Liberty

JULY 10, 1943

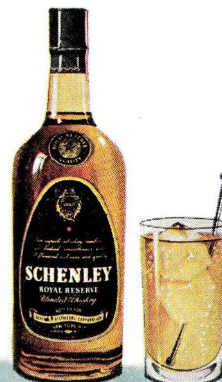
10c

BOND BUYING KEEPS IT FLYING

Greens Committee, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

There's more gardening and less golf these days. There's more alcohol for war use, too, because Schenley and other distilleries are on war work exclusively. The whiskey available for Royal Reserve was distilled in peace time. Use it sparingly . . . and enjoy it that much longer.



SCHENLEY

ROYAL RESERVE

BLENDED WHISKEY

Before Anything Else, Buy War Bonds

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y.

"We just saw something wonderful!"

"Civilian defense . . . the Red Cross . . . Victory gardening . . . they don't leave much spare time! So when we get to see a picture, we want to see something really worthwhile . . . and Warner Bros. hasn't let us down yet!

"If you haven't already seen 'MISSION TO MOSCOW', see it your first chance! Because it's grand entertainment — and a new kind of picture! You'll remember it a long, long time!"

IN EVERY WARNER BROS. picture, you'll find thrilling entertainment – *and a whole lot more!*

You'll find an understanding of the need to make every precious minute you can spare for motion pictures count for the utmost in "lift" . . . the kind of "lift" that millions of war-working Americans got from 'Air Force', 'Casablanca', 'Edge of Darkness', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and right on down the Warner Bros. line!

And in filming former U. S. Ambassador Davies' hard-hitting, best-selling 'MISSION TO MOSCOW' we have created a motion picture so BIG . . . so EXCITING . . . so NEW . . . so AMERICAN . . . that you MUST see it!

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

WARNER BROS.

the one and only!

Race horses or Vermouth—blood lines will tell. Vermouth by Dubonnet is a Vermouth backed by a great quality tradition. Everything the 97-year-old name "Dubonnet" stands for is in this Vermouth... highest quality ingredients and the skill to blend them to perfection.

Write for free "Smart Drink Guide", Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

VERMOUTH by Dubonnet

PRODUCT OF THE U. S. A.
Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
Tune in! "Alec Templeton Time" 10:30—10:35 p.m. (e.w.t.) Blue Network, Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Associates

Edward Maher
Edward Hutchings, Jr
Sid L. Hydeman
Kathryn Bourne
Lee Pasquin
E. A. Piller

Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Harriet Gould • John Keavey • Otto Kurth • Margaret Mochrie • William B. O'Brian • Daniel E. Wheeler

★ ARTICLES

Does the Army Hoard Food? *George Fort Milton* 11
Montgomery: Master of Surprise, *Captain Hugh Cudlipp* 14
"Shoot, Jerry—You're Faded," *Joe Alex Morris* 18
Old Marble Puss, *Dugal O'Liam* 20
We *Have* a Beveridge Plan, *Ray Giles* 22
Science Charts Your Child's Ability, *Gretta Palmer* 33
Help on Wheels, *Edmond S. Fish* 53

★ FICTION

Good American, *Frank Richardson Pierce* 12
Faithless Pa, *Gordon Malherbe Hillman* 16
Stalk the Hunter—Part VI, *Mitchell Wilson* 34
Goldfish Bowl—Liberty's Short Short, *Phyllis Duganne* 38

★ BOOK

Prophet by Experience—*The rollicking novel by Jack Iams abridged to a reading time of one evening* 25

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 8
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 52
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* 54
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictonary (*Unabashed*) 61
Crossword Puzzle 64
Woman-Talk 68
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 72

★ EDITORIAL

Just Beating the Japs Won't Tame Them, *Paul Hunter* 74

COVER: E. FRANKLIN WITTMACK

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, July 10, 1943. Vol. 20, No. 28. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1943, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS OF

3 WOMEN IN LOVE

THIS IS LEDA

Beautiful, ambitious, Leda determined to make up for an unhappy childhood by marrying into wealth and power. She succeeded; but then another man came along who made her triumph a mockery!

THIS IS BETSY

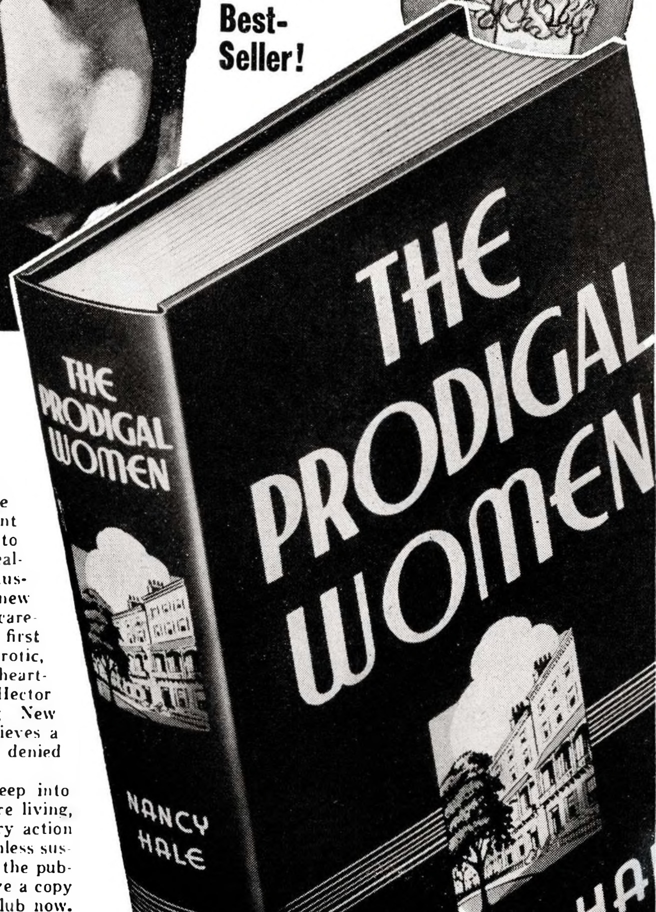
Happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy gave her heart to a musical genius. She listened to his playing because he wanted her to, but she only waited for the music to stop and the kisses to begin!

THIS IS MAIZIE

Blonde, popular, Maizie could have all the boy friends she wanted. But she chose a clandestine affair with a philandering artist and made a fateful tangle of both their lives!

A $3.00 Best-Seller!

FREE



if you join THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now . . .

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

by NANCY HALE

YOURS FREE with Dollar Book Club Membership—this dramatic, outspoken novel that has provoked more excitement and discussion than any other American novel in recent years.

"The Prodigal Women" is the story of three unforgettable girls and the men they loved. Leda March is the sensitive, unhappy daughter of an insignificant branch of a great Boston family. Not until the arrival in her town of the carefree, haphazard Jekyll family from the South does Leda begin to understand what companionship really is. The two Jekyll girls, blonde, popular Maizie, and the hoydenish Betsy, change the entire current of Leda's life, and the lives of the three girls from schooldays on become inextricably woven together.

Maizie marries first. Her marriage to Lambert Rudd, magnetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a living hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even when it threatens her sanity and her life. Leda, determined and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless marriage with a wealthy and socially prominent young Boston physician. Shocking to her, as the years go by, is the realization that she wants Maizie's husband with a madness she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest, carefree and loving a good time, is first snared by the dancing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heartbreak of this affair, she meets Hector Connolly, tempestuous, brooding New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthy happiness that is denied the other girls.

"The Prodigal Women" cuts deep into the human heart. Its characters are living, breathing personalities, whose every action and word you will follow with breathless suspense. Although this novel sells in the publisher's edition for $3, you may have a copy free if you join the Dollar Book Club now.

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!

—and this $3 best-seller illustrates the amazing bargains it brings you!

HERE are the advantages of DOLLAR BOOK CLUB membership: First, it is the only book club that brings you books by outstanding authors, for only $1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 60 to 75 per cent from the original $2.50 to $4.00 price. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in cloth.

Second, members are privileged to purchase as many Club selections as they wish at the special price of $1.00 each. Although one selection is made each month and manufactured exclusively for members at only $1.00 each, you do not have to accept the book every month; only the purchase of six selections a year is necessary.

The Economical, Systematic Way to Build a Library of Good Books

Dollar Book Club selections are from the best modern books—the outstanding fiction and non-fiction by famous authors. The Club has offered books by Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, W. Somerset Maugham, Vincent Sheean, Emil Ludwig, Nevil Shute, Hugh Walpole, and many other noted writers. And the cost to members is never more than $1.00. How are these savings possible?

300,000 discriminating readers are enthusiastic supporters of the Dollar Book Club. This huge membership enables the Club to offer book values unequaled by any other method of book buying.

Start Enjoying Membership at Once

Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent a FREE copy of THE PRODIGAL WOMEN. With this book will come the current issue of the free monthly magazine called "The Bulletin," which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. This Bulletin describes the next month's selection and reviews about thirty other books (in the original publisher's editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading the description of next month's selection, you do not wish to purchase the book for $1.00, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the book will not be sent you. You may request an alternate selection if it is desired.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

When you see THE PRODIGAL WOMEN and consider that this free book is typical of the values you will receive for only $1.00, you will realize the value of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now. DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York.

MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE: "The Prodigal Women"

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Dept. 7L, Garden City, New York.

Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once THE PRODIGAL WOMEN FREE. With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called, "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains which are sold for $1.00 each to members only. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

St. & No...

City.. State...............

If under 21,
Occupation.............................Age please......

Slightly higher in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

NO MORE WAR STORIES?

DAVENPORT, IA. — I wholeheartedly agree with George Rich (June 5 Vox Pop) on war stories. We certainly are war-conscious, as that's all you see at the movies any more and the radio is full of it. My opinion is that no real American has to be reminded on *all* sides that there's a war on to make him buy War Bonds and Stamps. So no more war stories, *please.—M. B.*

LUCEDALE, MISS.—I have just finished reading June 5 Vox Pop. Mr. George Rich asks for more stories like We Took to the Woods. Of course every one has his own opinion, but, to my way of thinking, Mrs. Rich is one of the driest, dullest writers that it has ever been my luck to come in contact with.

Sure, everything is about the war, but why not? Does Mr. Rich want to forget that we are in this war because it is unpleasant? If I have my say, you will not change the type of stories you print.—*Mrs. E. W. Jones.*

THE EYES HAVE IT

TROY, N. Y.—Your artist Mr. Schmidt certainly has some peculiar eye-deas. When he illustrated the short story

The Corporal and the Carpenter (June 12 Liberty) he gave the hero a pair of deep *brown* eyes, despite author Watkins' description of them as "savage blue."—*Color-Blind Joe.*

THREE MEN ON A RAFT

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I am just eighteen years old. Last September 22 my ship was torpedoed somewhere in the Indian Ocean. After suffering many hardships we reached land on October 13, a total of twenty-one days and twenty-two nights. On the afternoon of October 12 we saw some mountains on the coast of India, and looking around the lifeboat I saw seventeen faces beaming just like the faces of the three men in Wittmack's painting reproduced in April 17 Liberty.

It is pictures like that which make the American public realize there is a war going on. If some people in the States who are openly defying the war effort were put adrift 650 miles from land in a lifeboat, they would soon change their tune.—*William J. Lehner.*

APPETITE KILLER

ON ACTIVE SERVICE—Being in the Navy, we don't get much chance to read the magazines from home. But some one sent one of my shipmates a

Liberty, and I had a chance to read the recipe for Texas Liver Loaf in your woman's column (March 20 Liberty). It sounded swell till they said to serve it with Navy beans—that spoiled it.

Anything that even mentions Navy "ham and eggs" sort of ruins my appetite.—*Frank N. Gillespie, Seaman 1st Class, U. S. Navy.*

DON'T SWAP HORSES

DES MOINES, IA.—I have felt in the past that Liberty was the *people's* magazine. Your editorial Many Men of Destiny Are as Yet Undiscovered (May 22 Liberty) is a subtle but powerful crack at President Roosevelt. Why get into politics now? Why bolster up those who we know are willing to sacrifice almost anything to crack down the greatest leader (save Lincoln) we have ever had because that leader has had the moral courage to stand for the people as a whole and refuse to cater to those to whom money and power stand first?

We're in a war. We have a marvelous commander in chief—a man of courage and integrity. Isn't there *one* national magazine big enough to come out wholeheartedly in support of this man who is doing so much?—*L. R. Page.*

DONALDSONVILLE, LA.—*Re* your editorial Many Men of Destiny Are as Yet Undiscovered, I agree with you that "the jobs that need doing will be done" and, as you say, "horses should not be swapped just for the sake of swapping."

I wonder if you agree with me that today naught else matters but winning the war. Ought we not, then, to crystallize a sentiment that those now in office in every state and county be returned unopposed? We have no time to play politics while our boys, dying for our democracy, cannot, in the nature of things, vote.—*Walter Lemann.*

RECORD DRIVE FOR RECORDS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One of my many American Legion friends talked to a wounded American boy in an Army Hospital in Indiana, and here is what the lad told him: "I guess you know how it is to sit around in the dark waiting for the time the enemy must be dealt with. If we only had had some records that would play, it would have taken the edge off. But the only ones we had were so scratched they wouldn't play. They got scratched because we had to make our own needles out of palm stems. That's all we had."

This summer Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., the American Legion, and the Legion Auxiliary are going to do an all-out job to supply more records—as they did last year.

Our boys want and need records. The Records for Our Fighting Men scrap drive provides the way to get them top entertainment without cost to the American public. So, won't you get together a few records you think the boys would like—or scour through cellars and attics to dig out those old disks you're through with? The drive will be on from July 2 to July 31. If you have records to donate, notify your local American Legion Post. It will pick up the records and do the rest.—*Kate Smith.*

IT'S AN ADDED STARTER

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.—I like Liberty, but I liked it better before the "book" appeared. I am a glutton for short stories and featured articles of timely interest, and there do not seem to be as many since the condensation appeared. —*A. T. Embrey, Jr.*

As a matter of fact, our condensed book is an extra dividend for Liberty readers. We are running just as many short stories and articles as ever.

WE STAND CORRECTED

NEWARK, N. J.—In Let Them Eat Snails (June 5 Liberty) the author says, referring to the amount of milk permitted to children, "For infants to eighteen months, ¾ liter (less than ¾ quart)." This is incorrect. A liter is more than a quart.—*Ernest Uber.*

DON'T GROUSE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The other day I happened to buy a copy of Liberty. As I am interested in the French situation, the first piece I read through was Let Them Eat Snails (June 5 Liberty).

I found this strikingly vivid in its

details. It seems to me I haven't realized how lucky we here in America are. If I occasionally have grumbled, this one article published in your magazine cured me.—*(Miss) R. Hazan.*

DOUBLING UP

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What looks like a new racket seems to be starting. Last night at the Long Island Station, I tried to take a taxi just as some one else stepped into it and called directions to the driver. The driver put down his flag, but before starting the cab asked where I was going. Learning it was in the same neighborhood as his other fare, he suggested that we share the cab.

Fine—but by what right did he collect full fare from each of us to two destinations?—*William Killen.*

ONE ON OLD SARGE

FORT BENNING, GA.—I read Old Sarge regularly and find him both informative and accurate, but in June 5 Liberty he slipped up. In this war, for the first time, the Army *is* supplying a government issue of Bibles to the troops.—*S. G. T.*

An Army order, signed by William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains, under date of May 8, 1942, says in part: "Money has been appropriated by Congress to provide each enlisted man and officer with a Testament. . . . Each of the three Testaments, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, contains a foreword addressed to the soldier by his Commander in Chief."

BOMBS WITHOUT BOMBERS

KEVIN, MONT.—In On the Beam in May 29 Liberty, Charles Marcus of the Bendix Aviation Corporation says: "If you wanted to direct air freight across the Atlantic to England with no pilot in the plane and no human hand at the controls, *you could do it today.*"

If so, why not apply the same system to remote-control bombing?—*W. E. Hilliard.*

It is perfectly feasible to send bombers over Germany by remote control, but such bombers would have no protection from Nazi fighters. In the second place, there is no one at the other end to direct the planes from the ground. Reason it is possible to fly planes across the Atlantic is that we have radio control at both ends of the flight.

HONOR TO ALL

MIAMI, FLA.—Most of the men in uniform seem to think that they are the only ones in this war. They also think they are the only ones risking their lives.

I am a merchant seaman of the U. S. Merchant Marine, and, as you know, we don't have a uniform. For that reason, I have been called a draft dodger and 4-F-er by a uniformed hero many times, and I am speaking for many other seamen.

Since Pearl Harbor the record shows almost 5,000 merchant seamen have been killed by enemy action. We seamen today are proud of our brother seamen who have died in freedom's cause. When one of us is called yellow, we are all called yellow, and we know these merchant seamen that have died weren't yellow.—*E. Carter.*

Whirlwind's BROTHER

IT'S a 2-to-1 bet that your home electricity is born in a man-made hurricane five times as ferocious as any Nature ever cooked up. Engineers call it a steam turbine-generator.

A steam turbine is a kind of cross between a mammoth windmill and a giant's spinning top. It takes steam hot enough to heat the pipes a dull red, and squeezes the energy out of it until, 1/30 of a second later, all that's left is water too cool to bathe the baby in. The turbine turns a generator which passes this energy on to you as electricity—so you can use it to cook an egg, or freeze ice cubes, or make bombs to blast the Axis.

This machine isn't the sort of job that a manual training class would turn out! Just one part, small enough to hold in your hand, may handle more power than a dozen trucks. And the steam takes the turbine rotor for such a dizzy ride that if it were turned loose on the Atlantic seaboard, it would roll to San Francisco in four hours!

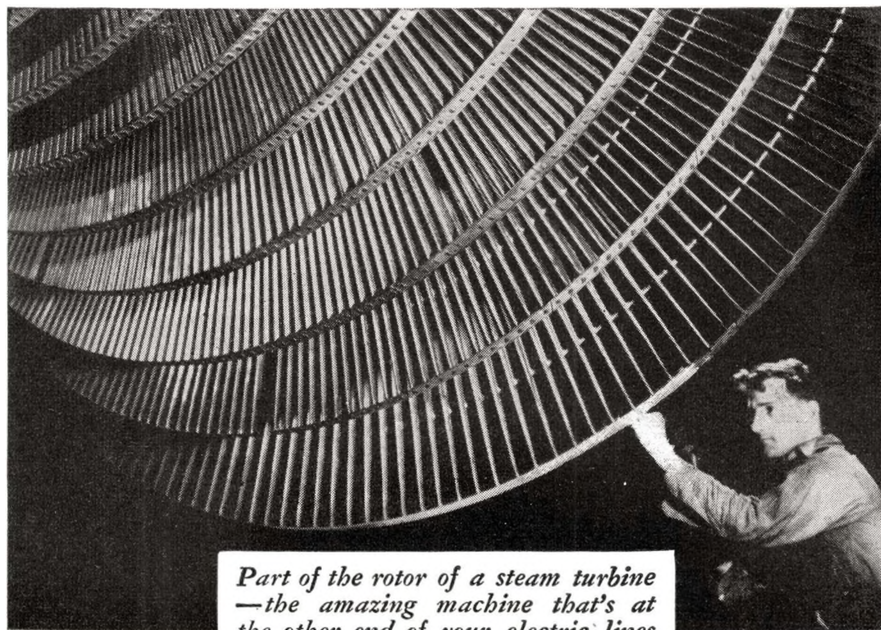
Today's turbine-generators turn out, from one ton of coal, more electricity than three tons used to give. That saved America millions of tons last year, plus precious man-hours in mining and transportation—all because G-E engineers, along with boiler and power-plant designers and engineers of electric service companies, have been improving turbines for 40 years.

More important yet, they have given us a wonderfully efficient machine to drive our ships of war—drive them faster and farther than those of our enemies.

War cannot destroy the ingenuity and experience that created the modern turbine—in fact, it stimulates them. And they will help to create for us better and richer lives in the peaceful years to come. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

★ ★ ★

Tune in the General Electric MAZDA Lamp Radio Program—10 p.m. EWT, Sundays—NBC



Part of the rotor of a steam turbine—the amazing machine that's at the other end of your electric lines

Pilot yanking his parachute from the supply bins. Chutes are inspected regularly and refolded at intervals to insure perfect performance. Chart on wall keeps a record of each chute's inspection.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Nonmilitary Transport

Some months ago on this page we told you how British, Dutch, German, Italian, and American pilots all fly their planes into the same neutral airport at Lisbon, Portugal, and sit around the same table for meals—all uniformly complaining to one another about the Portuguese landing fees!

Here is another story about commercial transport operations during wartime. The Swedish air line, A. B. Aerotransport, one of the oldest lines in the world, continues to fly daily between Stockholm and Berlin, and also flies frequent schedules between Stockholm and Scotland. It's an American-built Douglas DC-3 transport that flies every day to Berlin's big Tempelhof Airport. The British also fly between Scotland and Stockholm, but this route is flown only at night and at high altitudes—and never when there is a full moon. Although the Swedish air line's operations throughout Europe are curtailed, it continues to fly to Finland and expects soon to resume operations to Moscow. Its planes are painted orange, the international color designation for nonmilitary transport planes.

Per A. Norlin, vice-president and a founder of the Swedish air line, now visiting in the United States, has the dubious distinction of having been bombed by the British while in Berlin, by the Russians while in Finland, and by the Germans while in London. He hasn't been hit yet!

Bombs on Germany

Experienced airmen are convinced that German cities can be bombed so heavily, and German industry hit so badly, that the Nazi war effort can be brought to its knees. Granting that a land army is necessary for the final smash, airmen feel that the airplane *can* do the major job of breaking Germany.

But many military men in all countries won't be convinced, and as a result the airmen have had a hard time getting sufficient planes, equipment, and personnel. This is true both in England and the United States. Despite great talk of a coming all-out U. S. bombing of Germany, the heavy bombers have been slow in trickling over to England; they've been diverted to other theaters of war. Don't expect too much even in 1943, although the air strength will show a large increase this summer. Meantime, Allied airmen are going about the destruction of German cities and industry the slow and hard way.

Here is an important scale to consider. In 1940 the German Luftwaffe dropped 42,000 tons of bombs on England. In 1941 the total was 24,000 tons. In 1942 the total dropped to a mere 3,000 tons. Now consider the reverse of the picture. In 1940 the R. A. F. dropped 13,000 tons on Germany, with ineffective results. In 1941 the total reached 31,000 tons, and in 1942, 50,000 tons. But in 1943 the R. A. F., and our own A. A. F. will drop about 200,000 tons! If in 1940 the English almost gave up under the strain and stress of Nazi bombings (only 42,000 tons that year), what will Germany do when 200,000 tons are dropped far more effectively? A highly important thing to remember is that the two- and four-ton English "block-buster" bombs are far more deadly than the same amounts in 100- and 500-pound bombs—and the British are far superior in picking out strategic targets.

Stop "Borrowing"

Pilots and crew chiefs of bombers become so attached to their airplanes that wives and sweethearts have given up trying to take precedence. Especially on long flights and in combat zones bombers can become "first loves," and a plane's loss is mourned as though the bomber were animate. This sense of loyalty toward an airplane has resulted in a new program undertaken by the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command to assign crew chiefs to bombers shortly after the bombers leave the factories.

Thus, in the case of a B-25 Billy Mitchell medium bomber, the crew chief is trained on this particular type of ship and then assigned to one at the factory or modification center. From that moment on, woe be unto mechanics of other ships who may want to "borrow" some part to install on another airplane. The proud crew chief stays with the ship into the combat zone, taking as good care of it as a mother does of a child.

No bombers are arriving in combat areas minus certain parts—not with this new system of assigning guardians at the start.

Postwar Trainer

Not all warplanes will be useless after the war, by any means. Take the new primary trainer just built by Piper Aircraft Corp., Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, the largest manufacturer of private light planes before the war. This trim new trainer not only has a place in the pre-Army training of pilots, but should be an excellent trainer for private flying in the postwar period.

For one thing, the new Piper trainer has more speed than most planes in its class—135 miles an hour cruising. For another, twenty-seven-year-old designer Dave Long embodied the latest aerodynamic developments. It has a low landing speed of fifty miles per hour and a cruising range of 700 miles. Visibility for both pilot and instructor is excellent. Powered with a 130-horsepower horizontally opposed six-cylinder Franklin engine, the trainer has a 675-pound useful load, a wing span of thirty-four feet, and a gross weight of 2,000 pounds.

The plane was designed for local school operators, especially those engaged in the War Training Service program of preparing cadets for subsequent advanced Army training. But civilians are likely to find this plane appealing, too, for it's just the right set-up for starters.

Odds and Ends

A large Army transport glider, built by Northwestern Aeronautical Corporation, has been equipped with two small 130-horsepower motors. The motors can be detached in an hour. Experts point to their possible use as cargo and hospital craft.

NEXT WEEK

THE WILLIWAW IN MODERN WAR

A williwaw is not a werewolf, nor is it a vampire; but it does haunt the minds of the men who struggle on the Aleutians. It is a sudden and furious wind that sweeps the Alaskan peninsula, tosses a giant bomber plane as a huge dog would shake a muskrat. In the Aleutians it has destroyed more planes, sunk more ships, and killed more men than the Japs have. The weather up there is far more dangerous than the enemy. Liberty will give you a vivid glimpse of a williwaw and the men who struggle against it next week.

A YEAR OF AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE BRITISH ISLES

It's more than a long year since American troops set foot in Britain. What has it proved? What has it added up to for these Americans, the first soldiers to fight alongside Britons in Britain for hundreds of years? Folks with sons over there, and the rest of us who work and pray for them, will appreciate the article coming next week. It will serve as an accurate recapitulation of what's been accomplished and what's ahead.

JACK ARMSTRONG TO THE RESCUE

Hero to millions of youngsters, Jack Armstrong, heard on any weekday over the Blue Network, has tackled the biggest job of his mythical career. His Write-a-Fighter Corps, organized to keep American soldiers and sailors supplied with news from home, has a membership of 1,200,000 boys and girls. Martha Ostenso, bring on the spotlight!

WILL JOHNNY MARCH HOME TO A JOB?

What chances will the war veterans have after fighting ceases? Will they get their old places back again in industry and the professions? Will they be brushed aside, as misfits, or will they be given job preferences? We'll give you answers to your questions next week.

BARGAIN BOOK: Gentle Annie, by MacKinlay Kantor.

EN WHO USED TO GO TO THE
OUNTAINS AND HAVE
ONTH-LONG VACATIONS
AY THEN HAVE PAID BIG
ONEY FOR WHISKEY. NOW
ANY SUCH MEN BUY
& INSTEAD. FOR
ATTINGLY AND MOORE, THOUGH
ODERATE IN PRICE, IS
AGNIFICENTLY MILD AND
ELLOW, BRINGING YOU
ORE FOR YOUR MONEY.

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

In ten more minutes they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What *more* can I do today for freedom? What *more* can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"

* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

DOES THE ARMY HOARD FOOD?

Where is all our food going? Well, the Army *is* piling up vast stores of it. This straight-from-the-feedbag account will tell you where and why

BY GEORGE FORT MILTON

TO recent widespread criticism that the U. S. Army is overbuying and hoarding food badly needed on the home front, the Army tops enter emphatic denial. The men who actually buy the Army's food back up their "No" with a wealth of detail. With the average number of soldiers during 1943 about 6,600,000 men, the Army's procurement and handling of food for this vast number is a most important matter to civilians. Let's take a look at the War Department side of the story.

Army food-supply statistics reveal that the average American soldier eats about five and one fourth pounds of food a day in this country. Major General E. B. Gregory, Quartermaster General of the Army, points out that this consumption compares with the civilian peacetime average of three and one half to four pounds a day for these men.

"When a civilian," says General Gregory, "becomes a soldier, his food consumption increases considerably. He gains from six to ten pounds in weight during his first few weeks in training camp. These soldiers are the young, active, healthy males of the country. While they were still civilians they were in the higher brackets of food consumption—certainly they ate a good deal more than the per-person average for all citizens. In military service they need over a pound a day more than they did before."

These increased needs per soldier, plus the reserves that have had to be built to keep a constant supply of food moving to him as a fighting man, have increased the Army's total food requirements. Just how huge these requirements are is apparent to any rationed civilian.

The Army figures its 1943 meat needs at about two and three quarter billion pounds of fresh and canned meats of all kinds. This, the general points out, is only 12 per cent of the nation's domestic meat supply during the year. And after due allowance for shipping losses, shrinkage, and reserves, this Army purchase provides only about eight tenths of a pound of meat a day per soldier. All the fresh meat bought here is being used in the training camps and other military establishments in this country, or at foreign bases provided with refrigeration.

All the rest of the meat is canned and becomes the principal item of subsistence of our fighting men in the theaters of war. Army specifications include preserved meats to be used by field kitchens in combat zones, packaged rations that can be distributed (*Continued on page* 57)

Food! A hot meal—and this young Yank's first one after eleven days of jungle warfare in New Guinea.

GOOD AMERICAN

The toothy Japs find the roots of Americanism go deep regardless of race in this stirring story of courage and action in the far Aleutians

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

THE surf was always heavy off the headland, and Pete Savanoff wasn't surprised when a breaking sea smothered his bidarka, then rolled it over. His kamlika—a waterproof shirt made of sea-lion intestines—was lashed tightly to the skin boat's stern hatch, and thus man and craft were a watertight unit. Head downward, Pete paddled furiously to right the craft, and for a tense moment wished that another good paddler occupied the bow hatch. The bidarka responded sluggishly, but presently Pete was upright, with water cascading down his shoulders and slowly revealing his Jap face.

Varied and conflicting bloods ran in Pete Savanoff's veins. He was a native of the Aleutian Islands, and generations ago the island people had been raided by the yellow people of Japan. Later the Russians had come, established their trading posts, and left their blood strain and names. Then the Americans had taken over, and among the American traders, fishermen, and whalers were many with Irish and Nordic blood. An Aleut didn't really know what he was, nor did he care particularly until he was educated; then he was conscious of strange impulses within his being—impulses that lashed him to improve his lot; impulses urging him to be treacherous and prey on his fellow men; impulses to drift indolently with time and tide until he died.

Pete Savanoff, conscious of these impulses, had been subjected to outside influences. First there had been David Long, a quiet gray little man devoting his life to teaching America's natives in remote places.

David Long had been patient and understanding. He had liked to tell of poor, humble Americans who had risen to greatness because of the inward fires of ambition and a resolve to improve the lot of their fellows. "Nothing," he had always said, "can stop a good American but himself. There is no place in American life beyond reach."

When he had made a Fourth-of-July speech to a group of natives on a foggy, wind-swept Aleutian island, David Long had mentioned Washington and Lincoln with reverence, and there had been tears in his eyes. Deeply moved, Pete Savanoff as a very young boy had resolved to be President, senator, or a great surgeon.

Grown older, Pete had felt the deep wounds some white men inflict when they remind other men of their mixed blood. "Hell, you're no American," one such white man had told him. "You're a dirty 'breed' or a damned Jap."

Then Pete had known black hate for all white men, and had fought down an impulse to knife a white trader on a dark night. He had gone to the teacher with his problem. "What *is* American?" he had asked.

"Americanism isn't limited to any creed or color. Pete," David Long had answered. "It is something that is in the heart. It is priceless. Men have died for it in every generation. And in every generation other men have given only lip service. But it has endured because there have always been enough men—enough good Americans—to make the necessary sacrifice."

Then David Long had looked at the westerly mist beyond which lay Japan. "Living here as you do, Pete," he had concluded, "there may come a time when you must decide for yourself whether you're a good American or a Jap. With Japs all around you, you may have to weigh all of your material and spiritual values and make your decision. This will be done without hope of personal honor, reward, or glory from your fellow Americans. They may never know whether you are hero or traitor. Only your heart and a few of the island people will know. And the heart should be enough."

Pete Savanoff had expressed full confidence in his Americanism, but the teacher had warned that no man

Slowly Pete dragged a pint-sized man out into the air.

He caught up an oar. As the Jap raised his pistol Mary hurled her slim body against him, and the bullet went wide.

really knows what he will do until the moment of decision is at hand. Pete was old enough then to realize that an Aleut with a Jap face would never be President, senator, or great surgeon. But opportunity still remained.

There was fox raising and trading, but Pete, feeling the blood strain of some pioneering ancestor, gave a near-by island to the eastward serious thought. On it were thousands of acres of wild pea vine and wild rye, waist-high, carrying six-inch-long heads.

He had gambled three years' fur catch and his gas boat to import a bull and seven cows. They had thrived and his herd now numbered twenty-one. In a few years he would be selling fresh beef to fishing and trading schooners.

All this Pete Savanoff reviewed as he battled the heavy seas smashing at his bidarka. Then he remembered the Jap, Matsuri, who had landed at Pete's village three years before. The Jap had said he was hunting plants. The plants he sought had appeared to grow in spots ideal for gun platforms.

One of Pete's minor skills was in converting potato peelings, sick prunes, and sundry damaged fruits and grains into the potent fluid known in parts of Alaska as *moose milk*. He had given Matsuri a long, generous drink of it, and the Jap had grown cocky and loose-tongued.

He had warned Pete that some day the islands would be Japan's, and that when that day dawned the natives would have to make up their minds as to whether they were on Japan's side or on America's. If they were smart, they would realize that those who cast their lot with Japan would become rich and influential. Then Matsuri had said, in precise if somewhat moose-milk-thickened English, "You look more Japanese than American. You can be a good Japanese, but never a good American. The whites will not permit you. They will always remind you with sneers that you are not one of them." A few minutes later Matsuri had passed out.

That same year David Long had returned to the States, a dying man who believed in his heart that he had served his country well along the far-flung Aleutians, and that the Aleuts, whether they looked like Americans, Russians, or Japanese, were good Americans at heart.

And now the predictions of a sober American teacher and a well corned Jap agent were coming true. Almost on 180° east and west longitude Pete Savanoff had seen East meet West in spite of Kipling. East had been five Jap planes—West, a single American plane breaking from the clouds above Pete's island.

In a blue arena bordered by dismal gray clouds and a downpour of cold rain, Pete had watched the American plane tear into the Japs. He had seen three Japs plunge downward, trailing smoke and flame. A fourth had limped from the battle, while the fifth had rammed the

(*Continued on page 65*)

You've waited for this—an intimate, on-the-spot close-up of Britain's most fascinating general: the austere, teetotaling hero of the war in the desert.

By CAPTAIN HUGH CUDLIPP

PHOTOS BRITISH COMBINE

MONTGOMERY: MASTER OF SURPRISE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two years ago the author left the editor's desk of the Sunday Pictorial, England's two-million-circulation weekly journal, to join the British Army. He recently served as an official observer for the Seventh Armored Division, General Montgomery's main striking force. This gave him ample opportunity to observe the fabulous "Monty" and his magnificent Eighth Army.

WHEN Bernard Law Montgomery was hurriedly flown from London to Cairo to command the British Eighth Army in the desert, Erwin Rommel's headquarters received from Berlin a disturbing coded flash. Germany's Afrika Korps was solemnly warned they would find the new British commander a "hard nut to crack. Quite ruthless in carrying out any plan he decided upon."

General Ritter von Thoma, captured in the Battle of El Alamein during Rommel's absence on a boasting mission to Germany, frankly confessed to Montgomery that they had expected new tactics when they heard of his appointment. They had expected them--and they got them!

Ever since this volatile Irishman and the "magnificent Eighth" resolved to bar the route to the Nile delta from the then triumphant Afrika Korps, the name of "Monty" has become renowned in every country—Axis and Ally alike.

His chief, General Sir Harold Alexander, always had the larger sphere of responsibility—first as commander in chief of the whole Middle Eastern theater, afterward as commander of all land forces in North Africa. It is therefore to Bernard Law Montgomery that history will rightly assign the particular achievement of the Eighth Army.

Led by him and inspired by him, that tanned and tough body of citizen warriors—predominantly British—transformed grim defeat into glittering victory at El Alamein. They drove remnants of the bewildered Panzers across nearly 2,000 miles of sand, gravel, and rock. They gave combined British and American armies the opportunity to corner both Rommel's and von Arnim's forces and administer the most dramatic and decisive thrashing the Nazis have had to take in this war.

Yet when Montgomery arrived in Egypt he was absolutely new to desert warfare. Rommel had conducted two complete campaigns and knew the terrain inside out. Yet Rommel was beaten. So confident of victory was Montgomery that shortly after arriving in Egypt to take command of the Eighth Army, he ordered a group of soldiers to stop digging trenches. "What are you doing?" he asked the N. C. O. in charge. "We're building new defenses," the corporal replied. "Well," said M., "you can stop. We will never need them." He was right.

What sort of man is Bernard Law Montgomery? What does his army think of him and what does he think of his men? What are these hard-hitting tactical ideas of his which have punctured the legend of Rommel and proved that the Germans can be beaten?

I learned my soldiering in a battalion in Kent when Montgomery was in charge of the Southeastern Command. I served as an infantry

officer in the southern sector of the El Alamein line when Montgomery arrived to take over one of the toughest jobs ever offered to a British general. Then, some time after the glorious break-through of November, 1942, I was ordered to "catch up" and report to the Seventh Armored Division which Monty had employed as a tough left punch throughout the pursuit to Tunisia.

So far as I am able I will try to answer the questions that the world is asking.

Is Monty "popular" with his men? No. He inspires a far deeper reaction than mere affection. Montgomery is respected, and that is more important. He gets results because he never asks for more than he is prepared to give, himself.

"That austere, Cromwellian figure," is the way Winston Churchill described Sir Bernard Law Montgomery during the triumphal march into Tripoli. There they stood together; the two outstanding personalities produced in this war by the British Isles. The general called for "Three lusty cheers for the Premier!" Then, from the excited ranks, the voice of a private soldier shouted, "One for Monty, too!"

"Is every man in the picture?" That is Montgomery's constant question to his subordinates. Monty's link with the men in the ranks is a mobile printing press which travels with his desert headquarters. It is on this machine that his forthright pronouncements, now famous as part of his personality, are secretly printed and then released when the right moment comes.

IN the southern sector of the El Alamein line, when Rommel's final thrust was hourly expected, I was handed this "Message to the Eighth Army." It read:

"To my Platoon:

"The enemy is now advancing to attack us. This is because he is caught like a rat in a trap, and he is hitting out in every direction, trying to gain time to stave off the day of his final defeat in North Africa.

"This is the very opportunity we want. Not only are we well equipped with everything we need, but in addition the soldiers of the Eighth Army have the fighting spirit and morale which is right on the top line.

"We will stand and fight the enemy in our present positions. There must be no withdrawal anywhere and, of course, no surrender.

"The enemy has never yet succeeded in any attack against a coordinated defensive layout, and he will not do so now. We have plenty of tanks, and provided the defended localities hold firm, we will smash the enemy attack and cause him suqh casualties that will cripple him. We will, in fact, give him a very bloody nose.

"Then it will be our turn to attack him, and having been crippled himself, he will not be able to stand up to our attack and we will smash right through him.

"This attack of the enemy, therefore, really helps us and is one more step forward towards the end of the war in North Africa. I did not expect for one moment that the enemy would attack us. It seemed absurd. But he has done it and we must show our gratitude in no uncertain way.

"Let us show him what the famous Eighth Army can do.

"Good Luck to each of you, and good hunting!"

Do you understand now why Monty and his men have perfect understanding? Everything he said in that message was true. Everything he prophesied came true. He holds no secrets from his troops; he ensures that they know as much about the battle as he knows.

Tactically Montgomery triumphs because, like Wavell, he plans ahead and then is always on the spot to counter any unexpected enemy move. He is a master of surprise. But, whatever the enemy does, Monty will never attack until he is ready. You can't rattle him. You can't shake him, you can't make him move before he wants to, and then you can't stop him.

Humanly, and as a leader of men, Montgomery triumphs because his followers trust him implicitly. Always in the line, always moving among them to see things for himself, he lives as they live and endures what they endure.

I talked to the war correspondents after their first meeting with the Irishman in his tent near El Alamein. Short, angular, long-nosed, gray-eyed, hatchet-faced, the first impression he gave them was of a dreamy idealist and crusader.

"How do you like my hat?" he asked the reporters as they filed in to hear his first announcement. A curious remark coming from a general on the eve of battle, but the hat itself was more curious still. It was heavily laden with the badges of the many units under his command.

Then he began to talk about the job in hand. The dreamy idealist transformed himself before their eyes into the ruthless commander of whose presence Ritter von Thoma had been warned. Montgomery spoke in short sentences. His words were brisk and clipped. He repeated the dramatic phrases even more dramatically.

"HE talks in headlines," the reporters whispered.

"Gentlemen," said the general, "the battle starts tonight." Above them they heard the roar of our Wellington bombers dropping load after load into the German lines.

"During moonlight the big battle will be fought," Montgomery announced. "I promise you it will be terrific, quite terrific."

He reviewed the history of the war in one sentence: "So far, we of the United Nations have only been plugging up holes, falling back, and holding on."

He talked of the present: "When Rommel came into the Eighth Army area he had to be pushed back. That interrupted our preparations, but afterwards we resumed them."

He talked of the future: "Now," said Montgomery, "we are ready." Before long, British twenty-five-pounders were roaring all along the front. The infantry prepared to hammer their way forward—bloody work, but done by men who knew they had to succeed.

Desperate days followed as Monty's war machine rumbled into action. The Germans were fogged. They expected new tactics and there was the "ruthless commander" giving them the rudest surprise of their lives—a straightforward, 1914 attack on foot, prepared by a mighty maddening barrage.

(*Continued on page 59*)

General Montgomery congratulates his "left hook" troops who took part in the great outflanking movement against the Mareth line.

O.F. Schmidt

FAITHLESS PA

There's a laugh a second in this tale of a mixed-up marriage which got more involved than any one bargained for

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

FOR the first time in her life Mrs. Wilson didn't know what to do. For pa was deceiving her with Miss Jobyna Huff. Pa, otherwise her husband, Mr. Theodore Wilson, now sat across from her at the breakfast table, smooth and mild as milk.

