servant who came behind him bearing two cups of tea with lemon and some fragile sandwiches. The tray was set down on a small table.

"There!" said the young man in triumph. "My name's Clark Mason. I'm from New York. I'm learning how Federal wheels go around. I haven't been here long, I know very few people, and you are the prettiest girl I have ever seen, much less spoken to."

"That's quite a line," said Bettina.

"Does it rate my learning your name?"

She told him. It wouldn't mean anything to a newcomer.

In the following ten minutes she learned that he was unattached; that he lived with four other fellows; that he was as ambitious as Alexander and didn't care who knew it, a university graduate who had come to Washington as an apprentice administrator, working in a Federal agency and looking for exactly the right job after his training was completed.

Alice appeared, in a tizzy, her hat on one side of her blond head. She gasped, "Thought you'd gone home, Tina! I—well, I managed to meet him and it wasn't worth it."

Mason had risen. Bettina made the introductions, smiled, said, "Thanks for everything, Mr. Mason," and departed with Alice.

"Who in the world?" asked Alice.

"I haven't the least idea," admitted Bettina, "but he has a lot of steam."

She learned later that the society reporter had barged into the anteroom a moment after her departure, corralled Mr. Mason and wanted to know if he had seen Bettina Parker.

"I asked why," said Mason, reporting this to Bettina eventually. "And then I asked, 'Who is she?' And that's how I found out." Having found out, he promptly resorted to the telephone, and this had been going on ever since.

Bettina pushed back her tray and went to her mother's suite. Mrs. Parker was in a small sanctum off her bedroom, part living room, part writing room, struggling with bills, menus and an engagement book.

Bettina knocked and entered. She cast herself in a large chair and looked with affection at her maternal parent. Mrs. Parker was small and firmly corseted. Her brown hair had reddish lights and not a strand of gray. She had gray eyes, and her daughter's were shaped to match them, but Bettina's were so near violet as to be slightly incredible. Mrs. Parker had a determined chin and a sense of humor.

She glanced at her daughter and said gently, "You look tired."

"Too many parties. Everyone wanted to entertain Ronnie before he left."

"Naturally," conceded Mrs. Parker. She added, "You'll miss Ronald. I shall too. I liked him very much."

"You liked him," said Bettina, "and you don't like Clark Mason."

When Mrs. Parker spoke she selected her words carefully. "Not particularly, although he is a clever young man. Your father says he'll go far."

"Too far," said Bettina. "He'll he the right hand of a future administration, a one-man Brain Trust. But *you* think he's a crasher, a climber, a—careerist. You think that if it hadn't been—well, let me put it differently: you think that if I happened to be a gov-

ILLUSTRATED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

The family gathered around quickly when Clark carried Bettina into the house. "Put her down on the lounge," Rusty ordered.

"Does Clark know you're here?" Bettina asked. The girl hesitated a moment. "I don't know anyone by that name."

ernment clerk, Clark wouldn't look at me twice. Well, maybe twice, but not for keeps."

"I think just that," said her mother.

"You think right, because he's told me so often enough. The other night he informed me it was just as easy to fall in love with a girl who had background—he meant money—and position as one who hadn't. That was why, he further informed me, he had kept free of entanglements, and blessed the fact that any unattached male with a dinner coat who doesn't eat with his knife can go anywhere in Washington."

"Mr. Clark Mason is at least honest."

"That is what I like about him. No pretenses. He wants a good job; he wants power; he wants a wife who is rich, and who not only knows the ropes, but whose forebears, so to speak, fashioned them."

"You can hang yourself with a rope," murmured Mrs. Parker.

Bettina twinkled at her. She went on gravely, "A wife, moreover, whose nice, respectable, stuffy people have occupied their particular cave for generations."

"Well," said her mother, "I can't say that I share your admiration of such complete frankness."

"I don't know that I admire it," said Bettina. "It frightens me. There is something ruthless about it. Ruthlessness scares—and fascinates me at the same time."

"It is possible that his plans will be changed, isn't it? He is young; he has no dependents."

"Oh," said Bettina, "the war? He has his own ideas about that. It has to be fought, and it has to be won. But at the same time it's a pity, he thinks, to take all the bright young men and kill them or deflect them from important careers. He won't come in either category. In addition to some legitimate physical disability, which he assures me won't kill him, but which the Army deplores, likewise the Navy and the Marines, he's managed to make himself practically indispensable to his current boss, who has influence."

"Is that designed to make me think better of him?"

"No," said Bettina, "and candidly, I don't suppose he cares too much what you think. If you knew I had set my heart on him, you wouldn't refuse me, no matter how you felt. That's what *he* thinks, and I believe he's right."

"*Have* you set your heart on him?"

"I don't believe so," said Bettina, "but I don't quite know. You see, he's quite a person. He's cold, calculating and exciting. The sort of young man almost any gal would like to get her hands on and see if, after all, he isn't vulnerable. In other words, he awakens in me the instinct for reform."

"Good heavens," said her mother, "this is more serious than I thought!" She looked at Bettina. "As long as you come to me of your own free will, I'm not frightened about you. You have a level head, Bettina," she added.

After Bettina had left the room Mrs. Parker sighed and took up her pen again.

Clark Mason came to dinner that night. He brought a book for Mrs. Parker, had a funny new story for Mr. Parker and a small bunch of violets for Bettina. All Bettina's young men were courteous to her parents, but most of them ignored them except for the standard amenities. Mason was a notable exception. He talked to Mrs. Parker; he listened to Mr. Parker. He never appeared anxious for the moment when Bettina and he would excuse themselves and depart.

Coffee was served in the library, a paneled room with a great fireplace and row on row of books.

"Look," said Bettina, after a suitable period had passed, "I am *not* going to sit and listen to you and Father talk about the S.E.C. I'm going to the movies if I have to go alone."

"I doubt that you'll ever be brought to such a tragic pass," commented her tall, stooped father, smiling.

Bettina rose, ruffled his hair and went out to the foot of the stairs to call Nellie. Nellie came down, bearing a coat and a giddy silk handkerchief. Bettina tied the handkerchief over her head, and Nellie held the coat for her. "I'm ready," said Bettina ominously at the library door.

With unflattering resignation, Clark made his excuses to Mr. and Mrs. Parker and joined Bettina. He asked, "Well, what now?"

"Spies," said Bettina. "Bob Hope and

Madeleine Carroll. Do I see you brighten? Good. There is also, I understand, a penguin." She called to her parents, " 'By, angels!"

Nellie's husband Aram opened the door, and Bettina and Mason went down the steps. Mason said, "We'll walk to the corner and look for a taxi." He took her hand and swung it. He said, "I like your parents—but your mother doesn't reciprocate. I'm not sure about your father."

Bettina said, "You aren't especially likable, you know."

"Why not?" he demanded. "I have good manners and a fairly unrepulsive appearance. And you like me."

"I think you're a brilliant jerk," said Bettina. "There's a cab." They got in, Bettina directed the driver and they drove off. She said, sighing, "It's a nice city, despite all that has happened to it—people like you, for instance—in the past few years. I love Washington, the Washington I know best. I'm part; I belong; I have a feeling of permanency."

"Perhaps," said Mason, "I understand that. And we, the outlanders, the newcomers, the career boys, the brief-case boys, the people on the make haven't that feeling. We're transients, we are on the branch. But you needn't be so smug about it."

He put his arm around her casually, but she drew away from him. "I'd rather you didn't."

"I know—that is, you *think* you'd rather I didn't, yet you aren't sure. You're scared," said Clark. "But you let me kiss you the other night."

"Let!" repeated Bettina. "I had no choice."

"Which is as it should be. You didn't find the experience repellent, did you?"

"No," said Bettina honestly, "I didn't. But—please," she added hastily, "I don't care to repeat it."

"Ever?"

"Not now, at least," she qualified. "There's something furtive about being kissed in taxicabs, Clark."

"Okay," he said. "There'll be other times."

She asked, after a moment, "Clark, have you ever been in love?"

"You should add—before."

"I won't," said Bettina.

"I shall. Yes, I have been in love before. But what happened before, with whom and why it ended doesn't matter, does it?"

The cab stopped before she could reply and they went in to view Mr. Hope, Miss Carroll and the penguin. As they came out, someone spoke Clark's name.

He turned and smiled. He said, "Hello, Cassie," and went on, but not before Bettina had seen the girl. She was with a group of other girls. She was strikingly handsome; tall, very dark, with startling black eyes and a clear olive skin.

"Who was that?" inquired Bettina. "Golly, what a stunning girl!"

Clark said, "One of Washington's imported knockouts—civil-service job, Navy Department. When I first came here I lived in one of the coeducational boardinghouses." He grinned. "Cassie was there too; she still is. Some time later I teamed up with my present masculine gang, and we took the flat."

Bettina asked, "Do you still see her?" Cassie's eyes on Clark had been smoldering, possessive.

"Now and then. Look, I'm hungry."

"You can hardly say you didn't have any dinner," complained Bettina, "seeing that I watched you wolf it."

"I'm still hungry," he said plaintively. "I could take you somewhere to eat, but I don't feel like hamburgers and the exchequer doesn't run to the Cosmos Room this evening. Suppose we go home—to your house—and raid the icebox."

Bettina said helplessly, "You are impossible."

"I know, but you like it. I can still afford a cab."

They went back to the Parker house, and Aram let them in. They went into the kitchen, which was huge, and in the basement.

And Clark asked, looking in the icebox, "Can you fry an egg?"

"Naturally," admitted Bettina, hunting up an apron.

"Then fry several," Clark ordered. "I'll cut the bread."

Fried-egg sandwiches and coffee.

"You would, after all, make an excellent wife for a poor man," Clark told her, sitting opposite her at the kitchen table, "even if you didn't bring him a neat little income."

"How do you know I have a neat little income?" Bettina demanded.

"It's common knowledge, if you know where to look for it. Maternal grandfather, wasn't it?"

Bettina nodded.

Clark smiled at her. "You're pretty, frying eggs and getting madder by the minute. You'd like to cut my throat with that bread knife, wouldn't you? I don't blame you. Yet you believe me when I tell you I'm in love with you and intend to marry you. I won't rush you. But I warn you, you won't get as far or have more fun with any of the amiable dopes with whom you consort."

"Dopes?"

"Oh, not dopes exactly, nice young men with family and all that—some with money and some without, most of them in uniform," Clark elucidated, "all very romantic. I've no doubt you'd be as happy with one as with another, if by happy you mean content enough with a nice little circle, several costly kids and all that. But with me——"

"With you?" asked Bettina. "What, with you?"

"Uncertainty for a time, and some neglect. Plenty of excitement, though, and believe it or not, woman's proper place."

"Which is?" asked Bettina.

"Beside her man," Clark replied, "helping him—you could, you know, with your money, your position and your intelligence, to say nothing of your beauty, darling. Not pushing him, but there as background, a very lovely background."

"Hostess," deduced Bettina with some bitterness. "What the well-dressed stooge will wear."

"Exactly," agreed Clark. "You do catch on, don't you?"

"What about a partnership?" ask Bettina.

He raised his dark eyebrows. "That's bunk." He got up and walked around the table. He pulled her to her feet and kissed her—there was plenty of emotion behind that kiss, but it was controlled and experienced. He let her go so suddenly that she staggered. He said, "This isn't a taxi; it's a kitchen. I'm asking you to marry me."

"I don't want to marry you."

"No, of course not. You're afraid. I don't blame you. But I'm not discouraged." He laughed. "You'll come to it," he warned her, "and meantime I can wait—but not too long."

She looked at him with hostility. "I'm beginning to think I don't even like you, Clark."

"That's all right with me, but I interest you and a moment ago you didn't care whether you liked me or not. Don't you think I know response when I feel it?" He laughed. He added, "I've already told you if you weren't *who* you are I wouldn't be in love with you. I'd take damned good care not to be. But as it happens, you are Bettina and I'm in love."

She said suddenly, "You were in love with Cassie once."

Clark's face was quite still. He asked, "Where did you dream that up?"

"I saw her face when she spoke to you; when you spoke to her."

"I took good care not to fall in love with Cassie. Any man in his senses, these days, doesn't saddle himself with the sort of romance which peters out in a walkup flat with cabbage cooking and diapers drying."

"Hurrah for Cassie!" cried Bettina. "She escaped."

"You won't," said Clark. "Coming upstairs to see me out?"

"No," said Bettina. "Find your own way out." To her astonishment, she discovered that she was very nearly screaming. "And stay out!"

"So we're quarreling," remarked Clark, "and it's fun. There's nothing like a quarrel to whet the appetite for a reconciliation. Good night, darling."

She heard him go upstairs, heard the door close. She scrubbed the frying pan. She had been brought up not to leave the results of her cooking for someone else to clean up. She washed two plates, she washed the cups and saucers and spoons, scoured the coffeepot and cried steadily all the time for pure rage.

She did not like Clark Mason, an arrogant, conceited, a really horrible young man! But he attracted her to the point of weak-kneed idiocy. She hoped she would never see him again, and that would be centuries too soon. She wondered if he would call her tomorrow.

She stamped her foot at herself. She said aloud, "Talk about dopes!" Sniffing, drying her eyes, she went up to bed.

The next day was hospital day. Bettina had had her Nurses' Aide training, served the required hours and now gave two full eight-hour days and one half-day a week. The general hospital suffered from the prevailing shortage of nurses, and nurses' aides were in demand. Bettina had learned to give baths, make beds, feed patients and assist in various ways. She could take a pulse, a temperature and respiration. She was not permitted to give medicines or write on a chart. She was not given responsibility, but she was useful. This morning, arriving early at the hospital so she could report for work at nine in her blue uniform, she found herself assigned to the women's medical ward.

The charge nurse, a Miss Hanson, middle-aged, graying, looked her over with natural skepticism. The merited cap rode sedately on Bettina's red-gold curls; the uniform did not disguise her figure. The women's medical ward was filled to capacity and over with women, old and young, fat and thin, patient and impatient. These ladies would not be susceptible to red-gold hair and violet eyes; in fact, thought Miss Hanson, most of them would react violently—in spasms of envy.

Baths and beds, dressings, nourishment, trays—the usual routine. Women can think of more things to *want!* thought Bettina.

The resident on medical made his rounds. She had never seen him before. He was a thin young man with dark copper hair and glasses. He had a lean and hungry face, she thought, regarding him from a respectful distance. He barked a little, and a student nurse bowed her head. It was not necessary, thought Bettina, to humiliate her in front of others.

But there was humanity in the man.

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she noticed. She had encountered residents before who looked at charts, gave orders and passed on. This man stood or sat beside a bed and spoke to the patient. He was compassionate with pain.

Now he had arrived at the bed of old Mrs. Murfio, who was drinking milk. Bettina's arm was beneath the meager shoulders; Bettina's hand held the glass. Mrs. Murfio was sixty-eight and a gastric-ulcer case.

"Well, well," said the resident. He looked at Bettina. Miss Hanson austerely made them known to each other. Dr. Lowden, thought Bettina. The name was familiar. She eased Mrs. Murfio back upon the pillows carefully.

Dr. Lowden stayed a moment talking to Mrs. Murfio.

Bettina went down the ward, casting no backward glances.

She was on her way to the utility room a little later when Dr. Lowden popped up from nowhere and spoke to her.

"Tina," he said, "it's a small world, or isn't it?"

She stared at him, startled. "B-but," she stammered, "but I——"

He said, "I'm not a fast worker; on the contrary. Have you a small triangular scar on your right knee, Tina—caused by falling out of a haymow and landing on a rake? I think it was the fact that I blenched not, neither did I swoon, at the sight of your patrician blood which caused me to become a doctor."

She cried, "For heaven's sake, *Rusty!*"

It had happened at the Parkers' farm. Bettina was eight, and Rusty Lowden was sixteen. Rusty's family had leased the Devens' place, next to the Parker farm. Rusty had a sister Bettina's age, one older, and several small brothers. He was usually aloof, but had come over on the picnic that day. His sister, the sister who was nine, had chased Bettina around the hayloft . . .

It had been a long, exciting summer. The Lowden kids had swarmed over the farm; they had fallen in the river; they had ridden the Parker ponies. They were New Englanders, south for a summer. Bettina had experienced her first secret passion—for the remote, the older brother. Then they had gone, and she had never seen them again.

"But why haven't you looked us up?" she demanded.

"Busy," Dr. Lowden said. "There's a war on, or hadn't you heard?" He added, "How do you like soiling your hands at menial labor?"

His eyes were very blue behind the glasses, and they twinkled. He had little use for her, it seemed.

She said shortly, "I like it very much, and now if you'll excuse me . . ."

He watched her go into the utility room. She had been a pretty child, he thought; and she was now a beautiful young woman. He wondered what she had been doing all these years. Not married, as she was still Miss Parker. Engaged? It was very likely.

Bettina went home, her eight hours over, and rested before dressing for a dinner. When her mother looked in to ask, "How did things go today?" she sat up with energy. "Women can require more waiting on!" she exclaimed, and added, "Look, do you remember the Lowdens? Rusty—he was the eldest—he's a resident at the hospital."

Mrs. Parker asked, "What's he like?"

"I don't know. Evidently he didn't approve of me."

"Did he say so—or didn't he have to? I mean, were you dropping trays or poisoning patients when you met him?"

"I never drop trays," said Bettina, "and I'm not permitted to poison patients."

"They were a remarkable family," said her mother. "Can you recall Mrs. Lowden? Thinnest woman I ever saw; very brown, with the bluest eyes. And her husband, as fat as she was thin; lazy and philosophical. They were the happiest family I ever saw, and the most untidy. Your father and Henry Lowden used to argue far into the night. I never found out what Mr. Lowden did for a living. Mrs. Lowden wrote, but I never read anything of hers. Anyway, she didn't work at it that summer; she was always off with the children, fishing or swimming. Ask Rusty to dinner, why don't you?"

Bettina looked at the time and got up. She said, "I'll have to rush. I asked him why he hadn't looked us up. He said he had been too busy."

Dressing, she wondered how Clark would like Rusty. He wouldn't, she decided.

On her next day at the hospital she saw Dr. Lowden during his rounds. "Still at it, aren't you?" he asked.

"Didn't you expect me to be? I told Mother I'd seen you. She said you were to come to dinner."

"Command performance?" he inquired.

"Well, one of these days . . . 'By, Tina." He grinned and was gone.

But as she was leaving the hospital, she saw him again. His car pulled up beside her, and he asked, "Going my way?"

He drove her home. During the drive in answer to her questions he told her that they still lived in the Vermont village. His father was dead; the two girls were married, the boys in school. His mother was at home. He was going back there someday to practice.

Bettina said, "When's your next free evening? Mother and Father would like to see you."

He could make it Friday, he said.

Clark was coming to dinner on Friday, not that it mattered.

Clark and Bettina had made up their differences. A telephone call; an amusing note; a box of spring flowers. Well, two men were better than one, she thought. Clark was too accustomed to having her to himself.

Dinner Friday evening was not, Bettina decided, a complete success. Or rather, dinner was, but not the interlude in the library afterwards. Rusty lay back on a couch in an attitude of complete relaxation and answered questions. Yes, he expected to be called. And afterwards, back to Vermont and a country practice.

Clark asked, "Don't you intend to specialize?"

"No," said Rusty. "I don't. General medicine's good enough for me. You know, the vanishing American, the general practitioner."

"But you don't get anywhere," Clark objected.

"You get around," said Rusty. "You'd be surprised how you get around."

A little later the hospital called him.

Standing in the hall with Bettina, he said, "It's been fun, seeing you and your people again."

She said, "Look, Rusty, how about a week end at the farm, or don't you ever take week ends?"

They were damnably shorthanded at the hospital, with so many of the men in the Service, he told her, but a week end might be managed later.

"We'll make a date," said Bettina. "Meantime, I'll see you officially at the hospital."

"How long have you been at this?" She told him, and he raised his eyebrows. "So long—and you've stuck it out? Not that I am astonished. A Parker always sticks it out."

"That has all the earmarks of a dirty crack," said Bettina.

"It wasn't meant to be. By the way, I don't particularly like your boy friend."

"Why?" asked Bettina.

"Oh, the go-getter type. Do or die," said Rusty; "such a waste of time. No wonder so many people die of hypertension these days. And where will it get him?"

When Bettina returned to the library she found her father and Clark in a deep discussion of a recent Supreme Court ruling. She said, "Break it up, boys."

"As a matter of fact, I must," her father said. "I've some home work to do. You kids clear out, will you?"

Clark rose and followed Bettina into the smaller of the two drawing rooms. He sat down on a love seat near the fireplace. "Let's stay here for once," he suggested. "Or are you afraid to be alone with me?"

"Don't be absurd!" Bettina said.

"You *are* afraid. Tell me more about your doctor."

"He isn't my doctor, and surely from the general conversation you gathered enough about him—practically his life history."

"Old friend of bygone days. He's a curious guy. Not an ounce of ambition. Belongs in the horse-and-buggy era."

"Then," said Bettina, "he should be happy as they're rapidly approaching."

"Cracker box and grocery store," Clark said, ignoring her. "The sort of man who should have been born sixty years ago. It's funny to run into someone without any ambition, especially in this town."

"Just what do you mean by ambition?"

"Lowden's clever," said Clark; "you can see that. But he's probably lazy as well. If he weren't he'd specialize; he'd plan his life carefully, first as assistant to someone, a big shot in his specialty, and then his own practice. He'd pick a good city, and he'd make money."

"And marry money?" she asked.

"If possible," Clark agreed. "He'd be a fool not to. A wife with money can do a good deal for a young doctor—especially if she also has connections." He smiled at her. "Perhaps, after all, that has already occurred to him and he isn't as dumb as I thought."

She said, "You know, I can't believe you're as hard, as calculating as you appear. It just isn't possible. You must be vulnerable, you must have some——"

"Achilles' heel?" he asked. "Heel, yes; Achilles, no. Come over here beside me."

"No."

But she went after a while, and he put his arm around her and kissed her.

"That should prove something to you," he said. He rose. "Enough for one evening."

"You're going?" she asked, more shaken than she wished to admit.

"I have a date. See you soon. 'By."

Walking away from the house, he whistled. Foolish to let her become too sure of him. He thought: She doesn't love me—yet. But I attract her. That's enough for now. An ambitious man who was also practical didn't rush his fences.

As a matter of fact, he had a date. It wasn't one he wanted to keep, but he had to this once—for the last time. Cassie had said, "I have to see you, Clark. It's—important."

Hell, why hadn't he washed that up long ago? Why, after their dreadful, humiliating quarrel, hadn't he said, "All right, this is the end. It's over, see; it never happened"? But somehow, he hadn't. He had seen her again on the basis of a merely friendly relationship—and then again. Why, he didn't know. What the pull was, he did not dare think.

There was no place for Cassie in his life. Not now. Not ever. He had been a fool ever to think there could be. But there had been a crazy attraction between them—dark and secret and compulsory. They had quarreled from the beginning; there had been no tenderness or tolerance about their relationship.

She was sitting at their table in the little restaurant where they used to have dinner—fifty-fifty—when he walked in.

He said, dropping down beside her, "I'm late."

Cassie looked at him with the blackest eyes in the world. Her skin was smooth as cream, a golden skin. She had a beautiful figure and long hands. She said, "I'm used to waiting."

He beckoned the waiter and ordered beer. Cassie had a lemonade. He looked at her, recollecting all he knew of her.

She was from Minnesota. An Italian mother; a Norwegian father. She had come to Washington to take a civil-service job, and she still lived in the boardinghouse where he had met her. There had been a man back home, a married man. She'd told him about that quite frankly. She had been eighteen at the time. She had thought she was in love, but she had kept her head and nothing had come of it, except the inevitable gossip. She had left home and gone to Milwaukee, where she lived with an aunt and took a secretarial course and got a job. Then, last year, Washington.

She said now, "You were at her house, I suppose. Have you asked her to marry you yet?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"No, but that doesn't matter. Has she said yes?"

"Not yet."

Cassie leaned closer to him. Her black eyes smoldered. She warned him, "You can't get away with it. You belong to me, Clark. We're the same kind of people."

"Oh, no, we aren't," he told her. "And I don't belong to anyone but myself."

"You want to get ahead. That's all you

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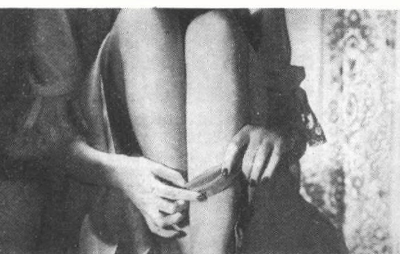

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think about, getting ahead." She laughed shortly. "Your bad luck that you ran into me. I couldn't help you with money or position or——"

"Skip it!" he said. "We've been over all this before."

She said, "She's beautiful, isn't she? I never saw her until the other night when you came out of the movies with her. But if she were crosseyed and bowlegged and fat you'd—of course you would, just the same, because of all she stands for."

"Look, Cassie, I thought we'd promised not to discuss this any more."

"I didn't promise. You won't be happy with her," Cassie said. "She isn't your kind, and I am."

"You? What makes you think that? You have no goal beyond a roof over your head, three meals a day, a bed to sleep in; no ambition beyond a man to support you and your children."

"That's ambition, isn't it? Every real woman's. I would have helped. I would have worked—scrubbed floors if I had to—just to be with you."

His throat tightened. "You--you went into it with your eyes open, Cassie. You knew I wouldn't marry you."

"I knew it," she said, "but I didn't believe it. What woman does? Look at me." She made a sharp sound of satisfaction. "You can't, because you're afraid. You're still in love with me."

"I'm not. I don't think I ever was. I'm in love with someone else, Cassie."

"No, you aren't. You're in love with a name and a bank account. It comes in a pretty package, and that makes it easier. But you aren't in love with the girl, Clark. Tell me the truth: If I were Bettina Parker and she were——"

He said, "Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'm not. If she were a government clerk you wouldn't look at her twice."

"Well," he asked, "what of it?"

"Nothing," she said softly. "But suppose I tell her about us?"

He said, "I would deny it. It would be my word against yours."

"She'd believe me," said Cassie softly.

"I don't believe in threats. And I'm not going to see you again, ever."

She said, "All right. But on the day your engagement is announced, I'll ring the Parker doorbell."

He thought: She doesn't mean it; she wouldn't. He thought: And if she does I could persuade Bettina. He thought: The engagement need never be announced; we can slip away quietly; we can be married.

He said, picking up the check, rising, "I'm not afraid of you, Cassie."

She rose and stood close to him. "Yes, you are," she told him, "because you're still in love with me."

They went out of the dim place, and they stood a moment in the warm night.

"As long as you live you won't get rid of me, Clark, because we are the same kind of people; we know what we want and we won't rest until we have it," Cassie said. "It's too bad each of us wanted something different—but it won't matter."

She turned and went toward the corner where she would get her bus. He did not follow her. He thought: *I'll never see her again,* and tried to believe that what he felt was relief.

He had never known a girl like her—utterly honest in her loving, savage in her possessiveness and single-hearted. He remembered the first time he had seen her across the big dining room. She sat at a table with several other girls. She was like a beacon in the room. He knew one of the girls at her table slightly. He finished his dinner and went over to them.

That was how it began. How it would have ended, God knew, if it hadn't been

for Bettina. Yet it had ended before that, hadn't it? An ambitious man was crazy who saddled himself with a poor, obscure wife at the outset of his career. A dingy flat, a wife and a budget. And after a while children. He had seen it happen to too many men. It wouldn't to him.

He would never see Cassie again. He would force the issue with Bettina, although a little while ago he had told himself, "Take it easy, boy, there's no hurry." He would forget his own advice. He would say, "Take me or leave me." He was pretty sure she would take him. He had shocked her into interest. He had been wholly—well, nearly—truthful with her because that was one way to fasten her attention. She had discounted half he said, because no man in his senses would say such things if they were true.

Besides, he *was* in love with her! he told himself angrily. He wasn't in love with Cassie. There was another name for the attraction between them.

Bettina had said something about a week-end house party at the farm. He would remind her of it. He would get her to himself, and he would say, "I've done a good deal of kidding about this, but one fact remains: I love you; I want you to marry me. Is that clear? It had better be, because you're going to marry me."

He thought: I'll make her a good husband. I'll go places. All I need is the opportunity. I'll make good. She'll never regret it.

He was clever, he knew. All he needed was the backing. With that, he could go anywhere. If he didn't have to think about money, if he knew that the right connections were with him, no farther away than his own dinner table . . .

He would hold all the cards then, and he would play them. He was clear-headed about it. He was a young man on the make; a young man devoured by ambition.

He thought of Cassie. An escape—Cassie had been an escape, and then he had had to escape from her. Well, he had. He wasn't afraid of her. Why should he be? There was nothing she could do if Bettina Parker loved him!

Bettina went to the farm for a week end. Her friend Alice Davidson went too, and Mrs. Parker—they picked up Rusty Lowden and Clark Mason and drove out in the station wagon.

There was no formality about the farm. The Parkers kept an old couple out there in the house—Aram's father and mother, Lee and Melinda. Melinda was a good plain cook.

The farmer in the tenant house looked after the vegetable and flower gardens, and the stableboy lived above the stable and took care of the horses. The farm had always been just that. And Clark Mason, seeing it for the first time, was disappointed. He had expected Italian gardens and formality, pillars and galleries, a multitude of servants. Instead, he carried his own bag to the room which he had to share with Lowden.

Dr. Lowden stood at the window and looked out over the fields to the river. He was smiling. "Next to my farm in Vermont," he said, "this is the finest place I know." He looked at the other man. "You don't seem enthusiastic."

"It's swell," said Clark. "I just thought it would be different."

"Different?" repeated Rusty. "How do you mean?" Then he laughed. "Oh, swank. You don't know them very well, do you?"

The week end was a nightmare. For the most part, Bettina wore old riding breeches. Dogs wandered in and out. When you wanted something you got it yourself.

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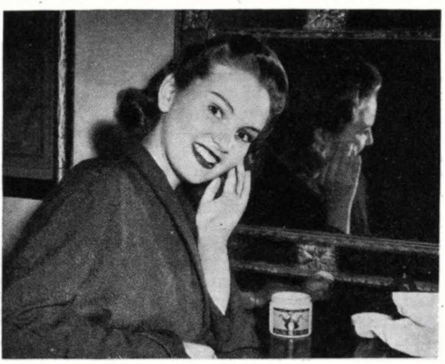

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Mrs. Parker's closest friend, Miss Annie Dayton, drove over from her place about six miles down the road. She was an astonishing spinster, with a face tanned to the color and consistency of brown leather, tall, angular, with a deep voice. She drank, thought Clark, like a fish—and it didn't faze her.

She remembered Rusty Lowden and slapped him on the back. She said, "A doctor, eh? Tell me about your mother and father, Rusty. I liked them."

Rusty told her, sprawling on the grass beside her long canvas chair on the lawn, and Miss Annie listened and drank.

She said, "Too bad about your father. Tell your mother to come down and pay me a visit. We'd get along fine. Does she still write those silly stories?"

They were silly, Rusty agreed, grinning. Personally he never read 'em. But his mother doted on romance, and that's how she got it out of her system. She had never progressed beyond a pen name and the pulps, but after his father died, he said, her gift had come in handy. It had helped see him through medical school.

Clark listened, appalled. He looked at the leathery woman with the caked riding boots and listened to her loud hoarse voice and smelled the stables. He looked from her to Bettina's mother and shook his head to clear his confusion. He thought: Of course they're neighbors. I suppose Mrs. Parker's sorry for her.

But Rusty Lowden set him straight on that point. He challenged him to a set of tennis before dinner, and it was while they were walking toward the court that Clark said tentatively, "Extraordinary woman, Miss Dayton, isn't she?"

"I'll say," concurred Rusty. "Runs that farm, supports herself and helps send a raft of nieces and nephews through school. Oh, she has help, of course—a tenant farmer, fieldhands and stable men; but she cracks the bull whip over them—and nurses their kids when they're sick. She's some girl. The Dayton place is over a thousand acres, you know. You should see her ride her fences!"

"She seems a strange creature to be so intimate with the Parkers."

Rusty cocked an eyebrow at him. "She and Mrs. Parker went to school together," he began. Then he paused. "I see. No, of course you wouldn't know. The stables obscure the background for you. There have been Supreme Court justices in the Dayton family, to say nothing of senators and one vice-president and a general or two. The money was dissipated during Miss Annie's father's time after he'd managed to send her through school—and then she came home and took over the farm. There was a romance, I understand, but the man was killed in 1914—an Englishman. He'd been at the Embassy here and went home to fight. A flier, I believe. Miss Annie's still under fifty, but she's been exposed to a lot of grief. She and Mrs. Parker grew up together, as this place was in Mrs. Parker's family."

"Oh," said Clark, digesting this.

"Only goes to show," said Rusty, grinning, "you can't judge a book by its binding or something equally banal."

Clark beat Rusty at tennis, but it gave him little satisfaction. He was annoyed with himself for his error in judgment.

They were to drive back to Washington late Sunday evening. He hadn't had a moment alone with Bettina. He managed to detach her just before dinner. He suggested, "How about walking down to the river with me?"

The river flowed like blue silk and was flushed with pale rose from a setting sun. They came upon a grove of bending trees.

Bettina sat down on a fallen log. She said, "I love this place. Usually I spend most of the summer here. But this summer, with Father and Mother so busy and my hospital work, I doubt if we'll be here much."

He asked, "You like Lowden, don't you?"

"Rusty? Of course. I was in a terrific dither over him when I was a kid. It's fun seeing him again."

"Tina," Clark said quietly, "isn't it time we stopped stalling? You know how I feel about you. I believe you care for me too. I haven't much to offer you now, except my love and the assurance that I'll work like a dog. I'll give you, eventually, everything you want."

"How do you know what I want?"

He looked at her, astonished. He said, "What every woman wants—home, husband, children and security. I started to say position, but it's hardly necessary in your case. Yet with you to help me and inspire me, there'd be no stopping me."

"It isn't enough," said Bettina.

"I don't understand," he said, bewildered.

"You wouldn't."

He said, "We quarreled that night after the movies."

"I know. I never wanted to see you again."

"But you did. Why?"

"I don't know. I wish I did."

He said, in triumph, "You can't get away from me, darling, because although you don't approve of me, you do love me."

"I don't believe it, Clark."

There was one way to make her believe it, he thought desperately. He took her roughly in his arms, kissed her mouth and her closed eyelids and the hollow of her throat. He said, when she pushed him away, "Do you believe it now?"

BETTINA was very white. "No. It isn't good enough. There must be more than that, Clark, so much more." She rose and said, "We'd better get back to the house."

He followed her. He said, "You've got to marry me, Tina."

"I don't have to marry anyone, Clark." After a moment she added, "Perhaps it would be better if we didn't see each other again."

He asked, "Why do you fight against me, darling?"

It was absurd, but she was suddenly afraid of him; afraid of her emotions, her own weakness. She began to run blindly, without logic or reason, as a child will run from shadows. She heard Clark's voice, and now he was running too.

She stumbled over a stone in the field, twisted her ankle, felt sharp pain and cried out. Clark reached her, picked her up in his arms. "You crazy kid!" he said.

"Let me down!"

He put her on her feet, and she took one step, but pain turned her faint. She set her teeth and tried again. No use.

"You see?" said Clark. "I know what's best for you, after all." He picked her up and carried her back to the house.

"Idiotic of me," Bettina apologized as the others gathered around, and Rusty gave orders.

"Put her down there on the lounge. Well, brat, let me have a look. I'll probably hurt you." Her ankle was beginning to swell; the small shoe came off with difficulty. Rusty took her foot in his capable hand. He said, "Sorry to disappoint you, but it's only a sprain. You could have an X ray tomorrow to be sure, but I believe I'm right. Suppose you soak this silly foot. It is silly," he remarked. "I don't suppose women wear laced boots any more."

Bettina laughed. "I've some tramping boots somewhere, elkskin, and they lace."

"Good!" said Rusty. "We'll see if we can't take some of the pain out and get the swelling down, and then we'll lace you up and see how you walk."

Clark went upstairs. He threw things into his suitcase. He thought: This has been a hell of a week end! Mrs. Parker and Alice had gone to get a foot tub and hot water.

Rusty asked, "Hurts, doesn't it?" Bettina nodded. "It will for some time," he said. "Sprains are nasty. How did it happen?"

"I was running," said Bettina.

"Did you come all over girlish or what?" inquired Rusty. "And what did Mr. Mason do to cause you to feel like a startled deer or dryad?"

"He didn't do anything. Don't be a goon."

"I'm no goon," said Rusty. "I just happened to see. I was sitting on the back porch and I had your father's field glasses, watching a bird. Then you spoiled my view, running across the field and falling. I never knew you to run away, Tina. Not from spiders or snakes or——"

She said stubbornly, "I was just—running. Not away."

"I don't believe it. Look here, it won't do, you know. That's no escape. Better stand still and face whatever's coming." Rusty grinned at her. "At least, you won't sprain anything."

He stopped. Mrs. Parker was marshaling two dark girls carrying a tub of steaming water between them into the living room.

"Ease your foot into that," said Rusty. He looked at his hostess. "I suggest she dunks her foot while she dines. Dinner on a tray? Can it be managed? I'll keep her company if it isn't too much trouble. Always the good physician; never leaves his patient."

Mrs. Parker smiled at him. "Whatever you say. You're the doctor."

Trays and a table for two, and Bettina with her foot immersed in very hot water, wiggling her toes cautiously.

The pain decreased, and the swelling subsided. After dinner Bettina was able to put on the high boots and let Rusty lace them enough to give her support. When they were ready to return to the city he and Clark helped her hobble out to the car. Rusty drove, with Alice chattering beside him. Clark, Bettina and Mrs. Parker were in back, and Clark had no opportunity to speak with Bettina alone. But after work the next day, after a hurried dinner, he taxied out to Georgetown. He didn't care how many engagements she had, he had to see her.

They were still at dinner and made him come in for dessert and coffee. After dinner Bettina limped into the library. Her mother and father were going to a concert. It was very still in the house.

Clark said after a while, "You aren't very talkative."

"No."

"I'm sorry about yesterday, but it was your own fault. What was the idea of running away from me? You'd think I was a menace."

Bettina looked at him. "Sometimes I think you are."

"You're admitting you're afraid of me?" He smiled. "I should resent that. I don't. I rather like it."

"I'm not afraid in that sense," she said angrily, and stopped. Perhaps she was. She went on slowly, "I—I don't like you, Clark. There's something so inhuman about you. I wonder if you have ever experienced an honest emotion?"

"Coming from you, that's pretty funny."

"I don't mean that sort of emotion. I mean—grief, tenderness, compassion." She shook her head. "I don't think so."

"You don't like me," he said, "you're

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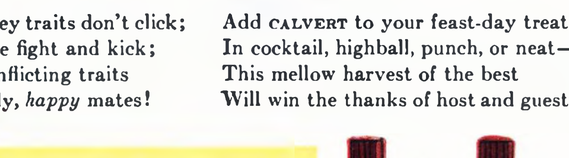

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afraid of me, and you are a little in love with me. Is that it?"

Well, face up to it, she thought; don't run away. Rusty was right. "That's it," she said, with a sigh.

His face was illuminated with triumph. "Just a little?" he asked. "Couldn't it be a great deal? I'm pretty sure it could be. It must be, because I want you so much!"

"I don't know," she said, low. "If ever I could be sure that you were human and weak and frightened like most of us. There's something so unreal—" She broke off. "You know," she said, as if astonished, "I know very little about you. Tell me about yourself when you were a boy; about your people."

"There's not much," he said. "We were poor; we lived in a flat in New York; I went to public school and worked my way through college. My father had studied law, but his health broke down. He had a clerical job. My mother died when I was quite small. I had a stepmother, several half brothers and sisters."

"Was she good to you?" asked Bettina.

"She was all right," he said carelessly.

"Where is she now?"

"She's in New York, lives with her two daughters. They're both working and unmarried. My father died a few years ago."

"You don't care much about your people, do you?"

Clark shrugged. "I hear from them now and then. I never knew my half brothers and sisters very well; they were younger than I, and we went different ways. My father was ill a lot of the time; my own mother I hardly remember. As for my stepmother, she's a good soul, but she didn't have time for sentimentality. She was busy keeping house, cleaning, cooking. You don't have time to do much but look after the ordinary bodily welfare of a raft of kids when you haven't money."

"I'm not so sure," said Bettina. "Doesn't it depend on the kids? There's Rusty—they lost what money they had; his mother was busy with her writing, but there was always time. He put himself through medical school, just as you put yourself through college. Of course his mother helped. And there were a raft of kids, yet I've never seen a closer family."

Clark smiled. "You're being sentimental, Tina; yet why wouldn't you be, the way you've been sheltered? I wouldn't get romantic about Lowden's family life if I were you."

"Don't you consider you owe your family anything?"

"But they're dead," he said.

"Your stepmother isn't."

"What do I owe her? She married my father; she had to take me on with him. She had four kids of her own. Why are we talking about her—about anyone but ourselves?" he demanded.

"I was trying to understand you. I never knew anyone before who didn't want ties."

"Ties?" he repeated. "With the past? But that's absurd. You outgrow them; you become adult, stand on your own feet, look ahead to your own goal. If I want ties they'll be of my own choosing, not a matter of circumstance. I didn't pick my parents or where I was born or what I was born to, but I can select the sort of life I want to lead and the sort of woman I want to share it. In other words, the parents for my children."

"You figure everything out," she murmured. She was white, and there were shadows under her eyes. "I'm tired, Clark. I'm sorry."

He rose and bent over her and brushed his lips across her forehead. He said, "All right, I'll go, but I'll be back soon. You can't run away from me, Bettina, because I'm convinced that we belong together."

She watched him go. When she was

alone she found tears thick in her throat. He took something from her always—something of will power, something of vitality. She thought: I couldn't live with him, day in, day out; it would destroy me. Yet the pull was there, the crazy, unreasoning pull.

Her ankle kept her away from the hospital for a couple of weeks. When it was strong again she returned to her duties. She had in the meantime seen Rusty Lowden several times as well as Clark.

Rusty brought her a long letter from his mother and some snapshots of the Vermont house. "The farm' back country," he told her. "Someday I'm going to remodel it. Just now it's primitive—pump in the kitchen and all that. But there are three hundred and fifty acres running up a mountainside, and trees which have stood there for a century or so. There's a trout brook and a swimming hole. You'd like it, Tina."

"Who lives there?" she wanted to know. "It sounds wonderful."

"Cousins. They farm what's farmable. Pretty savage soil, mostly rocks. I own the place, as it happens; my grandfather left it to me, because when I was a kid I was crazy about it. Now I let my father's cousin live on it and raise his brood. Someday he'll run a country store as he's always wanted to, and I'll take over."

"You'd live there?"

He shook his head. "Too far out, but I'll retire someday. Old Doc Lowden with a long gray beard, who delivered all the neighborhood kids and their kids, and finally retired to his farm and kept a couple of Jersey cows and six good dogs. That's the life, once your work is done, if it ever is."

"You want to go back, don't you?"

"Sure, I do. But I can't, not yet. And I've no doubt there'll be a spell in the Army. Well, that's fine too; it's all experience. But someday!"

She said, "Funny you don't want a city practice."

"The Mason influence?" he asked, frowning at her. "Why should I? Vermont suits me. I won't make money, but that's not why I studied medicine."

"No," she said, "I suppose it isn't."

He was sitting with her in the library. Her parents and guests were playing contract in the smaller drawing room.

He said, "Look, this Mason lad. You—like him pretty well?"

"No," she said, "not much."

"I see. You don't like him, but you think you're in love with him."

"I suppose that's the way it is, Rusty."

"Going to marry him?"

"I don't know."

"Well, make up your mind." He rose and stood in front of her. "Would it help you to compare him with someone else?" he asked. "Me, for instance? I had a yen for you a hundred years ago. You were only eight and I was twice your age, but I liked your pigtails and the freckles on your nose and your big eyes. I liked you because you weren't scared of a damned thing. I didn't forget you after we went away."

He paused, and his eyes were bright blue behind the glasses. "When I walked down the ward and saw you I felt as if someone had hit me with a hammer. It was as sudden and as hard a blow as that; a blow from which I will not recover, Tina. It isn't much fun being a doctor's wife, even if you marry a gentleman who is going to be the most Park Avenue specialist of them all. Even then, you have broken dinner dates and lonely evenings. But if you marry a country doctor, Tina, a village sawbones, that's something else again.

"The doctor's wife in my bailiwick is supposed to take an interest in her husband's job and his patients. She is half of his success or failure. She has to be as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove. She has to steer clear of jealousies and warring factions, politics and envy. She can't be aloof or high-hat or amused."

Bettina said, "Rusty Lowden, are you asking me to marry you?"

"I'm asking you to consider it. I'm terribly in love with you. I have all the classic symptoms. I don't want to eat; I've shed a pound or two; I have spots before my eyes. So I'm just asking that you give it a thought now and then if you aren't committed."

She said, "I like you so much, Rusty."

"Oh, sure, but that isn't enough, is it? Not if the books are right. I was hoping you'd broken your leg on the farm that week end. Oh, not a bad break! But you know, clever young doctor rolls up sleeves and goes to work on beautiful patient. And all you had was a sprain. What seems a little more serious is how you came to have it. Are you still running away from Mason?"

She said, "I suppose I am."

"Stop running. Take a deep breath and count ten. I don't like Mason, but he's going places. He'll go further with you. Whether or not he'll go where you want to be eventually, I couldn't say. But he has personality, power and what it takes to get there. With me, you'd always be just where we started: a white house on Mountain Street, a back yard, a little orchard, and the farm for picnics. You'd get to New York or Boston now and then when I had to go to medical meetings and could afford to take you along."

HE SAID, frowning, "I haven't forgotten your money. It doesn't mean anything to me personally. You could do what you wanted with it for yourself, but you'd have to live as I live. See that?"

"You talk as if you were sure of me."

"I'm not," he said. "I'm only sure of myself—of loving you always. It's up to you. I'm not asking for an answer. I don't want one now, because I know what it would be. I'm just telling you that I'm here, and that's that." He looked at his watch. "Great leaping catamounts! I've got to push off."

"I thought you were free tonight."

"Oh, officially. But there's a gal I didn't much like the look of when I left. I suppose I'm egotistical, seeing that I left her in good hands. But I'd like to take a look at her myself."

"Which girl?"

"Well, she's almost sixty. She's—— Oh, I forgot. You know her. Mrs. Tennison."

Bettina nodded. She knew Mrs. Tennison, the diabetic.

"And the pneumonia case that came in since your last day at the ward—prettiest girl I ever saw, saving your presence, and pretty sick for a couple of days. But she's made it. Lord, I've got to get going." He picked Tina up out of her chair and kissed her soundly. "That's so you don't forget me. See you on the ward," he said, and was gone before she could speak.

She went upstairs presently and to bed. She turned out the light and tried to plan another week end at the farm; perhaps she and her mother could go up there alone. Then there was a benefit she had to attend. She tried to think of a dozen things and thought of Rusty instead: his dark copper hair and his grin and the things he had told her. Her heart didn't beat any faster. She thought of Clark Mason and turned her head restlessly on the pillow. She thought: I won't run away. I *won't!*

On her next day at the hospital she found Mrs. Tennison much improved and the pneumonia case well on the road to recovery. She also found that the pneumonia case was Cassie.

Bettina, who had brought her a glass of orange juice, stood looking at her, too amazed to speak.

Cassie's eyes were bigger and blacker than ever. She looked thin, and as if she had wept. And Bettina asked quietly, "Does Clark know you're here?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Cassie. "Clark who?"

"Drink this." Bettina put her arm around the girl, held the glass to her lips. How painfully thin she was! She said, when she took the glass away, "Clark Mason. You're Cassie, aren't you?"

"I don't know anyone by that name," the girl said.

I couldn't be mistaken, thought Bettina. The chart was at the foot of the bed. She glanced at it as she went by.

Cassie Swenson.

Why did she say she didn't know Clark?

Bettina called Clark's office during her lunch hour. He was out. She said to the man who answered the phone, "Ask him to call me tonight at home. Miss Parker."

Bettina liked one of the students on the ward, a little thing who worked hard, was earnest and quick and good. They encountered each other in the utility room, and Bettina said, "The pneumonia case, tell me something about her."

