★

Liberty

5¢

JAN. 24, 1942

SECRET POWER IN FAR PACIFIC
BY HALLETT ABEND

STORM—A Streamlined Digest of a Great Best Seller

Just say "Glenmore"...

YOUR PASSWORD TO KENTUCKY'S FINEST!

GLENMORE BOTTLED IN BOND

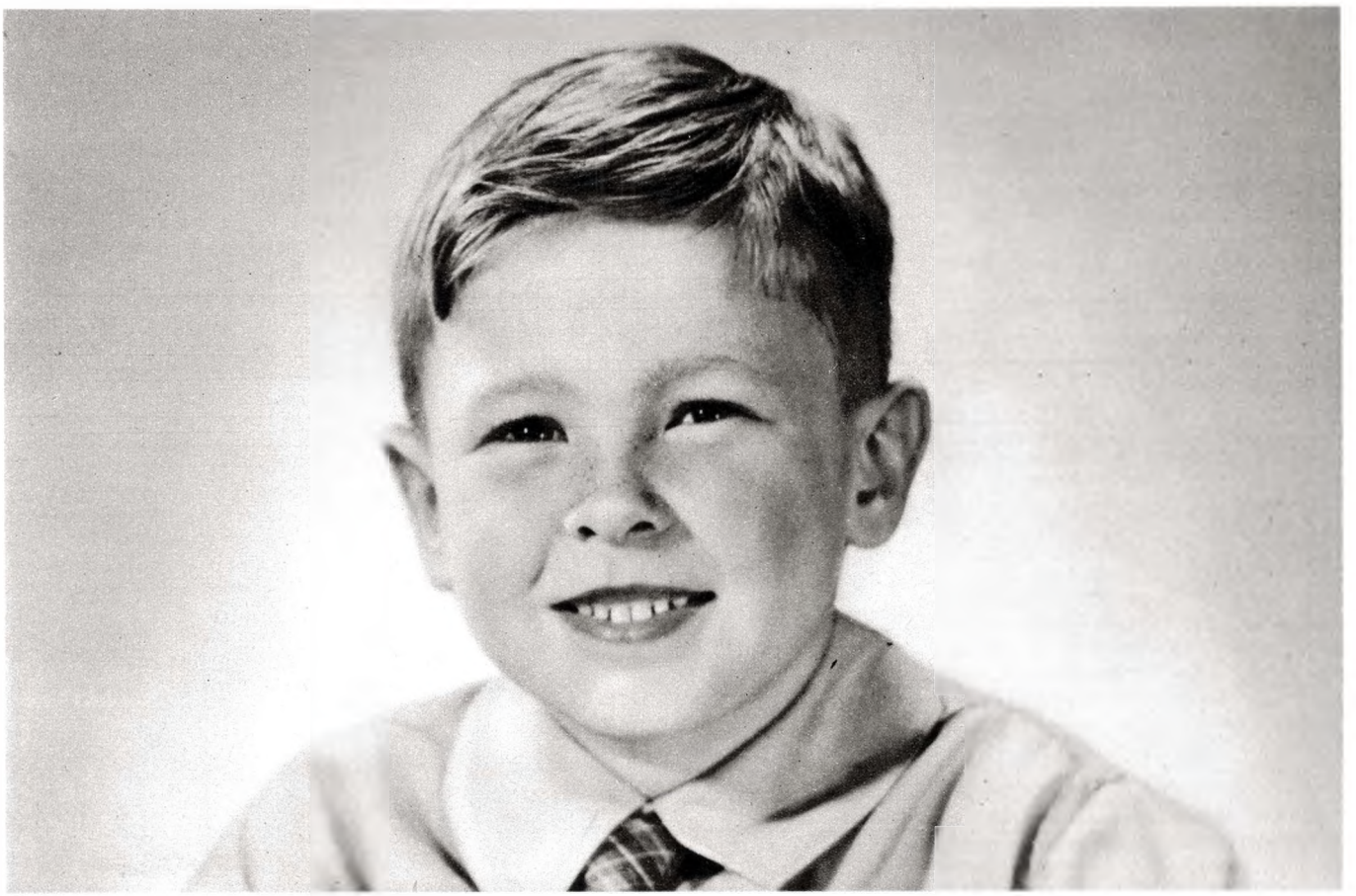
Glenmore is also available in Bottled in Bond – 100 proof.

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

Do you see Little Philip?
No. I see a Promising Young District Attorney.

Does his Work command Respect?
Yes. He is Very Able... and has a Fine Personality.

People warm to his Friendly Smile... a Smile that Owes so Much to his Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

Your smile is what you make it! Let Ipana and Massage help you to have healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth

Q. *Why is the habit of gum massage so strongly urged by many dentists?*

A. Because dentists well know that the soft, creamy foods we eat nowadays deny our gums natural work and exercise...the stimulation they require for healthy firmness.

Q. *And are firm, healthy gums important to bright, sound teeth?*

A. Most important! Teeth are seldom bright and sparkling when gums are weak and sensitive. That's why no one should ignore "pink tooth brush"... a warning signal from the gums.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" a sign of trouble?*

A. It may not mean serious trouble—but only your dentist can decide that. Often his decision will be simply that your weak, tender gums need more work and exercise. Like thousands of other dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. *Ipana and massage—how often?*

A. Regularly, at least twice each day! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana is designed to do more than just clean teeth. With massage, it promotes the health of the gums. You'll find Ipana and massage an important aid in guarding against "pink tooth brush." Let this modern dental routine help you to have healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Vox Pop

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN INTO AN ARGUMENT OLD AS TIME

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO—Three cheers for Dorothy Thompson! And then three more cheers for Will Woman's Way Rule Tomorrow's World?—her article in your December 20 issue.

If the ways of a well conducted home were only studied by the folks who "run things," we would have a world where humanity would overrule greed and common everyday sense would be applied to international controversies. We could really do away with wars and all that they bring.—*Mrs. Everett E. Gire.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Dorothy Thompson is so much of an institution that I regret to offer an exception to her article of December 20.

I have known so many fine, clean-cut, and completely honorable men, and some women who were considerably otherwise. When the latter are bad, they try to make a career of it, in a very nasty sort of way. Particulars are now luminously in evidence.—*Arthur George.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Dorothy Thompson's article is the finest thing she has ever written and should be a classic. I should like to see it translated into many languages and read by men and women all over the world. It outlines a world I should like to see come into being.—*Edith K. Linnett.*

MARION, OHIO—After reading Dorothy Thompson's fantasies I want to tear them apart to expose the Communism they contain.—*Earl J. Camp.*

URBANA, OHIO—Dorothy Thompson's article is the best, the most logical planning I've had the pleasure of considering.—*Horace L. Rea.*

SELMA, ALA.—Those who are opposed to women in government are pointing to Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin's lone vote against war with Japan and saying, "Just look what fools they make of themselves." To these critics (one of whom I am which) I should like to recall the number of men in Congress who failed to vote to fortify Guam. Don't we all make fools of ourselves sometimes?—*Mary D. Holmes.*

MEMORANDUM TO THE WHITE HOUSE

TERRY, MISS.—The picture of President Roosevelt on your December 13 cover is wonderful.

He cannot say, like Mark Twain, "I am an old man and have known much trouble, but most of it never happened." Through these lines of trouble you can

"So there's the news—either they shot down nineteen enemy planes or they had seventeen shot down."

see the lines which say truly he is the salt of the earth. Thanks for the picture.—*Mrs. Emma Burnet, 76 years old.*

SURE THEY'D ALL LIKE IT?

DAYTON, OHIO—Partners in Our Future (December 13 Liberty) is the most constructive editorial I have read in a year. If I were the author I would send it to the 13,600 editors in our country as my donation to American readers.—*F. M. Kirstendall.*

SLIGHT SYMPOSIUM ON WHY EDITORS GET GRAY HAIRS

AUGUSTA, GA.—This is to urge you to keep up the Cockeyed Crossword puzzles by Ted Shane. Since reading his very fine articles, etc., I am fearful that he might let up on the Cockeyes, in which case I *might* not buy Liberty every other week without fail.

Don't let any one tell you they are silly.—*Clara Mathewson.*

RENO, NEV.—For the Lord's sake please cut out the Cockeyed Crosswords. I am writing this letter because I like your magazine very much, but am tempted to cease taking it on account of the Cockeyed Crossword puzzles. Which I think are abominable.—*John Williamson.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have written very little fan mail in my day, but I do want to state how much I enjoy your Cockeyed Crosswords. They are my big excuse for buying Liberty each week. May Ted Shane's brain hold out so that we may have them for a long, long time to come!—*Mrs. L. Badt.*

BROOKLINE, MASS.—We suppose you think you are fair to your readers! How about the 75 to 90 per cent of them who object to the foolish Crosswords by Shane? Lee Pasquin is O. K., using common sense.

I write for twenty-three of my good neighbors.—*F. Beal.*

"FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED" ISN'T ALWAYS TRUE

CHICAGO, ILL.—You may or may not be aware of a most amazing circumstance connected with Liberty magazine.

To a vast majority of the country Japan's attack on Hawaii was almost incredible. Yet in the September 7, 1940, issue of Liberty, page 25, there was what amounted to practically a blueprint of the events which took place fifteen months later. I am referring to the serial Lightning in the Night, which began in the August 31, 1940, issue.

Being a writer, I maintain a rather extensive research file. For ten years I have been clipping magazines for articles and

(Continued on page 47)

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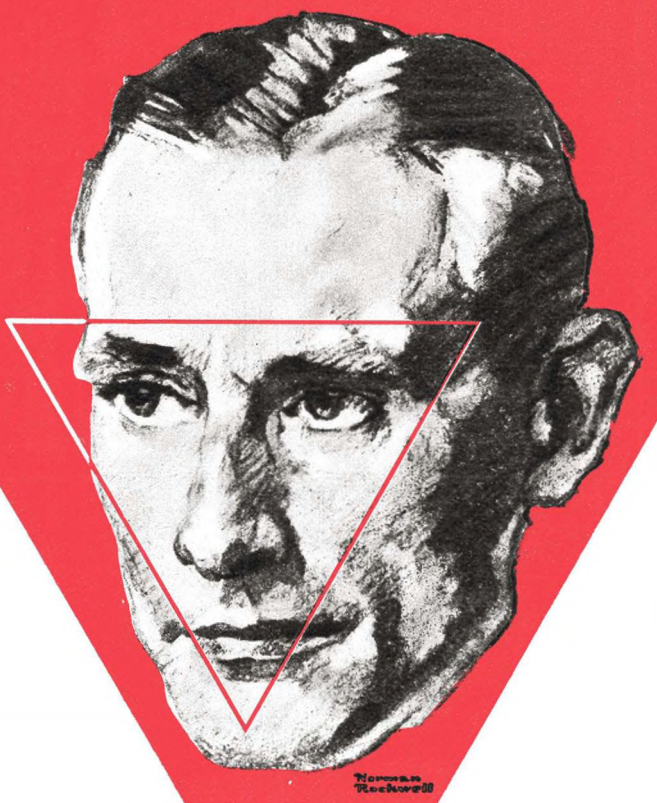
Are YOU the skeptical type?



Challenging Eyes
deep, keen, and penetrating. Eyes that weigh values shrewdly—certain to spot the many advantages of Cream of Kentucky.

Determined Jaw
big-boned and strong, its forward thrust accenting the triangular shape of the face. Jaw of one who refuses to accept less than "double-rich" quality.

Then convince yourself that

Cream of Kentucky

IT'S "DOUBLE RICH"

is the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbon

Taste the Flavor! It's the original "double-rich" Bourbon—the only Bourbon made with the unexcelled limestone water of Cove Spring.

Consider the Maker! It's the one and only Bourbon made by Colonel Albert B. Blanton, the acknowledged dean of Kentucky distillers.

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copyright 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

☆ I'M a clothes' hoarder! My closet was stuffed with dresses I hadn't worn for ages. Before the war, my first impulse would have been to discard them—but not *now!* I made a new wardrobe out of the old one.

Since my ingredients are pretty average, maybe my "recipes" will help you "restore."

First revival: "Small Black." My ingredients were a black dinner dress and a two-year-old flowered blouse. I cut the dress to street-length, then cut a triangle scarf from the best sections of the blouse (the scarf was sixteen inches at its deepest point). I bought three-inch shaggy fringe to bind it. *Result:* A short dressy costume with a chance for variety in accessories—more useful than long dinner dresses these busy days-into-evenings.

Second quick change: "Buttons." My ingredients were a navy blue jacket, vintage 1937, and seventy-two white buttons, about a half inch across, and navy blue thread. I stripped the jacket of its lapels and pockets, and edged it all the way around with a double row of buttons, sewn with blue thread, and a single small slanted line of buttons to indicate a pocket. *Result:* An interesting jacket to wear with skirts and spring prints. My "touches of white" are easily cleaned —and easily spotted in a blackout.

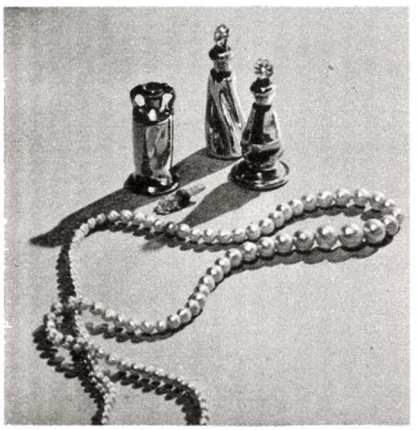
Third thrift miracle: "Blue Beanie." Ingredient: An old brimmed blue felt hat. I cut off the brim, leaving the crown—a perfect calotte; then pressed the brim flat and tied it into a tailored bow. I sewed this at the front of the calotte. *Result:* A "new" spring beanie.

Fourth new-from-old: "Eye-catcher." One too-well-known flame-red dinner dress. One exhausted black tulle dancing dress. I cut the sleeves of the dinner dress to cap length. I made an overshirt out of one layer of black tulle by attaching it to a yard of black velvet ribbon. I cut a long stole from the remaining tulle, which I drape depending on my mood and the condition of my coiffure. *Result:* An eye-catcher for those times when "Johnny-comes-march-

ing-home" for an evening gala.

Now that I've been practical for a whole column, let's shop for little luxuries.

Scentsible: If they can't see you during the blackout, at least let them smell you. As insurance, carry a mite of your pet perfume with you in a tiny, tiny bottle that is an exact copy of an antique vial for rare oils. The replica (below) is gold-plated, the stopper a carved "jewel." It will charm your dressing table when it's not making your purse personable. They tell me it's leakproof; I can only say that I've been carrying three for several weeks—and not even a too-strong whiff on my cigarettes. Tiny as



the top is, it's rubber-bound and fits tightly. Nice for prizes, gifts. Each, only about $1.

Powdertime: New idea—a compact with a clock face, hands, 'n' everything. Its base is a mirror which magnifies your face larger than life (quite a blow). The trick is to set the two hands at the hour of your next appointment. A glance as you powder reminds you of the time of your date. About $2 for all this service, complete with a big woolly puff. The compact comes in soft pastels or in brilliant

color combinations—red, white, and blue, and vivid tones combined with black. Get one before they're gone.

Wedding Belle Note: If you think you can grab your guy long enough to march him to a wedding tune, you will find a booklet, The Etiquette of

(*Continued on page 33*)

Here's the way to keep your tires SAFE to their LAST GASP!

IT'S everybody's duty today to get every possible mile out of his tires — to save rubber for our nation's war needs.

Yet millions of tires are being junked with as high as 25% or more of their serviceable mileage unused — for fear of blowouts.

The fact is: you can now drive your tires to their last gasp; run them thousands of miles longer than you ever dared before — *with complete safety* — by equipping them with Goodyear LifeGuards.

The LifeGuard is the modern safety successor to the inner tube — a two-ply reserve tire within an extra-sturdy tube. This inner tire carries your car safely — without lurch or sway — should any accident occur to casing and tube. *It makes the worst blowout as harmless as a slow leak.*

But that's not all. When your tire wears smooth, if the fabric body is sound you can then have it retreaded and drive it a good many thousand miles farther safely — with the LifeGuard's sure protection.

Thus LifeGuards make it possible to get all the mileage the manufacturer has built into your tires — *to use rubber that otherwise would be wasted.*

LifeGuards save you far more than they cost, not only in longer tire wear, but because you can use them over and over again in several tires of the same size.

If your present tires are still good, you can make them serve far longer by installing LifeGuards now. In sizes available, LifeGuards fit any make of tire, new or now in service.

This cross section of the LIFEGUARD *shows how its two-ply reserve tire is built within an extra-sturdy tube. Should casing and tube be injured and deflate, the inner tire retains enough air to carry you to a safe, easy, straight-line stop without swerve or danger.*

But if you must have new tires, the longest-wearing, safest combination of all is the LifeGuard installed in Goodyear's first-line "G-3" All-Weather tread tire. With this great mileage pair you'll be set for a long, long time to come — saving rubber and saving money every mile you drive.

LifeGuard, All-Weather — T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR
"G3"
ALL-WEATHER
— the tire with 19 feet of grip in every foot of tread

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GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

☆ THIS is no time for smugness, no time to betray ourselves with delusions of false and criminal optimism.

We are in a desperate war. The forces against us are strong and determined and terribly well prepared. More than that, our enemies know, as many Americans still do not seem to realize, that this is a fight to the finish, a war of survival, a struggle of life and death in which one way of living must survive and the other be exterminated. They are, therefore, resolved to bring against us every last ounce of steel and iron and tungsten and bauxite, every last plane, tank, gun, and round of ammunition, the effort and sacrifice of every man, woman, and child down to the last despairing gasp. That is the kind of war they are waging on us and that is the kind of war we must wage on them. If we don't, we shall lose this war and with it lose the whole future of civilization.

This is not exaggeration. It is fact, and there is no hope for us if we do not look the solemn and awful truth squarely in the face. We have the man power to conquer, we have the raw materials and the plant capacity, when fully developed, to overwhelm the enemy. But we shall never overwhelm them, never make final the victory, until we equip and train that man power with swift and unabated energy, until we pour our raw materials into old and new and transformed factories, and until we keep the machinery of our productive forces roaring at top speed twenty-four hours a day.

Production is our only salvation!

Production piled on production, effort flung upon effort, hour after hour around the whole twenty-four hours, day and night, without let-up and without holiday, and above all without the criminal and treasonable delays of lockouts or strikes.

No man on the battlefield with a round of bullets in his hands would stop to bargain with the gunner whose magazine is empty. He would pass the bullets instantly and settle any dispute after the battle is over. There is no difference between that man and his fellow workman in a war factory. The man in the shop is not merely a member of a union; he is a soldier in the service of his country.

The assembly line is the battle line.

The manager at his desk is not merely an employer, a director, a business executive. He, too, is a soldier in the ranks. Anything he does that delays production, any dispute which he prolongs, is giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

We have no time, and we must have no patience with anybody or anything that gets in the way of production.

To delay the work in a factory may be the crucial treachery of the whole struggle. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost; for want of the rider the message was lost; for want of the message the battle was lost; for want of that battle the cause was lost."

Our cause cannot be lost. We have, by the admission of the Secretary of the Navy, naval inferiority in the Far East. We must work night and day in our naval construction yards to overcome that inferiority. We must build ships to replace the losses in the Atlantic and the Pacific, to supply our own soldiers, to move our troops, and to keep our brave allies fed and armed, as they hold the enemy at the far outposts. We must make so many planes that their wings will blot out the very skies over the heads of our foes. We must make bombs to drop on our enemies, bullets to shoot them down, guns to fire the bullets, antiaircraft guns to bring down their invading and opposing planes. We must launch more submarines than theirs—ten to one; more tanks, more of everything destructive and offensive and death-dealing, and we must do it intensively and increasingly and for as long as is necessary to get the Japanese and the Germans and the Italians down and keep them down.

Production! You hear good Americans say, "What can I do?" You can help produce and you can voice your disapproval, loud and long, at any group, of whatever kind, and wherever found, who for whatever reason would stop the wheels, hold up the effort, and keep our soldiers waiting.

These fighters of ours must have everything they need and as quickly as they need it. That means more and more and more production.

We dare not keep them waiting!

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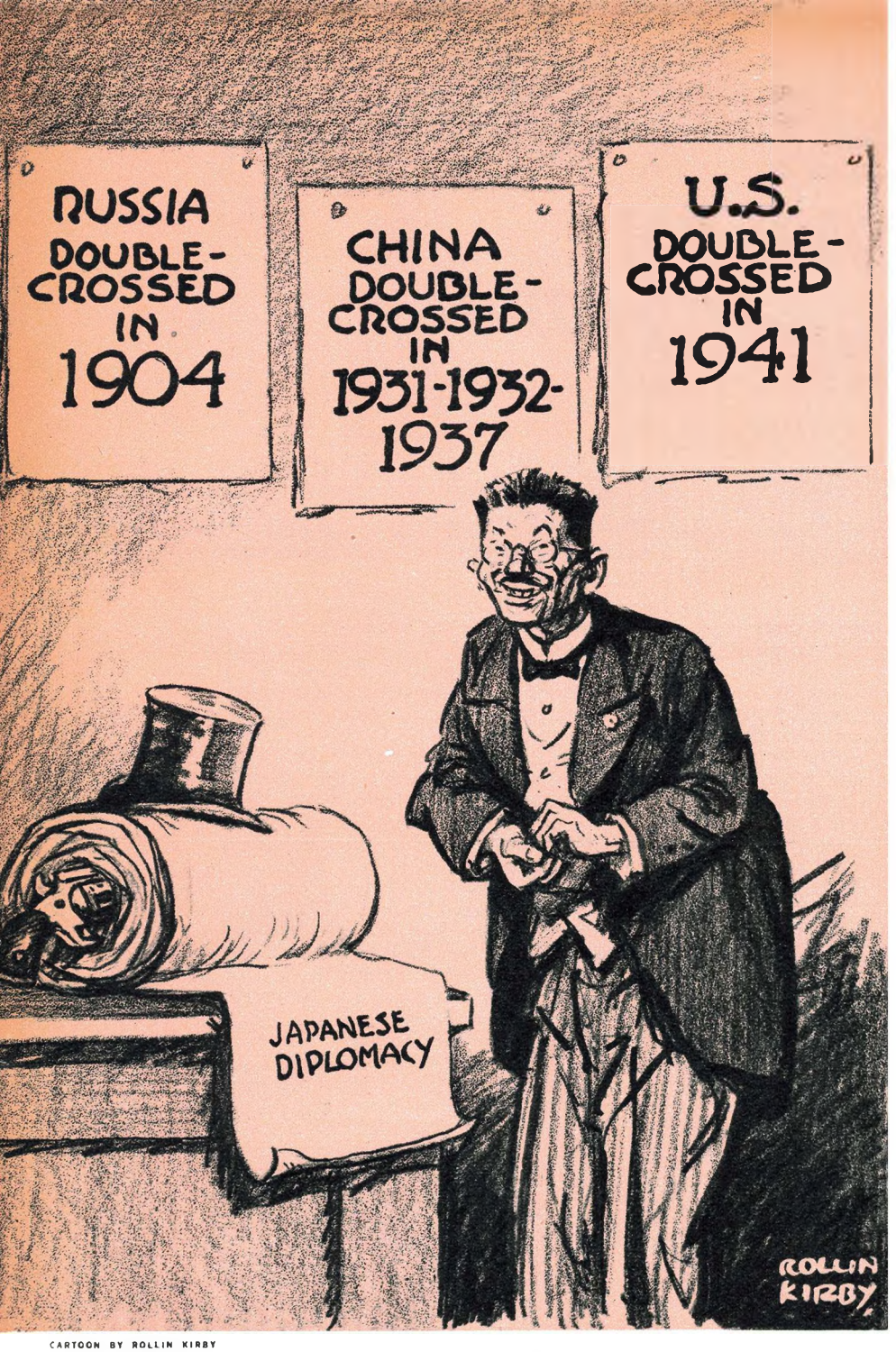


CARTOON BY ROLLIN KIRBY

PERFIDY, UNLIMITED

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY HALLETT ABEND

☆ CHALLENGING fate and the democracies, Japan on December 7 lived up to her record since 1904 by making a treacherous attack upon nations with which she was, technically, on friendly terms.

In all of her previous predatory ventures Japan was well informed of the strength and weaknesses of the nations she attacked without warning. Czarist Russia of 1904 was corrupt and inefficient. Most of the Russian fleet was in distant European waters, and the Russian armies in Manchuria were separated from their bases of supplies by thousands of miles, spanned only by one single-track railway. In 1931 the Manchurian armies were poorly trained, badly equipped, and their commander was in a Peking hospital. In 1932, at Shanghai, Japan attacked a factional army which was ill equipped and was distrusted by its own government at Nanking. In 1937 Japan hoped to drive factional armies out of North China quickly. Instead, factionalism ceased, and a unified China is still fighting.

When Japan attacked the democracies in the Far Pacific last month she not only was not well informed of their strength but had been deliberately misinformed by Hitler's aides and agents. Early in November, when she began to dispose her ships and troops for a surprise attack, Japan believed that so much of our navy was in the Atlantic that by a crippling hit-and-run raid upon Hawaii she could so appall us that we would withdraw our surviving warships to protect our own west coast, and leave the Philippines and our Pacific possessions an easy prey. That done, she planned to smash Singapore, reasoning that the Netherlands East Indies would then yield and join her "New Order." These successive steps would have put Australia and New Zealand completely at her mercy. China would have been cut off from all access to the outside world, and British forces in the Near East and in North Africa would have been deprived of their lines of supply.

Such Japanese achievements would have made Germany's tasks much easier, and after an Axis victory, Japan and Hitler would have divided dominion over most of the world.

It was a magnificent criminal conception, but it just didn't work. It failed because of two kinds of secret strength, one of which Japan cannot understand, while the other she thought she knew about but didn't.

The first strength was a strength of the spirit, the courage of nations and of women and of men who are battling for freedom instead of for plunder. For months before the blow was struck, the Americans, the Hollanders in the Indies, the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Chinese, the Filipinos had gradually been drawn into an ever closer trust and understanding because of the growing sense of a common peril.

So, when the attack came, there was no chance of Japan's succeeding in piecemeal conquests. Japan expected a continuance of political and economic strife in the United States, and has been presented with a dismaying spectacle of solid unity. Nowhere was there any of the hesitation upon which she had counted.

But a common purpose, a common courage, co-operative strategy, and the evolving unity of command cannot win wars in these days. In morale our Far Pacific allies are magnificent. But what matériel do they have? Two months ago it would have been permissible to publish detailed facts and figures. Today those details are precious military secrets.

Strategically there are three feasible routes to the enormous area of conflict in the Far Pacific, and all or

SECRET POWER

IN THE FAR PACIFIC

Japan and Germany planned a "perfect crime"—
Here's why it failed, and why Japan cannot win

any of them could be used for attacking the Japanese. On the north there is the huge arch of Alaska and the Alaskan islands. Here we have and are developing formidable air bases. Nonstop flights from our westernmost Alaskan airfields to Tokyo and return are just feasible; bombers essaying such a raid could not carry enough bombs. If, however, they could refuel at Soviet air bases in the Vladivostok region, then they could do infinite damage to Japan's great industrial cities. Fortunately Japan cannot utilize this route to attack our western coast. Only by gaining a foothold in Alaska could she achieve a land base from which to bomb the Seattle-Portland region and the coastal cities of British Columbia.

The central route is, for the time being, of no use to us. It leads from Honolulu to Midway Island, from Midway to Wake Island, from Wake to Guam, and from Guam to Manila. Not one of these islands has a good harbor for large ships. Because of Japanese activity and occupations, this route is no longer feasible for our planes, nor is the direct route from Honolulu to Manila open to our ships.

This leaves only the northern route open as a direct approach to Japan itself, and only the long southern route practicable for communication with our allies or with the Philippines. Across our 4,700-mile path between Honolulu and Manila stretch the Japanese-owned or -mandated islands, the Marshalls, the Marianas, and the Carolines. During the many years when our Congress failed to authorize the fortification of Guam and our other island steppingstones to the Far East, Japan was breaking its treaty obligations by fortifying its own steppingstones to the southern seas.

The southern route from Honolulu to Manila, which our ships must now follow, is more than 7,000 miles long. Convoying and patrolling along this route will be duties shared between our own, the Australian, the Netherlands, and the British navies, and the long journey will lead southwestward past the Samoan and Fiji islands, across the Coral Sea, through the Torres Straits, between Australia and New Guinea, through the Arafura and Java seas, the Straits of Macassar, the Celebes Sea, the Sulu Sea, and so into the southernmost Philippines.

