MARCH 27, 1943
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THE NEW Liberty

O. Leydenfrost

LIBERTY

BOOK: THE DAY MUST DAWN
Best Selling Historical Novel

LIBERTY

THE COMING BATTLE OF THE FIGHTER PLANES

LIBERTY

YOUR STATE DEPARTMENT
By Maxine Davis

LIBERTY

GO AHEAD AND MARRY HIM!
A Word to War Brides

LIBERTY

Medicine's Gift to Mothers
PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH

LIBERTY

CARTOONS MOVIES AVIATION

He serves best

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86 Proof

LIKE COCKTAILS?
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Mildness makes Glenmore great to sip straight!

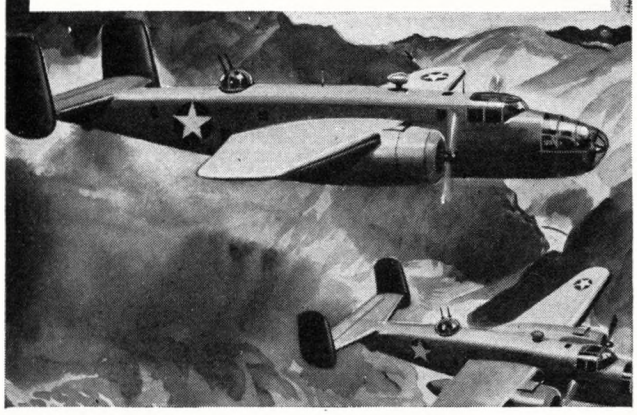
SERVE IT NEXT TIME—
and take the guesswork out of your homework!

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

THEY TELL ME B.F. GOODRICH WAS ACTUALLY SELLING TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER 18 MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR!

Right you are, Captain! Long before Pearl Harbor we were making tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol—our synthetic. They were the first such tires ever offered for sale to the American public. Many car owners bought them. So did leading American companies. They wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. The result was a dramatic nation-wide test that proved Ameripol tires at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber. The Bond Bakers, for instance, reported 28,300 miles.

An even more severe test is being made today. Synthetic rubber is doing scores of vital jobs—wherever men fight—in the air, on land or sea. And again it's passing the test—thanks to the "know how" gained before the war. But remember—all rubber is precious. Ameripol is not yet available for civilian tires.



After we've won, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Look for the ones made by B. F. Goodrich. Why? Because we've had more actual experience making and testing such tires. We promise you "B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber," will also be "B. F. Goodrich, first in synthetic rubber."

A few of the many companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:

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In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

In This Week's Liberty

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Casablanca

It's more than a town in Africa....

AND MORE THAN A WARNER BROS. PICTURE.

NOV. 11TH

On November 10th Casablanca was a word in a geography book. On November 11th it became a place that will go down in history. ...And scarcely a week later "Casablanca" was the Warner Bros. Picture the New York Times hailed as one of the Year's Ten Best.

On the battle-line, and in back of it, there is an *American* way of doing things that is traditional with Warner Bros. This tradition goes back to another war when we presented a motion picture called, "My Four Years in Germany."

Long before the recent invasion, the powder-keg that was Casablanca hid a story restless for screen telling. In any day this would be grand entertainment for its sheer excitement alone. But in these times, with our entire picture-making effort keyed to morale building, "Casablanca" offers another example of the war-time policy of our company.

Our "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is putting song and spirit into America's heart. And with "Air Force" telling of a fighting America in action, we of Warner Bros. are happy to offer these productions as symbols of the American way of living to those who battle here and abroad for the good way of life.

NOW PLAYING NATIONALLY
Your own theatre will advise you gladly of its engagement

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

HUMPHREY BOGART ☆ INGRID BERGMAN ☆ PAUL HENREID IN "Casablanca"

with CLAUDE RAINS • CONRAD VEIDT • SYDNEY GREENSTREET • PETER LORRE

HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by John L. and Philip G. Epstein, Howard Koch • From Play by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison • Music by Max Steiner

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WAR ETHICS

CHICAGO, ILL.—It seems to me that nothing is to be gained by observing a code of ethics based on silly sentimentalism such as that evidenced by the British seamen living in England but technically prisoners of Germany and ineligible to bear arms against their country's enemy.

According to press reports, one man was a crew member of a ship that was shelled by a Nazi submarine. Rescued by the sub, he was given his freedom when food supplies dwindled—but only on condition that he sign a pledge that he would "not take up arms against Germany or her allies during present hostilities." The same press reports relate that the British government "respects the sanctity" of the pledge and will not permit such men to fight in defense of their nation.

How can there be any sanctity attached to a pledge exacted by force? Would the British government also respect the sanctity of a will drawn up at

pistol point? It would have been different had this man been offered a choice between freedom as a noncombatant, and internment. But apparently the only choice lay between freedom and death.

It will have little, if any, effect on the outcome of the war, but I can't help deploring it as an instance of sloppy thinking on the part of people who should have more common sense.—*J. M. Kane.*

INDICTS MANAGEMENT

NASHVILLE, TENN.—How much time has been lost through failure of management to arbitrate even after government request? How many man-hours have been lost because factories shut down rather than recognize a labor organization? I think management has caused more lost man-hours than labor. All these firms responsible have not been in the headlines—are usually never mentioned in the press! Let's have *both* figures!—*L. E. Ross.*

LAKELAND, FLA.—Why do striking employees come in for all the blame, with nothing said about grafting employers? —*I. Wright.*

GOOD MIXER

AMARILLO, TEX.—In February 13 Tricks of Trades it was stated that carbon dioxide is an inert gas. I have taken two courses in chemistry. Both books agree that an inert gas is one which will not combine to form a compound because of the structure of the atoms. An atom of inert gas contains eight electrons in its outmost orbit, a number which represents the highest degree of stability. As a result, these atoms do not gain, lose, or share electrons. Carbon dioxide *can* be combined to form

compounds. Carbon dioxide and water form carbonic acid. Also, when mixed with magnesium, it forms magnesium oxide and carbon.—(*Miss*) *Jerry Williams.*

Thanks, Jerry—we'll try to keep on our chemical toes after this.

HAIR-RAISER

FALFURRIAS, TEX.—Recently (December 26 Liberty) Vox Pop printed a letter I wrote about shooting at a propane tank. After the letter you asked why I was using such a target.

It was during a series of tests determining what was a safe tank to store propane in. If you had seen some of the other tests your hair would probably still be standing on end!—*Homer C. Givens.*

Not the hair on *this* head, Homer. Our barber uses a waxing machine instead of comb and brush. But thanks, anyway—Vox Poppers were very curious about that propane target practice.

WOULD STAY MOIST

FLUSHING, N. Y.—I am writing this for all my pals in the army, who feel as I do about prohibition. We don't want a dry country. I was in the business once, and any one who has been realizes the amount of revenue taken from beer and paid into the U. S. Treasury. We need the money, and the boys want the beer. Those who don't want it needn't drink it.—*J. F. S.*

Victory hangs in the balance.

ROHR

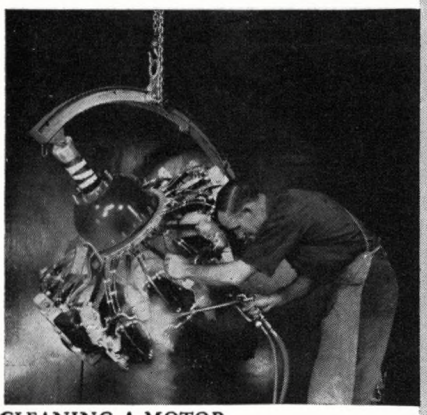
PARTS ✩ ASSEMBLIES

The ROHR *TILTING* Arc

is typical of American ingenuity which is swinging the production balance further in favor of the Allies. It is just one of the many specially conceived devices and methods by which Rohr Production Fighters speed their thousands of tasks to ready Rohr equipped planes for the war front.

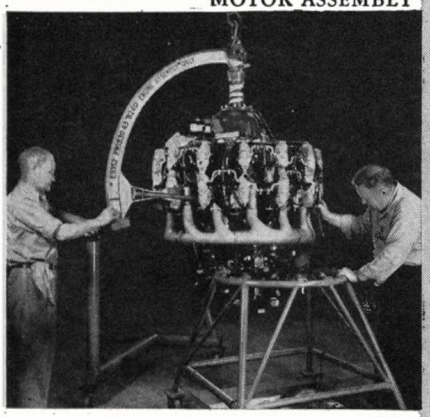
The Rohr Tilting Arc enables *fewer* men to turn out *more* work in *less* time and with *less* fatigue. It suspends heavy aviation motors in so delicate a balance that the pressure of a workman's hand moves them to any position within a 90° arc. Its application to fields of final assembly and advanced base repair increases its win-the-war service immeasurably.

HELPING TO WRITE
THE STORY OF TOMORROW



CLEANING A MOTOR

MOTOR ASSEMBLY

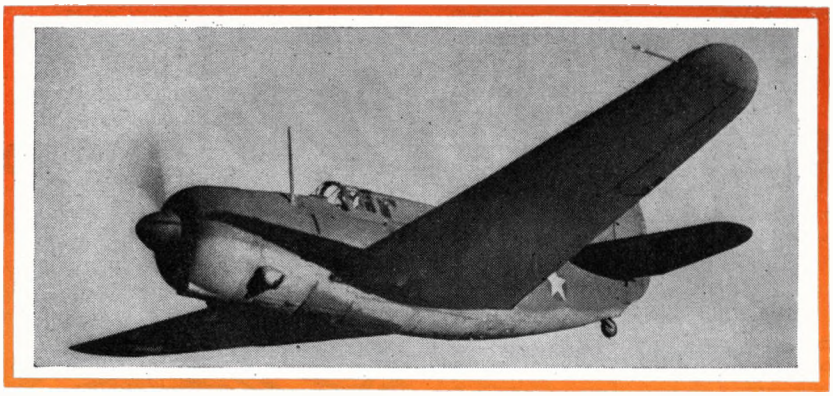


MATING A WING

FIELD SERVICE

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA



Move over, Stuka—for "the world's best dive bomber"! This Curtiss A-25 is Army version of Navy's Helldiver.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Stuka Antidote

The German Stuka dive bomber, which never was much shakes as a hot military airplane if it had any aerial opposition to worry about, has a new rival in the hands of our own Army Air Forces.

The A. A. F. has taken delivery of the first of the new line of A-25 dive bombers built by Curtiss Airplane Division at its Missouri plant. It's the Army version of the Curtiss Helldiver, built for the Navy. A two-place, mid-wing monoplane powered with a 1,700-h.p. Wright Cyclone engine, it is equipped with a Curtiss electric propeller and retractable landing gear. All details as to performance, armament, and bomb-carrying capacity are secret, but the Nazis will probably find out more than they'd care to know before long, for the A-25 is no kids' toy.

Dive-bomber tactics were originated in this country long ago, abandoned during peacetime years, and revived in a deadly way by the Nazis. The French were easily cowed by the diving of the Stukas on the front lines, but the Nazis will shortly be getting a dose of their own aerial medicine—and the A-25 and its sister ships can deliver a much more powerful dose of poison.

New Clock

In Europe and some other parts of the world, railroads and air lines operate on the "twenty-four-hour" clock. A train does not depart at 4.20 P. M., for example, but at 16.20. There are no A. M. and P. M. or light-face and bold-face type in European timetables.

Some aviation authorities are advocating the adoption of this system in the U. S., at least for transportation purposes. Pan American Airways has already shifted over to the twenty-four-hour clock on its South American routes, and the Army Air Transport Command began using the system early in its foreign operations. Air-line officials believe our present system of listing schedules will be impractical when long-range international air routes begin after the war, and believe the public could easily become accustomed to thinking of 3 P. M. as 15 o'clock, and of 11.30 P. M. as 23.30 o'clock.

Break for Crews

Hereafter, when four-engined Army bombers make forced landings at sea, the crews will have greater chances of remaining alive and being rescued. An improved seven-man rubber life raft designed by the equipment laboratory of the A. A. F. Materiel Center, Wright Field, and built by the United States Rubber Company, will extend the length of time flyers can exist in the ocean.

The new raft has more space and is more seaworthy. A fabric sea anchor keeps the nose of the boat into the wind, and a horizontal bulkhead divides the raft into upper and lower chambers, so that the boat will remain inflated even if pierced by a shark or other object. Two ten-foot lengths of rope are tied on opposite sides to aid in righting the raft if it inflates wrong side up or is overturned. A sail is provided, as well as a tarpaulin to protect the crew from sun and rain. A fishing kit, emergency repair and signal kits, first-aid equipment, bailing bucket, plastic hand pump, concentrated rations for thirty days (and radio sending sets in some boats) are in waterproof containers secured to the floor.

Yet this raft of twelve-foot length and five-foot-eight-inch width weighs only seventy pounds complete with equipment, and when deflated rolls into a carrying case only three feet long and one and a half feet in diameter. Like all such boats, its top is orange yellow for quick visibility and the bottom is blue to avoid attracting sharks.

Plastic Isn't Plastic

A popular misconception about the aviation business involves the "plastic" airplane. There really isn't any such animal; but somehow industry press agents, newspaper and magazine writers, and popular fancy have skyrocketed interest in a type of airplane which the public believes is turned out like so many cupcakes.

The first airplane structures were made of wood, but aluminum came to the fore in the '30s. When aluminum output failed to keep pace with production needs, substitutes were sought. Stainless steel, low-alloy steel, and magnesium were all developed for airplane use, but these metals and alloys were as strategic as aluminum. So wood has come back in favor, but in a modern molded form very different from the wood used twenty years ago.

What the so-called "plastic" airplane really amounts to is wood layers molded and fastened together with adhesive, the latter derived from various plastic combinations. The molding is accomplished under terrific pressure, and the result is a strength and weight ratio comparable to that of aluminum. In addition, it has a contour and surface smoothness not obtainable by even flush riveting on metal structures.

Odds and Ends

In thirteen South American countries, air route mileage exceeds railway route mileage.

The drop-hammer department of an aircraft factory produces a tremendous ear-splitting din. But the Ryan aircraft plant at San Diego has hired deafmutes, who work serenely in a world of silence.

NEXT WEEK

THE COMING SHOWDOWN IN SUBMARINE WARFARE

We're no longer too optimistic about Hitler's U-boats. We know now that, though shifted away from our shores,

they are still taking a dangerously heavy toll of vital Allied shipping. Naturally, we wonder why more is not done about them; why the convoys, the "ash cans," the mines that quelled the Kaiser's U-boats are not quelling the Führer's. There are, of course, good reasons. Leonard Engel will make these plain to you. Then he will show what can be and is being done—what will eventually, when it can be done thoroughly enough, cook the Nazi goose undersea.

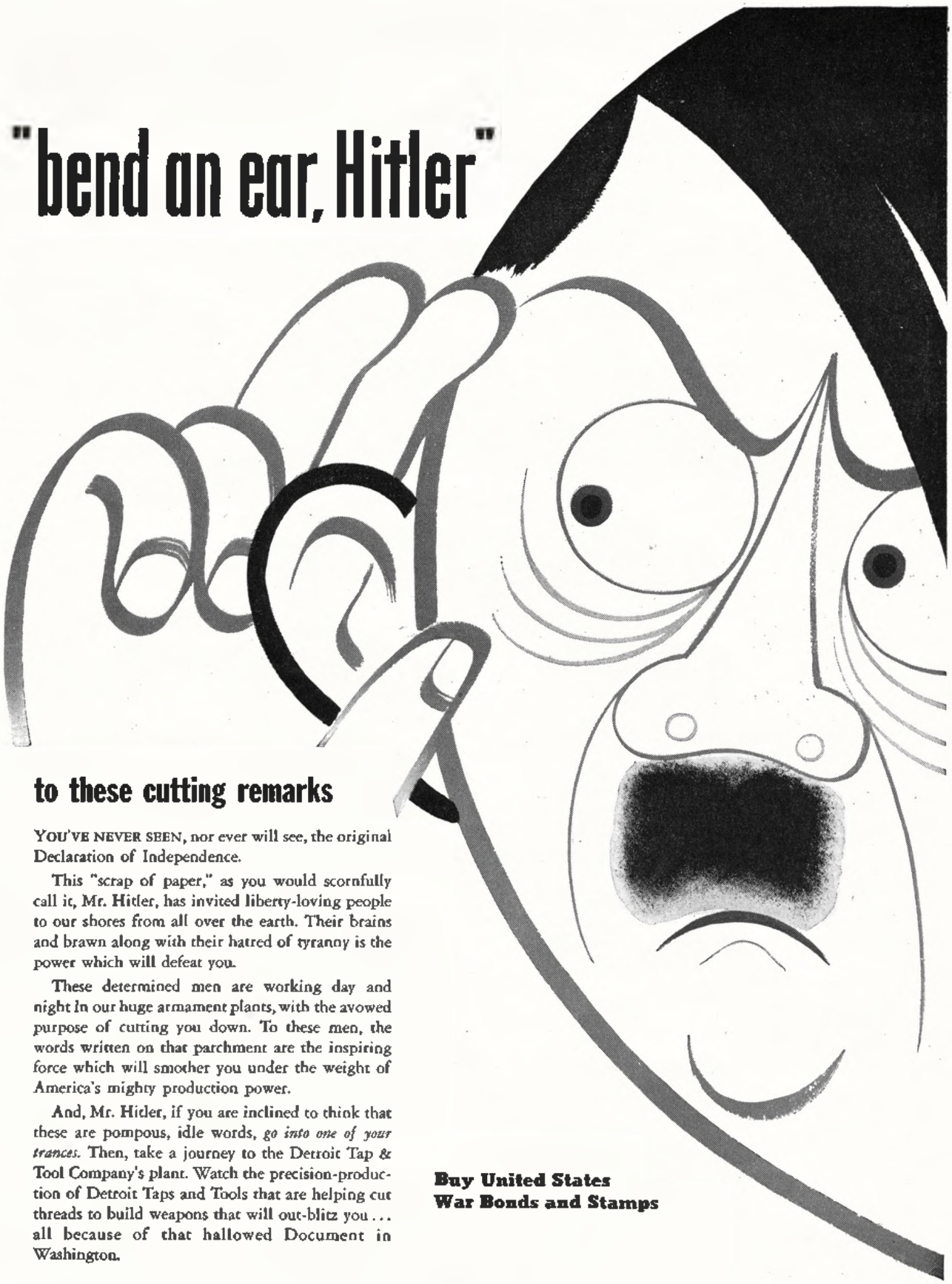
BE SURE ABOUT YOUR LETTERS!

What sort of letters should you write to your soldier and sailor friends? Can you send your photograph V-mail? Or lipstick kisses? Do others besides the addressee have a chance to read V-mail letters? Should you join a write-to-a-soldier club? These are only a few of the questions you'll find answered by Helen Furnas in Mail Means Morale. Service men look forward so much to letters from home that it's positively unpatriotic not to address and send yours—and your packages too—in just the right way to make sure of their delivery. This article will help you do it.

A NURSE WITH AN IDEA

There is new hope today for victims of infantile paralysis because a young public health nurse down under, in Australia, used her head thirty-three years ago. Her name was Elizabeth Kenny, and the treatment she tried when an epidemic of poliomyelitis broke out in an isolated district bids fair to throw the orthodox method of dealing with the disease pretty much into the discard. She had an uphill fight to convince the medical profession, but as her cures became more numerous, even conservatives broke down. She is in this country now, and Liberty has a series of pictures showing how she does it.

"bend an ear, Hitler"



to these cutting remarks

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN, nor ever will see, the original Declaration of Independence.

This "scrap of paper," as you would scornfully call it, Mr. Hitler, has invited liberty-loving people to our shores from all over the earth. Their brains and brawn along with their hatred of tyranny is the power which will defeat you.

These determined men are working day and night in our huge armament plants, with the avowed purpose of cutting you down. To these men, the words written on that parchment are the inspiring force which will smother you under the weight of America's mighty production power.

And, Mr. Hitler, if you are inclined to think that these are pompous, idle words, *go into one of your trances.* Then, take a journey to the Detroit Tap & Tool Company's plant. Watch the precision-production of Detroit Taps and Tools that are helping cut threads to build weapons that will out-blitz you . . . all because of that hallowed Document in Washington.

Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps

DETROIT TAP & TOOL CO. 8432 BUTLER AVENUE · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GROUND TAPS · GROUND THREAD HOBS · THREAD GAGES · SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES

Then all hell broke loose and he wasn't scared any more. He was blind with rage. He began to swear.

CHANGE OF HEART

After Pearl Harbor Hal was sure there was only one thing he really wanted—a chance to get back home. But sometimes a man's heart plays tricks on him

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

WHEN he woke up the next bed was empty and the nurse told him the guy who had been in it had died during the night. At first Hal was sorry he had not been awake—he was awake at night so much anyway; but afterward he knew he really did not care. It was December 12, 1941, and for five days he had not cared about anything.

Now he was propped up as well as they could prop him, his burned legs stretched on pulleys, his face swathed in bandages (they said his face would be all right; not scarred or disfigured). He was eating his breakfast. He did not like the taste of the eggs, and anyway in this position it was clumsy for him to eat. He nibbled at the toast. He knew that soon he would get a washcloth bath, and then he would have to go through that agonizing routine of getting the sheets changed from under him.

From the way the hosaps were all running around and by the number of nurses in the ward (they weren't *all* on duty), he concluded there was going to be an inspection this morning. On the battleship there was only inspection on Saturdays. But in the hospital it could happen any time. He did not like the polished, immaculate cleanliness of the ward before inspection, nor the strained, whispering, dustless air. You were afraid to breathe or think.

"You're Hal Ennis, aren't you?"

He looked over. "Yeah. Why?"

A corpsman and a hosap were rolling a guy off a stretcher onto the bed next to him. The beds never stayed empty very long. The hospital was full, and the ship's sick bays were full (except the Arizona, and my ship, he thought, their sick bays are empty—no, not empty, full of water and mud and fish). The guy they were putting in bed was pale but he didn't look badly wounded.

"They told me you were Ennis. But I thought they were kiddin'."

Hal did not answer. They got the

(*Continued on page 66*)

THE COMING BATTLE OF FIGHTER PLANES

Prelude to victory will take the form of a "fighter sweep," the showdown Göring fears—but must face

BY KEITH AYLING

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

THE first big battle of Europe in 1943 will be between squadrons of Allied and Axis fighter planes for air superiority over the area to be invaded by Allied armies.

The leaders of Allied air power are looking forward to this clash which will be the supreme test of fighter strength. I have heard it spoken of in Washington and in London. General Arnold, the commanding general of the U. S. Army Air Forces, hinted at it when he said that from the North African campaign might come the battle or series of battles that would mean the extermination of the aerial hosts of Göring.

The Germans, fighting in the air on three fronts, are doing everything possible to avoid such a showdown. They know, as do our commanders, that the big battle of extermination between fighter-plane squadrons is of the highest strategic importance. As one British fighter pilot put it, "We have got to go out after the Luftwaffe and destroy them plane for plane, just as Montgomery destroyed Rommel's armor in Libya."

Göring will avoid the do-or-die battle as long as possible. He showed his hand at his game early in 1942, when the British and U. S. Air Forces began to make fighter "sweeps" over the coast of France to challenge the Huns to come up and fight. Rarely has there been any opposition except antiaircraft fire. The German pilots have made attacks only on Allied bombers, leaving the fighters severely alone.

The fighter "sweep," however, is a sure way of making the enemy fight. It worked at Dieppe when the ME-109s and the FW-190s came up late in the engagement and suffered severe losses. The "sweep" is a direct challenge for control of the air. It is equivalent to smoking rats out of a hole.

Fighter planes roar over enemy territory in great numbers at all heights from 10,000 to 30,000 feet. Such an action puts the enemy commander in a dilemma. If he allows the fighters to fly over his territory unchallenged, he knows that at any minute large squadrons of bombers can rip in from behind the fighters and pulverize his airfields and hangars where his precious defending fighters are waiting at the alert. If he decides to engage, he is faced with the worst disadvantage an air force can face. He has to climb his fighters to engage the enemy planes, which have the advantage of superior altitude.

As his planes come up to fight, their airfields are revealed and can be attacked so heavily as to make them untenable. Some of the planes will be shot down "cold" as they leave their airfields, as happened during the German blitz on Poland.

If he calls reserves from distant airfields, they will arrive in the battle area with some of their gas expended and their flying time consequently curtailed.

So deadly can be the attrition of a fighter sweep that the British admit if the Germans had sent their fighter planes over Britain instead of their bombers, the Luftwaffe might have beaten the R. A. F. Once we get the Germans in the air, we should be able to beat them plane for plane, and litter the fields of France and Germany with the broken wings of Goring's airmen, as did our fighter pilots twenty-five years ago.

The fighter, then, even more than the heavy bomber, may be the decisive factor in this war. It is therefore of the utmost importance to evaluate the performance of our fighter planes and pilots and our chances for victory in the coming battle of fighter planes.

America's late start in the war is a great asset, because we are now building planes designed in the light of combat experience in Europe and the Pacific. Our planes and pilots have given a good account of themselves wherever they have met the enemy, knocking down German and Jap planes at a ratio of 4½ to 1.

Victory in air combat depends 80 per cent on the machine and 20 per cent on the man who flies it. Our machines and those of the British are good. The tried and trusty British Spitfire that licked the Germans in the Battle of Britain is five times the machine it was at the outbreak of war. The Mark V that American fighter pilots are flying has a more powerful motor than the original model, and five times as much striking power. It has shot down German Ju-86, pressure cabin planes flying at an altitude of nearly 50,000 feet, and it has proved itself the master of the hurriedly but brilliantly conceived FW-190, Germany's first-line fighter.

With its new fire power, its increased armor, and its new supercharged motor, the new Spitfire still has its old maneuverability, which is the delight of all pilots who fly it. It can turn around in the air at high speed in half the air space the best German fighter needs. Its controls do not go stiff at over 30,000 feet, as do those of the FW-190, which the British tried out. And the Spitfire is only one trump for Germany's air aces. Others are the Typhoon and the Tornado, descendants of the highly maneuverable Hurricane. One of these has a 2,300-h.p. motor, the most powerful in the world for its weight per horsepower.

The U. S. Army Air Forces has ready for action on several fronts the stub-nosed 2,000-h.p. Thunderbolt, the only new fighter plane designed since the outbreak of war in Europe. The Thunderbolt combines all the latest and best in fighter design, with eight .50-caliber machine guns. With its turbo-supercharged radial air-cooled motor and its efficient armor, it is the heaviest single-seater fighter in the air. Performance is secret, but recently test pilots dived two of these ships at 725 m. p. h. The Thunderbolt is a high flyer, with all the qualities of a "killer."

Already proven as a dive interceptor is the Lockheed Lightning, a twin-engined twin-tailed single-

(*Continued on page 52*)

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

BY THEODORE TINSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

You all know sisters like Anne and Rita—the giver and the taker. It's the man in the case who gives a different twist to this story

"SIGN here," the boy said for the second time, and Anne stopped staring at Rita's message. She told herself, "Either she's still wonderful at timing or I ought to have my mind washed out with soap and water." She went to the telephone and called Joe Darcy at the office of the weekly newspaper. "Do you know if my sister gets the Record?"

"Wait a minute," Joe said. He came back leisurely to the telephone. "Yeah. She subscribed right after she went to New York."

"Thank you." Rita's wire hadn't said anything about Hubert, but it was clear that Hubert had outlived his usefulness as a prospective husband. Rita was coming back to get Roy. She had broken her engagement to Roy before she left for Manhattan, but that wouldn't be much of a handicap. Not for Rita.

Anne tried to put Roy out of her mind. He looked very nice as a Navy Reserve lieutenant (j. g.). He had looked very nice to Anne all the way back to high school. She ticked off five days on her fingers. That was when Roy would return to his naval station in Rhode Island. She had hoped that before he went—

Rita had taken Roy away from Anne two years ago—right after he had passed his bar examination. Anne could still remember how the bare trees looked on that cold night when Roy had driven her out in the country with the ghost of Rita between them. He was nervous and a little flushed in the parked car. "It's been a mistake," he said, and Anne didn't gainsay him. They were both self-consciously polite. And then Roy had driven Anne home, and Rita roused a little in bed and said sleepily to her sister, "Isn't it a lovely night?" and snuggled back under warm bedclothes.

Anne put the telegram aside and went into her dining room with the quiet haste of a woman of affairs. The war had crowded a lot of busy things into her life: legal dictation from J. B. Markey (where Roy's desk had banged shut soon after Pearl Harbor); part-time work at the Selective Service Board (where Roy's name had been stricken from the rolls when he had presented his commission in the Naval Reserve); canteen work at the railroad station (where two days ago Roy had said with a strange kind of slowness, "It's pretty damned nice to see you again, Anne").

Mrs. Nason brought in hot lunch from the kitchen. She said, with the candid directness of an old servant, "What was it, a telegram?"

"I think we'll change the menu for tonight. Let's have curried chicken. You know the way we used to have it? And for dessert how about some orange-lime sherbet? Not too sweet."

"Is Miss Rita coming?"

"For a while. She's had a little bad luck in New York."

"Sorry to hear it," Mrs. Nason said.

(*Continued on page 61*)

There was a lot of laughter. "You look grand, Roy," Rita said. "A uniform becomes you."


XXXXXXXX
Pat Holbrooke

LADY WITH WINGS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Eleanor Chase, ace woman flyer, cracked up, and her navigator, Eddie Bonham, was killed, it was whispered that she had sacrificed his life to her love of publicity. Even Bill Keith, whom Lennie loved, believed she had taken the trip with the sole idea of pretending to be lost so she could make the front pages. And Doris Taggart, a rival woman flyer who had been in love with Eddie, refused even to speak to her.

For a year after that Lennie wouldn't fly. Then one day Andy Rogers, a young lieutenant, came down on the Chases' landing field, too drunk to continue. It was a grave offense for a civilian to pilot an army plane, but Lennie took over for Andy. During the flight they saw two enemy submarines, one refueling the other. Andy immediately sobered up. This was valuable information to take back to Langley Field!

On the way home, after exchanging machine-gun fire with the subs, Andy suggested that Lennie join the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron. She reminded him of the gossip about her.

"If you joined the WAFS, that would *make* 'em shut up," Andy said.

After Andy had dropped her at Chase Field, Lennie thought about that—and about how much women flyers were needed in the WAFS. But joining would mean seeing Bill Keith. Bill, now a major, was on the committee which passed on WAFS candidates. Finally, though, she *did* call on him.

Her worst fears were justified. He believed she was joining simply because she wanted publicity. And the fact that somehow the news had leaked out that Eleanor Chase was going into the WAFS made him more certain than ever.

"Still, I'll pass you," he said, "because we do need flyers like you."

Lennie was furious, but she was determined to go through with it.

"I'm going to fly, in spite of what you believe," she told Bill.

Walter Chase, her father, warned her what she would be up against in the WAFS. Doris Taggart, who had joined, would make her life miserable.

"I've got to make Bill change his mind about me," Lennie said. "And I can't do it by running away from him."

Then, all of a sudden, it looked as though Lennie might not get to New Castle. There was a telephone call for her from Headquarters at Langley Field. Had they learned about her flying the army plane for Andy?

LENNIE'S arm dropped from her father's. She went toward the porch with a sense of shock that became a definite foreboding. It seemed to her that an official call from Post Headquarters at Langley Field could mean only one thing. They had begun an investigation into irregularities connected with Andy Rogers' flight over the German submarines and had learned of her part in it.

As she entered the house, a flood of possibilities swept her toward panic. Some passer-by, having seen Andy's plane land on Chase Field and having seen her climb out of it, had reported the matter; or else some discrepancy in his flying time had roused suspicion; or it could be that she had dropped something in the Westcott—something she hadn't yet missed. It was appalling to review the number of things that might have gone wrong.

She picked up the phone and looked at it, almost afraid to challenge the future by speaking. In the excitement of going to New Castle she had let herself forget this source of danger. Yet here it was, as frightening as ever. With the revocation of her license her life as a flyer would be wrecked. Her enrollment in the WAFS would be changed from a triumph to a travesty by the very experience which had sent her there.

In a tense voice she said, "Hello?"

"Miss Chase?"

"Yes?"

"One moment, please. Colonel Barry calling."

Her grasp on the phone became damp. Outside she could hear her father talking to Joe—something about reseeding a patch of lawn in the spring. She hoped desperately that he wouldn't come in before she finished talking. Her conversation with the colonel, she knew, would have to be direct. She had met Colonel Barry at Langley: a chunky, hard-bitten officer with a fighter's jaws and eyes that were keen, clever, and hard to evade.

A voice cracked in her ear: "Colonel Barry speaking, Miss Chase."

"Yes, colonel?"

"I have here Lieutenant Rogers' report about landing on your field the night before last."

Lennie froze. She stared at the wall, feeling trapped, cornered, not knowing how to reply. What had prompted Andy to make such a report she couldn't understand. Her hand groped to the back of a chair, held it hard as she tried to stop the whirling of her mind.

"Miss Chase, have you mentioned it to any one? Particularly the condition of the plane?"

"Why—why, no, colonel!"

"How about the other people in your house?"

"Nobody has spoken of it."

"Well, that's a help." Colonel Barry sounded relieved. "As it happens, it's damned important to keep the whole thing silent. Absolutely secret. Can we count on you for co-operation?"

She couldn't understand this. She said, "Certainly, colonel. Of course." But her tones revealed her bewilderment.

"Sorry I can't go into explanations," he said. "But I wish you'd impress on every member of your household the *necessity* of saying nothing to any one."

"I—I'll see to that."

"Thanks. That's all I wanted."

He was ready to hang up, but she couldn't help asking, "Is Lieutenant Rogers—all right?"

"Oh, yes. It was just his plane that took the strafing. . . . Well, thanks again. And good-by."

AFTER she had put the phone down, Lennie stood dumfounded. She rubbed moist palms against each other. This was like seeing a movie film rushed at a speed which made events pass in a blur, beyond all recognition. Things were happening at Langley, things that concerned her own safety, and she had no way of knowing what they were.

When she heard her father mount the porch steps, Lennie ran up the stairs. It was flight. She didn't want him to see her in this confused state. Later, when she regained some poise, it would be easier to toss off a casual explanation of the call. Now she had to be alone; she needed time to steady herself.

In her room she walked back and forth, a tense, slim figure in jodhpurs. Trying to find some meaning in the call was in itself a strain. She

A girl has weapons against the living—but can she fight a ghost that stands between her and the man she loves?

lit a cigarette, went to the window.