She'd come in by ambulance, the student told her; a boardinghouse keeper had sent in the call. The girl had been in a quiet room at first, oxygen tent and all that. They'd moved her back to the main ward only that day. "She doesn't talk," said the student; "you can't get anything out of her. The girls at the boardinghouse sent her flowers, and they call up. She'll be allowed to see people soon."

"I see," said Bettina.

When Clark called, she asked, "Could you come around for a moment? I've something to tell you . . . No, I'm going out . . . Yes, I'll be here then."

She was dressed to go out when he came, and he said, "Well, this is a surprise."

She took him into the library. She said, "I had to tell you that——"

"You've made up your mind!" he interrupted.

"Wait a minute," said Bettina. "Cassie Swenson's in the hospital. In my ward. She has pneumonia. She's getting better. I thought perhaps you didn't know. I thought if you didn't, you should."

He looked blank with bewilderment. "Cassie—in the hospital? But how did you—I mean——" His face darkened, and he took her arm and held it so tightly that it hurt her. He said, "She knew you, of course. What did she say to you?"

Bettina said, "It was I who——"

He didn't hear her. He went on, "It was just one of those things. We were both lonely; we were in the same boardinghouse. I lost my head for a while. It couldn't have lasted, Tina. She——"

Bettina freed her arm. "Cassie didn't say anything. I asked if you knew she was ill, and she said she didn't know anyone named Clark Mason."

"*She said that?*"

"Yes, that's what she said." Bettina watched the color come back to his face, and saw that his upper lip was beaded with sweat. She said, with contempt, "You thought she'd tell me about you—and herself? If I hadn't happened to see her that night I wouldn't have known anything about her. But you don't forget a face like hers, Clark. What did you think she was going to tell me?"

"Oh, forget it," he said, recovering himself. "I didn't mean anything."

"Then why did you think she was going to tell me anything? What's the matter? You usually have an answer for everything."

"Well, if you must know, I—she knew I was seeing you, and she threatened——"

"Threatened?" repeated Bettina.

"There wasn't anything serious. I swear it. Just—well, I used to take her out and—— Oh, hell, it was just one of those things."

"I'm not interested," said Bettina, "except in knowing why she didn't tell me when she had the chance. And I think I know why."

"Well?" he said.

"You can ask her yourself when she's allowed to see people. Now I'm sorry, Clark, but——"

"You can't put me off like this!"

She said evenly, "I was beginning to think I was sufficiently in love with you to forget that I didn't like anything you stand for, but that's over now. I thought perhaps if I found you were human and weak and vulnerable, I might one day love you. Well, you are. But I don't like you any better—and I don't want to see you again."

She left the room. He stood there irresolute. She had reached the head of the stairs before she heard the door close.

He thought, walking away from the house: What a fool I am. If I had kept my mouth shut; if I hadn't jumped at conclusions! He thought: I've lost her. Oddly enough, while he felt resentment and an angry wounded vanity, he felt nothing else because he was more preoccupied with wondering: Why did Cassie say she didn't know me?

He thought: There's no reason for me to see her. She didn't let me know. He thought: She'll know Bettina would tell me.

He went to the hospital on the first day Cassie was to have visitors. He went into the ward, and at first he did not see Bettina, busy with Mrs. Tennison. He saw only Cassie, white against the white pillows, with her night-black hair brushed and shining and her eyes growing bigger and darker as he came up to the bed, and the escorting nurse left them, saying briskly, "A visitor for you, Miss Swenson."

Cassie whispered as he sat down beside the bed, "I—I didn't tell her I knew you, but she told you about me anyway?"

"Yes. Why didn't you tell her, Cassie?" he asked. "Why didn't you tell her you knew me and a lot more besides?"

Cassie turned her head aside. She was still weak, and the tears slid down her cheeks. "I—I couldn't spoil things for you, after all. What would be the use? It wouldn't help me any; it would only hurt you. If you loved her, if she was what you wanted, telling her wouldn't bring you back to me."

Bettina passed them; neither of them saw her. But she saw Cassie, her slow tears. She saw Clark's face too, as she had never seen it, moved and vulnerable; even defenseless. He had never looked at her like that; he never would. She knew it and was glad.

He said softly, "Damn you, Cassie!"

A man was a fool to saddle himself with a wife who brought him nothing—except a tenacious and devouring love.

He bent his head and kissed her lips, still roughened and sore. He said, "Okay, Cassie, you win."

Bettina went out to the utility room. Coming out with her hands occupied, she bumped into Rusty Lowden.

He said, "Even the burden you carry becomes you." And he warned, "You'd better get going, unless you want to——"

Bettina fled.

When she was free she went to assist with a dressing. Across the ward, Rusty was talking to Cassie Swenson and Clark.

Later she had temperatures to report, written in her own notebook as she was not permitted to chart them. When she was again in the ward Clark and Rusty had gone. She saw Cassie's eyes fixed on her, and the girl beckoned.

"Miss Parker, I can't thank you; I won't try. You told him about me, after all. You knew I was lying." Cassie's cheeks were flushed; her eyes were bright.

Bettina looked at her anxiously "You mustn't talk. You've overtaxed yourself."

Cassie said, "I'm all right. Just happy. When I am well, we're to be married. You see, we're the same kind of people underneath. Maybe you wouldn't understand that. I don't think you understood him. I do. He can't help it, you know. It drives him—wanting to be somebody; wanting to be on top. Maybe he doesn't think I can help; but I can, just by loving him. It would have been quicker with you, but it wouldn't have had foundations. I wasn't going to see him again. I thought he loved you, although I tried not to believe it, and that you loved him. But now I know it wasn't true. Was it?"

"No," said Bettina, "it wasn't true."

Cassie sighed and closed her eyes. "I caught cold one rainy night when I went to his place and stood outside, waiting to see him. I hadn't been eating or sleeping much." She opened her eyes again, wells of darkness, soft, luminous. She said, "I'll make it up to him, I swear it."

Bettina's throat was tight. She touched the other girl's hand. "I know you are going to be very happy. Tell Clark I said so; tell him I'm glad."

When she left the hospital, there was Rusty's battered car. He asked, 'Going my way? Get in, Tina."

She got in, leaned her head back. She was tired, and before she had left the ward a cardiac case had died. It wasn't the first time she had seen death since she had come there to work, but it hurt just the same. How did they get used to it, the nurses, the doctors?

She looked at Rusty. "When you lose a patient, does it do anything to you?"

"Hell, yes," he said. "You'll find out. I'm not easy to live with for a few days after that happens."

She murmured, "You're still pretty sure, aren't you?"

"Given time. How much were you in love with Mason?"

"I don't know," said Bettina. "It was excitement, I think, and anger because he was so hard and self-sufficient."

"He isn't self-sufficient. Who's that girl?"

"They were in love a while ago. They still are. I was just a short cut, or would have been. With Cassie, he'll have to take the hard way. It will be good for him."

Oh, he was vulnerable, after all, she thought; he believed he could forget Cassie, cut her out of his life, go on without her. He couldn't. Not when he saw her in the hospital bed; not when he knew she had lied to give him what she thought he wanted.

Rusty said, "He's hurt you. Damn his hide, I could throttle him!"

"He hasn't hurt me," she said, astonished. "It wasn't real; it was simply something different—a challenge. What there was between us wasn't good enough, Rusty, and I knew it all along."

Rusty was silent. After a while he said, "We have plenty of time. I won't hurry you. If this is to be, you have to grow into knowledge, naturally and inevitably. I hope to God you will."

He took his hand off the wheel and put it on her hand. Her hand felt comfortable there, under his. Safe.

They went on again in silence. She

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thought: And we are the same kind of people, Rusty and I; we speak the same language. That matters. I understand what he wants; his ambition, which has nothing to do with money and getting places, but a great deal to do with people and their needs and their suffering and torment and fear. Rusty was vulnerable, she thought; Rusty was open to assaults on his compassion; to that deflection of the egotistical purpose which is called sacrifice. You would work with Clark to advance Clark; you would work with Rusty to help mankind.

He said, as he stopped the car in front of the red-brick cave in Georgetown, "I'll be free Tuesday night, I think. Is it a date? Shall I call you?"

"Of course," she said. "I'll be waiting."

He kissed her once on the mouth, a hard quick kiss. But there was tenderness there, and a feeling of forever. She thought, her heart hammering: That could be good enough, with everything else to base it on.

Going up the steps of the house, she smiled. Rusty had asked her if she were going his way. And now she believed that she was.

THE END

Tonight He'll Propose

(Continued from page 29)

heard that tone in his voice before. She wondered if he were unhappy about something.

"You're not bothered about anything, Jim?" she asked.

"Only the passage of time!" he said.

She knew then. She wanted to comfort him, to say, "But darling, it isn't as bad as that! If we love each other nothing will matter; no amount of separation."

But she couldn't say any of that. Instead, she mocked him gaily. "Time is what you make it, Jim. Why not make this evening last a year?"

"Right you are!" he said—but there was still that dreary resignation in his voice.

Pamela decided she would have to cheer him up. They found a table on a veranda overlooking the green-dappled river. "This is fun!" she said happily. "And the river will help. There's a kind of infinity about it!"

He grinned at that, gratefully. He ordered dinner, and they began to talk. The dinner came, and they ate in leisurely fashion.

But all the time his eyes were questioning her in a way she couldn't understand—almost desperately. She poured coffee for them both. And at that moment Agnes Wainright passed and waved at them. She looked pale and tired.

Pamela waved back and said to Jim, "That's Agnes Wainright, one of my closest friends. Only she's Agnes Dillon now. She married George Dillon three days before his ship sailed; she's still living with her family."

Jim nodded. He crushed his cigarette out, and she saw anger and misery in his eyes. "That's just it," he said savagely. "I've thought it all out, and it isn't fair. No man has a right. It's too hard on the girl when he has to leave her."

"A right?" Pamela asked. "What girl?"

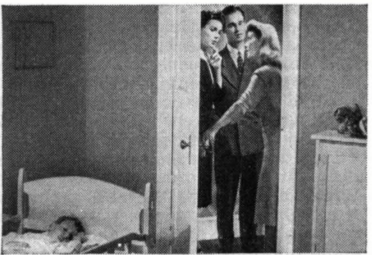
"Any nice girl who's protected and happy at home," he said. "No man has a right to tie a girl up and then leave her for months at a time. What kind of life has she then? Look at your friend."

"Jim, what do you mean?" Pamela asked, and her voice was frightened.

He didn't answer right away. But finally he said, "I've been thinking, that's all, Pam. And a man shouldn't marry until he can look out for his wife; until he can protect her and give her a home

"I won't kiss Mommy goodnight! She's mean to me!"

1. It was awful to hear my child say that, especially in front of my brother and sister-in-law. I felt I just *had* to explain, so after I put little Tommy to bed, I told them about how the boy had needed a laxative and what a terrible time I had making him take it. He said he hated "That nasty-tasting medicine" and struggled against it, until . . .



2. I just plain had to *force* it down him. It was for his own good, of course, but all day he'd been acting hurt and miserable. I admitted I felt bad about it myself but said I supposed I just had to put up with it.

3. At this point my sister-in-law, who's in child-welfare work, spoke up. "It's not my affair," she said, "but really it's quite wrong to *force* medicine on a child that way. It can upset his system and may do more harm than good.

4. "Try Fletcher's Castoria. It's the laxative with a taste children *like*, so you never have to force it on them. I've heard many doctors approve Fletcher's Castoria because it *is* made especially *for* children.

5. So next day I asked our druggist about Fletcher's Castoria. "Fine for children," he said. "It's effective, yet safe and gentle, so it doesn't upset the child's digestion." Then he suggested the money-saving Family Size.

6. Well, next time Tommy needed a laxative I gave him Fletcher's Castoria. And, sure enough, he just *loved* it. It worked wonderfully, too. And from that day on, we've never had *one* of our "laxative time" scenes.

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

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As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

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and companionship and all the things marriage means. He has no right to tie her up with a lot of vows and then leave her a couple of weeks later, with no home of her own, no companionship, nothing. It's damn selfish, that's all! No decent man could do it and live with himself afterwards."

She wanted to deny that fiercely. She wanted to say, "Jim, that isn't so! When a girl loves a man she wants to belong to him, no matter what happens. That's the only way she can have any happiness at all!" She wanted to say that, but she couldn't.

A waitress came for the check and Jim paid it and they left the inn. Pamela had never been so afraid in her life. If it weren't for the war Jim might at this very moment be telling her he loved her. But because he was the way he was—protective; too mindful of those he cared about—he was going to spare her the very thing she wanted most in life! He was going to spare her the unutterable happiness of belonging to him.

And there was nothing she could do. If he'd asked her opinion; if he'd given her any choice . . . But he hadn't. He'd simply stated his views on wartime marriages, and now he was setting the stage for their new relationship. And every moment he was becoming more remote.

"Shall we go dancing, or home?" he asked when they reached the car. "I vote for a spot of music, myself."

They went to the Dellwood and danced. They ran into a crowd they knew, and Jim arranged it so they all sat at the same table and drank beer and changed partners frequently. Occasionally Pamela would find him watching her from across the table. But now she didn't trust those maudlin intuitions of hers. When you wanted a thing so dreadfully you were apt to persuade yourself that it was true.

Finally the evening came to an end, and Jim drove her home. He arranged, in a big-brother way, to drop over the next evening. "There might be something passable at the movies," he suggested.

"All right," she said.

They were standing on the front porch, and it seemed as if the air were suddenly electric with unspoken words. If only he would say it! she thought frantically. If only he would tell me he loves me, I could explain that I don't want to be safe.

But he didn't. It seemed almost as though he squared his shoulders against the temptation and turned away. "Well, so long," he said. "I'll give you a ring and let you know what's at the movies."

As though she cared about that!

She lay awake for a long time, not able to cry, hardly able to think. Because she knew now that there wasn't any hope. Jim had made up his mind not to involve her in his uncertain future. And there was nothing she could do, unless by some miracle he changed.

And as the days passed it became apparent that Jim wasn't going to change. He still dropped around, but they were almost never alone. They spent the evenings with friends—dancing or going in a bunch to the movies. Pamela knew it would be better if she stopped seeing him. But she wasn't able to do that, so she followed obediently along—Jim's girl, yet not really his girl at all.

The weeks dragged on, and the parties became more frequent. Everyone wanted Jim to have a good time before he left. And inevitably, Hope Dawson was always around; for Hope was by nature a party girl. She had been married and had lived for a while in New York. But there'd been a divorce, and she'd come home.

She was striking; her black hair was glossy and her lips were very red; and she knew how to make a party go. The crowd in Lynnville never got together without including Hope. At first Pamela didn't think anything about it. Hope flirted with Jim and asked him to dance with her. But she did that with all the boys. It was her technique.

And Pamela knew Jim was both bored and annoyed by these attentions. He'd said once there were too many girls like Hope Dawson in the world. "They're like the stage set in a theater," he'd said. "Anything for effect, and all of it phony!" Maybe he still felt that way about Hope, but she was always at the parties.

By now Pamela was in such a daze that nothing was clear to her. Hope might say, "Come on, Jim, my boy, how about a whirl?" And then she would dance with Jim, her dark face lifted to his—and how could you tell whether he liked it or not?

Pamela couldn't, so she simply followed along. The weeks slipped by, and Hope said, "Tomorrow is Jim's last night, and I'm going to give him a party. Everyone at my house. How about it?"

They were sitting around a big table at the Dellwood—twelve of them in all—and Pamela held her breath. Her eyes were on Jim's face, and she thought: His last night. His very last night! We simply must be alone together! Her eyes were on his face, and she felt as though his answer would be a sign; because if he agreed to the party . . .

"How about it, Jim?" Hope said. "A real shindig to remember us by when you're on the midnight watch at sea?"

The midnight watch! Why must Hope remind her even of that? And then Jim smiled gratefully. "Sounds great, Hope," he said. "If it won't be too much trouble."

"Such modesty!" Hope taunted him. And then in a lower tone she said, "You underrate yourself, Mr. Ransome. Hasn't anyone ever told you what a very special person you are?" The band was playing again, and Hope raised her voice and clapped her hands. "Everyone at my house tomorrow night. Command performance for Mr. James T. Ransome!" And Jim grinned self-consciously and the gang cheered, and Pamela felt sick with defeat. So utterly sick that she found herself cheering too. Because all she had left now was her pride.

She would have given anything if she could have stayed home the next night. But that was impossible; the whole crowd would wonder. So she dressed for Hope's party, slowly and defiantly. She chose a yellow chiffon. She put on bronze sandals and a small bronze bow in her hair. And she looked, she decided, completely washed out. Her brown eyes were shadowed with sleeplessness, her cheeks very pale. She remedied that with a touch of rouge. She added more lipstick. But the reflection remained the same—a small girl in a yellow dress, with frightened brown eyes.

She felt cold, so she slipped into the brown velvet jacket that went with the dress. And she knew that she had never loved Jim Ransome more than she did right now, when she was so very close to losing him. She sat on the bed, and she was shaking all over. But when her mother called up the stairs, "Jim is here, darling!" she grabbed up her brocaded bag and thought: No one must guess how I feel—ever!

She ran down the stairs, and there was Jim, waiting. She thought she saw a troubled awareness in his eyes, like a fleeting reminder of what had been there in the beginning. But then she knew she must have been mistaken, because he was saying polite good-byes to her mother. Pamela said good-by too, and they walked down the path together, and they were almost like strangers . . .

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Then they reached Hope's house, and there was the whole crowd out on the front porch drinking punch. And Hope was standing at the top of the steps, waving her hand in greeting. She was wearing a green dress, and she had a green ribbon in her hair. Her eyes were green too—Pamela hadn't realized that before.

"Welcome!" Hope called gaily. "Now, everyone, one, two, three!" And they all sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Jim blushed and stammered, and the party got under way. They had a grabbag full of going-away presents—some of them jokes and some of them real. Books, subscriptions to magazines, and a miniature of a sailor ogling a pretty girl. Jim blushed some more and stammered his thanks. And Pamela ached with loving him. If only she could stop, somehow.

The party was going with a bang. There was punch, and a buffet supper, and a lot of new dance records. The light waned; darkness fell. They played games and danced, and there was a kind of exhilaration mixed with nostalgia, because one of the group would be leaving so soon. Hope didn't allow things to drag—not for a moment. And Pamela smiled and danced to the lively new tunes. And if Jim had been in Australia he wouldn't have been as far away as he was right now.

The moon came up and out on the porch Hope, clinging to Jim's arm, said, "You see, darling, I ordered it especially for you!" She let her head rest lightly against his shoulder. Pamela was supposed to be dancing with Bob Waite. But she stumbled and said, "Let's go in and get some punch, shall we?"

They went in and drank punch. Jim and Hope came in presently and wandered over to the punch bowl. "A loving cup!' Hope said, pouring one cup for both of them. She took a sip and handed the glass to Jim, her green eyes raised to his. Pamela, sitting on the sofa trying to talk to Bob, couldn't help hearing what they said.

Hope took the glass from Jim. "Here's to you, darling!" she said. And when she had drained the glass she put it down and slipped her arm through his. "I'm coming to the training station to see you," Pamela heard her say. "And when you have a couple of days off I'll meet you in New York and show you the town."

"Right you are!" Jim answered, smiling.

And you couldn't tell if he meant it or if he was just being polite. But suddenly Pamela was shaking with anger. Hope Dawson going down to Jim's station; Hope meeting Jim in New York! Arranging it all so glibly.

"When your ship comes in," Hope added, "I'll be waiting on the dock."

She would be too, Pamela thought. Hope would be there, all right—meeting a lonely, homesick boy; showing him the town. While Pamela stayed safely in Lynnville and cried her heart out.

Girls like Hope could get away with things like that. They could be bold and forthright, and everyone expected it. In peacetimes it was different. Then Jim, and others like him, were scornful of those tactics. They saw through them and turned to the quiet, home-loving girls. They bought houses and hung out their shingles and maybe went into politics. But when war came everything was different. Then the quiet, careful boys were shipped off to sea. They were stranded in strange places. They thought they had nothing to offer the quiet, home-loving girls. But they got lonely just the same. And then the Hope Dawsons came along. They had no pride or reticence; they had a well-tried technique, instead, and they laid their traps carefully.

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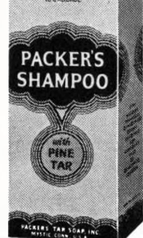

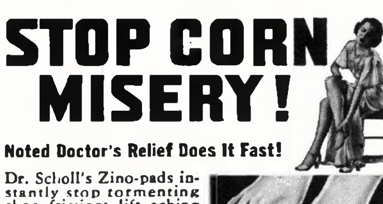

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"Darling, shall we dance?" Hope said. She put on something slow, and she and Jim danced together.

Pamela felt the anger flare into a fierce resistance. "No man has a right," Jim had said. "It's too hard on the girl when he has to leave her." And she had sat there silent; smiling and proud and bewildered. And then Hope had come along. She was a good-time girl. Jim wouldn't worry about her, and he wouldn't see the trap until it was sprung. And what good was pride when you lost the only man you could ever love? Why couldn't she play that game as well as Hope?

Bob said, "You're silent tonight, Pam."

She smiled mischievously. "I've had a headache," she said, "but it's gone now, and I'm going to have myself a time."

She took out her compact and powdered her nose and brightened her lips.

She snapped her bag shut. "Well, so long," she said to Bob, and she walked straight over to Hope and Jim. "New rules!" she said. "The girls are stags from now on, and I claim the guest of honor!"

Hope looked furious, but she backed away. And Pamela, after a few steps on the dance floor, said, "Let's go out in the garden and look at the moon!"

Out in the garden they were alone, and the moon had a dazzling brightness.

Pamela looked about her and laughed. "A fitting stage set for us," she said. "Good-by, dear old Lynnville. And that goes for me too. I'm leaving soon, myself."

"You?" Jim asked in surprise. "I didn't know that, Pam."

"I didn't know myself until tonight," she said. "But I'm going to the big city to cheer up the soldiers and the marines. There's no better way to mend a broken heart," she explained calmly. "At least, so I've heard. I'll deal out doughnuts and coffee. They need dancing partners too, I hear. Do you think I'll make a good dancing partner for the marines, darling?"

"I don't know. I've always imagined you home with your mother and father."

"Oh, no, Jim!" she chided him. "That's absolutely fatal when you love someone. You lie awake nights, which can be most unpleasant. It's really better to dance the nights away."

"What do your parents think of this crazy scheme?" Jim asked savagely.

"I don't know, and it really doesn't matter," she explained. "I'm twenty-one now, and I can do what I please."

"Not if I have my way, you can't."

"What difference does it make to you?"

"All the difference," he said, "and you know that, Pam. It means everything to me to know you're safe while I'm away."

"No one's safe any more," she said. "You're never safe when you love someone, Jim. Didn't you even know that?"

He was staring at her, and he looked worried. "That kind of big-city business is all right for girls like Hope," he said. "But not for you, Pam. Why, you'd be better off married to me than chasing around like that."

"You think so?" she taunted him, but her heart was thudding wildly. She longed to be herself again, to turn back into the old Pamela. But something held her taut and brittle and aware. Because men can be such fools, such darling fools!

"I damn well know so," he said. And he caught her to him and kissed her.

He kissed her for a long time, and the kiss changed into a kind of gentleness, a kind of love that flowed between them, so there was no bitterness any more.

He released her finally, but he kept his hand on her arm. He said, "Pam, my darling. I thought we could wait, and you would be safe—but we're in this together, sweetheart. And when the war is over we'll have the peace together."

She couldn't answer. There isn't anything you can say when all the bitter confusion has suddenly been transformed into such utter peacefulness.

"You will marry me, Pam?" he asked urgently. "Please, darling! Even if we're separated right away, even that will be better than all this uncertainty."

"Even that," Pam said, with a smile.

"Then you will?" he asked. "Sweetheart, you won't be sorry, I promise you."

The party was a blare of noise in the distance. Jim caught her hand. "Let's get out of here," he said. "We'll go and tell your family. Do you suppose they'll mind if we wake them up?"

"No, they won't mind," she said. "They'll understand." And laughter bubbled up in her, because Jim looked so big and adorable and completely hers. She knew that the nights of bitterness had passed, yet that somehow they would enhance the peace and contentment that lay ahead.

Soon: Margaret Sangster's romantic story of a small-town secretary and her big-city boss

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The Private Life of a Hero *(Continued from page 32)*

up to her room, but there was no hope. She sat still while they photographed her, trying to think of what to say, knowing she had no right to say anything.

"Before you ask any questions, there's something I ought to tell you," she began.

"Tommy Edmonds' wife can tell us anything she wants to today," one of them said, beaming at her. "The public will want to hear everything she's got to say."

Ellen looked desperately from one to the other. They waited eagerly. Ellen thought: This is the time. I should have said it before, but I can't put it off any longer. They mustn't print anything about me because we're separated. The only reason we're not divorced is because I was weak. I let him bully me with the threat of what people might think.

Before she could speak one of the reporters, a fat woman with soft cow eyes and a romantic expression, touched her arm. "We know how you feel, dear. You think all the glory belongs to that wonderful boy, but we know the agonies you've suffered. You're an intelligent, beautiful young woman. You'll be a symbol of the sacrifices American women are making for mankind. You've stayed behind and worked without complaint or thought of self. Now fame has singled you out as the inspiration of all those other wives. It's your duty to America to share the spotlight with your husband, because in your quiet way you have done just as heroic a thing as he has."

"Yeah," said Joe Callahan of the News Tribune, "you can't cheat the public of a good romance. All American men are heroes and their wives are hard-working, faithful saints."

The fat woman glared at Callahan, but her indignation was wasted on him. She turned back to Ellen. "Tell us about Tommy, dear. What's he like? After all, you know him better than anybody else."

Ellen closed her eyes. You can't cheat the public, the man had said. What he meant was that you can't cheat them out of a sentimental binge. This was war, and in wartime American boys must be shining knights and America's enemies black devils. Her trouble with Tommy . . . was that any longer a purely personal

trouble? Somehow, a hundred and thirty million other human beings were suddenly involved in it. They were waiting for her to tell them that Tommy was all the things they had already decided he was. Could she let them down?

"You've been married three years," the fat woman prompted. "What was Tommy like when you first met him?"

She would have to go through with it. It was the patriotic thing to do. This was no time to consider personal grievances. Tommy would become one of those legendary American heroes. Mothers would say to their children, "Do you think Tommy Edmonds' mother had to tell him to wash his hands before he came to the table?"

No, Ellen had no right to stain this legend-in-the-making. It suddenly came to her that she wouldn't be talking about Tommy anyhow, but about a mythical creature conceived by public fancy. The public did not want facts about a human being. They wanted a human god to worship from afar. Ellen would deal with Tommy later. She'd write him and tell him what she had done.

"What attracted you to him in the first place?" the fat woman asked.

"I couldn't resist him," Ellen said. "Nobody could. He's the most—overwhelming young man I've ever met. I met him at a party . . ."

Her voice went on with the actual details of their meeting, names, dates, places, but her mind went back of the words, probing a past which she had resolutely avoided for the past year.

He always had been spectacular, temperamental. He always had everything he wanted, and he'd wanted everything. Fast cars, expensive clothes, expensive women, an airplane of his own when he was nineteen. His father had died when Tommy was eight; his mother, a woman of means, had acceded to his every whim.

"I *try* to spoil him," she said, "but I can't. He loves fun, and I thank God for it." Blinded by her affection for a child who would have taxed the ingenuity of a trained psychologist, she had delivered to any girl unlucky enough to say yes to him an irresponsible, selfish, lavish, reckless, heartbreakingly handsome young man.

Ellen met him at a sorority party when Tommy was twenty-two. He'd had a job—his first—in California and become bored with it. So he had flown away from it all the way across the country—without instruments—and set some sort of record for that type of ship. "I don't need instruments to tell me when I'm fed up," he laughed. Ellen heard him say it to a mutual friend.

"And who does that young man think he is?" Ellen asked.

"He thinks he's God," Julie Cartwright said, "but he happens to be Tommy Edmonds. Come on, you ought to meet him."

"Tommy," Julie had said, "this is Ellen Hale. You two should know each other. You're so different."

His first words to—or about—Ellen were characteristic of him, she soon discovered. He smiled of course as he spoke—he had found out that he could get away with anything when he smiled. "Why, but she looks sound! I don't know what you mean." Half an hour later by the clock Tommy said to her, "Look here, Ellen. I don't know why you keep stalling. You know you're going to marry me eventually. I love you and you love me, and we're just sitting here wasting our youth. I'll make a small bet with you: you'll be Mrs. Edmonds within a week."

He lost the bet, but only because Ellen could not bear to let even Tommy win such a bet. Actually, it was three weeks later that she became Mrs. Edmonds.

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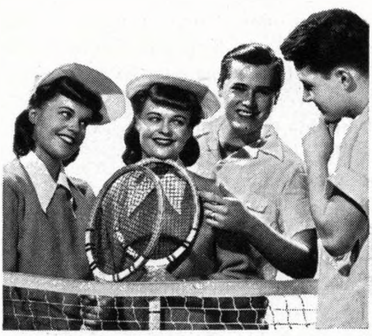

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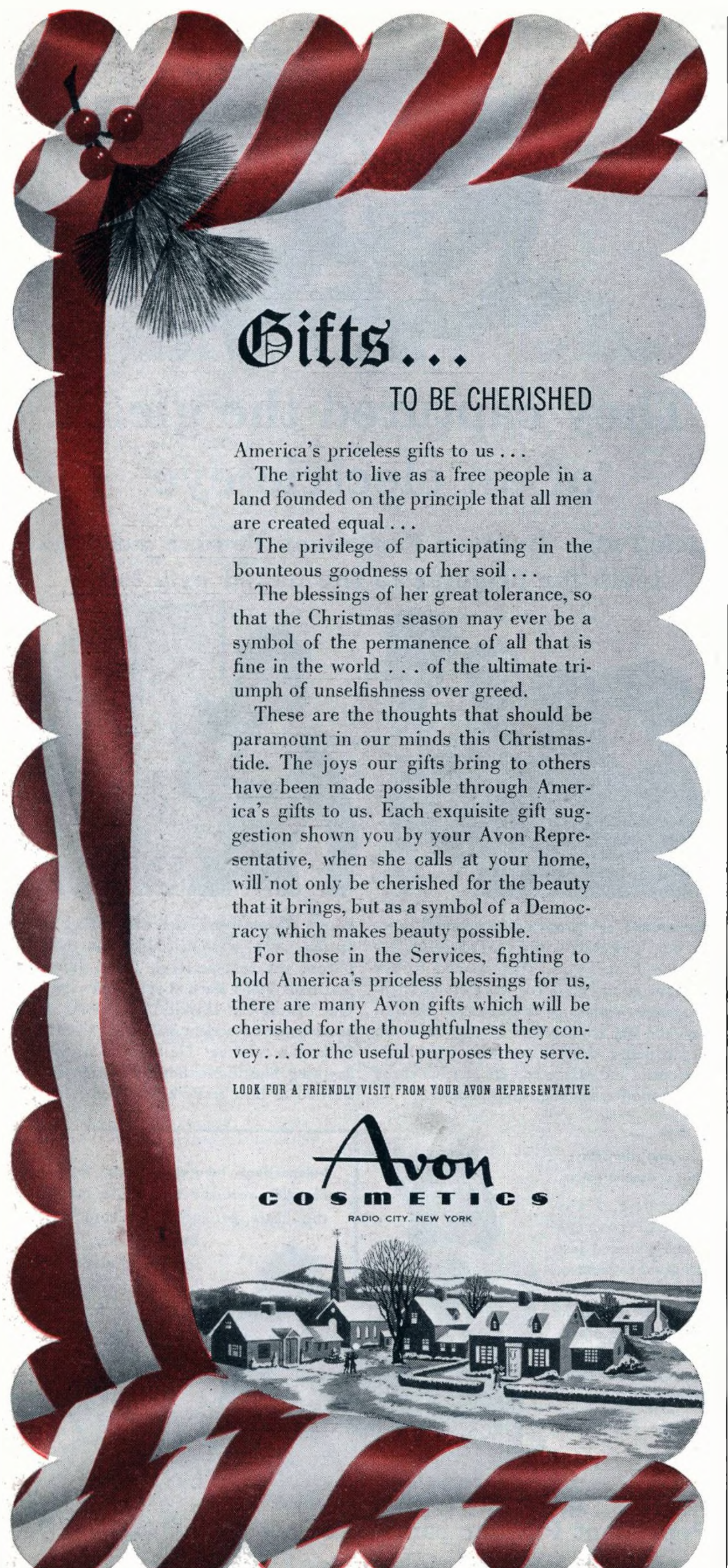

"We were married a few weeks after we met," Ellen said. "At the First Episcopal Church, Tommy was late because he couldn't find the ring. He finally had to slip his fraternity ring on my finger."

Not the happiest woman in the world, she was, perhaps, the most enthralled, bemused and uncertain bride who had ever trod the aisle. She'd married him because she could resist him no longer. You can't resist a tornado.

Oh, yes, she loved him. There was no doubt of that.

She thought in her innocence and inexperience that marriage would tame him. He'd been wild all his youth, but he had never known real devotion except from his mother, and devotion like that was a doubtful blessing. He'd never been made to feel responsible to anyone or anything.

"Our marriage is going to be different," Tommy said, and it certainly was. Ellen began to wonder what he thought marriage was. They had an apartment, but they were seldom in it except to sleep the sleep of exhaustion when parties were over and night clubs darkened.

Excitement of life with Tommy blanked out everything else for a while. She was Mrs. Edmonds, and that in itself was a source of wonder to her. He could have married anybody, and knew it. "I love you because you're as crazy as I am," he told her. But Ellen was not. She was so much in love with him that she made herself a reflecting pool for his moods and suppressed her own desires. Physically and emotionally she was ripe for homemaking and children. She felt a nagging sense of unfulfillment. It was almost as if Tommy were her lover and not her husband at all.

Once she said, "Tommy, where are we going? We're not becoming anything. We aren't putting down roots. We haven't any neighbors. We don't *mean* anything to anybody." She almost added, "We don't mean anything to each other."

"Don't kid yourself, old girl," he answered. "Everybody wants to live the way we do, but they don't do anything about it."

"Tommy's mother died a year or so ago, didn't she?" the fat woman asked.

"Some talk about suicide, wasn't there?" Joe Callahan put in.

"Tommy was a hero to his mother before he was a hero to anybody else," Ellen said. "He could do no wrong. Once . . ."

The money they lived on came from his mother. And then one night she took an overdose of sleeping medicine and died in her sleep. Perhaps it was pure coincidence that her money was gone. Tommy was sure it was accidental—his mother was not the sort to commit suicide, especially over a little thing like money. But Ellen was sure Mrs. Edmonds could not face telling Tommy she had no more money to give him.

"Tommy was with Continental Airlines, wasn't he?" the fat woman asked.

"For three months after his mother died," Ellen said. "He was going to be a commercial pilot when . . ."

That brush with the reality of earning a living for himself and his wife had been bewildering to Tommy. When it became necessary for him to be a breadwinner, he decided to bestow his charms and talents upon commercial aviation. "I'll be a pilot," he announced, and fully expected to be one after about a week's preliminary training; of "getting the feel of the big ships."

He was young and personable and endowed with all the natural qualifications except patience. It would be, it seemed, a year before he could pilot a big plane.

Keep informed—read Magazine Advertising!

Continental was adamant about it. They would pay him twenty-five dollars a week during the training period. There was more to it than "getting the feel of the big ships." There were arduous courses in aeronautics, astronomy, mechanics, First Aid, higher mathematics, radio, electrical engineering. While he was studying he could help earn his stipend by showing visitors about the airport, and overhauling passenger liners which had served a thousand hours in the air. It seemed he had to know what they were made of.

Tommy rebelled, but Ellen talked him into giving it a try. They moved into a two-room apartment, and Ellen scrimped and saved and was happy for the first time in her married life.

Then Tommy began to work nights. She was even happy about that, until one night he came home quite drunk and with lipstick on his ear. When she accused him next morning (after she had got him up and forced him under a cold shower), he said, "If you don't want to go out and have fun with Tommy, there are plenty of little girls who do."

She couldn't speak for a moment. Finally she said, "We'll go out Saturday night. The Willetts have asked us to a party. They've got some new records."

Tommy sneered. "It might be fun to smash them over Pete Willett's head, at that."

"Eve Taylor's going to be there," Ellen went on. "She's playing at the summer theater next week and they're having her out. You used to know her, didn't you?"

"That's different," he said. "How do dopes like the Willetts happen to know a girl like Eve?"

Ellen was sick the night of the party, but she urged Tommy to go anyhow. It was daylight Sunday morning before he came home. Ellen asked him if he had had a good time. His answer was elaborately casual.

He apparently did not want to talk about the party. He went out that afternoon "for a walk." He'd been to the dress rehearsal of Eve's play, he said when he came home. "Just happened to be passing and thought I'd drop in."

"I'd like to see the play," Ellen said. "Let's splurge and go."

"If I don't have to work every night," Tommy said.

He worked four nights, and on the others he was too tired to go out. The following Sunday May Willett phoned Ellen. "I'm sorry I ever asked Eve Taylor to my house," May said. "When I knew her she was a nice girl. She didn't make passes at people's husbands."

"Does she now?" Ellen asked.

May said, "Ellen, are you serious?"

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"I can't let you make such a fool of yourself," May said. "Why, it's all over town about Eve and Tommy. They've been out together nearly every night this week, and last night they staged a public brawl at the Ninety-eight Club."

Mechanically Ellen put down the telephone. Tommy came out of the bedroom and grinned at her. Then he said, "What's the matter? You're so white."

"I've found out about you and Eve." Ellen's voice was as numb as her body.

"I see," Tommy said.

At least he's not going to lie to me, she thought, but that was small comfort.

He came over to her and pulled her up into his arms. Her body was limp. He kissed her with sudden passion.

"Don't make love to me," Ellen said.

"But that didn't mean anything, Ellen!" he cried. "Nobody means anything to me but you."

"Don't talk," Ellen said. "Let me alone."

His arms tightened around her.

Her strength came surging back. She wrenched herself free. "What would you expect me to do?" she said. "You knew I'd take anything but that. I'm going to leave you, of course."

"I've told you Eve means nothing to me? Why don't you try to understand?"

She hated the words "unfaithful" and "infidelity." She could not bring herself to utter them even then. But she felt baffled and hurt and unclean. And then, because she could not help it, she slapped his face as hard as she could.

She was instantly aghast at what she had done. "I'm sorry!" she cried. "I didn't mean to do that."

Tommy was rubbing his jaw. "That's all right," he said. "Maybe you'll feel better now. I'll get out of your sight for a while. We'll talk about this tomorrow."

He was gone before she could stop him. She wanted to go—somewhere; anywhere—but she had to wait. She had to know where to send his clothes.

At three in the afternoon he came home. He was jaunty, almost radiant.

"Well," he said, "what's cooking?"

Ellen said, "I told you yesterday, Tommy. I meant it. Are you going to keep this apartment or do you want to take your things with you now? I'm going to get a job and move to a cheaper place."

Ellen was almost at the end of her recital. "Her eyes were misty with unshed tears," the fat woman noted on the slip of yellow paper which she held in her lap. "Not all the steel of America is in her guns and battleships," she would write later. "Tommy Edmonds' wife has shown us what American women are made of!"

"Could you tell us how Tommy happened to enlist?" she asked.

Ellen was in the swing of it now. She knew what was expected of her, and she did not disappoint them. "He could see that there was a crisis coming," she said, "and with his special talents he knew there was one place he could serve his country best. He said, 'Ellen, I hope you'll understand. I've enlisted in the air force.' "

"I'll take my clothes," he said, "but if I were you I wouldn't divorce me. It wouldn't set a good example for the wives of other men in Service. After all, most women don't rat out on their husbands as soon as they've joined the Army."

"You've — joined — the Army?" Ellen echoed faintly.

"You mustn't cry," he taunted. "There probably won't be any war. But let's not have any more talk about divorce, shall we? It's so sordid. Of course, if there's another man . . ." He grinned insolently, triumphantly.

"You're about as patriotic as Al Capone," Ellen said. "You did this just to keep me from getting a divorce. Why? Why do you want to keep on being married to me?"

"You don't seem to understand," he said, and his voice changed abruptly. "I'm in love with you. I always have been. A man will do anything to keep the woman he loves. Even fight for his country."

"I'll wait," Ellen said at last, "until you get out. But the day you're discharged, honorably or dishonorably, I'll get the divorce."

Ellen considered sending a cable to Tommy, but it would require too many words to explain the story she had given to the press. Besides, a letter would reach him simultaneously with any American newspapers carrying the story.

Even a letter was no easy thing to write. How could you recognize a man's extraordinary bravery in one sentence and tell him in the next that nothing he could do would change your opinion of him? He ought to know these things, but Ellen was fairly certain he would not. Tommy was so sure of himself—that was one thing which would make him a great fighter. He would figure that his absence of almost a year would have given Ellen time to think things over. She had written him at least once a month, hadn't she? Not love letters, perhaps, but would a girl who was not in love keep on writing?

And now he'd done something fairly spectacular; it would be swell to be singled out as the wife of the greatest hero the war had produced. What woman could resist that?

After several false starts Ellen wrote:

Dear Tommy:

You may read things in the papers which seem confusing after our separation. Your exploit—and I do congratulate you on that; it was wonderful!—caught me unprepared, and since I had given you my word that I would not file suit for divorce until you returned I could not do otherwise than let the public believe we were still happily married and that I was the proudest woman in America.

Please know that I *am* proud of you. I have never questioned your bravery, Tommy, and I sincerely pray that you will come through safely. But you must understand that our personal relationship is in no way altered. I am sorry if anything I have done is embarrassing to you.

Sincerely,
Ellen

She dropped the letter into a mailbox and permitted herself a few tears of regret that such a missive should be necessary. How wonderful if she could have poured out of her heart all the misery and loneliness and haunting fear, all the devotion and strength of a wife whose husband was in danger, fighting for her and his country. "Take care of yourself, my darling," she would write, if she had the right. "Please, please be as careful as you can. I know you are brave—too brave for your own good."

ELLEN wanted to hide. "If anyone calls, tell them I've left town," she instructed Mrs. Folsey.

But a much stronger woman than Florence Folsey could not have commanded the tide to roll back. There were autograph seekers, representatives of the USO and the Red Cross. There was a man who wanted Mrs. Edmonds to endorse a cigarette which had vitamins in its smoke, and someone claiming to be Tommy's long-lost brother. Mrs. Folsey could tell all these to return later, but she could not cope with Major Dahlquist.

"You'll just *have* to talk to him, Ellen," Mrs. Folsey wailed. "He says he's going to wait until you come back."

There were wings on Major Dahlquist's blouse, and his hair was thinning. When Ellen entered the dark shabby parlor he came forward and took her hand.

"My dear Mrs. Edmonds," he said, "forgive my intrusion. I came because I thought perhaps I could help you."

"Help me?" Ellen said. How could anyone help her?

She sank down on the old red sofa, and he pulled up a chair. "I wanted to get here before the papers found you," he went on, "but I see you didn't need me."

"I—I couldn't avoid them."

"You shouldn't try," the major said. "Now that I've met you, I realize there was no need to worry." He smiled and seemed to be taking her in his confidence. "Some of the boys in the Service are married to girls who—understand, I'm not criticizing—might not be so well equipped to deal with the press. And in these times we can't afford anything but the most favorable publicity."

"You're in the propaganda department?" Ellen asked.

"We call it Public Relations," Major Dahlquist said. "Our enemies use propaganda. We simply tell the truth. But we like to see that it is presented in the strongest light."

He went on, "Now there will undoubtedly be many demands upon you, and we are going to take advantage of everything you can do for us." Since you've already sacrificed so much for your country, I'm sure you will be glad to help."

"But I don't see——"

"Perhaps I can make you see. Today, the wife of Tommy Edmonds can wield more influence than any political figure in Washington. Our people love heroes, and Tommy's a hero. Everybody wants to see him and talk to him and shake him by the hand. Unfortunately, he's seven thousand miles away.

"But our country is a sentimental country, and I thank God for it. By tomorrow morning every town and hamlet in the United States will know what Tommy's wife looks like. Everybody will know how you have—well, carried on while he has been away. They'll love you just as they love Tommy. The people will ask a great deal of you, and you, in return, will be in the enviable position of being able to ask something of them."

Ellen sat very still. "All I ask," she said in a small voice, "is to be let alone."

The major sighed. "That's all any of us asked, my dear. But whether we like it or not, that way is no longer possible to us, in either our personal or our national life. For a while now our national life is our personal life. We are all doing what we can. You are fortunate enough to be able to do more than most of us."

"What can I do?" Ellen cried.

The major stood and confronted her "You can let the people see you," he said "You can talk to them—over the air; through newspapers and magazines. The Services need hundreds of thousands of men. They need food and clothes and equipment and recreation. You can ask the nation for these things, and the nation will give them."

"All this," Ellen murmured, "because I am Tommy Edmonds' wife."

"All this," said the major. "I didn't mean to make a speech. Let's just say you'll be doing it for Tommy."

She would have to tell him. There was no other way out. "I can't!" she cried. "I'd be a hypocrite. You see, I was going to divorce Tommy. He made me promise to wait until he got back."

There. It was out. She no longer bore that secret alone. The two stared at each other for a long moment. Then the major said, "You poor child. I've no right to ask if you had a good reason. I'm sure you have. But let me ask you one thing, though I have no right to ask this either. Do you love him?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I suppose I do love him." Then she faced the major defiantly. "But that's my problem."

"Perhaps he'll change," the major said.

"Oh, Tommy won't change. Wars and pestilence and all the Four Horsemen couldn't change Tommy."

"Then it's going to be even more difficult for you to do the things we must ask you to do."

"You'd still ask me—knowing . . ."

"I must," he said.

"But you can't! It isn't fair."

The face of the man before her was grim and hard. "There's nothing fair about war, either," he said. "You strike at the enemy where he's weakest. You defend yourself with any weapon that

comes to hand. The innocent are killed along with the guilty. Do our enemies consider ethics? You see, my dear, values undergo changes in time of war. They have to; otherwise, there are no values to return to when the war is won.

"You think it is unethical to stand before your country as Tommy Edmonds' wife. Ordinarily, I would say you were right. And yet you *are* his wife. I think you're the sort of person who would not hesitate to give her life. Is it too much to ask that you give your integrity?"

She made one last stab at reason. "Tommy would never understand. He'd think I had forgiven him and he could come back to me—as if nothing had ever happened."

"I'll write him," said the major. "I'll tell him we drafted you and that you had nothing to say about it."

She was no longer Ellen Edmonds, the girl who kept her own counsel and worked hard for a meager, if decent, living. She was a national figure, Mrs. Tommy Edmonds, wife of the hero of the hour. Money was miraculously forthcoming from organizations equipped to support persons like herself. She went to New York and talked to fifty million Americans over the radio. She was the guest at innumerable luncheons and dinners where she appealed for scrap metal, rubber to be reclaimed, books, records, letters to maintain the morale of boys thousands of miles from home.

She could go nowhere without being recognized, photographed and asked for autographs. Within two weeks she sold a million dollars' worth of War Savings Bonds. She signed a contract, as Tommy's wife, for a comic strip whose hero was named Tommy Edmonds (a sort of super-Superman), the royalties to go to the USO. She danced at least a thousand miles and broke five quarts of California champagne over as many Liberty ships.

She was sent to Atlanta and then to Des Moines. From there to Boise, and thence to Seattle and Portland and San Francisco. She lost track of time in the succession of Pullmans, hotel bedrooms, banquet dinners (which she scarcely touched) and speeches. Women whose husbands and sons and brothers were in the war were drawn to her, as if she were a fount of strength and courage. And it was all Ellen could do to keep from crying out, "Don't! I have no courage. Can't you see through me?"

For she knew she was a false prophet; an evangelist without faith in her god. No matter how worthy the results, she was accomplishing them with trickery.

There was an episode in San Francisco which completely unnerved her. She had been asked to speak before a group of women defense workers during the rest period of the swing shift. She told them briefly about Tommy's exploit—how, hiding in a cloudbank, he had spotted twelve Japanese bombers and, swooping down on the tail of the formation, had blown nine of them out of the sky before his guns jammed and he had to hightail it back to the base. She told them—the Army had furnished her with facts and details—about the women of Russia and England who brought their children to the factories and left them, while they worked, in the care of other women too old to wield a riveter.

