FEBRUARY 8, 1941

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢

Through Hell on Wings–The Diary of an R. A. F. PILOT

WHAT JESUS MEANS TO ME by Mahatma Gandhi

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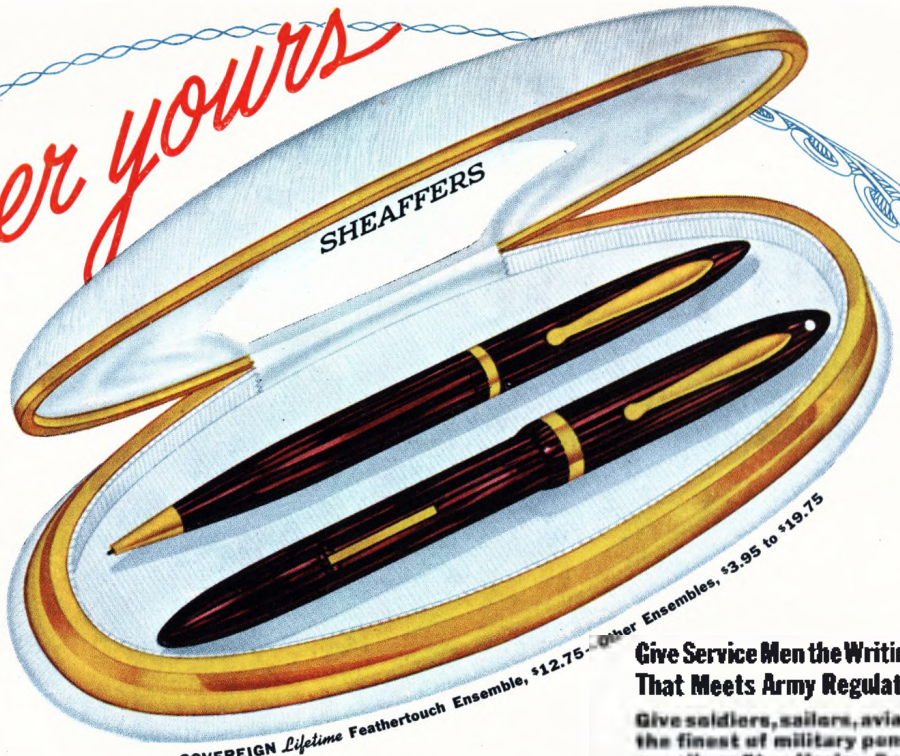

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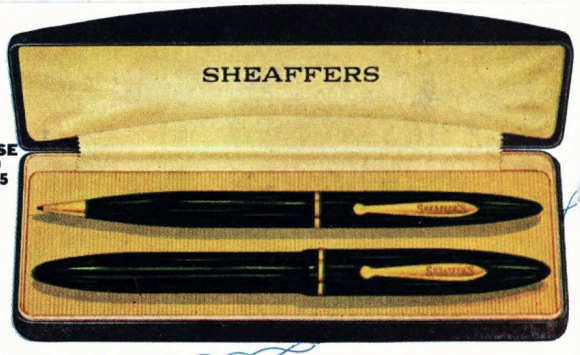

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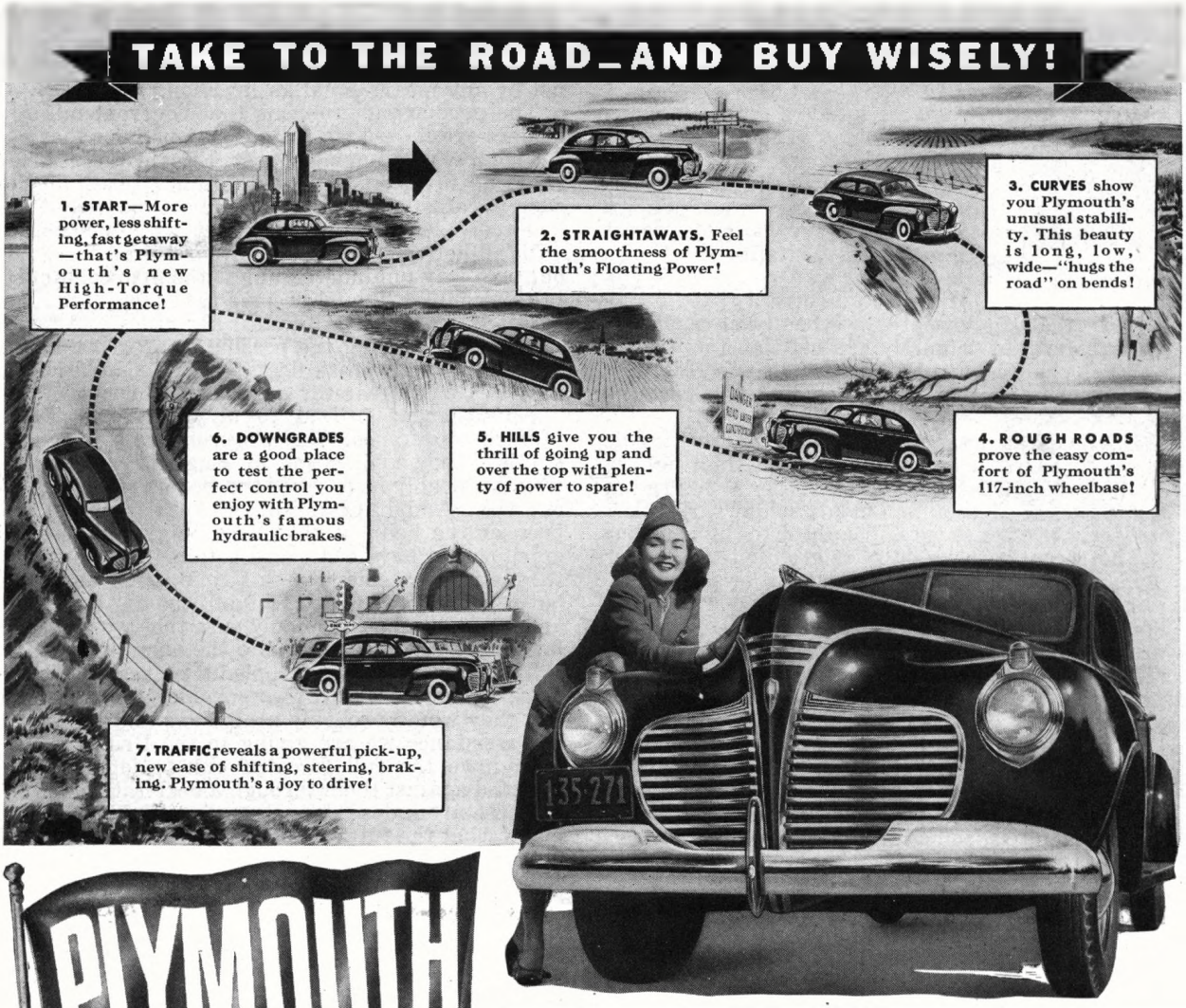

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FEBRUARY 8, 1941

Liberty

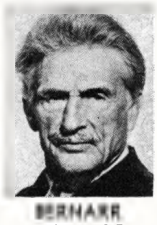
VOL. 18, NO. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

WAR? MAYBE? BUT LET'S STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Shall we participate fully in the present war?

That presents a subject which occupies the thoughts of every serious-minded citizen.

We are going ahead at a furious rate preparing for war. We are also giving every possible assistance to Great Britain—short of a declaration of war.

And about neutrality?

Well, that shallow pretense has been cast aside. We are arrayed definitely against the Axis trio.

What chance have the British to win this war? And democracy, that we love so dearly, is certainly at stake.

England has dealt the Italians some crushing defeats. The Greeks have demonstrated their fighting ability. We have reports of Hitler's determination to assist Mussolini; but his soldiers, as this is written, have not as yet appeared on the fighting line.

The recent attacks on Eire credited to the Germans aroused the suspicion that Hitler proposes to use Eire as another base from which to attack England. And from the shores of France and Eire their proximity to England will enable the Germans to scatter fire and destruction throughout the towns and cities which have already suffered incalculable losses in lives and property.

If pressure should be exerted on the combatants by an outside nation—this country, for instance—for an armistice, with the hope that a conference of the officials of the warring nations might adjust their difficulties, something might come from such an effort. But such a settlement would undoubtedly mean a defeat for England.

But what reason has Churchill to believe that the English forces can ultimately invade Germany and decisively conquer that country on their own ground? And to win the war an invasion would be required. Millions of soldiers would have to be trained with the same degree of rigid discipline that the Germans have maintained for the last generation. Therefore, is it not foolish to anticipate such a victory?

There is one glimmer of hope. If this country could furnish Great Britain with sufficient fighting ships to drive the Germans from the air there might be some chance for an indecisive victory. But even to blast the German cities from the skies would not by any means equal an invasion.

The perplexing problems that confront military leaders are indeed confusing. Let us hope that our assistance will enable Great Britain to at least avoid an invasion. And if there is a possibility of such a catastrophe, peace at this time would undoubtedly leave England intact as a democracy with all her colonies. Furthermore, we could go on our own way unhindered unless the fifth columnists in this country should become too numerous.

But if England waits until her cities and towns are wrecked, facing the possibility of invasion and the loss of the English fleet, then we should indeed have reason to fear for our future safety.

Appeasement proved to be disastrous at the Munich conference. Hitler's promises were empty words. The mobilization of England and France would probably have saved the world from the present war. And if Churchill or Anthony Eden had been at the helm at that time England's fighting spirit would have compelled action. Perhaps peace through appeasement at this time is not desirable, but it is certainly worth while for us to " stop, look, and listen " to be reasonably sure that we are right before we rush headlong into the horrors of war.

The Axis Powers have plenty of reasons to declare war against us if they considered it desirable. But they would probably prefer to endure the present assistance we are giving to the British rather than have the full force of our national powers directed against them through a declaration of war.

These are indeed dangerous times. We can only guess what the future will bring. Churchill shouted warnings again and again of the dangers with which England was threatened, but he was ignored. Our officials have been similarly neglectful.

But the horrors of modern warfare and the possibility of our being compelled to face such an inferno have awakened our people and our officials, and we are preparing to meet the challenge at a maddening rate. Our democratic ideals must be preserved, and dependable protection can be secured from only one source—a powerful armament on land, sea, and in the air.

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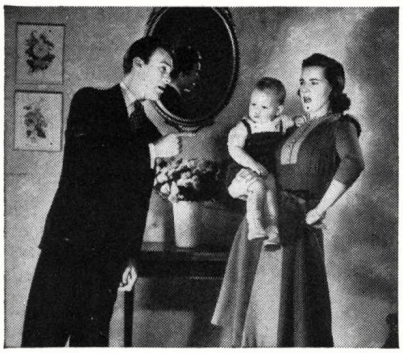
"And I thought a baby brought parents closer together"

A new mother convinces her husband that a baby should be raised the modern way

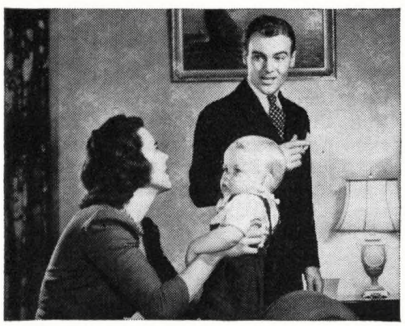
1. Bill and I used to be the happiest couple in the world . . . until after our baby was born. We both wanted him and we both adore him. That's why it broke my heart when we began to quarrel about raising him. Bill's favorite argument was that I was raising a sissy—pampering him.



2. Well, the whole thing came to a head the other day, when Bill Jr. needed a laxative. "Don't tell me you've got a special *laxative* for that kid, too!" Bill yelled. "Special foods, special diapers, special this, and special that. And now . . . a special laxative! You're turning him into a regular cream puff!"

3. Did I burn up! "I've had just about enough of this!" I yelled back. "I'm going to raise my baby the way the doctor told me to . . . the modern way . . . giving him things especially designed for a baby's needs. That's why he's going to get Fletcher's Castoria!"

4. "Let's not quarrel any more about Bill Jr.," I pleaded. "He's the healthiest baby on our street. And naturally I want to keep him that way. The doctor says you can't take chances with a baby's system . . . it's too delicate. If you treat it like an adult's, you're bound to have trouble."



5. "That's why he recommended Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh 'adult' drug in it. It's effective . . . but mild! And *safe*. It isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. That's why I wouldn't consider giving him anything but Fletcher's Castoria."

6. "Look at the way he goes for it. You know what a strong will our baby has. If he doesn't like a medicine, he just won't take it. But he *loves* the taste of Fletcher's Castoria." That settled it. There are no more fights over Bill Jr. at our house. My husband is finally convinced that the doctor and I know best after all.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

An Injustice to the State of Pennsylvania

HARRISBURG, PA.—It is my belief that you will be interested in knowing that one of Liberty's letter writers has dealt unfairly with your well known publication and has done the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania an injustice.

This is said after reading in November 30 Vox Pop a letter headed Men Rehabilitated Only to Be Disqualified! under the date line, Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, and signed by one Alex. Joe Concavage. Mr. Concavage's letter said that the important work done by the Bureau of Rehabilitation is in part nullified by a "Civil Service Commission of Pennsylvania" which "blacklists" the physically handicapped person.

In the first place, Pennsylvania has no agency known as a Civil Service Commission. It must be presumed, therefore, that the letter refers collectively to three completely different agencies: the Employment Board of the State Department of Public Assistance, which gives civil service examinations for the employees of the Department of Public Assistance; the Board of Review, which gives examinations for those civil service employees who are in the Department of Labor and Industry; and the Department of Public Instruction, which conducts examinations for civil service employees on the Liquor Control Board.

Individually and collectively, none of these agencies "blacklists" the physically handicapped person, nor do they bar physically handicapped persons either from participating in the examinations or from certification after they have qualified.

The certification lists from these civil service agencies are sent to the departments, in line with general civil service procedure, and the top-ranking employees are then hired by the department under the usual civil service rules.

I believe your readers will be interested in knowing that Mr. Concavage's statement is not only inaccurate but untrue.—*Le Roy V. Greene, Assistant Secretary to the Governor.*

"OUT OF THE HORSE'S MOUTH"

SPARTA, GA.—What does "Out of the Horse's Mouth" mean, which was used in a box announcing Liberty's All-America Football Team? (December 21 issue.)

I've seen it once before, in Huxley's Strange New World, but no one I ask can tell me its application. Others might like to know, too.—*T. K.*

[Reference books give no clue to its meaning, but you may interpret it as a straight tip from the horse himself as to the winner of a race.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

UNFETTERED CARTOONIST

EVANSVILLE, IND.—As a long and faithful subscriber of Liberty, I want to see one unfettered cartoonist with

enough "guts" to picture our great President Roosevelt fighting the battle of democracy with both hands tied behind his back and the knot tying his hands labeled "Noninterventionists." Let's get them stopped now before it's too late and more costly.—Anna Weeks.

HAILS MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK

AMHERST, MASS.—Thanks be for Madame Chiang Kai-shek's tremendous article, Democracy Reaps the Whirlwind (December 21 Liberty). It is certainly one of the greatest things ever printed in America, and will go down in history. I'm spreading dozens of copies, and mean to try to get many newspapermen to read it.

The accusation against us is terrible, but deserved, and we cannot dodge it. Can't the country be waked to duty, common sense, and true wisdom? I'm glad there is some one who has brains to get such articles and courage to print them.—*B. B. Wood, Librarian, Goodell Library, Massachusetts State College.*

DEFEND OUR LAND NOW SUNG

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Written and composed twenty-four years ago, only now my song, Defend Our Land, is meeting with recognition. It has been taken up by schools and also has been on the air.

Think of the wait I've had to hear it in public! I wonder if it was a record.

It's such a song as Liberty might have inspired with its drive for Americanism.—*Albert Stevens Crockett.*

START WITH WOMEN'S FEET

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—While we are considering physical training, let's start with women's feet, or rather, her shoes. Is it necessary to manufacture shoes for women with excessively high, excessively low, or excessively ugly heels?

I hope some manufacturer will be humanitarian enough to abolish present-day shoes that curve the spine to a crippling degree and throw all our organs out of alignment.—*J. B.*

[So do I!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

BLACK SNAKES CLIMB TREES

MONTIER, MO.—I would advise Mr. Donald Culross Peattie to look about a bit in the woods, come springtime, and check up a bit on his Nature Quiz question number 18-*b* (December 14 Liberty). Any ten-year-old boy in this part of Missouri can assure Mr. Peattie that the black snake, common here, is quite adept at climbing the trunks of even large trees with the lowest branches at least twelve or fourteen feet high.

I have also observed a common bull snake ascending quite rapidly an 8 × 8 smoothly planed pillar twenty feet high. —*H. Stephen Lane.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I can testify that I have personally seen snakes climb large live-oak trees in Florida. This may seem fantastic, but it is true. The climb was made directly up the side of the tree by gripping the rough bark.—*Nicholas S. Riviere.*

[Others wrote us backing up Mr. Lane. However, Mr. Peattie maintains: "If I ever observed a snake ascending a tree or pillar by coiling around it, I would establish only the single fact that here was a snake that could do it. I would not be justified in saying that all other snakes, or most other snakes, or even *any* other snake could do it. Before I could establish that this was a common, easy prevailing method of ascent I would have to find so many cases of it that they began to outweigh the numberless already established cases of snakes who do not do this and seem not to have it at all in their power."]

AS FAR AS WE CAN GO

DALLAS, TEX.—Well, Vox Pop, you found your place in Liberty at last! You are now almost at the head of the class. Of course, that is about as far as you can go, because nobody will ever replace Mr. Macfadden with his editorials.—*P. D. Richey.*

Your Voice Is You...

Do you realize the value of a smile when telephoning? It helps a lot. Of course, the other person can't see you but the smile is there just the same. It's in your voice. And it reflects a friendly, cordial personality.

In times like these, "The Voice with a Smile" is especially important and worth while. It is a characteristic of the American people. And one of the fine traditions of the Bell telephone business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

An amazing confession . . from a great man who is not a Christian

what Jesus means to me

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ALTHOUGH a great part of my life has been devoted to the study of religion and to discussion with religious leaders of all faiths, I know that I cannot avoid seeming presumptuous in writing about the figure of Jesus Christ and trying to explain what significance and meaning He has had for me. I do so solely because I have been told more than once by certain Christian friends that, since I am not a Christian and do not (to quote their exact words) "accept Him in my innermost heart as the only-begotten Son of God," I can never realize the full meaning of His teachings and therefore can never draw upon the greatest source of spiritual strength known to man.

Whether or not this is true in my case, it seems to me to be a mistaken point of view. I believe that it is incompatible with the message that Christ brought to the world. For He, surely, was the greatest example of one who wished to give to all, to withhold from none, whatever their creed. I believe that He Himself, if He lived among men today, would bless the lives of many who perhaps had never heard His name, if they lived in accordance with the virtues that His life so imperishably illustrated, the virtues of unselfishness and loving-kindness toward one's fellow men.

It is this, I think, that above all was important to Him, just as it is written in the great book of Christianity—not he that crieth Lord, Lord, but he that doeth His will.

What, then, has Jesus meant to me? To me He is a great world teacher. To His followers He was and is the only-begotten Son of God. Whether or not I accept this, does He affect my life the less? Is all the grandeur of His teaching thus automatically barred from me? I cannot believe so.

The adjective "begotten" has a meaning for me that I like to think is deeper and possibly grander than its literal one. To my mind it implies spiritual birth. My interpretation, in other words, is that in Jesus' own life He stood nearest to God; He most perfectly expressed the will and spirit of God. And it is in this sense that I look upon Him as the Son of God.

But I believe that there is something of this spirit, which in Jesus was expressed in the fullest measure, in all mankind. I must believe that; if I did not, I would be a cynic, and to be a cynic is to be lifeless, empty, valueless; it means that one condemns the whole race of man.

There is every apparent reason for cynicism, certainly, when one beholds the bloody carnage that Europe's aggressors have wrought, when one thinks of the misery and suffering spread over the surface of the globe, the pestilence and plague and hunger that inevitably and terribly follow in the wake of warfare. In the face of that, how can one speak seriously of the spirit of the divine in man? Because these acts of terror and bloodshed appall man's conscience; because he knows that they are evil; because, in his innermost heart and mind, he deplores them. And because, when he is not misled, deceived, and corrupted by false leaders and false arguments, man has in his breast an impulse of kindness and compassion, which is the spark of the divine, and which one day, I believe, will be brought forth to the full flowering that is inherent in it.

It is an example of such a flowering that is seen in the figure and life of Jesus. I refuse to believe that there were any who did not profit by His example and by His atoning for their sins, whether or not they consciously realized it.

The lives of all were, to some degree, great or small, changed and benefited by His presence, His actions, and the words of His voice.

It is impossible, I think, to weigh the merits of the world's several religions, and unnecessary and pointless even to attempt to do so. But in each one, I believe, there was an original common impulse—the desire to help and to improve the life of all men. I interpret the miracles of Jesus not in a literal sense, which seems to me unimportant, but as the dramatic and unforgettable expression of this impulse, as the most vivid lesson possible to impart—not to pass by the sick and suffering, not to judge those who, in the world's eyes, have sinned, but to forgive them and thus help them to enter a new and better life, in the firm belief that the regenerate can outgrow the original taint.

These lessons stand for us today as they stood for the men and women of Jesus' own time.

Jesus gave mankind, in these lessons and in His life, the great goal toward which to aspire. It is because there is such a goal, and because there was such a figure as that of Jesus, that I cannot be pessimistic, but instead am hopeful and confident of the future. And it is because His life has this significance and meaning for me that I do not regard Him as belonging to Christianity alone, but rather to the whole world, to all its peoples, no matter under what name they worship.

THE END

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—OF GIRLS, AND THE FOLKS AT HOME—AND WAR!

Editor's Note: This is a composite diary made up of fragments of notes and put together painstakingly by Keith Ayling. It is a dramatization of the experiences of several flyers he has known.

August 21, 1940.

WE are at war. War starts in man's mind. Expect it and you get it. We've expected it long enough, and it came swooping at us out of the clouds. I was scared when it came, and I'm still scared—not scared for myself, for I don't matter very much, but I'm scared for humanity because it all seems so unintelligent, and I still don't quite believe it. You wouldn't either if you were here lying on your belly in a green field and writing to your mother, trying to assure her that you don't go out without wrapping up. Mother's one anxiety seems to be that I shall catch cold. If she could only see us haring to our planes like giant pandas with enough clothes on to make an Eskimo go on strike. Still, it's better she should worry about that than anything else. I'm more worried about her. That's the hell of war over England. You're never sure whether your home is still there. Poor old Brown got it this morning—they bombed his house at Croydon last week, and killed his dad and his spaniel. I think war had been a joke to Brown until then, but he's a warmonger in his way. His dad was a full-time soldier and his grandfather a general. He lived near Croydon because he was crazy on flying, and ever since I've known him he's been talking about the next war. Now he's dangerous to Huns—the skipper gave him a good talking-to this morning, telling him not to lose his temper. An airman who loses his temper is about as dangerous as a runaway pony at a horse fair.

I should be writing that letter to mother, but the diary habit's got me. Been keeping a diary since I was sixteen, and five years is a long time, so I can't cure myself. Yet, when you're on a job like this, five seconds may seem to be a lifetime. This morning I had one like that. We had an alarm at 5.02, to be precise, and we got off pretty quick. The Hun was coming from the southeast toward Dover at about 25,000. When we were at 25,000, with the Channel almost underneath, I thought we'd missed them. They just weren't anywhere, and there were no clouds—just a fine soft mist that couldn't hide anything. But they were still about, for the spotters gave us other information. When you're intercepting there's always one thing uppermost in your mind—if you miss 'em, they'll get through and kill some one, perhaps your own family. You may get them going back, but that's not as good. Another thing, if you can break them up over the sea they don't have the heart to go through.

He had hung onto Rosalie like grim death when they said good-by.

THE DIARY OF AN R. A. F. PILOT
EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

I was just getting in a depressed mood. You couldn't call it a mood if you were on the ground, but when you're flying a "Spit" and doing things fairly fast, a single split-second thought becomes a mood. I must think about this later—doing everything so quickly is going to give us a bit of a problem when this is all over. It's going to make normal life awful slow. Dad used to tell me after the last war that he was always getting pinched for speeding.

Then it came through again on the telephone: "Dorniers, Heinkels, and Messerschmitts—about 100." You can't miss 100 planes in a sky like this. Presently—that's thirty seconds later—Marston, our skipper—you must know him; got two bars to his D. F. C.—spotted 'em. Marston gives his orders in the kind of voice that he would use telling a girl a story at a cocktail party. It's intimate but it makes you feel that he's an authority. "Dead below at 18,000. Take the rear, you with supports. Here goes."

Through Hell on Wings

Liberty presents an extraordinary chronicle of the men who fight Britain's battles in the sky

I pushed her down, and as the old stomach began to complain—it always does in the morning—I noticed a couple more of our squadrons were going up above us. Some more Huns must be on the way. It was a big show. And what was waiting for us down there—100 Messerschmitts—a hundred Huns in a V formation with Dorniers in the middle and fighters up and below like a three-decker sandwich. They were in line going down like mad vultures. I saw the skipper take the first Messerschmitt—the German either hadn't seen him or couldn't get out of the way in time—they say they're nose-heavy. The skipper got this fellow in the guts just as the pilot started to pull into a climb—and he went off into a crazy roll without a tail. That started it. This fellow had been on the top layer of the sandwich in front and as he went down he caught the tail of a Dornier and that came off as if it had been hit by a hammer. I got an M-109 in my gun sights and let him have it. One burst and nothing happened. I thought I'd missed, so I went up and over to try again, and I saw in my mirror that another Boche had got right behind me. He must have been pooping off at me, but I hadn't noticed anything. I tight-looped and came down right on top of him and gave him a two-second burst into his cockpit, I thought. Something queer happened. He seemed to stand still, and he was right in my way, just as if he'd been suspended by a bit of wire. I was all out—400 or more, I suppose—and it looked like the end—and then the miracle. I missed him—perhaps it was two inches, perhaps a foot. I was free, and right above and ahead was a lolloping old Dornier with a machine gunner in the tail blazing away like mad. It was a beautiful shot—rather like a sitting bird, and I let her have it right under her belly as I went past—I saw a bomb fall as my fire cut out a rack. Bill Bradley, my formation mate, was ahead with a pair of M.E.-110s on his tail. I thought I could help old Brad, when I saw his greenhouse smash and his Spitfire hobbled and began to smoke. He went down looking like an oil rag in flames. I tried to get at one of the M.E.-110s when something hit my oil, or something. I got a mouthful that tasted like hell and smelled worse. The engine was still giving revs, but I couldn't see anything. Some one was giving me something. A bullet cracked the windscreen. I wiped it, but I wasn't such a lot of good after that. I went down a bit. There were three M.E.s on my tail, with two of our chaps after them. Underneath were about a dozen parachutes. The bomber formation didn't seem to be anywhere. I had a little ammunition left, but not enough to start all over again. I decided to look for a stray Heinkel or Dornier and let him have it. But I hadn't got rid of the M.E.s. A fellow ahead with a yellow nose did a half loop, which was the stupidest thing he could do—I knew he was trying to get on my tail. I couldn't see him properly, as my sights were a bit fogged with the oil—but I gave him what I'd got left and he dived away right into the middle of a Hurricane squadron that must have just arrived. When the guns went dead I dived down to 10,000 feet. The engine was popping badly, and as I came over Dover Castle she dried, coughed, and stopped. I bailed out, and here I am. Writing this seems a hell of a lot, but I doubt if it lasted five minutes. We had a good bag, it seems. Although none of mine count, as they can't be confirmed, it looks as if the old squadron shot down twenty-five for sure and about thirteen unaccounted for; which is not so bad. We lost Bradley, and Marshall bailed out. He fell in the ditch, and was picked up by a navy motorboat. One of the Huns, a Dornier, blazing like hell and flying homeward, tried to bomb the motorboat. Waste of guts, I suppose, but they probably wanted to get rid of their eggs to get ready for the landing on the French coast.