Pa put a pinch of sugar on the far corner of the table and the Wilsons' pet fly stared at it somnolently.

"I don't think Algernon feels so good this morning," said Mr. Wilson.

"Caught cold, probably," suggested his daughter Ernestine, and went on consuming pancakes.

Mrs. Wilson did hope Algernon hadn't, because he was all the comfort she had. When he first put in an appearance, he had been just another housefly to be swatted, if possible. However, he had not only had more agility than most flies but far better manners. He had not once strolled upon Mr. Wilson's nose nor put his feet in the butter dish. Like a thorough gentleman, he kept a decent distance, and in time the Wilsons had become quite fond of him.

Algernon now shook his head thoroughly, washed his face, and then set about his breakfast.

"Perking up," said pa with approval.

Mrs. Wilson felt extremely confused. Pa was so pleasant, so unperturbed, so concerned over the condition of Algernon's health, that it didn't seem he could be carrying on with Miss Jobyna Huff. But he was. Mrs. Wilson had caught him at it.

Mr. Wilson remained blissfully unaware he had been caught. He helped himself to marmalade with an air of utmost innocence. "I wonder if Junior'll get that leave he's been writing about. Still seems funny to me he should be in the marines."

Ernestine, a large, bouncing, blonde damsel, said it certainly did. "Junie's so shy he'd cross the street if he saw a girl coming."

Mrs. Wilson sighed. Junior was undoubtedly a very shy boy, but he had been extremely nice to his mother. He had spent much of his spare time going to the movies with her and consuming huge quantities of marshmallows. Mrs. Wilson wished she had a marshmallow now, and as soon as breakfast was safely over she would.

Meanwhile she had a little matter to attend to with Mr. Wilson. She surveyed his sandy head and his lean thin face that was slightly freckled. He did not look like a Don Juan or a gay deceiver, which was what made it far more puzzling.

"Did you have a good game with the boys last night, pa?" she inquired with deceptive calm.

"Sure did," said Mr. Wilson and didn't even have the grace to look guilty.

Mrs. Wilson was aghast at such deceit. Pa had announced every night for the past week that he was going down to have a little game of billiards with the boys. And last evening, when she had stepped out to buy the nine-o'clock edition of her favorite tabloid, she had quite clearly and plainly seen pa entering the International Palace in the company of Miss Jobyna Huff.

The International Palace was the neighborhood's most splendid dance hall, and Mrs. Wilson now had no doubt that pa had been squiring that hussy (otherwise Miss Huff) there for an entire week.

What made it worse was that Miss Huff was supposed to be engaged to pa's best friend, Mr. Andrew Lamb.

Mrs. Wilson was so upset she could hardly eat her second egg.

PA rose and blandly snapped his fingers at Algernon. "Late. Got to be going." He had the audacity to kiss Mrs. Wilson lightly on the top of her head and then could be heard slamming the door.

A single large tear slid down Mrs. Wilson's face and splashed into her coffee cup.

"What's the matter, ma?" asked Ernestine.

Mrs. Wilson wiped her eyes and told her, plainly and at length.

Ernestine betrayed both horror and amazement. "You're sure it was Jobyna?"

Mrs. Wilson gave a sad nod.

"Ma, if I were you, do you know what I'd do?" Ernestine's cheeks blazed. "I'd go straight up to that Miss Jobyna Huff and slap her down!"

Ernestine, thus having satisfactorily settled her mother's affairs, smoothed her plaid skirt, arose, tossed on her hat and coat and departed to business.

Mrs. Wilson sighed softly. She had often observed that when you asked people for good advice, you didn't get it. She had no intention of assaulting and battering Miss Huff and it was high time she was about her housework.

Mrs. Wilson would do her housework though husbands were unfaithful and the heavens fell. She betook herself to the kitchen, and Algernon accompanied her and hung himself up on the wall in a sympathetic attitude.

Two hours later, when she went into the parlor to have a go at the daily paper, he faithfully followed her. Indeed, as was his custom, he perched on top of the page she was reading. Mrs. Wilson set out a marshmallow for him, popped one into her own mouth and endeavored to enjoy herself.

Mrs. Wilson's way with the paper was not an ordinary one. The news stories she skimmed over; the advertisements she absorbed with wholehearted zeal. In fact, she so sharply committed them to memory that she was in the happy position of not only knowing what her neighbors wore, but where they got it and how much they paid.

She was deep in the description of a magnificent red evening dress for $17.98 when she peered over the top of her paper and beheld the author of all her troubles placidly passing down the street.

Miss Jobyna Huff was tall and dark with black eyes that could and did snap on occasion. Miss Huff's hair was done in a long, flowing bob and she walked with an airy stride despite the fact that her arms were full of bundles. Her head was set at a regal angle as if she felt very neat and somewhat superior besides.

Mrs. Wilson made a number of rapid mental calculations, ending in two sound deductions, namely, that Miss Huff was returning home and that she recently had bought herself a quantity of new clothes.

"Brown hat, Baumgarten's, 3.67; tweed coat, Smithson's, 24.75; stubby shoes, Our Saturday Special, Sanderson's Bargain Basement, 4.99," Mrs. Wilson chanted to herself and was correct in every case. She also detected a tan military handbag with shoulder strap, 7.46 at Johnson's Smart Leather Store. Miss Huff had certainly spread herself, even if she were the proud possessor of a small personal income.

Mrs. Wilson sniffed angrily. Even now, Miss Huff did not look in the least like a fascinatress or a lady who would be likely to get another lady's

(Continued on page 61)

She wheeled upon Mr. Lamb. "I always knew you were a wolf!"

"SHOOT, JERRY—YOU'RE FADED"

Aerial warfare is growing more intense—with bigger planes, terrifying fire power and armament. An expert describes the fantastic kind of sky combat we may expect before long

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS

FOREIGN EDITOR OF THE UNITED PRESS

"Some day I hope we can go over there in a flying hedgehog."

ON a field somewhere in Britain a bomber's ground crew is "sweating it out" as a wounded Flying Fortress wavers down the runway—back from a bombing mission over France. They see the jagged pattern of enemy bullet holes and plan repair work even before the plane slides to a stop.

The crew scramble out of the plane, full of tales of how they did it again. But one of the lads is silent—Jay, the tail gunner. He walks back to the tail. A little grimly he looks at the words painted across the tail—gaudy, challenging words that spoke out for him—for the guy who rode there alone in a cubbyhole with enough room for one man, two 50-caliber machine guns, and maybe a picture of a girl back home.

"Shoot, Jerry—you're faded!" the words challenged.

Jay looks at the bullet holes in the towering tail, pats one of the still warm guns, and says:

"You know, some day I hope we can go over there in a ship loaded down with nothing but these guns—a flying hedgehog. Boy, would we show 'em something then!"

He was being modest, of course. He and all our other tail gunners are showing the enemy plenty *now*—chalking up incredible scores.

When I talked with Jay and others like him at our bomber bases in England, they left no doubt of their confidence in the Fortress guns. They had tried them out over Lorient and over St. Nazaire and Wilhelmshaven against Nazi fighter planes. They had demonstrated that fire power is as vital as speed and bomb-carrying capacity and that we have not yet approached the limit, if there is one, in any of these categories.

So far, every time the Nazi fighter pilots have come up against the concentrated cross fire of our bombers in formation, they've got badly burned. They've been forced to hang off in the sky just out of range, hoping for a chance to dash in and get a shot. In short, the Luftwaffe has been unable to stop our heavily gunned bombers with the equipment it has had up to date.

But the Nazis can by no means have resigned themselves to that. They are not—not yet!—the foemen to take lying down, indefinitely, the licking the guns of our Fortresses and Liberators have been giving them. Instead, by this time they will unquestionably have done their utmost—will have devised and produced a ship which they hope will turn out to be a veritable destroyer of the air, capable of outranging and outshooting our bomber formations.

Our own airmen, of course, have been well aware of all this, and we can be sure that further development of fire power and range in our bombers and fighters has not been neglected.

GUNS—more and bigger guns—is the answer to the enemy's feverish effort. We can only guess today what this trend will lead to in mounting of big guns for combat in the stratosphere. But hard-headed veterans of combat over Europe predict that before this war ends, unless it should end sooner than even the most foolhardy optimist now expects, our aerial warriors will go to battle in huge air destroyers, cruisers, and battleships—planes that actually will be "flying hedgehogs" such as Jay dreamed of.

One of our major objectives is the liquidation of the Luftwaffe. To achieve this we must get at the Luftwaffe. We must force it to fight day after day. And in the end we must do it the hard way: over Germany itself. That means we must have great superiority in numbers of planes, and our planes must have range, speed, endurance, and, most of all, fire power.

Let's imagine for a moment what European air combat will be like during the final stages of this war.

At the headquarters of the future Allied air command the meteorologist's reports are in, the maps have been studied, the decisions made, and orders given. Not far away, at the end of a two-mile runway, a dozen great bombers are loaded with high explosives. Each carries up to 25,000 pounds plus enough fuel for 2,000 miles of flight. Their bombs would wipe out central Berlin or pulverize the Skoda Works at Pilsen. They have six or eight engines that carry them at close to 400 miles an hour in the substratosphere. But with only light armament they probably would be shot down in ten minutes if they ventured over the European coast in daylight and alone.

But of course they are not going alone. The big map at headquarters is coming to life. At bases all over southern England and far to the north of London the air armada is assembling. On the south coast, fighter bombers and light bombers take to the air in relays, ranging over the European coast from Holland to the Bay of Biscay, striking at enemy gun positions, communications centers, and airfields. These are scouting and fighting planes that test the enemy's first-line defenses and seek to lure enemy fighter strength away from the route of the big bombers that are loading for the main attack.

Meanwhile, the real armada is

forming over England. It is something that Hermann Göring may have dreamed of when he envisaged the daylight destruction of London by the Luftwaffe—forgetting that there was an R. A. F. interceptor called the Spitfire. First to take off are the bombers—perhaps only a dozen of them in all. They are nothing but engines, fuel tanks, and bombs in order to get maximum distance, speed, and load.

As they take off, signals begin to flash on the headquarters map from dozens of other air bases to the south. Every second counts now. Planes are moving at 400 miles and more an hour. If a squadron is one minute late for a rendezvous with the main armada it will miss the bus by almost seven miles, even if the planes are all traveling in the same direction. If it is a minute late and traveling in a different direction the armada may be out of sight.

The first escort craft to join the bombers are big and tough—corresponding to those Flying Fortresses that are operating over Europe and Asia at this writing. But these are not bomb-carrying Fortresses. They are fighting Fortresses; they are "hedgehogs" of the air.

If the bombers racing down toward the Channel can be compared to huge liners designed to deliver the goods despite all enemy attacks, the Fighting Fortresses: they are "hedge-speedy naval cruiser or a battleship that is built to fight anything anywhere.

Take a look aboard this flying hedgehog. It has six engines of 2,000 horsepower each. The crew numbers a score of men. Four heavy half-inch machine guns protrude from the nose and two more cover the area below and in front of the big plane. There is no bomb sight on this plane, but ammunition belts take up the remaining nose space. Moving back through the big ship, you enter the pilot's compartment, which is heavily protected by steel plates that can be carried because of weight saved by eliminating bombs.

Amidships are 40-mm. cannon such as were first used on the British Hurricane tank busters, which R. A. F. veterans on the Tunisian front called "can openers" because of their tremendous hitting power. There are reserve guns, too, and plenty of ammunition. The tail gunner also has 40-mm. cannon, as does the belly gunner. But it is in the turret protruding above the fuselage directly behind the pilot that we find the heaviest armament—a Bofors-type gun firing a shell that weighs more than two pounds.

THE Fighting Fortresses go up to join the squadron of bombers as they fly southward toward the Channel. They fly in formation and they fly high above the clouds, forming a three-dimensional screen around the bombers in the stratosphere where visibility is unlimited and enemy fighters can be spotted far away. They are like a series of mobile forts above and below and around the bombers, and any enemy fighter must run the gantlet of them to reach the bombers.

The element of surprise is virtually absent as this armada reaches the Channel, just as it was when Göring's air fleets circled over the French coast in daylight and formed into line for bombardment of London during the Battle of Britain. Instead, this is a challenge to the enemy to fight or be bombed; a challenge that cannot be ignored, regardless of the relative air strength of the opposing powers.

As this armada sweeps across the Channel it is joined by still more Allied aircraft. These are smaller ships with tremendous speed and maneuverability but carrying a limited supply of ammunition and fuel. They are the destroyers of the air, corresponding to the present hour's Spitfires and Lightnings and Thunderbolts. Armed with .50-caliber machine guns and 20-mm. cannon, they sweep ahead of the armada and spread out below to tackle the first enemy interceptors, as submarines and destroyers would guard a great naval squadron.

The first opposition over the European coast comes from antiaircraft batteries, but the main armada is far too high in the sky for effective ground firing. However, the enemy has not been asleep while we have been augmenting our aerial striking power. From advance fighter bases the Luftwaffe sends up interceptors with great climbing speed, high maneuverability, and heavy armament. Göring has foreseen for more than a year the impending battle for control of Europe's skies, and has

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

Guns—more and bigger! In battle, tomorrow's Flying Fortress may well look like this.

OLD MARBLE PUSS

Brian Donlevy can say more with a lifted eyebrow than most actors can convey in a thirty-minute speech. Have a look at Hollywood's most inscrutable star

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

THREE beamish characters in plaid jackets and block-print neckerchiefs stood against a Hollywood bar and clicked glasses in amiable salute.

"Well," said the first, "Old Marble Puss wowed 'em again."

"You're not kiddin'," said the second.

"You can say that again," said the third.

The three beamish characters were producers. They had just seen a picture called Hangmen Also Die and were in genial accord on Old Marble Puss' performance.

Not for nothing is Brian Donlevy known as Old Marble Puss. He has asked for the label and, so long as the money rolls in, has no notion of relinquishing it. It's a tribute, he says, to his hardening of the sentimental arteries.

Ten years ago Donlevy decided the time had come to make some money. Like many deep thinkers before him, he straddled a stool at a corner of New York's Club 21 bar and took stock of the places where money was plentiful and toil wasn't.

As an actor, he inevitably picked Hollywood. The next step was to determine what Hollywood needed that he had, or could get with a minimum of perspiration. Though his face had been comely enough to serve for a year in collar ads, he sensed that he was too stiff in the emotional joints to make sex appeal pay.

"I decided," he says, "that pictures could use an actor specializing in repression. I had no Messianic complex. I merely wanted to make money, and if other actors were willing to simplify that for me by sticking to glamour, I didn't intend to be sap enough to discourage them."

His first toddling step along repression's path was typical because it was masculine. He'd heard that Jack Dempsey had become the best left-handed puncher in the fighting business by lashing his right hand behind him while training. He adapted this method to his needs by keeping his hands in his pockets as he rehearsed. The resulting economy of gesture is now his trade-mark.

When a director implored him to put some feeling into his work by using his hands and eyebrows more, he said he'd quit pictures first. This caused the will-power school of moviemakers to mark him hopeless. How wrong they were is indicated by his recent selection for the top male picture part of 1943, in M-G-M's America, and the fact that his stature has grown steadily without benefit of an intensive publicity build-up.

Prior to the age of fourteen there was little in Brian's life to indicate that he'd one day earn more than $150,000 a year as an actor. Donlevy's father, once a successful distiller in Portadown, Ireland, had moved to Wisconsin to become a lumberman shortly before Brian's birth. There, at Beaver Dam, in an atmosphere of rigid temperance, Brian was reared. His parents regarded the stage and its offshoots as instruments of Beelzebub. But when he was fourteen he bought a bugle, thereby leading his family and neighbors to hope for almost any interest that would remove him from their midst.

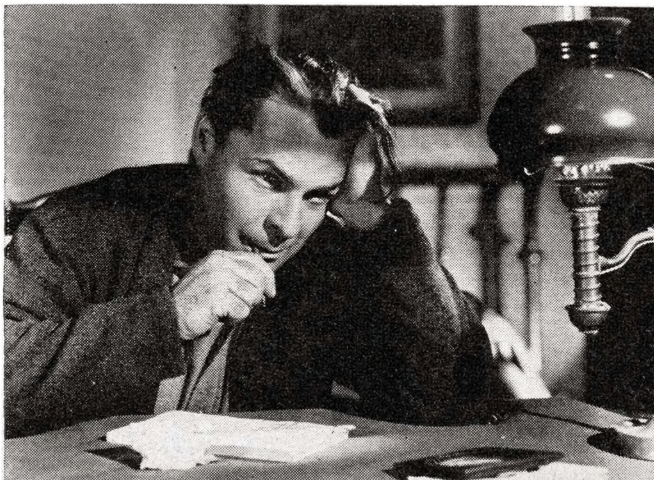
He solved their problem by accompanying the Beaver Dam National Guard unit to Texas during the Villa affair. After this incident he won an Annapolis appointment. Before he could enroll, however, World War I broke out and he enlisted in aviation. He became a sergeant pilot and got to France, but claims he can recall no high adventures.

After the war he entered Annapolis, but resigned when he learned it would be three years after graduation before he could realize his ambition to get into the air arm. At that time he had no plans, but he did have fare to New York and a letter to the illustrator Leyendecker in his pocket.

Leyendecker took one look at Donlevy's visage and hired him to pose for collar ads. This overemphasis on his looks caused a disintegration of Brian's morale and he quit.

Cussing his judgment, he plodded down the street to the Green Room Club, and met the late Louis Wolheim. Wolheim was rehearsing a robust drama in which there was a part open and suggested that Brian try for it. It was Donlevy's first thought of becoming an actor, but he'd have become a clinical subject if it would have facilitated eating. The robust drama was What Price Glory? Brian was the young corporal who cracked up under a German shelling.

After Glory, Donlevy appeared in Queen Bee, Up Pops the Devil, Hit the Deck, Three Cornered Moon, and The Milky Way, acquiring experience but little bullion. Toward the



Donlevy has his best role in America, now in production.

In Miracle of Morgan's Creek, to be released this fall.

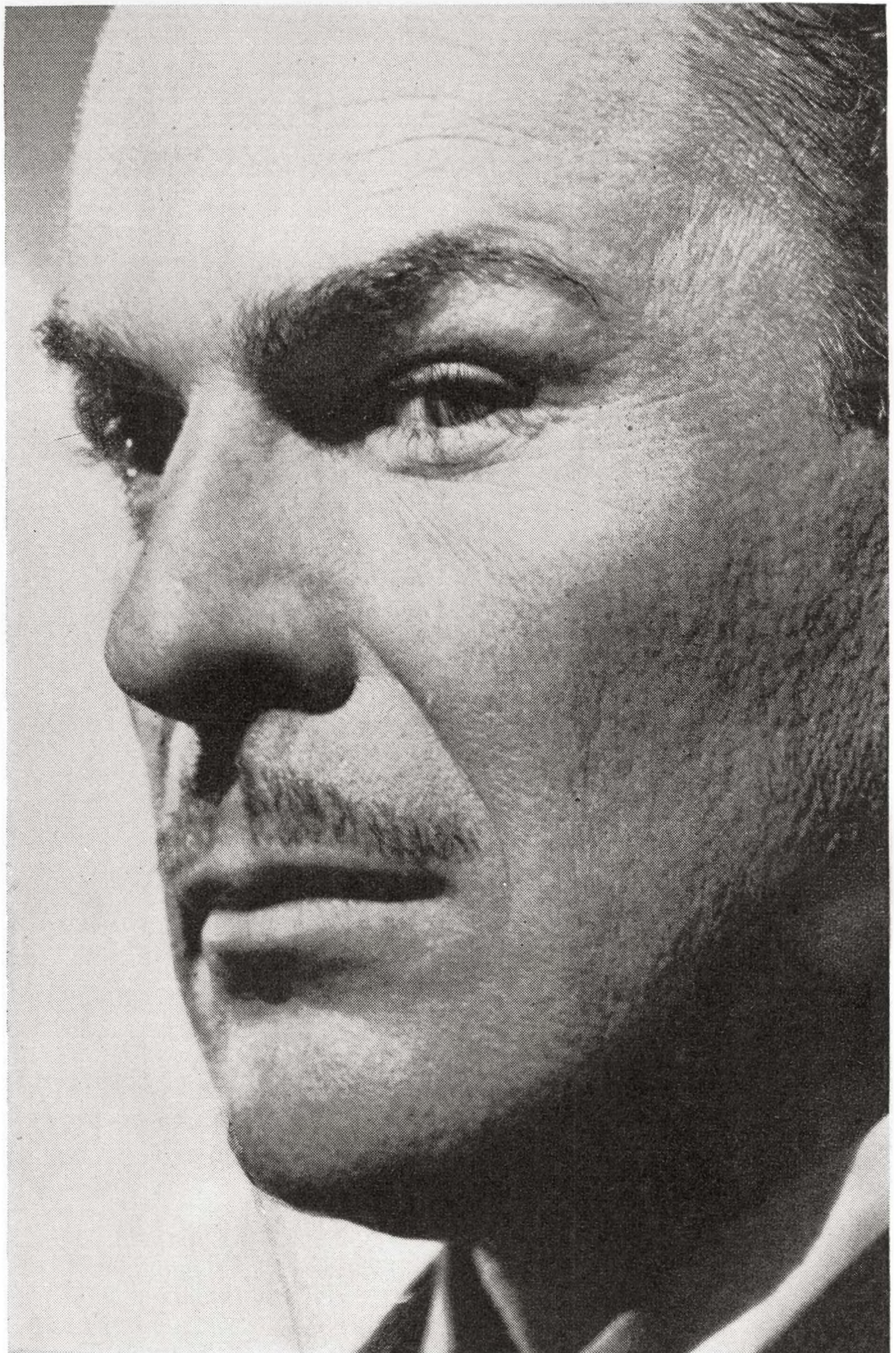
end of this extended apprenticeship he began to feel that because of a stubborn distaste for certain stage artifices he'd never get rich in legitimate drama. At this point a wire arrived from Harold Lloyd calling him to Hollywood for a part in the film version of The Milky Way.

With conventional Hollywood indecision, shooting on The Milky Way was postponed indefinitely, and Brian looked up Bob McIntyre, casting director for Sam Goldwyn, who got him a part in Barbary Coast. Meeting Donlevy on the lot after a look at some Barbary rushes, Sam enriched Goldwyn apocrypha with this classic animadversion:

"Levy, you'll never be an actor; you're stiff, like Richard Mortis."

Early in his Hollywood career directors claimed Brian didn't take advantage of his good looks. The late Irving Thalberg is reported to have told him that it would be worth a million dollars to him to fall in love. But Donlevy held firm to his course—and eventually met a kindred spirit in William Wellman, the director.

Wellman was preparing to make Beau Geste, with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, and Robert Preston as the Geste brothers. The unknown Donlevy was cast as the fierce Sergeant Markov. Wellman told Donlevy that while Markov was the real bulwark of the story, he had to be subordinated for the sake of glamour. This last word was anathema to Donlevy anyhow, so the fierce contempt he showed for the Gestes came right from the heart and created a tremendous Markov.



IT wasn't, however, until Preston Sturges put Donlevy in the title role of The Great McGinty that he really hit stardom. This smash brought him starring roles in a series of Homburg hat epics. Although these dramas lacked artistic significance, they served to consolidate the special Donlevy technique. He was able to develop his theories of repression to the fullest. As a sinister character he expressed smoldering menace with economy of speech and gesture. As a noble citizen these same implements, with slight variations, sufficed for controlled power.

Donlevy claims no wide emotional range and seems happy without it. His sole genuflection to the Hollywood rage for facial gymnastics is an occasional lifting of one eyebrow. This also serves in lieu of the haggard double-take which has become a prop of picture stars from Baby Sandy to Charles Laughton.

There was a metaphysical interlude in his career in which he portrayed the shade of Andrew Jackson in The Remarkable Andrew, but he returned to the Homburg hat in Gentleman After Dark. It was the latter picture which gave him one of his few mannerisms—backtilting his hat. He developed the habit after he'd been told there was a rumor going around that he wore a hair piece. On the theory that no one would believe a hair piece could remain in place under such abuse, he took to pushing his hat back constantly, thus spiking, he naïvely believes, a hideous canard.

After two years of Homburg hats he was cast as the indomitable Major Caton in Wake Island, and new vistas opened up. Too young for generals and admirals, too authoritative for minor officers, he was spotted in the major-commander category in which his inflexible dignity and quiet vitality were at their best—for example, his Commander Roberts role in Stand By for Action.

In these roles he manages to convey the comforting assurance that, in spite of his colleagues, our fighting men are led, not by beautiful schizophrenics, but by solid characters with a sense of responsibility to their commissions. For this he has several times had the deep satisfaction of being personally commended by military and naval leaders.

There was a time when Donlevy wrote poetry. That was a few years back when he was wooing Mrs. Donlevy, who was Marjorie Lane, a café society singer. Marjorie was so impressed by his verse that she sent two specimens to a magazine, and Donlevy swore off poesy forever. He still lives in dread of the day when some one he meets will claim to have read his stuff. "It was brutal," he says.

He has no Hollywood mannerisms in dress or dalliance. He looks like a lumberjack—probably a throwback to his Wisconsin upbringing—except on those occasions when Mrs. Donlevy cajoles him into white tie and tails. This alters his appearance slightly and he looks like a Brother

(Continued on page 53)

The family breadwinner is gone—yes! But not the bread. Social security checks each month help raise the children.

WE HAVE A BEVERIDGE PLAN

Have you forgotten your social security card and the benefits it promises? If we make it cover more ground, "cradle-to-grave" security will become a fact for those who earn it

BY RAY GILES

WHILE the British excitedly discuss the Beveridge Report and New Zealand sticks her chest out and points to five whole years of successful "cradle-to-grave" social insurance, the once mild interest in social security in our own country becomes a ground swell of hope for tomorrow. Will protection against fear and protection against want—two of the great freedoms of the Atlantic Charter—really become part and parcel of the postwar world?

The surprising fact to most of us is that freedom from fear and want isn't merely a "maybe someday" promise in the United States. It has already begun for more than 60,000,000 wage earners whose social security cards give them membership in our present federal Old-Age and Survivors Insurance program. Even now you can add up a huge total of benefit payments, count beneficiaries by the thousands, and give statistics of protection for young families and retired workers which tax the capacity of any adding machine. So step up and get acquainted with Uncle Sam's social insurance as it's operating at this very moment. By learning about the impressive beginning you'll be able to think more intelligently about its place and possible growth in the world of tomorrow.

Since January 1, 1940, more than $160,000,000 has been paid in benefits. These consist of lump-sum death settlements, monthly income to widows young and old, monthly benefits to children under eighteen, and pensions for retired workers over sixty-five. When you compare our federal Old-Age and Survivors Insurance with private life insurance you find that it's about 40 per cent as big in volume, there being between forty-two and fifty-three billion dollars' worth of coverage for dependent young families and for retired men and women when judged by the usual life-insurance yardsticks.

Like any well planned family program of private life insurance, your little white social security card protects you against two of the greatest financial hazards in living. The first is the danger of "dying too soon," when your children are small and your means even smaller. The other is the possibility of "living too long" without means of your own.

Today Old-Age and Survivors Insurance is paying more than $10,000,000 every month to its beneficiaries. More than half of the money goes to about 260,000 retired wage earners aged sixty-five or older. Nearly 76,000 wives over sixty-five receive about $940,000 monthly, and about 26,000 widows in the same older group get nearly $600,000. That part of the picture may not be so surprising to you because you remember that the Social Security Act was passed originally to provide old-age pensions and nothing more.

But most of us forget that in 1939 the act was amended. Then and there social insurance in the United States took a long forward stride. To old-age pensions were added benefits to widows with young children, benefits to their children also, and benefits to orphans whose fathers or wage-earning mothers had social security accounts. Today nearly 57,500 younger widows receive more than $1,000,000 while they have minor children in their care, and the youngsters are getting monthly checks amounting to about $2,000,000 more.

These payments, together with small death settlements in one sum and a comparatively few benefits to aged parents, make up the total disbursement in 1942 of more than $120,000,000.

Many communities and cities have become acquainted with this insurance program in a single hard and bitter lesson. There's a local disaster. Then, for the first time, people see the thing at work—holding families together, keeping children in school, providing for aged parents, paying for funerals.

Take Boston. Recovering from the first shock at the Cocoanut Grove fire, the whole city is getting a valuable lesson in the operations of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance. Surprised Bostonians are learning that up to $252 is being paid as a death settlement to survivors of many victims who had social security cards. They're finding that monthly benefits of as much as $84 will be paid for many years to families with small children, and that aged parents may be eligible to as much as $42 every month for life from a social security account in the name of a working son or daughter who died in the catastrophe. The Boston Globe reports, "Most of the victims who left this insurance to their families did not even know they had it. They thought of their social security cards only as 'old-age' insurance, with retirement benefits after 65."

So widespread was this misunderstanding that the Boston office of the Social Security Board sent letters to survivors of all victims, offering assistance in determining whether they were eligible to benefits. Employers and welfare workers joined in the hunt for possible beneficiaries. It is estimated that survivors of about 150 victims will get payments of one kind or another.

THIS is only one of many disasters which had educated communities about our present social security program. When an explosion in a New Jersey powder plant killed forty workers it was found that every one of these men left survivors who would collect benefits from his account. Mine disasters, overturned buses, caved-in buildings, fires, floods, and other catastrophes costing many lives have brought home the fact that but for Old Age and Survivors Insurance the local tax rate might have had to be raised or an awful lot of hats passed around to provide even a part of what was due surviving families on the social security accounts of their husbands and fathers.

In the face of benefits like these you can't help wondering where our beginning will take us in the postwar world. Such reflections on civilization as old folks' homes, reform schools, orphanages, and some of our prisons may vanish from the landscape as more and more families are covered by cradle-to-grave federal insurance which is administered by

YOUR BENEFITS UNDER THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT

BENEFITS DEPEND ON:

Length of Coverage

The number of years you work at jobs covered by the Social Security Act

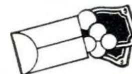
Average Monthly Pay

The average amount you are paid during all the time you work at jobs covered by the Act.

Examples of Types of Benefits

I OLD-AGE INSURANCE

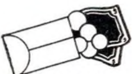
(Paid to workers over 65)



YEARS OF COVERAGE	AVERAGE MONTHLY PAY	MONTHLY BENEFIT PAYMENTS TO: SINGLE MAN	MAN WITH WIFE OR DEPENDENT CHILD
3	$ 50	$20.60	$30.90
	100	25.75	38.63
	150	30.90	46.35
	250	41.20	61.80
10	$ 50	$22.00	$33.00
	100	27.50	41.25
	150	33.00	49.50
	250	44.00	66.00
30	$ 50	$26.00	$39.00
	100	32.50	48.75
	150	39.00	58.50
	250	52.00	78.00

II FAMILY BENEFITS

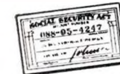
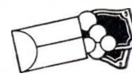
(Paid to widows, dependent children or dependent parents of workers)



YEARS OF COVERAGE	AVERAGE MONTHLY PAY	MONTHLY BENEFIT PAYMENTS TO: WIDOW (OVER 65)	WIDOW AND 1 CHILD	1 CHILD OR 1 PARENT
3	$ 50	$15.45	$25.75	$10.30
	100	19.31	32.19	12.88
	150	23.18	38.63	15.45
	250	30.90	51.50	20.60
10	$ 50	$16.50	$27.50	$11.00
	100	20.63	34.38	13.75
	150	24.75	41.25	16.50
	250	33.00	55.00	22.00
30	$ 50	$19.50	$32.50	$13.00
	100	24.38	40.63	16.25
	150	29.25	48.75	19.50
	250	39.00	65.00	26.00

III LUMP-SUM DEATH PAYMENTS

(Paid to widow, widower, or relatives not qualified for monthly payment benefits, or to person who paid burial expenses)

YEARS OF COVERAGE	AMOUNT OF MONTHLY PAY	AMOUNT OF DEATH PAYMENTS
3	$ 50	$123.60
	100	154.50
	150	185.40
	250	247.20
10	$ 50	$132.00
	100	165.00
	150	198.00
	250	264.00
30	$ 50	$156.00
	100	195.00
	150	234.00
	250	312.00

NOTE:
Unemployment Insurance—another very important benefit—is administered by the individual states

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

the government and paid for in part by those who will benefit from it.

To appreciate the possibilities let's look over a few case histories taken from the files.

Case 1. A few months ago Frank W., aged thirty-six, died in Mississippi, just one month before his first child was born. Under the circumstances, there being no other children, his widow could collect only a lump-sum death payment. But when her baby came, both she and the infant were eligible immediately to a monthly income from Frank's social security account. The combined payments are small, but enough to keep them in modest comfort when added to the small amount of private insurance left by the husband. This case offers a simple lesson in showing all the possible benefits on a single social security account.

First, the death benefit; then monthly income for the mother with a minor child. When the child is eighteen all payments stop if the widow is younger than sixty-five and hasn't remarried. But at sixty-five a new benefit is hers if she's still a widow, for she becomes eligible to an old-age pension, good for life.

CASE 2 gives a good idea of how orphans are faring in these days of our young social insurance. Three Michigan boys, aged five, seven, and ten, lost their mother in 1939. In 1940 their father died from blood poisoning, leaving them only the clothes on their backs. Two aunts wanted to take the boys into their home but couldn't provide for them.

A social security field worker happened to visit with the local postmaster, who remarked, "I sure wish you could do something for those three kids of Joe Blight's!" Inquiring of the late father's employer, the social security man learned that Joe had earned eighty dollars a month and was fully insured under the provisions of the Social Security Act. When news was handed the aunts that each nephew would receive twelve dollars a month until he was eighteen, they were delighted to take in all three nephews. With this little sum they could swing it!

Case 3 ends with a good moral for wage earners who complain about their social security taxes. Jimmy C., linotype operator for an Ohio newspaper, was forever beefing about the small deductions from every week's pay to cover his Old Age and Survivors Insurance. Today his widow says thankfully, "But Jimmy never knew what a godsend that insurance would be to me and the children!"

Struck by pneumonia just before Christmas, Jimmy was buried by New Year's Day. He left six children. The oldest two, aged nineteen and twenty-one, were earning their keep but no more. Mrs. C. was frantic. What would become of the rest of them? Today, on Jimmy's social security account, she's receiving $79.36 monthly for herself and the under-eighteen youngsters. This, added to

the older boys' pay, will assure each child a high-school education.

Case 4 throws a light on old-age possibilities. Approaching his seventy-fourth birthday, John N. found his energy was no longer up to the job he'd filled so well for many years. But he couldn't retire on his meager fifty years' savings. Calling at the local office of the Social Security Board, he wondered what he might get on his account if he retired. When he came home with the news that it was forty dollars a month, his wife exclaimed, "Why, that's all we need to set our table!" So John's savings together with his old-age income will provide for them to their satisfaction as long as they live.

Case 5 shows how social insurance may become a life-saver to you even when you think you'll never need it. For many years Harry A., superintendent of a machine shop, earned fifty dollars a week. Out of that he bought a home and laid aside enough, he thought, for his old age. Then his boss got into trouble. To protect his job Harry invested nearly all he'd saved in the business, only to see the concern go into bankruptcy, leaving him high and dry. At his age, sixty-eight, the best job he could get paid only $100 a month. Then a worse blow fell. His doctor told him his heart was so bad that he'd have to quit work. Anxiously he called at the local Social Security Board office to find out what his card was worth. He learned that he and his wife, who was sixty-five, could get nearly forty dollars a month if he retired. This, with the remnant of his savings, is enough to assure them a modest living.

If you like excitement, action, suspense—and if your heart can stand them—be sure to read

GENTLE ANNIE
By MacKinlay Kantor

A story of Oklahoma at the turn of the century, of outlawry and terror in those frontier days when the West was really wild, of men who rode recklessly and lived dangerously, and of the women who loved them.

COMING NEXT WEEK
(Abridged to an evening's reading time)

BY now, certain questions may be running through your mind. One is, "How can I figure out my present social security benefits and forecast what I may get when I'm old?"

Go to the nearest Social Security office. If it isn't listed in your telephone book, they'll tell you at your post office where to find it. Get the free booklet, How to Calculate Benefits under Federal Old-Age and Survivors Insurance. If, after reading it, you're doubtful about your ability to arrive at the right answers, a staff member of the office will do the calculating for you.

Looking to the postwar world your next question is probably, "Where do we go from here?"

In 1935 those covered by this insurance worked mostly in mills, factories, stores, offices, and in other places of business and industry. The 1939 amendments brought in maritime workers, employees of national and state banks within the Federal Reserve System, employees of building-and-loan associations, and wage earners of a few other classifications.

But a great many workers who need social insurance even more aren't getting it. Domestic workers, for example; farmers and farm hands too, and employees of small places of business where only a few are on the pay roll. Those who are on their own, from lawyers to owners of diners and proprietors of one-man stores, see friends building up accounts in the social security program and would like to get in too. Wage earners in many nonprofit organizations and employees of certain federal and state departments have no insurance or annuity plan set up for them. In all, it is estimated that about 20,000,000 more wage earners should have social security cards today.

Millions of us are wondering, "How far should social insurance go?"

Today New Zealand's plan goes much further than our own. So does social security in Great Britain, even without any Beveridge improvements.

In New Zealand every mother can get needed financial assistance that makes sure her child will be well born. New Zealand believes also that every youngster has the right to be well fed and well educated. From birth to death New Zealand provides

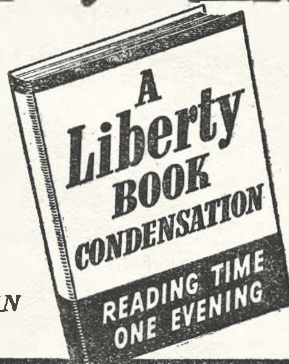
(Continued on page 71)

PROPHET *by* EXPERIENCE

Abridged from the novel by

JACK IAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN



A rollicking yarn that brings a hermit out of his happy cave into the clutches of high-powered publicity experts and a girl too pretty for her own good.

BIRDSEYE, the weekly magazine, was destined, so its creators said, to revolutionize the reading habits of the American people and any other peoples that cared to stick around.

It had, too. Not only by the events it had recorded in picture and story over a period of fifteen years, but by the curious jargon in which it recorded them. Sentences sprang full-bloomed from a foliage of adjectives. "Shot down in a crimson welter of his own and several bystanders' blood last week was hulking, tight-lipped Big Jim Colosimo" . . . "In blue-eyed innocence of his red-haired mother's past was born last week to Josephine (Jazzy Jo) Jones a son of seven pounds."

The magazine's editorial offices occupied the three top floors of a midtown skyscraper and the Letters-to-the-Editor department took up half of the middle floor—which made it a fair-sized industry in itself.

When Birdseye first started, one man was given a pair of scissors and some paste and told to run the letters department. It turned out they should have given him an alpenstock, too.

Some fifty people were employed in the department, and even they scarcely had time to go to the lavatory. There were the first readers, who read all the letters and separated the obvious goats from the sheep.

Then there was a man who thumbed through their discards. His post was created after one of the first readers tossed out a letter from England signed "George R" because the writer had failed to give his full name.

The goats then went to clerks, who filled in mimeographed forms thanking the writers for their letters and regretting there wasn't room to print them. They were known as the regretters.

The sheep went to the second readers, who picked out more goats in sheep's clothing and turned them over to the regretters.

Copyright, 1943, by Jack Iams. Published by William Morrow and Company, New York. Price, $2.50.

The remaining sheep moved on to assistant editors, where a few more goats were removed and the chosen sheep sheared and beribboned for actual, honest-to-goodness use. Such was the maw into which was fed a humble birch-bark missive signed Hylobates Hoolock.

One of the first readers promptly threw it out, and it was rescued by the guardian of the discards. It then moved on until it reached an assistant editor's desk. "This might make a story," the assistant editor said to his colleagues. "Some coot who's been living alone in the woods for fifteen years and reading Birdseye ever since it hatched. Good promotion feature, maybe, huh?"

He got up and pushed the door of the editor's cubbyhole open and asked, "Got a minute, chief? Take a gander at this." He slapped the birch bark on the desk. "I think it's worth turning over to features."

"Hmm," grunted the editor. "Might be at that. I'll show it to Boynton."

Boynton, head of the feature department, turned the

birch bark over in his hands and said, "I don't know. Nothing so unusual about living in the woods. Shucks, I go camping every summer."

"There is the little matter of difference," said the letter editor, "between two weeks and fifteen years."

"I'll show it to Mr. Big," said Boynton. "He likes to have a finger in anything promotional."

By Mr. Big the feature editor referred irreverently to the great Rutherford Ring, founder and editor of Birdseye, maker and breaker of men, friend of kings and commoners, adviser of presidents, comforter of bishops, nemesis of criminals, and shepherd of the people.

At the age of thirty, when he founded Birdseye, Rutherford Ring had already built a reputation as a brilliant young journalist, aided by a deep commanding voice and an imposing presence. Now, fifteen years later, he had developed a slight paunch, but one which a good tailor could conceal with ease, and the lines of his face had deepened, but otherwise he hadn't greatly changed. His private office consisted of three rooms on the top floor: first, a reception room, with a switchboard girl; then an outer office, with a desk where his private secretary sat; next was the great man's sanctum, a small room with gray walls, completely bare; just a flat-topped desk in the middle of the room and a swivel chair. This room, as Rutherford Ring explained it, was for thinking.

Into this, after the proper announcements, walked the feature editor, waiting at the door for the great man's attention. Rutherford Ring was seated behind the desk. "Got something, Boynton?" he asked. "An idea, possibly?" Gingerly he picked up the birch bark that Boynton laid on his desk. "What the devil's this?"

"Came in the mail," said Boynton. "Explains itself."

Rutherford Ring scowled at the birch bark and read its message slowly. Then he pursed his lips and stared at the ceiling. "Come back in five minutes, Boynton," he said.