"These women," she said, "*you* women are the unsung heroines. Your names are not in the papers. You reap only the immediate reward of honest fatigue, the glory of quiet sacrifice, the knowledge that what you are doing is making it possible for your children to live decent lives."

When she was finished the women

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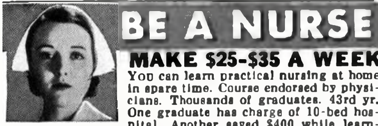

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crowded around her. One girl hung back. Ellen walked up to her and put out her hand. The girl took it and raised lusterless eyes to Ellen's.

"You're very lucky, Mrs. Edmonds," she said dully. "My father was killed in the last war, and my husband was killed a month ago in Burma. Your man will come back to you, and you'll be happy. You'll have kids. It will be fine—for you."

She dropped Ellen's hand and turned back to her machine. Ellen felt a sense of futility. This girl had offered everything—and everything had been taken away. She was going on because there was nothing else to do. Talk of the future of the race was hollow to a woman like this.

In that moment the same doubt assailed Ellen. She was not only a false prophet dealing in words; she was dealing in the lives and deaths of sons and husbands. She dared to talk of the nobility of war when Tommy had gone off because it was, at best, a quixotic adventure to him; at worst, a means of checkmating his wife's divorce.

Ellen felt sick at her stomach as she trailed her guide past machines that drilled and riveted, bored and hammered.

Outside in the fog a taxi waited. Ellen gave the driver the name of her hotel, sank back in the seat and closed her eyes. After a few moments she conquered the nausea of her body, but her brain was still sick. She would send a wire to Major Dahlquist tonight, telling him that she could not go on. Others could take the responsibility for sending men to war—she could not.

As she stared out the window at the lights of Market Street there was a sudden wailing in her ears. An officer stepped up to the driver.

"Pull over to the curb," he ordered sharply. "Blackout."

"Sorry, lady," the driver said. "If you want to walk it, we're only three blocks from the hotel."

Ellen paid him and got out of the cab. The street lights were gone now.

She crossed a street, feeling for the curb on the opposite side with each step. Her foot struck it at last. She moved on slowly.

A pool of blue light lay on the walk before her, grew larger. A tall shape, a man, stood inside it. "Monckton Hotel?" Ellen whispered.

The man said, "Yes." His hand took her arm. "I'll take you inside," he said.

The lobby was a dimly lighted grotto and voices were muted. Since Ellen had her room key she walked straight to the elevator. "Get caught in the blackout?" the operator asked.

"Yes."

"You get used to 'em," he said. "Only they're worse here on account of the fog. I don't think we'll ever be bombed. They wouldn't dare bomb America. Think of the chances they'd be taking. They'd never get back to the carrier. The Japs are too smart for that. Tenth floor."

The hallway was as bright as usual, for there were no windows. I'll send the wire, she thought, and then find out about trains back home.

She inserted her key in the lock and opened the door. Automatically she raised her hand to the light switch and then lowered it. Mustn't turn on the light in a blackout. But there was already a light, a low, warm rectangle of light where the hallway gave into the room. That was nice of the hotel people. They'd lighted a candle for her.

She took off her coat and hung it in the closet. When she reached the end of the areaway she stopped short. The candlelight was playing tricks on her. She closed her eyes, then opened them again.

"Tommy!"

Her lips formed the word, but no sound came forth. He was asleep in the chair by the window. Ellen crossed the room to his side. There was a child in his arms; a little girl of four, perhaps. She too was asleep, her head cradled in the crook of Tommy's arm.

Ellen touched his shoulder. His head came up slowly and his eyes opened. They were blank at first, dulled with sleep. Then recognition came. He made as if to rise, then became aware of the burden in his arms. "May I put her down?" he whispered.

Ellen picked up the candle and opened the door to the bedroom. The child stirred and whimpered but did not waken. Ellen turned down the bed, and Tommy laid the small head on the pillow. Ellen's eyes searched his face. It was older, thinner, even more handsome. He looked at her, seemed about to speak, then beckoned her to follow him out.

Ellen started to close the bedroom door, but Tommy said in a low voice, "Leave it open a crack. I don't want her to wake up alone in the dark. She's still pretty nervous."

"Who is she?"

Tommy did not seem to hear her. He said, "Let me look at you." He took the candle from her and held it close to her face. The light accentuated the hollows in her cheeks, smudged her eyes with purple shadows. "You've been working too hard," he said. "You're tired."

"I want to tell you about that," Ellen said quickly. "Major Dahlquist told me he would write to you and explain."

"I know. It was all my fault. I'm sorry. Would you mind if I kissed you?"

Her body betrayed her. She leaned forward. Tommy took her in his arms and held her gently. His lips brushed her forehead. She began to tremble.

"Tommy," she whispered, "Tommy, Tommy." He let her go, and she sank into a chair, averting her eyes from him. "I'll be all right in a minute. It's just seeing you so—unexpectedly."

Tommy lighted a cigarette and stood before the drawn curtains. "I couldn't let you know I was coming. I was ordered home. Something about a medal in Washington. When the boat docked two hours ago, there was a wire from Major Dahlquist saying you were here. Forgive me for breaking in on you this way. I had to get Jill where it was quiet. She's been so sick on the boat."

"You brought her from——"

"Australia. And before that from Bataan."

"You're taking her to relatives?"

"She has no relatives," Tommy said. "She has nobody—but me."

The All Clear sounded, and the buzzer rang simultaneously.

"See who it is," Tommy said. "I'll shut the bedroom door."

They were newsmen. The Press again. The War Department had released the news of Tommy Edmonds' arrival and his whereabouts. They wanted to hear from his own lips the story of his heroic exploit.

Tommy talked quietly, without false heroics or false modesty. Luck, he said, had entered in. Luck and superior equipment, and the fact that the Japanese bombing squadron was unprotected by fighter planes. The Japs had made the mistake of being too sure of themselves—and apparently had only enough gas to fly to their objective and straight back to their base. He had shot down three of them before the others were aware of his presence, and then only one ship at a time peeled off to take him on. And his plane had been faster and more deadly.

Ellen watched him as he talked. She could see that he was under a strain and

anxious to be finished, but unlike the Tommy she had known, he was patient.

"Is it hard to press the button when you've got a Jap plane in your sights?" one of the men asked him.

"Not when you're mad enough," Tommy answered.

The man laughed. "I take it you were mad."

"I've been mad for three months," Tommy said.

"Is it true that in actual battle all you're thinking is: 'If I don't get him he'll get me'?"

"That enters in," Tommy said, "but a man can always run—if he has the faster plane. The thing that kept me there until my guns jammed was something else. I was thinking about an American I —who was killed in Bataan. He didn't have to die; he chose it himself because he knew that if he died the rest of us would have a chance to go on fighting. I didn't even know him well, but I learned from him in less than a minute more about the dignity of the human spirit than I had ever known before."

"Tell us about him."

Tommy had been pacing the floor nervously. He stopped. "I'll have to beg off now," he said. "I can't talk about it yet." He smiled. It was the first time Ellen had seen him smile, but it was not Tommy's old smile. It twisted her heart. Instinctively she knew that he had come to the end of his rope. She stepped into the group.

"Tommy's had a bad trip," she said. "I know you'll excuse him for tonight."

Though they were pleasant about it, it seemed as if they would never go. But at last the final flashbulb had flashed and the cameras were packed up. It had been a great pleasure to meet America's number one hero, they said. They'd all been so curious about him. Half the country had seen his wife—she'd been doing a swell job on the home front—and they'd all been pretty sure Tommy Edmonds was a swell guy when such a swell girl had married him. He was a lucky fellow. And Ellen was lucky, too, to have him safe at home again.

Then they were gone. Neither Tommy nor Ellen spoke. She moved quietly about the room, straightening chairs, emptying ash trays. She did not know what there was to say; where to begin. She waited, not daring to look at him.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw him pick up his cap. "I'll get a room," he said. "Do you suppose you could let Jill sleep with you tonight? I hate to move her again. She sometimes has hysterics when she's wakened suddenly."

"Of course she can stay," Ellen said, without looking at him. Then she turned to him. He stood in the middle of the room staring past her. Ellen thought she had never seen anyone so completely alone. She had always thought that when they met again Tommy would try to take up where they left off. He would exert all his old charm, try to make love to her, threaten her, perhaps. Instead, he was waiting for her to dismiss him, asking only that she take care of the child he had somehow acquired.

"Something's happened to you, Tommy," she said at last. "Wouldn't you like to tell me about it?"

"It wouldn't be fair to you," he said slowly. "I've never been fair to you, have I, Ellen?"

She went to him and laid her hand across his mouth. "Don't talk that way now, Tommy. That can wait. Tell me about yourself."

He took her hand and, holding it against his chest, stared down at her. "I think I've changed, Ellen, but I'm not sure. I only know that I don't want you

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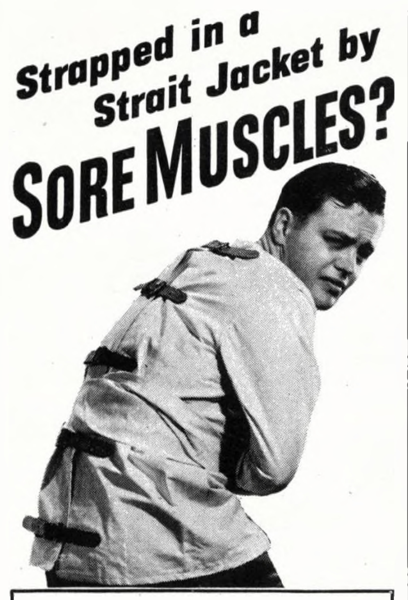

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to reconsider anything you've decided because you're sorry for me."

"What are you trying to say?" Ellen asked.

"Most people grow up slowly. It's painful, at best. But with me it's been delayed, and when it came, it came all at once, and for a few days I thought maybe I was going insane. I thought I could never come back and face you—not because of what I've done since I've been away from you, but because of the way I acted while I was with you. I can understand sinners who bury themselves in religion rather than face the people they've wronged."

Ellen was breathing hard. She was a little afraid of the intensity of his voice, of the way he stared at her. "Sit down," she said, and led him to a chair. Then she knelt at his feet. "You *must* tell me."

Then he began. "You know how—and why—I enlisted. I don't know why they didn't throw me out, except that everybody else covered up for me—somebody always covered up for Tommy Edmonds—and I could fly. I didn't know the reason for things, and I wasn't going to be bothered with learning, but God or something had given me the knack of flying. They called me 'Sam Small.'

"I got to Manila early in November, kicking like a steer. I hadn't made myself any too popular on the long trip over, and the other boys had taken to leaving me alone. They thought maybe the absent treatment would be good for Tommy. They didn't know what they had to deal with. I began drinking too much, though I don't know why I say 'began.' I'd been drinking too much all along.

"Anyway, one night I passed out in a bar. When I came to I found myself under a shower with a big, amiable-looking guy holding me up. It turned out he was a lieutenant in the Marines named Pete Bowen. I tried to thank him for his trouble by knocking him down and escaping stark-naked, but he was too big and sober. He put me to bed and locked me in.

"Well, he'd been in the Philippines for five years. Brought his bride over there with him. She was a pretty little thing—reminded me of you, Ellen. Had big round eyes and yellow hair, and was crazy about Pete. I met her the next morning. She said, 'You had a jugful last night, soldier,' and laughed. I liked her. She didn't criticize me, or Pete for bringing in a drunk. Whatever Pete did was all right with her.

"I saw a lot of them for the next couple of weeks, mostly because nobody else on leave wanted to have anything to do with me. Pete was nuts about his little girl Jill, and was dying to get back to the States so she could go to a good school. Sally—that was his wife's name—used to kid him about it. 'What would you do out of a uniform?' she'd ask. 'You'd start howling at people and first thing you'd know you'd be knocked flat on your back.' 'I'd get me a little farm,' he'd say, 'and keep a couple of cows.' 'I can tell you one thing,' she'd say, 'the cows would think whoever said "The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand" was a liar.'

"They were the kind of people I'd never bothered to know. I'd have run screaming from them in the old days. They slapped each other around, got mad, made up. She called him Butch, and he called her his Old Lady. They kidded about other men and women, but there was nobody else in their lives. They were *married.*

"Sally was killed the first day the Japs came over Manila. The house collapsed, and the wall crushed her. Jill was out playing in the street at the time. Pete had always been scared stiff that something would happen to her in the street, but if she'd been in the house that day she'd have been killed too. Pete found her in a rescue mission two days later.

"I didn't know what had happened to them until four weeks later. By that time our planes were gone, and we were all—soldiers, sailors, fliers, marines, nurses—in the jungle of Bataan fighting with whatever weapons we could find. I ran into Pete and he told me about Sally. He couldn't talk about her much yet. He just said, 'She's dead. Those little yellow devils killed her.' I asked him about Jill. 'She's back a few miles with the nurses,' he said. Then he said, 'Tommy, we've got to get her out of here. She's got to have a chance.' Most of us knew even then that we were dead ducks unless we were reinforced, and we were pretty sure we couldn't be.

"I remember I said to him, 'Pete, you can count on me.' And I felt funny. I'd never said that to anybody, because I knew nobody *could* count on me. It had always been Tommy Edmonds for Tommy Edmonds.

"You've probably read how we lived there. It was awful, I suppose, but I never felt better in my life. It's a funny thing. I'd always thought Tommy Edmonds could look out for himself. I learned that wasn't so. I had to depend on other men for my life. I knew there were men in the outposts who hadn't slept more than two hours a night for a week who were keeping their eyes propped open so that the rest of us could catch a few minutes' sleep between bombing attacks. And when I was on duty I stayed awake. That doesn't sound very heroic, but sometimes the mere matter of staying awake takes more guts than it does to face a firing squad.

? ?

Family Quiz Answers

FATHER

(*Questions on page 18*)

1. **George Rogers Clark.**
2. **Fiber glass.**
3. **You would ride it. It's a taxicab.**
4. **War of 1812.**
5. **Baseball and boxing—both meaning "out."**
6. **An instrument for the instantaneous transmission of a facsimile copy of writing or pen drawing.**
7. **A person with superficial knowledge.**
8. **Clover.**
9. **James Madison was the first President of the U. S. who habitually wore long trousers while he was Chief Executive. Washington, John Adams and Jefferson wore knee breeches.**
10. **Less than one year.**
11. **Kismet means fate or destiny. The other words are toasts or salutations.**
12. **King George I of England could not speak English. He was a German.**

Questions accepted from Mrs. D. M. Logan, Wood River, Ill.; Thomas Garrison, Miami, Fla.; Grace Castle, Venice, Calif.; Lucy Burns, Weston, Mo.; Joe Martin, Sioux Falls, S. D.; George Ariff, Philadelphia, Pa.; P. A. Coppard, San Diego, Calif.; Patience M. Leaver, Los Angeles, Calif; Leslie E. Dunkin, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Julius Ladner, Warren, Pa.; Mrs. Philip R. Watts, Duluth, Minn.; Vaughene Yates, Little Rock, Ark.

? ?

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"There wasn't much talk about what we were doing or why we were doing it. I suppose we were vaguely aware that the longer we held out, the more time it gave the Allies to rally their forces, but we didn't think much about that. Mostly we wanted to kill as many Japs as we could before they got us.

"We knew we couldn't hold out forever. We were retreating slowly, taking up new positions. I'd see Pete every few days. He had dysentery and should have been in a hospital. Next to the last time I saw him his eyes were sunk in their sockets. He said, 'Remember about Jill, Tommy.'

"I clapped him on the back. If I'd been stronger myself I'd have knocked him over. 'Sure,' I said. 'Remember about her yourself, Pete.'

"He was past joking then. 'No, I mean it. If the Nips should nick me, you'll watch out for her?'

"I said, 'I promised, didn't I?' Somehow, I wanted to strike him, because he knew as well as I did what chance there was for Jill or any of the rest of us.

"The next day there were about a hundred of us stationed on a ridge. One place through the trees you could catch a glimpse of the water in the bay. There wasn't a man who didn't go to that spot and look at it sometime during that day. Because it looked clean, I suppose, and there was the stink of death and decay all around us and our bodies were filthy and diseased.

"It had been quiet for half an hour. Oh, you could always hear guns, but I mean the activity was all miles away. We should have suspected something, but we knew there were outposts in front of us and they'd signal to us if Mr. Moto was up to anything in our vicinity.

"The tank was almost on us before we heard it. It suddenly lumbered out of the foliage into the clearing. There was a man in an American uniform lashed across the front of it. He'd probably fallen asleep at his post—otherwise they'd never have taken him alive.

"We expected it to open fire, but it didn't. Three Japs stood on top of the thing, one of them with a rifle aimed at the head of the American. The other two were grinning and pointing at him, very excited and pleased with themselves. 'American! American!' they kept crying over and over. 'Surrender, please!'

"The whole business was so ridiculous and such a typically Japanese trick that I wanted to laugh. I suppose they'd been told that Americans were sentimental.

"The tank had stopped by this time in the center of the clearing, and two of the Japs were scrambling off to take us prisoners. Then I noticed that the man lashed to the front of the tank was screaming. It was a weird sound because he was too weak to scream. It was Pete Bowen.

"'Are you going to let these devils get away with this?' I heard him say. And then, in a raucous whisper torn out of his guts, 'Tommy, you said I could count on you.'

"He was putting me on the spot, damn him, and he knew it because that wasn't what I'd meant at all when I told him he could count on me. If I'd known the only way I could save his kid's life was to kill him in order to spare myself for the job . . .

"I—fired the first shot. I got the Jap holding the gun on Pete. But the Jap hadn't been fooling. He fired too. He was so close he couldn't miss.

"We got the other two Japs—and their tank, too.

"There isn't much more to the story except a few days later three of us patched four old planes together into one and flew a commanding officer out to

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Java. I took Jill along. Then before Java fell we were sent to Australia. She doesn't know about her father and mother yet. She thinks they sent her with me so she could go to school. Sudden noises still make her tremble, but she's young. She'll forget the sound of the bombs and the guns if she never hears them again."

Love without pride in the beloved is a degrading emotion. Love with pride can be such exquisite agony that it is almost unendurable. Ellen Edmonds had known them both.

Four days later a man and his wife and a little girl of four got out of a taxi in front of a large white house in Washington. There were stern-looking uniformed guards at the door, but their faces broke into grins as they sighted the little family. Tommy waved at them. The doorman swung open the door.

"This way, lieutenant," he said. "The President is expecting you."

THE END

Coming Soon: "Something We Dreamed," the story of a romantic dream that lasted for twenty years, by Thyra Samter Winslow

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Understudy *(Continued from page 25)*

them. She was constantly making these bright little explanations. She hadn't been very bright with Marty, though; she had protested too much.

Surprising that the Caldwells had not encountered Betty with Peter before. Only one other time had Betty gone to a dinner in her stead, but there had been many movies—that was why she had mentioned them with such particularity—and suppers at places with floor shows, and several theaters. It had all come about very naturally. "How's for my taking Betty to that thing we saw Tuesday night? I'd like to see it again." And: "Look, Jinny, if you don't feel up to going out, suppose Betty and I dash about to some of the local sin spots. She needs a change from that grisly basement-and-easel life."

All very open and jolly. It had to be open, Virginia thought cynically, with them all in one house. But some things, lately, had not been so open. The reference to St. Hubert's, which had slipped out. The time Jinny had tried to reach Peter at his club at noon and been put through to the ladies' dining room. He might have run into Betty accidentally, as he said, but Jinny did not believe it. There was nothing very clandestine about his taking her to his club, yet—the perverse certainty insisted—he had meant to be clandestine.

In that case, it had not been very bright of Peter to choose his club. But perhaps he realized it was better to be discovered there than at some restaurant.

She didn't know. She wasn't sure of anything any more. Except that it was desperately important not to show awareness or resentment, but to look the other way until this thing blew over. It was no more than a small emotional flurry on Peter's part.

As for Betty . . .

Jinny stared ahead of her, thinking about Betty. Betty was merely having fun, she decided. This was Betty's young-modern way of having fun. Betty was too clever, too clearheaded, to waste emotion on an older married man, even a man as attractive as Peter.

She thought Peter was all-conquering because she was his wife and in love with him, but Betty wasn't in love. Virginia insisted passionately on that to herself; yet the honesty in her could not deny that Betty was in a fair way to be in love. Certainly she never found anything attractive in the young men Virginia produced. "That sissy!" she said of one, and "The Very Best Butter!" of another.

Her mockery had a defense element, Virgina thought, because the young men were not particularly attracted to her, either; but it was genuine mockery. She had been bored by them.

The situation had to end—and soon. Somehow, she'd have to prevent Betty from signing up for summer school at the Art Institute, a project which seemed in the air. And for the next year . . .

Sooner than have the girl with them any longer she'd do anything under heaven. She wondered if Paris would be really unsafe. An art school in Paris would be a splendid idea. People were still going abroad, although that Czechoslovakia tragedy was worrying. It had been a happier world before there was a Hitler in it. Still, Paris seemed safe enough. Betty could stay with that nice French family where Clarissa Cooley stayed.

Virginia's mind spun quick webs of plans. At the right moment she would spring the trip on Betty as a glad surprise.

She had reached her corner and turned toward the entrance of her apartment building. To live in that apartment was an evidence of Peter Thorpe's success. Peter had made money; the long depression had actually helped his business, for he manufactured paper cartons and containers, and these years had been boom years for him. Peter had climbed swiftly; he was now president of his company.

When Virginia had met him he had been working his way through the university in the city; it had taken him five years to do it and he was twenty-three the spring they met, about to take his degree in June, and Virginia was nineteen, finishing her first year. He had been a shy young man at a party where he did not know many people, and she had started out to see that he had a good time. Afterward she reflected that she must have been drawn to him from the start, and he made no secret of being dazzled by her.

He told her gaily that it was luck he'd had to work, for his job with a paper-container company had shown him what he wanted to do; he said confidently, "There's gold in them thar cups." His gay confidence was one of the things Virginia first loved in him.

She loved his shyness too, for there was a good deal of diffidence in him then, a social inexpertness eager to be dispelled. Instead of scorning the "society" things his time and means had not allowed, he set an undue value on them. When he first took her out he told her, "I never expected to go dancing with a débutante," and Virginia had been amused that he rated so highly the tag that her mild coming-out tea had conferred, yet touched, for she saw that it was a symbol to him. She was very quick, after that, to open all the doors she could to him.

She could open a good many, for her father was one of the outstanding pro-

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fessors at the university and her mother came from an old, well-to-do family. The Elwood home had a social pleasantness that Peter Thorpe had never known. Peter's father was a clergyman in a small town in Indiana, a man who had known only straitened circumstances.

Peter said little about his home life; there were too many hurts in it to his pride. Once, in a moment of rare openness, he told Jinny of his feeling, as a small boy, at a donation party given for his parents. He had been bitterly ashamed and angry. "Old clothes for my mother!" he said fiercely. "I knew then I was going out to make money. No preaching the Gospel for me. That shabby black *bombazine!*"

Jinny loved his pride and his anger. They became engaged while she was in her second year at the university and married the summer she was graduated.

They took a small studio apartment, and Virginia budgeted joyfully and shopped carefully for the small dinners the young Peter Thorpes loved to give. In two years Peter had two promotions and they moved to a larger apartment—one with plenty of room for the hoped-for baby, Jinny always remembered ironically. In 'twenty-nine, Peter made money on that fantastic stock market and drew out before the crash. He bought into the firm then, and in three more years they moved again—to this building of affluent cliff dwellers, as Jinny's father called it.

A child and a governess were getting out of the elevator as Jinny entered. The thought: Mine would have been that age, was so familiar to her heart that she hardly noted its passage as she smiled at the little boy. She said, "Mr. Thorpe not home yet?" to the elevator man, and he said, "No, Mrs. Thorpe, not yet."

She hardly expected Peter to be in, for he had said he might be late. She asked, "Any messages, Ella?" of the maid who opened the apartment door, and went to the telephone table to glance at them. She was relieved that there was none from Peter to say that he would not be home for dinner.

Betty Shearer was not in either, for there was a letter to her in the afternoon mail. Virginia saw that it was from Cleveland, where that young man worked who had been in love with Betty. Bob Durand. That was his name. Anne had talked about him; she hadn't thought he was good enough for Betty.

Virginia wondered if Peter and Betty were walking home together. Peter liked to walk; he never wanted the car sent for him and Betty always refused it. Virginia had passed them once when she was in the car; they had not seen her and they had come in separately. After that, she always wondered.

She wondered too what words they used to arrive at their conspiracy of silence. She imagined words: "Maybe we'd better not broadcast this. Jinny might not understand." Her pride writhed. Oh, a hateful situation! The only dignified way out of it, she thought, was to seem not to see it; to tell herself she was imagining too much; to make an end of it without ever having been forced to recognize it.

She went to her room and changed for dinner. She decided against a long skirt as too stay-at-homish and chose a simple beige, to be ready to go out if Peter mentioned going out. No more "understudying"!

"Hello! How's the girl?"

Peter entered the room briskly. He was tall, firm-muscled; he had dark, deep-set eyes, dark, close-cropped curly hair and a small dark mustache that went well with his firm, clean-edged mouth. There was something very attractive

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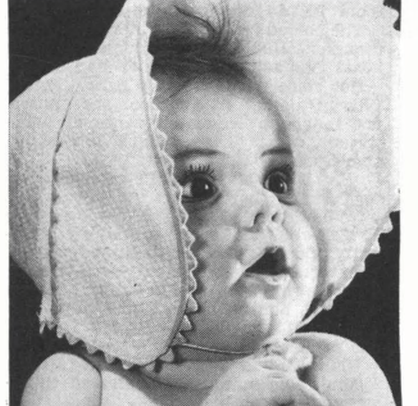

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about Peter's mouth; you knew it was a mouth that kissed hard.

He kissed Virginia now, but it was a casual home-coming kiss. Virginia said, "H'm—cocktails!" before she thought.

"A quickie." He turned away and began to pull open his dresser drawers. "Went to the club for a new book—ran into some of the gang."

Jinny did not ask who they were; she sat down on the chaise longue and said, "Did you have a good day?" and at his, "So-so. Did you?" she began to tell him about her day, watching his quick, sure movements as he laid out a clean shirt and fresh tie. He always took a cold shower before dinner if possible.

She loved those moments of shared intimacy. When she heard Betty going past their door she hoped the girl heard their voices and remembered they were husband and wife.

"I was at the hospital board luncheon this noon," she told him, "among all the dowagers. We've got to get up a benefit." She repeated some of the suggestions. "Whatever it is, we'll give a dinner beforehand. We owe a lot of dinners."

"I expect we do." Peter spoke consideringly; he took dinner giving more seriously than most men. It was part of what he called "the social game," and he enjoyed the game. Then he said briskly, "Now, Mrs. Thorpe, if you will kindly get the hell out of here and give me elbow room I'll do my lightning-change act."

The blood rushed to her face. She thought: He'll want a separate room next! She felt as if a door had closed.

Her voice was creditably light. "Right! I'll run along." At the door she paused, not to acknowledge her sense of being thrust away. "Oh, Lanner telephoned about your boat."

"Has it come?" asked Peter eagerly.

"Yes, it's there."

"What did he say?"

"Tell you at dinner," said Jinny pleasantly, closing the door behind her.

Naturally a man wanted space to move in. Naturally he couldn't hurry if his wife was chattering to him. "Now, Mrs. Thorpe, if you will kindly get the hell out of here . . ."

His voice had been jocund, but forcedly jocund. The voice that indicated things were getting on his nerves.

Well, it wasn't very soothing to have to listen to benefit plans when you were just back from a tiring day in the office. If she'd started in about the boat!

"Now, Mrs. Thorpe . . ."

Oh, God, was it *she* who was getting on his nerves? Was it being cooped up alone with her, reminded of their ties, when he had just come from a gay walk with Betty?

She felt a trembling all over her. She was glad to be called to the telephone; to have to listen to May Tolbury asking them to dinner the following Wednesday. But she couldn't remember whether they had an engagement or not and her book was in her room, and not for worlds would she go into that room till Peter got out of it. She said, "I'll ring you back," and went into the library.

Betty Shearer was there, dialing the radio. The sight of the girl, so young, so assured, so at home, gave Jinny a hateful feeling, a flash of sharp, hostile dislike. Betty looked up as Jinny entered.

"'Lo, Jinny," she said. Months ago they had discarded the cumbersome "Cousin Jinny" and "Cousin Peter."

"Hello!" Jinny's voice rang falsely; all the suspicion in her acted uncontrollably. She went to the girl and kissed her.

Betty turned her face, catching the kiss on her cheek. Women did that because of lipstick, but Virginia suspected the movement. She scented alcohol. She thought: They had a drink on the way home!

She wondered if Betty surmised her motive—Betty was sharp. She said in a voice of feigned good humor, to carry off that kiss, "So nice to have a young thing like you about! We're going to miss you when you go."

Nothing had been said about Betty's going.

The girl's eyes turned to her with a brief intentness; they were cool, enigmatic eyes that never gave a thing away. A faint half-smile was all the answer she made; she turned back to the radio and asked, "Do you want to hear this, or would you rather I shut it off? If you're too tired, I mean."

"I'm not tired at all." There had been too many evenings when Mrs. Peter Thorpe had been tired. She added, "Oh, there was a letter for you, Betty. Did you get it?"

Betty said, "Um-hum," indifferently. She turned the knob and swing music filled the room.

Jinny raised her voice above it. "You know, Betty, any time you want anyone to come to see you——" Betty would know she had seen the postmark; Betty would think she was "snooping." But she finished pleasantly, "I want you to feel this is your home. While you're with us."

She had an impression that Betty's unseen face was smiling.

"Well, what did Lanner say?"

They were at table, the three of them, in the charming dining room with the silvery background, and Peter, his dark hair wet from the shower, was looking across the table at his wife as Ella put the soup before him. He had greeted Betty casually—too casually, Jinny thought, for a first meeting.

"Is it in good shape?" Peter inquired.

"He just left word it had come and you were to call him tonight, after eight-thirty." Lanner was head steward at the Yacht Club.

"But what about? Didn't he say? He's got all my instructions."

"He didn't say. Ella took the message."

"Why didn't he call the office?" Peter asked. Then he grinned at his own impatience. "I can hardly wait to try her out."

Peter had a passion for sailing. He had sailed as a boy on a lake near his home, and had gone in for sailing here as soon as he could afford it. He had been sheet man for Byfield the season Byfield won the cup. Then he had bought a boat of his own and for two years had been out for the cup himself. Last summer, after the races, he had ordered this new boat.

He talked about sailing throughout the meal; it was talk Jinny loved, for it was about things that had long had a place in their lives. She had felt that sailing was a splendid thing for Peter; a safe outlet for that eager energy which she had called his "vim and verve," to Marty.

Now he talked to Betty, for his wife knew all the stories, and Betty told about the time she had capsized in a sailing canoe, and it was all very pleasant, very happy-seeming, very much the way it had been when Betty Shearer first came to them, and Jinny had been so glad to relax, in her frail health, and let Betty amuse Peter. Only it was not the same. There was no peace in Jinny now; she was too intensely aware of Betty, and she had a feeling that in a light, mocking way the girl was conscious of her awareness. Or was she exaggerating? Was she simply morbid? Being the jealous wife who would drive two friendly relations to conceal their friendliness in order not to have it misunderstood?

Then Peter said something that flashed

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alarm through her taut nerves. He said to Betty, "Wait till you're out in the Witch! I'll show you sailing."

Out in the Witch! Those two, skimming across blue water . . .

Jinny said quickly, with that feigned eagerness which she hated, "Take us out soon!" She had made a mistake, throwing them together so much, but she wasn't going to make any more mistakes. She was going to keep her head.

Only she loved Peter so terribly it was hard to keep her head. It was hard, that night in their room, not to cast concealment to the winds, to hug Peter to her and cry out, "Oh, Peter, don't, don't let Betty come between us! Not in the least little way. Don't make me into a jealous wife!"

But the pride in her prevented that, pride and the secret instinct for self-defense. Peter would always remember a scene. As it was, he would forget—once the situation was over—that there had ever been a situation.

Because Peter loved her. He had loved her too long and too tenderly for her to feel unsure of what was in the secret places of his heart. It was only the surface that Betty was disturbing. Jinny told herself that; she told herself that Peter would never come to her, as he did come in the darkness of the night, if he did not love her. And yet there was something about the way he came—a harsh, abrupt, necessitous way . . . Oh, she was imagining things again! Of course married love changed its ways; took itself for granted.

It seemed to her, those next days, that the only time she saw Peter to talk to was at the breakfast table. She made a point of coming to the table now—no more trays in bed—but she came late, for she did not get up till Peter had dressed. ("If you will kindly get the hell out of here and give me elbow room . . .") Tuesday night Peter dined at the Yacht Club, to see about his boat, and Wednesday he had a man's dinner at the Chicago Club. On Thursday morning he was breakfasting with Betty when Virginia came in; he was saying gaily, "Leave it to me!" Then he stopped and said, "Thought you'd gone back to sleep."

"Oh, no!" Virginia was a little breathless from her haste in dressing. She and Betty said "Good morning," then she said to Peter, "Before I forget—be sure to come home early tonight. It's white ties and tails at Patricia's, you know."

"Dinner at eight," said Peter. He added, "At her house, is it?"

"Why, yes."

"I didn't know. I thought perhaps the Casino——" He broke off; he looked at Betty. "That house is something to see," he said. "She's got paintings and tapestries that would put your eye out. Her husband made a great collection."

"You told me," said Betty.

Her voice was natural, but her eyes on his seemed to have some secret intentness to which his responded. Then he looked at his wife with a quick smile.

"I say, Jinny, you know you find these things pretty much of a muchness——"

Virginia stiffened. It wasn't possible that he was going to suggest . . .

His smile prolonged itself. It was Peter's beguiling smile, full of familiar charm; what was suddenly unfamiliar to her was that it played on her with such deliberate intent.

He spoke with an air of impulsiveness. "You know, if you dropped out at the last minute, we could get Betty in on this. You don't care about the dinner, and it would be a regular beano for the kid. She's never been to a dinner in a house like that."

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For a moment Jinny was frozen to silence. "I'm sorry," she said, icily controlled. "But that isn't quite—feasible. I'll get Betty asked to tea if she wants to see the paintings, but I couldn't drop out of the dinner. Not at Patricia's."

She was astonished that Peter persisted. "Oh, come! You'd drop out if you felt squeamish, wouldn't you?"

"Why, I'd have to then. But——"

"How is she to know the difference?"

Anger swept through Virginia. Childish! she thought furiously. You could understand how a man found a certain pride in being escort to an attractive girl at a night club, but to thrust her into a dinner party in place of his wife was a very curious idea.

What did he want?. To glance smilingly at her as he used to glance at his wife? To talk it all over with her going home, as husband and wife do? He must have had a very good time with Betty, those two times he had done this. How had it come about? How could she have been so stupid as to let it come about? The first time she had been really ill. The second time, she had pretended to have a headache because she saw that was what they were hoping and she was too proud to disoblige them.

She tried to sound reasonable and detached. "I couldn't do that—not to Patricia. Besides, Patricia would want to do her own asking. She knows plenty of people who'd be only too glad to fill in."

Peter's smile grew prankish. "Not if you waited till she was in her tub and left the message with the butler: 'Tell Mrs. Leigh that Mrs. Thorpe has a sudden sore throat and is sending her cousin, her house guest, Miss Shearer, in her stead.' That would do the trick."

Virginia's cheeks brightened with the high color of her anger. She flashed, "Peter, it would be unbelievably gauche!"

That stung him. He hated to be thought inept. He looked offended, but he looked dashed too. He took a hasty swallow of coffee, and turned to Betty.

"Well, kid, I guess you don't see the house. The missus says it can't be done."

"Well, it was an idea," said Betty, with her air of detached amusement.

"She can see the house another time," said Virginia, speaking with more coldness than she liked to show. She was so taut with nervousness that she felt actually ill. Ironic, she thought, if she should be really ill and Peter could carry out his absurd plan, after all!

But she would not let that happen. She would be all right as soon as she calmed down. She had asserted herself, and the situation she had been exaggerating had dissolved like a bubble when you put your finger on it. She would go with Peter that night and they would have a beautiful time.

She went with Peter, but the time they had could hardly be called beautiful. It was a false-gay, brittle, hollow time. The chartreuse was becoming, in spite of her qualms, and Peter said it was a knockout, but he did not say, as he had said of that earlier chartreuse, "Jinny, you're lovely—you're the loveliest thing alive!" Instead, tonight he remembered the look of sympathy and understanding that had passed between Betty and Peter as they had said goodbye.

But the Peter Thorpes were together, that was the thing; and Peter seemed to be enjoying himself. He liked important dinners; and this was quite a regal dinner, with guests from high places in Washington, with Patricia's finest plate.

"Quite a party!" Peter pronounced as they settled back in their car, going home. "Patricia did us well."

"She certainly did." Virginia did not add, "You see, this wasn't any affair for Betty!" but she thought it, and she thought Peter must realize it too. She said, of Patricia, "It must be sad for her without her husband." Winthrop Leigh had died ten years ago; his wife then had been Virginia's age now. Virginia thought of that. She said, "That big house must be lonely when guests go."

"It's bulging with butlers," said Peter. "And she's got children, hasn't she?"

"Away at school. Two boys. But that doesn't make up——" Virginia broke off. She said, in a different voice, "She wants us to visit her this summer at the Leigh place. If we motor East."

"Are we motoring East?"

Peter's voice was humorous, and Virginia laughed. It was her first spontaneous laugh of the evening.

"It would be fun." She spoke as if she had just thought of it. "We could drop in on people. And there's the New York Yacht Club. Phil Langdon belongs to that, and when he was here this winter he said he'd love to take us there. You'd enjoy the races."

"I've some racing to do here, myself."

But Peter had been struck by the idea of the New York Yacht Club; she knew that from his tone.

This was the thing to do, she thought; take a vacation together. They'd go East as soon as she got Betty off to Europe.

"You could do both," she said, about the racing. "They're at different times."

She didn't know that, but she'd find out; she'd be one of those quietly arranging wives. She'd always been casual, unforeseeing, taking too much for granted.

Peter was saying, "I'd like to see some of those yachts. I'm going to have one of my own before long."

His voice was gaily confident, assured. And this would come true, Virginia thought; Peter could afford a yacht. It was almost frightening, she thought, the amount of money Peter was making.

Up to a certain point money was delightful, but after that it had a nuisance value. It made you take on more things to see to, more things to do. Civic and social enterprises. She wasn't a very civic-minded person, Virginia reflected; she liked the kind of life her parents lived—quiet, domestic, with not many outside responsibilities. A home with children.

"But we'll have children!" she told herself, defying the fear in her heart. "Surely, next time—next year——"

She pressed closer to her husband and said softly, urgently, "Love me?"

His thoughts seemed to come back to her from a distance. Probably from that yacht. She could not see his face clearly, in the half light, but his voice was gay. "What do you think?"

"I want to hear you say it."

"Of course I love you."

Everything was all right. Nothing could be really wrong when he spoke like that.

There was a letter from Bob Durand in the mail, and Betty Shearer read it as she dressed for the Yacht Club. It was like all his other letters. Why didn't she write? When could he come to see her? Had she forgotten?

She thrust the letter away. She wanted to forget. Bob Durand was a nice boy, she thought, but what did he have beside his youth; beside a gay glint of blue eyes between black lashes? He was too young, too unsure, too poor; he wrote boyishly about the "boss" and a hoped-for raise.

Why couldn't he have been like Peter Thorpe? Forceful, assured, exciting! Peter had everything. He had a rich, colorful life; he was important among men. What luck for Virginia to have a man like that!

She wasn't worth him—a delicate thing draped on a chaise longue all fall. Never able to have a child. Betty knew that

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story; Anne had told it to her confidentially. A sardonic devil in Betty used to grin when Jinny said, "I feel so tired after all this flu." Betty's vigorous youth was hard toward the other woman's frailness, and envious of her assured position.

It wasn't such fun, living in Jinny's house, saying, "Thank you, Jinny, that's a ducky dress. I adore it." Feeling the secret hostility in Jinny. It wasn't fun, in the long run, to be in love with Jinny's husband. It had been fun in the beginning, when she hadn't thought where it might lead.

Could she get him away from Jinny? She doubted it. Peter was firmly anchored, for all his feeling for her. Not as firmly anchored, though, as if he had a child. Intuitively Betty appreciated what a child would mean to Peter. She thought hardily: If we had an affair, if I were going to have his child . . ." But Peter would recoil from an affair with her, a guest in his home. She would not like it either.

Would she get him away from Jinny if she could? Why not? she thought defiantly, running a comb through her hair. She looked at her face in the glass, at her smooth, pale cheeks, her oddly disturbing smoke-gray eyes, and thought bitterly that it hadn't got her anything, that face—only the love of a boy like Bob Durand whom she didn't want and the clandestine fondness of a Peter Thorpe whom she couldn't have.

She hadn't had much luck. It wasn't luck to be brought up by a stepmother in the home of a step-stepfather who didn't like her much, who had children of his own to do for. How eager Dan and Anne had been to dump her on Jinny!

She'd have to do something soon, for this arrangement wouldn't last forever. (Jinny had said, "We're going to miss you when you go," and that had been a warning!) What could she do?

Oh, well, she didn't have to cross that bridge yet. She would stay on for summer school, as she and Peter had planned. It didn't matter that Jinny didn't want her; life with Dan Cummings had inured her to not being wanted. Anyway, she was here now, close to Peter, and they were going sailing, all three of them, and it would be fun, even a threesome.

It was a beautiful day for sailing, a day of bright sun and blue sky and white clouds. There was a wind that sent the white clouds racing and laced the blueness of the water with whitecaps.

They rode three on the back seat, Jinny in the middle, and Jinny was in one of her bright moods, Betty saw. She talked animatedly about the day; about the excitement it would be to see the Witch. And then she flung out, "I don't know that you'll have many chances to sail, Betty, for I've been thinking about your painting," and plunged into a talk she'd had with a teacher at the institute, enlarging on Betty's talent and the necessity for every opportunity. It was all very confusing, Betty thought warily, waiting to see where this would lead. And then the words, "Paris—a year in Paris," came out, and Betty saw the plan.

She listened silently, and in her silence she turned Paris over in her mind. Separation. That was what it meant. Separation from Peter. Jinny was not so helpless; she'd thought this up all by herself.

"You'd love Paris," Jinny was saying eagerly. "You could stay with a nice family I know about and go to whatever art school—*atelier*—you chose. It would be stimulating. You'd find all sorts of inspiration." That was what people said to painters, Betty reflected mockingly. "You'd have a wonderful time. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

She had to say something. "It's a large

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if you're a man!

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By Major Alexander P. de Seversky. Perhaps the greatest paradox of the Second World War is this: that the whole conflict has resolved into a deadly contest for something which, in the final analysis, no one will really need.

THANKSGIVING . . . . PAGE 33

By Booth Tarkington. There is much to be thankful for—even in times like these. Read this to correct your perspective.

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By Paul Gallico. Hiram Holliday started for Mexico, that exciting land of adventure, on a wild goose chase—but he caught bigger game.

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By Leon Kay. The Italians said their sunken dry-dock could never be salvaged—so Captain Ellsburg did it!

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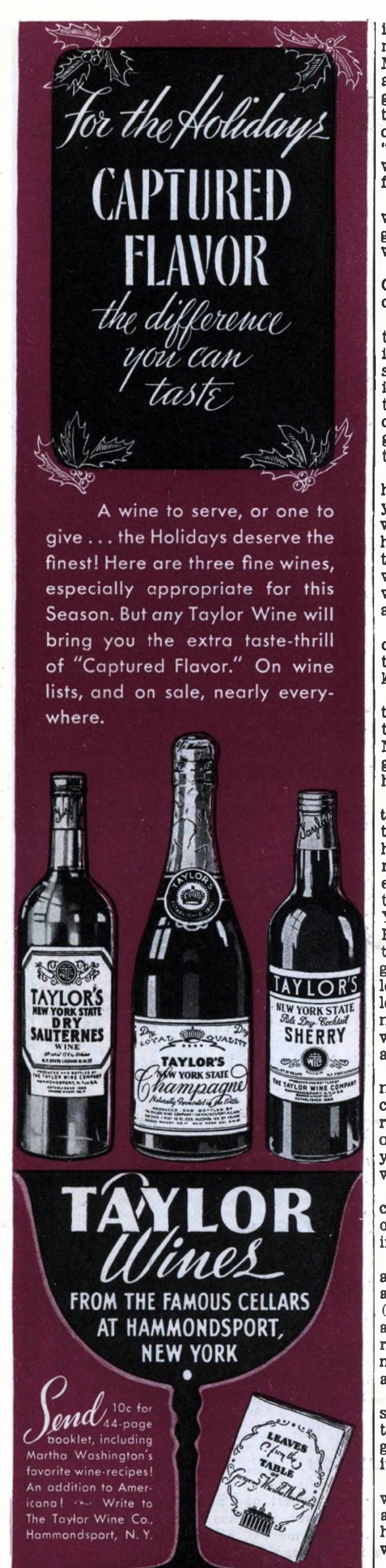
By Colonel Carlos P. Romulo. General MacArthur's aide tells his vivid eye witness story of the last heroic stand on Bataan.

MY FAVORITE CHAMPION: DON HUTSON . . . . PAGE 131

By Edward W. Cochrane, INS football expert and noted referee. The story of the greatest forward-pass receiver and thus one of the outstanding football players of all time—the modest, affable blond nightmare of all opposing coaches in the National Football League.



idea," she admitted, "but I think it's too much for you to do. I don't rate so much. My work isn't so good." She spoke with an accent of honest discouragement. "I've got taste," she said, in a considering detachment. (Don't think about Peter—don't think what this would mean!) "Yes, I've got taste. Too much taste for what I can do. There isn't any future for my—art." She spoke the word wryly.

"You need a change. You'll find it will work wonders. Being abroad; seeing the galleries. I'll write Anne and find out what she thinks about it."

"Oh—Anne!" said Betty. As if Anne Cummings wouldn't agree to whatever dear rich Cousin Jinny suggested!

Peter cleared his throat. "I think this is all nonsense," he said abruptly. "It isn't safe for Betty to go to Paris. You don't know what's going to happen there."

"It isn't going to happen right off—you know you've always said that. She'd have plenty of time to get out if there was any prospect of war. And she'd have a wonderful time."

"She'd have a darned lonesome time. She doesn't know a soul there."

"She'd know plenty of people in no time at all. The Norcross girls are going and they'd get her started."

Jinny knew all the answers, Betty thought. And if she had made up her mind? Paris—or else? Paris was better than nothing. You could get over Peter in Paris better than in Michigan. Her heart felt like lead in her. She looked across Jinny to Peter and he was looking at her, and the same helplessness she felt was in his eyes. But there was more in them than that. There was a startled, angry belligerence.

"But we don't have to decide it right now," Jinny was saying with that bright cheerfulness that made Betty feel horrible all over. "I'll write Anne. Only we ought to reserve sailings, to be sure of your going with the Norcross girls, and we ought to see about clothes."

Separation. And a bribe. Paris, and clothes. Betty said quietly, "That's swell of you, Jinny," and only a little dullness in that tone betrayed her feeling.

Peter flung a quick look at her, then at his wife, but there was no time for argument, for they were at the club (Good timing, Jinny! thought Betty), and Lanner was bustling up with some report. And there was the Witch at her mooring. Peter's brusque voice warmed as he pointed out her merit.

"Look at her lines, Betty." Then, scrambling into the club boat, going to the mooring, he managed a touch on the girl's shoulder and a low-voiced, "Leave it to me."

Her lips pleated ironically. That was what he had said about the Leigh dinner, and it had been Jinny who had gone with him. Men were helpless against their wives.

Now they were off, the three of them, Peter gripping the tiller and sheet, the waves smacking against the Witch's prow.

It was a high wind, too high for sailing, thought Virginia, but not for worlds would she have said so. This was what Peter liked; this was what he needed to get the shock of the thought of Betty's going out of his mind.

She hadn't liked pouring out that plan; she had keyed herself up to it, and now reaction had set in and she felt weak. It was a strain to brace herself as the boat keeled. This flight that seemed so effortless wasn't effortless at all; the boat strained and pounded, and Peter's muscles tensed on his bare arms.