Fortunately there are plenty of island steppingstones for aircraft from Honolulu to New Zealand and to Australia, but, excepting American Samoa and the British-owned Fiji group, none of these islands is fortified. Japanese raids against them may be expected, with destruction of gasoline storages and supply warehouses.

Before war began, the Clipper route from Honolulu to Auckland, New Zealand's northernmost seaport, led first to Canton Island, a flight of more than 1,900 miles, then to Noumea in New Caledonia, another 1,900 miles plus, and from there to Auckland, nearly 1,200 miles. From Auckland to Sydney, Australia, the "hop" is more than 1,300 miles.

For army and navy planes, however, various alternate routes were being prepared during those anxious last months. Flying southward from Honolulu to Canton Island, there are Johnston Island, American-owned, on the right, and the American island of Palmyra on the left. Still farther eastward are Britain's Fanning and Washington islands. Our own Howland and Baker islands are on the right, or west, of this line of flight.

Between Canton Island and Noumea, the seaport of New Caledonia, there are island steppingstones in great number. New Caledonia produces an important amount of nickel. Fortunately, it declared for de Gaulle after France surrendered. Japanese-owned nickel mines were seized when the war spread to the Pacific.

New Zealand is the outpost farthest removed from the main centers of conflict where one arrives at centers of strength. Its magnificent landlocked harbors at Auckland and at Wellington are at the disposal of our fleet and of our transports. New Zealand continues to train and send away large contingents of splendid soldiers. There are also many training fields on the islands, and flyers are already serving in Malaya, at Singapore, and in the Near East and North Africa. New Zealand is building some ships, and at Wellington has dry docks which will accommodate vessels up to 20,000 tons. These dry docks will be available for the repair of any of our warships that could not be repaired in the Philippines. New Zealand will be an invaluable supply base for food for our military and naval forces.

Australia is a veritable reservoir of strength. She had already sent five divisions of troops overseas, besides large contingents of flyers, before the war spread to the Far Pacific. She has her own navy, which for war purposes is merged with the British. She makes her own airplanes, trucks, an exportable surplus of munitions, and is building an amazing number of naval vessels and freighters. Her steel output will soon reach 2,000,000 tons a year. Australia's spacious harbors are open to all our ships. At Sydney a dry dock capable of handling anything up to a 45,000-ton vessel is being rushed to completion. If we need reinforcements in the Philippines in a hurry, the Australians will go there as enthusiastically as they have gone to British Malaya.

The Dutch in the East Indies have been preparing for this conflict ever since Hitler's armies overran Holland. Characteristically, they did not wait for a Japanese attack, but boldly sent part of their none-too-large naval forces northward and attacked Jap-

(Continued on page 44)

"These are other times, liebes Fräulein. A new order is coming into being. Better to ride the tide gracefully. Think it over."

CHARLES LAFALCE

"NEVER FROM VALIANT MEN--"

"Better a broken neck than a bowed one," she said. Then came a laughing blind man out of the sky . . .

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ "PERHAPS an omelet—"

"But there are no eggs, Mam'zelle Jacquine—"

"Or ham—as you used to do it—with a dash of Madeira--"

"There is no ham—though the good Lord knows there are plenty of pigs left. As to Madeira, there is not so much as a drop of any wine—" A gleam of cunning lighted the wrinkled peasant face bent over the washtub. "No indeed; there is nothing left to us. All the same, mam'zelle, I could get a chicken for Monsieur Paul—"

The girl sighed and straightened herself. "Babette," she said, "I love you. You have been very faithful. But if Monsieur Paul has chicken for his dinner I shall never speak to you again." She added sternly, "And if he knew, the chicken would stick in his throat."

"Ah ça!" The old face became sullen. "Monsieur Paul loves chicken."

"He loves other things better."

"Who knows? If one is to love, one must eat One must be reasonable—"

The girl turned away quickly. She did not want the old shrewd woman to know how tired and sick she felt. She went from the bleak kitchen into the salon. It was an old-fashioned room, overcrowded, and yet orderly and dignified. The tall windows stood open, and she went out into the walled garden. It was overgrown with weeds, because Jacques, who had loved it, was dead. But Paul, who loved the garden too, was coming home. He would clean out the weeds, and next year the garden would come back to its old glory. It would be part of a secret resurrection.

The wrought-iron gate clanged noisily. A man was striding up the path. She shrank within herself, recognizing the tall uniformed figure. It was a simple uniform, but its very simplicity, she thought, was like the courtesy of his salutation—exaggerated to the point of an offense.

"This is a happy day for you, mam'zelle. I understand that your brother has been released and will be home."

"Yes, Captain Rudrich."

"Our Leader is magnanimous. He respects a man like your brother. A great flyer. You had so few of such men that we took note of him. But we bear no ill will. As a comrade I have ordered Sergeant Hildebrandt to provide a bottle of champagne for the celebration which I hope I may share with you."

He watched the blood rise under the clear pallor of her skin. It added vividness to the hazel eyes and to the quality of the proud yet sweet red line of her mouth. There were lights in the thick brown hair that he had not seen before. It was as though a fire had been kindled and glowed all through her. Yes, these French women had something. In her dark shabby dress this girl had a distinction that transcended even her fragile and subtle beauty. It aroused in the captain a not unfamiliar impulse to destruction. But the orders had been explicit. The natives were to be treated with a rigid consideration—until further orders.

"Thank you, Captain Rudrich. But we do not accept gifts from our enemies. Nor do we celebrate with them."

"That's stiff-necked, mam'zelle. Stiff necks are unwise. They may get broken."

"A broken neck is better than a bowed one."

"A cliché!" he said, heavily good-humored. "These are other times, *liebes Fräulein.* A new order is coming into being. Better to ride the tide gracefully." He clicked his heels. "Think it over. A lot of your people have already done so. Your brother may be among them."

She smiled at that. It was a smile which he would have liked to wipe from her face. And as she turned away without answer he was inspired to call out after her. "It might occur to you," he said, "that neither do we release our enemies."

The iron gate groaned as she pushed it open. Her father and his father and grandfather had been doctors who had wanted to live close to their people, so the big house standing back from the main street had been the Ronsard home for generations. Every morning when Jacquine Ronsard looked out of her bedroom window she had seen the tricolor hanging from the *mairie* opposite. The tricolor had gone now.

She walked quickly. The little station lay on the outskirts of the town. Heavy-footed soldiers passed her, and townsfolk who had been her friends. Now they looked at her askance, sullenly, or not at all. She was making things harder for them, fighting a fight that had been lost.

"Oh, Paul!" she whispered. In that name was all her hope.

Old Blériot stood at the doors of his little *charcuterie.* The windows were dusty and empty; but the cellars, so it was said, were another pair of shoes. Blériot and the mayor hated each other. They had been quarreling the night the enemy motorcycle patrols had pulled up at the mairie.

Blériot had wanted to go on fighting to the last ditch—wherever it was—and the mayor, who had a nice little nest egg tucked away, hadn't wanted to fight at all anywhere. Now the two men would not speak to each other. Blériot said outright that the mayor was a poltroon, if not worse, and the mayor accused Blériot of hoarding. And indeed something queer and dreadful had happened to Blériot, who had been a good soldier and an honest butcher. He had a sneer for everything. He even sneered at Jacquine as she walked past.

"Going to meet another of our brave lads?" he asked. "Wouldn't you like me to drive you? They have allowed me *essence.*"

It was true. Blériot drove the officers of the German garrison to the station for Paris and the soldiers to the Estaminet des Quatres Rats at the crossroads, so he had all the petrol he

wanted. It was difficult to remember that he had fought at Verdun and had been given the Croix de Guerre. Every one knew that he had sold the cross to one of the invaders as a souvenir. "*Je m'en fous,*" he'd said.

☆ PAUL was in uniform. But like everything else the uniform had a shabby, furtive look. The proud insignia of wings had been torn off and the pride in his face had become a sort of defiant arrogance. He laughed amusedly as she clung to him.

"*Eh bien, petite*—why do you cry? I am safe home. Not even a scratch. So what is there to cry about?"

☆ JACQUINE had set the table with candles and some old glass whose beauty the invaders had not understood. The soft light illuminated Paul's face with a gentle mercilessness, revealing the lines that captivity had drawn about his mouth and eyes —self-mocking, scornful lines that denied grief and shame. He and Babette understood each other. He gave a rough, high-pitched laugh when she told him how she had cajoled the chicken out of Blériot, who had taken it in exchange for a free ride to the *estaminet* from Sergeant Hildebrandt, who had, of course, quite simply "requisitioned" it.

"Babette is a realist," Paul had said. "She and the New Order will get along together." And when Captain Rudrich had come in with a bottle of champagne under each arm he had received him like a comrade and honored guest. They had toasted each other, ignoring the white-faced girl who stood up with them, glass in hand.

"To the top dog—wherever he is—God bless him!" Paul had said.

Then Jacquine had snapped the stem of her glass between her fingers. The break had sounded loud in the silence while the two men drank, and they had had to look at her, the captain with a smile lurking about his thin mouth, Paul with a bitter anger.

"That was a stupid melodramatic gesture, my dear sister," he said. "You must forgive her, captain. Women don't understand defeat—or even that it is better to be defeated when you yourself are not fit to conquer. Did you know, captain, that my squadron leader actually turned tail—*en plein combat*—and flew for his life? I'll tell you the details sometime. They're side-splitting—" He became suddenly grim and authoritative. "Don't leave us, Jacquine. You might as well know the truth now as later. I'm through with being a Frenchman. It means nothing but stinking politics and runaway generals and greedy little men fighting for the middle of the road. To hell with it all!" He clapped Captain Rudrich on the shoulder. "Here is the future—my future too, for three square meals a day and a roof over my head and a shut mouth."

Captain Rudrich's smile came out into the open. "Your brother is a little drunk, *liebes Fräulein.* But *in vino veritas.* I told you—did I not?—that we do not release our enemies."

This time they let her go. From the dark quiet of the living room she heard Paul's terrible laughter and knew that all around her were dead, decaying things. The room with its traditions and memories was a tomb. She could not find refuge in it or even in the garden where loveliness would never flower again. She had become one of these tragic fugitives who months before had poured through the town in blind, purposeless flight. She was going nowhere. She too had become homeless.

She broke away from the town and out into a country lane that melted at last into the fields. Under a fringe of trees she knelt down and buried her face in the short grass and wept as she had not wept for the dead.

Through her wild sobbing she heard a deep familiar droning. It did not die away. It broke off suddenly.

She sat up. The dusk had deepened to nightfall. Over the low-lying mists the evening star shone steadily like a beacon. And under the trees, merged in their shadow, a bird had lighted.

She did not know why she was not frightened—except perhaps that she had nothing left to fear. She got up and went toward it. A man was standing close beside the plane. She could not see his face. She did not know why his dark quiet should be so poignant. His hand covered his eyes and his head was bowed as though he was praying. He seemed to have heard her. He asked in English, "Where am I?" and she answered in English, "This is Jonville, France—"

"Thank you," he said simply.

"Is there any one with you?" she asked.

"Not any more. Ginger—my pilot—is in the cockpit. But he's gone. He knew he was going—but he said he'd make his landing first. He did, too—a beauty. Who are you?"

"My name's Jacquine Ronsard—"

"Ronsard—that's sort of familiar. You're French, of course?"

"Yes—"

"I don't know why I said 'of course.' The place must be lousy with Jerries. I suppose I'll have them on my neck any minute."

☆ SHE asked almost angrily, "Why did you come down here?"

"We had to. A yellow-nose gave us a straight burst. Ginger got his, poor kid. And anyhow our juice was running out—"

"You are hurt, too."

"A little. It's nothing. I'm still standing. But I guess not much to look at. Please don't look—not for a minute—"

He was fumbling with his tunic, and she saw him tug out his handkerchief and mop his face and, with his back turned, try to tie the dark rag over his eyes. He was trying to hide something ugly and pitiful from her. She said quietly, "I have seen so much— My father was a doctor. Let me help you—"

"Thanks." He turned toward her—but not quite directly, standing very slim and erect, like a black arrow against the dead fantastic background of the plane. "I'd be glad—" he said. His hand was outstretched, but not quite in her direction, and she came to him and took it. Now that night had fallen, the stars had begun to lighten the darkness with a dim radiance. But for him, she guessed, the darkness had become complete and final. Suddenly she put her face down to his hand and kissed it.

"You shouldn't— Why did you do that? Because you're sorry for me?"

"No—I am not sorry for you. I could not make you understand. You'd have to be me. And I don't matter. None of us here matter any more. What can I do?"

He did not answer at once. And she guessed that his mind was fighting for a foothold in a black pain-racked chaos.

"I don't suppose there's anything you can do—except rout out some fat Jerry to take me over. There's no way out of this—" He touched the plane's wing as though in farewell. "There's one thing we've got to do—somehow," he said. "We've got to burn her up—not let her get into their hands. She's a sweetheart—and they'd make her do filthy things. . . . Is there any one who could help—one of your people?"

"I have a brother," she said tonelessly.

"A soldier?"

"A flyer—"

"He'd understand. You see, I'm sort of helpless—I can't seem to think clearly. Being blind suddenly—sort of throws you out of your stride—"

☆ HE did not speak of the pain, but she could feel it like a red-hot electric current flowing from his hand through her own body. She put her arm round him, and he sagged a little, leaning against her.

"That feels good," he murmured. "Promise, though—you won't let them get our bus—"

"I promise."

"You're awfully little, aren't you? I oughtn't to bear down so heavily—"

"Lean on me!" she commanded.

She seemed to grow strong for him, and somehow, slowly and blundering, she brought him across the fields. With the lane leading into the main highway, danger began for them. At any moment they might run into a patrol or men who had sold themselves and would not hesitate to sell others. At the junction of the two roads where the first houses lifted blank black walls against the starlight she heard a car rumbling toward them, and dragged her companion into the protective shadow of a doorway. It was Blériot's old Citroën packed with German soldiers on their way to the Quatres Rats. They were singing some lusty sentimental ballad, and she heard the boy beside her chuckle.

"I guess that's the answer. They're having a good time. Lucky for us—"

The house beyond the dead garden was quiet as a tomb should be. A light still burned in the dining room, but there were no voices. So Captain

Rudrich had done his work and gone his way. Only Babette clattered her evening dishes in the kitchen. She had sharp old ears, and the breath choked in the girl's throat as she led her companion down an unlit passage and up narrow back stairs to her own room. The noise of his blundering steps terrified her.

"I'm making a hell of a row," he said. "You ought to warn your people." He gave his irrepressible boy's chuckle. "They might think I was a Jerry—"

He thought he had fallen among friends!

She lit a lamp in her room. He needed no light. He sat where she had put him, on the edge of her bed, his hands dropped slackly between his knees. The blood had soaked through the clumsy bandage. She untied it.

"I'm sorry," he said— "to be such a mess."

But her sad little exclamation had not been for the bloody emptiness where there had been light and tenderness and kindly laughter, but for the revealed beauty of his quiet face —the composed young mouth, the fine clear forehead where the brown hair had fallen, matted with sweat. She washed his face clean and bandaged him again.

"That's fine," he said. "It feels good —just to be clean."

"We must get a doctor—"

"Not yet. Not until the plane's safe. You must get your brother. He's a flyer; he'll know what to do. Only —don't go for a minute. Do you mind? I don't seem to know yet whether I'm on my head or my heels. You sort of steady me. It's—it's the feel of you —your voice. You talk English so beautifully—so much more beautifully than we do. It sounds like poetry."

"I was at school in England. I used to read poetry aloud—even before I really understood it." A memory came to her. It was like a treasure that had lain forgotten in the dark places of her mind. This stranger had found it and drawn its dusty loveliness into the light. She quoted aloud—strangely enough, as though danger and bloody wounds were of some other life and they two were sharing a quiet companionship:

"All the soul
Of man is resolution which expires
Never from valiant men till their last breath—"

He gave a shy little laugh. "I'm not much for poetry. But that sounds like —like a trumpet, doesn't it?"

"Like a trumpet," she echoed, looking at the head against her breast.

For he had crumpled up against her and she knew that he had fainted. She laid him gently back among her pillows.

In the kitchen, Babette had thrust her last clean plate into its rack. She turned with a start when Jacquine came in.

"I want food," Jacquine told her.

The old eyes sharpened with good-humored malice.

"*Voilà.* That's reasonable. I tell you —when one is hungry one becomes reasonable—"

"It is not for me. It's for an English aviator. He came down in our fields. He is badly hurt—"

"Here—in this house?"

"No one heard him. No one knows —yet." She felt the heavy peasant mind begin to grind out its dangerous plodding thoughts. She said bitterly, "Don't be afraid. Tomorrow you can give him up. You can tell your friends that you caught him yourself—they will give you credit. But tonight he shall have peace."

"And Monsieur Paul?"

"I am going to him now."

She found him still seated at the table. He was still drinking, his eyes fixed on the empty chair opposite him. He lifted them reluctantly. She thought, remembering all she had lived for, that they were like the windows of a burnt-out house.

"There was a plane overhead," he said— "an English plane. I could have sworn the engine was switched off and that it must have come down— almost on our heads. But I admit that I am in a state when one begins to hear and see ghosts. Our good Captain Rudrich laughed at me."

"He shouldn't have laughed."

"What's that?" He bent forward, frowning in his effort to focus his dead eyes on her. "How do you know? What has happened?" She told him, and he blundered to his feet. "You're crazy! Do you want to have us shot?"

"I don't know. I don't think I'd care. But they won't shoot you, Paul. They'll reward you for giving him up —as, of course, you will. His plane will be a good mark in your dossier. It's out there in our fields beyond the wood. He thinks you'll destroy it for him—because you're a flyer and a friend." She came closer, her voice composed and low-pitched. "Let him believe it. That's all I ask. I demand it, Paul. Let him believe that we are still brave and loyal people."

She held him with her eyes. And at last, in angry despair, he lurched out of the room. She followed him.

☆ IN Jacquine's room Babette had already set down a platter of cold scraps and a pot of real coffee that Sergeant Hildebrandt had given her. She stood at the head of the bed, her arms folded, looking down at the boy asleep under the lamplight.

"*Le pauvre gars,*" she said. "*Le pauvre petit—*" But she turned on Jacquine with a distrust and resentment that was near hatred. "Understand me, mam'zelle. I will not have you let him escape. They would shoot us for it. And I do not intend to be shot—for him or anything."

"I understand. And he will not escape."

"All the same, I shall stay here. You are not reasonable—"

Babette planted herself in a stiff chair by the blacked-out window. Paul had gone over to the bed. He laid a rough hand on the young man's shoulder.

"My friend," he said drunkenly, "one must wake up and face facts."

The boy stirred and groaned. He put his hands to his head, grappling with pain and a darkness that would not lift. Then he sat up. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Paul Ronsard—late Captain Ronsard—"

"Oh, yes—of course. Her brother. She promised. Are *you* there too?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then I'm all right. My name's Smith." He gave his warm young chuckle. "You won't believe it, but it really is. Flight Lieutenant Giles Smith. You're a captain, sir, so I ought to stand up and be respectful—"

"That would be a mistaken effort. Besides, I said 'late captain.' "

"You mean—you're out of the running—like me. That's tough. But I guess you did your bit, Captain Paul Ronsard. I knew that name rang a bell. Thirty-two Jerries, as I remember. With the kind of old crate they gave you, that was a good show, sir."

"I must have been drunk." There was a faint color in the dead face. "Anyhow, it's over now."

"It's just beginning, sir," Giles said. He let the girl help him to the table. She sat beside him and fed him slowly and carefully like a child. "You mustn't cry," he said gently—"not about me. I'm all right. I've had a good show, too. And, after all, I'm not dead. I thought I was going to be. But Ginger said, 'I'll put you down, you son of a rotten navigator—if it's

(*Continued on page 55*)

THE AUTHOR

I. A. R. Wylie was born in Melbourne, Australia, and went to England when she was three years old. She was educated in Belgium, England, and Germany. At twenty she sold her first short story—and has been selling her work ever since. Just "went ahead steadily," she says. "No setbacks or disappointments." She likes outdoor life and games and loves traveling better than anything in the world—"except home, which is a farm in New Jersey."

MICKEY ROONEY

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BOX-OFFICE MAN NO. 1

Success-story! Hollywood's pugnacious-pussed paradox was washed up twice before he began

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Born Joe Yule, Junior, of vaudeville actor parents, Mickey Rooney made his stage debut before he was two. Later he played the part of a midget in tear-jerking melodramas, lost several of his milk teeth from chewing on a cigar, and finally, when he was going on five, came to what seemed to be the end of his career. His agent told his mother her son was through, washed up.

PART TWO—EXIT JOE YULE, JR.; ENTER MICKEY ROONEY

☆ A SOB SISTER fluttered up to Mickey Rooney not so long ago and begged for a "message" for the youth of the nation.

"You bet!" said the Mighty Mite. "Tell them never to have their hair dyed."

The sob sister gasped, but Box Office Number One flatly refused to elaborate. Painful as it is for him to keep quiet, he would rather swallow his tongue than rehearse the story of those days when he was still Joe Yule, Junior.

He was only five but already washed up. The Broadway of 1925 was through with him. To make matters worse, Nell separated from her husband and she and Mickey were left to their own devices. Nell's belongings, a wardrobe trunk, a couple of dresses, and a make-up box, stood an excellent chance of being seized by the irate landlady. Nell went into a huddle with herself. She emerged with an idea. She was going to take Joe to California. She knew no one there, but it seemed to her that palm trees provided a more pleasant background for starvation than the Sixth Avenue El. And so, unheralded, unwelcome, and underfed, Miss Nell Carter and Mr. Joe Yule, Junior, arrived in Los Angeles and started a tour of the studios and agencies. Their appearance stirred up a considerable amount of disinterest in Hollywood. One look at Joe and the casting directors would hit the ceiling.

"Another kid? Where's the dog?"

And then the door would slam in Nell's face. Kids and German shepherd dogs were two great menaces that year in Hollywood. Bent on following in the steps of Jackie Coogan and Rin-Tin-Tin, they were encountered everywhere. One producer complained that even in his dreams he was pursued by dogs in swaddling clothes and infants on a leash.

A realist, Nell conceded defeat. She gave up all hope of making another Jackie Coogan out of Joe and concentrated on studying the Help Wanted section of the Los Angeles Times. Miraculously enough, there was an opening for her. The owners of a third-rate bungalow court were looking for a "hard-working, earnest and competent woman, resident manager." Nell knew nothing about the business of running a bungalow court, but neither did the owners. She got

Mickey at twelve, when he was "through" for the second time in his acting career.

In his comeback picture, Manhattan Melodrama, he played Clark Gable as a boy.

His first solo starring role was Huckleberry Finn of Mark Twain's famous story.

As tough guy Mickey McGuire. (The cigar this time is chocolate.)

PHOTOS FROM M-G-M

Mickey today—for two years he has been king of the motion-picture box office.

the job. Now that she had a roof over her head and three square meals a day, she went conservative on Joe. Instead of letting him try his songs and dances and jokes on the tenants, she decided to send him to school. The teachers who were entrusted with the task of making a gentleman and a scholar out of the future Pride of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer recall that Joe excelled in two things. No one could shoot spitballs as far as he, and no one could tell as many lies. Of the thousand and one thoroughly implausible stories concocted by Joe, one in particular will be long remembered by his teachers. When other kids would come to visit him at Nell's bungalow court, he would take them aside and whisper, "We don't live here. Ma just works here. We live in a big, big house in Beverly Hills. . . . We've got a tennis court and a swimming pool and a ballroom and everything. . . ."

Mickey Rooney's present familiarity with literature, a point which his Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer glorifiers stress, can in no fashion be credited to the public schools in the City of the Angels. He discovered Kipling when he was working in Captains Courageous. He stumbled across Shakespeare when he was playing Puck in Max Reinhardt's production of Midsummer Night's Dream, and he cottoned up to Mark Twain when he was featured in Huckleberry Finn.

As for school, in the first place, he was much too interested in extra-curricular activities to pay attention to his lessons, and in the second place, he didn't stay there long enough even to exhaust his supply of rubber bands.

Shortly after he was six his mother was tipped off by a talent scout that Larry Darmour, the producer, was looking for a "tough kid" to play Mickey McGuire, a character based on the then famous comic strip by Fontaine Fox. The agent thought that Joe looked sufficiently tough and homely to qualify for the part. However, there was one hitch. Joe was a towhead, while Mickey McGuire was definitely a brunet. "Have the kid's hair dyed before you go to see Larry," said the scout.

Nell discovered that it would take practically all of her meager savings to have Joe's hair dyed by a specialist, so she performed the operation herself with the aid of burnt cork. Noth-

ing in his variegated career, not even that article in a London paper which tried to prove that he was a forty-year-old midget, irritates Mickey more than the memory of that interminable afternoon when he had to sit patiently in a chair while his loving mother mutilated his hair.

Larry Darmour and his associates were not taken in by Nell's burnt cork, but Joe's screen test was so good that they handed him a long-term contract. He was the only kid on the North American continent, they proclaimed in chorus, whom the millions of followers of the famous comic strip would instantly recognize as Mickey McGuire, the tough boy in a derby hat with ever-ready fists and a chocolate cigar in his mouth.

A brand-new life began for Joe Yule, Junior. His daily routine, his manners, his very name underwent a radical change. Now that he had become a motion-picture star, he had to get up at the crack of dawn, report at the studio shortly before seven, and stay there as late as eight. Children of six usually beg their parents to be permitted to stay up "just twenty minutes longer," but Joe could hardly sit up long enough to eat his dinner. During his short scholastic career he had been told time and again that he would have to watch his language and curb his temper, but now he was encouraged by everybody to do his very worst. "The tougher he gets to be in real life," said the producers, "the easier it will be for him to play Mickey McGuire." And finally, in order to make the whole thing thoroughly realistic and convincing, Larry Darmour made Nell Carter change her son's name from Joe Yule, Junior, to Mickey McGuire.

☆ THE first Mickey McGuire two-reel quickie reached Main Street in 1926, the last in 1932. Altogether Mickey appeared in seventy-eight McGuire pictures, making thirteen a year. What with rehearsals, wardrobe, and make-up tests, brain storms in the business office, and all the other commotions that attend the birth of a minor classic in Hollywood, one picture followed another so closely that there were hardly six days during those six years that Mickey could dedicate to his favorite sport of beating up the neighborhood kids.

Far from contracting a nervous breakdown, Mickey thrived on the punishment meted out to him by his producers. His appetite was excellent, his health perfect, his ego overbearing. Nothing fazed him; nothing worried him except that he was not growing much taller. When he was twelve he was four inches shorter than an average boy of eight. He tried all sorts of stretching-out exercises; he slept on a hard bed; he answered scores and scores of advertisements that guaranteed "at least an inch per month," but the measuring tape refused to be impressed. He was still under five feet. True enough, he made up in toughness what he lacked in height, and he could—and actually did—lick a great many boys who topped him by a head. But his pride was badly hurt.

He began to resent the various cracks made about his stature by the smart alecks in the studio, and he was about to present his employers with an ultimatum when all of a sudden, for the second time in his brief life, he was washed up. It happened overnight. The selfsame public that only yesterday clamored for more and more Mickey McGuire pictures went on strike. The exhibitors reported that men, women, and children alike were sick and tired of the tough boy in a derby hat. The grosses dropped with a resounding thud, the losses mounted. The owners of the motion-picture theaters squawked, the bankers shuddered—and that was the end.

As Andy Hardy, his alter ego.

One morning the unsuspecting Nell Carter received a grave letter from the producers of the Mickey McGuire pictures. Stripped of its legal verbiage, it said two things:

1. The services of Mickey McGuire, Esquire, were not required any more;

2. Worse still, the very name Mickey McGuire would have to be returned to its copyright owner, Fontaine Fox.

When she recovered her power of speech, Nell mumbled something to the effect that while the McGuire name might belong to Fontaine Fox, no one could posibly copyright "Mickey." The attorneys of the producers conceded the point. "But," they told her, "you will have to find a new last name for him." For no good reason, Nell recalled that one of her many, many cousins, a direct descendant of the kings of Ireland, answered to the proud name of Rooney. "Rooney—Rooney . . ." She liked the sound of that name. From now on she was to be Mrs. Rooney and her dethroned son Mickey Rooney.

The matter of the name settled, Nell began looking for another movie job for Mickey. But once more Hollywood wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. Six years before he was turned down because he was "just another kid." Now he was given the brush because he was "too well known." Well known as Mickey McGuire, of whom the public was tired.