On the card that had accompanied his roses Andy had written, "All's well." Yet the fact that he had been compelled to report landing on Chase Field shattered the complacency of his note. The two circumstances simply didn't gibe.

From downstairs her father called, "Oh, Lennie! Coming down?"

She answered through her door, "As soon as I've had a shower."

"Hurry it, will you? I'll have to be leaving in an hour."

NO query about the call. She was grateful for that. In the days of Lennie's glory, when the Chase telephone had been as busy as a Washington switchboard, Walter Chase had given up all speculation about the people who phoned his daughter. He had known in a vague way that the calls came from friends, from newspapermen, from radio program directors, from advertising agencies seeking endorsements for soap, cigarettes, and automobiles, from women's clubs in search of speakers. Lennie had developed a crowded life of her own, much of it outside the orbit of his interests, and he had accepted the fact in amused resignation. Whatever she had wanted him to know she had always told him—as in the matter of Bill Keith, so he had found it easier not to question her about things like phone calls, and the habit still persisted.

A shower restored a good deal of Lennie's composure. Afterward, as she sat before her mirror tying a tiny blue ribbon into her hair, she reflected that Colonel Barry hadn't hinted of any danger either to Andy or to her. That was reassuring. And Andy, she was certain, wouldn't have mentioned in his report the fact that *she* had flown his plane. Nothing could have blasted that out of him. Sooner or later, she felt confident, he would phone to explain the whole thing. She had only to wait.

He did phone. It wasn't, however, till late in the afternoon, several hours after Walter Chase had left.

(*Continued on page 55*)

He grinned when he saw Lennie in flying togs. "Somehow," he said, "you never look decently dressed unless you're in those things."

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH—Medicine's

The needle is inserted in the lower part of the back. "I felt a slight pain along my back," said one patient, "that's all."

Gift to Mothers

Mothers may now calmly chat with doctors during delivery and hear their babies' first cry—thanks to a marvelous, safe method of local anesthesia

BY MOLLY SEAMAN

BRILLIANT lights gleam down upon a delivery-room table in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Stapleton, New York. Two young doctors—Dr. Waldo B. Edwards and Dr. Robert A. Hingson—quietly prepare a patient for delivery. Suddenly, Dr. Edwards' voice breaks the silence.

"How do you feel?" he asks the quiet figure on the table.

"Fine, just fine," smiles Mrs. Rita Grandstaff, the patient.

"Good! Soon you are going to be a proud and happy mother."

Seconds later, a healthy normal boy is born. A lusty cry spontaneously issues from the small bundle.

"How do you feel now?" asks one of the doctors.

"Just fine. Oh, I am so glad it's a boy!" the young mother answers.

As the doctors continue their work and a nurse cares for the new-born child, the mother chats calmly with doctors and nurses. A half-hour later, while her much relieved coast guardsman husband stands near by, twenty-one-year-old Mrs. Grandstaff insists that she feels wonderful and says, in fact, that she wouldn't mind having some supper.

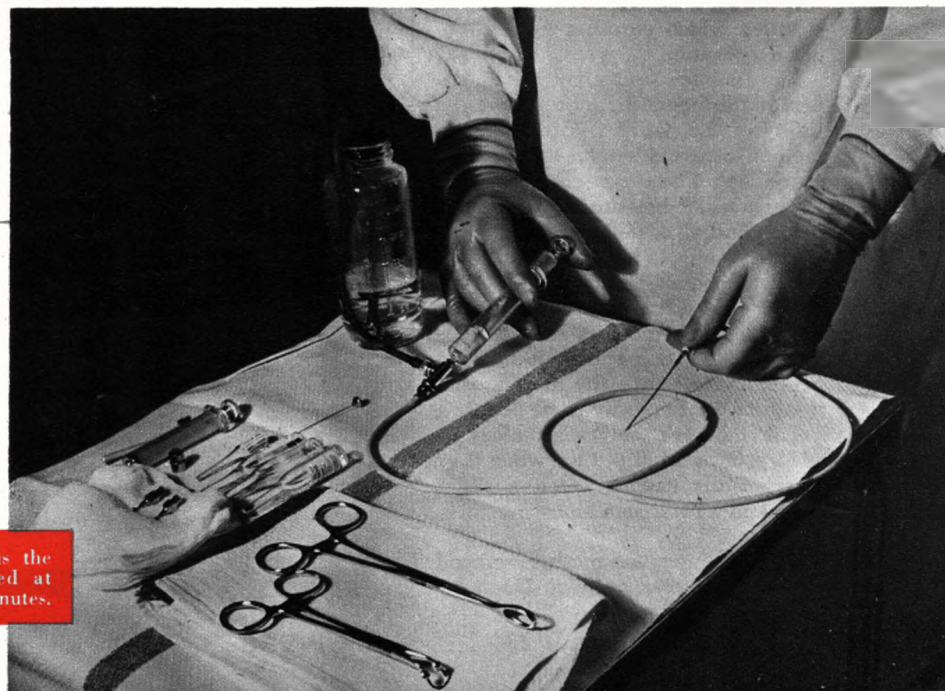
Thus was born on January 6, 1943, Granville Aldon Grandstaff III. During labor, delivery, and the hours immediately thereafter, Granville Aldon's mother was perfectly relaxed, suffered no pain, yet was never unconscious. To professionals and laymen alike it seemed like a miracle. And it was a miracle—in the form of a new painless method of childbirth. A local anesthetic is injected into the sacral hiatus, a hollow in the lower part of the back. The anesthetic flows around the tough outermost membrane of the spinal cord and blocks the pain nerves affected by labor. It won't put the patient asleep, but it blocks off pain from the lower abdomen. The anesthetic doesn't inhibit muscular contractions and is said to produce no ill effects in either mother or child.

The method was developed by Dr. Edwards and Dr. Hingson, who for years have combined their skill and genius in an effort to develop a painless, harmless means of bringing life into this shattered world. Although their method has been successfully used on every obstetrical case since January 6 in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Stapleton, it is not yet in general use. The technique of injecting the anesthetic has been demonstrated in more than twenty-one hospitals and universities, in Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, Galveston, New Orleans, Rochester, and Montreal. When sufficient physicians have been trained in this technique and enough special equipment is available, painless childbirth will be commonplace.

The method is not really new, but is an adaptation of a procedure used in 1901 by Siccard, a French surgeon. Local anesthesia has been used in general surgical cases for years, but this is the first time it has been adapted for use throughout all the stages of childbirth. Drs. Edwards and Hingson declare it could never have been done but for the help of the U. S. Public Health Service—in which both are commissioned officers. Alabama-born Dr. Hingson is twenty-nine, a graduate of the Medical College at Emory University. Dr. Edwards is thirty-seven, a native of St. Louis and an alumnus of the University of Arkansas. The doctors met at the U. S. Marine Hospital. There, under the guidance and direction of Senior Surgeon William Y. Hollingsworth, they were encouraged in their efforts.

Their first case was a young mother suffering from severe heart disease. Medical authorities claimed she could not possibly survive the ordeal of childbirth. Edwards and Hingson decided to use the approved single injection method. The needle was inserted and the anesthetic injected. Within ten minutes the young mother was relieved and smiled happily at the two doctors. The effects of the drug solution, however, lasted only about forty minutes, and at the end of that time the young mother was crying desperately for more. Again the soothing anesthetic was injected, and again the patient received almost immediate relief. Seven times during the course of labor this procedure was repeated. The patient gave birth to a normal baby and suffered no ill effects, herself.

But the necessity for continued injections irked the doctors. Why wouldn't it be possible to find a needle that could be inserted and left in during labor, giving a continuous flow of anesthetic whenever it was needed? That idea has become a reality. Today the needle is inserted at the beginning of labor. At approximately forty-minute intervals, the soothing anesthetic is injected. Drs. Edwards and Hingson have found from experience that a mixture of metycaine (a cocaine substitute) and normal saline (the same concentration of salt as is found in the body juices) is the best



Through this apparatus the anesthetic is injected at intervals of forty minutes.

anesthetic. They state also that the amount given varies with the individual patient and that they oftentimes find it possible to cut down the dosage.

The needle itself is made of malleable stainless steel. "You see," said Dr. Hingson as he rolled the needle into a coil so that it bore close resemblance to a bedspring, "no matter how I twist this needle it will not break nor will the flow of medication cease."

From the coil of steel comes a continuous stream as Dr. Hingson presses the valve in a large hypodermic. A small bottle containing the soothing anesthetic is placed on a table beside the bed. A rubber tube connects the bottle with an oversized hypodermic, and another rubber tube leads to the flexible needle inserted in the patient's back.

Dr. Edwards and Dr. Hingson have to date handled or supervised over 600 cases using this method of anesthesia. They claim that none of the 600 mothers has suffered any serious ill effects from the anesthetic solution and that the proof of the pudding is 597 healthy, normal babies. Three of the babies were stillborn, but those three were known to have been dead before labor started.

THE safety of the procedure was proved first on surgical cases because there was only one life to consider instead of two. Or, as Dr. Edwards proudly put it, "Three—we had twins last week."

This method of anesthesia can also be used successfully for amputations, fractures, and work about the lower extremities. Dr. James L. Southworth of the U. S. Public Health Service, who has co-operated with the doctors and used it in surgical cases, says that its outstanding feature is that it decreases the nausea or sickness which so often follows the usual operation.

The doctors explained that the first requirement in any case was the safety of the patient. With this new method, stress is laid on that one requirement. The mother leads a perfectly normal life during labor, delivery, and after delivery.

She remains in her room until time for delivery. She can partake of all meals, read, write, listen to the radio, or console the anxious and nervous father-to-be. Sometimes it is even necessary to notify the mother that it is time for her baby to be born.

The mother's only discomfort is, as Mrs. Grandstaff put it, "when they inserted the needle, I felt a slight sting and a little pain along my back. That's all."

After delivery the mother, relaxed

(*Continued on page 71*)

DOUBLE TALK

THE man stepped into the room and said softly, "Don't wiggle a hand, Maxwell."

Charles Maxwell raised his eyes from the row of model planes on the table, a kindly smile still lingering. Beside the man, through the broad window, he could see the sun brilliant on the summer-burned fields. The sharp angles of the man's face were shaded by the slant brim of an old felt hat. His narrow eyes were as steady as the hand that held the gun ready in his coat pocket.

"Playin' with toys, hey? Listen. You're goin' to take a little drive up to Forge Camp an' play a different game up there. Not a kid game with airplanes, neither."

Maxwell's pleasant blue eyes, in a reddish face under gray hair, studied the man carefully.

"A young friend of mine is a great little model builder. Know anything about planes?"

"No. Git movin'."

"He brought these over this morning, and since I was out, he left them here for me to look over and admire. Why should I go with you to Forge? The camp's not open this year."

The man's mouth opened at one side and showed teeth yellowed and irregular.

"You killed my brother Harry at Forge."

Maxwell fingered a small aircraft of wood and paper with a pilot's greenhouse of cellophane. Thoughts whirled through his brain: Republic Thunderbolt P-47B. This man means to kill me. He waited until Lila drove away.

He said aloud, "You're Joe Hawker. I remember now."

"Yep. Frank's in the car. Down the road. Git movin'."

"It was in the line of duty, Hawker. Your brother was a fugitive from justice. I had been sworn in as deputy."

"We don't want to spoil it by lettin' you have it here. We promised ourselfs you'd git up there where you give it to him."

"Hi, dad." Maxwell's daughter, eighteen, slim in slacks, swung into the room from the passage. "Got a flat as soon as I started out and walked up from the service—"

She saw the shape of the gun in Hawker's pocket.

He said, "Don't move, sis. You're comin' along. She won't git hurted none, Maxwell. We'll send her back."

Maxwell knew he lied. He rose slowly, getting ready to rush the gun and die while his daughter ran.

Somewhere outside, a youngster whose voice was changing began croaking and whooping about the heart of Texas.

"Who's that kid?"

"My young model-making friend. Hawker, let him be and we'll go with you. I give you my word."

The boy who popped his head above the windowsill and pressed his snub nose against the screen was a freckled fourteen. His hair pointed three ways, but his eyes, full of an alert intelligence, went straight for the models on the table.

"Hi, Lila. I'm peeking to see if you got home, Mr. Max'l. D'you like 'em? I didn't bring the Consolidated Bomber job, on account of it's not finished."

Hawker, hidden from the boy by the angle of the window frame, jerked his thumb at Maxwell, a thumb that said, "Git rid of him."

"Sorry I can't ask you in now, Pete. Busy."

"Aw, gee."

"I liked your models, though, even if I haven't had a chance to take a real good look at them yet. Just leave them."

The boy's head and shoulders wriggled with pleasure.

"Which one d'you like best?"

"Well, now, there's one that I really would—"

Hawker made an impatient sound, a harsh, rasping cough. The boy twisted his head to see who was there, but couldn't make it. Even through the screen he could see that Mr. Maxwell and Lila looked queerly at the spot the cough came from.

"Lila and I have to run along," Maxwell said. "But there's one of your models, Pete, that we'd like to have."

"You would? Gee! Which one?"

"Not the North American P-51 Maverick pursuit, Pete, even though it's a swell job."

"Mr. Max'l, the P-51—"

BY JEROME BARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

"The Curtiss Hellcat is a pretty good one, too."

"The Curtiss—"

"Yes—the Hellcat, Pete. And so's the Brewster Bison. But the one I really do want is the one you haven't finished. I'd like a Consolidated B-24 Catalina bomber. I'd like that a lot."

The boy's alert eyes peered at Maxwell's face through the screen. His freckles arranged themselves into a grin.

"Sure. A B-24. You want that one?"

"Very much."

"O. K. I'll fix it up for you. Real soon." The tousled head dropped away from the window, and Deep in the Heart of Texas yodeled itself away down the path.

LILA was beside the driver; in the rear seat Joe Hawker held the gun in Maxwell's ribs. Two more miles, and they would turn off from the highway to the old side road that led to Forge. The wind across the fields found Maxwell's face moist. Few cars traveled that side road. Once on it, there was no chance—

A heavy car, overtaking them, slammed into their left front fender. As the jaloppy pulled up, Maxwell caught a glimpse of troopers' hats.

"WHEN you began calling the models by wrong names, Mr. Max'l," Pete crackled, leaping from bass to soprano, "I caught on. You called a Curtiss Helldiver a Hellcat, and a North American Mustang a Maverick, and a Brewster Buffalo a Bison. So I knew you wanted me to listen for something, and when you said you wanted a Consolidated B-24 Catalina, I tumbled. I sneaked through the bushes and saw the guy hold a gun on you and Lila when you got into the car. So I ran back and called up dad, and he got the police to send out an alarm."

Maxwell rubbed the boy's sandy head roughly. "Smart fella."

Some one said, "What's a B-24 Catalina got to do with—"

"A B-24's a Liberator," Pete said impatiently. "That's what he was asking for, so I knew he and Lila were being kidnaped. But you do think my P-51 is a swell job, Mr. Max'l? Honest, huh? Honest?"

THE END

HOLLYWOOD FILMS

THE STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

Even theater bigwigs who have never made movies are in the one about Broadway's club for servicemen

WITH its usual hullabaloo and fanfare, Hollywood invaded New York last month to film local sequences for that super-colossal Stage Door Canteen.

A special railroad car brought cameras, complete sound equipment, lights valued at $100,000, and a crew of sixty people, including Producer Sol Lesser, Director Frank Borzage, assorted secretaries, technicians, wardrobe and make-up staffs, cameramen, etc., etc.

This star-studded glorification of the famous servicemen's havens has a spot for practically every one who is any one in the movies, radio, and the theater. New York's theater folk—great and little—were all out for their turn before the cameras, because most of the receipts (and most of the stars' salaries) will go to their own pet charity—the American Theater Wing—for more canteens. Even Katharine Cornell, First Lady of the Theater (shown above), relaxed her "no movie" edict to do a bit from Romeo and Juliet with one of the soldiers—a scene that made even the hardened camera crews applaud.

Selena Royle, co-chairman of the real Stage Door Canteen, chats with starlets Bill Terry and Cheryl Walker on the set.

Director Frank Borzage instructs burlesque's Gypsy Rose Lee on camera angles for her bit in the film.

Helen Hayes, another guiding figure in the real Canteen, discusses her scene with Borzage and an extra.

Hundreds of the theater's struggling young folk had three glorious weeks as extras in the film.

INSIDE THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Except in Latin America, its record is one of timidity and appeasement. We have a right to know what it stands for and where it is taking us

BY MAXINE DAVIS

ALTHOUGH it has no more enthusiasm for publicity than an owl has for the midday sun, the State Department is not to be blamed because it has rarely submitted to a public accounting. In the past, while most of us were conscious of the part the Treasury or the Department of Agriculture or the Department of Commerce was playing in our lives, the State Department was a vague institution, unreal as the Social Register.

Entrenched in our isolationism, we did not care what our foreign policy was or who administered it, so long as we kept away from the bogey of foreign entanglements.

Congress reflected its constituents' superstition that the diplomatic service existed so that young men of old families, little ability, and large incomes could spend their lives giving and going to polite and lavish parties.

The result has been that the State Department was able to function undisturbed in its historic and well-bred secrecy.

Today we are hearing much condemnation of the State Department.

He's been with the Department forty years: Louis S. Myers, chief of messengers from the Secretary's offices.

We shake our heads over its policy in Spain, its decade of appeasing Japan, its on-the-fence stand in North Africa. We parrot accusations that the Department is Fascist-minded and blame Secretary Hull or Sumner Welles or Adolf Berle for it.

That is a criticism of details, charges which may or may not be valid. To examine the men or policies individually is to look at only one small portion of a huge canvas. If you are to evaluate the State Department as a whole, you must know what, basically, it stands for, and why it is that way.

Know Your GOVERNMENT VII

Many Americans regard this war as the travail accompanying the birth of a new world. They believe that the health and welfare of the new infant depend largely upon the wisdom and courage of Uncle Sam. Other Americans believe we are fighting to win a war of armaments, that we got smacked at Pearl Harbor and must defeat our enemies so we can return to a "normal" life.

IF you subscribe to the first view, you are at loggerheads with the State Department. For the State Department seems to take the second position: that this is only a war against the Axis, and that once the Axis Powers are defeated militarily, each country must find its own way. In this it is perfectly consistent. It has always endeavored to maintain the status quo, whatever that might be.

Basically, the reason for this lies in the unique nature of the State Department. No one person shapes its long-term policy. It is an institution far bigger and older than any of its members. It molds men to its own form. There is no air conditioning and little modern construction either in the great gray rococo State Department building or in the spirit that animates those inside it. When you climb its long flight of steps guarded by Civil War cannon, you have the eerie feeling that you are walking back into the era of goose-quill pens and powdered wigs.

The grizzled colored servitors who guard the tall swinging shuttered doors also seem part of the past. Once you enter one of the high, pompous offices with their empty marble fireplaces, you know you are mentally and spiritually in the nineteenth century. You face officials who look like family portraits already, who seem like characters invented by Henry James.

The State Department is an institution staffed by gentlemen. In the past most of these gentlemen were the products of such fashionable schools as Groton and St. Paul's and Lawrenceville, and of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Today many members of both the permanent Washington staff and the foreign service come from obscure fresh-water colleges and even public high schools. Nowadays sons of automobile mechanics, insurance salesmen, and streetcar conductors are in the diplomatic service.

But although the American equivalent of the wearers of old school ties are proportionately fewer, their influence is as great as ever.

The young men who become members of the State Department are for the most part bright lads, but without many preconceived ideas or much experience. They pass polished assistant secretaries and division heads in the building corridors. They meet sleek colleagues at cocktail parties. They observe men of charming manner and distinguished accents whose houses are furnished with silver and furniture inherited from aristocratic great-grandfathers. The junior officers are impressed. They would like to be and to live like this. And in admiring their superiors they unwittingly absorb their ideas.

They do not have much opportunity to compare the ideas engendered in the State Department with those of outsiders, for socially the State Department is exclusive. Its personnel lunch and cocktail and dine with each other and with their counterparts on the legations or embassies of other lands. And the people in foreign offices in any country are terrifyingly alike.

If a junior officer fails to be impressed, nevertheless he rarely does anything but fume to his wife. For his career depends on the marks he gets. He's like a sophomore hoping to average the 68 which will make him a junior. He's a civil servant, dependent for promotion and for increase in salary on his marks. Consequently he rarely sticks his neck out.

WHY should he? Nobody pats him on the back if he has an original idea. One of the strongest of State Department traditions is that you must never take the initiative. One young foreign service officer was called in from his post in the field for his three years in Washington. He had made a brilliant record. He was full of ideas and passionate convictions. The chief of his division sent for him.

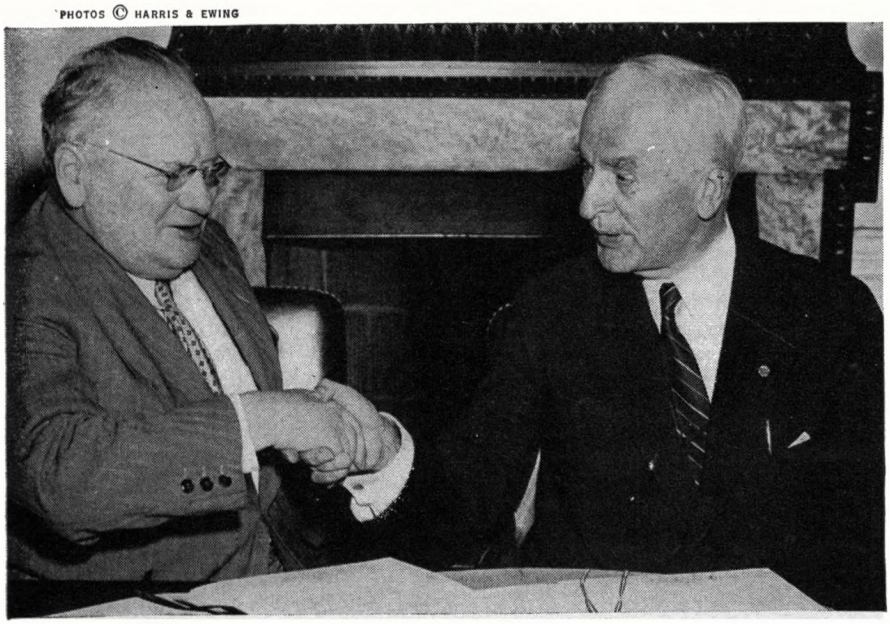
"No, Charles," the chief admonished, "you have done very well, but obviously you have never learned discipline. And discipline is very important. While you are here you must learn discipline."

For month after dreary month, then, Charles filed papers, stamped reports, did chores any clerk could do better.

If the young officer happens to harbor a question, he must bury it deep in his soul. The State Department has a reverence for its own infallibility, and any suggestion of doubt is heresy and must be severely

(*Continued on page 73*)

PHOTOS © HARRIS & EWING



Inside the Department: Secretary Hull and Ambassador Litvinov after signing the U. S.-Russia lend-lease agreement

These losers had to ride a merry-go-round on which the brass ring was a double-dipped doughnut that smacked them in the face.

RADIO'S ZANIEST SHOW

When a bewildered lady climbs into a locomotive cab and a phony violinist starts squeaking before a distinguished Town Hall audience, you're on location with Truth or Consequences, the mad quiz program

BY BEATRICE SCHAPPER

PHOTOS BY TED KOEPPER

BY now even those who do not listen to radio have at least heard about Truth or Consequences, the hellzapoppin radio quiz program on which anything can happen. For it was Ralph Edwards, originator and irrepressible ringmaster of the program, who not long ago ordered a hapless contestant to do something special about getting pennies into circulation and suggested that the radio audience send her coppers to buy War Bonds for her seventeen-year-old son in the marines.

The rest belongs to newspaper and newsreel history. The lady's modest home in New York was deluged with trucks of mail. She threw up her hands after opening a few thousand letters, and the operation was transferred to Edwards' office. For four days ninety men and women opened mail and counted pennies. The next Saturday night Edwards had the pennies brought into the studio under guard and poured them out in front of the microphone—300,157 in one week's take. To top it off he had a letter from the director of the Mint, thanking him for jarring so many pennies out of pig banks and people's pockets.

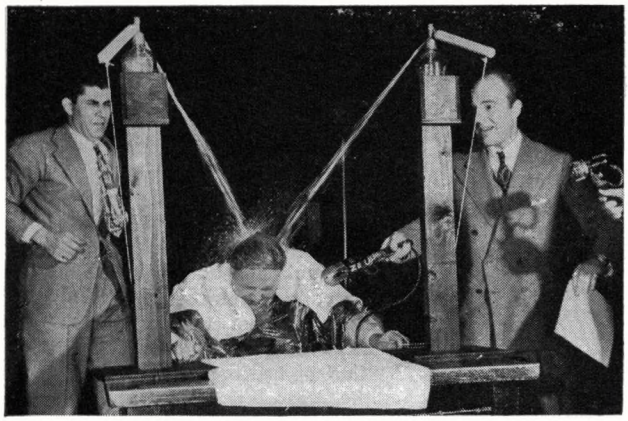
For three years Edwards has had a well trained audience of millions following his antics with devotion. Occasionally he gimmicks up a consequence with a patriotic appeal, but most of the penalties he metes out to those who miss their questions are complicated and call for some hilarious performance.

Truth or Consequences follows the simple formula of its homespun namesake—a person is asked a question and if he fails to answer correctly, he is required to pay a forfeit.

Each stunt, though never rehearsed, is carefully constructed well ahead of time. The stage is set, props are assembled and the general action is forecast, although nobody knows who the actors will be. Nobody tells contestants exactly what to do. The gags are never completely jelled, and the result, although unpredictable, can't help but be funny. This is the secret of the program's consistent spontaneity.

Doors of the studio close on the broadcast audience a half hour before air time. Edwards and his assistants go through the assembly, winnowing out likely performers, weighing the probable capacities of volunteers. All the while they keep up a rapid-fire stream of old-time vaudeville patter and horseplay to set the necessary mood of hilarity.

Although everybody hears the glib repartee, few realize that Edwards is cannily weeding out the wisecracker, the show-off, the drinker.



The contestant was deluged with seltzer when he described how to play an accordion. Ralph Edwards holds the mike.

Here's one who was told he had to fight "Tuffy Rue." Tuffy proved to be a kangaroo. Benny Leonard refereed the bout.

This lady's experience driving a streamlined locomotive is described in detail. She loved doing it and wanted more!

A husband-and-wife consequence in which a wife helped pass judgment on a "tramp" who turned out to be her husband.

Often program alumni are back for more, but the owl-faced master of ceremonies remembers not only every single one of the 700 consequences already delivered but also who took part in them. In refusing to let a past performer repeat, he sings out his name, what he did, and when.

Promptly at eight thirty the show sweeps on to the air without so much as a break between the warm-up and the actual broadcast. This gives the radio audience a sense of listening in on a party. One night the program was on the air two minutes before Edwards knew it himself.

"Does a hen sit or set when she lays an egg?" Edwards may ask the first contestant and follow mock-seriously with, "Oh, what's in store for you, if you can't answer truthfully!" Much to everybody's satisfaction, Beulah the Buzzer—a duck horn stuck in a megaphone—burrs the contestant's failure to say, "Neither. She stands."

Truth or Consequences is probably the one audience-participation program where the only disappointed contestants are those who answer their questions correctly. People think it's more fun to pay a consequence and get five dollars than to tell the "truth" and get fifteen dollars. Many contestants deliberately stall through the twenty seconds allowed for the answer just to be eligible for the consequences.

The instant Beulah sounds, the consequence is on. The stage turns into a three-ring circus and so much goes on, the program uses a stage manager—the only one in radio.

Suppose Edwards has just posed that egg-laying question before a married couple and they've muffed it. The wife is hustled offstage. Edwards, who insists that listeners shall be in the know at all times, hurriedly sketches the plot to the husband so the nation can hear! The husband is to don a lady's blouse and wig, apply lipstick and rouge. He is then stationed on the stage in full view of everybody. Next his wife is brought to the main microphone and Edwards explains that her husband is in sight and that she has just sixty seconds to point him out. If she locates him at once, she is to get sixty dollars, but one dollar is to be deducted for every additional second it takes her to find him. The husband is to indicate over a hidden microphone whether her search is growing "hot" or "cold."

The wife scurries about the stage and audience beseeching, "John dear, tell me where you are. Where are you?" She doesn't find him before the dead line and then is urged to pick up her five-dollar consequence money paid to all performers at the cashier's cage on the stage. Handing her the pay in War Savings stamps, the cashier rips off the wig and blouse and, swabbing away the rouge, laughs, "You were a riot, my dear." Now comes the unexpected. The wife lets out a yell and wails, "Lummox! You just made me lose sixty dollars!"

What the staff considers the best frame-up was an elaborate practical joke on not only a contestant but also on New York's concertgoers. For a week huge outdoor posters announced the forthcoming "American debut of the great European violinist Yiffniff." Many newspaper music columnists headlined the event. Although they may have thought it a bit strange to receive free tickets, 1,500 music lovers turned up anyway.

While the unsuspecting audience was assembling in Town Hall auditorium, which Edwards had rented for the night, Mrs. Helen Margaret Freas, Medford, New Jersey, house-

(*Continued on page 70*)

GO AHEAD AND MARRY HIM!

Forget gloom-mongers who insist wedlock can't survive separation. Here is expert advice telling how a war bride *can* keep her marriage a going concern

BY GRETTA PALMER

"DON'T marry before he leaves: your love may not survive the years of separation."

"Don't be a war bride: you risk becoming a war widow."

"Don't plan a baby; with your husband going into service, the child can't have a normal start in life."

These words of calculating wisdom have been forced upon the young women of America by their parents, their friends, and self-appointed experts on the subject. The perils of war marriages have been painted in terrifying outline. The high divorce rate which followed World War I has been quoted in frightening detail. Psychologists and employers and economists and Great-aunt Martha have combined in advising young people to wait until the war is over.

The result? But you know the result. There has been an increase of 25 per cent and more in the marriage rate. The birth rate has soared, breaking all former records in several American cities. Young girls in love have stanchly refused to break their engagements to men in uniform. Young wives decline to pass up happy motherhood while their husbands are away.

Since the headstrong young people refuse to follow their elders' advice, why not accept the situation and try to give the youngsters some help in making the war marriages a success?

That, at any rate, is the philosophy of Dr. Gulielma Alsop, who is a woman physician at Barnard College and the author of several books on young people's problems. For the past few months she has conducted a forum on war brides' problems at the New York City Central Young Women's Christian Association. Girls flock to these lectures; they wait afterward, sometimes for hours, to lay their own private problems before the doctor. The series has proved so successful that branches of the Y. W. in other cities are starting similar lectures for girls who won't be talked out of marrying. Many a husband and wife who are not yet war-separated listen in and profit.

What questions do the young brides bring to the advice clinic?

Mostly they want advice on how to keep their love alive and blooming during the many months of separation. They ask whether it is best to live alone, or with another girl, or with their husband's family. They want to know what sort of letters to write, and whether they should have an occasional dinner date with other men.

Before these questions can be answered, every war bride must understand two things, according to Dr. Alsop. First: a much larger slice of responsibility for the success of the marriage rests upon her shoulders, since the man may be too busy with military duties to give much thought to personal concerns. Second: the man and woman should know, pretty clearly, what they expect of each other during the separation and what kind of life they plan together after the war. It's the failure to discuss such hopes, which each person too often takes for granted, that wrecks many a marriage. Better get the basis for these "I thought, of course" disputes out of the way *now*.

Consider, first, plans for the far future. If the hopes of the bride and groom are not identical now, time will increase this cleavage—each will be living in a private, unspoken dream world which has no relation to the dream world of the other. And the fonder each gets of his dream with the passage of the months, the harder it will be to compromise its details.

Ideally, of course, private postwar plans should be discussed by the boy and girl during the period of the engagement; but if they have failed to agree on this matter then, it can be cleared up after the wedding—even by letter. "What do you think of a little white house in a Connecticut town where you can begin your law practice?" the bride may write

A war job helps a young wife feel closer to her husband in the service.

They are happy now, but can they keep their love alive and blooming during the months when they are apart?

her husband. And if he prefers the idea of starting out in a New York walk-up apartment, he can tell her so, and they can decide which plan they will adopt as their common hope.

In later letters they will fill in many details: Shall they choose modern furniture or nice old pieces from the secondhand shops? Shall they have a cooky jar always filled for the children? Shall one requirement be a fireplace, with that wedding-present portrait of the bride's grandfather hanging over it? Shall they buy a really expensive set of china with that check Aunt Selena gave them, or use it for lamps and a rug? Planning these things can become a thrilling game for two.

The young couple should reach full agreement not only on their postwar plans but also on the way they are going to live during the enforced separation. Here the question of fidelity crops up. Many young wives have grossly exaggerated ideas of the temptations of army life—which are few even for those bachelors with the worst of intentions. In the last war the one third of our army that was *never* incontinent coincided pretty accurately with the one third of the men who had wives or fiancées awaiting them. Dr. Alsop urges a husband and wife to agree on absolute faithfulness while they are apart. Complete continence for both is, she insists, the wisest, happiest, easiest solution—and the only one upon which postwar marital happiness can be based.

A third matter to be decided by mutual discussion is where and how the young wife is to live. A great many husbands think the best solution is for the bride to move in with her mother-in-law. Some girls fall in happily with this plan, but to others it is a most uncongenial idea. In fact, there have been cases brought to the Y. W. C. A. forum where engagements were broken over just this matter—so it is not a thing to be left for solution after the wedding.

If a wife is an independent young woman who feels that she cannot share a home with her elders, let her make this very clear to her young man. On this point she is undoubtedly the best judge. She must make her husband see that no happiness will result from her being forced to live in daily propinquity with older people. But on another question—the much raised one of whether the young wife shall ever go out on an innocent date with another man—the husband should be allowed the final say. He, after all, knows best what his own capacity for jealous worrying is going to be, and a considerate wife will fall in with his standards in this respect, no matter how foolish they may seem to her.

If a girl *does* live with her elders during the war, Dr. Alsop tells the brides, it is important that she have some responsible work to do. Her

husband will be growing up during these years, and he will not want to come back to a sheltered childwife who has never had to think for herself. Even if the young wife has a baby, she should try to take up some kind of part-time work outside the home.