He was standing up when Boynton re-entered and his eyes were alight. He brought his fist down on the desk and cried, "Boynton, this is something big!"

"I thought it was interesting, myself—" Boynton began, but Rutherford Ring interrupted him.

"Interesting, my foot!" he shouted. "This is tremendous! For fifteen years this person, a person of some culture, has lived alone in a cave, his only link with the outside world our magazine! This is the purest test of itself that our magazine could have. We say we hold the mirror up to life. This man can tell us if we do or not. He has seen only the mirror. Now we shall show him life and see what he says."

"You mean, bring him to New York?"

"I mean, take him all over the country! Show him everything he's missed in the past fifteen years!"

"Such as?" asked Boynton.

"Such as?" roared Rutherford Ring. "Such as fifteen years of progress . . . air liners, television . . ." He sank into his swivel chair and pressed his slim fingertips against his temples. "We begin," he murmured dreamily, "with a two-page spread of this man's life in the wilderness—the inside and outside of his cave—his primitive oven—the traps he sets for animals—the streams where he fishes—"

"On Fridays," murmured Boynton.

"—the pelts hanging up to dry for next winter's overcoat. Predominating the whole layout will be this gaunt weatherbeaten old figure, the wind whistling through his beard . . ."

"If he has a beard."

"He must have a beard. If he doesn't, the whole thing's off. He'll have a beard, all right. And the following week it'll be flying in the wind again—this time from the top of the Empire State Building."

"The observation tower is glass-enclosed," said Boynton.

Rutherford Ring glowered at him. "Then we'll string him from the mooring mast. That beard's got to blow. It's got to blow all over the country."

He pressed a button at the side of his desk and spoke into a box like his secretary's. "Send me Williams and Crandall soon as you can find 'em."

HYLOBATES (HENRY) HOOLOCK hadn't always written on birch bark.

In his extreme youth Henry had lived under the parental roof of Reverend Hoolock, a widower, in a white frame house on the corner of Main and Elm streets in Cornucopia, Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Hoolock was fond of long tramps through the hills and, almost as soon as Henry was able to toddle, he took him along, hoisting the child to his shoulders when he got tired. On these walks the good pastor was wont to point out to his son the trees and flowers and small animals that they saw, with their Latin names. Thus he sought to instill into young Henry these two secular joys of his own life.

Naturally, the Rev. Hoolock had long since discovered that his own name referred to the gibbon *Hylobates hoolock*. "There was another of that name," he liked to say, "who achieved some distinction with The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Indeed, so pleased was he with this bit of whimsey that he solemnly bestowed upon his son the name of Hylobates. This was not as airtight a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children as it might sound. First, the Rev. Hoolock was partly motivated by the pleasant meaning of the name in Greek—"one that walks in the woods"; second, he reasoned that most people would assume that Hylobates, pronounced hi-lob-a-teez, with the accent on the second syllable, stemmed from the Bible or at least Greek mythology; third, he cheerfully allowed his little pleasantry to disappear into the limbo of a middle initial. And so the boy grew up as Henry Hoolock.

Gently the pastor guided his son into the clear channels of literature, introducing him at an early age to the Bible, and to his favorite modern author, Henry David Thoreau.

To his delight, the boy took to Thoreau like a duck to Walden Pond. Avidly he read the details of Thoreau's hermitry, and the notion of some day following suit early possessed him. Unlike most boyish daydreams, this one

became more strongly entrenched in his mind as he grew older. Then the Rev. Hoolock died, two weeks before Henry was scheduled to graduate from the Baptist Theological Seminary. When the funeral was over, Henry's old daydream returned.

Why shouldn't he live up to his name, Hylobates, and become one who walked in the woods? What was there to prevent him? Nothing at all.

He packed his few possessions and chose a few books, Thoreau, the Bible, and a volume of Lucretius, and Vergil's Georgics. Then he put on his dark suit, white shirt, and stiff collar, black string tie, and dark gray hat with the brim turned primly up all around, and walked out of the house. He felt almost happy and began to whistle softly.

There was only one block of houses before the paving ended and the street dipped toward Indian Creek. In the next to the last house a Miss Brown boarded. Miss Brown had taught Henry Latin at the high school some years before. And she was sitting on the porch that morning as Henry, or Hylobates, as he now thought of himself, drew near. She looked up and before her ladylike instincts could stop her she cried, "Henry!"

"Hello, Miss Brown," Hylobates said politely but a little perfunctorily. "Nice day." He tipped his hat and started to move on.

"Wait a minute, Henry!" cried Miss Brown, her voice trembling at her own temerity. She descended the porch steps, her hands fluttering. "I just wanted to tell you," she stammered, "how sorry . . . I didn't get a chance to speak to you at the funeral . . ."

"Thank you, Miss Brown," said Hylobates stiffly.

"Are you going somewhere, Henry?" she asked.

"Yes," said Hylobates, "somewhere." He glanced down at Miss Brown's eager pink face and tender eyes. He had never realized before how much he liked Miss Brown. "I am sick of this world, Miss Brown," he cried earnestly, "heartily sick of it!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Brown.

"All that I despise, the world elevates. The things I love, it tramples on!"

"Oh," said Miss Brown weakly. Then, feeling she ought to say something suitable, she added, "Such as what, Henry?"

Hylobates hesitated, groping for an example, then cried, "You! It tramples on you! It shoots spitballs while you try to teach it a little dignity and beauty."

"Why, Henry," protested Miss Brown, flushing deeply, "I get along very nicely." But to herself she was exclaiming, "He as good as said he loved me, he did!"

Hylobates, too, realized the implication of his words, and he coughed and said, "Well, maybe that wasn't a very good example." But, looking down at her neat head, it occurred to him that maybe it wasn't such a bad example at that.

Miss Brown stood quite still. This, she was thinking, is probably the closest I'll ever get. I must feel it all, feel it so I can remember it afterward, when I'm an old-maid teacher.

"Well," said Hylobates, "good-by, Miss Brown."

"Good-by, Henry."

Awkwardly Hylobates put out his hand and timidly Miss Brown held it for a second. Then he picked up his suitcase and went on.

He slept that night on a bed of moss, and in the morning continued up what now could only be called a mountainside. About halfway up it he was delighted to find a snug, cool, well ventilated cave. Hylobates opened his suitcase and proceeded to establish residence.

HYLOBATES lived in his cave for a year, glad, in the words of his beloved Thoreau, to be "self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms." There was plenty of small game thereabouts and there were pools where trout could be caught, so he fed well enough. He managed to stitch himself a pair of breeches and a shirt out of rabbit skins and was reasonably comfortable in them. His body grew hard and brown and a luxuriant curly beard descended from his chin.

The only human being he saw for a year was a mail carrier who, having lost his way in a blizzard one day, ended up at Indian Creek with a fit of temper and a sodden mass of undelivered newspapers.

The latter reawakened Hylobates' desire for news. He wrestled for a while with this unhermitlike lust, but he finally gave up, comforting himself with the reflection that Thoreau slipped into Concord every now and then. So, through the mail carrier, he arranged for a subscription to the New York Times.

This subsequently involved the mail carrier in a daily trip to the edge of nowhere, but he was a firm believer in the swift completion of his appointed rounds and he faithfully delivered the world's news to Hylobates every afternoon. But one month of newspapers filled Hylobates' cave to overflowing and he didn't know what to do about it. He was afraid to burn such a mass of paper lest he set the forest afire.

His quandary was solved by the birth, announced with a full-page advertisement in the Times, of a new magazine called Birdseye. Said the announcement ". . . it will be just that, a vivid panorama of the American, nay, the world scene, presented in picture and story, fearless, forthright, and felicitous."

"My goodness!" murmured Hylobates.

For the man too busy to plow through the daily press, Birdseye was promised as a godsend, compressing all the important happenings of the week. Hylobates canceled the Times and subscribed to Birdseye, and the first issue almost knocked him into Indian Creek. It left him dazzled, bewildered, shocked, and enraged. The events which it digested and illuminated were presumably the same events of which Hylobates had been reading in the Times, but they didn't seem so.

For instance, it was one thing to read in the Times: "The Rococo Theater has been deprived of its license because of an improper performance given there." That could have happened in ancient Athens.

But it was something else to be greeted by a full-page photograph of the high spot of the improper performance, sweeping away the meek little word "improper" in a flood of legs and lingerie.

"Such things can't be!" Hylobates cried, and burned the magazine.

But he found himself looking forward quite eagerly to the next issue.

Thus some fifteen years went by, and Hylobates was all but forgotten by his former townsmen.

But Miss Brown, her nose a little redder every winter and her tongue a little sharper as new pupils came and saw but never conquered Caesar, remembered him and sometimes when she thought about him she cried a little in her lonely room.

One day in the late spring, Hylobates counted his blessings and decided that he owed a debt of gratitude to Birdseye. So he peeled off a strip of birch bark and heated an arrowhead and burned out a letter, telling the editors of Birdseye how much their magazine had comforted his solitude.

Which ended, as a direct result, soon after.

CHARLIE WILLIAMS and Julie Crandall were probably the best known couple in American journalism. He wrote pieces and she took pictures for Birdseye.

Charlie was in his early thirties, a tallish, thinnish man with a longish, leanish face that would have been scholarly except for an unexpected flattening at the end of his nose, as if it had been broken. It kept him from being handsome and lent his face a sardonic air which sometimes irritated people. Whereas Julie presented a picture of winsome naïveté. She wore her fair hair very simply and her blue eyes were wide and appealing. Her mouth had a tremulous quality, and it surprised people when her lips quivered a little and parted and whispered, "Let's give that guy over there a hot-foot." Her neat body, when in repose, fell naturally into little-girl attitudes, hands folded, feet together. "Thank the Lord you don't act like you look," Charlie once told her, "or I'd have left you five years ago."

"You did leave me five years ago," said Julie. "Flat broke, too. I should have had you arrested."

Their life had that breezy, informal quality which led to frequent arguments, infrequent bust-ups of a casual

nature which neither enjoyed and both were glad to have over so that their normal activity of banter and recrimination interspersed with work could continue.

After Rutherford Ring pressed the button on his desk it was a good fifty minutes before Charlie showed up, looking comfortable and lazy in flannel slacks and a plaid shirt. He might at least have looked as if he'd hurried, thought Rutherford. He asked fretfully, "Where the devil've you been?"

"Home," said Charlie. "If only your minions would learn to call me at home instead of trying all the saloons first."

"My minions are guided by experience," said Rutherford. "Where's Julie?" His voice took on an elaborate casualness, because he had noticed lately that it tended to quaver when it said "Julie."

"Julie?" repeated Charlie. "How should I know? Last I heard she went to a literary tea."

"Confound it," snapped Rutherford. "When I hire somebody as a couple, I expect them to be a couple. I want them to arrive as a couple and go out as a couple, not scattered all over the place."

"What you need," said Charlie, "is Siamese twins. What's up? Or do you want to wait for Julie?"

"We'll wait for Julie. She's the brains of the outfit."

"That's one point of view," said Charlie imperturbably.

Ten minutes later Julie burst breathlessly into the room. She was wearing a mackintosh and sandals on bare feet. "Hi, Rutherford, hi, Charlie," she gasped. "Rushed here fast's I could. I was in the Shelton pool. Look." Dramatically she flung open her mackintosh and revealed herself in a green bathing suit.

Charlie glanced at her casually. "Anything for an entrance," he murmured.

Rutherford said irritably, "Julie, button up that coat of yours so I can concentrate."

Julie smiled a sweet little smile and folded her coat sinuously around herself.

"Do you want me to do up my collar?" asked Charlie.

Rutherford opened a drawer of his desk from which he produced Hylobates Hoolock's birch-bark letter. "I have here," he began portentously, "a curious communication." He handed it to Julie and leaned back in his chair.

Charlie stared over Julie's shoulder and finished reading first. "It's a gag," he said.

Julie said, "Sure, plain as the nose on your face. Whoever heard of anybody subscribing to Birdseye for fifteen years?"

Rutherford Ring scowled. "It may interest you to know," he said, "that Birdseye has indeed been delivered for fifteen years to Hylobates Hoolock on a Rural Free Delivery route. That much is a fact."

"How does he pay?" asked Charlie. "In wampum?"

"I don't know how he pays the post office," replied Rutherford, "but we have received regular money orders." He cleared his throat. "You two are going to track this hermit to his lair, interview him, photograph him, find out why he lives in the woods, everything about him. Also, it goes without saying, everything about the woman."

"What woman?" asked Charlie and Julie together.

"The woman who broke his heart, the woman who disillusioned him with modern society," retorted Rutherford. "Lord, but you geniuses are slow."

"Is that all?" asked Charlie.

"No," said Rutherford Ring. "But before I pass to the next stage, let me remind you—especially you, Julie—about the beard. I particularly want pictures of this hermit's beard, waving in the wind. I want to make a symbol out of it. Now don't ask me a symbol of what, like idiots. I'm not quite sure yet. And you're also bringing the hermit home with you," said Rutherford. "We're going to show him modern life and record his reactions in word and picture."

"Supposing he doesn't want to come?" suggested Charlie. "I certainly wouldn't, in his place."

"That will be up to you," said Rutherford. "And I might add that you and Julie have slipped up on a number of assignments recently, chiefly because you've gotten out of the habit of working. You are both being reminded that your contract expires next fall, that no other magazine will hire you at what you're getting here, if at all, and that in spite of your scandalous overpayment you probably haven't anything laid away."

"Just what's in Julie's piggy bank," said Charlie.

"I mention these matters," continued Rutherford coldly, "as a hint that you concentrate on this particular job. Good day and Godspeed."

"I suppose Godspeed means you want us to start right away?" said Julie.

"Precisely," said Rutherford.

When they had gone, he took a sodium tablet and rested his head on his hands for a while. Presently he arose, picked up his black Homburg hat and his doeskin gloves, and went out. He turned north toward Central Park, with the zoo his destination. He often took a stroll through the zoo after a singularly trying day, finding some comfort in systematic cages, neatly labeled, an ideal arrangement for a magazine staff.

As he passed idly through the monkey house, his eye happened to fall upon a card attached to one of the cages.

"Gibbon," it said, and underneath that: "*Hylobates hoolock*. Assam."

For a moment he blinked. Then he uttered a cry that caused the pensive gibbon to glance up in alarm. "They were right. It *is* a gag!" he groaned. "They'll never let me forget it."

It was noon the next day when Charlie and Julie reached Cornucopia. From a brief chat with a post-office clerk, Charlie learned where Hylobates' cave was. What was more, he discovered the hermit was somehow close to Miss Brown, the local Latin teacher. While Julie rested at Cornucopia's Mansion House, Charlie went around to see Miss Brown at the school.

"I'll come straight to the point, Miss Brown," said Charlie. "I understood you used to be acquainted with a man named Hylobates Hoolock."

Miss Brown turned pale.

Charlie said quickly, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you." He thought, By golly, there might be some hanky-panky here at that! He took another look at Miss Brown. Not quite forty, he guessed. Still fairly pretty but drying up. Poor soul.

"I'm afraid you did startle me," said Miss Brown in a shaky voice. "You see, I had in one of my classes once a boy named Henry Hoolock. A very good Latin scholar . . ." She paused, then added primly, "A good Latin scholar is rather unusual, Mr. Williams."

"I know it only too well," said Charlie. "I was one myself. It almost ruined my life."

He grinned, and Miss Brown permitted herself a timid smile. "Really?" she said. Then she remembered what he had started out by asking her, and her nervousness returned. "You were saying something about . . ."

"Oh, yes," said Charlie easily. "About this chap . . . you say he was called Henry Hoolock?"

"Well," said Miss Brown, "I always knew him as Henry. The last time I saw him I called him Henry . . ." She stopped short.

"Yes?" soothed Charlie. "The last time you saw him?"

"It's not important," said Miss Brown stiffly.

Charlie gazed out of the window. Half to himself he said, "I wonder why he went off like that."

Miss Brown spoke similarly half in soliloquy. "He was sick of this world, he said. It trampled on the things he loved. He thought, for instance—it was so silly of him—that it trampled on . . . on . . ." Again she seemed to come out of a trance. "I'm sure," she said in a firmer voice, "I don't know why I should be discussing the affairs of Henry Hoolock."

Charlie turned suddenly. "Were you in love with him?"

Miss Brown sprang to her feet, her eyes wide with outrage. "How dare you ask me such a thing?" she cried. "Who are you, anyway? What do you want?"

"I'm a reporter," said Charlie. "I work for Birdseye magazine. We're planning to do an article about Mr. Hoolock."

"Are you the Charles Williams who goes with the pictures?"

Charlie winced. "You might put it that way," he said. "I prefer to think that the pictures go with me."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Brown automatically. She sank slowly back into her chair. "I am not sure that I care to discuss the matter any longer. If you'll excuse my saying so, your magazine represents the sort of thing Mr. Hoolock went into the wilderness to escape."

Charlie chuckled mischievously. "Possibly," he said; "but he's been subscribing to it for fifteen years."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Miss Brown sternly. "And I trust," she added, struck by a sudden alarming thought, "that you are not planning to use my name in connection with anything you may write."

"We-e-ell," said Charlie slowly, "I thought I might work in something like, 'Young Hoolock learned his classics at the feet of Miss Mary Brown, prominent Cornucopia educator' . . . something of that sort."

"Mmm," considered Miss Brown, mollified, "I dare say that wouldn't be altogether . . . offensive."

"Thank you very much, Miss Brown. You've been most helpful. Good-by."

When he got back to their hotel room, he found Julie sprawled on one of the twin beds, idly training her long-range camera through the window.

"Look. It's almost four o'clock," Charlie said. "Let's get going."

"Why?" asked Julie, with a touch of irritation. "The hermit's been keeping for fifteen years. He ought to keep another fifteen minutes. Anyway, it's going to rain."

"Damn it all," exploded Charlie, "you'd do anything to put off a little honest work! No wonder Rutherford's fed up with you."

Julie sat up straight on the bed in furious amazement. "Fed up with me!" she cried. "Well, I like that!"

They looked at each other darkly and coldly, each wishing the other would make some sign of relenting, each damned if he or she'd do it first. In silence they went downstairs and climbed into the yellow touring car in front of the hotel and started up Main Street.

THE yellow dirt road they followed after they left town hadn't changed much since Hylobates last passed that way. The landscape grew wilder, with no indication of human habitation save a few rotting timbers here and there, a gaunt stone chimney, rankly overgrown. In keeping with the ever more desolate scenery, the afternoon sky had grown overcast.

"I hate to suggest it," remarked Julie, "but hadn't you better put the top up?"

"I've often noticed," said Charlie, "that it's always 'Why don't we take a spin?' but it's '*You* put the top up.'"

"That's right," said Julie airily. "I spin but I toil not."

Charlie sighed and stepped on the brake.

Julie shivered while he worked on the top and said, "You know, it's going to be too dark to take any decent pictures. Why don't we go back and try again in the morning?"

"Because I don't want to," snapped Charlie.

He had been warned of a ford in the stream at the end of the road. Bouncing along in the car again, he peered through the rainy gloom trying to see where it might be. Now it became speedily apparent as the front wheels spun wildly in shifting sand with a churning of water. Charlie shifted quickly into second and gave her the gun. The car wallowed slowly forward to dry land. Charlie stopped and switched off the ignition.

"I guess we're here," he said.

"Fine," said Julie. "Me for a hot tub and a couple of Martinis."

"Very amusing," said Charlie.

The rain drummed on the canvas top. Suddenly both became aware of a voice, sounding not more than fifty feet away.

"There's who?" the voice called. "There's who?"

"Must be an owl," whispered Charlie. "People don't say, 'There's who.'"

"They don't, eh?" said Julie. "Look."

Out of the obscurity pierced by their headlights emerged a tall figure clad in skins, from which lean arms and shanks protruded. Long dark hair and beard hung wetly limp.

"He's got an ax," squeaked Julie suddenly, and threw her arms around Charlie.

Actually Hylobates was carrying a walking stick which he had lovingly whittled for himself ten years before. Also, he was quite as uneasy as Charlie and Julie. He circled the car warily until he could get a look at their faces. He stood there trying to think of something to say. After all, he had spoken to nobody but the mail carrier for fifteen years. Finally he remembered a phrase that was used a good bit in Birdseye and tried it. "Won't talk, eh?" he said, amiably enough.

"Oh, sure," said Charlie, struggling to disentangle Julie's arms, which were interfering with his larynx. "We'll talk, glad to talk."

Reassured, Hylobates took a step nearer the car. He was approaching Julie's side, and in a spasm of panic she tore a string of red costume beads from around her neck and thrust them toward him. "Look. Pretty beads," she cried tremulously, "allee samee for you. We friends."

Hylobates paused, puzzled. He decided, after a moment's thought, that she must be shocked by the inadequacy of his garments, so he smiled apologetically down at his bare legs and said, "No fancy pants, I."

"He smiled," Julie whispered aside to Charlie. "The beads saved us."

"But what did he say?" whispered Charlie. "It all sounds like double talk to me."

"I don't know. It's your turn now."

Charlie leaned past Julie. "Uh, Mr. Hoolock, I presume?" he asked with his most winning smile.

Ever since Hylobates had moved to the woods he had been mulling on the day when some one should put that question to him. "No," he said solemnly, "Dr. Livingston."

For a moment he kept a straight face, while Julie whispered in bewilderment, "We must have the wrong hermit," then he burst into hearty laughter. So did Charlie. Julie, prompted by an elbow in her ribs, dutifully did likewise.

Hylobates strode forward with outstretched hand. "Hylobates Hoolock indeed, and at your service, I," he announced jovially.

Charlie thrust his hand out too, then gritted his teeth as it sank into the crush of Hylobates' sinewy fingers. Hylobates saw him wince. "Oops, sorry!" he exclaimed. "Stronger than one realizes grows one in the woods. Nor for many a year a hand shaken, I."

"Nor again for many a year, I," said Charlie, wiggling his fingers ruefully. "Me shake, too," said Julie, with the grim graciousness of a Southern gentlewoman meeting the Liberian minister, and she extended her own small hand.

"I believe introductions are in order," said Charlie. "My name is Charles Williams, and this is my wife, Tondelayo, also known as Julie Crandall."

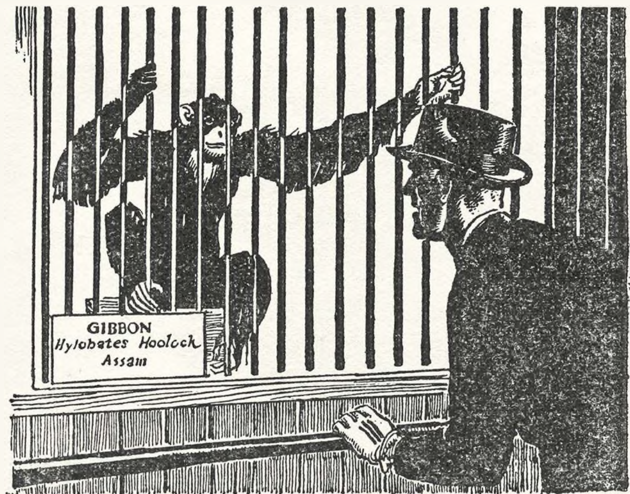
"What!" cried Hylobates, stepping back. "Not Birdseye's Charles Williams and Julie Crandall!"

"The same," said Charlie modestly.

"Why, incredible is this," Hylobates murmured, "incredible utterly! Belief beyond!"

"It's like this, Mr. Hoolock," said Charlie briskly. "We got your letter."
"Oh, that," said Hylobates, blushing. "It was nothing. Rather, nothing was it."
"Wait a minute," interrupted Julie. "Why 'rather, nothing was it'?"
Hylobates opened his eyes wide. "Isn't it the preferred construction?" he asked.
"Not by me," said Charlie. "Except, of course, when I'm writing for the magazine, I generally try to—" he broke off. "So that's it!" he exclaimed. "I knew it sounded familiar. Don't you see, Julie? He—Mr. Hoolock—hasn't talked to anybody hardly for fifteen years and all that time he's been reading Birdseye and he thinks people talk like that."
"Of course," said Hylobates. "Don't they?"
"No," said Charlie fervently. "The only two people in the world who think they do are you and Rutherford Ring, and with Rutherford it's wishful thinking."
"What a relief!" sighed Hylobates.

"LOOK, Mr. Hoolock," Charlie said. "How would you like to come out of retirement for a while? Take a look at the big city with us? See how mankind's been getting along these fifteen years?"
"Mr. Williams, are you intimating that I should accompany you to New York?"
"That's right," said Charlie.
"And me," put in Julie. "You'll be accompanying me, too."
Charlie rattled smoothly on: "Here's our proposition. Our magazine wants to know what the reactions of a man who has lived alone in the woods for fifteen years will be to our present-day civilization. We'll pay all your expenses right down to aspirin tablets, which you'll need, and all you've got to do is look at New York and have a couple of reactions. Is it a deal or isn't it? Don't tell me. I know perfectly well it is!"
Hylobates meditated.
"Yes," he said finally. "I think I'll go to New York with you. I consider it a piece of monstrous folly, but I'll go."
"Good!" Charlie reached for Hylobates' hand and shook it.
"You've never seen the Stork Club, have you, Mr. Hoolock?" asked Julie brightly.
"No," said Hylobates. "Do I have to?"
"You don't have to do anything you don't want to," interrupted Charlie. "How soon can you leave, Mr. Hoolock?"
Hylobates shrugged. "Almost any time," he said. "I have only a few things to do."
"Well, supposing we meet you here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning? Is that time enough?"
"Plenty," said Hylobates.
"You've turned out to be such a nice man, Mr. Hoolock," murmured Julie.
Hylobates gave her a pleased but slightly uncomfortable glance. He bowed, turned away, and was quickly lost in the forest's rainy gloom.
Charlie heaved a sigh as he stepped on the starter. "Thank Heaven that's done!" he exclaimed. "No kidding, Julie. I was really worried for fear of muffing this job."
"Pooh," sniffed Julie. "It was easy. And I rather think I had something to do with pulling it off."
Charlie didn't answer for a moment as he turned the car. Then he said with elaborate casualness, "By the way, try to keep in mind that you're here to make this guy's picture, not to make him."
"I don't think that requires an answer," said Julie coldly. But she was thinking that Charlie could stand a lesson and that Hylobates Hoolock was a very fetching man.
Charlie shifted into second gear and shot the car savagely forward. He didn't observe that the rain of the past hour had swelled the ford. The water smacked the side of the car with a rush, splashed over the hood, and the motor coughed and died. Helplessly the car swung with the current and came to rest sideways, jammed among rocks.
"Nice work," said Julie.
"All right," he retorted, "let's abandon the wisecracks until we get out of this mess. I noticed a farmhouse up the road a way. They might have a team to pull us out."
"You think of everything," said Julie.
They climbed out over the rocks and walked in silence through the piercing rain, until an untenanted farmhouse loomed ahead.
"Shangri-la," muttered Julie peevishly. "I don't see why, if you must notice farmhouses, they can't have people and good dry Southern hospitality in them."
"I will thank you," said Charlie bitterly, "to mind your manners and mixed metaphors. Southern hospitality was never dry—but if it doesn't leak, this house might be."
It wasn't dry, but they had no other place to spend the night. They emerged next morning in states of mind bordering on the mutually homicidal. They were ill-slept, ill-washed, rumpled, damp, and unbreakfasted. In moody silence they walked back to the ford where the car sat in what had dwindled to a gurgling trickle. Charlie climbed in and made a series of sputtering efforts to get it started.
"Dead as a doornail," he muttered gloomily and climbed out again. "Well, all I can see is for me to hoof it back until I come to a telephone."
"Do you good," said Julie.
"No doubt. Meantime, you might as well be taking your snapshots."
Ordinarily Julie rose into the air with a yelp at the word "snapshots," but this time she just bared her teeth slightly and said, "All right. Hand me the little camera, will you?"
Charlie dug in the back of the car and produced the



Leica. Julie slung its strap across her shoulder. "Thank you," she said.
"It was a pleasure," said Charlie.
For a moment they stood there, glowering at each other, each wishing unhappily that the quarrel could be called off. Then Charlie turned abruptly and started off along the road. Julie watched until his figure vanished around a bend, then assuming a what-fools-men-are expression, she picked her way daintily to the car and stepped into the front seat. She switched on the ignition, pressed the starter, and the motor coughed politely, turned over, and began to purr.
Julie smiled the delighted smile of a woman who, against her husband's horrified advice, has just drawn two cards and filled an inside straight. She experimented with reverse gear and made a little headway, then tried first. The car bumped obligingly over the rocks and rolled out of the creek bed onto the road.
Julie meditated a while. It was her obvious duty to overtake Charlie, even a rather satisfying duty. But she couldn't help brooding on his sins of the preceding day, especially his imputing to her an improper regard for Hylobates. She snapped off the ignition. "Let him walk a while," she said aloud.
She strolled a little distance up the hill, spread out her coat on a mossy bank, and lay back on it in the warm sunlight.

Some time later she became aware of a hand lightly touching her shoulder. She sprang to her feet with a little cry of alarm. "Who are you?" she demanded.

The tall man standing in front of her smiled. "Don't you recognize me?" he asked. "I thought I'd spruce up a little for the trip."

Julie didn't quite faint, but her knees buckled under her and she sat down with a plop on the ground. It was not that Hylobates had donned his ancient dark suit, or even his high stiff collar. Or his black button shoes. Or his prim hat with the brim turned up all around. It was not even that he had given himself an inverted-bowl haircut.

It was—of course—that he had shaved. The beard of Rutherford Ring's fond dreams had gone with that wind in which the great publisher's mind had seen it blowing.

"What's the matter?" asked Hylobates worriedly. "Do I look as bad as all that?"

Limply Julie said, "You look fine."

"Well, now, I don't look fine," protested Hylobates. "I know quite well that I look rather ridiculous, and I might add that I am decidedly uncomfortable."

"You do look a little uncomfortable," admitted Julie. In spite of her dismay, she noted that his face was a noble face, a face at once innocent and wise.

"How about . . . about your beard?" she asked. "Do you miss that?"

"I feel faintly bare," said Hylobates. "But a beard's something of a nuisance, after all."

"I see," said Julie. "How long does it take to grow a beard like yours? Like yours was, I mean."

"Fifteen years," smiled Hylobates.

"Oh," said Julie.

He gave her a puzzled glance. "Don't tell me I've done the wrong thing again," he said. "Are people all wearing beards nowadays?"

Julie tried to smile reassuringly. "Don't give it a thought," she said. "Personally, I like you much better this way."

Hylobates blushed and said, "Thank you," and then he looked away a little nervously and asked, "Where's Mr. Williams?"

"Don't worry about him," said Julie. "We'll find him along the road some place. Come on."

Hylobates picked up his cracked yellow suitcase and followed her. He took one quick backward look at the steeply rising hillside and entered the yellow touring car.

Julie drove as fast as she could. She liked to drive fast after doing something she knew wasn't wise. In this case, she knew quite well that it wasn't wise to be taking Hylobates Hoolock back to New York without his beard. Rutherford Ring would take one look and hit the ceiling. You could hardly blame him. There wasn't much sense printing a picture of a normal-looking man in his late thirties having reactions to the Empire State Building.

Well, she'd been assigned to bring Hylobates back, and he had looked so damned happy at the prospect, that to let him down would have been like reneging on taking a kid to the circus.

CHARLIE was about half a mile in front of them, coming back with a tow truck that he had been able to phone for from a farmhouse. A few minutes later the yellow touring car and the tow truck were face to face and both stopped. Charlie was speechless for a moment. Then he shouted, "How did you get that thing started?"

"Black magic," said Julie sweetly. "First, I turned the ignition on, muttering an incantation. Then I stepped on the little pedal, rocking back and forth. Then I threw out the clutch and . . ."

"I think we can skip further details," intercepted Charlie coldly. "Who is that with you?"

"Goodness," said Julie, "don't you recognize him? It's Mr. Hoolock."

Charlie took a long stare at Hylobates, then collapsed into his seat, where he sat with closed eyes, moaning faintly to himself.

"Well," called Julie, "are you going to sit there all day? We are on our way to New York. I don't know about you."

"Why are you on your way to New York?"

"Because I was told to bring Mr. Hoolock back to New York. So were you."

"With a beard!" yelled Charlie.

"Aren't you being a little rude?"

Charlie choked. "Look," he said in a tight voice. "I'm not saying anything against the guy. He's a wonderful fellow. But as far as you and I are concerned, he's got to have a beard!" His voice rose on the last words, then roared out: "But what in Heaven's name did you do with his beard?"

"What do you mean, what did *I* do with it?"

Hylobates interrupted mildly, "Look here. Perhaps I'd better say a word or two."

The tow-truck driver suddenly lost patience. "What am I sitting here for?" he demanded. "Nobody needs a tow."

"I do," said Charlie.

Julie's eyebrows went up in surprise but her voice was indifferent: "Does that mean you're not coming with us?"

"It does," said Charlie. "From this point on, I am disassociating myself from the whole business."

"Splendid," said Julie.

"But wait!" cried Hylobates in alarm. "I couldn't . . . just you and I couldn't . . ."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," retorted Julie impatiently. "Charles, would you mind asking your chauffeur to back up a little."

"Chauffeur!" exploded the truck driver. "See here, miss, I'm an independent business man. I don't take anybody's orders."

"Well spoken," said Charlie. "A man after my own heart."

JULIE slammed into reverse and backed away, like a lioness preparing to spring. Hastily the independent truck driver did the same and a second later the yellow touring car shot forward, hung perilously over the roadside ditch, grazed the tow truck, then swerved back to the middle of the road and sailed on.

Julie drove fast with teeth clenched, and Hylobates remained in helpless shocked silence. Neither said a word until the hillside roofs of Cornucopia came into view.

"I'm going to stop at the hotel for a couple of seconds and pick up my bags," said Julie.

She parked in front of the glass marquee. "Mind waiting here? I won't be two shakes." She jumped out of the car and strode briskly into the hotel.

Hylobates slumped down in his seat. He wondered if anybody in Cornucopia ever thought of him now. Miss Brown! The pink and eager face swam into his mind. And even as his inner gaze dwelt fondly on her face, his outward eye picked up the same set of features, with due allowance for fifteen years, and his lips shouted, "Miss Brown!"

Miss Brown was coming up the street from the high school. She stopped short. Then she saw Hylobates and her mouth dropped open. For a second she was too overcome with emotion and astonishment to speak or move, then she cried, "Henry!" and rushed forward. Hylobates grabbed her hands and squeezed them hard.

"Well!" said Hylobates.

"Well!" said Miss Brown.

"It's been a long time."

"You've hardly changed at all, Henry," said Miss Brown. "You look so healthy, so . . ." She stopped, blushing profusely.

"You've scarcely changed, yourself," said Hylobates.

"Now, Henry," she said, smiling, "I know only too well that I have. I'm getting on and it's no good denying it."

"I deny it," said Hylobates warmly. "I was just picturing you in my mind, and it gave me an excellent opportunity for comparison."

"Were you really thinking of me?"

"I certainly was."

Miss Brown's blush grew positively fiery. "I've been thinking a lot about you, too," she murmured. "Especially since yesterday, since I saw the man from the magazine."

Hylobates looked astonished. "You mean Mr. Williams?" he asked. "You saw him?"

Julie's crisp voice rang out behind them to the bellboy: "Just chuck that stuff in the back seat." She flipped

the boy a quarter and turned toward Hylobates and Miss Brown.

"Uh, Miss Brown, this is Miss Crandall, Miss Crandall, Miss Brown," stammered Hylobates, wishing that Julie weren't quite so blonde and young. "Miss Brown used to teach me Latin."

"So?" said Julie. "Isn't that ice-nay. But I'm afraid we'd better et-gay oing-gay."

"I'm so orry-say," said Miss Brown stiffly, determined to show she could joke with the best of them.

"Oh, dear," said Hylobates miserably to Miss Brown, "it seems dreadful to part so soon after all these years."

"To part?" repeated Miss Brown and her lips trembled a little. "Are you going back to the woods so soon?"

Hylobates shifted his weight uneasily. "Well, no," he said. "It seems that Miss Crandall and Mr. Williams want to take me to New York and, uh, record my reactions for their magazine."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "And you're going to do it?"

"I thought I would," said Hylobates, looking guilty.

Miss Brown twisted her hands nervously and unhappily. Then suddenly, with suspicion that she couldn't hide, she asked, "Where is Mr. Williams?"

"Damn it," cried Julie, "I don't know where Mr. Williams is and I don't give a hoot. Meanwhile, we've got a long way to go, so, if nobody minds . . ."

"There doesn't seem to be any help for it," Hylobates said to Miss Brown.

"I suppose not," said Miss Brown sadly and unconvincedly. She stood staring after the receding yellow machine. Then she plunged into her handbag for a handkerchief before she began to cry. Finally she stopped and came with surprising suddenness to a big decision. She would go straight to New York and see to it that nobody trampled on her poor darling—yes, darling—Henry Hoolock.

THERE was no reason, Hylobates kept telling himself as the open car rolled swiftly along, why he should feel remorse at having left Miss Brown. They had had a nice little conversation and made their good-bys.

Julie had made up her mind to teach Charlie a lesson via a flirtation with Hylobates, and there was no denying she was looking forward rather pleasurably to the lesson. Hylobates' gentle strength, his rugged face combining mature tranquillity with embarrassed boyishness, fascinated her.

THE tow truck took Charlie back to Cornucopia, where he caught the next bus to Pittsburgh, arriving just in time to board a plane for New York.

Arrived there, he went to a phone booth and called Rutherford Ring. The private secretary answered. "Mr. Ring's been expecting to hear from you," he said.

"Why?" asked Charlie. "As a matter of fact, I'm back a lot sooner than I thought I'd be."

"He's not sore at you," said the secretary. "Far from it. Fact is, he's rather humble."

"Humble!" exclaimed Charlie. "Now I know something's wrong."

"It's a bit beyond me, too," admitted the secretary. "Anyway, he's anxious to see you."

"Well," said Charlie, "I'll drop in, if only to see how Rutherford looks when he's humble. Something like the Statue of Liberty adjusting her slip, I imagine."

He took a cab to the Birdseye building. When he pushed open the heavy door into the inner sanctum, Rutherford Ring sat at his desk.

"You don't look any different to me," said Charlie.

"I feel different," said Rutherford. "The necessity of having to apologize to you produces in me an emotion akin to acute *mal de mer*."

"*Mal de mer* is hardly an emotion," said Charlie blandly. He hadn't the faintest notion why Rutherford should be prepared to apologize to him. "Let's have the apology."

"It's coming," retorted Rutherford. He gripped his desk with both hands and turned a venomous glare on Charlie. "I'm sorry," he growled. "There!"

Charlie waved a benign hand. "Don't mention it, Rutherford, old man," he said airily. "It was nothing."

Rutherford gazed at him in pleased, incredulous surprise.

"By George, Charlie," he said, "it really is nice of you not to be sore. I thought you'd have blood in your eye when you found out I'd sent you on a wild-goose chase. By the way, where's Julie?"

The query relieved Charlie, because he was beginning to think Julie must have had a Machiavellian hand in the puzzling situation. "Uh, she's bringing the car back," he explained easily. "I hopped a plane from Pittsburgh. Wanted to get back tonight."

"Oh," said Rutherford. "I thought it might have been one of the periodic final break-ups."

"No," said Charlie, "and don't look so disappointed."

Rutherford reddened and went on, "To get back to this unfortunate mare's nest, we really all should be kicked for not having spotted the damned name. *Hylobates hoolock*. It's remarkable that none of the people who handled that wretched birch bark recognized the zoological term for the small gibbon."

CHARLIE realized that he now had the key to the puzzle. Rutherford had discovered that *Hylobates hoolock* meant a gibbon, had instantly assumed the whole thing was a gag, and was therefore under the impression that Charlie and Julie had discovered that they'd been victimized at the end of a five-hundred-mile journey. Wouldn't it be an excellent idea to let Rutherford keep his illusions, thereby eliminating the painful revelation that they had captured their prey intact, only to lose its all-important beard?

The only drawback, of course, was that he would somehow have to sidetrack Julie before she got to Rutherford and upset the applecart.

Rutherford was still talking. "Anyhow, I'm willing to make a bargain with you never to mention the Hylobates Hoolock case again."

"Mmm, I don't know," said Charlie thoughtfully. "Oh, what the hell, let's let bygones be bygones. Closed chapter, it is." He thrust out his hand.

Rutherford hesitated. "Think Julie feels the same way?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, more or less," said Charlie. "Anyway, I'll shake for her."

So they shook hands twice, and Charlie went out of the office whistling. Rutherford also felt pleased. It just went to show that you never could tell about people. Charlie could be flippant and rude and sullen about little things, but a matter like this, he'd been just as decent as could be. Damned decent.

Rutherford got up, put on his black Homburg and walked into the outer office. He, too, was whistling.

"Telegram, Mr. Ring," said his secretary.

Rutherford took the yellow envelope and tore it open. The wire was from Julie:

"Arriving some time tomorrow with Hylobates Hoolock. Not quite as expected but can explain. If you see Mr. Williams tell him this time it's for good."

Rutherford Ring read the telegram three times. When he spoke his voice was calm, even gentle. "Bertram," he said to his secretary, "remind me to ask my psychiatrist why I ever hired Williams and Crandall."

Charlie betook himself to a bar, where he met some journalistic cronies. After a few drinks he realized there was something in the back of his mind that was bothering him. Further analysis indicated that something was the necessity of getting hold of Julie before she got to Rutherford Ring.

"Friends," he said, "I have just remembered that I have got to stop my wife."

"From what?" somebody asked.

"Just stop her. She's in a car with a hermit and is presumably somewhere between Pittsburgh and New York."

A member of the company asked thoughtfully, "Do you have to stop her before she gets to New York?"

"Just so she doesn't get inside the city," said Charlie.