The Witch was coming about. They ducked as the boom came over, and Jinny and Betty changed to the other side, leaning far back, holding on tightly. The sail, swinging out, caught the wind, and the boat leaped forward.

"I'd like to sit in front. Could I?" Betty cried to Peter.

"In front!" His laugh rang out. "Where do you think you are?"

"Up there—before the mast."

"Be careful, then. Hang on to things."

"Okay." She gave him a fleet smile. The wind had stung her cheeks to color; it whipped out the ends of her dark hair beneath the kerchief she had tied about her head.

She looked so *young*, Jinny thought enviously. No wonder Peter's eyes followed her as she crept forward. She curled herself before the mast. "Hang on, kid!" Peter shouted.

? ?

Family Quiz Answers
SISTER

(*Questions on page 18*)

1. **(a) Diogenes. (b) Ponce de León. (c) Sir Galahad.**
2. **Gertrude Atherton.**
3. **The American red squirrel.**
4. **The earth.**
5. **"Antony and Cleopatra," "Romeo and Juliet," "Troilus and Cressida."**
6. **They are all American Indian words.**
7. **There were thirteen at the Last Supper.**
8. **They all play the trombone.**
9. **The beaver.**
10. **(a) Bluebird or lark. (b) goose or penguin. (c) crow. (d) loon or cuckoo. (e) turkey gobbler.**
11. **Cleave.**
12. **No. A Ben Davis is a kind of apple and a Sally Lunn a sweet tea cake.**

Questions accepted from Jean Stephany, Redwood Falls, Minn.; Sam Chase, Newburyport, Mass.; Judith Kay Murphy, Augusta, Kan.; H. Sears Kershaw, Keene, N. H.; Roslyn B. Arbour, Baton Rouge, La.; Patience M. Leaver, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Julius Ladner, Warren, Pa.; Blanche Schneiderman, Bronx, N. Y.; Lucy Burns, Weston, Mo.; Mrs. R. M. Walker, Baton Rouge, La.; Louise Galbraith Hill, Des Moines, Ia.; Annie Laurie von Tungeln, Oklahoma City, Okla.

? ?

The wind was roughening, and the water along the boat's edge had a rushing-torrent sound. The Witch was keeling, the sail pulling. More gray than white were the clouds now, and the sun was gone for long minutes at a time. Ahead of them the waves loomed larger and larger. Nervously Virginia wished Peter would come about.

Suddenly Betty shouted, "Watch out! Ahead! Watch out!"

For a moment Virginia did not see. Then she saw. On the top of the wave fronting them was a bulk of gray wreckage. Some old boat, half submerged, hurtled toward them, dead ahead.

Peter luffed sharply. He cleared the wreckage, but something from it extended underwater, and the Witch struck on that unseen something, shivered, jibed, went over.

Everything seemed happening at once. Jinny heard Peter shout, "Look out!" as the boom swung over, and she crouched instinctively, though she had no memory of crouching—the shout, the flailing boom, the inrush of cold water all seemed in one instant of time. Then she was struggling in the water, and her one clear thought was thankfulness that she was not tangled in the ropes.

She clutched the end of the boom, holding on desperately, choking, sputtering, kicking against the leaden drag of her skirt. Frantically she raised her head above the waves and looked for Peter.

If he had time to shout he must have

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escaped that boom. He must be all right —he must! But where was he?

"Peter!" she screamed. "Peter! Peter!"

Then she saw him. He was not near the boat; he was churning past her in a wide circle about the outspread sail, thrusting himself through the waves in his swift, powerful crawl. His face came out of a wave to spout water, and she saw his look of frenzy and determination.

He was swimming for the prow. A wave tilted the prow and Virginia saw Betty's dripping head beside it. Betty was clinging there—a safer place than at the boom.

A wave washed over Virginia. When her head came up again, when she could breathe, she felt as if she were strangling, drowning in a flood more horrifying than lake water. Her eyes strained ahead. Peter was beside Betty now.

He had gone straight to her. He had not stopped for his wife. Their heads were together. Virginia shut her eyes. But she could not shut out the memory of Peter's face going past her, going to Betty.

The reporter asked, "How did you feel, Mrs. Thorpe, when you were in the water?"

"Wet!" said Virginia, smiling at him.

They were in the library of her home. She wore a woolen skirt and sweater to combat the chilliness pervading her; the edges of her mouth showed purple beneath the scarlet she had painted on.

The young man said patiently, "I mean, did you see your whole past life, the way they say people do?"

Not her past life. Only the years to come. Dreadful years, scarred with that memory . . .

The mouth she had painted smiled again at him. "But I wasn't drowning, you know. I was holding on. We were quite safe, really, as long as we held on."

"But weren't you afraid you were going to slip? Weren't you panicked?"

Panicked? What were the wet and the cold and the chattering teeth and the numb fingers against that panic in her heart? The feeling that it would be a relief to let go, to slip away! But you didn't let go. You hung on. You said, "I'm all right," when Peter asked.

She said, "You see, my husband lined us up along the boat."

"Did you talk about your chances? I mean, what do people say?"

"Oh, just, 'It won't be long now,' and things like that." (Peter's voice saying constrainedly, "I saw you were all right, so I went to see to Betty," and her own, answering evenly, "Why, of course. That was the thing to do.") They hadn't looked each other in the face, not yet. But after a time the memory would wear away. Oh, Peter, does she mean as much to you as that? How am I to go on with you, Peter, knowing that?

The reporter asked, "And the young lady? Is she okay?"

"My cousin? She's all right. She skinned her hand a little on a rope, but that's all."

He made a note, then looked up hopefully. "Mr. Thorpe do any fancy diving or anything like that to get you up?"

Peter's laugh sounded in the doorway. "No, Mr. Thorpe didn't do any fancy diving." He came into the room briskly, smiling at the two of them, but not letting his eyes meet his wife's. "Trying to make a thriller out of it?" he asked.

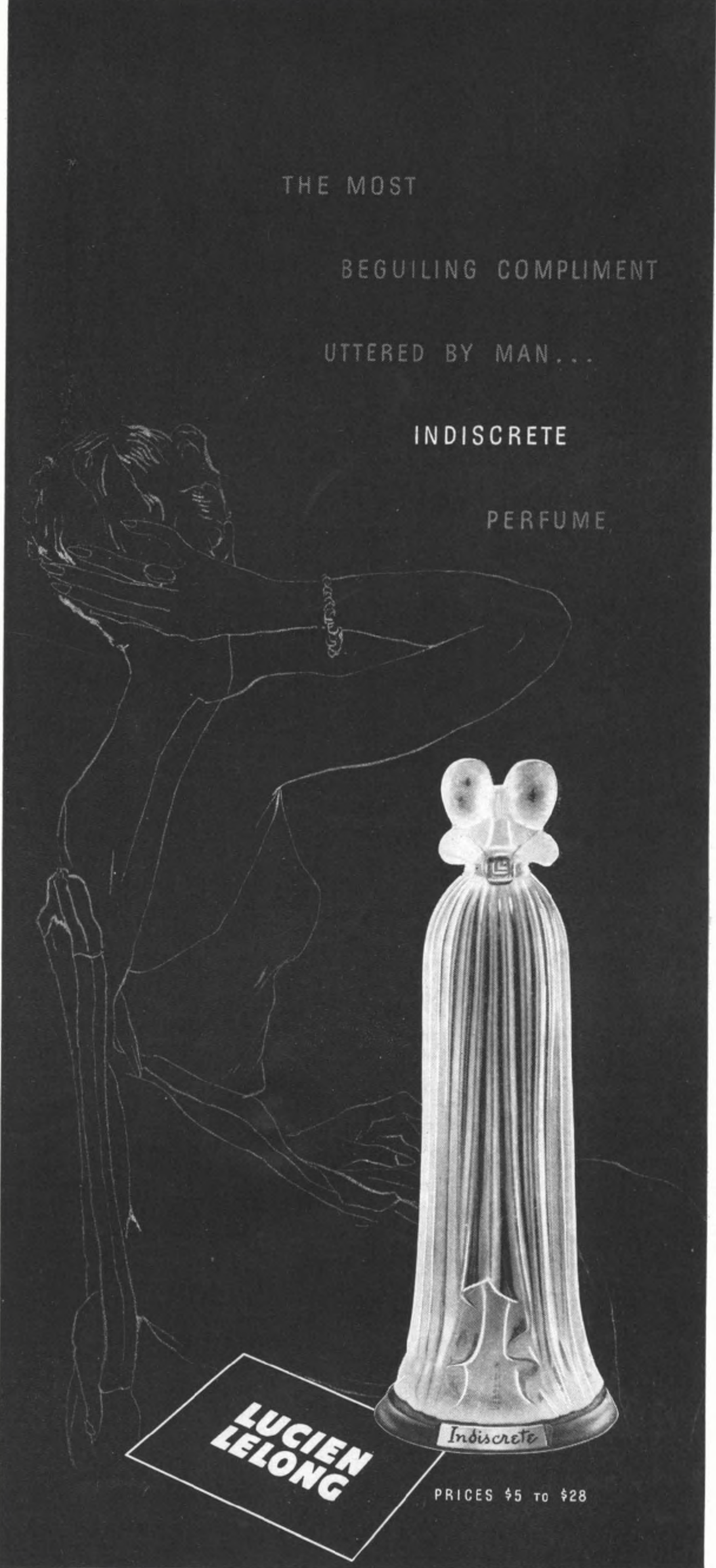
"Mr. Thorpe? I'm from the——"

"I know. You chaps didn't waste any time. "You'll have to excuse Mrs. Thorpe now. Her mother's on the phone."

"Mother?" said Jinny, startled, rising.

The reporter got to his feet. "Well, thanks a lot, Mrs. Thorpe. Only——"

She smiled back over her shoulder. "Only there wasn't any story, was there?"



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At the telephone she said contritely, "Mother, I never dreamed you'd know so soon, or I'd have called. We've hardly got back to the house."

"It came over the radio," said Mrs. Elwood, her voice shaken. "They said you were rescued; that no one was hurt. Tell me what happened."

"We tipped over." Jinny told the story. She said, "It wasn't Peter's fault; the thing came at us out of the sea. No one could have foreseen." Oh, yes, she should have foreseen! She should have looked ahead, months ago.

"And you aren't hurt?"

"Just shivery. My legs are numb."

"You ought to be in bed with a heating pad. Do go to bed, Jinny. I'll phone your father—he's at his seminar and he probably hasn't heard—and we'll come right over."

"No, don't. I mean, I'll probably go right to sleep. Wait till tomorrow."

"You're sure you're all right?"

"Don't I sound all right?"

"No, you don't," said her mother. "You sound keyed up. But that's natural. And Peter's all right?"

"Quite. Only disgusted at what happened."

"And Betty? Wasn't she with you?"

"Yes, she was with us. Oh, she thinks it quite a lark, I expect. Had I better telegraph Anne, do you think?"

"I'll wire her. You go right to bed, darling. I can't bear to think of it. Oh, my dear, I'm so thankful. Call me up first thing in the morning to tell me how you are. Good-by, my child."

"Good-by, Mother."

Jinny hung up. The voice was gone, the warm, loving, anxious voice that somehow she wanted to escape from, even while she was touched by its tenderness. She did not want to see her mother. Not till she could make a good story of the shipwreck and tell it gaily.

She got into bed. Her teeth were chattering again, clicking like castanets, and she rang for Mabel, her room maid, and had a heating pad and a hot-water bottle parked about her. "You should have gone to bed right away, like I told you," said Mabel worriedly. Mabel had been their first maid and Virginia would not part with her, though Mabel was difficult; she resented the cook and Ella. She said, "Now if you'll just eat a good, nourishing dinner——"

"Tea and toast," said Jinny; "that's all."

"Want I should serve Mr. Thorpe his dinner in here?"

Virginia had an uneasy feeling that Mabel knew things; that she resented Betty, too. "Oh, no. The dining room is nicer for him. And ask Miss Betty if she wants a tray in her room."

The tea and toast came, and a hot lemonade that Peter had ordered for her; she was grateful that Peter did not come. She dreaded seeing him alone. After the first time, she thought, it would not be so hard. She'd try to sleep now. She'd be asleep when he came in. Then she thought of her father and felt guilty at not having phoned. She lifted the receiver, then put it back when she heard Peter's voice saying, "Yes, she's all right, Dad. She's asleep." Let Peter do the talking, she thought tiredly. It was something for him to do. A way back to normal living.

Normal? When would they ever feel at ease together again? Her husband, swimming past her toward that girl! Could she ever forget that? He had said, "I saw you were all right," but had he really seen that?

He might have looked before she saw him. But how did he know she'd been all right? She hadn't been; she'd been half choking, water washing over her. Yes, but she'd been holding on, she reminded herself, and Peter could have seen that she was holding on. And he hadn't seen Betty. He'd been afraid that Betty was knocked unconscious or was entangled in the ropes. They were responsible for Betty. He'd said that, at the club. "You know, Betty was our responsibility."

She didn't believe a word she was saying to herself.

It was a long time before Peter came in. She started out of a doze as he entered the room; he shut the door softly, glanced at the bed, then moved toward the bathroom. She sat up, clicking on the light.

"Hello! What time is it?"

"Late, I guess." His voice was constrained. "The phone rang all evening."

"I expect. I started to phone Father awhile ago but you were on the wire talking to him, and I felt too lazy to talk."

"How you feeling? Chills all gone?"

"Yes. I'm too warm now."

"Well, don't catch cold. Pull those things up."

She drew her bedjacket closer. It was a peach satin, thinly padded. One of the lovely things about having lots of money was having beautiful bed things. Now she thought: I must look a sight! and brushed the hair back from her face.

Peter was walking about the room. There was something indecisive about the way he walked, the way he paused before his dresser, picked up a comb, put it down again. It wasn't like Peter to be indecisive.

Then he turned to her and his face looked so troubled that she cried out, "Oh, Peter, don't look like that!"

He forced a wry smile. "How do you expect me to look?"

She said lamely, "I know you feel badly."

It was better to speak out, she thought, her heart pounding, and put an end to this awful constraint, this embarrassed pretense that nothing had happened.

"I do feel badly." He avowed it gravely, and her heart went out to him.

"I knew. You didn't mean to forget me."

He gave her a quick look, then came to the bed and sat down. He said painfully, "No, I didn't mean to."

"You saw I was all right."

She was finding the excuses now; putting the words in his mouth. This time he shook his head.

"It wasn't like that. What's the use? I was crazy for fear——" He stared somberly ahead of him. The indecisiveness was gone from his face, and it looked taut and purposeful. He said, very grimly, "That was the time I found out."

She looked at him, her eyes wide. Finally she said, her lips stiff, "You found out?"

It was coming now, her thudding heart said. The words she never wanted to hear. The words that would bring this horror into the open.

He nodded. He said, "I'm in love with her, all right."

"Oh, no, Peter! It's just——"

"Don't kid yourself. It's the real thing."

She put a hand to her throat, then took it quickly away. She said in a bewildered voice, "But what are we going to do?"

"I want to marry her."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

She tried to catch back that breathless cry, but it said itself twice; it said itself over and over in her heart, Not that! Not the end of all their life together. Her husband couldn't be saying this to her

Next month: Virginia agrees to a divorce and leaves home without telling her friends what is really back of her sudden departure

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My Favorite Champion

BY EDWARD W. COCHRANE

I N S Football Expert and Noted Referee

Don Hutson

CHAMPIONS of sports often come from out-of-the-way spots. Babe Ruth was discovered in an orphan asylum in Baltimore; Jack Dempsey came from the hamlet of Manassa, Colorado; Morton Cooper, star pitcher of the Cardinals, from the little village of Atherton, Missouri. My favorite champion came from the Arkansas hill town of Pine Bluff. He is Don Hutson, Green Bay, Wisconsin's "phantom of the gridiron"—the greatest forward-pass receiver and thus one of the outstanding football players of all time.

The modest, affable blond nightmare of all opposing coaches in the National Football League started toward the football heights because Bob Seawell, a pal of his high-school days in Pine Bluff, wouldn't go to the University of Alabama unless Coach Frank Thomas of Ol' 'Bama would also take Hutson. To get Seawell, Thomas reluctantly accepted Hutson, which was the start of an athletic career that reads like the Frank Merriwell stories. Following Alabama's 29-13 victory over Stanford in the Rose Bowl game at Pasadena, January 1, 1935, the elusive pass catcher joined the Packers.

In 1941, Don was chosen the most valuable player in the National League and named fifth greatest athlete in America. He also broke these professional records:

Most touchdowns in any player's career, with 57; most touchdowns in one season, with 12; most touchdowns on passes in one season, with 10; most points in one season, with 95; most points in any player's entire career, with 392. For the fifth time in seven seasons in the National League he was named on the official all-professional team.

Hutson's chief assets are his speed, shiftiness, change of pace, fast getaway, alertness and football brains. In my twenty-five years' experience in refereeing 852 college and professional games, I have never seen a player with such deceptiveness. I officiated in at least fifteen games in which the "phantom" played and he was always a mystery to opponents, who built their defenses with the lone thought of stopping him.

Rival coaches call Hutson "Mr. Poker Face." His dead-pan expression is one of the reasons it is almost impossible to cover him. The man covering tries to run with him but can never tell from Don's expression at what split second he will turn and grab the ball out of the air with only a glance over his shoulder.

Arnold Herber, who was Green Bay's passer the first five years Hutson played there, was asked how he passed to Don. "I just run back a few yards, turn, shut my eyes and let the ball go," he said. "He is always under it and I never know how he gets there."

Asked what he would do if he found Hutson wasn't down the field to receive the ball, he replied, "I don't know 'cause he's always there, but if he wasn't I guess I'd just have to peel the ball and eat it."

Two things stand out as Hutson's greatest individual efforts. Last year his team was trailing Washington 17-0 at the half. In the second half Hutson caught three touchdown passes thrown by Cecil Isbell, the former Purdue University star, to pull the game out of the fire. His first season with the Packers he caught a record eighty-seven-yard pass from Herber to beat the Chicago Bears 7-0. Since then the Bears have used as many as twelve different defenses in a single game to stop him, but without success. Today the Isbell-to-Hutson combination is the greatest scoring threat in football.

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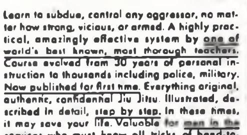

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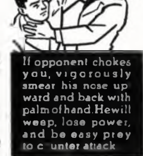

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Girl with Wings *(Continued from page 56)*

It was a good time for a captain to inspect his ship.

"This is Captain Fullerton, Dr. Berwin," Kay said.

She saw the two men measure each other as they shook hands. Both smiled.

"This is my first trip, captain," Court was saying. "The weather is improving a bit, isn't it?"

"Temporarily."

Tommy sat down. Kay had her paper work to catch up on and said so. She made her way back through the ship.

The call light went on from "F." Merrillee again! The blond girl's berth lamp was lighted. Merrillee was propped up in bed with a mirror in her hands. She had just completed a careful make-up, and she looked like a different person. She was appealing fragility lying there against the pillows.

"I feel terrible," she said. "I can't sleep."

"A sedative would help."

Merrillee did not seem interested. Her eyes slid to the curtains. "Who are the two men talking out there?"

Kay thought: This is why she called me. Aloud, she said, "I will ask them to speak more softly if they disturb you."

"Oh, no! I like to hear men talk. Who are they?" Merrillee repeated.

"Captain Fullerton and a passenger, Dr. Berwin."

"Oh, a doctor!"

"He is a *passenger*." Kay's tone conveyed what she meant it to convey.

The blond girl looked at her intently. "Rubbing my neck helped last time."

She rolled over, and Kay massaged her once more. She went back then and gathered her papers into their proper envelopes. Tommy Fullerton came striding down the aisle. One look at his face and she knew that he understood about Court.

"Nice chap, Kay," he said. "I like him."

He was big-brotherly again, kind in the way he had been when she was a forlorn freshman in this world of wings. She hated to look at his eyes. The hurt was there, the hurt which she had not meant to inflict. For some reason she could not explain she answered his words by extending her hand.

He took it and they shook solemnly—a pledge and a wish and a toast, perhaps, to the luck the future held for them. He went on past her to the lavatory, and she moved up the aisle to the sky room. Court was smoking a cigarette.

"Tell me about yourself, Court," she said. "What have you been doing?"

"It doesn't matter now. I'm headed for the Army. I have to report in Chicago."

The Army! Chicago! So she was only incidental. Was everybody going into the Army? She stared at Court Berwin.

"Why didn't you tell me? You are a terrible correspondent, Court! Or do you believe that a girl is thrilled by brief notes on prescription blanks?"

He smiled lazily. "Words are a waste of time for me," he said. "The things I think never reduce to words."

"What happens to your thoughts, then?"

Her voice sounded small and far away to her own ears. She used to feel this sense of suffocation long ago in Court's presence. She forced her eyes to meet his, but she felt frightened and shy.

He reached over and took her fingers in his. "Some of my thoughts, Kay——"

There was a scuffling sound in the aisle and a slim figure in a sheer pink nightgown swayed toward them. Merrillee Millington held her forehead with one slim hand, the other groping before her.

"I feel so faint," she said; "so dizzy!"

Kay was on her feet instantly, but the girl swayed away from her and Court Berwin caught her when she fell. He swept her up in his arms.

"Altitude," he said crisply. "Where is her berth?"

Kay pushed the curtains aside, and Court laid Merrillee gently on the sheets. The girl's eyes were closed and her make-up was perfect. Court reached for her pulse. Kay produced spirits of ammonia.

"Has she shown any previous symptoms of discomfort?" Court asked.

"She said she had difficulty sleeping but she declined a sedative. The hostess that I relieved gave her aspirin."

"You should have kept an eye on her."

Kay resented his tone of authority. Her lips set hard. As soon as she moved away she knew, Merrillee's baby-blue eyes would flutter open like the eyes of a Christmas doll. So she moved away.

She checked the rest of her passengers who were all quiet. She poured coffee then from the thermos and went forward.

She had a moment's breath-taking view of the sky the pilot sees, and it thrilled her as it never failed to thrill her: the high clouds scurrying, a few wan stars, a green airway marker straight ahead and then suddenly a jagged fork of lightning to the north and east. Panel instruments glowed in the cockpit, and Sweeney was transcribing a message coming into his headphones.

Tommy Fullerton turned his head. "Ah! Angel of mercy," he said.

"St. Bernards carry drinks too."

The two men grinned and accepted the coffee gratefully. Lightning played now in intermittent flashes across the sky.

"Better watch your people when we start letting down for Omaha," Tommy said. "It will be rough in spots."

"I'll look out for them." She glanced at her watch. "How are we running?"

"On the nose."

She went back into the cabin. Court Berwin was still bending over Merrillee. Kay poured two more cups of coffee, and when she brought them to the berth Merrillee was sitting up with the pillows at her back. She made a pretty picture in the soft light of the berth lamp, and she smiled wanly at Kay as though apologizing for being a bother.

Strange how meek and humble a woman can be when there is a man around! Kay thought. She spoke professionally to Court Berwin, however. "You'll have to take your coffee in the sky room, doctor," she said. "We'll be landing shortly in Omaha."

She left without waiting for a reply. The passenger in "K" had to be awakened.

Court Berwin stopped her in the aisle. "Are you being jealous or merely feminine?" he asked.

Her eyes met his levelly. "I am being busy."

"Then the answer is jealousy, and that is embarrassing."

"No doubt."

She pressed past him. She shook the Omaha passenger gently. "Omaha in forty minutes, Mr. Blake," she said.

She went back through the plane. There were entries to be made on the trip sheet and she made them. The air was getting rough now, and the ship was bumping a little. The "Fasten Seat Belts" sign lighted up as Tommy Fullerton pressed the switch in the cockpit.

Whirling masses of dark vapor whipped past the sleek sides of the ship. The rain was beating pepper shot against the windows. For a few moments more they droned along; then the engines slowed

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and a pulse seemed to be beating through the ship as the nose went down. The wind sighed in the ventilators, and the ship shuddered as the landing gear was extended. The wings dipped on one side, then the other; they seemed to hang in space as the flaps went down, and then they were rolling along the runway.

Kay looked at her watch. It was 4:52 on the dial; 5:52 Central Time. This was Omaha, and they had hit it on the nose.

Omaha was a fifteen-minute stop. Kay sloshed through the rain to the terminal. She had about five minutes for herself on this stop.

She had kept a ring around this date on her calendar for a year and a half, yet here it was, still an hour before dawn, and the day was over as far as she was concerned. She was hardly aware of the routine things she did before leaving the terminal. Tommy Fullerton had been checking weather, and he fell in step with her on the way back to the ship.

"How's everything going?" he asked.

"Everything's okay."

"Personally, I mean."

"Oh! Not so good," she said frankly.

He nodded. "Don't let it lick you. When you get into tough weather, you've got to fly it. That goes personally, the same as in this business."

She looked up at him. "You do, don't you?"

"I try to. Sometimes I have to change course to reach where I'm heading."

"Where are you heading, Tommy?"

"The same airport we all head for: happiness. Personal fulfillment."

"Thanks," she said. "Few of us get there, but you will. I feel it."

For a moment he gripped her arm, and there was something possessive in the fierce bite of his fingers. Only a moment! She left him then, and somehow there was an ache in her throat, a desolate feeling. It was touching lives and leaving them that made life so poignant.

Court was in the sky room. Kay steeled herself for what she had to say.

"Court," she said, "I'm going to be pretty busy, so I'm going to tell you a few things now." She drew a deep breath and let him have it. "I may be a rotten nurse, wearing livery and doing menial work. I may have deteriorated in looks, as you seem to think. Maybe I'm jealous, though I can't imagine of what, but I'm not a bug in a bottle. I didn't ask you to come here and loll around and watch me work and make cracks."

His voice was soft, drawling. "Anger is the most becoming thing you wear, darling. Your girlhood is dying, and you are becoming a woman in a night. That is always a painful process."

"You're being ridiculous!"

"Not at all. This job of yours will never be the same again. You started seeing it through my eyes even before I said anything. From now on, you won't be a starry-eyed glamour girl with wings; you'll be a drudge—or you'll chuck it and get married. To that pilot, perhaps."

She stared at him. "What pilot?"

"Don't be so hundred-percent feminine! I knew someone like that was around from what was not in your letters. I'll even make a guess when it started to happen to you. About last September."

He waited, and her mind raced. September? Yes. It was about September when Tommy started taking her to movies or sharing quick snacks with her between flights; but it was silly to make anything out of that.

"Tommy is just a friend," she said, "and I didn't know you paid any attention to my letters."

"I did. First, they were written to me. As soon as you started writing them to an idealization, to a man I never was and never would be, I knew there was somebody else and that the eternal virgin in you was refusing to give in. You were using a shadow man to fight him off, and I was the shadow."

Outside, the engines suddenly came to life. Kay gasped and raced down the aisle. The passenger agent in a glistening white slicker stood at the doorway. She took an envelope from him. She was frantic with haste now, checking belts, watching everything for the take-off.

She found Merrillee in the lavatory. "Seat belts, Miss Millington," she said breathlessly. "Take-off."

Merrillee was dressed in a smart tweed with a green scarf under her chin and a pert hat hugging her curls. "You look as though you'd been playing post office or something," she said coolly. "I'll have to check the doctor over for lipstick."

"What do you mean?" Anger flared again in Kay.

"There's only one thing that flushes a woman up like that," the other girl said, "and it isn't work."

She went out to the sky room. They were already taxiing out to the line. Merrillee scorned a seat across the table from Court Berwin.

"Move over!" she said.

He grinned and made room for her beside him. Kay went back to the jump seat as the engines strained against the brakes for the run-up. She closed her eyes.

So much had happened to her on this trip. Court! She had attacked in fury and he had brushed her attack aside, demolishing her. She could not even remember now what she had said. Tommy! As for Tommy, Court was wrong. Wrong!

The engines sang up the scale, and they were skimming the ground. She felt the lift as they got off; then the change of the engines' song as they climbed. The

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landing gear whined as it retracted, and the ship trembled slightly. There was a momentary sensation of suspension in space as the voice of the engines became deep. They were turning now, climbing. The lighted panel that said "Fasten Seat Belts" went out, and Kay rose. A trifle over two hours to Chicago.

She looked out of the window into a gray-white world of wet mist. She made up Merrillee Millington's section, awakened the old lady in "E," and her daughter, who had "G" just above her. They were deplaning at Chicago, as was John Lane and a man named Bundy in "N."

The ship pitched gently, then leveled off. Kay looked out, and they were riding on top of an overcast of dirty gray wool. High above them was another layer that blotted out the stars. Tommy wasn't having a pretty ride for his last flight.

She moved up the aisle, adjusted the temperature. Court and Merrillee were huddled close together, conversing in low tones. Babes in the woods huddling together for protection against the big bad weather, Kay thought.

She was cheerfully detached when she paused at the table to take their breakfast order. She moved deftly arranging trays. The air was increasingly turbulent, and the windows were becoming glazed. She served the last of the breakfasts for the Chicago passengers and picked up the sky-room tray.

"More coffee?" she asked.

"No, thanks," Merrillee answered for both of them. "But I want to do something about my reservation. I have a New York ticket, but I want to stop in Chicago."

Kay's heart thudded once, but she kept her face expressionless. "I'll wire ahead. Will you want a taxi at the terminal?"

Merrillee looked at Court. He shook his head imperceptibly, and Kay's heart thudded again. Merrillee was saying, "No! No taxi."

Kay stepped across to the galley, wrote out a cancellation order to Reservations in Chicago. She unlocked the door to the pilots' compartment and went forward. The windshield wipers were swinging furiously, and there was ice on the glare shields. Sweeney took the cancellation message. Tommy smiled at her. There were tension brackets around his mouth. It had not been an easy trip.

"How is the weather ahead, captain?" she asked.

"We're still flying it. How's yours?"

"I'm flying it too, and it's breaking up a little."

"Good for you."

Sweeney picked up the latest weather report out of Chicago. Kay took it and read it carefully.

> CG to Flight 14. Special. CG ceiling 600′, lower broken clouds, visibility 1 mile, light snow, light fog, light smoke, temp. 32 deg., dewpoint 31 deg., wind west northwest 10 mph. Norwest Flight 4 just landed, picked up inch and a half of ice at four and three thousand feet.

She handed it back. "Nice party."

Sweeney grinned. "Everything but Santa Claus."

She looked at Tommy. He caught her reflection in the glass and waved one hand. There was comradeship in that. One member of a crack crew to another.

Kay went back into the cabin. The ship was settling in the long glide for the airport. Darkness pressed in on them. The engines growled at the elements as more power was applied to offset the drag of accumulating ice. The de-icer boots on the wings were pulsating steadily. It looked ominous, sounded ominous.

Court called Kay to the sky room. "How about this?" he said. "I want the truth. This stuff is dangerous, isn't it?"

She met his eyes frankly. "No. If it was, we wouldn't fly in it. There are a lot of places we could land you if Chicago was dangerous."

"I wish I could believe you."

"You always could."

Their eyes dueled and for once, his fell. Court was out of his element in the air.

Kay's mind had gone up into the cockpit while she talked. It was pretty dirty weather. Suppose something did happen. Suppose Tommy's record was smudged on his last flight! Her heart felt cramped, pressed tightly. She had never felt like that before.

The two women down the aisle looked up at her, frightened. "Is everything all right?" the elder asked timidly.

"Perfectly. We are going down through the overcast. We'll come out of it before we reach Chicago."

She chatted on cheerfully. Through all her light conversation the engines sang a song of trouble. The de-icer boot pulsed steadily, and in the glow of the running light on the starboard wing she had seen glaze ice building thick patches over the cap strip behind the boot. Kay excused herself to check the other passengers.

She had almost a pilot's feel for a ship, and she was conscious of labored effort in their forward progress now. They seemed to be mushing along, wallowing. She looked at her watch.

There was no fear in her for herself. She did not believe they were going to crash. Her fear now was all for Tommy. He was having trouble. The curse of it was that it should happen on his last flight.

He was picking up a lot of ice, and it was probably taking longer to break through the overcast than he figured. Suppose the ceiling had dropped fast on Chicago so they could not get in? Well, there were three alternate fields on the flight plan. Suppose that ice loaded up so that they had to go down? Well, there were emergency fields for that contingency. But no captain wanted any such alternatives on his farewell flight. He wanted to fly point to point and hit his schedule on the nose.

She heard the engines growling with what sounded like baffled futility, and she had the impulse to go forward to the cockpit. She wanted to share in facing the crisis, whatever it might be. She wanted to say just a word to Tommy. But her job was here in the cabin where her presence was a reassurance to the passengers. Her shoulders went back, and she strolled down the aisle, smiling.

The ship rolled lazily and the port engine slowed, while the starboard engine sang out with sudden power. She raised her head, and the sign flashed on "Fasten Seat Belts." She rose to check her passengers, and the welcome postscript lighted up. "No Smoking," it said.

They were coming in for the landing.

She moved down the aisle, where the passengers were fastening their belts. The world beyond the windows was momentarily dazzling; then they were in the snow.

The engines sang triumphantly. They dropped down out of the wind and the weather to a jumbled kaleidoscope of neon lights, hangar floods, apartment houses, railroad tracks and hangars. Out of that crazyquilt, the pilot picked his airport and the runway he wanted. Over twelve tons of silver ship settled to the icy runway with scarcely a jar. They were in!

Kay looked at her watch. Chicago—and right on the nose. Eight-thirty-two A.M. Central War Time. "I could bawl," she said.

The cabin was humming now; people loosening safety belts, talking jovially. Kay was passing out coats. Outside, the gangplank was being wheeled up to the door, and then people were getting off.

Mr. Lane was grunting good-by; the little old lady was squeezing her hand; Mr. Bundy was beaming; Merrillee was smiling at her and waiting for the traffic man with the umbrella—then Court.

He stood just inside the doorway, towering over her, his eyes as boldly wise as those of a young interne in the long, long ago. "I came, I saw, I diagnosed," he said.

Words came hard. Kay was remembering how her heart had practically flown this ship in to its landing. "I—am afraid, Court——" she faltered.

"That it is all over? Why be afraid? We both know it. I knew it long ago, but long-distance diagnosis is quack work. I had to see. You've got something you really want," he added. "So few people have. Keep it."

"I—I'll never forget, Court." She blinked hard and looked after the mincing Merrillee. An impulse to be big swept her. "She's lovely," she said.

Court laughed. "She's a better actress off the screen than on it," he said, and he added, "Let me know about the first baby. I'll deliver it without a fee."

He left her there with her face flaming. He had been a dream she had created, and she had set for him in that dream a rôle no man could fill. He had been wise enough to realize it. More than that, he knew women and that was his misfortune. He could bring them wisdom, but never zest.

Kay exchanged information with the oncoming hostess and marched out into the world that had swallowed Court. She marched stiffly. She was tired, and she felt empty inside.

A tall figure loomed beside her, and strong fingers gripped her arm. She blinked up through the snow at Tommy.

"How's the anniversary?" he said.

"All over, Tommy. Over even before the sun came up."

She wanted to cling to him, pour it all out to him. He led her off the walk and turned her so she was facing him.

"Are you in love with him?" he asked.

"No, Tommy." Her voice was low.

She saw the tightening of his lips. It was the expression of a man remembering pain. "I couldn't even put up a fight for you," he said. "I had to sit up there in the cockpit and leave you to him."

She could not tell him that any man fights best for a woman by doing the job that is his to do. "I was frightened for you, Tommy," she said. "It got awfully tough from Moline in and——"

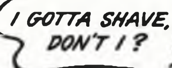
He was smiling at her now. "A little ice. You let imagination get you. Why?"

"Your last flight. I wanted it to be perfect, Tommy. I——"

He was crushing her to him, and there was no resistance in her. The barrier was gone. She no longer had another man's shadow in which to hide from the fierce possessiveness of Tommy Fullerton; the possessiveness that bruised her and frightened her and carried her back into a world where even words have wings.

Her arm tightened across his shoulders and her fingers opened slowly. A slip of paper dropped, spun, rode with the wind into the snow: a piece of paper that had once been a leaf torn from a calendar, in another month, in another year—in the far away and the long ago.

REMEMBER that even the walls have ears. Guard your war secrets!



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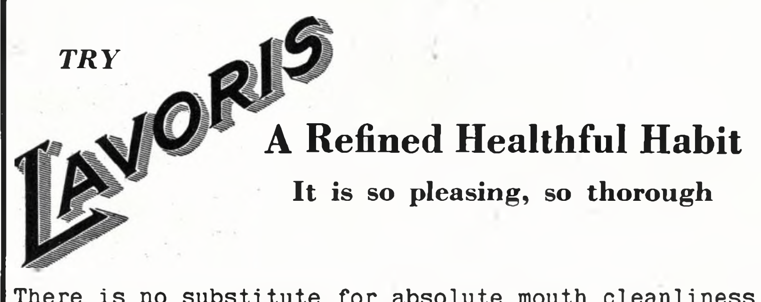

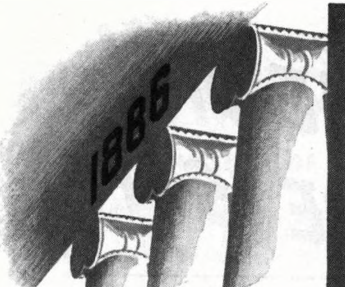

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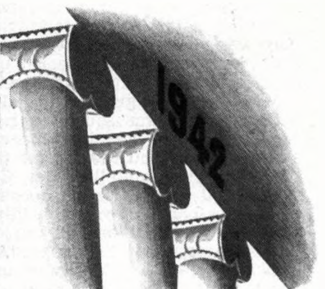

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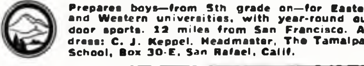

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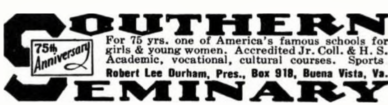

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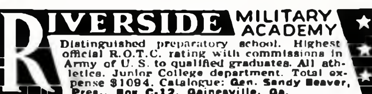

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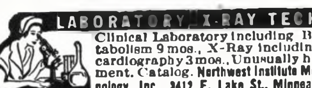

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The Long Way Round *(Continued from page 60)*

become friendly with him, and when the moment comes I will tell him." And then I will see him again, she thought, and again and again.

He had not let her come near him. Now she knew that he was afraid of her. She had only to make him see how inevitable it was when two people felt as they did. But the other day when she had met him on the street, it was not she who had stopped him. No, he had seen her and stopped his car and got out. Oh, he had asked how she was, but he did not care how she was. He had walked beside her for blocks, almost silent, and then she had walked back to the car with him, talking about anything, aware all the time of the argument going on in the tall man at her side. Well, if Elinora did not satisfy him, was it another woman's fault? Evan would not look at another woman if he were satisfied.

For a moment Elinora did not answer. She would have refused, had she not known already about Marcia's magic knowledge of people. Marcia could do anything with anyone, Elinora believed. When one of their clients grew timid, it was Marcia who came in and made her believe in herself again.

"Wait until we come back," Elinora said. "If I have not been able to tell Evan myself while we are away together, then perhaps——"

"I will do whatever you say." Marcia's bronze-gold hair curtained her perfect profile. "I will be good!"

"Nora, you're not happy any more just with me alone!"

"Yes, I am, darling."

"We've only been here a week but you want to go home. You are impatient."

"Am I? How do I seem impatient?"

"Your mind isn't here with me."

He had wanted this vacation because he wanted to be alone with Elinora as he had been on their honeymoon. At home, there was so little chance to be with her. But she was so silent. Had he been imagining that she was more than usually silent? Perhaps that was the way people were after they had been married awhile, especially when they had no children. He had thought a good deal on this vacation about that little girl whom Elinora had not wanted. Perhaps if they had taken her . . . But he would not allow himself to wish Elinora were different. The only thing was—no miracle.

The word was a dagger and stabbed him. He had looked down into Marcia's face that day on the street, and he had thought it was a miracle that a woman could look like that. He was not for a moment fooled, either. Between them something was growing—something he did not want. But every time he thought of her the thing grew. That was really why he had come away with Elinora, so that Elinora's would be the only face he could see, Elinora's the only voice he could hear.

But even alone with her, he had not felt that she was close to him. He had the feeling that even in his arms she was thinking about something else. Now, when he needed her desperately, she was thinking about something else! If he could tell her of his danger! Yet if he put it into words it would only be more dangerous. It must be stamped out as he stamped out the embers of their campfires; it must be ignored and forgotten.

She had looked up at his voice. The early sunlight drifting down through pine trees fell upon them. They had finished breakfast and were ready to break camp. She was scrubbing the frying pan with sand, and he was putting out the fire.

"I thought my whole mind was on this pan," she said, and tried to smile.

But she felt humbled and even afraid. She had told him nothing. The right moment had never come, even in their long hours alone. He had been so silent, so sunk in his own thoughts—and she in hers. Secrecy, she had decided, was the evil. Men divided their lives equally into work and love, and so could she—but not secretly, especially when the business was growing so terrifyingly successful.

In the year that she and Marcia had been partners they had started seventeen ventures, three of which had failed. They had a waiting list of over three hundred clients, and their staff had increased to twenty girls. They had taken over two floors in their old apartment building. It was exciting and adventurous and dangerous, and she could have enjoyed it all thoroughly had she been able to share it with Evan. But she dared not, and so she was compelled to secrecy.

Now in the clear sunshine of the morning, when he spoke so bitterly out of their apparent accord, she felt recklessness sweep her like a wind. She would tell him and let come what would.

"Evan, would you love me no matter what I did—love me just the same?"

He dipped up the soft loam of the forest in his hands and piled it over the embers. "Of course!"

"But how can you be sure?"

"Don't be a silly little thing," he said. "If you've overspent your house allowance it's all right. Only I do think that——"

"I haven't overspent it."

"It would have been all right if you had, except just now I am buying that X-ray machine. Want a fur coat?"

"No, not yet."

"A bracelet or something?"

She shook her head. Courage was ebbing from her. A man built his life on certain foundations, and what Evan thought her was part of his foundation. Even if he accepted the truth, what would it do to him afterward? Could he ever forgive her?

She said, trying to speak lightly, "Maybe after the X-ray thing is paid for I'll let you buy me a fur coat."

"Right," he said gaily. "You make up your mind exactly what you want, my girl, and one of these days you'll find it in your Christmas stocking!"

"You're swell," she said. The frying pan was clean, and she was packing it carefully. "I love you, you know."

Then she went over to him and leaned her head down upon his. He rose and took her in his arms.

"Forget what I said, will you? I guess married people don't have to keep up their chatter."

She knew then that she could not tell him.

"You did not tell him." Marcia did not even put the question. She let her eyes rest for a long moment on Elinora, very smart in a new black-and-white suit.

"I did not," Elinora said defiantly.

"Do you know how you look?" Marcia asked, her mouth quivering with laughter.

"How?"

But Marcia did not answer the question. "Poor Emily!" she said slowly. "Emily has been so sorrowful. Two weeks and no letters from you, and no letters to be sent you! What could this be but a man? She came to me weeping. 'Oh, Miss Darsey, will Miss Blair come back? It isn't—she isn't in love?' Do you know what I told her? I said, 'God knows!' "

"Marcia!" The quick red rushed to Eli-

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nora's cheeks. "Now she will think——"

Marcia shrugged. "What does it matter if you have had a wedding ceremony said over you or not? You went away with a man who does not know you. You are in love with him. You are afraid to tell him what you are. Elinora, you look thin. You are behaving like a fool. Evan will certainly find out. Twice I have found reporters hanging about our doors. Elinora, I shall tell him."

Elinora did not answer. She sat down at her desk and began to read letters.

Marcia moved toward the door. "Elinora, I warn you."

"Thanks for the warning. I must manage my own affairs."

"You will mismanage them!"

"They are still my own."

Marcia went away, leaving a cloud behind her that shadowed the day. It was after midday before Elinora felt the business had hold of her again, and then as recklessly as she had given herself up to Evan she let herself go now. Oh, there was no doubt of it, she was an excellent business woman and she loved it! She stayed dangerously late. It was nearly four before she made ready to go home, and then the telephone rang. A man's voice shouted at her, a high-pitched angry voice. She recognized Jim Hart.

"Is this Jobs, Inc.?"

"Yes, it is." She made her voice low and controlled.

"This is the Evening Times! Say, what the hell are you, anyhow? Why can't my men get any information about you? I send around two of my best men to interview your firm, and they aren't allowed to get in the door. What sort of joint have you? Maybe a couple of policemen could get in!"

"I'm sorry!" She kept her voice low. "I hadn't any idea we were so interesting. But certainly your men can come in."

She could hear anger escaping him like air out of a balloon. "We-ell! That's more like it. What time tomorrow?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Who'll they ask for?"

"Emily Fane, please."

"Emily Fane. Okay."

The telephone receiver banged. She rang for Emily. "Emily, I shan't be able to get here tomorrow morning, but two reporters are coming at eleven. I want you to show them everything and let them take any pictures they want. Neither Miss Darsey nor I shall be here, for the simple reason that we don't like our pictures in the paper, and you can tell the men so. But if they want to photograph you and Julia at your desks or any of the offices, it's all right."

"Shall we give your names, Miss Blair?"

"Certainly. Say we are the owners and managers of the firm, but we don't care for personal publicity." She hesitated. "You might say we are independent women with some money that we didn't know what to do with and some brains that we found even less useful."

"Yes, Miss Blair." Emily's eyes did not waver.

"It's fun, isn't it?" Elinora cried.

"Yes, Miss Blair," Emily answered, adoring her.

"It's more fun than anything in the world," Elinora said, and knew she could not give it up. No, not for love could she give up what was now her real life.

Marcia woke early and lay awake. The big rose-and-gold bedroom where she slept alone was quiet. She woke to take up thinking exactly where she had left off the night before.

If only I didn't know myself so well! she thought. She closed her eyes, and there was Evan's face again. She thought: This isn't love. I've had it too often be-

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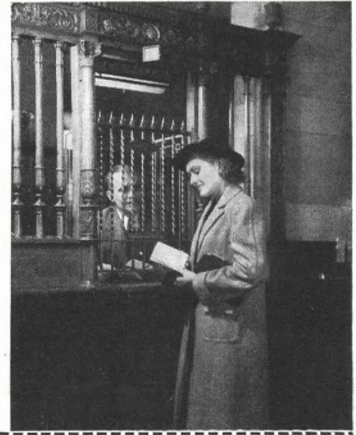

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fore. But I never get over it if I don't give in to myself for a while.

I've got to see Evan, she went on thinking. If I don't see him I'll go on dreaming about him and building him up and making him wonderful to myself. He isn't wonderful; he's only too handsome. Inside, he's a self-centered, selfish man who doesn't appreciate my dear Elinora. Yes, for Elinora's sake I ought to see him and cure myself. I ought to see him anyway, because I could tell him about Elinora and bring him back to her. Elinora is very unhappy, I can see it.

She went on eagerly spinning her web, deceiving herself and knowing that she was being self-deceived. She knew that when it was all over—whatever it was going to be—she would go off somewhere and laugh in rueful lonely silence. "Of course, I knew all the time that I went to see him really because I wanted to," she would someday say to herself.

Now she rose, bathed with exquisite care and perfumed herself in the ways she had learned from the Chinese—secret ways, brought down by woman's mouth to woman's ear from the days of the Fragrant Concubine, whose perfume had charmed an emperor. She put on a new green frock and went down to breakfast very late, alone. When her breakfast was over she walked restlessly about the room, her eyes on the clock. At half past ten, she thought, he would be there . . .

In his office at half past ten Evan was arguing with himself while his assistant waited. She had come in to ask, "Will you speak to Mrs. Eames? She's on the wire."

"No, I will not speak to Mrs. Eames," he had snapped. Then, as though the weeks with Elinora had never been, he was sick with longing to see Marcia again. He had not seen her once since he came back. She had not called him. He had thought he was glad. "That's done with," he had told himself, but it was not done.

The nurse had turned, and now he stopped her. "Did Mrs. Eames say what she wanted?"

"No, Dr. Welles."

He said, not looking up from his work, "Find out if it is personal or professional. If it is professional, I'll speak to her."

While he waited, the nurse came back. "She says professional."

"Put her on," he said. He had failed.

He took up the receiver, and there was the voice for which he had been waiting. To hear it was like taking a drink when he was thirsty.