Finally Mickey was offered a vaudeville contract. He opened in Chicago. Nell thought he was terrific. He danced and sang better than ever, and he thought up a devilishly clever trick of explaining to "friends and folks" that while he had no legal right to call himself Mickey McGuire any more, still and all he *was* Mickey McGuire. "Friends and folks" grinned at this dainty bit of skulduggery, but the booking agents yawned. Mickey was discontinued after ten weeks, and the two old troupers, saddened and chastened, went back to Los Angeles.

☆ FOR the first time in thirteen years, Mickey was confronted with the problem of how to spend one's idle hours. He spent his swimming, boxing, bowling, playing tennis and ping-pong. It was his proficiency at the ping-pong table, of all things, that rescued him from obscurity.

He was playing in a tournament at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. The affair had been staged as part of a campaign to raise funds for unemployed screen actors. David Selznick, then a producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, agreed to act as one of the judges of the tournament.

The moment he spotted Selznick in the audience, Mickey braced himself for an all-out effort. His effort was good. It took Selznick one split second to decide that the underslung boy playing in the finals of the ping-pong tournament was about the most magnetic and refreshing personality of our times.

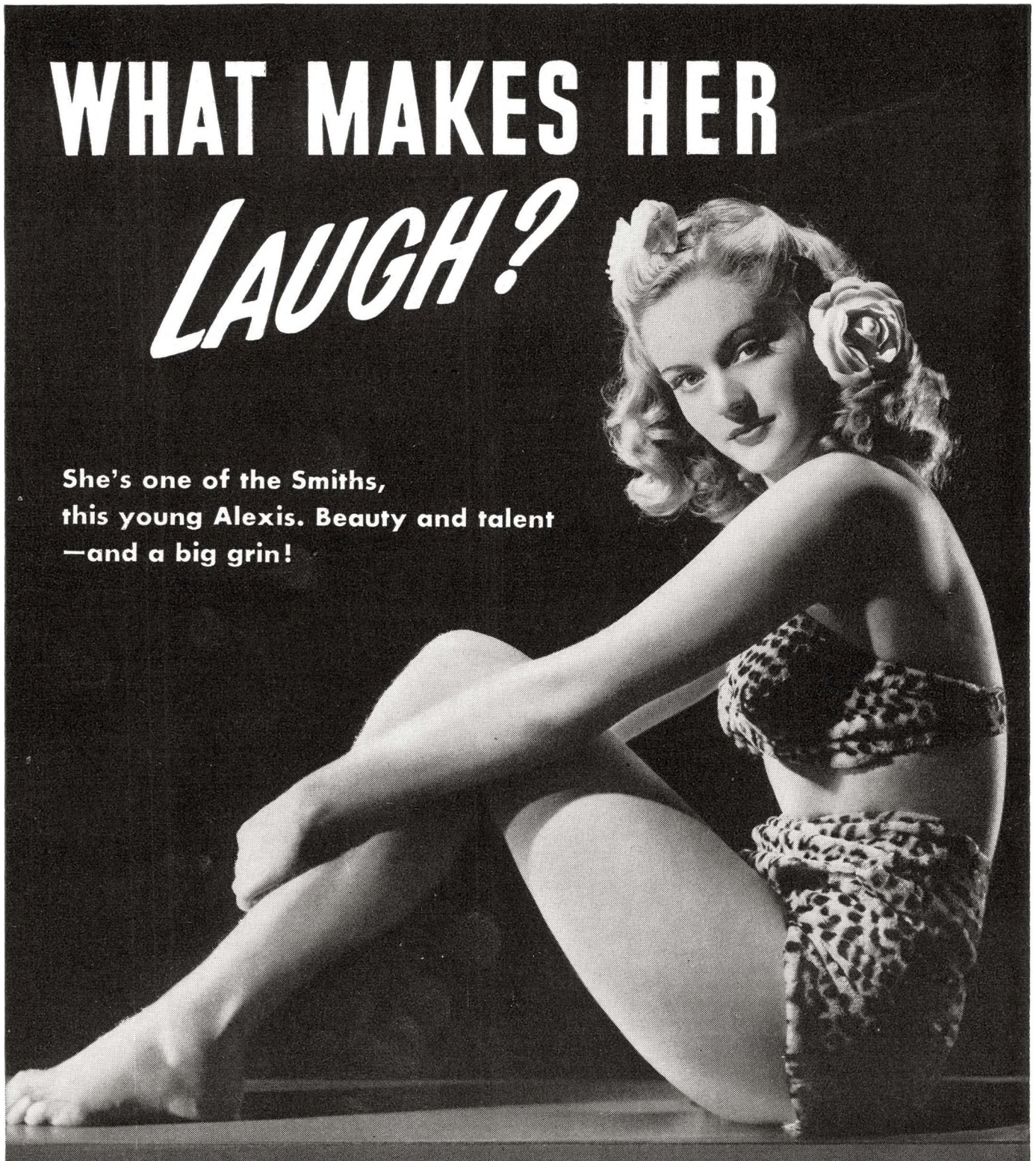
"Why," he said to his wife, "the kid is a better showman than most of our stars. Just watch his pantomime. Just get a load of his remarks."

Rooney's pantomime was truly amazing. When he missed an easy shot, he looked as if about to confess that he and only he was responsible for the collapse of Western civilization. When he retrieved an almost impossible ball, he shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the salvo of applause in the manner of a Jack Dempsey refusing to be congratulated for having knocked out Baby LeRoy. Mickey's line of talk was equally amazing. No one, least of all Selznick, could understand his brand of slang. A veritable forerunner of the jitterbugs, Mickey spoke an English that was all his own.

Selznick could hardly sleep that night. The more he thought of Rooney, the more excited he became. There, in the person of that brassy kid, was heaven's answer to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer prayer. When he arrived at the studio the next morning, he went straight to his father-in-law, Louis B. Mayer, and said: "I've found a gold mine. It's yours for the

(*Continued on page 46*)

WHAT MAKES HER LAUGH?



She's one of the Smiths, this young Alexis. Beauty and talent —and a big grin!

Alexis Smith, a youngster due for stardom, has a crisp new A. B. degree. She started right in to justify the talent scout in the movie Steel Against the Sky.

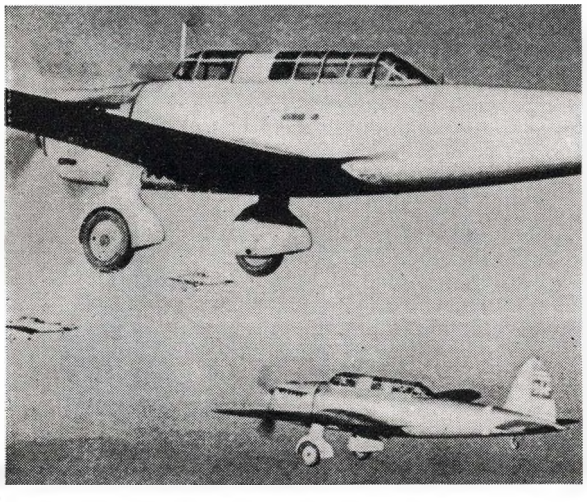
HER FAVORITE STORY

Did you see that young man about New York who was walking down Fifth Avenue New Year's morning with an alligator on a leash? The animal was so obstreperous that eventually the man had to halt to lecture his new pet.

"Listen, you little beast!" he snapped. "If you don't behave, I'll take a couple of aspirins and you won't be there any more."

I SAW IT HAPPEN IN MANILA

BY ANNALEE WHITMORE



Japanese bombers in formation over the far Pacific.

who in August left Hollywood script-writing to do relief work in China, and in November was married in Manila to Melville Jacoby, journalist. She is now 25.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY CABLE, MANILA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12.

☆ Manila's tenth air-raid alarm on. Bombed day before yesterday, night before that, day before that. May be again any minute. Can still look across bay and see fires.

We're used to hearing shots now. Don't even stop to wonder if they're snipers, antiaircraft fire, automobile backfires. Hospitals overflowing. Enlistment stations jammed with volunteers. Taxis, gasoline, even film requisitioned by army. Many stores padlocked—rest shut down at four. Nothing on streets after sunset except tired volunteer wardens and few groping cars, headlights painted out. All light globes removed; chandeliers yanked down. We live with packed bags in world of blindness at night once we leave dim hotel lobby.

Rumors run riot—Japanese landed on Luzon, marching here; parachutists at large; fifth columnists on air-raid-alarm staff; water supply poisoned. Eleven people rushed to hospitals violently ill after drinking tap water. All sent home in perfect health. Nerves.

Cheerful news yesterday—"mopping up" in progress on north of island; marching yellow hordes would not overrun Manila. While I wait for familiar thud of bombs I remember how it began.

Monday we woke to jangle of telephone. Carl Mydans, Life photographer, said, "Hawaii's been bombed."

Life changed fast. At ten, the Escolta, main thoroughfare, suddenly alive with gun-laden soldiers. Grinning white - suited little men being herded into big bus—fifty Japanese from Yokohama Specie Bank on way to concentration camp, some one told me.

Was pushed across street by crowd—it was still fun to them. Windows Nippon Bazaar smashed in. Three Filipino soldiers and sergeant climbed out with twelve Japanese who had tried to barricade themselves inside. In few minutes efficient alien round-up over; buses carted off over 1,000.

Bundle-laden women still shopped. Unimpressed clerks atop stepladders laughed as they taped windows in crude designs. But laughter died quickly. Red headlines told of bombing of Baguio, Davao. Japanese had bombed Guam.

Crowds suddenly filled banks, covered sidewalks, spilled into street—orderly crowds. Manila scared but taking it well. No panic, but quiet civilians drawing out money for groceries and transportation out of town.

Censorship had gone in that morning, head of cable company told me. I could file cables, but three copies now, no code addresses, and sign in full, please. "No restrictions, except you can't cable Japan."

The Escolta seemed to hold its breath. Suddenly came drone of airplanes. Crowd stared up curiously at neat three and three formation. "They're Americanos," said a shaky voice in broken English. "Keep 'em flying!" Dead silence as heads turned to follow flight—silence like prayer.

No light showed in Manila that night except searchlights cutting sky into parallelograms. Alarm sirens wailed just before eleven.

For an hour nothing happened. Trucks thundered by, then big guns. Saw a few blinking lights as we stood on hotel roof—Cavite? March Field? Corregidor? Or markers in harbor channel? We whispered unconsciously about later unconfirmed rumors Hong Kong Clipper shot down. First tense thrilled excitement wore off. Went to bed.

Dawn brought sudden pounding of many bombs. "God, the warning system's off!" came a despairing shout. The siren. We lay in darkness as bombs thudded near. Roar of planes closer, louder, almost shaking room. From window saw red patch toward Nichols Field grow, climb, spread.

Major Le Grande, aide-de-camp to MacArthur, tired and drawn next morning as he confirmed bombings of Nichols Field, Fort McKinley, Fort Stotsenburg, Clark Field.

Schools closed. Bloody railroad bombings began. Drugstores had no more bandages, iodine. Hardware stores empty except for clutching crowds around flashlight counters. Our grocery taped and padlocked beneath sign, "Cheerful service to all." Favored buyers admitted after speakeasyish whispered conference. Frenzied buying inside—half shelves bare.

Drove by évacués sitting patiently on small bundles of belongings, waiting to be picked up by Red Cross trucks. No panic—only depressed resignation.

As we listened to President Roosevelt's familiar voice over radio, hotel boys painted windows of bathroom thick dark green. That night we used it, with one feeble medicine-cabinet light, for our office. Our doorman joined navy; our *lavandera* fled to provinces with laundry; hotel boys deserted; menu shrank. "What to do in case of poison-gas attack" posted in lobby. Could see same familiar pattern beginning—already, after two days of war, it was much like the Chungking I left three weeks ago.

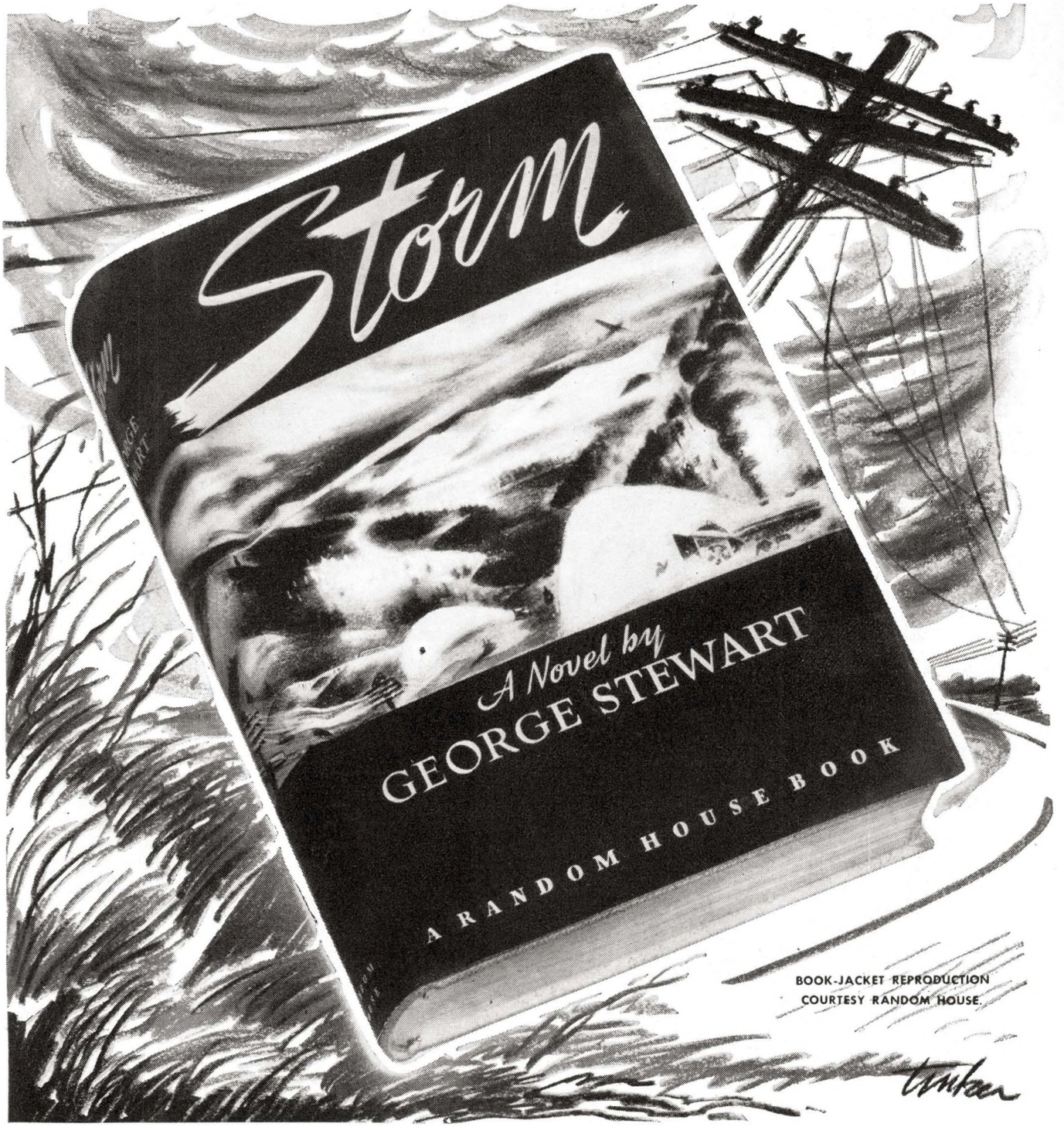
Next day it really came—a little before noon, when cracking of antiaircraft guns started from every direction—drone of engines—air-raid siren. Twenty-seven planes directly overhead, very high, in perfect formation. A dogfight began. One plane down, crashed in distance. Bombs spurted in big semicircle of white, gray, black smoke columns. Geysers of water rose and fell in bay, leaving only two ships burning out of thick cluster at anchor.

Drove immediately to military post.

"They didn't get much here," a sweaty, grimy soldier said. He was nervously anxious to talk. "They came in first in a wave of pursuits—fast jobs with machine guns squirting death. Dived down right at us. Then, after a lot of strafing, bombers came." He fingered a piece of still warm shrapnel and his mouth twisted. "Just let me at 'em again—that's all I ask. They took us by surprise, sure. But now we know what we can do. D'you think those yellow devils stand a chance when we really get going? Not on your tintype!"

I echoed it after him. That's what all Manila says.

THE END



Liberty presents a streamlined digest of one of the most remarkable stories ever written

READING TIME ● 39 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ IT was the Junior Meteorologist at the Weather Bureau who christened her Maria. She was his baby. You might say that he witnessed her birth, for he discovered her. But not at any price would he have revealed to the Chief Forecaster that he was bestowing girls' names on storms he detected and traced in his daily chart work. He had been working for the Chief only five weeks, and was getting impatient of the routine. But this morning the Byzantion, sailing 300 miles southeast of Yokohama, reported a barometric pressure of 1011 instead of the 1012 indicated by its position on the map. That, combined with other features of the situation, convinced the J. M. that a storm had just been born at that point and that in the following twenty-four hours it would move rapidly eastward.

As a man is conceived in the fierce onset of opposing natures, so also a storm begins in the clash of the dry cold air from the north with the mild moist air of the south. Like a person, a storm is a focus of activities, continuing and varying through a long or short period of time; having birth, youth, maturity, old age, and death.

Next morning the J. M. began to map the Pacific area with an almost paternal concern as to whether Maria had survived. Yes, she was well to the east of Japan, moving as a wave. She had traveled 1,000 miles.

The Chief walked in. The proprietor of the lunchroom where he had eaten his usual 4 A. M. breakfast had referred reproachfully to the drought. A lot of people, the Chief was thinking, never quite sense a difference between predicting weather and making weather. He sat down to wait for the teletype reports to be entered on the map. He always felt a deep excitement as the moment drew near to work out his daily forecast. Today it proved simple: "San Francisco Bay region: Fair today and Thursday; no change in temperature; west to northwest winds."

The J. M. could not resist pointing out Maria to him. The Chief showed no special interest in her, but his eyes swept back and forth, coming to rest on the Canadian Northwest. He studied the same region on yesterday's map. But all he said was, "Too many unknowns."

* * * * *

Along the highway marked "California—U. S. 40" the Road Superintendent was making his inspection that morning, driving slowly between the two rows of slender bright orange snow stakes which stood at 100-foot intervals. Considering how high it was, U. S. 40 carried more traffic, he'd bet, than any other road in the world. And he saw that the traffic got through, summer or winter. He passed the Donner monument and the gates which, at his word, would be closed across the highway. In the shadow of Donner Pass the ground was thinly snow-covered. He passed Big Shot, a bad place for snowslides; rounded Rocky Point, around the Horseshoe.

At the garage of the Maintenance Station he inspected the four great rotary plows standing inside, tire chains on, bodies piled with gravel for weight to give traction; the push plows, with their big twelve-foot shares; and the single V-plow. Ready to roll. But the men, the day foreman reported, were going stale. Swenson and Peters had started a fight, but had been pulled apart. Peters was out working, but the Superintendent took Swenson into the washroom and laid down the law. Swenson was sorry, and the Superintendent said to forget about it but not to do it again. You couldn't be too hard on the men; they needed their jobs.

The Superintendent drove westward now. That side of the summit the road descended less rapidly but was just as hard to keep clear. At Norden and Soda Springs and Fox Farm he found a respectable depth of snow. He kept noting the conditions of pavement and shoulders, making sure that nothing would interfere with the work of the plows. He cared little for weather lore or official forecasts. When snow fell, you started throwing it off the highway.

☆ THAT night, after moonset, a big owl, just about to alight on a pine on the forested mountainside, changed his mind and spiraled down to a pole of the electric transmission line that stretched along the side of a ridge. Perched on the wooden crossarm, he stretched out a wing. A feather touched one of the copper wires. There was a crackling flash of blue-white light, then darkness. Later a wildcat picked up the owl's scorched body. Johnny Martley, in charge of French Bar Powerhouse, reported to the Load Dispatcher's office in Phoenix a momentary short on his sixty-kv. line and sent out his maintenance gang. Just as the Load Dispatcher reached his office at his unvarying 7.59, Johnny's men reported they couldn't find what had caused the short.

The L. D., having forecast his power requirements for the day, sat back at his desk. An easy season, so far. He thought of his power line: the high-voltage wires hung from tall steel towers in great spans, the graceful waves of copper crossing hill and valley forming the sky line along foothill ridges; the low-voltage distribution wires below them—a mileage dizzying to contemplate. They all headed up at the powerhouses. Above them were penstocks and canals and dams and lakes like inland seas. Mixed in with the power lines were substations with maze-like bus structures and myriads of switches. All his responsibility and all lying open to every storm. But every wire in the system, the strength and courage of every maintenance man were figured to balance the power of that old storm-bringer, the southeast wind. The L. D. glanced out of his window and saw the banner on the Telephone Building still streaming out before a northeaster.

Only three employees in the great utilities buildings downtown equaled the L. D. in their concern over storms. There was the gray-haired General Manager of the Railroad, whose father had bossed a coolie gang and heard the strokes that drove home the Gold Spike. He had plenty of steam rotaries and flangers to fight snowstorms. There was the young Chief Service Officer at Bay Airport. Since you couldn't foresee the weather all the time, his credo was that with good planes and good pilots you usually came through. And there was the District Traffic Superintendent at Telephone. Like a magician of telepathy, he supervised thought transference over three great leads running from the city: the Central Transcontinental, surmounting Donner Pass, running by Great Salt Lake to the Atlantic; the Seattle lead, skirting Mount Shasta, twisting among the Siskiyous; and the Los Angeles lead that mounted over the treeless slopes above the Tehachapis. When storms broke the lines, the D. T. S., rerouted calls, kept traffic going through.

The L. D., the G. M., the C. S. O., and the D. T. S. did not yet know they would have to reckon with Maria.

When for the third day she appeared on the map, the Junior Meteorologist saw that she had gone another 1,000 miles. In spite of her size, she nowhere touched land. She centered between Midway Island and the southernmost Aleutians. The Chief looked the map over, particularly the Arctic stations.

"That polar mass," ventured the J. M., "is about ready to let go, I should say."

"Hn'n? Well, yes—and no—"

☆ UP on Victoria Island in the Arctic Archipelago a fur trader, stepping from his cabin into the shadowless daylong twilight, felt a change of weather. The dog that had followed him whimpered. The trader recognized the warning and went back into the cabin. And the passengers on a liner passing near the Hawaiian Islands declared themselves

on the verge of heat prostration. There the upper air was warm enough to prevent the sudden upburst of heated surface air which would have made possible a relieving thunderstorm.

☆ A CLOUDLESS morning dawned over San Francisco. Pete Goslin left his car to be serviced for the selling trip he meant to start on Sunday afternoon. First stop, Colusa; see Jim and maybe sell him a couple of pounds of flour even on the Sabbath. Young Max Arnim, up in Reno, took his car to be filled up for a week-end trip, too. Jen was going to drive down to Frisco with him and stay at her sister's until late Sunday. They'd start after work on Saturday. It would be dark all the way, but he knew old U. S. 40 like a book. Max liked Jen a lot. The name Maria meant nothing to him.

But out on the Byzantion, Maria was raising hell. The rudder controls were jammed, everything gone haywire. The First—best officer they ever had—was overboard. Johnny the Greek lay groaning with a dislocated shoulder, and the cook was burned all over the face. The Old Man wasn't much good and most likely was hitting the bottle again. The boats were gone or smashed. You couldn't have launched them anyway. But they kept steam up and the radio was working. Sparks said the Eureka was coming. So, weary, wet, and bruised, the men on the Byzantion hung on, wondering whether she'd start breaking up. . . .

When the Byzantion's home office got her S O S, relayed by the Eureka, they called the Chief to find out her chances. Poor, he had to tell them. She must be in a fifty-mile wind, with certainty of a lot more for twelve hours. And then for the next hour he was busy telling newspaper offices, "No, it can't be called a hurricane. No, it's not a typhoon."

The effort was wasted; the headlines in the next edition read: "Ship in Typhoon."

Then, while the men on the Byzantion battled for their lives, the Chief, only a few inches away on the map, went on working—though not able to forget the despair in the voice that had telephoned him about her. She carried a local crew; they had wives and children. . . . And in a ravine far up in the Sierra Nevada a piece of fallen cedar trunk was settling its daily hundredth of an inch. In the 150 years it had lain there, decay had advanced to the point of weakening the fibers in contact with the rocky ledge over the highway and the electric wires, where it had landed. A chipmunk, now hibernating beneath the bole, had removed a pound of the gravel when he made his burrow last summer, and now there was less resistance to the steady shift of weight. Also within those inches of map, a man driving along one of the secondary highways in the Sacramento Valley couldn't know that a short length of two-by-four lumber was gradually jolting to the back of a truck, nor that it finally bounced off and lay near the edge of the pavement.

By morning the Eureka had reached the Byzantion, and, cheered by the sight of her, they had patched up the old tub, and were headed south for Honolulu and repairs. There was a stiff breeze from the north and a choppy sea.

☆ FROM the Arctic islands and the ice floes of Beaufort Sea the polar air swept southward. It crossed the Canadian border just after midnight at fifty miles an hour. Maria was driving in hard. The J. M., in the dark early hours of Saturday morning, felt his throat grow tight with excitement. The Chief came in and studied the map as usual. If he tapped off "Rain" on the forecast, thousands would change their plans, hundreds of industries would make adjustments. Money would be spent wisely and foolishly. Then, if rain did not come, people would blame the weatherman. But he had to make his decision.

"Get on the telephone," he said to an assistant, "and order storm warnings on the coast—Point Arena to North Head."

Reading the forecast in his paper, the Load Dispatcher of Power-Light felt no panic. But he called up French Bar. Johnny Martley's voice came along the 200 miles of wire, assuring him that machines and men were ready up there. The L. D. liked Johnny's manner. It suggested reserve power. It was crazy, knowing so many people by telephone and never seeing them.

At Bay Airport they checked the Chief's forecast with their own weather experts and told purchasers of tickets that cancellation would be likely for flights after two o'clock Sunday afternoon. The General Manager of the railroad sent the Assistant Divisional Engineer and the Chief Trainmaster up to Emigrant Gap and Norden to take charge of track clearance. At Telephone, the District Traffic Superintendent called the Chicago office to warn them, and the Plant office to make sure extra men had gone up along U. S. 40 in case things went bad on the Pass.

In a little green truck with the telephone insignia on its side, Rick, a lineman, drove up the highway past the 2,000-feet elevation marker. He felt curiously happy. The night before, he had met a girl at the dance at Blue Canyon and he had known at once that there was something about her. When it was time to go, he had wanted to say something free and easy, like, "So long, sister. See you in church!" But all he had found himself saying was, "Good-by." That was all she said, too. He kept thinking now of her blue eyes in her dark-tanned face. . . . Sometimes he swung the curves absent-mindedly, so that his outside tires went off the pavement and he heard the gravel fly.

All that Saturday afternoon the polar air rushed south and southeast along its 1,000-mile front. In the twilight lights shone for a few minutes, and then were blotted out by flying snow.

Sunday morning the Chief went down to the office. Today's reports confirmed yesterday's decision. Rain would prevail this afternoon and tomorrow; snow in the mountains; unsettled in southern California. He checked off the rest of the district.

The C. S. O. at Bay Airport bent over weather charts, questioned incoming pilots. The 12.45 from Seattle came in late, reporting head winds and bad conditions over the Siskiyous. So he canceled the next two flights for Seattle. Rain had commenced at

the airport about two o'clock, but there was a high ceiling and the plane from Los Angeles was on time. He sent off the three-o'clock return plane. The winter daylight was now dimming minute by minute. The pilot of the 4.15 transcontinental radioed that he was flying by instrument over the Sierras at 12,000 feet through clear air, with clouds above and below. The 7.45 from Seattle was ordered grounded. The nine-o'clock transcontinental would probably get off, but it might have to skip Reno. Whatever befell, there was the telephone to give the C. S. O. the weather facts and the radio to direct his pilots safely to land.

☆ MAX ARNIM and Jen had to start back to Reno, rain or no rain. Pete Goslin left San Francisco as he had planned, eager to get to Colusa early enough to make that sale of flour. In his haste he ran past a cut-off he had planned to take. He slowed down, considering whether to turn back. Being a man of set purpose, he turned.

On the secondary highway, with the speedometer at fifty, he saw suddenly in his path the piece of two-by-four that had remained on the roadway. A truck, bumping over it, had spilled a few pounds of manure upon the road beside it. Pete swung to the left, felt his wheels skid, and straightened out. But the film of sod-

den manure had made the pavement so slippery that the car skidded off the road, rolled over and landed on its top with a terrific crash.