"It's simple, then," said the man. "You call the police and give them the number of the car and a description and tell them to watch the Holland and Lincoln tunnels for it. You explain that the people in this car have been

(Continued on page 45)

SCIENCE CHARTS YOUR CHILD'S ABILITY

No longer need hit-or-miss circumstances govern your child's future. Tests can now catalogue his abilities and start him off right

BY GRETTA PALMER

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING PHOTO

Johnson O'Connor of the Human Engineering Laboratory explains vocabulary tests. Business executives rank highest—surpassing college professors.

YOUR little boy, aged ten, can't grow up fast enough to start working. "I'm going to be a flyer like Jimmy Doolittle," he says, and his eyes shine at the prospect. Or, "I'll be a newspaperman as soon as I leave school." Whatever his ambition may be, he's sure of one thing: working at a job is going to be a lot of fun.

You were ten years old once, yourself. Do you remember your own plans for a bright interesting future as a lawyer or a fireman or a football coach? You never thought you'd get stalled in a job less glamorous than any of these. But if you're like most of the rest of us, you became more and more discouraged as you reached the age for jobs, until, in a panic, you snatched at the first opening that occurred. And that accidental, blundering choice decided your whole future career.

This hit-or-miss way of finding employment is wasteful, according to Johnson O'Connor, founder and director of the Human Engineering Laboratory, which tries to find round pegs for the round holes of industry. Instead, he urges a scientific study of the individual's abilities, followed by a search for the job he can fill well. This search can't start too early. In its three branches—at Hoboken, New Jersey, Chicago, Illinois, and Boston, Massachusetts—the Laboratory psychologists test school-age children and tell them for what life work they are equipped. They test older people, too, but that's another story, which I told in an earlier issue of Liberty.

Suppose you have a youngster who's doing badly in school. He's having an especially tough tussle with arithmetic, and this bothers you because you've planned to have him taken into his grandfather's firm as an accountant. You're privately convinced the boy is lazy, and it makes you mad.

If you want to get at the source of his trouble, you can take him to one of the branches of the Laboratory, pay the ten-dollar fee, and have his "aptitudes" tested. There are thirteen of these aptitudes, or talents, known to the scientists—each of us is born with a pronounced weakness in some of them but superiority in others. Aptitudes don't change throughout our lives, and if your ten-year-old scores below the average for his age in one of these traits today, he'll still score low when he's a man of fifty.

So it's worth while letting the job psychologists analyze that trouble with arithmetic. You'll be told if the boy's just lazy soon enough, and be given some sound advice on how to make him work. But if the difficulty's caused by low "accounting aptitude," grandfather had better start warming up some other boy to follow in his footsteps: your son would only be a flop as a C. P. A., and an unhappy flop, at that.

Let's say that Junior *does* score below average in accounting aptitude. Well, that explains a lot of his other school difficulties, for most school subjects are taught in a way which puts an unfair premium on this single gift. The little boy who turns in a neat paper, chockful of accurate information, is the little boy who usually carries off the school prizes. Yet most of his classroom success can be due to this one useful trait—which is just a knack for bookkeeping. Unless such a child happens to pick a line of work in which this gift is valuable, the head of his class in school may be a flat failure in later life.

So don't be discouraged. If Junior scores low in "accounting aptitude," he probably scores way above the average in at least one or two other traits. Often the boy who does badly on *most* of the tests will score abnormally high on one. He's tagged as a single-track genius with a brilliant future if he'll stick to the kind of work that uses his outstanding native ability.

Suppose your boy scores very high in observation—perhaps three or four times as high as the average. Suppose he is also shown, by the personality test, to be "objective," or the kind of person who likes to work with other people. Already the picture of his future becomes clearer. If he possesses good "number memory," he'll probably do well as an expediter, or a factory inspector. Even without memory for numbers, there's a bright future waiting for him as a safety engineer or a de-

(*Continued on page 40*)

STALK THE HUNTER

Dan and Kit play a deadly game of hide-and-seek in the sand dunes, with the implacable Nazis doing the seeking and holding all the weapons

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN she found out that Paul Campbell, art expert at the New York museum in which she had a job, was a Nazi agent, Kit Gruenholz, a Czech refugee, tried to kill him. She didn't dare go to the authorities, because Paul knew she was in the United States on a forged passport and had threatened to accuse *her* of being the Nazi if she didn't hold her tongue.

Kit's murder was a failure. She went to Paul's house on Long Island and shot a man—but he wasn't Paul.

Paul laughed about it later. The body was hidden, he told her, and added, "I shouldn't be surprised if it should turn up sometime when you're being particularly stupid." Being stupid, according to him, was refusing to help him by betraying her anti-Nazi friends.

Already Kit had unwittingly led him to Anna Mahler; and now the courageous old woman who was so important in the anti-Nazi movement was in his hands. Because Anna had been traced through Kit, Kit was suspected of treachery by her Czech friends and could expect no help from them in fighting Paul.

Kit's two aims in life now were to rescue Anna, if she were still alive, and to get proof of Paul's guilt to lay before the F. B. I. That done, she was ready to take her punishment for the murder she had committed.

Dan Shay, a young chemist who was in love with Kit, agreed to go with her to Long Island to see what they could find out about Paul. While they were encouraging a gossipy woman assistant at a real-estate office to talk, the man who owned the place—he was one of Paul's spies, Kit discovered later—telephoned to Paul, who appeared in a few minutes and insisted that Kit and Dan go home with him.

They found a peculiar assortment of people staying with Paul—foreigners mostly, the sort of riffraff who would work for any political gangster who would pay them well. Kit tried to get a chance to go through the house and look for Anna, but Paul stayed close to her.

While they were playing croquet, Dan deliberately hit his ball out of bounds toward an old family graveyard that was on the property. "Come down and meet me in front of the house by the car," he told Kit before he started off to retrieve the ball.

But when Kit tried to leave, Paul stopped her. "You wait here," he said, and his voice was vicious. He turned to the others. "See that she stays here! I'm going down to meet him myself."

HE strode off, leaving Kit the center of suddenly alert glances. They didn't seem startled, merely called to attention. Finally the baroness laughed.

"You'll have to learn to come to heel, you know!"

Kit said nothing, and the game went on. She walked to the crest of the hill and watched the two men. Paul met Dan halfway, exactly where Dan had told her to be; but there was no way to signal to him. They stood there in conversation, but it was impossible to form any idea of what was going on, since they were too far away for her to see their expressions. Dan glanced up at her several times while Paul was talking, and finally the two men came up.

Apparently Paul was in a wonderful mood, because, when the two men approached the top of the hill, Kit could see good humor bubbling in his eyes. Dan's face was stony. She could get nothing from him.

"Forget the silly game," Paul said impulsively. "Come on in the house and I'll show you the picture. We'll have a drink first and then you can have a look. I just got it last night, and I want to know what you think."

"Oh, Paul!" said the baroness. "Do we have to?"

Paul took her hand and pulled her out of the chair.

"Come on, Lucy. This one is different—you'll see! And if you're very good I may even make you a present of it."

"No, thanks," said the baroness dryly. "I'll do very well without the picture."

Kit couldn't fathom Paul's hilarious mood. It was all due to what Dan had said to him, and she couldn't imagine what that could be. Dan was standing with his back toward her, and the others were much too close for her to be able to speak to him. The change in atmosphere was grotesque. Paul stood aside to let them pass. For Kit he had a particularly joyous smile. As she walked in, she knew he was following her with his eyes.

She was isolated. Nobody paid any attention to her. It was the conversation between Dan and Paul which worried her. Something had passed between them that appeared to have neutralized Dan. Yet she couldn't imagine that Dan could be fooled by anything Paul might say unless it were so convincing that there was no gainsaying it. Dan's remarks to her just before he went down for the ball showed that he had been uneasy, too. She was sure that Paul could neither frighten nor buy him off. It all started, she remembered, when Dan was examining the gravestones. The only thing Paul could have done was to explain his remarks of the previous evening in such a way as to place Kit in the wrong. But that, too, was impossible. It didn't make sense. Yet Dan was across the room, talking to the major, standing in such a way that she was unable to see his face.

"Come on inside, everybody," Paul called. "It's time now."

They walked through the living room where Kit had tiptoed a few nights ago. It seemed very cheerful and sunny now, but a shiver of remembered terror made her hands feel moist.

"It's in the library," Paul said, pushing open the door.

Kit waited for the others to go in, and held back. Above the sound of the voices she imagined that she heard the crackling of a fire. At any moment the voices would die into shocked silence as they— Kit shook her head. There was no dead body in the room. There was nothing wrong at all, except the malicious expression on Paul's face. Kit went into the room.

ON the wall opposite the long windows was a picture, covered with a piece of white cheesecloth held to the frame with thumbtacks that were barely stuck in the narrow wooden frame.

Paul stood by the picture, facing his audience, with his hands behind his back.

"This was done," he said, "by a young fisherman I discovered at Montauk. It's a water color, as you'll see. This fellow—his name is Glynn—never had a formal lesson, but his work shows a tremendous feeling for the power of the elements—the inhuman force of the placid sea, the

"Can you get up?" she asked. He reached for a chair to help himself to his feet.

staggering, inconceivable depth of the night sky."

He ripped off the cheesecloth so that they might see the picture themselves.

In the silence, Kit saw the painted night scene. The artist had been standing among enormous boulders on the beach immediately below a towering cliff. At the top of the cliff was a lighthouse that pointed straight up like a finger. To the right the sea, which was fairly calm, boiled up the beach and foamed about the rocks. The angle of the cliffs and the lighthouse gave one the impression of standing in a very deep pit, looking straight up. The color of the sky receded from a luminous blue at sea level to jet-black at the top of the picture.

"Notice," Paul went on, "how cleverly the artist used the height of the cliff and the lighthouse beyond to give the feeling of perspective which is carried over to the sky. This really is a painting of the night sky, and everything else in it is merely to give you the proper perspective. As a matter of fact, it's the only work I've ever seen where the beauty and depth of the night sky has been caught."

The phrase rang in Kit's ear. It had an odd, familiar sound, and yet she couldn't place it. She glanced at Dan, and was surprised to see a peculiar gleam in his eyes, as though he had just stumbled on something.

"That's very interesting," Dan said.

"It stinks!" Manolo insisted. He was a little drunk.

Paul stood rigidly by the picture, his hands pressed together behind him so tightly that his shoulders looked strained.

"No," Dan repeated. "It's really interesting. That last remark, I mean."

"Just what do you mean?" Paul asked.

"I mean," Dan went on in the same quiet tone, "that just last night you were bemoaning the fact that you'd never seen a decent painting of the night sky—and suddenly here it is."

Paul said nothing. His face was very white and he was breathing deeply. Dan went up to the picture and examined it with a small folding magnifying glass he carried in his vest pocket.

"When did you get this picture?" he asked.

"Last night," Paul answered. His voice was urgent. Dan looked up.

"Last night? Was it painted here?"

"Of course not!"

"That's very odd," Dan said quietly. He was smiling. "That picture was done in the last twelve to eighteen hours." He turned to Paul and asked gently, "Are *you* this Glynn, Paul? Did you paint this picture?"

PAUL gasped as though he'd been slapped. His mouth sagged.

"You must be," Dan went on in his gentle, speculative way. "It explains a lot of things about you. You've painted all these pictures here in this house. You've painted all the pictures you've discovered. Haven't you, Paul? I must say, you're the first undiscovered artist who is constantly discovering himself. *You're* your own famous blind spot. I imagine that you're the only painter whose work has been hung in the best galleries and exhibitions and never twice under the same name!"

"Oh, my Lord!" sighed Manolo. "This is wonderful! You mean, Paul, that you're the untaught Norwegian farmer who painted the fjords? That stinker in the dining room?"

"But remember the Austrian peasant who did the Christian primitive," the baroness insisted. "Remember how you raved about it in the catalogue?" She shook with laughter.

"No, no!" roared Major Tolnysi. "The best one is the self-portrait of the French prostitute!"

Kit looked about her with profound astonishment. Paul was their friend, and yet they tore into him like a pack of cannibals. He was really suffering, and they enjoyed it. Paul stood there in a horrible glassy silence, slowly wetting his lip. Like a man walking in his sleep, he moved a bit, and grabbed Manolo around the throat with one hand, repeatedly jabbing the outstretched fingers of his other hand into the Spaniard's face. Manolo screamed.

"Shut up!" Paul hissed. He didn't know what he was saying or doing. "Shut up, all of you!" He caught his breath and went on. "They're fine pictures, I tell you! They show a profound talent, damn all of you stupid dogs!"

Manolo wrenched himself free and slumped onto the sofa, sobbing. Paul's face was wet with sweat. He wiped it slowly with a handkerchief and tried to collect himself. After a moment he turned back to Dan and said heavily, "How do you know what I said last night?"

"I heard you," Dan said calmly.

"You were standing behind that door?"

"Yes," said Dan, "I was."

Kit closed her eyes for a moment. Dan was standing by the picture, so assured, so certain he was controlling the situation, and still so ignorant of what he was up against. She heard a thud, a deep gasp of agony, and her eyes flew open. Dan was lying on the floor, twisting in pain, with Paul over him.

She made a move to help him, but the baroness grabbed her arm. "For heaven's sake," the older woman said wearily, "can't you take a hint?"

Kit saw the men gather in a small circle about Dan. They had a peculiar fixed expression. Even Manolo had stopped crying and leaned forward with pleasurable anticipation. The Garrity woman sat back, smoking. But seeing the preparations, Mme. Tolnysi rose hurriedly.

"I'll be up in my room, resting," she said. "You must excuse me, but these things always make me a little ill. I'd rather not watch."

The baroness' grip on Kit's arm relaxed as she became engrossed in what was going on. But Kit could see nothing, as the men's backs were crowded together. Nothing, that is, except swift furtive movements as a foot would jerk forward in a kick or an arm swing back for a punch. But that each blow struck home Kit could tell by a painful gasp or a moan.

Kit discovered that she had been acting entirely on instinct in the past few minutes—moving free of the baroness, backing slowly toward the door. Her mind had ceased to function as anything but a sounding board which caught Dan's half stifled groans and transmuted them into stabs of pain which she shared with him. When she was a foot or two from the doorway, she turned and ran to the foyer, where she had left her bag.

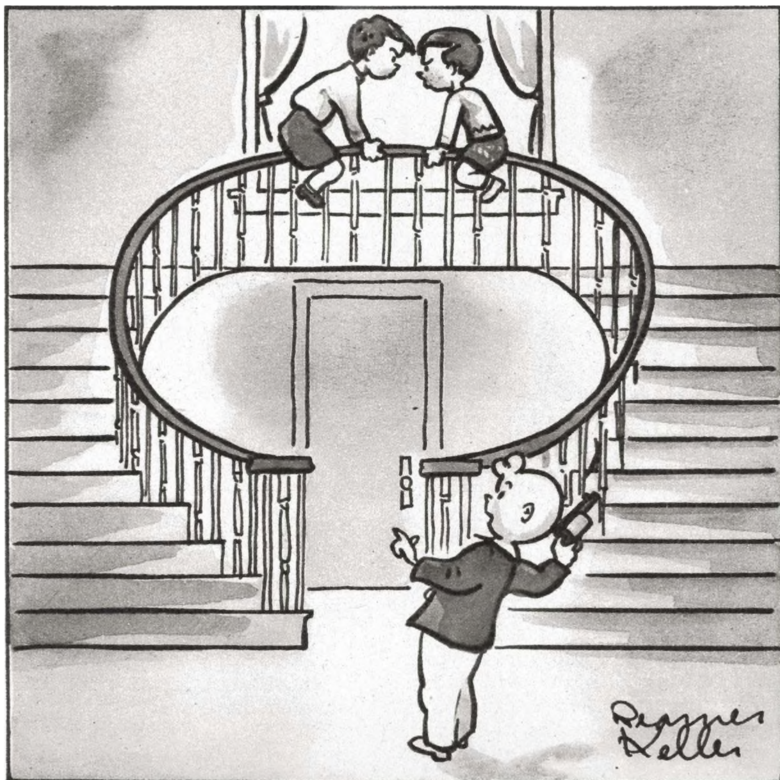
BEHIND her there was no sound to indicate that she had been missed. She walked swiftly, afraid to appear in too much of a hurry in case she should be intercepted by one of the servants, but no one met her. Her bag was lying on the table, and she snatched it open. The gun was inside, and as she lifted it out she made sure the catch was off. In another few seconds she was back in the doorway. She entered the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Put your hands up and line up against the wall!" she said.

Nobody moved. The grin hadn't even faded from Manolo's red, sweating face. That stupid leer was the first thing she was really conscious of, and an avalanche of blood seemed to flow to her brain, blinding her for a moment. The gun in her hand jerked as it went off silently, and the Spaniard's grin snapped into a startled frown, while he grabbed his arm. It took a fraction of a second for her to realize that she had shot him. She remembered the coughing sound.

"There are ten bullets left in this gun," said Kit. "One for each of you, and then some! It was made by a

HARDTACK



"On your mark, get set—"

Czech," she added, to Manolo. "Now, line up, all of you!"

They obeyed her in silence. She could see Dan now, huddled on the floor. He was trying to sit up.

"Dan!"

He shook his head slowly from side to side. His face was terribly bruised and blood trickled from his nose and lips in crooked streams.

"Dan! I'm over here—with a gun."

"Gun?" The word had a puffy sound, as though the inside of his mouth were bruised. "What gun?"

"I decided to bring it along in spite of what you said." She glanced at the others lined up against the wall. "Can you see me?"

He nodded slowly and started to crawl toward her, his painful progress making a shocking picture.

"Can you get up?" she asked.

DAN nodded again and reached for a chair to help himself to his feet. But he wasn't too sure of his balance, and when he let go of the chair, he wavered from side to side, then lurched to the wall and leaned against it.

"I'm all right now," he said slowly.

"Wipe the blood off your face, then go out and start Paul's Packard," Kit said. "The key's in the lock. Get the car started, and have it in front of the door in gear. Is that clear?"

He nodded mechanically.

Kit backed up to the door and held it open for him; then, as soon as he had slipped through, closed it again. Now she was alone with her prisoners, who would remain prisoners only as long as she didn't move from the room. In the sense that she couldn't move, she was *their* prisoner. Unless she shot them all, this was only a temporary victory that would give her and Dan the advantage of the few seconds it would take for them to leave the room after her.

Their eyes were watchful, cautious.

"When I go," Kit told them, "I'm going to walk backward to the front door, and if any one steps out of this room before I get there, he'll be shot! You are to stay here until you hear the car start."

A motor roared into action. It was time for her to go.

She stepped out of the room and slammed the door—then, as quietly as possible, ran across the living room into the foyer and out the front entrance. Dan had the car door open for her, and as soon as she was on the running board he let the clutch out.

The gravel spurted as the car shot away. No one had yet come through the entrance of the house.

"Where shall I go?" Dan asked.

"Just keep on going until I tell you to turn!"

It was a straight two-lane macadam road with a few gentle rises and falls. When they had gone about four miles, Kit saw a turning glint of light as another car twisted out of the driveway to follow them. It was a big car, but at that distance she couldn't tell what kind. The Packard went into a hollow and the pursuing car disappeared from view.

"Keep on here until we run into one of the big parkways," Kit said. "We'll try to lose them by getting off somewhere."

He nodded in silence, but his face was rapidly puffing up.

"Pull over to the side quickly," Kit ordered. "You can't drive any more. You need sleep."

"I couldn't sleep!"

"You'll be surprised how easily you can! Now jam on the brakes so we don't lose any time."

It took him almost a minute to make up his mind. Then, "O. K.," he said heavily, and pushed his foot down hard. The tires screamed and the car rocked from side to side, but Kit jumped out even before it stopped and ran around the back. It took less than half a minute for her to get behind the wheel and put the engine into gear.

"I'm all right," Dan murmured, but when the reaction to the car's acceleration threw him back into the seat, he remained there with his head resting against the cushion, his face upturned. Kit reached over and found his pulse. It was steady. The blood on his face was dried by this time. With the exception of possible internal injuries, he seemed to be all right.

The road came to an end suddenly as it fed into a wide six-lane concrete parkway. Kit turned to her right, going south. There were only a few cars on the road, and she pushed the Packard up to eighty-five. It was the fastest she had ever gone in her life, and yet there was no sensation of speed. She stepped harder on the gas pedal, and the speedometer registered ninety-two!

A small wooden police booth flashed past, but it was empty. It suddenly occurred to Kit that Paul might have telephoned a complaint that his car had been stolen. That meant that she might have to contend with the police.

She was fairly sure that he wouldn't though, because he wouldn't be safe until he had disposed of Dan before Dan had a chance to speak. There was nothing Paul could hold over Dan's head. Dan was an American citizen, an Army Reserve officer, and there would be absolutely no question from the authorities if Dan made a report. No; Paul would have to play it on their terms now, and that meant his only way out was to kill Dan.

KIT decided then that it was to her advantage to find a policeman—even to be arrested for speeding, if that would result in their being taken into custody where Dan could safely tell his story. Every police booth they passed, though, was empty. It was too early in the season to have the roads patrolled. She would have to keep going, doing her best to keep ahead of her pursuers until she found an officer.

The car roared on along the level highway, but Kit felt that she didn't have sufficient margin of safety. In the time it would take her to slow down to a halt and bring Dan to his senses, they could be overtaken and

(*Continued on page 41*)

THE HOME FRONT

"Company—dismissed!"

GOLDFISH BOWL

They were two young people in love and only wanted to be left alone, but it took a king to grant their wish

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

NEWS photographers in and about New York City knew better than to ask Dora Hamilton to pose. She did not break cameras, as her eminent father, Theron Hamilton, had done more than once; she was neither rude nor disagreeable. She either declined politely, or ducked her head when the shutter clicked.

She was born news, of course, the only child of a colorful multimillionaire, and she continued to be news, though not of the glamour-girl variety. She was never a Number One debutante; she seldom went to the Stork Club; she did not model clothes, and after the United States went into the war she performed her Red Cross and other work unobtrusively and unpictorially. In 1942 she was twenty years old, a quiet, pretty girl whom the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate had learned to leave alone. She was not particularly photogenic anyway.

On the other hand, any photographs taken of William Xavier Quigley up until the year 1942 were paid for in cash. There had not been many of them. Framed and hanging in his parents' Brooklyn apartment was the nude, lying on a photographer's fur rug, taken in 1920 when William Xavier was one year old. A few snapshots, the high-school graduation picture, and a hand-colored enlargement of Bill in the uniform of a United States marine in '41 completed his pictorial record.

Then Bill got mad at some Japs. He lost his temper so completely one evening on a South Pacific island that he wiped out a machine-gun crew and several assorted bystanders, including a little Japanese general, and Bill Quigley became a hero.

He was wounded considerably, but it could only have been the luck of the Irish which caused the bullets to miss every vital spot. It is true that his right arm was made useless, but it did not have to be amputated . . . "And me a southpaw!" he murmured reverently. He went through the mill —field hospital, hospital in Australia, decorations, and at last home. Reporters and moviemen met him at the pier, and from then on he had less privacy than most goldfish, there being no greenery or coral castles for him to hide behind.

His square young face, with the engaging crooked tooth and the grin which no amount of badgering could stifle, became overnight the property of the United States. He was as well known as Mickey Mouse.

He had no girl, which was fine. Pictures with his proud mother, his grade-school teacher, female celebrities of all ages and attainments held out the hope of romance to every eligible young woman. Then it happened—coals to Newcastle, Pelion on Ossa, a successful one-card draw to a royal flush.

It was just another run-of-the-mill war benefit, a few bored reporters, one weary cameraman. William Xavier Quigley did not want to be there; neither did Dora Hamilton. The photographer murmured, without hope, "You wouldn't pose with Captain Quigley, would you, Miss Hamilton?" He did a double take when she said gently, "Why, yes, if you'd like me to," and he snapped the shot without any attempt at posing either of them. Unquestionably he exaggerates when he says that he fainted dead away when he saw the first print, but then again, it might be.

Every one in the United States must have seen it. Just about every newspaper carried it, and every picture magazine. It was a natural, a honey, a masterpiece. Bill, in his uniform, with his nice grin, looking down at her, and Dora Hamilton, plenty photogenic for once, looking up at him with soft, admiring eyes, her young lips slightly parted. It was America's War Hero, the Brooklyn Boy from the Ranks, and the Rich Society Girl, at the moment of falling in love. It was Democracy in essence, Romance, True Love Story; it was every mother's son in the service, and every home girl with her heart in her eyes.

Bill Quigley went on smiling as the dazed photographer started back to his office.

"You're tired, aren't you?" Dora said gently. "I have my car outside. Won't you let me drive you home?"

And so it started. Bill was so much in love that he never thought about Dora's family or background; and Dora, equally in love, knew better than to bring Theron Hamilton into their idyl. Reporters discovered them leaving the Municipal Building three weeks later, Captain and Mrs. William Xavier Quigley, and the fun began.

Theron Hamilton lived up to any sob-sister's wildest hope. He turned white and then purple; he disowned Dora in perfect heavy-father style. WAR HERO NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR MAGNATE. HERO'S MOTHER SAYS DORA HAMILTON JUST A SWEET GIRL. Disinherited, forever cut off from her old life. "Do you think your father will relent, Mrs. Quigley?" "Will you and the captain live in Brooklyn?" "Do you know how to cook?" Questions jumped out at them wherever they went.

There was no privacy for them in the world. They abandoned their honeymoon and returned to a New York hotel. It was easier to let the press know where they were than to be successfully hunted. But it was not easy to keep the press away. Girl reporters posed as maids; cameramen slipped in as waiters. Anything they said or did was twisted and elaborated into a story. They were mobbed by the public when they ventured out. "Hi, Bill!" "How's married life, Dora?"

Bill Quigley did not like it any better than Dora did, but he was a U. S. marine, and tough. Besides, he was Irish. At first he shot back quick answers to the impertinent questions, but when he and Dora saw those answers in print, they stopped reading newspapers. They stopped going out. They ate in their room.

TWO months of marriage in this enforced solitary confinement, with no let-up in sight, began to put a razor edge on their nerves.

"I'm not going to let this lick us," Bill announced one morning. "Today, Mrs. Quigley, you and I are going to walk out of this hotel, walk straight down Fifth Avenue, and do a little window shopping. We'll have dinner at—let's make it the Automat—and then go to a show." He grinned. "We'll give 'em what is commonly known as a bellyful."

Dora blinked. "Oh, darling—"

"The marines have landed," said Bill. "I'm sick and tired of hiding out. We've been in disorderly retreat for two months. Now we attack."

Dora dressed, knowing that every article of apparel she put on would be photographed, written about, queried. Silk stockings or lisle, the blue hat or the green. . . .

"I'd like a picture of you, at that, the way you look now," Bill told her. "Will you give me your picture, Mrs. Quigley? And are you happy with your husband? Does he snore?"

They stepped out the door. "Hey, clear the path there, please!"

Dora turned to pick up her pocketbook and looked out the window to the street. She sat down.

"I can't do it, Bill. I won't do it."

He looked out, and they were waiting. They even had movie cameras set up at the curb by the awning. His jaw set. "You've got to, Dora." His Irish was definitely up. "We're going to walk out of this hotel hand in hand, and I think I'll stop in the middle of the sidewalk and kiss you. Hard. I only hope they have sound machines!"

Her face was flushed. "You're being horrid and vulgar," she said.

"Vulgar," he repeated, and looked at her intently. "My Brooklyn ancestry, perhaps."

"Perhaps," she agreed.

He laughed. "Come on," he said. She shook her head. "Dora, either you come with me, or I walk out alone and I don't come back." He sounded as though he meant it, but she did not stir. "What's more, I'll tell all the boys and girls about it. 'Heiress Leaves Marine Hubby. Deserted Bridegroom Sobs in Street.'"

"Don't!" she cried. "Bill, what are we going to do? I love you so, but—"

"We're going to face the music. Ready?" he asked grimly.

People stared at them in the elevator. Crossing the lobby was like running a gantlet, whispers, exclamations, probing eyes.

"Just keep your chin up," he whispered. "Just remind yourself that I'm worth it."

In spite of herself, she smiled wanly. They stepped out the door to the sidewalk.

"Hey! Get to one side, will you?" "Clear the path there, please!" "Out of the way of the cameras!"

Hands were pushing Dora roughly. She looked up, startled.

"Oh, hello there, captain." A photographer smiled apologetically. "Do you and the missus mind stepping aside?"

There was a murmur from the crowd, and the cameramen leaped to position. The hotel doors opened again and two Secret Service men stepped out. The eyes of the crowd, the eyes of the cameras pointed, and then a slender young man who still called himself a king moved quietly across the sidewalk.

Dora Hamilton Quigley stood on tiptoe and kissed her husband, but no one observed them. It was a pity in a way, because his face was impish, his well known grin both teasing and delighted. Dora's expression was lovely, tender, and frankly adoring. She took hold of his hand and, unheeded, they pushed their way through the mob and continued, still hand in hand, down Fifth Avenue.

THE END

SCIENCE CHARTS YOUR CHILD'S ABILITY

Continued from Page 33

tective. If he has a special type of reasoning ability—the kind that can make a sound generalization out of a lot of scattered facts—the work of insurance adjusting is well adapted to his gifts.

You see how it works? The boy's outstanding trait is the one which provides the key to his whole future. If he builds his life around his own peculiar combination of abilities, he'll have a large head start on any other boy or girl who simply blunders into the field without possessing his inborn equipment for the work.

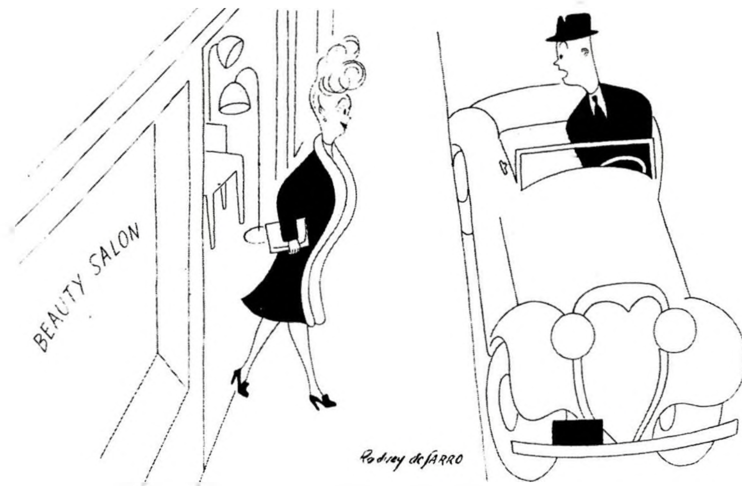
Still, you may think ten years is a little young for Junior to decide whether to steer his life toward safety engineering or the F. B. I. But it isn't; a knowledge of his strong points and his weak can help the ten-year-old boy or girl right now.

CONSIDER a horrible example of delay: A boy just out of high school was brought to the Laboratory a few years ago by his grandmother. She—but she alone—had retained faith in his possession of some hidden talent—and in the face of discouraging reports of school failure in subject after subject. The boy himself had come to think that he was stupid, and he was completely discouraged.

What happened? When he was tested he was found to score above average in *all the aptitudes* but one: accounting ability. He had failed in his written examinations as a result of this one lack, and his teachers considered him hopeless. When the boy was told the real situation—when he understood that his brains were as good as the next student's—he was able to plug through the uncongenial details of his paper work and to graduate with honors!

Or consider another boy who had failed repeatedly in Latin, French, and English in his high-school course: He was sent to the Laboratory by his discouraged teachers, who hoped to show his family the absurdity of sending him to college. The boy scored badly in the tests which uncover aptitude for languages, but he did brilliantly well in tests of the "engineering trait" and of other talents needed in scientific work. The boy's teachers were told the situation. His course of study was switched around so that he took extra courses in physics, mathematics, and biology. At the end of the year he took four college-entrance examinations, three of them on scientific subjects, the fourth on English. He scored so high on the first three that he was easily admitted to the university of his choice, in spite of a low mark on the fourth.

Suppose these two boys' teachers had had access to their "aptitude records" when they were ten or twelve. Their failure in some types of work would never have been set down to "dullness" or "laziness." Instead, the children themselves, and those about them, would have understood that none of us can do everything well, but that this need not discourage us, in view of the fact that each of us can do *something* well.



"That you, Helen?"

And it is a fact. Out of every 8,000 persons tested by Mr. O'Connor and the other psychologists on his staff, only thirteen individuals test low on twelve aptitudes out of the thirteen. Thirteen others test high in all aptitudes but one. Does such a score mean that the second group will have an easier time of it in life? Not a bit. About nine tenths of these supertalented persons are flat failures. If your boy tested high in every aptitude, he would like arithmetic as well as map drawing, English as well as history. Whenever one of these subjects grew at all difficult, he'd switch his interest to another, and he'd probably end up with no real mastery of any. The boy who has a single outstanding aptitude is a luckier fellow—and so, curiously enough, is the boy or girl who makes a mediocre score on *all* the tests.

Say that your son happens to be one of these: he scores a little below average in every trait. His personality tests show him to be "objective," or likely to be most successful in work requiring him to deal with other people and exert his influence upon them. What does this add up to? Why, to exactly the combination of traits possessed by some of the outstanding business leaders of the country! Major executives—men whose names every one would recognize—very often possess no strong aptitude at all. They are able to enter into the problems of all departments of a big company because they have a bias toward none of them. Their objective personalities make it easy for them to work with other people.

There is just one other trait these successful men possess which your Junior may lack, and that's the only trait of the thirteen which can be cultivated: every man jack of these Who's Who executives has a tremendous vocabulary!

If your son can be encouraged to increase his vocabulary by a few words every week, the practice will pay dividends at once—and will continue to pay. The Human Engineering Laboratory experts know this, because a few years ago they took a class of youngsters, divided them into two sections alphabetically, and gave one of the sections vocabulary drill in addition to their regular work. In the next term the ones who had been learning new words had better marks than the other group—in English (as you might expect) and *also in every other subject.*

Vocabulary has been found of special importance for boys and girls who test "subjective"; meaning that they are able to work best in fields which require *individual* effort and specialized knowledge and not much contact with other persons. These youngsters should be the solitary workers of the next generation. One reason for this is that many such children are shy with others; any achievement which increases their self-confidence will help them to hold their own a little better in the hurly-burly of the classroom.

THE child who shrinks from recitation and is tongue-tied when called on in class may never make a showing that does justice to himself. His poor classroom record can pull down his averages so that, even if his written work is good, his teachers consider him a dull dog.

A few years ago a very subjective young man came to the Laboratory for testing. He had flunked out of two colleges, in spite of having many traits which showed him fitted for college work. As a result of his tests, this boy was admitted to a third college, whose authorities agreed that he would never be called on in class. They also assigned an older student to study in the same room with him, for subjective persons are too shy to ask questions unless it is made very easy for them. The boy sat mutely through two months of classroom discussions; but after he found that he had passed all his mid-year's, he began to volunteer an occasional comment in class. He graduated among the top ten students!

If your Junior is found to be a highly subjective youngster, that may account, in itself, for all his school difficulties. If his teachers understand that the boy is simply too shy to tell what he knows, they'll judge him less harshly. And when it comes time for him to pick a career, he'll know enough not to try to be a salesman or an executive, rôles which only objective men can fill. No. your shrinking Junior had better steer toward some job where he'll depend on his own efforts to get ahead, and not on his ability to work with others. If he's going in for science, he should think about laboratory research work. If he's headed for a mechanical job, he'd better pick some factory operation where he works alone. He might make a fine copyreader, but a poor reporter; a good surgeon, but a bad general practitioner; a splendid statistician, but a bad salesman.

The full program of career control recommended by the psychologists is a simple one: Take your ten-year-old for a single afternoon of testing now. He's at just the age when weaknesses can be detected which might cause him trouble later on in school. And at this time the psychologists can also tell you whether music lessons for him would be so much money down the drain.

Then, when Junior is fourteen, he should return to the Laboratory for a recheck: this is so that he can decide whether he's to aim at college and, if so, whether it's wise for him to take subjects that will prepare him for a technical school or a liberal arts university. Then, assuming he goes to college, he should come back for a final test in his freshman or sophomore year. The psychologists can advise him then, in the light of new job opportunities, and can help him to fit his peculiar gifts into the world as it exists in 1953.

This is a lot different way of picking a job from the one you and I used when we first scanned the "Help Wanted" columns or went to see a friend of father who needed a boy. It's a way of job hunting that promises to cut half the discouragement and heartache out of the world in which your Junior will live—for surely uncongenial employment and failure to get along in business account for half the troubles that our generation has had to face.

But science moves quickly nowadays. It has already given us the testing program outlined above. Who knows what further progress will be made in this pioneering field in the next few years? Perhaps by the time Junior starts to work, every child in America will go to a laboratory for testing as matter-of-factly as our children get vaccinated today. Perhaps by that time many more aptitudes will be known and tested (the scientists suspect there may be as many as 100 in all). Your grandson may be told not only what general line of work to follow, but be given exact specifications for the one job that he is best fitted to fill. And when that happens, every one's day's work will be an exciting adventure and every man's job his best beloved hobby.

Meanwhile Junior is still having trouble with that arithmetic. Better think about aptitude tests to give the boy a boost!

WHAT THE TESTS ARE LIKE

ENGINEERING TRAIT—The child is asked to assemble a number of irregularly cut "wiggly blocks" of wood, so that they fit together into a solid square, while the test administrator times him.

ENGLISH VOCABULARY—He is given a list of several hundred words, each used in a short phrase. Following each phrase are four or five words, of which he will select the one closest in meaning to the test word.

FINGER DEXTERITY—He is asked to pick up a number of pins, three at a time, and place them in small holes while being timed.

ACCOUNTING APTITUDE—He is given two long columns of figures and words, and asked to check the items which are not identical in both columns while he is timed.

CREATIVE IMAGINATION—He is given a nonsensical subject on which to write an essay, as fast as he can, within ten minutes. Only speed counts.

PERSONALITY TEST—A list of words is read to him: after each one he gives the word which first pops into his head. Subjective children tend to answer words like *dog* with the name or color of a particular dog they know. Objective ones tend to say "cat" or "pup" or some such word, which lacks a personal significance.

INDUCTIVE REASONING—He is shown a series of sketches of common articles arranged in groups of six. From each six he must pick the three which have some element in common, while he is timed. For instance, a clock, hourglass, sundial are all used for telling time; a dog, man, and flower are all living, etc.

ANALYTIC REASONING—Paper disks with words printed on them are given to him to arrange in a logical order on a chart. For instance, plum, logs, tree would be arranged to show that the first two items derive from the third. He is timed on this.

OBSERVATION—He is shown a photograph of perhaps twenty oddly assorted articles and asked to study it. He is then shown a series of photographs which differ slightly from the original—a single article has been moved, or left out, or enlarged. He must spot these changes.

THE END

STALK THE HUNTER

Continued from Page 37

Dan shot before he could make any kind of coherent statement. It was really necessary to lose the car behind them completely.

Kit continued to search for side roads, but they all seemed to be on the other side of the highway. A few miles ahead she saw a small bridge spanning the highway. She suddenly made up her mind that if it were an overpass she'd get off the southbound side, cross to the north lane, and take the first side road that came along, on the chance that she'd reach it before the other car came along.

She was lucky. A narrow road led off the highway at a gentle angle. It was necessary to slow down to turn onto the bridge, but there was no traffic to hinder her.

In another moment she was heading north and hugging the left side of the road, so that she would have some leeway to turn for the first offshoot. It was farther away than she had anticipated, and just as she swerved off, skidding around the bend, the other car passed going south. It was a big new Cadillac, and in the split second of passing Kit saw only the Garrity twins and the major. She wasn't at all sure that Paul was in the car.

THAT worried her. If Paul stayed behind, it meant that he had something more important to do than chase Dan. But there was nothing more important to him right now than getting Dan out of the way. The answer was clear: *he must have another way.*

She had taken a road across sand flats as level as a table. One could see miles in any direction. They raced forward into their own shadows, cast by the late afternoon sun. Behind them at the same speed came the other car. The two cars were all alone beneath the enormous cloudless sky, and there was no way to hide any movement from the other.

Dan hadn't moved since they left the bridge. His bruised mouth was opened slightly, but Kit could find no opportunity to examine him. At ninety-five miles an hour there is no spare time. The road was narrow, and even a slight twist or curve called for full concentration. Her one great fear was that she might come to a dead end.

They rounded a curve along a deep bay, and the road sheered away from the water. It was absolutely straight ahead of her for five miles —a frozen ribbon that narrowed far away into a string and then dissolved into the bright sunlit sand.

It was impossible to tell what was coming at the end, and she slowed down to fifty. There was a sudden sharp S twist that sent the car over on two shrieking wheels, then back on the other two, delivering them unexpectedly once more on a four-lane highway. A white sign was

passed so swiftly it seemed a blur, but as she reconstructed the impression in her mind she remembered that it said: SOUTH SHORE: HAMPTONS AND MONTAUK.

The road condensed to two lanes and sparse woods sprang up along the sides.

In another twenty minutes they ran into the east-west highway on the South Shore. A sign pointed right to Easthampton; another to the left to Amagansett and Montauk. The easiest and most obvious thing would be to go west toward the Hamptons, doubling back to New York. Kit turned left, continuing east out to the tip of Long Island.

Here the road had two lanes, and ran parallel to the beach, being almost always within sight of the ocean. Huge sand dunes, some of them thirty feet high, topped with the inevitable coarse grass, flowed past like gigantic waves. Now there wasn't a house in sight and the dunes were even higher than before. She decided to lose her pursuers somewhere between here and Montauk.

KIT slowed down again to sixty and got well into the middle of the road, taking her chances that some one would not be coming from the opposite direction. In a fairly short distance she found exactly what she was looking for, a space where two dunes flowed down gently to the road, covered with grass to give some firmness. She yanked her wheel to the left and ran off the road. It took all of her strength to keep the wheels turning, so that they climbed up the back of the dune over the rugged beach grass and reached the very top, some twenty-five feet above the highway, and completely out of sight of any one below.