"Dr. Welles, I am taking your advice after thinking it over all this long while," her voice said half shyly. "I am sure you are right about this faintness of mine—I ought to have a reason; it's happened again—twice. Would you—if I should come down in a little while——"

"I'll be glad to do what I can." His voice over the telephone was very professional.

At her end of the wire Marcia smiled. So professional? Ah, he was afraid of himself! "When shall I come?" she asked.

"Can you get here in half an hour?"

"I can."

"Very well." He put up the receiver and rang for his assistant. "Mrs. Eames is coming in half an hour. I'll see the other patients in the meantime."

"Yes, Dr. Welles. Mrs. Waire is first."

He got through a tedious half-hour with a tedious woman. Sick women—how tired he was of them!

Then the door opened, and Marcia stood before him. She came in like morning itself, radiant. He smelled a delicate perfume, a scent that was new to him.

"I can't believe anything is wrong with you," he said, smiling at her in spite of himself.

"I don't think there is," she said. "I am ashamed to take your time. But yesterday I was faint again, and it seemed to me afterwards that what you said was very sensible, and since you had said it, it was natural for me to come to you."

She was quite grave and seemed not to see and certainly not to answer his smile. He had a moment's chagrin. Perhaps she had not been thinking of him at all; perhaps he had only imagined . . .

He felt his pride rise, and he said coldly, "I will have the nurse take you into the other room." He rang and when the nurse came he said, "Prepare Mrs. Eames for a heart examination."

Marcia rose, and it was impossible not to watch the fluid grace of the lovely movement. His eyes followed her, and when she was gone he sat with his lips pressed together, knowing all that was trembling into stronger life in him; all that he still did not want.

If Elinora had not been so—— He checked this thought sternly. He was not going to blame his wife for his own impulses. That was it—it was an impulse. No one could prevent this wayward upspringing weed that might appear in any garden! But a weed could be pulled up and thrown away, or at least it could be starved, ignored and never allowed to grow. When the nurse appeared he rose, ready and determined.

Marcia lay on the table shrouded in a sheet, her hair falling back from her face. She was so grave, so impersonal, that he was relieved. If he had only to fight himself—not her—he could do it.

He listened to the beat of the heart in that creamy bosom. It was strong, steady, full. "Heart normal," he said to the nurse in a low voice. He counted Marcia's pulse. "Perfect," he said to the nurse.

"OPEN your mouth, please," he said to Marcia, and she opened it widely, the lips without rouge and the teeth flawless. He bent over her, and her very breath came fresh and scented with that strange faint fragrance. "Have you been eating some confections?" he asked.

"No," she said calmly.

"There is a scent on your breath, I think."

"No," she said.

"Everything perfect," he told the nurse.

In less than fifteen minutes he was finished. "I can't find anything wrong," he said. "It seems to me that you are in unusually good shape."

Her body was sweet, her flesh sweet with that delicate scent. He turned away, his own pulses pounding. He wanted her; he wanted her more than ever. He felt stupid with desire for her.

"I can't find anything wrong," he repeated. "But come into my office and let me ask a few more questions."

He went back to his desk and sat there, not thinking. It was no good. He had to see her again and make it clear to himself that she was nothing but a woman, like the hundreds of women he saw. If he did not prove this, if he refused even to see her again, he would go on imagining that scent, forever making that beauty into magic.

She came in dressed, except that she held her hat in her hand.

"Sit down." He pointed to the chair across the desk. She sat down and looked at him, waiting. "Unless there is some psychological reason for—for your attacks, I can find nothing." His voice came out thick and harsh, but if she noticed this she made no sign.

She went on looking at him with that innocent waiting gaze. "Psychological?"

He tried not to look at her. "A good many women come here with actual physical ailments," he said, "but the reason for them is sometimes psychological. They have some discontent or idleness."

She laughed, and the air tingled about him. That scent again from her breath! "Oh, I am very idle," she said joyously, "but not at all discontented."

"You don't long to do anything? Have a job?"

She shook her head and mischief lighted her eyes. "No. I am so busy doing nothing, and so happy!"

He leaned toward her. "Then you were only pretending to be faint."

That vivid face changed again. "Do you really think so?"

"Weren't you?"

"How can I tell? It seems to me that I was very faint."

"Had it ever happened before?"

Her lashes fell and swept up again. She opened her eyes wide. "Many times!"

He thought: Doubtless, always with a man near! But he did not speak his thought. "Is there nothing you can think of that might explain it?"

She rose. "No—but thank you for telling me I am so healthy."

"What is that scent?" he asked. His voice was a whisper. "It comes from your whole body, your skin, as though your very sweat were fragrance!"

"It is a Chinese scent I learned how to use long ago." He looked into her eyes and felt himself slipping into them, deeper and more deep. He whispered from dry lips, "I've got to—to talk with you."

She waited a long second before she replied. "Yes!" she said. The word was complete with her yielding. She turned and was gone.

Elinora breakfasted alone. Early in the morning Evan had been called on a case. She had got up and made him a cup of coffee, and then when he was gone she went back to bed but not to sleep. Something was very wrong with Evan, and something had been wrong for a long time, even though Marcia had told him nothing, after all. She had said, "I did not tell him, Elinora. I decided it was not my duty." But still there was no use pretending things were the same. Perhaps he had guessed. Surreptitiously she had bought small adornments for the house, not telling him that she had done so. He was not very observant, yet once he had noticed a silver rosebowl and had thought it a forgotten wedding present.

"Who gave us that?" he had asked.

She had been compelled to lie. "I don't remember."

And since she had had Mollie, he had noticed things in the house less than ever. Mollie the perfect maid! Her mind flew off. "Services" had been one of the most interesting of her ventures. Four women, one of them a trained nurse who had arthritis and could not do regular duty at her profession, and the other three housewives, with her help had set up Services. They trained maids for all sorts of housework.

The smell of coffee and bacon from downstairs where Mollie was getting breakfast brought her back to her home. She bathed and dressed for the office, and determined that this afternoon she would come home early and plan a very special evening for Evan. Perhaps they would go out and dance—it had been months since they had done that.

"Your first appointment is with a Mrs. Mallery, Miss Blair," Elinora's new secretary said. Elinora had four days ago made Emily Fane the new head of the business department—at least until she had made up her mind about whether she would work after she was married. For Emily, blushing, had told Elinora that

she was getting married to a young widower whose wife had died two years before and had left him with a little girl. He had come to Jobs, Inc., to look for somebody to take care of the child.

"I don't want just an ordinary servant," he had told Emily unhappily. "I don't think my—her mother would have liked that. She always looked after Nancy herself."

Out of that search had come acquaintance and friendship and confidence. Marcia already knew, Elinora discovered. Emily had gone to Marcia for advice, and Marcia had told Emily to let him pour out his heart to her. She had obeyed and had been entirely successful; so successful that Julia was jealous and decided to leave Jobs, Inc.

"Mrs. Mallery?" Elinora repeated. "I don't think I've heard that name before."

"She only came in a day or so ago," Kitty Pawley replied. "It is hard to find out anything from her questionnaire. She doesn't seem to want a job."

"Send her in," Elinora said. "I'll find out what she wants."

There was nothing unusual about Mrs. Mallery, she decided, looking at the pretty, well-dressed woman who came in. She was ordinary to the last wave of her hair. Her questionnaire, Elinora perceived, was carelessly filled out.

"I don't know why I came," Mrs. Mallery sighed. "I would never have come of my own accord."

"Then why do you come, if you don't mind my asking?" Elinora asked.

"My doctor sent me. He said he wanted me to get interested in something."

"You are married; you have children," Elinora read from the questionnaire.

"Oh, I have everything," Mrs. Mallery said. "Besides, I know my husband wouldn't want me to work for money."

"We find jobs for women who don't want money," Elinora said. "Did your doctor give you any suggestions?"

"No, he didn't. He just told me to get a job and work at it a month and then see him again. When I said I didn't know how to get a job he said he'd seen an article about Jobs for Women in the paper, and he told me to look you up."

Elinora's heart chilled. She asked, "What is your doctor's name, please?"

Mrs. Mallery opened her china-blue eyes. "Why, it's Dr. Welles, the gynecologist. Do you know him?"

Elinora felt the blood run up to her face. She turned her head away and pretended to search for something in her desk. "I have heard of him, but he has never sent us a patient before."

Evan! He had sent this woman—then he must know! She felt giddy with anxiety. But if he—it must mean that he knew! She buzzed for Kitty.

"Find Miss Darsey for me," she said over the wire. "Tell her I'd like to speak to her at once."

Elinora turned to Mrs. Mallery. "If you don't mind, I am asking my partner to see you. Miss Darsey is very good at helping people to discover themselves. Would you like to wait in the reception room where there are magazines?"

"I don't mind," Mrs. Mallery said.

As she left the room she did not see Elinora's head sink into her arms upon the desk.

Marcia was still in bed when the telephone rang on the table beside her. She was awake. She had indeed been awakened nearly an hour ago by Evan. Since she had been in his office day before yesterday she had only been waiting. It was inevitable that he call her. So she had smiled to herself when she had heard his voice.

"Is this you?" He had no name for her. Well, she did not need a name. "It is I," she had replied.

His voice hurried and halted. "Look here, I'll take that invitation you once gave me—that I turned down."

"Today?"

"Tonight if you are free."

"Tonight?" she repeated. Yes, she'd be alone tonight. It was Harry's club night. But perhaps Evan knew that?

His voice was urgent at her ear. "We've got to talk, haven't we?"

"I don't talk very much," she had said, laughing with joy. Now that she had made up her mind to give up entirely to her own wickedness, to accept her own faithlessness to Elinora—oh, to everyone! —she was going to enjoy it. Afterwards she might suffer, but not yet.

"Then *I'll* talk," he said grimly. There had been a long moment of silence. Then he had said clearly, "No, I won't come."

"Very well, Evan," she had said. "But I'll be here, quite alone—just the same."

She waited. There was no answer. She heard him hang up, and she smiled.

She had lain for an hour afterwards, still, relaxed. Then the telephone had rung again, and this time it was Kitty. "Miss Blair says will you do her a great favor and come at once? She needs you."

"Tell her, yes, I will come."

She rose—ah, she wanted to be nothing but generous to Elinora! Fortunately, she had already had her breakfast in bed. She bathed and put on her tulip-yellow dress with the brown coat and brown hat and sauntered into the sunshine of mid-morning. It was early, but she felt awake and alert. Being in love always did that for her. Oh, being in love was like the cycle of the year; like the cycle of life itself! There was the dawn, the beginning, the doubt, the first hope and fear, the mounting excitement, the certainty, the climax and the fullness, and then the

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strange moment when growth stopped. In any midsummer there was such a day, she had often noticed, when all growing things stopped, paused for an hour, for a day, poised at fullness, and then began by minutest changes the long decline. When winter came, oh, how sad she would be, how filled with regrets and good resolutions! But now it was barely spring.

She loved to walk. Seemingly so indolent, so averse to exertion, she loves exercise of her own thought, never in games, for she hated hurry and competition, but in long swift walks and swimming. The day was perfect and full of excitement. There was piquancy in seeing Elinora, in helping Elinora, and then in going to Evan alone. She met with utmost innocence the inquiring eyes of men who gazed upon her as she passed.

Thus she came to Elinora, so beautiful that even Elinora saw her afresh.

"It is simply a sin for a woman to be as beautiful as you are this morning, Marcia." Elinora said impersonally.

Marcia laughed and sank into the big chair, making herself, as she always did, into a picture. It would be loathsome, Elinora thought, seeing it, if Marcia knew how she looked, but she was sure that Marcia did not know.

"I'm in a jam," Elinora said abruptly. "That's why I sent for you. My husband has sent us a case."

"Evan!" Marcia repeated. When she said his name aloud it fell upon Elinora's ears with discord. When had Marcia begun to call him Evan? She had put aside as unworthy that jealous prickling she had felt a few days ago. Now it returned and mounted to suspicion. She put it aside again. What nonsense! Even if Marcia would, Evan wouldn't!

"Marcia, I want you to see this woman—this Mrs. Mallery," she said. "I want you to handle the whole case. I don't want to see her again. Emily can help you."

"Of course I will, Elinora. I understand."

Marcia's voice was generous, but she was feeling, feeling into Elinora. What did the other woman matter? Oh, it was very piquant that Evan should send a case here, but what was the matter with Elinora? Were she herself not—beginning—with Evan she would have asked her, "Elinora, what is the matter, darling? You are suffering this morning."

But she said nothing, asked nothing. Only waited in stillness to discern what Elinora felt.

As though she had spoken Elinora began to talk.

"Marcia, I'm sure Evan knows. He has known all along and it is I who have been fooled, not he."

Marcia did not answer. She kept her dark eyes fastened upon Elinora's agitated face.

"Marcia, can you—you can't know what this means between two people who love each other as Evan and I do; who have always told each other everything. It is my fault—I began by not telling him because I thought it would hurt him, and I thought I could be myself with him just the same. But I haven't been. I've been cut in two. Only half of me has been his as it used to be. But I thought he was still mine; that he was still telling me everything and that someday I would tell him. I didn't want you to tell—I wanted to tell him myself."

"I said I haven't told him," Marcia said in a low voice. Oh, how Elinora was suffering!

But Elinora gave no heed. She flung out her hands. "Now, what shall I do? He has found out, and he's terribly hurt. Oh, I know he is hurt because it isn't natural for him to keep things to himself. He's kept this to himself, thinking I didn't want to tell him, and we've gone on like this, not telling each other and trying to pretend we were the same, eating together and sleeping together—trying to live together." Her voice broke suddenly, and she began to weep.

"Don't cry, Elinora," Marcia said in a strange voice.

"I can't help it," Elinora said. "I feel I've lost what I valued most. I don't care for anything if I haven't *him*."

"What makes you think you have lost him?" Marcia's voice was faint and far away.

Cover Girl

At the Stork Club in Manhattan a few weeks ago America's top magazine illustrators gathered with their favorite model candidates to select the Cosmopolitan Cover Girl of the year. For the winner there was a double incentive: first, to appear on Cosmopolitan's cover in December (this issue); second, to appear in Columbia's new picture, "Cover Girl." Betty Jane Hess (right above), model and candidate of illustrator Arthur Sarnoff, was the winner and new champion.

Elinora lifted her head, the tears wet upon her cheeks. "I know I have. I've been feeling it a long time, but in the past few days I've—I've known it."

Marcia did not speak; she did not stir. For the first time in her life impulse and instinct were silent, and something else began to move in her.

Elinora reached for her hat and coat. "I'm going home," she said. "You can see Mrs. Mallery and tell her whatever you think best. Do what you like, Marcia. I don't know when I am coming back here."

Marcia lifted her eyes.

"Not unless Evan knows everything," Elinora said.

She went out the side entrance and left Marcia sitting there alone.

But once outside, she had no inclination to go home. She slowed her car and turned into quiet streets. She longed to call Evan but would not. This was his busiest time. He would be hurrying to finish his office patients and start on his rounds. There was no hope of seeing him until late afternoon. Besides, she was not ready to see him. She must think out what to say to him. It would be better to be completely frank with him as she ought to have been from the very first, if she hadn't been afraid to be frank, afraid she would lose him. She wanted, she still wanted, to be the woman he wanted her to be.

I have been deceiving myself, she thought. I have not faced the truth. I am not the sort of woman he wants. I cannot be. When I try to be what I am not, then I am unhappy, and I am nothing.

What I should have done in the first place was to tell him I am what I am, and if he cannot love me, I must go without his love. I can't pretend.

She had not merely to tell Evan about Jobs, Inc. She had to tell him about herself.

She was wandering around from street to street, and it was nearly noon, and she felt faint but not hungry. She was lonely and sad, and she longed for companionship. But she had no one to whom she could go—not for confidence, but merely that she might not feel so solitary. She wanted to sit in somebody's house and be fed, and listen and rest.

To whose house could she go? Not to Bess, not to Rose, not to any of the women who lived like froth on a wave. She wanted someone who would simply let her be—Jill, of course. She would go and tell Jill that she had not had the courage to tell Evan, and now Evan had found out.

She turned the car, and in a few minutes was at Jill's house. A child was playing in the yard. It was a little girl, a fair-haired brown-eyed child, and Elinora knew it was Patty. She let herself in at the gate and went up to gaze at the small rosy face. A lovely little girl, she thought; a beautiful little girl. Perhaps if she had taken this baby, she could have loved her by now? There would have been no Jobs, Inc., then, and no chasm between her and her beloved.

She put out her hand and took the fat baby hand, and the child gazed at her with big eyes, but did not take her hand away.

Elinora felt strange tears come to her eyes, not because of the child, but because somehow she had failed at the thing she wanted most to be—Evan's wife.

Then Jill, opening the door, called, and Elinora turned.

"Why, Elinora!"

Elinora dropped the baby's hand. "Jill!" she cried.

"Come in—I'm so glad!"

"You aren't busy?"

"No, the boys are in school and Patty is a good girl."

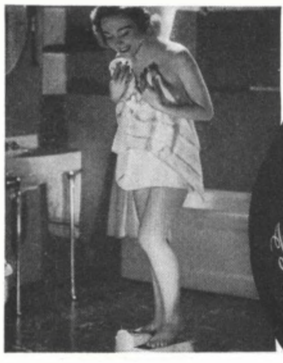
"She's a very pretty little girl," Elinora said. She touched the feathery yellow curls lightly for a moment before she turned toward the house. Patty followed her like a little dog.

In the living room she took off her coat and sat down. The sunshine was pouring in the windows, merciless upon the dust that lay everywhere. But it shone, too, on a pot of daffodils in the window.

And then there began a strange dreamy afternoon. When Patty had been fed and put to bed, Elinora and Jill had scrambled eggs and lettuce salad and coffee.

It was a good day, healing because she could put off thought. She listened to Jill's talk. Not once did Jill put a question to her.

It was she herself who at the end of the afternoon suddenly spoke. "Jill, I've still never told Evan. We went away on a vacation together and I thought I



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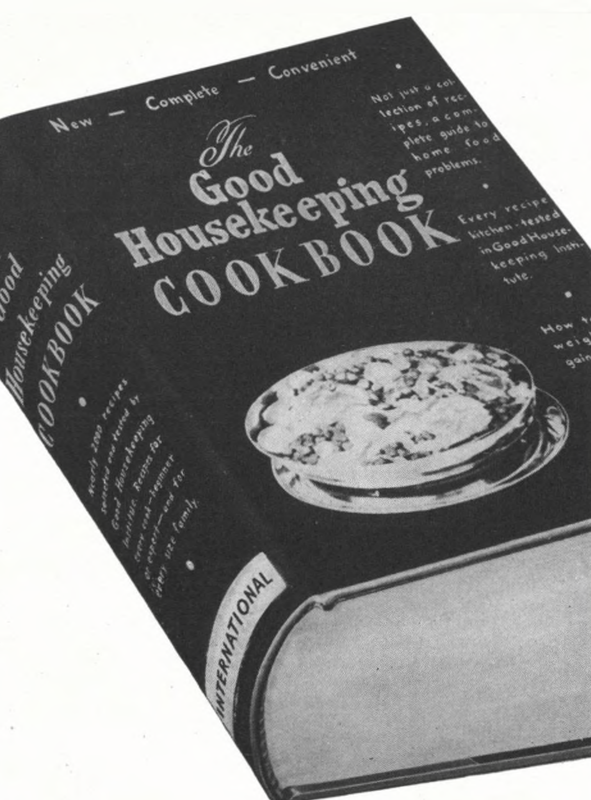

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would, every day, every night. But somehow, he is so different——"

"How do you mean, he is different?"

"Depressed, irritable—not himself."

"Nora, I don't know if I ought to say a word—I can only judge, by what I'd wish if it were John—but Nora, you don't know something. I'm sure Marcia is—is thinking about Evan. You know how she is."

Elinora listened, and felt her blood draining down her body. "I didn't know they even knew each other very well."

"Oh, they know each other. Nora, please! I ought not to have told you."

"Of course you ought to have told me."

"Maybe it's nothing."

"It's certainly nothing with Evan," Elinora said firmly.

But she rose. She must get home quickly and see Evan and tell him everything and find out everything. Quickly—quickly, they must get back to each other! Nothing mattered but that.

"Thanks, Jill," she said indistinctly.

But Jill followed her into the hall. "Are you all right, Nora?"

She nodded. "Yes, until he and I—— Good-by, Jill!"

"Good-by," Jill said sadly.

When Elinora reached home Mollie was gone and the house was still. But on the hall table there was a note:

> Dr. Welles telephoned he can't be home to eat tonight and maybe he won't get home at all. He says don't worry. He will come as soon as he can.
>
> Mollie

Late in the evening Marcia sat in the library in the big gold chair which once Michael Stone had given her, "for a throne," he had said. She sat motionless in the unconscious physical relaxation she had learned from the Chinese among whom she had spent her childhood. The greater her inner excitement, the stiller was her body. In a moment, in five, in ten, Evan would be here in this room. They would be alone; for the first time frankly alone.

Without pretense, he knew that he would find her here; she knew that he was coming. Half an hour ago she had heard his voice again over the telephone, husky, strained. "I'm coming," he had said shortly. She had laughed, and he had demanded, "Why are you laughing?"

"Because," she had answered, still laughing, "you are saying, 'Damn you!'"

"You're right, I am," he had retorted. "Do you think I care? Do you think I want this any more than you do?"

She had heard nothing for a moment, and then only the sound of the receiver softly put into place. But by that softness she knew that anger against her was only his defense against himself.

What she did not know was how by merest chance Bess had helped her. For in the middle of the afternoon Roddy had come into his office.

"H'lo, Evan," Roddy said. Then he stopped. "What's the matter with you?"

"Why?" Evan cleared his throat.

"You look damned queer!"

"I'm all right. Heavy day, that's all."

"Say, I was going to ask you something, but I guess I won't."

"Sure," Evan said, "ask me. Why not?"

But before Roddy could speak, the door had opened and Bess had put her head in. "Roddy!" She was breathless. "Oh, here you are! I've brought your bag. Hello, Evan. Can you get off, Roddy?"

"I was just getting round to it," Roddy said.

"Oh, my goodness!" she wailed. "Haven't you even asked him?" She came in, a pretty, excited child in her best clothes.

"Whatever it is, you can have it," Evan said, and for the first time this day he laughed. It was impossible not to like Bess. He suddenly envied Roddy for his simple-hearted buoyant woman. No complications here!

"Bess' sister has suddenly decided to get married tonight," Roddy said, "and by catching the train that leaves here in fifteen minutes we can just make it."

"Of course, go. I haven't anything on hand this evening, anyway," Evan said. Had he not been all day deciding that he would not go to Marcia's home merely because this morning she had told him she would be alone? Just that, she had said, and had hung up without waiting to hear him speak. He had not called her back.

"Thanks a lot," Roddy said gratefully. "I'll be back by tomorrow noon."

"Have a good time," Evan said.

They were gone hand in hand, and he could hear them laughing in the hall as they flew. Women, he thought restlessly—it was a pity they couldn't all be like Bess! She was a good housekeeper, and Tommy was the picture of what a fat little boy ought to be. She said often and loudly that she wanted no more children, but Roddy only laughed at her. "It's good for a woman to have children," he had said complacently.

Evan made ready to leave, feeling inexplicably lonely. It was certainly not Elinora's fault that she could not have children. She had wanted them badly enough. But no miracle was in sight.

If I had had children! he thought. A decent man and a father didn't fool around with other women. Children kept him steady. He thought of the child that had been so nearly theirs.

Strange, how Elinora didn't want that child, he thought. He had told her that she must trust her instinct, and he had been faithful not to blame her for that instinct. Still, it was strange—all women ought to want children—their own first, naturally, but if they were good passionate women, the instinct for motherhood ought to triumph.

She isn't really warm, he thought gloomily. He himself was a passionate man, and if she had been warm . . .

The thought of Marcia came over him again, and he trembled. Then, that he might not think of her, he thought of Roddy and Bess.

That little Bess, he thought restlessly, I'll bet she's an earthy little thing. Those women with no brains usually are. Queer with that red hair that Elinora had plenty of temper but no warmth! All lights and electricity, he thought, but no heat!

That was the trouble with Elinora—brains! Women oughtn't to have them.

He had stayed alone in his office long after everyone was gone, pretending to work, carrying on the day's long debate. Twenty times he made up his mind to go straight home—and did not go. Now as he thought of Elinora, it seemed more and more impossible for him to go home. He could not tonight sit through an evening with her. He telephoned and was relieved to find that she was late and only Mollie was there. "Tell Mrs. Welles I'll be home when I can," he said brusquely, "but tell her not to expect me."

"Yes, sir." Mollie's placid voice soothed him.

Suddenly he felt free. No one expected him now. He could be away for hours—all night. Eames had gone to give an address before his scientific club in New York and would not be back until tomorrow. He marveled at his own baseness and felt a strange relaxation of the soul in knowing how base he could be.

Beast! he thought coldly. That's what I am—that's what we all are—except Elinora. His mind played about the man who had married Marcia. Maybe Eames was not a beast. But why did an old man marry a girl like Marcia? Hell, he thought, why does any man marry any woman? He sat with his head on his hand, thinking why he had married Elinora. He had been in love with her—he still was in love with her—but it was not enough.

What did men want of women? A center—call it home, perhaps—something to possess. But he did not possess Elinora. She escaped him constantly in a dozen ways; even in her anxiety for perfection as his wife, she escaped him. Why couldn't she be natural? She was a creature too complex for love. When he wanted to love her, he always had to stop and consider her. He wanted a woman whom he need never consider; who was simply there—and his.

At this moment, swearing to himself, he had called Marcia and told her he was coming.

Next month: Elinora, facing both business and domestic complications, seriously questions whether love is all-important as she once thought

Let's Quit Stalling and Get Tough! *(Continued from page 27)*

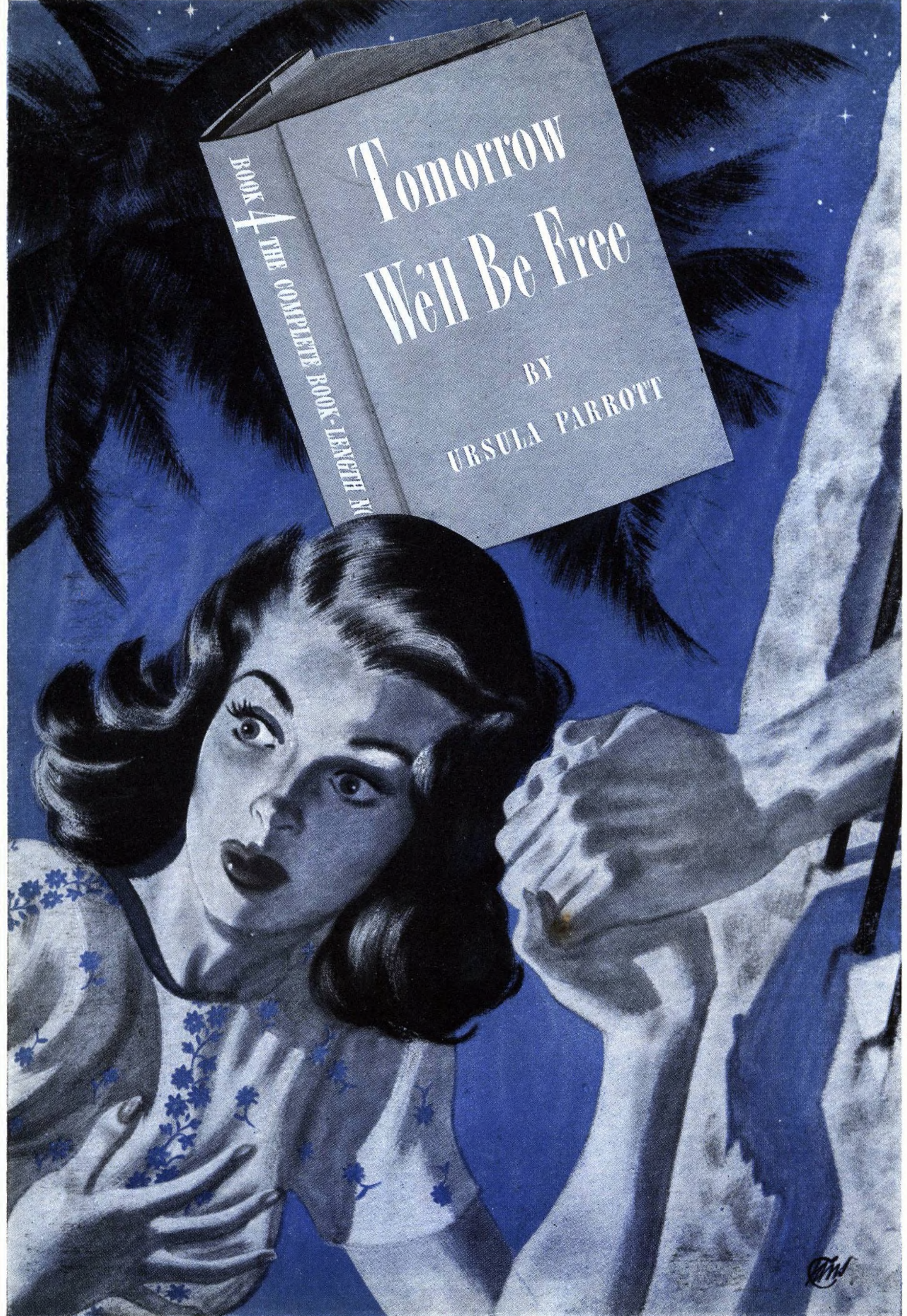
for such a report? Why that interval of confusion and delay?

Our committee last May in a report on the rubber situation made almost the same recommendations that were made in mid-September by the Baruch committee. We especially recommended a centralized authority to eliminate confusion which was hampering the rubber program, and we recommended rigid enforcement of a forty-mile speed limit. Everyone who knew anything about rubber knew that we would have to accept some nationwide restriction on the use of gasoline in order to save the tires now on American motorcars. Nearly half a year has been squandered. Production of new rubber has been delayed, and how many thousands of tons of rubber have been burned up in needless driving only the statisticians know.

That must not happen again. We haven't half a year to waste. No, not half a day. We must end our wasteful habits, both in government and in private life. We have no surpluses, either of time or materials. And the longer we delay, the longer the war will last.

When I think of the urgency of the tasks ahead of us, I think of that other war. My mind goes back to November 11, 1918. I was in command of a battery at the front overlooking the Valley of Verdun. The night before we had had orders to move down into the valley on the afternoon of the eleventh. The Armistice came at eleven o'clock. If we had followed our previous orders, some of us would have been killed. I knew men who were killed on the morning of November eleventh.

I want to win this war an hour or a day or a month or six months sooner than we believe we can win it. That is why total war should start *now*.


Tomorrow We'll Be Free
BY
URSULA PARROTT
BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH N

Danger, intrigue and a tropic island work strange magic on a man and a woman who otherwise might never have found each other

THE TALL young man in the khaki shirt and trousers that looked like undress tropic uniform of an Army captain, until one regarded the insignia closely, glanced from the handsome boat tied to the dock to the handsome girl standing on the dock, grinned and said, "All gassed up and nowhere to go."

She answered, "I don't think there is anything funny about it. If you knew the trouble I took to get gasoline——"

This time the man laughed out loud. "I know the trouble you took. You smiled and sighed and pleaded for the ration card of every male of your acquaintance." He imitated, "Just *one* week's ration. I *do* want to use my boat just *once* before I go North for *good*. Well, you didn't get my ration card, sweet."

She smiled, not very sweetly. "I got Jimmie to siphon every ounce of gas out of your car, though. You would have found out if you hadn't come over on that motorcycle."

The young man started to say several things, thought better of all of them, put his hands in his pockets and whistled. The girl continued to stare at the speedboat.

After a pause the man stated without apparent emotion, "I hope Jimmie jilts you. He will if I have any influence with him."

Her glance was very straight. The man thought: Odd how much she can look like her father when she puts on that poker-faced expression.

She stated, "I haven't acquired Jimmie definitely enough to be jilted, as you know."

He smiled, suddenly. When he smiled it became obvious that he had charm to burn. In repose, his thin tanned black-browed face looked hard, though one usually noticed the extraordinarily blue eyes and the fine profile.

He said, "Let's stop quarreling, Dina, and get out of the sun. It's so hot."

"It would be cool in the Gulf Stream as long as we kept moving, Peter."

Peter Aiken sat down on the edge of the dock and hung his long legs over the side. "Definitely, no, Dina, if you are suggesting I go with you as substitute for Jimmie. For no one but him would I have come over here even with a message. I'm at the end of a five-day trip; I flew more than twenty-four hours in the past

three days. My only other clean uniform is in Natal, and if I sit around in the lovely June Florida sun any more this one will be wringing wet. I want to go home, sleep, inveigle the maid into sending out some laundry, get up at sundown and start drinking rum Collinses. Also, you and I would fight."

The girl seated herself beside him. "I wouldn't ask you to come if there were anyone else." She smiled ravishingly. A dimple moved unexpectedly at the corner of her vermilion-painted mouth.

Peter looked more amiable, though he said, "Stop playing the conscious beauty, Dina. It never got you anywhere with me and never will."

She continued to smile and put a slim finger against his khaki sleeve. "Poor, tired Caribbean Airlines pilot," she said. "*And* I have a bathing suit aboard, makings for rum Collinses, luncheon, ice——"

"And how many dresses for yourself between now and sundown?"

"Only two, Peter." He laughed. She looked pleased, and tried again. "The only reason you don't like me is that you and I are too much the same."

"That's your prize idiocy, my pet. First, I'm tall and you're short. Second, I'm dark and you are a mongrel redhead. Third, I've earned the clothes on my back——"

She interjected, "Ever since you left Princeton for Princeton's good, in fact."

But he went straight on. "And you couldn't earn money to pay for polishing a pair of your insane shoes if you had to. Fourth, you're the vainest person I ever saw in my life and I'm not vain—have nothing to be vain about, in fact, except being able to look after myself and being a fair pilot."

Her laughter rang out clear and sweet. "Darling, when I mentioned the likeness between us, I only meant that we were both very, very attractive. Of course I have a beautiful disposition and you——"

He knew she was mocking him, but as usual she exasperated him so he said something that he meant. "We don't dislike each other as much as we make out. It's just I think you will be bad for Jimmie; shockingly bad for him."

Jimmie Roberts and Peter Aiken shared a house halfway between a civil airport and a Naval one. They had been roommates at college, until the piece of fairly innocent folly that separated Peter from Princeton. They were delighted when they both were stationed at Miami, Jimmie as a lieutenant (j.g.), in the Navy, Peter still with a commercial air line.

They were completely unlike, physically. Jimmie was blond, placid in temperament, slow-moving and amiable. Peter was restless, either delighted with his life and circumstances or hating them. They never quarreled, not even over the latest and most profound difference between them, which was that Jimmie had gone to the Navy the day after war started, and Pete had said he had no desire to put up with the discipline of any armed service and meant to stay with an air line as long as he could manage it.

They had both known Dina Hapgood for a long time, had attended her four-years-past coming-out party in New York, but had not known her very well until their arrival in Miami in December, 1941. Her father had a huge place there, where he lived more than half the year. Then, to Peter Aiken's dismay, Jimmie fell in love with her, though as yet, six months later, there was no engagement.

From Peter's point of view, Dina was charming, decorative, spoiled and worthless. Life for her was one long party, and so she intended to keep it. Peter assumed she would manage that. Her father's fortune would stand a great deal of taxing.

Peter's attitude toward her might not have been quite so contemptuous except that he had in the past four years changed from the secure young Princeton man who used to be on lists for debutante parties. At the time of his expulsion, Peter's father, his only close relative, disowned him in a manner now out-of-date. Thereafter, he seemed to console himself for the loss of his son by turning bad investments into worse, a process which was completed by his sudden death in '40.

Meanwhile, Peter had worked as a mechanic until he could pay for his flying time, lived on hamburgers and milk, chiefly, to save money faster, and decided that he had become a realist. He had at least become doubtful about the loyalty of old friends after one was poor. There had been a girl who lost interest shockingly fast. Well, he had "got over" her sometime since.

He took a note from his pocket and tossed it to Dina. "You may as well see how conscientiously I do my duty, Miss Hapgood."

It was scrawled in Jimmie's handwriting: "When you get in, go explain to Dina I'm on duty all day. I haven't two seconds to telephone. Tell her I'm sorry. Give her my love. But go over there so she'll know I really am apologetic. Five A.M."

"So"—Peter pretended great virtue—"when I got in at eight, looked at my bed longingly and saw that on the pillow, I just stopped for breakfast and came right along. I wouldn't have bothered if I'd known you stole my gasoline. Now I'm going home, sadder and wiser."

But he continued to sit lazily in the sun. He thought: Dina's fun, for all she is spoiled. I suppose I'll go with her. He glanced at her and looked away again.

"Why did you look at me like that?"

"Wondering as usual what you would be like if you were human, pet."

She only laughed that charming laugh of hers, crossed her tanned legs, regarded admiringly her high-heeled scarlet sandals. She was not tall, but wished to be. Morning, noon or night she wore some variant of footwear which added a third of a foot or so to her height.

Pete thought he had never met a girl so shamelessly interested in her own effect at all moments. Shoes were her mania. She had announced once that she owned forty-one pairs of what she called

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The huge hand of the baroness flashed like a snake's head striking. There was a flash and von Richter's knees buckled.

"resort shoes." He wouldn't doubt that she owned forty-one pairs of "resort" dresses too. At the moment, she was adorned in one he had never seen—a crinkly white linen with vivid stripes of scarlet and green.

When in the winter before gasoline rationing she frequently invited half-a-dozen people for a day on the boat, she always changed clothes two or three times. The boat itself—a present that winter from her father on her twentieth birthday—was a strange sort of hybrid. It was fundamentally built for speed; but forward, the cabin offered in miniature luxuries of a pre-war yacht. It had a dressing room with a built-in mirrored table, a galley with an electric icebox, and a damp-proof clothes wardrobe.

Since rationing, Dina had been allowed three gallons of gasoline a week for the boat. It burned more than six an hour, so it had stayed in the boathouse. Now, at her father's urging, it was being turned over to the government to use on submarine patrol as soon as Dina went North on Monday. She had wanted one last junket in it. Also, Peter assumed, she had wanted a long day with Jimmie, to try to settle their status.

She asked the bright blue bay or Pete—he couldn't tell, "*If* I were poor, would I manage Jimmie better?"

"If you were poor you wouldn't have to 'manage' Jimmie at all. He would manage you, happily. Jimmie could just about keep you in shoes, Dina, and you know it. He has scruples about marrying money, and there you are."

"I don't like where I am."

"Well, just to make you feel better, I'll go boating in the Gulf Stream with you, but not fishing. I hate taking fish off hooks. Now, thank me prettily."

But she had stood up in one swift graceful motion. He could tell she was not thinking of him at all. She always stood and moved so lightly she reminded him of the Winged Victory. And she was an authentic beauty, from the hair that he had called "mongrel red," which was in fact thick and silky and shining auburn, to the dainty narrow feet in the fantastic sandals. Those long gray eyes of hers were beautifully clear; the straight nose, the firm pretty mouth were delicate; the figure which she was always exercising as if she were a dancer or an actress was perfection.

It wasn't her fault that an elderly doting father had made her the center of his world and encouraged her to be the center of hers. She was warmhearted, kind, generous to a fault. Peter knew—but not from her—many instances to prove all that. And for the first time in her twenty-one years of living, she had set her heart on someone she wasn't likely to get. Jimmie lived by principles, not desires, and Dina would be against most of his principles.

Conscious simultaneously that he was sorry for her and that it was odd he had never been stirred by her in the least, in spite of her beauty, Peter shrugged mentally and stood up.

Dina brought her thoughts back from wherever they had been. "Well, we may as well start. Thanks for coming along."

"Oh, I shall enjoy it. We can talk about the war."

That, as he had hoped, made her laugh. Her war effort had consisted in signing up for a Nurses' Aide course and resigning quickly, because, she said, hospital corridors hurt her feet. His consisted of buying a few bonds and continuing to work on Caribbean Airlines, calculating how soon he might become a captain instead of a copilot. Captains got much higher pay than copilots, and enormously higher pay than—well, Army captains, for instance. If, just lately, he had been troubled about something in that comparison, he meant to control whatever qualms he felt. For almost four years he had worked hard for a career in civil aviation. Why let a war ruin his prospects?

He dismissed that train of thought and held out his hand to help Dina aboard. She started the engine; he untied the mooring and went to sit beside her aft, under the parti-colored awning. The tide was coming in, bringing some wreckage.

She altered course slightly to avoid the bits of timber, too shattered to permit one to judge what they'd been. Part of a lifeboat?

People on the Florida coast had become used to seeing bits of wreckage in the past months since the submarines had been close. Peter, flying the Caribbean, had seen even more. He had seen broken ships, and oil spread wide on the sea, and—bodies drifting.

They were moving fast out of the bay toward open water that was smooth as the bay itself. But for some seconds the water seemed less blue, the sunlight not quite so glittering.

He was used to responsibility and the exercise of judgment; any good pilot grows used to both. So he asked, "Where do you plan to go, Dina?"

Something in his tone surprised her. She turned from the wheel and glanced at him. "South and east. East of the little empty cays. Why?" He didn't answer. She added with triumph, "I've gas for almost ten hours."

"Has it occurred to you that the Caribbean isn't a picnic ground lately?"

For an instant she didn't know what he meant. Then she laughed. "Submarines—you're thinking of submarines!"

"Why not? By the way, did you have to get a permit to make this trip?"

"I never even bothered to find out if I needed one. The government gets the boat Monday. Why should they complain?" As an afterthought she said, "I told the butler to tell Father I'd be home by dinnertime if Father happened to telephone from New York."

Peter did not like it. He had years of training in taking thought beforehand, not afterward; in letting people know where he was going to be under given conditions or where else if the conditions were different. Running out into a war zone for a lark in a single-motored boat without letting anyone know wasn't his idea of fun at all.

At this point Jimmie would have said, "Listen, Dina. We'll go a short trip along the coast." Or: "We'll go home."

Peter said neither of those things, because Dina's eyes were suddenly speculative, and he knew the reason for *that.* He had never been afraid in a plane, nor had he been afraid of any person particularly. But he did dislike seeing fishes taken off hooks. Also, in company with Dina and Jimmie, he had come upon a messy automobile accident. Jimmie had been extremely efficient about getting people to hospitals and so on. Peter had been as helpful as he could, but he had turned green and had thought he was going to faint and disgrace himself. He had just managed not to.

He put a cushion behind his head and spoke very deliberately. "Sail on, Columbus. Just ignore your yellow crew."

Why did Dina have to comment on that? She said, "You aren't yellow. You are just afraid you might be sometime."

"Nonsense! I'm yellow as the best Florida grapefruit. That's why I don't serve my country like the rest of the bright boys with wings."

She looked amused. "I never guessed you were bothered about that."

He stood up. "It's too early for a drink, but since you spoiled my day's sleep you can put up with my having one unasked. And when I come back from blending limes, sugar and rum, maybe you'll have thought of something pleasanter to talk about. You are my hostess, remember. Don't you have an obligation to entertain me?"

He made her a drink while he was about it. When he came back, she was watching some pelicans sail over the still water, their vicious beaks and hideous heads motionless, their great wings just stirring. She seemed willing to avoid personalities. At least she said, "Most tropic animals and many birds and fish are ugly, aren't they? The tropics themselves aren't beautiful. But they're exciting."

"Yes, very. Moonlit, insect-ridden, windy, blazing hot, but nice." He added, "Here's a drink for a beautiful lady. And don't bother me for another compliment all day. I mean to sleep. You can wake me to swim before luncheon."

But he didn't sleep. They traveled fast in the calm water, out of sight of land and other ships. Once a patrol plane went by in the empty bright heavens. Peter watched it through half-closed eyes.

"Before luncheon," Dina told him, "we'll anchor by some cay and go swimming in the shallow water. I don't like barracuda or sharks any more than you do."

"Nice of you, Dina."

The only sound was the steady roaring of the motor and the pounding of water against the sharp bow.

Dina began to sing softly. There was a night club on the Tamiami Trail that was imitation Victorian. An elephantine coloratura soprano there sang, "Good-by, summer, good-by, good-by-y-y-y." Dina's contralto burlesqued the sentimental words: "Falling leaf and fa-a-a-a-ding tree, good-by, summer . . ."

"But it's only early June, summer's beginning, imbecile."

"I know." She stopped singing. "I hate to go North. No more swims; no more Jimmie—for a while, anyway."

"Is your heart set on him, or is it just wanting something you're not likely to acquire?"

She asked reasonably, "How do I know until I acquire him? A little of both, maybe."

They lapsed into silence again, content with the sunlight on the blue water. They were, in fact, very much alike. They were both self-willed, both arrogant, both selfish, both capable of heroism or of cowardice. After this shining morning neither of them was to be quite so arrogant, so self-willed and selfish. They were also to know a great deal more about the narrowness of the line dividing heroism from its opposite.

Peter said, "Cheer up. You'll see Jimmie tonight. He'll be standing on the dock waiting impatiently for you."

They both thought of him standing there . . .

It was a fact that he waited there a long time in the waning afternoon. He waited until sunset and past sunset; until

the quick tropic dark closed over the harbor. And afterwards through many days, even when hope was lost, he stood on that dock sometimes waiting, as if by willing he could make them appear in the harbor.

Sometimes Dina's father waited with him But he had affairs to attend to. He went North again. And in midsummer Jimmie was transferred to the West Coast, and then to the Far East.

He was glad to go. He had lost his closest friend and a girl he had loved a little, and, in retrospect, very much. The day he was to leave, he went for the last time to the dock on the quiet bay. July was almost over. It was nearly two months since Dina and Peter had been lost. There bad been squalls at sea that day. They might have overturned in one of them. Or the light boat might have struck hidden wreckage. Or a submarine might have let go a torpedo. Probably no one would ever know.

Jimmie left the dock and went away from Florida to the war. Then no one waited for them any longer.

Peter Aiken knew by noontime that Dina was off course. They should have sighted Panther Cay at about quarter to twelve. Since he had checked the gasoline supply and found it adequate, he didn't care particularly.

If she asked him for advice, he would give it; not otherwise. They had spent hours without an acrimonious debate. That was unusual and pleasant. Why spoil it by some frank comment, such as, "You'll never be much of a pilot, Dina."

ANYWAY, though she flew a little and had inveigled an inspector into giving her a private license, she wasn't flying mad. She was boat mad. Peter felt sleepily superior. Why anyone would choose to progress across the ocean at no more than forty knots when one could fly over it in one-fifth the time he didn't know. Unless one was interested in fishes, which he was not.

Dina stared at a chart and announced, "I'm off course. East of it, I guess. I suppose you knew it all along."

"Naturally. You didn't figure your drift. If you ever plan to be a decent pilot you must figure your drift in with your m.p.h., elapsed time. You know that."

"Who cares? The water's wonderfully clear."

"There's a storm over there. Not coming in this direction. Well, are you going to alter course and to what?"

"You decide. It will make you happy. Do you suppose I'd fall into a school of barracuda if I went swimming before lunch?"

"Don't be a fool, Dina. It's lunacy to go swimming here."

Surprisingly, she didn't argue the point. She cut the motor and they drifted for a moment or two.

He told her, "Fly a hundred fifteen," and laughed at himself. He always thought in flying language. He corrected himself: "Steer a course of a hundred fifteen degrees."

But she sat lazily behind the wheel. "I'm thirsty. Suppose I go make two Daiquiris. It's nice out here—empty, peaceful, beautiful, good for the soul."

But he still didn't like it. In the clear water, a shark went by lazily. They watched it.

Dina acknowledged, "You're right about swimming."

"Start the engine, Dina. I'll steer while you make cocktails."

"All right."

He thought: I need sleep. No reason for having the jitters, but suddenly I've got them.

The motor roared, evenly, unevenly, sputtered, stopped. It was quiet on the sea. The boat rode the swells smoothly.

Peter laughed, and there was relief in his laugh. So he had had a hunch and this was all it was. Clogged fuel line, maybe; dirt in the carbureter.

He said, "Don't look appalled. Go make me the drink I'm now going to earn, my inefficient little angel. If you were alone on the broad Caribbean you might be worried. But you've got a pilot ex-garage mechanic, good on internal-combustion engines. Would you mind if I took off my shirt? This is the only one I have, and I'll get grease all over it."