This work need not be paid—indeed, Dr. Benjamin Karpman, psychiatrist of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, has urged all war-lonely women to do volunteer war work whenever it is financially possible. "If she can feel," he declares, "she is giving of her time, her strength, and her life for the winning of the war in just the same way as is the man she loves, she is building a tie between them that the miles of distance can never destroy. This dissipates her anxiety."

War brides who cannot afford to work without pay may still take advantage of Dr. Karpman's advice by getting jobs in war factories or in such agencies as the Red Cross or the U. S. O.

BUT these things merely supply the background of the war bride's insurance against the obvious dangers of matrimony in wartime. The foundation of the common "I thought, of course" disputes has been cut away. She is now established in a home, under conditions to which her husband has agreed. She is working hard at a job involved in some way with the war effort. Whatever the decision as to technical fidelity, it has been made. The postwar life to which she looks forward is laid out along clear, firm lines, and she knows that her husband, wherever he is, shares her dreams. The probable grounds for future disagreement have thus been pretty well destroyed.

But what can she do now that will be a positive step toward cementing the relationship? How can she make her marriage a thumping big success today?

There are a dozen useful devices for keeping a relationship alive between two people who are separated. We know that this can be done, because it *has* been done, many times. The New England wives whose husbands left them for years at a time to sail in the China trade kept their marriages alive. Farther back in history, during the Crusades, husbands went to the East for four, five, six years. When they returned, the marriage was often as deep and beautiful as if they had never been away. How was it done?

One charming old device for keeping a relationship alive was the keepsake. Revive its use. Before your husband leaves, give him something very personal to carry, as a reminder of your feeling for him. It should be an article that will always be close to him—something he will touch every day. Perhaps it is a wrist watch with your picture in the case and a loving secret-code message engraved on it. Or a ring with a few engraved letters that mean something private to you two. It will make him happy, many times, to be able to touch this thing and feel close to you—for all of us still have a little belief in the primitive magic of such things.

Another valuable device for keeping close is to agree that you will both celebrate the hour of your wedding once a week, no matter what you may be doing, by remembering every detail of the ceremony and sending a thought of the other across the seas. This "tryst" will help enormously with its assurance that out of every week there is a five-minute interval kept absolutely sacred to the memory of your happiness together.

These are wise old customs used by the wives of seafaring men and warriors in earlier times—and they were effective in keeping many a marriage glowing and alive during a separation. But you are luckier than the women of past centuries, thanks to the postal system. Instead of having to hope for one letter a year, as women did in earlier times, you can write your husband constantly and can keep him in intimate daily touch with your affairs.

Letters, Dr. Alsop tells the war brides, can become the strongest of all bonds between a wife and her distant husband. He may not be able to write so frequently, in the press of affairs, but the wife can send him a letter every day. He will know what she has been doing and thinking—perhaps with more clarity than if they were living under the same roof. For often we put down on paper thoughts we would be too shy to speak aloud.

Do you want to know how letters can keep two people closer in spirit than they are with those they see every day? Then buy a copy of the letters Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry wrote each other over many years when they did not meet.

The kind of letters that a soldier or sailor hopes to get should follow a few special rules, according to Dr. Alsop. For one thing, remember that the mails are uncertain and that your husband may not have received all the earlier letters. Don't tantalize him by referring to "the wonderful news I wrote you yesterday." If you refer back to something you told him earlier, go on the safer assumption that the letter has miscarried, and repeat the news.

Keep your letters cheerful. No man clinging to a coral atoll in the Pacific will be heartened if he hears that you are suffering from insomnia, that the house is too cold for comfort, that the neighbor's baby died. Try to select gay, entertaining, gossipy items.

Don't be afraid to tell him how much you love him when you write. You may think this can be taken for granted—you married him, didn't you?—but lonely men get strange thoughts, and he may start wondering whether you still feel the same way. Reassure him that you do.

Talk often and glowingly about your future home, the dinner you will share the night of his return, the trips that you will take together after the war is ended.

IF you're having a baby, give him all the details of preparation for the child's arrival and, later, little tidbits about the baby's growth. He is your perfect audience for details of the exciting moment when the baby first coos "Mama" and begins to crawl.

But everything that concerns the baby's birth and growth should be told him on a happy note. Reassure him about the hospital arrangements, so that he will not worry unnecessarily about your health and safety.

After the baby comes, suppress news of the little attacks of colic that don't matter—otherwise your

(*Continued on page 49*)

Caught in Japan at the time of the Pearl Harbor atrocity, thrown into prison for eighteen months

Max Hill

former Chief of Bureau of the Associated Press, Tokyo, tells his own story and those of other Americans held by the Japs in

EXCHANGE SHIP

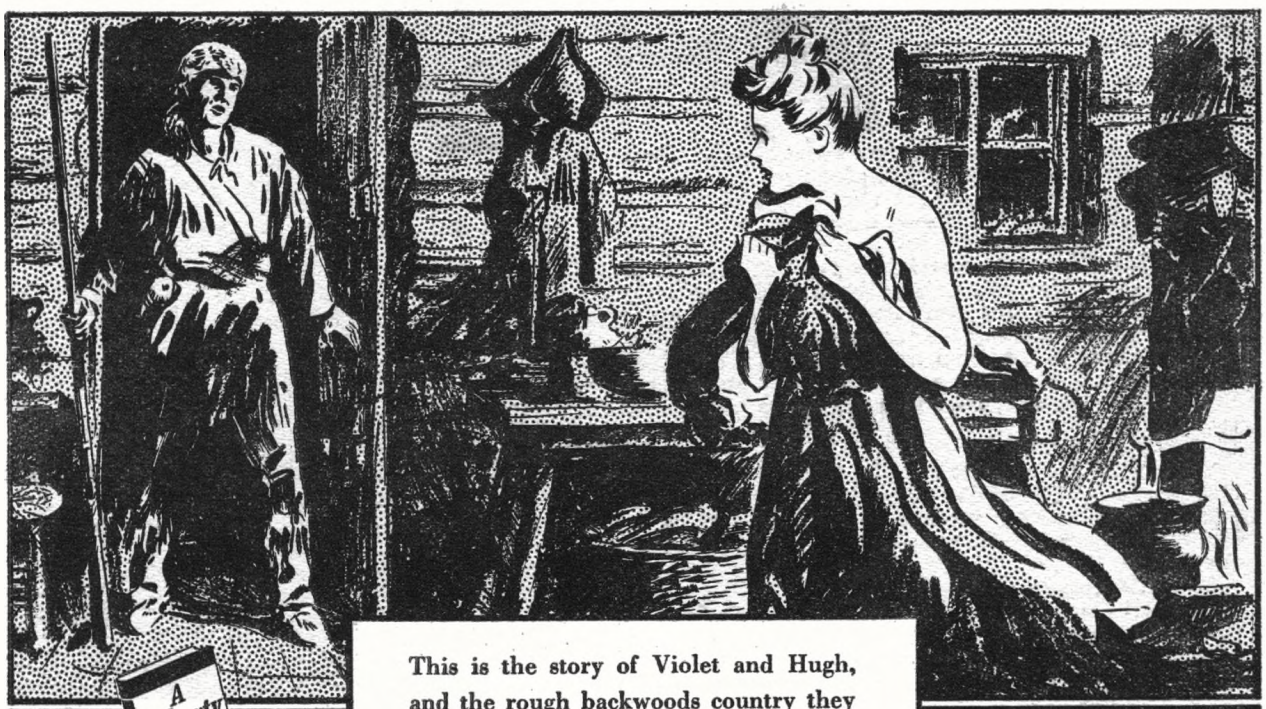
If you want an authentic picture of the enemy we are fighting in the Pacific—of their slyness and cruelty, their weaknesses and strength—don't miss this dramatic, eye-opening book. Liberty's condensation to a reading time of one evening will appear

Next Week

THE DAY MUST DAWN

By

AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL



A Liberty BOOK

A BEST SELLING NOVEL

This is the story of Violet and Hugh, and the rough backwoods country they helped to build up and defend.

But, more, it is the deeper story of their young love—wild, tender, and shot through with breathless adventure—a love that taught them how to meet every challenge of wilderness, war, and Indian arrows.

ABRIDGED TO ONE EVENING'S READING TIME

THAT fall of 1777 winter set in early in the back country. A hard frost had dropped upon the corn crop before September was gone; the first good hunting snow had come the last of October; and now, since mid-November, the world had been buried deep in white. After the turn of the new year the snow seemed to settle heaviest in the narrow valley where the village of Hannastown sent up the blue smoke from its thirty-odd chimneys. There it brought respite. The men (those few who were left after the Eighth Pennsylvania had been recruited) could sit about Robert Hanna's tavern, emptying their noggins of beer or supping up their bowls of Continent, free to shout at the top of their lungs over a good lusty story, with the muscles of their faces relaxed from the eternal strain of watching and listening. They could go to the stables to feed a horse or fodder a cow without a rifle in one hand.

And the women? Oh, blessed, blessed snow! The women could go about their daily tasks these weeks with their hearts eased from the iron hand of fear. Something like peace—even though transient—touched them. And in this time of relaxing, this winter hiatus, there was always a chance to hope. Perhaps by another spring and summer things would be better. There might be more rangers on duty. The Eighth Pennsylvania might be sent back where it should have been all the time. Perhaps, come this next spring, the Indians would all move on westward. Even this extravagant hope had place. Meanwhile, the snow.

In the log cabin at the very edge of the village on a January morning Martha Murray stood before the great fireplace, a long stick in her hand, stirring a kettle of tallow. She was a tall spare woman with strong bones showing in her thin face. The only beauty that remained to her was an abundance of curly hair which, by some curious alchemy of the body, had turned darker through

the years instead of gray. Her mouth was large and firm and her smile set the whole face alight.

She was smiling now as she stirred the tallow. The young girl sitting behind her on a rough wooden bench, her lap full of cotton yarn, was saying eagerly, "But it all sounds new to me every time you tell it, mother. Please go on! It's like reading a book to hear you. Or taking a journey, even. Don't stop."

"Well, that was the way the garden was," Martha began. "Good rich earth made up into beds with little paths between them. There were currant bushes and gooseberries to the one side, and a long row of bee boxes along the back fence."

"And the lilacs?"

"Yes. They made a sort of hedge between the garden and the lawn. Big bushes they were, both white and purple, and when they were all out in the spring, if we had a warm rainy spell, you could smell them clear to the house."

"Yes. Yes, mother—"

"And all the houses would be quiet and peaceful and people sleeping easy, with the watchman's voice coming faint and comfortable-like from the next street: 'Twelve o'clock and all's well.'"

The girl sighed a little. "It don't seem possible any place could be as safe as that."

"That's the way it was, back east. And the house was all white and set back from the street with two maple trees by the walk. And the rooms were all ceiled in and papered. In the dining room there was a big sideboard my mother brought from the old country, and a corner cupboard with willowware like I've told you about—"

"To eat off flowered plates!" Violet mused. "If I could do that but once, I think I'd die happy."

The woman lifted the kettle carefully from the fire and poured the contents into a wide wooden firkin.

"I guess it all comes back to me every candlemaking," Martha said, "because there's nothing irks me more than to be still using tallow dips! I suppose it's wicked of me, but I'd like so cruel well to have good pewter molds before I die!"

"I do like the looks of the smooth round ones," Violet said. "Are you ready now?"

Martha sighed as she watched her, and remained silent. Her thoughts, however, according to an old habit formed through the years of stress and loneliness, had the articulated emphasis and rhythm of the spoken word, even though the sound of them echoed only in her brain:

Look at her! She can make a halfway dainty business even out of candle dipping. Oh, she's pretty! But she can't ever stand what I've stood. She's too tender made. Even though she's all I've got left, even if I'd never lay eyes on her face again in this world, I'd send her east tomorrow if I could. . . .

There was a sudden quick knock at the door.

"Run, Violet," Martha said. "It'll be either Betsy or Peggy, I doubt."

It was both of them. Betsy Kinkaid was plump and blonde, with dimples in her cheeks and blue eyes that twinkled as she talked. Peggy Shaw was tall for her thirteen years, with a womanly face and long brown braids. Seeing the three girls together, Martha felt the blood rush more quickly through her veins. The youth were never completely young in the back country—not with death and destruction upon them from their cradles. But they were still beautiful. A force stronger than the savages saw to that.

"We came to tell you that the crust bears!" Betsy announced excitedly. "Will you go racing this afternoon, Violet? Can she, Mrs. Murray?"

"To be sure. It'll do you good. We'll hurry through with this candle mess as fast as we can. No word of the hunters back yet, I suppose, Peggy?"

"Oh, no. They'll stay on for a week, father says. Mother still worries about panthers, but father says Dave and Hugh could give a panther the first bite and still lick him. I wish they'd get one. I'd like fine to have a skin for in front of my bed. But if Dave got one, he'd sell it, you may be sure. I'd never see hair of it!"

"Brother promised me one," Violet said eagerly.

Martha's eyes rested tenderly upon her daughter's face. *He's just the same as a brother to her,* she mused while the girls went on chatting. *I doubt she's never had a thought about him different from Peggy here about their David. And Hugh's been a son to us, Heaven knows, from the day we took him in. I couldn't fault him if I tried.*

THE girls had finished making their plans now. They would pass the word along to the other young people, and by midafternoon, when the heaviest of the day's work in the cabins was completed and the women settled to their spinning, they would begin upon the sport which the bleak necessity of their lives had helped them to invent. This was racing over the crust of the snow, made impervious by a slight thaw followed by a hard freeze. At such a time men, dogs, and wolves traversed the shiny surface with safety and ease. Only the tiny sharp hoofs of the deer ever broke through.

"We'll be off, then," Peggy was saying. "I'll tell mother you're getting a hundred new candles, Mrs. Murray! Now the long nights are come, we'll have to be at the dippin' again ourselves."

Martha and Violet busied themselves now with preparations for dinner. Everything was ready when the door opened at noon and Sam Murray entered. He was a big man, lean and rawboned like most of the Scotch-Irish. His eyes were a cold shrewd gray, his features strong and sharply cut. Forty years on the frontier had weathered his naturally blond skin until it was wrinkled and swart as an Indian's. He limped from an old knee injury. There was written all over him the hardy, invincible quality of his race.

"Well," Martha said cheerfully, "I suppose there were some big stories at the tavern this morning."

"Big enough, an' true ones this time," Sam replied, his bushy brows knitted. "There was an express come through from the east last night late, an' he says the war's goin' bad. The British are still holdin' Philadelphy, an' Washington's made camp at a place called Valley Forge, about twenty mile to the north'ard, an' our troops

are dyin' there like pizened rats. Freezin', starvin' they are, while the Commissary Department are sittin' on their fat behinds. May the devil pinch 'em!"

Martha's face was grave, for she knew from the cold tension in Sam's gray eyes that he had not told her all the news. She waited for it as she placed the fried flitch on the table and Violet set down the pone.

"Was—was there anything else new?" she inquired hesitantly.

Sam limped to the table without replying. She could see that he was trying to envelop himself with some show of casualness. "That feller Girty's at the tavern. Come in from Pittsburgh last night. Simon Girty. He's been round here before. He brung some news."

"What was it?"

"Well, seems General Hand at Fort Pitt sent him out in November along the Allegheny to talk to the Senecas. The idee was for him to smooth the fur on 'em, especially old Guyasooter himself, an' keep the Six Nations quiet. Well, Girty was just tellin' us that it didn't work. The blasted Injun's gone over to the British, an' he's takin' the rest of them with him."

Martha's face was paler now. "Oh, Sam! That'll make things worse for us sometime, won't it?"

Sam clumped over to stand before the fire. "An' I don't care for the cut of this here Girty's jib, either," he went on. "Never have. He's got an Injun look in the eye, to me. They say he growed up amongst them, an' that ain't so wholesome."

Sam stood there as Martha and Violet went on about their work with the new shadow across their faces. This word of the Indian defection did not alter the peace of the present. But spring would come. Summer would come.

"I'm afraid," the girl said quietly, "that the news is too bad not to be true."

Her mother tried to make her voice reassuring. "Oh, this Girty man may not have it straight. Besides, we may get more militia or rangers before warm weather." Martha's quick smile suddenly lighted her face.

"Who knows but that some of these days—"

"The forest will be all cleared—"

"And there'll be no more rattlers and copperheads—"

"And no more Injuns—"

"And we'll all have candle molds—"

"And eat off flowered plates!"

They laughed together over the little game, which was an old one with them when spirits were low. The woman saw with relief that the girl's eyes were bright again.

IN midafternoon Violet set out eagerly in the cold crisp air. Peggy was waiting in front of her door, holding little Jamesy by the hand. The child had become her special charge since an Indian raid a year ago had left him orphaned and homeless. The Shaws as a family had taken him with all kindliness into their home, but Peggy had taken him to her heart.

"Come on, Vi," she called. "Don't lose a minute!"

"You can't catch me! You can't catch me!" Violet called as she darted ahead.

The clean, sharp air struck her as she raised her face to meet it. A great exhilaration possessed her: a joyous lightness which came seldom. She felt altogether happy and secure. Once she glanced over her shoulder. She could always outrun all the girls.

Suddenly in front of her she saw a white-tailed fawn emerge from the forest and start across the open space. It was well grown, having long since lost its spotted coat. It ran now with a vigorous, springing beauty, its head up, its flag aloft.

Violet stopped, watching it. Often enough she had looked upon deer as skin for garments, hair for stuffing moccasins, and flesh for the pot. But never before had she been conscious of a fawn running lightly, fleetly, even as she was doing, over the frozen snow, warm with life and with the unfilled promise of its body; atremble with the sweetness of the cold air and the joy of flight. A young, glad thing.

All at once she stopped, her breath catching in her throat. The fawn had stumbled, plunged, and sunk into the crust, its hindquarters caught, and its front legs struggling.

Violet had begun to move forward, when there was a shout behind her, followed by a chorus of warning cries. She wheeled about. The girls she had outrun had caught up a little and were motioning violently. Violet's eyes followed their pointing arms. There, a dozen yards across from them, a man was kneeling on the snow, covering the fawn with his rifle. He was drawing the sight now—coarsely, with an inexperienced hand, Violet could see at a glance.

But even so he could hardly miss, with the fawn pinioned before him.

She ran back like an arrow, nearing the man, yet keeping out of his range. "Don't shoot," she cried frantically. "It's caught!"

For answer there was a spurt of smoke and the sharp report of the gun. She was compelled to look again. She had to know, so she turned slowly. The fawn was dying, its beautiful shining head fallen slack upon the crust.

THE man stood up, grinning. They recognized him—an Irishman who was staying at the tavern in Hannastown.

"Me first deer, young ladies, an' with as purty a gallery lookin' on as a man would wish to have at a shootin'. I'll be havin' a fine piece of news to write back to the old country, I will. An' as for you, me pretty," he added to Violet, "from all the stories I've been hearin' about the scalpin' that goes on in these here parts, it don't seem to me the killin' of a deer less or more would need to be excitin' ye so."

He laughed thickly as he started toward the fawn.

The other girls came hurrying closer to Violet.

"Father says he's a blasted Tory." Betsy Kinkaid spoke. "And he can't shoot as well as a dead Injun, you could see that!"

They all watched Violet curiously, for her face was pale.

"If brother had been here," she said slowly, "he'd have stopped him. He'd have saved it."

"Well, it's done, anyhow." Peggy was practical. "So let's get on with our fun. The sun's beginning to go down already. Come on, Vi—I'll race you over to the sugar hut."

But Violet shook her head. "I'm—I'm kind of tired," she said. "I don't think I'll race any more."

They were off in a minute. Violet turned toward the town, her feet gone heavy, like her heart. She could not interpret even to herself the strange moods which had possessed her during the last hour: the exultation, the tender kinship with the fawn, and now this weight of sadness. If Hugh had only been there—

Suddenly she saw him as though he really were beside her, standing straight and strong in his fringed hunting shirt and breeches, his tomahawk hanging at the right of his belt, his hunting knife in its leathern sheath to the left, his coonskin cap with the pendent squirrel tail pulled down over his black hair.

"Sister," he had called her ever since that first day they had taken him into their family. That was ten years ago now. She had been six then, and Hugh eight. But no born brother could possibly be more dear to her.

Her mother was stirring a pot of corn-meal mush over the fire when Violet entered the cabin. "How was the crust?" she asked.

"It was fine and hard. The rest are still racing. I—got tired."

Martha looked up in surprise.

"There was a fawn, mother—a young fawn. . . . I never noticed they were so pretty before. . . . And it was running across the open toward the valley when it went through the crust—"

"Aye, so they do often."

"—and the Irishman that's at the tavern shot it while it was caught! I called and shouted to him, but he wouldn't heed. I went up to him and—" She sank down on the settle. Sobs shook her. "He killed the fawn!"

Martha looked at her in anxious bewilderment.

"You've just got a bit of the vapors," she concluded,

"and a good bowl of mush and milk will help clear them away. Then, when your father and I are in bed tonight, you can take a little wash-off. I'll put a pot of water on to heat. There's nothing soothes me down like a little wash-off with warm water. It'll do you good."

When supper was done and Sam had read the evening prayers and then gone tiredly to bed, Martha put some water in the big black pot on the crane. She laid another log to the front of the fire, and then searched for some clean clothes in a bag that hung from one of the shelves.

"Here," she said to Violet. "Here's an old torn hunting shirt I washed up. You can use it to dry yourself. Use plenty of soap, and see that the water's good and warm. I don't want you to get chilled. Now, I'll be getting to bed."

In a few minutes she had let down the brown curtain that represented her inexorable stand for those decent privacies which every phase of wilderness living constantly encroached upon.

Violet fetched the wide firkin, laid the old hunting shirt and the homemade soap on the settle near the fire; then, having snuffed out the candles, she began slowly to undress. Tonight she would undress completely. This in itself was a strange thing, a moving thing, a mystery. For she was unacquainted with her own body. There was never time nor reason to look upon it, except on these rare occasions when she bathed. Putting aside her last garment, she stood naked in the fire glow.

She looked shyly at her own flesh. It was fair and white and beautiful. She touched her breasts, wondering if this might be a sin. She smoothed the softness of her thighs. Feeling each sensation with acute joy, she set one foot cautiously in the firkin, then the other, and began to carry the clean warmth of the water up to her face, her neck, her arms.

From behind the brown curtain came Sam's heavy uneven breathing, and soon that of Martha, lighter and more steady. Now most curiously alone, Violet was free to think of many things, partly acknowledged, partly surmised, but wholly mysterious. She thought of love, of marriage, and of when and how they would come to her. Hen Wilson was beginning to make up to Peggy Shaw. And Dave Shaw was in love with Betsy Kinkaid. Every girl was married by nineteen, and some much earlier.

For herself, she wished there could be years and years without any change. Just her father and mother and Hugh and herself, with the war ended and all the men of the Eighth Pennsylvania home again. If there were no rattlesnakes and no Injuns, what a nice place Hannastown would be! Then there would be money to buy things from the traders: a ribbon for her hair maybe some day, and a bit of lace ruffle like a fine lady. And Hugh would take her to Fort Pitt and walk with her in the Artillery Gardens, and mother would have some boughten dress goods and pewter candle molds; *and flowered plates.*

Violet drew a long sigh. She stepped out of the firkin at last and turned toward the fire. She began to dry herself with the cloth, sensing the warm glow, relishing the fresh soapy scent of clean skin.

Suddenly she heard the door behind her open and close softly. She made no sound or movement. Her throat was numb, her limbs stiff, her heart like ice in her breast. Some one had entered through the door she had forgotten to bar! Some one stood there now.

She clutched to her the damp, tattered cloth. Slowly she turned her head. It was Hugh. Hugh in his fringed hunting shirt and leggings and coonskin cap, with a load of fur across his shoulders and the wild smell of the forest and fresh peltry upon him. He stood motionless, his dark eyes filled with a strange fire, pinioning her, scorching.

Suddenly she sank down behind the settle. Full well she knew that, however close she had gathered the old shirt to her, it had poorly concealed the fairness. A moment, and she heard a quick movement by the door. It opened and closed again. Hugh had gone out.

She snatched up her clothes while tears of bitterness ran down her cheeks. She put on her sleeping garments; then, stumbling, she put away the firkin, the basin, and the soap. Beside the door she paused, trembling. Should she bar it, with Hugh waiting outside in the cold? A fierce anger shot through her. He was a stranger now to her. Not her brother, whom she had so loved. He was a stranger whose burning eyes had wounded her.

SHE pulled in the latchstring, slid the wooden bars into their places, and crept to bed. There she lay, shivering, weeping, waiting. The fire crackled; the wind rose. She heard the clock strike twice.

Then she heard another sound. Some one was feeling for the latchstring. This was followed by the family knock—a loud blow and three quick taps.

"Why, that must be Hugh." She heard her mother speak anxiously. "Back at this hour! Hurry, Sam, and see if he's all right."

There were steps on the floor, the sound of sliding bars, and then Hugh's slow, deep voice saying, "Dave got sick and I thought I'd better get him home."

"Why, my!" Martha said. "I'll get over the first thing in the morning. Poor lad! Are you all right, Hugh? You look bleached yourself."

"I'm all right."

"Will you have a bite to eat?"

"No, I'm not hungry."

Violet heard the creak of the ladder as he climbed it, his few movements on the loose boards of the cockloft, the twang of his bedcords as his body settled upon them.

Beyond the curtain her father spoke very low.

"Guess Vi'let slept right through. She'll be in a fine fettle tomorrow when she hears Hugh's got back. She sets an awful store by him. Sometimes I wonder—"

But Martha's voice made no answer. Neither did Violet's heart.

Next morning, when Hugh came down from the cockloft, Sam was already building up the fire. He looked with affection upon the youth, who could meet him now eye to eye.

"I was surprised for sartin last night when you come bustin' in at that hour," he said. "Wait till Vi'let knows it! She slept right through, I guess, but she'll stir fast enough now. *Hey, Vi'let!* Here's Hugh home!"

Hugh bolted suddenly for the door. "I'll be gettin' out to the stable," he said. "I've—I've got something to tend to out there."

When he re-entered the kitchen, everything looked as usual. Martha and Violet were busy at the fireplace, with Sam warming his back comfortably in their way.

"Well, Hugh," Martha said, her thin face alight with its quick feeling. "how are you, lad?"

"I'm all right, mother."

Violet spoke without turning. Her voice was strained. "Did you have a fair trip?"

"Fair—sister."

The word stuck in his throat, but he got it out. He saw Violet's quick glance with something, he imagined, of relief in it.

"I s'pose you didn't run into any painters," Sam said as they sat down to breakfast.

"Just one. I got it. It's out in the stable."

Sam got up from the table. "I'm goin' out an' size up the critter!"

Hugh rose too, without looking at Violet, and followed Sam to the stable. His heart was heavy.

When he went back to the cabin later for a measuring stick, he found Violet alone.

"Was it—was it close danger, killing the painter?" she asked.

"Well—pretty close. Titch an' go for a minute, mebbe."

"What call had you to go so nigh-hand it?"

"I was set on a perfect skin, I guess. Just an idee."

He had meant to give it in triumph to Violet, as he had long promised. But now—

"So's you could trade it?"

Her voice was very low. Hugh could see the tender rise and fall of her young breasts under the kerchief. He could see the long lashes shadowing the deep blue of her eyes: like a hot sword in his flesh, he felt the beauty of the half-parted lips.

He spoke harshly: "Why else?"

She turned from him and bent over the fire.

"It's best to trade it. If you'd kept it, I could never have borne sight of it."

She said no more, and Hugh, wondering wretchedly just what she meant, got his measuring stick and went back to the stable to skin his prize.

JAMES BRISON dropped in at the cabin later in the morning. He was a slender young man in his late twenties, with a finely cut ascetic face which in London or in Philadelphia would have been reckoned handsome. Here in Hannastown men thought it weak. The curious, indefinable air of physical sufficiency which enveloped the native woodsmen did not rest upon him. It was an accident of nature that he was living in the back country of the new world, copying court records in a rude log building, the first seat of justice west of the Alleghenies, instead of sitting in the ancient House of Lords or wearing a white wig in the law courts over against Temple Bar.

"Oh, tell us what you saw in Pittsburgh, James," Violet besought him. "We've never questioned you since you got back."

He smiled at the girl.

"Why always Pittsburgh! Pittsburgh!" he asked teasingly. "It's scarce bigger than Hannastown, and yet to hear the women talk you'd think it was Philadelphia or Boston. There are a few more taverns there, and a scattering of velvet stocks and knee buckles, but never a preacher more than here!"

"Oh, but it is a passing fair sight, they say, with the Allegheny flowing to the one side and the apple trees to the other, row on row, all covered with flowers or fruit in season!"

James' cynical gray eyes softened. "What have we here, Mrs. Murray? A budding poet?"

Sam cleared his throat raucously. He had small patience with any flights of fancy.

"Hugh shot a painter through the eye! Biggest one I ever seen. You'd better take a look at the hide afore he trades it."

A change passed over James' face. He was no shot; his fingers always trembled on the trigger. He got up and followed Hugh outside.

By the stable, Hugh carefully took down the hide and shook the snow from it while James watched him. With set face and no words, Hugh rolled it up and put it under his arm.

"Hugh," said James slowly, "everybody round here thinks that all I like is to bury my nose in a book or a sheet of paper. I'll tell you something. Just now I feel as if I'd rather have shot that painter than written all Shakespeare."

"It's naught," Hugh said, but he smiled a little as they started off.

When they came to Robert Hanna's two-story log house, a path to the heavy door at the side had been carefully shoveled, clouds of smoke rising from the chimneys betokened great fires within, and several strangers could be seen approaching down the hill. It was court week, and James would be busy at his job of copying the records.

"Well, give you good luck, Hugh," he said as they parted.

HUGH went on toward the front, or tavern, end of the big cabin. Two men were standing there now. One of them was short, red-haired, and rubicund; the other was tall, black-eyed, and handsome. Hugh recognized the latter at once. It was Simon Girty, the interpreter. The other man was speaking as Hugh approached.

"An' so, as I was sayin', I brought it down with one shot as nate as if I'd been gunnin' fer deer all me life!" Hugh knew him now. Sam had told him Violet's experience. "An' that wasn't all the wild game runnin' loose, either," the man went on. "There was another bit come right to me hand, so to spake! I've had a little luck, so I'm stayin' on to do a little more huntin'. For if iver I see a tasty leg beneath a petticoat to make a man's mouth water—"

Hugh had tossed the panther skin behind him and leaped to the low porch platform.

"You skunk! I'll shut your dirty mouth for you!"

The Irishman was quick enough with his fists, but Hugh was quicker. By feinting with his right hand, he brought a hard surprise blow with his left to the Irishman's face. Behind them, he heard Girty laugh.

The Irishman reeled, and Hugh backed up his first success with a heavy bleach upon the jaw. He knew then that the Irishman was through. He had been drinking, apparently, and his weight was against him. Hugh stepped back, his watchful eyes despising his antagonist.

"Get on your way to Pittsburgh, if that's where you're goin'! An' mind your big mouth! Mebbe you talk about women that way in the old country. Out here in the backwoods we've got more manners."

The Irishman backed sullenly away, muttering, and entered the tavern. Hugh picked up the panther skin and turned toward Girty. The man drew him, somehow. There was a magnetism in the eyes, and a power, half friendly, half malevolent, about the large, striking head.

"Good-sized cat," Girth said slowly. "Tradin' it?"

"I thought I might."

The man looked the skin over several moments; then, "Come in an' have a drink," he said peremptorily.

Hugh was surprised and flattered. He followed his companion in to a seat in the corner. Girty ordered two bowls of Continent, all the while watching Hugh.

"Where d'you hail from, lad?"

"Back in the Cumberland Valley."

The other started. "That's where I was born myself. What's your name?"

"Hugh—Murray."

"Injuns run you out?"

Hugh nodded. "From the look of things now, we didn't make much of a better of it, I'm thinkin'. But we'll get the best of them yet."

Girty drained his bowl. "I know the Injuns as well as any man livin'. They're as good as the whites."

Hugh drew back as though he had been struck.

"Nobody'll put that down my throat after what me an' mine has suffered from them," he said angrily.

"I know. That's what all these here pious prayin'

Presbyterians say. Now listen. My father was killed by an Injun. My stepfather was tortured to death by them. They took me captive when I was a boy an' I lived with them ten years. I still say there's good in them."

"You're a strange man," Hugh muttered.

"When old Logan, the Mingo, went on the warpath three years ago, he had a reason. All his family quiet an' peaceful campin' there on Yellow Creek. An' what happened? A dirty little passel of soldiers killed them all while Logan was off huntin'. . . . Lord, I'd sooner watch a man roast at the stake than see that old feller sittin' on a log, the tears rollin' down his cheeks, sayin', 'I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing. . . . And now there runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature!' "

Girty took a long drink.

"I interpreted his speech; that's how I come to know."

Hugh said nothing, for he knew by a sudden silence in the room that others were listening too.

Girty rose then. "Well, let's get on with our barterin', lad."

When the bargain had been completed, he drew out his knife and cut off a claw, which he held out to Hugh.

"Injun charm," he said. "Means you got the best of the devil once anyway. Chances better the next time, I guess they reckon. Carry it on you for luck, lad."

Hugh slipped it into the wide overlapping folds of his hunting shirt and went out into the snow.

AT home, he found Martha churning and Violet busy at the endless spinning.

"I got a couple of things for you, mother," he said huskily, "from barterin' the painter."

He flung down a red-and-blue blanket, and Martha exclaimed in quick pleasure.

"It's a fine one, Hugh," she said, "and we can use it cruel well this weather. We'll maybe let Violet have it, for she needs an extra ply."

Violet said nothing. Hugh saw that her eyes looked puzzled and hurt. Reaching inside his hunting shirt, he slowly drew forth an object about six inches square and held it out—to *Martha*.

"Here's something else," he said.

Martha stood, making no move to take it, while her eyes filled with tears. Hugh and Violet watched her in amazement.

"A mirror!" she said in a strange voice. "It's as like the one I used to have in my room at home as one grain of corn to another."

She took the mirror and turned it this way and that, but she did not look in it. Instead she held it out to Violet, in whose face hurt was giving way to excitement.

Violet took it with a nervous laugh. She raised it cautiously and stared into the shining surface, while Hugh and Martha watched her. At last she handed it back to her mother, her cheeks scarlet.

"I never knew," she faltered. "I never was sure-like, before, just what I favored."

She stopped, embarrassed, but the waiting two who loved her saw that she had eaten of the tree of knowledge and knew now that she was fair.

Martha set the mirror carefully on the mantel.