Now I've got a new machine and an afternoon off, and there isn't a war any more for me—at least not today. That scramble this morning might have been last year. I've had a good lunch, a game of golf in which I won five bob from Smithy, and now I'm off until six. The sun is lovely. Funny thing, the sun; rather like some girls—the farther away you are from them the better they are.

This grass is good, lush and sweet and healthy. There's something in the good earth idea. I used to know a fellow who never started the day without walking barefoot on the grass.

Ferdinand has come to have a look. Ferdinand is a Jersey cow. We've called her Ferdinand because she doesn't like scrapping. When Jerry comes over and tries to strafe what he thinks are the hangars, Ferdinand takes cover behind the small ammunition store. We've tried to tell her that's the most dangerous spot, but she still does it. This morning the farmer put her in the next field, and I think she's a bit sore at being cut off from her shelter. Ferdinand is a placid brown-and-cream beast. I can see from her soft brown eyes that she doesn't care a damn for war, and just now she's helping me to imagine there just isn't a war.

But there is—for right across the far end of this field "that'll be forever England" there's a spotter and his mate. That's a job I shouldn't like, cold and miserable and monotonous. When you realize these chaps who look for Jerry twenty-four hours a day are mostly old fellows who for the last twenty years have been sitting in armchairs in the bay windows of their clubs in Piccadilly with every comfort England could bring them, you've got to hand it to them. They're still sitting in armchairs, but—well, you try sitting in an armchair at four thirty in the morning with a biting east wind nipping your bones. Poor devils; sometimes they're so perished that they have to be carried into their shelters, but they never miss their turn. They say they like it. Colonel Beadle, that's Uncle Frank's pal, says this dawn spotting business is good for the gout—he's been too cold to have any since he took it up. Suppose dad would have done the same thing if he'd been alive. Anyhow, I hope that fellow over there doesn't see anything. I don't think he will, for usually when we've knocked the sides off of one of those big formations, it takes the old Hun a long time to get

another together. I'm sure if he had that air superiority he's boasted of and that we thought he had, he wouldn't have given us these rest periods. That's the worst of lying, it seems to me. Tell a whopper and you've got to tell others, and justify them. We've never cracked up our Air Force, so people are surprised to find that we have enough planes and men. I wonder if we'd played up the propaganda side more whether the Germans would have been scared to attack us.

But I'm not going to talk about the war now, and yet it's good to think about it, for the chaps in mess don't yarn about it much. I often wonder why. Do they think about it? Perhaps I'm the only one who really does think. I don't know. That's one of the problems of being young. You can never decide whether the other fellows are the same as you are. I asked Halstead the other day what he thought of the war. "Damned nonsense," was all he said. Not encouraging, and he's older than I am; married, with a kid. I suppose really the fellows don't want to talk about it, but I do.

NOW I've two letters to write, one to mother and one to Bradley's mother. I suppose I don't have to write, really, but it seems these optional duties are the most important. Bradley's gone west, and I feel I ought to write to his mother and try and soothe things down a bit. The skipper will write, of course, the usual kind of letter about a brave officer and a good pilot. She'll like that letter, of course, but I think Bill would like me to write. I know he would, because he had a hunch that something was going to happen, and he was worried about it. Bill hadn't a father, and his mother had worked hard to bring him up, and he felt he had some kind of extra responsibility toward her. That made him kind of sensitive. He used to write to her every day just as if she had been a girl friend, and he told me once that he could never marry a girl unless she was as good as his mother. If a man loves his mother he's a good sort, unless he's spoiled. Funny thing about Bill: he had a girl too, Rosalie, and she was just the kind I would expect him to have—soft and fragile and a bit of a mouse. I think I'll see her, and tell her a few things. I'm sorry for Rosalie, because I think there will never be another boy for her after Bill. She was like that, and she's going to suffer like Aunt Mary did after the last war. Aunt Mary's man was killed in the R. A. F. and aunt just couldn't see anything else in any one else. She just lived with his pictures and his memory. Now she's just an old maid, and it's a shame. If some one had told her that she was cheating life in not sharing her character with a man, and having kids, she might be married now, but she didn't meet any one, and she's just dried up. Poor Rosalie, she'll be the same, and she's the kind of girl who ought to marry and have kids. There'll be a lot of problems like that, and when this is over I hope we'll do something. Dad used to tell me that British reserve lost us the last war at home after we'd won the victory, and I think he understood. We're much too proud to grumble. So many women have been nursing their grief instead of joining in life again. I wonder now whether this war that kills women and kids isn't better in the long run than the last, that condemned them to suffer alone.

You know, Bill Bradley had a hunch something was going to happen to him.

We were driving back from London after a late leave when Bill got a bit sentimental. I thought he was blotto at first. He had hung on to Rosalie like grim death when they said good-by and he didn't speak till we got to Cambridge. Then he said, "You know, Ken, the hell of all this war business is the uncertainty. I can't make up my mind whether I ought to marry her now, or wait until the war's over. After all, she'd be better off married if anything happened, wouldn't she?"

"If you feel that way, I'd marry her," I said. "She wants to marry you, doesn't she?"

"That's just it. But supposing we got married and I went west—she'd be a widow, wouldn't she?—and that would be hell—and if there was a kid, it'd be worse still, and if I married I'd want a kid immediately; but this is no time to have kids. No. I can't put her in a jam like that."

"What does she say about it, Bill?"

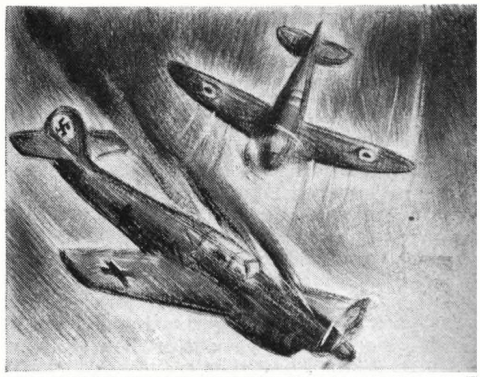
"She wants to, all right. I know she does, but she wants a home of her own, even if it's one room. She doesn't want to live with mother, and I think that would be the best thing. They would be company for each other. Yes, I think I'll get married if I ever get another leave."

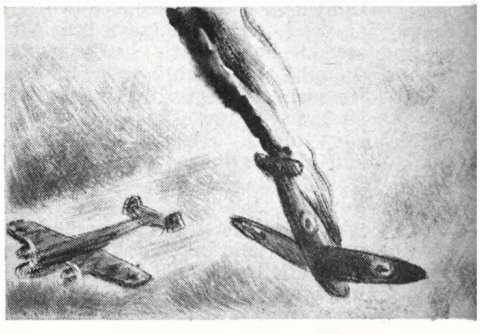
HE didn't say much more. We had a drink at the White Swan, and then he flared up suddenly. "Ken—if anything happens to me, I want you to promise me something. Will you tell Rosalie how I feel?"

"I'll tell her Saturday night, in front of you, you mutt," I shipped, but my voice didn't sound natural. The way Bill was talking made me think too much. He was seeing something that I never look at—the split second that may mean the difference between coming back to breakfast or taking a dive. I wonder if he had a premonition.

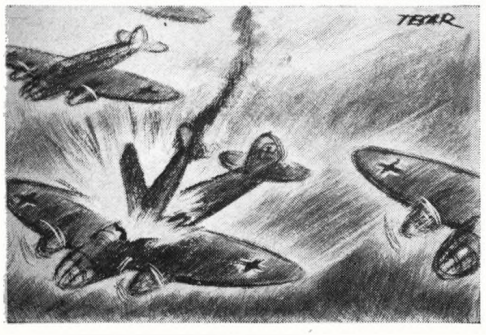
I made up my mind I'd fix things up between him and Rosalie. I could talk to her, all right. We were to have a foursome next Saturday—Rosalie and Viola—whom I like quite well. Viola's a peach, blonde, but not the babe-in-arms type. She's streamlined too, a pocket Mae West, but she's got a texture that's different.

One wet Sunday we got caught in London and we went to the National





We went to the National Gallery together, and she really enjoyed the pictures.



Gallery together, and she really enjoyed the pictures—I had thought she'd want to find a club or something, to dance, but she just hung over the rail and enjoyed herself.

I was a bit nervous about fixing her up for a foursome with Rosalie because they are a bit different socially. Viola is a hostess at the Cocoanut Club, and she's what Bill's mother would call not quite a lady, and she wouldn't be unkind about it. Viola is a nice girl, just as nice as Rosalie but in a different way. Anyhow, there's a war on, and war's a great leveler, so I decided to try them out together on Viola's next night out. After all, why not?

But the foursome's off. Bill's gone in red flames and smoke. Hope I don't get any premonitions. I won't, because I always see my breakfast at the end of each scramble. I've always had a healthy appetite. Besides, I want to live. That's one reason why I came in the R. A. F. It appealed to me as a new way of living; certainly it's an old way of dying, for we're still doing the same things that dad did in 1918, only doing them faster.

No, we will make a foursome. I'll bring Derek to look after Rosalie. Derek was at school with me. He's a good egg and in a bomber squadron, and I'll tell Rosalie that she's got to carry on. I'll tell her he's lonely and that she's doing her bit in coming out with him, and I think I'll tell her that Bill would have liked it. Perhaps I'd better think it over. I can see her as a stretcher case, and she's got to be made well. Our M. O. told us the other day that the best way to treat a wounded man is to make him want to get well. If they don't, well, they just die of their own accord, and I don't want Rosalie to die that way. Suppose I shouldn't saddle myself with responsibilities like that, but after all I can take it. I can't live on chess and checkers and squadron jokes all my life. Never thought I would play so much chess. Why, we play on the airfield if the weather's warm, with the machines all warmed up. The skipper's a great chess man too.

THERE was hell to pay the other day. We got an alarm and of course we hared off and went up at it hell for leather. We get set in about thirty-five seconds now, which is as good as any turnout for a fire brigade, I'll tell you. But how fast you get into your bus doesn't always depend on you. Your helper has to be there. He's a mechanic and he stands ready to help you up, close the greenhouse, and make you comfy. They're wonderful fellows and they've got it all worked out to a split second.

But about the skipper's chess. He was just about three moves off mate with "Blinks," the intelligence officer, and when he came back from the alarm, which was a dud, the first thing he thought about was finishing the game, but some one had cleared the board and put it away. I've never heard the old man let off so much. What the hell was the good of learning to play chess and trying to beat a fellow when just as you got him beat some silly fool spoiled your chances? But you would think it funny if you could see us all sitting around in our flying kit, with the "Mae Wests" on, trying to get interested in chess—or reading detective novels, and aren't some of them tripe! I'll write one some day. But there we are—we have to be on the spot, and the nearer you are to your bus the less you have to run.

FUNNY thing, last week we had a Hun in the mess for a drink after we'd shot him down on the airfield. He was quite a decent kind of kid, but awfully sore at getting pipped. When he saw two of us playing chess he wanted to have a shot. "One thing I can beat you at," he said. We put up the adjutant, who mated him pretty quick, and the Boche looked as sore as a bear. He said he thought we never played that kind of game, and I think that while he's a prisoner he'll always remember his two beatings.

Myself, I'm not keen on chess; it's too slow, but if it does help in keeping the old brain bright for scrapping, then I'm for it. One thing I've learned—the more you use your brain the happier you are. Browsing isn't good when you get introspective. There was a poet who wrote about the fellows in the charge of the Light Brigade, "Theirs not to reason why—theirs but to do and die." I suppose that's the ideal fighting mentality, but I hate to think of a man without reason.

This is a funny war; they've been saying that from the beginning. Churchill said it is the strangest of all wars, and it is for England, because it's being fought over English fields and towns. That hurts us, and when we get hurt we get harder. War, they say, is all a matter of geography, and just because England is an island, going to war always meant crossing the Channel and fighting in France or Belgium or down in the East. Now it's here, and the English people hardly seem to realize it.

There was a kid at school who once got the cane for asking the geography master what would have happened to Europe if England hadn't been an island. Well, seems that Hitler has said that there are no islands, and we are all proving he's wrong. We are still an island and we still don't see why we shouldn't go on being one.

Hullo — there's another alarm. They're over again. I'll have to go—our squadron's in reserve. Blast Jerry, and I haven't even written those letters yet.

What dramatic events will the flying lad have to tell about in this new "big show" he's off to? Will he come through it unscathed and manage to swing that experimental foursome with Viola, Rosalie, and Derek? Next week's Liberty will give you another vivid look-in.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Always an England

A stirring tale of danger, the heart of a gallant girl, and a hated man who proved himself a hero

IT was in December that the American came to Torbeth Wells. His name was Calvin Gouch—as American as he was—but for the months during which he became the most hated man in Exmoor he was simply The American. He flew down from London with some G. S. brass hats and a couple of bigwigs from the Munitions Division and said that the scattered buildings of the Bannister Works would be satisfactory for conversion into a plant to produce the Gouch automatic rifle. Sir John Bannister, who had built up the works into the largest manufactory of washing machines in the United Kingdom, was standing beside Gouch when the American issued his instructions.

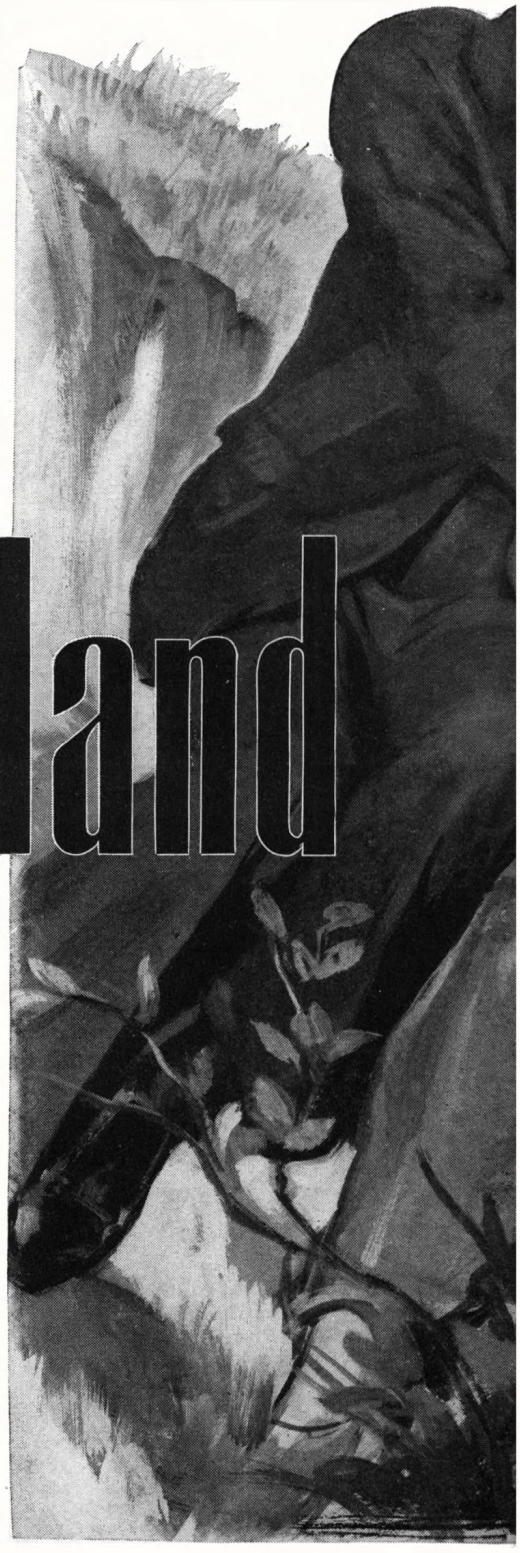
"We can line up the boring and rifling machines here," said Gouch in the bay used for the final assembly of Bannister Washers. "Put your crew to work cleaning it out. Leave the benches along the wall but have the rest of the place as clean as a bowling alley by—let's see—by day after tomorrow."

Sir John is a small man, and nervous, and he fairly bleated. He bleated about the value of the machines in place, the need for conferring with his directors, and his commitments for delivery of washers which were now in production. It was then that the American launched himself on the course which was to make him hated.

"Scrap the whole shooting match," he said, "including the directors. I'll do all the directing around here for the next year or two, and England's going to have a lot more use for Gouch rifles than for washing machines. I can't get my stuff from Liverpool until day after tomorrow, but I'm taking over then."

That was in December, as I said; the December after Poland but long before Norway. It was before so many things. Before Fifth Column. Before Quisling. Almost before Blitzkrieg. It was before Fear and before Work, and we in Exmoor did not take kindly to the Americanization of the Bannister Works and the blocking of our roads to all traffic other than the big tractors which hauled Calvin Gouch's American-built machines from the railroad siding in Torbeth to the plant. Major Roland Keith-Ormsby—he had seen no service since the South African War—wrote to the Times and protested against the Americanization of British industry, and called upon British skill to demonstrate that

They were side by side and he held both her hands in his.



BY HOFFMAN BIRNEY

Britons could produce an automatic rifle vastly superior to any American contraption. The letter was not printed, but Sir John Bannister seated Major Keith-Ormsby at the speakers' table at the dinner given to introduce Calvin Gouch to his new neighbors in Exmoor.

Calvin Gouch, when introduced, bowed jerkily. He was a tall man and appeared as awkward as a gravid camel. He had long arms and bony wrists and huge thick hands with fingers that looked like bananas. He was red-haired and his voice was the harsh nasal whine of the Midwestern states. His dinner jacket rode up on his heavy shoulders and his waistcoat followed it, exposing a wide gap of rumpled shirt.

"I'm no speechmaker," he said. "All I'm here for is to do the job of putting Gouch rifles into the hands of just as many British soldiers as I can—" We applauded those words, but the applause ceased when Gouch added, "while they're still alive to shoot.

"I'll take care of my job," he went on, "and I'm asking you folks in Exmoor to see that the workers are housed and fed. I'll manage the working end. I'll work 'em till they drop and then I'll boot 'em back to work again and make 'em like it. You should have had me here three years ago. Now I've got six months —if I'm lucky—in which to do three years' work. I'm just the fellow called in to train the race horse. I haven't got a bet down and it's nothing to me whether he wins or loses—but I'm being paid for seeing that he runs a good race. Let's not have any more talk about British traditions or Britain's glorious history; let's talk about man hours and production quotients and working to beat hell!"

That was about all he said and there was no applause when he sat down. We asked no better demonstration that Calvin Gouch was the American that is portrayed in our comic weeklies—a rough-tongued, heavy-handed boor who cursed like a navvy and who probably chewed tobacco.

That was in January and there were still many in our England who laughed at a hysterical little man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache who shrieked madly in very poor German. We laughed at potbellied field marshals in comic-opera uniforms, and we considered the Maginot Line an impregnable bulwark and the French army the finest in the world. Ex post facto argument is as easy as it is unconvincing, but we were smug and self-confident as only Englishmen can be, whether in Exmoor or in Singapore.

Calvin Gouch was hated with that cold polite hatred which we reserve for those in whom we can see nothing good. He had perfected the best automatic shoulder arm in the world, together with the machinery by which it could be placed in quantity production, but England had acquired it only by meeting all of Gouch's harsh terms, including an advance payment of more than a million dollars and the stipulation that he should be in charge of all manufacture, answerable only to the Ministry. There were those who said the British had been forced to meet a German offer and that Calvin Gouch was not entirely out of sympathy with Nazi ideologies. Those who worked in the plant called him the Yankee slave driver, nor ever mentioned that the American worked harder and longer than any of those who stood at the machines.

Then came Norway and Mr. Chamberlain's statement to the Commons that Hitler had missed the bus and made the worst military blunder since Napoleon's Peninsular campaign. You will remember how those confident words were applauded. Calvin Gouch said, "You English!" and declared that Hitler had missed the bus only to catch a transport plane. Three days later he placed the Bannister Works on a twenty-four-hour schedule.

It was about that time that Betty Frame became a widow. She was Dr. Miles' younger daughter who had married a lieutenant in the submarine service and after a three-day honeymoon had returned to Torbeth and taken a job at a machine which stamped butt plates for Gouch rifles. The foreman of the section told Gouch that Betty had received an Admiralty telegram informing her that the submarine Barracuda, long overdue, had been given up for lost. Richard Frame was engineer officer of the craft.

"Oh, that's tough," said Gouch. "Where is she?" And he looked along the rows of clattering machines as if trying to pick out a young widow from among the many girls who worked there. The foreman told him that Betty was at home, and Gouch's red-stubbled jaw jutted defiantly.

"Why ain't she at work?" he demanded. "He's been dead a couple of weeks by now and she's been working. Doesn't she know there's a machine standing still while she's home crying? I'll be looking for her tomorrow."

Betty Frame did return to work the next day. Her thoughts may have been on a man who had died slowly and miserably in a steel coffin on the sea floor, but she counted butt plates as they clattered from under the die and kept her eyes dry and her voice steady when Gouch told her that he had heard of her loss and wished to express his sympathy. She said, "Thank you," and I think she said it quite sincerely, but there were plenty who called Gouch a heartless savage as well as a Yankee slaver.

May came to England. France still stood like a stalwart wall, and we

believed in her strength and discipline and in the integrity of her leaders. We had forgottten Norway. This war, like the last, would be decided on the western front, and England had always lost every battle except the last one. Then the red tide recoiled from the fiords and swept over Holland and Belgium. The B. E. F. of 1940 was fighting desperately over ground that the B. E. F. of 1914 had known, and the Big Show was on.

We weren't frightened—not yet—but the Local Defense Volunteers drilled nightly on the common and listened to talks on how to meet and combat parachute troops. I had organized our L. D. V. unit during the winter months—largely as an escape from the resentment which I felt when the War Office could find no berth for an ex-captain of machine guns with only one leg and that none too sound. I could not march with them, and the drill was conducted by Sergeant Williams, who had left his right hand somewhere among the ruins of the Buire farm near Albert. Calvin Gouch stopped his two-seater and crossed the common to where I stood.

The ranks were formed by men past fifty and by boys who only a few months ago had been waiting for their elder brothers to give over using the cricket field behind the Boar and Bull. The cricketing crease was gone now and so were the elder brothers. Some were in camp, others had been left in Norway or were fighting in Flanders, still others had gone roaring out over the black seas and had not returned. The younger brothers had been hurled overnight into maturity and their eyes were puzzled. They stayed close to one another and were on the left flank when the company formed. The leading platoon was made up of the older men. A few, outdoor workers, were lean-gutted and strong, but the majority carried gracelessly the heavy paunches of the fat years when we forgot exercise along with so many other things.

They carried as motley a collection of misfit arms as could be brought together. Most of them were fowling pieces, ranging from a huge eight-bore punt gun with forty-two-inch barrels to a neat little twenty-bore Lanchester with which Gerald Calvert's wife had equipped her son. There were three or four old Martini rifles, salvaged from attic corners; a Lebel, two Mausers—trophies of 1914-18 these—and perhaps four sporting rifles. The only really worthwhile rifle in the lot was a beautiful Richards, chambered for the .318-caliber cartridge. It was carried by Tim Sleary, Major Keith-Ormsby's bandy-legged groom, and was a souvenir of the major's service in the Gwalior residency.

"Heavens, what a misfit lot!" Gouch said as the platoons made a circuit of the common.

"They may not march like a Guards battalion," I said testily, "but those chaps are sound at the core, Mr. Gouch."

His eyes met mine. They were the keenest, deepest, bluest eyes I have ever seen in a man's head.

"I meant the guns," he said. "A workman's no better than the tools you put in his hands." He raised his voice and called Sergeant Williams, who came over.

"I notice most of your fellows are carrying shotguns," said Gouch. "Did you ever hear of punkin balls, sergeant?"

"I can't say that I have, sir," Williams replied, stony-faced.

"It's a name we have in America for solid lead slugs used in a shotgun. They're not the most accurate load in the world, but they'll kill very dead at ranges where bird shot will only pepper. Let me know how many gauges you've got out there and I'll find time to cut some cherries and make molds for you."

"Very good, sir," Williams said, and returned to his duties.

"Not what you'd call receptive to Yankee notions," Gouch remarked, "or else he didn't know what I was talking about and wouldn't admit it."

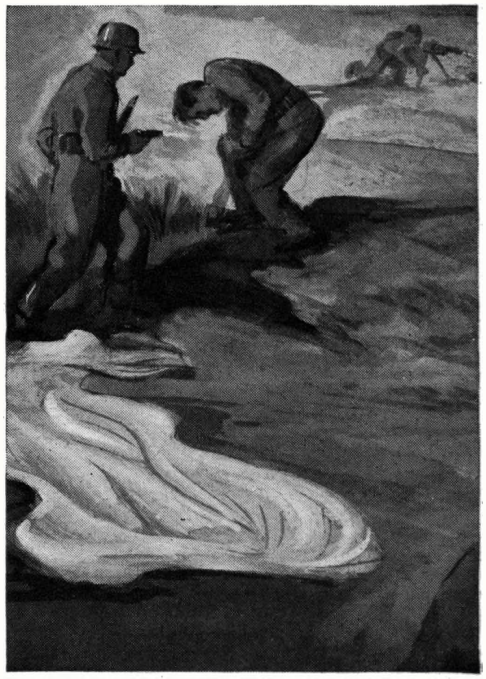
"You don't know men like Williams," I said quickly. "He understood what you said, but the idea of using ball loads in smoothbores is quite new to him. He'll think it over very carefully—"

"—and he'll talk it over with his cronies tonight and tomorrow night at the Boar," Gouch interrupted, "and then wait until some one happens to be traveling to Buckminster to get the opinion of Lord Whiffletree's head gamekeeper. That's Williams, and that's English. Your War Office had my rifle in '37. If we'd gone into production then, there'd be a million of 'em in your arsenals now. As it is, we're just barely beginning to produce. Another thing—how much real target practice have those fellows had?"

Very little, I admitted. There were still laws in England and one of them forbade the promiscuous use of firearms. Gouch snorted rudely. That was the week of the heaviest fighting in Flanders, and Gouch made a flying trip to France on some mysterious business connected with arms production. When he returned, the plant workers learned the true meaning of slave-driving. The men and women in every department were driven like laborers on a Congo plantation, and the thin trickle of finished rifles increased to a considerable stream.

Gouch's energy and his demand that all those close to him work even as he did, drove his typist into nervous hysteria. Gouch dismissed her and put Betty Frame in her place. I still saw her occasionally as she passed my home. At times she rode her bicycle, but I saw her more and more frequently at the wheel of Gouch's two-seater. Often she did not leave the plant until midnight or later and—as was quite natural—there was considerable criticism of such conduct by one so recently widowed. I had known Betty since she was three days old and I hinted to her of the nature of that gossip.

"Tell them to go to the devil!" she said, her eyes looking into mine over the rim of the big wheel. "I don't care what they say. The part of me that any one can hurt died in the Barracuda at the bottom of the sea. And as far as Calvin Gouch is concerned, I'm just another one of the machines, except that I can't keep running twenty-four hours a day. He doesn't care what Torbeth thinks of him. He says he's working to beat hell and that's truer than any one in Torbeth or in all of Exmoor even suspects right now. He's the loneliest man in England, captain. I wish I could be his right arm instead of just one small finger."



The enemy fired into the child's body.

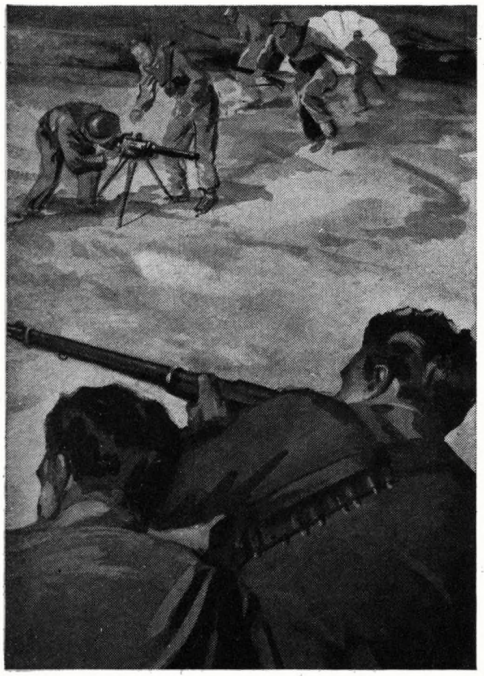
Then we got the truth of Flanders; news which we could not force ourselves to believe until after the ghastly and glorious business at Dunkirk. Then came France, more ghastly, less glorious, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw tucked his tongue into his cheek and wrote words of bitter praise of a despised little man with a funny mustache, the first man in nearly a thousand years thoroughly to frighten England. We were frightened, too. Ten years from now, perhaps, it will be possible to tell adequately the tale of those weeks through the summer of 1940.