By now two or three inches of snow lay upon the upper reaches of U. S. 40. The Superintendent ordered out the push plows and for luck took out the first one himself. At twenty miles an hour the snow rose in a white curve like water from the prow of a fast motorboat. You had to keep the share at just the right height and the

wheels just at the edge of the road. Since the moldboard extended two feet beyond the wheels, it seemed, when you crossed fills, as if the outer front wheel were hanging in space. Even the experienced Superintendent had to stifle a sudden fear that he was about to plunge down the mountainside.

☆ ON Monday morning Maria was a gigantic creature drawing moisture from the Pacific and expending it as rain and snow from Sitka to San Diego. All those wires that were on the Load Dispatcher's mind were now engaged in a test of endurance. Actual damage in any storm resulted usually from a pyramiding of accidents which overcame the margin of safety which man's ingenuity had established. Early this morning such a critical condition existed where the transmission line from French Bar Powerhouse ran along the side of a foothill ridge at 3,000 feet. The ice that had formed on the three topmost wires, carried by sixty-foot spruce poles, had thickened until each span was supporting a ton. Normally they could support several times that. But the sparks which flew when the owl was killed had burned and weakened one of them. At eighteen seconds after 9.02 A. M. it broke.

In the next fraction of a second 36,000 horsepower ceased to flow into the general Power-Light system. From Shasta to Tehachapi every electric clock was threatened with losing time and countless delicate automatic processes were endangered. But almost as the wire struck the snow the lights in the near-by towns were growing brighter after a lapse so brief that to human eyes it had been merely a flicker, and the clocks were no longer threatened.

The operator at French Bar found, by throwing a switch, that the break was permanent, and called Johnny Martley at his house 100 yards away. Because he had to step into the next room to answer, he got the news of the break later than the L. D. got it, 200 miles away.

The L. D. got it at 9.03, and in his mind saw instantly a diagram of the fifty-one plants scattered over the space of Great Britain. Two Rivers was the one best equipped at the moment to take over from French Bar. It was 300 miles north, had plenty of water, and had been operating at half load that morning. With that adjusted, he went back to his regular routine.

Johnny Martley got busy on the telephone, but since even maintenance men are human beings, their mustering consumed minutes instead of the fractions of seconds needed for the automatic electrical devices. But they were around the truck in the garage within ten minutes. In the interval Martley had supervised tests that located the break within five miles of the powerhouse. At his word two men mounted to the truck seat and the two others crawled in among the tools, coils of wire, grounds, insulators, jugs of drinking water, and skis.

Johnny rolled up the garage door. A blast of snow-laden wind whirled in. The truck moved out. It stalled twice in drifts before it got onto the highway where the snowplows had cleared the way. For a mile the transmission line was close to the road. Then they had to park the truck by one of the U. S. 40 signs and go ahead on skis. When they came to the fallen wire they rested a minute.

One man climbed the pole. Chunks of ice scaled off as he stuck his spikes in. When the wire was restrung they stood by while the operators at French Bar and Two Rivers tested the line. On their way back they stopped for coffee at a highway lunch counter. The foreman called up the powerhouse. He came back from the booth buttoning his jacket.

"Come on, you," he said. "There's a lady up to Gold Creek and her electric iron won't work." So they went on there to see if any of the local lines needed fixing.

They did a good job. The L. D. considered calling Johnny Martley and telling him to thank them. But he decided that it was only routine for the boys. Amateurs should be patted on the back, but it cheapened professionals.

☆ UP at the Maintenance Station at the top of the Pass, the Superintendent saw at noon that it was time for the rotaries. So far he had held the road with the push plows. Peters took out the first rotary, with Swenson for his swamper. The Superintendent rode with them, in case of needing to step on any row between them. First Peters angled into a snowbank until the right-hand cutter bar bit deeply, then waited while Swenson worked the controls to set the level of the augers.

"A little lower," Peters ordered.

"O. K., Chief," said Swenson; and the Superintendent smiled comfortably.

The rotary roared and bounced, though its speed was slower than a man could walk. Peters was an artist. It was as though the snowplow had a brain and he was it. Never did the cutter bar miss a snow stake by as much as four inches; sometimes it almost scraped the paint. To come as close as possible to every stake yet not hit one meant a good operator.

Clank! came without warning. Peters cut off the power. The sudden silence was as startling as a thunderclap.

"Shear bolts gone," said Swenson. A passing car had cast a tire chain and the augers had picked it up and jammed. In a few minutes Swenson had new bolts in and the plow moved again, the men leaning forward, peering; for some of the snow which the rotary threw aside blew back across the windshield and their vision was cut down to almost nothing.

☆ THE radio that night reported the first casualty of the storm: "Peter Goslin, salesman for a flour company, was killed today when his automobile skidded and overturned ten miles south of Colusa. Death must have been instantaneous!"

Rick, the lineman, had another break to repair that day. From its position he judged the broken wire had been one leased by radio companies for a transcontinental program. Well, he thought, when he had finished, some girl can start squawking over that one again. Rick would labor through any storm to keep the wires working, but for the messages they carried he had a curious contempt.

Up at Emigrant Gap and Norden the trains were sent through on schedule. The snow had not yet had time to pile up. The planes were going through, too. There was some icing over the Hump, but by keeping above 12,000 feet the pilots could make it easily. In the Sacramento

Storm, by George Stewart, is published by Random House, New York City. $2.50

Valley the Flood Control Co-ordinator, a retired General, usually referred to as "the Czar of the River," watched the rainfall reports in his drainage system. He was as yet not much concerned. This first rain would mostly sink into the ground. But the next day he checked over the situation once more and dictated a forecast: "A general rise is developing in all streams, and with continued rain higher stages will result in the Sacramento River and its tributaries."

Down near Bay Airport was Underpass 342-2, where U. S. Highway 101 dipped beneath railroad tracks. It was so placed that it could not drain by gravity, and therefore, when water seeping into it had risen to a certain height, the pumps, controlled from a switchbox on a pole, automatically began to operate. Three days previous a passing hoodlum with a .22 rifle had sent a bullet through the thin steel box. The electrical connections were not damaged, but rain now began to come in through the hole.

The bole of the old cedar tree which sheltered the chipmunk was yielding to the weight of snow and the center of gravity was therefore moving forward by infinitesimal fractions of an inch.

Fog had been creeping across the plains all day. At the airport the C. S. O. watched the transcontinental leave for Salt Lake City. He had worked out the course of the flight. As far as Salt Lake City everything was reported safe. Beyond that point it was not his territory, so there his responsibility ended.

☆ THE afternoon Register carried an item headed: "Reno Pair Missing. Left Here Sunday Evening. Fail to Arrive."

☆ RICK had another busy day, in a section where, since the lead was close to the highway, linemen did not have to work in pairs for safety. He was glad to be alone, for it gave him a chance to think of the girl. He had resolved to telephone her for a date, and the sooner he fixed this wire the sooner he could get back and do it.

He finished his work on the ground and made ready to ascend. When he stuck his ski poles in the snow he happened to thrust one not quite hard enough. It leaned over, its top touching the top of the other. Climbing to the crossarm, Rick began to work. In a sudden flurry the snow came more thickly. A young lodge pine near the pole bent over farther and farther, now weighted beyond its strength. Rick worked on. The tree leaned lower. Noiselessly its tip settled against the pole.

When he had finished Rick, warm from his work, unbuttoned his coat. He did not glance down the pole, did not see the tip of the tree a few feet below him. The thought of the girl was in his mind. He felt in some way touched with nobility. For the moment he was absent-minded; and he was wholly alone. Unsnapping his safety belt, he started down. Suddenly the climbing iron on his right foot pierced deceptively the top twig of the leaning tree, grazed the pole and cut loose. Rick went sprawling through the air. His coat flew open. He lit squarely upon the tops of his ski poles. One pole might have given way, but the two together thrust stiffly just below his heart. It was a few minutes before he came to. The great numbness in his chest frightened him. But Rick was a fighter. He wormed along inch by inch toward his skis.

Overhead were passing the strains of an orchestra playing Beethoven's Third Symphony and the angry complaints of a man in Pocatello about his rotten connection.

Rick was cold. The pain was intense. He grew dizzy and faint. He would have to rest a minute. . . .

☆ THAT night the highway along by Fox Farm was in bad shape. A rotary plow was feeling its way along from snow stake to snow stake. Then came a bang. The operator and the swamper plunged out, expecting to find a boulder on the highway. But it was a car. They had hit the end of the rear bumper. The rest was drifted over. The two men knocked the snow off the handle and opened the door.

"One of those little telephone trucks," the operator said.

Facing toward the forest, he let out a mighty "HAL-LOO!" Just an echo answered. They got in touch with the station by radio. The night foreman guessed it must be the fellow the telephone people had called up about. He hadn't reported in for quite a while.

"Do you want us to go look for him?"

"You can't without skis, and anyway, if he's been in there that long . . ." It was after midnight.

☆ THE J. M. went to work next morning with a letter in his pocket. That air-line job was open to him again. He might take it. In the Weather Bureau his mathematical training did not seem to help him. Sometimes it seemed as if the Chief were using the same methods any shepherd might have used in the time of the patriarchs. . . . He broke off his musings and turned to the map. Maria had had a baby! The Chief came to take a look.

"That new storm," he said, "she'll be headlines when she gets to New York." (And she was.)

The J. M. jumped and blurted, "You mean Little Maria?"

The Chief smiled. "Hn'n? You name them too? I used to, years ago. I remember Marshal Ney developed into a terror, but Genghis Khan fizzled out."

Suddenly the J. M. felt at home in the Weather Bureau. When you came right down to it, the air-line people dealt in nothing but air-lines. Only

the Weather Bureau dealt in weather. And he'd wanted to be a weatherman ever since he was a kid.

☆ IN a hotel a few blocks away a very great man in the domain of petroleum was beginning a conversation by telephone with his lawyer in New York. At the same moment the decayed cedar bole up in the Sierra Nevada began to roll—crashing through treetops.

"We can scarcely—" said the very great man just as the bole struck among the crossarms of a pole of the Central Transcontinental lead. That pole was fifteen inches thick at the base and thirty feet tall, of flawless Douglas fir, firmly set in rocky soil. The four heavy crossarms were reinforced with steel braces. Each carried ten glass insulators, each of which bore a heavy copper wire. The pole snapped. Every crossarm broke. The steel braces bent, most of the insulators were shattered, nearly all the wires broke.

"Some fool girl cut me off," said the great man to his secretary. "Put that call through again."

It took twenty-five seconds to reestablish connection. Inexcusable, he thought. Aloud he resumed: "Well, Davy, here we are talking just as before." But that was incorrect. Instead of through Salt Lake City, Denver, and Chicago, the impulses now passed through Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, and St. Louis, over one of the alternate circuits which the District Superintendent had established some hours earlier.

☆ IN the mountains, telephone repairmen were still laboring. Their foreman kept in touch by portable telephone with Sacramento.

"Well, they found him," he said, coming back to the gang after one call. Everybody paused. "He was under the snow, but a fellow brought a dog that was trained to work in the mountains, and he found him." Still they waited. "Sure, he was dead. Why don't you get on with the job?"

They worked hard and nobody talked much.

But no one had been able to get any trace of Max and Jen. . . .

Keeping U. S. 40 open over the Pass was just one thing after another, the Superintendent meditated wearily. Yesterday he'd had to clear that jam at Windy Point: a double line of blocked cars—thanks to reckless drivers who tried to pass cars ahead. He had thanked God for the skill of truck drivers and for one good city fellow who helped. And for the rotary with radio equipment that let him talk to the Maintenance Station and order westbound cars held at the Pass. The man who had caused the block by disregarding tire-chain warnings, and who had gotten started by the combined efforts of everybody, drove off without a word and left his jack handle lying on the snow. The Superintendent had merely thought, Good riddance, but the truck drivers could have lynched the fellow.

Today he could feel some shift in weather. Not so much snow; more wind. The snow walls were six, eight, ten feet high. Before noon the road was seriously threatened. He mentally tried various arrangements of the plow, but there was always a bottleneck. He sighed. To lose his road was to lose his honor. It was half lost now. He went down to the garage.

"Get ready to start convoying," he ordered. That might prevent actual closing. He jumped into his own car; he had to have a look at things for himself. By five o'clock things were in hand. It had been a close call, though.

☆ DURING these hours the water gauges in the Sacramento Valley rose foot by foot; but water had not yet begun to flow over the wicket tops of Sacramento Weir, four miles upstream from the city. The General got a telephone call from an asparagus grower in the delta, who suggested that the General should not open the wickets sooner than necessary. The General made it so clear whose business it was to pick the right time that the grower apologized.

Later that night the wires and insulation in the switchbox at Underpass 342-2 became so wet that there was a short circuit. The pumps stopped. Rain began to flood the roadway. A youth, driving two friends in a coupé, saw the water ahead of him and stepped on the gas. The car stalled almost instantly. Other cars floundered in and stalled.

In the melee the boys larked about with two girls coming home from a party. One of them started all the rest to hurling carrots that had spilled from a slewing truck. An hour later every one was on his way. The highway gang had repaired the trouble and had collected the carrots so that they should not plug the drains.

Just before midnight the Transcontinental Streamliner pulled out of the station at Chicago as usual.

Next day, during a lull in the storm, an old coyote hunting along the Pass came to a place where yesterday he had scented something strange. Though the scent was now fainter because of the deepened snow, saliva began to drool at the corners of his mouth. But mingled with the scent were others that made him wary, so he went on his way, registering the spot in his excellent memory.

☆ WHEN the Chief came into the office that morning he said, "How's Maria?" low, so that no one else overheard.

"She's fine," the J. M. returned. He felt himself grow suddenly warm with the new sense of comradeship.

The snow was falling six inches an hour up between Norden and Emigrant Gap. The big steam rotary was clearing the tracks. A fast train with mail was due through in a little while.

Bright yellow in the winter sunshine, agleam with resplendent metal, the Streamliner was making eighty miles an hour along the Platte River. Around Sacramento the weirs were spilling over, and the General had ordered one road into the city closed. That brought him a visit from three important business men facing ruin, they said, unless the road was reopened. That would mean opening the weir gates, the General pointed out, and flooding the delta farms. They then accused him of owning stock in the latter, and his roar drove them out of his office.

Late that afternoon the Superintendent drove from the Maintenance Station down the east slope of the Pass. Around Windy Point was the usual swirling blizzard. Just below it he met a rotary, and below Rocky Point another. Peters was driving that one. The Superintendent drove to the gates at the lake, closed by his order so that no car could go farther without chains. Then he drove up the highway again. A big snow nose had fallen, but it left one lane open.

He passed the rotary and tooted to Peters and Swenson. Just then he saw

a tire chain in the road and got out to pick it up. As he turned back to his car a strange low hissing noise rose and grew. He ran. The whole roadway shook; the hissing changed to a thudding. A wave of snow came running along the highway. It pinned him against his car, knocking him breathless. Next instant he stood in three feet of snow. The rotary in which Peters and Swenson sat was buried, and the snow behind his own car was too high for him to wallow through.

He floundered ahead, already planning . . . that other rotary could work on the slide . . . in three hours the road might be open. . . . But when he reached the other rotary the men were working on a broken axle. The Superintendent figured hard: Order out the whole night shift, bring up another rotary, stop traffic, get in touch with the Highway Patrol. He got his day foreman on the radio. It was going to take twelve hours. He had lost the road!

In deep depression he waited in his car until the equipment began to arrive. The V-plow pulled him out of the deep snow and went to work. A push plow joined in. Some of the men climbed up on the slide, gingerly, lest their weight start it and take them down into the canyon. Then a rotary came. As it began flinging snow, the men gave a little cheer; they were getting somewhere now. Plunging around, the Superintendent directed the fight. The rotary with the new axle came down the road and got a cheer. He lined it up behind the other.

Suddenly there was a lot of yelling and some of the men from the top slid down. Peters was just heaving himself out of the snow. They beat him on the back and then dug in and pulled Swenson out. The two had got their shovels and dug their way to a rock wall along the inner edge of the highway, and then tunneled along it. A lucky thing there had been no rocks in the slide.

At nine the cooks came down with coffee and sandwiches and everybody felt a little better. But it was a grim fight. The men did a lot of swearing. It's a fine thing to meet up in the spring with a fellow you know and say:

"Yessir, we kept ol' Donner Pass open all through the winter, even that bad storm in January."

But now you couldn't say that. You'd lost the road.

☆ NEXT morning, down in San Francisco, the rain beat upon windows with the rattle of drums. The General Manager awoke and remembered the Streamliner somewhere out in Nevada, coming fast. Jen's sister awoke, shivered, and caught her breath in a sob. The Load Dispatcher awoke, remembered his wires and poles, but had confidence in his men and went back to sleep. The Chief awoke, looked at the clock, thought, Ah, *that* was it! and took another nap. The General called his office and said he'd be right down. It was 4.26.

At 5.29 "Big Al" Bruntton, the pilot, checked over the trip forecast with the Salt Lake City airport. He was taking the big sleeper plane to San Francisco, a four-hour flight.

As the plane rose high above Great Salt Lake, the Streamliner pulled out of Reno. After 2,000 miles it was still on time to the second. It entered Truckee Canyon just as the Chief was saying to the J. M., "Well, your friend Maria is about done for. This is pretty local." And up in the foothills a big boar, lolling in a thicket of oak, was disturbed by the deluge.

The Chief Service Officer arrived at the airport as usual, and found trouble. They couldn't make contact with Big Al's plane. It was 7.23.

The Streamliner came on. A trackwalker on one of the lonely stretches stepped aside, hearing it draw near through the falling snow, and paused when it had passed to listen to a plane that he could not see, somewhere low in that close-hanging cloud.

At French Bar Powerhouse every-

thing was awash in the cloudburst. The gang was out tending to some lines. Johnny Martley started away from the house, but came back when his wife whooped from the porch. It was the L. D. calling. They had been caught with the dam nearly full. Now the water would go over the top unless the sluice gates were opened. Maybe it would anyway. He had been waiting for orders. He talked to the L. D., and then started out again. His wife yelled that there was a leak in the living room.

"Set out a pan!" he yelled back.

He hurried on out to the narrow trail at the lip of the canyon. Though the wind was upstream, an occasional wave was slopping over the dam. Yes, the gates should have been opened twenty-four hours ago. But no harm was likely to result. Johnny unpadlocked the little steel door just below the overhang of the dam, went in, closed it behind him, and snapped on the lights. He was inside solid concrete. He stepped along the cramped passageway and lowered himself into a hole at the end. Far down one electric light after another glowed wetly. His foot found a steel rung projecting from the concrete and he began to descend. He had 230 feet to go. . . . He had never gone down alone before. Each light, as he drew near it, seemed a friend; and he felt a touch of primitive panic as it receded. . . .

U. S. 40 was open again, and the Superintendent had been able to throw plenty of equipment into the worst stretch and easily keep it clear. He had just talked to a rotary operator, and was getting back into his car when he heard a plane. He could see nothing of it, but the noise of the engines seemed loud, as if the plane had been forced too low.

He looked at his watch. It was 7.36.

Big Al had passed over Reno in full daylight. Following the Reno beam, he went on into poor visibility. When he got close to the summit he fully expected to be ordered back. Then suddenly things got bad. The air was rough and the plane was in thick cloud. A little ice formed. Jerry yelled at him, "Bay trying to contact us; but she faded—static." Big Al, coldly calm, decided to go ahead. Half a minute later he knew he had made a wrong decision.

A sideswipe took the plane and she went into a downdraft. By the time he had secured control he was off the beam. Then he went into a thunderstorm. Ice was forming. He fought for control. Some black fangs of crags seemed to drift by; the Sierra Buttes, maybe. They were miles off his course, to the north.

Down below him the big boar had lost patience with his wet bed under the oaks and was starting out to find a better one. He was almost across a flooded gully when an added rush of water rolled him over, kicking, squealing, down to the next ledge. Instantly a wave washed him off. He hit with a smash, and the torrent hurled him on, through bushes and vines thirty feet downward. At the bottom he crashed through barbed-wire fencing and stopped, crushed against the junction of the two big pipes of a culvert. His forequarters sagged inside one pipe, his hindquarters inside the other.

Meantime Johnny Martley got the sluice gates open. He listened to the water sweeping through beneath him and it made him think of the leak in his living room. Turning, he went back toward the hole up which he must climb. Gotta hurry, he thought.

Sure is a busy day! Ahead in the passage were the feeble gleams of the lights. Then—without a warning flicker—they all went out.

The darkness stopped the man in his tracks like a blow. But in two strides he had suppressed his momentary panic. He knew the distances and hazards in the passageway. What worried him was why the lights had gone. He hurried; his men would need him; the L. D. might be calling. "Sure is a busy day!" Unconsciously

he spoke aloud, and he started as his voice reverberated hollowly.

Reaching out, he found the end of the passageway, groped, and got a steel rung—wet, cold, and slick. He began to climb into the hole he could not see. He would have to climb 230 feet, and the rungs were ten and a half inches apart; 269 rungs.

Counting, he climbed. His heart began to pound. At 100 he rested. He took the next hundred without halting and saw the dim circle of light still high above him. He took the last rungs with a rush. Leaking in from the closed door was a dim halo of light. He was suddenly conscious of an unusual roar. He flung the door open.

He was looking not at the canyon side but at a solid wall of falling water. The dam was spilling; he was trapped. Johnny took stock. There was a space of five feet between him and the water. A concrete buttress blocked him on the left. A few feet to the right the ground fell off into the canyon. He flung a stone through the water and knew from the way it disappeared that the flowing wall was only an inch thick. But if he rushed through it onto the sloping rock face he would be swept down the precipice. If he stayed where he was, he'd be safe.

☆ NOT for a moment did Johnny Martley consider staying. I'm too busy, he thought. Just outside the door lay a length of steel cable, rusted, cast aside as too worn, no doubt. He examined it. It would hold a man's weight. He made a three-foot loop, pounding down the ends of the strands with a stone. He dug his heels in and cast the loop at the water. It struck flat. He corrected his aim. Three rocks, he knew, stood just beyond the water. If he could lasso one of them, and if the loop held . . . On the sixteenth throw the cable stuck when pulled. He strained with full weight. It held; but would it hold with his weight swinging in a circle at the end of it?

He grasped the cable at what he thought would be eight feet from whatever held the loop. He stuck his head into the water and let the push take him from his feet. He was swept across the sloping rock. Beneath his left foot was nothing. He felt the void of the canyon sucking him down. . . .

Then he was lying on the sloping rock, still gripping the cable. The loop was still holding. Under his feet was empty space. He bent both elbows and hunched himself forward; pulled up his right leg, tearing his pants, and felt rock beneath his foot. The hum of the dynamos came clear; so the failure of the lights inside the dam had been local—probably from the water going over the dam. . . .

"Did the L. D. call?" he yelled to his wife when he got near his house.

"No," she yelled back. "What made you so long?"

"Oh, nothing much." He was glad she did not come to look at him. His face and hands were scraped and bleeding; his pants knees were both torn out. He hurried off to see about the road.

☆ IN the lounge car of the Streamliner a passenger said

good morning to the conductor and the next instant was flung into the aisle as the brakes went on with a grab. The conductor was gone before anybody could speak. Rain was falling by bucketfuls. On one side the train was close to the steeply sloping wall of a canyon; on the other there was a drop of fifty feet to a roaring stream.

"Nasty place," people said, peering out the windows. "Glad we didn't go off the track."

Fifty feet ahead of the engine, water was flooding the tracks. The outside rails were hanging in a long sag. The Streamliner would be lucky if she got under way in three hours. All the cunning of wires and clockwork, of lights and semaphores, was as nothing before Maria's tricks. The bedraggled trackwalker who had stopped the train was covered with mud and slime.

"What you know?" he sputtered. "That one pipe clogged so tight she not running water—just a little mud. I crawl up through there. What you think jammed in there and blocked the pipes—drowned? A great big hog!"

☆ MINUTE by minute Big Al was fighting the storm. Once he thought he was gone when an air draft dropped him fast. But he fought for altitude. He was tired as a dog. The machine was fine, and somehow that made him feel weaker. Then the worst blast of all struck him. He bit his tongue to keep himself alert and just managed to keep her under control. Suddenly, right ahead was blue sky. That wallop had been the final wind shift. He caught a glimpse of ground; and the Bay operator came through clear. Five minutes later the plane was heading south over the Sacramento Valley. The passengers were getting hold of their stomachs. They'd be landing inside of an hour. . . .

The storm was dying, but even in death it was great. The last front, close to a thousand miles long, revolving like the spoke of a wheel around the storm center far at sea, hurled itself against the mountains. Then it passed on, and the steady cold wind from the northwest scattered the clouds. It had traveled a third of the way round the world and had, at its height, encompassed an area greater than the United States.

☆ "STORMS and men," the Chief was saying to the J. M. as they bent over the map next morning. "They get born, and they grow up, and they get old and die. Everything is always changing, and always it comes back to what it was before."

The J. M. still looked at the map. Maria was dead. But she had been a good storm, Maria.

Later that day a Highway Patrol captain came to the garage at Donner Pass and talked to the tired-looking Superintendent. That couple who had vanished after they left Frisco the first night of the storm—they must be somewhere along this road. The Superintendent thought back. He could remember for weeks a detail which another man would not have noticed in the first place. He had noticed a broken snow stake that didn't look like snowplow work. And that was where, under the snow, where the coyote tracks were, they found the bodies of Max and Jen in their crumpled car that had gone over the edge of the cliff.

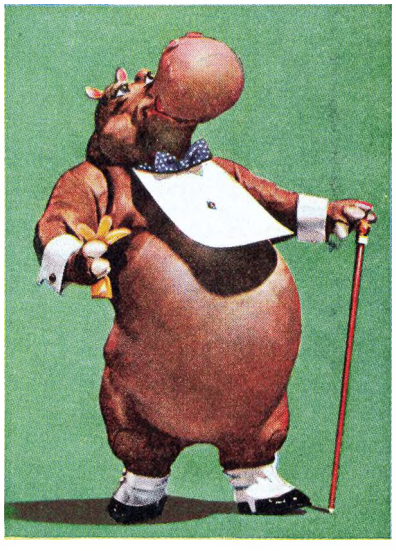
This day saw the General's defeat. He had to open the wickets, after all. Flooding the asparagus country was a nasty business, but it saved the city. He went home to bed just before dawn, very weary.

At French Bar the water was no longer spilling over the dam. Mrs. Martley mended the torn knees of her husband's pants, wondering what he could have scraped them against.

And the great sphere of the earth spun steadily upon its axis and moved in its unvarying course around the sun. It gave no sign that storms or men disturbed its tranquil round.

THE END

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.

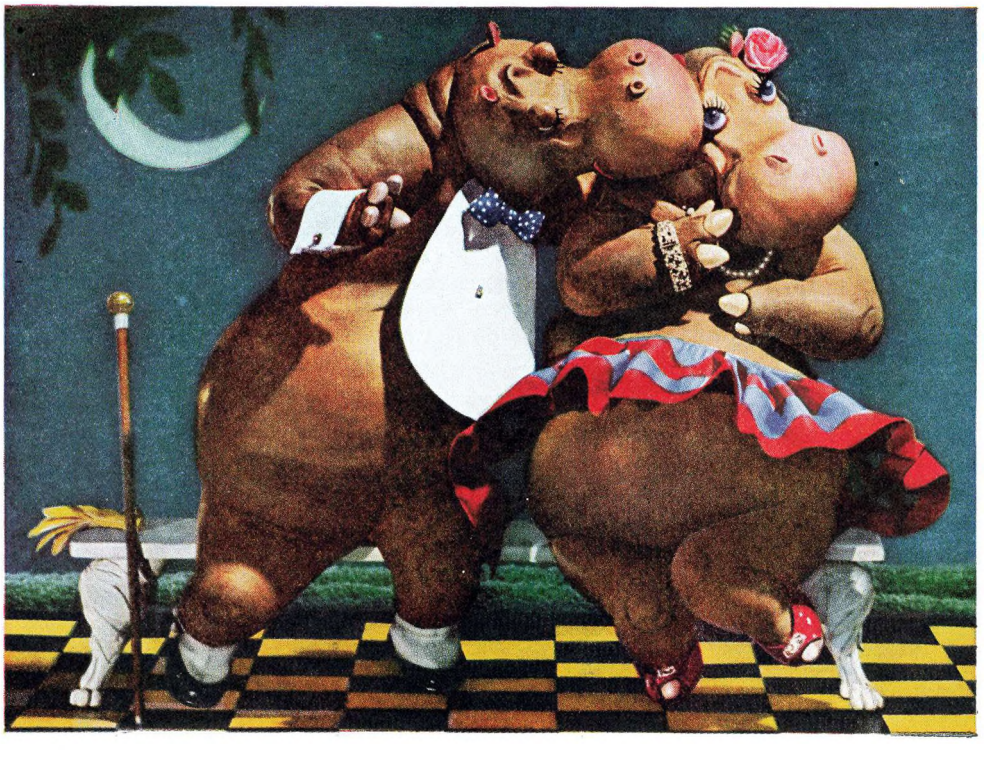
Once
there was
a Hippo
named Horace
who had all
the Manly Virtues.