"Not at all. You're sure you can fix it?"

He had the hatch up and paused to look at her. *She* had jitters now, and his were over. Odd. He flung his shirt with the two black bars on the shoulders across the cushioned seat where his hat was—that khaki hat which looked like an Army officer's until one saw the insignia of Caribbean Airlines instead of the eagle in front.

He regarded the motor, conscious that Dina still waited anxiously. "As I thought. It's a wonder you wouldn't have your motor looked over before you take it out on a trip, especially when it hasn't been run for months. Dirt in the carbureter; dirty fuel line—it's surprising we got this far." To reassure her, he made his voice mock plaintive. "I knew I should have stayed at home and caught up on sleep." She still hesitated, and he was serious. "Run along, Dina, and make the cocktails. It's nothing much, but it will take time."

He was thorough, because he couldn't help being thorough about motors. He was finished with the carbureter, but had only started on the fuel line twenty minutes later. They had each had a cocktail.

Dina said, "Could you pause for something to eat? I'm hungry."

"If you like." It would take him another half-hour to check everything. No sense having the motor quit later when there might be a squall or—anything. He wiped the grease off his hands. As a gesture of slight formality toward lunch, he put on his shirt again.

Dina brought jellied soup and crab salad and bread-and-butter sandwiches. She said, "You know, Pete, you are really nice. You just pose as not being."

He was curiously pleased at that and reciprocated. "You aren't as bad as you seem, either. Of course, you can't navigate!"

Her laughter was carefree. So she was done with jitters too. She asked, "Iced tea or coffee, Pete?"

"I'll get it for you, Dina."

"Thanks."

He took the salad plates into the galley and brought out coffee. It was so hot the shoulders of his shirt were soaked through by that slight exertion, and the top of Dina's frock looked as if she had gone swimming in it.

She said, "It isn't silly to bring extra dresses along. I do so hate looking sloppy."

They were suddenly friends. He could say, "I never saw you looking anything but beautifully groomed, like a show puppy, you know."

Her eyes laughed at him. They sipped their coffee.

Then the boat did a strange thing. It moved as if the swells had changed direction. But there was no wind, no reason—the water abruptly was clouded and foamy.

Dina's eyes were fixed on something behind his shoulder. He did not turn for a second, because her face shocked him. It was gray-white under the honey-tan; gray-white with a scarlet mouth.

He turned, but he thought he knew before he turned The submarine had emerged smoothly. Already a hatch was opening; a man and another man and another were climbing from a hatch to what was, he supposed, the equivalent of a bridge.

Dina had moved. She seemed to be trying to start the motor. Of course that was absurd. The fuel line was disconnected.

An officer and two seamen—the seamen with machine guns.

Dina said in a small dreadful voice, "Peter, what do we do?"

He had no idea at all. For no logical reason, he picked up his hat, put it on, tightened his tie, and as part of the same sequence of motion that felt automatic, put his arm around Dina. But he didn't remember seeing her stand up.

She said absurdly, "Peter, take care of me."

It seemed important to reassure her. He patted her shining hair. What a little thing she was! He hadn't realized.

He said, "Steady does it, sweet. We don't want to seem terrified." Why that was so, he didn't know either. But it seemed to make sense to her.

She said, "You're right. Of course we mustn't seem frightened."

More men on the bridge of the submarine. They had lowered a little boat. Peter kept his arm around Dina. She was shaking a little, but she was standing very straight.

A voice from the boat called, "Get your hands up!" He had to take his arm from around Dina. She, however, continued to hang on to him as if he were a fortress of strength.

He wished for her sake that she had Jimmie along. Officer and men were coming aboard. A seaman covered them with a machine gun. Then the English-speaking officer said, "You can put your hands down," ignoring the fact that Dina's had never been up.

This officer was a smooth-faced stocky blond; he seemed in good condition, was even tanned. He wore what looked like an Army uniform, oddly. Peter wished he were familiar with German rank insignia or the German language, for that matter. The officer gave some instructions in German. A seaman went forward into the cabin.

When Peter put his hands down he did not put his arm around Dina again. It seemed—well, undignified. But she stood very close to him, and she spoke to the officer. Her voice wasn't steady, but it sounded good and cross.

"This is my boat. It's a pleasure boat; has no cargo. Won't you tell your men to go back to their submarine?" She attempted a smile that wasn't particularly successful.

Peter thought: It's the only technique she has—to be cross but charming. Of course it won't work.

The German officer ignored her. He said to Peter as a statement: "You are an Army captain in the Air Force."

"No. I'm a pilot on Caribbean Airlines."

"You have papers?"

Peter handed them over: his identification card of the air line; his passport; his commercial pilot's certificate.

The captain examined them carefully. When he looked up, he said, "You have seen some interesting places lately."

It was blazing hot, but it was as if from somewhere an icy wind blew across Peter's face. The passport showed, of course, that he had been to Natal, to Leopoldville, to Khartoum. Other places—Liberia; Venezuela. Well, what of it?

The seaman came back from inside the cabin with a striped purse and some papers—the ship's registration papers. The purse, Dina's, would probably have her driver's license, her private pilot's certificate, some odds and ends. The compact, lipstick, mirror looked incongruous in the German's hard hands.

Dina started to speak. Peter said, "Don't, Dina," and she was silent. The officer began to read a letter the purse contained. Then she said, "That's from my father."

"So I see." He finished the letter, put it and the rest of the papers into a pocket of his uniform. The seaman who had investigated the cabin made a report in German. At one point the officer nodded. The seaman then went into the cabin and brought back a glass of ice water, which the officer drank.

Dina drawled, "We have rum too. Maybe you'd like some."

He answered seriously, "Thank you. I do not drink alcoholic beverages." Then he said in the same tone, "Well, get aboard," and nodded toward the little boat.

Dina said as if it counted, "I don't want to go over to the submarine. I want to go home in my boat."

Like a spoiled child, Peter thought. And it was useless. He knew that. But he tried. He said, "Miss Hapgood can get back to port by herself. She has charts."

The officer smiled, but he didn't look amused. "We are sinking the boat. If the young lady prefers to be carried, one of the crew will carry her."

Peter looked at Dina. She drew a long breath, and she was all right. She said, "All right; I don't have to be carried. But I want my clothes."

The officer told her, "This man will take you into the cabin. You may bring what clothes you can gather together in five minutes. But hurry."

Dina said, "I won't go into the cabin with that sailor. He might shoot me. Pilot Peter Aiken has to come along."

The officer shrugged. "I will escort you both."

Two seamen with machine guns also escorted them. It made the little cabin very crowded.

Dina packed her dressing case quickly. She had always kept that case aboard, at least since the first time he was on the boat, Peter remembered. Make-up, stockings and two dresses, two pairs of shoes. There wasn't room for her oilskins. She put them over her arm.

Peter said, "I'll carry the case, Dina."

Her gray eyes asked, "Are we helpless? Is there nothing we can do?"

His eyes answered, "Nothing."

They got into the little boat. It was low in the water when they shoved off. Dina took his hand, as a child might have taken it crossing a crowded street.

He supposed he would be questioned and tossed overboard afterward. Dina, of course, knew nothing useful. He knew a great deal about flight routes, and who and what was ferried across the South Atlantic nowadays. He wondered whether he knew anything he could trade for Dina's safety.

THEY were very near the submarine when the thought came: I can't tell anything I know. It isn't—one doesn't. He didn't finish the thought. He began to wonder whether he had any courage.

The officer in the Army uniform began to talk to the officer in the conning tower before they drew alongside the submarine. That officer had a Navy uniform. Their officer—the one who'd boarded Dina's boat—told them, "Go below."

There was a hatch open, and a ladder going down from it. Dina hung back, so Peter went ahead and reached out his arms to help her. She came along then. One of the seamen with the machine guns was there. He said, "Sit."

There were three chairs in a small cabin which smelled of oil, even with the hatch open. They sat down.

Dina said, "Peter, what are they going to do to us?"

He told her, "Don't worry. It's no use."

Obviously, the seaman did not understand more than a word or two of English unless he was a better actor than he looked. Dina ignored him. She talked fast. Peter had heard an odd noise and scarcely listened to her, but afterward he remembered, word for word.

She said, "Peter, I've never had to be brave, more than things like jumping from a high diving board, and that's just vanity and showing off. Peter, I don't know whether I'm brave."

It seemed to Peter that to say he had been wondering the same thing concerning himself made no sense. So he said nothing. He was waiting for something, and it arrived—the noise of a great explosion, not far off.

"The boat?" she asked.

He nodded, and he looked at her then. The scarlet-and-green-striped frock was crumpled. There was a smudge of grease on the lovely curve of her tanned cheek.

He thought: She got that on her hands from the ladder. Then she touched her face with one hand. Her gray eyes were startlingly bright; her mouth was a hard straight line.

People were coming down the ladder.

He said quickly, "Dina, I'll do what I can," though he didn't know what the words meant any more than she did. But she nodded as if they meant a great deal.

Then it was all very fast. The officer in Army uniform was ordering the seaman from the third chair and seating himself. Hatches closed; electric lights went on; there was a loud sound of motors.

The officer said, "I am Oberleutnant von Richter. I am obliged to lock you up now. I do not wish you to hold communication. Sometime tonight when we arrive I will call you both." He addressed Peter. "If you wish, you may assure the young woman that she is perfectly safe, and give her my apologies for the fact that her quarters are not more comfortable. We are giving her the Commander's cabin, but you will realize that on a submarine even his quarters are cramped."

Dina said, "He doesn't have to assure me. I heard you."

FOR the first time the Oberleutnant sounded cheerful. "But you've probably heard too many silly fairy tales about Germans. You might like his assurances better than mine."

"Mostly," Dina said, "I should like to go home."

The Oberleutnant spoke slowly. "You may both be permitted to go home, under certain circumstances."

Dina sat up straight. "What circumstances and how soon?"

"Very simple circumstances, and in a week or so." The German's cold blue eyes moved from her to Peter and went back. "Now, if you will come with me." He was addressing Dina.

For some seconds she sat still. Then she rose, said, "I'll be seeing you, Peter." He rose too. Dina smiled, and preceded the German from the cabin, walking as lightly as if he were taking her to dance.

Rather monotonously, the seaman arrived on the instant and said to Peter, "Sit."

In three or four minutes the Oberleutnant came back. "Come this way, Mr. Aiken," he commanded. He stood aside to let Peter enter the smallest cabin he had ever seen. Then he shut the door, leaving Peter inside.

There was a ventilator bringing fairly fresh air from somewhere. There was a narrow bunk, a mirror, a washstand, an electric light.

The hands of Peter's pilot's watch read: "Two twenty-five." He stared at the watch until the hands read: "Two-thirty." Then he hung up his shirt to dry and stared at the gold wings above the breast pocket. He used to be very proud of them, though lately he had sometimes felt the silver wings of an Army pilot were more to the point.

In the mirror, his face looked stiff and not quite the right color under its tan. He supposed he should have tossed that passport overboard instead of letting the Oberleutnant see it. Then he might have been shot; but more likely von Richter would just have ordered one of the seamen to fish it out. It wouldn't have sunk fast.

He thought the sound of the motors was surprisingly loud. He thought he had never had the least desire to go under the sea in a submarine. He always knew he would feel shut up, trapped. He did feel trapped.

There was a safety razor on the washstand. He examined it carefully. It contained a blade.

He sat down on the narrow bunk, because his knees were shaking suddenly. Unsummoned, horribly clear the thought had come: There might be a time when you will remember that razor and wish—— He wouldn't let himself finish. He assured himself hurriedly that he had read too many books about German methods of questioning. That was nonsense, and he was not even sure he was going to be questioned. Von Richter, saying, "You have seen some interesting places lately," might have meant nothing in particular.

In front of his eyes, in appallingly clear detail, were things he had seen in various airports: Flying Fortresses en route here or there; the B-24's with the British camouflage: the secret bombsight—in Leopoldville, he had watched that being taken apart and reassembled.

He did not think consciously of Dina Hapgood for a long time. The fact that she was on the submarine stayed in the back of his mind, but other facts were pressing in upon him with more urgency.

There was the business of being an American. One took it for granted all one's life. Many people even now, in spite of the war, still took it for granted. But there were others who paid a huge price, apparently with no complaint.

He knew a great many Army pilots; he remembered now with curious vividness some stories the Army told quietly and proudly. There was the pilot of the Flying Fortress over Java

who was set upon by twenty-four Japanese Zeros and fought them for a while—until, in fact, two of his four motors were gone, and a third was losing power; until all his guns were out of action. Then he ran for it, found country good for his wounded crew to bail out over, ordered them out. They all got out; they all were rescued later. But the pilot in command did not jump. He stayed with his ship to crash it at sea, where no one could raise it to piece together battered secret machinery.

There was the pilot—Peter had met him before the war; he was a quiet Southern boy—who went out on a practice flight with a student crew and a load of old-type bombs, the kind that exploded on contact, so one always had to dump them before one landed. One of his two motors quit on takeoff. He was over houses and wasn't ever going to get more altitude with a single motor, but had enough to let his crew bail out. He fought the ship alone until he got over empty woods. He couldn't get farther, but that was far enough for everyone's safety but his own.

Peter knew a great many stories with the same point. All there was to say about the men involved was that they used to be alive, they were dead, and they were Americans.

Then he did think of Dina, remembering she had said life never required more of her than the nerve necessary to dive from the high board. Would she want him to save her at any price? She too was American.

He did not know. It seemed he knew her infinitely better than when they had set out that morning, but he didn't know. The hours dragged by. An eternity of hours had gone by before five o'clock. He lay on the bunk and tried to rest, and much more time passed, but it was only six o'clock when that time was gone.

A knock and the sound of the door opening made his heart race for an instant. Then he pulled himself together, and his anger at himself was helpful. The absurd anticlimax was that the person entering was a seaman with a supper tray. He set the tray down and left without speaking.

Peter was hungry, which surprised him somewhat.

There was turtle steak, fresh bread, fresh butter, fresh green peas, cake, good coffee. He ate everything, realizing that none of it had come from across the Atlantic and thinking that he would like to get his hands on whoever supplied it in America. Helping the submarine amounted to taking part in mass murder.

His indignation surprised him too. The man came and took the tray away. Then Peter lay down, feeling more composed. Finally he slept.

The hands on his watch pointed to one o'clock when he wakened again. For a moment he had no idea where he was. The recollection came back, and terror with it, but not as intense as the terror of the afternoon.

The Oberleutnant spoke from the corridor: "Come on deck if you like. The air is better."

Peter wished he had a clean shirt, but he put on the one he had, and picked up his hat.

He was glad to see Dina on deck. She seemed glad to see him too. At least she said, "There you are, Peter," cheerfully.

There were stars but no moon. They were moving into a dark harbor. He could just see, with eyes trained by many night flights, the outline of mountains ahead.

DINA said, "They put me in a little coop. It had a shower, but the water didn't run very fast. Still, I got clean and changed all my clothes." He couldn't see the color of her dress in the faint light, but it looked sort of blue.

That outline of mountain was familiar.

He must have moved suddenly. The Oberleutnant said, "If you attempt to swim for it, Mr. Aiken, you will be shot."

He hadn't thought of swimming. He had jumped because he knew where he was. He had recognized the outline of the mountain. He had been here on an exploratory flight with an old Caribbean Airlines pilot, charting alternate routes and possible bases for flying boats, and flat country easy to evolve into land bases. This was the Island of St. Philippe, one of the outposts of Vichy France in the West Indies.

It had a mountainous coastline, much indented. Therefore there were many deep harbors. The outline of peaks against the sky was nowhere near the capital; it was farther north, or possibly east. He tried to drew the air map in his mind, but it was so long since he had seen it he couldn't.

The submarine was running along the surface fast. Someone on the black shore was flashing a pair of lights.

They came alongside a dock. Several people waited there. The Oberleutnant led them to a cart, horse-drawn.

Dina jested nervously, "This wouldn't be a tumbrel, would it, sweet?"

"I hope not."

The Oberleutnant and a couple of seamen were in the cart with them. They moved off in the dark and began to climb.

Dina started to say something, but the Oberleutnant said, "You must be silent, please," as if he meant it.

BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

After half an hour on a rough hillside road the car turned into a smooth driveway and they saw lights ahead.

"You can talk now if you like," the Oberleutnant announced.

Dina found nothing better to say than, "Why, we're just going to a hotel!" She sounded enormously relieved.

The long two-storied building did not, however, seem to be a hotel when they entered, but a large private house. After some instructions in German to the guards, von Richter left them in a hallway at the foot of a carved staircase. He went to speak to two people who were the only occupants of a living room formal enough to be described as a drawing room. This opened from the hall, was well lighted and gave an impression of luxury.

Peter did not examine the room closely. He was too much absorbed by the two people sitting on each side of a fireplace filled now in summer with a great vase of rose-colored bougainvillaea. They were a man and a woman; the man was old, the woman any age from thirty to fifty. The man's face was wrinkled and parchment-colored, but his eyes, very dark bright eyes, were wonderfully alive. His face gave an impression of bitterness, intelligence and mockery.

The woman was elephantine, without seeming soft. Her great square body, her pale face that was square too, her thick straw-colored hair pulled back straight from a low forehead and twisted into a knot, were without femininity, were unpleasant, and seemed to exude a sinister power. Beside Peter, Dina whispered, "I hope she isn't my jailer."

Von Richter was explaining them, evidently. The woman's eyes turned to the half darkness of the hall. They were small light-colored eyes, deepset and glittering.

Peter reached for Dina's hand. "Are you all right?"

"Better than I was."

The old man seemed to be too indifferent to turn his head to scrutinize them. Von Richter was coming back. He told his prisoners with ironic politeness, "Your rooms are above. Please precede me."

Dina's high heels clicked on the uncarpeted stairs. Treads and stairrail were shining mahogany.

Von Richter said, "Left." They walked down a long dimly lighted corridor. He said, "You here, Miss Hapgood," and stopped Dina outside the next to the last door. To Peter, he said, "You may see her quarters if you wish."

The room contained a bed, a small wardrobe, a chair. An open door led to a bath, of which the walls and floor were tiled like the room floor. Room and bath each had a single window, heavily barred. In the utter commonplaceness of everything else, the bars, so new they still shone, looked particularly strange.

Von Richter spoke to Dina: "We'll leave you now. Good night."

She did a strange thing. She took two or three running steps toward Peter and put her arms around him. She said, "Oh, darling, I couldn't manage at all if you weren't here."

Peter thought: She must be tired to the point of exhaustion, and pretty frightened, besides. But the gesture had been so young, so trusting, it touched him. He bent and kissed her cheek as if she were the sister he didn't have and said, "Sleep well. We'll meet in the morning."

Then he preceded von Richter into his own room, which was identical with hers.

Von Richter asked when they were inside, "The young woman is your fiancée?"

"No, we're—we're just good friends." He wondered whether von Richter would understand that, but he was growing confused again. It occurred to him that he had never kissed Dina before, and simultaneously, the unrelated fact that there wouldn't be much he could do if they dragged her away to some other part of the building in the night. But somehow, he was quite sure that would not happen.

Von Richter lingered, hesitating. But when he spoke it was not to pursue the subject of Dina. He said, "Sit down, Aiken," and seated himself on the bed.

Peter didn't remember having been so tired in his life before. He wanted a shower and sleep—ten or twelve hours' sleep. But he sat down agreeably.

The German officer moved his revolver in its holster, so that it rested more comfortably on his hip. But when his hand moved toward it Peter forgot his weariness and in a second made his face as composed as the face of the German.

In response to some instruction, the two guards went out into the corridor, leaving the door open.

Von Richter asked suddenly, "Do you know where you are?"

Then it was Peter's turn to hesitate. He hesitated too long. He gave himself away.

The German said, "I see you do. You are on the Island of St. Philippe—on the northeast coast of the island, a long way from the capital. I shall tell you a little more. You are on the plantation of a friend of our movement—the man to whom I spoke downstairs. You will meet him. Well, if you

spend the night calling for help through that well-barred window, I shall have to send guards in to stop you because you will be disturbing everyone's sleep. Aside from that, you will be doing yourself no good. If your voice carried five miles or ten miles, still no friend would hear it. There will be guards in the corridor all night, by the way." He rose. "I'll leave you now."

Curiously, though he was in his stiff fashion a handsome man, there emanated from him in that moment an aura of evil and unscrupulous power so similar to that of the huge woman downstairs that Peter was shocked into speech. He asked, "Who are you?" and realized the question was odd; the man had told his name, or one of his names. But von Richter didn't pretend to misunderstand.

He said, "I am a German officer on detached duty, in charge of our work in these islands. Good night. I shall see you in the morning."

He left the room. One of the guards slammed the door shut, and Peter heard an outside bar drop into place.

Peter Aiken hung up his crumpled khaki shirt and trousers, took a shower, and realized that desire for sleep had left him completely. Outside his window the sky was velvet-black, that thick black of the hour before false dawn. The golden stars made a pattern in the blackness, a pattern oddly outlined by the crossbars of the window.

It was very still. Far off some tree frogs chorused softly. A night breeze stirred the heavy trees he could glimpse in the faint starlight. Night-blooming jasmine filled the air with fragrance.

Dispassionately, he considered the situation. St. Philippe belonged to Vichy France. Vichy France was in no position to restrict the comings and goings of German agents. He had heard that the Navy suspected the island harbors of sheltering many submarines, but since for reasons of international policies the United States preserved relations with Vichy France, there wasn't much to be done.

He remembered that the island stretched fifty or sixty miles north of the capital. It was mostly impenetrable jungle, or so it looked, flying over it. There was no use considering the chances of escape until he saw the terrain in the morning and found out how closely they were guarded. Nor was it any more profitable to wonder what his captors meant to ask him in the morning, or how he would reply.

Least use of all to wonder what he could do for Dina. He could perhaps do a great deal, perhaps nothing.

He switched his thoughts to the past; to the many, many nights he had sat beside a window in some tropic town thinking of the flight he had made that day, of the flight he would make on the morrow, savoring the breeze coming in the darkened window—quite content.

Suddenly he laughed. He had thought with wry amusement: I've had what they call an interesting life.

Finally he lay on the bed resting, and at last when the dawn was bright in the sky he slept; knew nothing until the morning sun lay hot and golden across the tiled floor, and a guard was putting a breakfast tray on the bed.

Peter asked, "A razor?" But the guard didn't seem to understand.

After a while Peter took a shower and dressed. His clothes were very rumpled. Time passed until ten o'clock. Then the guard reappeared and motioned Peter to follow him. The long corridor was still half dark because all the doors opening from it were closed. They went downstairs.

In the drawing room, Dina sat with the old man, the enormous woman and Oberleutnant von Richter. She had put on the third, the last of her frocks. This was cotton, printed in blue wildflowers. She looked as lovely as usual, as well groomed. She had brushed her hair until it shone like mahogany. She was perhaps more brightly painted than was usual and her gray eyes were more watchful than he had ever seen them, but she was otherwise quite normal.

Peter kissed her as if she were the girl he had waited to meet all the years he had lived.

She smiled at him without speaking. He said, "Good morning, sweet. Forgive me for not shaving. No razor."

Von Richter said, "Sit down." Peter thought abruptly: I am tired of having him tell me to sit down. But he seated himself on the couch beside Dina, who took his hand unashamedly. Only then, when she touched his fingers, did he realize that her composure was achieved by tremendous effort.

Her hand was icy-cold, though even in midmorning, and in spite of huge electric fans set with incongruity on antique mahogany tables, the room was very warm.

He couldn't decide whether her tenseness was because of the general situation or anything particular to the moment, and he did not want to turn to face her. As he sat, he faced the woman and the old man, seated on a sofa at the opposite side of the fireplace. Von Richter was in an armchair between him and those two. The silence seemed to stretch out endlessly.

Peter had time to realize that the room, white-walled and high-ceilinged, was the most beautiful tropic room he had ever seen. It blended successfully delicate old French furniture with more solid English pieces. It boasted an Aubusson rug, a fine portrait of the old man opposite——

Von Richter's voice cut across the stillness. "Mr. Aiken. This is the Baroness von Leske, and Monsieur Dubois."

Neither of the two on the sofa paid the least attention to

the introduction. Monsieur Dubois looked infinitely bored except for his bright dark eyes.

Von Richter asked him, "Will you take over, sir?"

His voice saying, "I suppose so," was languid, but he addressed Peter. "We have already told the young lady." Dina's hand clutched his tight. Dubois' voice quickened. "What we want is quite simple. You are to sit down over there and write a list of planes and cargo being shipped to Africa. Make another list of routes already used and routes considered. We also want to know the preferred air routes from Leopoldville or elsewhere to Cairo and Khartoum."

He paused and turned to the baroness. When she spoke Peter was startled. A high, birdlike, squeaky voice issued from that Gargantuan throat. She said, "Also, we want full details about every South American airport you have ever touched. The young woman can write down accounts of landing fields where she may have been in the United States, flying with her private license. Her information will probably not be valuable, but if she could make it valuable—better for her. That's all I have to say for the moment."

Dubois asked a direct question of Peter: "You must know a great many Army pilots? You've been where Army pilots go."

"I know some Army pilots," Peter said stiffly. For what he was going to do now, he knew though he was not sure whether he could stick to it. Well, he had to stick to it. He would write nothing, tell nothing of importance—and Dina probably wouldn't understand; would think he should help her.

Dubois leaned forward. "If you happened to see the Army bombsight, if you could draw a working model of it, we would not be rigid in our demands for anything further. You and the young woman could go home."

Peter said, "I never saw the bombsight. I never was inside a plane that carried one." Curiously, he could see the shed where the pieces of that bombsight lay strewn about, could hear the Army pilot's voice. Africa. He wondered whether he would ever see Africa again.

"Well, then," the baroness said, "go over there and go to work. There are charts, protractors."

Dina's little hand was firm. Dina's voice was clear and sweet and soft. "Peter, tell them nothing. I will tell them nothing." He turned to face her. Her eyes between their thick lashes were like stars. Her smile was radiant. She made a jest: "Peter, maybe you and I haven't been a hundred percent thoughtful, hard-working Americans up to now, but now we certainly can get our start in life."

The baroness said something in German that sounded angry, but Dubois answered in a crisp tone. Dubois evidently was in command. He addressed Peter, but Peter didn't turn his head from Dina's lovely face. "I will give you ten minutes together, to consider the matter."

Peter heard footsteps going away. But Dina's eyes turned from him to something over his shoulders, so he turned.

Von Richter still sat in the armchair, though Dubois and the baroness were gone. Von Richter was polishing an eyeglass Peter had not seen him wear. He spoke very matter-of-factly. "I will persuade Monsieur Dubois to extend your ten minutes if I waste a trifle of your time at the beginning." He lighted a cigarette and went on coolly. "Don't dramatize your situation. In the first place, neither of you knows anything of momentous importance—not even you, Aiken, though you know a good many useful things. If you tell them, you will in slight measure corroborate information that we have. If you don't talk, we shall get the corroboration elsewhere. It doesn't matter much, except to you. In Berlin, it would be simple to make you talk; but this isn't Berlin. Monsieur Dubois, our valued associate, is French, therefore less direct in method."

Dina said what Peter thought: "That is something to be thankful for."

The Oberleutnant lifted a thick blond eyebrow. "Perhaps. I doubt you suffer anything more serious than boredom. You will not have the satisfaction of being martyrs. But you Americans are very soft people. I don't think either of you has ever experienced boredom for any length of time."

He waited as if he wanted an answer. Peter asked, "What do you expect us to say?"

"Nothing, probably. There is one more thing. You are as safely imprisoned here as if you were in the heart of Germany. The Americans fifty miles away in the capital might as well be on the far side of the moon for any help they will ever be to you. No one accuses us of inefficiency." He rose. "Well, have your conference." Then he went away.

Dina said, "You wouldn't have told them anyway."

Peter said, "No. But I thought you'd mind."

Dina laughed. "I admire myself for not minding. You too."

He was watching the sentry walk up and down on the gallery outside the long French windows. He spoke absently. "But Dina, we're only beginning the first lap of a long, long race."

"I know. And I'm very frightened. But nothing too awful has happened yet. It's all just like a bad melodrama, except the villain, von Richter, is blond, and the hero, yourself, is dark. That reverses the usual pattern."

"We ought to have a great many important things to say. Dina. We ought to start conspiring, but we wouldn't be much good at it." He managed to laugh.

"I suppose not. Have you a cigarette, Peter?"

He had two left, and a few matches. He lighted hers and his own. He said, "It's just a horrible nightmare so far. It takes on reality and loses it. In that blue dress, you look just as if you were sitting in your father's house."

She smiled at him. "You, my dear, don't look quite the same. I never saw you unshaven, wrinkled."

"Sorry, Dina."

She put her hand on his arm. She said, "As if I minded!"

He had a strange thought, and spoke the first half of it simply. "If we go through this and get out of it all right, we're going to know each other better than either of us ever knew anyone else."

She finished the thought, the part he had suppressed. "And if we don't get out of it, until the war ends or ever, we're going to know each other better than either of us ever knew anyone else." Her eyes were soft, like her low voice. She spoke of something he had said before. "It's growing real, though, Peter, appallingly real. Yesterday is fading." She amplified that. "It seems much longer ago than yesterday morning that I had the boat all ready for a day's picnicking with Jimmie. Even Jimmie—the way I felt about him—is fading a little."

"It would be better for you if he were here, Dina. He is steadier than I am."

"Better for you, perhaps, Peter, if you were here with some steadier girl. But there's just you and I."

He said what he felt strongly: "I'm content."

She said, "So am I."

It surprised them both that the ten minutes were ended. Dubois, the baroness and von Richter came into the room and seated themselves as before.

Dubois asked, "Well, have you decided to talk?"

Peter answered, "Of course not. Don't be absurd."

THE BARONESS looked angry, but the faces of the two men showed nothing.

Dubois said, "Very well. You may change your minds later." He turned to Dina. "The baroness dislikes native servants and is glad of your arrival. You can keep her suite clean, look after her clothes. In your spare hours you can take care of her vegetable garden and tend two cows. The baroness is fond of fresh dairy products. There are, besides, some poultry."

He went on smoothly, turning to Peter. "We are building a road, and a square off the road. Possibly we shall use the square for drills, perhaps for something else—gun emplacements, or even an airport if we make good progress. We shall have two gangs of Negroes working, in seven-hour shifts. However, as I am a convert to the belief in Nordic supremacy, I shall permit you to work on both the morning and the afternoon shift. You look like a strong young man, a good Nordic type in spite of your dark hair. Surely double the work of the average native will not weary you." He rose. "Von Richter will take you out and get you started."

The baroness said to Dina, "Come along."

Dina did look frightened then. Peter wanted to say something comforting to her. He could think of nothing.

The baroness spoke one word: "Hurry."

Peter found two words. He said, "Dina, darling."

She rose then; she managed to smile stiffly. She said, "I'll be seeing you, Peter."

But they did not see each other again for eleven days.

The great square woman whose name Dina didn't remember, except that it was Baroness von Something-or-other, said to her, "Come now with me."

They—the old Frenchman and von Richter—had taken Peter outside. She watched his high-held head go past one of the French windows. Then she followed the baroness upstairs to a large room crowded with German-looking china ornaments and framed photographs of German-looking people around an enormous flag-draped photograph of Hitler.

The baroness moved to a gigantic mahogany wardrobe, and opening it, began to take out armfuls of dresses. She separated them into two piles. Dina stood watching her without speaking.

When the wardrobe was nearly emptied and the piles of clothes on the bed were mountainous, the baroness said, "These cottons and linens to be washed and ironed. These silks to be pressed. Now I shall show you shoes."

Dina said, "I don't know how to wash or press a dress."

"Oh, you will learn." The baroness was pulling out half-a-dozen pairs of gigantic white shoes. "Clean these also," she said. She had rung a bell, and shortly a German woman servant appeared. She was almost as large as her mistress. "Well, pick up one pile," the baroness commanded. "Augusta will help you carry the others to the laundry. Oh, by the way, take off those shoes of yours. Also the stockings. You don't need shoes or stockings."

The German maid grinned and said something to the bar-

oness when she saw Dina's painted toenails. The baroness laughed.

Dina started to pick up her shoes and stockings.

"Leave them here."

Absurdly, Dina wanted to cry.

The white shoes, the stockings looked so—so normal lying on the rug, as they might lie in her room at home. She went downstairs after the maid, who led her to a shed behind the house. There were a number of sheds there in a kind of yard enclosed by a high stone wall. One of them was probably the cookhouse, judging from the smoke coming from its chimney and a smell of frying fish.

The shed which the maid, by pointing, told Dina to enter contained tubs, a stove, ironing boards, some old-fashioned heavy irons, buckets on the floor. The maid lifted a bucket and indicated that Dina was to lift the other one. The maid led her to a well just outside the laundry shed, began to pump water, paused and indicated by more pointing that Dina was to pump. When the buckets were full, Dina said, "They're too heavy to carry."

The earth around the wellhead was so hot her bare feet were burning. The maid stared at her and at the buckets.

Dina repeated, "I can't carry a bucket as big as that."

The maid left her and went into the house. For an instant it seemed to Dina that if she could run, swing over the wall, get into the woods outside, find Peter—well, problems would vanish. No one was guarding the wall.

Why she looked at the house she did not know. In a window not more than twenty feet from her, two German seamen lounged, laughing. A machine gun lay on the window sill.

The baroness came out of the door with the maid. The baroness looked very angry. She said, "You are to do as you are told, not waste people's time. Do as you are told quickly." She slapped Dina's face hard, over and over.

Dina never remembered the next minutes clearly. She knew she cried. Even in the midst of rage, humiliation and fear, she knew that she determined not to scream, because of the German seamen who were laughing. They were still laughing when she picked up the first bucket with both hands and staggered into the laundry with it. The maid had gone away. Dina had to carry the second bucket too. Her ears were ringing. One side of her face hurt. She had forgotten the seamen on that second trip.

Inside the laundry, the baroness gave her some orders and went away. Dina didn't remember the orders clearly. They were about washing clothes, of course, and heating water on the woodstove and keeping the stove going.

She heated water; she sorted out the huge ugly dresses. And she did not believe any of it. She, Dina Hapgood, had once on a trip washed out her own stockings because her maid had been ill. The stockings had looked sort of streaked.

Sometime toward noon she burned her hand on the stove. The burn hurt, but she was too dazed to notice. Later, the maid appeared and beckoned to her. She was frightened then. She was afraid she was being taken to the baroness, and would be struck, and would cry.

But the maid only led her to the cookhouse, where a Negress had a plate of fried fish and rice for her. Dina tried to talk to the woman, but was told, "Not supposed to speak to you, missy." Yet the tone was kind—so kind it made her cry again. She had no handkerchief. She tried to wipe the tears from her face with her hand, and the Negress saw the burn and bandaged the hand.

Dina spent from sunrise to sunset of the next ten days in that laundry in the baking heat, and in those ten days she went temporarily a trifle mad. Sometimes she knew that. She never had time to think of it or of anything until after dark, when she was locked up for the night in the room to which she had been taken that first night on the island.

It was always a relief to get to the room. She could have a shower there. They had taken away her shoes, her dressing case and her make-up. But in the pocket of the blue frock she had worn to the laundry the first morning was a lipstick.

She clung to that lipstick as if it were the world's only treasure. She hid it carefully under a loosened tile in the floor every morning. She didn't dare use it, except in the evenings after they locked her in. Then she put a little on her lips without looking in the mirror, because the sight of her strange bruised face troubled her. She did not realize that face and body were thinned to the point of emaciation.

When, some infinity of time ago, she had started in her boat from a clean ordinary lovely world, she had had three dresses—the cotton striped in red and green, the turquoise-blue silk shantung and the blue-wildflower print.

One day, a Tuesday or Wednesday (she had lost track by then), she washed the turquoise and the blue dresses. The blue looked all right afterward, but the turquoise shrank to half its size and turned a strange mixture of colors. She supposed the water had been too hot—she was learning things like that—or maybe the dress should have been dry-cleaned.

The day after that she had the striped dress on, and she burned half the skirt away against the side of the stove. But she kept on wearing the striped dress. Of the ruined turquoise dress, she made a kind of apron to cover the front of the striped skirt. That left only the blue dress complete. She was determined to save that—for something; for when she saw Peter again, or when they got away.

That dress and the hidden lipstick began to symbolize all the hope she had left.

One of those endless days the baroness slapped her again, because she hadn't got all the wrinkles out of a dress. But Dina didn't cry. She laughed quite merrily, because on the baroness' feet, elongated and widened inexpertly by some local cobbler, Dina supposed, were what remained of her own narrow high-heeled sandals.

The Negress gave Dina coffee in the morning and a meal at noon and a meal just after sundown, and tended her burned hand so it began to heal. After a while Dina did not mind the orders given the woman not to talk. She was too tired to talk.

In the evenings, after she had got clean, sometimes she sat for a while by the window looking at the stars and trying to make some plan to get out, to find Peter, who would help her. But exhaustion always overcame her before she could think of a plan.

The polish was all worn off her toenails and her fingernails. Sometimes she would look with surprise at her blistered hands and feet. But generally she was too tired. They had left her soap and a comb, so she washed her hair every two or three days.

During that time she saw only the baroness and her maid, the Negress, and once, at a distance, the Frenchman Dubois. Von Richter was not in evidence. She did not count the German guards at the window as people. They were just part of the scenery, the horrible nightmare scenery: the back stairs to the dirt courtyard, the sheds, the wall, the laundry with its stove. The stove was the worst; worse than the tubs, the clothes, the well, the pails of water, the strong soap, the heavy irons, the heat.

She lost count of days; she felt that she had been washing and ironing clothes forever. She felt that she must have imagined her happy life, her friends, laughter and dance music and swimming and flying and good food and breakfast trays.

Then one day von Richter came out to the laundry and watched her in silence. She did not look up from the tub. What was the use? Some of the things she had washed first were already dirty and back, and that was the way it would be. Old mountains of dresses getting small; new mountains arriving. Von Richter stood in the doorway. Let him stand there!

His voice surprised her. "Come into the house. I want to talk to you."

She straightened up. "And get slapped again by the baroness? Wait until this bruise on my face heals."

"I'll see that no one slaps you. Come along. Why is that bandage on your hand?"

"A burn." It was soaking wet from the water, of course. Well, she couldn't help that. She followed him toward the house. At the door, he stood aside for her to enter first. That surprised her. That made her remember—oh, all sorts of things she didn't want to remember because they were finished; because she was never going to get out of this island, not even out of the yard or the laundry room.

Von Richter said, "Not the back stairs." She had begun to climb them automatically. He led her to the front of the house. She hadn't been in the front of the house since the morning she had said good-by to Peter. They went past the drawing room, down the corridor to a library. She had not seen it before. She thought: Maybe he would let me have a book. I could read it some night when I'm not too tired. Something flowered in her heart with that thought. One book besides the blue dress and the lipstick would make her feel quite rich!

"Sit down," von Richter said. Yes, she had almost forgotten he used to tell them to sit down. On the submarine that was. The leather of the chair back felt cool against her shoulders. This was a fine chair. She hoped she could sit in it for some time before returning to the laundry.

"How long since you've looked at yourself in a mirror, Miss Hapgood?"

She told him brightly, "Oh, I stopped that. I don't like——" and did not finish. She wasn't going to tell him that she hated to look at the bruise down one cheek.

"I've been away," von Richter told her.

"Oh." She remembered she used to make pleasant conversation with men. It used to be easy. It was difficult now, but she tried. "I hope you had a pleasant trip."

"Thank you." He smiled a twisted smile and held out his cigarette case.

Then she remembered something else. She had missed cigarettes for a day or two, at the beginning. She took one. He lighted it for her.

The smoke made her remember that cigarette with Peter.

the last cigarette she'd had. And before that she used to smoke with Jimmie. She couldn't quite remember what Jimmie looked like. He had been blond like this man. Bigger. He and she used to laugh, but at what she could not remember.

But she could remember Peter—his blue eyes under straight black brows; the way he held his head; his smile. Now she asked, "Is Peter—all right?"

"Yes, quite all right."

By something that surged over her, she knew she had been terribly afraid they had killed him, though she never had let herself think that clearly. Her hand, holding the cigarette, was shaking.

Von Richter said, "My aunt is not especially sympathetic to her sex——"

Dina did not understand.

"Baroness von Leske is my aunt," he explained. "Also, she's a valuable agent. Well, that can't interest you. I suppose you aren't ready to be sensible and persuade Aiken to talk."

Dina looked at him. Her only clear thought was: Now I will have to get out of this lovely chair. She got out of it. She stood up on her dusty bruised bare feet and saw von Richter look at them and look away.

"I'll go back to the laundry now, Mr. von Richter."

He laughed. But strangely, his laughter was not cruel. He said, "You don't have to go back. Sit down again. No, first go look at yourself in the mirror over there."

She walked across the room. Well, her hair hung down and there was a large discoloration along one jaw. Also, she was dirty.

Then she noticed something else. She laughed. "My eyes look sort of crazy."

"So I observed. Also you've lost ten pounds or so."

She sat back in the lovely chair without being told. Von Richter pressed a button on the table beside him. When a manservant came, he ordered something in German. Then they sat in silence until the manservant appeared. He had an enormous tray. Dishes, orange juice, eggs, rolls, bacon, coffee. Jam. He put the tray between them.

Dina thought: It's going to be awful watching von Richter eat all those lovely things. I am so tired of fish and rice and beans. She could not remember when she had had anything to eat but fish or rice or beans, and coffee in the morning, just one cup.

Von Richter said, "Go ahead and eat."

But she couldn't. She had to ask, "Does Peter get enough to eat?"

"He fares a great deal better than you, judging from his appearance. Now, eat, and perhaps I'll let you see him."

She took a roll; she took another roll; she ate all the eggs; she trembled and dared to ask, "May I have more coffee?" Von Richter poured her a second cup. She covered the rolls with butter and jam. Then, in the midst of the second cup of coffee, she announced, "But I won't persuade Peter to tell you anything."

"Probably not. To date, it seems I used bad judgment about you. Would you like more jam?"

"No, thank you. Are you really going to let me see Peter?"

She suddenly believed she was going to see Peter! When von Richter first made the statement, she had not dared take it seriously. But now, fortified with all that coffee!

"Wait here," von Richter said, and left the room.

Dina waited, tired again, but pleasantly so. She closed her eyes and fell sound asleep in the fine chair.

In the living room Henri Dubois was reading a report, when von Richter came in. Von Richter spoke without preamble. "You're right. The girl is close to collapse."

Henri's dark eyes flickered. He laid down his report. "I was surprised at your interest. In fact, I assumed your aunt's methods were at your suggestion. You're in charge here."

"I suggested they both be put to work, but that's all. The girl looks like a ghost."

"But still a charming ghost. I observed her on two or three occasions, careful that she did not see me."

"I don't care about her charm," von Richter said.

"No? I was wondering. Well, in the Gestapo career that preceded your Army service you must have seen other young women overworked. Why does it bother you now?"

Von Richter looked badgered. "It's not efficient."

Dubois laughed. "Please explain. I am a member of an inferior race, humbly anxious to be educated."

"Oh, stop talking as if you were at a Party meeting, Dubois! Those two could have told us a good many useful things. The man, particularly. So, after ten days of labor under a hot sun, today he laughed in my face. And I tell you he is getting extra food from somewhere. And she—she wanted that meal I brought her more than she ever wanted anything in all her spoiled life before, but she announced in the midst of it she wouldn't do anything to persuade Aiken. We're not getting anywhere with these methods. That's what I mean when I say they're not efficient."

"Oh. I see. What do you suggest?" asked Dubois.

"I don't know."

"How long since you've seen a young woman prettily dressed and made-up as the girl was that first morning?"

"I don't remember. It's beside the point, anyway."

"Von Richter, I am not so sure of that."

"I am."

The baroness came into the room, swaying majestically.

Von Richter turned to her. "From now on, the girl's to be fed and have rest. I'll find something for her to do."

"May I ask why, my dear nephew?"

"Because I say so."

"Oh. It would not be a recurrence of the same sentimentality which caused you to be transferred from work at home to work on a remote front?"

He did not answer. After a minute he said, "Keep your hands off her, too."

Dubois regarded them with amusement. He knew of the incident which the baroness considered her nephew's disgrace. Von Richter, in charge of the execution of some French hostages, had by carelessness let them escape—if it had been by carelessness. Since his aunt had brought him up in the Nazi movement, it was incredible that it had been anything else. But von Richter had been sent away to coordinate submarine effort and espionage in the Caribbean.

His aunt said, "You are in rank superior to me."

"Thanks for saving me the trouble of mentioning that," Von Richter stood up. "I'll take charge of the girl, and in my absence Dubois will follow my instructions."

When he left the room, Dubois, regarding the baroness' countenance, thought: I never saw such a murderous look on anyone's face.

For some minutes von Richter did not wake Dina. He sat watching her, and he wondered about a great many things. What would it be like to know a girl like her, pretty and laughing and carefree, as she had been—even though she was frightened—when he first saw her? No one had ever smiled at him as she had smiled at that fellow Aiken. Yet they weren't even in love; they were just friends. So Aiken had said. In Germany, one didn't waste time laughing with women friends or dancing.

Suddenly he looked tired and older. Why couldn't he be wholehearted? Why must he make himself unhappy speculating about life on the other side of that wall between National Socialism and the rest of the world? He told himself doggedly, "I do my duty. I always will do my duty and always have," and qualified that last. Those poor French hostages!

When the war ended, and Germany ruled the world, perhaps there would be time to enjoy life. Perhaps he could make friends with some American girl—who had been converted to National Socialism, of course. He knew the unlikelihood of that, but surely there was no harm in hoping!

His voice was very kind. "Wake up, Miss Hapgood."

She rubbed her eyes like—like a child.

"Would you like to see Aiken now?"

She said, "Oh," and she smiled. He wanted to make her smile again.

"I'll arrange for you to see him half an hour every day."

A little color came into her cheeks. Her gray eyes grew bright. She hesitated—she was going to ask him for something else!

An unaccustomed recklessness seized him. Yes, and he would let her have whatever she asked—within reason. He would show her that a German officer was a gentleman. Of course he couldn't give her freedom or anything important like that. His own unfortunate reputation for leniency wouldn't stand another incident. But anything minor he could manage!

She said, "I have a blue dress, not torn like this. Could I put it on?"

"Certainly, Miss Hapgood." She hesitated at the door of the room, no doubt afraid to pass his aunt in the drawing room. He said, "Let me escort you to the stairs." And he waited there in the hall.

Neither the baroness nor Dubois spoke to him, though he made no effort to stay out of their sight. They had better not bother him! Let them remember they were subordinates.

Dina Hapgood was coming down the stairs. When his aunt took all that stuff away from her that he had seen in his aunt's suite—jars and bottles, very sweet-smelling—the girl had managed to secrete a lipstick, evidently.

Der Fuehrer didn't approve of lipstick.

Well! Der Fuehrer was a long, long way off.

From five in the morning until noon; from twelve-thirty until half past seven in the evening, Peter Aiken worked in the field, near but not part of gangs who had been forbidden to converse with him. At the end of his first full day's work,

he had collapsed; had fallen on his way to the stone hut on the hillside in which he was locked up at night.

The wizened elderly foreman of the afternoon shift, strong despite his appearance, had lifted him and helped him toward the hut, toward his supper of rice and fish and greens, handed through the door of the hut by a sullen German guard.

The next day that foreman, who ordinarily spoke the French patois the rest of the workmen used, spoke to Peter in English at a moment when no one was in earshot. "Go to the ditch there. You will find something."

Peter found a package of meat sandwiches and a bottle of coffee. The meat was probably goat's meat; the bread was dark, the coffee thin. But Peter Aiken had never enjoyed so much any food he had eaten before in his life.

Then this man began to find easy jobs for Peter to do. He would send him to a part of the field already worked on and say, "Rest in the ditch. When someone comes, pretend you are pulling up stones."

Sometimes then Peter was able to rest for an hour or two in midafternoon, hidden and a little shaded by piled-up volcanic rock around him, looking down the steep hillside to the sea far off, yet seeming temptingly near.

It was useless to think of escaping to that sea; to the boats he sometimes saw on the horizon. There was one path down the hill—the path that, much lower, became the road on which they had come up from the harbor on their arrival. At the corner of the path nearest the field two German seamen lounged, though not always the same two. They were armed.