The crater of the dune was soft sand, and the car bounced to a halt, covered beyond the hubcaps in sand. Kit jumped out, and yanked off her shoes because the high heels were an interference. Then she slid down the dune into the tracks the wheels had made, and frantically tracked them out to where the car had left the road.

The roar of an approaching car came to her above the sound of the breakers, and Kit took cover behind the dune just as the big Cadillac roared past. She climbed to the top just in time to see it disappear with unabated speed off toward Montauk.

Her stockings were ripped by the pieces of shell and dried wood that lay half buried in the sand, but she put her shoes back on and started the car. The motor turned over immediately, but when she put the gear into reverse the wheels spun around in sterile motion. She let the motor idle and tried it again with just a little gas, but there was still no traction. The car was stuck.

For the first time now, she had a chance to look at Dan. All the jarring and bumping hadn't awakened him. His pulse was steady and his breathing normal. He was all right, then. The next thing to do was to find some planks and put them under the rear wheels so that she could get the car rolling down the dune again, because, if once she got the rear wheels well over the crest, gravity would take care of the remainder of the job.

The simple noise made by the slammed door as she got out awakened Dan. He stirred and moaned some unintelligible words. Kit stood watching him, and in a second more his eyes opened.

"What happened?" Dan asked. He raised his head, staring about him at the dunes which rolled on all sides. "Where are we?"

"We're stuck in the sand," Kit replied in a very matter-of-fact tone.

His eyes widened in alarm, and she went on: "But we've lost them for the time being. They chased us all over Long Island for more than an hour. Now we're somewhere between Amagansett and Montauk. I drove up a dune, and they kept on going."

"Over an hour?" Dan repeated. His voice was vague. "Was I out that long?"

"That's all," Kit said. She purposely underplayed it. "They didn't have much of a chance to work on you. In the concentration camps sometimes you sleep for two days after a beating. It's a lucky thing I brought the gun in spite of what you wanted me to do."

"Is that what happened?"

"Don't you remember?"

He shook his head slowly. "Not too much. It's all sort of confused. I was talking to Paul, when suddenly—" His eyes were bloodshot, but they seemed very clear in comparison when the blood rushed to his face, and he paused. He was a little incoherent. "They began kicking me, and there was nothing I could do about it. I couldn't even raise a hand to protect myself. I remember thinking how I wanted to get them—to pull them to pieces! But after a while I didn't even think about that. All I wanted to do was to be able to crawl away some place where they couldn't get at me. Then, suddenly, it stopped!" His eyes invited her to appraise the miracle. "Then I heard you talking to me. I remember starting a car, and I hardly knew what I was doing all the while."

"You did very well," Kit said.

DAN made no reply. He faced the sea again, and his eyes had no particular focus.

"Do you still have your gun?" he asked finally.

"Yes."

He turned his head slightly. "Show me how to use it."

"Why?" she asked.

"Show me how to use it!" His sick eyes gleamed.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I'm going back to that house," he said very quietly, "and I'm going to blast every damned one of them. I'm going to kill them!"

He sat up straight and made frantic little motions as though it might hurry him back.

Kit stood a few feet away from the car, filled with compassion, wondering at the uniformity of men's reactions to physical force. This was the way all the men she knew had reacted to their first beating; and she had seen it many times. To peaceful men, free men, it is inconceivable that any one has the right to strike another.

It would be impossible to reason with him for a while; she knew that from experience. But it was necessary to keep talking, because a calm outside voice always reaches the back of the mind and acts as a minor but persistent rein. She slipped the ignition key out of the lock when he

"My full name is Laughing Daughter of the Big Eagle Who Flies Across the Valley in the Full of the Moon, but all my friends call me 'Babe.'"

wasn't looking, and kept it in the palm of her hand.

"You can't go back," Kit said. "They're not there any more. I told you they were following us and we lost them. Didn't you hear me?"

"I heard you. Where did we lose them?"

"Just down the road. They went past us toward Montauk. They're looking for us out there, perhaps."

"Then let's go out there and find them! I don't care *where* I can get at them. Come on, start the car!"

"We're stuck in the sand," Kit explained, temporizing without being definite. "I'll have to get some planks to put under the wheels."

"I'll go with you," he said, and swung open the door; but when he tried to straighten his body, he groaned and cursed.

"Better get back," said Kit. "I can do it alone."

"No!"

He was standing with his back to her so she wouldn't see his face, but the effort it took to stand upright was easily measured by the way the muscles bulged and strained in his neck. In a few seconds he walked around the back of the car to meet her.

"Let's go," he said.

They trudged off down the slope, their feet sinking into the soft sand. They searched the dunes for planks while the sun sank lower and lower and the air chilled. The sky in the west was a magnificent red glow when Kit finally crumpled into one of the craters.

"What's the matter?" Dan asked in alarm.

"It's my ankle," she told him. "I've twisted it."

He scrambled down beside her, looking completely helpless.

"It's not that bad," Kit assured him. "I'll be all right in ten or fifteen minutes."

"Have you got a cigarette?" Dan asked, and took her package.

IT was less chilly down there, with the high sand ridges about them cutting off the wind. They leaned against the slope and smoked in silence. Under the pretense of massaging her ankle, Kit watched Dan covertly.

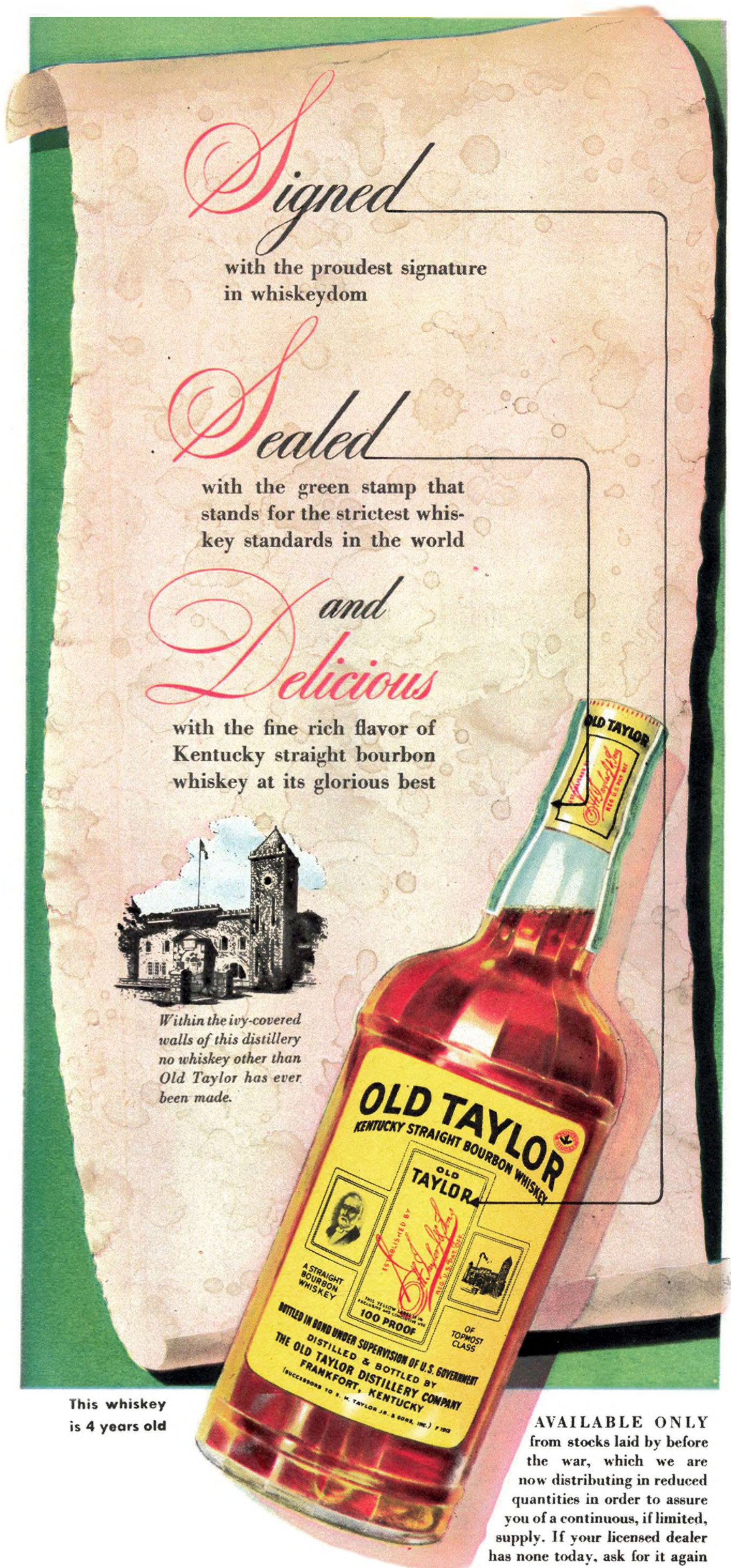
"How do you feel now?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said shortly —too shortly. "Think you can go on?"

"No," Kit answered, leaning back. He still wasn't ready. "Not for a short while yet."

He settled back once more, and soon his head began to nod. He was dozing again, and Kit was satisfied. When he awoke this time, she was sure he'd be more tractable. It was a quarter of six when he opened his eyes. They seemed much clearer than before.

Kit decided that it was time to bring him back to a sane course. She handed him a cigarette before speaking.



"I don't think your original plan is a very good one," she said very quietly. "If you go back there with a gun, either you'll be killed or you'll end up with a murder charge against you, and then you'll be in the same position as I am. Even if they *are* Nazi agents, you have no legal right to kill them; there is a definite procedure to be taken in these cases. If you'll remember when I first spoke to you about them, I didn't ask for vengeance. What I wanted was to find out about Anna Mahler, and to try to arrange a situation in which they'd be caught red-handed—"

"About Anna Mahler," Dan interrupted. "I'm afraid I have a pretty good idea where she might be."

"What do you mean?"

"When I went down among the Hutchins graves to get that croquet ball, I had a chance to look around. The grave of Henry Hutchins has been opened within the past few days."

"How do you know?" she demanded.

"Well, the topsoil was recently removed and then replaced again. It was removed in squares to make it easy to replace it without its looking disturbed. But two of the squares had been put back upside down."

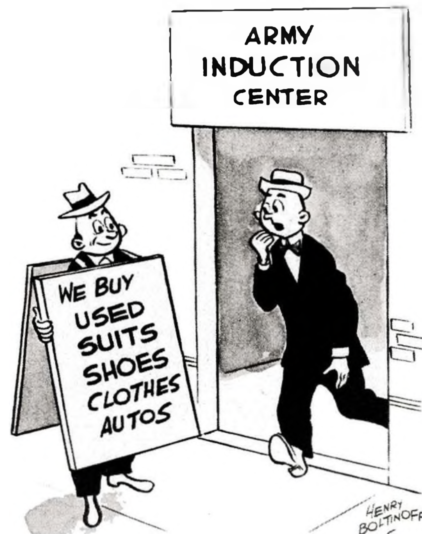
"Well, in that case," Kit said quickly, "whoever did it didn't seem so terribly worried."

Dan shook his head. "That's not it at all. Whoever removed it felt the grave *had* to look untouched. Otherwise, the ground would have been well turned, manured and seeded for fresh grass. So, since this wasn't done, it was done in secret. The only way the mistake could have been made was if it had been done at night without the aid of a flashlight. Since the sections of sod aren't very thick, there wouldn't have been too much difference between the feel to the hand of stiff dead grass and the grass roots. As a matter of fact, it would have even *looked* all right, except that the sudden heat had started the new grass growing."

"YOU mean the patches were bare?" Kit asked.

"No, not bare. That wouldn't be sufficient. What happened was that the roots were growing *up*. It happens, you know. The roots grow upward for a while, and then turn toward the soil and grow downward again. I'm sure the grave was opened very recently for the purpose of putting somebody in there. It has to be Anna Mahler."

Kit lowered her head in despair. It was really worse than she had thought. There had always been the hope that Anna was being held somewhere, so that Kit could help her get away. It had been the main reason for going on. Now she could see that she had been fooling herself, the way a child does when it wants to avoid the seriousness of some stupid act by pretending that at the last moment something will



crop up to turn away punishment.

"But wait!" she said suddenly. "It doesn't have to be Anna. Why can't it be the man who was shot the other night?"

Dan disagreed with her. "It wouldn't fit with what Paul said last night in the museum. He's holding this body over your head; he threatened to report it to the police. In that case, he certainly wouldn't hide it on his property. To fit with what he said, it would have to be hidden some place else, where it could be found without implicating him as the one who hid it."

"SUPPOSE he's lying, though, about reporting the body."

"Suppose he is! He still wouldn't do you the favor of hiding it in a grave. It's a wonderful hiding place—the best in the world. It seems to me that the only bodies Paul would hide are the ones he's responsible for himself, or else one that wouldn't arouse suspicion if it were dug up. I'm afraid, Kit, that it all points to Anna being buried there."

There was nothing for Kit to say. She felt utterly defeated.

"I'm sorry," Dan went on. "I'm beginning to understand what you feel about these people. It was almost incomprehensible to me before."

She looked up at him dully, trying to understand what he was talking about.

"As for going back to Paul's," he said, "I suppose that *would* be stupid. The wisest thing would be for me to hand over whatever I know and whatever you'll tell me to my superiors, and let them handle it."

Kit nodded. "I suppose so. There's nothing we can do."

"You know what it means for you?"

"Yes," said Kit, "I know."

"You can leave whenever you want to," Dan told her in a tight, quiet voice. The words seemed to have torn past a barrier, coming out with a deep turbulence boiling within them. "I'll give you all the money you need, and you can go somewhere and lie low. Perhaps," he added, "when it's all over, I can come and see you."

Kit rose to her feet and brushed off the sand. "No," she told him. "I'm willing to take my chances this way. I wouldn't be able to get very far. I'm ready."

He stood up stiffly and took her arm. "Lean on me," Dan said. "It'll take the weight off your ankle."

"My ankle?" She stared at him.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"Oh, that!" she said, laughing. "That was just a way to get you to rest and calm down."

But, when they had climbed the crest of the dune, Kit stared at the empty, barren hills about her with a sudden burst of panic.

"The car! It's not there! It's gone!" she cried.

"Are you sure you could see the car from here?" Dan asked.

Kit nodded. "I remember looking back at it on our way down."

"Where are the keys?"

She showed them to him. "But they could open the ignition; they had time. We couldn't have heard it, either, because the wind is wrong."

He looked about the small hollow they were in, and his eyes met hers.

"I don't see your bag," he said. "Was the gun in it?"

KIT nodded. "And the bag was in the car. That's why I think they must be looking for us somewhere. They know we're unarmed." Her voice had sunk to a whisper, as though not to interfere with hearing any one approaching.

They were sitting in a hollow about ten feet deep and some fifteen feet across. At the rim of the crater above them the grass was permanently curved by the winds, and pivoted about the stem before any wind that blew.

"Well, I'm going to take a look," Dan whispered. "They should be somewhere between us and the shore."

Kit nodded. "But be careful," she replied. "Pick a spot where there's a clump of grass for cover."

He made his way up slowly, making sure of his footing at each step.

"I don't see a soul," he said after a few minutes. "Do you think they've gone?"

There was a flat *crack* which seemed very distant, and almost simultaneously the grass about Dan's head whipped viciously.

Dan slid down a bit, so that his head was several inches below the crater rim.

"That's the answer," he said.

"Did you see them?"

"No." He sounded disturbed. "They must be hidden in a crater, the way we are."

"But they know where we are now," Kit said. "And they know they've got our only gun."

What hope is there for Kit and Dan to escape Paul and his Nazi henchmen? Out on the dunes, unarmed, their car gone, can they still outwit the enemy? Suspense and terror crowd next week's chapter of this gripping novel.

PROPHET BY EXPERIENCE

Continued from Page 32

unwittingly exposed to bubonic plague. The police do the rest."

Charlie gazed at him admiringly. "You know," he said, "if I hadn't been too tired to attack the problem myself, I think I might have come up with exactly the same idea."

Happily he went to the phone booth.

THE town at which Hylobates and Julie stopped for the latter to send her telegram to Rutherford Ring was about fifty miles west of Philadelphia. They were just leaving the telegraph office when Julie whirled back in. "Got any sentiments for a wife to send a husband?" she asked the clerk.

"Wedding anniversaries, ma'am," the clerk said.

"Let's see a couple."

She glanced over the samples, chuckling to herself. "Here," she said presently. "Take this little gem here, No. 18, and send it to Mr. Charles Williams at this address once an hour until tomorrow morning."

No. 18 read: "For you this day I surely pine, you great big wonderful hubby o' mine."

To Hylobates' relief, nobody leered as they took their separate rooms in the hotel there that night.

By afternoon the next day they were in a welter of

Jersey streets. In front of them suddenly loomed a square cavern. "The Holland Tunnel," said Julie.

As the yellow car drew up beside one of the toll booths, suddenly a voice shouted, "That's the car!" and several whistles blew and in a moment they were surrounded by policemen, all holding handkerchiefs to their noses and mouths. A sergeant approached gingerly and from a distance of about five feet called something to Julie through the handkerchief, which he, too, was applying to his face.

Julie stared at him blankly. "What are you saying?" she demanded. "Has everybody got hay fever?"

"Please, lady," begged the sergeant unhappily, "just pull over to the curb. It's for your own good."

Julie shrugged and pulled over to the curb. Four motorcycles drew up, two in front of the touring car and two in back. "Just follow the motorcycles, lady," said the sergeant.

"Do you have to talk through that handkerchief?" asked Julie irritably. "I don't have leprosy."

"You don't know what you have," said the sergeant darkly. "Let's go, boys."

Five minutes later the cavalcade arrived in front of a gaunt gray building that was unmistakably a hospital. Down the steps streamed a number of internes and nurses, all wearing gauze masks. One of the internes opened the car door and said, "This way, please."

"For the love of Mike," cried Julie, "what gives?"

"Madam," the interne said sternly, "you may be unaware of it, but we have information that you and your companion have been exposed to bubonic plague. A thorough examination will be necessary."

"Now, listen," said Julie. "I haven't been exposed to anything worse than a bad cold. Somebody's crazy."

"Possibly," said the interne, "but we aren't taking any chances. Please co-operate."

"All right," said Julie helplessly. "What has to happen before I can play like other girls?"

"You'll be given a series of lye baths," replied the doctor solemnly, "and of course we'll have to cut your hair. Then we'll keep you under observation for a week." . . .

Charlie had continued his tavern jollity until an imprudently late hour. So it was not until two o'clock in the afternoon or thereabouts that he woke up, feeling poorly. He had a dim notion there was something that he should be worrying about. It came to him presently—he had asked the police to pick up Julie.

He lifted his head painfully from the pillow and telephoned the police commissioner. "Hullo, commissioner," he said breezily. "Charlie Williams of Birdseye. Wonder if you could do me a little favor? I'd like you to find out what's happened to my wife."

"Look, Williams," said the commissioner. "I only have thirty-three thousand men in my department. I'm not equipped to find your wife."

"I think your men already have her," said Charlie. He explained, ending, "It was sort of a joke."

The commissioner groaned. "A joke! What a joke!"

"Never mind whether you think it's a good joke or not," said Charlie crossly. "Have the police got her yet and what do they do to people who have been exposed to bubonic plague?"

"Give them lye baths and shave their heads."

"Oh," said Charlie. "Julie's likely to get pretty sore."

"Yes," rasped the commissioner. "So am I. So are the Jersey police. So are the hospital authorities. You idiot."

"I'm sorry," said Charlie humbly. "But now that it's done, what can we do about it?"

"We!" cried the commissioner bitterly. "It was your idea, Williams, and I've a good mind to have you put away."

"Yes, sir," said Charlie.

"Are you at home? I'll call you back."

Charlie sighed. "That's a flatfoot for you," he murmured, "never can see a joke." But remorse was breaking out on him like a rash.

The phone rang. "All right," said the commissioner. "I got 'em just in time. They'd cut off about half your wife's hair, and they'd completely shaved some guy that was with her, but they hadn't dipped 'em."

"Cut off half her hair, eh?" mused Charlie. "I don't suppose she's any too pleased."

"I understand she's not."

"Mmm. Might be just as well if I don't see her for a day or two."

"I CAN see your point," said the commissioner. "Howsomever, my fine young friend, you are going to get over to St. Swithin's Hospital as fast as your little legs will carry you. That's orders. They're being held till you get there." He added, "By the way, my daughter's getting married next month and I expect a very handsome layout in that rag of yours. With several pictures of me giving away the bride."

"With one hand on your holster," said Charlie. "Don't worry, commissioner, I'll take care of you."

He put down the phone, his innards slowly chilling as he thought of the forthcoming reunion. They were ice cold by the time he entered the hospital waiting room. In three straight chairs sat Julie, Hylobates, and a young doctor. Julie's face was white and her lips were set in a tight line, the sort of expression that Bloody Mary probably wore a good deal of the time. Her hair was about the length and texture of a baby chick's fuzz. Hylobates was bald as an egg and his shining pate combined with the noble patience of his features to give him the appearance of a medieval holy man.

Charlie managed a sickly grin. "Well, well."

Julie's expression didn't change. Her cold eyes stared through him. Hylobates' face gave a flicker of sad recog-

nition, conveying the impression that he himself was willing to forgive but was not a free agent.

The young doctor stared at him contemptuously, then turned to Julie and said, "Is that the man?"

Julie's only response was a quick taut nod.

The doctor arose solemnly and walked across the room to Charlie. "Mr. Williams," he said, "I am Dr. Elliott." His manner suggested that medical science had done all it could, but in vain.

"Glad to meet you, doctor," said Charlie with a weak imitation of his customary smoothness.

"Your wife," continued the doctor frigidly, "does not

wish to speak to you. I quite sympathize with her. However, we have compromised on this method whereby, if you have anything to say to her, I will act as interlocutor."

Charlie turned toward Julie. "Look, honey. I'm sorry about this whole business. Can't we forget it and all go somewhere gay and have a whopping big lunch? I'll even buy champagne?"

Julie's face remained impassive.

"Hang it," expostulated Charlie, "I've seen you do things you thought were funny that you were sorry for in the morning." He remembered suddenly, and added in a much less humble tone, "What about those telegrams you peppered me with all night?"

Julie's response to this speech was a very faint smile of satisfaction.

"Bah!" snorted Charlie. He turned to the doctor and said, "All right, if you're going to interlocute, interlocute. Ask her what about those blasted telegrams?"

The doctor turned to Julie and said smoothly, "Your husband asks what about those telegrams?"

Julie couldn't hold out any longer. "All right, all right," she shouted. "About those telegrams, I'm damned glad I sent those telegrams, that's what's about those telegrams."

"Have you anything else to say to your wife?" asked the doctor.

"Well," said Charlie, "inform my wife that Rutherford thinks that the whole thing was a practical joke. As a result, he's under the impression that he owes us a series of apologies and maybe a raise in salary. Therefore, suggest to my little woman that it would be a very wise thing not to disillusion our Mr. Ring on this score."

"Ask my husband," said Julie, "if he has already accepted our employer's apology under the false pretenses which he suggests. Because if he has he's in a spot."

"Why?" demanded Charlie suspiciously.

"Tell him," went on Julie with malicious pleasure, "that I have already telegraphed our employer the news that I am arriving with . . . with the object of our assignment."

"That's me," said Hylobates amiably to the doctor.

Charlie slumped to one of the chairs against the wall.

Julie stood up and started to smooth her hair, but took her hand quickly away at the first touch. "As I understand it, doctor," she said, "my husband was to come here only to authenticate the fact that this was all a miserable joke. I am under no compulsion to leave with him, am I?"

"None whatsoever," said the doctor.

"In that case," said Julie, "you may tell him good-by—forever. Anything more he has to say he can say to my lawyer." She pulled her coat tightly around her and swept with icy majesty out of the room.

Charlie sprang to his feet in alarm. "Julie," he shouted, "don't be a fool!" He dashed after her and got to the front door in time to see the yellow touring car pull away. He watched until it was lost in traffic.

Then he jammed on his hat and made for a sign across the street that said B-A-R.

Hylobates waited, but when Charlie did not return, he asked the doctor how to get to New York, and started out.

It was not until Julie had parked the car in front of the Twelfth Street apartment which she and Charlie and a varying number of stray friends called home that she remembered that she had abandoned Hylobates. She bounced out of the car and into the apartment and called the police commissioner.

She was surprised to hear at the other end an unmistakable snarl. "Hey, what have I done?" she demanded.

"I don't know. But I've had my fill of Williams and Crandall for one day."

Julie's voice took on a wounded plaintiveness. "Honestly, Mr. Commissioner," she cooed, "I don't know why you should be put out with me. I haven't asked you for any favors in weeks."

There was a silence, then the commissioner said in a weary, resigned voice, "Oh, well, what is it?"

Julie explained. "So there he is," she concluded, "with no money and no hair and no friends except me, and he doesn't know how to find me, and all I want is your men to pick him up and treat him very, very gently until I can come and get him."

The commissioner sighed. "All right," he said. "I'll have it done, but if it's a gag, heaven help you. And, by the way, my daughter's getting married next month and . . ."

Hylobates emerged from the ferry and struck out across West Street. His best move, he decided, would be to make his way to the offices of Birdseye, where he might find Julie. So, seeing two policemen seated in a car, he asked them courteously for directions.

The two policemen stared. Finally one said, "Fifty-seventh Street, Jack, between Sixth and Seventh. Take the I. R. T., one block up, two blocks over."

"What is the I. R. T.?" asked Hylobates.

The cops' eyes grew suspicious. "Everybody knows what the I. R. T. is," said one. "Interborough uh—uh—"

"The subway," the other cut in. "All you need is a nickel."

"Which I haven't," replied Hylobates pleasantly. "How would one go afoot?" The two policemen glanced at each other, wondering if they were being kidded. "All right," said one. "If you want to walk, just keep going north on this street to Fifty-seventh. Then go east to Seventh Avenue, and you'll be there."

"Thank you very much," said Hylobates.

They watched his tall figure striding away. "A wise guy," said one.

It was about half an hour later that these two arms of the law heard the radio message to watch for a wandering hermit with a shaved head. In a few minutes they had picked up Hylobates as he was still calmly making his way along Fifty-seventh Street.

INASMUCH as all the city editors in town had pricked up their ears at that same radio description of Hylobates, a large assortment of reporters and photographers descended upon the precinct station where Hylobates soon thereafter sat.

The reporters, half of them women, clustered around him, while the photographers adjusted their cameras.

"It is easy to see," said one who fancied himself a scholar, "that you are a member of the sect of shamans. The shamans," he added to the rest of the company, "are a Tibetan group recognizable by their shaven heads."

"Indeed, I am no such thing," replied Hylobates.

"You are a hermit though, aren't you?" asked somebody else.

"A man ceases to be a hermit when he leaves his hermitage," replied Hylobates. "Until day before yesterday, I had been a hermit for fifteen years."

"Didn't you get awfully lonely?" asked a middle-aged woman.

Hylobates fixed her with a reproving eye. "'I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude,'" he said, falling back on Thoreau.

"Say, that's not bad," somebody said. "What made you become a hermit?"

Hylobates smiled loftily. "'I went to the woods,'" he said, "'because I wished to live deliberately, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.'"

By this time the entire assemblage was in a glow of admiration for its victim. This hermit was creating some pretty good copy. Furthermore, they were all impressed by the calm nobility of Hylobates' mien, emphasized now by the monkish sheen of his shorn pate.

After the interview ended, another twenty minutes or so passed, during which Hylobates grew more and more bored, not to mention hungry. Then the door burst open and Julie Crandall swept in. She had come from a consultation with her lawyer, and a session with her coiffeur. The latter had taken one look at Julie's head and fainted dead away. He rallied, though, to do a magnificent job.

"You poor darling!" cried Julie. "You must be starved. We'll go out and buy the biggest damned steak in New York City! Come on!"

After he had eaten, Hylobates fell asleep in his chair. It required the combined efforts of Julie and the waiter to get him to a taxicab, and the combined efforts of Julie and the cab driver to get him up the stairs into the Twelfth Street apartment, where he collapsed unknowingly on Charlie's bed.

"One too many, eh?" asked the driver sympathetically.

"He's never had a drink in his life," said Julie. "He's a saint—darn it."

Julie gazed at Hylobates' recumbent form tenderly.

"Heaven help us," she murmured aloud, "am I really going for this big lug?" Impulsively she kissed him lightly on the forehead and tiptoed out.

Little short of Wagnerian thunder music would have awakened him. The cacophony that broke out in the dim early hours brought him barely to the surface of slumber. He was vaguely aware of Julie's voice warning, "Get away from that door or I'll call the cops."

And Charlie's: "I want my bed."

"Your bed's occupied."

"What!"

"You heard me. And now I'm going to count ten and if you're not gone, it's the cops."

HYLOBATES had no recollection of the voices when he awoke in the morning. He stared bewilderedly around the chintzy bedroom. It must be Julie's room, he decided. He washed his hands and face in the bathroom, then cautiously pushed open the door to the living room.

Julie lay asleep on the couch. Her curled body was partially concealed by a light coat thrown over it and partially revealed by a filmy nightgown. Hylobates hastily averted his eyes and turned to retreat, but he stumbled over the rug and crashed a small table to the floor.

Julie sat up sleepily.

"What gives?" she asked. "Oh, hello. My, but you're a sight! Yesterday's grubby clothes, and you need a shave. Now you go take a shower and use Charlie's razor and put on his pajamas and bathrobe and slippers, and meanwhile I'll be getting some breakfast."

Hylobates went meekly into the bathroom. When he emerged he felt much better, even though Charlie's pajamas were too tight and his conscience disapproved.

Julie went to the door for the milk and the paper. Her eye caught a two-column photograph of Hylobates, with the light dancing on his shiny pate, under the caption:

SHAME ON SHAMAN

The accompanying story was headlined:

Hermit's Hep to Hills But Runs Wild in Big City

Julie couldn't help chuckling as she read. "Gosh, I wonder how Rutherford Ring's going to like this. I suppose we ought to go see him some time today."

"I suppose so," said Hylobates a little wistfully. "Although now I'm afraid he'll want to send me back home."

Julie glanced at him in surprise. "He can't send you home if you don't want to go. Do you want to stay?"

"Well, yes," Hylobates said. "For a while."

Julie patted his arm. "Then you don't have to go," she said softly. "Because I want you to stay, too. Now at least we can have a peaceable breakfast before the day's troubles begin."

At the Pennsylvania Station, all aflutter, Miss Brown was stepping from the Pittsburgh train. She checked her bag, and found Birdseye's address in the telephone book. At the building, the receptionist supplied Julie's address, and Miss Brown set out for Twelfth Street.

JULIE was putting breakfast on the table when the doorbell rang.

Hylobates, suddenly conscious of his pajamas and dressing gown, leaped to his feet. "Hadn't I better retire?" he asked nervously.

"Of course not," said Julie.

She opened the door a crack. "What is it?" she demanded.

The youngish man in the hall said, "I'm Barrett of the Globe-Star. I think I met you once at Bleeck's."

"Could be," said Julie. "Don't remember it, though."

"Funny," said Barrett of the Globe-Star, "because you asked me to marry you."

"Is that why you're here?"

"Not primarily. I'm looking for Hylobates Hoolock."

"Nix," said Julie. Then suddenly she cried, "Oh, hell, the toast's burning!" and ran for the kitchenette.

The reporter stepped nimbly through the door and was met by the spectacle of Hylobates, in purple dressing gown and red silk pajamas, in huddled consternation on the edge of his chair.

"Well!" said the reporter. He meant the word only as an exclamation of surprise but it smacked of a leer, and Hylobates winced.

Julie burst out of the kitchenette and cried, "Listen, you. Who said you could come in? Beat it!"

The reporter held out a deprecating hand. "Take it easy, Miss Crandall," he said. "I didn't come here for a story. If I had, I'd have plenty of story already."

"And plenty of libel suit," snapped Julie.

"Possibly," replied Barrett equably. "But that's beside the point. I'm just as anxious to keep Mr. Hoolock's peccadilloes a secret as you are."

"Mr. Hoolock has never indulged in a peccadillo in his life," said Julie, with a hint of regret.

Barrett shrugged and said, "So much the better. But the point is that the Globe-Star is prepared to offer Mr. Hoolock a job."

"A job!" exclaimed Julie in amazement. Hylobates sat up in his chair and blinked.

"A darned good job, too," continued the reporter. "Mr. Hoolock is to be a columnist. The idea is that people will write in to him for advice and he'll fix 'em up with some of that wisdom he was getting off in the police station last night."

"But I must tell you," began Hylobates worriedly, "that such wisdom as I produced was not mine but . . ."

"Shut up," said Julie. "We may have something here."

"You're damned right you do," said the reporter. "And don't bother about whose wisdom it is. Our readers won't know the difference. Or our editors either. The Globe-Star is willing to pay you one hundred dollars a week —and they'll give you a six months' contract."

"You must be a trustworthy man," Julie said, "Mr. . . ."

"Barrett," supplied the reporter. "Mr. Barrett, or I'd never have asked you to marry me. As far as you know, is there a catch to this thing?"

"Not as far as I know. There must be, though."

"Has the contract been drawn up?"

"Right here in my pocket. Still warm." He produced a couple of typewritten sheets.

"No fine print," observed Julie, looking at the papers thoughtfully. "Very suspicious."

"Might be something in invisible ink," suggested Barrett. "Try holding it over a flame."

"How soon do we have to decide?" asked Julie.

"Sooner the better. Right now, if possible."

"Well, Hylobates," said Julie slowly, "I'm hanged if I can see anything wrong with the proposition. Of course the Globe-Star's the world's worst newspaper, but all kinds of prominent people write for it. I think you might as well sign."

"I am putty in your hands, Miss Crandall," said Hylobates. Solemnly he signed.

The reporter, beaming, was about to say something congratulatory when there was a sudden hubbub in the hall. Charlie charged into the room, followed by Al Shad, a private detective whom he had induced to accompany him.

"Hah! Caught red-handed!" Charlie cried dramatically.

Hylobates stared at him in pale dismay. Barrett scratched his head and asked Julie, "What gives?"

"I don't know," said Julie, "but I'm damned soon going to find out."

"So you are, my little pigeon," said Charlie grimly. He glanced at Hylobates and his voice rose. "Shad, look at the nerve of the fellow, will you! My best pajamas! Just look at him, Shad, and cool as a cucumber!"

The simile was inaccurate. The only thing cool about Hylobates was the sweat that beaded his noble forehead. "Mr. Williams," he choked, "you surely don't believe . . ."

"Well, no," said Charlie, "I don't, but it's going to be fine evidence when and if my wife starts any monkeyshines in a divorce court. The only flaw," he went on, scowling at Barrett, "is you. Who the devil are you?"

"I'm an innocent bystander," said Barrett.

"He's a reporter," interrupted Julie. "Heaven knows what will be in the papers now."

"I know what will be in the papers if you go through with this divorce business," said Charlie, coldly unmoved. "Because I am going to file a countersuit and—" He interposed to Hylobates apologetically, "Sorry, old man, but it's the only way out—and I am going to name this hermit-shaman-prophet of yours as co-respondent!"

Barrett whistled softly and groaned to himself, "There goes the Globe-Star's fount of wisdom!"

Julie suddenly grinned. "The contract's signed, pal. You can give him a by line—'Prophet by Experience.' "

UNEXPECTEDLY another voice rent the air. It was a loud, shrill, horrified voice and it belonged to Miss Brown, who had entered by the open door just in time to hear Charlie's declamation. "Henry, oh, Henry," she wailed, "what have you done?"

Hylobates murmured, "Miss Brown," in a weak, dazed voice, "I didn't do anything. Miss Crandall, tell her."

"Nobody pays any attention to what I say," growled Julie.

"I should say they don't," cried Miss Brown, "you—you Jezebel! I knew, the moment I first laid eyes on you, what you were up to!"

"I don't remember," said Julie, "your first laying eyes on me."

"It was in Cornucopia," said Miss Brown, sounding like an accusing angel.

Julie sprang to her feet.

"All right, you pack of idiots!" she screamed. "Let me tell you something! A Jezebel, am I! All right, I wish to high heaven that Hylobates and I had done what you're all standing around there pretending we did. If you want to know, I'm in love with the big dope!"

The stunned silence was broken first by Hylobates' softly shocked "Why, Miss Crandall!" followed by the sound of loud weeping as Miss Brown unexpectedly laid her head on Al Shad's narrow chest and gave way to her emotions.

"All right," said Julie, bitterly but not unkindly. "I know, you're in love with him, too. He carried your books home from school, I know."

Miss Brown stopped sobbing long enough to say, "He didn't, either. I was his teacher. He was a . . . a" . . . she broke into sobs again . . . "a wonderful pupil. W-w-wonderful." Then her voice was lost in weeping.

"If it's any comfort to you," said Julie, "he's been an awfully slow pupil of mine."

Charlie laughed a harsh horse laugh. "Slow!" he snorted. "He's known you forty-eight hours and he turns up in your husband's pajamas. I'd hate to see your idea of speed."

"My idea of speed," replied Julie icily, "is the manner in which the whole kit and boodle of you get yourselves out of here."

Miss Brown managed to recover a dignity almost as icy. "I am sure I have no wish to stay in this abode of shame," she announced. "What you just said may have been true. Perhaps I did love him. But whatever emotion I may have had, you have killed. I never wish to see Henry Hoolock again. Good day."

She walked out and a moment later the front door banged.

"Let's go, Shad," said Charlie. "We've got the goods."

Shad withdrew and Charlie followed him.

Julie looked around at Barrett and said, "Good heavens, are there still people here?"

"Yes," said Barrett. "As a loyal representative of my paper, Miss Crandall, I must ask you to tear up that contract."

"In a pig's eye."

"O. K. At least I'm on record as having asked." He looked down at Hylobates, his ascetic mien sunk in the incongruous rich folds of purple silk. "And this," murmured Barrett, "is the man who is going to solve our readers' troubles. Hot diggety!"

And he, too, went out.

JULIE said, "Well, Hylobates, now you know."

"Know what?" asked Hylobates wanly.

"That I love you, you idiot. Are you glad?"

"Miss Crandall," Hylobates stammered miserably, "I'm very fond of you. And I'm very grateful to you. But, Miss Crandall, I don't love you."

"Couldn't you learn? What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing's wrong with you," said Hylobates with glum gallantry. "But everything else is wrong. I'm very unhappy."

"Are you really?" said Julie with sudden tenderness. "Poor Hylobates. What you really want is Miss Brown, isn't it? Isn't she what keeps you holding me at arm's length?"

"But I'm not in love with Miss Brown either. And even if I was, what difference would it make now? She never wants to see me again."

"Listen," said Julie. "Women say that to men when they're simply curling up inside for them."

Hylobates smiled. "Did you feel that way," he asked, "when you said something similar to Mr. Williams?"

"None of your business," Julie snapped.

"That's one of the things," said Hylobates gently, "that keeps me at arm's length."

"Oh, gosh!" cried Julie despairingly. "Go put some clothes on. We ought to go and see Rutherford Ring. He's probably a little upset."

Rutherford had seen the morning papers. Their seizure of Hylobates Hoolock, whom he had practically created, amounted to downright plagiarism. And now the noon edition of the Globe-Star announced the acquisition of Hylobates as its personal oracle.

The buzzer on his desk sounded and his secretary's voice came out of the box: "Miss Crandall and Mr. Hoolock to see you."

Julie breezed in ahead of Hylobates. "Hullo, Rutherford," she chirped gaily. "Glad to see me back?"

"No," said Rutherford sourly. He glared at Hylobates. "Where's his beard?" he demanded of Julie. "Where's his hair?" Julie told him, ending grimly, "I'm divorcing Charlie." Rutherford brightened. Then he turned to Hylobates. "Well, Hoolock," he growled, "I must say that gratitude is not among these highly touted virtues of yours. Are you aware that you were brought from your barren obscurity to this great city at Birdseye's expense? That at Birdseye's expense you have been fed, sheltered, clothed, bathed, barbered . . ."

"He was barbered at the city's expense," Julie reminded him.

"That was a slip," said Rutherford irritably. "The fact remains that the man has had the gall to offer his services to a rival."

"I'm very sorry," said Hylobates earnestly.

"It's really my fault, Rutherford," put in Julie. "I knew you hadn't any further use for Hylobates, so when the Globe-Star made their offer, I advised him to take it."

"Oh," said Rutherford. He glanced from Julie to Hylobates and his eyes narrowed a trifle. "I'd like to see you alone for a few minutes. If you don't mind."

Left alone with Julie, Rutherford Ring breathed like a grampus and stared at her.

"What's the matter?" asked Julie. "You look as if you were about to spring at me."

"I am," said Rutherford, "figuratively. And I have been since I first saw you. I dare say you knew that."

"I always suspected it," said Julie. "But I thought you sprang at all the girls."

"You were mistaken," replied Rutherford coldly. "You are the only woman I have ever admired with any degree of extravagance, and that has always been from a discreet distance."

Julie said, "What gives, anyway? Stop talking like Jane Austen."

Rutherford sighed. "I am trying to show you that your actions are of personal interest to me, aside from our employer-employee relationship."

Julie gave a slight shudder. "You mean you want me to sit on your lap and take dictation?" she asked.

"Please," said Rutherford, "you're making things as difficult for me as you possibly can. All I'm trying to say is that I . . . that I . . ."

"Try harder," suggested Julie helpfully.

"Damn it," shouted Rutherford, "I'm in love with you, you featherbrained idiot."

"Oh," said Julie. "That's too bad. I'm in love, too."

"But you just said you were divorcing Charlie!"

"So I am," snapped Julie. "It's Hylobates."

Rutherford's eyes bulged. "That hermit?"

"Certainly," said Julie.

Rutherford digested this. "You'll get tired of him and toss him away like an old toy."