He was Strong,
Brave, Wise,
and even
knew how to
Change a Tire.

2.

Hazel Hippo,
on the other hand,
was
Femininity Herself.

She was Gentle,
Pretty as a Picture
(of a Hollywood Hippo),
and Screamed
whenever
she saw
a Mouse.



3.

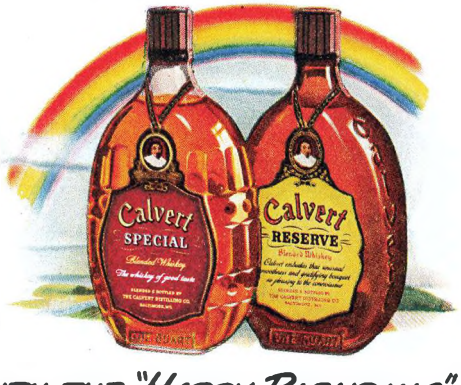
So of course
Horace and Hazel
Fell for Each Other.
In a Big Way—
even for Hippos.

Because, you see, it was
a Marriage of Affinities.
A Happy Blending
of many virtues
that *Belong* together.

Now this Romance
points a Whiskey Moral,
too. For the secret of
CALVERT Whiskey is
likewise
Happy Blending
of many Virtues...

4. You see, every drop of CALVERT is a Unique Combination of Every Desirable Whiskey Quality... Harmoniously Mated to give your Drinks a Happy Smoothness... a mellower, richer, finer Taste.

Which is why CALVERT is America's favorite Luxury Whiskey!*



Clear Heads Choose Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
*Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

THE GOODWILL TOUR OF DON FLORENCIO DE LA PAMPA

EDITED BY JOHN ERSKINE

Don Florencio de la Pampa is one of the last of the gauchos, those picturesque, hard-riding, guitar-playing plainsmen of Argentina. As a return in kind for all the goodwill missions heading south, he has come here on a tour of his own. He has granted Mr. Erskine permission to edit his letters to his wife, in which he records his impressions of North American scenes and customs.

Last week he took his first subway ride—on which his horse, Lucéro, refused to go with him. He expressed surprise at discovering that Times Square is not a square at all, but a triangle, "like a slice of American pie," and commented pungently on that "lack of sanity" called the traffic problem.

We have been fortunate in getting F. Molina Campos, noted Argentine artist who knows the gauchos well, to illustrate the series.

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ THESE North Americans chew gum and ask for information. In winter the indoor sport is basketball, but for that game you need a team, whereas gum and curiosity can be exercised solo.

This morning Lucéro and I inspected the Grand Central Station, conveniently placed near my hotel in case I should need a train. The Grand Central is finer than the Retiro or any other station in Buenos Aires. It is built to suggest travel, or at least distance. You take quite a journey on foot to reach your car. Yet even here, where you'd expect no one to come unless he had made up his mind, there is a booth in the center of the vast space, and inside the booth is a man who doesn't smile and is growing bald, and all who feel like it step up and ask any question about anything, and if he doesn't know the answer he must apologize.

Some drugstores and small shops divert their customers with a pin-ball game; but I prefer Information, especially in a railroad station in the commuter hours, because it's more spiritual, reminding us even in a moment of physical haste that the mind travels too.

Lucéro and I listened to the questions. The strain on the man in the booth is terrific. The jolt shows on his face every time a new subject is introduced. Sometimes he yearns toward the ceiling, either to collect his wits or to pray. The railroad company spares him all predictable questions about trains or about New York; he has a supply of timetables, and if you ask how soon you start or when you get there, he hands you the answer without a word. There are also booklets about the city, listing hotels, restaurants, libraries, art museums, and churches. In the gallery of the station I saw a Boston merchant, on for a directors' meeting, looking up the address of an institution called Minsky's.

At the booth a well fed lady with bundles asked at what hotel her brother would be likely to stop. "He said he'd be on the West Side between Sixty-fifth and Seventy-second, and he'd send me the address, but he didn't. Which hotel has two-dollar rooms? He never pays more than two dollars."

The man looked ashamed, and gave up.

There was a lady right off the train from Croton with a dress sample. "I want more of the same material," she said, "and I got it three weeks ago on Thirty-fourth Street in a large store, but I can't remember on which side of the street."

In a lull I asked the man the shortest way to Buenos Aires if we didn't take a boat or a plane. He looked sick, but he complimented me. He said that was the best yet.

THE END


F. Molina
Campos
INFORMATION

SQUARED-CIRCLE Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY JACK DEMPSEY

BOXING EDITOR OF LIBERTY

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct	Excellent
30 correct	Good
25 correct	Fair
20 correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—Joe Louis has successfully defended his heavyweight title nineteen times. Can you name four world's heavyweight champions under Marquis of Queensberry rules who never successfully defended their title?

2—Since Joe Louis won the title, three men have gone the limit in fights with him, and three have knocked him down. Who were they respectively?

3—The same man who wrote the original London Prize Ring rules invented the "padded mitt" boxing glove. Who was he?

4—Go way back for this one: Four words, uttered by a fighter's mother as he started for an important battle, have been so widely quoted as to gain a place in our slanguage. What is the phrase, and who said it?

5—Name the heavyweight champions, in order, since Gene Tunney.

6—Who are the recognized world's champions today in each class?

7—What two famous heavyweight champions of the nineteenth century became known as "evangelists" after retiring from the ring?

8—A famous society leader was credited by the late Tex Rickard as being responsible for making the "million-dollar gate" possible. Can you name the society leader?

9—(*a*) How many officials are necessary to conduct a championship fight in New York State (and most other states)? (*b*) Name them.

10—Can a fighter win or lose on a foul in New York State?

11—In case of a "double knockout"—where both fighters are knocked out simultaneously—what should be the referee's decision?

12—In 1937-38 Henry Armstrong scored twenty-four consecutive knockouts. Who broke the streak?

13—What lightweight champion won and lost the title in one round?

14—(*a*) Can you tell within one half million dollars the gross receipts of the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago? (*b*) What world's champion received the biggest purse for defending his title; how much was it?

15—Who was the youngest boxer ever to win the heavyweight title?

16—Who is reputed to have scored the quickest knockout?

17—Can you name five of the original "White Hopes"?

18—How many foreign-born ringmen have won the heavyweight title, and who were they?

19—Who is the manager of (*a*) Joe Louis; (*b*) Billy Conn; (*c*) Lou Nova; (*d*) Freddy Cochrane?

20—Lou Nova has his "cosmic" punch, his "bullet" punch, etc. What other famous fighter also had a "screwball" punch—one which he made very effective? What did he call it?

21—A is fighting B. (1) Before the bell rings for the fourth round B tells the referee he will be unable to continue; he's had enough. (2) When the bell rings for the fourth round, B is unable to come up for the round. What is the correct decision in each case?

22—Who is the heavyweight champion of England?

23—To whom did Jeffries award the world's heavyweight championship when he announced his retirement in 1905? What happened to this "champion"?

24—(*a*) Who was known as the "Silver-tongued Orator of the Prize Ring"? (*b*) Who was known as the original "Silver Fox of Fistiana"?

25—Four new boxing champions were crowned last year. Who are they?

26—What and where is "Jacobs' Beach"?

27—What is the most frequently used blow in boxing, and why?

28—Name the fighter who held three world's boxing titles at the same time.

29—What is meant by "bootleg" boxing?

30—What lightweight champion talked his way out of being knocked out, and what was the occasion?

31—What two boxing titles have been "scrapped" in the last ten years?

32—In boxing, what is meant by a "fancy Dan"? A "club fighter"?

33—Four Golden Gloves champions went on to win world's titles. Can you name them?

34—True or false: (1) A boxer may call "time" while a round of fighting is in progress? (2) A referee's decision cannot be overruled by the Boxing Commission? (3) A referee may stop a fight any time he wants to?

35—In how many ways can a fighter win a battle? What is meant by a technical knockout?

36—In boxing, who was (*a*) the "Kingfish"; (*b*) "Slapsey Maxie"; (*c*) "the mountain who walked like a man"; (*d*) "the Toy Bulldog"; (*e*) "Baby Face"?

37—Who is credited with originating the expressions, "We wuz robbed!" and "I should of stood in bed"?

38—How many different mechanical sounds do you hear in connection with a championship fight?

39—A former state senator who eventually became mayor is responsible for the legalizing of boxing in New York State and indirectly in many other states. Who is he?

40—Max Baer starred in a motion picture, The Prize Fighter and the Lady. What was the name of the character played by Baer?

(Answers will be found on second page following)

(*Continued from page 7*)

the Engagement and Wedding, helpful. Write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc., Syracuse, New York, for a copy.

Extra Special Delivery: If you're not getting enough letters from the lad-you-love (after all, he's only fighting a war), send him a burnished "gold" envelope, all stamped, sealed, and inscribed with his name and address. When he opens it, he finds space for two pictures (as below). It's up to you to decide whether to include two pictures, or to leave the matter up to him. Maybe he'll even

take a hint and send you one of the cases for your own. After all, it's just $2.

Blackout Bag: A roomy rayon faille envelope with ample space for your "bits and pieces," and a special little pocket, filled with a tiny flashlight, good for blackouts—and for finding your way through your handbag (or *is* it like mine?). Sorry you can't see how really simple and good the bag is. There's not a scrap of junky trimming

on it, which makes it that rare bird, the bag you can carry right on through the dinner hour. Another point—its base opens out, so you can really find things. About $3.

Night Life: No picture of it here; just take my word for it: I saw the most female and gay nightshirt, tailored to a T. You belt it about your middle; the hem hits just below the knees. Perfect for the pigtail-and-petticoat type. White, yellow, and blue broadcloth, piped in contrast. It costs about $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

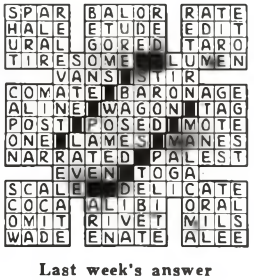
By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Wake up, America! Lay for the eggsperts, Hennery!
13 He cared Adam for his fellow men, Ben did
14 A wheeze that wheezes (slang)
15 Baby foot
17 What the weak balcony dropped on Hamlet
18 These were brought down by missing duelists
19 What stripteases eat their boiled potatoes in
20 Pachydermoron
22 What the Greek presser put in the millionaire's pants
24 Add a man to this and it's feminine
26 Oneself, in France
27 It doesn't quite make sense
28 What Sensitive Stella was never so in her life, when he asked her to neck
32 Bloodhound's double chin
36 Write for DNB
37 Uplifting influence in Irish literature
39 1910 Goon
40 Tankful of alcohol
42 Uncle Tom's elevating influence
43 Urge of a Brooklyn boy
44 Preposition
45 What a poker in the back'll make you
48 Horsparghetti
49 Little donkeys
52 Round, soft, crusty, yellow, yummy, and sour (two words)
54 Teddibly litry gal's name
56 You can get clubby with him on the golf course for $5 an hour
57 What the Chattanooga Choo Choo really is (abbr.)
58 In two words, what makes the poor striker weep for the police?
62 Amatory postal service, lower educational system
64 - - - - Bella loves a fat fella!
65 Never play poker with her, she always passes
67 1, 500. 1.000, 1
70 Goebbels' Fairy Tales
71 What Greek chorus gals sang
72 When throwing tomatoes at hams, always remove from these
73 Aster that needs a haircut

VERTICAL

1 Ash-can nightingale
2 Belly nice band and good choke on Japan middleman
3 Sex appeal at the Noodle Factory
4 This rising son has set
5 Fido's trade-mark (two words)
6 Margy, the greasy thing
7 Prose, swung
8 Just a lot of rounders
9 Ate up girls with the eyes
10 Hoist the victuals
11 Part of the veterans' bonus the taxpayer gets
12 Complicated checkers (two words)
16 Committee for Dusting Uniforms (abbr.)
21 Cause of gangster heart trouble
23 Reno can make two out of this
24 According to Charlie McCarthy, his real name's Bill the Squealer (two words)
25 Turnips with B. O.
29 Most people carry their own
30 What should a man love a gal for?
31 Ex-hot shot, used to take rap for your dirty work
33 The works, as given us by the New Deal
34 Thpout without uthing hithther
35 Star star in Aquilae
38 You'll find a mad party going on in one
41 She is a deer
46 Dig in and leave something behind
47 Boy, is she dumb!
50 One's label (slang)
51 How a gal feels in a nice snug girdle
53 Sign up
55 Japan try swallow this, get swallowed instead (pl.)
59 Gin m'f'r (first name)
60 Woollcott is the smartest one I know
61 This kind of guy can make a blotch of things
62 This holds up the bridge, but what holds it up?
63 Scratch this red and you'll find a soft yellow at heart
66 Makes great ammunition for flicking butler one in the eye
68 "I want - - - clothes, - - - thrills, - - - sights," Mrs. - - - said to Mr. - - - in the jungle
69 Far end of kind of dog mat



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Answers to 40 Questions on second page preceding

1—Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Sharkey, Max Baer, and James J. Braddock.

2—Tommy Farr, Bob Pastor, and Arturo Godoy; Tony Galento, Red Burman, and Buddy Baer.

3—Jack Broughton (1705-89).

4—"Bring home the bacon," said by Mrs. Gans to her son Joe Gans just before his historic battle with Battling Nelson at Goldfield, Nevada, September 3, 1906.

5—Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, James J. Braddock, and Joe Louis.

6—Heavyweight, Joe Louis; light-heavyweight, Gus Lesnevich; middleweight, Tony Zale; welterweight, Freddy Cochrane; lightweight, Sammy Angott; featherweight, Chalky Wright; bantamweight, Lou Salica; flyweight (open).

7—Bendigo (William Thompson) and John L. Sullivan. Sullivan, however, preached mainly against the evils of intoxicating liquor.

8—Miss Anne Morgan, for her fine work in sponsoring the Boxing Benefit for Devastated France in Madison Square Garden in 1921.

9—Referee, two judges, timekeeper, knockdown timekeeper, announcer, and physician.

10—Yes, if he persists after being warned twice by the referee.

11—The decision should be a draw.

12—Baby Arizmendi.

13—Al Singer.

14—(*a*) The gross receipts were $2,658,660. (*b*) Gene Tunney, who received $990,445 plus training expenses and a share in motion pictures for his fight with me in Chicago on September 23, 1927.

15—Joe Louis.

16—Battling Nelson, when he stiffened Willie Rossler in two seconds at Harvey, Illinois, April 5, 1902.

17—Al Kaufman, Carl Morris, Arthur Felkey, Al Palzer, Fred Fulton.

18—Four: Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns, Max Schmeling, and Primo Carnera.

19—(*a*) John Roxborough and Julian Black; (*b*) Johnny Ray; (*c*) Ray Carlen; (*d*) William Gilzenberg.

20—Kid McCoy (Norman Selby). The "corkscrew" punch.

21—(1) B loses on a technical K. O. in the third round. (2) B loses on a TKO in the fourth round.

22—Len Harvey.

23—Marvin Hart, July 3, 1905, Reno, Nevada, when Hart kayoed Jack Root in twelve rounds. Hart lost to Tommy Burns on February 23, 1906, in twenty rounds in Los Angeles, California.

24—(*a*) The late Joe Humphries. (*b*) The late Jimmy De Forest.

25—Tony Zale, middleweight; Freddy Cochrane, welterweight; Gus Lesnevich, light-heavyweight; and Chalky Wright, featherweight.

26—It's that part of West Forty-ninth Street just west of Broadway where the members of the boxing fraternity, including fight managers, fighters, trainers, and seconds, hang out and where Mike Jacobs has his ticket brokerage office.

27—The left jab, because it is both a defensive and an offensive blow.

28—Henry Armstrong.

29—Boxing shows held under the guise of "amateur" shows in which professional fighters compete, in violation of the Boxing Commission rules. They are gradually being wiped out.

30—Benny Leonard, badly hurt in his first fight with Lew Tendler in Jersey City, kidded Tendler out of following up his advantage.

31—Junior lightweight and junior welterweight titles.

32—A "fancy Dan" is a clever, showy boxer, not much of a hitter. A "club fighter" is a slugger who disregards science but gives the customers plenty of action.

33—Lou Salica, bantam; Barney Ross, lightweight; Bob Olin, middleweight; and Joe Louis, heavyweight.

34—(1) True. (2) False. (3) True.

35—Decision, knockout, technical knockout, and on a foul. A technical knockout is the decision rendered against a fighter when the fight has to be stopped because he is bleeding too profusely, or to save him from further punishment, or because he cannot continue for any reason other than being actually knocked out.

36—(*a*) Levinsky; (*b*) Maxie Rosenbloom; (*c*) Primo Carnera; (*d*) Mickey Walker; (*e*) Jimmy McLarnin.

37—The late Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling and Tony Galento and other fighters.

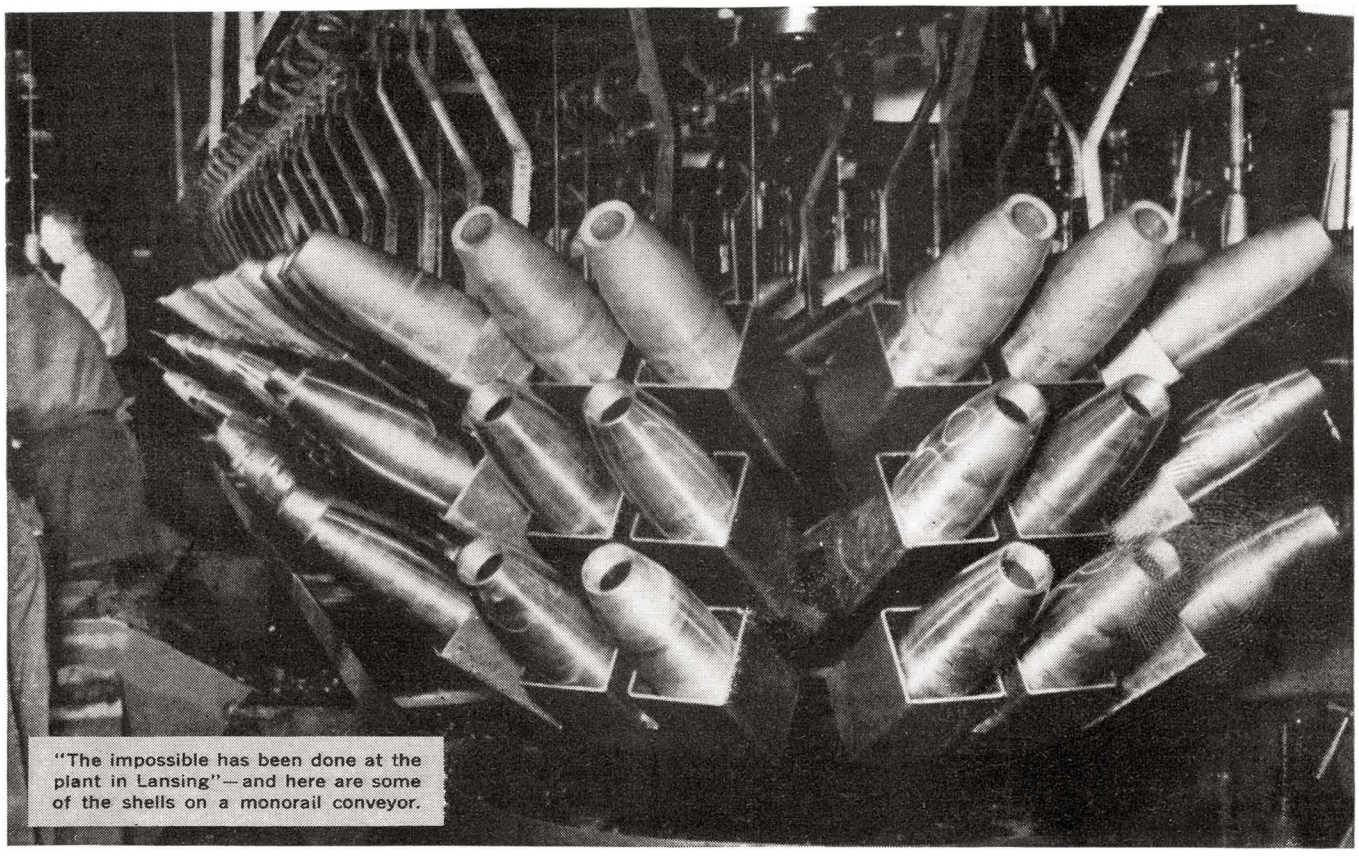
38—The bell, the horn warning handlers to leave the ring ten seconds before the beginning of a round, and the knockdown timekeeper's gavel.

39—Jimmy Walker.

40—Steve Morgan.

THE BATTLE OF DETROIT

MACHINE-MADE MIRACLE



"The impossible has been done at the plant in Lansing"—and here are some of the shells on a monorail conveyor.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Assembly lines of defense! Liberty continues a first-hand report to America and the world

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

☆ SATURDAY, October 18, 1941, was Sweetest Day in Detroit. Conceived some years ago in the hope that it would do for confectionery what Mother's Day had done for the florist business and what Father's Day threatens to do for men's neckwear, Sweetest Day has been dignified by usage and mayoral proclamation into a sort of municipal expression not only of sweetness but of thankfulness and joy and general good cheer.

But this year, as it happened, it was the neighboring capital city of Lansing which had special reason to celebrate Sweetest Day.

There, for six hectic, almost sleepless months, the skilled men who in happier times devote their talents to designing and making better and better Oldsmobiles, had been sweating mentally and physically over the intricate problem of manufacturing a rapid-fire cannon capable of discharging approximately 600 shells a minute with a range of 3,500 feet, yet light enough in weight to be carried in the wing of an airplane. Perhaps no commission in the whole defense program was more important than this one, which, if successfully executed, might be the final factor in establishing American superiority in the air. So to their warlike task these men of peace had given their all-out effort, designing, redesigning, ordering, waiting, organizing, training; and at last they had succeeded.

Saturday, October 18, they fired the first gun to come off their assembly lines—and that, for those tired but happy Lansingites, was not only sweetness; it was light!

They had furnished one more notable example of why we should all be proud, not only of the ingenuity which East Coast Yankees and Midwest Yankees and West Coast Yankees are showing in converting peacetime factories into wartime ones, but of the patience and the courage they are showing, and of the versatility.

The following Monday morning I stressed the last-named trait in conversation with Charles F. Kettering, vice-president of General Motors in charge of research—"Boss Ket" as he is universally and affectionately known throughout the automotive industry.

"That's why, in times like these," he said, "the war people turn naturally to the automobile people. We are change-minded."

I knew what he meant. Many manufacturers make a product and pronounce it good; for twenty years, perhaps, they make no other and in no other way. "This is our best," they say, and believe it. The automobile

manufacturer says, "This is the best car we know how to make *now*, but next year we'll make a better one." Henry Ford voiced the thought when he said, "The only permanent thing we have in this business is change." All of which is more in evidence today than ever before.

"In motorcar competition," one official explained, "we make progressive improvements once a year. In military competition we make them as fast as they are conceived or needed."

That is the spirit of the men who man what President Keller of Chrysler likes to call "the assembly lines of defense."

For example, are those men of Olds weary with well-doing? I should say not! The very afternoon the news broke, I motored far out into the country with a company executive to view what had ten months ago been an abandoned foundry and was now a bustling, spick-and-span, thoroughly modernized manufactory of 75-millimeter and 105-millimeter high-explosive shells.

I talked with the men who worked this industrial miracle, C. B. Dakin, plant manager, and his devoted "gang" of reconditioned automotive engineers, who are now making shells for the United States army at the rate of 20,000 a day. Their memories of the way the crumbling old foundry looked the day they moved in run all the way from the tragic to the comic.

☆ WIND was whistling through broken windows. The men's footsteps crunched on broken glass and other debris. Their voices echoed through the empty shell.

"How the devil is anybody going to make a factory out of this place?" demanded one of them.

"I don't know, but we will," replied Dakin.

"Take a look at those trees growing right up through cracks in the floor!"

"That's easy—we'll dynamite 'em."

"Gee, it's ghostly in here!"

"It won't be, long."

"And, boy, there must be ten thousand sparrows nesting up there on those rafters!"

"Better get out from under," said Dakin. "They may be dive bombers."

The crowd laughed, and Dakin knew that everything was going to be all right.

"Come on, gang!" he shouted.

They've been coming ever since.

The battle cry on the Detroit front is "The difficult can be done right away. The impossible will take a little longer." Well, the impossible has been done at the Forge plant in Lansing, and it didn't take very long, either.

"In sixty days," according to an eyewitness, "all the dilapidation had disappeared. A new block floor was laid and the building transformed into a modern factory. During the next few months deliveries began on the equipment needed for the job, and were set in place according to plans already made by Dakin and other members of the engineering and production staff. Workers began to break in on the forging equipment and produced a number of machine-shop samples. Production problems were worked out one by one."

First problem was this: Although raw materials could be obtained and forgings could be made, the actual machining and tooling of the rough billets into finished shells could not be accomplished until some 300 machines and machine tools had been designed and manufactured. At least four months must elapse before this equipment would be available.

What should they do? Wait four months and fall that far behind their schedules, or take a chance on doing what they could do and trusting to God and good workmanship that the forgings and the new machine tools would "click"? They took the chance. Now, thanks to the accumulated forgings, they are a full four months ahead of their schedule.

☆ I DON'T know how many of my readers know what a modern high-explosive shell looks like. I didn't. I had the old-fashioned notion that it was a sort of bullet. Instead, it is a long, thin, hollowed-out steel projectile—twelve to fifteen inches in length, I should say, and three to four and a quarter inches in diameter—the manufacture of which requires not only precision machinery but precision labor.

Which brings us to the second problem faced by the men of Olds. They could get the men who could do the first rough work, and they did. But where could they get the men to operate the new finishing machines when they arrived, and how could they train them when the machines weren't there, weren't even built?

Personnel Manager George "Carp" Julian, former All-America footballer, described the processes the Olds engineers adopted to solve this second problem.

"Every day on this job," he explained, "reminded me of my old playing days. All the new hands had to go through skull practice. We showed them colored movies of the operations, and the technical terms were explained. Then we quizzed them to find out how much had soaked in. When we finally put them on the new machines alongside our few experienced men, it was like the first time rookies are given a chance to handle the ball and scrimmage. But if you've got the right material you can build a team out of it—and that goes for this kind of job."

The debt these defense rookies—and, incidentally, all the rest of us Americans—owe to the co-operative spirit of the few veterans capable of becoming assistant coaches on the defense team cannot be overestimated.

Among the new men taken on in this particular plant were 160 college and high-school grads. Typical of them is Donald Place, aged eighteen, a graduate of Lansing Eastern High who still hopes to go to college but

is doing his bit right now on the assembly line.

"It was all Greek to me when I started," said Donald. "The first time I looked at the rotating turning machine I'm working on, it looked as big as a house. Bill Zankales—he's one of the experienced men—taught me the how and the why. He certainly had patience when all I could remember was that it was a thingumajig here and a whatcha-call-it there. But I finally caught on, thanks to Bill."

I was continually reminded, during my tour of the defense front, as I repeatedly saw veterans like Bill helping recruits like Donald, of a remark by President Hoffman of Studebaker when he was asked how we could "win the war."

"By subordinating group-consciousness," he replied; "by remembering that we are Americans first and business men second, Americans first and labor leaders second, Americans first and political officeholders second. We must stop asking the nation to help us and start helping the nation."

As these words fell from the lips of the great industrialist, he had apparently envisaged an idealistic situation which seemed impossible of realization in this troubled world, but what has happened to the Bills and the Donalds may yet happen to us all!

☆ COURAGE of the leaders, spirit of the rank and file—yes, these things counted big; but we must not forget the ingenuity, the adaptability—that "change-mindedness" Boss Ket told about—of the automotive engineers. Without it, effort would have been possible, but not success. For theirs was the double task of learning a new business and then quickly revolutionizing most of the methods formerly used in the conduct of that business.