July passed, and August. France collapsed spiritually as well as politically. There was the business of the French fleet and of the Burma Road. I was given confidential information that losses in Flanders forbade any issue of service rifles to

local defense forces although I could have wooden-barreled cadet guns for drill purposes. I saw Calvin Gouch and Betty Frame on the downs at sunrise.

She was wearing the denim slacks of a factory worker and I thought the figures were those of two men. When they failed to reappear from behind a knoll I pegged over there to investigate. They were side by side on a flat stone and he held both her hands in his, not tenderly but like a man on a cliff face who clings to a strong slender young tree deep rooted in firm earth.

"—and if They come," she was



Gouch threw the rifle to his shoulder.

saying. There was no man in all England who would not have known who They were.

"It isn't *if* they come, it's *when* they come," said Gouch harshly. "Kent is yelling for me to fly over, Betty, if only for a week or two, and get things lined up in the new American factory. Let me take you with me."

She shook her head.

"I'm English," she said. "England won't fall, Calvin; but if she does, we'll all want to fall with her. Maybe you can't understand. I can't do much, but I'm staying to do what little I can."

I heard him say "You English!" as he had said it before. Then I withdrew around the knoll and got away as speedily as I could.

WE anticipated that they would come at night and with a full moon to aid them. Our courage grew with the moon's waning. Another month, we thought. Another month to train new levies and to put new rifles in their hands. Another month to approach readiness—and then they came to Torbeth Wells. The moon was old and tired and they came with its rising and the sun's first light. Seven lead-colored planes circling like foul birds and dropping—through hatches which opened in their bellies—a swarm of hell's angels to pitch swiftly toward the Exmoor downs.

The sirens waked me, and I dressed as swiftly as I could and hurried toward the highroad intersection. Calvin Gouch was standing there.

"I slept at the inn," he said. "Wanted one night without interruption. Betty's got my car—where is she?"

Before I could answer, Torbeth's motor fire engine wheeled around the corner and halted to pick me up. I climbed to the seat and did not notice that Calvin Gouch swung to the running board as the machine picked up speed. Half a dozen of the Volunteers were aboard, and on the way we picked up others who ran from their homes, hatless and with braces dangling, yet no man had forgotten his gun, and the pockets of each man bulged with cartridges. Tim Sleary met us at Bishop's Lane. He had Major Keith-Ormsby's .318 and three bandoleers of cartridges.

I ordered the men to advance on foot, the bright red lorry being entirely too conspicuous a target for a pilot who fancied a little machine gunning. Of the fourteen men with me, only Sleary and Tompkins had rifles, and I ordered them to open fire on those enemies which had already landed while the shotgun bearers scattered to meet, and fire upon, the parachutists who were still in the air. It was a desperate measure. Tompkins' ancient Martini was far from accurate, he was rattled, and I saw his first two shots kick up the dirt fifty feet from the men at whom he aimed.

Sleary, with a better weapon, performed more creditably. His second shot dropped a man who was running to protect three of his fellows who were hastily setting up a machine gun. The crew must have jumped together, one man carrying the gun, the others the tripod and ammunition. Sleary swung the muzzle to cover the gun crew, but another Nazi, farther on the flank, drove a carbine bullet through his skull. His head dropped and it seemed as though he laid the rifle down wearily but carefully before him. I hobbled forward, but Gouch passed me before I had taken two strides.

He snatched the rifle and two of the bandoleers and raced back to the hedgerow which followed the lane. We owed our lives, both of us, to Tompkins. The Martini threw its big bullets up and down, right and left, but he had found good cover and from it was dusting the man who had killed Sleary. The man was firing, too quickly, as he retreated, so had no time for us.

Gouch was stuffing cartridges into the magazine of the Richards and, as he worked, cursing the leaf sights with which the rifle was equipped. During those few seconds we saw little Tommy Calvert empty both barrels of his mother's twenty-bore Lanchester at a parachutist who was directly over his head. He must have missed the target entirely, for the range did not seem beyond the light gun's capacity, and he stood petrified when the Nazi—five feet off the ground—pulled a device which released him from his harness and landed almost beside him. The man stumbled, and the boy, recovering, struck at him with the little gun. It broke at the stock and the enemy drew an automatic pistol and fired three shots into the child's body, then unslung the carbine which was on his back and crashed the butt on Tommy's skull.

"Oh, the skunk! The dirty skunk!" Gouch snarled, and he threw the rifle to his shoulder and followed with the front sight the figure of the running Nazi. He fired, cursed the sights and the deceptive light of dawn, then fired again. The parachutist went down like a pole-axed steer and lay kicking and screaming amid the gorse.

"Yell, skunk!" said Calvin Gouch and covered the three men who by now had completed the setting up of the machine gun. There again he scored with the second shot. The man he hit fell across the gun. One of his companions pulled him free, then himself dropped as the 250-grain bullet backed by fifty grains of smokeless smashed through his body.

"Any premium on doubles?" Gouch shouted as the third man scrambled like a tipped rabbit for the nearest cover.

I do not believe three minutes had passed. The Volunteers were still running toward the area where the gray-clad men were dropping. I saw three of our boys down, killed by the Nazi sharpshooters. I saw Adam Holder lift his punt gun and blast both barrels at a parachutist who was a good two hundred feet from the ground. The spreading duck shot —nearly half a pound of it—ripped a third of the parachute into ribbons and the man plunged to earth.

Gouch confined his attention to those who were trying to form a nucleus which could hold an area where other planes, with more troops, could land. When he missed he cursed the English sights; when he scored a hit he yelled in exultation and the man he had struck lay very still. The .318 is designed for such game as elephant, East African buffalo, and gaur, and the execution of its heavy bullet is terrific.

And I, a cripple, was helpless. The men I was supposed to command were beyond hearing and I could neither direct them nor encourage them. This was war, war at last on English soil, but it was different from war as I had known it. A quarter century before, in the lines about Passchen-

daele and on the Somme, there was little hate. We fought Jerry and we fought him hard but we did not hate him. But I hated these men who came tumbling out of the skies over England and I cursed them as I had never cursed a foe.

These men were the sons of those I had fought and I wondered whether their sires were proud of them. They had been forged into soldiers, these men who had been in their cradles or unborn when we fought for Amiens and Albert, but in the forging all decency had been beaten from them, all the pride that one could be a soldier and retain one's honor. Courage had been forged into them, but with it was the readiness to kill and the lust to kill not like men but like wolves. I had fought with men; now it was my lot to fight with beasts, and the beasts were dropping on England. My England—" this little world, this precious stone set in the silver sea." . . .

I MUST have quoted the last words aloud, for Calvin Gouch raised his face from beside the hot breech of the rifle and asked me what in hell I was talking about. " Can't you hear that truck in the lane? " he asked. " Hustle down there and tell 'em to go round on the Prior's Head Road. They're landing over there and I can hold this end."

There were two motors in the road —the light lorry which Gouch had heard and his own car with Betty Frame at the wheel. She had seen the planes over the downs and had driven to the target range, south of the village, where the Gouch rifles were tested. There were the only completed rifles which were not greased and crated for shipment to the equipment depots, and she had loaded them into the lorry, then raced back to the village to pick up the testers. Sergeant Williams was with Betty in Gouch's two-seater.

I passed on the orders and the lorry backed out of the lane and turned westward, followed by the lighter car. The pilot of one of the circling planes sighted it and dived, his guns spitting in those ripping blasts which one can never forget. The lorry escaped, but the two-seater was directly in the Nazi's sights. The first reports had scarcely reached my ears before the motor swerved across the road, plunged into the ditch, and turned end over end.

Calvin Gouch saw it too. He burst from beneath the hedge and, spurning cover, came running like a three-quarter across the meadow. The pilot could not have observed him, and the plane was not two hundred yards away when Gouch halted and opened fire. I could see his hand racing with the bolt and see his body rock backward with the heavy recoil from each shot. He emptied the magazine and forced in fresh cartridges, but there was no need to fire the second clip. One of his shots must have struck a magneto or some other vital part, for one engine stopped dead in the air and the plane whipped crazily under the unbalanced pull of the remaining engine. The low wing touched the ground and the plane pinwheeled, crashed on its nose, and burst into flames.

" That was my car," Gouch screamed above the roar of the blazing petrol. " Betty was driving."

I said " I know," and Gouch cursed and ran on. It was then that he was hit—drilled through the leg just below the knee by a bullet which came from God knows where. He tumbled head over heels, plowing the downs with his face, and did not see Betty Frame scramble from the crashed car. Sergeant Williams was close behind her. He was bleeding freely from a gash across the back of his head to which he did not pay the slightest attention.

Betty plumped to the ground at Gouch's side and gathered his head into her arms just as he opened his sand-filled eyes. Any tenderness was interrupted by Williams who gripped the American about the body with his good arm and half carried, half dragged him to the hedge. I followed them, picking up the rifle on the way.

" Is he dead? " the girl cried. " Calvin, speak to me! "

The American blinked and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

" Hell, no! " he said. " Nothing hit me. I must've stumbled." He looked down, saw the red stain spreading on his trousers leg, and his expression changed. " Is that blood? " he said in amazement.

" It's nothing else, sir," said Williams, " but it's not a bad hit. Just a scratch like."

Calvin Gouch laughed. " Can you beat that? Me—Cal Gouch—mixing into some other fellows' fight and letting myself get shot. Shedding my blood for England! Tie a rag around that place, sergeant, and you, Dagleish, give me that gun. I want a crack at the guy who winged me! "

BETTY FRAME took the rifle from me and gave it to him. She took my handkerchief and scarf too, and she knotted them swiftly around the bleeding hole through the calf of his leg. We crouched beside him and I watched shooting such as I had never seen before and may never see again—unless They come once more and Gouch again takes up the rifle belonging to Major Keith-Ormsby. He fired again and again, at ranges the shortest of which was more than three hundred yards, and I do not recall that he missed a shot.

" I'm mad," he growled once. " Did you see what that skunk did to that poor little kid? My leg stings, too, and I'm mad."

He protested angrily when the ambulances arrived and a surgeon ordered him to the hospital. That was after the enemy planes had left the skies and our own Spitfires were circling over the downs and gunning out of hiding those parachuters who had not surrendered to the automatic riflemen. I went with Gouch to the hospital and waited with Betty Frame while the surgeon patched him up. He refused to obey the orders to remain in bed for three or four days. They'd have to patch him up somehow so that he could return to the plant tomorrow. He did not cease from grumbling until he received the report of the performance of the Gouch rifles under combat conditions.

" Fifteen guns fired more than eleven hundred rounds without a single jam or malfunction," he gloated. " Telegraph that to Berlin and tell 'em there'll be fifteen thousand and then fifty thousand waiting for them. We'll make it a fortress island just as the Prime Minister said we would."

Betty Frame brushed his ear with her lips and quoted softly:

" This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

THAT'S the piece you were speaking when the party started, wasn't it, Dagleish? " Gouch said to me. " Who wrote it? "

" Shakespeare," I told him; and Betty added: " It's in Richard II; every school child in England learns it, I think."

" Uh-huh." Calvin Gouch was silent for a moment. I saw his big fingers tighten on the girl's hands. " ' This England.' . . . That's the way you feel about her, all you English, but you've got to be shot up and heaven knows what before anybody knows how you feel. No wonder the little guy with the trick whisker fears you more than he hates you; he knows how tough you are and that you won't crumble."

He patted the girl's hand lightly.

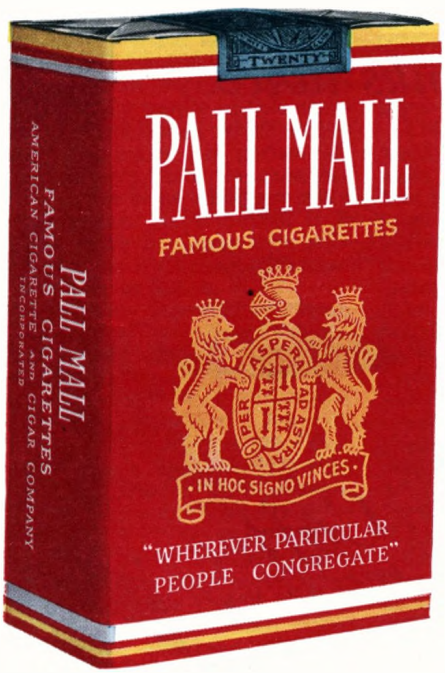
" You'd better be getting on back to work, Betty. Tell Kale, in the bluing room, to hold the heat at six fifty for twenty minutes instead of ten—I wasn't suited with those last receivers. And wire the Moreland outfit in Sheffield to cut down a couple of points on carbon content —what we've been getting from them is just a shade on the brittle side and reheating takes time. Then cable Kent in New York and tell him every man's got to skin his own snakes—I can't come over to help him out of his troubles."

" He'll telephone back as soon as he can get a connection," said Betty, who seemed to know what Gouch was talking about, " and he'll want to know why you can't come."

" Tell him, then," said Calvin Gouch—" tell him I'm too busy digging a moat defensive against—what is it? — against the envy of less happier lands."

THE END

"It's more than a change_it's an important forward step!"



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For Science says coffee relieves fatigue, actually rests you when tired, and makes your mind clear and alert.

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Published by the Pan American coffee producers for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

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Ambassador and Mrs. Dodd at the Embassy in Berlin.

AMBASSADOR TO Hitler

New, intimate revelations of men at work planning, preparing for the disaster of war

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Seven months, beginning September 5, 1934, were covered in the Dodd diary entries published last week. In October Hitler announced to his Cabinet that the Reichstag was shelved. By November there were grounds for suspecting that he was secretly bargaining with Stalin, and in that month Göring put the German bar on notice that if Hitler was not obeyed, "heads would be chopped off." In February the Ambassador, back in Washington, met a prominent senator who amazed him by talking exactly like a Nazi. In March came Hitler's famous "cold" that prevented his receiving Sir John Simon because he was angered by Premier MacDonald's warning to Britain that Germany was preparing for war. On April 4 Mr. Dodd wrote in his diary: "One thing is certain: Hitler aims at war."

PART FOUR
"All Three Are Murderous"

April 5, 1935. I wired Secretary Hull the facts about the war danger here: The regime is aggressive. The responsible or irresponsible trio, Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels, might easily do a wild thing, knowing so little of past history. All of them are of a murderous frame of mind. The economic dilemma might precipitate war as a possible way out; but Schacht has absolute power, and this the German people so respect in any leader that they will submit to other temporary solutions. Hence I think no debacle is imminent.

The Foreign Secretary says, "No war," though he is troubled about Mussolini. The British Ambassador says: "No war in a year or two, but war is the purpose here." Finally, the French Ambassador says: "No

war yet, unless some break in Danzig or Austria gives the regime a chance to arouse German enthusiasm."

Danzig's Taste of Terrorism

April 9. We had been engaged for weeks to dine with the Solmssens. . . . The talk was in ridicule of the Nazi leaders, Goring, Goebbels, and Hess, for trying to terrorize all Danzig people into voting for Nazi Party control there last Sunday. Many violences were visited upon the people who did not have Nazi flags over their houses. Consuls of some countries had their windows smashed because they had not erected flags. The Nazi chiefs thought they would surely win 75 per cent of the vote, and then control the Danzig Council by two thirds and demand that the League of Nations allow Danzig to return to Germany. All reports show that Danzig would have voted 90 per cent to return to Germany, but not while the Nazis were in power. In consequence the vote was lower than in 1933. . . .

We arrived at the Goring wedding reception just in time to join the rush of guests to shake hands with the bride and groom, who were standing in the great hall on the second floor of the Opera. The ceremony continued for an hour. Then all went to their places and witnessed the completion of the opera.

What Berlin Wanted in Geneva

April 12. I learned from the French Counselor tonight that Counselor Newton of the British Embassy went to the German Foreign Office to know if Germany would approve the French-Russian treaty of a day or two ago, as it was only a defense guaranty. Perhaps the Germans might then fall in with English demands at Stresa, where the English, French, and Italians were in conference about armaments and additional peace pacts. Von Neurath replied, to Newton's surprise, that Germany would approve, or at least not oppose, any peaceful treaty. It did not surprise me, since I have repeatedly been told by the Foreign Office people that Germany would return to the League of Nations whenever other Powers agreed to recognize her equal rights.

Reichswehr Purges SS Gunmen

April 13. From SS circles I hear that General von Schleicher's next of kin, incited by the head of the army, General von Fritsch, are suing the German state for damages in connection with the shooting of their distinguished kinsman last June. It will be recalled that the Reichswehr ministry refused to give back to the SS the files and records of the shooting, after having obtained them for examination. The day before yesterday, four SS men called on the major in the Reichswehr Ministry in whose keeping these files are held. At the point of a pistol they demanded the records. Feigning to acquiesce, he bent down as if to take the documents out of his desk drawer, but instead pressed an alarm button concealed there and gave them other papers to gain time. The guards responded to the bell and came and arrested the four SS men, took them to the cellar of the building, and there shot them. The ashes of the bodies were sent in a box to Himmler.

Hitler's Demands Undeniable

April 16. Von Bülow said Hitler could never join an eastern Locarno pact for the maintenance of existing boundaries, though he did not use direct statements from Hitler. He was certain Hitler meant to maintain peace, but Soviet Russia, he said, had a treaty with Czechoslovakia whereby a vast number of Soviet planes could land at their airfields. "This means a close alliance with France and aggression against Germany.

"I want something that will attract only wealthy men."

. . . The Czechs are absolutely allied to France, and the new French-Russian treaty only strengthens this alliance."

I asked him if Germany would send delegates to the Rome Conference on May 20, called by Mussolini. He said: "Yes, but we have not yet been invited." "Will you," I said, "agree to Austrian independence?" "Oh, yes. We could not stand an Anschluss, although we know most Austrians wish to join Germany. But Italy pays the salaries of Austrian generals and other officials. That is the way the government goes on." He was not hopeful of results from the Rome Conference because Bulgaria will not co-operate with Hungary and Rumania and because there can be no agreement with Italy and France about Austria. This seemed inconsistent, since he had said Hitler would not have an Anschluss with Austria. If so, then why no agreement as to Austrian independence? . . .

He asked about American attitudes, and remarked that a returning German official had said that when he was in Washington all the papers were saying Hitler demanded the Corridor from Poland, the German districts in Czechoslovakia and Austria. The press people had gone to Ambassador Luther to know if this were true, and Luther had refused to deny it, which convinced the American people that Hitler would demand this much. Then said von Bülow: "Luther cabled us and we at once denied the story; only it was too late as news."

I thought but did not say that this meant the Ambassador feared Hitler did demand the areas named and hence had not felt free to make a denial.

League Warning Maddens Him

April 19. Yesterday I learned that on the 18th Hitler, at Berchtesgaden, ordered von Bülow to ask Sir Eric Phipps to the Foreign Office and give him a rebuke from Hitler, to be cabled to London. It is said von Bülow was violent and insulting. Today the Berlin papers say the Italian Ambassador was included in the rebuke. . . .

The reason for the rebuke was the unanimous rulings of the League meeting that Germany's armament decree of March 16 was a violation of the Versailles Treaty which could not be permitted again. The warning clause was that if Germany placed any soldiers in the neutralized zone along the Rhine it would be considered as the beginning of war. . . .

England, France, Italy, and Russia are all in agreement to fight if Germany makes an unfriendly move anywhere. . . .

Keels Laid to Attack England

April 27. We were with Sir Eric and Lady Phipps for lunch today. Nothing worth-while was said, except Sir Eric's report to my wife that Germany is building twelve submarines and several large war vessels in violation of the Treaty of Versailles. He had seen von Bülow the day before, but no agreement had been made to negotiate. Why plan this great navy when Germany has no long stretch of coast? Only for a thrust at England.

"A Treaty with the Devil"

April 29. Von Wiegand stopped by. His information confirmed our reports of war-aircraft work and of German navy building. General von Reichenau had just told him that the Reichswehr was very much disturbed over Hitler's challenge to all Germany's neighbors and that they demanded a treaty with Russia now that the French were weakening a little toward the Soviet Union. It's the one opportunity to break the encirclement which France, England, and Italy are making. Hitler is much troubled and dreads terribly to approach Russia, his one enemy never to be dealt with. However, von

(*Continued on page 24*)

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(*Continued from page 22*)
Reichenau said he had replied to one of the Reichswehr spokesmen: "Well, I will make a treaty with the devil for Germany's sake."

Appeasement—Aimed at Moscow

May 6. Oechsner of the United Press reported from a secret but absolutely reliable source great activity in submarine and other warvessel building in Wilhelmshaven. . . . It seems to me most unwise at the very moment Italy, France, England, and Russia are working out their encirclement alliance. England has been hesitant about the Russian phase of this, but German behavior at this moment is apt to swing England into co-operation.

Lord Lothian, who as Philip Kerr was secretary to Lloyd George during the World War, wrote me about this in a letter which I received today. He expressed the opinion that the opportunity to bring Germany into the League of Nations had been missed because of the failure of France to face reality and Great Britain's failure to alter her course. Consequently he believed the League would be reduced to merely an anti-Nazi combination, giving Germany additional reason to follow its own path of power politics. He indicates clearly that he favors a coalition of the democracies to block any German move in their direction and to turn Germany's course eastward. That this might lead to a war between Russia and Germany does not seem to disturb him seriously. In fact, he seems to feel this would be a good solution of the difficulties imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty. The problem of the democracies, as he sees it, is to find for Germany a stronger place in world affairs, to which, in his opinion, they are entitled because of their power and tradition. He hopes this can be accomplished without any sacrifice to the British Empire and with as little destruction to human liberty as possible.

What Il Duce Was Headed For

May 15. I saw von Neurath for an unofficial conversation. He spoke of the so-called "eastern Locarno pact" without animus, though Hitler rages when the suggestion of his joining it is raised. The secretary wished it delayed until England, Germany, and France could agree upon an aircraft pact whereby each country is to limit its building of machines. I did not say that England and France would probably not agree to do this until an eastern Locarno treaty is agreed to by Germany, France being absolutely sure Germany will not keep any of her promises about disarmament. . . .

He was surprised, he said, at Mussolini's lack of wisdom in sending troops into Abyssinia. He said: "Mussolini cannot dismiss his million soldiers without huge unemployment, he cannot go on arming further without bankruptcy, and he cannot fail in war without being overthrown." Von Neurath described this in a way which made me think constantly of Germany's similar position even now, though her debts are not yet so critical as Italy's and war is not quite so imminent.

While nothing directly significant was said, I came away convinced that the Foreign Office people are doing their utmost to restrain Hitler and coax England into a breach with France and Italy. . . .

"Hitler Does Not Fool Me"

May 21. At eight o'clock I went to hear Hitler speak to the world about his situation and his policy as Führer. . . . For twenty minutes he talked about the German economic situation without real understanding. Then he discussed the German situation at the close of the World War (assuming that his country was entirely innocent of any wrongdoing) and the wicked Versailles Treaty. The last hour of the address dealt severe blows to the League of Nations and Communism. He was not far wrong in this but exaggerated greatly the faults of both. He did not indicate, as formerly, his willingness to return to the League in case of the granting of equality.

What Hitler said about Lithuania and eastern border troubles revealed more freely than he intended his real purpose never to surrender his hope of annexations. Many times he has said that colonies would not be worth anything to Germany, and that therefore annexations of half-industrialized peoples like Lithuanians, western Poles, and Estonians must be made. His reference to a Lithuanian annexation was veiled but it brought the wildest hurrahs of the whole evening. Similar references to Austria brought equal applause.

There was nothing said which directly indicated German war purposes. The references to a navy equal to 35 per cent of British strength and the suggestion that England and France ought to enter into an agreement with Germany to limit aircraft suggested two approaches to an agreement with England which I think pleased the British Ambassador. It is quite possible that Hitler might be compelled to come to some international agreement, if the other Powers are wise enough to make careful moves. But they will not do this.

Earnest and emphatic as Hitler appeared, he certainly does not fool me. He once avowed to me that he would throw any German official into the North Sea if he sent propaganda to the United States, and when I arrived in New York during the last days of March, 1934, his consul general brought me a cabled order to German officials in America to the same effect. I gave the order to the State Department. But there are now 600 employees in the foreign propaganda division now active in Berlin.

Nor was there any let-up in the United States in 1934, although perhaps the consuls for a time suspended open activity. . . .

But He Did Fool Tory England!

May 22. Armand Berard (of the French Embassy) said: "France is perturbed, especially at England's acceptance of Hitler's promises as sincere. We cannot believe he is pacific, but the French people will not go to war. We made a pact with Italy last year, much as we dislike Mussolini, simply to stop German aggression, and we had to promise him the annexation of Abyssinia. I hope Mussolini has sense enough to annex a little of the country at a time, as we did in Morocco. We have urged that upon the Italians. They may not observe this and precipitate trouble." This is the European way. I was a little surprised at his frankness.

He then said: "Laval, our Foreign Minister, wishes to come here and talk with Hitler. My Ambassador is leaving for Paris in order to stop this if possible. We do not think any agreement with Germany can be made." I think some agreement could be made if France agreed that Austria might be annexed, and that would mean later attempts to annex Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Of course the French do not like to think of a Third Reich of eighty million people. . . .

At four fifteen I talked with Sir Eric Phipps, who seemed quite a bit pleased at the reaction of the London press to what we heard Hitler say last night. I was not surprised. The British seem to have fallen for the Führer's proposals. If they keep on like this, six months from now there will be no real disarmament agreement and Germany will be far more completely prepared for another 1914 stroke than now. . . .

A Nazi Secret Pact with Japan?

May 25. Louis Lochner sent me information that the German government has a military alliance with Japan and that seventy army officers are coming here to co-ordinate their activities with German army officials. Ilgner of I. G. Farben, the chemical trust, who has been in the Far East for a year, is said to have negotiated part of the pact and to have sold Japan vast supplies of war chemicals and gases. I have believed there was a secret pact of this kind for several months. . . .

It Didn't Disturb Sir Eric

May 26. I gave Sir Eric Phipps the confidential information about the Japanese. He was not as much impressed as I had expected. He said: "We have three army officers here studying German methods. That's not seventy, of course. It might be a serious thing for Japan to make such a pact, but I would not be surprised." After a good deal of talk about the consequences in the Far East, he promised to inquire in London whether they knew of such a military alliance.

On the general subject of Germany's policy he was still optimistic and seemed to expect an air Locarno involving limitations and international inspection. I indicated my doubts but said that if Germany makes a real concession and permits an international commission to pass upon such things it may mean real progress. I added: "Have you heard that Germany is to help Poland get Lithuania, and Poland is to cut off the Baltic end of the Corridor so that East Prussia can be definitely connected through Danzig with Germany?" He said: "No, but I would not be surprised, since Lithuania has been so foolish the last year." I agreed entirely as to her folly, but the German propaganda in Memel had a lot to do with the trouble. . . .

The evidence that comes to me every day seems to show no change whatsoever in Germany's aggressive conduct.

Russia Suspected Such a Pact

May 29. We had to go to the home of the Japanese Ambassador to dinner last night. A large company was there, including the Russian Ambassador, Dr. Schacht, and von Ribbentrop. . . . The Japanese will return to Tokyo in a few days to remain five months, they said. The Russian Ambassador said to me while we were a moment alone together: "Yes, I think there is a German-Japanese treaty, but I have no proof."

Goebbels Conciliates the Movies

June 8. Lochner showed me a copy of secret instructions sent to the German press about the necessity of conciliating the Jews who supposedly have the world film business in their control. Goebbels had dictated this explanation to the press because re-

cent instructions against Jews had been so drastic. . . .