"So," said Sam that night as he warmed his feet at the fire after family worship, "we're gettin' to be gentry, it seems. Damme if that there painter wouldn't feel funny if he knowed you traded his hide for a mere lookin' glass! Make him feel sort o' cheap, I guess. No cheaper, mebbe, than I did when I looked in the thing, though! What did you think of this Girty, lad?"

"He's a queer one," Hugh said slowly. "He kept talkin' about the Injuns as if he liked them. But he says he's fightin' them, just the same."

"I'd go aisy on the talk with him if I was you." Sam turned toward Violet. "Your brother, here, put a crimp in that Irisher that shot the fawn. Was he tellin' ye?" Sam's gaze rested proudly on Hugh. Then he turned to Martha. "Well, time for bed."

When they had gone, Violet sat quietly awhile. Then she looked up, and for the first time since the wash-off met Hugh's eyes. They held hers to his by the new force that filled him.

"It was naught," he said. "He's got a dirty mouth. I shut it for him. He's gone on to Pittsburgh."

"I'm glad," Violet said. "You're awful strong, Hugh."

"It was naught," he repeated.

"But there is something on my mind to say to you, sister," he began. "An' I hope you won't take it ill. It's about"—his voice dropped—"the night I got home from huntin'."

Violet's dark blue eyes fell now before his, but she said not a word.

"It's been like pain to me ever since, the way it was that night. An' I've wanted to tell you it was the startle you gave me that made me wait, standin' there like a gawk—I wanted you to know, and think naught of it."

And then Violet made a sudden quick step forward. She came close, catching his arms, her eyes cleared of all shame, and bright.

"Oh, Hugh, I've got easement now with you telling me this. I set much store by you, brother, and it's seemed since as if you were farther away. And that was a worry to me. Now we can be the same as if it never happened, can't we?"

"Just the same," Hugh whispered thickly. There was no effort, no volition, no conscious movement, but all at once they were in each other's arms. Was it sister, was it brother? Was it sweetheart, was it lover? Why should they ask? Why should they care, when their lips, young, warm, and virgin, met and held and met again?

Then Hugh turned away suddenly, climbed the ladder pegs quickly, and in the cold, unlighted cockloft took off his breeches and got between the coarse woven blankets. Before he lay down he drew from his shirt the painter's claw which Girty had given him, and a bit of linen string. He fastened the claw securely, and then tied the string around his neck. As he lay down he repeated Girty's words: "*Means you got the best of the devil once anyway. Chances better the next time.*"

He closed his eyes. He saw Violet's as she had raised them to his a few moments ago.

"I'll wear the charm, no fears," he whispered to himself. "For, God knows, I'm goin' to need it!"

HUGH was first up the next morning, and heard the strange footsteps along the frozen cart track even before the knock at the door. He stepped outside swiftly and shut the door behind him. A man stood there whom Hugh had never seen before.

"This here the Murray cabin?" he asked.

"This here's it."

"I'm lookin' for a young fellah by name of Hugh Murray."

"I'm him."

"I just come from Pittsburgh, an' I got a message for you from Simon Girty. Know him, don't you?"

"Seen him a coupla times."

"Well, he says this new campaign again' the Injuns is startin' off on the 15th, an' if you're itchin' to go, you're to be at Fort Pitt by then. You have to have a horse an' food enough to run you for a while. General Hand's givin' out the ammunition. Thinkin' of goin'?"

"I might. An' I'm obliged to you for the message. Won't you come in an' have a drink?"

"No, thank ye; I'll be gettin' back. You'll find him at Semple's Tavern. Well, luck to you an' plenty of scalps!"

"Thank ye kindly, an' a good journey."

Hugh re-entered the cabin, his heart beating fast. With the new weight of love upon him, he was eager to prove his manhood. He suddenly saw ahead of him, dim but beckoning, a time when by the might of his own exploits he could stand up firm and strong, able to throw off the yoke that bound him, able to speak his own name and, as *Hugh McConnell* instead of Hugh Murray, admit openly his love for Violet. The very daring of the thought sent through him a warmth that reddened his cheeks and made the blood tingle to his fingertips.

No one tried to dissuade Hugh. He left before break of day the next morning, riding along in the pale dusk, letting Ranger pick up the track.

He reached Semple's Tavern at early dusk, tied Ranger to one of the rough posts, and started up the steps. On the platform he stopped short. A man with a stocky figure and a florid face passed him unsteadily and all but fell. It was the Irishman! Hugh's foot itched to send him sprawling with one easy kick, but he refrained. His face was glowering, however, as he opened the door and entered the tavern.

A warm wave of burning wood and cooking food greeted him, mingled with the pungent reek of soaking spilled liquor from the heavy oak tables and the kegs along the wall. There was the smoke from real tobacco, too, not the dried sassafras leaves with which Sam all too often had to fill his pipe. Several men were standing at the fire. One of them turned quickly. It was Girty.

Hugh was struck anew with the man's powerful shoulders, large head, and piercing black eyes. A bad enemy, he thought to himself. I hope I'll keep him a friend.

Girty led the way to a table. When supper was ordered and they sat talking, two more men entered and made their way toward the roaring fire near by. One was a tall blond man whom Hugh recognized as Colonel William Crawford, who had been one of the justices in the Hannastown court until he had taken Virginia's side in the boundary dispute. The other man looked vaguely familiar.

"Who's the man with Colonel Crawford?" he asked.

Girty turned to look at Hugh. "You know Crawford?"

"He used to be judge out there a few years back."

"He's been damned near everything an' never got his skin scratched yet, that fellah." Girty's voice was bitter. "Luck, that's what he's got!"

"An' the other man?" Hugh persisted.

Girty's voice was not much less bitter. "*Him.* Don't you know him? That's Morgan. Indian agent here."

He was shorter than Crawford, with a round, genial face under his wig. The two sat down at a table near by. They were at once joined by companions. Hugh caught the introductions.

"Seems like everybody's either a major or a colonel round here," he observed innocently.

Suddenly he felt Girty's heavy body tremble with anger.

"All but me," he gritted through his teeth. "I'm still a second lieutenant—that's all. That's good enough for Girty! Let him risk his skin. Send him to the Mingoes, send him to the Senecas. Send him to the Shawnees. Send Girty. But never raise his title or his pay."

Hugh hardly heeded the outburst. He was too thrilled by the realization that in this room were meeting, in the persons of men, some of the great issues of the new world.

Next morning he rode off with his company, filled with something close to ecstasy. His blood grew hot for battle, for feats of strength and daring.

But the campaign was nothing much, when all was done. Rain held the white men back until the Indian warriors they hoped to surprise had escaped, and shortly Hugh was back home, safe. General Hand had no knack at fighting Indians, it was agreed all around Hannastown.

After Hugh's return, Violet acted like her former self. She seemed at her sisterly ease with him. She was spending much time now with Betsy Kinkaid, who, Martha kept saying anxiously, had "a peaked look." The girls went together to the spring for water or walked in the near-by woods, their heads close, their arms sometimes around each other. When Dave or Hugh tried to approach, they turned away, Violet with some joking comment, Betsy with her face in her shawl. Hugh knew that Dave was anxious, but he had no comfort for him. It was all he could do to master his own heart.

It was toward the end of March that the dire news came to Hannastown. A number of Pittsburgh Tories had gone over to the British, Simon Girty among them.

In all the Revolutionary struggle, this was the heaviest, the most calamitous blow that had yet fallen upon the border.

New fears pressed constantly upon Hannastown. Would the Indians attack when the snow broke up?

At noon one day, while the Murrays were eating dinner, the sound of shouting came from the tavern. Sam and Hugh sprang for their rifles; but in a minute they all realized that the news must be good. An occasional "Hurrah!" rent the air. They hurried out into the street in time to see Robert Hanna himself and John Irwin, who kept the store, emerge from the tavern. They stood on the narrow porch and shouted at the top of their lungs: "The Eighth's been ordered home! *The Eighth's* been ordered home!"

Such joy and relief swept the town as had never been felt there before.

"If only they were *all* coming!" Martha said wistfully, as she baked a pone that evening. "I saw Mrs. Beatty just put her hand to her heart when the shout came, and then go back into the cabin. I'll have a look-in on her tonight, I think."

After supper Sam left for the tavern, and Martha on her errand of sympathy. Hugh and Violet were alone in the cabin. Hugh took a knob of wood he was whittling for a fancy noggin and sat down on the doorstep. Violet, after a little hesitation, sat down beside him with her knitting. The May dusk was sweet about them, with a new moon over Gallows Hill. Each felt the other's nearness, and gradually, as the mystery of darkness came on and enfolded them, their work lay idle in their hands.

"It's all been a strange-like day to me," Violet said, feeling for the words. "This morning mother talked to me about something that fair gave me a startle."

"What was it, then?" Hugh asked quickly.

"She said she wanted me to go back east to Philadelphia, where things would be easy for me and I'd know ways of living like gentlefolk. She said—I'm not rightly sure what she meant—but she said maybe there might be some one else would want to go sometime and—I wouldn't be alone."

There was silence. They could feel each other breathing. Then Violet spoke again with slow shyness.

"Would you ever favor going east for yourself, brother?"

Hugh swallowed a deadly lump in his throat. He had to answer true.

"I don't think I'd care rightly for livin' my life in a town, sister. I always thought to have my own land under my feet." He stopped short. "How do you look, then, on your mother's plan?"

"I don't know. It was maybe just me saying so often I'd like to eat off a flowered plate!"

"You're not, then—you don't rightly favor going?" Hugh persisted.

"It would seem strange-like to be long in a city. I'd miss the forest, I doubt."

Hugh spoke softly: "There's some traders might chancet to have a flowered plate. I didn't rightly know you fancied one so. I'll be watchin'."

The soft spring night flowed around them with sudden hope in it and boundless promise. Hugh's hand dropped to the step between them; Violet's crept into it.

THE next weeks were hot. There were more rattlers than usual abroad. It was nothing for the men to kill four or five of them in a day; but so far this summer no one had been bitten.

"Mind you keep your eyes open, now," Sam cautioned Violet and Martha as they set out one morning to weed the flax. "Work with your faces to the wind, so you can get a whiff of one if it's nigh-hand you. Keep a club close to you, but if you've got time just give us a cry, and one of us will come. We'll be workin' in the next field."

"I'll run across often an' see how you're makin' out," Hugh said reassuringly.

Violet was in high spirits. A lightness of heart often overcame her now—she could not tell why. Besides, the day was so fair! It was June and the air was heavy with rich perfume.

There seemed so much to think of just today, like. The Eighth had left Valley Forge and was on the march homeward. There would be a throng time for sure when they got to Hannastown! She hoped by then Betsy would be herself again and not so peevish-like. It wasn't that she was mad at Dave, as it appeared at first. There was something else bothering her. But when Violet questioned her, she just said she couldn't abide so much noise as there was always in their cabin. But she and Dave would like as not be married come fall.

Violet stood up to stretch her stiff back. She turned toward the grainfield. Hugh had just paused also and was looking across at her.

"Can you smell the wild grapes?" she hallooed through her cupped hands.

"We'd better get on with our work," he called back.

But a smile was in his voice. She knew he was smelling the perfume just as she was, and seeing the blue sky. She moved forward to begin her weeding, for the moment unwary in her happiness. There was instantly the hollow sound of rattles from the deep weeds. In her quick alarm she stepped the wrong way. Before she could scream even, she saw through her terror the flashing loop of a black-and-yellow neck! She felt in her leg the ghastly sharpness of the poison fangs!

She stood still, frozen, rooted in a wonder. The burning pain began. She screamed then, and Martha came tearing back, her face like chalk.

Hugh outran Sam, and flung himself down before Violet just as Martha had stripped off the stocking.

"Get out of the way!" he cried roughly.

His fingers held the flesh while he found the bright, bloody red marks on the skin. He put his lips to them and sucked hard, spitting out vehemently. Then he gathered her up in his arms. She held around his neck, pressing her face against him.

"Will it kill me, brother?"

"No!" Hugh fairly shouted the word. "You'll get fine over it! Think no fear, now. I got some of the pizen out, anyway."

But even in the little time it took to bear her to the cabin the leg had swollen to almost twice its size. Neighbors came running, many of them with remedies in their hands. Robert Hanna left the tavern to hurry with advice. Betsy Kinkaid pressed close to her friend, smoothing her hair with an awkwardly affectionate hand, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh, Vi, if it had only been me!" she kept repeating. "If it had only been me."

Suddenly she started for the door, her face as white as death.

All the home remedies any one knew were tried, with fluctuating success. Anxious hours passed.

"Where's brother?" Violet moaned.

Hugh walked over to the bed and stood looking down on Violet's flushed face. She opened her eyes, saw him, and smiled faintly. "You won't go away?"

"I'll be nigh-hand."

Hugh sat down, his heart beating terribly. Violet caught his hand. In a few minutes she was sleeping heavily.

That evening the cabin filled with neighbors—Mrs. Brison and James, the Shaws, the Hannas. Colonel Lochry himself came to the door to inquire, and all the young people filed in slowly and stood awkwardly about, watching Violet and putting in a remark now and then with more honesty than tact.

Suddenly Mrs. Kinkaid, her black eyes flashing fire and her hair loosened as though from running, appeared in the doorway.

"Is Dave Shaw here?" she called sharply.

Dave came forward at once.

"Why, here I be, Mrs. Kinkaid. Do you want me?"

"Do I want you? You've a brass, young man! You know right well why I want you. It's took me a long time to see how things stood, but my eyes is opened now! You come along here before John gets a gun to you."

There was a terrible silence in the cabin. Dave stood, his face full of blank distress.

"I don't know what you're talkin' about, but I'll come with you."

Her high, hard tones came back from the path.

"Stop askin' me why, like a fool! If anybody knows, I guess you oughta. Why didn't you marry her like a man, in the first place? If there was a preacher near, I'd have the thing fixed up tonight, I'll tell you that!"

"So that's what's been ailin' Betsy!" said Sam, with his usual candor.

The boys looked uneasy and embarrassed, while the girls drew together, red-faced and shy, their eyes avoiding those of their elders. There were murmured good-bys and hopes for Violet's recovery, and in a few moments they were all gone.

TOWARD morning it was apparent to them all that Violet had taken a turn for the worse. She lay on her back, her eyes half open, her lips dry with fever, moaning dully with the pain. Hugh, at Martha's insistence, saddled Ranger and rode to fetch Dr. Shields, the only physician within reach of the settlement. He was blacksmith and army colonel, too.

It was barely seven when he arrived. "Well, Mistress Murray," he greeted Martha, "I don't often get called for snakebite, but I've got a few idees I'd like to try out."

He was never a man of many words. Now they could only watch him breathlessly, forbearing to question, as he drew from the pockets of his long shabby black coat the instruments of his profession. The three small boxes containing them he placed carefully on the end of the table. His big fingers seemed awkward as they opened the smallest and drew forth a tiny lancet of fine-worked black iron.

"Now, Mrs. Murray," he said, addressing Martha as though she were alone, "you've done all you can, I take it, with poultices, whisky, and such."

"Oh, that we have, colonel."

"Then I'm going to try the lancet. I knew an old squaw years ago—good old critter, she was, too. She said she'd never lost a case of snakebite, and she always cut the wound to let the corruption out. I did it once on a boy near us, and he got well. I'll want you to hold her steady while I'm at work."

When all was ready, Martha took her place at Violet's head, holding the girl's hot listless hands tightly.

The colonel polished the blade of his lancet carefully on his pant leg, and then, gripping the swollen flesh firmly between his fingers, he made the incision. Violet roused up, screaming, as the blood gushed from the wound.

"There now," said her mother. "There now, this'll make you well, child."

The doctor was busy with the old linen and the water Martha had set for him. When he had finished, he sat down and took the girl's hand in his.

"Could you sup up some milk?" he asked her.

She nodded.

"Fetch her a noggin, Mrs. Murray. Give her plenty. Keep these other devil brews away from her. Keep the cut there washed and open. Let the corruption drain out. We'll see how it works."

Late that afternoon he told them Violet would live. Hugh, out in the corn patch, heard the glad news from Sam. He straightened on his hoe, his whole body as sore as though it had been tied to the whipping post. He had never known such strain before. He kept saying to himself wonderingly, "She'll live! She'll live!"

If there was nothing else now hanging over them, how happy this evening would be! But there were all kinds of sorrow in the world, and you had to bear your friends' as well as your own, like. His heart was heavy for Dave. While he was alone in the field, one of the little Kinkaid boys had brought him a message:

"Dave wants you to meet him by the big oak on Gallows Hill round sundown." . . .

Dave was late. Dusk was descending when he appeared, breathless from his hurried climb. Hugh waited for his friend's first word.

"What have you been thinkin' 'bout me?"

"Nothin'. Knowed you was clear," Hugh said. "Any idea who?"

"I got Betsy by herself last night just for a minute. I made her tell. It was that Irisher."

Hugh could not speak, for the sudden rage.

"It was that day last winter when the girls went racing on the crust. After the rest had gone in, Betsy thought she'd take one more run. The Irisher had been lurkin' round. He got her at the sugar hut. She said she couldn't fight. Just paralyzed, like, with fright, she said."

"It could be. I've—known as the like," Hugh said slowly.

A terrible sound like a sob came from Dave.

"She'll have naught more to do with me now. She's queer-lookin' in the eyes. I'm going to kill him, Hugh! I may be needin' you, some way."

"I'll be ready."

"He's still in Pittsburgh. I found out accidental from Joe Irvine. I'm settin' off for there tomorrow." . . .

Dave's absence was talked over in town from every angle during the next week. Betsy's mother gradually toned down her allegations to the point of admitting that she *might* be wrong about Dave. So the fact that Betsy would not name the real culprit left every young man of the neighborhood under suspicion. All the mothers of sons lay staring those nights at their cabin rafters, wondering. The dark fact was whispered now cautiously that Betsy acted queer-like. It wasn't just the shamed look, woman told woman; it was the wildness in her eyes. Of course it might pass when she was farther along.

On a hot, sultry evening Dave turned up suddenly at the Murray stable, and, when Sam wasn't looking, beckoned Hugh outside. When they had glanced sharply about, Dave lowered his voice and told his news.

"I found him one night in Semple's Tavern. I made up to him. He's a dirty devil, an' I think he's been there on Tory business. He said he'd always wanted to come back to Hannastown. Said he found the huntin' good out here."

Dave's voice was edged steel.

"Bragged about shootin' the fawn an' says he wants to learn to shoot a wild turkey on the wing. I told him I'd teach him. I played friendly with him. He's vile! He's had Violet in his eye, too. Described her to me, even."

"When's he comin'?"

"He's here now. I told him to start off toward the south woods early in the morning an' I'd meet him there."

"I'll be there. Little after sun-up," Hugh promised.

"I got to do this, Hugh."

"I know."

In the pearly mists of the morning, Hugh fed Ranger and the sheep, and then, telling Martha he thought he might scare up a little game before breakfast, he took his rifle and struck off toward the woods. He felt strange and shaken when he saw Dave and the Irishman approaching. The Irishman's red flabby face, the color of his bright coat, had a leering grin upon it.

"I don't know what you're after thinkin' of," he was saying, "to let a stranger, now, get ahead of ye among these little petticoats round here, but, belave me, I'll be makin' the most of me opporchunities—"

He stopped short, seeing Hugh. "So it's you again, you blasted—"

He looked quickly from one youth's set face to the other. Fear spread over his own.

"Look ye, now," he babbled. "I'm meanin' no harm to ye. I'd never have come back at all if this fellow here hadn't— Look ye, *what are you doin' there?*"

The last words were a scream, for Dave had slowly raised his rifle.

"Run, you damned weasel!" he said through his teeth. "Or shoot if you can. I'll give you that much chance. But you ruined my girl, an' you're goin' to pay for it."

The Irishman was shaking, paralyzed apparently with terror. He tried to raise his own gun, failed; then, casting it from him, he started to run through the woods.

Hugh, tense, his finger strong upon the trigger, watched as the red coat got farther and farther off between the trees. Had Dave weakened? He himself could do it with a right good conscience, but it was Dave's job.

Suddenly Dave's rifle blazed, and the red coat dropped.

The two boys slowly put down their guns. Their eyes met for the first time that morning.

ON a late afternoon in September, a woman gathering boneset along the road edge to the east of Hannastown gave a wild yell:

"The rigiment's a-comin'! I seen the sodgers!"

The word was passed like wildfire. Every one thronged into the road, peering.

There they came! The men of the Eighth Pennsylvania, back at last. Trying to step up smartly now in spite of lame knees and blistered feet, to make a good showing for the town's welcome. On they came, with Sam Craig, from over on the Loyalhanna, carrying the flag, the officers in their Continental blue riding ahead, and the men in hunting shirts, long leggings, and broad-brimmed, looped-up hats they had received back east.

Before the tavern the order to fall out was given, and the local soldiers greeted their families and old friends. But there were those in the village who turned quietly back to their houses, lips set, eyes tortured. For nearly three hundred frontiersmen who had gone east to the aid of Washington did not return.

Under Colonel Brodhead, they would stay for a few days' rest at Hannastown, for it was General McIntosh's wish to proceed to Fort Pitt alone and look over the situation there before the regiment arrived. Meanwhile the townspeople were asked to allow as many soldiers as possible to be quartered among them.

In every house, now, there was bustle and anticipation. Violet, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright with excitement, stopped her work to comb her curls carefully before the mirror.

"Oh, I hope we get some real nice soldiers here!" she cried. "Aren't you excited, brother?"

"Not special," Hugh replied in an odd voice.

Martha, busy at the fireplace, turned suddenly and looked at him. He was watching Violet, whose eyes were still upon the mirror, with an expression so strange, so intense, that Martha's heart stood still in surprise.

"Give me a hand here, Hugh," she spoke aloud, almost sharply. "We'll make all the space we can here, and then you can move things round in the cockloft yourself, can't you? Come, Violet, fetch more water right away. We want things clean and tidy."

"I'll fetch the water," Hugh said, "an' do this when I get back. There'll be a crowd at the spring."

"But that's why I want to go," Violet said eagerly. "Peggy and I'll go together." She snatched the pails.

Hugh reached to take them from her, but Violet held fast.

"Give them me, sister," he said firmly. "The stockade's no place for you just now."

He loosed Violet's fingers by the force of his own strong ones, took the pails, and went toward the door.

The red slowly rose in Violet's cheeks until they were scarlet. She burst into tears.

"Why, my! Why, my!" Martha exclaimed. "This is no way to take on, Violet. Hugh meant it well. He's always watching over you."

"He hurt my fingers!" Violet stormed. "And he didn't have to be so sour and so set about it. Am I not to set foot out of the house, then? Why, mother, you *know* we're twice as safe with the soldiers here."

"He must have his reasons. Now you calm yourself, child, and get on with your work."

When Hugh came back with the water he looked anxiously at Violet, but she paid no heed to him.

"We're gettin' ten," Sam announced at supper. "Poor fellers. They all seem tickled to get inside a house again. Can you stir up a pot of mulled cider, think you, Martha?"

"I just thought of that."

"What's wrong with you, Vi'let?" Sam said suddenly. "You look like your nose'd touch the rafters most any minute. An' Hugh, here, glowerin' like a hoot owl. Have you had a fight, or somethin'?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Violet crisply. "I'm going to help mother with the cider."

The guests arrived during the evening. Four of them were in their early twenties, and two of these were unattached, dashing and handsome. John, the blond, hailed from the Redstone settlement, and Bill from Sewickley Creek. It was evident in a moment that they had eyes for Violet alone and were blessing the fate that had quartered them here. With the boys of Hannastown Violet had always been serene, friendly, gay. But with these strangers she became suddenly a finished coquette. In the midst of her startled admiration of her daughter, Martha happened to glance past the older men to where Hugh stood with his back to the far wall. He was watching Violet with bitter stress on his dark face. His carefully guarded secret was written there in lines of jealousy and anger.

Hugh's in love with her!

What was to be done about it? While dangers for Violet pressed her on every side, this was indeed the greatest. For Hugh was as much a son of the wilderness as Sam. And because of this his love must never touch Violet. Nor must anything interfere with a hope Martha had been treasuring lately that showed promise of becoming reality.

She had watched eagerly a light in the eye of James Brison as he looked upon the girl. His calls at the cabin were becoming more frequent. Martha knew that James' dream was to go back east when the times grew more settled. She never missed a chance to draw him out on this subject and to encourage him. It seemed as though all things pointed to the fulfillment of her plan. And now this discovery that chilled her heart with fear!

Did Violet guess?

Martha rose and went over to the iron pot where the cider was heating. She called Hugh to help her.

"Yes, mother," he answered.

With the word on his lips, her own heart eased a little. Something deeply intuitive told her that Hugh's secret was still unavowed, and would remain so, perhaps forever. A new bond suddenly linked her to him, stronger even than the love between them. It was their common love for Violet. She would find a way to show him that they must both think only of Violet's good. Poor lad!

THE next day Hugh had a long talk with Dave, after which they went together to Colonel Brodhead. When Hugh came back to the cabin he told the family quietly of his plan.

"General McIntosh is aimin' to get up an expedition right away to try to take Detroit. He needs extry men, for a lot of the reg'lars will have to stay round Fort Pitt. Dave wants to go, an' if you've no objections I'd like

to sign up till spring. I could be back by early plowin' time."

Sam agreed at once. Martha was anxious at the thought, but wondered if this was the ordering of Providence to prevent the thing she had just begun to fear. She knew, with a faint sense of relief, that nothing she could say or leave unsaid would hold Hugh back.

Violet, meanwhile, was irritable and unlike herself. John had fought it out privately with Bill, apparently, for he now assumed a clear field, plying the girl with small attentions and following her with lovelorn eyes. Hugh made no effort to conceal his scorn.

The evening before the regiment left, he picked up the wooden buckets to go to the spring.

"Want to come along, sister?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh," Violet replied with attempted sarcasm, "so I can really go to the spring, can I?"

But she moved toward the doorway at once and started off with him.

♦♦

"I'VE sensed you were put out at me," Hugh began with difficulty, "but I couldn't rightly explain about the spring. I had a fear some way to see you go that first night." His face was working with emotion. "There's danger in these times for a girl. I can't explain. Only, *promise me* you won't go racing on the crust while I'm gone this winter!"

"Not go—racing?" she echoed.

"Only with a big crowd." His voice was still thick. "Never off by yourself, like Betsy, even for a minute—" He caught himself up sharply.

"*Like Betsy!*"

With sudden terror she saw again the scene on the crust. She felt the weight on her heart, the sorrow, the prescience. She saw the coarse, cruel face of the stranger, and Betsy's blithe rosy one.

"It was the Irishman."

She hardly spoke the words, but Hugh heard them. He nodded, his head averted.

Her stiff lips began to form a whisper. "That morning you went out for the wild turkey, I saw you and Dave coming out of the woods. Was it—was it—your shot?"

Hugh shook his head. Then, in a sort of frenzy, he dropped the pails and caught her arms.

"Promise you'll never say word of this to any one! Swear! I don't know how I come to give it away to you."

"I swear it, brother. You know you can trust me. Why do things have to happen like this?"

Then, out of a silence, Hugh spoke haltingly.

"There's something else I've got to ask. Do you—are you thinkin' of takin' up with this John chap?"

"I don't care two pins for him. I only acted like I did to spite you for not letting me go to the spring. I've never seen any one I liked as well as I do you—brother."

"Will you kiss me good-by, then?"

"What if some one would see?"

"Back of this tree. We're hid from the town."

"If we're hid—"

He had her close in his arms, their lips clinging. He felt her tears against his cheek.

"*Must* you go, brother?"

His young face, warm with love, steeled to resolution again.

"Somebody's got to go. The war's got to be fought for freedom, an' the savages cleared out. The country's got to be made safe. I want it safe for *you*, mind. So I must be doin' my part."

She raised her head.

"I'll keep a strong heart, then, never fear. I'll be thinking of you every day, and praying naught of harm will touch you. You'll come back."

They kissed again in sweet wonder, and then slowly went on to the spring.

The next morning the Eighth marched out of Hannastown to complete the last thirty miles of its long journey. With it marched Dave and Hugh.

Martha questioned Violet gently during the morning.

"Did John say anything about coming back sometime?"

"Oh, yes. He's a blather."

"You don't—you don't set special store by him, then?"

"*Him?*" Violet replied as though the subject were already dismissed from her mind. "I'd care naught if I never set eye on him again."

Martha drew some comfort from the statement, and still more from the visit James Brison paid them a few days later. Sam was at the tavern, and James, always ill at ease with the older man, talked freely to the two women.

"I've got plans," he confided, looking at Violet as he spoke. "I hadn't meant to tell them yet awhile, but to you— I know you'll both keep my secret. I'm reading law."

Violet's eyes dwelt upon him with heightened interest.

"I've been often to Pittsburgh of late, as you know, and it's been to see a lawyer who is come there. Even without college schooling he thinks I can be admitted to practice. He's lending me books. He says he knows plenty of influential barristers in Philadelphia. He'll recommend me when the time comes. I told him my interest was all to get to the east if I could."

"Yes," Martha said. "That's right, James. You're suited for the other way of life, and you ought to have it." Her eyes swept over Violet too. "Those that are made for gentle living—oh, the east's the place for them. Not this cruel wilderness."

There was such strength, such determination in the quiet words that both James and Violet looked startled. Something seemed to catch their spirits up together and hold them with power.

"You'll make such a wonderful lawyer," Violet said. "Maybe you'll be a judge some day. And rich! I'm glad you told us your secret, for we can be thinking of it and encouraging you, like. Won't you recite Shakespeare for us now, like you did before?"

James was delighted to comply. Never had he seemed in such high spirits. Violet looked wonderingly at him, and Martha, her heart pounding, watched them both. It was Sam's entrance that broke the spell at last.

When James had gone, Sam mimicked him. "*Vi-o-let!* If he don't put on the airs! An' I'll bet he couldn't hit a rabbit if it was sittin' on his thumbnail."

"He's a scholar, Sam, and a gentleman," Martha retorted.

"All right. All right. Them as wants scholars an' gentlemen can have 'em; but for me, I'd rather have a man that knows which end of a gun the shootin' comes out of."

TOWARD the end of October an event occurred in Hannastown which took the minds of all the women, at least, off dangers near and far. Betsy's baby was born—a little girl. When the neighbors went in, they found to their amazement that the wild look was gone from her eyes. There was no shame there, either; instead, a shining joy. She would lie watching the little face—which so exactly resembled her own—with such deep, untouchable rapture that those who came prepared to cheer her with charitable words went away puzzled and in most cases disapproving.

Martha, as so frequently happened, divined the truth.

"I believe," she said thoughtfully to Violet after one of their visits to the Kinkaid cabin, "that poor Betsy's been sort of starved for love all her life. Mrs. Kinkaid is—well, not just rightly affectionate with her children. Betsy's got something all her own now to pour out her feelings on."

"Maybe that's it," Violet answered slowly. "Only it's queer she can be so happy after all that's happened."

As she sat spinning these days, she sighed often. It was hard to keep the terrible secret of the Irishman's death locked in her bosom, and there was the aching anxiety for Hugh's safety. She did not dare imagine life without him. As resolutely as she drew the shutters of her mind against this possibility, she closed them against acknowledgment of her real feelings for him. She rested on the familiar bonds of their family life together.

But when, on a clear day early in spring, Hugh and Dave came back from the winter campaign, honorably

discharged, Violet kissed Hugh in a way that sent a pang of anxiety through her mother's heart. With almost cruel determination, Martha made an opportunity to talk secretly to Hugh.

What she said stunned him. He spoke no words, only turned, when she had finished, and walked away.

MAY came. The forest was fresh with new leaves and beautiful with the amethyst of the mountain laurel and the creamy blooms of the serviceberry. It was full of new life, too. Running delicately like dancing shadows were the little fawns in their spotted coats. The winter sleepers had all come forth now with their young, the black bears and the raccoons. Along the streams the Beaver People, as the Indians called them, were the busiest of all. Out from the lodge beside the dam the mother beaver led her kittens. Hugh and Dave, setting their traps with care, respected the beavers even while they hunted them. Once, when they were near the creek, a thin cry smote their ears which made them stop and look at each other as they listened.

"You could a'most swear that was Betsy's baby off somewhere, couldn't you?" Dave said.

"That you could. They sound awful humanlike, them beaver kittens." Hugh added, "Mother said once back in Cumberland County there was a woman had her baby killed by the Injuns, an' after that she'd go nigh crazed if she heard a young beaver."

"They could give you a startle an' no mistake," Dave commented.

He was very ready these days to talk about little Betsy. Hugh, watching his friend closely, saw the heavy shadow lifting from his countenance. Since Dave's and Hugh's return from hunting, Betsy would talk to Dave shyly and smile in her old fashion. Her cheeks had got rosy again, and her eyes were always bright, especially when she had the baby with her.

Dave apparently felt himself to be the logical protector for both Betsy and the baby. Though the word "love" had, of course, never been named between the boys, Hugh knew the strength of Dave's feeling for Betsy. Sometimes he wondered if his friend had guessed his own secret. He hoped not.

Hugh and Violet went about their ways as usual, content for the moment in his safe return and their accustomed nearness.

James came often to the Murray cabin, usually when Sam was not there; but when he started on Shakespeare, to Violet's embarrassment Hugh always got up at once and went out. She took him to task one evening when they were alone. Hugh only laughed as he cleaned his rifle.

"I'd listen to you or mother right enough, but I can't swallow James an' his fine words. He's too slack in the twist someway to suit me."

"It would be a lot better for you if you'd pay a little attention to a scholar, once. All you and Dave know is just hunting and shooting and—and rough ways," Violet said severely.

His eyes looked full at Violet with such a light in them that she dropped her own. "It takes rough ways for a rough country," he said. Then he lowered his voice. "Betsy told you anything special lately?"

Violet shook her head. "Only she seems awful bright and pleased these days."

"Mind you keep it to yourself, now, but I've an idee she and Dave are going to finish things up right soon."

"Oh, *Hugh!* I'm so glad."

She came over and dropped down on the three-legged stool in front of him, her face shining up into his.

"Now, mind you don't give it away till Betsy tells you." He laid aside his rifle. His eyes were still fixed upon Violet. "It's a fine thing for a man to marry, and get him his own land and his own cabin and all."

"Would you—would you rightly fancy that for yourself, brother?" Violet asked shyly. But there was a sweet compulsion in her voice.

"I'd give my right arm to have it so," he said.