"Our peacetime design of military equipment," explained Vice-President Hunt of General Motors, "has been for small-lot manufacture. The American public and American industry have not been war-minded. Industry's equipment has been chosen for the continued mass production of the job in hand, without thought of its conversion to war work. Therefore the equipment of industry is relatively inflexible and unadaptable to this military material designed for small-lot manufacture."

In other words, not only were the physical set-ups of the automobile business and the munitions business radically different, but the whole philosophies and attitudes of the two seemed irreconcilably so. However, automotive engineers have long since become accustomed to reconciling the irreconcilable.

"After all," philosophized one of these magicians, "we have been changing things in our plants almost every day for the last thirty years. When we get to the point where we can't continue to improve our methods or products, we'll stop and let some one else have a try."

Applying this viewpoint to the making of shells, Olds engineers promptly took the backward munitions business and put it strictly on a forward-march automotive basis. Many of the improvements which they devised to increase efficiency and speed up production are too intricate and technical to bear analysis here, but there are a number of time-saving stunts so simple that even I could understand them, so I am going to pass them along.

To begin at the beginning, the steel from which shells are made arrives at the factory in eighteen-foot lengths. Instead of unloading, reloading, and hauling all this heavy steel stock by hand, the men of Olds remove them from the cars by electromagnets and roll them straight into the factory on power-driven roller-conveyers.

The first thing to be done to them is to cut them into pieces of the length desired. Instead of the usual laborious sawing method, a battery of cut-off shears, driven by great pressure, cleaves the steel accurately and safely and with one motion—thus achieving an enormous saving in time.

The next thing that happens is government inspection of the short lengths, called billets. Formerly this was a lengthy and wasteful performance, involving cutting off a one-eighth-inch wafer from each billet and removing it to a laboratory for a twenty-minute etching bath. At Olds, all this is accomplished—and with greater accuracy—on the way from the power shears to the forging machines by a new type of hydrochloric bath in which the billets need be but briefly submerged.

☆ WHEN it becomes necessary to heat them for working purposes to a temperature of 2,300 degrees Fahrenheit, it is no longer necessary to transport them to furnaces, allow them time to cool off to the handling point, and transport them back to the machine shop. Instead, they are given the necessary heating "right on the line" by electric high-frequency induction machines which heat only the part to be processed.

Accurate measuring of the finished shell during final inspection used to be an industrial nightmare. Now Olds engineers have developed various combinations of time-saving gauges; for example, an electrical apparatus which measures eight dimensions of the outside of the shell at one reading. Oversize dimensions are automatically indicated by the flashing of green lights; undersize dimensions by red lights; perfect dimensions—and they almost always *are* perfect—by amber lights.

And, although costs are frankly not the first consideration in this all-out effort to arm against the Axis menace, Olds engineers, looking to the future, have devised an underfloor conveyer system which automatically removes the metal chips which result from the machining operations—some eighty tons a day—and deposits them in waiting freight cars, to be sent back to the steel mills for refabrication into more steel bars.

The night I was there I saw two heaping-full gondola cars of this precious metal start out for Ohio and Pennsylvania—ingeniously salvaged metal which, under the old system of munitions manufacture, would have been cast aside as waste; and I saw I know not how many boxcars loaded with cartons of shells.

Now let's have a look at a gun factory. The nearest is at Flint—the one I have already mentioned, which is operated by the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors. Four great plants of the parent company are now devoted to the manufacture of machine guns.

☆ ON July 5, 1940, three weeks after the fall of France, Colonel Richard Crane, U. S. A., walked into the General Motors offices in Detroit carrying two machine guns. He took them apart and put them together again before a group of officials and engineers—to show how the darn things worked, to find out how soon he could get some more of them, say, $109,000,000 worth.

That night, Paul Rhame, works manager of the AC spark-plug factory, tucked the two sample machine guns into his car and tooled out to Flint, where a picked crew of engineers was waiting for him. Immediately they went to work on the guns and the blueprints the colonel had given Rhame. Patiently they worked, day after day, night after night, until they had worked out ways and means by which they could make those guns by mass-production methods. Then Rhame went back to Colonel Crane.

"We can do the job, colonel," he said, "but I'm afraid we cannot promise production before January, 1942."

In April, 1941, the first guns came off the line!

The first problem here was not the building of a new factory or the salvaging of an old abandoned one, but the dismantling of a modern, up-to-the-minute, and highly profitable plant especially designed for making spark plugs, and the re-equipping of it within a brief period for the making of machine guns.

The next problem, even more difficult, was the stepping-up of what had always been a craft operation to a mass-production basis by making use of assembly lines and machine techniques which had never before, at least not in this country, been applied to the making of guns.

The shellmakers of Lansing had started from scratch. The gunmakers of Flint started from way behind scratch—and on an even more complicated job. As one of the engineers explained it to me:

"The .50-caliber gun of the type being manufactured at AC is a highly efficient but complex machine. It has a firing rate of 650 rounds a minute and a range of four miles. The aircraft gun, weighing 62 pounds, contains 311 parts, while the heavy-bar-

rel gun weighs approximately 90 pounds and contains 399 parts. To make these parts requires 3,000 separate operations for the light gun and 3,500 for the heavy. One part alone, the bolt, takes 123 operations."

The physical job of designing, manufacturing, and installing the machinery was frightening in its size and complexity—6,000 tools, 1,500 machines, 1,500 fixtures, 3,000 gauges.

The intellectual job was even more monumental. Hundreds of short cuts had to be devised before a product which had always been laboriously produced by skilled gunsmiths could be produced by hastily trained operatives running precision machinery on a mass-production basis. But the spark-pluggers worked this miracle by superlative engineering skill superimposed on a solid foundation of plain, ordinary common sense.

For example, the air holes in the barrel jackets of machine guns have always been, for no good reason at all, elliptical. To make one elliptical hole requires three operations. To make round holes takes but one operation for every ten holes. Air holes in machine guns are now round.

Some of the time- and labor-saving devices the spark-pluggers thought up were even simpler than that: such as using an electric light at floor level for the inspection of the inside of a machine-gun barrel instead of holding the heavy cylinder up to a window; using cemented carbide tools for steel-cutting instead of steel ones which had to be sharpened after each operation; and a new method of cleaning gun barrels after test firing, which telescopes forty-eight hours of work into less than a minute.

It was tanks that won the Battle of France for Hitler. Until late in 1940, Uncle Sam had none to speak of. How is he doing now? Boy! Read Mr. Collins in Liberty next week!

Others were much more complicated in design and construction but just as simple in principle. For example, rifling the machine-gun barrel. Under the old method, a hook cutter was pulled through the barrel 160 consecutive times. It took an hour to rifle one barrel. Under the AC system two passes in one continuous cutting operation are sufficient. It takes only an hour now to rifle forty barrels.

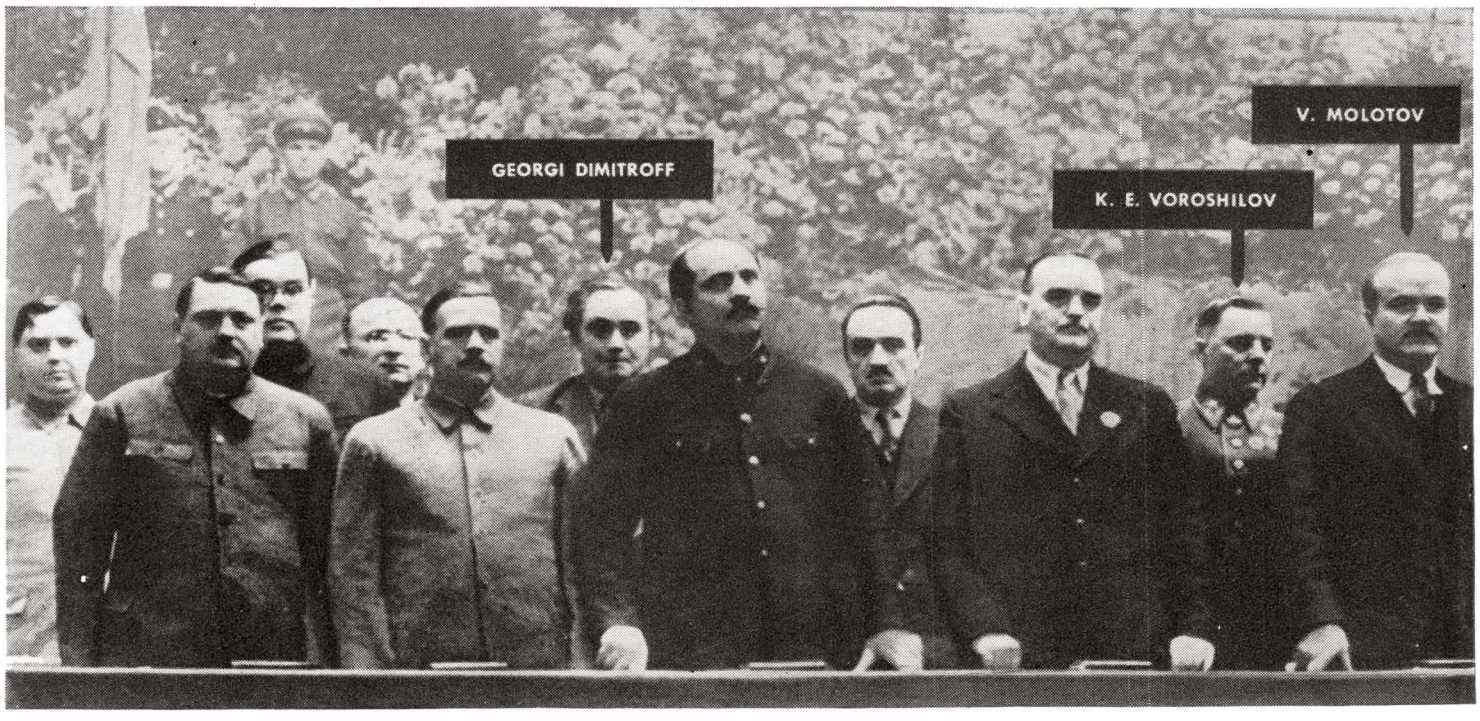
And so the job was done, ten months ahead of schedule last spring, twelve months ahead today!

A record like that ought to go a long way toward answering that second question we posed last week. The first one, you remember, was "Why has it taken so long?" The second was about the defense production itself:

"What have we got now that we've got it?"

Well, obviously, we have machine guns and shells. But are we producing the heavier weapons? For instance, what are we doing about tanks?

THE END



STALIN:

Stalin with Kalinin at a conference with livestock breeders. Above: In a group of Soviet leaders subject to his authority.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Young Stalin first met Lenin about 1905, in Finland. He was amazed by the modest simplicity of this "eagle of our party." Long afterward he told Mr. Ludwig, "I am nothing but a pupil of Lenin," and meanwhile he had been inconspicuous in his master's shadow.

After the abortive Russian revolution of 1905, radical groups obtained funds by robbery. Mr. Ludwig is certain that one hold-up, with bloodshed, was directed by Stalin himself; but when he asked about it, Stalin smiled and referred him to a biographical pamphlet—in which it was not mentioned.

In 1913 Stalin was exiled once more to Siberia, to remain until, in 1917, the new Kerensky government liberated its radical rivals and thereby insured its own downfall. (Hitler was later to know better—having learned from Leon Trotsky's memoirs!) Thus for three years Stalin had been cut off from Lenin when Lenin returned from his own exile to prepare the Bolshevik revolution.

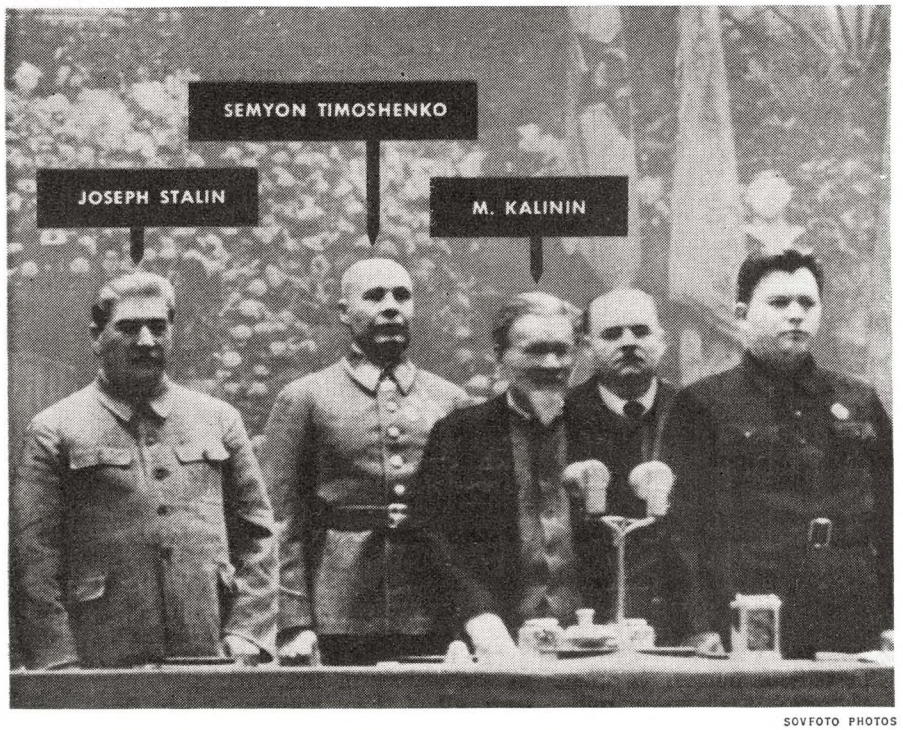
PART THREE—A MAN OF SPEECH AND A MAN OF SILENCE

☆ HIS enemies have vainly tried to create the story of a clash between Lenin and Stalin at that time. The fact is that, from all appearances, Stalin was then a blind follower of Lenin; but he does not seem to have been a creative element in the revolution. Lenin, who had sought refuge in Finland for some weeks, seems to have recommended him for election to the Central Committee. For all that, Stalin did not come to the fore, and remained practically unknown to the masses.

The men who took the revolution into their hands, and whose names were thenceforward linked together, were Lenin and Trotsky.

Leon Trotsky, one of the most dazzling phenomena of our age, seemed born to supplement Lenin. Lenin chose him as his closest collaborator because he himself lacked irresistible oratorical gifts, the power of suggestion over the masses, passionate inclination for the world of action. Trotsky, who as speaker and writer was far superior to Lenin, had an elastic energy which was not great enough to enable him to direct the revolution alone, but which was set off and heightened by Lenin's more sober nature. Nor did Zinoviev, Radek, and Bukharin, whom I met in their day of power, have anything like the brilliance of Trotsky.

His rapid rise touched off Stalin's jealousy of this rival. It was not the struggle round the forms of the revolution which made enemies of these



SOVFOTO PHOTOS

In 1925, when his control of the Party became manifest.

DEVIL OR GENIUS?

"The graying dictator, today without a friend, conducting a great war . . ." Here's his story

BY EMIL LUDWIG

two men; it was much more the hatred of the gloomier for the brighter spirit which in turn roused the hostility of the latter. Quite definitely Stalin would want a thing because Trotsky wanted the opposite. Character, not principle, created the division between them, and the division widened and deepened until in the end it was the grim, obstinate, and patient spirit which triumphed.

We need only compare the heads of the two men: Trotsky's all forehead and eyes, Stalin's with neither. The one slender, the other heavy; the one adroit, the other clumsy. The one physical thing they had in common was their fine hands, which are common among dictators.

At every point the men are in contrast: Trotsky is the people's leader, effective externally; Stalin the organizer, effective internally. Trotsky is the polyglot, the citizen of the world, the man of high education; Stalin's training is purely Marxistic, he has no knowledge of languages, his contacts have been exclusively with Russian circles. A man of speech side by side with a man of silence; an immensely gifted Jew side by side with a passionate Asiatic.

TROTSKY THE PROPHET, STALIN THE RULER

Both had some of the gifts of their master, Lenin: Trotsky the *élan*, Stalin the endurance; Trotsky as the enthusiast, Stalin as the politician; Trotsky as prophet, Stalin as ruler. We may compare Trotsky to a light, high-speed automobile which negotiates any kind of road and flies past its goal; and Stalin to a ponderous tractor which breaks up the hardest soil, turns slowly, and prepares the bed for the seed. If we could imagine a tractor with a soul, would it not look with mistrust and distaste on the graceful little car which overtakes it and is always in the lead?

Stalin was not the only one whose antipathies were awakened by the newly arrived genius. In the eyes of others besides Stalin, Trotsky was the gay child of the world stage who had been having a good time "out there" while they were laboring grimly in Russia. Stalin forgot that Trotsky, just like himself, had given five or six years of his life to Siberia, and had escaped from there. All he was aware of was that the whole world was talking about Trotsky, who was conducting the negotiations with the Germans. When Trotsky, during those

days, made his first broadcast on the new—and first—world radio station, addressing himself "to all," he emerged for friend and foe alike as the herald of a general peace. Only Wilson made a similar impression, a year later.

What is amazing about the struggle between these two men is that it did not break out over a question of politics but over a question of strategy. It is impossible not to laugh at the picture: a Caucasian cobbler's son and a Jewish farmer's son, neither of whom had ever been a soldier, both of whom were members of illegal parties and had been preoccupied exclusively with classes, wages, and the Socialist struggle, became field marshals overnight.

Stalin and Trotsky, both men around forty, now wore uniforms for the first time in their lives. If they knew how to handle a rifle, they had their hunting in Siberian exile to thank for it. But neither of them had the remotest knowledge of military weapons; they had never given military orders, received military reports; they did not even know how to salute. The most insignificant shavetail was in these respects their superior.

FROM "WANTED MEN" TO GENERALISSIMOS

The two civilians found themselves suddenly called to the direction of a war which had to be wholly improvised. All at once they were generals, even if they did not have the title; Trotsky was in fact War Minister and Generalissimo combined, even though no formal decision had been taken by the Central Council and the War Council. He spent the next two years in an armored car which moved from front to front. Stalin was in command alternately in the Ukraine, in the Donets Basin, against Poland, and before Petersburg.

Formally speaking, Stalin was the subordinate; spiritually, he was not less so during the civil war. But in those chaotic times orders could not be handed out between old party comrades as they would be in a long-established general staff. The result was that fundamentally everything depended on their personal relationship to Lenin. Lenin, too, had never worn a uniform or carried a sword and knew next to nothing about military matters. But Lenin was used to command.

Since he was passionately devoted to the democratic idea, and even at this juncture declined the role of dictator, his moral influence became stronger and stronger, precisely because he appeared to subordinate himself to a committee or soviet. The most famous disciple of Karl Marx was in one respect a living disproof of Marxist theory; he demonstrated to all the other disciples that though history is indeed set in motion by economic law, its issues are decided by individual characters.

And now they found themselves at the heart of a maelstrom of unsolved problems. They held their sessions at first in the Czarist institute in Petersburg, and afterward in the Kremlin in Moscow. Their task was twofold: they had to lift a land, the greatest in the world, out of the chaos of a shattering defeat, and they had to integrate it into a new social form. They had to defend Russia against the White troops sent against her first by Germany, Poland, and Rumania, and later by England, France, and Japan, ostensibly to crush Communism but actually to secure for themselves provinces and harbors, grain and oil. At the same time they had to hold down their enemies within Russia, and among these were former comrades of other Socialist parties. Under such circumstances victory seemed impossible. The world expected the collapse of the new holders of power to take place in a matter of weeks.

Perhaps their triumph may be attributed to the very fact that they were not professionals but dilettantes, that they were not officers trained in a military college but fighters trained in the school of life. Did not these men, all of them between thirty-five and fifty, have behind them a youth and manhood filled with struggle? Now faith and necessity alike drove them to transfer their fighting careers from the platform to the field.

The only reading ever done by Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin on the subject of war was the book of the Prussian general, Clausewitz, still considered a classic. Stalin in particular had studied the corruption of the Russian officer class and the dull obedience of the enslaved soldiers, and had seen in these the symptoms of a social division which was bound to end in catastrophe. It is no accident that during the preceding half century the Russian army had been defeated three times in succession. The question was who was to blame, the Russian peasant who obeyed orders and let himself be shot, or the Russian officer who issued orders?

Since the dilettantes who now directed the war were convinced that the fault lay with the officer class, they could not make use of former staff officers of the Imperial army, even when these stated under oath that they had long been secret revolutionaries. And yet Lenin and Trotsky could not manage without the advice of the old officers. They therefore accepted the services of a few of these professionals, and always had them watched. Trotsky was in the position of a man who does not know how to drive a car and does not trust his chauffeur, but must sit next to him with a gun and compel him to drive in the right direction. Thus, for two whole years he had to see the revolutionary war being conducted, though not directed, by former officers of the Czar.

STALIN SAVES RUSSIA AT TZARITZIN

Stalin was of another opinion. Since he was one of the few proletarians among the first leaders, it is

possible that his hatred of the former ruling class was stronger than that of his comrades of bourgeois origin. Moreover, Stalin's native suspicion of every one was boundless, and remains so to this day. Still another factor must be borne in mind: When Lenin gave him his first command at the front, near Tzaritzin, he discovered a conspiracy among the officers, who were about to turn on the new rulers. Stalin's reports and telegrams are filled with the bitterest contempt for the professionals: "What these fellows call the science of war I can only deplore, though I have the highest respect for science as such."

In the summer of 1918 the fate of Russia depended on the outcome of the struggle for Tzaritzin and the near-by southern sector. The loss of this area would have cut off Russia's grain supply. On this particular issue Stalin, in his struggle with Trotsky, was absolutely in the right. He also felt that he had the advantage over his superior officer, and when a telegram with contrary orders arrived, he filed it away with the marginal notation: "Pay no attention."

On larger issues, too, he proved to be in the right as against Lenin and Trotsky. He did not subscribe to their faith in an impending world revolution, and he planned the defense of Russia without reference to any such illusory hopes. The following telegram reveals his disagreement with the views of his superior, Lenin: "Believe me, Comrade Lenin, we are unsparing in our efforts to send you the grain. Had those nitwits, our military experts, not been asleep, our lines would never have been broken." And again, with reference to the struggle with the hostile group of Social-Revolutionaries: "As far as these hysterical people are concerned, you need have no worry. Enemies must be treated as enemies."

LENIN PACIFIES HIS QUARRELING AIDES

On another occasion he formulated conditions to Lenin: he wanted a plan of operations dropped and his own substituted. "If that is not done, my work on the southern front becomes pointless and criminal. That gives me the right, or rather imposes on me the duty, to go to the devil rather than remain here. Yours, Stalin."

At the same time Lenin was receiving from Trotsky telegrams like this one: "I insist categorically on Stalin's recall." The tone of Lenin's replies reveals his mastery of the art of handling men: he puts Stalin in his place without offending him, and retains Trotsky without dismissing Stalin; he even succeeds in reconciling the two men for the moment. And thus, in the anarchy of a revolution, a superior spirit managed to secure the co-operation of two important men who hated each other.

But during those years of the civil war, Stalin never had the power which the Central Committee entrusted to Trotsky. Nor did he ever gain Lenin's confidence in the same degree. In a

dozen instances Lenin gave Trotsky *carte blanche* by a general approval of all orders issued by Trotsky for a given date. Stalin was always restricted to specific tasks.

Then, as now, Stalin did not shrink from terroristic methods. But he does not seem to have derived from acts of cruelty the peculiar pleasure which Göring later displayed when he signed a number of death warrants on the morning of his marriage.

This kind of sadism is always connected with an overdeveloped joy of living. The hunting lodges, castles, and country villas which afford so much pleasure to a Göring or a Hitler, never entered into the calculations of a Communist leader. While the Nazis have adopted the ways of life of one-time royalty, Stalin has continued to live with the severest simplicity. The rumors of the gold plate which he eats from in the Kremlin are fables for children.

At a big banquet for foreign guests given in the fall of 1925 in Leningrad, I saw the old Bolshevik leader, Kalinin, put aside the two-foot menu and order a Russian fish soup. One result of this simplicity, at any rate, is that none of the Russian leaders has ever resembled, as does Göring, an understudy for Falstaff.

In the time of the civil war Stalin lived just as poorly as he had done in his youth and in exile. If his services during the revolution were slight, they were very considerable in the civil war. On the southern and western fronts he vindicated his role as general, and later, when Petersburg was threatened by Yudenitch, his conduct twice earned for him the highest decoration.

When we go through the records and read how and where he fought and won in those days, we begin to understand the character of his strategy, which he was to employ against the Germans on the same battlefields twenty-two years later.

As Stalin sits today before the same maps, disposing a disciplined army, and that the greatest in the world, his life must take on for him the aspect of a fairy tale. He may remember how in the midst of the civil war he suddenly divorced his wife in order to marry the seventeen-year-old daughter of one of his friends. Today she is dead; Trotsky and Lenin are dead; nearly all his comrades are dead, most of them by violence. The graying dictator finds himself today, at sixty-two, without a friend, perhaps even without personal enemies, conducting a great war. And when we consider what there is at stake for him, his ideal, his State, his power and his life, we understand better the fury with which he and his countrymen defend themselves against the invader.

How Stalin, as Lenin's "heir," set about the huge task of building up a modern industrial state on Czarist Russia's ruins, and how he triumphed over his meteoric rival, Trotsky, Mr. Ludwig will show you next week.

SECRET POWER IN THE FAR PACIFIC

Continued from Page 11

anese troop convoys. Their islands of Borneo and Sumatra will furnish all the oil and gasoline we need. Their naval bases, repair shops, and dry docks are ready for the use of our navy without the asking. Their planes and flyers have been eager to be sent to our aid in the Philippines, and their tin mines and rubber forests will continue to supply us. Of course their many airfields and their seaplane bases will be used by our flyers bound for the Philippines. The East Indies also have man power to spare.

Britain, on the little island of Singapore and along the whole Malay Peninsula, must now have more than a quarter of a million men and nearly 1,000 planes. The great naval base of Singapore is open to our navy. Floating dry docks and graving docks there can handle any vessel up to 40,000 tons. From Malaya, as from the East Indies, we obtain tin and rubber, and British naval units will convoy them as far as the open Pacific.

The active naval strength of the Allies now being used against the Japanese in the Far Pacific is about 195 ships. This makes allowances for known losses up to Christmas, and includes no small units nor any of the units of our navy based upon Hawaii —only our naval forces in the Philippines, the British based on Singapore and Hong Kong, the Netherlands naval strength, and units of the Australian navy in Far Pacific waters.

When Japan started hostilities, the collective aerial strength in the battle areas of the United States, Britain, the Netherlands, and Australia was approximately 4,600 bomber and fighter planes. Accurate figures on losses are not available, nor are any figures concerning reinforcements.

The Allies' effective man power totaled 1,042,000 men within a fortnight after war was declared. And there are always, in the background, China's armed millions.

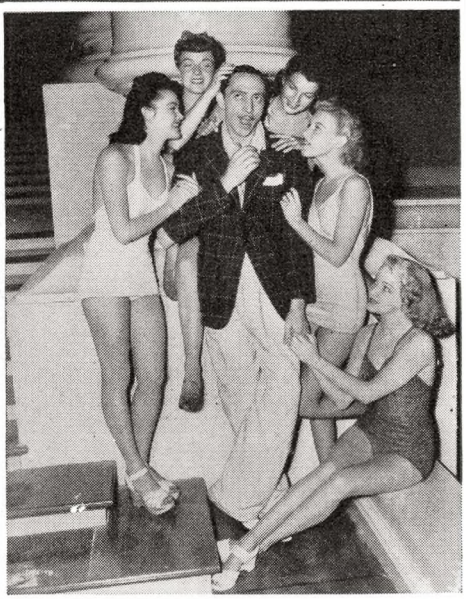
Japan scored important initial successes because she struck from the inside of a vast arc and with the advantage of surprise. But Japan is playing a lone hand and cannot win.

THE END

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Kaaren Verne, who solves the young doctor's romantic quest in Kings Row.



Mischa Auer, one of the mad wags with Olsen and Johnson in Hellzapoppin.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ KINGS ROW

The title of this new picture is the name of a small Midwest town. And that town is the real hero of the work. There are all sorts of characters in Kings Row, from a young doctor and a girl touched with madness to a gay blade and a beautiful Viennese girl. There are several plots and subplots. But it is the small city that holds the show loosely together and gives it dramatic force and meaning.

There couldn't have been a better choice for director than Sam Wood, who did such a memorable piece of film-making with Our Town. Once again he has gone behind conventional situations to show you how people really live and think. He has concentrated on groups of characters rather than individuals. The result is a rich and exciting tapestry of American life. Rambling novels don't usually make very good films, but the Henry Bellamann best-seller book has been handled so brilliantly that the offering is well worth your attention.