Also, Peter was always made to work toward the center of the field, with wide unsheltered spaces between him and the woods. But for that foreman, whose name was Jackson, he would have had to work the full fourteen hours. For some days he had wild notions of getting Jackson to help him escape. But Jackson never gave him an opportunity for conversation, though he left extra food hidden every day.

Occasionally the Frenchman Dubois rode through the field on horseback, regarding Peter, the other workmen and the scenery with equal lack of interest. The guard who let Peter out of the stone shed in the morning and returned him to it at night was the only other person Peter saw close at hand.

A week went by, the longest, the hardest week of his life; seven days he knew he could not have endured except for those afternoon rests when he could sit with his back propped against a boulder, stare at the sea and think.

He thought the same things every day. First: I've got to get out. I've got to get Dina out. I hope she is all right. I wish I could see her. Then he would postpone that in his mind and reconstruct the past—the near-by past and long ago. All the years he had known Jimmie Roberts. Football games they'd seen together. Flying they'd done together; the airports they had stopped at.

The ships on the ocean he could see from the field were too far off for him to distinguish them, and he never had known much about ships, anyway. But he made himself list mentally the distinguishing characteristics of every plane he had ever seen: light planes, heavy planes, transports, fighters, bombers.

But for all his searching of the heavens he never saw one of those planes. They filled the skies of the past; but his only proof of their existence except in his imagination was a small airplane anchored on the water between cliffs that made the harbor at the foot of the hill.

There was a certain irony in the fact that this object on floats was his least favorite type of plane: a small ship, slow, easy to fly; used generally by amateur pilots who were not very good and therefore were willing to sacrifice speed for safety.

Once or twice Peter saw someone flying this plane. He saw it take off from the calm water, rise slowly and vanish eventually against the vivid sky. It always returned soon, and seeing it approach, Peter would think: The clunker's only good for short hops.

He stopped dreaming of getting down the hill and stealing the plane. The heat, overwork and inadequate food combined to daze him. The boundaries of his world narrowed down to the dimensions of the field in the daytime and the narrow space of the hut at night. He hated the hut, with its earth floor, its straw mattress, its barred window.

He had disliked being shut up in a narrow space on the submarine, but he detested to the point of slight madness the confines of the hut. He would linger over his wretched supper under the eyes of his guard, to postpone the moment when the guard said, "Enter." The ten-by-ten stone building was old, damp. Crawling things ran up and down the walls. No breeze came through the square-barred glassless window.

And from the moment he was locked in there until at last he slept hopelessness dwelt there with him. He had failed Dina, though he had promised to take care of her. He could do nothing for her; nothing for himself. They were trapped on this island separately forever. If he could see her it wouldn't be so bad—if he could know she was all right. He would never get out of this hut. Morning would never come, or some morning his guard would not unbar the door.

Only by effort did he restrain himself from banging against the heavy door and shouting, "Let me out of here!" before exhaustion made him sleep. But as Dina's treasures were a blue frock and a lipstick, Peter's were his khaki shirt with the gold wings and the bars not the same color as an Army captain's bars, and his Caribbean Airlines hat. He never wore these to the field. He left them hanging on a nail in the hut. When he waked in the dawn and saw them hanging there, some resolution returned to him. He told himself, "We'll get out of here. I'll fly a plane again."

The steadiness lasted through the good moment when the German guard came to unbar the door, the excellent moment when he saw the bench with a basin of water and a razor, coffee and a hunk of bread which the guard always had arranged in front of him—through the not-so-good moment when the guard marched him toward the field, toward the foreman of the morning shift, who always had two jobs ready for him as soon as he had finished one.

At the end of a week—he had kept accurate count of the days when he entered his hut—one evening he noticed that his hat and shirt were missing from the nail. He turned to the guard furiously. "Where are my things?"

The man seemed too surprised by Peter's anger to answer. Peter stood in the doorway as if he had no intention of going inside. "Tell me where you put my shirt, my hat."

The man shrugged. "Nice souvenirs to send home to Germany when the shirt is washed. Go inside."

A second German stood watching idly, his hard face amused. Peter saw that the man had his hand on his revolver holster, but that wasn't important. His own blind rage was the only consequential thing.

He swung and hit the first guard across the jaw, felt triumph, swung again. The second German guard moved very fast. Something hit the top of Peter's head. There were all the stars in the world, blazing close, multicolored, and a pain remote, unimportant, the stars fading to utter darkness.

A long time afterward he was lying on the floor of the hut. The pain in his head was searing. But he grinned. The second guard had hit him with a revolver butt, but he bet the first one had a damn sore jaw.

Toward morning the pain dwindled, though he knew very well he would have twinges for days. He stood up and began to pace the narrow space between walls.

Determination had come back to him. Without any of the frenzy of the afternoon, he told himself, "I'm going to get us out of here, or get Dina out, no matter how long it takes. I'll begin with Jackson's friendliness. I'll think of ways to make him a little more friendly. But slowly and carefully, day by day, week by week. I'll never frighten him with wild plans for escape."

Well, that was the first thing. He would think of the second when he arrived at it. He went to sleep tranquilly, and woke in the morning with that new steadiness strong in him.

Another week began. On the second day of that week he got Jackson to talk to him for a few moments. Their conversation was about a hummingbird, which flew across the field. Peter said it was pretty. Jackson agreed. Peter asked whether there were many humming birds on the island. Jackson answered that there were very many in the woods. Peter asked whether there were parrots or cockatoos.

Jackson told him there were white cockatoos here and there but they were growing rare, and he added, "I caught one for my wife for a pet last year. She is fond of it."

Peter dared ask, "Does your wife speak English as well as you?"

To his delight, Jackson did more than answer; he volunteered information. "No. She has never been away from the island. I spent ten years in the United States. That is where I learned English. Then I came home and married." He paused. He scrutinized Peter carefully, and what he saw seemed to reassure him. He went on. "Sometimes these last years I have been sorry I came back; but my wife and children would not be happy anywhere else, so I shall stay always. This is a highly paid job, for the island. I could never risk losing it."

Peter stared at him. "No, you couldn't risk losing it."

A smile brightened the man's face. "You understand. My authority is limited to this field. I can arrange that you don't work hard. If you had to work as hard on this shift as you do on the morning shift, it would kill you sooner or later." He said that without any emotion. "I can get you some extra food. Perhaps later I can arrange to supervise your supper, even to provide it. Then you will be better fed."

Peter asked, "Why do you bother?"

The answer astounded him. "I like Americans. I'll be glad when they have won this war." Jackson continued, "But I never can show you the short cut to the harbor, and I have

no solution for what you'd do if you got there. Probably you could do nothing." He nodded and walked away.

But the next day he stopped when Peter spoke to him.

"Could you find out how Miss Hapgood is getting along?"

Jackson didn't hesitate. "Yes. I know already. My wife's sister cooks there. The young lady is all right. She washes clothes."

Peter couldn't believe that. He couldn't make any picture in his mind of Dina washing clothes. But Jackson seemed sure she was all right.

The next morning Peter was lifting rock onto a handcart when he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and turned. Von Richter, whom he had not seen for ten days, sat on the horse's back. They stared at each other.

Von Richter asked, "Don't you find it warm here, Aiken?"

"A trifle warm." The sweat was running off Peter's bare shoulders.

Von Richter pursued the subject. "You don't happen to enjoy carting rock, wearing ragged trousers, working like a common laborer?"

Peter told him coolly, "There are many things I've enjoyed more." He was feeling fine. It was wonderful not to be afraid of the man any more; not to give a single damn about what he thought up next; just to hate him steadily.

"Do you plan to make a life career of being a field hand?"

"It does very well until something else turns up. Exercise, fresh air——"

"I don't suppose you'd care to sit in the shade and tell me stories about airports you've seen. You might never have to come back to the field if the stories were interesting."

Peter laughed, turned from von Richter and went back to piling rocks on the cart. He heard the German ride off, but he didn't turn his head. For a few moments then he felt badly. He hated the field. He didn't think he could stand the heat, the desperately hard work indefinitely. But he got control of himself. He hadn't shown that Oberleutnant that he minded being tired, dirty, ragged! He hadn't shown him—anything!

It was noon. The morning shift had finished work and had gone away on a mountain path which apparently led to their cabins. Peter sat in the shade eating the bread and water which the guard brought him at noon. When Jackson turned up shortly, he probably would have something better to eat. Peter thought that idly.

Not Jackson, but a guard came up the hill and held some conversation with his mate in German. When he was finished, Peter's guard said, "Someone's coming to see you. Not much you can do about dressing up for visitors, is there?"

Von Richter had ordered a horse-drawn wagon brought to the front door. He handed Dina into it. She was staring at the hillside sloping to the sea. Von Richter suddenly realized that she had seen nothing for ten days but the walled yard.

He got in beside her and took the reins. "Sorry this isn't a very elegant animal or equipage, Miss Hapgood. The hill path is rough and steep. A cart horse is most practical."

She moved her gray eyes from the sea and regarded the animal as if she had never seen a horse. Von Richter was reminded of the way certain prisoners stared, brought from their cells to the outdoors. That unbelieving look wasn't pretty! Well, she would recover shortly. After all, she had spent only ten days in that yard. She had suffered nothing worse than having her face slapped.

THEY DROVE along slowly. He talked about the tropical vegetation. After a while she would be able to answer. Let her take her time. He was enjoying himself and would enjoy himself more when he saw her face after she had been confronted with that ragged lean American friend of hers. The man's nails were broken and filthy. He smelled of sweat. Not very attractive altogether!

But he had sent word ahead to make sure Aiken wasn't working. He would pretend he didn't know how hard Aiken had been worked and would change the arrangements, so the girl would appreciate his kindness!

He said, "We'll be there in another ten minutes."

Dina said, "Oh." He wished she would smile again, but otherwise, he was content. He was more than content. He was aware of being happy, unusually happy.

He had been conditioned since boyhood by a system with roots in cruelty; a system predicated on substituting power for honor, brute strength for justice, the glory of the state for the hope of heaven, and the utterances of a megalomaniac for the difference between good and evil. He had no way of analyzing his sudden happiness, nor the slightest concern for the motives behind it. If anyone told him that his conduct and his pleasure were principally based on delight in his own power, he would be neither shocked nor surprised.

He would treat Dina Hapgood very well now because he loved having the power to let her fare well or badly. He hoped she would ask him for many favors; even that she would beg him to treat Aiken well. He probably would do it if she begged prettily. It was rather as if he were a giant compared to them

both; as if he could hold them in the palm of one hand, close the hand and crush them or benignly let them move back and forth along his palm.

That he slightly preferred to let them live proved only that the system which had made him had not been a hundred percent successful. In the beginning, he had not been perfect material. He had been an imaginative boy, fond of music, of horses and dogs and birds. Those weaknesses had been bred out of him long ago, but they left a residue of discontent with his world; of impulse to break its rules.

Only once in the career for which he had been so carefully hardened had an impulse overwhelmed him. That was the time he let the French hostages go. Afterwards he had been disciplined, and, secretly, badly frightened, in spite of the fact that he had blustered his way out of the worst of it. He was not likely to be reckless again. But as long as it cost him nothing, he was disposed to be benevolent.

In a way, it could be summed up in a sentence. While he knew that most of his fellow officers did not mind being hated, and some of them enjoyed it, he much preferred being liked.

Dina glanced at his not-unhandsome profile once or twice and wished she could believe he was well-meaning. But the profile was too hard, too uncompromising. It was warm on the path up the hill, but she shivered suddenly as if she were very cold.

The path made a sharp turn. Von Richter stopped the horse and called out in German. She could see the corner of a bare field. Many piled-up rocks obscured the view.

Von Richter turned the cart into the woods. "There is rather a pretty place here, Miss Hapgood. They're bringing Aiken." He guided the horse as if he were familiar with a path among the thick-growing trees, but she could see no path. She heard the murmur of water. Abruptly they reached a brook and a small waterfall. Giant tree ferns smelled cool. There was a bench in a cleared space.

"We thought we might picnic here sometimes," von Richter said, "but we seldom have time." He got out of the wagon and helped her out. She could hear men moving in the woods somewhere. Her heart began to pound.

Surprisingly von Richter said, "I'll leave you here," climbed out of the wagon and turned the horse away. He stopped again before he was out of sight, but far out of earshot. She turned when she heard a sudden noise behind her.

Peter said, "Hi, Dina."

Across the few yards of that little glade they stood still, staring at each other.

In that first glance Dina saw that Peter was gaunt; that his only garment was ragged khaki trousers; that he was tanned darker by the sun; that somehow he had managed to shave, but his straight black hair was longer than she had ever seen it.

Then his blue eyes were laughing at her. It was really Peter. She said, "It *is* you."

He had seen already that she was barefoot, that she was dreadfully thin, that a bruise was fading on one jaw, that her shining hair was limp against her shoulders, that the blue frock was inexpertly pressed. But when she said, "It *is* you," he felt—triumphant.

He said, "Stay five feet away. I haven't had a bath since last we met, Dina." And in the same breath: "I never was so glad to see anyone since I was born. Dina, Dina."

She laughed. He had forgotten there was such a pretty sound in the world. She said, "I don't care how dirty you are, Peter. Oh, Peter, let's run away through the woods. Von Richter is away down there. I suppose he has guards all over the place, but even so . . ."

"Two are right up there on the hill, the two who came with me, Dina. No, we had better not run away at the moment." He turned from her and regarded the tumbling water below the waterfall. "I'm going swimming, instead." He plunged into the water, swam the few feet to the other side, swam back crossed again. Dina almost regretted wearing the blue frock as she watched him. If she had on the other tattered costume, she could have gone swimming too.

A noise on the hill made her lift her head. A German seaman with a gun in his hands stood watching them. She sighed.

When Peter came out of the water, said, "I'm clean, speaking relatively," and seated himself where the sun came through the trees, the German moved out of sight. "Now," said Peter, "if we had any cigarettes we could smoke and talk. As it is, we can talk."

She laughed again and reached into the pocket of the blue dress. "I stole them," she said proudly. "Matches too." She told him about the fine chair in the library, about the meal von Richter had given her, and that he left her alone in the room and she went to sleep, but before she slept she had stolen four cigarettes and matches, "just in case."

He lighted a cigarette for her, and one for himself. He tried

to be flippant for an instant. He managed, "I never used to know how wonderful you were, Dina, did I?" Then he stopped being flippant at once. He said, "Don't begin with today. Begin at the first day, and don't skip things. I've seen your feet numberless times, when we were swimming or when you didn't wear stockings, but not looking like this."

She didn't want to worry him! He looked as if he had had troubles of his own. She tried to skip the worst of it. She tried to make the account of washing clothes funny, but she couldn't manage her voice somehow.

Peter had taken her hand. She didn't remember when he took it or when he put his arm around her. But when she saw him staring at the partly healed burn, she had to explain about the stove. At some point she put her head against his brown shoulder and said, "Never mind the rest. It doesn't matter now."

He insisted, though very gently, "I want to hear the rest. Who gave you that bruise on your face? Von Richter?"

"No, the baroness." Peter started to say something, caught back whatever it was. She looked up at his face. His blue eyes were blazing, but he remained silent.

She changed the subject. She went back to the story of von Richter's unexpected kindness.

Peter's arm around her relaxed after a minute or two. He began to question her. Was the yard where she worked always guarded? Who locked her in at night? How often did she get to the front of the house? He asked a long series of things like that, in a practical tone.

SHE SAID after a while, "But what's the use, Peter? We can't get away."

He said, "You can get away more easily than I. You're nearer the water, for one thing. Besides, you've *got* to get away from that woman. I can wait. I'm in no trouble. I just work in a field."

Dina laughed shakily. "You must work pretty hard in the field. You've lost weight and——"

He said calmly, "I'm going to kill that baroness."

"Peter!" But his eyes were remote. She put her arm around his neck, pulled his head toward her. "Peter, don't say things like that. We've both had a bad time. We're both a little crazy."

"I shouldn't wonder. All the same, I meant what I said about that woman." He took her arm from around his neck, as if he were thinking of something else. But he held her other hand.

He began to talk steadily, but softly. The guards and von Richter were out of sight now.

Peter said, "It's much easier to concentrate on one simple thing. Now I can concentrate on how you get from the house to the harbor. I remember your mentioning that you have flown a Cabot airplane, but you never flew anything on floats. You don't know how to take off and land on water, do you?"

"Peter darling, what are you talking about?"

His attention came back from a long way off. "Sorry. They have a Cabot on floats in the harbor. I never liked Cabots much. They're too slow. But they're safe—easy to fly."

"Well, I've only flown land planes, so stop thinking of it," Dina said. "If I didn't kill myself taking off on water I'd kill myself landing. Listen, von Richter says he might let us see each other every day. I wouldn't mind anything if we could see each other."

Peter's eyes were suddenly focused on her—not on his thoughts or their predicament or the possibility of escape. On her! Her heart jumped. Peter said crossly, "Don't look at me like that, Dina?"

But she wasn't looking at him any particular way. At least, not any way she could help.

He put his other arm around her. He pulled her up against him and kissed her suddenly and hard. Not as if she was someone who used to be Jimmie's girl and who was amusing; not as if she was attractive, gay, just any girl pleasant to kiss; not casually, not as if he was "fond of her." He kissed her as if she were the girl he had waited to meet all the years he had lived. He kissed her as if he were sure he loved her, always had loved her, always would love her—and was equally sure she loved him, always would love him; as if he would never let her go and as if she wouldn't want release, ever, ever.

A long, long moment went by, and in its passing all her life before passed too. Men she'd danced with, flirted with. Jimmie Roberts finally, blond, smiling, steady—Jimmie whom she had thought she loved—went past and was gone from reality with the others. There was only Peter in the world; there would never be anyone else. All fear was gone, all suffering forgotten. Through fear and suffering she had come to Peter's lips on hers, and she was content.

When he let her go, the spinning world was different. She was happy and dizzy and triumphant, and nothing mattered except Peter. She must tell him that when she caught her breath.

He was talking from a long way off. He was saying, "And that without doubt was the lousiest thing I ever did in my life. I'm supposed to protect you and look after you and get you out of here and not bother you with my confused emotions. Instead of which——"

The world was a little colder, but still warm enough. She had laughter in her voice when she asked, "*Are* your emotions confused, Peter?" She could look at him then. He was flushed, his eyes were bright, but he *was* angry with himself.

He smiled. "Damn confused!"

"How complicated men are! I never realized before. My emotions are very simple and clear. I'm just happy that I have fallen in love with you, that's all."

The unhappiness in his eyes stopped whatever else she might have said. "Let me try to find the words, Dina. They aren't easy."

"Of course, Peter."

"I have to think for both of us. It's repetitive to keep saying I'm your only protector here, but the rest starts from that fact. I'm all you have, here on this island, so probably you'll overvalue me. If we get back, you will realize that I'm not an especially admirable person. The way I ducked the Army, for instance——"

She interrupted. "That was just because you never stopped to think, any more than I did. We'll be different people when we get back."

He corrected her. "*If* we get back, Dina. I can't even put on a good act of pretending to you. I should. It would be comforting to you. And it's true I have a vague idea now. But it's got to be clarified, worked out. Well, that can come later. The thing now is that I shouldn't have kissed you and made you think you care about me. You've been through so much you can't be sure of your heart or anything."

She heard familiar sounds in the woods below. Von Richter had got into the wagon and was starting up the hillside. So she had to know, right away.

"Peter, how about you? You don't think you care about me?"

He had seen von Richter too, but he turned and looked at her. "Don't be silly, Dina sweet. I'm as sure I love you as I am that the sun sets in the west and rises in the east."

She smiled. She didn't know how radiant her smile was, and von Richter was already calling, "Miss Hapgood, we must go back now."

She didn't answer him. She said to Peter, "Everything is all right, then. We both feel the same way."

On the way back to the house, von Richter asked, "Do American men and women kiss each other habitually?"

Dina's voice was demure. "No, Mr. von Richter, only when they haven't seen each other for a long time."

He said, "Oh, I understand."

Back in the house, he suggested, "Perhaps you would like to go to your room and rest?"

Dina nodded and said hesitantly, "Thank you for the opportunity to see Peter Aiken."

"Don't mention it. As I told you, you can see him every day if you like."

She nodded and went upstairs. After a while the baroness' maid came and locked her in. Dina scarcely noticed the sound of the key turning. She sat by the window, and a breeze cooled her flushed cheeks, but did not affect that strange, lovely warmth that filled her whole being.

Her heart beat: "Peter darling; Peter dearest," and her mind repeated, "He loves me; in spite of all his silly marvelous scruples, he loves me." And her heart and her mind made a rhythm of the unrhythmic phrases. She thought: Tomorrow I may realize how bad our situation is; tomorrow I may worry. There's time enough tomorrow for that. Today I know that everything will be all right, just because it has to be all right. I won't spoil today by problems.

The afternoon passed slowly or fast; she could not tell. When the little patch of sky above her window was luminous with sunset, there was a knock at the door.

That maid of the baroness, wearing an expression sulkier than usual if that was possible! She waved a note at Dina and muttered, "Herr von Richter's compliments."

Dina read: "Will you come downstairs for cocktails and dinner with us in half an hour?"

Well, she had no choice! If she wanted dinner she had better go down. She took a shower and dressed again in the blue frock. About her barefoot state she could do nothing. She followed the maid downstairs.

Von Richter and Dubois were in the drawing room. There was no sign of the baroness, for which Dina was grateful. Dubois asked her whether she had ever visited France. She told him, "Yes, in 1937." Conversation made a sort of Cook's tour over museums she had seen in Paris. A rum cocktail was presented to her. She only sipped it, too tired suddenly to be sure of her reaction.

When the men rose to their feet, she saw the Baroness von Leske enter. The baroness addressed the men in German and Dina not at all. Dinner was announced shortly. There were candles in hurricane shades on a long mahogany table in the dining room. There was good silver and china and lace place doilies. The food was excellent.

Dina kept telling herself, "I should enjoy this. It is a wonderful change from fish, rice and greens on a tin plate." But she was horribly nervous. Every time the baroness opened her mouth and words came out in that appalling squeaky voice, Dina wanted to jump. The two men frightened her too, though to a lesser degree. They were cordial in an impersonal way, but they resembled large cats playing with a very small mouse, who was herself. They were playing gently, but at any moment they might pounce.

She pulled herself together. She thought: If I can make them like me even a little more than they do, I can help make Peter's life easier, perhaps. And she listened politely to a boring monologue of von Richter's about what a wonderful place Europe was going to be after the war, and said things like, "I never heard that point of view expressed, Mr. von Richter. You express it well."

It was odd, it amused her in a way, that the things she refrained from saying ran through her mind clearly, simultaneously with her polite words. Things like: "Everything you say is predicated on lunacy." And more directly: "You make less sense than anyone I ever heard saying words."

Dubois brought the conversation away from the post-war world (she had an idea he didn't look forward to it much in von Richter's version, at least) to music.

Von Richter asked whether she played the piano. She told him, "Only swing music."

"Ah, Miss Hapgood, I should be very interested to hear some swing music."

After dinner the maddest half-hour of the entire Alice in Wonderland evening was the half-hour when she played for von Richter things like "My Mama Done Tol' Me."

After a while the baroness intervened, uttering some furious German phrases.

Dubois said politely, "You must be tired, Miss Hapgood. Would you like to walk outside for some air before you retire?"

"Yes, thank you." But Dina, though she hadn't understood a word of those angry phrases, knew the baroness had said she could not stand hearing any more American swing.

Dubois offered his arm. They went outside and paraded across a starlit lawn in silence. Dina was glad Dubois did not talk; when they all kept quiet she could think of Peter.

But the first thing Dubois said startled her so much it brought her back to the moment, to the sweet night air, to the stars and the incongruous sinister effect of those three around a table or in a room together.

Dubois said, "If I were you, I would not encourage the interest of Oberleutnant von Richter, Miss Hapgood."

Dina simply did not know how to answer him. After some hesitation she said what she felt. "He is one of my jailers, as you are. That's all."

"A thing you must understand about the present German hierarchy, Miss Hapgood, is that the dog wags the tail, and simultaneously the tail wags the dog."

She protested, "I don't understand at all."

He made it clearer. "Whoever has authority is checked by those with less and more authority. Specifically, I don't doubt the baroness has orders to report secretly what von Richter, her official superior, does. I know I have those orders about him. There is no reason why you should care what becomes of von Richter. But every gesture of kindness he makes to you, the baroness may make you pay for eventually."

"BUT SHE's his aunt. Why should she want to get him into trouble?"

"Aunt by marriage. However, what do family relationships count when the good of the state is involved?"

She could not tell whether there was irony in that or whether she imagined irony. Suddenly she had the feeling of having nothing to lose. That made her reckless. She said, "*You* aren't German. Why don't you help me—help me and Peter Aiken? Why don't you help us to escape?"

She was sorry the instant she uttered the words. Dubois laughed merrily.

Dina clutched some remnants of dignity. "Monsieur Dubois, I should like to go to my room now."

With difficulty he restrained his laughter. He said, "Wait a minute, Mademoiselle. I had no wish to offend you, and I will be serious immediately. In a paragraph: I have a son in a German prison; I have two grandchildren in occupied France. While I am useful, those three people eat and do not suffer as much as they would otherwise suffer. I mean to continue to be useful."

"But how——" She wanted to ask how he began to be useful. Then she realized it wasn't any concern of hers.

Evidently Dubois knew what she had intended. He said, "How it began is a long story. If we have leisure sometime, I will bore you with it."

They went into the house. She said her good nights.

So began the second phase of her life on the island. She saw the laundry no more. When she waked, the baroness' maid brought her a breakfast tray. Sometime in the morning Dubois or von Richter sent a message to ask whether she would like to walk for a while. One or the other of them escorted her. She lunched and dined with them and the baroness. In the afternoons she read Thackeray. There were no modern novels in the library. She had chosen Thackeray—"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond"—because they were thick novels and would last a long time.

She did not see Peter in four days, though von Richter mentioned once that he would arrange a meeting when the weather changed. All those four days it began to rain in the early afternoon and rained until after dark.

After her talk with Dubois, Dina had evolved a system for those luncheons and dinners when the baroness never spoke and the others made conversation. The system was to ask no questions; to take everything for granted.

Long before the four days were over, she knew that she had made little progress in being friendly and no progress that she could see toward even an idea for escape. Making efforts about Dubois or von Richter was like an average good tennis player taking on the national champion. Her happiness dwindled day by day, though not her sureness of her love.

ON THE morning of the fifth day there was a slight variation in the pattern. Not the baroness' maid but the Negress from the cookhouse, the Negress who had been kind to her, brought her breakfast tray.

Dina said, "Oh, I'm glad to see you."

The woman smiled. "'Gusta is busy. From now on perhaps I will bring your tray." That morning she said no more.

That was the interval of time during which Peter Aiken came to a conclusion so banal as to be comic, but new to him. That was that happiness and contentment are relative.

He still worked seven hours a day in the blazing sun or the beating rain, but not fourteen hours. He still had poor food, but better than it had been. He still was locked up in a dirty, airless stone hut every night, but in the morning he was escorted not to a field to dig out stone, but to the brook to bathe. Therefter he was allowed to sit outside the hut in the shade.

He had no clothes besides the pair of trousers; no books, no cigarettes, no alcohol. But he had two pencils and some ruled sheets of paper. He had asked one of his guards for these treasures. They had been brought promptly.

So in the long lazy mornings he could write a letter without end to Dina, dealing in part with how much he loved her and how much she must not love him until they got home again—or even then, probably. He didn't actually mean to give her the letter. He wrote it because writing it was as near as he could come to talking to her.

But also, whenever his guards seemed inattentive, he wrote something else and secreted that under his straw mattress. It was apparently a short story, though as a short story it was extraordinarily dull.

The hero was a pilot. All that happened to him so far was that he took off a seaplane in calm water, thinking: Now I rock it . . . Now I get it up on the step . . . Now I'm off . . . Of course I climb it slow because of the weight of the floats. His pilot was not a lucky chap because practically as soon as he had taken off he was obliged to land.

As he approached for a landing he had to remind himself to notice how high the waves were and judge his behavior accordingly. Aside from being unfortunate in having to take off and land, only to have to take off and land again in peculiarly varied weather, it was evident that this pilot hero was far from an ace of the air, and actually not even bright.

He seemed to have no time to admire sky or ocean, because he was continuously obliged to tell himself what he did next. One wondered why the poor chap trusted himself to the night sky in the beginning. Darkness surely added to his troubles. He had to carry a sort of childish chart of two or three conspicuous stars by which to check his compass course. He had not studied much navigation, and certainly no celestial navigation, before he embarked on his mysterious mission. (To be explained later in the story.)

However, he reassured himself as best he could. He said to himself, "There is nothing to flying a seaplane in the air. It flies just like a land plane." And: "There's nothing to a night landing on water if I have to make one. Of course I'll stay up until dawn if I don't run out of gas."

He appeared to be vague as to the amount of gas he had to begin with. In general, his hopeful disposition was the most remarkable thing about him. He was frequently informing himself, "If I miss this island, there's another, owned by the British. Attractive scenery. Doesn't matter. I'm on the right general course." Because of this faith in the future, he had not provided himself with maps.

Peter's guard said to him on the third rainy noontime in succession, "What do you write all the time for?"

"Oh, a story. When I get home I'll sell it for a great deal of money."

"You have money?" The guard seemed reasonably interested.

"I can get plenty of money when I get home." Peter announced, with sudden hope that lasted ten seconds at most.

The guard said, "You aren't going to get home. I only wanted to know if you had money now, because if you had money, I'd buy you a new pair of pants."

"Well, I have none. They made me hand over my money and my watch the first day, long before you stole my shirt and hat."

"Too bad," the guard stated.

"Want to read my story?" Peter asked him.

That worked. The guard answered, "Don't want to bother with any American nonsense story." Now maybe he wouldn't hunt the hut for it when Peter was working, since it had been offered to him with apparent eagerness.

Four days had gone by from the afternoon Peter had seen Dina before he had an opportunity for private conversation with Jackson. Ordinarily, the work didn't pause for rain, but late this day there was a downpour that made the usual torrential storms seem inconsequential. This rain was accompanied by the most violent thunderstorm Peter had ever seen. The men working took shelter in the woods. Peter found a moderately dry spot under a shed a little apart from the others. Here Jackson joined him.

Their dialogue always stayed in Peter's memory, mixed with blazing flashes of light and wild thunder crashing.

Peter began it. He had worked out a plan, supposing this and supposing that. There were more suppositions in it than he liked, but he had to begin smoothing those out.

He said to Jackson, "You could not help me get down to the harbor any night. It would be known you had helped me."

Jackson answered, "I told you I could not."

Peter drew a long breath. "If you helped Dina Hapgood, it might not be known."

Silence, except for the noises of rain and thunder.

Peter said, "Please understand I am not trying to bribe you by saying this. Her father is a very rich man. He would be so grateful for the rescue of his only child that he would insist on compensating you."

"I do not live at the house at night. I have no way of helping her. And what use is money if one dies before one enjoys it?"

The words were definite enough, but there was something about the tone—not quite final; not quite closing the door.

"You have a relative who works at the house," Peter said.

"Yes, the cook, my wife's sister."

"Does she live in the house at night?"

"In the yard behind the house. House and yard are guarded. When the submarine crews come in, no chances are taken."

"They don't come in every night."

"No chances are taken at any time."

"But still, if Miss Hapgood's room were left unlocked some night, she might go down the stairs, out the door or a window and slip past the guards, get to the harbor."

PETER DIDN'T dare go on. He waited. The silence stretched out. His heart was pounding.

Then Jackson said, "All that perhaps could be done. What happens when she gets to the harbor? They don't let anyone bring a sailboat into the harbor. And even if there were a boat, it would take her too long to sail to the capital. The alarm would go out. They would have men waiting at the capital, so that she would never see any American, any friend."

"I had thought the capital might be too much risk." Peter decided he had to trust the man the rest of the way. "Miss Hapgood can fly a plane. If she can get to the seaplane, she can fly it to a different island, a British island."

"Oh, I see."

The storm was lessening as abruptly as it had come. The rolls of thunder moved off into the hills.

Jackson said, "We've got to get back to work. Mr. Aiken, I can promise nothing. What you suggest might be possible and it might not be possible. There are fifty details to be considered, like the detail that my sister-in-law would have to get hold of a key to Miss Hapgood's room. That would be risky. Give me time to consider ways and means, and don't be very hopeful."

But in spite of those careful sentences, hope was like a high flame in Peter's heart.

That night by the light of a stub of candle, the dim flame of which seemed to interest ten thousand mosquitoes, Peter finished the first section of his story.

The hero had been successful in taking off and landing in calm water, rough water, darkness and dawn. A critical reader might have wished he had come to a bad but less boring end much sooner, yet Peter was very pleased with him.

He thought: I can spend all tomorrow morning on a letter to Dina. Probably then he would destroy the letter as he had destroyed his previous efforts; but—he might not.

However, next morning it turned out not to be necessary to complete the epistle. He was sitting in a clearing not far from his hut when he heard hoofbeats and the jingle of harness. There was Dina in the wagon coming up the hill—not escorted by von Richter either; escorted by a seaman who was driving the horse.

Dina called, "Hello, Peter. Is that hut over there where you live? It doesn't seem very luxurious."

Peter went down the hill to meet her.

She jumped out of the cart. He held out his arms to help her, and his hands were around her narrow waist. He wanted to hold her so and kiss her. But there was the damn guard, and besides, more important, he had made up his mind not to kiss her. He was going to get her off this island. He was going to give her a chance to get home. Then if *he* ever got home they would be good friends always, or perhaps she would really love him. It made him ache too much to dare dream that. He had to work out some plan for his own escape after hers. He had to do one thing at a time. That made sense.

Meanwhile, why didn't he let go of Dina? She put her arms around his neck, pulled his head down, kissed him as if there weren't any stupid thing like a grinning guard.

HE DROPPED his hands. He said, "Behave, Dina," in an angry tone that made her laugh, so he had to laugh himself.

She said, "I do behave. I behave charmingly."

Well, barefoot, with no make-up but lipstick, weeks and weeks away from a hairdresser, she still was charming.

He said, "You look better. But you're too thin even now."

"Full of compliments you are this morning, sweet. Let's go over to the brook." She said to her guard, "Come along," as one speaking to a puppy. Peter's guard had joined the other. They were conversing in German.

Peter said, "I've written a wonderful story to amuse myself, Dina. Do you want to read it?"

She said, "No. I want to talk. It's such ages since we've met." Gathering from his expression that was the wrong answer, she added, "Sorry if that sounded impolite. But I didn't know you could write. Don't suppose you can, really."

"I'll get you the story and let you see," he told her.

He went into the hut for it. He had got it from under the mattress when a shadow fell across the door. His guard said, "Girl doesn't care about story. Why you waste so much time on it?"

Peter said, "She'll find it very interesting. We want to go to the brook. Have you any objection?"

"Not if my friend and I come too."

Peter didn't bother to answer.

The two guards followed them closely on the path. But, arrived at the little glade below the waterfall, they retreated to a curve in the stream seven or eight yards away.

Dina said, "They'll hear every word we say unless we talk very softly."

"Yes. Don't talk. Read this, instead."

She looked at him, then took the pages without saying anything. He picked up a twig and in the moist sand on the brook's edge wrote, "Show interest." She glanced at what he had written. He smoothed the two words away.

"This is a marvelous story, Peter," she said in a clear carrying voice.

"Do you like it, really?" He spoke clearly too.

"It's fascinating."

One of the guards had taken a pair of dice from his pocket. He and his mate were playing, apparently showing no interest in Peter and Dina.

Peter said, "You can take the pages home. Maybe you'd have some suggestion to improve them."

"They're awfully good as they stand."

She was nearly finished. He waited. When she had finished, she folded the pages carefully. But she did not say anything more about them then. She picked up the twig and wrote in the sand, "Love me?" with a huge question mark.

He said, "Yes. But that counts for nothing until our other difficulties are solved."

Her gray eyes were shining. "I don't agree with you."

He put his hand over hers, but changed the subject. "There's nothing you don't understand in the story?"

"Yes, there is. Why couldn't *two* people have gone on the mission instead of the pilot alone?"

"That's a secret. Oh, well, I'll tell you." He leaned very close to her. "Dina, I'm locked up at night. It's no use thinking I could get away."

She said, "But so am I."

He talked quickly in a voice just above a whisper. He told her about Jackson; he told her Jackson would be sure to be suspected if he, Peter, escaped. Their conversations would be remembered. Only Jackson and one guard had a key to the padlock of the stone hut. The guard would clear himself; Jackson could not.

"The thing is, Dina, that the connection between you and Jackson is much less direct. Jackson never stays around the

house. As for the cook being his sister-in-law, that's not a very obvious tie-up. Half the people on the place are no doubt related to——"

Dina interrupted him. "You know I don't fly very well. Even if you've written in these pages exactly how to take off and land that plane, I'm not sure I could manage it."

"There's nothing to it, Dina. You study those pages until you know them by heart. Then destroy them if you can. My guard wouldn't understand what I was driving at, but von Richter and the Frenchman are probably brighter."

"Von Richter's away on a trip," Dina volunteered. "The Frenchman is in charge of me. Much as I dislike von Richter, I feel more protected against the baroness when he's around."

"Dina, whenever I'm not worrying about something else I worry about von Richter's fancy for you."

She didn't pretend to misunderstand, but her glance was steady. "There is no need, Peter. In the first place, he's not human. I'm serious. I think I am to him a new audience in front of which to go through the imitation gestures of a German gentleman. I make myself applaud politely. Dubois is comprehensible at least, he's the most cynical person I ever met, but von Richter is impossible to understand."

"And the baroness? She hasn't bothered you lately?"

"No. She never speaks to me, either. Peter, there is something monstrous about that woman. She is like a tiger, an overfed, underexercised tiger." Dina's voice shook a little. "Now I'm being silly."

"I doubt that you're being silly. Dina, study the pages. Then destroy them. There are many things that have to be worked out. They keep the plane pulled up on dry land at night. Someone will have to push it into the water for you. You'll have to avoid the guards near the house."

"Don't bother with the rest, darling. The point is, I'm not going to try it. Either we both get away or neither of us does."

"Dina, that's the silliest thing you've ever said."

But it took a long time to persuade her. He insisted that she could send help for him. He insisted that he would not be blamed for her escape; that he would be all right alone until aid came.

After a while she said, "Perhaps you are right. I'm not sure. We can talk about it again," and with that he had to be satisfied.

Somehow, in spite of his resolutions, he was holding one of Dina's hands, the one on which the burn was almost healed. On an impulse, he lifted the hand to his lips.

She sighed. "I wish I had a manicure. I wish I had a finger wave. Darling, I'm so shabby now when I want to be beautiful and well-groomed for you."

He thought of her, back in the life she was used to, that life in which he had never been close to her. Her finger tips and toes would be painted as bright as her lips. Her auburn hair would be "styled"—wasn't that the word people used? And suddenly he was sure she would get back, but not that he would. Briefly, that last didn't seem important.

"DINA, WHEN you get home you will forget most of this. You will forget the laundry shed, the guards, the bruise on your face that has practically gone already. Yes, in time you will forget it all, or remember it only as a story told you about something that happened to someone else."

"But not forget you." Her voice was natural, sweet, warm. "If we both were at home and you were sent away to the war to be gone years, I would not forget anything."

"When we were at home, Dina, there was Jimmie. There will be Jimmie again."

"No, and there is no inconsistency in saying I have almost forgotten Jimmie. My fancy for him wasn't deep, real or important. He never had any deep feeling for me, either. You know it. But what you and I have is real."

He knew that too, in a way. He could not altogether understand his desire to leave her free.

Then suddenly his reason was quite clear. It was because of his disbelief in his own escape. Von Richter would know he had arranged Dina's, and von Richter would have him shot.

He caught his breath. He had no desire to die; he couldn't reconcile himself to the idea that he might die. He wanted to go home and fight in the war and live a hundred years with Dina when the war was over. And he didn't mean to tell her any of that, because it was no use to talk about it.

Instead, he told her, "I never kissed any girl's hand but yours, strangely enough." That was true.

One of the guards announced that it was time to go back for lunch and for Aiken to go to work.

Peter and Dina had to say good-by hastily.

They saw each other the next day, chaperoned by Dubois. The day after it rained again, and they did not meet.

On the rainy day Peter was finished with his afternoon's work, and was drying himself with a cloth that had once been part of a flourbag, when Jackson appeared with his supper.

The man's countenance was wreathed in smiles. "I have arranged to relieve the guard at night, Mr. Aiken. For the first two or three times, I had better lock you up promptly and not be seen talking to you."

"Well, I never get locked up until I've eaten, anyway," Peter said. "The guard leans against a tree and watches me."

Jackson leaned against a near-by tree, still smiling.

Peter interrupted himself in the process of eating goat steak. "What's so amusing today?"

Jackson looked around carefully before he spoke. "My sister-in-law has a key already," he announced.

With a clatter, Peter dropped his two-pronged tin fork. Though planning to get Dina away had been his main preoccupation, he was sharply conscious of regret. That was a most illogical emotion, but for a moment or two it blurred all others. He would be here, but she wouldn't be here! He couldn't go on from hour to hour hoping that soon she would come up the hillside. He couldn't hear her laughter or see the sun on her shining hair or hold her hand.

Jackson talked on, saying things Peter knew already. "Have you considered that you will be suspected of arranging her escape? It is true what you say, that *I* most probably won't be suspected. I know nothing about airplanes. But you spent your life with them, they tell me."

"So what? I'll be suspected. They can't do anything more to me than put me back working fourteen hours a day." But Peter didn't believe his own words.

Jackson corrected him gently. "I think Oberleutnant von Richter or Baroness von Leske will have you shot. Monsieur Dubois is not so fond of having people shot."

That wasn't supposed to be funny, Peter knew, but it seemed funny. In the fast-gathering darkness he couldn't be sure of Jackson's expression, except to realize he was not smiling any more.

"Besides," Peter said quickly, "my country will send a rescue party for me." But he was only talking aloud to himself. He did believe help would come, but not quickly.

And as if he could read Peter's mind, Jackson said, "Not quickly enough."

"Skip that. Let's manage one thing at a time. We'll have to wait for a calm night—I don't want Miss Hapgood taking off in a rough sea—and we've got to find out where the guards are posted; what's her best way out of the house. Can you get a couple of boys to shove the seaplane into the water? And is there any way of having the plane gassed; any way that we can manage?" Something occurred to him, and his voice sagged. "I say 'we,' but it's you who have to do it all, Jackson. I'm sorry."

"Well, it's you who have to plan it all, so it comes out even."

"I'm not as good at planning as I am at doing things." Peter was thinking they needed a calm night and a clear night.

Jackson said, "Soon I had better lock you up. Gertrude is pleased to help the young lady."

"Gertrude?"

"That's the name of my wife's sister."

Peter was looking at the sky. Through the overcast, only a few stars shone dimly. It was going to storm again. "Nothing can be done tonight. You may as well lock me up."

Next morning he saw Dina briefly. She had time to say, "I know about the key. Gertrude told me."

"We've got to wait for a change in the weather, Dina."

"I'm in no hurry." She didn't even sound much interested. She went on to something else. "Von Richter's back. He came in this morning. He'll be along shortly—wants to take me for a drive and show me some interesting volcanic rock formations or something."

"The whole island is a series of volcanic rock formations. He just wants to drive with you."

"I suppose so. It can't be helped. Last night at dinner Dubois was going on about a still-active volcano in the hills that explodes in a minor way once in a while. I wish it would explode on him, von Richter and the baroness."

"Well, there's no chance of that." Peter remembered the volcano from the exploratory flight he had made across this island long before. "The volcano just pours a bit of fresh lava down a slope that's lava-covered anyway."

Someone was moving among the trees on the lower hillside. Von Richter, he supposed! Dina's glance followed his.

"Peter, living in that house is like living on the crater of a volcano due to erupt violently. Nothing happens, but one waits for dreadful things to happen."

"You'll be gone before they do." He made his voice confident.

Her clear eyes searched his face. "If I ask you a question, will you promise to answer truthfully, Peter?"

He guessed the question beforehand and tried to evade answering. "I don't tell many lies, Dina. I never told any to you that I remember."

But she insisted. "Promise to be exactly truthful now."

"All right."

"Are you *sure* and is Jackson sure that you won't get in any trouble over my escape—if I do escape?"

He did hate to lie to her, but he lied steadily. "Jackson says there's not a chance that I'll get in any trouble over it. They know I'm locked up at night."

She seemed satisfied. Now he changed the subject. "I forgot to mention that I offered Jackson a large reward from your father. A way of sending it will have to be arranged."

"All right. That should be simple. I wonder if I can persuade the Army to send a Flying Fortress for you right away, as soon as I get home?"

"Darling, the Army won't waste the gas a Fortress burns on me. Any old plane will do, even a quite slow plane."

"No. The fastest Father can get hold of—and crowds of officials, with everything arranged by radio beforehand."

The man coming through the woods was von Richter. When they had exchanged a few meaningless phrases, and Dina had gone off for the drive with him, Peter sat near the brook trying to make prospects of his rescue seem real. He tried to see a plane landing in the harbor for him. First, there would have been messages to the island capital. Someone would have come from there, perhaps, to see to his safety.

It was impossible to believe in the plane, the rescuer, his own departure. It all seemed so preposterous that for the first time he was glad to dig stone and forget it.

It was worked out as closely as it could be worked out. Any one of ten things could go wrong and spoil the attempt, but that would be so always.

The storms ceased; one bright day succeeded another. The sun flamed in a sky cloudless except for the high, scattered cirrus promising good weather.

Peter Aiken, who was used to thinking in meteorological terms like anticyclonic areas, felt stripped of knowledge without a forecast or pressure readings, and was extraordinarily relieved by Jackson's unscientific prediction. "They say three days like these make three more just the same."

The winds were light, though variable. Dina would have to notice their variations. Peter had impressed her with that fact over and over. She would start off with a full fuel tank; Jackson had stolen tins of aviation gasoline. Gertrude had provided Dina with straw sandals, because Peter had thought she might have trouble keeping her feet on the rudder pedals if she were barefoot. He had considered everything as well as he could. How badly he wanted a half-hour, fifteen minutes, even, to check that seaplane no one but he knew!

Now, assuming Dina could see him this morning, he would tell her to go tonight. Jackson knew that.

Jackson, not due to go to work for a couple of hours, had invented a job in sight of Peter's hut and the path from the house. He had insisted that a particular tree be cut down and was supervising his crew.

He saw the wagon coming up the hill and glanced at Peter. In a minute Peter heard the wheels creaking, simultaneously glad and sorry—glad that the long strain of planning was coming to an end; sorry it was the last time he and Dina would meet and talk.

They went to the brook. Her usual guard was in attendance. Dina waited until he had removed himself a little distance before she told her piece of bad news.

Peter's story had been stolen from her room. She said, "It's my fault. You told me to destroy the pages. I meant to, after studying them once more, just before taking off."

"It may not be serious." Peter tried to be more reassuring than he felt. "I don't think anyone reading them hastily would guess that they were only thinly disguised directions to you for taking off that Cabot on floats."

"The disguise *is* fairly thin, Peter. Anyone reading those pages——"

"All the more important that you take off tonight. It will be an ideal night—stars but no moon, no wind."

She said unhappily, "If that's the way you want it."

"Dina, we have talked over everything. You'll manage the plane all right."

"Probably. I wasn't thinking of the plane. I can fly after a fashion, and I'm not afraid. I was thinking of something else." She hesitated; then she told him. "Peter, do you realize that everyone at home believes we died long since?"

He did not see the connection. "They'll be very pleased to be wrong about you, darling."

"Peter, the people we were the morning we started out on that day's outing *are* dead. We're two different people."

"Yes, in a way, Dina."

She put her hand on his arm. "The only reason I'm willing to try this is in the hope of coming back and getting you."

"Bring me a clean uniform, darling, will you? And *all* my shirts. So tired of not having a shirt."

But she wouldn't laugh, and when he saw tears bright on her long eyelashes he was silent too.

She said, "I suppose I had better go back to the house and rest."

"Yes, you may as well run along now." Suddenly he wanted her to go, lest he cling to her and beg her not to leave him; lest he put his head down on her shoulder and say, "I can't get along without you a day. Let's give up the idea."