"I won't get tired of him," said Julie. "I'm only afraid he may get tired of me."

"Does he love you?"

Julie hesitated. "I'm not sure," she said finally. "He doesn't think he does, but I'm not sure."

"But you're going ahead and divorcing Charlie on the off chance that he does?"

"I'm divorcing Charlie come hell or high water."

"Well, I guess there's no more to be said. Except that you're making a terrible mistake." He sighed.

Julie smiled at him, a sweet and tender smile that caught him in the midriff like a gas pain. "Good-by, Rutherford. You're an old darling, really."

HYLOBATES found that he was expected to do practically nothing at the Globe-Star. A rewrite man did the actual writing of his column.

Judging by the mail that poured in, the column was an overwhelming success. Hylobates' actual duties were expected to include attendance at a number of luncheons, banquets, and meetings, with a little free wisdom on tap. When he objected, the Globe-Star management pointed out that he was doing practically no other work for his hundred dollars a week. So, unhappily, he sat through these dreary sessions. The only surcease that Hylobates could find were such moments as he was able to spend with Julie. To her he could pour out his troubles, the bores he was forced to endure, the morons whose praise he must hear, the tawdry honors, the constant strain of limelight; and Julie would listen with a grinning, impish sympathy.

But he worried about his relationship with Julie. After all, she was a married woman, even if she did intend to cease being one. And she had professed herself in love with him, in front of witnesses.

There was also the question of whether or not he was in love with Julie. He didn't think he was. He liked her conversation and it was an effort to keep his eyes off her legs sometimes, but he didn't think that was love. Love seemed to him more like the time Miss Brown had given him the poems of Catullus.

CHARLIE WILLIAMS was announced to Rutherford Ring one afternoon, about two weeks after Hylobates had made his bow.

"Hello," said Rutherford. "You look as if a change would do you good."

Charlie shrugged. "I can't think of any change."

"The one I had in mind," replied Rutherford, "was a little work."

"Oh," said Charlie. "What sort of work?"

"Well," said Rutherford, "I've been giving some attention to the question of the Republican Party. What I have in mind, Charlie, is a little jaunt around the country interviewing some of the potential Republican candidates."

"Look, Rutherford," said Charlie. "I have a broken heart."

"Broken heart," scoffed Rutherford. "That's a new one."

"It's so," said Charlie. "I've come to the conclusion that I'm hopelessly in love with Julie, and if she doesn't come back, life isn't worth living."

"Pish," said Rutherford. "I don't want to talk about Julie."

"You don't care if she and this damned Hylobates are seen together almost every night, eating and laughing and carrying on?"

"No," said Rutherford, but he winced.

"Look," said Charlie. "I've got an idea about Miss Brown."

"And who," said Rutherford, "is Miss Brown?"

Charlie explained, ending, "She'd been in love with Hylobates for years, before she saw him with Julie that morning. We'll get hold of her, persuade her that Hylobates has been the victim of circumstances, and bring them together again."

Rutherford raised his eyebrows. "*We* will?"

"Of course. We're in this thing together, aren't we?"

"No," said Rutherford. "I've talked to Julie. Her mind's made up. Meanwhile, I've got a magazine to get out. I might remind you that you are supposed to work for me."

"That's a little blunt. I'm supposed to be a temperamental genius that you try to get work out of." Charlie got

up and added, "You'd better start trying. I'm leaving. I'm going after Miss Brown. Only she can save the day."

"You're going to Unicorn, or whatever the name of the damned town is?"

"Yep."

"Would you like to kill two birds with one stone?" Rutherford asked. "There's a Republican congressman from that neck of the woods who's up this year and there's been some talk about him as a possible dark horse. You might drop in on him."

Charlie considered. "All right. But Miss Brown comes first." He waved amiably and went out.

The managing editor of the Globe-Star arrived at the office one morning in his customary bad humor. He had met an acquaintance at a milk bar the evening before who said that Hylobates was being seen nightly with Julie Crandall.

The managing editor had scowled and retorted, "Julie Crandall, eh? I'll soon put a stop to that."

He scowled again as he recalled the incident. "Boy!" he shouted suddenly. "Tell Hoolock to come in here."

Hylobates seated himself in the chair indicated by his employer.

"Hoolock," the latter said, "you will recall that when we entered into our arrangement, it was specified that your personal life must be above reproach."

"I have endeavored for many years to remain above reproach," said Hylobates with dignity. "I have not always been successful. And I have never been less successful than in my present employment."

The managing editor lost his patience. "I'm trying to tell you," he snapped, "that you've damned well got to behave yourself and get rid of the company you've been keeping."

Hylobates rose, and his eyes were dangerously calm, like a sultry summer sky. "I don't quite understand," he said softly.

"You understand, all right. I'm talking about that Crandall woman. And I'm telling you she's no damned good."

For a second sheet lightning blazed in Hylobates' eyes. Then his big brown hand reached out and seized the back of the little man's coat collar, lifted him a foot from the floor, and shook him slightly.

"You have just used a name," said Hylobates quietly, "that I do not care to hear on your lips. When I was a little boy and said things I shouldn't, my father used to wash my mouth out with soap. I found it effective treatment."

WITH the managing editor still dangling at arm's length, Hylobates walked through the thunderstruck city room, down the corridor, and into the men's lavatory.

Hylobates held his free hand under the liquid-soap bowl. "First," he instructed, "the culprit must say, 'I will never use that name again.'"

The managing editor clenched his teeth but another shake rattled them apart. "Never use name again," he muttered thickly.

"Very good," said Hylobates. "You might also say you're ashamed of the so-called newspaper you get out."

Another shake produced a blurted "'Shamed the newspaper I get out."

"Splendid," said Hylobates. Then he clapped his soap-filled palm over the managing editor's mouth and set him on the tiled floor in the gingerly manner of a kindhearted person releasing an insect.

"Get out of here!" shrilled the editor, wiping his mouth. "You're fired. Get out and never come back!"

"I shall be happy to get out," Hylobates said. "And as our contract calls for termination by mutual consent, let us consider it terminated." He went out through the corridor where the crowd made awe-struck way for him.

That evening Hylobates and Julie went to the French restaurant which had become their favorite. Something solemn and wistful about Hylobates caused Julie to look sharply at him over the rim of her cocktail glass.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked, maternally severe.

Hylobates sighed. "This is going to be difficult, Julie," he said slowly. "I severed relations with that wretched broadsheet this afternoon."

"Oh, dear," said Julie. "And you were doing so well."

"No," said Hylobates. "I'm very glad that's over with. But I'm sorry that . . . that other things are over, too."

"What other things?"

"Things like this. Dinner with you. Bus rides with you."

"But why should they be over?"

"Well," said Hylobates, "it had to end some time. I don't belong to this kind of world, it's quite plain."

"I'll go crazy without you."

"No, you won't," said Hylobates in a kind, suddenly old voice. "You'll forget about me in a week."

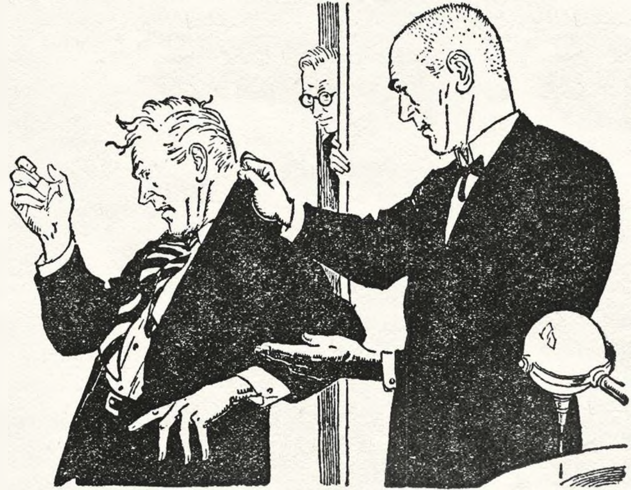
"No, I won't," said Julie. "And you are addressing me like a child. I'm furious."

But behind her faintly petulant face Julie was thinking hard. Did she really love this tall, strange, gentle man?

"Look," she said suddenly. "Why the devil can't you take me with you?"

Hylobates gave an incredulous laugh. "Gracious," he said, "I'm going back to the woods."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't make much of a hermitess," Julie grinned ruefully. She was silent awhile. When she spoke again, it was in earnest: "Let's put it this way,



Hylobates. You go on back to the woods, or wherever. I'll go to Reno. I'm going to Reno no matter what happens. I'll have to be there about six weeks. If I'm going to get over you, I'll be good and over you in six weeks. And you'll have plenty of time to figure out where you stand. Then, on my way back, I'll drop in on you and we'll compare notes on how we both feel. Maybe we'll feel like something drastic and maybe we'll just feel like something polite about the weather and so long. But it couldn't hurt anybody, one way or another, could it?"

"No," said Hylobates judiciously. He smiled and added, "I must say it would give me something to look forward to while I'm reacclimating myself."

"Swell," said Julie. "Thank heaven that's settled. I'm hungry as a bear. Waiter!"

Ten days later Charlie Williams returned from Cornucopia to New York. His first move was to phone Julie, ready to forgive and repent, and he was annoyingly dampened when she failed to answer. He tried Rutherford Ring's apartment next.

"Hello," said Charlie. "Sorry I woke you up. But I thought I ought to report to you."

"All right, maybe you'd better come by. There've been some developments you may not know about."

When Charlie arrived, Rutherford sat by a broad casement window wearing a Paisley dressing gown.

"Well," Charlie said, "who's going to ask whom questions? I have a couple of developments myself. Mostly in the idea stage, though."

"The developments of which I spoke," replied Rutherford solemnly, "are far beyond the idea stage."

"I don't like the sound of that."

"You shouldn't. For one thing, Julie's gone to Reno."

Charlie gasped and collapsed into a chair. "I never dreamed she'd do it."

"She has, though."

Charlie darted a suspicious glance at him. "Did you talk to her before she left?"

"Briefly. By phone."

"What did you tell her?"

"I didn't tell her anything. She told me." He frowned irritably. "I trust you're not implying that I put her up to it?"

"Did you?"

"Don't be silly," said Rutherford sharply. "Although I must admit," he went on, "that the selfish side of me is

frankly pleased. It keeps telling me I may have a chance, especially now that Hoolock is out of the way."

"Hoolock out of the way!" cried Charlie in amazement. "What are you talking about?"

"Haven't you heard? Where were you, anyway—in a Trappist monastery? Hoolock had a row with the Globe-Star over Julie, and washed the managing editor's mouth out with soap and left town for his wilderness."

Charlie gaped. "Well, I'll be damned! Where does that leave Hylobates and Julie?"

"That's what I'd like to know. I asked Julie straight out, but she was very mysterious about it. Wouldn't talk."

Charlie sighed. "Damn it all," he muttered, "I felt fine half an hour ago, and now look at me. I had Miss Brown all lined up and everything."

"So you saw Miss Brown?"

"Oh, sure. I worked her around to the point where she admitted she'd be waiting with open arms for Hylobates if he'd only come back. She didn't exactly admit it, but I could tell."

"Did you see that congressman," Rutherford demanded, "who was supposedly the object of your absence?"

"Strictly a dodo," said Charlie.

"In other words," said Rutherford, "you don't think he's dark-horse material?"

"I didn't say that," replied Charlie. "I never saw anybody who wasn't Republican dark-horse material. And this old boy and his machine have the town pretty well buffaloed. All of which brings me around to another idea I had. I stumbled across a Democratic machine, too. But the Democrats there never win, because they need a guy that never stole anything from his grandmother and they can't seem to find one."

Rutherford smiled shrewdly. "And you," he said, "thought of Hylobates."

"You're practically psychic. I thought of Hylobates. He's tailor-made. It's just a question of convincing him that it's his duty to save his town from a bunch of crooked politicians."

Rutherford sprang from his chair and started to pace the room. "You've got something, Charlie! This is a chance to recoup on the whole miserable Hoolock business and show up that damnable Globe-Star. We'll put Hylobates in and back him to the limit. Pictures! Stories!"

He sank happily into his chair and closed his eyes. "If we lose, we'll have had our story. And if we win, it will be very useful to have our own congressman."

So Rutherford and Charlie went to Cornucopia to persuade Hylobates to run for election.

AFTER New York, Hylobates found his old life lonely. He welcomed the chance to mingle with his fellows again. It required little enough of Charlie's enterprise to engineer a reconciliation between Hylobates and Miss Brown by asking each of them separately to meet him at the Coffee Shoppe at four o'clock one afternoon. The hour found him sitting at a glass-topped table drinking iced coffee.

Miss Brown arrived first, but Hylobates was not long after. He stopped and gulped in embarrassment, "Oh, excuse me, I didn't know . . . I . . ."

"Sit down," said Charlie sociably, but Miss Brown leaped to her feet.

"Mr. Williams," she cried, "this is a deliberate trick!"

"Just so," said Charlie imperturbably. "It was a trick designed to bring together two good friends who are letting a very silly and unimportant incident stand between them. I'm not the least bit ashamed. Sit down, both of you."

Miss Brown sank into a chair. So did Hylobates.

"Now then," said Charlie, "let us once and for all clear up the trifling misunderstanding."

"Is there anything to clear up?" asked Miss Brown. "Don't the facts speak for themselves?"

"Oh, no, Miss Brown," cried Hylobates fervently. "They do not, believe me."

"Take my word for it, Miss Brown," said Charlie. "Hylobates' presence in my wife's apartment was as innocent as . . . as . . . as a new-laid egg."

Miss Brown stared down at the table, trying not to smile. Then she peered timidly up at Hylobates' eager face. "Oh, I suppose I'll have to forgive you, Henry," she said. "I shouldn't, but I suppose I'll have to."

"Miss Brown," breathed Hylobates happily.

"Well," said Charlie brightly, "now that I've straightened you two out, I'll leave you to work out the rest. Besides, I've got a piece to write for the paper." He gave them a cheery wave and went out.

Hylobates knew now that it was Miss Brown he loved; but now that he knew, he couldn't say it. He was otherwise too heavily involved with Julie. Life was indeed moving fast and rapidly getting out of hand.

There was now nothing to do but chat with Miss Brown and take her quickly home. And this is just what he did.

AT the end of six weeks in Reno, Julie heard herself pronounced a free woman. In her heart she knew that she didn't want to see Hylobates; that what she really wanted was to go to New York, find Charlie, and say, "Well, I did it. I guess that'll show you," and go on from there.

But she had promised Hylobates she would come back. Back she started.

She left the train at Pittsburgh, hired a car, and some two hours later she drew up in front of the Mansion House in Cornucopia. As she was getting out of the car she saw Hylobates coming down the street.

"Oh, Hylobates!" she cried.

Hylobates took her outstretched hands. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Miss Crandall." His voice was warm and his grasp was firm, but she took one look at his eyes and saw that the old uneasiness was there.

"Won't you sit down and talk?" she asked.

Hylobates slid into the front seat beside her.

"Don't fidget, Hylobates," said Julie. "You don't have to tell me you're not in love with me. I knew right away."

"You're very understanding," said Hylobates.

"No, I'm not," said Julie. "I'm mean, venomous, and temperamental. Ask Charlie."

"Charlie doesn't think that," said Hylobates earnestly. "He's in love with you. I think you're both in love with each other."

"Don't be a fool," growled Julie. But she patted his knee amiably. "I'm glad about you and Miss Brown, though. It is Miss Brown, isn't it?"

Hylobates blushed. "Yes," he sighed, "it is."

Julie smiled what she meant to be a brave smile. "I'll try not to be jealous. I am, of course. Good-by, Hylobates."

They shook hands quite solemnly before Hylobates alighted from the car and, tipping his hat, gravely walked off.

Julie was watching his receding figure when a voice exclaimed, "Sweet suffering saints! Julie!"

"Rutherford!" said Julie. "What the devil are you doing here?"

Rutherford explained about the campaign. "Have you seen Hylobates?"

"Yes," said Julie ruefully.

"Oh," said Rutherford. "I gather from your tone. . . ."

Julie nodded. "That's a subject I would just as soon drop. Rather, it's a subject that has just dropped me."

"Oh," said Rutherford again. "But you weren't really in love with him, Julie."

"No," said Julie, "I suppose not."

It was Rutherford's turn to sigh. "I'm afraid you are in love, though, Julie," he said.

Julie nodded. "I'm afraid you're right."

"Confound it, then," snapped Rutherford, "why don't you do something about it? If you won't, I will. Charlie's in town. Here he is now!"

Through the hotel's revolving doors stepped Charlie. He saw Julie and stopped short.

"I've got an ex-wife of yours here," boomed Rutherford, "who wants to get remarried to you, and I wish to Heaven you'd do it before she gets me and any number of other people into trouble."

For a second of wild hope Charlie stared at him, then at Julie, but the next instant he was sure they were making a fool of him. "We are not amused," he said, and turned away.

Then, for the first time, Julie got the better of her imp. "Charlie," she called, in a small soft voice, "please, Charlie."

He swung back toward her in wary amazement. "What was that?" he demanded.

"I said 'please.' "

"Please what?"

"Please marry me again, Charlie."

Unbelievable lightness was flooding Charlie's insides. "Damn it," he said, "what did you divorce me for?"

"I don't know. I was mad about something, I suppose. I forget now."

"Humph," said Charlie. "So now you want me to take you back?"

Julie recovered her old self-sufficiency to sniff, "You could put it more gracefully."

"All right," said Charlie. "How's this? If I asked you gracefully, would you give me a re-yes as distinguished from a . . ."

"Don't," pleaded Julie. "Let's not start life anew with a bum joke."

"I thought it was pretty good."

"It was awful."

"See here," interrupted Rutherford impatiently. "May I remind you that we still have a magazine to get out? That we want the story on this election in this week's issue?"

"Shouldn't we wait till after the election?" asked Charlie.

"Lord, no!" cried Rutherford. "He might lose and ruin the story."

As it turned out, Hylobates did lose, but it was close enough to scare the daylights out of Congressman Dogberry, and after that he voted every once in a while for something commendable.

Things have worked out much better, with Hylobates occupying his foster father's old pulpit and his wife keeping the house in apple-pie order except the library, which Hylobates maintains in much the same comfortable disorder as he grew up amid.

Every summer they take a vacation, part of which is spent in New York as the guests of Charlie and Julie, who make it a point to be in a state of at least armed truce when they come, and they have as merry a time as a Baptist pastor and a retired Latin teacher can with propriety. Hylobates has never had any more difficulties with the police, which is just as well, because Birdseye's story about his political campaign crowded out the marriage of the commissioner's daughter.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN walked with tragedy all his life, until his final rendezvous with it in the box of Ford's Theatre one April night. There was a melancholy in this man that went as deep as his nature and never seemed to leave him.

The blame for some of this sadness has often been placed upon Mary Todd, the girl Lincoln married after an agony of indecision about making her his wife.

In **Mr. Lincoln's Wife** (Farrar & Rinehart, N. Y., $2.50), **Anne Colver** offers some kind words for Mary. In this novelized life she does a splendid picture of Mary Todd as a living, understandable woman, and she brings the whole Lincoln family to life as real, warm human beings.

Anne Colver

She presents them as a family which had greater problems to solve, perhaps, than any of us will ever encounter. And Mary Todd Lincoln, as the mother of that family, had to meet and solve problems that would have taxed a much stronger mind, a far more patient nature.

It was not only the years of poverty, when Mr. Lincoln was too immersed in his law practice to remember always to collect his fees. Those days were hard enough—but not the worst—for a girl who had been brought up to expect a gentler life.

George Bellairs

Her first son was born in a tiny room in a rude tavern. And when the Lincolns moved to a house of their own and her next three boys were born, she managed as well as she could with little help, to bring up the lively youngsters and to maintain a home which would reflect credit on Mr. Lincoln.

That Mr. Lincoln did not require such credit and that a destiny greater than either of them dared dream was to find him, regardless, does not detract from Mary's effort.

Nor were the years of greatness any easier. Rebuffed and slandered by Washington, referred to often as a Confederate sympathizer and sometimes as a Rebel spy, hers was no life of easy grandeur she had imagined in her younger dreams. In these years when Mr. Lincoln was busy with a war and he was himself the target of criticism an l slander, Mary tried her best to help. Often her motives were fine, but often, too, they were impulsive and misunderstood. And during these years the tragedy of her son Willie's death burdened a mind already heavily laden with care and trouble.

Miss Colver does not gloss over Mary's faults—her extravagances, her pride, her selfishness—but she does explain them, and in the light of what Mary Todd endured, they are less than most of us would have revealed.

This is a fine, a moving book to read. There are moments of tenderness and humor and tragedy that will touch you—and always a "story" to carry you along. Read it for that. But read it, too, because it is the story of a woman who deserved better of her own times and of history.

FOR mystery fans: **Death of a Busybody**, by **George Bellairs** (Macmillan, N. Y., $2). An English mystery with none of the wisecracks which sometimes gum up our American products. Good straight mystery with excitement that begins when the vicar sets hooting off across fields to report the finding of the body, a subject who, in this case, deserved what she got.

OLD MARBLE PUSS

Continued from Page 21

Elk doing his fraternal duty as a pallbearer.

He is built like an outsize fire plug and packs 196 pounds of sinew on a five-foot-ten-inch frame. He is mildly infatuated with the fact that he has a forty-six-inch chest and a thirty-one-inch waistline, which he retains by working at least an hour each day in the Hollywood Athletic Club gymnasium. He does this stint even while making a picture, and has been observed wrestling and worrying a medicine ball with Edmund MacDonald, a feature-player accomplice, as late as 10 P. M. He often becomes evangelistic and lays plans to lure other pals onto the parallel bars and vaulting horses. When more robust victims eluded him, he has been known to go so far as to pick on producers, writers, and other delicate Hollywood fauna—a practice which has gained him a reputation as a sort of perambulating health hazard.

Donlevy's friends are found chiefly among the Hollywood Hibernian group, including Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney, Jimmy McHugh, Bill Gargan, Lloyd Nolan, et al. This group of staid married men takes Thursday night out, at which time they meet in one of the Sunset Strip *boîtes* and howl sedately. Brian joins them on an average of one Thursday out of each month, devoting other evenings to his workshop or to some quick trips to his tungsten mine in the Mojave Desert.

When he's ready to quit pictures, or pictures to quit him, he expects this tungsten property to make him a tycoon.

The exact Donlevy income is something known only to him, his agent, and the government. An elastic contract enables him to accept pictures at any studio paying his price. His average per picture runs above $50,000, and since he habitually makes five or six pictures a year, his take doesn't fall in the alfalfa brackets.

A GOOD illustration of the Donlevy personality is to be found in The Glass Key. As the picture ends, he magnanimously hands his fiancée, Veronica Lake, over to Alan Ladd, with a handshake for Ladd. Miss Lake asks him to shake hands with her, whereupon he takes her left hand in his right.

"So you really want Johnny and me to get married," says Miss Lake sweetly.

"Sure," he says, slipping a large diamond from her finger with a deft movement and dropping it into his pocket, "—but not with my rock."

Those who know him felt a warm reaction to this gesture. They felt that in real life Old Marble Puss could be depended upon to dispose of a similar situation with like delicacy.

THE END

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

HELP ON WHEELS

BY EDMOND S. FISH

Alan Corelli, head of national and local USAACs. "We are ready for the real blow-off, if it comes," he declares.

THE veteran Hell-on-Wheels boys of 1917-18 are now the Help-on-Wheels boys of 1943—who drive ambulances around the dimmed-out streets of New York City instead of over the bomb-pitted fields of France. Associated with the Red Cross and co-operating with the American Women's Voluntary Services, both of which furnish women drivers for daytime duty, the men of the USAAC Emergency Corps take over when night falls and mischief and accidents mushroom.

Offspring of the national USAAC (U. S. Army Ambulance Corps), the association of veteran ambulance drivers of World War I, these men are a lively illustration of the old saw that heroes may grow fat but are never too old to be of service. Eager for action, a group of national USAACs assembled in New York soon after Pearl Harbor to survey the home-front picture. They saw a dangerous gap in the health and accident scene. Doctors had been called to the military. Regular ambulance drivers had been moved up to posts as ambulance attendants. Here was a job to be done that was right in line with their experience, so the USAAC Emergency Corps was formed. Today about 800 drivers and alternates are on duty or on call in New York City, and new units are being formed in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and elsewhere.

"The boys are doing a great job now, just on routine calls," explains Alan Corelli, head of both national and local USAACs. "But we are ready for the real blow-off, if it comes. Your real trouble always comes in night bombings. That's why we use the owl for our emblem."

Headquarters are at 16 West Fifty-seventh Street. A comfortable lounge is set up in one room, with souvenirs of the first World War decorating the walls. In another room telephones handle calls to and from every hospital, and a huge call board, with names on cards in slots, keeps control over all drivers, each of whom has an alternate. Because of the vastness of the job, the USAAC shelved an inclination to be exclusive and took in sons and friends of vets to serve after training. Refresher first-aid courses keep the men up to date on the lessons they learned in France, and weekly drill in an armory sharpens discipline and helps keep them fit.

Serving with the Corps represents real sacrifice. A typical USAAC is Bob Allison, Wall Street investment man. After a day in the office, he goes to his hospital, catnaps, and goes out on calls all night. He goes to work the next day, and only that night is he able to go home and hit the bed for a good sleep. The vets frequently are blood donors on accident cases. One man got married Thanksgiving Day and the following night reported for duty at Post-Graduate Hospital. Midwifery calls bother the men, but they're toughening up on this type of emergency too.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Sergeant Bill Dane lines up his "expendables" for orders as the Jap planes circle overhead.

Seaman Purkett is kept busy at his new detail—carving crosses for the graves of Jap victims.

The four remaining members of the band line up their sights and prepare for an attack by the Japs.

BY HARRIET GOULD

BATAAN

(M-G-M)

Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Robert Walker

"BATAAN" is a movie that pulls no punches. It is a starkly grim portrayal of one group of "expendables" during the last, tragic days on Bataan.

But it is an important movie because it is *real*. This is no hanky-panky war our boys are fighting—"Bataan" admits that. There are no phony heroics, no singlehanded wiping-out of the whole Nip army—just an honest, realistic presentation of conditions and problems on one of our fighting fronts. And, as "Bataan" proves, that's exciting and dramatic enough for any one.

"Bataan" tells the story of a hastily gathered patrol unit, organized to hold off the Jap advance on Bataan by defending one important bridge as our Army retreated and the native population ran for their lives.

Captain Lassiter (Lee Bowman) rounds up thirteen volunteers to do the job. Sergeant Bill Dane (Robert Taylor) is in charge, with Corporal Feingold (Thomas Mitchell), Seaman Purkett (Robert Walker)—a shipwrecked sailor, Corporal Todd (Lloyd Nolan), and eight others, including two Filipino Scouts, making up the band.

The men take their positions on a hill above the bridge facing the advancing sons of the Rising Sun. They dig their fox holes, add up their ammunition and quinine pills, set up their machine guns, and settle down to do the job the best they can, fully aware that they will never get away.

As fast as the Japs repair the bridge, the Americans blow it up. They harass the enemy by sniping at their guards and tossing grenades at the trucks. And they watch their own numbers dwindle from malaria and sniping attacks until the last four are forced to fight a head-on attack.

The superbly selected all-male cast spotlights Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, and Robert Walker, a lanky, sensitive youngster whose superior work has already earned him the title role in the forthcoming See Here, Private Hargrove. Worthy of mention, too, are Kenneth Spencer as a fighting Negro preacher and Desi Arnaz as a jitterbug Spanish private.

Tay Garnett has directed "Bataan" with a realism and punch that carries you right to the field of battle. It's a tough movie to take, so if you're squeamish, stay home. But if you want a real picture of life on the fighting front—don't miss this one.

STORMY WEATHER

(Twentieth Century-Fox
Bill Robinson, Dooley Wilson, Lena Horne

THIS is the second in what looks like a long line of all-Negro musicals. Since it follows so soon after Cabin in the Sky, it will suffer by comparison from several angles. The story is negligible, but it is an excuse for some wonderful music and specialty acts. Bill Robinson is back with his stiff-kneed tapping, and Lena Horne sings Stormy Weather, as well as some newer tunes. Fats Waller sings Beale Street Blues and Ain't Misbehavin'. Cab Calloway (complete with super zoot suit and hi-di-hi) accompanies the Nicholas Brothers and Katherine Dunham's troupe in their unique dance routines. Stormy Weather is a good review of Negro talent, but if more attention had been paid to the production and story it might have been a great musical.

MR. BIG

(Universal)
Donald O'Connor, Gloria Jean, Peggy Ryan

UNIVERSAL'S newest and most promising property is agile Donald O'Connor, a jitterbug-aged juvenile who is more than a little like Mickey Rooney in his more rambunctious period. He's a wonderful dancer, but his undisciplined "mugging" and slapstick tendencies take the edge off whatever acting ability he might have. In Mr. Big he plays the girl-harassed ringleader of a bunch of precocious theater hopefuls. His prime pursuer is Peggy Ryan (whose "agility" also needs toning down) and together they write and produce a musical show that wows a couple of Broadway producers. Gloria Jean adds her sweet face and voice to the proceedings, but the big noise is young Mr. O'Connor, who should go places if he minds his manners.

It's a
BIG PICTURE

"IT HITS THE MUSICAL TOP!"
N.Y. DAILY MIRROR

A sensation on Broadway! Terrific in towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific!... All over America, they're humming its hit tunes—roaring at its comedy—thrilling to its romance—cheering its stars!...

Have YOU seen it yet?
Ask your local theatre manager when it's coming.

JOHN CARROLL
SUSAN HAYWARD
HIT PARADE OF 1943
with GAIL PATRICK · EVE ARDEN

Melville COOPER · Walter CATLETT · Mary TREEN
JACK WILLIAMS (The Harlem Sandman)
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
POPS AND LOUIE
THE MUSIC MAIDS
THE THREE CHEERS
CHINITA
THE GOLDEN GATE QUARTETTE

3 TOP BANDS!

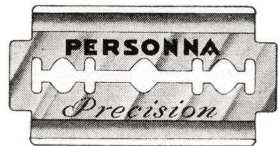
FREDDY MARTIN
He'll put you in a romantic mood!

COUNT BASIE
He's simply sizzling with low-down beat!

RAY McKINLEY
1943's top new band discovery! Wait till you hear him!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Fine as a Rare Jewel

PERSONNA

Precision Double Edge Blades

10 blades $1.
and WORTH it

Worth it in superlative shaving satisfaction. Made by Master Cutlers for men who always insist on the best. Individually inspected to insure uniformly high quality. Try Personna—and see how much more pleasant, smooth and clean your morning shave can be. You'll be glad you paid the difference.

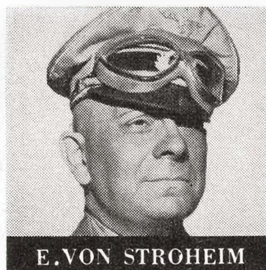
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES · 599 MADISON AVE · NYC
If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order to Department B

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during war-time. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

• *Use your head about your feet!* DEMAND
Non Slip **CAT'S PAW**
Rubber Heels and Soles
Top Quality

ANN SHERIDAN


E.VON STROHEIM

ANN BAXTER

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone	*Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).	Clues slightly far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warners) Raymond Massey, Sam Levene, Humphrey Bogart, Alan Hale	*Drama* (the story of the valiant work of the merchant marine in this war).	Thrilling story . . . suspenseful . . . authentic . . . outstanding performances. (7-3-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall	*Romantic drama* (an ambitious aviatrix, reminiscent of Amelia Earhart, is drafted by the Navy for a secret mission).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) All-star cast	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
LADY OF BURLESQUE (United Artists) Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea	*Comedy-mystery* (comics, cold cream, and killers backstage at a burlesque).	A peep-show into the lives of burlesque folk . . . a bad whodunit but good entertainment . . . authentic. (6-12-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
MR. LUCKY (RKO) Cary Grant, Laraine Day	*Comedy melodrama* (a gangster picks the perfect set-up, but a smart society girl sets him straight).	A lively mixture of comedy and melodrama . . . neat and novel twist makes for a surprise ending. (6-5-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
NEXT OF KIN (Universal release)	*Drama* (a grim well told story of the dangers of loose talk in wartime).	Originally planned as British training film . . . packs an enormous wallop. (5-22-43)
PRELUDE TO WAR (OWI)	*Documentary* (part of the orientation course given the Army . . . the incidents of Axis aggression that led to war).	Provides a solid base for intelligent understanding of this war . . . vital, provoking . . . a must. (6-12-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast	*Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands).	A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43)
THE DESPERADOES (Columbia) Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb Technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)
THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO) Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak	*Drama* (a timid teacher in a Nazi-occupied country is forced into a real understanding of the war).	Fearless and pointed denunciation of collaborationists . . . Laughton's performance memorable. (5-22-43)

DOES THE ARMY HOARD FOOD?

Continued from Page 11

silently at night among men who can't be reached by mobile kitchens, and emergency rations which are sent to our units in isolated places where lines of supply might be cut by the enemy for long periods. These canned meats must be suitable for men in climates as varied as those of Alaska, Britain, Tunisia, and the Solomon Islands.

The men overseas need canned fruits and vegetables and their juices just as much as they need frozen and canned meats. Last year the Army took about two billion pounds of the pack of canned fruits and vegetables. There are hundreds of other food items, from coffee to hardtack, which the Army food men must procure so that the Yanks can "come and get it."

Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, Commanding General of the Army Service Forces, is responsible for the purchase of rations for the soldier, as he is for all other Army procurements in the United States. The Quartermaster General serves directly under him.

BUT in actual operation Brigadier General Carl A. Hardigg, Chief of the Q. M. C.'s Subsistence Branch, is the top man on Army food. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943, his outfit will have purchased about $1,700,000,000 worth of foods for soldiers. Because of the larger Army, it is certain that, during the next fiscal year, the figure will be considerably higher.

Hardigg, by birth a Kentuckian of liberal South German ancestry, has been in the Army thirty years. He did not go to West Point, but was commissioned a second lieutenant direct from civil life in 1912. Since World War I he has been in the Quartermaster Corps. When the Army began its rapid expansion in 1940, he was picked to foresee and meet military food needs.

Despite the size of the job, he has been able to get it done with a relatively small staff, as staffs go in wartime Washington. Counting every one from the general to the messengers, it numbers only thirty-eight officers and 130 civilians.

The branch's organization is relatively simple. There is a small but efficient brain trust, called the Requirements and Planning Section, which feeds ideas and suggestions to the chief.

One of its jobs is to plan menus for the soldiers through a group of home-economics experts who fit the diet to the needs of fighting men.

Hardigg divides the purchasing into two major parts, perishables and nonperishables. The Subsistence Branch handles the first direct through its own Perishables Section with field headquarters in Chicago, the principal center for meat and many other perishable food distributions through the country. The Army buys these items for direct delivery to the place of use. The nonperishables needs are estimated by a section of the Subsistence Branch, but are bought through the commanding generals of the various Quartermaster depots. Most of these purchases are made by the depots at Chicago, San Francisco, and Jersey City.

The nonperishables are not shipped direct to distributing points, but are chiefly handled through military ports of embarkation and the regional depots within the United States. The Subsistence Branch's responsibility ceases when goods are received by the service area supply warehouses or the authorities at the ports of embarkation.

In setting up his organization, Hardigg has undertaken to make use of the rich experience of the private food industry of the United States by securing the services of its best "working executives." He has put in officers' uniforms those who will have to work with troops; others remain civilian employees.

"What I want," he says, "is *working* executives—men who work in their shirt sleeves, are intimately acquainted with commodity markets and who know how, when, and what to buy."

The Subsistence Branch buys in huge quantities because of the basic Army policy that it can't afford to take the risk of a hand-to-mouth supply of food for the troops. The combat soldier in an active war zone eats two thirds of his food right out of tin cans. Our troops garrison isolated outposts all over the world. Some posts in the Arctic Circle must keep a full year's food supply ahead. Many others in enemy territory, where their lines of communication and supply can be cut at any time, must be provisioned for many months ahead. This means canned food.

These facts force the Army to get and keep the amounts of food needed not only to meet the expected soldier consumption requirements but also as reserves for any possible emergency. The Subsistence Branch buys so that the Army shall have at all times about nine months' supply of essential canned foods for every soldier in units overseas.

THESE stocks are in constant motion. A large part of them is moving through the supply lines in this country to the ports of embarkation. Huge quantities are afloat en route to the supply depots in the theaters of war. The amounts sent overseas are large enough to allow for losses through submarine sinking or enemy action on land.

Hardigg's outfit does its best to cut down the bulk to be transported, by better preparation of the foods. The accomplishments in dehydrated foods, powdered eggs, etc., are as extraordinary in weight and space saved as they are in the palatable nature of the meals that the company cooks can make of them.

The treatment of meat represents one of the war's principal improvements in handling food for shipment overseas. This is the result of years of experimentation by the Laboratory of Quartermaster Subsistence

"Please, Jackson—no personal opinions!"

Research at Chicago, with which the packers have co-operated.

The beef is boned and frozen and then shipped without the fats. About half is of a type to be used for roasts or frying, a quarter is designed for stewing or boiling, and the rest goes to make the meat loaf the soldiers seem to like.

This boning down of the meat and its division into types for different uses has resulted in a 30-per-cent saving in weight and more than a 50-per-cent saving in shipping space required. Almost as large a proportionate saving in weight is made with pork loins by cutting out the blade and back bones.

The amount of food which must be sent overseas varies with the particular theater of operations. Of course the supply of a soldier overseas calls for many major items besides food. It requires much transport space for clothing, engineering equipment, gasoline, Air Corps fuel, supplies for hospitals, motor maintenance, ammunition, and construction material. But the amounts of locally grown food available for our troops have an important bearing on the shipping needed for each theater.

Australia, for example, supplies practically all the food for U. S. soldiers on that continent. During 1942, out of its locally grown supplies, Australia furnished our troops 15,000,000 pounds of beef, 3,000,000 pounds of lamb and mutton, 8,000,000 pounds of pork, ham, and bacon, 25,000,000 pounds of vegetables and fruit, and 4,000,000 pounds of butter, to say nothing of about 2,000,000 dozen eggs and 5,500,000 quarts of milk.

THIS "Lend-Lease in reverse" is the main reason why our supply of our soldiers in Australia calls for the smallest transport of any of the overseas contingents: one half a ship's ton (which is defined as forty cubic feet) a man a month, in contrast to one and eight tenths tons for each soldier in Alaska. The average for all troops overseas is one and two tenths tons per man a month.

For troops in the continental United States the Army tries to maintain a ninety-day supply of nonperishables. This is not much more reserve than the private food industry has maintained to back up our normal civilian distribution system.

Now let's see what these backlog requirements amount to in terms of the quantities of food which the Army has to have on hand on any given day in 1943:

On the home front, multiply the average number of soldiers in this country during the year—4,500,000—by the average soldier food consumption of five and one quarter pounds a day, by ninety days. The answer is 2,126,250,000 pounds.

The overseas stock is to care for an estimated 2,100,000 soldiers, at the same daily consumption, for 270 days. That comes to nearly three

billion pounds. The two together total five and one tenth billion pounds. This may seem a huge stock pile, but Army authorities insist it is better to have such a reserve than for food stocks for soldiers to be "too little and too late."

The accumulation of these reserves is perhaps the basic reason for the charge that the Army has been overbuying and hoarding food. It helps explain why Army buying operations in canned fruits and vegetables have been singled out for criticism. But this is one place, the Army food men insist, in which civilian sacrifice can hardly be avoided. This is because almost all of the fruits and vegetables that go to our soldiers in the theaters of war must go in hermetically sealed cans.

DESPITE the heavy Army and other government canned-food needs. Hardigg believes that the actual civilian sacrifice is surprisingly small. Last year the nation produced almost twelve billion pounds of commercially packed fruits and vegetables. Of this the Army bought for its own requirements 2,133,000,000 pounds, or about 18 per cent of the whole pack. The government had to buy a billion more pounds for Lend-Lease and other urgent requirements. But the Army food authorities do not think it fair to be charged with hoarding because of purchases that must go to other government agencies, to the Russian Army and to Britain and our own civilian relief operations overseas.

Even after the total government purchase of about 28 per cent of the 1942 pack, several million civilian families are experiencing no shortage at all, the Army authorities contend, because they are using up last year's supply of home-canned fruits, vegetables, and juices, which is estimated at seven billion pounds!

While those accustomed to rely on commercial stock can buy only about forty pounds per person in 1943, this represents approximately seven eighths of the amount they actually consumed on the average each year from 1935 to 1939.

All of which bears on the charge that the Army has overbought canned fruits and vegetables. The plain fact about it is, Hardigg points out, that early in 1942 the War Production Board issued an order, known at M-86, governing the allocation of the year's pack. This order and a later one required each canner to set aside a percentage of his pack of the principal fruits and vegetables for purchase by Uncle Sam. To avoid competitive buying among U. S. procurement agencies, the WPB order instructed the Army to buy the entire amount set aside for the government. This it did.

The percentage the canners must set aside was based on the estimated production of the fruits and vegetables to be canned, and also on the estimated requirements of the Army and the other government agencies, together with the need of a reserve in case the crop fell short of estimated production and to meet any unexpected increase in the requirements of the government agencies.

"This meant," General Hardigg said, "that they had to estimate against an estimate." Each of the two uncertainties in this high-order guessing game contains all sorts of variables. The first estimate was of the probable size of the Army, with some hunch as to the probable places its overseas forces would be employed—the two principal factors in the actual Army food requirements. The second guess was what would be the total production of any food commodity within the production season or calendar year. This depended upon such changeable matters as the available farm labor, the condition of farm machinery, the weather in the planting, growing, and harvesting seasons, the influence of insects, plant diseases, etc.

THE uncertainties of estimating against an estimate were certainly shown in 1942. The farm production was the highest of record, and the goals were achieved in practically all the principal items and were exceeded in some.