"But you'd need both your arms then more than ever," Violet returned, with a bit of laughter.

"That I would," he answered, his eyes burning upon her. "I only mean I've thought of it night and day now this year or more."

"Yes?" she whispered.

"Violet!" He leaned nearer and their faces almost touched.

Then there was the noise of voices, and they broke away. Hugh started up to hang his rifle on the peg, and Violet went to the door. It was Dave and Betsy.

"Well, so here you are," said Dave in a proud, strong voice. "We just come to see if you'd stand up with us at our weddin'." . . .

Dave and Hugh started at once to stake out Dave's cabin and fell the trees for it. The women made plans for a real celebration at the cabin raising. Out of their slender stores they set aside a little to help start the young bride and groom in their housekeeping.

Then, one night just before the wedding, Martha woke suddenly with a knocking at the door.

"Mrs. Murray!"

She jumped from the bed and hurried to draw the bar. It was Betsy standing on the step, her eyes streaming.

"Child, what's the matter?"

"It's little Betsy. She can't get her breath. Oh, I'm so scared! Will you come quick an' help me?"

Sam roused and called: "What is it? What's up?"

"It's Betsy's baby sick," Martha answered briefly.

Sam grunted disgustedly and turned over in bed. "Och! I thought it was Injuns."

But despite all Martha could do, and later Dr. Shields, Betsy's baby died of the membranous croup that took so many frontier infants. It was to Martha that the girl turned in her stony grief.

"Oh, Mrs. Murray, she'll not be *lost*, will she? Never baptized or anything. I can't sleep for thought of it. If I could just be *sure*, someway," she moaned.

Martha saw sheer terror in her eyes.

"Of course you can be sure, Betsy. There's mercy always in the love of God. And you'll have to be thinking of poor Dave, too. He's been so happy over the wedding.

You mustn't cloud it over, even if your own heart is torn."

"The wedding." Betsy said it blankly, and Martha felt chilled by the tone.

During the next few days Betsy was outwardly calm. The simple wedding plans went on. The preacher arrived on the Wednesday. It had been arranged that the prayer meeting would be held that night at the Murray cabin, and the marriage of Betsy and Dave the day following.

Every one who could, came to the evening meeting to listen to this young minister who had just finished at Princeton and had felt the call to make a missionary trip to the frontier. He was earnest and solemn.

Martha, busy with her greetings, did not see Betsy until the meeting had begun. Then she caught her breath. The girl sat on the edge of the bed, her eyes riveted on the young preacher's face. There was a wildness in them that made Martha shiver.

When the service ended and most people had left, Betsy approached the minister. Her voice shook like her poor hands, which she kept twisting together as she spoke.

"My baby died. An' I can't sleep for thinkin'—for bein' afraid. She wasn't baptized, even. Can you tell me for sure—she's in heaven now, ain't she? She couldn't ever be lost?"

"You yourself are a believer?"

"Yes—yes."

"And your husband?"

Betsy's eyes besought him. "It's us that's to be married tomorrow. Dave an' me."

The preacher's young face stiffened. Wisdom had not yet come to temper his doctrine. He could not reassure her. He was silent. Betsy backed slowly away. Suddenly she turned and fled from the house. Her screams, cutting the night, brought every one within earshot. But no one could catch her. She ran like a thing possessed through the woods to where the creek ran darkly.

Then, suddenly, they all heard it. A thin wailing cry, riding pitifully on the still night air. Betsy stopped for a second. "I'm comin', little Betsy," she called. "Never you fear! I'm comin'."

With a last spurt she reached the creek bank and jumped far out into the depths of the beaver pond.

Beyond the suddenness and the shock of this tragedy, the people of Hannastown had reason to remember it; for it seemed to set the mood of the dark, bitter months that followed.

THE winter of 1779-80 was probably the severest in the history of the United States. In western Pennsylvania the snow began to fall in early December. By early February it was four feet deep in the woods and over the mountains. No supply trains from the east could get through. In Hannastown the pinch of cold and poverty bit deeply. It took all the men's strength merely to cut enough wood for fires and to attend to the stock. The cabins shook in the stormy blasts, the piercing wind entered at every crevice, and the bare business of daily living became an intolerable burden. There was no salt! A sprinkling of hickory ashes was a poor substitute for the familiar savor.

The Winter of the Great Snow, as it was to be called for a hundred years to come in those parts, took a toll of Indian life also. The destitution was especially great among the Senecas, whose crops had been destroyed the summer before. When scores of them died from starvation, the desire for revenge against the Americans grew with every passing day. But they were not able to renew their raids that spring. The necessity for planting their own ravaged fields lay upon them, and game was scarce and poor. So, with their hatred smoldering, they stayed in their own villages, and the settlers of Westmoreland County at least knew a peaceful planting time after their hard winter.

When the spring of '81 came round a new wave of excitement swept the border. General George Rogers Clark, now zealously furthering another expedition against Detroit, planned to raise a large force, float down the Ohio to the Wabash, ascend that stream as far as possible, and then march overland to Detroit. He came up from Virginia early in March to discuss the matter, and made his headquarters at the home of Colonel Crawford on the Youghiogheny. It was only a few weeks before his plans became the burning topic of conversation in Hannastown. At the tavern, night after night, the whole matter was threshed over.

By July the die had been cast. General Clark had the promise of a fair-sized force from the Pennsylvania and Virginia border, and, in spite of bitter opposition in some quarters and lukewarm agreement in others, Colonel Lochry had decided to raise a band to join him. Hugh and Dave both joined up, as did most of the young men of Hannastown. Dave, especially, was glad to go. It was decided that they would not set out until the harvest was finished, but would all meet on August 1 at Carnahan's blockhouse, about ten miles north of Hannastown.

Violet's heart was heavy with terrible foreboding those last days. Hugh had been different in his attitude to her these many months. He never looked at her now with the burning light in his dark eyes, as he had done that evening when Dave and Betsy had come to the door to tell them their news. He never asked her now to go along to the spring with him. He would even make excuse to leave the cabin, if they were left alone together. When she had once said, "Brother, is there aught come between us?" he had said, "Naught," and gone out quickly.

Now he would soon be leaving, and with him would go the sun from the skies. She made up her mind she must talk to him alone, at any cost.

HER chance came on the last evening but one. Martha had gone over to see Mrs. Brison, who had not been well, and Sam left for his usual trip to the tavern. Hugh was starting hastily to follow him, when Violet spoke.

"Wait, brother. I've got to talk with you." All at once her tears broke. "I'm heartsick, and you pay me no heed!"

He took a swift step toward her, and stopped. "Don't!" he cried out. "I've borne all I can. I'm tearin' out my own heart. Don't try to stop me."

"But why, Hugh? What's come between us? It's killing me. And now, before you go, I've got to have gentleness from you, or I can't *live*. What have I done to put you far away like you've been? What is it, brother?"

She could feel him stiffen. His face was white.

"It's for you, sister. I've always known you were too delicate made for this life here. You ought to have easy ways, like gentlefolk. Even before mother spoke to me I knew that."

Her hands gripped him the harder. "What did mother say to you?"

"I can't rightly speak of it."

"You must, Hugh. I'll give you no peace."

"She says you're—for—James. I can see myself he sets store by you. He'll take you east. You'll have ease there an' pleasant ways. Let go of me, now! I'm tryin' to do my duty an' love you better than myself—"

But Violet did not let go. Instead, her arms reached up and circled his neck.

"You do love me, then! Say it over, Hugh. Oh, say it so I'll rightly hear it from your own lips and not just the hope of it to stay me."

He held her to his breast like steel.

"I love you better than my life! I want to marry you. But it's been like a shame in my heart since every one considers I'm brother to you. Tell me it's not as sister you love me."

"It's not as sister. I've deceived myself, but that's all past. Oh, Hugh, I tremble, like, just at the touch of you—I love you so. Is it that way with you?"

He held her closer. "You couldn't even understand."

"Kiss me."

His face was grave when he raised his head. Violet caught her breath in a sob.

"Don't go on this campaign, Hugh! There's others can go in your stead. Can't you bide at home and let us get married and build our cabin and—"

"I have to go. I've signed up. I've give my word. I wouldn't honor myself if I broke it. They need men. Some one's got to go. We wouldn't be rightly happy, thinkin' all the time I'd backed out of it."

The sighs of their hearts were drowned again in their kisses. Suddenly he released her, smiling.

"I've got a present for you. I aimed to give it you just before I left. I'll get it now."

He was up the ladder to the cockloft in a flash, and back with a flat package wrapped in dirty brown paper.

"I've been on the lookout for this for a good spell now. Joe Irvine just told me the other day he'd got a one for me from a trader."

Violet opened it wonderingly. It was a small flowered plate. She turned it around in her hands Then she raised her eyes with a look of such beauty in them!

"I never really thought to own one. It was just sort of a dream, like. With little roses and leaves and all! I never had as pretty a thing in all my life. It'll be for our own cabin, Hugh."

They fingered it together, their hands touching. The little twining wreath was like their love, fresh and fair and endless.

WHEN Sam and Martha returned together, the young people were on the settle, enfolded in each other's arms, and looked up at them with shining wonder in their eyes. Martha sat down quickly, as though felled by a blow.

"I never meant to speak, mother," Hugh said quickly. "I tried, like you said."

"I made him," said Violet with shy pride.

"I know." Martha smiled wanly. "You couldn't help but speak."

"An' why wouldn't he speak?" Sam asked in amazement. He slapped Hugh on the shoulder. "Eh, lad, you're a'most fit for our girl here, damn me if you ain't! An' that's the best thing I can say fur you!"

Before they all went to bed, Hugh told them he was enlisting under his own name of McConnell.

"I hope you won't think strange of it," he said. "But, you see, if—when I get back an' we're gettin' married an' all, I'll be needin' my own name, like, for Violet."

"Violet McConnell I'll be then!"

"*Mistress* McConnell," Hugh corrected, with a look that seemed to set the whole cabin alight.

On the early morning of August 1 Hugh said his good-by to Violet, holding her long in his arms before he rode away with Lochry's men.

They were to join General Clark at Fort Henry in Virginia. Though many of them were poorly clad and provisions were none too plentiful, once they got to Clark, things would be all right, for he had provisions intended for them. With hope riding high, they arrived at the fort on the evening of the 8th. But General Clark had moved ahead. He would wait for them twelve miles down the river. He had left them some food and one boat. They had no choice but to follow on, and this required more boats. Straining, sweating, chopping, lugging logs and splitting them, building crudely from nothing but sheer determined man power, they finished seven in four days.

With hope now strong again, they embarked on the 13th and started slowly downstream, the horses and their riders keeping close to shore. Since at this time the Ohio River was the dividing line between the white man's country and the Indians', they were careful to keep to the left bank.

At the appointed spot they found only a message directing them to a different rendezvous a hundred miles farther on. This too they accomplished; and again only a message awaited them.

"We'll keep on going," Lochry said. "There's more chance of catching up with him than of trying to make our way back by land. Captain Shannon, you're a pretty smart navigator. Will you take a few men with you in the best boat we've got, and see if you can overtake Clark? Ask him to leave provisions for us, and guard them till we catch up to you."

Hugh listened eagerly for his name and Dave's. But Shannon chose men he knew from the other end of the county. While the last of the flour was being made into pone for them, Lochry wrote a message to General Clark, which he read aloud to his men before he handed it over to Captain Shannon.

General Clark, Sir, We are now at the Kanawha and in sore straits to find you gone on ahead. We are bare a hundred men and the last of our provision is gone. Leave some behind we beg you with bearer of this note and tarry if you can till we get up with you. Yours respectfully,

A. LOCHRY.

Then the eight pushed off and started downstream in the late sunset. Three days later all but two had been scalped to death and their message was in the hands of the Indians.

The two survivors were picked up by Lochry and his men, who caught up to them on the third day.

"Don't look so good for us now," Hugh said to Dave, when they had heard the men's story. His throat was dry.

"It looks pretty damn bad Pity you come, Hugh. Don't matter so much fur me," Dave answered.

But the intrepid little company pressed on downstream, and one bright morning their fear-harried eyes caught a heartening sight. On shore, standing at the edge of the lush grass, was a *buffalo!* Its great bearded head leaned to drink from the river.

With an instinct as involuntary as breathing, every man in the first boat drew his rifle. Dave was the nearest and the quickest. The report rang out sharply, and the great creature quivered, threw up its massive hairy head, then fell over on its side and lay still.

A tremendous excitement now filled the men. The officers spoke back and forth briefly. It would have been beyond human endurance to pass on downstream leaving sustenance behind them! Lochry waved his arms, giving the signal to land. In an incredibly short time every boat was safely beached, the horses were unloaded, and the men were hurrying through the deep grass, their strained faces relaxed and smiling. There was subdued talk again and even laughter. Relief and delight lay upon them all, even as the blue August sky lay upon this fair spot of earth.

Suddenly, like cracks of doom, a rain of bullets poured from the hill overshadowing them! The men, paralyzed for a moment, snatched up their rifles and turned to face the wooded bluff. Now the clear water of the little stream was stained with more than the buffalo's blood.

"Get back to the boats. Fend 'em off if you can!" Lochry shouted.

With a furious rush, the men pushed off the unwieldy boats and managed to get into them, their faces gray as they saw the fair meadow covered with their own dead.

Suddenly, before the boats were a half dozen yards from land, a large force of painted Indians swarmed down from the bluff to the very water's edge, covering them completely with their fire. At the same time, a fleet of canoes, filled with other savages, shot out from the Kentucky shore.

Lochry's voice, still controlled, called out above the bullets: "It's no use, lads. We've got to surrender."

He waved his arms as a sign to the Indians, and the men pulled back again to the shore. Hugh and Dave stuck close together. The men dropped down on the grass, awaiting their fate. Lochry sat on a log by the stream.

The Indian force was large, some of them Shawnees and some Wyandots by their dress, under command of a white man. The other leader was a strong, powerful chief who shouted an order now and then in English. From man to man on the grass there passed the word, "It's Brant and the Mohawks!"

"God help us," Hugh muttered.

Even as he spoke he felt Dave grip his arm. He looked up, and the blood froze in his veins. A big Shawnee warrior had come up behind Lochry and with one stroke of the tomahawk had cleft his skull. The act seemed to be a signal. With whoops and yells, the Indians fell upon their captives. When the first of their fury was spent, the chieftain, Brant, seemed to be ordering the Mohawks to

stop the massacre. The white man, too, was arguing with the Shawnees.

At last, with fiendish blows of their rifle butts and clubs, the Indians rounded up the survivors and started to drive them into the wilderness. Hugh and Dave were still among the living.

They marched all day. The Indians had apparently eaten well before the attack, for they had made no move to use the buffalo and did not stop for forage now.

As they slowed to cross a stream, Hugh found himself near the white man. He determined to take a chance. "Do you know Simon Girty?" he asked.

The man looked surprised. "I'm his brother, George. What's that to you?"

Hugh opened his shirt and revealed the panther claw.

"Simon Girty gave me this once," he said. "Told me to keep it. Said it might come in useful sometime."

Girty looked intently at the claw, then shrugged.

"I can't be lookin' out for his friends," he said roughly. "You got to take your chances with the rest of 'em."

When they had crossed the stream, the men were divided into small groups which were led off in different directions, each under a band of Indians. Hugh felt the faintest hope stir in his breast as he found himself, with Dave, Sam Craig, and six strange lads, still in Girty's company. It was short-lived, however, for after they had gone another five miles or so the Indians stopped in a small clearing. A large fire was built. They were preparing to blacken the faces of their prisoners. This meant death by torture.

All of a sudden, through the forest a voice rang out, clear and strong with a high lilt of melody. Hugh shivered for a second at the strangeness of it. Then he saw it was Sam Craig who was singing. His head was thrown back and his blackened face raised to the late-afternoon sun. Hugh had often heard his voice rising above the rest at a neighborhood cornhusking. But he had never heard him sing as he sang now. He's doing it for his life, Hugh thought.

Finally one Wyandot rose from his place and came over to the singer. With his hands he roughly wiped off the black from Sam's face, and then gave a sharp order.

"He wants another tune," Girty interpreted.

Sam began again instantly:

"Oh, Sister Phoebe, how merry were we
The night we sat under the juniper tree,
The juniper tree, I, oh!"

With an overwhelming passion that made his whole body tremble, Hugh thought of Violet.

"I want to live," he muttered to himself. *"I've got to live."*

It was near the end of the song that he saw, for the first time, that Dave was gone! While all eyes had been set upon the singer, he had slid from the log and made a dash for it.

Without turning his head or moving a muscle, Hugh looked as far to the right as his eyes would vision. He saw him! Just for a second between trees. He was weaving back and forth as though running in weakness. Oh, go it, Dave—go it—go it . . .

There was a sharp growl from the guard behind him, then a quick report, and Dave dropped. Hugh knew by the way he fell that he was dead. Dave! His friend.

Suddenly he found himself standing up, screaming out his rage and his pain, shaking his fists at the savages, cursing and calling upon Heaven for vengeance.

Then a great weight on his head forced him to the ground, and a blanket of darkness covered him over.

ON A bleak December day official word from Fort Pitt reached Hannastown that neither Colonel Lochry nor any of his men had ever caught up to General Clark, and that it must be concluded all had been slain by the Indians.

That night there was no family worship in the Murray cabin. Martha tried to lighten the despair that filled it.

"There's something I remember from a sermon we had once," she said brokenly. " 'The day must dawn,' the preacher told us."

But when she lifted the Bible down from its shelf, Sam turned away.

"I can't do it," he said. "I can't read it now, mother. Not yet." He drew a shuddering sigh. "I loved the lad."

It was the first time Martha had heard the word "love" on his lips since the days of their courtship. Violet lay prostrate, her face white and graven as though Death's wings were shadowing her also.

As the weeks passed, her naturally bright spirit did not return. It was as though the flame had gone from the fire, leaving only the dull level of heat to keep life in the log. Sam studied her. He understood, too; for his own spirit had departed, now that Hugh was gone.

One evening, James, more distinguished-looking now, more assured with his new profession upon him, called at the Murray cabin.

"You'll be here a little while, I doubt," Martha said to him, smiling. "I want to go to Mrs. Hanna's, and I don't like Violet to be alone."

"I'll stay till you get back, *willingly*," he said.

When she had gone, Violet picked up her knitting. James sat down close to her upon the settle. He took the work from her hands and laid it aside.

"I want you to listen to me," he said. "I love you. It has been long now. Longer than I ever knew. But year by year the love has grown stronger until now it fills my whole being."

"No, James." She shrank away, but he leaned nearer.

"I am not asking for all your heart. Not yet. You are still in the midst of your grief. I only ask you to let me bring what happiness I can to you. By spring my law studies will be completed. I am making arrangements even now to go then to Philadelphia. I want to take you with me as my wife."

Slowly and hesitantly, she put a strange question:

"Would—would—you—kiss me, James?"

"My darling!" His arms went out to her, but she held him gently at bay.

"No, please, you must understand first. I can't rightly answer you now. I'm so heartbroke, so confused, like. All my love is for Hugh. But I meant, would you still—kiss me?"

For answer, he held her to his breast. His lips were long on hers before she could release herself.

She crouched at the end of the settle then, her face averted. "I just wondered," she said so low that he barely caught the words. "I had to know, like."

Violet felt those weeks as though another spirit were inhabiting her body. In the familiar flesh now dwelt a stranger who listened to James' eloquent love-making, submitted to his embrace, heard Martha's eager planning and Sam's irritable opposition all with the same dead level of apathy. Her heart could not be wrenched away from Hugh. But she knew she would marry James. The pressure of circumstances was upon her, the weight of her mother's and of her wooer's love. And finally, with Sam's grudging assent, the matter was settled. The wedding was first set for early May. But as April began, Violet spoke one night, hesitantly, to her betrothed.

"If we could wait another month, I'd rather. I'd like to see the woods turn green again, and smell the wild grapes—before I go."

James' face fell a little. "June, if you wish it. The weeks will go fast."

Strangely enough, it was Sam who finally urged haste. A new expedition chiefly from Washington County under Colonel William Crawford had set out in May to attack the Indian towns on the upper Sandusky. On a night march through the deep forest, one of the strange panics which sometimes descended upon white men during Indian warfare seized the troops. They scattered suddenly in all directions. Many were captured and killed at once; others wandered home after incredible escapes. The terrible story reached Hannastown that Crawford had been burned at the stake, with Simon Girty sitting on a log watching. In his agony, Crawford had kept calling, "Girty, shoot me! Oh, Girty, for God's sake, shoot me!" And Girty had just sat there smiling and said, "I ain't got a gun, colonel."

Sam went to the Brisons' and called James outside.

"James," he said, "since you an' Violet are gettin' married, I wisht you'd do it in a hurry an' get off east. I don't care much for the look of things."

"You know I'll marry her tomorrow if she's willing. We can't leave till round the end of the month, though, on account of the pack train going back then."

THE next day the pack train passed through. James, returning later in the week from Pittsburgh, brought the word that it would start for the east again on July 2, leaving Hannastown the 3d. So the date was set for July, and a preacher bespoken for it. Martha's silk dress was brought out from the chest under the bed and smoothed with loving hands. It fitted Violet perfectly, and in it she looked like the great lady her mother was sure she would one day be.

As the time drew nearer, Sam kept to the cabin. The tavern never saw him and the fields were left to themselves. His face was piteous. He followed Violet about or sat watching her until Martha felt she could not endure it. Violet, she was glad to see, was calm and quiet. Only occasionally she showed what was beneath the surface.

One night she put the little flowered plate in her mother's hands.

"I want you to keep this," she said in a strange voice. "I'll have others, belike, and it's best maybe I shouldn't be always minded of—things that are past. I must try to be a good wife."

Then she turned quickly and went out, and was gone a long time. . . .

On the afternoon before the wedding, Violet dropped down in the doorway to rest. Sam sat on the log step below her. Martha was busy inside the cabin.

Suddenly a shouting up by the tavern cut the quiet summer air. Sam leaped into the cabin for his rifle.

"Get inside quick!" he ordered Violet. "It's Injuns!"

But the shouts were changing. They had become yells of joy. "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

The Murrays watching, puzzled and wondering, from their doorway, saw that two men were being carried on the shoulders of the others. It was Violet that knew first.

"It's Hugh!"

Then her strength failed her. Her feet refused to carry her. Sam was the one who, forgetting his stiff knee, tore like a wild man along the road to meet them.

For it *was* Hugh and Sam Craig, dirty, bearded, their clothes in tatters. They were set down in front of the Murray cabin at last. Violet ran into Hugh's arms and their lips joined. After the long grief and pain, they were lost to all the world, lost in each other.

JAMES, coming late, saw. He turned, white and sick, back to his own cabin. But other people hung about, plying the men with questions. The Shaws stayed close to Hugh. It was almost like Dave himself come back. Sam was, of course, eager to get to his home. A horse and escort were quickly volunteered. The whole town stood in the roadway till they were out of sight.

Then Hugh turned swiftly to Martha.

"Is there plenty hot water?" he asked. "I'm not fit to be near folks till I've had a wash-off."

She hurried to lay out a clean hunting shirt and the breeches he had left behind him. Sam brought new moccasins. When all was ready, Martha and Violet went out again to the steps, as Hugh, smiling, closed the door.

When he came out, even Martha's own heart was quick at the sight of him, tall and straight and handsome, the fresh shirt and breeches molded to his body, his face clean-shaved, his dark hair shining wet. He stood there before them, a man, seasoned by danger and suffering—powerful now in his victory over them.

And Violet was suddenly again in his arms; and then they were walking to the edge of the forest. They could not speak at first, not with words. Sam had told Hugh, though, of what had been set for the morrow, and Violet spoke of it at last out of her wounded heart. Hugh listened gravely, understandingly.

"It's that must have fetched me through everything," he said.

Violet shuddered. "If you'd come too late—"

"But I didn't," he answered her. Then he added, "I must go now an' speak with James. It's me has to do that. It's only honorable."

"I'm so grieved for him," she said, "but what can we do?"

When he came back, he told them that James had said his best wishes were ever with Violet, and while he couldn't rightly see his way to come down to the cabin again, he sent his kind respects to them all.

Martha felt the slow tears gather as she stirred the fire.

"An' so," Hugh went on, "I was thinkin', when the preacher will be in town tomorrow, Violet an' I could get married ourselves just quiet, like. After supper."

So it was arranged, and no one in town was told of it.

The cabin was made sweet with pine boughs and bright with many candles. Violet wore the precious silk dress, and her beauty was breath-taking. Hugh was fine and handsome. When the benediction was over and Hugh had kissed his bride, there was a sound of voices on the path. Some of the neighbors were come to hear the story of his escape all over again. They looked at the green-decked cabin, at Violet in the rose-sprigged dress, at the preacher—and they knew. So there was a celebration, after all, with laughter and rejoicing. Sam was fair beside himself.

At last, when they were all gone, Violet kissed her mother and her father, and Hugh shook hands with them both. Then he quickly climbed the ladder to the cockloft, and waited as Violet, holding up the precious silk skirt, shyly climbed after him. When she was near the top, he reached down and lifted her up, holding her for a minute in his arms. Martha, watching, could see the shine in his eyes brighter than many candles.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

FROM time to time I have had something to say about loose talk which might give aid and comfort to our enemies. In response to those items, many letters have come to me from both soldiers and civilians asking what is a military secret and what is not. My stock answer has been, "If there is any doubt, don't say it." Those well known slogans, "Zip your lip" and "Keep mum, chum" add up to the same thing. But perhaps more specific information about taboo topics would be helpful to a lot of good citizens. So I want to quote from a War Department training circular entitled Safeguarding Military Information—Guide for Conversation. It lists the following as subjects *not* to talk about:

Local gals

1. TROOPS: location (except in training and on police duty); movements—where, when, or how made; equipment or weapons; concentration or special training of units.

2. HARBORS, SHIPS, AND CARGOES: locations, destination, or cargoes of United States, Allied, or neutral vessels; transports, convoys, harbor defenses; mine fields; ship construction or purposed launchings; condition and set-up of shipyards; sinkings of or damages to vessels until officially announced.

3. DAMAGE: any information resulting from enemy action.

4. AIRPLANES: plant production; number in any military unit; location, destination, or time of departure of air units; troop movements or war material shipped by air; characteristics and limitations; development or experiment; name, plans, or orders of a member of the Air Transport Command.

5. FORTIFICATIONS AND ANTIAIRCRAFT INSTALLATIONS: location or description; location of bomb shelters or camouflaged objects or other defense precautions; any information of our installations outside the United States.

6. PRODUCTION: don't give out any private or personal information.

7. WEATHER: don't pass on information about weather conditions other than that appearing in your local papers.

8. RUMORS AND HARMFUL STORIES: don't repeat any which stir up racial feeling or are inimical to our friendship with or are in criticism of our allies, or of enemy prowess, or of our own shortcomings, or of any equipment shortage or quality. Challenge all rumors.

Although these instructions were issued for the guidance of military personnel, they seem to be just as applicable to civilians. I recommend them for the duration.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I am a flight engineer in the Royal Air Force. From a friend across the drink I receive copies of Liberty pretty regularly, and find them most entertaining reading, and so do my pals in the service to whom I pass them on.

We have many friends among your forces over here, although we find them a bit annoying at times, just as, no doubt, they find us. I was born in Belfast, and from what I hear back home in Ireland the Yanks certainly seem to enjoy themselves with the local gals.

There is one thing about the U. S. armed forces which strikes me as quite strange, and that is the off-duty relationship existing between officers and men. They mix and get on very well together, smoking, taking a "spot," and walking about the streets. In the British services such very mild discipline would not be tolerated.

But why worry? We are all fighting for the same cause and with the same hope of blasting the living daylights out of Hitler and his gangsters.

Best wishes and good hunting to all my brother airmen over there.

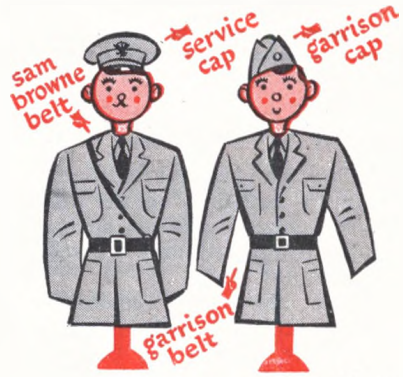
A. C. "L. T." R. A. F.,
Yorkshire, England.

Nice to hear from an ally in arms. If yours is one of those Belfast gals, small wonder that you find the Yanks "a bit annoying." There's always that chance with the girl you left behind you. About the fraternizing between officers and men—well, ours is largely a citizen army now, and the caste system is inclined to loosen up in wartime. Officially, our War Department does not authorize fraternization between officers and men, in peace or war. But let me tell you that our "on duty" discipline is not affected by "off-duty" relationship—if anything, I think it's strengthened thereby.

* * *

Can you tell me why, after permitting the sale of garrison hats and Sam Browne belts to enlisted men, orders have now been issued that they may not be worn except away from the post? *Confused E. M.*

First, let's get the names straight. By "garrison hat" I imagine you mean the service cap with leather visor. (The present garrison cap used to be known as the overseas cap, and the old campaign hat is now called the service hat.) What you refer to as the "Sam Browne belt" must be the garrison belt, since the Sam Browne belt is used by commissioned officers only and never has been authorized for enlisted men. Now that we're clear on the names, I can say that at present the service cap (with visor) is prescribed for the members of a service command or station complement and military police, but not otherwise. I am told that a shortage of the proper leather is the reason for the discontinuance of garrison belts. "Uniform" is an adjective as well as a noun, and if you think of it as meaning "consistent," it implies that all members of a unit will be uniform in their



Hats and belts

dress when they appear together. If that becomes impracticable because of changed conditions it is logical to modify the regulations in accordance with available equipment.

After all, you were permitted, not ordered, to purchase service caps and garrison belts, and the Army issued you every part of your prescribed uniform. So save

the belt and cap to impress the girl friend when you are off the reservation!

* * *

Although I have read your department since its inception, I have never seen this question asked and answered. When this war broke out, the War Department lowered the retirement age of officers to sixty. There are a lot of officers on a reserve status who are over sixty but fully fit physically to carry on and release younger officers for field duty. Why not give them a chance? I am a veteran of the first World War and I still hold a commission in the Quartermaster Reserve. Why shouldn't I be in service, even though I am past the threescore mark? I am sure I could pull my weight.

J. M., Capt. Q. M. Res.,
New Jersey.

"Yours not to reason why, yours but to—" stand by, shall we say? I can quite appreciate how you feel, but how could an "Old Sarge" answer your "commissioned" question except by saying that the W. D. must have had excellent reasons for that ruling—and the W. D. isn't shelving any experienced officers these days without them?

* * *

I always read your column, but I have yet to see anything in it about the *soldiers* who man the guns on Army transports. Whenever I am on leave and tell people I am a gunner on a transport, they invariably think I am a liar and say, "That's the Navy's job." It isn't; it's the Army's. So won't you please let them know they are wrong and that the Army does have a little something to do with getting the men over there safely?

Pfc. G. G., Camp Edwards, Mass.

You're right and "they" are wrong. But there is enough credit to pass around and give both Army and Navy gun crews their full shares.

* * *

Here is an original riddle of which I am the author: What are the three most common diseases among soldiers, contracted only by soldiers?

Give up?

Here they are: goldbrickeosis, transferitis, and dischargemia.

Pfc. Edwin N. Dawson,
Torney General Hospital,
Palm Springs, Calif.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

SPARKS ought to be a good name for a lady in the telegraph business, and so it is. Sara Sparks has made an important career for herself with Western Union. At fourteen she started as a messenger girl in Tucson, Arizona, her native city. Now she's director of Personal Service and Customer-Employee Relations—a job that concerns millions of us, since it is Sara who deals with touchy issues between her company and the public. . . . "You may damn the weather by wire," she told me. "You may use the word hell for emphasis. But we don't let you call people names, and your telegraph language must be decent." . . . Sara advises us to write our telegrams clearly. A young man, just engaged to marry, scribbled a telegram on the train after spending the week-end with his girl and her parents. "You are the world's loveliest family," he intended to say. Due to his careless writing, it came out, "You are the world's lousiest family." There have also been awful cases of wrong telegrams sent by married men, with the called-out-of-town-on-business wire going to the sweetie, while the wife gets the wire making the clandestine date. Sara straightens out such mix-ups, often with a great deal of trouble. Her boss for years was J. C. Willever, former vice-president of Western Union, who introduced many novelties, including form messages for holidays and birthdays. It was Sara who suggested personal service for unusual requests. . . . She's been a telegraph operator, a field representative all over the country, and a teacher at Western Union schools, of which there are 112. Girls can take part-time courses in repair and installation work as well as transmission; can entertain high hopes of ambitious careers. Pay starts at thirty to forty cents an hour. Messenger girls may be any age from eighteen to fifty.

NOWADAYS you might be asked, any time, to take part in some radio broadcast for defense or war-relief activities. Helen Sioussat's new book, Mikes Don't Bite, tells you how to behave on the air. A bright, lively book, filled with famous names and entertaining anecdotes. (Published by L. B. Fisher, New York. $2.50.)

HOW strange it seems to see brilliant street lights, now dimmed out on New York's Broadway, still ablaze in our cities of the West. . . . Salesladies at the super-duper Neiman Marcus department store in Dallas wait first on customers in overalls. N. Marcus salesladies know the war workers have most cash to spend, so they give overalls preference over mink coats. . . . Blessings from me, and from many another traveler upon M. M. Long of the Kansas-Missouri-Texas Railroad for his patiently persevering aid on our behalf. Without him and his telephone help I don't know how we could have managed through the labyrinth of wartime detours.

RICH meat-and-vegetable soup, Western style, homemade, with vegetables both fresh and dried, offers a perfect wartime meal, nutritious, delicious, and economical. *Hamburger Victory Soup* is the name of this recipe. . . . Put 1 pound coarsely ground hamburger in pan with 2 tablespoons bacon fat or other shortening. Stir 3 to 4 minutes over brisk flame, smoothing out lumps. Combine with following vegetables, all diced: 3 potatoes, 3 onions, 1 carrot, 1 cup chopped cabbage, 2 stalks celery with leaves, 1 slice turnip, 2 tomatoes. Add 2 cups cooked dried beans or peas, 6 cups water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 bay leaf. Cook slowly at least 2½ hours. Put in 1 tablespoon butter just before serving.