The action jumps around at a great rate, but the various fragments of the story fit together neatly in the Casey Robinson script. Starting when the principal characters are children, the movie traces the tragedies and triumphs of adolescence and the first stages of maturity as the young psychiatrist finds himself professionally and a crippled boy makes his peace with a cruel fate. The friendship of these two is a dominant theme, but there are several romances and some grimly illuminating passages dealing with the dark secrets hidden in every small community.

The acting is something of a surprise. Personally I don't think Robert Cummings was a good choice for the young doctor. He's too enthusiastically boyish for the job. But Ann Sheridan is extremely fine as a girl from the wrong side of the railroad tracks in Kings Row. Ronald Reagan gives a powerful performance as a sport who has his legs needlessly amputated by a ruthless surgeon. Charles Coburn is properly frightening in the last-named part, Judith Anderson is grimly effective as his wife, and Nancy Coleman is splendid as the surgeon's daughter who is kept from marrying the young scamp.

Another section of the work is performed ably by Claude Rains as an embittered medical genius, and by Betty Field as the daughter whom he finally kills when he sees the first traces of hereditary madness appearing. On the lighter side are the portrayals of Kaaren Verne, the girl from Vienna who solves the young doctor's romantic quest, by Ernest Cossart as a wise section hand on the railroad, and by a group of attractive children in a sort of prologue to the portentous happenings in Kings Row.

As you can see, there is a lot of

material in this production. Too much, on the whole, for one tight-knit movie. But thanks to Sam Wood's shrewd staging, the eloquent Casey script, and some first-rate acting, the show has undeniable fascination.

(Warner Bros.)

★ ★ ★ HELLZAPOPPIN

Those mad wags, Olsen and Johnson, have converted their popular nonsense show into a daffy musical movie. Using all the tricks of the camera and virtually every device of film slapstick, they've whipped together an amusing version of the elaborate vaudeville show which held forth on Broadway for more than three years. The fun may not be as sustained here as it was behind footlights, but there are a lot of laughs in the picture.

Don't try to make any sense out of Hellzapoppin on the screen. At one moment you'll find the stars heckling the projectionist for running a piece of their film backward. At the next you'll find them disappearing before your eyes in some photographic mumbo-jumbo reminiscent of Topper. Low-down slapstick is the only term for this sort of screen entertainment. When it clicks you will find yourself roaring at the screen antics. If it doesn't always click, it's because this sort of fooling is one of the hardest things in the world to keep going in a photoplay.

My favorite sections of the exhibit are those which are most nonsensical. If you saw the show on the stage you'll remember that it was full of odd animals, odd characters, and crazy doings. The film is too. There's a pretense at a straight story, in which Robert Paige and Jane Frazee try to make a romance persuasive. Far more entertaining is the clowning of Olsen, Johnson, Mischa Auer, and Hugh Herbert, dressed in a series of comical disguises.

There are some catchy songs in the show and some exciting dance numbers, with You Were There and the old Waiting for the Robert E. Lee as the best of the ditties. H. C. Potter has staged Hellzapoppin with pace and a shrewd amount of invention, and there are such vocal and dancing big shots as Martha Raye to add to the gaiety. As slapstick entertainment this picture is something of a natural.

(Universal.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven.

★★★½—Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk.

★★★—Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement.

MICKEY ROONEY—Continued from Page 18

asking. The most sensational boy America has ever seen. Sign him up at once and you will never have anything to worry about."

"What's his name?" asked Mayer.

"Mickey Rooney. He used to play in the Mickey McGuire pictures."

"You ought to have your head examined," said Mayer.

Selznick exploded and spent the day in dictating a memorandum that was to finish all memoranda. Eleven single-spaced pages were used by him to explain sixty-odd reasons why Mickey Rooney should be signed up immediately by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So passionate was his eloquence that the secretary who was taking the dictation broke into tears. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producers didn't. They laughed. One of them said, "Look, David. If that McGuire kid is as terrific as you claim, why should you try to unload him on us? Why don't you put him in one of your own pictures?"

"You bet your sweet life I'm going to put him in one of my own pictures," was the swift reply. "What's more, I'm going to put him in the same picture with Clark Gable."

There was a Clark Gable picture on Selznick's schedule. It was called Manhattan Melodrama, and it dealt with the life, loves, and the sticky end of a gangster. There was no part in the script for Mickey Rooney, but Selznick was going to create a part for him. Mickey, he decided, would play Clark Gable as a young boy.

"Heaven save Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!" said the producers.

Manhattan Melodrama was shown to the public late in May of the year 1934. Not exactly an Academy Award winner, it would have achieved but a moderate degree of success had it not been for an accident which even Selznick could not have anticipated. Two months after its New York première, on a hot and sweltering July night, John Dillinger was shot dead coming out of a second-rate motion-picture theater in Chicago at which the picture was playing.

Dillinger's life brought no happiness to any one, least of all to himself; but his death helped America to discover the fourteen-year-old Brooklyn boy by the name of Mickey Rooney. The following night and for many, many nights to come, the motion-picture theaters from Maine to California and from Florida to Vancouver were flooded with telephone calls from people who were eager to take a look at the picture, whatever its name, that John Dillinger saw in his last two hours on earth.

Now for the road to fame and fortune! What happened after Manhattan Melodrama? Do you remember? Don't miss the next chapter of this inside story of the rise of a talented youngster. In Liberty next week.

VOX POP—Continued from Page 4

stories on a wide variety of subjects, and I have found much valuable material among the pages of Liberty. Many of the factual articles and some of the semi-fictional stories have been prophetic to a startling degree.

I hope the balance of Lightning in the Night is not as accurate a forecast as the part I have referred to above. But it might be a very real service if the serial were reprinted. It might furnish a much needed shock to some of those high in our government who cannot, or will not, realize America's grave danger, or to those who scoff at the idea of America being invaded.—*Morrison Wood, Director of Radio, Critchfield & Company.*

GOD'S MYSTERIOUS WAY AND THE FORTUNES OF WAR

BRADLEY, ARK.—I have just read (rather belatedly) Walter Karig's article War Refugees—Made in America (November 15 Liberty). What he says is true, but he failed to say that many of the people of whom he writes were living under refugee conditions to begin with.

He says, "Because Europe fights thousands are losing their homes . . . right here in the U. S. A." I say, because Europe fights tens of thousands are keeping their homes . . . right here in America.

If this defense work had not been necessary there would have been more refugees than we have. In my own little section of a fifty-mile radius there are at Hope, Arkansas, 7,000 working on defense projects, at Texarkana, Texas, 12,000, and at Minden, Louisiana, 10,000, as of figures released in December. There are other thousands working because these 29,000 people work.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and He does get some good out of all catastrophes.—*Alita Hamiter Tidrow.*

SOME DAY WE HOPE TO HAVE SOME MORE

TUJUNGA, CALIF.—Many thanks for the talking-horse stories by Walter Brooks! I wish we might have them oftener.

What a brain rest they are—no problems of intervention or isolation to worry one. Just relax with that talking scamp, Ed, and enjoy his conversation and repartee. Nothing gives me a heartier laugh.—*Mrs. W. Drake.*

BEFORE THE BOMBS CAME

CADIZ, OCCIDENTAL NEGROS, PHILIPPINES—I would like to take this opportunity and let you know about our satisfaction (my wife's and mine) with your weekly magazine. For several years now we have bought from the local magazine dealer all available issues of Liberty for about $0.07½ and honestly believe it to be the biggest value in return for so little an investment.

We especially esteem your policy of presenting both sides of a question—sound and practical proof that your weekly is truly an exponent of the American way of life. Your editorials carry packs and loads of sound common sense; the stories entertaining and your The Last Word the last word on columns. Let us have more magazines with the same ideals as yours.

I wish you continued success and thank you for your kind attention.—*Felix T. Paco.*

BY REAMER KELLER

"What mom couldn't do to that kind of defense, eh, pop?"

20 QUESTIONS EDITOR, 1; MR. GILLILAN, 0

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'll bet a pretty there is one wrong answer in your December 13 issue's Twenty Questions. In all the copies of Shakespeare I ever read, the four words succeeding "Alas, poor Yorick" were "I knew him well." Look it up—somebody less indolent than I.—*Strickland Gillilan.*

This gives us a welcome chance to be stubborn. *You* look it up, Mr. Gillilan. You'll be surprised. And you after being a poet yourself—author of another immortal line, "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnigin"!—VOX POP ED.

THAT'S THE TEST OF A WORTH-WHILE STORY

CANTON, ILL.—I wish to thank Edmund Ware for his story, Light of the Son (December 13 Liberty). I am seventy-five years old; but reading it gave me a lift that is worth much more than the half hour it took me to read it.—*W. T. Carley.*

MEANING THE KIND YOU LIKE? HOW IS HE TO KNOW?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Compared to other magazines' and newspapers' movie critics, Howard Barnes is an angel. But let him give us outstanding pictures in his reviews—or at least good ones—not the kind that will put us to sleep.—*Ellen Newton.*

He swung her up until he
small feet were planted o
an ottoman and her head wa
two inches higher than hi

MISSISSIPPI BELLE

Can a man blackmail a woman, and love her? . . . All's fair, it seems, in an adventurer's game

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ IN 1840 Caitlin Preswald, who as Kate Ryan has been singing in Jim Blake's New Orleans gambling house for eight years, since her husband's suicide left her a widow at seventeen, leaves for Memphis to start a new life. Her small son, James, who is at school, is at last to make his home with her. The notorious Kate Ryan will be forgotten; in her place will be the quiet widow, Mrs. Preswald. Jim Blake, uncertain that she can escape recognition, admires her courage and gives her five thousand dollars out of her share in the gambling house.

On the boat going upriver Bruce Norris, a no-good habitué of Blake's, hails her as Kate, but she pretends not to know him, and when Dan Bedford, a young man who has known her as Mrs. Preswald at the time of her husband's suicide, tells Bruce he is making a mistake, the latter thinks it more discreet not to pursue the matter. Dan, thrilled at meeting the lovely young widow again, helps her settle in Memphis, makes friends with her son when he arrives, and spends every minute he can spare from his job on the Memphis Appeal and from his campaign work—he is running for the State Assembly on the Democratic ticket—with her. His mother comes in from the Bedford Plantation to call, and likes Caitlin at once, although she feels it would be a pity for Dan to marry a poor young widow.

Bruce Norris, who is visiting Colonel McVeigh's plantation near Memphis, has not forgotten his encounter with the so-called Mrs. Preswald on the boat. One day he goes to her house and refuses to leave when she tells him he is mistaken as to her identity. She sends her maid with a note to the sheriff. Bruce seizes her arm. She reaches into a desk drawer and pulls out a derringer.

PART EIGHT—DANGEROUS DAYS . . . AND A KISS

☆ "IF you don't instantly let go of me, Mr. Norris—leave this house—" The pistol was steady.

"A good bluff, Kate!"

She pulled the trigger. There was a click—nothing more.

She went perfectly limp. He took the derringer from her unresisting hand, stared at it. His mouth opened like a fish. It was loaded and capped. The hammer had dented the cap—a misfire.

"By heaven—you did mean it!"

. . . From far off she heard Bruce Norris' feet hurrying down the walk. She had meant to kill him with every ounce of her being. The pistol had been one of Buck's, and it simply hadn't occurred to her that an eight-year-old charge mightn't go off.

Things turned bluish. Very quietly she slumped to the floor.

She came to with Janice bathing her temples. "De she'ff man comin', Miz Preswal'—he comin' up de banquette right now!"

Caitlin got up. Her feet were unsteady but her mind was clear. She would settle Bruce Norris—

The sheriff was built like a thirty-gallon keg. He rested his top hat elegantly over one forearm and he had a scatter-gun over the other. He said, "Whe's 'at scoun'l at, Miz Preswal', ma'am?"

She smiled shakily. "He really wasn't a scoundrel, sir—I was silly to trouble you. He didn't mean any harm. Just a drunken gentleman from New Orleans who seemed to take me for some one he knew."

"He stick he dirty feet on de sofy," Janice interjected indignantly. "Look 'em feet tracks, Mist' She'ff, suh!"

"Be still, Janice!" . . . But the sheriff was staring at the tracks. He whipped out a large not very clean handkerchief and dusted vigorously. "Harmless — New Awlins — drunk!" He emphasized with flicks of the handkerchief. "Miz Preswal', them downriver drunk gentlemen keep us mighty busy. This one happen to say his name? We aim to keep care o' the peace an' safety o' Shelby County, an' this bein' an election year an' all, it might help—"

"Oh, please, no! He's a Mr. Norris—a guest of Colonel McVeigh. Please, Mr. Sheriff, it wasn't anything—"

"Sho'—well, that does alter things, ma'am. Colonel McVeigh's a party man—wouldn't do to arrest his guest. Sho'—prob'ly harmless, like you say." He broke off, staring. "So harmless, ma'am, you got a derringer layin' there!" He picked it up. "An' tried to shoot it, too, by gannys!"

"Please! I was nervous and silly. Thank heaven it didn't go off. I'll exonerate him of any—er—attempt—"

"I'll exonerate him!" The sheriff was suddenly grim. "I'll put a deputy on yo' house, Miz Preswal'. Do this harmless New Awlins drunk gentleman put e'er a foot on yo' sofy, you let out one good holler. We'll exonerate him then an' there!" He patted the scatter-gun. "Or does yo' friend Mr. Bedford heah o' this, he'll exonerate him with a pistol, gentleman fashion. Don't you fret yo' lovely haid about it one mo' minute, Miz Preswal', ma'am."

Caitlin gasped. "Mr. Bedford! He mustn't hear! There'd be a duel—Mr. Sheriff, you can't allow a duel!" She wasn't acting now.

"Rest easy, ma'am. No duels in Shelby—the gentlemen rows the'selfs over to the Arkansaw side. . . . Still an' all, ma'am, yo' right—we cain't afford to risk the only man that's got a chance to carry Memphis Democrat. . . . Tell you what. Does there come any talk of a duel, I'll just lock one or another of the parties in the jailhouse till the votes are counted. . . . Or, better still, we'll just someway exonerate this drunk New Awlins gentleman—"

"No—no, please! I don't want murder on my soul—"

"Sho', ma'am, it ain't any murder when the law happens to kill somebody by the statutes made an' provided. No, *ma'am*. Shelby County don't run to murder—we a mighty law-abidin' place. An' does a drunk New Awlins gentleman put his feets on the sofa of a widda lady one mo' time—well, you just give one loud holler, ma'am, an' he'll be to bury. No trouble at all, ma'am."

Caitlin watched him go. She was white and shaky at the thought—she

held Bruce Norris' life in her hand. One loud holler! . . . Oh, heaven forgive her, she did wish him dead—it was an awful thing to think of!

☆ IN the Gayoso House bar, Bruce picked up his drink with both hands. It was one thing to face a man's pistol at twenty paces; it was quite another to have a woman snap a derringer right up against your belly!

He'd been sure it was Kate Ryan; but this little Mrs. Preswald did seem to be—different. . . . It could be pretty unpleasant if he should be wrong. These upriver yokels had funny ideas about their women.

Bruce Norris had two ideas. He wanted Kate Ryan; he always had wanted her. And right now he wanted money—wanted it badly. . . . If this Mrs. Preswald was Kate, she ought to be good for quite a lot. Say three thousand, anyhow. Three thousand was cheap—Blake's had made money this spring, what with New Orleans jammed with country legislators in an election year. To Bruce Norris there was nothing particularly incongruous in the idea of blackmailing the woman he was in love with.

Yes, it was worth the risk. But he'd play it differently this time. Wait a couple of days; then go humbly and apologize for his drunken rudeness. If it was really Mrs. Preswald, he'd be safe and no harm done. A lady can't very well order a well mannered gentleman out of her house while he is making an apology. . . . And if it was Kate Ryan, he'd get a chance to talk to her, and sooner or later she'd make a slip.

☆ "YOU'RE *distrait* this evening, Mr. Bedford." It was an indirect attack which Lilian Lansfield used as naturally as she breathed. "Is something troubling you, sir?"

"Am I being dull? I'm liable to be. Just natural."

"Of course you're not dull. Just—you seem troubled. What is it? The election? Tell me about it."

"Well, it's mighty hard work, Miss Lansfield." All through this big old picnic of the McVeighs' he had been tired, worried, his mind on other things, when he was expected to flirt, to pay compliments. Now here was a girl who was willing to talk sense.

Her hand pressed his arm. "Things aren't going right, Dan?"

The "Dan" startled him; the pressure was pleasant. . . . "Why—no, Miss Lilian; they're not." . . . He found himself telling her. Van Buren was General Jackson's choice, but West Tennessee had never liked him. He even had a suspicion that some of the local Democratic politicians were working against the party under cover.

"How perfectly shameful! Poor Dan!"

Her sympathy was warming. But he said, "Well, I don't suppose it really matters a great deal whether Gypson or I go to the Assembly."

"It does to me, Dan!"

He faced her. "Do you mean that?"

She put her hand to her mouth with a pretty confusion. "Oh, I—yes, I do mean it. That is, I—it means a lot to me to have somebody in any office who's fine and strong and honorable—"

He took her hand again. "It means a lot to me to hear you say that, Miss Lilian. I aim to try to be all you say. It's a big order, though."

Oh, he was a stupid, solemn young man! If it wasn't for saving him from that little widow, she really wouldn't bother. . . . She squeezed his fingers the tiniest bit. "It isn't a big order for you, Dan," she said softly. "Not for you!"

A dozen men and girls burst through the trees, shattering the moonlit moment. "Come on, you two statues! Fiddlers are tunin' up for a lawn dance!"

Dan Bedford didn't hear the little angry click of Miss Lilian's teeth. He was never more glad to see a lot of people in his life.

☆ BRUCE NORRIS watched cannily. He was pretty good at sizing people up. If this Miss Lansfield wanted Dan Bedford — and if she didn't want to marry him, at least she wanted to take him away from little Mrs. Preswald—why, that was something to figure on. She had a sizable stack, he gathered—and she wouldn't scruple to pay for what she wanted. . . . Tomorrow was Sunday—a very good day for a thoroughly sober and ashamed gentleman to make his apologies. He didn't have all the threads in his hand yet, but—no harm trying!

Sunday suited Bruce very well. His main problem had been to see this Mrs. Preswald first, without having to send his name in by her maid. He'd simply wait outside of church until he saw her come out—then time his arrival at her house to meet her at the door.

He timed it accurately. He met Caitlin and James as they were about to enter her gate. His hat was off and he bowed. . . . If Mrs. Preswald would allow him a moment?

She was suddenly white—but, with James right there, there wasn't much she could say. She said, "Run along, James, and tell Janice we're home." And to Bruce, "Yes, Mr. Norris?"

(The deputy, unobtrusively lounging in the shade across the street, saw Miz Preswald and a kind of dudish gentleman holdin' some chat by the gate. He shifted his scatter-gun to the other arm and wished he was the dude.)

"I want to make my most humble apologies for the other afternoon, ma'am. I—well, I wasn't myself. I don't ask you to pardon me—I don't remember what I did, but I remember enough to know it was unpardonable. Just wanted you to know I'm sorry, ma'am. Mortally sorry!"

In ninety seconds Bruce knew that Mrs. Preswald was not Kate Ryan. She accepted his apologies exactly as Mrs. Preswald should accept them.

Oh, please, would Mr. Norris forget it? . . . *If I scream, that deputy'll slap a load of buckshot through him and I'm quit of Bruce Norris forever!* . . . "Now, please, Mr. Norris, you've explained it all. You were a bit overtaken, and I'm afraid I was very silly." . . . *Scream! Screech, you fool, Caitlin! You hate Bruce Norris enough—and he brought it on himself!* . . . "I'm sure we're both sorry for what happened, sir."

"I thank you, Mrs. Preswald. And now good day."

Heavens, he was lucky to get out of that! This was never Kate Ryan. This was a shabby little pretty widow with the smell of Sunday leg of lamb in her hair and the smell of breach of promise in her whole manner. . . . Uh-uh!

He went up the walk thinking how lucky he was. (A pleasant yokel with a shotgun over his arm said, "How you feelin', suh?" and he waved him a gay greeting. . . . He didn't begin to know how lucky he was!)

Caitlin got inside her door and leaned whitely against the jamb. He was gone! He wasn't dead on her gravel walk or on her immortal soul! She was weak with the relief and thankfulness.

In the drawing room, with his feet on the sofa and his nose in yesterday's Appeal, James was humming the melody of the Doxology: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow—"

Caitlin heard it, and swept in radiant. "James! Is that any way to be praising God? Let loose!" She threw her head back—she let it go as she had never sung before: " 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him, all creatures here below!' On your feet, James. 'Praise Him above, ye heavenly host—' "

Outside, the deputy wiped his eyes. He sure did like a good hymn tune.

Half a street down, Bruce Norris wheeled sharply. He listened. He smacked a fist into his palm.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said.

☆ WITH James in bed at last, Dan settled back in the soft candlelight and asked the question he had wanted to ask all evening: "What's happened, anyhow? You look—well, radiant!"

"Do I, Dan? That is a nice thing to hear. . . . Well, it's been a beautiful day—everything right, nothing wrong." Caitlin, who had been deliriously happy, wanting to shout and sing, since Bruce Norris walked himself down that walk and out of her life without a load of shot through him—Caitlin smiled with her eyes across the candles and said, "I guess I've had a happy day."

Dan Bedford thought slow (except in the case of a horse or a bear or a fight) but for all his bulk he moved quick.

"Dan! . . . You—Dan, stop it! . . . *Mr. Bedford—unhand me, sir!*"

"Yeh—" Dan's lips grinned against her mouth. "I saw that one on the showboat last week. . . . Ah, Caitlin, darling!"

"Oh, dear, what can anybody do with you? . . . Please—James will hear! Janice will hear! . . . No, really—please, Dan, you're breaking my neck—please!"

He swung her up until her small feet were planted on an ottoman and her head was two inches higher than his. "Better?"

"A lot better—oh, Dan, no! . . . *Dan*—I'll scream—"

Suddenly she remembered what one good loud holler would do. . . . Her arms ran to tighten about his neck. Oh, there was nothing like the kiss there was then!

Dan said, "We'll be married tomorrow!"

"We will not so!" . . . Oh, dear heaven, how she wanted him! But Bruce Norris was still too near on her—and the election!

"You will sit down now, Dan, and listen quietly to me—no, over there. . . . Now, there is the election coming—"

"To hell with the election!"

"You cannot let the folk down who have supported you, Dan Bedford. You cannot let your mother down, who has put up money for your election. . . . Now, I am a Catholic. Do you marry an Irish Catholic, here in Shelby County, on the eve of an election—"

Dan Bedford was on his feet. "If you think I'd let that stop me—"

"Sit down, Dan Bedford. . . . No, I do not think so at all. But there is me—my father's daughter—to be considered in this marriage. . . . When my father fought in politics he never let down the boys who backed him. He never said 'To hell with the election' for man, woman, money, or a red apple. . . . Ah, Dan—after the election— But I don't want to see you at all again until after!"

She fled upstairs. . . . Oh, that election—that election! Ah, Dan! Dan!

☆ BRUCE NORRIS put his mind to work. He knew what he wanted to know now, but he hadn't yet figured out how to make money out of it. Downfacing Kate Ryan—that had failed twice and would fail again. Simply spreading the story would put Kate back where she belonged, but there was no money in that. Besides, this Bedford might cut up. . . .

It was a maddening thing when you had your hand right on something that ought to be worth a lot and couldn't cash in on it.

Bruce Norris was beginning to feel a little aggrieved. He had invited himself to spend a few days at the McVeigh Plantation, and already he had been here nearly a month. (Naturally, Colonel McVeigh would say nothing if a guest chose to stay three years—but Bruce Norris was a gentleman and he didn't like to be put in this position. He had to have some getaway money.)

Then, one evening, when the air pressed soft and warm on lips and forehead, and the sky dripped stars, Miss Lansfield opened the way. . . .

Everybody was talking politics these days, and that led around to Dan Bedford. Did he have a chance?

Bruce Norris chuckled. He shook his head.

"But why not? Why do you laugh, Mr. Norris?"

Bruce Norris took the plunge. "Miss Lansfield, you swear you'll never breathe this to a soul? He's wound up with that little widow—the one you call Mrs. Preswald."

"But I don't see—of course, I don't think she's very attractive—I don't see what he sees in her. But—"

"Good heavens, she isn't any Mrs. Preswald at all! She's Kate Ryan from New Orleans. Used to run Blake's gambling house."

A sudden startled interest. "How do you know?"

"Why, I've seen her there a hundred times. Besides—" Norris checked swiftly. "Well, I mean—that is—"

Miss Lansfield's fan slapped his wrist—twice. "You *wicked* man! Now I know about you! But about Mrs. Preswald—and Dan Bedford?"

He had thought this was going to be harder. She was using the technique of a schoolgirl just out from under the birch. Round and delectable—he'd like to tame her with a birch rod himself. Not a bad idea—and she had plenty of chips.

But she was saying a little breathlessly, "You mean—you mean Mrs. Preswald isn't what she seems? A—a bad woman?"

"Oh, some of them are really not bad at all, you know. I'm bad myself, and I can speak with authority. Sorry I said anything—let's talk about the starlight." He squeezed her hand.

Nuh—she squeezed back a little, but she took her hand away. Better play it the way he'd started.

She said, "But oughtn't you to warn Mr. Bedford?"

"Me? And face Dan Bedford's pistol? No, ma'am!"

"Are you a coward?"

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Lilian—I certainly am! First off, Dan Bedford don't know the first thing about shootin' a pistol. But anything might happen—he might kill me. Second, I have been out before, several times. I have a bad reputation — no, I mean that, Lilian honey! . . . Now, do I kill Dan Bedford, or even wound him, I'm a bad man from New Orleans that took advantage of a nice pure inexperienced local boy. . . . Either way, it isn't worth fooling with—not on account of Kate Ryan."

"But if you could prove it?"

Hooked! But let her run with it a little. "Why—yes," he agreed, "that would be different. She'd have to leave town. But who cares, anyhow?"

"Why—I should think that any one would be willing to stretch a helping hand to save a fine young man from the ruin of his career. If you can prove it—about this woman—"

"Why, Miss Goldilocks, you don't understand. I'd have to go all the way to New Orleans and back. That takes money—and I'm not long on money."

"Your fare down and back?"

"Oh, that—and I'd have to 'see' some people." He was being cautious now. "It might cost quite a bit."

"You mean—bribes?"

"Miss Honey-belle, I told you I was a bad lot. Yes, I mean bribes. It isn't worth it."

"How much?"

He set the hook. "Three thousand at the least."

The next second he could have kicked himself. She took it like a flash. He might just as well have said five.

☆ BRUCE NORRIS set out for New Orleans. But at the last moment Miss Lansfield had charmingly put a spoke in his wheel. Half of the three thousand when he actually reached New Orleans — a draft which he had to cash, personally, in New Orleans; the other half payable when Kate Ryan had left Memphis for good. Didn't he think that was the businesslike way of doing it? She did so want to be businesslike—though she was afraid she would never learn. Women just didn't have the business brains of men, did they?

Bruce Norris, who had been toying with the vision of what he could do in the brave new Republic of Texas with Miss Lansfield's three thousand, and the three thousand he could get out of Kate Ryan maybe, agreed that this was certainly the businesslike way. In fact, he had never known a better business mind than Miss Lansfield's. . . . Right now he gave up the vague idea he had had of marrying her. Let Dan Bedford do that!

Out of the first fifteen hundred, she was telling him, she would reserve his fare to New Orleans — and return. She—she really *was* being a good business woman, wasn't she?

Stricken, he mentioned the need of ready cash. He'd have to fee the steward, he'd need money for cigars—

Charmingly she gave him a dollar to give the steward (his usual tip was twenty). But as to cigars—didn't he know how she hated tobacco in any form? Now he was going in her service—as her very own knight. She—she was confused and breathless about it, but she would give him her kiss!

Bruce Norris put his arms around her. He took her off her feet and kissed her until she gasped.

Later, in the dark, groping in Colonel McVeigh's cigar cabinet, he felt that he had given her some return for her money. A gentleman ought to do that!

Heavens, what an awful woman! After all, the only real breeding was in the deep South. Not that Colonel McVeigh wasn't a gentleman. Kept his cigars and his liquor unlocked—that was the real test. And if he missed a handful of cigars, he'd naturally blame it on the servants.

☆ THE great C-spring carriage stopped before the big house. The butler rubbed his aged eyes, and rubbed them again. He came out on a shambling run.