"After the purchases were completed and the final figures of actual purchases were available," Hardigg says, "it was clear that about 10,600,000 cases of the reserves which had been purchased were not required by the armed forces. These amounts, released by us to the Food Distribution Administration, are available as a reserve behind the present rationing of canned goods."

The whole food picture is full of headaches, and the Army's food boss has had his due share of them. "Any man in a job like this," Hardigg says, "ought to have two heads—one to have headaches with and the other one to work with."

Some who have watched him set up and run his show remark that he uses his own head to work with and lets the fellow who can't see as far and act as fast use his for headaches. And perhaps it is just as well this way. Now as ever, an Army marches on its belly, and it is Hardigg's job to do his dead-level best to keep that belly full.

THE END

When would he throw in his armor? When—and where?

Ritter von Thoma could not mass tanks to meet the thrust, for he could never know where the main attack would come. To the north von Thoma placed his Tenth Panzer Division in position; to the south, his Twenty-first waited sullenly for orders.

Hard fighting followed as our bombs and shells wore down the Germans' and Italians' nerves. Calmly and confidently Bernard Law Montgomery moved among his men, exploiting every advance and countering every setback.

HE handled his fighting machine with the precision and domination of Toscanini conducting a symphony.

And then the break-through came. Monty returned to his printing press and issued another message to his men:

"I call on all the troops to keep up the pressure and not relax for one moment. We have a chance of putting the whole Panzer army in the bag."

Montgomery had forced the German lines, driven in two hard wedges, and poured his armored divisions through the gap.

Thus this man of surprises produced a second surprise within a fortnight. Gradually the Germans were learning to their cost about his tactical ideas. In previous desert campaigns our armor had been hurled slap into the deadly 88-mm. guns. Montgomery used the infantry first, cleared a path, and then maneuvered his armor right into the rear of the German positions.

The war correspondents are now familiar with the "Monty technique." In public and in private he had disclosed his view of life and his view of war, always talking in the same short phrases and with the same clipped, dramatic words.

Morale:

"That's the big thing in the war," he says. "Other things being equal, the side which has superior morale will win. No steps are too great to ensure high morale. The soldier himself will never let you down."

The Ideal Soldier:

"He is aged between twenty-three and thirty, led by a commander about thirty-five and a brigadier under forty. He can live on bully beef and biscuits indefinitely, sleep in the wet, in ditches or on the open road, march till he drops, get up and march again and then fight."

United Command:

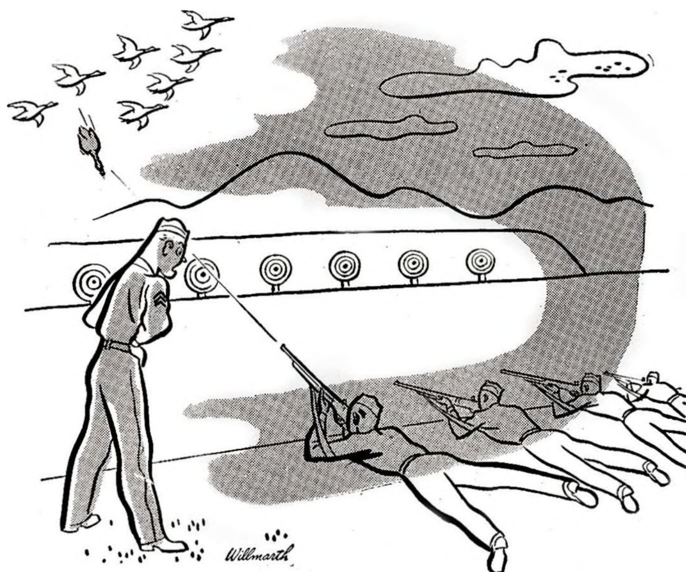
"In the Eighth Army, soldiers and airmen are one. We haven't two plans, but one. We are one fighting force; they are working in the air and we are working on the land."

Planning Ahead:

In battle, he believes every man must know his job. Before the great British offensive in Egypt began, Montgomery himself spoke to every commander down to the rank of lieutenant colonel. The men he contacts through his desert printing press. Throughout the whole campaign he rigidly held to this plan; always keeping the fighting troops in his confidence.

Supplies:

An armored division operating in a desert battle drinks 60,000 or 70,000 gallons of gasoline daily. Montgomery's greatest problem, therefore, has always been supply. His messages "To My Soldiers" never forget the men at the wheel. There is no longer any soft job in modern warfare, he says. A supply convoy is just as likely to find itself in the middle of a battle as any front-line armored formation.



"Smith!"

Gordon Young, the British journalist, once summed up the general's secrets of successful campaigning with five Montgomery slogans:

First of all, "I never bet, except on a certainty."

Secondly, "Don't be rushed."

Thirdly, "Supplies must come up, up, up."

Fourthly, "Know what you're doing, and why."

Fifthly, "Be tough."

He is a fanatical advocate of physical fitness and will tolerate no interruption when he is expounding his favorite theme.

"Are you 100% fit? Are you 100% on the job? Are you 100% full of *binge?*" Posters bearing these words may be found on the walls of all offices of his command. Binge is one of Montgomery's favorite words. "Every soldier should have the light of battle in his eye." That's what Montgomery means by "binge." The nearest he gets to a *binge* in the English sense of a gay time is to sit at the piano, sing Little Brown Jug, topping his performance with a glass of cold water. Churchill, indeed, is the one man who ever made Montgomery smile about his obsession for fitness.

"I DON'T drink. I don't smoke. I go to bed early, and I am 100 per cent fit," he told Churchill.

And Winston, pulling at a fat cigar, replied, "I do smoke. I do drink. I go to bed late, and I am 200 per cent fit."

No wonder the genial Premier describes his triumphant desert warrior as "that vehement and formidable general—a Cromwellian figure, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless; his life given to the study of war."

The public life of Bernard Law Montgomery is known throughout the world; his exploits are part of the history of our time. Not so well known are his private life and the stories we tell about him in the Eighth Army.

"Bernard," says his mother, "is sincerely and deeply religious. His favorite books are the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress." He is always urging his soldiers to read the Holy Book. "I read a little every day," he tells them.

Monty, the third-born of five sons, is the offspring of a man who was the Bishop of Tasmania, and of a woman, still alive, who has a personality as powerful as his own. She is Lady Montgomery, and lives in the family ancestral home at Moville, County Donegal, in neutral Eire.

"I often tell my sons they are very conceited," she says. "They think of Montgomerys and never of Farrars. My father was Dean Farrar of Canterbury, the writer of the famous school story, Eric; or, Little by Little."

Lady Montgomery talks with af-

fection of her son's early days. Even then he was an open-air fanatic—swimmer, footballer, cricketer. Any family ideas that Bernard should go into the Church, like his father and maternal grandfather, were blown sky-high when the boy saw a battalion of Tasmanian troops parading before they left to fight in the Boer War.

"That's what I'm going to be—a soldier," announced the future Rommel-smasher.

First he was taught by a private tutor abroad. Then when his father became general secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Bernard joined the English school of St. Paul's in London. "Monkey," his schoolmates called him, because, according to class records, "This animal is of vicious unflagging energy and much feared by neighboring animals, owing to a tendency to pull out the hair on the top of the head. To foreign fauna it shows no mercy, stamping on their heads and twisting their necks. To hunt this animal is a dangerous undertaking."

Sandhurst followed, and then the lively subaltern reported to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1908. He was in France during the First World War, and he won the D. S. O. at Mons.

EVEN in those days Montgomery was distinguished for his personality and courage. Against the orders of his superior officer he clambered over an exposed position in the face of German fire and brought in a badly wounded soldier. In no man's land he himself was wounded. The man who went out to rescue him was shot and fell over his body. For seven hours Germans pumped lead at them, but most of the bullets went into the corpse. When he was dragged to safety, Montgomery was taken for dead and was being carted off for burial when some one saw the "corpse" stir. He was hospitalized in England and eventually recovered, minus one lung. Doctors said he would have to give up soldiering, that he wouldn't be able to stand up to army life.

Between the two wars came the domestic crisis which decided Montgomery's future. His wife died. And from that day Bernard Law Montgomery became interested in one thing and one thing only—soldiering. His career completely absorbed him; he read about little else and talked about nothing else. He developed the fighting personality which completely dominated all who came in touch with him. Efficiency: that was the battle cry. And so overpowering was his own example of the austere life that those who worked under him never found his rigid principles irksome.

His critics would call him "rude" and "bombastic." More orthodox soldiers view his sartorial idiosyncrasies with horror. A conservative mind might doubt the wisdom of some of his decisive speeches and actions.

"She claims she can make sounds like a spinster."

But there is only one test: If you want to know the truth about Montgomery, ask the men who have fought for him and are fighting for him now. All of them know that the "austere, Cromwellian figure" has deep and appealing touches of humor and humanity. Everybody in the Eighth Army or who has served under his command in Britain has a "Monty" story to tell.

During Rommel's final attack on the southern sector at El Alamein, the company of infantry in which I served was entrenched in positions along a sandy ridge. Montgomery drove up in a car, stepped out, and began to chat with two privates who were crouching behind a Bren gun.

"Are you in the picture?" he asked. "Do you know how the battle is going?"

When the privates admitted that they were fogged, the general produced maps and explained what was happening in great detail.

"See those tanks on the distant ridge? They're Rommel's. You watch them closely. In half an hour they'll retreat, because I'm throwing in an all armored brigade just here to cut them off. Do you consider that sound tactics?"

The privates agreed. The next day I was told that Montgomery stopped near their slit trench again and brought them bang up to date.

IN a cinema at Canterbury, England, I heard Monty address a gathering of officers. There was a great deal of coughing.

"I'll give you exactly two minutes to get the coughing over," the general said. "Then I want no more of it."

He stood there facing them. When he announced that the "coughing time" was up, he was heard in complete silence.

Autocratic? Possibly. But how do you explain away this:

The same man writes personal letters to his soldiers, passing on messages he has received from their wives and parents. The same man—himself a nonsmoker—cabled his mother in Eire to send out cigarettes for his victorious army. The same man pauses in the midst of battle to write a letter of thanks to a Yorkshire lass who sent him a Christmas greeting.

Independent? Montgomery is certainly independent!

"Go away!" he snapped at the messenger who brought the news that Rommel had launched an attack from the Mareth Line. "I do not want to be bothered. I'm going to bed."

NOTHING will make him change his inexorable rule to go to bed at ten and rise at five. Besides, he had made his plans to deal with that expected attack of Marshal Erwin Rommel's.

Monty loves wearing an Australian slouch hat. "He considers he has a right to wear it, having lived in Tasmania for so long," says Lady Montgomery. He also wears silk underwear captured from the Germans, bathes in an iron bathtub captured from the Italians, and flies in a Fortress which he won on a bet with the Americans. (In March he bet Major General Walter Smith, chief of staff for Eisenhower, that the Eighth Army would take Sfax by April 15. His troops smacked into Sfax on April 10.)

Montgomery has now become a man of a thousand legends. Are they all true? Only Montgomery knows and he would never tell. The important thing is this: Bernard Law Montgomery is just the sort of man the world tells stories about. Perhaps that is another of his secrets.

"The Eighth Army are a band of brothers. There is no red tape, no rivalry, no snobbishness. There is a perfect understanding between the Englishmen, Scots, New Zealanders, Indians, South Africans, and now Americans. Herein lies a good deal of our strength." With these words the correspondent of the New York Sun sums up the spirit that has sent the Germans hurtling from El Alamein to the tip of Tunisia. I should say that is just about right.

A general who one moment complains that he has only had two proposals of marriage in his mailbag and who the next tears down the road in an open tank chasing Germans, is a personality to be reckoned with.

THE END

FAITHLESS PA—Continued from Page 17

husband away from her. However, Jobyna had succeeded in luring pa into the International Palace, which was something Mrs. Wilson never had been able to do.

Mrs. Wilson thought of her wrongs and grew more wrathy. When she had first married pa, he had taken her to Coney, to Great South Beach, and even, on one unforgettable occasion, to Riverside Park. He had then degenerated into an amiable gentleman who didn't want to take any one anywhere but preferred to sit at home with his radio.

Mrs. Wilson had long wished pa would wake up and step out a little, and now he had—with Miss Huff.

As for Miss Huff, she was a false friend, a false fiancée to poor Mr. Lamb. Miss Huff was a serpent and it was a shame she didn't look more like one.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Wilson gave a sharp gasp and dropped the paper entirely. Miss Huff had heaved into sight again. Upon her person she wore a salmon-colored shirt and a pair of bright green jodhpurs. No one on Bittersweet Place had ever seen Miss Huff in any such costume before. Even Algernon hastened to affix himself to the windowpane, beating Mrs. Wilson to that point of vantage by a single second.

"Jobyna," said Mrs. Wilson to no one in particular, "must be mad."

Mad or not, Miss Huff turned into Grand Avenue with a swinging stride.

"Jodhpur pants, 5.99 at Birnbaum's, special bargain," said Mrs. Wilson, whose mind had been working rapidly. She was unable immediately to place the salmon-colored shirt, but she soon would.

MRS. WILSON'S brow knit with perplexity. Jodhpur pants were worn, she was sure, for a peculiar sport known to her as "riding the horses." And riding the horses was indulged in, to the best of her belief, only by society folks, who, as Mrs. Wilson knew from many movies, are always divorcing each other and can't be trusted around the corner.

That Miss Jobyna Huff or any one else in the neighborhood of Grand Avenue and Bittersweet Place had ever ridden a horse, Mrs. Wilson severely doubted.

She decided that Jobyna had donned the jodhpur pants only for purposes of display, or, as Mrs. Wilson more pungently put it in her own mind, "for showing off her shape." If that were Miss Huff's intent—and since the jodhpurs were quite tight—Mrs. Wilson had to admit that Jobyna's investment of the 5.99 had been a success.

Mrs. Wilson became so agitated by the sight that she decided to betake herself to a nice soothing motion picture that very afternoon.

She found the picture not only soothing but instructive. It concerned a lady whose husband was supposedly untrue to her, and the high spot came when the lady, in a beautiful lacy negligee, sat up in bed and said, "Cyril, it is high time we had a serious talk."

Mrs. Wilson nearly choked on a marshmallow, for if the lady could have a good serious nocturnal talk with her husband, so could she. She returned home with the stark glitter of decision in her eye.

As she set about getting dinner, she rehearsed a number of bedtime speeches, any one of which would startle Mr. Wilson a good deal.

Her finest effort was cut short by the slamming of the front door and the appearance in the hall of a tall lean party in some sort of uniform.

"Hi, ma!" said Junior happily. "Here I am!"

He hugged her ecstatically, and either Mrs. Wilson's eyesight was bad or her son had changed a good deal. He seemed much bigger and his ordinarily pale face was burned a rich brown.

He flung himself down in a chair and Mrs. Wilson admired him.

"Only got a twenty-four-hour leave, ma. Say, it's swell to be home!"

He drew down the delighted Mrs. Wilson on the chair arm and even his neck was clean, which was most remarkable. "Say, ma, who's the fifi in green pants pa's talking to on the corner? He was so darn busy he didn't even notice me."

Mrs. Wilson did not mean to give her son a full account of his father's perfidy with the serpentine Miss Huff, but she found herself doing so.

Junior was suitably startled. "Pa must have gone nuts." He patted his mother soothingly on the shoulder. "Don't you sully yourself by giving it a second thought, ma."

This sentiment not only made Mrs. Wilson blink but it sounded suspiciously familiar. By a magnificent feat of mental acrobatics, she was able to trace it to a movie she had seen three weeks ago and that Junior undoubtedly had too.

Her son's mind was now on other matters. "Is that Myrtle Gebhardt still around, ma?"

Mrs. Wilson nodded. For years, Myrtle, plump and scornful, had been Junior's hopeless passion. She not only lived in a brick mansion with stone lions on the doorstep, but her father owned a bakery, which made him a magnate.

SHE smoothed her son's sleeve sympathetically, for Myrtle had always regarded him as a convenient sort of doormat and, in Mrs. Wilson's opinion, always would. "Junie, when you wrote you might be coming home, I called up Myrtle, and she said she was sorry but she was awfully busy."

Once Junior would have been stunned by this information. But not now. "Oh, she did, did she? I'll fix that fifi!"

He proceeded to the telephone, and the marines had certainly given his voice a great deal of snap and vigor. "Hi, Mr. Gebhardt. This is Ted Wilson. Is Myrtle around?"

There was an instant's silence and then her son became more vigorous than ever. "Hi, Myrt! What you do-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

SOWND: Noise made by a lady pig.

CZARCOPHAGUS: Tomb of a Russian ruler.

YELLOWCUTIONIST: A cowardly orator.

WOBBLYGATO: A scared violinist.

NETIQUETTE: Emily Post on tennis.

KNOCKTET: Eight woodpeckers.

DOUBTFIT: Uniform for a 350-pound draftee.

POORIDGE: Punk oatmeal.

KNOCKTURNAL: Somebody at the door at midnight.

ALTARCATION: Left at the church.

"She's found out that a monkey wrench will stop monkeying."

ing tonight? . . . Oh, you have. Well, you just break it off, then. I've only got a twenty-four-hour leave. . . . What? Come to dinner? Don't care if I do."

He reappeared, whistling, and stuffed a large black pipe in his mouth. "Going to dinner at Gebhardts', ma. Don't mind, do you?"

Mrs. Wilson didn't mind, for dining at the Gebhardts' was a little like being asked to sup with royalty and about as unattainable.

"Of course not, Junie. You go and have a real good time."

Her son pulled her down on the chair arm again to show he appreciated such an understanding parent. "How's Sis?"

"She's very patriotic. She's always out with a soldier or sailor or something. She says they get lonesome."

"I'll bet she does," said her brother darkly. "Ma, isn't that Algy walking around on my uniform cap? Shouldn't the old boy have a lump of sugar?"

Mrs. Wilson felt a warm pleasant glow. For the marines hadn't changed Junie a bit inside. The door slammed open and that was pa. She could forgive pa even about Miss Huff just because Junie was home.

MR. WILSON was still grumbling two hours later. "I don't see why Junie had to go over to Gebhardts'."

Mrs. Wilson was much wiser. "When a boy's only got a short leave, parents aren't half so exciting as a best girl. Anyway, you can see him in the morning."

When Mr. Wilson looked longingly at the door, his wife was highly alarmed. "Pa, you aren't going out again?"

Mr. Wilson had the grace to look shamefaced. "Well, Flo, I sort of promised the boys—"

Five minutes later, Mrs. Wilson was alone save for Algernon. In a second she would slip out onto Bittersweet Place and proceed to the cover of a large bush on the corner. From this vantage point, she had no doubt she would see her husband entering the International Palace in the company of Miss Huff.

The front door slammed again and Ernestine's voice could be heard. "Ma! Look what I brought home this time!"

Mrs. Wilson looked. It was a small, somewhat frightened gentleman with bright red cheeks and straw-colored hair and he was in the most amazing sailor uniform Mrs. Wilson had ever seen. Even his cap had a crimson pompon on it.

"Emil," Ernestine explained. "He's a French sailor—Free French."

She held him tightly with one hand and pointed at Mrs. Wilson with the other. "Emil, *c'est ma mère.*"

Mrs. Wilson felt her hand being kissed. She felt her face being observed. *"Charmante! Charmante!"* said Emil and went on kissing.

"He's awfully ignorant, really," remarked Ernestine. "He doesn't speak anything but French."

That became apparent when Ernestine went upstairs. Emil bowed low and then sat down. Strange and foreign words flooded from his lips, he flung his hands about, he put one of them over his heart in a magnificent gesture. He paused as if awaiting an answer.

"Well, I wouldn't wonder if that might be so," said Mrs. Wilson in great bewilderment. She gathered that the small sailor approved of some one or something—probably Ernestine.

At that moment her daughter reappeared. "We're going to the movies, ma." She turned to address Emil in his own tongue.

Emil shook his head vigorously, he shrugged his shoulders, he pointed at Mrs. Wilson.

"I don't think he wants to go to the movies, dear," said that lady.

"He doesn't know what he does want," snapped Ernestine and dragged her escort out the door.

Mrs. Wilson felt that French gentlemen were very exhausting. So she had a marshmallow.

A series of timid knocks sounded at the door, and there stood Mr. Wilson's friend and Miss Huff's fiancé, Mr. Andrew Lamb.

Mr. Lamb was notable for looking exactly like nothing. His hair was no color and neither were his eyes. His face seemed to have no particular shape nor did his figure.

"Ted in?" said he.

Mrs. Wilson shook her head. In her opinion, Mr. Lamb had small charm and no conversation.

"Wait," said Mr. Lamb and walked in.

He disposed himself in a chair and stared vaguely at the ceiling, where Algernon was walking.

SOMEBODY had to speak, so Mrs. Wilson did: "Andrew, I'm awfully afraid Ted is out with Jobyna."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Lamb surprisingly.

Mrs. Wilson eyed him. Even for a vague gentleman, Mr. Lamb was showing no spirit at all. She tried again. "And this morning I saw her walking by in a pair of bright green jodhpur pants."

Mr. Lamb's face twisted into a first-class scowl. "There's some foreign fella's riding master down at the stables on S Street. She's trying to make me jealous with him. She won't. She can't." He fell to furiously gnawing his fingernails.

Mrs. Wilson could not see why Mr. Lamb should waste his time writhing over some unknown foreign gentleman while the false Mr. Wilson and that hussy, Miss Huff, were cavorting to music at the International Palace.

She was about to press that point when Mr. Lamb said, "Well, goodby. Back tomorrow night."

For the sixth evening that week she was left all alone with Algernon and she was extremely weary of it.

Pa was uncommunicative when he came in at eleven o'clock, and looked much the worse for wear. Mrs. Wilson's eyes held a steely glitter. When pa got to bed, he couldn't escape. She would then have it out with him in the manner the lady had employed with her wayward husband in the movie that afternoon.

It was true the lady had worn a lovely lacy negligee, and the best Mrs.Wilson could do was bright pink cotton-flannel pajamas.

But, like the lady, she sat gracefully on the edge of the bed. Like the lady, she said, "Ted, it is high time we had a good serious talk."

Pa turned over on his side and snored softly.

THE next morning an aggravated Mrs. Wilson sat at breakfast alone with Ernestine, for pa was upstairs talking with Junior, who sensibly refused to remove himself from bed.

Ernestine's eyes rolled. "Ma, what do you suppose Emil said about you last night?"

Mrs. Wilson was sure she didn't know.

"He said you were the handsomest woman he's seen in America."

"What?" said Mrs. Wilson weakly.

Ernestine grew very bitter. "He said he didn't believe I was your daughter. And was he mad because I lugged him off to the movies! He said we should have taken you along. Imagine that, ma!"

Mrs. Wilson found her brain revolving rapidly. Any one knew that a French gentleman could undress a lady—in a nice way, of course—with a mere flick of his eye. She had been conscious of no such phenomenon with Emil, but even such a small French gentleman was undoubtedly an authority on what a lady looked like.

Mrs. Wilson had not seriously surveyed herself for a long time, but she now would as quickly as she could get around to it.

"He's nuts, ma," said Ernestine tactfully. "You don't want to pay any attention to anything he says."

Mrs. Wilson thought that was very poor advice.

She rose and began rummaging about for yesterday's paper, which had contained an advertisement of a remarkable red evening dress.

As she was doing so, pa descended the stairs.

"Well," asked Mrs. Wilson with spirit, "did you have a good time with the boys last night?"

"No," said Mr. Wilson and slammed the door.

Mrs. Wilson immediately made for a mirror and started to examine herself. She had forgotten that her hair had so golden a tint or that her complexion was so creamy pink and white. True, her nose had a tendency toward the Roman and she was inclined to be Junoesque, but neither of these things seemed to have bothered the small French gentleman.

Still, she wanted confirmation, so she stole into her son's room, where he was lying luxuriously on the flat of his back and Algernon was promenading among the pillows.

"Junie, would you say your ma was a good-looking woman?"

Junior yawned, stretched, sat up, and rubbed his eyes. A most understanding sort of boy, he minutely examined his mother from head to foot.

"You're much better-looking than Ernestine, ma, and much, much better than Miss Jobyna Huff."

Mrs. Wilson was entirely convinced. "Junie, how would you like to go down and help your poor old mother pick out a new dress?"

"Sure," said Junior and bounced out of bed.

At eight five that night, Mr. Wilson said he guessed he'd go down and play a little billiards with the boys.

At eight fifteen, Mrs. Wilson had donned the dress. There was no doubt about its being red, nor did its tight, sleek folds do any injury to her face or figure.

At eight twenty-nine, Mr. Lamb stood dazed and blinking in the hall. "Ted in?"

"Andrew," said Mrs. Wilson, "you are going to take me to the International Palace."

Mr. Lamb said he didn't want to.

"Andrew," Mrs. Wilson demanded, "don't tell me you'd refuse to do a little favor for a lady."

There was a long silence.

"Fire engines," said Mr. Lamb suddenly.

"Huh?" said Mrs. Wilson in some bewilderment.

Mr. Lamb pointed at her dress. "Same color."

Mrs. Wilson was wondering whether that was a compliment or not, when she felt her hand being seized.

"Come on," said Mr. Lamb.

There were a great many people in the International Palace that night, but it was not particularly hard to spot Mr. Wilson and Miss Huff. Mr. Wilson had a pronounced limp, and Miss Huff occasionally stroked herself softly as if the horses had been hard on her anatomy.

"I wouldn't even give them a second look," said Mrs. Wilson to Mr. Lamb.

She adjusted Mr. Lamb in a proper dancing position, and beheld Miss Huff bearing down on them, her cheeks fire red and her black eyes snapping. Behind her trailed pa, looking unhappier every second.

"Well, if it isn't little Robin Redbreast!" said Miss Huff in a loud and offensive voice.

She wheeled upon Mr. Lamb. "I always knew you were a wolf! Going around with a married woman the minute her poor husband's back is turned!"

She addressed Mr. Wilson. "And as for that wife of yours, I bet she isn't any better than she ought to be!"

Mrs. Wilson maintained great dignity. "Andrew, there is much too much riffraff around here tonight. Let us go somewhere else."

She turned her back upon the incandescent Miss Huff and strode majestically toward the door.

It was not until she had reached the street that she discovered she was being followed not by Mr. Lamb but by her husband.

"Now you've gone and done it," murmured pa sadly.

"I should certainly hope I had," said Mrs. Wilson.

A strained and awful silence ensued until pa, in his own parlor, was about to cast himself into a cerise overstuffed chair. On the chair's cushion the household pet slept.

Mrs. Wilson shrieked, and pa halted in mid-air.

"I might have murdered Algernon," said he in utter horror.

Pa remained so uncommunicative that night and next morning that Mrs. Wilson, in a state of great mental confusion, frequently told herself that she didn't know what to think, meaning she wasn't sure whether she had scored off Miss Jobyna Huff or Miss Huff had scored off her.

SHE was sweeping her front porch late that afternoon when Mr. Lamb came up the walk, bearing a white cardboard box.

Mr. Lamb thrust the box into her hands. "Orchid," he said. "For you."

Mrs. Wilson had never had an orchid in her life, but there it lay, magnificent and only a little limp, in its nest of tissue paper.

She was still staring at it when pa appeared on the scene. "How's everything, Andy?" asked pa warily.

"O. K.," said Mr. Lamb. "We're engaged again."

Pa beamed. "Didn't I tell you I'd fix it for you?"

Mr. Lamb waxed very wroth. "You didn't." He jerked a thumb at Mrs. Wilson. "She did."

Mrs. Wilson felt herself enmeshed in worse confusion than ever. She held tight to the orchid lest Mr. Lamb should decide to take it back. "I wish somebody'd tell me what this is all about."

Pa had the air of a misunderstood man who had performed mighty miracles. "It's all perfectly simple. Andy and Jobyna had a little disagreement and she got mad and broke the engagement off. I told Andy to let me handle it. I've been working on her every night for a week. Trying to patch it up, filling her full of what a swell guy Andy is, and so on."

Mrs. Wilson made a sensible statement: "Pa! Why on earth didn't you tell me what you were up to?"

Mr. Wilson looked superior and

Last month minor calamities befell:

Southern Pacific Railroad trains, which were all delayed when bees short-circuited a wire.

Edmund Mayer, whose wife, in a fit of anger, tangled up $1,500 worth of fishing tackle in his sporting-goods store.

William Leequins, who stole thirty cents from a blind man and was sentenced to ten days in jail for each penny taken.

A Maryland farmer, whose Negro farm hands delayed his potato planting because he had planned it for "the dark of the moon," a bad-luck time.

---

sagacious. "Wouldn't have done at all," he said loftily. "No woman can keep a secret. Besides, you'd have butted in and spoiled everything. Yes, sir, this called for careful handling. It called for delicacy. What it needed was for some one like me to settle it right."

Mrs. Wilson, seething with indignation, would have liked to hit her husband over the head, but Mr. Lamb saved her the trouble.

He surveyed Mr. Wilson with intense dislike. "You didn't. You didn't do any good at all." He viewed Mrs. Wilson with admiration. "It wasn't till Jobyna saw me with a real handsome woman that she got jealous and everything fixed itself up."

Pa's mouth fell open and remained so.

A messenger boy ambled up the walk and put a package in Mrs. Wilson's hands. It said it came from Miss J. Huff and was a five-pound tin of marshmallows. Jobyna had had some trouble about a suitable note to accompany this sumptuous gift. She had compromised on a card containing two bluebirds and raised gilt lettering that said, "Season's Best Wishes."

Mrs. Wilson understood the sentiment perfectly.

Mr. Lamb removed his hat to her in a sweeping bow. He said bitterly, "And no thanks to you, either, Theodore!"

Mr. Wilson, who had suffered the fate of most peacemakers, went into the parlor and removed his shoes. From time to time he could be heard to say something about base ingratitude.

MRS. WILSON stood by the window and meditated. For a wronged woman, she concluded, she had done very well: a new dress, a five-pound box of marshmallows, and a beautiful purple orchid. In addition, she hadn't been wronged at all, which was pleasant to think about.

She turned her attention to pa, who was not looking his best. "That horrid Huff female," said he feelingly. "She wanted to go so many places, she wore me all out. Gosh, it feels good to sit still again!"

A small secret smile hovered on Mrs. Wilson's lips. Pa didn't know it yet, but she was en route upstairs to don the red dress and pin the orchid upon it. Pa was then going to take her to the International Palace, whether he liked it or not.

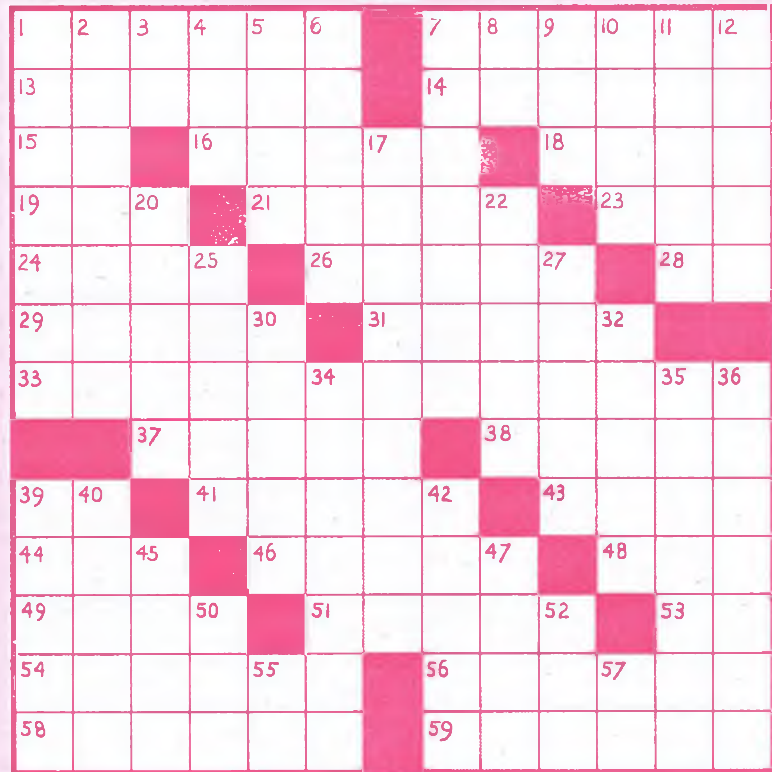
From now on, pa was going to step out a good deal with his proper partner. The thing to do, Mrs. Wilson decided, was to keep him suitably subdued and worn down so that he would never again attempt to settle the affairs of his gentlemen friends' lady friends.

Mrs. Wilson did not intend to spend any more evenings alone with Algernon. Algernon might be a most remarkable fly but his society was not stimulating.

THE END

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Who's the most famous Georgian in the world?
7 Luncheon in India's called what?
13 What's a one-horse vehicle?
14 What Community's known for its "Communism" and silverware?
15 Westward —!
16 Men made pigs of themselves for whom?
18 What's a British Wave?
19 In Brooklyn, umpires breathe what?
21 What combining form means "narrow"?
23 Bring forth young
24 What's a fancy name for a country home?
26 Hitler speaks in a low what?
28 What suffix makes an adverb out of an adjective?
29 Whom did Charlotte Corday assassinate during the French Revolution?
31 What was Clemenceau's nickname?
33 What modern drug has revolutionized medicine?
37 What's slang for a kind of sore throat?
38 In 1941 there was no Pulitzer award made for the best what?
39 Baggy Girdles (abbr.)
41 Broadcast
43 What comic strip character always falls out of bed after a dream?
44 The most modern body of law deals with the what?
46 What's the only thing you can't take in solitaire?
48 What's "upholsterer's gingham"?

DRIP WATERMELON
ROME ELAN ALONE
ASPARAGUS LIVER
YES EKES NICEST
PIER LOCI
MALIGN CEMETERY
ALIEN COVE STOA
CIV WOMAN HUN
ACES OREL THANK
WESTERNS HOUNDS
URRY HOST
MONDAY BERT GUS
CREES PESSIMIST
CRANE ERSE ALEE
CARTRIDGES WARM

Last week's answer

49 Pertaining to ye layman
51 What does she do to sea shells on the seashore?
53 Tellurium (abbr.)
54 What are called "buzz saws with whistles on the end"?
56 Rubberczar Jeffers said a railroader with a snap job's a what?
58 Who was the Scourge of God?
59 What ancient weapons are still used in modern warfare?

VERTICAL

1 What are church splits called?
2 Who was the Woodsy Transcendentalist?
3 Narrow shoe width
4 Fifty-one one hundred (Rom.)
5 What goddess had a cow's head?
6 What's the vegetable equivalent of baloney?
7 What's a "pedestrial horny scale with one free side, a vascular matrix, and *lunule*"?
8 Preposition
9 "Never have so many owed so much to so —"
10 What's a good servant but a poor master?
11 Wallace's quart of milk a Hottentot's ridiculed as a wacky what?
12 A female Toggenburg's a what?
17 What insect would be out of luck if it lost its ration book?
20 Warwick, Beaconsfield, Bertrand Russell are all what?
22 What wind instrument do you blow with your feet to play?
25 Two American politicians, a Persian and Californian town are all whats?
27 What fruit juice's good for rust, ink, or mildew stains?
30 What did the queen make all on a summer's day?
32 Lena's a what in Russia?
34 Who was Portia's maid?
35 Who was Hades' mother-in-law?
36 Mr. Jingle and Rachel Wardle of The Pickwick Papers were whats?
39 What's the lightest wood in the world?
40 What mythical figure probably had excessive secretion of the pituitary gland?
42 Who long ago saw the shape of things to come?
45 Haymarket saw a famous "consummated rout." What's that?
47 What's a damp form of balderdash?
50 Le Dernier ——
52 What Scotch word's an abbreviation for oil consistency?
55 What railway's scrap is in the scrap? (abbr.)
57 Note

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

GOOD AMERICAN

Continued from Page 13

American plane. As the wreckage spiraled thousands of feet to the rough seas, Pete had watched, fascinated, a black-and-white dot spin downward, blossom abruptly into a parachute, and drift toward a near-by bay. There had been only one survivor—the American pilot.

This had happened several hours ago, and now Pete was clear of the headland and was driving his bidarka through a sudden rain squall into the bay. He no longer felt the breaking seas and the skin craft moved less sluggishly.

A strange sound came out of the mists a few minutes later. He heard the growl of motor barges moving toward the tiny village, and the rattle of winches. He knew, even before the mists rolled back, that Jap ships were landing men in his bay. He started to turn away. Then he saw the ships—troopships and small craft. Several machine guns, mounted high, were turned on him, but none fired.

He headed for the beach opposite his home, and saw his wife, eight-year-old son, and five-year-old daughter come from the snug cabin and move uncertainly toward the water's edge. Jap soldiers began gathering at his probable landing point, and he felt cold sweat break from his forehead. So many things hung in the balance—his snug home, his tiny trading post, the growing cattle herd on the other island. "And that isn't all," he muttered, sick at heart.

HIS wife called to him in Russian and he understood: Matsuri was with the landing party. A few minutes later Matsuri hurried up. A big sword dangled around his legs, his chest was out of line, and he was barking orders at every one within hearing. He waded out until the water was up to the knees of his rubber boots, and barked:

"Here we are, Savanoff, as I said we would be. What have you decided? Will you cast your lot with us and save your belongings and—your *family?* Or will you go crazy and lose all?"

"I know when I'm well off," Pete answered. "I've made my decision."

"Good! Prove it!" Matsuri snapped, and suddenly his eyes were black with hate. "Earlier our planes shot down an American. The American pilot is Ken Allen."

Pete Savanoff knew all about Ken Allen—one hundred and ten pounds of dynamite, American brand, who had shot down Japs in China and the Philippines. His plane, marked with an eagle with outthrust claws, was well known to the Japanese, and when he had shown up more than one Jap pilot had fled to fight another day.

Matsuri brought out a roll of bills, and Pete saw the money was good American currency and not occupational money.

"Allen landed on this island," Matsuri continued. "You know every cove, bay, valley, and mountain. Bring him in *alive* and collect a thousand dollars. Hurry. He may be injured. We want him *alive.*"

Pete said, "I couldn't bring him in this bidarka's bow hatch. He wouldn't know how to paddle a bidarka and help keep it right side up. If I find him, I'll build a driftwood fire. Send a boat when you see the smoke."

"And to be certain you do not weaken," Matsuri warned, "we take your wife and children into custody. As I noticed when I was here before, she is very—attractive."

Pete Savanoff's heart stopped beating for a moment. Then he said, "I'll be back, Captain Matsuri." He turned the bidarka around. "I'd better start now. A strong tide is with me."

Pete had more than once seen hate in the eyes of angry men, but nothing like the murderous light in Matsuri's eyes when he spoke of Allen. It promised a swift and horrible personal revenge when the pilot was found.

Nor did Pete doubt that Matsuri would pay the reward and leave the Savanoff family and property unharmed. The Japs would need Aleut aid in the days to come.

When his bidarka cleared the harbor mouth and slid smoothly into the rolling mists, Pete turned into a strong current. He set his course instinctively while his mind reviewed the high points of his life. There was the day his teacher had given him his high-school diploma—a lone graduate on a remote island. He remembered his wedding day and how proudly he had shown his bride the cabin he had built. "We are educated people," he had told her, "and this is but the beginning. Our children will go to a university."

How sweet and thrilling it had been to watch their upward climb: the gradual accumulation of furniture in the house; the expansion of their fur business. It was just as the teacher had said, Pete thought; the poorest does have a chance to get ahead if only he will work hard.

When their first child was due, the squaws had taken over, and Pete had walked back and forth just as prospective fathers did in the movies. Things hadn't gone right, and when Pete could no longer endure the agony of his wife's travail, he had stated the situation over his short-wave set, and a Coast Guard doctor had said, "I'll be along in three hours." And three hours later the Coast Guard plane had dropped out of a snowstorm and a young doctor had saved Pete's wife and baby. He remembered, too, the cutter's periodic calls, and the young doctor checking over every one in the village, and the dentist fixing their teeth without charge.

At such times the one called Uncle Sam had seemed very close to his dark-skinned nephew. And now Uncle Sam was in trouble. The Japs had taken his island and would take others and never give them up, Matsuri said.

LATER, when it was almost dark, Pete Savanoff's bidarka gently grounded on the beach of a narrow inlet. A calf bawled through the mists and a cow answered. This was Pete's cattle island—a monument to his upward climb to influence and affluence.

Pete removed the skin lines binding his kamlika to the hatch and clambered stiffly out. He removed the covering from the bow hatch, reached in, and began tugging. Slowly he dragged a pint-sized man out into the crisp air. The man's face was green from bad air and seasickness. For several minutes he lay on the sand, gasping. Gradually color came to his cheeks and eventually he spoke:

"I thought I was a gone goose, Pete, when that Jap Matsuri began talking. I knew you wouldn't give me up, but I was afraid he'd make you get out. Well, sucker"—he grinned affectionately—"I've never known a man to kiss a thousand dollars good-by with more grace. Where are we?"

Pete told him. "I cut a little hole in your bidarka," Allen continued. "I was smothering. I plugged it up with my handkerchief when things got rough. Say, I thought I was a goner when the bidarka rolled over the first time."

"So did I—almost," Pete quietly admitted.

"What about your family?"

Pete Savanoff clenched his hands and fought down a very normal impulse. "In time of war," he said, "a man must train himself to put his family—second. It isn't easy when—when there are—Japs."

Allen swore softly. "For my money, Pete," he said, "you're tops as an American."

Pete led the way to a barabara built of driftwood and sod. It was stocked with canned goods, a gaso-

line stove, fuel, and blankets. A heavy dory rested on a wooden platform near by. Pete cooked a good meal. They enjoyed a smoke and turned in. Sunlight awakened them, and Pete got breakfast.

"Many years ago," he said, "invaders came from the west. Our men fought and died, and the invaders chased the girls to that cliff." He pointed to a headland where the surf smashed hard against unyielding walls. "The girls never faltered," he concluded simply.