Sir Eric Disturbed at Last

June 15. Sir Eric Phipps said: "Our situation is very difficult, if not dangerous. The Germans insist upon their 35-per-cent new navy and they are otherwise belligerent. Two months ago I talked with Hitler. He then demanded the same size navy as ours. I said, 'You do not need so many ships, since your coast line is so limited.' He said: 'Yes, but we must have warships all over the Baltic Sea.' Later I argued with him, and he was uncompromising, even impolite in his manner." . . .

I told him I owed a letter to Lord Lothian. He said, "Won't you write him frankly about the real situation here? It would do more good than one of my letters." I promised to do so. "Lothian," he said, "is a close friend of Lord Astor and the Observer people. They need some more accurate information."

Dr. Schacht, Tight-Rope Walker

June 21. Dr. Schacht was one of our luncheon guests today. Mr. Stewart of the State Department was also with us. His hope was to find some way to sell Germany some hundred thousand bales of cotton. Schacht gave him an appointment for late in the afternoon. Schacht is even more anxious to buy than Stewart is to sell, but how to pay?

No man in Germany, perhaps none in Europe, is quite so clever as this "economic dictator." His position is always delicate and even dangerous. When I saw him in July, 1934, his first remark was: "I am still living." His wife says they are "on a train going at full speed near the end of the road."

Lord Rothermere and Hearst

June 25. A foreign correspondent told me today that he had seen a letter received by Lord Rothermere a month ago from Hearst urging a German-English-American alliance. This would permit the domination of the world by these nations. Lord Rothermere was reported not too hopeful of the scheme. . . .

The Minister from Holland is convinced, as I am, that there is an entente between Germany and Japan. Both of us are of the opinion that England and the United States might stop Japan's annexation of China if they co-operated. He thought the British-German naval pact of a week or two ago a dangerous thing, though he approved of the Russians being held firmly in their isolated position. Germany will control the Baltic absolutely. Turkey will never allow Russia access to the Mediterranean, and Japan watches Russia's little front on the Pacific like a hawk. . . .

Il Duce Just Had to Go to War

July 6. At noon I saw Secretary von Neurath for half an hour, the State Department having requested information by wire. He talked freely about the British-German agreement on naval armament.

"Germany is proud of the good understanding and hopes France will co-operate," he said, "but I do not think we could enter the League of Nations even if England and France agreed to an anti-Italian war policy. We would, however, give moral support because we think Mussolini's war plan very foolish. Yet he must go to war, since he can do nothing new at home. If he does not fight he is in danger. If he does go to war against Abyssinia, he can hardly win anything worth while and may even be defeated, which would mean his overthrow. I know him well and am sure he will not change his attitude, no matter how much England,

"Let me know when you get to Mrs. Dawson's gall bladder, mom—I have a late flash on her condition."

France, and even the United States may protest."

When we talked of the recent German-Polish conference here, he said: "We are on the best of terms. Our object was to defeat the French-Russian pact and prevent the Danube agreement proposed at Stresa. There were no Hungarian alliance or agreements discussed." This he said in spite of the fact that the chief of staff of the Hungarian army was here under cover. "Nor was there any agreement with Poland about our control of the Baltic Sea. We must control that area to keep Russia off the ocean." That is the historic German policy. . . .

He expressed much hope that (in the coming naval conference) all nations would meet together and agree on naval reductions, "but we cannot join the conference if Japan refuses to attend." I had not expected such an open hint of a German-Japanese entente. . . .

Japan must dominate the Far East and capture Vladivostok. Germany must dominate Europe, but first the Baltic, and if Russia resists, Japan will attack the Russian eastern border. This is certain to happen if the League of Nations fails. Then France and Italy will become minor Powers and the Balkan zone will become subordinate to Germany, with Russia hemmed in. Finally, the United States will have to bring both Americas into co-operation or be subordinated.

Hitler Distrusted Ribbentrop?

July 11. I had heard that the Foreign Office had shipped Baron Lersner, a former army official, to London to spy on von Ribbentrop while he was there negotiating the naval pact. . . . I talked half an hour to von Ribbentrop. His answers to questions paralleled everything von Neurath said except on the subject of Japan. Three times I managed to ask him about Germany's position in case Japan refused to take part in next year's naval discussions, on expiration of the Washington Treaty. He evaded answering every time. He did this in a way which made me think there is a German-Japanese treaty. He expressed the hope twice that I would press upon Washington to urge France to co-operate with England and Germany in navy matters. . . .

Goebbels Gets a Setback

July 14. Paul Scheffer, who edits the Berliner Tageblatt, the once famous liberal paper, came to lunch. . . . He said he had heard the day before that at the last Cabinet meeting the demand of Goebbels was that Dr. Darre, the Agricultural Minister, who is an extremist, be made economic dictator in place of Dr. Schacht. The Finance Minister and von Neurath opposed Goebbels. Schacht said: "I cannot be sure we shall succeed, but I cannot change my policy. I shall stand my ground even if put to death." Hitler rose and said: "Often as we disagree, Dr. Schacht, I shall not permit any such thing to happen to you." Goebbels, who hates Schacht to the *n*th degree, was defeated.

"Germany Hopes Italy Loses"

July 18. I called on Secretary von Bülow. He was quite positive that Mussolini would go on, that Germany would hold aloof, and that pressure by Washington for the Briand-Kellogg pact against war would do harm. It was clear to me that Germany hopes the Italians will go to war and lose. That will give Germany her chance in the Balkans. . . .

In the afternoon the Berlin Am Mittag carried glaring red-ink headlines calling attention to Goring's declaration of war upon the Catholics. Henceforth they are to have no freedom of speech, no right to have youth organizations, and no right to criticize anything.

Did Steuben Turn in His Grave?

July 24. When I entered the office I was informed that officials of the

(*Continued on page 28*)

"More and more often," *reports*

Lynn Fontanne

"our guests today choose Wine"

Lynn Fontanne has co-starred with her husband, Alfred Lunt, in such popular stage successes as "Idiot's Delight," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Guardsman," and, currently, "There Shall Be No Night." She entertains frequently, in New York and at the Lunt farm at Genesee Depot, Wisconsin

Notes

ON SERVING WINE

Simplicity is the keynote to wine-serving today. You are smartly correct when you serve wine very informally.

Try the "table wines" at dinner—they are purposely made "dry" (not sweet) to complement main course foods. Red, hearty *Burgundy* is a grand choice with steak. And delicate, pale-gold *Chablis* or *Rhine* wine lends a special goodness when served with lighter meats like roast chicken. The usual serving is half water goblet size.

With refreshments, in the afternoon or evening, try the rich, full-bodied "sweet" wines. Golden *Muscatel* with cookies or cakes. Or red *Port* with cheese, nuts or after-dinner coffee. Serve these wines in small glasses.

Before dinner — alone or with appetizers — bring on cocktail-size glasses of amber Sherry. Nutlike in flavor, mellow Sherry is considered by connoisseurs the perfect invitation to a good meal.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

"Times are such that people need to relax and enjoy themselves occasionally. Yet almost everyone wants to be moderate about it"

"EVEN AT INFORMAL DINNERS nowadays I usually serve a good wine with the main course," writes charming Lynn Fontanne. "Afternoons, too, I find more and more people are choosing wine — because they prefer to stay on the moderate side."

Not only in smart social circles. Not just in certain parts of the country. Everywhere today hosts and hostesses are doing as Lynn Fontanne does.

They're setting out a dry table wine with the main dinner course. At cocktail time, or when drinks are served in the evening, they give each guest an opportunity to say "make mine wine." It's an *extra touch* of hospitality!

We have printed here some wine-serving suggestions. When next you have guests, try one of these simple ideas. You'll find that wine makes easy the duties of host or hostess. You'll notice that wine compliments your most particular guests.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate—Serve Wine

(*Continued from page 26*)

Von Steuben Society of New York, ally of the Carl Schurz Foundation here and financed by the Oberlaender Trust Fund of Philadelphia, had so affronted members of our staff, our consulate members, and our press people at the *Bierabend* given last evening that no one would attend the dinner this evening. . . .

It seemed to me that if I declined at the last minute, though I was really half sick, it might appear as a diplomatic affront. I decided to go, especially as Ambassador Luther was to be present. . . .

There was a company of about a hundred Germans and Americans. I sat down by the man who had spoken so offensively last evening. Hanfstaengl spoke for the German official element. I then spoke briefly and urged the German society to cultivate friendly relations between the two countries. . . . There was some hearty applause as I closed, and some significant silence.

Last evening's speaker followed with an offensive description of what he said had been the American attitude toward Germany. Although he did not again attack the American press, he did attack the Wilson plan at the end of the World War, and he treated the American boycott as though it had no provocation from the German side. I was insulted, but I did not get up, nor say anything that could cause hot discussion. . .

Millions of Germans Drilling

July 26. Captain Crockett (of the United States Embassy staff), after traveling all about Germany, says the country is covered with barracks, training grounds, and airfields, and that munitions plants are now scattered all over the country, especially in residential sections of big cities. He added that army officials had reported 2,000,000 volunteer soldiers now awaiting their turn on the drill grounds, that the plan is for 8,000,000 to be ready for service within three or four years. To my surprise, army officers of high rank are supporting confiscation of wealth to be used for army equipment, drills, and uniforms. This is contrary to former army attitudes. It may mean that Hitler will yield to Darre, who is supported by Goring and Goebbels. . . . That would put Schacht out of office. With him would go von Neurath, the Finance Minister, and others of the moderate wing. . .

Headaches for the Ambassador

August 2. Yesterday there was a riotous attack in New York on the German ship, the Bremen, its flag being thrown into the Hudson River. Senator King recently offered a resolution in Washington asking our government to sever diplomatic relations. And President Green of the American Federation of Labor called on all Americans to cease commercial relations with Germany. If this is not enough to make our relations with Germany critical, I do not know what could make them critical. . . .

An English Loan to Germany?

September 4. Mr. Williams of the Christian Science Monitor, a friend of Lord Astor, is here after a visit to London. He reported that England is about to make a loan to Germany. I have heard already that such a thing is afoot, Schacht being active in negotiations. The English are in a very dangerous position as Italy goes on with her war program. If pacifist England does not actually begin war or threaten Mussolini, she will lose the Suez Canal. . . .

Amazing Talk from Bullitt

November 25. Ambassador Bullitt from Moscow came in this morning. His remarks about Russia were directly contradictory to the attitudes he held when he passed this way last year. Then he was to all intents and purposes enthusiastic. But Bullitt is the heir to a great fortune and was known as a liberal contributor to the Roosevelt campaign in 1932. My gift was twenty-five dollars.

One thing he told me which surprised me was that when he left Moscow last autumn President Roosevelt asked him to visit China and report on Japanese plans and activity in the Far East. He says now that China will make a terrible and determined resistance if Japan presses for domination of North China. One general alone there has 100,000 troops who will put the Japanese army out of existence. I do not accept this. Bullitt said Russia had no business trying to hold the peninsula which projects into the Japanese sea at Vladivostok. That is all going to be taken soon by Japan. I said: "You agree that if the Germans have their way Russia with 160,000,000 people shall be denied access to the Pacific and be excluded from the Baltic?" He said: "Oh, that makes no difference." But I could not help adding: "You know, this treatment of Russia over the last two hundred years has caused many wars." He replied only: "Ireland keeps England off the seas."

I was amazed at this kind of talk from a responsible diplomat who had done so much to get Russia recognized in 1933. The President must know the man's attitude, but if so, how could he have appointed him Ambassador to Soviet Russia?

In the next twelve months came the Hoare-Laval agreement; Mussolini's exit from the powerless League; Hitler's march into the Rhineland; the Popular Front surge in France; civil war in Spain. All the world sees now what these events meant to its future. How far ahead did insiders see at the time? You'll be astonished when you read next week's entries in Mr. Dodd's diary.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

THE old Finnish lady had lived a while in this country. She spoke our language. One of her arms had been torn off by a Soviet bomb, one of her two sons killed by Soviet bullets. "But I am not surrendering," she told Therese Bonney. "I still have another arm and another son left to fight for freedom!"

That was the spirit of courage Miss Bonney aimed to depict with her camera along the war-scarred roads of Finland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France. As an American photographer in Europe, she is rounding out a unique career. First with Paris fashion photos, she organized her Illustrated Press Service. Then the war broke, and she covered all fronts. She discussed her experiences with me just before returning recently to the battlefields.

Showed me a tragic picture without a human being in it. Picture of a large roadside gate on which hundreds of homeless French people had chalked their names so that dear ones who followed would know they had passed that way. Another that brought tears to my eyes was merely a photograph of a work-worn Singer sewing machine abandoned in a snow-filled ditch, with a peasant woman's apron wrapped over it for protection, and a name tag tied on by the refugee owner, with the forlorn hope that it might be there for her to claim if ever she could come home again.

Therese Bonney's striking pictures will soon go on tour. I wish all of you could see them. Taken by an American woman with a viewpoint we all share, they would make you realize only too well how shattering war can be to the things we love and cherish. In addition to her camera job, Miss Bonney actively assisted Anne Morgan's Friends of France. Now she's gone back to see the dreadful story through.

☆ Somehow it is reassuring to see that even the dread of war can't dampen American humor. At a cocktail party I heard cartoonist Rube Goldberg offer one of his cockeyed wisdoms. There had been talk of a new boom in the interior-decorating business. Rube said, "Of course we will all want to look our best when the bombs rip our homes open, so that every one can see how we live."

☆ As factful and entertaining as her celebrated European guidebooks is Clara E. Laughlin's newest volume, So You're Going South! Tells where to stay and what to see in Florida, Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas. (Published by Little, Brown & Co.)

☆ A young wife of my acquaintance tells me that Florida is a wonderful place to have a baby.

Three winters ago she had her first child in a Chicago hospital. Relatives and friends flocked to see her, bringing carloads of flowers, books, games. The excitement was terrific, a regular social whirl which she enjoyed being the center of, but it cost more than a few hundreds of dollars and she was three weeks getting over it. "Last year," she says, "I had my second baby in Florida, too far away for the home-town folks to visit me. I was out of the hospital after only nine days, just sleeping and resting—and it cost about one fifth as much as my Chicago confinement."

☆ Try this *Florida Barbecued Steak.* You can make it with an inexpensive cut of meat. The lady who gave me the recipe said, "In Florida there are plenty of us who need to save pennies, yet like to serve tasty meals." . . . Buy 1½ pounds steak ½ inch thick. Beat well, then rub in ¾ cup flour mixed with 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste. Brown both sides quickly in 1 tablespoon hot lard.

For the sauce: In 1½ cups hot water dissolve ½ cup tomato catchup, 2 teaspoons made mustard, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire, ¼ teaspoon Tabasco, juice of 1 lemon, ½ clove garlic chopped fine, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel, 1 teaspoon minced onion. Pour over the steak, cover tight, and simmer for 2 hours *very slowly.*

Serve sweet potatoes or plain boiled rice on the side.

"Swell ending! Completely surprised me!"

☆ A. W. Ostrander of Troy, New York, has sent Vox Pop a copy of a long-defunct Boston anarchist magazine named Liberty and dated as of fifty-six years ago, with the comment that it contains mention of a Princess Kropotkin. That's my mother. She and my father spent forty years in exile because of their protests against the cruel, stupid rule of Russia by the Romanoff czars. My father spent six years in prison. Reds were not stooges in those days.

☆ *New tricks for southbound lady travelers:* . . . Keep white cuffs and collars (now so stylish) clean in a many-pocketed cardboard portfolio, obtainable at any stationery store. . . . Keep hats shapely on folding wire hat stands, three in a silk case. . . . Keep your face fresh with the new make-up pads, sixty in a package.

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the soldiers of the United States: for the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps—also for their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of individuals will be held in strict confidence, whether letters are signed with full name or initials.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

I WAS in a sort of bar and doing all right when the radio suddenly started to play The Star-Spangled Banner. I was the only man in uniform, and everybody looked at me, and I didn't have any more idea than a goat what to do. When I told it, back at camp, everybody gave me the horselaugh for being dumb, but still they didn't tell me.

P. R. D., Long Island (Camp Upton).

Face the immediate source of the music and stand at attention.

Somebody ought to get out a dictionary of army slang, so the rookies won't be lost in a fog all the time. For instance, at our camp the quarters of the regular troops are called Heroville, those of the incoming rookies Jeepville.

C. D. B., Wilmington (Fort Dix).

Not a dictionary, but: A poor shot on the rifle range: "Bolo." Canteen coupons: "Ponton nickels." Cash: "White money." A furlough or leave: "Homing device." Go to bed: "Spin in." Shut up: "Roll up your flaps." Letter from the girl friend: "Sugar report." Come here: "Taxi up." Excited: "In a storm." Let's have some more.

When we were fitted for shoes we had to carry a sixty-pound pack to get the spread of our feet. But we very seldom carry a real pack and so the shoes are too big. There's something screwy about that system.

M. R. G., Chicago (Camp Grant).

Wear two pairs of socks, trooper. And remember: Your two most important things are your rifle and your feet. Before you take a lot of amateur advice about the latter, ask your top kick (if he is not an old hand) to show you Army Regulations on Care of the Feet.

I used to be a barber for thirty-five dollars a week. Now I'm a barber for twenty-one dollars a month. I thought I was going to be a soldier—not just another tonsorial artist taking a cut in pay. Do they expect me to do all my fighting with a pair of scissors?

S. M., Detroit (Camp Custer).

Glad you mentioned that. And listen, soldier: We're building a smooth military machine, not a gang of hairy, hell-for-leather brawlers. Your job is just as important in the machine as the machine-gunner or tank mechanic. So go in there solid and do the best job you can. Anyway, you hear all the jokes first.

Everybody tells me this army insurance is swell stuff. They tell me so loud it sounds like a selling talk. I'd like an outside opinion. Would you get in on it?

P. R., Vicksburg (Camp Shelby).

You bet I am already. If you're twenty-five, you get $1,000 insurance for only sixty-seven cents a month, and continue it after your service at same rate. Any soldier not taking advantage is a plain sucker.

I owed a note to a loan agency when I was drafted, with twenty-one more weekly payments due. Everybody agrees I get a mortatorium while I am in the service, but the loan agency is going after my two friends who endorsed it for me. They are squawking to me, and I don't know whether they have to pay or not.

M. P. O'R., St. Louis (Camp Clark).

The law is plain. If you get a stay, your endorsers get a stay too. Old Sarge believes every company should have a pamphlet outlining the laws regarding military service. I generally consult one by Ganson J. Baldwin, 72 Wall Street.

I think it is an outrage they sell beer right on the camp grounds. And some misguided men go into town and buy whisky openly at the bar, with nobody objecting. I call those sinners "Tank-Up Troops" instead of "Tank Troops."

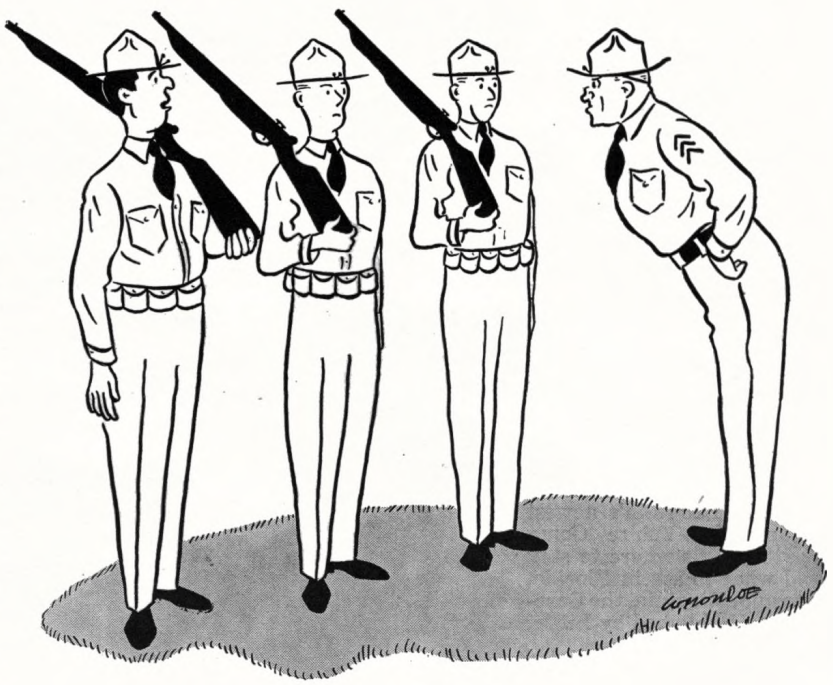
J. R. J., New York (Fort Dix).

Steady, soldier. You're entitled to your convictions, but don't try to run the army according to them. Men are human beings, even in a uniform.

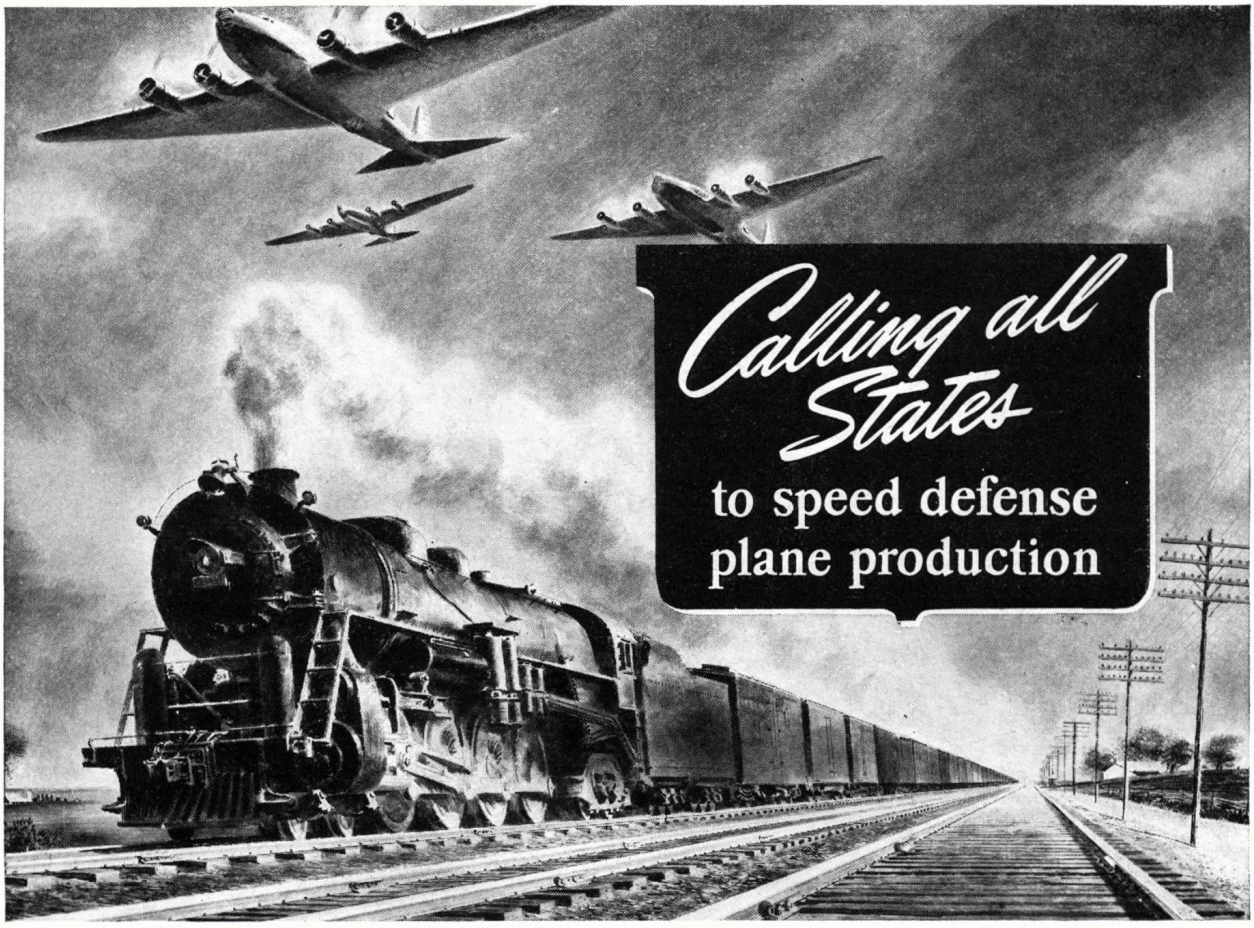
I went over to visit a friend in the training camp at Fort Monroe, and I found out right away the difference between his outfit and mine. We swab down decks (clean quarters) twice a day. They get around to it twice a week.

G. P., Virginia (Marine Barracks, Portsmouth).

Hi there, Monroe! Better scrub behind your ears.



"I'm left-handed!"



WHAT does it take to build the airplanes needed to defend America?

First of all, it takes factories—new buildings.

Next, it takes machines.

And finally, it takes materials from every state in the union—everything from abrasives, acids, aluminum and antimony to tin, tungsten, turpentine, vanadium, wool and zinc.

How are all these machines and materials gathered from the far corners of the country to the factories where planes are built?

The answer is the same that you get for any other industry—the American railroads do the job.

According to one well-informed writer, "55 per cent of the average requirements for aircraft fabrication is shipped in excess of 1,500 miles for assembly."

At latest count, there were 79 aircraft manufacturers, scattered over 20 states—and beyond this, there were 23 aircraft engine manufacturers—scattered over 12 states.

Now, despite the size of America's aircraft program, it is not a big job to move the materials needed, measured in *tonnage*. There are industries which move a greater tonnage of freight in a week than aircraft construction requires in a year.

But in aircraft construction another factor is of particular importance, and that is reliability—accurate scheduling—on-time delivery.

And on this point also, the American railroads are today at the highest point of efficiency in history.

What they do for the airplane industry, they do for the farmer, the merchant, and all the industries of America—they haul the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the fuel that warms you, the things you use every day, handling America's traffic so smoothly that few people give it a second thought.

That's the best evidence that the railroads are America's No. 1 transportation system in their *competence* as well as in their size.

NOW—TRAVEL ON CREDIT

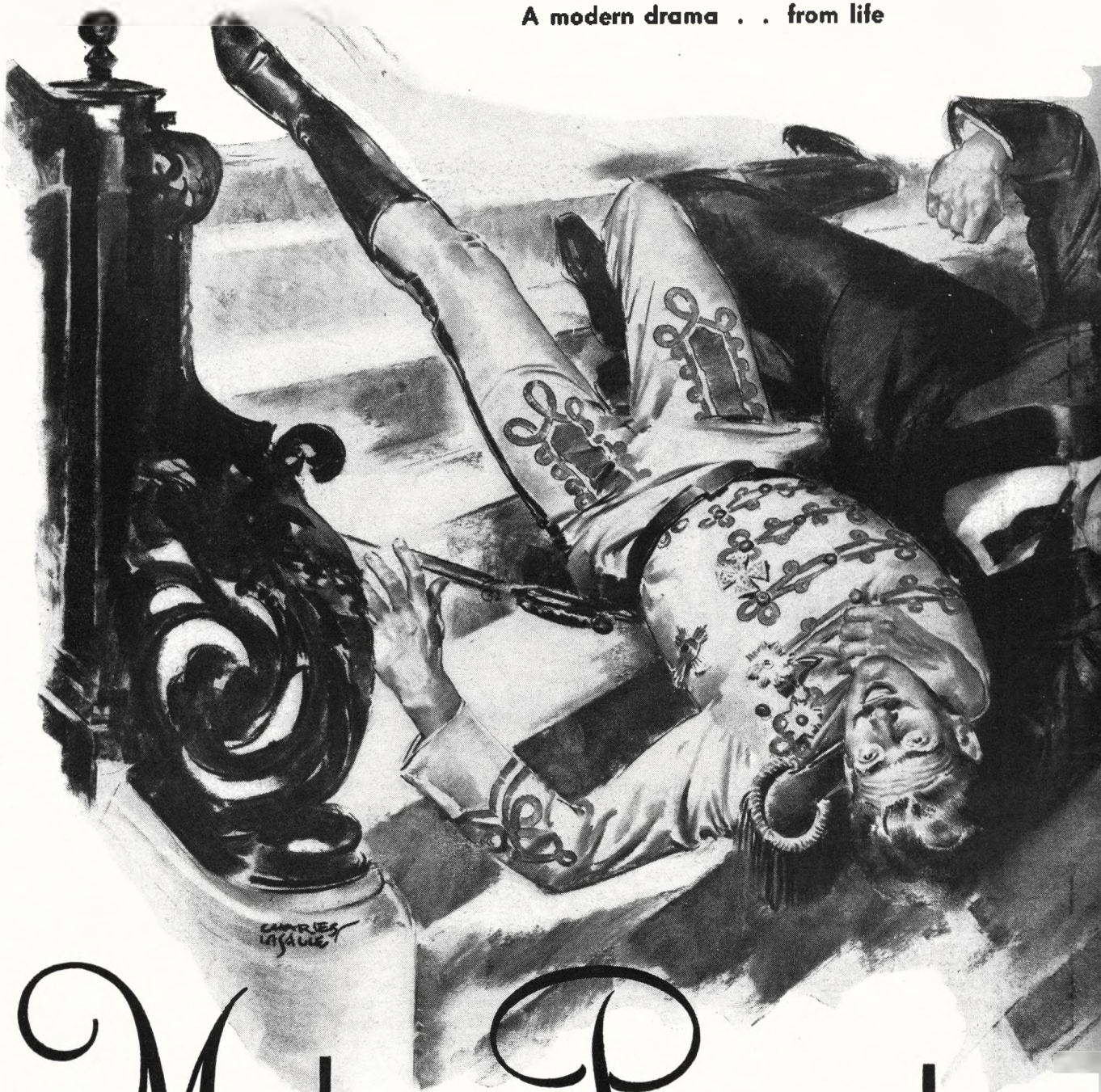
America's railroads offer new, simple installment payment plan for trips and tours.