VIOLINIST Louis Kaufman has invented a new test that's fun to play as a game. Though right-handed, he can write quickly with his left, but in reverse, so it has to be read from a mirror. Seen reflected in a glass, your left-hand writing should show the same characteristics as that of your right hand.

GO AHEAD AND MARRY HIM!

Continued from Page 30

husband may be put in a cold sweat of fear over a condition that has passed three weeks before. Make it quite clear, through all your maternal gurglings, that the baby can never, never take its father's place in your heart. You'd be surprised how much jealousy a man of thirty can work up against a child of three weeks, unless he's fully reassured!

Enclose, as often as possible, snapshots of yourself, your baby, your friends and his. He'll appreciate these more than he can say. Also, get into the pleasant habit of sending him clippings from the local newspaper with items about people he knows. Even if it's only that the Bills are having a party, he'll be interested. And if an article appears on some special hobby of his—stamp collecting or archery or whatever it is—clip that out and send it, too. Occasionally—perhaps once a month—you might telephone one of the men in the place where your husband used to work, and ask him if there's any news from the office that your husband would enjoy. All these things will make your letters triply prized.

ANOTHER excellent way of keeping in touch is to read the same books. Dr. Alsop suggests that when you buy a book you get two copies and send one to your husband. Then you can discuss the things that you found especially interesting, and he can do the same. (You might start this with the Shaw-Terry letters mentioned above.)

It is quite probable that you'll be sharing your experiences more intimately, through such letters as these, than if your husband were living in the same house with you. Thoughts will be shared which might have been crowded out by normal living with its dreary complement of butchers' bills and babies' diapers. Only the happy incidents of motherhood will reach the husband's ears; only the best of his wife's thoughts will find their way to him.

This year or so of separation is going to be hard on the newly married of America: nobody pretends that their sacrifice is not a large and difficult one. But these couples, if they are wise, need not count the years of separation as a dead loss. Instead, they can use them to build a sounder foundation of understanding and common dreams than one in twenty peacetime couples ever has achieved.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Tonie Carter, in love with Randy Britton, the famous flyer, even promises to give up her own flying for him.

Randy goes away for two years, and Tonie, out of spite, becomes a famous record-breaking pilot in her own right.

Tonie Carter, set to take off on her most important flight—for the navy—discovers her plan is known.

BY HARRIET GOULD

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

IN 1937 the world's most famous woman aviator, Amelia Earhart, was lost somewhere over the Pacific. An exhaustive search failed to locate any trace of the flyer. Rumor has woven an interesting web of fable around her death. One theory is that Miss Earhart deliberately lost herself to give our navy a chance to search for her—and incidentally to get a good look at some islands Japan was fortifying. But, according to the theory, something went wrong with the plan and she was killed.

In spite of loud denials from RKO's press department and the usual "Any similarity to persons living or dead, etc.," screen note, the script of Flight for Freedom bears a striking resemblance to that theory.

But even if this intriguing note were lacking, Flight for Freedom would be a good, exciting picture. The fast-moving story introduces Tonie Carter (Rosalind Russell) in the days when women flyers were a rarity. She bumps (literally—they lock wing tips) into Randy Britton (Fred MacMurray), a flyer whose first love is his plane. Their romance is torrid—but short-lived, for Randy suddenly takes off for two years' work in South America—leaving Tonie sore and determined to beat him at his own game—flying.

With the help of Paul Turner (Herbert Marshall), her instructor, she does become one of America's best pilots. But her real ambition is to fly around the world. She starts—but the navy calls her back with a request. Will she go ahead as planned, but pretend to be lost in the area of the Jap mandated islands so they can send the fleet to look for her—and also discover what the little yellow devils are up to? The plan is for the navy to smuggle an expert navigator aboard her plane at Lae, her last stop before her "crash." The navigator will guide her to Gull Island, where the navy will "rescue" her. She agrees, and everything goes according to schedule—until she discovers at Lae that Randy is her navigator and that the Japs, who are on to the scheme, plan to rescue her themselves. Knowing what is at stake, Tonie makes a decision that brings the picture to an inspiring finish. Flight for Freedom is an entertaining movie. See it.

(RKO.)

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT
(Columbia)

THE moth-eaten musical-comedy plot about the broken-down theatrical producer and the would-be Broadway star with too much money gets another workout in Something to Shout About. It has its moments—when pianist Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's band swing out, when the Bricklayers (an amazing dog act) do their turn, and in the too rare chances Broadway's William Gaxton gets to be funny. Otherwise it's a pleasant musical, with music by Cole Porter and a terrific rumba by Janet Blair. Jack Oakie, Don Ameche and Cobina Wright round out the cast.

LUCKY JORDAN
(Paramount)

THIS topical thriller offers Alan Ladd—in another of his impassive roles—and Helen Walker, an attractive newcomer to the screen. It's the story of a racketeer who deserts the army but redeems himself by rounding up a gang of saboteurs. The propaganda element, which is poorly blended here, slows down the action by laboring the resemblance of Nazis to gangsters. (Does any one think there is a difference?) Although the film lacks the suspense of Ladd's previous pictures, it still packs excitement.

PAULETTE GODDARD

PAUL HENREID

DEANNA DURBIN

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid	*Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia) Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke	*Drama* (peace-loving Norwegians rise and fight back at the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of their country).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt	*Drama* (the result of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").	Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) Noel Coward	*Drama* (the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET (M-G-M) Robert Young, Laraine Day	*War drama* (two bomb-blitzed children tangle the heartstrings of an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO) Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles	*Thriller* (American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels).	Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43)
MARGIN FOR ERROR (20th-Fox) Joan Bennett, Milton Berle, and Otto Preminger	*Comedy* (Patrolman Max Finkelstein is ordered to guard the Nazi consul in prewar New York).	Sloppy rewriting and slow direction of Clare Luce's successful stage play. (2-27-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) Ronald Colman, Greer Garson	*Love story* (the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) Donald Duck, Goofy	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).	Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten	*Thriller* (an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom—until a shadow of doubt enters).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton	*Navy drama* (conflict, jealousy, and fourteen rescued babies on a destroyer in a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM (Paramount) All-star cast	*Musical comedy* (Paramount presents all its properties—stars, producers, and gags—in an amusing package).	Pace and polish of a Broadway musical, but with more plot. (1-30-43)
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal) Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien	*Comic melodrama* (Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love).	Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43)
THE BLACK SWAN (20th-Fox) Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara	*Sea thriller* (beautiful technicolor records bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Will linger as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara	*War drama* (inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya).	Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43)
YOUNG MR. PITT (20th-Fox) Robert Donat, Robert Morley	*Historical drama* (England under its youngest Prime Minister—fights for survival against Napoleon).	Interesting and dramatic page from history . . . well worth seeing. (2-13-43)

THE COMING BATTLE OF FIGHTER PLANES

Continued from Page 13

seater fighter equipped with an astonishing fire power. The Lightning is the biggest and most heavily armed twin-motored fighter in the air. Like all twin-motored ships, it is short on maneuverability, but as a dive-and-run interceptor it has chalked up a formidable score.

All these machines are high-altitude killers. At medium altitude we have the Curtiss Warhawk. The P-40F is a conventional design of proven quality packing a powerful wallop. Its companion is the graceful snake-nosed Airacobra, which, fitted with a new motor and heavily armed, may develop into an ace destroyer fighter. The Airacobra is fitted with a 37-mm.-caliber cannon, firing through the propeller spinner, which the Russians put to good use as a tank strafer.

Against them the Luftwaffe will match the ME-109 and the FW-190. Neither is as heavily armed as its Allied counterpart. The FW-190, which is outclassed by the Spitfire at over 30,000 feet, is heavily armored. Second-string German fighters are the twin-motored ME-110 and the Heinkel 111, a very fast machine but a fragile one compared with its sturdy enemies. The Germans' dark horse is the ME-209—a high-flying modification of the 109, at this writing not yet seen in battle.

Properly used at its suitable altitude, each of these Allied planes is a deadly weapon capable of smashing whatever the enemy puts up against it.

ALTHOUGH he fights on the same principles as did his father in World War I, the modern fighter pilot has ace-high advantages.

As he soars into the sky in his armored cockpit with its bullet-proof glass hood, he is connected with the ground and his squadron mates by radiotelephone. The sector operations room, aided by radio-location and spotters' reports, gives him up-to-the-second information, throughout his flight, on the position and flight direction of enemy planes.

He may have to fight at 40,000 feet. The altitude will hardly affect him in his electrically heated suit and oxygen mask. His parachute gives him an even chance of life if his machine is disabled. At his fingers' ends is a fire power a hundred times greater and deadlier than the aces of yesterday had at their command.

Aerial gunnery is still the most important factor in air fighting. Tactics comes next. Major—now Air

Marshall—Bishop, V. C., the R. A. F. ace from Canada who scored seventy-two confirmed victories in World War I and probably destroyed twice that number of planes behind the German lines, laid down the first principles for a fighter pilot in 1918. He needs two things above all, Bishop said—good shooting and use of his head. He must take the minimum of risks, and whenever things look bad, get away, and then go back to finish the job.

Bishop believed surprise the most important factor of air attack. "If you can get in the proper position and fire from there, there will be no second part of the flight," he used to say. Every fighter pilot in the air today, Allied or Axis, has that same precept dinned into him in a hundred different ways.

FIGHTER planes fight in formations led by experienced flyers. The basic pattern of the formation is a V, as it is in the flight of wild geese. Every air force has many variations of this pattern, but the fundamental principle remains.

On the offensive, a squadron is sometimes divided into elements of two, one plane flying above and behind the other. The French started this twenty-five years ago. Guynemer, the French ace, got so reckless that his squadron leader sent him out with a tail guard. The idea caught on.

The modern squadron leader is like a football coach. He trains his pilots on the ground, using a blackboard and movies. He flies with them on training flights, practicing new attacks, and in the air he gives them code instructions before the squadron peels off to the attack. His job is to get his men in the right position to surprise the enemy, to assemble them after the attack, and to maintain tactical control of his unit all through the action.

Each member of the leader's fighting team knows his job in the formation, and the fundamentals of air combat. They are simple. Surprise is achieved by attacking from the sun, from the clouds, or from banks of haze.

The pilot is taught to attack enemy planes from above and the rear, or by diving from the vertical flank; to hold his fire until he is within effective range, which may be from 250 to 300 yards, according to the type of gun fitted to his plane.

He is warned not to come in too fast, because if he does his great speed will not give him an opportunity for an accurate burst, and he may overshoot and be "cold meat" for the enemy guns. He carries a limited supply of ammunition, so he

has to use it sparingly. Enemy fighters often wait high above a dogfight until the attackers' ammunition is expended. Then they roar down to pick off the defenseless pilots.

When a dogfight is joined, the fighter pilot must keep close to his enemy, turning in a tight circle, giving short bursts of fire whenever he gets a sight, to make the enemy take evasive action or be shot down. Then he will try always to get on the enemy's tail and stay there, making every move the enemy makes, until he can close in for a killing shot. The best attack against single-seaters is from the rear, either below or slightly above the tail. Another is from a sharp angle out of the sun, with guns aimed at the enemy's cockpit. Once its pilot is dead, a single-seater is out of action.

When he himself is attacked, a fighter pilot automatically turns his nose toward the attacker to shorten the enemy's approach and bring his own guns into action. A good pilot can turn from the defensive into the offensive in a matter of seconds.

If his ammunition or gasoline is low, a pilot may have to take evasive action. For this he must never fly in a straight line so that the enemy could get a deflection shot. Some pilots can hit, with shellfire, a plane travelling at 400 m. p. h. at 1,000 yards range. The attacking pilot aims his gun ahead of the enemy plane, so that it will run into his fire. But this kind of marksmanship is easily defeated by changing angle and direction of flight.

The best evasive action is said to be to get the machine into a series of downward half-rolls, which have the effect of making a machine travel in two directions at once. "No sight can get you then," say pilots who have got away by using these tactics.

PILOTS are, of course, taught what to do if surprised. "If you hear gunfire or see bullets going by, take evasive action first and then look round," says a combat instruction book. "Don't look before you turn. You might be too late."

Air fighting is a split-second job. A clash between two squadrons twenty miles apart can be joined and all over in a minute, with the air full of splintered burning machines and floating parachutes, and the opposing squadrons miles away in opposite directions.

Fighter planes and bombers use clouds for cover against attack. Pilots have to learn to use this cover themselves, and learn how, when chasing an enemy, to place themselves in a position to down him when he comes out of a cloud.

Whenever he is flying alone a pilot must keep his eyes on the upper sky behind him and fly an irregular course. When coming in to land or taking off, he must keep his eyes peeled for enemy planes.

He must be watchful at all times for tricks by the enemy. Said a Russian Air Force spokesman, "Immediately the enemy knows our tactics, he tries new tricks. We have to be ready for them.

The most important part of present-day air fighting is instantaneous recognition of enemy aircraft and a knowledge of their vulnerable spots, from information collected by intelligence departments.

THE instant he sees a black speck in the sky, a speck that may be approaching him in a dive at 600 m. p. h., a pilot must be able to tell whether it is friend or enemy and to discern its type, and if it is an enemy he must know just what to do—how to fight it, where to aim.

Pilots are taught all this until it becomes a sixth sense.

In premises occupied by a fighter squadron you find wooden scale models of enemy airplanes hung in every room in every conceivable position. Each one is adorned with one or more ping-pong balls attached to steel rods that penetrate the model at certain points. These are the vulnerable spots. The pilots see these models to remind them of the vitals that will be their targets.

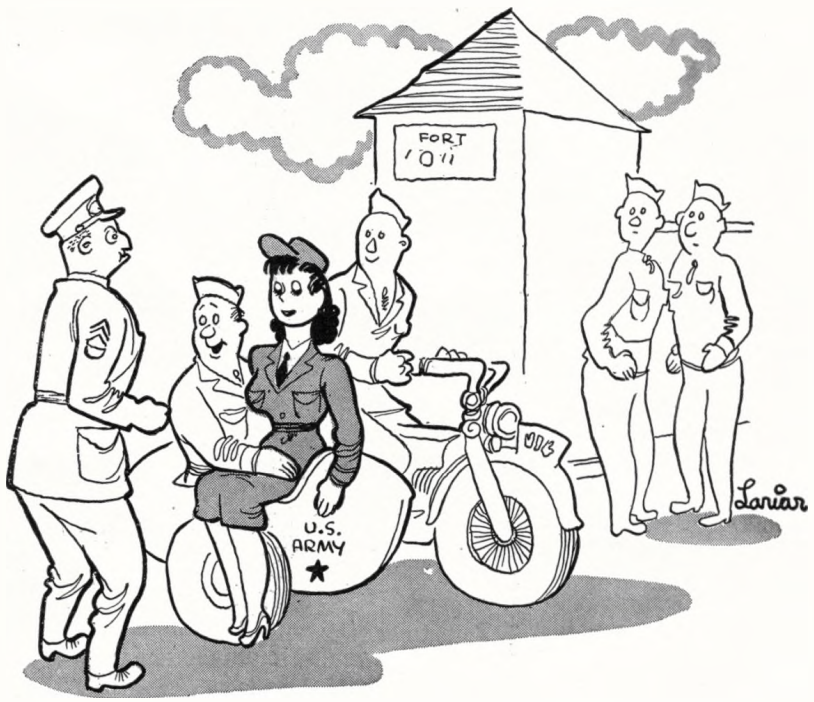
Every American and British pilot who goes into action against the Luftwaffe knows the weak spots of the FW-190s and ME-109Gs and the ME-110s, their fire powers and their maneuverabilities, and every one will know how to maneuver his own plane so that the enemy must fight at a disadvantage.

The big air battle for Europe may come any day. It may even be on by the time this article appears. It may be started by a wing or a group of 250 to 500 fighter planes in a search formation spreading across ten or fifteen miles of sky and extending to extreme altitude on the vertical flank.

To keep 500 planes fighting this battle of destruction, 500 more must be in support in the air, and another 500 on the ground at the alert. The enemy must be kept fighting through the hours of daylight, and never be allowed a respite to make up his losses. Once we start such a battle, it must be carried through regardless of losses. Victory will come only when the enemy cannot send fighter planes up to resist the attacking air force, which will then continue its fighter operations to give cover for its bombers and for ground forces.

Before our fighter planes and pilots is a tremendous task. They will do it just as Rickenbacker and his comrades did in the last war, but they will do it faster and on a much bigger scale. Once we can make the enemy lose fighter planes at the rate of 400 or 500 a day, the end will be in sight. Without fighter planes the Luftwaffe will be helpless except for revenge sorties by its bombers, which will suffer heavy losses from our interceptors.

THE END



"Well, would you have passed by a walking soldier?"

? GUESS WHO ? SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

GET going! The game is to follow the clues and deduce what famous person is talking. Answers will be found on page 60.

1. You've heard it often: *"These are the times that try men's souls,"* which was said by a Britisher who helped both the French and our Revolutions.

2. A famous pharmacist, jailbird, storyteller observes, *"There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavor of life until he has known poverty, love, and war."*

3. *"Happiness, to some elation, is to others mere stagnation."* American poetess, heavyweight, fond of tobacco.

4. The Holland author-artist who is always on America's best-seller lists says, *"The only treasures which are really ours are those we lay up in the hearts of our friends."*

5. The suave, middle-aged movie actor, famous for several detective

parts, explains it: *"As to being an actor, I was an exhibitionist even as a baby."*

6. And the last-century English poet-critic who liked dope wants us to remember that *"A mother is the holiest thing alive."*

7. *"Conceit is God's gift to little men."* From an ex-congressman, advertising man, author.

8. You'll disagree, but this Spanish-born surrealist artist, living in America, believes, *"The only difference between me and a madman is that I am not mad."*

9. *"There are some people who take a fierce delight in doing what they do not want to do."* This from the expert critic of New England's literary history whose name suggests Holland but who is all-American.

10. Confidant of the President, no title, frequently ill, states: *"This is a war in which all of us must fight side by side, civilians and military, men and women, Russians, British, Chinese."*

LADY WITH WINGS—Continued from Page 17

"Lennie," said Lieutenant Rogers, a little breathless, "I'm calling from outside the field. It's the first chance I've had all day. I'm sorry as hell about the jolt you had this morning. I was right there at the colonel's desk when he spoke to you—ready to fold up and fall through the floor. My heart was up in my throat. Didn't know what you'd tell him."

"What in heaven's name *happened?*" she asked. "Why did you have to report it at all?"

"Some guy took his girl walking to your beach the night we landed. They saw us come down in the moonlight. Too far away to see *you* hop out, thank heaven. Still, the sight of a plane landing there and taking off puzzled them. They talked it over for a whole day before the fellow decided maybe he'd better report what he'd seen."

Lennie groaned.

"I was at Headquarters when the report came through. And that was a break. I figured I'd better talk up quick before the colonel started an investigation."

"But how could you explain—"

"It was easy." Andy's laugh was excited. "The old brain was working on all six, Lennie."

What he had told the colonel was persuasive enough—especially coming from an impulsive redheaded boy just out of his first combat. Knowing that the Westcott's fuselage had been hit by Nazi bullets, he had said, he'd been afraid that possibly the damage was greater than he'd suspected. There was always the chance that he wouldn't be able to reach Langley Field. When he'd passed over the Chase place he had thought it might be a good precaution to land and have a look at his plane. He did, discovering quickly enough that he needn't worry about flying on to Langley.

"PRAISE the Lord for a man of wit," Lennie murmured. And then she protested, "But you'd have reported that by radio!"

"Sure. The colonel bawled me out for not doing it. My excuse was that I was so excited after my first battle, and so excited by the refueling job I'd witnessed, that I just didn't bother to phone in. I took the blame for that, all right, but the colonel overlooked it with a grin—because, after all, Lennie, I brought him news that left him popeyed. That refueling story is *something*. I'm being sent to Washington to make a personal report to the bigwigs."

"That's wonderful, Andy! And you—you're in the clear?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, thank heaven!" She couldn't suppress a nervous laugh. "I almost saw you cashiered and myself being grounded for life—the day after joining the WAFS."

"The day after *what?*"

When she told him of her decision, Andy Rogers all but cheered. "Good for you, Lennie! Great stuff! I knew you'd do it. When do you start training?"

"If I pass the tests, I start a week from Monday."

"Lady," he said with fervor, "the next leave I get will be spent in and around New Castle, Delaware!"

ON Friday her father had an idea. He wired from the plant: "Why not come down to get in some practice before you take test flights? You can fly Chasers around our field."

It struck Lennie as an excellent suggestion. Except for her flight in the Westcott, she hadn't been at a plane's controls in months. It might be wise to go through the routine which would be expected of her at New Castle.

So she went.

Her father grinned when, for the first time in a year, he saw her get into flying togs. "Somehow," he said, "you never look decently dressed unless you're in those things."

"Got a Chaser ready for me?"

"It's been ready since yesterday. Come on."

They walked across the field together. All about her were the buildings—machine shops, assembly plants, hangars—that stood as monuments to Walter Chase. She was proud of them, proud of him. When she went into the plane, she bent to give him a quick kiss.

"That," she said, "is just for being you."

The Chaser was a single-motor pursuit built for speed. Smaller than the Westcott—as small as a Jap Zero—its cockpit was narrow and cramped, without an inch of waste space. Lennie pulled the glass hatch shut over her head, saluted her father, and switched on the ignition.

Two minutes later she climbed toward the clouds. In her earphones the voice of Control said, "Remember, you've got to stay within landing range of the field. It's law. You're up as a test pilot."

"I'll remember," she said.

After that, high above the factory, she went through the routine Bill Keith had warned her to anticipate—climbing turns, gliding turns, chandelles and lazy eights, spins, and power-on stalls, power-off stalls. She went through them all with the joyous freedom of a dancer on a

huge unoccupied stage, doing as she pleased, unhampered. . . .

When she'd been up two hours, she asked through the phones, "All clear to come in?"

"All clear. The field's yours."

Starting at 2,000 feet, she banked into the wind and began the swift descent. The voice in her ears said:

"How about that landing gear?"

"I haven't forgotten," she answered, with a laugh.

The Chaser's retractable landing gear was familiar enough. As she approached the ground she reached for the lever. She pulled it. And suddenly her smile faded.

She tried again. She began to jerk at the lever, to shake it. She had less than 1,000 feet of altitude, so she lifted the plane's nose skyward.

"What's the matter?" called Control.

"Landing gear jammed!"

She went up to 2,500 feet, leveled off, and gave her full strength to the lever. She worked at it desperately, until her pallor changed to the flush of exertion. In the earphones the voice of Control was asking tense questions. And then a new voice took its place—her father's, sharp, anxious:

"How much gas have you, Lennie?"

"Almost empty." She was breathless.

"What's jammed—the lever or wheels?"

"Lever!"

"Try kicking it *forward!*"

She had done it a dozen times, but now she tried again. It was futile. She worked at it for twenty minutes longer, at 2,500 feet, and the lever wouldn't budge. Her gas indicator, she saw, was down perilously close to EMPTY.

Lennie abandoned the lever. She gripped the controls and talked into her mouthpiece: "Dad!"

"Yes?"

"I've got to come in like this. Pancake. Get the ambulance on the field."

"For God's sake, Lennie—"

"No help for it. Here I come!"

Lennie dropped the Chaser's nose. She slid down a hill of wind to 1,000 feet, then banked in a long spiraling descent to 500 feet. She tried not to think. It was bad to think ahead. To come in without wheels might mean a splintering crash; it might mean the end of flying, of thoughts about the WAFS, of life itself.

Over in the control tower her father was talking wildly to somebody. His mouth must have been close to the microphone; she could hear him distinctly. His voice was harsh.

"*I* got her into this! Wired her to come out! If anything happens—"

She called sharply, "Dad!"

"Yes, Lennie? Yes?"

"Quit that!"

"Listen, Lennie."

"Watch!"

She was at the far end of the field, with an altitude of 500 feet and good airspeed, when she cut the motor. In place of its roar there was the shrill whistle of wind. She couldn't strike the ground at this speed without smashing the plane and herself into destruction. Yet she knew exactly what she was going to do, and she did it with an amazing sense of calm.

At 300 feet she lifted the nose a bit. She began to lose speed. She waited a moment, then went down again. A series of dips and rises brought her down to 100 feet. She was using glider tactics—though you couldn't handle a Chaser quite like a glider—and by the time the fuselage was skimming a few feet above the ground she had reduced her airspeed to a minimum. She was floating—slowly—eerily—

The jar of contact with the ground was not bad. True, the plane skidded around and threw up a great deal of dirt. But she knew, even before she stopped moving, that it hadn't been badly damaged. She herself was unhurt. She glanced out at the ambulance that sped toward her, and she smiled, waving it back.

"How'm I doing?" she asked in the mouthpiece.

A shaken voice, her father's, answered, "Lennie, all I can say is—if a woman who can handle a plane like you were to stay out of the WAFS on *any* excuse, I'd call it treason!"

THE day she reached New Castle to begin the four-weeks period of instruction, it was raining and low November clouds hung over the hangars. It had, in truth, been raining for four days. The field was a swamp of mud.

Still, the dismal aspect of the place couldn't subdue Lennie's sense of achievement. She was, she felt, scoring a triumph over herself. The months of ostrichlike blindness, of seclusion, were ended. She had rejoined life. Walking beside the soldier who carried her suitcase from the gate, she looked flushed and buoyant and determined, and her eyes shone in a way that made the boy marvel.

She'd had no trouble with her test flights a week ago. They had sent her up in a Fairchild PT19A, and she had handled it as smoothly as a bird manages its wings, putting it down on the field as if she'd been landing a cargo of eggs. Nor had the committee of officers placed any oral obstacles in her way. With the exception of Major Bill Keith, who had sat as reserved and impassive as a judge, they had appeared quite pleased with the idea of adding Eleanor Chase to the roster of WAFS. Now all those preliminaries were over. In the morning she would begin taking instruction in navigation, meteorology, military customs and courtesy.

THE soldier led her into Post Headquarters. Though the Director of Women Pilots wasn't at her desk, a girl in civilian clothes—her secretary—greeted Lennie with a warm smile.

"All ready to dig in, Miss Chase?"

"All ready."

"Mrs. Love's busy in the Alert Room. I'll show you your quarters." The girl pulled on a slicker and bound a bandanna around her hair. "You can report to her when you've unpacked."

The soldier was gone. Lennie picked up her grip and followed the secretary out of Headquarters. She couldn't help wondering if Bill were back there at his desk, and once she glanced over her shoulder along the corridor. Then, with an inner stiffening, she reminded herself, *I've got to forget he's on the same field. I've got a job to do.*

They crossed a catwalk of loose planks that bridged the mud from the road to the door of the women's quarters. It was a wooden building as gray as the mud itself. Inside there was a small foyer with a bulletin board and a soft-drink vending machine. The girl led Lennie past them, up a flight of stairs. As they walked through the hall of the upper floor, Lennie saw names penciled under the numbers on the doors. They puzzled her because they weren't familiar—not one of any woman flyer she'd ever known; and it seemed to her that she'd heard of every outstanding woman pilot in the country.

The secretary must have noticed her perplexity. She explained, "Those were left by the men who used to live here. This was BOQ—Bachelor Officers' Quarters—before it was converted for the WAFS." She stopped at the threshold of a small bare room. "Well, this is it, Miss Chase. All yours."

Lennie stood in the door, suitcase in hand, and looked around. An army cot. A chest of drawers. A chair, a rug, a mirror—this was to be home for the duration. Its simplicity, contrasted with the lush comforts of her bedroom at home, gave her a feeling of exaltation. This was businesslike, a base from which a girl could set off to do a serious job.

"Notice the Venetian blinds?" asked the secretary. "You're in the only army barracks in America that has such luxuries. Where twenty-five girls live among a few thousand men, the government decided those things might be necessary for morale." The girl turned away, smiling. "If there's anything you want to know, just come over to the office. . . . Oh, yes. The washroom's downstairs. It's a common washroom, used by all. And if you see mice, don't let them worry you. We have more mice than WAFS."

When the secretary had left her alone, Lennie glanced around again and drew a long breath. This was what she had wanted. For this she was ready to crush pride and ignore indignation.

Her lips tightened and she unpacked.

The great trial of this first day, she knew, would be meeting the other members of the WAFS. Probably they had been told she was joining them. Some might even have seen the news boxes in the Washington papers. The way they greeted her today, the mood of the first encounter, would establish the spirit in which she might expect to live for the duration of the war. If they were cordial, she could look ahead with joy. If they were hostile, she could expect nothing but a bitter emotional ordeal.

As she folded underclothes into a drawer, she recalled one thing that gave her a measure of hope. After the test flight, Mrs. Nancy Harkness Love, chatting informally as they walked back to Post Headquarters, had commented, with a smile, on the total absence of cattiness among the women of the WAFS. They all had a serious task to do, the director had said, and they did it in an atmosphere of mutual respect.

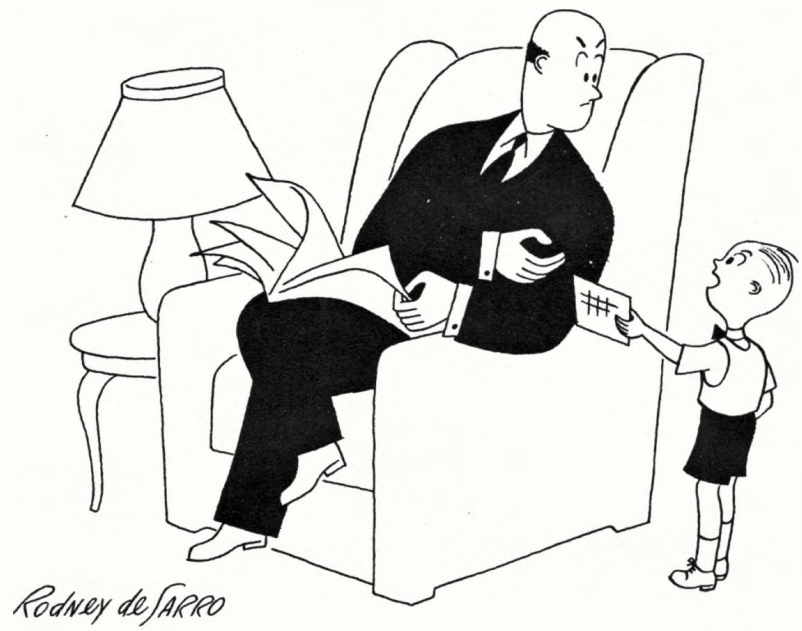
Well, perhaps. She'd discover her status soon enough.

WHEN she had emptied the suitcase, she changed her woolen dress for coveralls and boots—the symbols of her new apprenticeship. She looked at her bulky reflection in the mirror with a smile, thinking, *My war armor.* For the next four weeks she'd wear this costume. After that, if all went well, she'd be privileged to graduate from monkey suit into the trim gray uniform of the WAFS; and she'd wear the silver wings of the Air Transport Command.

She swung away from the mirror. Before all else, she had to report to the Director of Women Pilots. She drew on a slicker, tugged a rainproof cap over her hair, left the room.

And she had almost reached the stairhead when she heard a woman's voice down in the foyer.

"So now," it said, "when I finally do get time to wash a few pants and bras, it has to rain and I can't dry the damn things. It's wonderful to be a ferry pilot."



"Now don't start raising hell about my report card. You've been doing all my homework for the past month."

"Dad calls it his occasional chair because mom occasionally lets him sit in it."

One of the WAFS. Lennie felt a quick rise of tension. Here, almost before she was ready for it, was the test she had dreaded. The first meeting. . . .

She went on slowly. In the pockets of her slicker her hands curled into tight fists.

Then she heard a voice she remembered. It was throaty, languid—a voice which could, when it chose, sing blues in a way that tingled along your spine; the unforgettable voice of Doris Taggart.

Doris was saying, "You can always borrow a pair of pants from a newcomer, honey. That's one thing about recruits—you can count on their coming with clean laundry."

Lennie started down the stairs. Though there was a thumping in her chest, she tried to appear calm. This was Doris Taggart, whom she had twice beaten in transcontinental races; who, at their last meeting in the Shoreham, had deliberately turned her back. It was conceivable that the others would take their cue for behavior from Doris. And so the next months—or years—might be thrilling or miserable, depending on how the tall dark girl chose to make them now.

There were only two of them in the foyer, both in uniform. When they saw Lennie, they stopped talking. Doris looked striking—the gray trousers and military blouse seemed molded to her tall figure. She had a Creole beauty, with eyes as black and bright as her hair.

Lennie, pausing, said in a low voice, "How are you, Doris?"

There was an interval during which the tall girl, eyes narrowing, appeared to be making up her mind on how to answer. The silence became intense. It was in itself an ordeal. At last Doris said in a flat, impersonal tone: "Hello."

JUST that. Nothing more. No suggestion of introducing Lennie to her companion. She turned to the girl and said, "I'll be in the Alert Room, Liz. See you later."

Without another glance toward Lennie, she opened the door and walked out.

Lennie stood rigid. This was almost as bad as the day at the Shoreham. In her pockets, her fingernails bit into her palms. She could feel her cheeks flame, while a tumult of outrage and resentment stormed up in her. But it was undermined by despair that left her helpless. You couldn't fight hostility like Doris Taggart's. It ran in the blood. She had been too fond of Eddie Bonham.

As the door clicked, the other girl in uniform—a small, extremely pretty blonde with merry crinkles at the corners of her eyes—drew a sharp breath and came forward, her hand outstretched.

"Hello," she said cheerfully. "I'm Lizbeth Wile."

Lennie's lips parted with a wild resurgence of hope. Was this girl going to ignore the standard of behavior Doris had set? As she grasped Lizbeth Wile's hand, Lennie knew a rush of gratitude that made her want to hug the girl. There was a sudden blur in her eyes which she had to blink back.

"I know you, Miss Wile," she managed. "Your name, anyway. You're from Texas, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh. Amarillo. And you're Eleanor Chase, of course. I'd know you anywhere." The blonde girl returned the pressure of Lennie's hand. "Guess Doris took it for granted I knew you so well an introduction wasn't necessary."

THE effort to screen Doris Taggart's rudeness was tactful, and Lennie was tempted to accept it. Yet she saw in the smile of Lizbeth Wile a candor, an honesty, that made pretense seem cheap. So she said:

"No; Doris isn't very fond of me, and she's frank enough to let me know it."

Miss Wile laughed. "And here I am, trying to be a diplomat. Well, don't let Doris worry you too much. There are lots of people she doesn't like—Willkie, Mrs. Roosevelt, Leon Henderson, and Tom Dewey, for instance. You're in good company." And she added, "Going over to Headquarters?"