Her smile was tremulous. "Peter, Peter, the only thing in the world you're afraid of is letting yourself go." Then he had his arms around her, and she was crying. She said, "In less than forty-eight hours, in maybe twenty-four, a plane will come for you. I will make them hurry."

"Yes, Dina, darling."

"Say you love me."

He told her, "I love you. You know I love you." Yet he was sending her possibly to death, because it was his only hope of saving her.

She said, "Good-by, Peter, for two days; maybe not even for as long as that."

He let her go. She walked toward the wagon, ignoring the guard who followed her. She climbed into the wagon and turned to wave to Peter. Then she was out of sight.

In the afternoon, in the midst of his monotonous day's work, Peter straightened up when he saw Jackson approaching.

Jackson spoke hurriedly. "I will fill the plane's fuel tank myself as soon as it is dark. My son and I will shove the plane into the water later, when Miss Hapgood gets to the shore. At midnight, that will be. It's all arranged."

He went away, and though he brought Peter's supper he did not speak to him again because one of the guards was hanging around in front of the hut.

Jackson spoke only to the guard. "When he's finished supper, will you lock him up for me and bring the key to the house, the usual place?"

The guard nodded.

Jackson made rather unnecessary explanation. "It's my wife's birthday. We are having a party and I want to get home early."

The guard said, "Bring me a piece of cake if you have one."

Peter didn't believe in the birthday party. He knew Jackson was arranging his alibi. Most of his relatives would be assembled to prove he was at his house all evening.

The guard was in a hurry and told him to go into the hut as quickly as he had finished supper. He went without comment. Now there was nothing to do but to wait.

The minutes crawled. An infinity of time passed before the last light faded from the square of sky Peter could see through the barred window. A few stars came out slowly. Then a shadow came between Peter and that square of sky.

It was Jackson. "I thought you would like to know the plane is fueled. I cannot stay more than a minute. There seem to be more guards than usual on the hill, but no one is near the water. I am quite sure."

"Can you come back and tell me when she has got off?"

"Perhaps. Not if it is a risk. Be patient." A dark hand moved through the bars. "I brought you some cigarettes to make the time pass." He handed Peter the pack and the matches. "Try not to strike a match where it will be seen."

"I'll be careful, and thank you. What time is it now?"

"Only a little past ten. Good night. All will go well, perhaps." He went away silently.

Peter tried then to judge time by smoking slowly, allowing ten minutes for each cigarette. But he realized he wasn't smoking slowly; he was smoking fast and nervously. Two or three times he flung a scarcely smoked cigarette away before he thought what he was doing. So he couldn't really judge.

Once he was certain he heard someone walking near by. Then he thought he might have imagined the sound. An interval went by in which he was convinced Dina would not be able to take off the ship; certain he should have arranged to get away himself to fly her out. Surely if he had been cleverer he could have persuaded Jackson that was all right. Then there was another interval in which he was sure Dina was safely away, flying northwest smoothly.

It was the coolest night he remembered on the island, but perspiration streamed down his face. The usual noises of the jungle and the woods, the hum of insects, seemed louder tonight and more discordant.

A long, long time went past. Then he heard someone running in the woods.

Dina had turned out her lights early, and to her too, sitting in the darkness of her room, it seemed that time moved more slowly than she ever remembered. She was convinced that something had gone wrong, that the project had to be abandoned, and an emotion like gladness stirred in her.

The silent opening of her room door was frightening. The light from the corridor showed Gertrude, with her finger to her lips. Barefoot, with the straw sandals in her hand, Dina followed Gertrude down the corridor and entered a room where faint starlight indicated an unbarred window.

Gertrude said, "A ladder. No one overlooks this room." Gertrude climbed out on the ladder and began to descend. Dina followed her. They ran across the lawn to the woods.

Gertrude seemed sure of her way, but they made slow progress. Lianas grew thick from tree to tree. They had to climb around or over or under them. The woods shut any view away from them, but they progressed downhill steadily. Unexpectedly the woods opened, and they were on a strip of sand.

Gertrude said, "Around that curve is Jackson, the harbor and the plane. I go no farther. I must be back asleep before——" She didn't finish. Before the search started, Dina thought.

Dina whispered, "Thank you," and Gertrude was gone into the woods. Then Dina walked around the curve. She heard Jackson's voice before she saw him, though his voice was only a whisper.

"We have shoved the plane into the water. Missie, you must wade out to it." As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness she saw the plane. A Negro she didn't know was holding it with a rope no more than four feet from shore.

Jackson said, "Missie, it is best we be quick. The beach shelves sharply. There is deep water just beyond where the plane is now. I wish you luck."

He helped her wade out. He helped her in through the cabin door. A problem that hadn't been considered arose at once. She had to put on the cabin lights to find the starter or use a flashlight, and she didn't have a flashlight.

"TELL the man not to let go the rope until I say, Jackson." She told him the problem hurriedly. He stood knee-deep in water and struck one match after another for her, shielding the light inside the plane cabin. She found the starter button on the dashboard.

Jackson in the soft patois of the island gave instructions to the other man.

They had pointed the nose of the plane out to sea. She would have to taxi out a safe distance before she turned into the offshore wind.

"You feel all right, missie?" Jackson's voice was anxious.

"Yes." Extraordinarily, that was true. As soon as she had put on her sandals, put her feet on the rudder pedals and one hand on the stick, the plane felt more familiar than anything in her life since she'd been on the island. She reminded herself she had floats, not wheels under her and would have to be careful, thought of Peter's hero who was always reminding himself of such simple facts, smiled and said, "Let go the rope or untie it. Then shove me out as far as you can before I start the motor."

Jackson said, "Good luck, missie." The plane moved out on the dark water. She pressed the starter, taxied out from shore. The roar of the motor was the loudest sound in the world. She decided she probably wouldn't hear if twenty people were shouting on the beach.

The starlight was fairly bright; she could see the outline of dark cliffs on either side of the harbor and the open water between them. She tried to clear her mind of extraneous things; she tried to focus on taxiing. She decided that in another minute she would turn into the wind and take off. It was almost certain that the sound of the motor starting had been heard at the house and by whoever was on guard. But it would take time for them to get a boat out, and once she turned to take off, she needed less than a minute.

She made up her mind to switch on the cabin lights after she was in the air. Though the lights would make her a target, she had to see the instruments. And she thought: Peter—anyone really first-rate—could climb by feeling the way the plane flew without seeing a thing.

She made a wide turn slowly, remembering Peter's instructions. Then, facing the wind, she could see lights coming down the hillside. She leaned out the window beside her. There was no boat nor any obstruction ahead of her. She looked out the other window from the copilot's seat. There was nothing but dark water shining in the starlight and the dark hills beyond. Back in her own seat, she fastened her safety belt carefully.

Suddenly something said to her as clearly as if a voice had spoken, "This is a mad idea. You should not go, leaving Peter behind. You know that."

She was not at all afraid. She knew with certainty that she could take off the plane in that calm water. The lights on the hillside were much lower; they were very close to the shore.

Who was it, Peter, Jimmie, or some half-forgotten pilot acquaintance who had said to her, "I always think better in the air"?

She shoved the throttle in gently, then all the way. She took off; she got into the air; she switched on the cabin lights and watched the air speed. She climbed slowly.

A wonderful sense of freedom filled her heart and her mind and her spirit. There was the island that had been her jail. She was free of it; she could fly northwest, find an island, find a ship, laugh at those people, get aid to Peter.

Her visibility was much less at eight hundred feet, of course, than on the ground. She could barely differentiate

the two cliffs from the harbor mouth between them. She circled, hearing Peter's voice as if he were beside her: "Check everything, darling, before you leave land behind you." Air-speed, altimeter, oil pressure, oil temperature, fuel gauge. Oil pressure forty, oil temperature one hundred sixty, fuel gauge reading empty. *Fuel gauge reading empty?* But Jackson had fueled the plane.

The gauge must be broken. How could she be sure it was broken? Half-forgotten voice of the instructor who had taught her to fly, urgent voice of Peter, mingling in her ears with the steady sound of the motor: "Be sure everything is all right before you leave an airport. Be sure everything checks before you get away from land."

There was a slight break in the continuity of the motor's beat. Gone as she listened. There again. She had wanted to get out and get help to Peter. She had wanted not to leave him.

Without thinking of it, she cut back the throttle, she put the nose of the Cabot down, checked the air speed of her glide. She was going to land. She wasn't going over open water with a fuel gauge reading "Empty." It wasn't good judgment; no first-rate pilot would do it. Peter wouldn't do it. If she wasn't first-rate, still she had to pretend she was.

The altimeter read seven hundred, six hundred, five hundred. She planned to land near the shadow of a cliff. She gave the motor a burst of power to clear the throttle. The motor gasped, coughed, quit.

So—she had to level off and land without power. Nothing to it, as Peter's hero was always claiming. She landed hard. The water splashed. Then she saw a boat not far off, just a moving blur through the right cabin window. She wasn't going to find out what had happened to the gas gauge. She would never get off again, even if she could start the motor. But she had to get to Peter. Somehow she had to get to Peter now.

She opened the left-hand door, she stepped out onto the float, she slid into the water and began to swim in toward the wooded hill.

Halfway to shore she thought: My goodness, I made a forced landing! My first forced landing. At night. In a seaplane. Peter would be amused when he heard that. Again she wondered why the gas gauge read "Empty," why the motor quit. She wondered what she had done to make the motor quit. Peter would be able to guess, and anyway, she reflected, it didn't matter now. Then she thought of barracudas and sharks and concentrated on swimming.

It was wonderful to feel sand under her feet. She was rather breathless, but sheltered by a grove of palms at the water's edge, she peered out. Lights were blazing on the water, up the hillside, and at the house. No use trying to get back there unseen! But she might get to Peter, and tell him what went on. She could find her way all right, if she went carefully.

Her straw sandals had fallen off in the water. It couldn't be helped. She moved through the weeds as fast as she could, but quietly too.

Her desire to see Peter increased with every passing minute. So did her resolve to keep Peter out of the trouble that would begin as soon as she was found. After a long climb she saw the half-cleared field in front of the hut, and then somehow she found breath to run.

SHE gasped his name as she ran, and didn't have breath to spare to repeat that single word. But she didn't have to repeat it.

Peter's deep voice said, "Here I am, Dina."

When she got to the stone building she had to lean against the wall to catch her breath. But she managed to put her hand to the barred window, and Peter's hand closed over it. That was the most comforting thing that had ever happened to her; that was for the instant the sum of her desires.

She said absurdly, "You do have such nice hands—strong, long-fingered. Oh, Peter, I am so glad to see you."

He was laughing softly. "All right, darling, and miraculously I have five fingers on each hand, counting the thumbs. But when you can, you might tell me what happened."

"Oh, I came back."

"So I guessed, or else you never went."

"I went—I took off *nicely.*" She began to tell him the rest. He let her finish. As an afterthought she mentioned, "The motor quit as I was coming in," and she asked, "Why did the fuel gauge read empty? It was broken, wasn't it?"

He couldn't tell her. He was extremely puzzled.

"Never mind, Peter. What's the difference now? A great turmoil is going on around the house, and I suppose they will soon send people up here to make sure about you? Peter, there isn't time to argue. My story to von Richter is going to be that this was my idea solo. You never knew anything about it."

Peter didn't answer. He was looking toward the woods. It

occurred to him that he had been doing that practically since she arrived.

"What is it, Peter?"

"Nothing." It was hard to see in the starlight, but it seemed to him that four of the trees on the edge of the woods showed a curious thickness. On that side, the woods came near the hut. Those trees were not more than thirty feet away.

Dina said, "We've got to agree on a story *fast*."

Peter looked down at her through the bars—at her dear eager face; at her gray eyes that in the starlight weren't gray but dark and strange; at her tumbled silky hair. "Dina, I don't think it's important to plan a story."

"But why?"

He moved his hands through the bars. Now he held both Dina's hands in one of his, and lifting his free hand, he managed to touch her hair.

In a minute he would have to answer her; to tell her that those thick shadows at the edge of the wood had moved, were a little closer. In a minute . . . They moved very slowly. Well, there was no hurry—for them.

"Dina, in spite of everything, this is the best hour of my life. That you came back just because of me—Dina, my dearest, if we were to live and be married fifty years, I would still be trying to be worth your love."

"If we were to be married fifty years, I could not love you more than I do now. Peter, why did you say 'if we were to live'?"

"No reason." He could see the nearest of the four shadows clearly enough to identify it. He said quickly, "Dina, there is no more time. I wish there were." And louder, in a voice he made hard and cold and steady: "No need to wait any longer to hear what we might say, von Richter. We wouldn't say anything that would interest you."

Von Richter came forward with three seamen behind him. He ignored Peter. He said to Dina furiously, "I was pleasant to you, took you for drives, gave you good food, tried to make you understand the future, the meaning of our cause."

SHE still kept hold of one of Peter's hands, though she had turned to face von Richter. She spoke without fear. "But your cause is a meaningless cause, and people like you will have nothing to do with the future."

He did not answer. He snarled to one of the guards, who led Dina away. Another opened the door of Peter's hut and said, "Come." Peter followed him.

Dawn was gray outside the French windows in the long living room of the house. It seemed to Peter that von Richter and Dubois had been questioning Dina and himself for days, not just for hours. In Dina's pale face, her eyes looked enormous. But still neither she nor Peter had admitted that anyone helped them.

There was a kind of routine to the questioning. Dubois would ask Peter one thing after another. Then Dubois would question Dina. When his voice grew tired, von Richter would take over. Coffee and sandwiches were brought; neither of the men suggested that Dina or Peter share them.

The sky outside the windows had turned from gray to pale rose when heavy footsteps sounded outside the room. The baroness entered. In her hand were crumpled pages that Peter recognized as his story.

The baroness' expression was unusually amiable, but Peter was reminded of Dina's simile "like a tiger." Baroness von Leske was like a tiger fed now, and satisfied.

She inquired, "How many lies have they told you?" shrugged and addressed Dina. "I am not stupid. I judged what these pages meant hours before you set out. A guard working for me was on the beach when Jackson gassed the plane." She laughed shrilly on a high note, like a scream. Turning to Dubois and von Richter, she said, "I have saved for you a jest. I ordered the gasoline siphoned from the plane a half-hour after Jackson filled it."

Their reaction to that was odd. Dubois' face stiffened; von Richter shouted, "Without orders from me? What right had you?"

Calmly and in English, as if it did not matter any more what Peter or Dina heard, the baroness stated, "Of course without your orders. You have been too busy lately to give adequate orders—drives and dinner parties have absorbed you." The baroness folded her thick hands in her lap. Then she unfolded them and began to smooth the folds of her grotesquely unbecoming bright flowered dress.

Peter spoke furiously. "You wanted her to set out with an empty fuel tank?"

No one answered him. The baroness smiled. Peter, tied to his chair, strained against the cords. But Dina, who was not tied, sat relaxed and said lightly, "Lucky thing I turned back."

"But you left some gasoline? Miss Hapgood took off." Dubois sounded mildly curious.

"Yes. I left enough fuel for her to stay aloft four or five minutes."

Peter thought: By then, if she had stayed on the course I planned for her, she would have been eight or ten miles out over the sea when the motor quit. But he didn't speak again; it was no use.

Dubois asked another question: "You did not find Jackson?"

The baroness' elation dwindled. "No, he, his family and the cook Gertrude took to the hills before I got men to his house. When daylight comes we shall search the hills."

"I wouldn't do that." Dubois was gentle. "After all, we only own a few square miles of this island, and people are too curious about our affairs as it is. Until the war ends with our victory and we take over this island among so many others"—the mockery was plain in Dubois' voice—"it is unwise to hunt for natives among natives and attract unnecessary attention."

Von Richter said, "You're right, of course. But what if Jackson goes to the capital? Not all the people in the capital are loyal to our cause."

"The stupid French officials won't bother us. They won't even listen to any story Jackson tells," the baroness said.

Dubois spoke. "I agree with you completely." But his eyes looked angry. He went on to the main point: "What do you suggest we do about the prisoners, Oberleutnant von Richter?"

Von Richter shrugged. "Nothing. We have them safe."

The baroness screamed at him, "In Germany, they would be shot for trying to escape! You are the representative of Germany here. You have no choice but to destroy them. Have you gone mad altogether about the girl? What if they escape again? What if they get home to tell stories about the fine airport we're going to have where the great field is or the harbor so safe for submarines? Dead prisoners don't talk."

Von Richter for the first time sounded uncertain. "We shall have them more carefully guarded. They will not escape again."

"But why are you sparing them?"

The look on von Richter's face was that of a man badgered to the point of exhaustion. He said, "Because I choose. Let us hear no more of this."

"I shall speak of it again if I consider it my duty," the baroness answered.

Von Richter stood up. He called the baroness' maid. "Take Miss Hapgood back to her room and lock her up." Then he called a guard. "Lock Aiken in a safe room in the house tonight."

Dina left the room first. Peter had no chance to exchange even a glance with her.

He was locked in a comfortable room with a shower. Food was brought to him twice a day by a guard who never spoke. He spent four days in that room, torn by anxiety about Dina most of the time.

On the fourth day Dubois appeared when the guard brought the evening meal. He motioned to the guard to wait outside.

Dubois asked without preamble, "Would you prefer to go back to work in the field or remain here?"

"I'd rather work in the field. Will you tell me how Miss Hapgood is?"

"She is all right for time that is. For time that will be——" He didn't finish. He said, "I will arrange for you to go back to work tomorrow." He went away without another word.

Next morning Peter was sent back to work under a new foreman. At the end of seven hours' work he was locked up in the shed where he had been before, instead of being brought back to the house. And another four days went by.

It was then more than a week since he had seen Dina. In spite of Dubois' vague reassurance, he was dreadfully concerned for her safety. His instinct told him that von Richter's interest in Dina was as great a danger as the baroness' hate. Against those two, she had only the Frenchman's tired good manners.

The sense of his own helplessness tore at him, so that he slept only in snatches and went to his day's work weary. The work was the same, but the conditions were worse. He was not now let out of his jail until time to go to the field. And instead of Jackson's kindliness, there was the new foreman's insistence that he work at top speed.

Two other things were changed: there was now always an armed guard in sight, and Dubois rode to the field two or three times each afternoon. Often he stopped to talk to a group of the men working, but for some days he did not stop to talk to Peter.

Always in Peter's mind was the qualification in Dubois' remark: "All right for time that is. For time that will be——"

It was after sunset. The men had gathered up their tools and were ready to leave on the evening that Dubois rode out of the woods and stopped beside Peter. He said without preamble, "Miss Hapgood is well. She is at the house, is permitted walks and the rest of the time is given books and sewing with which to occupy herself."

"Thank you for telling me."

The Frenchman's dark eyes moved from one to another of

the Negroes. None of them was paying attention, apparently.

Dubois lowered his voice. "Tonight you will have a different guard, a man who works for me. He will be on duty all night. Late in the evening, not before twelve and possibly later, I shall come to the window to talk to you. It will be necessary to be very quiet." He rode off.

The hours of that evening wore by slowly. The new guard looked as German and unfriendly as any of his predecessors, but Peter was amused, remembering Dubois saying "a man who works for me." What conspiracies within conspiracies went on at that house!

Dubois came up silently. A waxing moon lent the night a little brightness, enough to show the anxiety on his saturnine features.

The Frenchman spoke softly. "Aiken, there is no reason but necessity for you to trust me. But it is necessary. I am searching for Jackson quietly in the hills. When I find him, I can help you. I do not know how often I can arrange to see you; it is necessary to be extraordinarily careful. After tonight I may not be able to see you at all until the arrangements are completed. Now, listen closely."

But Peter was listening as closely as possible already.

"I shall arrange for Jackson to bring a boat to the cove south of this harbor, the cove on the other side of the mountain. You and Miss Hapgood will have to cross the mountain at night, traveling as fast as you can. It is eight miles across. You must be at the cove, aboard the sailboat and at sea before sunrise."

Peter had to speak then. "Why do you bother to arrange an escape for us?" He did not ask, "Why should I believe it is anything but a trap?"

Dubois said simply, "Because I am tired of murder and the murder of a woman, a girl, is something I will prevent if I can." He called the guard, then said to Peter, "Since I am taking so much risk I may as well take a little more. We will talk more comfortably outside."

But Peter scarcely heard him; was not surprised when the guard swung the hut door wide for him. The word "murder" had shocked him so horribly he could not speak.

The guard went away. Dubois said, "He will watch for the patrol. Sit here." They sat side by side on the stone step of the hut.

Dubois went on, "It is no use to delude you, and I have stopped deluding myself. The baroness will have the girl killed the next time von Richter leaves the island. He will have to leave eventually. I know he has missed two meetings with submarine commanders at other islands. But he waits because he guesses what the baroness will do. Of course he and she are both mad."

It was some seconds before Peter understood that Dubois was serious; that he really considered the baroness and von Richter insane. It was not a figure of speech.

Dubois said, "There is time for me to explain the situation in detail. The patrol is not due for an hour, but the guard's watchfulness is a necessary precaution. Von Richter's madness is quite common; his generation was educated to it; it believes in the fantastic superiority of their race; in the virtues of cruelty, war, torture. A complete product of that education is so consistently mad as to give the impression of a kind of evil sanity. The trouble is that von Richter's not a complete product."

Peter interrupted again. "I understand, but I am interested in no one but Dina Hapgood."

Dubois' soft voice was ironic. "For her safety's sake, I am here. Let me assure you that she is in no danger tonight or tomorrow or perhaps the day after. I have taken precautions. Meanwhile, let me tell you things in my own fashion."

"Sorry," Peter said.

"Even you, Aiken—and you can't be familiar with the type—have understood that Miss Hapgood is not subject to the usual danger of a pretty young woman in captivity. I have watched your face when you have looked at von Richter."

"That's true. I've never thought he would attempt—well, even a flirtation with her."

"You're right. He has been too much disciplined. It's different from that. She represents to him the kind of life he might have had, the kind of girl he might have loved, the kind of world in which he might have moved if he hadn't been born a Prussian of his generation. Outwardly, and even in his private thoughts, he pays homage to the insane catchwords of his Fuehrer. But somewhere in von Richter's lonely soul a voice whispers, 'There were other things; there were other rules. There was laughter and the warmth of friendliness and the warmth of love.'"

Dubois' voice changed, grew brisker. "In a way, I find it in my heart to be sorry for von Richter. But not for the baroness. Do you remember the werewolf stories, Aiken?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Women like the baroness convince me that there is a certain spiritual truth in those stories. If a woman likes cruelty, she is monster complete. Most men; even very good men, have a streak of cruelty, well or badly controlled. But it's rare among women. The baroness is one of the exceptions.

"Aside from that, she has conventional reasons to hate Miss Hapgood. Miss Hapgood is young and slim and beautiful. The baroness is old and gross and hideous." He paused. He seemed to have finished talking.

Peter said, "You'll forgive me for inquiring, but the third person in the house, yourself, got involved with these people for what reason?"

"My dear Aiken, you would have to be familiar with the history of France for the last twenty years to understand. Once I had a genuine belief in the principles of National Socialism. In short, once I too was mad. Recovering from that insanity, I found myself too deeply involved in its consequences ever to escape them. Does that satisfy you?"

It did, oddly enough. Dubois elaborated a trifle:

"Latterly I've been a prisoner just as you are, except that I am a prisoner who retains a certain measure of authority, a strictly limited measure. If I dared overexercise my authority—for instance, if I dared ride to the capital, appeal to the United States consul to help you—I would be a dead man. Aside from the practical fact that you two would be dead also before the consul ever arrived. I wouldn't even dare to hire a sailboat from one of the native fishermen. There's no good reason I should want a sailboat. That's why I have to wait to find Jackson and spend some time persuading him of my sincerity."

"But how much time have you got?" Peter insisted. "How can you protect Dina, if von Richter goes away?"

Dubois said soothingly, "He isn't going yet. He won't go until he is obliged to, though I think he is tossing away his whole career."

Nothing interested Peter less than von Richter's career. He asked what he wanted to know. "How soon can you get us out?"

"As soon as I can, for my own sake," Dubois assured him, and changed the subject. "The baroness took away that blue frock of Miss Hapgood's, leaving her in rags. But I got some pink cloth for the poor child to make a new frock. She wore it at dinner tonight. She sews badly, but the color is a pretty shade of pink and suits her."

He rose to go and added as an afterthought: "By the way, I have an idea all sorts of apparent opportunities for you to run away will offer themselves in the next days. Try to run, and you'll get a bullet in your back. It's one of the baroness' arrangements. She will insist to von Richter that you were shot trying to escape and he can't make a protest."

Peter asked himself or Dubois or the pale moon riding the heavens, "Whom am I to trust?"

Dubois' answer was practical. "Me, the guard on duty tonight, and Jackson. Follow orders given by any of us three. Trust no one else."

He uttered a low yet piercing whistle, which startled Peter until he saw the guard emerge from the woods and realized the whistle was a signal.

Dubois said, "Good night," and the guard locked Peter inside the hut again.

For a long time he sat with his head in his hands asking himself unanswerable questions. Did he dare hope? Why should he trust Dubois? But the man's manner and words had been very convincing. It was as he had said; it was necessary to trust someone.

After a long time Peter slept and dreamed of flying with Dina in a wonderful fast plane north and west to some remarkable destination; or sailing with Dina in a boat he could not picture in his dream, but its course was north and west always.

Dina had lost count of the days. Their terrible monotony seemed to have begun long ago. Yet she hoped the monotony would continue, because she was certain any change would be for much worse.

Every one of the four people who made up the sum of her days seemed to be waiting. The German maid, Augusta, bringing her breakfast and luncheon trays to her room, was waiting with a terrible smile on her face. The baroness night after night at the dinner table waited with a kind of steady rage. Von Richter waited, his face thinner than it used to be, his light eyes remote, his voice always quiet now, even gentle. Dubois waited, with the mockery gone from him and an anxiety he could not hide growing on his worn features, shining in his dark glance.

Even the guard with whom she was permitted to walk after breakfast in front of the house, though he never addressed a word to her, seemed to be waiting too.

In the long afternoons, locked in her room, trying to read or teach herself to sew, Dina sometimes lifted her head listen-

ing for a sound different from the usual sounds around the house, and knew that she was waiting too.

The piece of pink cloth Dubois had given her absorbed her for three days. She made a sacklike frock from it, which she admired as much as any frock she ever had owned, because it was clean and new. To her delight, some days later he gave her another piece of cloth—white cotton printed in violets. She began to work on that; it was easier than trying to focus on a book. But sometimes, for no reason she could define, fear caught at her as she stitched the new material, and she thought: I have to hurry to finish it. There isn't much time. I have to hurry.

She made it like the first frock; she knew no other way. She folded the material once lengthwise, cut a round hole for her neck, chopped at the sides to narrow them with the diminutive manicure scissors which was all they gave her, sewed up the sides, turned up the two raw edges at the bottom and made a long sash to hold it together at the waist. Then she turned in the raw edge at the neck.

The afternoon it was finished she put it on when Augusta unlocked her door and said, "Come down for dinner." It seemed a little earlier than the usual time, but Dina had no way of knowing.

As usual, Augusta accompanied her to the door of the living room. Von Richter rose when she came in. No one else was in the room.

Von Richter had not spoken a personal phrase to her since the night she had not escaped in the plane. But now he said, "You have a new frock. It's pretty. Will you have a cocktail?"

She had not been offered a cocktail recently, either. Since any change was ominous, she hesitated. Then she told herself that she was being absurd, said, "Thank you," seated herself and watched him mixing rum and limes and ice. She wondered why he was so formally dressed. Ordinarily, because of the heat, he dined in shirt and trousers of his tropic uniform. But now he wore a thin jacket with his full insignia on the shoulders and his decorations on the breast.

He said without preamble, as his hands moved over the shaker, "Could you get Peter Aiken to talk?"

"Mr. von Richter, neither of us will talk. You must know that by now."

But he went right on. "If he talked a little, if he gave some slight information on African air traffic, your life could be easier."

She repeated, "He won't talk, and I won't ask him to." But she wondered what he was trying to tell her.

He said, "There are skillful prisoners. They say a little, not very important—I see I shall have to explain differently. I am going away tonight." And to her astonishment added, "I don't want to go."

So he was trying to tell her that when they were left at the mercy of the baroness it would be wise for Peter to talk a little. But her reaction was definite. She stated it. "Mr. von Richter, I don't think Peter or I are subtle, skillful or crooked, depending on what you call it. I don't think we'd be good at elaborate lies."

"Perhaps you are right." He poured her a cocktail, handed her the glass, filled his own and seated himself beside her on the sofa. "I drink to you, Miss Hapgood."

But though instinct told her to trust him, within the narrow limits in which it was possible to trust one of his caste, for her life she could not drink to him.

Again she said only, "Thank you."

Von Richter drank his cocktail in one gulp, and poured himself another. Dina had never seen him do that before either. His normal manner was to sip a cocktail as one despising it for a luxury.

They were silent then, but she was conscious of his light eyes fixed upon her with an appeal in them she did not understand. And suddenly she was reminded of a spaniel she had owned in her childhood, a spaniel whose eyes were too light to be "correct," and whose intelligence was more limited than most spaniels' intelligence. Just so the poor affectionate creature used to sit, staring at her hopefully as if to say: "Is it my fault that other dogs are smarter and more beautiful? Anyway, I want to be petted."

Von Richter asked, "What do you think of me, Miss Hapgood?"

And she told him without considering her words, which spoke themselves. "I dislike intensely everything you represent, yet sometimes I am sorry for you." And why she added that she did not know.

Something quivered in his face, and was gone. He said lightly: "If we had both been born ten years earlier, if we had met in Europe ten years ago, we might have liked each other. I was a very correct young officer, but I danced well. We might have danced. It is a long time since I have danced at a hotel, with a good orchestra playing Viennese waltzes. You would have worn a frock the color of that blue frock you wore here, but taffeta, of course, with a long rustling skirt. And you would have had fine golden slippers, and your shining hair down on your shoulders. I would have brought you a corsage——"

She said, "Don't, Mr. von Richter. It isn't any use."

He said, "Just for once, just for these few minutes, pretend it could have happened."

She asked him simply, as if he were anyone she knew in trouble, "What is the matter?"

He smiled, a smile that lighted his whole face and changed it. "Nothing, really, except that I don't want to leave. I have stayed much longer than I should because of you."

"Because of me?"

"Yes. You don't need to tell me that's mad. I know it. I have stayed perhaps too long. Then all I could arrange was that the baroness find some private correspondence of mine to study. She will be making copies of the letters at this moment. No matter how she hurries it will take her so long she will come down late to dinner. So we have these moments. I asked Dubois to let us be alone to talk. I want to tell you so many things."

Dina was not at all frightened. She was only conscious of pity for him. Tomorrow he would be the stiff Nazi officer, tomorrow and all his life possibly. But now he was someone else, for a pitifully short time.

He repeated, "I want to tell you so many things, but I don't know where to begin. Don't be frightened if I say the baroness means to kill you when I'm gone. But I am having a talk with her later. She will change her mind after our talk. We all conspire against one another and the rest of the world. Amusing, isn't it?"

He paused and went on to something else.

"After tonight I may never see you again. Perhaps that is best. Perhaps I don't want to see you because—you trouble me. I would help you to get home, but I can't think of a plan. I don't dare."

He picked up his second cocktail, which he had forgotten, and sipped it slowly.

Dina said, "I do not understand."

"You don't need to yet . . . Yes, I am sure that you and I won't meet again in any case. For me, the tide is running out fast. I know it. I have heard other men, now a long time dead, say they knew when the tide began to ebb. The strangest thing is that one does not care. One is content to be done with the conquests, the noise of the guns and the bombers, the look on prisoners' faces, the weariness, the weariness." He looked at her. "I'm sorry, Dina. I'm being boring."

He did not seem to realize that this was the first time he had called her Dina.

"I'm not bored. Only I'm sorry——"

Then he laughed. "Sorry? But think how wonderful it's been. I rode through ruined Warsaw triumphant, with the smell of burning in the air—and the smell of death. I rode down Paris boulevards emptier than I ever saw them in peacetime. I've been part of the glorious parade in Brussels and Vienna and Prague. Somehow, tonight I know I'll never ride in another parade of the conquerors, for which I most sincerely thank God."

Dina said, "I cannot help you. There is no way I can help you even in words, it seems."

"I'm not supposed to need help, darling. Is 'darling' what Aiken calls you? I never used the word before. Let's talk about other things. I never told you my grandmother was a Viennese, a famous dancer, very beautiful. I used to admire her portrait in my childhood. She looked so merry. You don't even know my first name, do you?"

"No, Mr. von Richter."

"And you've never called me Oberleutnant, and I don't care at all." He was gay now, and the gaiety did not seem forced. "Well, my name is Siegfried, a fine German name. I would like to hear it on your lips." He glanced at his watch. "We have not much time. The baroness will come soon."

She had the most curious desire to be pleasant to him. She asked, "What time is it, Siegfried?" because that seemed a simple way to use his name.

He smiled again, and he looked young, carefree. The madness was gone from him. He said, "It's eight-thirty precisely, Dina. And thank you very much."

Dubois stood in the doorway and said, "The baroness is coming downstairs." Dina thought he looked at von Richter as if something surprised him.

Von Richter did an extraordinary thing. He took Dina's hand and said, "Shake hands in the American fashion, as you would saying good-by to a pleasant acquaintance."

They shook hands gravely.

Then the baroness came in, very grand tonight in purple silk with a purple bag to match the dress. She usually carried a huge cloth bag to match her frock. Dina had often wondered why. Dinner was announced. They went into the dining room and ate in silence.

There was a storm near by. They heard the distant thunder,

and the candles, though protected by hurricane shades, flickered in the gusts of wind.

Dubois said once, "We may be going to have a bad storm."

Von Richter said, "Perhaps it will pass the other way over the mountains."

No one else said anything.

The air was heavy in the drawing room when they went back to it, though all the French windows were open. The wind had dropped. Von Richter had not come into the living room with them. Five minutes later he appeared, wearing a revolver and a hat.

The baroness said something to him in German. He answered, however, in English. "I know the submarine isn't due until midnight, but another submarine is coming in earlier."

She said, "Speak German."

He laughed. "I choose to speak English. While we are on this island I am your superior officer, and you use the language I tell you to use."

Dina began to be frightened and moved closer to Dubois, who was now seated beside her on the sofa. She stole a glance at Dubois' face. Why, he was frightened too!

Baroness von Leske spoke English. "So now we're to tell all our secrets to this American girl! Well, not for much longer. I have a report to make that will change many things. Don't think because we are relatives, don't think that because I spent years bringing you up in the Nazi Party, that my former hope for you will stop me now."

Von Richter laughed again. "I regret that we are relatives. I don't thank you for having brought me up. I've known you would betray me. So following your best principles, I have betrayed you first. I have reported that you connived at Miss Hapgood's escape. The submarine coming in first is Germany bound. You are departing on it. Stop fumbling with that bag."

But she was too quick. Her huge ungainly hand moved fast as a snake's head striking. She had her bag open. She had something in her hand. There was a flash, a loud report. Von Richter's knees buckled as his hand fumbled for his revolver. But his hand reached the revolver, and he fired. Then he slid down to the floor.

All that happened in a very few seconds. Dina screamed once. There were running footsteps. She couldn't look at what had been the baroness' hideous face. But von Richter rolled over on his back, and she went to him.

A guard was in the room. Dubois was speaking to him in French. He couldn't be speaking in French. But he was speaking in French. Dina lifted von Richter's head.

He asked in a whisper, "Is she dead?"

Dubois, standing behind Dina, answered that whisper. "Yes. She is dead."

Von Richter's eyes were fixed on Dina's face. His lips formed three more words, with long pauses between: "So—it—ends."

Dina said to Dubois, "We must do something. Is there a doctor?"

Dubois said, "No need, my dear, no need." When she saw his face she didn't ask again.

Dina turned back to von Richter, whose eyes were closed. He opened them once more, and his lips tried to form her name. He gave up the effort. He said instead to himself, to whatever he remembered of his life in those moments, or to Death that had come for him, "All right. I—am—very—tired," and closed his eyes forever.

It was Dubois who led Dina out of that room where the baroness lay dead across her chair and von Richter lay dead on the floor, and the frightened guards crowded staring, and whispering. He took her to the library, where von Richter had once brought her a great tray of food.

She sat with her back to the door, but when she heard someone move behind her she turned her head. The guard who spoke French, and behind him Peter. *Behind him Peter!* She tried to stand up. She could not stand up.

Peter lifted her out of the chair. Peter held her on his lap and murmured, "You're all right now. Everything is all right now."

Then she could weep against Peter's bare brown shoulder; weep because she had never seen anyone die before and for another reason harder to define. Under the hard armor to which he had been encouraged many years had been another, a better von Richter, enclosed by a dreadful system, from which the only escape was death. She could weep for him.

A long time went by before she quieted.

Once Dubois came in and said to Peter, "Jackson's had his boat hidden in the cove since yesterday. I have sent him a message."

Peter seemed to understand. He answered, "Good!"

When Dubois returned for a second time, perspiration was dripping from his old face. Peter put Dina down gently in a chair opposite him and said, "Well?"

Dubois sat down as if he was too tired to stand any longer. He lighted a cigarette to steady himself. Peter asked Dina "Cigarette?" and passed her the box that was on the table.

"There couldn't be a worse night for your attempt," Dubois said. "The wind's rising. The seas will be high. The boat Jackson obtained is very small. It had to be small enough to be hidden in the mangroves on the edge of the cove."

"Well, can we wait until tomorrow?"

"You can't wait an hour. The officers and crews of two submarines will be here by midnight, if they're on time. One commander has orders to take the baroness. It is the most horrible jest I know that the other, the man due here later, had secret orders to take von Richter back to Germany. The baroness had betrayed him days ago."

"Then if we can't stay we must go, storm or no storm," Peter said matter-of-factly.

"But you must also consider that the submarines may not arrive on time. Either or both could be delayed two hours, ten hours, twenty hours. That often happens. You might encounter either one of them in the morning as you sail out to sea. And how will I account for your escape? I must think of what to tell them." He paused. Clearly, he was incapable of decision.

Peter spoke to Dina. "My sweet, how do you feel about walking eight miles across a mountain, finding a boat and sailing northwest? I don't want to try to get to the capital; I want to go northwest—toward home."

Get off this island? Get away from this hillside, this house; almost from memory of the two who lay in that long room? She said, "I feel fine about it. If I knew I was going to drown or be shelled by another submarine, still I would want to get off this island."

Peter asked, "Do you want to come with us, Dubois?"

The Frenchman's face was parchment-white. "I don't know. I will get you some food now. Then you had better start."

"If you can, will you please get Dina some shoes?" Peter called after him. Then Peter crossed the room and sat on the arm of Dina's chair. "We are going home, dearest. We may get home tomorrow if a fast boat picks us up. Almost certainly we will get home by the day after tomorrow. Dina, do you believe that tomorrow we'll be free?"

"I don't believe it, Peter. I have forgotten how to believe things."

"Never mind. I don't believe it much myself. I'll believe it more on the boat, perhaps."

They sat still and tried to believe they were going home.

Dubois was not gone long. He appeared with a packet of sandwiches, a jug of water, a flask of brandy and the native straw sandals for Dina. The French-speaking guard, the man he had told Peter "worked for him," was beside him.

"This man will show you the path," Dubois said.

"Well, are you coming?" Peter asked him.

Before he answered, he told the guard to wait outside. Then he said, "I suppose you think the United States Government would forgive me my sins for the sake of my useful information."

"Something of the sort," Peter told him.

Dubois shrugged. "I find I am not as good as my German confreres at conspiracy, and I'm too old to do any more betraying of one side to the other. Thank you, I'll stay here. Now I'll go to the door with you."

At the door Dina said, "But you may get in trouble over this. You would be wiser to come with us."

Dubois took her hand. In the dim light of the hall she could not judge the expression on his face. "Dear Miss Hapgood, I have only to lie successfully. I have such long practice in lying successfully. Besides, like von Richter, I am very tired. Now, go with my good wishes, both of you, but go quickly. According to our radio, one of the submarines is approaching the harbor. Good-by."

He opened the door to the wind and the darkness. The wind carried away their voices saying good-by. Then they were outside with the guard. The guard said, "*Vitement, vitement!*" Quickly, quickly!

When they got to the protection of the woods he said in strangely accented English, "Now, we can go more slow, not much more slow."

After a while he helped Peter help Dina through brambles, over sharp rocks, across a brook, up and up the mountainside. Once they rested for a moment. She looked back. House and familiar vista and harbor were lost in the noisy darkness as if they had never been. She did not look back any more. She stumbled on.

Later, while they were still climbing, the storm broke. Even in the thick woods, rain drenched them and the sound of thunder filled the woods. In the flashes of lightning, Dina looked at Peter's face for reassurance, and he smiled at her in return as if it were natural, ordinary, even amusing to be fleeing for one's life on a jungle-covered mountain, gasping for breath, stumbling with fatigue.

The storm moved away from them again. The rain ceased, and the lightning was far off. But still the thunder echoed around the mountaintops. Then they ceased to climb and began to descend slowly. With every step of that descent, but slow as their progress, hope began to stir in Dina's weary mind.

There was darkness and woods and thunder. Darkness and woods and thunder filled the world. In spite of hope, Dina was incredible when far ahead there was something, a different blackness, not woods; when at the edge of that blackness a light showed.

The woods changed. Their path was between thick tangled mangroves. *Mangroves grew by the sea.*

Jackson's voice said delightedly, "You got here!"

Peter answered him, but Dina had not enough energy left even to mention how glad she was to be there.

Someone, perhaps Peter, perhaps Jackson (for some odd reason even voices were blurring now), said something about, "The farther out to sea by daylight, the better." And, "Too bad the seas are high, but the boat's stable."

Now people were saying "Good-by, good luck." She was lying on hard boards. A voice she knew said, "The only reward I want is to get back to the States with my family. My wife has changed her mind about wanting to stay here after all that's happened."

Time went by, a little or a good deal. Peter said, "Let her sleep. I can handle the boat until morning."

Dina wondered, "Let who sleep?"

Then she was in the fine boat her father had given her. Jimmie and Peter were with her. She adored Jimmie, but somehow today she was more attentive to Peter. Odd of Peter to come on her boat in a pair of ragged trousers and without a shirt. But she didn't really care.

Only she wished the seas were a little calmer. They seemed extraordinarily rough, and the boat was very wet. If it would stop being rough and wet and cold—something nice would happen.

At dawn Peter tried to rouse Dina. It had occurred to him that she probably handled a sailboat better than he. She put her arms around him. She said, "Peter darling," but she slipped back into unconsciousness immediately. He could tell she was feverish. He thought: Those two killed in front of her, that walk across the mountain in the storm, a rainy night in an open boat—no wonder she has fever."

But he let her sleep or lie there dozing, whichever it was. He wished he had something waterproof to cover her; he wished he even had a blanket. He had nothing but a little food, a jug of water. He was out of sight of land in an open boat not much larger than a rowboat, with high seas running.

As the sun rose in a cloudbank, it seemed to him that the seas were calmer. But he still shipped water, had to bail and steer, bail and steer again. The wind was dropping fast.

Once he saw a long wave unlike the others, saw a darker shadow in the dark sea. He thought: Submarine! So I only brought her out here to die. The shadow moved fast under the water, and his heart raced. But if it was a submarine, it did not notice them, or noticing them, did not think they were worth stopping for.

A little later Peter shook Dina into consciousness long enough to make her swallow some water.

The ship came from behind him, and he never looked behind him because he was too busy steering, bailing, watching Dina's flushed face with terrible anxiety.

The ship was close enough for him to see the lines of a cruiser moving fast through the seas; to see against the brightening sky an American flag.

And all his life through—through the war, through the years of peace afterward—when he saw the flag of the United States flying on a schoolhouse in a little town, on a ship, or anywhere in the world, he would remember the way the Stars and Stripes looked flying on that cruiser against a clearing tropic sky, and the sudden warmth in his heart.

Dina had been ill; she was in her familiar bedroom in her father's Florida house, and pleasant nurses in white rustled past her. But she wanted to see Peter. She never would be well until she saw Peter. She was glad to see her father, of course, though he was very odd. Every time he came into the room he said, "My darling child," and cried. He hadn't called her "My darling child" in years, and as far as she knew, he had never cried. But usually she fell asleep before she had time to ask the reason for this.

Sometimes when she slept she was on the island and sometimes in a plane alone. But she liked better the times she was on the island at the brook by the waterfall with Peter.

One day they told her Peter was in Washington on business and would soon return. She didn't understand, but she waited hopefully for him to return from wherever he was.

Then on another morning she waked remembering everything, with the fever and delirium past. She was starving hungry. As soon as that nice nurse brought her an enormous breakfast, she would inquire how soon Peter could come.

They told her, "He will be here Sunday. This is Wednesday. He will be here Sunday." She began to recover quickly. She was determined that she would be all well, dressed in a nice frock, her hair done, when Peter came.

She managed all of that on the Saturday before the Sunday. She was able to stay up long enough to have tea with her father.

Suddenly she said to him, "I'm going to marry Peter. Are you glad?"

He said, "I know, and I'm very glad." So that was all right.

Somehow Sunday did arrive, with a telegram from Peter that *he* was arriving at eleven in the morning.

Dina put on a white frock with a green-and-red belt, and sandals with green-and-red trimming. She was shy and scared. She and Peter hadn't even much liked each other in the days before the island!

He was announced. She went downstairs, her knees shaking as if she still had fever. There was an Army officer's hat on the hall table. Why on earth had Peter brought a guest?

Peter was outside by the boat dock. He was looking at the water. She said, "Peter," rather uncertainly, and he turned.

He was wearing the uniform of a captain in the Army Air Corps.

Then he held out his arms, and she found her way into them. He said, "Can we be married right away before I go overseas?"

She said, "Right away tomorrow. Today if it can be arranged."

They were married on Tuesday. Dina's father had asked them to wait until then so he could arrange a "proper" wedding. He even had a white satin wedding dress flown down from New York for his only child.

Peter and Dina waited to please Dina's father and were content with his wedding arrangements. In fact, they scarcely noticed them. Through the ceremony and the reception they thought of a waterfall by a brook, sunlight falling through leaves in a thick jungle. Peter thought of a blue frock Dina wore there; Dina thought of holding Peter's hand through a barred window.

And once in the receiving line Dina whispered to Peter, "I wouldn't have missed it, would you?"

He said, "No, I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Dina's father assumed they were talking about the wedding he had arranged.

THE END

Next Month's Book-Length Novel

—A REAL SCOOP

Blackout in Gretley

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

SOMEWHERE **in a small English village operated a dangerous spy or traitor—**

SOMEHOW **counter-espionage agent Humphrey Neyland had to capture him—**

Who Could It Be?

SHOPKEEPER...CIRCUS STAR...CIVIC LEADER ...FACTORY HAND

And what was Neyland's real interest in

The PRETTY LIBRARIAN . . . FOREIGN WOMAN DOCTOR . . . or OVERRIPE BEAUTY?

All the warmth and heroism of average small-town people whom this famous author knows and portrays so beautifully. All the suspense and excitement of modern intrigue

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BEACH PARTY IN THE *South Seas?*

Not at all—it's Florida, U.S.A.

1. "*I made two mistakes,*" a traveler writes, "when some years ago I decided to point for the South Seas and 'get away from it all.' First mistake was actually going 'way out there. Second was packing along a supply of Canadian Club—an unnecessary precaution, for I found this old favorite all along the route. And discovered later that here in Florida are all the best things the South Seas ever offered.

2. "*Two essentials* of every self-respecting tropical paradise are towering palms and exotic birds. Darned if I've *ever* seen any to beat the Florida specimens—the ones you see at the Hialeah track, for instance.

3. "*I'll never forget* my first taste of Florida deep-sea fishing if I live to be a hundred. First day, no more luck than a mousetrap at a cat show. But the second day—whew! We switched to heavy tackle and went 'way out after the big fellows.

4. "*Big? Colossal is the word!* Imagine battling a tiger shark like this for three hours. I was so proud when we towed him in I felt like a superman . . . albeit a wilted one.

5. "*Number one memory,* though, is of the returns from such trips—of blissful relaxation . . . the luxury of velvety breezes . . . the matchless flavor of Canadian Club. South Seas? Mister, I'll take Florida *any* old time."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

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