You can take your car along too.

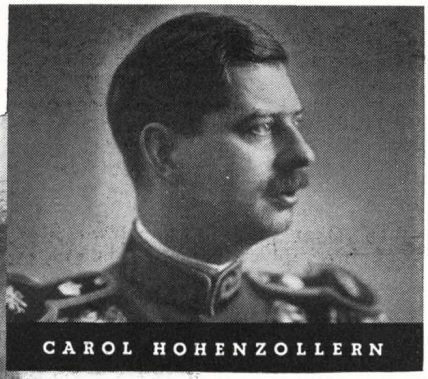
SEE YOUR LOCAL TICKET AGENT

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

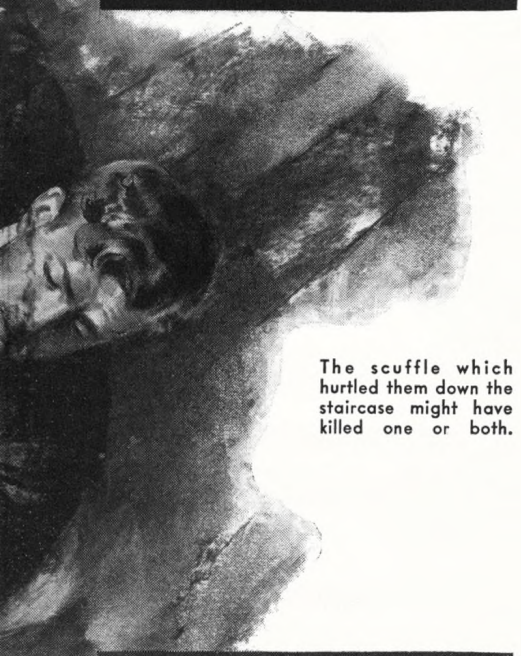
Royal rake becomes royal lover!
A modern drama . . from life



Madame Pompadour of Rumania



CAROL HOHENZOLLERN



The scuffle which hurtled them down the staircase might have killed one or both.

MAGDALENA LUPESCU

THE STORY OF MAGDA LUPESCU AND KING CAROL

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

FEBRUARY 5, 1941

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The first marriage of Carol, Crown Prince of Rumania, to Zizi Lambrino was annulled. His second, to Princess Helena of Greece, ended in divorce. But before the divorce he had met and fallen in love with Magdalena Lupescu, beautiful red-haired daughter of a Rumanian Jewish father and a Viennese Aryan mother. Magda, who was the wife of Major Constantin Tampeanu, divorced her husband, Carol bought her a house near his palace, and their life together began.

Even after his divorce there were many obstacles to Carol's and Magda's marriage, but the chief reason why he did not make her his wife was his disillusionment with women. The person chiefly responsible for this was his mother, Queen Marie, from whose bedchamber, early one morning, Carol saw emerge a certain all-powerful nobleman of the Rumanian realm.

PART TWO—THE PRIMROSE PATH . . AND A DETOUR

WHEN the struggle began between Queen Mother Marie and almost-Queen Mistress Magda Lupescu for the soul and body and royal prerogatives of young Prince Carol of Rumania, the capital city, Bucharest, was far from the cosmopolitan center which it has since become.

The narrow, crooked streets were ice rinks in winter, slush sinks in spring and fall, dust bowls in summer. Buildings, even the most pretentious official ones, crowded each other in oppressive ugliness.

But always there was an oasis of simple dignity, of austere loveliness—the home once occupied by John Alexander Cuza during his brief attempt at Rumanian unity, afterward by Prince Carol's uncle, Carol I, and by his father, Ferdinand I, and known by courtesy as the Royal Palace.

Today, thanks to Magda's architect-cousin and contractor-brother and her own flair for house decoration on a grand scale—and Carol's notorious bad taste, which has led to his being called "the Goring of the Balkans"—this gracious building has grown into a sort of cross between Buckingham Palace and Billy Rose's Aquacade at the late World's Fair in New York City.

But in the decade after the first World War, which is the period of the beginning of this story, and which was, as it happens, the period in which the present writer first went to Rumania to make the acquaintance of Europe's most remarkable and most insistently immoral royal family, the big granite house on the Calea Victoriei possessed a chastity of manner and mood which distinguished it from most things royally Rumanian.

A palace it never was. Rather it was to the Calea Victoriei what the old John Jacob Astor mansion was to the Fifth Avenue of pre-depression New York and what many a noble granite pile was to the terraces and squares of pre-blitzkrieg London. Its inside walls were hung with priceless El Grecos, Velasquezes and Murillos, Correggios, Tintorettos, and Botticellis, Rembrandts and Rubenses. And from its spacious lower hall rose to the royal apartments one of the loveliest marble staircases in all the world.

It was up the broad curving white steps of this beautiful stairway that young Prince Carol was dragging his dance-weary feet at four o'clock in the morning of a day in 1923, when he saw the door of his mother's bedchamber on the floor above him open slowly and emit Prince Stirbey, Rumania's foremost "nobleman," into the upper hall.

"Good morning, doctor," said the Crown Prince.

"Why the doctor?" asked the embarrassed courtier.

"Because no one," replied Prince Carol, "except a doctor or a servant would be leaving my mother's apartment at this hour of the morning."

The scuffle between boy and man which hurtled them down the broad marble staircase might have killed one or both. It certainly killed all hope of a peaceful succession of Prince Carol to the throne of his father.

Stirbey was not only a direct descendant of the hereditary rulers of Rumania, representative of the nation's first family, and brother-in-law of Premier Jon Bratianu, but, as personal favorite of the ascendant Queen Marie, exercised more than dictatorial power over the affairs of the little kingdom.

Even more important to this story, the fight between these two killed the hope of recognition by the Queen and court of the relations which were about to begin between Carol and the voluptuous young Moldavian Jewess, Magdalena Lupescu. It even made impossible discreet resignation on their part to the continuance of those relations.

From that moment until her death, the Queen, who loved her son but loved her own ambitions more, wasted her tremendous energies in a losing fight against the woman who, no matter what her other faults may have been, has amply proved in moments of poverty and distress that she loves Carol for himself alone.

Most important of all, in the love story of Carol and Magda, was the effect of this early-morning incident on the boy himself.

By comparison, the incident itself is unimportant. Everybody at the Rumanian court, except her children, knew that Queen Marie had lovers. Everybody suspected that Prince Stirbey was chief among them. The important thing was that *anything* at this critical time should have been allowed to shake the son's belief that, no matter how wicked every one else might be, his mother was everything that he had been taught womankind *should* be. It is impossible to overestimate the effect of the shock of such a scene as he had witnessed on the highly emotional nature of a nervous proud boy like Carol Hohenzollern.

Carol, of course, was no innocent. Young though he was, he had already experienced one marriage for love,

was even then enduring one for political convenience. It was common gossip—which he could hardly have missed—that his own father, the King, was in love with a young poetess, Helena Vacaresco, a protegée of Carol's famous royal aunt, Carmen Sylva, and that he was tolerating his royal marriage to beauteous Queen Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and of the Czar of Russia, without surrendering his personal life with Mme. Vacaresco.

Carol must have known, too, since he was an observing lad, that he was living in the most frankly immoral court in Europe. "It was an open secret," states one observer, "that the late Rumanian Patriarch, onetime Regent and later Premier (whose ancient bearded face and saintly robes for a time dignified the newsreels and the rotogravures), had affairs with numerous pretty chorus girls."

And the usual Rumanian comment was: "More power to him!"

A court such as this could not have failed to make its impression on a growing boy. But the fact remains that, until the sudden unveiling before his youthful eyes of the private life of the Queen, the Crown Prince of Rumania had led a reasonably decent life, and that the chief influence to that end had been the powerful personality of his mother and the atmosphere of sanctity with which his youthful imagination had surrounded it. And following this stripping of the blinders from Carol's eyes, he gave himself over to a life of license which can only be described by that other stable term, unbridled.

ONCE started on the path called primrose—"Stirbey Row" they called the place in Bucharest—Carol restrained himself not at all. It was his custom, during the months following the adventure of the marble staircase, when the royal palace had sunk into what seemed reliable quiet, to sneak out to the royal garage, jump into a dilapidated Ford, which was his favorite car, and sally forth into Stirbey Row in search of a companion for the night. Cruising up and down the still brightly lighted thoroughfare, he would have little difficulty in persuading some likely sidewalk stroller to return with him to the palace.

Always the little gentleman, Carol never failed to knock the girl over the head or otherwise persuade her to lie prone on the floor of the car as it passed the sleepy guards dutifully drawn up at respectful salute. After that, he made no concessions to his royal responsibilities except that he invariably rewarded the girl toward morning with a thousand lei (at that time about ten dollars) against the two dollars which she might hope for from a less royal patron.

It was after several months of this that Prince Carol met Magda Lupescu, who could not only satisfy all of His Royal Highness' awakened physical desires but could give him other solaces which he very much needed.

The boy whom Magda inherited from this life of dissipation and disillusionment was no treat.

We have seen, in the Lambrino affair, how impulsive he could be and how obstinate. Before that escapade in puppy love there had been the matter of the Grand Duchess Olga, the late Czar's oldest and plainest daughter, to whom Marie had first planned to affiance her elder son.

The alliance, as the Russian set-up then was, would have been a godsend to little Rumania, and Marie had set her heart on it, but when she carted Carol up to the summer palace at Tsarskoye Selo, he would have nothing to do with Olga, but spent all his time with the more personable Tatiana. This performance so disgusted the Czar that he gave off what is probably the only epigrammatic utterance of his reign:

"Rumanian? Bah! That's not a nationality. It's a profession."

THE inevitable reaction from Carol's recent unwonted essay into conformity and compliance, which resulted in his marriage with the stern-visaged Greek princess, would have been an increase in this outstanding characteristic of obstinacy. Couple with that fact the bitter realization that he had suffered this annoying personal experience to please a mother whom he no longer considered worthy of such sacrifice, and you have a young man fit to be tied.

The fact that Magda Lupescu took this piece of human wreckage and in the course of a few months molded him into the image of a man must remain always on the credit side of her ledger. Some credit also must attach to Carol himself. As one recent historian phrased it:

"Carol's life is the story of the Rake's Progress in reverse, a tale of the dissipated, headstrong young man who got better as he got older, winding up a serious-minded, at times even enlightened, ruler. In point of fact, Carol was never a black sheep. He was as good a product as was likely to come out of the Court in which he was reared—a Court which reeked with corruption and vice, which was ruled by a conniving and ruthless camarilla, in which mother was pitted against son, brother against brother, sister against sister."

The villa in which the Crown Prince housed his love lent itself especially well to the kind of healthy, normal life with which she surrounded her royal charge.

It was a beautifully situated building, the former property of famous Prince Bibesco, luxuriously furnished in that happy combination of Oriental and Occidental comfort seen in many of the upper-class Rumanian homes. But there was about this particular residence—due perhaps to the Lupescu girl's own undeniable gift for homemaking—a domestic charm

which was entirely lacking in the stone-and-marble royal palace.

Domesticity has always been the dominant note in the almost-married life of Carol and Magda.

At the risk of robbing that life of the aura which, in the conventional mind, invariably surrounds "living in sin" with a continuous procession of dancing girls and a continuous program of orgies, I must report that the life lived in the Bibesco home on the Chaussée Kisseleff was much the same life as is lived by many a prosperous properly married couple anywhere in the world—if the couple is in love.

What this life must have meant to the young Crown Prince cannot be overestimated.

Almost from the cradle he had been doomed to a life of unceasing ritual. The Rumanian court may have been most informal in the fundamental matter of morals, but in the superficial matter of putting on a royal act, like many another small-time kingdom, it yielded nothing in pomp and panoply to either Windsor or Potsdam. Released from all this folderol, Carol became in Lupescu's company a normal human being.

And circumstances so shaped themselves that very soon he could be in her company practically all the time, or at least as continuously as falls to the lot of most husbands and wives.

Princess Helena, quite willing to avail herself of any excuse to separate herself from her unwanted husband, quickly seized upon the publicity given to the Lupescu affair to spend so much of her time in the, to her, friendlier atmosphere of Fascist Italy that she ceased to be a factor in Prince Carol's life. This left the master and mistress of the villa in the Chaussée Kisseleff to lead the kind of life they wished to lead.

FORTUNATELY we have available an intimate glimpse of that life, given exclusively to Liberty readers, from a person whose identity we have promised to conceal but who is definitely authenticated to us as a member for many years of the personal household of Madame Lupescu. We quote:

"Carol used to come every evening at seven o'clock to Madame's house where he had dinner and spent the rest of the night, unless he was prevented by important state matters.

"As soon as His Royal Highness finished his day's work at the Royal Palace of Calea Victoriei, he discarded his stiff gold-braided uniform and donned a comfortable gray English flannel suit with a bright colored college tie. He then sneaked out through the back door in Strada Luterana, jumped into his old Ford roadster, pulled his hat over his eyes, and rushed through the narrow, tortuous streets of the Rumanian capital to Madame Lupescu's villa in the exclusive Bucharest section inhabited by millionaires and diplomats.

"Immediately after his departure from the Palace, a Secret Service

man telephoned to announce that he had left. This telephone call was the signal for a general outbreak of high-fevered hustle and bustle in the Lupescu household.

"Soon we heard four short hoarse honks from the royal roadster, and the plain-clothes guard, who was always on watch behind the entrance, promptly opened the heavy forged iron portals of the high red brick wall surrounding the house.

"Carol always liked to open the house door with his own latchkey and said to Madame often that this made him feel like a real human being who comes home from a hard day's work. He was almost always hungry as a wolf. He rushed straight to the kitchen where Madame herself was putting the finishing touches to the dishes. He embraced her in front of the cook, then opened the pots to get a first hand idea of the menu.

CAROL never believed in dieting, neither did Madame. As years of constant good eating passed by, they both grew plump.

"Petre Oancea, the cook, belonged to an old family of Gypsy slaves, and as such never objected to being slapped on his face or receiving a kick in his pants by a royal boot, when the meal did not appeal to His Royal Highness. When such incidents took place in the kitchen, Madame saved the situation by offering herself to cook Carol's favorite dish *maliga cu braza* [corn-meal omelet with sharp sheep cheese], a typical Rumanian dish which Magda prepared expertly. Carol always knew when Madame prepared the dish. I heard him frequently say: 'Even a tyrant's heart can be reached through his stomach.'

"Our wine cellar was the pride of Bucharest. Carol was very fond of red wines, his favorite being 'Catifea' [velvet], a smooth Rumanian vintage coming from the hills of Dragushani. He used to drink at least one quart bottle at his dinner which he always started with 'Tzuica' the fiery Rumanian plum brandy.

"After the meal his humor soared, and he became merry and affectionate. Once when in such an after-dinner mood, he bumped into me when passing through the hall and honored me with a royal pinch which I remember even today. I screamed, but Madame took it as a great joke and laughed heartily.

"This talent for being a good sport and overlooking Carol's male weaknesses is one of the reasons why their relationship has lasted as long as it has."

One would think that Queen Marie, no slave to the conventions herself, would have preferred for her wayward son this comparatively wholesome life with the woman of his choice to the promiscuous, dissipated way of living into which the hypocrisy of court life had plunged him, and that she would have been—secretly, at least—grateful to the characterful young woman who had accomplished the transformation.

But no. Marie of Rumania was a queen in the grand manner, an absolute monarch, an implacable foe.

Most of us here in America remember her chiefly as a rather silly elderly beauty who toured the country with an entourage of press agents and ballyhoo artists which evoked inescapable memories of the circus of our youth. Some of us recall her even more painfully pitiful efforts to rival her predecessor on the Rumanian throne — Pauline Elisabeth Ottilie, Princess of Wied, "Carmen Sylva" —by means of flamboyant literary efforts, produced "in collaboration"

20 QUESTIONS

Score yourself on this quiz as follows:

1- 5 right ..... Low
6- 9 right ..... Medium
10-12 right ..... High
13-15 right ..... Higher
16-20 right ..... Hired!

1—Who are the "Three Rs" of music?

2—"When, in the course of human events" are the first words of what document?

3—Volapuk, Universala, Esperanto, and Kosmos are what?

4—On which side of books are the even-numbered pages?

5—What city claimed to be the world's busiest port in the last nine months of 1940?

6—Why is the head of a committee known as the chairman?

7—If you cut a foot a day, how long would it take to cut a 25-foot wire into 25 pieces, each a foot long?

8—Has the "PM" you've been reading about recently any connection with the A. M. and P. M. used in telling time?

9—Are March hares really mad?

10—To what foreign "landlord" does the U. S. pay approximately $250,000 annually?

11—Why are steel girders painted orange before getting the final coat?

12—How did we get the habit of shaking hands?

13—"Galloping Gertie" was famous for what, and who suffered most at "Gertie's" collapse?

14—Do Albinos come from Albania?

15—Why are some words in the Bible italic?

16—Where is the Maid of the Mist?

17—When was the first income tax levied in the U. S.?

18—What was the first state to grant woman equal suffrage? When?

19—"Buck," "dough," and "do" are slang for what U. S. currency?

20—The population of the U. S. and its possessions is approximately how many millions?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

with American journalists, which displayed a mind that, even when harnessed by collaboration, was inclined to skip gaily but ineffectively from exclamation point to exclamation point and touched but gingerly on the alleged thoughts in between.

But in spite of these ill advised exhibitions of an exuberant nature, I am inclined to agree with John Gunther that, in personal contact, "she was a gorgeous woman until the end," and that we are "apt to forget what a first-class political queen Marie was."

Even in her last years, when Carol's resentment of Prince Stirbey had driven that once all-powerful courtier into exile and his resentment of Marie's own continued opposition to Lupescu had driven the Queen into political eclipse, visiting journalists still fell under the spell of her personality, one going so far as to say that she was "the greatest queen since the Queen of Sheba."

This conclusion even one who knew her at the height of her power and beauty may be permitted to doubt. Not to go back too far into history's pages, we seem to recall that England had a couple of queens who might dispute that claim, and that there was a Catherine or two wandering about continental Europe who were formidable figures in their day. But it may well be true that Marie was nearer to Solomon's royal guest in the variety of her graces and allurements and downright abilities than any queen of whose career we have intimate knowledge; and, without stretching the truth one cubit's length, it can be said that she was not only the greatest queen of between-war times but the only sovereign within our recent memory, male or female, who really directed the affairs of the kingdom over which she was supposed to rule.

She might have married George V of England. She preferred to marry Ferdinand of Rumania. Not because one bewhiskered young royalty intrigued her more than the other, but because, even at seventeen, she knew that she would become, as England's queen, a mere puppet for the Stanley Baldwins and Cosmo Gordon Langs of her day, whereas, married to Rumania's not too strong monarch-to-be, she could become a real ruler.

IT was a grandiose dream which she brought almost to realization: an Empire of the Balkans whose imperial crest might well have been the triumphant figure of a mother-in-law rampant over a family couchant.

By diverting her Hohenzollern husband, against his natural wishes, into the camp of the Allies, she drew to herself at Versailles enough confiscated territory to put a backward Balkan principality on the European map. From one of the weakest countries in the Balkans, Rumania became the strongest. And the only thing that kept her from completing her enterprise by "marrying an empire" was her children's unwillingness, especially Carol's, to play her kind of ball.

For this failure she blamed one person: Magda Lupescu.

It would have been fairer, of course, to have placed some of the blame on her own vagaries. She all but canceled the good-will effect of her double alliance with Greece by lampooning cruelly her prospective sister-in-law, Queen Sophia of Greece, in a theatrical fantasy which she succeeded in having produced in Paris shortly before the marriages took place. And there is no doubt that the widely spread rumor, whether true or not, that Princess

Ileana, quite the most attractive of the Rumanian princesses, was Stirbey's daughter and not Ferdinand's, cramped Marie's style no end in her attempt to gather horse-faced Boris of Bulgaria into the imperial bosom.

But Lupescu it was who bore the brunt of the royal ill will—and the fact that she was born half Jewish in a country readily a prey to the poison of anti-Semitism naturally put her two strikes down even before the battle of wits began between her and the indubitably Aryan British-born queen.

WE must postpone until a later chapter the details of the fight between these two strong women in Carol's life, a fight which, I assure you, merited the much abused title, "battle of the century." The main fact to remember, as affecting the first ten years of Carol's and Magda's life together, is that the woman who gave herself to the job of separating them, although robbed in her son's eyes of some of those attributes traditionally attributed to motherhood, was still, and long remained, a formidable antagonist.

And a tricky one!

Just how tricky, Carol and Magda were to find out when Dowager Queen Alexandra died in London, and Carol was designated to represent the Rumanian royal family at the funeral. Taking Lupescu with him and leaving her in Paris, as was his invariable custom when venturing forth on official missions, he rejoined her as soon as possible and began a leisurely progress home.

The pair had proceeded only so far as Venice when Carol received a peremptory summons from the Rumanian government — really from Stirbey and Bratianu and the Queen, who *were* the government—to return to Bucharest at once but *without* Lupescu.

Whereupon Carol sat himself down in the very hotel where his father, King Ferdinand, had penned a similar note refusing to give up Helena Vacaresco, and politely but firmly told the Rumanian government where it could go, and that, if it wished to, it could take along Carol's rights to the throne—and good riddance.

Gravely the conspirators in Bucharest accepted this "abdication," which wasn't any abdication at all, since he was not yet king. More importantly and, as they hoped, more effectively, they shut off the young man's funds. But they had counted without one always important factor.

Magdalena Lupescu had torrid red hair. She had burning black eyes. She had marble-white skin. She was alluring, voluptuous, passionate. She was Pompadour, Du Barry, Madame de Maintenon. But she could also cook!

Gay days and glittering nights in Paris for the exiled prince and his lady—then the bursting of their bright bubble of happiness! Follow their absorbing story next week.

"Darling." Elaine brought her in delightedly. "We did so hope you'd get back."

When love comes stealing

A vivid tale of romance in lives that were strangely lived

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SHE came running across Fifty-seventh Street, regardless of traffic, bobbing along behind him. When she caught up with him, she seized both of his hands and smiled up at him wordlessly, her eyes hyacinth blue and childlike.

If she had been as young as she looked she would have been bubbling with words, but she had no breath, and in that moment of not recognizing her Dr. Notcher saw her impartially, a woman forty-something, with a graceful slight body and cherished skin. A lovely woman desperately young-staying. Under the brim of her clever hat, pink was doing all it could for her.

"You've forgotten me, of course," she said when she had caught her breath in a stream steady enough to trust the silvery minnows of her voice upon. "But patients never forget their doctors. Especially your patients. You've not changed an atom. Except to grow handsomer, if anything, David." There was a way of accenting the last syllable which he had not heard for twenty years.

A dash of coldness all over him told him who she was. That saying of his name in a way which defied any one else's ever trespassing upon it! A flattering little possessiveness.

Then, very subtly, that realistic estimate of her, blurred and softened in swift adjustment, and what he now saw was not flesh and eyes and hair, but his own romantic memory of her, and the sum of affectionate opinions held about her. Her own affectionate opinions about herself, and the agreement of countless other people who admired her, made a confusing little glow around her. It was like stepping into a mirage, half realizing but not caring.

"How could I forget you?" he said. "You were my first rich patient."

"We weren't rich," she said; "we only looked as if we were. We were young and poor and pitiful."

He looked meaningly into her eyes. "I remember all about you," he said, and watched the interest flicker up in her eyes in a knowing, delighted way. "You were my first patient with whom I fell in love," he said in that blending of solemnity and twinkle which he had learned was so acceptable to women. "And the last, Elaine."

"That's very pretty," she said, laughing just as he had expected her to, crinkling up those winsome eyes of hers in a young excited way. "But I happen to remember how untrue it is. You were definitely mean to me."

"I was," he said; "I wanted to torture you. I even had hopes of making you grow up, so your husband would tire of you and fling you out. You can see how mad I was."

After all these years there was savage glee in speaking in this carefree way about all that old pain which she had caused him. It was amusing to meet her on the street casually, when once all that New York had meant to him from off across the world was the city where she lived. For years he had thought about her, had ruined his life thinking about her; and then she had passed, and her power with her.

She had always been some one you couldn't help thinking about. She had—and still had—that strange high visibility born in some people . . . that curious thing that holds your eye and your thought, making whatever slight thing she did seductive and important.

Somebody once had said, "If Elaine was peeling an orange in a room where another woman was undressing, you'd find yourself watching the orange."

Now she said, "Walk along with me. I'm having some red ice-skating boots made. White fur around the top, like whipped cream." She didn't ask him where he had been; she didn't remember back in the usual way. Her conversation had but two dimensions, here and now; and when a man is forty-six, that's perfectly great.

"I forbid all my patients whipped cream in any form," he said. "Especially the ones worth saving from the enemy."

She looked up at him and laughed again in that pleased flattering way she had. "I know that enemy," she said. "I fling toast and taxi rides and tea cakes on his altar every day, so he'll spare me."

"He has spared you," the doctor said. "You used to be plumper when you were . . ."

"If you say 'young' I'll burst into tears!" she said. "I'll lose my faith in chivalry forever."

"You couldn't. If chivalry had been dead upon the earth a hundred years, it would stir amid its dust and rouse as you passed."

"Now that *is* nice," she said. "Here's the shop. Come in with me and tell me frankly if they make my feet look large."

They brought out the not quite finished scarlet boots, and while the fitting was going on he sat there shaking with bitter glee. Here he was beside this woman who had made all the other women throughout his life drab and unimportant . . . and it didn't seem to matter too much. "Perhaps I *am* middle-aged," he said experimentally to himself. Then he began remembering how it had seemed being in love with her.

The Old Doc had turned the case over to him because it was just an ordinary healthy pregnancy. It was ordinary except for Elaine, who was

beautiful and beloved and romantic . . . and twenty. Her husband, that gangling big slave who had since become a noted architect, had idolized her. The baby—or rather the idea of the baby—was a toy to them. Something absurd and improbable. One knew at a glance that they lived in the midst of sly jokes about him.

They called him the Old Man . . . Old Pussyfoot . . . Nemesis. "What the devil does that Old Man want to come snooping around for?" George had cried impatiently.

"You're not to pick on him," Elaine said. "He'll be something adorable . . . looking like you and having my brains."

"Probably," George said. "Big palm-leaf ears, spectacles, and adding and subtracting on his fingers."

The three of them got to be good friends during those weeks, and they used to ask Dr. Notcher down to the place they'd taken in Connecticut. It was in 1918, and Elaine wore long ruffly net gowns around the garden. Both men were in love with her, and she was in love with herself, living in her world of little jokes and whimsies, calling her husband and her doctor and her unborn child by affectionate nicknames and reveling in importance.