"Ye-es."

"I'll walk with you. Got to stop by at P. Ex."

Lennie decided she liked Miss Wile; and liking somebody filled her with a warm sense of pleasure. She smiled as they went out. She glanced over the girl's uniform. The gray trousers were well tailored, the military blouse perfectly fitted; even the utility bag slung from the shoulder seemed smart.

"Natty get-up, isn't it?" said Lizbeth Wile. "Nancy Love and a Wilmington tailor dreamed it up one rainy afternoon. There's a skirt that comes with it for town wear. By the way, better get a fitting next time you're in Wilmington. The tailor needs a few weeks to turn it out."

They walked across the bridge of planks in silence. When they reached

the solid footing of the road, the blonde girl turned.

"Look, Miss Chase—"

"The name's Lennie."

"O. K., Lennie. I'm Liz. . . . As long as we're being frank about Doris, would you mind telling me something? To settle an argument?"

"Let's have it."

"Those news items about your joining the WAFS, the ones in the Washington papers—you didn't pose for them, did you?"

"If you mean did I hand out the story—no. I didn't even know it was to run."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

Liz shrugged. "It didn't sound as if you'd been interviewed. There weren't any quotes."

"And Doris thought otherwise—is that it?"

"I guess she did. . . . You see, the one thing we don't go for in this outfit is the business of hunting publicity and glamour."

Lennie had a mortifying vision of these women discussing her and her motives. It made her bite her lip.

"Thanks, Liz," she said quietly. "Thanks for giving me the benefit of a doubt."

"Oh, hell, don't pin halos on me. I know how it is. Down in Amarillo, when the papers began playing me up one summer, I lost the best boy friend I ever had. He decided I'd been boosted way outside his reach. Those things can drive you crazy. Well, here's your stop."

They paused outside Headquarters.

"If you get a bit of time later," Liz urged, "drop into my room. Hear my ten-minute lecture on military procedure—how to handle wolves in uniform."

With a casual wave of her hand she went on toward P. Ex. Lennie stared after her a moment, then turned toward Headquarters. Her heart beat hard. She understood the warning the small blonde girl had tried to give her. The members of the WAFS—with the exception of Doris Taggart—had decided to suspend judgment on Eleanor Chase. They'd wait to see, before condemning her, whether she really planned to make her enrollment a path of glamour and publicity.

LATE in the afternoon a shaft of sunshine split the clouds. It struck the New Castle field like a searchlight. Through the rift it made a huge B17 come roaring out of the skies. It landed as gracefully as a small trainer.

Lennie watched the Fortress taxi toward the hangars. She was standing with young Lieutenant Rassiter, who was to be her instructor in army flying patterns.

"The way I feel about teaching you anything, Miss Chase," he said, with a grin, "is the way Kay Kyser would feel trying to teach Toscanini to conduct."

"Toscanini and I take our bows for a pretty speech. As a matter of fact, I don't know a thing about army flying."

"All you've got to do is forget the way you used to fly. Once you get off the ground, the sky is no longer yours. You'll climb to a prescribed altitude, make your turns at a prescribed angle. You'll learn to fly in prescribed formations. It sounds a lot tougher than it is." He grinned again. "If I can teach it, you can learn it."

She hardly heard him now. The B17 had stopped and men in flying togs were dropping out of its belly. One of them was Major Bill Keith.

Bill didn't see her. He seemed tired and drawn as he walked toward the hangar.

"They look," Lennie murmured, "as if they've come a long way."

"They have," said Lieutenant Rassiter. "Overseas."

"Overseas!"

"George hasn't been the same since Veronica Lake kissed him for buying a bond."

"Took a squadron over a few days ago. That plane just ferried them back."

"Is—is that what Major Keith does? Ferry planes overseas?"

"You trying to dig out military information, Miss Chase?" the lieutenant asked, smiling.

"I happen to know Major Keith. I was just wondering."

"He's ferried planes all over the world in the past year. England, Australia, Egypt, China, Russia—just about everywhere, I guess. Right now he doesn't do much of it. He's in charge of Base Operations."

"I see."

Lieutenant Rassiter turned back to the trainer. "About these army flying patterns, Miss Chase—"

SHE didn't see Bill until evening, at officers' mess. In the crowded room she discovered that the members of the WAFS were scattered among the men—"to spread beauty as far as possible," Captain Grant of Public Relations explained to her. She found herself seated between the captain and a Major Rider. Bill was in a far corner of the room.

Now and then, however, when she looked up, she could see Bill watching her. The first time, he smiled—a tired smile—and nodded. Then he appeared to forget her.

But as she finished dessert he bent over her chair. "Can I see you when you're through?" he asked.

She felt her nerves twang. "Of course."

"I'll be waiting at the door."

He took her outside, to walk along the road in a cool wind. With the clouds almost gone, stars glimmered among them, and puddles glistened in the vast reaches of mud. Where they walked, however, it was dry.

It was good to be beside Bill. It was exciting. Lennie waited in silence while he filled and lit a pipe.

"Well?" he asked. "How did it turn out?"

"How did what turn out?"

"The reception."

"I seemed to get along all right."

"Meet all the girls?"

"The eleven that are here, yes. The rest are scattered over the country, delivering planes. They're a pretty fine crowd, Bill."

"Glad you like 'em. Frankly, I was worried."

"You sound as if you'd talked to Doris Taggart."

"I did—a week ago. That's why I was worried."

Lennie stiffened. "I'll get by."

He walked quietly for a while. Save for an occasional sentry, the road was empty; they saw nobody.

"Lennie," Bill said at last, "I—I've had a queer kind of experience."

"Yes—"

"I was leading a squadron along the African coast. A swarm of Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs came screaming at us out of nowhere. It—it was quite a scrap while it lasted."

She caught her breath, staring at him. His face was still drawn, the eyes narrowed.

"We came through all right," he said. "But when it was all over, when we'd delivered the planes, I lay down on a cot and did some thinking. You can guess the kind of thoughts a man gets at a time like that. He begins to think of what might have happened, how he might have been shot down. He begins to think of all the things he's wanted in life—things he almost missed out on."

LENNIE paused as he stopped. She watched him frown at the pipe, watched him thrust it into his pocket. Then he looked at her.

"Lennie—" He sounded harsh. "Do you know you've been driving me crazy?"

"Why, Bill—"

"I used to love you—I guess I still do—and yet, the things you do make me want to sock you!"

She didn't know what to say. She was bewildered. Yet the heat of a sudden reckless joy rose through her. In the moonlight her eyes glowed; she put a hand on his arm.

He whispered, "I lay there, on a cot in Africa, and saw your face, and I hated you and loved you all at the same time. So help me, I don't know *how* I feel about you. All I know is that, lying there, seeing you, I wanted to—to *do* something about you. Maybe this—"

And Bill Keith pulled her into his arms. He crushed her against himself and kissed her lips savagely, almost in anger. And for a moment the stars and the clouds and the skies whirled around and around in crazy confusion.

When he let her go, he was breathless.

"I'll be going back to Africa again," he said. "And I—I wanted to do that just once before I go."

Then he turned and walked across the mud toward his quarters.

And though she should have been overjoyed, Lennie was agonized. She knew why he was walking off. She knew why he was leaving her like this, after that single desperate kiss. Eddie Bonham had tapped his shoulder.

Can Lennie ever lay the ghost of Eddie Bonham? How can she kill Bill's suspicion and Doris' hatred? She's still in there fighting in next week's chapter—but against staggering odds.

Answers to Guess Who Said It?
on page 55.

1. Thomas Paine.
2. O. Henry.
3. Amy Lowell.
4. Hendrik W. Van Loon.
5. William Powell.
6. Coleridge.
7. Bruce Barton.
8. Salvador Dali.
9. Van Wyck Brooks.
10. Harry Hopkins.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Continued from Page 14

"She'll be hunting for good luck around here."

THE porter carried Rita's two bags all the way across the station platform and down the long line of parked cars. He took Anne's tip and said, "No trouble at all, ma'am," to Rita. The porter and Rita smiled at each other through a private rainbow that didn't include any one else on earth. He had to run to catch the train.

"You were sweet to come out and get me," Rita said. "What have you got—an A card? That's a shame. Surely you ought to have at least a B. I love your hair. You must tell me where you go."

"I'd better see about your trunk."

"No baggage, darling. Trunks are so unpatriotic nowadays. Maybe I'll look into Bradley's while I'm here. Do we still have a charge account?"

Anne felt mean and small and miserable, but she had to say it: "How's Hubert?"

"Didn't I write you? Hubert is so nice. A dreadful ham on the stage but a thoroughly sweet person. We both liked and respected each other, but it never quite got beyond that.

"Have you seen anything of the cotton I stick in my ears?"

It was one of those inevitable mistakes that you're afraid will end in ugliness—but it didn't. Hubert was so gentle I wanted to weep. Ned Harper has offered him a role in a new play that Hubert says is sure to be a smash hit. For his sake, I hope it is."

Anne's tight foot eased on the gas pedal. She let the speedometer needle sag back to 30. She watched the spaced sidewalk oaks marching backward along Park Street. "Hubert in a Ned Harper play? I thought he was planning an independent production of his own."

"He was. His backer ran out on the agreement. A horrible little furrier named Schwenker. . . . Aren't those oaks gorgeous? And there's the *house*. Oh, Anne, look at our lovely old shebang! You were the smart one to take the house."

"I guess I was," Anne said. She hadn't really taken it. It had been relinquished to her by Rita after the death of their widower father. He had left the house and a tidy sum of cash. Rita took the cash and went to Manhattan, where there were dramatic coaches and voice teachers and the warm beckoning glow of thoroughly nice people in high places.

Before she left she broke her engagement to Roy. He had been so understanding that Rita wanted to weep. He had remained at his desk in the law office of old J. B. Markey, and Anne wished that she hadn't been in love with him before Rita, because what was there left to say to Roy that wasn't tarnished and secondhand and sour grapes?

Rita ran ahead across the frosty lawn. Her cheery cry brought Mrs. Nason out of the kitchen with a tight smile. There was a brief awkwardness, then they were all talking—but somehow there was only Rita and Mrs. Nason. Mrs. Nason was laughing; she looked suddenly quite

happy. You could only understand how it felt, Anne thought, when the rainbow was around you, but it was a wonderful thing to watch. Mrs. Nason cried suddenly, "Lord 'a' mercy, my chicken!" and fled to the kitchen.

As the swinging door flew open, Rita sniffed. "Not chicken curry!" she said. "Anne, you didn't!"

"I thought you'd like it."

"Isn't it grand to have a sister!" Rita said.

They went up to her room, the front one that overlooked the lawn, and Rita opened her two bags and hung her dresses on a few of the many hangers that Anne had provided.

"I brought only the ones I'm mad about," she said. "In New York people are wearing two or three nice things to death. With so many men in uniform, simplicity seems— Oh, darn! the dry cleaner smashed one of my wooden buttons!"

Anne saw that all of the dresses had been to the dry cleaner's many times. Rita, who hated that sort of thing, must be really broke.

So many men in uniform, Anne thought. She knew why Rita wanted him now, and her heart was sick for Roy. True, a naval lieutenant didn't earn enough to get excited about; but the pay came regularly and there were allotments and benefits. And certainly a naval husband in wartime would be no problem for Rita. Even if Roy didn't go near the Coral Sea, even if he stayed on as an instructor in Rhode Island or some other training station, he'd have small opportunity to bother a talented wife in Manhattan who had a stage career to attend to and various helpful gentlemen of the theater to be nice to.

"I've got to hurry," Anne said. "I almost forgot I've got a job."

"How is old Mr. Markey?" Rita frowned slightly. "I always liked him."

"He's fine."

ROY'S father and J. B. had been cronies before Main Street was paved. Roy was the only person in town who could safely call him Uncle Jeb, a name he hated. When things got bad, J. B. had kept Roy in high school. After Roy's parents died he saw him through college and law school.

"What shall we do tonight?" Rita asked, her glance on the dress she was hanging up. "Shall we go out?"

Roy was coming tonight to see Anne, but she couldn't yet bear to say his name. "I had planned to stay home. Would you like to phone and let people know you're here?"

"Heavens, no. There isn't a soul in town I know. Run along, darling. I'll probably spend hours in the tub."

"If you need anything—"

Rita patted her sister's arm. "Anything I need I'll find," she said. . . .

The curried chicken was wonderful. Rita was wonderful, too. She wasn't wearing the dress with the broken button. While they were dressing, Anne had told her that Roy was in town on leave and might drop in later on. Rita had expressed surprise. She had supposed, she said, that Roy was in Australia at the very least. Wasn't it nice of him to drop in so promptly? Or didn't he know yet?

"Not unless you phoned him," Anne said. And then she remembered she was fighting for Roy, not for herself. It was a steadying thought. It carried her through dinner and made talk bearable until, at nine, the front doorbell rang.

Roy went a bit white around the lips when he saw Rita. He said, "Oh —hello!" And then he said, "What a delightful surprise."

"It was all very impromptu," Rita said.

He stood stiff as a ramrod. Anne saw the old hurt grow fresh in his eyes and then vanish under a layer of defense. His uniform cap was still in his hand. Anne carried it to a side table very precisely, and all at once there was a lot of laughter and joking and everything was jolly.

"You look grand, Roy," Rita said. "A uniform becomes you. Your reason for putting it on becomes you even more."

THERE was color in his cheeks. He sat next to Anne on the sofa where he could face Rita's chair. His eyes said, "That's all over and finished with now." Rita's eyes said, "But of course!"

It was like watching magic, Anne thought. You saw the same trick performed over and over but you never really could tell how it was done. Roy had come to see Anne, he sat alongside her on the sofa, but somehow she wasn't there. It was deft sleight of hand, accompanied by the most charming sort of patter, while the little balls changed from green to scarlet and the right cards came out of the pack.

Rita had worked the same magic two years ago. A week after she had taken him from Anne she had his ring. She didn't wear it right away, but Anne knew she had it. Such change-overs can be done deftly even in a small town. Rita and Roy became such an increasingly logical couple that the public announcement of their engagement came as a foregone conclusion. Roy had moved in with J. B. Markey and had hung out

"I've changed my mind. I'll have the $2.50 dinner."

his lawyer's shingle. He had very little money, but he hoped to have more in a year or so. Rita had no money at all. She was playing all the lead roles in the Town Players Group, and doing them uncommonly well. People said it was too bad that Roy was so set in his ways; why couldn't he move his law practice to New York, as Rita insisted? After all, Rita was really entitled to something more ambitious than a Town Players Group. It was not long afterward that Rita's and Anne's father had died, leaving a mortgaged house and some ready cash. . . .

Rita's throaty laughter made a pleasant murmur in the lovely old living room. "You were sweet, Anne, to hold up your date for me. Now you two must really be off." *Little red balls faster than the eye.* She spoke to her sister but she said it to Roy.

Roy grinned. "We had thought of going to the club dance—"

"Wake me up when you get back. I'll make coffee."

"Nonsense," Roy said. "Why not come along? There'll be plenty of stags."

"I wouldn't think of it," Rita said.

RAMBUNCTIOUS GUYS

Who is by nature arbitrary
Is urged to shun the military.
Such guys achieve the can, the clink,
Where they have lots of time to think.
On being sprung, the boys are cured
And, mindful of what they've endured,
Obedience they deify
By spitting in some sergeant's eye.

Who is by nature arbitrary
Is urged to shun the military.

—*PRIVATE ANON.*

ANNE danced and tried to tell herself that it was just like the evening before. Roy was more attentive to her, but he didn't dance so smoothly. Rita had found stags aplenty; serenely she was having herself a time. They saw her with an Air Forces captain, sipping orange juice in a deep wicker chair. Two artillery lieutenants had her for the space of two fox trots, cutting in on each other with cheerful ferocity. Roy didn't have her at all for quite a while. He seemed restive between dances.

"Tired?" he asked Anne.

"A little."

They went into the Trophy Room where it was quieter. Rita was there with the air captain. She waved, and there were introductions, and chairs were hitched closer. Rita had amusing things to tell Roy and Anne. It was light personal chatter about people whom the captain didn't know. He tried to listen from the wrong side of Rita's shoulder. After a while the rainbow look went out of his face and he excused himself and went away.

Roy wasn't restive any more. Rita had switched the conversation to the naval station in Rhode Island, and there were a lot of funny and implausible happenings that Roy enjoyed telling about. Music drifted through the open doorway. Anne's slippered toe moved lightly with the rhythm, but her heart didn't move. Her heart hadn't moved since the boy had brought her the telegram.

SHE waited for a pause in the talk, so that she might excuse herself. But Rita was better at timing. She was suddenly on her feet, after a momentary glance at Anne.

"My poor captain! I owe him a dance."

"You haven't danced with me," said Roy.

"I don't dare," she said. "My captain would be furious."

"Please do," Anne said. "The captain will probably get over it."

She found some one else. She danced up the side of a long, dark mountain. She kept dancing a long time. Roy and Rita had gone back to the Trophy Room. She tried not to glance through the open doorway as she passed and repassed.

She thought, Rita is telling him about poor unsuited Hubert. They have both agreed that Hubert was a thoroughly fine person. Inconsequential people, Anne thought, are always thoroughly fine. I am thoroughly fine. But I'm behind a little red ball that's going to make me disappear. Because the magician is too broke to stay in New York and keep up a front without a lieutenant's pay.

The ride home was crisp and merry, three in the front seat. Roy said it was much too late to come in for coffee. He and Rita argued gayly about coffee. Even when he was inattentive, the sound of his voice could drag little hooks through Anne's flesh. "It's been fun," he told her, finally. His tall navy figure went quickly down the lawn path to the car, and Anne's heart got into the car with him. She was glad when

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

One game the Italian people are heartily sick of now is duces wild.

Early in the second year (after Pearl Harbor) the Vancouver (Washington) Office of Internal Revenue refused cash in payment of income taxes, explaining that the government had made no provision for a cashier or cash register. Therefore, it ruled, all payments must be made by check or money order.

Four-word description of British civilians by a Canadian army officer: "At bottom, they're tops."

War workers prone to take safety measures with a grain of salt should ponder this significant fact: 46,500 lives were lost in industrial accidents since Pearl Harbor, which is the approximate number of American soldiers lost on the battlefield during World War I.

It Could Be Worse Department: After we have "suffered" the most drastic rationing even remotely in prospect at this time, our scale of living will still be far higher than the average of the rest of the world in peacetime.

Exchanging recipes on hitherto strange foods will soon be a national pastime. For instance, bloaters. We asked the man at the delicatessen about them. He said:

"Bloaters? Sure. Have your wife fix 'em. They're delicious, I give you my word. First she steams them. Then she pours melted butter over them. Now they look fine. So what do you do next? You lick off the butter and throw those no-good bloaters away."

If a young bank clerk on his seventeenth birthday were given the job of counting dollar bills, and did so at average speed—100 a minute—never losing a day through sickness, and taking time out only for a two weeks' vacation each summer, he would finish counting his first billion almost exactly on the day he was 104 years old.

Rita raced lightly upstairs with no further talk than a yawning plea not to be called for breakfast.

Anne had no trouble calling herself. She shut off the alarm an hour before it rang.

"You look tired," Mrs. Nason said.

"I've been dissipating."

She opened and sorted all of J. B. Markey's mail before he got to the office. The extent of his law business always amazed her. For an indolent old codger who liked to chew tobacco and stare out the window, it was a daily miracle to her how he managed to overshadow every other lawyer in the county.

When he came in, he gave her a quick look. "Good morning. I feel fine. How do you feel?"

"I feel fine, too."

"That's fine," he chuckled.

SHE took his slow, nasal dictation and transcribed it while he sat with his legs propped on his desk drawer, staring amiably out at the pale winter sunshine on Main Street. When the click of her machine finally ceased, he dropped his feet to the floor and swung lazily around.

"If I ever had a son, I'd teach him at an early age how to hoist both feet and look out windows."

"Why?"

"Most relaxing habit I know. Let's have those letters."

He signed all of them except the last two. He handed them back to her with a humorously mournful expression that made her smile. "Better do these over sometime after lunch, eh?"

"I'm sorry," she said.

"That's a nice old house you've got on Park Street. I always admired your judgment in holding on to it. How are your interest payments coming along? One due next month, ain't there?"

"Yes." The house was something she didn't have to worry about. The interest money was in the bank.

He fiddled with a pencil, tightened the cap on his ink bottle. "If you were to need five hundred dollars to meet that payment next month, I guess you know where you could borrow it without any fuss, hey?"

"I guess I do," Anne said. She kept looking at him, holding the spoiled letters. J. B. Markey didn't say any more. The sheet trembled a little in her fingers. "I may have to take you up on that," she heard herself say in a strange voice.

Rita wasn't home at lunchtime. Anne hadn't expected her to be.

"Miss Rita telephoned," Mrs. Nason said. "She borrowed your skating shoes. She said not to keep lunch for her." Mrs. Nason waited for Anne to make some comment, then added violently: "I never saw a navy man yet who wasn't a fool. Even my cousin Willard, who had sense enough to work up to pharmacist's mate, got himself tied up worse than a court-martial with one of these soft-laughin', easy-talkin' women, and—"

"It's a lovely lunch," Anne said.

She went upstairs and thought about Roy with her eyes closed and her throat aching. She couldn't possibly tell him why Rita had to quit Manhattan or how Rita intended to get back to Manhattan, but she could borrow five hundred dollars next month from old J. B. Markey. She had made J. B. think she was broke, and it was almost the truth. She made it true by stopping at the bank on her way back to the office. She drew out five hundred-dollar bills and left eight dollars in her account. She was glad J. B. didn't come back to the office and cock up his feet at the window and listen to the halting, uneven click of her machine. The cold afternoon sunlight took a long time to fade.

"They're not coming home for supper," Mrs. Nason said. "Miss Rita phoned from the rink. She said that Mr. Roy insisted that they dine at the rink restaurant. She asked would you mind if she borrowed your fur coat. She said Mr. Roy and she were going for a little drive later on. She'll get your coat, she said, when she comes home to change. That's all she said."

"What did you tell her?"

"I said you were the one to ask about your fur coat."

"That won't be necessary. Just tell her, when she comes, that she's welcome to wear it."

"Won't you be here?"

"No. I'm going out tonight."

ANNE wore her cloth coat. The wind was sharp and searching, but she didn't mind; she was colder inside than the wind. She walked two blocks past the Palace before she realized it. She came back and saw the full show. She saw two full shows. Afterward she went to the park and walked on many paths and saw many cold trees reaching upward toward the stars. They were gaunt and leafless but they were still reaching. Trees were silly, she thought—but not as silly as people. People kept reaching even when they knew it was no longer any use.

She came into the old house very softly and went up to her room. She had left her bankbook on her dresser in an open purse. The purse and the bankbook were still there, but the money was gone. It was no surprise Rita had done similar things so many

times before when she had seen something she needed. Anne went slowly along the dim hallway to the front room. Rita's two pieces of luggage were gone; the hangers were empty in the open closet.

Mrs. Nason appeared in the doorway like a tousled gray-haired ghost.

"Is it you, Miss Anne? I didn't hear you at the front door. I sat up, thinking you might be worried when you got home and found Miss Rita gone. She had an important message from New York. About acting or something."

Or something, Anne thought. She tried not to think of Rita, but of Roy and his navy uniform.

"They said to tell you not to worry," Mrs. Nason went on. "They didn't have much time to catch the train."

"They?" Anne whispered.

"Mr. Roy waited downstairs while she packed. He carried out her bags. They were both excited. Mr. Roy said to tell you to be ready to congratulate him." Mrs. Nason looked ready to cry.

"You'd better get back to bed," Anne said. "The floor is like ice."

The floor and the house and the world. How could she have believed that an easy five hundred dollars would satisfy Rita? She had taken the money and Roy too. Roy, who had waited downstairs while Rita packed, would never know the final little joke. He'd not even notice that Rita had forgotten to leave the fur coat.

Anne groped down the dark staircase, her hand on the smooth hundred-year-old balustrade. She moved through the living room to the door and stared out at the frosted dawn. She stood there, empty, unshivering, until after a long time a bright light, veering around the corner, made her blink.

Some one got out of the car and came toward her, and it was Roy. She didn't think she had said anything, but Roy was answering:

"On the train. We barely made it."

"But—"

"She was very broke. It took me two days to find it out and get down to cases."

"She came here for you."

"That's why it took me two days. I had to persuade Rita that I was all wrapped up and tied for somebody else. After she was sure of that—and Rita's smart—she liked my five-hundred-dollar cash proposition to clear out and let you alone from now on. Do you mind if I change the subject, darling?"

He felt warm and muscular, and she had always known it would make her cry, and it did. But she hadn't expected that there might be tears in his eyes too.

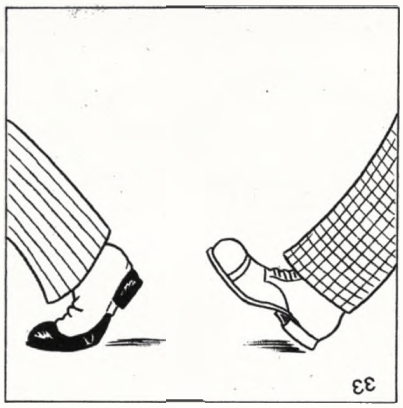
She thought of her empty bankbook, and she knew better than Roy that Rita had gone for good. Poor, pathetic Rita had worked both sides of the street. "But, Roy, you didn't have five hundred dollars. Where did you get it?"

"J. B. Markey loaned it to me. I think he had an idea why I needed it. He's a very smart old gent."

"He's twice as smart as you think he is," Anne said.

THE END

FOOTNOTES



Private detective.

TRICKS of TRADES

Life-Prolonging Salts

CHEMISTRY will find a way to prolong life by preventing the hardening of the arteries, one of the most damaging changes in the body that comes with old age. Professor William M. Malisoff of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, New York, predicts this. Dr. Malisoff claims to have arrested and even reversed hardening of the arteries in rabbits. He says that the hardening is due to the formation of a waxy substance, cholesterol, in the walls of the blood vessels. The doctor adds various salts to the diet which, he says, keep the cholesterol from being deposited.

Watch the Paper Hanger

A FIRST-CLASS paper hanger may nonplus you with his seemingly erratic style of hanging one or two lengths on one wall of a room and then jumping to the opposite side to hang a few more lengths, working sometimes from the right and sometimes from the left. But following his hop-and-skip method will do more than any other to make an amateur paper-hanging job measure up to a professional one.

English paper hangers call it "hanging from the light." In other words, the craftsman starts at every window or door and works away from it. Through this simple device he makes every lap *face into the light* and thus avoids that pencil line of shadow that will show up a mile off whenever a lap faces *away from the light*.

Asphyxiated Apples

ONE of the problems of fruit farmers, especially in the northwest states, has been the storage of apples. Apples stay alive after picking, breathing in imperceptible amounts of oxygen and giving off CO_2. Cold inhibits this life but it accentuates bruisings. An agriculturist finally solved the problem by storing his apples in a small airtight room. This asphyxiated the apples but preserved them for as long as eight months.

At Sea on the Desert

EXPERTS at the Quartermaster Replacement Training Center at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, train soldiers to go quickly and neatly over the side of a ship into landing barges on a desert 1,000 miles from the ocean.

Rope ladders have been strung down the side of a building, ending at platforms that pitch and toss like landing barges in a choppy sea. Descending these ladders with full equipment, the men learn the tricks they will need to know some day when they go into action on foreign shores.

The equipment forms part of the Center's "Cicarelli Circus," the obstacle course named after its director of basic training.

How Any One Can "Act"

FOR makers of documentary films it is difficult to get their subjects —real people instead of actors—to be natural before the camera. To induce the desired emotions, directors sometimes instruct one character to interrupt a speech, contradict, curse suddenly, thereby surprising the other amateurs into near-professional emoting. Traffic jams are shot by deliberately stalling a car. Passers-by are prevented from looking into the camera by concealing the camera in a suitcase and shooting through a hole; or, in desperate cases, by having a girl start to disrobe in the middle of the street.

Mastering Gold Leaf

THE dexterity of the sign man gold-leafing in the letters of the firm on a store front has fascinated many. Gold leaf is thin as a breath of air. Holding the book of leaf in his left hand, the artisan runs his special brush, about two inches wide and sparsely bristled, several times across the top of his hair.

You may have wondered why he does this, but it creates enough electromagnetic current to lift a single leaf, too fragile to be touched by human hands, off the stack, and holds it to the brush long enough so that he can lay it down on the flat just where he wants it to be.

[Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.]

CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from Page 11

man in bed and put a pillow behind him and gave him his horn-rimmed glasses, which he put on immediately. The corpsman and the hosap went away.

"I'm Prescott, yeoman in the exec's office on the sub base," the man said brightly.

"That's fine," Hal said.

Probably a shrapnel wound, he thought. All these guys with soft shore-base jobs—they stand in the street and don't do anything but watch, then they're hit by shrapnel from one of our own guns and all at once they become an important casualty.

"I got shrapnel," the yeoman said. "In the chest and in the leg."

"Does it hurt?"

"A little," he said. "There are still some pieces in me."

You poor thing, Hal thought. But don't worry. Your friends from the Y. M. C. A. will come up and bring you cigarettes and cookies. He pushed at his tray, and a nurse came and took it.

Prescott was talking again.

"I heard about you." He grinned. "They say you shot down the first Jap plane."

"Yeah."

HERE it comes, Hal thought; he either knows some guy who did something more spectacular, or he knows something *I* did that I don't know.

"I hear you're going to get the Navy Cross; and jumped in rate from seaman to gunner's mate second class."

"Am I?" Hal said. "Nobody told me." He didn't care anyway.

"It may happen this morning."

"Why this morning?"

"Haven't you heard? Knox flew over from Washington. He's going to be here at the hospital. He's probably got a bag full of medals."

Prescott's voice grated on him. And suddenly Hal was sore.

"What do you think I care? Do you think I give a damn?"

The yeoman reacted. "You don't have to yell. I don't care either. But he happens to be the Secretary of the Navy. That's all, brother—just the *Secretary of the Navy!*"

"Then lick his boots when he gets here, pen-pusher," Hal said.

He turned away, and all at once the idea hit him—so that suddenly he knew exactly what he wanted—what it was he had wanted those nights he had not slept. What he had wanted during those hours when he had sweated and listened for

planes, when he had heard nurses walking by in the darkness. He knew what it was, and how to get it—quick, without waiting. His stomach felt all hollow thinking of it, and his heart beat faster.

What he wanted was to get away from here. He wanted to get back to Los Angeles, back to his job parking cars nights for Systems Auto Park, and to the guys who had played football with him at Freeman High and who had said he had holes in his head when he joined the navy (but some of whom, afterward, when they saw his uniform, had joined too). They were his age, eighteen, but they would be nineteen now.

What he wanted was to mosey over to the firehouse, nights the old man was on duty, and talk to Cap and the other guys; and drive his own stripped-down Ford, with the exhaust open, making that *put-put*

AIR FORCE

They guide their ships among the stars,
Then hurtle down across the blue—
Laughing young lords with shining wings—
To swagger down God's avenue!

—HARRY LEE.

sound when you ripped down Vermont, some cop on your tail; and take Margie to the Palladium. How they used to jump in that place! He always said he could lick any three jitterbugs at once, then that night just one beat him to a pulp. And the beaches—Castle Rock, the bonfires, and the smell of burnt wienies and marshmallows, and some jerk who'd brought a battery radio, playing it low, and Margie looking at the purple on the ocean, all soft. She was a neat kid! The way she used to come over Saturday afternoon and help his mother with the shopping; even his sister had liked her.

"I'm going to get a survey."

"What?" Prescott asked.

"I said I'm going to get a survey. Either that or an inaptitude discharge."

"But how? It's impossible!"

"Is it?" Hal said. "If you're nuts they kick you out. Isn't that right?"

"If you're really psychopathic, yes."

"Sure. Well, I saw a guy once who deliberately threw himself over the side during maneuvers." He was talking fast now. "The ship had to fall out of formation and go back and pick him up. When we got to San Francisco they didn't even give him a court-martial. Just surveyed him out. Said he was nuts."

"Maybe he was."

"To hell he was," Hal said. "Everybody in the navy knows if you act like a crackpot they give you a nice medical discharge; either that or an inaptitude. You just have to do something that'll make some higher-up sore. Like the admiral was during maneuvers when that kid went overboard."

"I guess you're right."

"I know damn well I'm right."

He did, too. He also knew the way he was going to get his survey. It was the most singularly spectacular act he could conceive. It made him cold all over thinking of it—but he was positive it would do the trick.

"They'll order my discharge today."

"How come they will?"

"When the Secretary of the Navy comes around," Hal said quickly, tensely, "I'm going to thumb my nose at him!"

Prescott only stared at him.

"I mean it," Hal said.

There was no malice in his voice, or bitterness, only calm decision. He had nothing against Mr. Knox. Or the navy, for that matter. He just didn't want any more. He wanted to go home. He wanted to be *sure* he would go home, and stay there.

"You wouldn't dare do it!" the yeoman said.

"Wouldn't I?"

"But we're at war!"

"I know it," Hal said.

HE knew that all right. He knew they were at war. He was on machine-gun watch on the boat deck when he saw the first plane dive almost on top of the Arizona and let loose a torpedo bomb. And then, as it banked away, its belly right over his head, and he noticed the rising sun on the bottom of the wings—he let go with his gun. Everything was noise, and he saw the plane—and the pilot in it as it suddenly exploded; and then as it came down, making a noise like a siren, wrapped in flames, and hitting the water hard. Then all hell broke loose and he wasn't scared any more. He was blind with rage. He kept thinking, Now we won't get home for Christmas. He began to swear. He was furious. A plane zoomed low to bomb his ship, but with the gun stuck in its placement he couldn't get the proper angle on it, and while he was trying to jerk the gun loose, general quarters sounded all over Pearl Harbor, all at the same time, and even over the exploding bombs he

could hear the bugles and the ships' gongs and the loud-speakers.

Quite suddenly, while men were on the run everywhere, getting to their stations, he got the gun loose. He held it in his arms, cradled against his chest, and he began peppering every Jap in sight. He could see the pilots very clearly, and he was screaming up at them as he fired, the gun almost knocking him over each time he touched the trigger. It was a heavy gun and he was staggering all over topside shooting it.