"Marse Andy—'scuse me, I should say 'Misto President,' suh—"

"I like 'Marse Andy' from my old friends, Isaac. Been a long time since we were on a bear hunt. Can you still fry up those li'l wonder cakes with coon fat?"

"You remembers that, suh?" Isaac grinned with delight as he shoved General Jackson's man aside and opened the carriage door and let down the iron steps. "Light, Marse Andy, if you please, suh. It's a happy day fo' Bedford Plantation when you come back. Madam Bedford will rejoice, suh!"

"I hope so, Isaac. Will you convey my respects to her and ask if she is at home this afternoon?" Painfully the general made his way out of the carriage and up the steps into the broad hall. He took a chair in the drawing room, holding his hat and his gold-headed cane.

"Madam Bedford say please to rest yo' hat an' cane wid me, suh," Isaac reported a moment later. "She be down in two minutes. Meantime, you favor some li'l refreshment, suh?"

"No, thanks, Isaac—doctor's orders." But he handed over his hat and stick thankfully. It meant that he was to be received. ("Never," his mother had warned, when he was fifteen—"never you rest yo' hat or yo' stick in a stranger's house till yo're bid to, Andy. If they want you, they'll tell you.")

This wasn't a stranger's house. He knew the pattern of the wallpaper by heart, and the great bright basket of flowers that decorated the middle of the carpet. But old Dan Bedford, who had been with him at New Orleans, had been dead a long time now, and he had never felt that Dan's Philadelphia wife really approved him.

She came in a moment later, taut in trim lavender satin, smooth, not a white curl out of place. Rather, she swept in.

He started forward happily. "Miss Lydia—"

She swung a formal curtsy, just inside the doorway. "Mr. President—this is an honor!"

He stepped back. Andrew Jackson was coming to the end of a stormy life. Enemies he could understand. Old friends who had become enemies

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

IRON MOUNTAIN, by Phil Stong. **The author of State Fair and other mellow tales of the rural scene turns from Iowa farm folk to the roiling mixture of Scandinavians, Celts, and Slavs who, with a few American bosses, are the people of a mining town in Minnesota's vastly wealthy Mesabi ore deposits. Immediate foreground is the men's favorite boarding barracks run by Marta Heiberg whose niece arrives to put blonde yeast in an always explosive brew. Not a great novel, this does show Stong's fondness and understanding of outdoor people. Adult male fare, violent and humorous.**

he could understand. But women—well, he never quite knew what to do there. He gripped a chair-back. He looked at Madam Bedford—straight.

"Miss Lydia, I have always been welcome in this house—heretofo'—as Andrew Jackson. If I am not welcome now as President of the United States—why, I can only say that every principle fo' which I have fought gives any American the right to close a door or a hand against me. I may have made mistakes — most folks do. I do not think I have ever used my position to further my own ends—political or personal. My most humble respects, Miss Lydia, and good afternoon."

Madam Bedford's eyes went to the chair where her big redheaded husband had stretched his feet to a fire after a hunt—to the sofa where lean Andrew Jackson had sat bolt upright, a little uncouth, but saying things that were honest and funny—to the little chair where she used to sit and —yes, giggle!—over her glass of sherry, when one of them topped the other in the eternal argument about horse breeding or bird dogs or politics. . . . And suddenly Madam Bedford's smooth face crumpled like a withered rose petal and the tears glistened. She put out a hand blindly.

"Andrew, you're always welcome in this house!"

He kissed the tips of her fingers with a strange grace that was a compound of the Frenchified stiffness she had known in the East and the half-wild, all-respectful yearning for a woman of the West. . . . And then she found herself sitting on the little sofa beside Andrew Jackson, and Andrew Jackson was saying, "Now, Miss Lydia, it isn't politics, I'm mighty sure. You never took enough interest in politics to do like you did just now. What is it I've done you don't like?"

"You've stolen my boy away—you and your politics. I—Andrew, that wasn't neighborly. And you know he'll be beaten—"

"That's what I'm down here about, Miss Lydia."

"You—you admit it!"

"Miss Lydia, yo' boy will be beat in West Tennessee. I told him that when I advised him to run."

"I hope he is! He'll stop this foolishness then!"

"Miss Lydia, don't you know Big Dan Bedford's get better than that? A beating only brings the Bedfords back for more. . . . Miss Lydia, we're due to lose West Tennessee this year. And the national election will come pretty near turnin' on West Tennessee. Likely we'll lose that, too—"

"Then why did you pick Dan?"

"Because I wanted a man here in Shelby who'd fight hard and lose honest. There'll be other years, and yo' son is a man who is going far—whether you like it or not, Miss Lydia!"

"He isn't going anywhere if he gets entangled with this little widow—this Mrs. Preswald." Madam Bedford sniffed. "I understand I have you to thank for encouraging that too, Andrew."

The general felt a little bewildered. Women jumped from one thing to another mighty fast, it seemed. He said, "Why, I thought she was mighty nice, Miss Lydia. Pretty and clever and kind, and a lady. Got good courage, too—comin' to a strange place—"

Madam Bedford sniffed again. "She may be all you say, but for a boy in Dan's position she's impossible. Dan has a certain duty to his name—his place in the community."

"Why, now, Miss Lydia, it seems to me he's doin' it."

"He isn't helping himself with this affair. A widow—with a son!"

The general looked at her straight, with a lean grin. "Miss Lydia, a widow with a son is a mighty dangerous proposition for an unattached male—I can testify to that!"

She stared at him. "Andrew! You're unspeakable!" For an instant she teetered on the brink of indignation. Then she giggled and rapped his knuckles with her fan in token of forgiveness. "All the same," she added firmly, "I won't have it!"

Will Caitlin have to give up everything—her home, her life with James, her hope of happiness with Dan—because of Bruce Norris' vindictiveness and greed? Will Dan be loyal to her, in spite of his mother, when the truth about her past comes out? Drama, heartbreak, peril crowd next week's exciting chapter.

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ THIS democracy we are trying to preserve is entirely too precious for us to be careless custodians. Our forefathers were willing to make the supreme sacrifice, if necessary, to ensure the abundant life, liberty, and happiness which we, their descendants, have enjoyed. What kind of Americans are we, to begrudge the few months of our lives which our country asks in order to train us to be its defenders? I refer to the men who cry about the "hardships" of a selectee's life.

We are the United States Marines, stationed nearly 4,000 miles from our homeland. Some of us have now been here over a year. We receive mail and supplies about once a month. Our facilities are, of course, limited. Still, we do not complain, because we feel that we are doing a job here that our country needs to have done.

We will never fail in our task. We will fight on to our last breath for the cause of right and freedom. That cause, for which *every* true American will fight, *shall not be lost.*

E. W. R., Midway Island, T. H.

I wish I could know what has happened to the lad who wrote that letter. He mailed it long before the "infamous date" of December 7, yet he wrote with a gift of prophecy. I can think of no finer epitaph for the Marines who died at Midway and Wake and Guam than the last paragraph of his letter.

Because I am employed in an essential industry (machine tool) I received a deferment. But if I want to enlist in one of the regular armed forces, is there a law to prevent me? I have been told that there was.

K. M., Bridgeport, Conn.

As this page goes to press there is no law to prevent you from enlisting, but Secretary Stimson has said that voluntary enlistments might soon be suspended.

Why does the officer personnel of the Air Corps get such fabulous allowances? It was all right in the old days when flying was all chance, and it had to be done to get men into the corps; but now it is as safe as most other arms. Also, why should they be given a clothing allowance of $150 per year and *not* so to any other service?

"Shavetail," New York City.

Comments, please?

In the December 13 issue of Liberty, in answer to one of the letters, you say, "I have yet to hear the perfect definition of morale."

Why not give the definition that Brigadier General James A. Ulio gives? "It is when a soldier thinks his Army is the best in the world, his regiment the best in the Army, his company the best in the regiment, his squad the best in the company, and that he himself is the best blankety-blank soldier-man in the outfit."

That, as near as I can figure it, is a pretty accurate definition of morale.

Sgt. T. M.,
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Thanks for reminding me of General Ulio's definition. It will certainly do until a better one comes along.

Where in heck do we of the State Defense Corps come in, or are we merely "illegitimates"? There are upward of three hundred units of the S. D. C. in Georgia alone. Why can't you give us a little mention every now and then? You'd be surprised at the efficiency of this little known but very important branch of our National Defense.

A. K. H., 1st Lt., S. D. C.,
Buford, Ga.

What's the idea of neglecting the State Guardsmen? Perhaps it's because none of the State Guards has ever written to you. We serve without any compensation at all and a finer group of loyal volunteers I have yet to see.

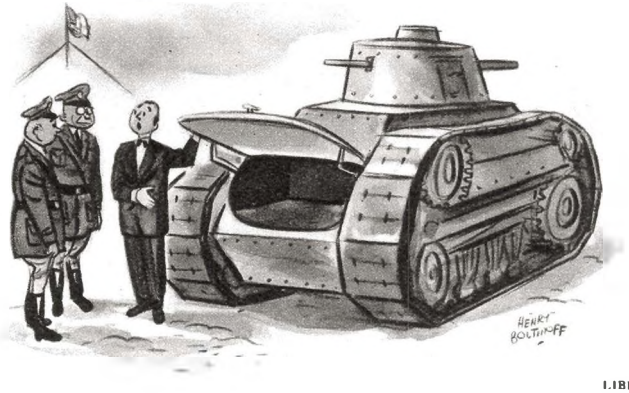
Corp. J. L. T.,
Tennessee State Guard, Nashville.

Don't shoot, men, I'll come down . . . and let you in. But, gosh, I can't mention *everybody* . . . this page isn't printed on rubber and it hasn't stretched yet.

This department of Liberty is for the men 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, 122 East 42 St., New York.

"... and here is a spacious luggage compartment!"

BY HENRY BOLTINOFF



the last thing I do.' It was the last thing, all right, poor devil."

"Where is he?" asked Paul in a cold dead voice.

"Where good pilots go," Giles answered. "He got his. I wish I'd explained to him. He was pretty mad with me. We'd lost contact. There was a lot of fog around. I was navigator and I couldn't tell him where we were. I didn't want to tell him why. It might have fussed him. And he had his own spot of trouble. I kept on stalling—" He put his hand over Jacquine's and held it. "Thanks. I don't seem able to eat any more. Lucky for me you found me, wasn't it? I mean, that I came down among friends. I mean—because of the bus. You'll see they don't get her, won't you, sir?"

Jacquine looked up. Paul's eyes met hers and were hostile and defiant. He answered automatically, as though under pressure: "I'll take care of it."

"Thanks. You know how one feels. The idea of those dirty hands on a clean, decent machine—"

Paul interrupted: "What is she?"

"A Bolton two-seater fighter. Something new. A sweetheart. Four hundred miles an hour and easy as a bird on the turn."

"What was the show?"

"Escorting bombers. They must be over Berlin by now—"

"It's stupid," Paul said coldly, "to tell lies that no one can believe. They couldn't reach Berlin."

"That's what the Jerries said. Göring had told them. Ask them what's left of the Brandenburger Tor—"

☆ "WHAT'S that he said?" asked Babette sharply.

"That they bombed Berlin," Jacquine translated—"that they're bombing it now."

Paul ran his tongue over his dry lips. "You haven't the machines," he said. "You have to break off every fight and run for it. They say it's just a matter of time."

"Sure. Our time. Just give us a little more of it. Did they tell you about the 15th of September? That was their big day—and ours. Do you know how many they sent over? Five hundred. They came in two waves. And we met them over the Channel—over Kent and Surrey—over London. We fought them from Big Ben to Dungeness. . . . A hundred and eighty of 'em we brought down that day. . . . Didn't you know?"

"I was taken prisoner," Paul said. He spoke slowly, draggingly. "I was released this morning."

"Mind you—they had guts. They came day after day—week after week. And we shot them down like partridges. Then they laid off the day stuff. They had to. They came skulking at night. And that didn't work. They gave our people everything they had—and they took it—down there in the streets with nothing in their hands to fight with—women and kids too." For the first time his voice glowed with an exultant pride. "They took it," he said, "standing."

Babette had left her place by the window. "What's he saying now?"

"That they aren't beaten—"

"That must have been a good show," Paul said in his suffering voice.

"Too bad you didn't know about it, sir. It would have cheered you up—"

The young voice went on, steady and confident. To Jacquine it was as though somewhere in the depths of the old house a secret dynamo had begun to throb—that life was beginning to flow back through a body that had been left for dead. Out of this blind boy who would never see the light again, the light was breaking.

"Some of your fellows went up tonight, sir. Some of the best. All they needed was a chance—"

"What is he saying?" Babette clamored angrily.

"That there are Frenchmen over France," Jacquine answered.

The boy had kept his hand on hers. He turned his face to her. There were tears of blood on his cheek.

"You don't mind, do you—I mean, my holding onto you? I like to feel you there. I feel as though I were getting to know you through your hand—and through your voice. It's a lovely voice. You must be lovely."

He broke off. There had been a sound of footsteps overhead—heavy, ominous footsteps. "What's that?" he asked. "Who is it?"

"Captain Rudrich. He commands this district."

"In your house? That must be hard. He—he doesn't worry you, does he?"

"Oh, no—not yet."

She saw a fine sweat break out over his upper lip. She glanced away from him to Paul standing in the shadow. He looked ravaged, like a man dying from a small deep wound.

"What hurts," the boy muttered, "is being helpless—not to fight again—to be one man less. . . . You and I, sir—that makes two of us."

"I'll see about your plane," Paul said, and moved toward the door. He was going to Rudrich to make an end.

☆ "BUT you'll need petrol," Giles said. "She's got to burn."

Babette stood beside him. She laid her gnarled hand on his shoulder.

"Que faut-il?" she said. *"Que veux-tu, mon petit?"*

His hand groped and clung to her.

"Il nous faut d'essence, madame," he said in his schoolboy French—*"beaucoup d'essence."*

"Blériot has petrol," she said. "He would give it me"—she was looking at Paul—"if I told him about Berlin."

Paul threw back his head. He pointed overhead. He said silently, "Warn Rudrich. Get it over." Babette stared back at him, her face sullen. But she went out. Jacquine waited for the sound of her step on the stairs and for voices overheard. Somewhere an outer door opened and closed softly. Then there was silence.

Paul was listening, too. Something unexpected had happened. Babette hadn't gone to Rudrich. She'd gone to Blériot. She'd said, "If I told him about Berlin—" Once Blériot had been a brave man and a fighter—

"We've had enough heroics," Paul broke out wildly. A torrent of furious panic-stricken protest flowed from him—the foul tide of defeat and shame. "Why should we help you? Every man and woman in this town would curse us. Go bomb your cities. It's not our business. Don't you understand? We're finished. We're beaten. Leave us in peace—"

Giles Smith had scrambled to his feet, half turned toward the subdued yet frantic voice.

"What peace?" he asked.

Paul did not answer. The boy spoke to Jacquine. She guessed with what pity he would have looked at her. "So that was why you were crying—for him." His mouth set in a straight line. "How late is it?" he asked.

"Midnight."

"So you've got two hours at least. You can make it, Ronsard"—he added softly—"both of you."

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"Yes—you do. You're a great flyer. You can fly anything. It's your job. You can't let down on it. How big is the field where I landed?"

"A hundred yards or so—"

"The old bus takes off like a bird." He was trembling now with excite-

If I Could Have My Way

BY ERNEST BEVIN*

As I said before, one of the striking things in the "Atlantic Charter" deals with raw materials, and I think that what applies to raw materials will apply largely to certain primary foods like wheat. There must be an acceptance that raw materials must no longer be the prerogative of scramble and speculation. There must be organization and control. If I could have my way I would introduce to the raw materials of the world the postage stamp principle. Such things as wheat, rice, rubber, oil, coal, ore, chrome, bauxite and other similar things, I would pool internationally, and make an equal charge for their use to anybody who needed them. The standard of life and the peace of the world depend so much upon them, as also does the stability of the world. I am convinced that this step would remove to a very large extent some of the prime causes of this international struggle. It could not hurt anyone; indeed it would be a great benefit to all, for it is in manufacture, in the genius of production, in the skilled manipulation and scientific use of these things, and the application of the higher degrees of intelligence that the different nations bring to bear, that will determine the final product and its cost. I only hope that the Declaration regarding free access does not merely mean free access, but the working out of a system whereby these great basic materials may be free to mankind in equal terms.

ment. "You'll fly her for me, sir. You'll be like my eyes. Every time I hear a stick of bombs fall, I'll think, That's me—giving 'em hell."

"You're mad—"

"It's the sanest thing I ever thought of. It's your chance. You're a sick man now, but you'll get well once you're up there in the good air again. But I'm out. So I don't matter. What matters is getting on with the job—you or I, it doesn't matter which—"

The death mask was showing color in its cheeks. Old banked-down fires glowed in the sunken eyes.

"We can't leave you—" the girl murmured.

"You've got to. You mustn't overload the bus. They'd take it out on you if you stayed. And I couldn't stand for that. They have to treat me decently. And I'm tough. One of these days you'll be waiting for me at Victoria Station. And I'll stand there—listening for you. I'll say to myself, 'There she is—the loveliest voice in the whole world.'"

☆ THEY had laid his friend, like a quiet sleeper, under the trees. It was still dark. But they could feel the light hovering below the horizon. Blériot had brought his blacked-out rattletrap across the fields. On his way a patrol had stopped him. But they all knew Blériot. He was fetching their comrades—tight as ticks by now—from the *estaminet*. So they'd let him go. Now he was piling out his battered petrol cans from beneath their covering.

"If they shoot me for this," he said, grinning, "*je m'en fous.*"

Giles Smith stood a little apart with Jacquine. His white bandage seemed to shine with a light of its own. The two men turned to him for orders.

"You'll get the feel of her right away, Ronsard. My chart must be in a bit of a mess. But you'll make out my home port and they'll light you down. Tell 'em I'm O. K. And my mother—she'll love you both—"

"She ought to hate us."

"Not she. She'll understand. She's a good egg." He gave his little chuckle. "That's English for loving her a lot." He groped for Jacquine's hand and lifted it to his lips and kissed it. "My turn now," he said.

Old Blériot helped Jacquine into the rear cockpit.

"Babette sent her love. She would have come along, but I said we had trouble enough. *Bonne chance, mes amis.* Bomb Berlin for old Blériot, *mon capitaine.* Perhaps his ghost will be flying alongside of you—"

The plane quivered—roared into triumphant life. Jacquine looked down. The earth was falling away beneath her. The light seemed to have come up suddenly. They were flying into it—into the morning. In the air was the roar and throb of a thousand invisible planes, welcoming them, bringing them home. And she imagined that she could still see a tall slim shadow waiting in the darkness for her to find him.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ GRACE AGUILAR makes it her business to satisfy that yearning most women have for superior cupboards, closets, lockers, wardrobes, ambries, cuddies, and all such places in which to put things away. Tailored closets and bars are her specialty. Some of her closet designs would strike you green with envy, so saving is their use of every available inch, so clever their arrangement of drawers, hangers, hooks, etc. They're as handsome as a picture. In fact they're enticing. One lady who recently had a shoe cabinet put in, fell in love with it to the extent of buying three dozen pairs of fancy slippers she didn't need—just to fill up the pretty shelves! There are women who won't give old dresses away any more, because they like to see their nice closets well packed. . . . A few Aguilar closet refinements are these: odorproof cedar compartments for riding clothes; dustproof drawers for fine linen; arched recesses transformed into closets; bars built into Dutch doors; indirect lighting; concealed ventilation. . . . Eighteen years on the job, the Aguilar firm is now Aguilar-Ramirez, with a map of South America decorating its showroom window, new partner Polidoro Ramirez having come from Peru.

"We study each client's individual requirements," Grace Aguilar said to me. "Building closets for a certain millionaire banker, we found he never owned more than two neckties—but always kept between fifty and sixty tobacco pipes under glass." . . . I asked what feminine psychology lies behind our hankering for closet elegance. "Little-girl stuff," said Miss Aguilar. "All our lives we cling to the doll game of *playing house*."

☆ FASHIONABLE milliners will like this true story, told me by a Detroit friend: . . . Actress Jane Cowl delivered a lecture to a group of women. She wore a becoming black dress, a dream of a black hat trimmed with a veil and a big pink rose tilted over one eye. The audience sat fascinated. As she talked, her hat with its out-size rose got in Miss Cowl's way, so she removed it. When the lecture was over, some of the ladies discussed it. One confessed fumbling a point Miss Cowl had made toward the end. "That's funny," remarked another. "I can't remember a thing she said after she took her hat off!"

☆ DRIVING through Indiana on a lecture trip of my own, I've had my first glimpse of the Wabash and its banks so renowned in song. Model houses, government-constructed for shanty-boat folk, here stand tidily vacant, eighty per cent unoccupied, shanty boaters refusing to quit the lazy slipslap of river waves for more orderly homes. I wonder how much the shanty ladies have to say about that? . . . Impressive eighteenth-century cathedral and library at Vincennes, where local historians thrill me with tales of pioneer soldier George Rogers Clark who fooled the Indians by marching his few men round and round the stockade to look like formidable numbers. Hasn't many a girl done the same with a few boy friends?

☆ PICKED up a new superstition from a lady at whose house I lunched one day during my journey. At the beginning of each new year she buys a new mirror for her dressing table. "I know it's silly," she laughed, "but I get tired of looking at myself in the same mirror. A new one seems to give my face a New Year's start."

☆ A SECOND Treasury of the World's Great Letters (published by Simon and Schuster) lets us in on private passions dating from Roman days to the present time. Letters by Joan of Arc, by Queen Elizabeth, and by Jenny Lind are included. Splendid reading. Last in the book is a letter written by a London air-raid warden to his wife. He quotes these words spoken to him by a girl in a raid shelter during a bombing. They make you realize. . . . She said: "Hold my hand, sir, just for a minute. . . . I feel better now. I haven't seen my man for three months and I'm going to have a baby. I just wanted to feel a man's hand against my face."

☆ ADMIRING some pieces of antique jewelry in a curio store, I discovered an oak leaf of gold, quite small, with a sliding panel fitted cunningly on the back of the leaf to hold a secret photograph. Manufacturers of jewelry might copy the idea as a lapel ornament, I think. Then we could really wear our hearts on our coats!

☆ TRY these *Cream Caramel Peaches* for Sunday-night supper with cold chicken and fresh biscuits: . . . Use large can halved peaches. Drain each half and pile brown sugar in center. Dust with nutmeg. Place round side down in heavy skillet with 2 tablespoons butter. Simmer slowly till sugar melts. Turn peaches over; add ¾ cup cream, pinch of salt. Simmer 10 minutes more, stirring cream, sugar, and butter in pan to form a sauce. Serve hot.

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FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD: IS MR. ICKES AN ALARMIST?

I HEREWITH CLIMB UPON A SOAPBOX. raise my voice and proclaim to all and sundry that Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, is a good sport. Whatever our differences in the past, they have been the differences of men who sought only the best for their country. Most of you will remember Mr. Ickes' letter to me and my reply which recently appeared on the editorial page. Our comments about each other were somewhat acerbic and not without sarcasm, but there was one part of my letter to Mr. Ickes which was not published because at that time no reply from him had been received. It was in the form of a postscript and read as follows: "One thing is sure. You express yourself vigorously and forthrightly. Why don't you write a piece for Liberty on the subject Am I an Alarmist?"

Well, ladies and gentlemen of the Liberty audience, that is exactly what Mr. Ickes did. He sat down—or perhaps he paraded back and forth in his office—and dictated an article called Am I an Alarmist? It is about as typical an Ickes utterance as you have ever read. It says his say about the oil business and about other utterances of his, and he emphasizes what he has to say about both. It is a hard-hitting piece of writing, and Liberty is delighted to print it next week with a salute to an author who takes an assignment, sticks to the topic he is asked to write about, and says what he has to say without fear or favor.

JAPAN HAD AN OUTLINE FOR MURDER. You have heard, no doubt often, about the Tanaka Memorial. The Japanese denounce it as a forgery, but Carl Crow shows you the meaning of this mysterious document in an absorbing article next week. With it, as if to give you documentary proof of what Japan has been up to, we present two pages of pictures from recent Japanese schoolbooks. They are the most horrifying examples of conditioning for murder we have ever seen.

Among other features which I recommend with enthusiasm are the following: A novelette, complete in next week's issue, by Faith Baldwin, called Long Vigil; and a short story by Whitman Chambers, called Paging Mr. Einstein; Sidney Skolsky has as fine a collection of funny stories from Hollywood as you have ever heard; and Lowell Thomas brings you an amusing article on his favorite sport of skiing; F. Molina Campos is back with his gaucho and a commentary by John Erskine; Frederick L. Collins tells more about the Battle of Detroit; and there are full installments of the Mickey Rooney story, the Stalin yarn, and Clements Ripley's Mississippi Belle, together with all your favorite features and departments.

SALMAGUNDI: The International Brotherhood of Ventriloquists has just been formed. Its president is Judge Frank W. Carter of Eagle River, Wisconsin, and they have their own little official organ, called the Grapevine News. Yes, Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are members, and so are many other famous performers. . . . From a speech to new patrolmen, delivered by Police Commissioner Timilty of Boston: "There is no crime, no graft, no racket in the City of Boston—or elsewhere—that has my sympathy with it or behind it. I detest them all. Most of them are the worst robbers of our poor. And so I say here to you now that anything you do to prevent, detect, or break up crime, graft, and rackets will have my vigorous support at all times. Remember that." That is the voice of the new kind of police administration the United States is coming to have.

Good books just added to my shelves: Washington Dateline, a fine volume on the operations of correspondents in the capital by Delbert Clark; The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, with an introduction by Carl Van Doren; The Bible for To-day, edited by John Stirling and presented by the Oxford University Press—a book that actually makes the Bible a part of the news of today; Famous First Facts, by Joseph Nathan Kane, a record of first happenings, discoveries, and inventions, invaluable to newspapers and magazines.

WHAT CAN I DO? Everybody is asking that question nowadays. There is one thing that everybody can do to help win this war, and that is to buy defense bonds and stamps. Your government needs money. It needs billions of dollars, and part of those billions are pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and half dollars and all the folding money you can spare from your pocketbook. Remember, when you buy a defense bond you are not merely making a good financial investment: your money, however small, is helping to preserve good against evil, freedom against tyranny, light against darkness. Buy until it hurts—and then let it hurt and buy some more.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—JANUARY 24, 1942** ★ ★ ★ ★

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.

COVER BY AMOS CARR

Gene Tierney

tells what really happened!

Gene Tierney's appearance in "Tobacco Road" brought a new freshness to the screen. The spontaneous charm of her youth, unspoiled by arduous grooming, won her meteoric fame and then what happened? She slipped from under the parental wing and eloped—with a Count! Stories passed of stormy family protests. Ominous tales spread. Not since the family feud over Jackie Coogan had the gossip mongers such a tasty morsel. When Photoplay-Movie Mirror asked Gene what's it all about, she welcomed the opportunity to give for the first time the whole dramatic truth. About her marriage to Count Oleg Cassini. About her family troubles. "This Is How It Really Happened" is the first and only interview she has given for publication and we take pride in presenting it in the February issue, beautifully illustrated with new pictures of a new dynamic star.

★ ★ ★

"THIS ABOVE ALL"

is the new novel by Eric Knight everyone's talking about. It comes to the screen starring Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine. You can begin a condensation of this popular best seller in the February Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It's a powerful story of love and conflicting ideals. For real enjoyment read it before you see the picture.

February—
On Sale Now

WHAT'S HOLLYWOOD'S PRIVATE OPINION?

What's the inside reaction of Hollywood toward its juvenile marriages, its rapid turn over of divorce, its uppity-acting stars, and the flaunting of conventions? Hedda Hopper, sets the sparks a-flying with her daring answers to these oft-rumored questions. Read—"It's Hollywood's Private Opinion" in the February Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

BE A SOCIAL SUCCESS!

To be called a social success in every girl's desire. It is fitting that Ouida Bergere Rathbone, charming wife of Basil Rathbone and Hollywood's uncontested No. 1 hostess tells some tricks for winning this grace. Complete with illustrations in the February Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

PICTURE GALLERY

In this issue besides the gorgeous cover of Ann Sothern there are four natural color portraits of Nelson Eddy, Hedy Lamarr, Rita Hayworth and Errol Flynn—welcome additions to your collection! Plus 5 pages of Judy Garland's latest fashions.

★ ★ ★

PHOTOPLAY *combined with* movie MIRROR

OTHER FEATURES

Hollywood Beware in 1942 ★ Will You Ever Be Rich ★ Ida, the Mad Lupino ★ The Truth About Stars' Charities by "Fearless" and many other fascinating articles and departments.

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