But when she tired of playing that game, and the game couldn't be stopped, she was indignant and helpless, weeping and storming when her pregnancy began to show.

"But, darling, I tell you you're beautiful," George said. "You're . . . you're just like an angel." But she loathed it all, and she stayed in bed from morning until night, except when David and George got her up and walked her round and round the garden.

"Like a wheelbarrow," she said indignantly; "like a top-heavy wheelbarrow."

Added to this distaste for herself, she developed a morbid conviction that she'd never survive the birth.

"That's one of the symptoms of a normal condition," David said to her. "If they don't think they're going to die, we worry about 'em."

But she smiled with superior indifference and went on knowing she was never going to get back after the ordeal.

AND it turned out that she had been right, because when the time came she did go away. She simply went away. For weeks she just didn't exist, except as a beautiful slim body to be cared for. George went through purgatory. They got in various nerve men and psychiatrists, but nobody seemed able to rouse her from what David always called to himself "her reluctance." Then he himself thought of having George take her away to Switzerland on a kind of honeymoon, leaving the baby until she could bear to face it.

He had suffered nearly as much as George did. That whole period of his life was one large bruise in his memory. . . .

One of the nurses reminded George that his child must have a name, and George had said to him, "You call her something, David . . . just anything." David had known what heresy it would be to give the infant Elaine's name. So finally he had named her Hester, after his own mother. He remembered now that at the moment he had thought with comforting sadness that this was as near as he could come to giving his mother a namesake.

WELL, he had been right about that, as it turned out. He had intended never to marry, of course. But when he was thirty he had married, in a realistic, friendly fashion. It hadn't worked out well, and now for the past five or six years he had been alone again.

"Look, darling," Elaine was saying with the raptness he remembered as being particularly her trick. "Do you think they're *quite* successful? A bit self-conscious? You see, I'm having a white skating dress with red hood and mittens, and I thought the boots should be red."

"They should," he said. "They're perfect. When you've finished, let's get along and I'll buy you a cocktail."

"No," she said; "I'd be a pig if I kept you to myself. I'm taking you home to George for a surprise. He thinks you're still in London."

So they went home to George, and George was just what David expected to find—a large and weary man, humped from bending solicitously over Elaine and his excellent drawings.

Elaine said accusingly, "He's been in New York a month and doesn't even pretend he's tried to locate us!"

"Go 'way," George said. "I expect the two of you have been meeting every afternoon. All this talk about Red Cross work and pedicures and matinees! I should have smelled ether."

They lived in a large and chic apartment where Eighty-eighth Street joins Fifth Avenue, and the moment you went into their domain you sensed the fragrance of their well-being and happiness. But they were like young, young people, impetuous and gay and demanding. They made David phone and change his dinner plans; nothing else would do, now that they had him again. After dinner they sat in drowsy candlelight, and suddenly Dr. Notcher had the uneasy feeling that he was talking to two persons who were still living in an age long past. When their faces were only shadowy shapes their voices sounded young and ardent, heavy with an unmistakable pollen.

David said to himself, "'Passion' is the word I'm fumbling for." Suddenly something which had mystified him for many years was clear to him. He knew then what he had been in love with, which he had called Elaine Blagen. He had been in love with the rich, lush thing he saw between these two, and he had made the simple mistake of calling it by one of their names.

He said to himself, "It might have saved me a lot of loneliness and restlessness if I could have realized that twenty-two years ago. I might have stepped out of the mirage."

"Come out and see my lovely new terrace George has had done for me. My birthday . . . or was it my advance Christmas gift, darling?" Elaine said.

"You've drawn all your birthdays and Christmases on account up to 1978," George said indulgently. "I've stopped looking for alibis."

"You'll have to come through my bedroom," she said. "We rearranged this apartment when we took the lease. I simply must wake up with sunshine in the room." That, too, fitted into his belated insight, for in a subtle way they had re-emphasized the accent of their living, so that the very shape of their house revolved around their intimacy . . . the intimate Elaine. Disliking this incisive thrust into their privacy, David felt a little clumsy about following her into the room, but she was quite unaware.

It was exactly the kind of place he could have imagined her sleeping in . . . a dimpled satin-upholstered bed, a chaise longue which was a foam of lace, deep French windows, shiny pools of floor spaced between fluffy pastel rugs, each a little flower garden. Over it all breathed the ingenuous, nubile perfume which had always clung about her, a warm, innocent fragrance which you couldn't seem to help calling "pink."

BUT suddenly, in the midst of this mental meandering, he stopped short. For there, against a net-draped window, unutterably charming, was a cradle. A luxuriously, humorously whimsical bassinet, covered with real lace, with sachets and rosebuds tucked among the flounces. For one wild moment he thought there was a baby in it. He had the frightened sense that he had lived twenty-two years which had stood still for these people . . . a whirling kaleidoscope of madness.

Then Elaine was laughing because she could almost see what he was thinking.

"Don't you *remember* it?" she said. "Why, after all, it was practically our introduction to you. . . ."

"I've wondered . . . " he said awkwardly.

"Good heavens! I've had a bone to pick with you all my life," she said. "It was you who gave my child that hideous blue-gingham name! Hester! I've always had a secret theory that she wouldn't be such a sober, middle-aged little rag-doll of a thing if you hadn't straightened her hair and thickened her ankles by giving her that terrible name." But she was laughing, and he knew in a panoramic flash that she had continued the affectionate joking about her child through all their life, making fun of it and giving it nicknames,

just as she had before it was born. Refusing to take it seriously.

"I've always kept the cradle in my room," Elaine said. "On her birthday Hester fills it with roses. And George puts presents in it—unless they're too big, like the terrace."

George said, "Hester's twenty-two. Just think of it." He was standing in the doorway, and David could see he was remembering those terrible weeks about which he had probably never spoken to any one.

"Twenty-two—but middle-aged," Elaine said, tossing back her ringleted hair and laughing as though that were an enchanting joke on all of them. "She was born middle-aged. I give you my word, when I saw her I thought she was a little old man."

"She's a great youngster," George said almost guiltily. "She's really capable. Does everything."

"Everything worth while, of course," Elaine said. "You just couldn't imagine us having such a child, David. I've always insisted it was a hoax somebody played on us. Of course *I* wasn't there myself." She said that quite blithely, and David jerked his eyes away from her face, as if he had been stabbed by an icicle. Then he saw what he had been too young to realize at the time. There had been unpleasant work to be done, and Elaine, by consent of her whole unconscious being, had just gone away until it was over. She had separated herself completely from it, out of reach of its actuality.

"We've had such fun with her," she was saying. "It's been like having a jealous mother-in-law. . . . We play hookey from her—we elope, don't we, darling?"

"Of course she's spent a lot of time at school," George said. "You see, Elaine was never very strong after Hester came."

"Nonsense," she said. "I'm as strong as a mule. George just thinks I'm going to snap in two, like Venetian glass or barley sugar or something." George looked across her head meaningly at David, and David became Dr. Notcher on the instant, nodding understandingly.

"You'll want to see her. We've told her about you," Elaine said. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if she calls you Uncle David in her prim little quaintness. She calls *us* by our first names, of course."

"I'd like very much to see her," David said. "I've wondered a lot about her. I thought I ought to send her graduating gifts or something—being a kind of godfather, I guess."

"She'll be here on Thursday when you come to dinner," Elaine said. "Right now she's up in the country taking care of having the farm painted. She said she wouldn't allow me to set foot in the house again until she'd made it decent."

So . . . Hester, too, had stepped into the mirage of Elaine.

That night he had a dream, a vivid yet confused dream. There was a fruit tree—that was probably because of the little orange trees Elaine had showed him on her new terrace. He had reached up to touch the fruit, and just when his fingers were about to close around the spheres he found it wasn't fruit but flower. Then he broke off one of the clusters of flowers to examine it, and it seemed to be made of silk—sweet-smelling silk the color of the sprigged taffeta Elaine had worn for dinner.

ON Thursday, when he arrived at the apartment, Hester wasn't there, and then he realized that what had brought him tonight was the wish to see what had become of that baby who had once been strangely his concern.

But the Blagens had forgotten that they had expected her home tonight. Elaine, happy and hilarious, was prettier than ever in a black point d'esprit frock. Her hair, which would be golden until the day she died, was heaped in ringlets. During cocktails she broke off orange blossoms from her little tree and tucked them above each ear in clever artlessness. David remembered that she had had an audacious little colony of freckles low on her back, and he wondered if they were still there, and if she still called attention to them by apologizing for them.

But she had a new trick now. She showed the edges of the hand-embroidered panties Hester had made

for her, and then, suddenly remembering they *were* panties, covered up her knees in great confusion.

"She's made me darling little things ever since she was fourteen," she said. "I can't imagine when she gets the time. She's supporting two refugee children, and she has a class of women in the slums who're studying cooking or painting or something. She sails a boat and takes wonderful pictures—she has about six volumes of studies she's made of me. I don't know *where* she gets the time. Of course, she doesn't seem to like young people very much . . ."

Then, unexpectedly, in the midst of dinner, Hester arrived, so quietly that nobody heard her until her big police dog came toenailing across the polished floor.

"Darling . . . why, it's the Old Man herself," Elaine said, and jumped up and ran out and brought her in delightedly. She was a tall sober-looking girl in gray slacks. She had tied a scarlet kerchief over her hair, and this made her face a narrow little triangle in which the eyes —Elaine's eyes, held hostage in alien country—seemed frightened and foreign.

"We did so hope you'd get back," Elaine said. "Now that I think of it, we lured your Uncle David up here on the promise that you'd be here."

David got up and came over to speak to her. She said nothing at all after she kissed her mother and touched her hair. Then she turned and looked up at David, and for a moment he stood there looking down into her face. He felt as if he had always known that face; somehow it had only been mislaid among the distracting debris of his life.

She reached up one hand and pulled off the kerchief slowly, and then he saw that her hair, straight and neat and obedient-looking, had begun to turn gray at the sides.

"But how could it?" he cried angrily within himself. A shock as of some physical injury spurted through him, spattering the sting of tears behind his eyeballs. "The child's only twenty-one or -two . . ."

"I DON'T seem to know who you are," she said in her mature, quiet voice, "but I can see you're somebody the children are crazy about."

"You know, darling," Elaine said. "It's your Uncle David. . . . You know, George used to tell you about him."

Then Hester looked at him more carefully, with an utter lack of self-awareness. "Oh, yes," she said, and smiled. "I used to write you letters when I was little."

"I never got them," David said. "It might have saved me a lot of tiresome business if I had."

"Like what?"

"Well, like thinking I'd better be marrying and having some children," he said quite seriously. "All the time I could have had you for my child."

She thought of that with her eyes upon his face. "Oh, no," she said at last; "I can see now that wouldn't have done at all." She didn't go into that more explicitly, but they both knew what she meant. They were the same age, and they knew it; the same age in wisdom and waiting.

They hurried almost guiltily to the table, and the maid brought service for Hester; but she said no—no food, please. She reached out absently and took an orange from the centerpiece and began peeling it tidily.

In a kind of boyish malice, David dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up so he could see her ankles crossed under the table.

"The heck I thickened her ankles!" he said crazily to himself. "They're a lot better than Elaine's, and that's why she takes a crack at 'em."

Now the room was written in a different key. Now it seemed more as

"The pockets are too small, Henry!"

if the light thin sentimental melody had found an orchestration that lifted it above the commonplace. Elaine, sparkling and witty, was more vivacious than ever. She had caught the flattering sight of herself in one more mirror, placed at an important angle; and David saw that Hester's adoration was as vital to her as were the other points of the compass of her magnetic field.

The room was complete now, as if that missing third dimension had been brought to the picture. But there was still something wrong, something unbalanced about it.

Then he knew. Elaine had appropriated her daughter's youngness. Youth was an illusion on the wrong body in that room. Elaine was wearing her daughter's life like a stolen garment. Her expectancy, her marriageableness had been taken from her before she knew it was hers. Elaine had fixed time and fastened it in a corsage against her breast. She had made a maidenly spinster of her child, something outside of time, something fantastically unrelated to herself. A timeless, sexless symbol against which she could playfully defend her perennial honeymoon.

While he was thinking all this, Elaine was talking and he was asking questions and laughing attentively. But his eyes had watched every motion of Hester's beautiful hands peeling the orange. He watched her face too, subtle and tender and wise, uttering herself beyond any words.

He had a strange excited feeling that all this had happened to him before. That orange, and his eyes watching it being peeled. Then he remembered what it reminded him of. That thing somebody had said long ago when he had been so painfully in love with Elaine!

He wanted to laugh now with irony which no one in this room could possibly appreciate. He felt a wild young infatuation kindling up in him, and he knew this time that it wasn't for Elaine. It was a thousand times more exciting, because he had found a secret flaming where no one had ever thought to look.

Hester said, "I've left my car down at the curb. Let me drive you home in it, David."

"Yes," he said; "I'd like that." He knew as he was saying it that this direct and simple motif would pattern all their agreement as long as they had things to decide.

Out in the street she gave him the keys to her car, and he got in and fumbled with the switch, while she sat looking at him with that unawareness of herself which only the blessed meek can enjoy.

ALL through the traffic he kept warning himself not to be too mad—not to go riding off into jungles on this steed of intuition. There would be hysteria and illness. Hester might lose the thread through all that hidden tangle—he might even lose sight of it himself. Elaine had pushed fact into a dreamy oblivion all her life; she might be able to do it again. Well, he would take Hester away, and Elaine and George could go on with their honeymoon. Let them stay in that cradle stage of their marriage. He and Hester would go on. By heaven, they might even use that cradle as it should be used!

Then he spoke to himself grimly about their ages. "I'm more than old enough to be her father. And she's never had a childhood."

But he said it only so he could hear the answer welling up within him. She had a maturity that was more precious than any childhood. The womanliness, the motherliness which had been rejected by Elaine had become Hester's. She was Elaine's adulthood, the lovely thing Elaine might have grown into. They could start with that and go on from there.

"Which way shall we go—the long way or the short way?" he asked.

"The long way to wherever you live, and the short way to where we're finally going," Hester said. After a minute they both knew what she meant, and they smiled at each other with the perfectness of understanding, as though they had lived together all those twenty-two years.

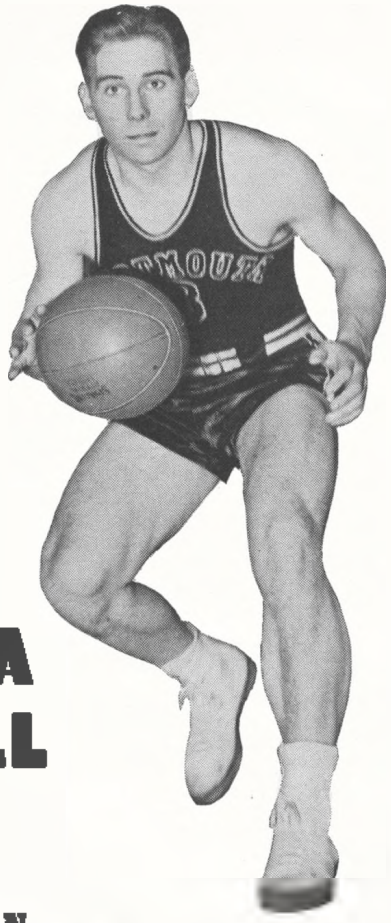
THE END

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HOW TO WATCH A BASKETBALL GAME

BY NAT HOLMAN

Basketball Coach, College of the City of New York



Dartmouth's "Swede" Broberg. Even he could be blanketed.

Be your own expert—A master mind tells all

A NOISY crowd packed Columbia University's gymnasium on a blustery January night a year ago. The game of the night was Dartmouth, leading the Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball League, against the Lions; but the man of the night was Gus (Swede) Broberg.

The big blond Dartmouth forward, who had set a new E. I. A. scoring record the previous season, still was pouring the ball through the hoop with unprecedented accuracy. Again he was pacing the Big Green of Hanover in the fight for its third consecutive league title, and the crowd was there to watch the way he did it.

But Broberg was pushed out of the spotlight for the evening. Columbia's little Albie Myers tossed in six field goals. Broberg was held to one field goal and the crowd that had come to watch him left cheering Albie.

Down in the locker room after the game, however, Myers, Coach Paul Mooney, and the rest of the Columbia team heaped heartfelt praise on Len Will, a quiet stocky lad who was doing his very best to remain in the background. To them, Will was the player who had won the game for the Lions.

The fans had kept their eyes on the ball and the player who was scoring the points, and had disregarded Will's performance in smothering all but one of Broberg's attempts to score a field goal.

"Stay with Broberg," Mooney had instructed Will before the game. "He hasn't scored all those points by being lucky. He's good, and you've got to keep him from being good tonight. It's our only chance to win."

And so Will was a veritable court plaster all through that game, just as he was during the past football season as the backer-up for Lou Little's football Lions. He dogged Broberg and turned in one of the finest defensive jobs I have ever seen, with the result that Columbia, which eventually finished a poor fifth in the league standings, handed the Hanoverians, who finished first, their only league setback.

I don't mean to say that a spectator at a basketball game should not watch the movement of the ball. But basketball, like football, is not played by ball handlers alone. Of course, in basketball all five players will handle the ball during the course of a game, but there is always a lot of interesting dueling going on underneath the baskets between an offensive man, waiting for that split second, and the defensive man, who is trying to prevent a score and at the same time secure possession for his team.

There are so many maneuvers in a basketball game that it is utterly impossible to watch them all; yet I feel that the spectator who sees and understands more of them than his neighbor will enjoy the game that much more. Basketball, incidentally, has more spectators than any other sport. According to the United States government research, they number eighty million.

In football, although the length of the game is sixty minutes, reliable clockers have figured that the ball is in motion only fifteen minutes. In a basketball game there are forty minutes of play, but the ball moves during thirty-eight of them. Ten players move about on a much smaller area than in football. How much more maneuvering is necessary! How much more there is for the spectator to watch! Although I have coached college basketball for twenty-one years, I still find new situations cropping up every season.

Loyola of Chicago brought an unbeaten team to Madison Square Garden three seasons back to compete in the New York Basketball Writers' National Invitation Tournament. Advance reports told of a giant who couldn't be stopped or prevented from stopping the opposition. He was Mike Novak, Loyola's six-foot-nine-inch center.

Loyola advanced into the tournament's final round with neatness and dispatch when Novak slapped nine field goals away from the basket in his team's triumph over St. John's of Brooklyn, besides scoring eight field goals and four foul tries for twenty points himself.

In the final, Loyola was paired with Long Island University and it was Coach Clair Bee's problem to cut down big Mike. He stationed two of his men at forty-five-degree angles to the basket. Instead of their usual set shooting from directly in front of it, they caromed their angle shots off the backboard, first from one side and then from the other.

Novak was very successful in batting the shots away from the basket—for the first five minutes. But having to switch his goal tending from left to right and back again wore him out in five minutes more. Not only did he fail to bat away any L. I. U. shots thereafter, but he was of little value in Loyola's offense. Many a spectator left the Garden that night saying Novak was overrated. They probably would have enjoyed the game much more had they realized the offensive-defensive stratagem behind his collapse.

Mike Novak was a big man, and he was good. Not all big men are "goons"—a name George Keogan, Notre Dame's coach, applied to them in a talk last season. Check up on records, and you'll find that the team with at least one big 'un underneath who gets that ball back is the team that consistently wins. Colorado, Big Seven champion last year, had such a player in Bob Doll. Oklahoma, co-holder of the Big Six title, had two great retrievers in Hugh Ford and Herb Scheffler. Bob Kinney's work on rebounds for Rice was a major factor in winning the Southwestern Conference crown. Jack Lippert of U. S. C. had his broad back and hand in the Pacific Coast flag. George Glamack helped North Carolina to run off with the Southern Conference honors.

Remember, too, that the big man who can retrieve off a backboard may be as efficient off his opponents' backboard as off his own.

If you are interested in one team and see it play several times during the season, it may pay you to pay particular attention to a player's peculiarities. Most coaches and scouts do, and many a game has been lost because a coach discovered that his opponent's best scorer or feeder "tipped his hand" by a facial expression, a twitch of the shoulder, a movement of his arms, or a nod.

Take the case of Jack (Dutch) Garfinkel of St. John's of Brooklyn. The story can be told now because Dutch has corrected his fault. After his first few games as a varsity player in his sophomore year, his efficiency dropped off by at least 50 per cent. His passes and long shots no longer were clicking. The answer? Word had gotten around that when Garfinkel was going to shoot, he'd invariably lift the ball above his head, both arms straight up, feint a pass to the side, and then try to get off the shot. When he was going to pass, he'd hold the ball close to his body and look to the side, but always bang a pass down the middle. His passes were fast and true, but now the opposition knew where they were going.

An excellent shot, he soon found himself harried by his guard, who wouldn't give him enough room to get off a shot. Ordinarily a guard crowding an offensive man is leaving himself wide open. Come in too close, and the offensive player may cut right by you. But the opposition knew Garfinkel rarely dug in for the basket.

The fans wondered what had happened to dim Dutch's star. Joe Lapchick, St. John's coach, wondered too—until, one day, the answer came to him. Garfinkel, a senior now, hopes they play him close this year.

MOST short shots at the baskets are taken with one hand. One of the first things a coach tells a novice to do is to play a right-handed player with the concentration on the right side, a left-hander with it on the left. This is something else to watch for at a ball game. Of course there are times when such first principles go into the discard, as the players on Southern Conference teams discovered last year when they attempted to stop Glamack, the big Tarheel center. They played him from the left and the right, from in front and from behind, yet he tossed in 485 of North Carolina's 1,210 points. Glamack, you see, is ambidextrous, equally good with either hand. The most surprising thing about him, however, is the fact that he's so nearsighted he has difficulty in seeing the basket and the ball!

Two years ago the National Basketball Coaches' convention was held in Chicago, and most of us attending went over to Evanston to see the N. C. A. A. final between Oregon and Ohio State. Just before the game a man stepped up to me. "You don't know me, Nat," he said, "but I saw you play with the Celtics several times in Fort Wayne. I saw that game when the Celtics first used the pivot play. You fellows started quite a bit then, didn't you?"

Let me sketch the background of the pivot play that this man saw. It was during the 1922-23 season, and the Celtics had hit an unusually bad stretch on the road. One night we discussed our letdown and what to do about it. It was Dutch Dehnert, now manager of the Detroit National Basketball League team, who hit on a plan. He had been standing still around the foul-line area occasionally, stopping there after we had brought the ball up the court.

"When I stop between the foul line and the end line," he said to Lapchick, Chris Leonard, Johnny Beckman, and me, "I'll turn my back to the basket. Pass the ball to me and let's see what we can do with it then."

That night we tried Dutch's plan. With him acting as the pivot, each of us cut toward him. He served as a blocking post, and our opponents spent most of the night running into him, shaking loose one of our side. That was the start of the pivot and the end of just about the last slump the Celtics ever had.

The man who spoke to me that night in Evanston really saw the birth of the game of basketball as it is played today. Every innovation has to be tried out in a game. You may see a famous first some night yourself.

AFTER a few years the pivot play became so potent on the offense that the rule-makers had to legislate against it. But it had infiltrated too deeply to be ruled out altogether, and pressure was brought to bear on the rules committee to allow it to return in some curtailed form at least. The three-second ruling within the foul-line area today is the result. Variations on the principle of the pivot are in legitimate use—notably the continuity offense, best known as the Figure Eight, introduced by Dr. H. Clifford Carlson at the University of Pittsburgh.

The pivot has also led to some unhealthy outgrowths. One of them, unfortunately still in vogue in many sections, is the use of set plays. This is the worst type of basketball to watch. The players become automatons, following a certain path and rarely deviating.

Although basketball is supposed to operate under one set of rules as adopted by the National Basketball Committee of the United States and Canada, different sections of the country interpret certain rules differently. Hence situations arise in intersectional competition where one team feels it is being jobbed. The spectator has a right to know whether or not it really is.

During the 1934-35 season Arnold Rupp brought his Kentucky team to New York for a game with N. Y. U. It was close all the way, and was decided when an official called a block on LeRoy Edwards, the Wildcats' center. Rupp charged that Kentucky had been cheated. Had the game been played in Kentucky, where the blocking rule is interpreted differently, he undoubtedly would have been correct. In the East a player was not allowed to pass the ball to a teammate and then take a position on the floor which impeded the progress of an opponent.

My own City College team was involved in a game during the 1936-37 season in which a referee's decision caused a near riot. If the fans had understood the rule, it wouldn't have.

City was playing Wayne University in Detroit. There were no more than a few seconds left to play when a City man tossed in a foul shot, making the score 29-27 in our favor. Wayne secured possession and brought the ball up to midcourt, and a Wayne player took a shot at the basket and it whistled through the hoop cleanly. The official, Les Powers, blew his whistle just as soon as the ball had left the player's hands. Before he could shout out his decision, the timekeeper's gun went off.

POWERS tried to make his voice heard above the noise of the audience, which was certain Wayne had tied the score in the last split second. "No basket," he shouted, and awarded the game to City.

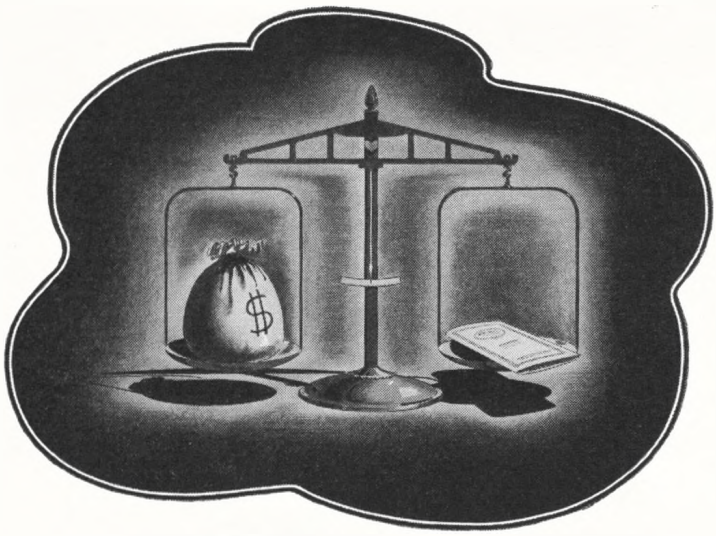
The players rushed around him. The crowd threw programs torn to bits onto the court. But Powers held his ground. The Wayne player, he explained, had possession of the ball in his front court. Just before taking the shot he had moved one foot back over the midcourt line and touched the foot to the floor, in violation of the ten-second ruling. The shot therefore was an illegal one and did not count.

That Wayne did not protest after the explanation was ample evidence that Powers' decision was correct.

The rules committee has allowed most of the rules to remain intact for this year, but one change should be noted by spectators. If a player of Team A, the offensive team, throws wildly in attempting to pass to another Team A man, and the ball hits a Team B player who is standing or running out of bounds, the Team B player is considered to have caused the ball to go out of bounds. The ball is therefore awarded to Team A at the point where it crossed the boundary line.

You'll probably question an official's decision more than once during the season on a play involving this new interpretation. Here's a situation that will look rather strange to you: Team A has the ball. A player of Team A is closely guarded, and in order not to lose possession he reaches out over the boundary line and touches the ball to a player of Team B, who is out of bounds. Ruling? See above. Fair? Perhaps. But there'll be plenty of shouting from Team B rooters who don't know the new rule.

THE END



What Is Your Life Insurance Policy Worth?

Here are the facts behind it. You, and every American, should know them!

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

STARTLING figures must be used to introduce this discussion: There are about 125,000,000 life-insurance policies in force in the United States; they have a face value of more than $111,000,000,000. All the rest of the world is insured for only about $37,000,000,000.

I say startling, because there are only 132,000,000 people in this country, including children, which makes it nearly one policy per person. Of course that isn't quite the case, because there are some who have more than one policy. Nevertheless, it is clear that more life insurance policies are written in this country than anywhere else on earth.