Then there were other guns, all over the place, shooting from both ship and shore. His ship was hoisting anchor, the heavy iron chains clanking over the runways. A bomb hit close by, and he stumbled and fell on his prat, the gun coming down on top of him. But he grabbed it and kept punching the trigger, until he suddenly realized that he was out of ammunition.

"YOU'RE kiddin', Ennis."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Hal said, "shut up!"

"But you're not going to do it."

"I said I was."

He knew now that he would surely do it. He contemplated the whole business without any emotion. No more going to sea. He was through with that. No more routine or guns, or holystoning deck, or field days, or inspections. For a moment he watched the hosaps cleaning up, shining brightwork, polishing the floor. Apprentice pill rollers. All of them so busy. Well, they could have it. They certainly could have it!

He saw the nurse as she approached. She had clean sheets over her arm. For a moment Hal wondered if Prescott would give him away.

"All right, lift up," the nurse said. She was busy and didn't want to waste any time. "Secretary Knox is due here inside of an hour." She began jerking bedclothes out from under him. "Flew over from the mainland." She smiled. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Sure," Hal said.

The guys back in Los Angeles—especially in the firehouse nights with Cap and his old man—they'd all be asking him about it. He'd be the local boy for a while. His legs would get all right sooner or later and he'd be fine. He'd get a job, or maybe he'd just loaf for a couple of months. Take the old Ford out and buzz around town with Margie. He'd sleep as late as he wanted and do what he wanted. He'd get Charlie—old Charlie, quarterback at Freeman High two years ago—and they'd go down to that bowling alley on Sunset, make a night of it. Suddenly he stiffened.

"Where's Charlie Summers?"

"What?" asked the nurse.

"Nothing."

"Did you say Charlie Summers?"

"Never mind." . . .

Charlie was killed in the compartment with the others. They were all in there where they had been herded, under cover, off the boat deck. About forty-five of them. It was crowded and hot, and he was pressed back against a bulkhead. He felt elbows in his ribs and guys pushing against him, but nobody was talking. The ship was under way but just barely moving. Outside there was a lot of noise. Plane motors and guns. You couldn't see anything and you didn't know what was happening.

Suddenly a bomb exploded very close. The whole ship shook and everything went dark. When he came to, he was on fire. His face was burning and it felt as though the skin were hanging loose. His clothes were on fire. He was back there, against the bulkhead, and now, through the smoke, he saw that all the others were lying down.

All he could think of was that his face was burning, the skin hanging loose, and he started climbing over the backs of the men, trying to get out. These men were all dead, but he didn't know it at the time. There was a heavy port list—and the ship wasn't moving any more. Outside there was still plenty of noise.

IT was near the door that Charlie saw him. Charlie grabbed him. He told him his skin wasn't hanging loose at all; it just felt that way.

In his excitement he forgot his clothes were burning, and began to tear them off. When he was naked, he and Charlie made for the door. His legs were burned, but he didn't know it. Charlie said he had been looking for him. "I knew you were back there some place."

When they reached the door, Charlie was killed. Machine-gun fire or shrapnel—he never knew which, only that Charlie suddenly sagged and was bloody. He dragged him out on deck, but Charlie was already dead, and a young ensign made him put him down. The ensign began pushing him toward a rubber life raft. He remembered him saying over and over, as though it were utterly incredible: "The ship is sinking! The ship is sinking!"

There were six of them on the raft, and once they were in the water, three men began paddling one way, three another, so that they were going around and around in a circle. Machine-gun bullets fell like rain. At last Hal got off and grabbed the line that was attached to the raft, and began swimming. He climbed up on the beach naked and burned, and began pulling the raft

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

DROPTIMIST: Parachutist on his first jump.

CAN'TCHOVIES: When you are unable to eat them.

FIGHTINERARY: Eisenhower's plan of attack.

FREENO: A town in Nevada where the shackles are removed.

HENVIRONMENT: A wire fence around a chicken coop.

BEGINFANT: The first child.

RAMNESIA: What the sheep have who forget where Bo-peep is.

CRAMERA: Apparatus for photographing crowded subways.

COALABORATION: Changing over your oil burner for Uncle Sam.

STUNOGRAPHER: A breath-taking blonde secretary.

toward the shore. All Pearl Harbor was ablaze now and he couldn't think or see or hear. He just kept pulling on the line. At last, instead, the line pulled him back into the harbor, and he collapsed, lying there half in and half out of the water. That was where the Red Cross found him.

THE ward was hushed. Everything was ready now, spick and span. Nurses were whispering to one another. Hosaps stood by, wearing dress whites; patients looked around wonderingly; every one was waiting. There was tense excitement in the atmosphere. The noon sun shone brightly through the windows. The inspecting party, headed by Secretary of the Navy Knox, was due any minute.

Prescott looked over. "Well, hero?"

"Don't worry," Hal said.

Prescott smiled from behind the horn-rimmed glasses. He looked at Hal's legs stretched in the pulleys. "You brave ones. You give me a pain! It's only circumstances that make heroes anyway. I've always said that."

"And I'll bet you've always said it to guys who couldn't get up and punch you in the face."

He's so *wise,* Hal thought; so smart! He knows so much about everything. He stands in the street and gets shrapnel, and he's a walking encyclopedia on war. Well, he'll see!

"My next pay check says you won't do it," Prescott went on.

"It's a bet," Hal said.

He lay very still now. He thought of Margie waiting for him, her soft arms around his neck; and his old man, squaring off with him in the back yard, the swell bouts they used to have. Oh, God, the things he and Margie'd do! The places they'd go! Santa Barbara, Tia Juana—sure, even San Francisco. Sleep as late as he pleased, in his own bed. When he woke, his mother'd cook him up a breakfast, piping hot. Then he'd wheel out the old bus.

He heard voices now and he looked up. The inspection party was coming in from the hall. He recognized the Secretary of the Navy at once, and he felt a chill go through his heart. There were several high ranking officers in the procession. The party reached his bed and stopped. A four-striper told Mr. Knox that Seaman Ennis had shot down the first Jap plane. Mr. Knox glanced over at Hal, then started toward him.

Hal stiffened. In one brief second it would all be over. He was conscious that Prescott was looking at him, watching intently. Mr. Knox stood beside Hal's bed for a moment, then he shook his hand.

"I understand you shot down the first Jap plane, son."

"That's what they say, sir."

"I want you to know your country's proud of you."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Knox smiled. "Is there anything special you want to ask of your government?"

BUT Hal scarcely heard him. He was hearing something else—"your country's proud of you." And all at once he was looking at a newsreel at the Chinese; he was seeing L. A., and mom and Margie and sis and pop, and even the Ford, his jeep; and Castle Rock and movie marquees and Paladiums—and all of it was going around and around, saying "your country." Hell, why didn't somebody say so! Prescott had said we're at war, but not that. My country is *me,* Hal thought, and all the years of my life, and all the people I know, all the things I've ever done, and everything I may ever do again; and if those dirty little Jap so-and-sos think anything can change that . . . All at once he was aware that Mr. Knox was still waiting. What was it he had said? "Is there anything special you want to ask of your government?"

Hal's head came up. "Yes, sir. The chance to serve aboard my ship again—whenever she's fixed up."

After Mr. Knox had gone Hal did not look at Yeoman Prescott. He lay down on the pillow, his head the other way—and quite suddenly the sailor who had shot down the first Jap plane choked up and began to cry.

THE END

STANDING ROOM ONLY

Oh, one-year-old, determined Buddy,
You've made a playground of my study
Where once I struggled to compose
Assorted bits of verse and prose.

You've eased me out, beguiling chick,
And grabbed it for your bailiwick.
No longer do I rate a den . . .
The play pen's mightier than the pen.

—MARGARET FISHBACK.

wife, who didn't even know how to hold a violin, much less play it, had missed her question and was discovering as a consequence that *she* was Yiffniff. Assistants pushed a violin into Mrs. Freas' shaking hands, rushed her out of the NBC building to a waiting taxi which was escorted through traffic by special police.

When Mrs. Freas reached Town Hall, Edwards switched the controls across town to the concert hall and studio audience as well as listening audience heard Milton Cross, leading music announcer, greet the still unsuspecting Town Hall assembly and present the "concert artist."

Out popped Mrs. Freas in her polka-dot print dress, and away she scraped at her violin. There was a moment's shocked silence before the whole audience went off into gales of laughter. Music critics owned up good-naturedly to how they'd been taken in. Also they printed praise for two musical students who took over after Yiffniff's first and last musical effort. The hearing had been a real break for these promising artists, who couldn't afford to promote such attention for themselves.

Practically every type of animal has made a guest appearance on the program, but probably best remembered is Rosie the bear. Mr. and Mrs. M. Larrimore of Baltimore, Maryland, missed their question and were told to get into bear skins and dance. The husband rushed offstage to don his suit and thought his wife was doing the same elsewhere. Meanwhile Edwards confided to her and the rest of the world that Larrimore would be dancing with a real live trained bear, Rosie, who forthwith lumbered into view.

MR. LARRIMORE was brought in, and over the air waves came the strains of Sweet Rosie O'Grady, the rhythmic clank of bear chains, the thud-thud of Rosie's feet, and Mr. Larrimore's labored sweet nothings. After a few moments the number ended, and assistants pried off Mr. Larrimore's bear head and urged him to help his dancing partner off with hers. He stretched out his hands lovingly toward Rosie, stopped them in mid-air, and gasped, "That's not my wife! That's a real bear."

It was with great trepidation that Edwards hazarded his first out-of-studio consequence. But the response was so favorable, nearly every program now boasts such a stunt as the one in which Mrs. Erica Davies, an apple grower of Congers, New York, drove a streamlined locomotive.

A week before, when she missed her question, Edwards promised that on the next program she would enact Comin' Round the Mountain while singing it. During the week, Edwards had Director Herbert Moss and his assistants go to New Haven, interview twelve railroad company department heads, and dope out an intricate sound-relaying system.

The next Saturday night, when Mrs. Davies clambered into the cab of the 350-ton engine for the first time, she told the audience her overalls were too tight for such climbing and exclaimed, "Why, the engine's full of whistles and wheels and thermometers!" Then, coached by the cab's regular engineer, she opened the throttle and went scooting down the track, blowing the whistle and singing at the top of her lungs.

IF contestants and listeners are kept agog wondering what's coming next, their state is nothing compared to the dither of studio engineers. It has cost Edwards as much as $4,000 to broadcast a remote consequence. Often the special crew may include as many as fifteen engineers, announcers, writers, and assistants.

Edwards sold his idea as a "package show," which means he receives a flat sum out of which he must pay all expenses. Partly because it improves the program, but mostly because he can't resist following through an exciting consequence, he occasionally shells out more than he makes on a broadcast just to pull off something spectacular.

There are other consequences of consequences. Once, as his humorous stint, a chap was asked to "pick up" a strange girl in the studio audience and propose to her for the edification of all listening in. A few weeks later Edwards received word of their marriage.

Just one person in three years refused to do a consequence. A loyal Dodger fan wouldn't say a word against his heroes, even when Edwards dangled two tickets for the coming World Series games before the man's eyes. He got the tickets anyway, for loyalty.

Edwards isn't sure whether he or the war sent people back to the joys of parlor games, but he likes to think he s had a hand in it. Probably he has, for 50,000 persons have bought a book of consequences he issued, and fully half of these purchasers are begging for a second edition.

At twenty-nine, Edwards is the nation's youngest radio entrepreneur. Truth or Consequences grew out of his observation that studio quiz participants so often go home humiliated by their failure, with no chance to redeem themselves. He thought they would respond better if asked to *do* something instead of to *say* something. He was convinced that something should appeal to the whole family and also be funny. But what?

He and his wife played over every old-time game they could think of. None seemed radio meat. One night bits of phrases flitted through his head—"Heavy, heavy, hangs over your head" and "Fine or superfine?" and then "Truth or consequences." Edwards knew he had his answer.

Saturday morning three days later he had sold the idea to Procter & Gamble and signed a five-year contract with them.

When Edwards first produced his show, the oracles of radio predicted a short life, because they considered it essentially a "sight show." But Edwards had other ideas. He was out to end slavish obedience to the unwritten radio law that requires actions on the air to be accompanied by a word description.

That's why emphasis of his program is always on what is being done; nobody gives a blow-by-blow description. Any consequence that cannot make the unseen action real through audible doings of contestants is out. To get ear appeal, Edwards schemes for contestants to sing, utter various sounds, or actually do something auditory that illuminates what's going on.

Edwards' idea caught on. According to statisticians who rate radio listeners' reactions, Truth or Consequences, within three months, shot to the top in relation to comparable programs, and has stayed there during most of the three years since.

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK *By FRANK W. BROCK*

SPRING SONGS

DURING the days of Teddy Roosevelt nature-faking salesmen sold farmers some marvelous trees and plants—to hear them tell it. An early frost one year killed nearly all the peaches. Following the frost came a nursery salesman with a new variety of peach tree. The fuzz on this peach grew so thick, he said, that it rendered the fruit virtually frostproof.

Recently a con man has been selling tons of meadow fescue as lawn grass which he swears will stop growing the instant it reaches a height of two inches!

A Pennsylvania "tree expert" has an infallible test to determine whether a tree is diseased or not. Snapping a twig from a suspected branch, he dips the end into a small bottle of brown liquid and pulls it out quickly. "Nope—'tain't brown; no borers in that tree." But he leaves *some* twigs in the iodine long enough for the broken end to become tinted, and these trees, he says, must be vaccinated.

For ten dollars or so he'll bore a small hole in the trunk, insert a capsule or some powder, and plug the hole. But studies of sap circulation have demonstrated that the only effect of these inoculations is to kill the bark for several inches around the hole.

You'll be up a tree for fair if you buy saplings from unknown venders. Peddlers in Dallas offered to plant beautiful young Spanish oaks anywhere for four and a half dollars each. The roots of each tree were carefully protected by a burlap bag.

One anxious housewife managed to obtain twelve trees for forty-eight dollars. That evening, when her husband started to transplant one, the bag fell off. There were *no roots*. The trees had been chopped down and stuck in bags of leaves. The salesmen had planted bag and all to conceal the deception.

There are so many reliable producers of nursery stocks that there is little excuse to risk almost certain disappointment by patronizing unscrupulous gyps.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH

Continued from Page 20

and at ease, returns to her room and resumes her regular routine.

The mother has had woman's greatest joy, that of hearing her child's first cry. The child in turn has come into this world with a better than average start in life. It has been spared unnecessary injury and has received ample nourishment from the mother, who has kept up her meals. The child is not under the influence of any drugs making it necessary to stimulate its vital mechanisms. The baby has spontaneously assumed normal functions.

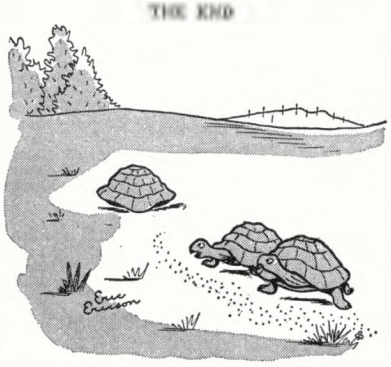
WITH this method the blood loss is reduced, and the period of labor in many cases appeared to be shortened. The average length of time is about six and a half hours. Recovery after the delivery of the baby is so rapid that it is a problem to impress upon the mother the necessity of staying in bed.

The American Journal of Surgery was the first to publish an account of this outstanding work, and the doctors have demonstrated the procedure in more than twenty-one universities.

The study of the reaction of all these patients during labor has revealed valuable information, heretofore unknown, concerning the nerve supply of the uterus or womb. This information has been transmitted to the medical profession.

Drs. Edwards and Hingson made three stipulations in the use of this method of anesthesia. They say that it must be performed by a physician specially trained in the technique; that the specially designed and approved equipment *must* be used, since inferior equipment presents a technical hazard; and that certain patients with deformities of the pelvic bones should not be given this anesthesia. Most prospective mothers, however, will be able to benefit from the method before many months have passed.

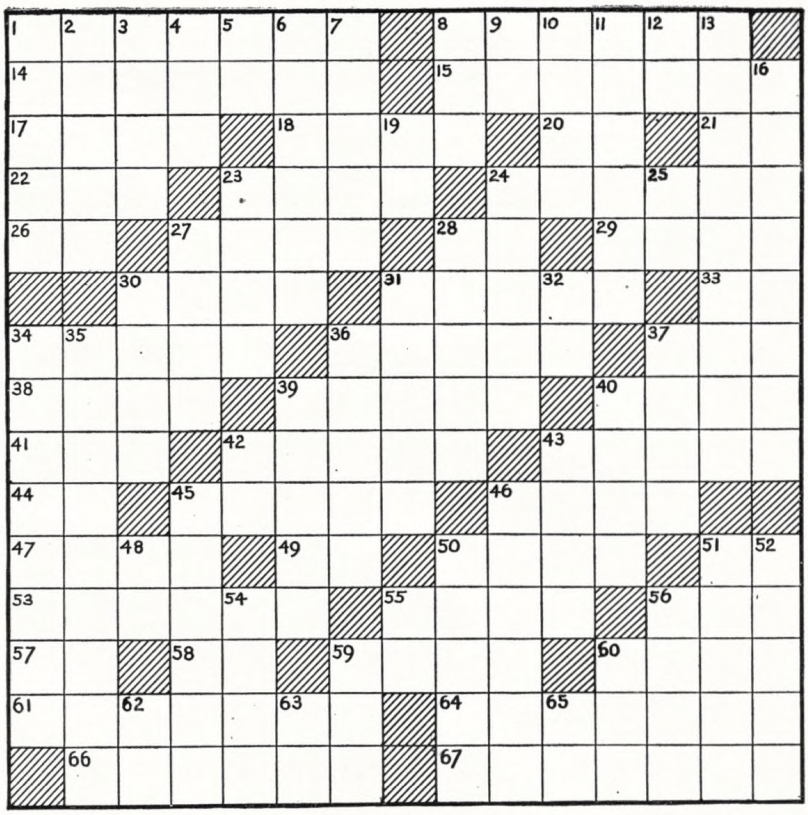
THE END



"Him? Oh, he's an introvert!"

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Dotty Lamour's first sarongs
8 Dying room (German)
14 Next thing Tojo's going to take
15 They make up the damnedest stories about people, these accomplished liars
17 Iron, as in glass (Anglo-Saxon)
18 Mars' burp
20 It has some connection with something or other
21 Article that's had the h—— knocked out of it
22 Sink U Submarines (abbr.)
23 One-eyed idol
24 Ginspirational water
26 They always urge you to hear this in court
27 What dumb filing clerks do to their nail clippings
28 Manly thing about scentsitive women (abbr.)
29 Cereal, lay within mordacious rodent, devoured by catulean quadrupedal
30 Saxophone juice
31 Old hag in old rag
33 Twice 'Ades
34 The slender lovely feminine appendage to Winchell
36 Tent flies
37 Washington's college sidekick
38 The Christian Scientist in India
39 The body, the bloodstain on the stair, the torn letter
40 Mr. in pure Aryan—
41 —and his wife in pure non-Aryan
42 Orator with the silver tonsils
43 What lady ships go around with
44 After this, she wrote the letter (abbr.)
45 They strike the young on the head lightly, befuddle their brains, and make them say the most foolish things
46 Dish faces
47 She stood for no nonsense by Jupiter!
49 Indefinite little thing
50 The workingman's country estate
51 Raspberry Salvo (abbr.)
53 The end of Humpty Dumpty
55 How Hitlerites smell Fourth of July
56 Keystone Krime Kombatant
57 Nepronsic Eggalators (abbr.)
58 Kind of fire Nazi flyers hate (abbr.)
59 Think (Fr.)
60 Open city, where Mussolini doesn't dare come out in the open
61 A flower of China
64 It can't cackle about its chances of surviving this war
66 Gadflyed
67 Something warm Jack Benny got for his birthday

S	O	F	A	■	M	A	R	C	H	H	A	R	E	S
S	L	U	G	■	A	L	O	H	A	■	D	I	V	A
S	E	E	R	■	V	M	A	I	L	■	U	S	E	S
S	A	L	A	M	I	■	S	P	O	T	L	E	S	S
■	■	■	R	E	S	E	T	■	S	O	T	■	■	■
C	A	B	I	N	■	X	E	U	■	P	S	A	L	M
H	E	R	A	■	F	I	D	D	L	E	■	B	E	A
I	R	O	N	I	E	S	■	D	A	S	H	I	N	G
P	I	N	■	B	U	T	T	E	R	■	O	D	I	N
S	E	X	E	S	■	S	I	R	■	A	R	E	N	A
■	■	■	D	E	H	■	T	S	A	R	S	■	■	■
F	E	M	I	N	I	S	T	■	H	E	E	H	A	W
L	A	I	C	■	R	E	E	V	E	■	M	O	P	E
A	S	S	T	■	A	M	R	A	M	■	A	P	E	S
P	E	S	S	I	M	I	S	T	S	■	N	E	X	T

March 13 answer

VERTICAL

1 Half-crazed man's asked her for an answer for nearly fifty years
2 What Liberty comes out in
3 Japs in fur coats
4 Sticky thing infants swallow
5 What to say in a vacuum
6 Loud and dirty
7 Animated corkscrew
8 Tomorrow's evening gown, if clothes're rationed
9 You'll have use for this
10 What to do when her eyes turn red
11 Brat in cocktail sauce
12 X
13 God of War (Russian)
16 Guys who got there earlier'n the Chamber of Commerce
19 Another batch of nepronsic eggalators (abbr.)
23 Blue serge dandruff
24 Good water spoiled by vegetables (pl.)
25 He started rationing heat in Egypt
27 Name of moddom's lapdog
28 Victim of the brain
30 Punny fellows
31 They exist on vitamin K_9
32 Editorial football (abbr.)
34 The Carnegie Hall racket
35 A diet of this should improve your speed (two words)
36 Let he who is without this among ye, O politicians, cast the first paving stone!
37 Liontypes
39 Balky Balkan
40 Indelicate morsel
42 This radio warning makes scents (abbr.)
43 What you'll do on a steady hot-dog diet
45 Spanish wine pellet's origin
46 A Mexican Villa
48 Pertinent beginning
50 English comic book
51 "Wherefore ——"
52 With me a dollar earned is a dollar this
54 Things pushed in the face several times a day
55 Three point one four one six plus
56 The Lord High Executioner
59 It's all there is; there isn't any more
60 Ration Commercials, Franklin (abbr.)
62 Third batch of Horizontal 57
63 The (Fr.)
65 It's child's play to be this

The answer to this puzzle will appear in an early issue.

INSIDE THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Continued from Page 25

punished. A corollary tradition is that the officer must be loyal, first and last, to the State Department. Even if he earnestly believes the views and actions of the Department are not in the best interest of the people of the United States, he must not say so.

If he is in the least inclined to rebel, he can recall the results of the "young officers' revolt" of the autumn of 1940.

The Far Eastern Division of the State Department was then committed to appeasement of Japan. Six junior officers, long opposed to the Division's position, composed a memorandum to the Secretary of State, stating that the reports of the Division did not represent a unanimity of opinion, and setting forth their differences from the Division policy. The officer who drafted the memorandum submitted his resignation, which was not accepted. He was assigned to Manila.

The Department, of course, has a few show pieces who do have initiative and who make themselves felt —bright young men like Laurence Duggan, political adviser on Latin America. Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson, himself mildly liberal, has on his staff a few men who might be called slightly New Dealish. But, on the whole, the young men in the State Department learn to conform and to carry on the traditions handed down to them by men with a background of wealth and leisure and social position. Obviously this does not develop aggressiveness.

THE State Department would rather do nothing than something. This fear of change is the cornerstone of the State Department's passionate support of the status quo. It rationalizes its position by saying that it reflects the will of the people. But it never informs the people, never presents to them the facts upon which they may decide.

If you will read between the lines of the recently issued White Paper, you will see that, in some respects, the State Department was not prepared for war. It was not prepared to better our relations with Russia and China, so Averell Harriman was sent to Moscow, and the President asked Lauchlin Currie to take over our dealings with China. It was not sufficiently concerned with the development of business in Latin America, and power in this respect had to be given to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Until last year it bungled its postwar planning, and the Board of Economic Warfare took charge.

Only in March of 1942 did it begin to recover from its paralysis. It began to bring lease-lend under its control. It went out to destroy the effectiveness of the Board of Economic Warfare. It set up thirty-two postwar planning committees. After the invasion of Africa it saw its opportunity, took full credit for the preparation for the military action, and, working with the army, moved in.

Now, it was true that the State Department had been working in North Africa, as it claimed. But, as usual, the State Department accepted the status quo. And the status quo in North Africa, complicated as it was, involved a collaborationist policy.

ALTHOUGH the State Department did its chores well to prepare the way for the army, it did nothing to better the situation once the army arrived. It did not arrange for a change of government. It did not restore the laws of the Third Republic, although the French Constitution of 1865 would have provided a formula satisfactory to the always legalistically-minded French. It complacently accepted the existing government.

The North African scandal will probably not be the only one of its sort. There will be more Darlanism, "We will be obliged to deal with existing governments," the Department tells us. "When we enter the German-occupied countries, we will be obliged to recognize some authority, some government which will be responsible for law and order. After the war the occupied countries will set up their own governments."

For this reason, postwar planning, which is now dominated by the State Department, is concerned with details, with mechanisms. The public is not informed of the postwar planning within the dim and hushed halls. It is very, very secret. If Congress were to hear, that would be catastrophe!

The only gold star on the State Department's record during the Roosevelt administration is the Good Neighbor policy. On the whole, this has been highly successful. The proof is virtual hemispheric solidarity. Axis attempts to stage Latin-American revolutions have been thwarted. The governments have cooperated in our black list of firms dealing with the Axis. They have

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THOSE WHO READ Steve Fisher's Liberty serials, Tomorrow in Shanghai and Typhoon Over Nanking, which foretold Jap treachery, will be glad to see him back with Change of Heart, in this issue. As you will note from the picture we give of him at the top of the column, Steve is a young fellow—he's thirty—but he's gone far as a writer of screen dramas, having The Shores of Tripoli, Berlin Correspondent, and Tampico to his credit, and he's turned out many excellent short stories. Oh, yes, he also wrote I Wake Up Screaming, a novel which he subsequently made into a movie. No dust gathers on *his* typewriter.

WHAT THEODORE TINSLEY thinks distinguishes him is that he is a third-generation native New Yorker (and his daughter is the fourth). "I managed to travel completely around the world," he says, "in order to make sure that New York had its points. Convinced of that, I promptly married a girl from Alabama." He now lives in Florida, where Return Engagement was written.

MAXINE DAVIS KNOWS her Washington and her politics from years of observation, discussion, and reporting, so her article on the State Department in this issue is one of the "musts" in our contents. She says of herself: "My idea of a wonderful time is sitting around the Senate Press Gallery talking over the situation." Maxine must be having the time—and talk—of her life these days, with all the situations that pop in the Capitol.

THE EDITORS

made every effort to provide us with strategic materials.

Credit for the success of the Good Neighbor policy must go, in large part, to the Division of American Republics, of which Laurence Duggan is political adviser and Philip Bonsal is chief. Both men are young and both have been promoted rapidly by Sumner Welles—long actively concerned with South America. Until 1935 South America was not the place career diplomats chose. But since then there has been a change. Latin America suddenly became desirable. While it still does not attract the socially pleasant officers who dislike to meddle with labor problems or the operational side of economics, it is attracting able young men.

Regular State Department personnel is not adequate for wartime needs, and, as it cannot add any new officers to the permanent staff for the duration, it has built up a "Foreign Service Auxiliary," a temporary staff composed chiefly of technicians of various kinds. In South America, for instance, it must investigate firms before it blacklists. As South America must import all its commodities from the United States, real needs must be known. For instance, if some country says it needs four locomotives, does it? Or can it get along with two? The experts who must decide such complicated questions have been well selected.

IN Latin America, therefore, the State Department has done a constructive job. It has not been afraid of change. It has not accepted the routines of the past. It dared to sweep out a good deal of rubbish. It has given able young men with imagination and initiative their opportunity. The result is that American isolationists now accept as a matter of course our responsibilities and our obligation to co-operate with the nations to the south of us.

This is not true of any other division of the State Department. We cannot depend upon the State Department to provide us with any such vigorous leadership in any other part of the world. We cannot expect even wise and informed advice unless the President clears house and permits the men of vigor and courage to have a voice in policy. Otherwise the State Department will meekly follow the lead of the isolationists if they return to power, although the Department knows the cost of our past policies. Whatever the state of public opinion, it will, unless there's a radical change, assuredly strive and hope and pray for the status quo ante!

THEIR LORDSHIPS THE CONGRESSMEN

ONE of the wonders of our political system is the tendency of some congressmen to acquire delusions of grandeur once they have gulled a sufficient number of the citizens to get themselves elected.

Maybe it is the $10,000-a-year salary which goes to their heads, or perhaps it's the fact that many of them for the first time in their lives occupy positions of importance and responsibility.

Sometimes they forget that the power they hold is theirs only in trust. The real owners are the people who delegate it to their elected representatives in the hope and belief it will be exercised wisely and for the good of the U. S. A. Many of our shining legislative lights consider this power an apt instrument for the settlement of personal grudges, or use it to advance their social, political, or financial interests.

For example, take the recent case of Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell of the Navy, now on inactive service. As every one knows, Winchell has been on the radio for many years and, for many years also, has held a commission in the Naval Reserve. He has been very valuable to the navy, at least so his superiors say, and the fact that his is one of America's better known radio voices has enhanced that value.

He has found occasion at times to call into question the deeds and words of certain members of Congress. These gentlemen suddenly find themselves horrified to discover that a naval officer is permitted to broadcast for a commercial sponsor. Winchell's superiors are called on the carpet for a secret session before the Naval Affairs Committee of the House, with the result that Lieutenant Commander Winchell is now plain Mr. Winchell.

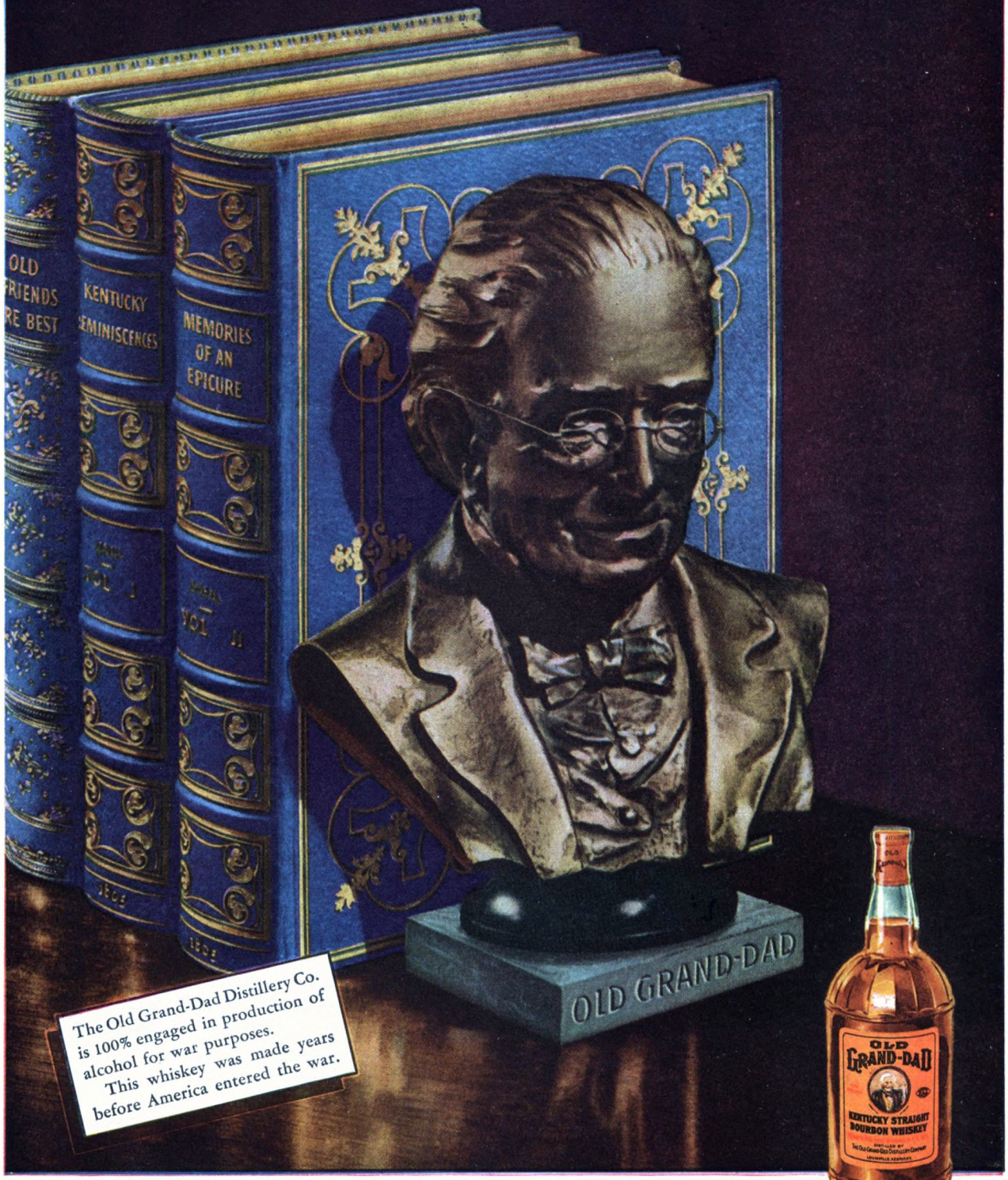
If the Congressional gentlemen think they have muzzled the irrepressible Walter by these tactics, they have another think coming. Their only effective answer to criticism is truth and logic, not secret pressure exercised by virtue of their power as legislators.

Our congressmen are great believers in free speech and make full use of it for themselves. They are very ready with their own tongues and should be the last ones in the world to deny the same privilege to others. Yet they sometimes exhibit a sensitiveness to criticism which is really funny. When a man aspires to elective office in this country he should expect to be the subject of much comment, sometimes good, but often critical. He should be able to take it. One of the marks of the able, competent public servant is the ability to take criticism well, even when it is thoughtless and unwarranted, as much of it is.

In wartime, of course, some curbs on free speech are necessary. We can't allow people to go around denouncing everything right and left. But there are still some things we're entitled to gripe about, including what Congress is doing and how it's doing it. In fact, it is appalling to speculate on what kind of country we would have if the right to criticize congressmen was not one of the major tools of democracy.

Paul Hunter

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



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