After breakfast he and Allen plodded over the wet tundra to the herd. "Fine cattle you have there, Pete," the pilot said.

"It wouldn't pay to buy poor cattle," Pete said. "The freight charges are as much for a poor cow as a thoroughbred." He looked at them a long time, then said, "You close in on the right side and I'll take the left."

They advanced, shouting and beating on tin cans. The herd retreated in surprise, then panic. The men followed at the heels of the stragglers, permitting none to escape. Three, four, then seven spilled over the headland like falling water. The remainder followed.

Pete Savanoff stopped just short of the brink. He didn't look down, but as the last critter went down he whirled in his tracks and said, "Come on, Allen."

"What's next on the program, Pete?"

"I'll put my most powerful outboard motor on the dory and start you eastward. With luck you'll be picked up by a patrol boat or plane. I'm going back. If my luck holds out, I may save my family."

"Wait! Let's figure out something," Allen urged. "The two of us, working together—"

PETE interrupted: "We know the meaning of expendable. You must expend yourself, when the time comes, on something more important than an Aleut family. Isn't that true?"

"But—"

"Isn't it true?"

"It's the hard-boiled viewpoint," Allen growled.

"War is hard-boiled," Pete reminded him. "Good-by and good luck."

"S'long," he responded, shaking hands. "You've been thinking two jumps ahead of the Japs right along. Keep it up."

Pete considered this gravely for several seconds. "David Long often said that whether we are smart or dumb depends on our many ancestors," he said. "Many bloods are in my veins, but *all* my ancestors, except the possible very faint Jap strain, were civilized men while the Japs were still chattering in trees. If I can't keep two jumps ahead of the enemy, I deserve to die."

"That's the right viewpoint," Allen said. "Hang onto it."

Taking advantage of the tide, Pete paddled steadily to the westward. He landed on the point where he had picked up Allen, stowed a package in the bidarka's bow, then headed for his village.

Japs swarmed about the bidarka, and Matsuri's "Well?" was icy. Pete staggered with exhaustion as he got out.

"I've tried to earn that thousand dollars," he said quietly. "Now I must rest."

"You lie!" Matsuri advanced threateningly.

"I lie?" Pete removed the forward hatch covering, reached in, and dragged out Allen's parachute.

"Where did you find it? Where is he?" Matsuri was excited.

"I saw only the parachute," Pete answered. "I hunted for hours. A man has only so much strength."

He turned his back and went into his home, knowing the Jap would soon follow with demands.

Mary gave him hot tea and followed it with soup, then heavier food. "I knew Allen was in the bidarka," she whispered; "it rode low in the water. I was afraid Matsuri would notice."

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.—*Dean Swift.*

"He doesn't know bidarkas," Pete said. "Allen is on his way to Dutch Harbor in the dory."

"What do you plan? I'm afraid to stay here. As soon as Matsuri is certain Allen can't be found—"

"I know. We'll have to gamble our lives and the children's. Pack only the things you can hide in your clothes. The rest must be burned."

"Burned?" She was dismayed. "Our home? The big upholstered chair? It was our first *nice* piece of furniture. The piano I'm learning to play—must *that* be burned? And the lovely quilted dressing gown you brought me from Seattle? Oh—Pete!"

"I know! I know!" he whispered. "But millions are losing homes through bombings. Are we any better?"

After a moment she shook her head.

"Besides," he added, "we have youth, and so many elsewhere haven't!"

She disappeared. As he was finishing his meal, she returned. "Here are my treasures—my rings on a cord around my neck, our wedding book with the guests' names, the boy's first shoes and the girl's first bathrobe, the films of the pictures we've snapped."

Matsuri came in a few minutes later. "We leave immediately," he said, "to search the area where the parachute was found."

Pete's eyes met the Jap's. "You're giving orders," he said. "But an exhausted man can be of little help. Give me until dawn. After all, what can be done in darkness? We'll need the bidarka to search shallow waters leading to caves—"

"Caves?"

"Several. Unless you have a man who can paddle a bidarka, my wife will handle the bow paddle."

Matsuri knew an exhausted man when he saw him. "We leave at dawn, then," he said grudgingly.

PETE slept until a half hour before dawn. When he awakened, Mary had a warm meal ready and the children dressed. "I have told them your plans," she said, "and I patched the slit Allen made in the bidarka."

Pete went to the basement, unlocked a storeroom, turned a fifteen-gallon gasoline drum over, cracked the valve, and watched a tiny stream of gasoline trickle out. He closed the door, lit a candle and set it up on the step below the door. In time, he knew, the gasoline would work its way under the crack. Then, he thought, there'll be one hell of an explosion, or a fire they'll never put out.

Matsuri might be along any moment now. Pete returned to his family. Mary was watching for Matsuri; the two children were grave and nervous. Pete made them understand that, no matter what happened during the morning, they mustn't cry out—mustn't even whisper. "If you do, the Japs will take mama away," he told them.

"They're coming, Pete," Mary said suddenly.

He put the girl into the bidarka through the bow hatch, the boy through the stern hatch. He lashed the skin covers in place. Then Mary opened the door. She lifted the bow end, Pete carried the stern, and they met Matsuri coming up the path.

"She made repairs," he told the Jap, and he pointed to the patch. "We are ready."

They carried the bidarka to a heavy undecked power boat and lashed it securely. Matsuri and a couple of dozen armed men clambered aboard the boat. "You take the wheel," Matsuri ordered Pete. "I hold you responsible for anything which may happen."

Pete took the wheel and got the feel of the craft, then drove ahead at three quarters speed through a steady fall of snow. Visibility at times was less than a hundred feet, and Matsuri, watching him skirt reefs and pinnacle rocks, said, "You know these waters well."

"Almost as well as you do," Pete said. "Before you started the war you planned well." He spoke disarmingly.

"It is best to plan well," Matsuri said.

"It certainly is," Pete said, but to himself.

He brought the boat into a cove.

A belt of hard sand between water and snow marked the tide's range. "We may need the bidarka," he said. "If so, we can come back for it. You stay here, Mary, and save your strength."

He jumped into two feet of water and waded ashore. Matsuri and his men followed, except two men who remained with the boat.

Pete followed the beach a quarter mile before stopping at a cave carved from the cliffs by the pounding seas. He pointed to footprints on the moist sand littering the floor. "His footprints and mine," he said. "Here I found the parachute."

Matsuri was convinced. *The tundra,* he thought, *offered a man nothing, but the beach provided fuel and clams.* He asked sharply, "Where are the other caves?" And as Pete led off, he ordered his men to follow quietly, explaining that the swirling curtain of snow might help them to surprise their quarry.

The next cave was larger, lower, and the receding tide had left puddles of water on the floor. Pete stopped and sniffed. "I smell smoke," he said. As Matsuri's men gathered about him, he added, "You aren't going into that cave? He might shoot you down. Still, if one or two are willing to die, the others could fire at the gun flash." He knew the high regard a Jap puts on *face.* Matsuri didn't hesitate, but led his men into the cave, Pete crouching behind a rock in pretended fear.

WHILE flashlights probed remote corners, Pete quietly retreated to the sea. The instant the snow thickened he raced up the beach, pausing only when he neared the boat. "Cut the lashings, Mary," he said. "We need the bidarka."

He waded out and climbed aboard. His eyes noted the two Japs' positions—one near Mary, the other within reach of his own hands. As he pretended to work past the nearer one he suddenly knocked him overboard, then caught up an oar and started for the other one. That one was armed, but as he raised his automatic pistol Mary hurled her slim body against him, and the bullet went wide. Pete's oar crashed down on him and he dropped. Then Pete picked up the fallen pistol and turned on the first Jap—who, waist-deep in water, was shaking his own weapon clear as Pete fired.

That done, Pete caught up the oar and tried to shove the boat free. It was solidly grounded.

"Quick!" Mary warned. "The others are coming!" He smashed at the motor with the oar. "There isn't time!" she cried. "They have machine guns!"

He helped her get the bidarka over the side. They whipped off the hatch covers, spoke a reassuring word to the children, and slipped their bodies into position. "Head for the roughest water," Pete ordered. "It'll spoil their aim."

Bullets whined over their heads before their tossing craft got into the snow curtain swirling along the coast. "If it'll only hang on a while," Pete said. "Paddle faster, Mary. It's the firing squad if we're caught."

"More than likely it's the bayonet for you, Pete," she said. "And—for me . . ."

They could hear the Japs struggling to free the boat, then the roar as it moved out of the cove at full speed. They knew from the sound it was quartering the waters as a bloodhound searches for a scent.

Sometimes it was near, again it was a mile away; but Matsuri was obviously afraid to get too close to shore. When the air partially cleared, the boat was a mile and a half astern. Some one sighted the bidarka and opened fire in short bursts that sent jets of water dancing about it.

"The firing has stopped," Mary said. "They're coming in fast. They want us alive."

"Paddle faster," Pete ordered.

Sweat was pouring down his face. He changed the course slightly, and a few minutes later looked back. The boat was following at full speed. He could see Matsuri standing in the bow, eyes glued to binoculars.

Then suddenly the boat stopped dead and Matsuri pitched headfirst into the sea. "It worked, Mary," he said. "I skimmed a reef and they piled onto it. Paddle harder! They may open fire again."

But when he looked back again, the Japs were too busy clinging to their battered craft to think of their machine guns. "You can take it easier," he said, turning the bow easterly.

"How far is it to Dutch Harbor?" she asked.

"Nearly seven hundred miles. But our ancestors did more than that in skin boats." He looked up at the gray sky spitting snow. "If the weather only stays thick," he added.

All that day they paddled, Pete watching Mary grow weaker. Once he let her rest an hour. She slept, slumped over, while he struggled to keep the bidarka upright.

He didn't tell her the tides were against them and it might be dawn before they reached the cattle island. He only told her it might show up any time if they paddled steadily. Around midnight the stars came out. *A clear day tomorrow,* he thought, *and they'll hunt us with planes.*

HE pointed to a dark patch against the horizon and told her it was the island; but it was still a long way off when the sun came out of the east and spread a path of gold ahead of them.

Perhaps an hour later he heard her crying. Then she pointed. "There's a boat, Pete. They've headed us off."

He watched the boat take form, and presently it came alongside. But the man in it was Ken Allen, his face anxious. "Hell," he protested as he helped Mary aboard, "there wasn't any good reason why I shouldn't stick around and lend a hand in case you people made it. I'm living on borrowed time—which I wouldn't have if you hadn't endorsed my note."

They lifted the sick children out of the bidarka, and then Pete came aboard. Allen was saying, "Poor kids—I know how you feel. But there's always a tomorrow, and tomorrow you'll feel better. I figure we'll make Dutch Harbor if we hide out by day and travel nights."

"Yes, tomorrow," Mary said. "Wars don't last."

"And on some tomorrow," Pete said, "we'll come back. We'll trap foxes, catch fish, and open a little trading post. It'll grow bigger, and there'll be another home, with an electric icebox and rugs on the floor. There'll be a quilted dressing gown, too, and cattle on the island. Our children will graduate from a university and— Mary, dry your eyes. Or, better still, let me dry them for you."

THE END

"Of course not all Japs are as big as Shaw here."

Easy On the Eyes!

WE WELDERS USE ***KLEENEX*TISSUES*** TO CLEAN OUR GOGGLES AND SHADES. IT NEVER SCRATCHES—SAVES OUR EYES FOR MORE PRODUCTION!

(*from a letter by* T. V. E., Belding, Mich.)

A Blow Hard!

SINCE I SWITCHED FROM SKIMPY UNDERSIZED TISSUES TO ***KLEENEX***, MY HUSBAND USES THEM FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHEN HE'S GOTTA BLOW—HE'S GOTTA BLOW!

(*from a letter by* F. DS., Denver, Colo.)

TIE ***KLEENEX*** AROUND A YARDSTICK, CANE OR BROOM HANDLE, THEN IT'S EASY TO WHISK AWAY COBWEBS WITHOUT STREAKING CEILING OR WALLPAPER!

(*from a letter by* F. B. C., Coshocton, Ohio)

Wish Mom could always get Delsey*—it's soft like Kleenex

DELSEY Toilet Paper (*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

ROYAL FEET: While in New York, the Duchess of Windsor applied to the OPA for shoe coupons. She was allowed two, good for one pair each. Did Eddie get his? Indeed not. No more than most American husbands do. Wallis bought two pairs for herself. All wives would doubtless agree she needed them, being on her feet more, doing the marketing, and standing over a hot stove all day. When royal feet hurt, they hurt, just like the common garden variety.

VEIL OF TEARS: Don't cry if your hat veil loses its pep and gets droopy in the rain. You can crisp it up again and give it a starchy, wide-awake look by sandwiching it between two layers of wax paper, and then pressing the sandwich with a warm iron. Wear, do not eat.

HUSBANDS AND BOSSES: Many husbands and bosses rank among the world's worst psychiatrists. They haven't yet learned that for women an ounce of flattery is worth pounds of pressure. Rare is the spouse who, after years of continuous matrimony, thinks of buying his mate a sheer negligee and presenting it with a quiet leer and a gallant remark to the effect that he just likes Madge in those thin clingy things. Or scouts for nylons because "they look wonderful on her legs." Another rara avis is the male boss who realizes he can squeeze ten times as much inspired work out of a female by judicious praise as by sarcastic cracks and desk-beating. We vote a barbed-wire muzzle for iron men like the merchandise manager who promoted an underling, and then promptly gave her a pep talk ending with the cheery forecast, "I'm sure you'll do your new job well, what with your strong little back and your weak little mind."

NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY: Showman Billy Rose's gift for coining money continues unabated. He socks it away in nice living, fine real estate, old masters, and magnificent jewels for his wife, Eleanor Holm Rose, ex-fish and star of his World's Fair Aquacade. She has the face and figure to carry them superbly. One nifty little bauble is a necklace composed of round and square diamonds, alternating, any one of which would make a first-class solitaire. Just to keep it from looking too simple and trivial, there is a diamond pendant every now and again. Kind of relieves the monotony.

Miss Lake's Mistake

WHEN Veronica raised that veil of
 hair,
Lo and behold, an eye was there!
Now, of course, she'll be seeing
 double—
What a shame in this world of
 trouble!

BET IT'S A BONER: A Fifth Avenue store is promoting what it terms "the most sentimental—and seductive—collection of stockings you've seen since you last giggled over the family-album photographs of grandmother in the Gay Nineties." We beg to differ. "Wide meshes in potent pink, eggplant, grass green, royal blue; confetti dots in white with red; and painted lisles in lemon-peel yellow, chartreuse, or aquamarine" just won't do right by many

calves or summer ensembles. Husbands will protest, and rightly. For such hosiery is suitable only for eccentrics with an insatiable craving for the spotlight; or for Marlene Dietrich, whose legs can bear up under any conditions. The average tibia and fibula aren't built to take that much emphasis. We don't say the store won't sell them. But we do believe their painted and dotted stockings will join the millions of other high fashions and hot "bargains" that clutter up bureau drawers all over the U. S. A. We women can't resist 'em, but we don't dare wear 'em. Remember the mass of authentic Gay Nineties silk stockings, riotously embroidered but never worn, that joined the silk scrap drive? But let's not be too severe. After all, they're something to spend money on.

"SHOOT, JERRY—YOU'RE FADED"

Continued from Page 19

made good use of the time in shifting to defensive aircraft designed to guard the Fortress of Europe against invasion or mass aerial onslaughts.

The new Focke-Wulfs and the Messerschmitts have the advantage of operating only a short distance from their bases. The planes that first challenge our armada are swift turning and twisting aircraft that need fire only one tremendous burst and can then go back for reloading as another relay of fighters takes the air. They try to ignore or dodge our fighters, knowing that England-based fighters can do little damage in Germany and must soon return to base. They strike instead at the high-flying armada, seeking to break through to our bombers.

If our superiority is well established, they fail to get through the fighter screen and the Fighting Fortresses speed on toward the target, conserving their ammunition.

But the real battle is just starting. The range of our small fighters is limited. After perhaps 700 miles they must turn back, while the substratosphere armada roars on probably another 500 miles, or about eighty minutes' flying time. Now, with the outermost layer of defense gone, the Luftwaffe begins sending up its real opposition in swarms from bases long since moved far back from the coast of Europe.

ABOARD the leading Fighting Fortress the enemy's hard-hitting two-engine interceptors can be seen coming from above and from below. Here is where fire power and endurance will decide the battle. Here is where our aerial superiority has forced the enemy to join the battle, and where we must liquidate the Luftwaffe if we are to crush the heart of Axis war strength.

The Flying Fortress has long since shown how it must be done. For instance, the ordinary R. A. F. bomber of 1942-43 carried .303-caliber machine guns. A Focke-Wulf 190 armed with four 20-mm. cannon could approach a British bomber to within less than 500 yards and open fire with great accuracy, knowing it was not in serious danger from the .303 guns at that distance. But when a Focke-Wulf approached a formation of Flying Fortresses the Nazi pilot might draw a burst of fire from .50-caliber machine guns at about 1,000 yards, which is long range even for the German cannon. At 800 yards the enemy fighter was within effective range of the Fortress guns and a single Nazi plane at that distance might draw as many as 100 half-inch shells a second, each one four times as heavy as a .303 and having ten times as great striking power.

The Nazi pilots discovered, too, that any one of these chunks of steel from a Flying Fortress might strike them down and that a few hits were all any interceptor could endure. They also found that even the formidable Focke-Wulf cannon could not easily knock out a Fortress without a lucky hit. A Fortress is a big ship and tough. It can often absorb many hits and survive.

And in this battle of the future it needs toughness as well as fire power. The enemy fighters are prepared for long-range firing and they need not worry about running out of either fuel or ammunition. They have only one thing to concern them—the wearing down of our gunners in order to break through to the comparatively defenseless bomber squadron. They open fire at 2,000 yards with future editions of the deadly rapid-firing Mausers and Oerlikons. As they close in, swift little ships with bulky bomblike gadgets under their wings maneuver for an opening and let fly at the Allied bomber squadron with rocket guns—self-propelling explosives that are timed to let loose a blast of fragments among the bombers.

The opposing air fleets join battle at tremendous speed. When air-

"Butch, I want you to meet our quartet from Information Please!"

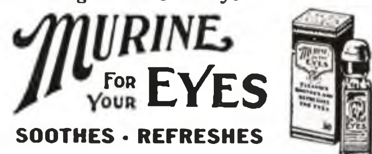
You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.



SOOTHES · REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

PLAY SAFE!

With the present uncertainty in transportation, make sure you get your copy of Liberty every week by having it delivered to your door by the U. S. Mail. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY. (A one year subscription saves you $1.70 on the regular single copy price!)

LIBERTY, Dept. 7-10
205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. C.

Send me Liberty for		Check which
1 year	$3.50	☐
2 years	6.00	☐
I enclose ....$————		☐
Send me a Bill		☐

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY..................STATE............

craft are approaching each other at more than 300 miles an hour, the gunners are firing at the equivalent of a target moving at more than ten miles a minute—and an enemy plane a mile away when first seen will be only gun muzzle distant within six seconds. That is about enough time to sight a gun that automatically adjusts the range and to give one quick touch on the trigger. The interceptor has the advantage of maneuver, since the aerial armada must keep in formation on its course; but if the fighter pilot misses at effective range he is lucky if he lives to know it.

In theory, this type of battle is what we want against the Luftwaffe, which is expected to hold back its finest planes for the battle over Germany. Only by forcing the enemy to give battle can we, with definite aerial superiority, destroy him.

But we are certainly going to take heavy losses ourselves. On a Fighting Fortress even under the best conditions guns are going to lose their accuracy during a long running battle. If fired long enough without cooling, a .50-caliber machine gun or a 40-mm. cannon would simply curl up on the end like a melted candle. It is for that reason that the big aerial cruisers of the future must have more than enough guns as well as reserve gunners to man them when necessary.

If we must lick the Luftwaffe by invading Europe to get short-range bases, we are facing a long, costly struggle in which the enemy's air power as well as land power must be worn down step by step. But vastly superior fire power over a long distance can, as the Flying Fortress demonstrated, litter the hills of Germany with the wreckage of Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts. It is, in any event, one of the toughest jobs ever undertaken, but greater and greater fire power is one of the keys to success, and big guns require big planes.

Our own progress and plans in this direction are, of course, largely a military secret, but from data gathered by the British this spring we do know something of what the Germans are doing. The FW-190 today carries one of the most powerful gun groups of any fighter, although it is a comparatively small ship. It mounts four 20-mm. cannon, including two Mausers and two Oerlikons, in the wings. The cannon protrude very little, in order to lessen the wind resistance, and the two Mausers fire through the propeller blades. This slightly reduces the rate of fire but increases accuracy of aiming and permits a better balance of the mass of the plane, which is essential when heavy guns are employed. The plane also has two machine guns in the fuselage.

The FW-190 has come closer to being an aerial destroyer than any other plane operating over Europe this spring prior to inauguration of the new United States Thunderbolt fighter.

"I'm so tired I can hardly keep my ears open!"

The Messerschmitt 210 also is an improved destroyer-type interceptor and fighter. It is a two-engine plane with guns that fire on each flank and to the rear, as well as a powerful forward gun group. The two guns in blisters on the sides of the fuselage are 13-mm., comparable to the .50-caliber machine guns of the Flying Fortress. They are fired by remote control.

These developments in aerial fire power are part of the developing battle for European skies, and neither our friends nor our foes are ignoring them. The British attitude is reflected by Major Oliver Stewart, the air correspondent of the London Evening Standard, who concludes that "the Germans will have learned their lesson in fire power from the United States bombing squadrons . . . and we should be fools if we failed to remark some recent advances in armament made by the Germans.

"The need to accelerate progress in British aircraft armament remains," Major Stewart continues. "The aim should be to introduce a genuine aerial destroyer. . . . The enemy is reaching out toward the aerial destroyer—an aircraft with interceptor performance but much heavier hitting power than anything yet seen. It is an inevitable development which can be predicted with absolute confidence. . . . Aircraft are getting tougher. Bombers are hitting back harder. The Hurricane II. B., with its immense battery of machine guns, can pour out fire at the aggregate rate of 14,400 rounds per minute. But an aircraft with a long reach, like the American battle wagons, could shoot it down without coming in effective range of the Hurricane's machine guns.

"The 20-mm. guns fire much more slowly but their range and punch are much greater. The Oerlikon fires at about 600 rounds a minute."

But the German Mauser fires at about 900 rounds per minute when unsynchronized, and is generally regarded as one of the finest guns in the world.

WHAT Major Stewart and other experts are thinking of is the need of planes that shoot a bigger shell farther than the enemy planes can shoot. This suggests a 37-mm. cannon or even the Bofors gun, which fires a 40-mm. shell weighing more than two pounds.

The Bofors has a muzzle velocity of 2,850 feet per second and a trajectory that is almost flat for about 3,000 yards, and it can fire more than 120 rounds a minute. Such a weapon fired accurately from a stable platform in the air would be a deadly threat to even the most formidable aerial destroyer. The Bofors, to be sure, is a big gun and heavy. Even in some modified form, it would require a big plane—perhaps an aerial battleship.

But the air war to come is going to require big things. We've got to live up to tail gunner Jay's slogan: "Shoot, Jerry—you're faded!"

THE END

WE *HAVE* A BEVERIDGE PLAN

Continued from Page 24

medical care when necessary, together with unemployed benefits, old-age income, and other help. Counting up the results, New Zealand points to the fact that she has the lowest infant mortality and the longest life expectancy of any nation on earth. Her sons and daughters are fighting and working like demons to win the war because they want their country to stay the way it is.

If we were to take a tip from this experience and another from the Beveridge proposals, here are some of the ways in which we might improve our own program:

Help should be available to wage earners who are disabled or so sick and poor that they can't support themselves. In almost any year there are about 2,500,000 such persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty-four.

Wage earners might be allowed to retire at sixty instead of sixty-five. This obviously would enable them to quit work earlier and thus make room for the younger men and women who may need employment even more.

Maternity grants might be paid to women who need them.

Special training for new jobs together with a small unemployment income might be provided for those who through no fault of their own must change their occupations.

A universal funeral benefit might be provided.

Widows under sixty-five, without children, may need and deserve benefits quite as much as widows who are younger or older.

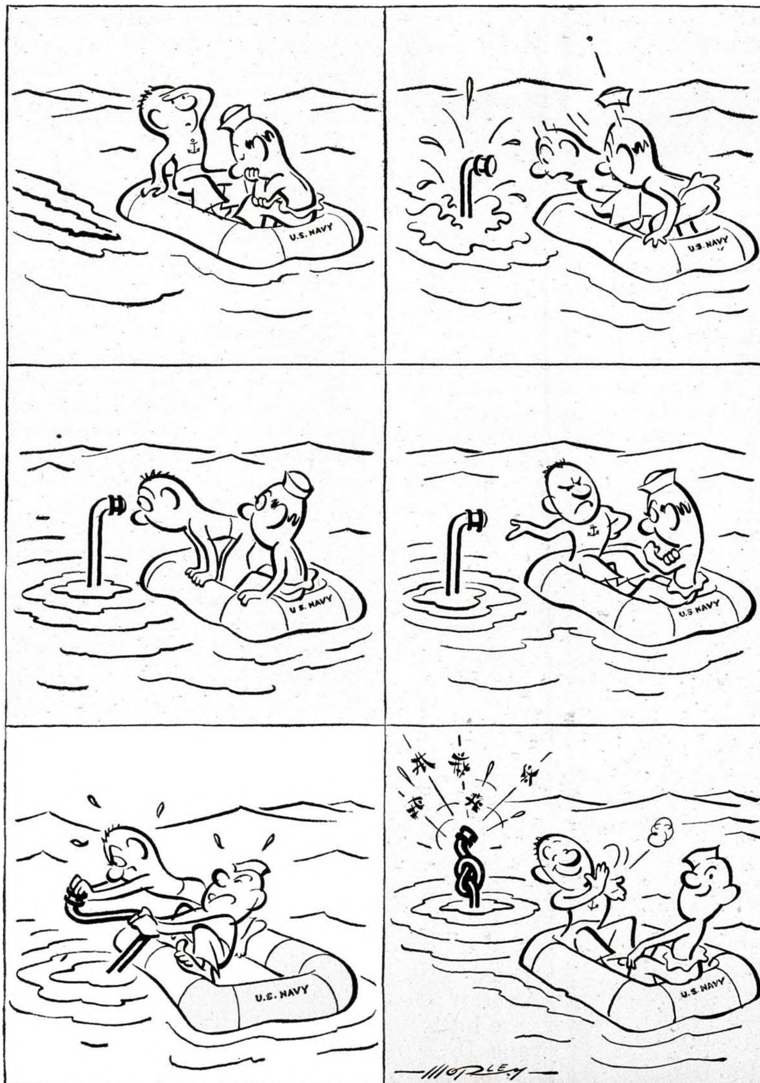
What will it cost?

As most of us know, for our Old-Age and Survivors Insurance we pay a 1-per-cent tax on our wages up to $3,000 a year, to which our employer adds another 1 per cent. To this is added a 3-per-cent payment covering unemployment compensation. This total of 5 per cent might be doubled if we were to have all the insurance benefits which New Zealand enjoys. Perhaps these payments by employer and employee wouldn't cover it all. If not, we all might have to chip in with small contributions in taxes. Well, why not?

Already the childless pay school taxes, and many pay taxes for fire and police protection without ever needing them. Besides, even if you have none of this insurance yourself, the chances are that you'll benefit from it indirectly. If your father has to live with you when he's old, he'll be glad to pay his board out of his old-age pension. Uncles and cousins may not have to "borrow" from you. The more you think it over, the more satisfying it seems to have social insurance take care of Aunt Fanny rather than be the only person she can look to for board and lodging.

By now we know for certain that social security benefits under any proposed plan are too small to encourage idleness or thriftlessness. The chiselers are so few they just don't count. Since the Social Security Act was passed, pension plans arranged with private insurance companies have boomed. Insurance agents tell you that many a wage earner now wants private life insurance to round out the protection he has in his federal insurance.

More than 600,000 workers over sixty-five are still in harness, though entitled to retire on social security pensions. During a single year 28,000 workers over sixty-five gladly gave up their federal pensions for the time being to go back to work in war plants. When they can retire again their pensions will be resumed and may be larger because of their added months or years at work.



NOW, argue those best posted on the subject, is the best possible time to expand the program. Wages and employment are high, financing easier than before. Higher social security taxes would also help to fight inflation. There's still another reason. The more old-age credits we can build up during the war, the better we can satisfy the millions of Johnnies who will march home tomorrow eager to get back their old jobs or new ones. With retirement pensions assured, the oldsters will be readier to step aside and make place for youth.

Meanwhile keep your eye on the big, important fact that social security is here, and here to stay. No country that has tried it has ever willingly given it up. And remember that it isn't only for the benefit of the small wage earner. Cold figures show that even most of those who are well paid during their forties and fifties are broke or nearly so at sixty-five. Today thousands of once prosperous business and professional men are thanking their lucky stars that social security pensions are tiding them through the sunset of life.

The next big step will probably be to bring 20,000,000 more wage earners into the fold, most of whom need this form of insurance even more than those now covered. After that? Well, maybe we'll adopt some or all of the Beveridge proposals or catch up with New Zealand. Why not?

THE END

SAYMAN SALVE

Now!

a BIGGER SIZE! a BIGGER VALUE!

In keeping with the Government's plan to conserve packaging materials, Sayman Salve is now packed in TWO sizes—the regular 1½-ounce jar at 25c and the big new Economy Size containing 4 ounces for 60c.

Now you can afford to use this grand medicated ointment even more generously . . . to help bring comforting relief from rough, red, dry, itching and burning skin . . . from the pain of sunburn, minor scalds and slight surface burns . . . as a helpful aid for ugly surface blackheads, blotches and blemishes. Containing THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, it acts to soothe, cool and protect tender, irritated skins and serves as a comforting, palliative emollient.

FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

ALSO KILLS LICE & TICKS

PULVEX FLEA POWDER 25¢ AND 50¢

RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS-NEURITIS-SCIATICA

Why continue to suffer the agonizing pains of these diseases when the usual remedies have failed. Learn about a new trustworthy, modern, non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous treatment is completely explained in the Ball Clinic's FREE Book. Write today. No obligation. BALL CLINIC, Dept. 2300, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

RUMORS, or what the Marines would call "scuttlebutt," keep popping up about special uniforms, decorations, or other special distinctions for soldiers who have served at the fronts.

Here's a typical letter, date-lined "Somewhere in the Pacific":

"Dear Sarge: I have heard much talk that the boys who were overseas were to get a special blue uniform upon their return to the States. Is this true?

"I've just completed six months overseas, and I'd like to know so I can give the boys the low-down and settle these rumors we have heard."

"Unfair to teens"

The letter was signed by Pfc. Philip Sawtelle, member of an infantry unit in the Southwest Pacific theater.

Well, Pfc. Sawtelle used the right word. These reports are rumors, plain and simple. No, there's no blue uniform nor any other special kind for men who have served overseas.

As to insignia, a lieutenant of engineers at the Army Air Base in Richmond, Virginia, raises this question:

"Our outfit recently returned from overseas duty. The men want to wear the overseas chevrons. But we find in AR 600-40, Paragraph 5, that we are not allowed to wear the 'Gold Chevron.'

"Army and Navy stores are selling 'Silver Chevrons.' The proprietors say these service chevrons are for this war. However, they cannot show any authority for the wearing of them.

"What is the fact of the matter?"

The answer, unfortunately, is that up to the present writing no authority has been granted for the wearing of service chevrons in this war.

To clear away all the scuttlebutt once and for all, there is only one distinguishing item that may be worn to show service at the fronts. That is the service ribbon. Service ribbons have been authorized for the various theaters of operations and may be worn with bronze and silver stars to indicate actual engagements in which a man took part.

(Readers of this page will recall that I explained the star system recently: a bronze star for one engagement; five bronze stars being replaced with a silver star, indicating five engagements.)

Remember, you men who are or have been at the fighting fronts, there are thousands of soldiers sitting at home and pining for a crack at the enemy. After some of them have had a chance, WD will probably come through with authorizations for service chevrons.

The war's too young yet.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

It is my wish to obtain a commission in the Army Quartermaster Corps if such are still available without going through induction and training in the regular manner and then applying later. I am twenty-seven years old.

Having had a high-school education and nine years of practical experience in handling supplies, three of which were as storekeeper in the CCC, I became well acquainted with Army methods and procedure.

C. M. V., Kimberly, Nev.

You are too late. The War Department ruled some time ago that no person under thirty-five was to be commissioned from civil life unless he had qualifications that were absolutely unobtainable among Army personnel. I do not think your qualifications come in this category. When we first started to build our Army up to fighting pitch, many men with qualifications such as yours were able to obtain commissions. But now the Army has its Officer Candidate School program and is building up its commissioned personnel within the ranks. Why not try for OCS after induction and basic training?

* * *

Isn't there some way we eighteen-year-olds can get into the WAAC? I am an experienced stenographer, experienced telephone operator, and am capable of learning other useful trades if necessary. Also I graduated from high school with a high average and attended business college.

There are hundreds of girls like me who are trained along certain lines and want to get into the WAAC. My parents have given their permission, so that doesn't enter into it.

C'mon, Old Sarge, give us a break. If eighteen-year-old boys can fight

at the battlefront, why can't we fight in an office?

J. T. C., Ralls, Tex.

You can count me on your side of the fence—and more power to you. In lots of ways this is a young folks' war. And if there are eighteen-year-old girls like yourself, capable, eager, well trained, I don't see why the WAAC can't use some of 'em. That is, if they have consent of both parents. But I don't make the regulations. And this one is just as clear as the nose on your face. The WAAC won't take you unless you're twenty-one. How about some more opinions in the matter? Good sense and good arguments have changed many a regulation.

Human being

Can men on inactive duty in the Navy mail letters free?

A/S H. L. C. (Inactive Duty).

No. Only men on active service can. This applies to all branches of the service.

* * *

Could you send me the latest set-up relative to the discharge from the Army of men over thirty-eight? Several of the boys in my outfit will be thirty-eight this summer, and we were wondering just how we stand.

Pvt. J. T. S., Army Air Base, Fort Houlton, Me.

Here it is in a nutshell: Enlisted men in the Army who became thirty-eight on or before February 28, 1943, may be returned to civilian life provided they made application for release prior to July 1, 1943. Each applicant must show that he will return to a job in war production or in agriculture, and each application must be approved by the C. O. If this isn't detailed enough, see WD Circular No. 92.

* * *

Maybe you can help. I can't find the answer anywhere. We carry the flag about a block from the flagpole, with a noncom in charge and a private on each side. If we meet an officer, do we give any salute?

Cpl. C. B., Moore Field, Tex.

The man carrying the colors does not salute, since his hands are occupied. However, the two honor guards do. If carrying rifles, they give the rifle salute.

* * *

The other day, Sarge, while a group of us were discussing trials and court-martials, some one asked this question:

"Can an enlisted man who has been tried by a military court appeal his case to a federal court if he feels there existed some degree of prejudice or bias with regard to his being sentenced?"

Can you give us the answer?

Cpl. E. M. R., San Francisco, Calif.

No, an enlisted man cannot appeal his case from the military to the civil courts. However, he has ample protection against miscarriage of justice. First, all convictions are passed upon by a reviewing authority. The trial Judge Advocate must send a record of each conviction to the review branch for this purpose. Second, each man tried in a military court has a defense counsel, just as in the civil courts. If he feels there was prejudice or bias, his defense counsel may appeal to the reviewing authority.

(And by the way, Corporal, it's "courts-martial," not "court-martials.")

* * *

When an enlisted man wishes to see his C. O. he must get permission from his first sergeant—right?

Now, when he is ordered by his C. O. to be in the C. O.'s office at a certain time, does he or does he not report to the first sergeant first?

Pvt. C. E. P., Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.

You're getting down to fine points there, Private. But I suppose that's part of being a good soldier—and keeping out of trouble. Well, the answer is: When the C. O. sends for you, go directly to his office without first consulting the first sergeant. (And, Private, I hope you haven't got the idea that all sarges are Simon Legrees. Some of 'em, modestly speaking, are human beings.)

* * *

Recently I was classified in 4-F for varicose veins. Could I appeal this decision so I could join the Army?

K. J. M., Hartford, Conn.

Too bad, but you cannot appeal your classification on physical grounds. All physical classifications are final under the Selective Service Act. Appeals are permitted only on the basis of dependency, financial hardship, vital position in war work, etc.

But here's what you can do. Go back to your draft board and tell them you are anxious to serve your country. Perhaps they can help. I know of many cases in which draft boards have sent men to hospitals and clinics to get remedial treatments. If there is any way of getting you physically fit for service, you can count on your draft board to lend a hand.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN PRESIDENT and editor of the Chattanooga News, George Fort Milton began his work as historian with The Age of Hate: Andrew Johnson and the Radicals, which met with high praise from the critics. Since that time he has written books on the Civil War, including the recent Abraham Lincoln and the Fifth Column. For the past three years he has been a consultant for the National Resources Planning Board, for the Treasury Department, and the Bureau of the Budget, in Washington, D. C.

THERE WAS A TIME when Gordon Malherbe Hillman was "a promising young poet," he says, but poetry proved to be too soul-wringing and not cashable enough, so he turned to short stories and has "never stopped since." He also did a mad turn in motion pictures as a supposed authority on certain phases of the French Revolution, and tried his deft hand at dramatic and musical criticism. "I like sports, too," he declares, "but I am equally inexpert at all of them."

JACK IAMS (pronounced to rhyme with "rhymes") always wanted to write and once sat at the feet of the inimitable Elliot Paul in the Balearic Islands, and from that influence wrote and sold a short story, and also produced a novel which was thrown away by a garageman cleaning his car. "Probably a literary critic," Jack adds. Whether the garageman was right or not, we're mighty glad it wasn't Prophet by Experience he consigned to the trash. What a lot of fun we would have missed!

THE EDITORS.

JUST BEATING THE JAPS WON'T TAME THEM

DAY by day, developments in the struggle with the Japs reveal ever more clearly that with these people we are fighting more than a military war—more than a trial of strength for supremacy in the Pacific Ocean.

Their resentment of and hatred toward us have been inbred for several generations and they yearn for our complete defeat and humiliation. To accomplish this, they look much further into the future than we are accustomed to looking. The Japs are long-range planners and tenacious of their objectives. A partial victory for them in this struggle, or a peace that leaves them intact and free to try again, will result certainly in their doing just that.

With Pearl Harbor we entered the military phase of our struggle with Japan. We can see now that the war was going on a long while before that. For years they did their best to undersell us in foreign trade. They stole our fish in violation of treaty. They threw our business men out of Manchuria. They took over scores of islands in the Pacific and secretly fortified them in preparation for military action against us.

Let's understand the Japs as a people. They think they are much better than any white men. They scorn as weakness our spirit of fair play; our adherence, in theory at least, to the Golden Rule. They consider our concern for human life a sign of mushy-headedness. They pride themselves on their ability to work, sacrifice, and endure, to undergo hardship, to obey blindly. They think the world, its riches, its people belong to those that are strong enough, ruthless enough, and cruel enough to take possession.

To the Jap, property doesn't mean much because none of them ever had any to speak of, except the few at the top. Human life means little also, either his own or some one else's. He's always been surrounded by vast gobs of human beings, with more coming every minute. The Jap's religion does not teach him forgiveness, mercy, and sorrow as ours does. He simply can't comprehend "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The Jap suspects that white men sneer at him behind his back. The more politely he is treated the more sure he is of it. He can't stand being patronized or ignored. He fears the white man's condescension. He will kill white men—any and all of them—or die himself, because that is better than living his life under a sneer or an imagined sneer.

Thus military victory over Japan would be but a temporary thing. The truth is that seventy million Japanese hate us and always will until they learn a new set of mental processes. Defeat will not change the Japs. Their hate, will power, endurance, and ability to live on nothing, strengthened and toughened by defeat, will still be there waiting for a chance to try again. We've got to face squarely the fact that it will be several generations before America can afford to take a wary eye off the Japs.

Paul Hunter

This is the Grocer of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

...whose motto is—"Never let customers down!"

RATIONING hasn't
discouraged me, No Sir!
For part of my job
as the neighborhood grocer
Is knowing my stocks
so when customers question—
I'm right on my toes
with a timely suggestion.

ESPECIALLY now with
this wartime condition,
I recommend foods that
are high in nutrition—
And then, as a finishing
touch of good cheer,
I tell them—"Of course,
you'll want Blue Ribbon Beer."

NOW the moment I mention
that *full-flavor blend*,
They smile like I'd
mentioned a mutual friend—
For Pabst has a taste
that is widely appealing—
In fact, it's a symbol
of friendly good feeling.

Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

KNOWING which foods to buy—and why—is a problem these days in Blue Ribbon Town, U.S.A. (your town—everybody's town). But there's one item on the grocery list that leaves no room for doubt—Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

Pabst Blue Ribbon, the largest selling beer in the homes of America, is now more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Softer and kindlier tasting, Pabst is made by an unusual process called "full-flavor blending" which brings you all the taste tones of a well-rounded, "complete" beer.

Now More Than Ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

33 FINE BREWS • BLENDED into One Great Beer

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX... Famous Stars... Coast-to-Coast CBS Network... Every SATURDAY NIGHT

Albert Staehle

Nobody'd cheer for a Raucous highball!
That's why Imperial is *"velveted"*

"Velveting" softens, smooths IMPERIAL—makes it gentle to the taste, makes your highball or cocktail more enjoyable. And the millions who have discovered this marvelous smoothness, this greater enjoyment, have made IMPERIAL one of the most-asked-for whiskies in the land.

But like sugar and coffee, IMPERIAL is on quota—because our stills are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey.

And sometimes delivery is held up a day or so, because shipments of war materials and food naturally come first.

So if your store or tavern sometimes cannot supply you with IMPERIAL, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

Blended whiskey. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copyright 1943.

IMPERIAL ... *it's "velveted"*