But how many policyholders know how life insurance works, what the contract is between themselves and the insurance companies, what their rights are, and how they might best benefit by their policies? I fear not too many. And I further fear that sometimes people buy the wrong kind of insurance from high-pressure salesmen and then don't exactly know what to do about it. Yet every policyholder should know that most policies contain specific clauses governing conversion from one form of policy to another. *A life-insurance policy should be read, and read carefully.*

You don't need an insurance counselor to help you, particularly the type that advises you to change from one kind of policy to another and charges a fee for his services. It rarely pays to take a cash value for the sole purpose of getting another policy. You lose too much money on that transaction. The best way to straighten out your insurance tangles is to deal directly with the insurance companies. Being big and bureaucratic, they're often slow on the uptake. But you'll get somewhere with them without losing your money.

Life insurance is either an investment or a safeguard or both. And most of the tangles that enter into this picture arise from the fact that most of us cannot make up our minds permanently as to what we expect the policy to do for us. Take, for instance, that ordinary American, John Smith. He is now thirty years old. He is considering marriage and he wants some life insurance. What for? Well, he says, if I have some kids, I want to see to it that the missus can take care of them if I should die. But I know that I won't die, because I'm hale and hearty. So I'll take out a whole life policy for $10,000 with double indemnity if I get killed in an accident.

Does it ever occur to John Smith that he may go broke at fifty and not be able to pay his premiums? State laws require the companies to put a provision in his policy so that he can convert it into cash value at most any time and protect his family in that way. That can be done for all except term policies, but cash value won't ever be as much as $10,000, except for certain types of endowment and annuity policies. John Smith must bear in mind the fact that a man can't get back from the insurance companies more than he pays in premiums unless he dies. After John has paid his premiums for twenty years, his cash surrender value will still amount only to $2,760 plus any accumulated dividends. That is the term of his contract. That is what he bought.

Now, as an investment that $2,760 is very good. It may be his only savings. He can borrow $2,760 on it, and as long as he pays his premiums his policy will remain in force. In fact, should he drop dead, his family will receive $10,000 less the $2,760 which he borrowed. As long as he has had that policy for two years, he can even commit suicide and his family will be protected.

If, on the other hand, he decides to commit suicide before the policy is two years old, his family will probably be out of luck, because then it is assumed that he got himself insured for the purpose of robbing the insurance company in the interest of his family. The reason for this two-year period is that in New York State the companies may not, under the law, contest a policy after it has been in force for two years. Those companies which operate under New York laws follow that rule.

Ordinary whole life is probably the best general type of insurance for most people. It is most adaptable to the changing conditions in the life of the insured. For instance, if the need for insurance should cease, it can be exchanged for its cash value. Moreover, it usually contains many optional settlements.

There are a large number of special types of policies. There are term insurance, renewable term insurance, endowment policies, and many variations and combinations of each of these. When you call in the insurance salesman, he'll pull out a couple of little books and he'll shoot figures and facts at you. But unless you really have some special reason for doing otherwise, I think that it is better to stick by the old stand-by, the ordinary whole life.

Let me show you how the premiums on insurance policies can vary. John Smith is now thirty-five years old. The medical examination shows that he is O. K. So he sits down to look at the cost which is based on

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

$1,000 of insurance. Twenty-year term will cost, for example, $14.54 a year; ordinary whole life will cost $28.11; a twenty-payment policy will cost $38.34 a year, and a twenty-year endowment will cost $52.38 a year. (These premium costs vary to some extent with different companies.

Under the mutual system, the idea is to charge a safe premium—that is, one that will be enough to meet eventualities—and then to adjust it according to each year's experience by a rebate called a dividend. In nonparticipating companies, the premium is figured on what is considered a minimum safe basis and the company takes the risk that it will work out that way.)

These prices, and all others for all ages and all types of insurance, are worked out by actuaries who are experts in higher mathematics—which is a science few other people understand. At any rate, when I got into this insurance business, I discovered that, back in 1868, a Table of American Experience was prepared which showed when most people died. For instance, at the age of ten, out of 100,000 Americans, 749 ought to die, whereas at ninety-five only three of this same 100,000 ought to be alive and they should die within a year. Actually, this table is obsolete. Many causes of death which in 1868 were very serious have now almost disappeared. For instance, according to the Table of American Experience, out of 100,000 individuals, 48,770 should be dead by the time age sixty-four is reached, which is nearly half; but actually only about 24 per cent would be dead.

TO indicate what a tremendous reduction there has been in dying in the United States: In 1900, 35 per cent of those who died came down with typhoid, but in 1936 that disease killed off only 2.5 per cent. Or take measles: In 1900 it got 12.5 per cent of those who died, but in 1936 only 1 per cent. In most diseases there have been fatality reductions, except the old-age diseases.

I asked some life-insurance people why they did not modernize the Table of American Experience. Some suggest that it would make a tremendous difference in the cost of insurance if this were done, but others say it would not. According to the report of a special committee of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners which carefully studied the question, "the net cost of insurance to policyholders would probably not be reduced by the use of more modern tables. There would merely be some rearrangement in the incidence of cost."

The point is that in mutual life insurance it makes little or no difference to the policyholder what mortality table is used so long as it is a safe one. The large mutual companies cite the big influenza epidemic in 1918 when they were caught short by too many people dying out of turn. They say that the Table of American Experience gives the policyholder a greater margin of safety. Their point is that the policyholder gets back what some regard as overpayment in the form of dividends. By that process, they claim, the rate is automatically reduced at the end of a given year.

I know the arguments on both sides of this question and must confess that it is awfully difficult to decide which is right. Naturally, we all want our insurance to cost less. Also we want the companies to be safe. Certainly we don't want to pay out premiums for twenty or thirty years and then, when the time comes to collect, to discover that the company has gone flooey. That has happened to a large number of fraternal insurance funds and to a large number of smaller insurance companies during the depression. These companies were, on the whole, taken over by the large companies and the policies reinsured to protect the policyholders. But there was undoubtedly unnecessary delay and anguish in the process. Safety is a tremendous factor in insurance and a price must be paid for it.

AT the same time, it is to be noted that critics of the insurance companies quarrel with them over their investments in railroad and industrial bonds and farm and city mortgages. They say that if the insurance companies managed some of these investments better, there would be more profits and therefore greater dividends without adhering to the Table of American Experience. So far as the policyholder is concerned this argument leads to nothing. What is important is that insurance should be both safe and cheap—but safety is more important than cheapness.

When the insurance company acts as a bank—that is, when it lends or invests its policyholders' money—it cannot possibly guarantee itself never to make a mistake or never to lose money. The standard example of hindsight is the large insurance investment in railroad securities which used to be gilt-edged before 1929 but which now are not go good. Some of those investments represent losses to the insurance companies. Also, farm mortgages and city real estate represent losses. While the amounts involved in these investments are large, the percentages of loss are not large. Today we would all agree that some of these investments are unsound, but they were made in years when they were regarded as sound.

Furthermore, the insurance companies now are loaded down with United States government bonds which bring a small return.

The insurance companies must invest their funds and must depend on the best judgment they can get to do it. And sometimes that best judgment will be just as wrong as the worst. One reason why fraternal insurances and small companies fail is that they get caught when good investments go sour and there isn't enough diversity of investment to provide ample protection. The larger companies have an edge there because their losses may be offset by gains in other directions.

Taking the picture as a whole, the insurance companies have assets at the present time amounting to about $26,000,000,000 to meet their contractual liabilities and to leave a substantial safety fund for any contingency. Then there is the safety margin of the premium rates themselves. Three factors are involved in setting up the premium rates in life insurance: 1. The mortality rate. 2. The expense rate. 3. The interest rate. The usual interest rate with some companies is assumed to be 3 per cent. That figure is fixed low for safety. If they earn more, there is a profit which in the mutual companies can be paid in dividends.

An insurance company has to decide on what its expenses are likely to be, because that expense is included in the cost of the policy on the basis of so much per $1,000. These items are called "loadings" because, I suppose, they are a load on the premium. The expense rate is usually an amount that would be more than sufficient to take care of all possible expenditures. For instance, as I write this, I look at a premium which has a loading of $6.10 a year on every $1,000 to pay for the cost of operating the company. Well, it doesn't always actually cost that much. It may cost very much less. When that happens, the mutual life-insurance companies call the difference a profit, and it may be passed on into the dividends.

ONE of the principal criticisms of the insurance companies is that they have too many agents and pay them too much. Also that the agents are often not well trained, and that their high-pressure methods are unfavorable to sound policy writing. It is suggested that if the agents did not have so large a share of the first premiums, they would not rush their clients into inadequately thought-out policies. The policyholder's only contact with the insurance company may be the agent, and therefore the agent ought to know everything there is to know on the subject.

There is much truth in the criticism. But there is another side to it. When no agents are employed, the volume of insurance written is very small. The Massachusetts savings banks have had life insurance as a side line for thirty-odd years, but they write about as much insurance in a year as any one mutual company writes in a couple of weeks.

On the other hand, if agents are employed, their commissions must be sufficiently large so that they can earn a living in the business. Yet, admitting that premiums would be cheaper if agents were not employed, it is still doubtful whether any other system of policy distribution is any good. I think that the insurance companies owe it to their customers to educate their agents adequately. Most of the big companies recognize this problem and are taking steps to deal with it, but it is far from solution.

Then there are savings in mortality, owing to the difference between

their calculations and the actual life span of the individual. So they put that to profit.

Insurance companies, then, have three sources of profit: 1. Gains on investments and loans. 2. Savings on "loadings." 3. Savings on mortality.

The mutual companies turn part of this back to the policyholder in the form of dividends; the rest they put into surplus. The nonparticipating companies divide it up between their stockholders, surpluses, and lower premiums. The mutual companies don't have any stockholders: they are owned by the policyholders and are run by self-perpetuating boards of directors and a highly developed and well-paid bureaucracy.

Term insurance is always popular in bad times because it is cheap. It is designed to cover certain definite situations, but is not adequate for the general purposes of whole life protection. It is cheaper because it gives less. For instance, suppose Mr. Macfadden thinks that Mr. Oursler is tremendously valuable to Liberty for the next ten years and that, should anything happen to Mr. Oursler, it would be a great loss. To protect Liberty, Mr. Macfadden takes out term insurance on Mr. Oursler's life for ten years. If nothing has happened to Mr. Oursler at the end of the ten years, then the term of the policy has ended, and Mr. Macfadden is out of pocket his premium. Some term-insurance policies contain a renewable clause, but they are priced up at each renewal and in the end prove very expensive. In a word, a term policy is only good if you die before the term ends. That is the sole protection it provides. Otherwise, it is not an investment in any sense. I suppose the insurance companies also fear that some policyholders might be murdered by the beneficiaries just before the term was over, so they write these policies with greater care than is usual.

What should a policyholder do to get the greatest benefit?

1. *Don't overinsure.* That is, don't insure for more than you can reasonably expect to pay for. It is better, if you get rich, to take out more policies, even if they are more expensive then, than to lose your insurance because somebody got you to bite off more than you can chew.

2. *Avoid complicated policies which are expensive.* The ordinary whole life, under most circumstances, provides good investment as well as protection.

3. *Don't kid yourself about how much the policy is worth.* If you have to turn it in, it is naturally not worth full face value but only the cash surrender value. You can get a table of the cash surrender value for the rest of your life at the time you buy your policy. You can then know exactly where you stand.

4. *Don't let any one fool you into cashing in a policy for the purpose of getting a cheaper one.* Demand of the insurance company a formal statement in writing of what you lose in dollars and cents when you plan to make such a change. Discover particularly what is likely to be the value of the new policy after you are sixty and after your death.

5. *If you don't understand your policy, demand a clear explanation from the company.* You have certain conversion rights, certain loan rights, certain other benefits. Have it all clear before you pay your first premium. Remember that the time to make the check-up is then and not twenty years later, because twenty years later you might be up against the law—bureaucrats, actuaries, and lawyers will follow the decisions of the courts.

6. *Don't change your beneficiary without reserving your right to change again.* This is particularly true if your beneficiary is a minor, because then you may bump up against the surrogate's court and you won't even be able to borrow on your policy without the minor's consent, and he can't give it because he's a minor. The law does things like that! Or sometimes policies are assigned without reservations and that leads to complications, as when a young man full of fervor fixes his policy so that his wife has all the rights to it, except that he pays the premiums. Years later, if he has changed his mind about the lady of his choice, he can't do much about the policy without her consent.

7. *Remember that if you borrow on the policy, you're reducing your family's protection.* It is stupid to borrow on a policy unless you absolutely need the money. You might die before you can pay it back.

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ SANTA FE TRAIL

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Raymond Massey, Ronald Reagan, Alan Hale, William Lundigan, Van Heflin, Gene Reynolds, Henry O'Neill, Guinn Williams, Alan Baxter, John Litel, Moroni Olsen, David Bruce, Hobart Cavanaugh, Charles D. Brown, Joe Sawyer, Frank Wilcox, Ward Bond, Russell Simpson, Charles Middleton, Erville Anderson, Spencer Charters, Suzanne Carnahan, William Marshall, George Haywood. Screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 112 minutes.

THIIS elaborate spectacle of the '50s starts as a sweeping panorama of wagon-train days out of Fort Leavenworth into the Far West, visions the building of a great railroad over the trail to California, switches to follow John Brown, the fanatical anti-slaver, from his bloody Kansas raids to his death on a scaffold on a hillside outside Harpers Ferry in Virginia. It is this divergence of story that prevents Santa Fe Trail from being a more completely effective spectacle, that enables Raymond Massey as the fiery abolitionist of Osawatamie to ride away with the honors from the romantic cavalryman Errol Flynn.

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn provide love interest in Santa Fe Trail.

★
4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR
★

John Brown GOES MARCHING ON

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Brilliantly portrayed, a fiery, fabulous figure lives again on the screen

The story is studded with historic names, for Mr. Flynn plays Jeb "Beauty" Stuart, destined for fame as a great Civil War cavalry leader; his fellow students in the West Point class of '54 are George Custer, Phil Sheridan, James Longstreet, George Pickett, and John Hood, while Robert E. Lee, no less, is commandant of the Point. In fact, Stuart and Custer are rivals for the hand of Olivia de Havilland, who is the lovely daughter of the owner of the Santa Fe Trail wagon freight line.

Flynn is a romantic Stuart, Olivia a pretty Kit Carson Holliday, but it is Raymond Massey, best known for his stage and screen Lincoln, who steals the honors as the fanatic fighter of slavery. Brown was a strange, uncompromising, burning figure of history. Massey does him well. The film itself is big, expensive, picturesque.

VITAL STATISTICS: Much of this was shot on location. For almost two and a half months the company journeyed from one location to another—Sun Valley in the Santa Susanas, Lone Pine, Bishop, Buffalo Flats, and other spots. . . . The largest set showed Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, as it was in the '50s. Another depicted Harpers Ferry, Virginia, and the United States arsenal as it was at the time of John Brown's raid. . . . Hot food for the company, midnight dinners, often had to be transported as far as a hundred miles from Hollywood for weeks. . . . Lots of stunt men participated. Ace s. m. Benny Corbett, who gets $11.50 a day, plus $35 per fall, was there. The director can mark a spot for a fall and Benny is so good he tumbles from a galloping horse to within an inch or two of the marker. Benny did three and four tumbles a day, including one from a fifteen-foot platform. . . . Upon completion, the picture had a big première in Santa Fe, the Warner Brothers bringing critics from both coasts by special trains. . . . Raymond Massey was born in Toronto, is forty-four, served as a captain in the Canadian Field Artillery in World War I, was wounded at Ypres, spent six months in a hospital. After convalescing he was transferred to duty with the United States army, assigned to Yale and Princeton as military instructor. It was John Drew who urged him to try the stage. That was in 1918. . . . Errol Flynn has an amazing collection of valuable ship models in his home. His dog Arno is the only canine allowed on the Warner lot. . . . Van Heflin hails from Walters, Oklahoma, is thirty, was a certified Able-Bodied Seaman when he was fourteen.

★ ★ ½ FLIGHT COMMAND

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Ruth Hussey, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick, Red Skelton, Nat Pendleton, Dick Purcell, William Tannen, William Stelling, Stanley Smith, Addison Richards, Donald Douglas, Pat Flaherty, Forbes Murray, Marsha Hunt, Gaylord Pendleton. Screen play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip, based on a story by Commander Haislip and John Sutherland. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 116 minutes.

HERE the Rover Boys join the naval air forces. All about a brash handsome young air cadet, graduate of the Pensacola training station, who is assigned to fill a gap, caused by a fatal crack-up, in the famous Hell Cats, fighting squadron at San Diego. But the Hell Cats do not take to Alan Drake easily and he has tough going. Still, the pretty wife of the squadron commander takes a fancy to him, tries to help. In fact, she begins to fall in love. I won't tell you the rest but, since the script had to have the stamp of approval of the Navy Department, Bob Taylor does *not* get the girl.

The picture is too long, unless maybe you are keen about the details of

navy flying. There are crashes, take-offs from aircraft carriers at sea, desperate maneuvers in fogs, battle practice at sea. The air photography is superb, frequently startling. Actually the story itself is almost adolescent, aside from being pretty emaciated for long stretches.

VITAL STATISTICS: The first service film was Classmates, made at West Point in 1924 by Richard Barthelmess. Another service trail blazer was The Midshipman, shot at Annapolis with Ramon Novarro in 1925. . . . To obtain Navy Department aid in making a picture such as this the script is submitted to a board of officers: a Public Relations officer, a Morale officer, responsible for the entertainment and recreation of the enlisted personnel; an officer in charge of the Recruiting Service, interested from the recruiting angle; an officer from the Intelligence Department, who views it to see that no secrets are divulged; a qualified officer from the branch of the service touched upon by the story. Here, for instance, four expert aviators read and studied the details of the story. . . . The cameramen who filmed the thrills here are brothers: Hal and Dick Rosson. Dick is an air veteran used to following planes in the air with his cameras. Hal covered the dramatic sequences aground. . . . Inspired by his role, Bob Taylor bought a plane and started flying lessons while he was working in Flight Command. Director Frank Borzage owns his own Waco cabin plane. Actors Dick Purcell and Bob Davies are licensed flyers. . . . It is the first time in his nine years of film work that Gaylord Pendleton has appeared in a picture with his brother Nat. Nat is the comedy mechanic, Gaylord the radio operator. . . . William Tannen is the son of Julius Tannen, stage star and vaudeville headliner.

Short Review:

★ **BOWERY BOY** (Republic). Handsome young Dr. Tom O'Hara of a Bowery hospital clinic tries to reform a tough gutter urchin, in no time at all finds himself involved with the health authorities over bad food delivered to the commissary. Tough little "Sock" Dolan has stolen the doc's order blanks, turned them over to a sinister racketeer in cheap spoiled food. There's a pretty nurse who worships the doctor, a spoiled society gal who tries to lure him away.

Pretty conventional proceedings altogether. Jimmy Lydon does well enough as Bad Boy Sock, Dennis O'Keefe is the doc, Louise Campbell the nurse.

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

★★★★—Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty.

★★★—High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels Over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Death WAITS FOR A LADY

A race against time—and now a stunning surprise! A thrilling adventure speeds on

BY WHITMAN

WHEN Bartlett Todd, lawyer for Commodore Bruce Campbell, sails on his yawl, the White Heron, to the Barren Cays in the Bahamas, he expects to investigate a wreck reported by Jeremy Jones, writer on yachting, to see if it is the Bluebird, on which the Commodore's son Duncan and Duncan's wife sailed twenty years ago. When he arrives at Little Harbor near the Barren Cays, however, he finds himself confronted by a mystery. Charlie Campbell, the Commodore's ne'er-do-well son, and his new wife, formerly Iris Lake, once a rumrunner and now owner of Miami night clubs, are also interested in the wreck and do everything possible to keep Bart from getting to it. They say they want to prove that Duncan is dead so that Charlie can inherit some of his fortune, but Bart suspects some more sinister reason for their actions. Ann Jones, daughter of Jeremy—who is now dead—has consented to act as Iris' and Charlie's pilot, and Bart, who is half in love with her, is worried about her. Especially disturbing is the presence on board Iris' little cruiser, the Daiquirette, of two burly Bahaman Negroes when the party starts for the Barren Cays. Albert, a Negro—who with Killer, an ex-prizefighter, and the Commodore's grandson Tommy, comprise the crew of Bart's boat—insists that Iris' Negroes are bad men.

The Heron and the Daiquirette anchor for the night off Red Dog Cay. Ann confesses to Bart that she is frightened and promises to slow up the Daiquirette so that Iris and Charlie will not reach the Barren Cays before him. That plan is wrecked, however, when, the next morning, Bart discovers that Albert has a broken arm and must be taken back to Little Harbor to see Dr. Featherstone, who has been looking after Ann since the death of her parents.

"If you're lucky," Ann says, "you can make Little Harbor by tomorrow night."

PART TEN—THE TRUTH ABOUT ANN

KNOWING that I should not leave Ann to go on alone, and yet realizing that I had to get Albert to the doctor, I felt trapped and bitter and resentful.

"Tomorrow night," I said. "If we're lucky. Tomorrow night may be too late. Can't we do something now? If we packed it in ice and put a rough splint on it—Iris has ice aboard the cruiser, hasn't she?"

"She has a little gas refrigerator. It runs off the bottled gas she uses for cooking. But it only makes a trayful of cubes at a time. And that wouldn't last an hour. Bart, you must get him back to the doctor, and you must get him there fast. I could take you across the bank in the Daiquirette, by daylight, in four hours. But would Iris let me?"

"Well, she's pretty fond of Albert. And I know darned well he'd lay down his life for her. Still—"

"Shall we ask her?" Ann said.

"Why not? We can't lose anything by trying."

We rowed over and, sitting in the boat, put the proposition to Iris and Charlie.

Charlie laughed. "You must be crazy, Todd! Why should we care what happens to him?"

Iris said slowly: "I thought you told us, Ann, that you didn't dare take the Daiquirette across Hurricane Bank. If you could go back to Little Harbor in four hours, why have you spent two days getting us here?"

Ann flushed, but she looked Iris in the eye and declared, not untruthfully, "I took the safest course."

"That's good!" Charlie thumped his knee. He laughed, but he looked ugly and suspicious. "She insists the bank isn't safe but she wants us to cross it anyway just because of a busted arm. The hell with it! Let Todd take him. Get aboard here, Ann, and mind your own business."

The flush faded out of Ann's face. "Row me ashore, Bart," she ordered quietly.

"Iris," I said, "Albert is in bad shape. If I have to take him in the Heron, it will take so long he is almost certain to lose his arm—and maybe his life. It isn't pleasant to ask a favor of you. But I'm not asking it for myself. I'm asking it for Albert. How about it, Iris?"

Charlie said: "Scram, will you?"

Iris said: "I'm sorry, Bart. It isn't my problem." She turned and stepped into the cabin.

I shoved off and rowed over to the beach, landing a few feet from Gates' little sloop. Ann stepped out, said, "Wait here for me, Bart. Greenwood can't be far away."

"What are you planning to do? Talk Gates into taking Albert back?"

"Yes."

She walked up from the beach, climbed the first low dike, and in a minute or so was out of sight from where I sat in the boat. I smoked a couple of cigarettes, growing more and more bitter all the time, thinking that if Gates refused to go I'd get Killer and round Gates up and beat him within an inch of his life. Thinking, too, that that wouldn't help Albert in any way.

Ann came back alone, just as the lower limb of the sun touched the sea. The wind had died again, and the breathless humid air seemed weighted as it closed down on the barren cay.

"Couldn't you find him?" I asked.

"I found him." She looked tired and worried and unhappy as she sat down on the gunwale of the boat. "He says he'll go, Bart. But you'll have to send some one with him."

"Why?"

"Because I don't dare trust him. Like many Bahaman whites, he hates the Negroes. Furthermore, he's insanely jealous of you and he's in a very nasty mood."

"But still he agreed to go."

"When I asked him to go, and told him it was his fault Albert got hurt, how could he refuse? But if you don't send some one with him—well, Albert might fall out of the boat and drown. And Greenwood might come back here and follow us on what he firmly believes is a treasure hunt. Nothing would ever be done about it, because no one could prove that Albert didn't actually fall overboard. Why not send Killer with him?"

"If I sent Killer, Ann, some one *would* fall out of that boat—and it most likely would be Greenwood Gates. With those two huskies in one small boat, with Killer sore at Gates for cutting our line and with Gates

"Good luck." I put my arm around her and kissed her—and didn't care who saw me."

sore at the world—they'd be at each other's throats in five minutes."

"Tommy?" she suggested. "No, no! Of course not. That's insane."

"Well, that leaves me."

"And me."

"No, Ann. I wouldn't send you off with that crazy kid. No telling what might happen. I'll go myself."

"Bart, I really think that's the sensible thing to do, though I didn't want to suggest it. Take a compass and your binoculars. Greenwood probably won't bring you back, and Albert, if he comes back with you, will be helpless. You'll have to buy a boat to get back. You couldn't rent or borrow one. If you're lucky and get a break with the wind, you can be here before dark tomorrow night."

"And by tomorrow night you'll be at Bootjack Cay," I said bitterly.

"Not if I find some way to delay us." She smiled encouragingly. "Somehow, I'm afraid our motor won't start tomorrow. I imagine no one aboard knows anything about motors but me—so-o-o I suspect we won't get away until day after tomorrow. But if by any chance we should—" She shrugged, smiling. "Well, you'll have to use Tommy's chart and a prayer."

"When will Greenwood start?"

"I told him to wait until the lights went out aboard the Daiquirette, and then come out to the Heron. Iris and Charlie have been drinking all day and they should go to sleep early. I thought it just as well they didn't know anything about your leaving."

"Then you knew I'd go."

"One of us, Bart, *had* to go," she said quietly. "Now you'd better take me back to the cruiser."

The two Negroes were slowly rowing ashore in the cruiser's dinghy. The lemon yellow in the western sky was fading and the darkness of another hot and breathless night was falling fast. I pulled the boat afloat and took Ann's hand to help her in.

"You'll be careful, won't you?" I said. "I mean—of Iris and Charlie and those Negroes?"

"I'll be careful, Bart."

"Then—until I see you again—good luck."

I put my arm around her and kissed her—and didn't care who saw me.

It was nine o'clock that night before the lights in the cruiser went out, and half an hour passed, while I fretted and fumed, before Gates silently sculled his little sloop alongside the Heron.

"Give me your painter," I ordered.

He threw it to me and sat waiting sullenly in the stern. This, I thought, is going to be a pleasant trip. With Tommy and Killer watching me resentfully, I tossed a bottle of water and a package of food and a flask of whisky into the sloop, followed it with the boat compass and my glasses, and then hopped in myself.

"I thought I was tykin' a fellow with a broken arm," Gates growled.

"You are. And you're taking me too."

"Maybe I don't want tyke you both."

"Listen, my friend! You're taking us both and liking it. And no funny stuff. What's more, you're making a fast trip. We're going to be in Little Harbor by daylight if you have to 'set' all night long."

"If we don't get a wind, I can't set you there by daylight," he declared. "It's near forty mile."

"And if you can't set this boat forty miles in a night you'd better give yourself up."

"I'd be a wreck when I got in."

"Look here, you young punk!" I said hotly. "You tried to make a wreck of my yawl. Now, if you want me to take it up with the Commissioner at Allentown, O. K."

I could feel his sullen eyes glaring at me in the darkness.

"All right," he muttered finally. "Get 'im in 'ere."

Killer helped Albert into the boat, and I got him settled in the bottom with his back against a thwart.

"When'll you be back, skip?" Killer asked.

"Tomorrow night, I hope. You and Tommy stay right here at anchor until I get back—if it takes me a week. You've got plenty of grub and water. And I think you'd better keep watch all night, Killer—if you can stay awake."

"Just leave it to me, skip. I'll cooperate. So long!"

"GOOD LUCK, Bart," Tommy said. His voice was shaky. He was overly matter-of-fact, and I knew he didn't like to have me go. And it wasn't without misgivings that I watched their two earnest faces, and then their figures, and finally the Heron fade out of sight as Gates sculled through the break in the reef and headed around the western end of the island. There was no wind. There would be no moon to help us keep a course where the water was shallow enough to pole and yet not so shallow that we'd run aground. It promised to be a tough trip—for Greenwood Gates.

Gates took us round the island and across a wide channel. Here the water was blue-black and very deep. The sloop rose and fell, without rocking, on a lazy, oily ground swell. Then the water changed from blue to green, grew lighter, lost the quality of depthlessness. The boat stopped rising and falling as we drew out of the ground swell, and I knew we were starting across the great Hurricane Bank.

I took the cover off the compass, lined up the lubber's line as best I could, and said, "Your course to Little Harbor is southwest by south."

Gates grunted, tirelessly plying the long sculling oar. I knew, of course, that he steered by the stars; but I wanted him to know that I intended to check him all the way. The water grew steadily more shallow, and after he had sculled us about a mile onto the banks he took the long oar out of its socket. Swinging it with an easy rhythm, with a hard lunge at the end of each stroke, he set us over the shallows at a pace faster than the average man could have rowed. An outlander would have thought it killing work. But I knew that your native Bahaman, setting boats from early childhood, has learned the exact speed at which a given boat can be set with the least effort.

Around two o'clock a little breeze came up out of the south. In half an hour it had hauled into the east. It wasn't strong, but it was fair on our quarter, and Gates hoisted his jib and mainsail. He got half an hour's respite from his oar before the wind died. From there on it was set for a while, and then sail when a little breeze came up, set and sail all night long through the opalescent water of the bank.

Shortly after dawn, sweeping the horizon with the glasses, I picked up the old lighthouse where Dr. Featherstone lived. It was only a couple of points off the port bow and distant half a dozen miles.

Gates' face, under his deep tan, was gray in the early morning light. His eyes were bloodshot with fatigue, his cheeks sunken, his lips parched and cracked. He had wielded that long heavy oar, albeit it with a great deal of skill and a minimum of effort, for the greater part of the night, during which he had refused my food and even my water. He was, all right, a proud stubborn young fool.

When we came off the bank, out of the pale green shallows and on to the gently heaving deep blue swells of the deep water, it was seven o'clock. Little Harbor was three or four miles away and the wind was fair. At seven forty we sailed smartly into the bay, passed the Daiquiri, and brought up on the beach in front of the settlement.

I HELPED Albert out of the boat and gathered up my belongings. Gates was pushing his boat off the beach as I lifted out my compass. I opened my mouth to thank him; then decided he didn't rate any thanks. He didn't look at me as he swung the stern of his dinghy about with one powerful sweep of the long oar. The mainsail filled with a snapping report and he was off across the harbor. I never saw him again. The circle he had made into my life and out of it was complete.

Albert made the hill all right. We found Dr. Featherstone working in his garden, and when he looked up at us I knew he didn't recognize me.

"Doctor, I have a patient for you," I said.

He took one look at Albert's arm. His shoulders squared and a different light came into his faded blue eyes.

"Jove! You certainly have, sir. Bring 'im right in." And as we walked up the path to the house, through the brightly flowering garden: "Of course you haven't had time to investigate the Bluebird. Well, it's just as well. Her father, you know, asked me not to tell her about the money in the Boston bank until she was twenty-one."

That almost bowled me over; for a moment I was speechless.

"When was the arm broken, Mr. Todd?" the old man asked.

"Four days ago." My heart was thumping. "Look, doctor! Are you telling me that Jeremy Jones—was really Duncan Campbell?"

"Duncan Campbell? I don't recall the name, sir. We've got to get that swelling down first and then we'll set it. I'm glad you turned back. It doesn't do to let a break like that go too long."

ALBERT and I mounted the stairs behind Dr. Featherstone. He threw open the screen door, bowed us in ahead of him, and called, "Mollie! Oh, Mollie! We have a patient."

Mrs. Featherstone hurried out onto the porch, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Oh! Ye're back, Misther Todd."

"My pilot has a broken arm."

"Tch-tch-tch. And ye call that an arrum! Well, bring him into the dispinsary. We'll git that swelling down. Ye look tired, sor. Why don't ye go into the livin' room and rist? Have ye had breakfast? I'll fix something jist as soon as I git the ice for Feathers."

I wanted, now that she gave me the opportunity, a little time to think. They took Albert into the dispensary, which opened off the porch, and I went through another door into the living room. It was a small, homey, comfortable room. I sat down in a deep chair, and the first thing that caught my eye, on a shelf in the corner, were four or five worn, familiar magazines, issues of the Yachtsman.

I walked over and glanced at the covers. There was an announcement of an article by Jeremy Jones on each one. The oldest copy went back thirteen years. The latest was the current issue, which had set us all off on the race to the Barren Cays.

I carried the magazines back to my chair and opened the oldest one. And there, smiling at me, was a picture of Sarah Jones at the wheel of the newly purchased Spindrift. The photograph was not very sharp. Nearly all of the photographs of Ann and Sarah which I had seen in the Yachtsman were poor, though Jeremy's landscapes and his pictures of boats and of natives were excellent. Now, of course, I realized why Jeremy's portrait shots of his wife and daughter were always a little out of focus—the Yachtsman is a national magazine and Jeremy Jones was, in effect, in hiding.

And yet, looking at this old photograph of Sarah and recalling her as I had seen her that day in Miami, it dawned upon me that at nineteen she must have looked exactly as her daughter looked today.

I opened the latest issue of the magazine and turned to the story of the cruise with Tommy to the hulk at Bootjack. The article carried a pic-

ture of Ann sitting on the deck of the Spindrift. It was—Jeremy must have gotten careless as the years went by—a very good likeness. And I thought of Charlie Campbell blundering onto that picture of a girl who was a dead ringer for Deborah Campbell as he had last seen her, in 1919, before she sailed away with Duncan on the Bluebird. Deborah had been, as Ann was now, so beautiful that Charlie, who had an eye for beauty, could not have forgotten her.

Charlie, though he might be a rummy, wasn't stupid. He could put two and two together as well as the next man. And seeing that picture of Ann, and remembering Deborah, he must have added up the score pretty fast.

I was putting the magazines back on the shelf when Mrs. Featherstone came to the door. "Docther is packin' the arrum in ice," she said, smiling. "We'll sit it later. Now come and I'll git ye some breakfast."

I followed her out into the neat little kitchen and sat down at a table spread with a red-checkered tablecloth. Coffee was steaming on the kerosene stove. Mollie Featherstone filled a mug for me, put on a skillet, and started breaking eggs. I wasn't in the mood to be anything but abrupt.

"Mrs. Featherstone, who—*actually*—were the Joneses?"

THE Joneses? Why, sure—the Joneses were the Joneses," she said, casting me a quick glance as though not quite certain of my sanity. "Do ye loik yer eggs turrned?"

"Over easy, please. You might as well tell me, Mrs. Featherstone. Jeremy Jones' real name was Duncan Campbell, wasn't it? He came here first in a little brigantine called the Bluebird. It was wrecked near Bootjack Cay. That was in the winter of 1919. Your husband met him first then, perhaps even rescued him and his wife and helped them get to the mainland. Seven years later the Campbells came back here. This time they had a little Nassau schooner called the Spindrift. They also had a daughter. You and Dr. Featherstone were the only white people left at Little Harbor. All who hadn't been drowned in the hurricane of '23 had moved away. And probably for that reason Duncan Campbell made his headquarters here. Because in those seven years he had changed his wife's name to Sarah and his own name to Jeremy Jones. Now he and Sarah are dead, and this brother of his, Charles—"

At that point I ran out of breath. Mrs. Featherstone slid the eggs onto a plate and brought them to me. She brought butter and bread and a bowl of stewed prunes. She refilled my coffee cup and sat down across the table from me. I waited for her to speak, but all she said, with a half smile, gently, was, "Are the eggs all right, Misther Todd?"

That burned me. "See here! Don't you know what I'm talking about?"

"Bless me, sor, I'm very sorry."

"But surely you remember the Bluebird, and Duncan and Deborah Campbell. You wouldn't be revealing any confidence—"

SHE cut me off with a wave of her square, work-worn hand. "I don't remimber them, Misthur Todd, because I wasn't here in 1919. I married Feathers in Nas-saw in 1924. And that, ye see, was five years afther this Duncan and Deborah ye spoke av had disappeared."

"But do you mean to say doctor has never mentioned them?"

"Feathers is not, sor, what ye'd call a confidin' man. Now, o' course he *might* be willin' to talk to ye—but his mind wanders so—and he can be so stubborn—ye may find it harrd to git anything out av him."

A few minutes later Dr. Featherstone poked his lean head through the doorway. "More ice, Mollie," he ordered, and disappeared again.

Mollie hurried out. I finished breakfast and went back into the tidy living room, sat down, and tried to fix my mind on something to calm my jittery nerves. I couldn't think of anything but the fact that if Ann were to die out there in the Barren Cays a couple of million dollars would drop into Iris Lake Campbell's lap like a ripe apple shaken off a tree. It wasn't much comfort to remember that Ann had promised not to push on until I got back. Iris knew how to wait for the breaks, and my absence surely was the break she had been waiting for.

I knew I should be on my way as fast as the wind would take me, and yet I couldn't go without Albert; I couldn't go until Dr. Featherstone confirmed what, after all, were only conjectures. I felt certain Ann didn't know her true identity, and when I went back to Whale Cay and told her what I suspected, I wanted to know definitely what I was talking about. And considering the state of the doctor's mind, it was doubtful if he could ever confirm anything.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE came into the room sometime later, and bustled on into the kitchen. In a few moments doctor and Albert came out of the dispensary. Albert looked plenty haggard, but he was grinning; you could see he was proud as Punch of the fine cast on his arm. Dr. Featherstone looked twenty years younger. Mollie, hearing their steps, came to the door.

"Albert, step out here and git yer breakfast now."

"Yaas, *ma am!*" Albert, still unsteady on his feet, went out beaming.

The doctor crossed the room to a decanter on the table and poured two glasses of whisky. He handed me one, said gravely, "Mollie tells me you have penetrated the secret of the Joneses."

"Yes." I tried to speak calmly, tried to keep a firm grip on myself. Featherstone seemed alert and rational now, but I didn't dare jar him with a lot of questions. "Would you mind telling me about it, doctor?"

"From what Mollie says, sir, there isn't much you don't know. And, really, I am honor bound not to reveal the story until Ann is twenty-one. It was Jeremy's idea to keep Duncan Campbell alive, as it were, until Ann became of age, and then let her decide their future course."

"Ann mentioned some papers and a small inheritance. A *small* inheritance! Imagine!"

"They are in my lawyer's safe in Nassau—all the papers needed to prove who she is. Jeremy left them in my charge years ago. If anything should happen to me, my lawyer has been instructed to use his best judgment."

"I see. But would you mind telling me why Jeremy chose to change his identity when he lost the Bluebird, and work on that Atlanta paper under the name of Jones, and come back here and carry on the masquerade?"

The old man shrugged impatiently. "I could hardly expect you, sir, to understand. Why do you think *I* gave up a lucrative practice to live over here? Jeremy believed in the simple life, as *I* do. He believed he could never live the simple life as long as he was Duncan Campbell and that money was within easy reach. He wanted to live his own way, he wanted to *make* his own way."

"And yet he finally weakened."

Featherstone sighed, shook his head regretfully. "Because of Ann."

"And he was on his way back to the Bluebird when he and Sarah were lost. Why was he going back?"

"The boat wasn't badly damaged, and Jeremy wanted to see if she would stand raising and reconditioning." His eyes waxed bright and he strained forward, almost as though he saw a vision. His voice rose. "Jeremy hoped, eventually, to bring her into Miami under full sail and drop his hook in his father's front yard. Do you see the picture? That beautiful little brigantine, with all her new white sails set to the brisk trade wind, coming into the harbor with Jeremy at the wheel and—"

THE doctor dropped back in his chair and the light began fading from his eyes. He said fondly: "Jeremy was a romantic. He had a flare for adventure, a sense of the dramatic. Now, this other brother? What was Mollie telling me about him? Charles? Was that the name?"

"Yes. That yacht in the harbor belongs to his wife. They were just married. Her name was Iris Lake."

"Of course—of course. Iris Lake. I remember now. She radioed me, y'know, and asked if Jeremy Jones was here at Little 'Arbor. Said she wanted him to pilot her on a fishing trip. She had the radiogram sent over from Sunset Cay by speedboat. Must 'ave cost a pretty penny, too."

"Charlie probably hoped to come over here and borrow some money. There was never, I understand, any hard feeling between Charlie and Duncan. Did you answer Iris Lake's radiogram?"

"Certainly. I told her Jeremy was dead, but Ann would act as pilot."

"Then they knew, before they came over here, that only Ann stood between them and Duncan's fortune. They suspected she didn't know she was an heiress, and that trip to Bootjack is just a stall to get her away where—"

As I talked I saw vagueness slipping back into the doctor's eyes. Then he interrupted me: "Will you have some more Scotch, Mr.— Did you say your name was Campbell?"

"*My* name Campbell?"

Then my nerves cracked a little and I laughed. Because the thought struck me that only by breaking Albert's other arm could I get any more information from Dr. Featherstone. The old man reached over with the bottle and filled my glass again and then passed me the water. I don't believe he knew I was laughing. There was a faraway look in his eyes as he watered his whisky.

I stood up then, thanked him for setting Albert's arm, and excused myself. In the kitchen I found Albert looking almost chipper.

"Are ye takin' him somewhere now?" Mollie asked.

"I've got to have him to con me over the flats to Whale Cay."

"Well, it won't hurrt him. Just don't worruk him too harrd and don't let him take that cast off."

She followed us out through the living room, where doctor dozed in his chair. Though his eyes were wide

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms.
2—The Declaration of Independence.
3—"Universal languages," which their inventors hoped would be spoken all over the world.
4—On the left.
5—Detroit, which cites more than 10,000 passages up—and a like number down—the Detroit River. Defense production and lack of activity in many foreign ports were the reasons given.
6—Because in olden days chairs were rare, and only the mighty, like heads of committees, could have them. Every one else sat on stools.
7—Twenty-four days. On the 24th day you would have a two-foot piece left, which you would simply cut in half.
8—No. FM stands for frequency modulation, a new radio principle.
9—No. March is their mating season, when they are more sprightly.
10—To the Republic of Panama, as rent on the Canal Zone.
11—It is a protective red-lead coating against rust.
12—People used to shake hands to show they had no weapons, and consequently no evil intentions.
13—"Galloping Gertie" was the nickname given the Tacoma bridge that swayed wildly and finally collapsed. Companies which had insured the bridge suffered most.
14—Not necessarily. Albino describes people who lack pigmentation in hair, skin, or eyes.
15—They are words supplied by translators of the Bible not found in the original texts.
16—It is the little steamboat which plies the Niagara River, carrying visitors into the spray of the falls.
17—In 1862, abandoned in 1872—until the income tax amendment of 1913.
18—Wyoming, in 1869.
19—A "berry" is a dollar, a "deuce" is a two-dollar bill, and a "fin" is a five-dollar bill.
20—About 150,000,000.

open, I knew he did not see us walk past him.

We went down the hill.

I found the boat I wanted and bought it outright for twenty pounds. We got under way a few minutes after ten o'clock that morning. The wind was puffy in the narrow confines of the harbor and it took an unconscionably long time to beat across the bay and through the passage to the open rolling sea. Once out of the shelter of the land, however, the wind freshened and steadied.

It blew clean and steady all day long, never veering as much as half a point. A wind like that heartens you. It blows the cobwebs out of your brain. In trying to use every bit of it, you keep alert. And you get the idea that, if the gods are giving you a wind like this, they must be for you. Your spirit lifts and you get to thinking that no matter what awaits you at the end of the long day's run you'll be able to take it in easy strides. You feel good and you feel confident and the world is your oyster.

That was how it was. With Albert conning me from the bow, taking me around the shallower spots where we might run aground, I steered an almost perfect course straight across the banks. It was a little after four o'clock when we sighted the abandoned windmills on Whale Cay. They were dead ahead and I was pretty proud of myself.

"Another hour and we'll be there, Albert," I said jubilantly.

"Yaas, cap'n. A li'l' bit to starboard now, cap'n. Shoal ahead."

For fifteen or twenty minutes I was so busy keeping off the shallow patches that I could hardly look at Whale Cay. Then, with a fathom or more under our keel and the color of the water ahead growing steadily deeper, I called Albert aft to take the steering oar. Sitting down there in the stern, the broken windmills alone had been visible; the flat expanse of the cay itself had been below the limited horizon. But when I went forward and stepped up on a thwart, the salt-white cay rose out of the mottled green-brown water like a stretched ribbon.

"It's closer than I thought, Albert."

"Hit not far, cap'n."

"Pass me the glasses."

He handed them up to me. I hooked one arm around the mast, braced my legs on the thwart, and slowly swept the cay from end to end. My heart stood still, for I saw not a solitary thing but that ribbon of white sand and those six desolate windmills.

Then all at once my pulse was racing, thumping in my ears, and I was gasping, "Albert! They're gone! The Daiquirette. The Heron. They're gone!"

Is Ann really in danger? And what has happened to the Heron? Next week this gripping tale of seagoing adventure nears its thrilling climax, and Iris and Charlie show their true colors.

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HOW TO LIVE WITH A Comedian

By MARY LIVINGSTONE

SO you want to know how to live with a comedian? Well, believe me, you've come to the right party. I've been living in a gag-packed atmosphere (and I do mean gag) for thirteen years, and, frankly, I'll have to admit that I love it. But it's not to be recommended to any one with a weak heart, high blood pressure, or a sense of humor.

Living with a comedian is indeed the hectic life. One week in Hollywood, the next in New York. Rehearsing at home, at restaurants, in taxicabs, in the bathtub. Listening to jokes, day in and day out, from a husband who won't even snore unless there's some one to write it down for the Sunday NBC radio show! It may sound paradoxical, but our biggest and most sober worry—and that "our" includes husband Jack Benny, his writers, Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin, and the entire cast—is being funny. Of course I'm getting away from the main question a little bit, but a discourse on life with a comedian is liable to wander anywhere.

It is my personal belief that every American woman faces the same situation that I do. That's why I receive, in our fan mail every week, dozens of black-engraved condolence cards from other women, with the notation, "Our heartfelt sympathy. We know what it's like!"

This makes me realize there must be one in every family—a husband, a son, an uncle, or the handy man around the house—one whose education stopped with "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" and who thinks a pun is the lowest form of wit because he didn't think of it first. That's why I'm writing this piece—to relate my own experiences with a professional funny man so that you'll better know how to handle your amateur funny man. Of course, in my case, it's a little extreme. If I don't laugh every time he exhales, Jack immediately phones for a doctor to find out what's the matter with me. And those signs, one in each of the fifteen rooms of our house —"Wait for the Laugh!"—they get a little tiresome occasionally.

Now, broadly speaking, there are six different types of domestic comedians. In order that you may more easily identify the type you have to handle, I'll classify them in alphabetical order, beginning with *Z:*

A. The insulting type. . . . This is the cad who doesn't realize that you can never tell about a girl, and if you can—don't. This is the man who, when asked by your lady friends what the ten best years of a woman's life are, invariably answers, "Oh, between twenty-seven and thirty."

B. The insistent type. . . . He's the kind nothing stops, not even a sledge hammer. He wet-blankets good table conversation at home and will permit no one else to tell a story. If another guest wishes to relate the one about the Scotchman and his oatmeal, he'll refuse to listen because he "doesn't like cereal stories."

C. The punny type. . . . This is the fellow who is definitely in the suppressed category, with hungry eyes and maniac tendencies. Sometimes, when nervous, he bites. He's the kind who will expect laughs on lines like "Cash is the Jack-of-all-trades" and "I slept in your boudoir last night, boudoir will I sleep tonight?"

D. The shady type. . . . He's the guy who haunts the barbershop. Some of his best friends turn out to be traveling salesmen. He's the fellow who, when told of the man who had been on fourteen honeymoons—oh, well, you know the kind of guy I mean.

E. The practical joker type. . . . He's the one who'd pull a high chair from under a baby. Definitely a dangerous character. He sends fake telegrams, stuffs ballot boxes, sometimes gets arrested for bigamy.

F. The amused type. . . . This is the man who knocks himself out with his own humor. He tells a story and roars so loudly no one hears the tag of the joke. But he's no menace. In fact, he's fast becoming extinct—because he kills himself.

So there you have the six types. Now you want the best advice on the proper fashion to handle your particular funny man around the house, don't you? Well, the best answer is—poison.

Another good preventive is to assume a perpetual dead-pan expression. In fact, the latter is my stock in trade, since I work for my husband on the radio and the role I play is—the killjoy.

Honestly, I've met lots of people who seem positive that I beat Jack Benny up all during our broadcast and at least four or five times during the week. Now, that's not true at all! It's really only during rehearsals and on Tuesdays.

But, getting back to the proper method of handling domestic comedians within your four walls. Well, all men are alike in at least one respect. Each thinks of himself as the boss. He feels big. In fact, your amateur funny man always feels that way just as he is about to launch into his gag. This average gent is probably about five feet ten inches tall. Now, if some one commits the blunder of laughing at his joke, he pictures himself about six feet four and you can't live with him. But if no one laughs, if the reception accorded him sounds like Grant's Tomb at midnight, then your domestic comedian shrinks to a mere ten inches. And that's the proper way to handle your husband or your cousin from Keokuk.

I'll tell you, candidly, how I got stuck with a comedian for a lifetime. After all, you can avoid much grief by detecting in advance if your boy friend is a potential comedian.

I was very young when I married Jack Benny in Chicago. Besides, he'd already given up the violin, so I didn't know he was a comedian. I'll never forget that all-important night in 1927 when Jack came into my living room very depressed.

I knew about his bad luck and tried to console him. "I'm sorry your bank failed, Jack."

"It did upset me," he admitted. "It made me lose my balance."

I was still unaware of the shape of things to come, so I helped him off with his overcoat, and when I saw his suit I jumped back, aghast.

"Your new suit, Jack!" I exclaimed. "It's full of ticks!"

"Can't help it, Mary. I bought it on time."

I marked that one off to his depressed state, and fed him some champagne we'd won at a raffle. I still like champagne. True, it makes some girls see double; but it makes me feel single—which is a relief, sometimes, when you're married to a comedian. To brace Jack further, I began complimenting him. I told him, shyly, that every one thought he had a magnetic personality. He said that was because his clothes were

The author at the microphone.

charged. I should have suspected what I was getting into.

Pretty soon there was a loud cracking, like huge trees falling. It was Jack, down on his knees, about to propose. "Mary," he said, "I like you because I'm different. These days two can live as cheaply as one can play golf!" Then he got to his feet. "Mary, what would I have to give you for just one little kiss?"

"Chloroform."

At this point my father entered with a shotgun. He'd just returned from a hunting trip. Whereupon Jack explained that he was a musician by profession, which pleased my father immensely, since my last boy friend that he tried to throw out had been a heavyweight boxer.

Thus taken unawares, I married a comedian, and while I admit divorce is the splice of life (you see, it becomes catchy) we've been together for thirteen years.

And now I'd like to tell you a little about Jack Benny the husband, the domestic comedian, the "Jell-o again" guy you hear each Sunday night. I think my description will convince you that my funny man is just like yours—except the funny part of it is that the funny part, in his case, is his business.

And sometimes, as with other comedians, his humor gets him into trouble.

I recall when we first came to Hollywood, the time a famous and rotund movie producer dropped in to look Jack over for picture possibilities. I showed the producer Jack's room—his recording machines, file cabinets, microphones, and old socks. The producer was quite impressed.

"He must be a fine fellow," said the producer.

At that inopportune moment Jack had to barge into the room. He'd just returned from Santa Anita—in a barrel. The producer clucked his tongue,

Don't look now!—but listen! Here are the things in Mrs. Jack Benny's secret heart

but Jack was good-natured about losing my weekly allowance. "Aw, I'm not a gambler," he said. "Not really. Why, Lady Godiva was a greater gambler. She put everything she had on a horse."

Jack then escorted the frowning producer downstairs. I heard them talking. Jack was relating a rumor about Fred Allen's plans to retire.

"Allen planning to retire?" repeated the producer. "But he isn't that old, is he?"

"Fred Allen not old? Why, listen—when they brought in his last birthday cake, seven guests fainted from the heat."

Then the conversation took a turn to other personalities. The producer casually mentioned Phil Harris. He said he thought Phil was a fine fellow.

"Go on, there!" grimaced Jack. "Listen—you don't know Phil Harris. He's so dumb he thinks a house of correction is where proofreaders work. His girl friend is a smart woman, though. Always looking for bargains. That's why she grabbed Phil—because he's half off! And what a hick! Terrible. Only recently Phil saw his first police wagon. Did he like it? Why, sir, he was carried away with it."

The movie producer, unfortunately, turned out to be Phil Harris' favorite uncle. After that it took Jack three years extra to land a job in Hollywood. So, you see, that's what comes of having a comedian in the parlor.

But, seriously, every Sunday night all year long my script calls for me to make scathing remarks about Jack Benny, and especially about his widely heralded cheap-skate tendencies. I agree only because Jack thinks it's funny. But I'd like to take this opportunity, right here and now, to come to my husband's defense and correct the wrong impression many people may have.

Despite the number of times he has been labeled a tightwad, I want you to know Jack is actually a spendthrift at heart. Otherwise, tell me, why should he spend a quarter every Sunday to park his Maxwell in the lot behind the broadcasting studio when the car itself can't be worth more than a couple of dollars? Can you name any one else who'd lay out 12½ per cent of his investment just for the privilege of having his auto watched for a few hours?

And those suits he gives Rochester! Why, some of them have been in his family for three generations. . . . Real heirlooms—like armor. Now, you know you don't find skinflints giving away family keepsakes like that.

Now, it's true Jack may set a frugal table. But then, look at the indigestion his thoughtfulness has prevented. Every one knows that too many green olives will make a person sick—so Jack looks out for his guests' welfare by serving them each one apiece.

And I feel I must mention, in passing, the really splendid results of Jack's penchant for tipping the bellhops with cigar coupons when we recently stayed at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel in New York. Instead of cluttering up their pockets with small change, Jack gave them coupons, so that, by pooling their tips they were able to get a lovely antimacassar for the easy chair in their lounge.

Finally, if Jack were actually stingy, why didn't he take the subway over to Fred Allen's for a mere five cents and tell Fred to his face what he thought of him while we were there in New York? No. Instead of that, Jack waited until he got back to Hollywood, and then phoned him long-distance over 3,000 miles at a cost of $8.50—and then you should have heard the things he told Fred!

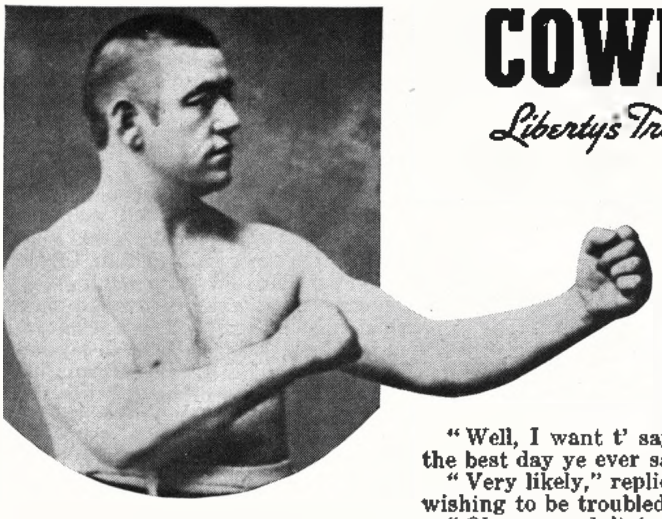
But maybe I shouldn't kick. After all, if your husband is successful in business, doesn't he spend most of his time away from the office talking about the office? Well, Jack does too. That's why Jack is a twenty-four-hour comedian around the house. For, just as your husband is always searching for new ways to improve his business, so Jack is constantly searching for new methods to improve his—only, in our case, a good guffaw is equal to a new customer for those in other enterprises. And, honestly, in days such as these, the business of making people laugh is a soul-satisfying job, and how!

So I'm not complaining about my domestic comedian. Not too much. After all, suppose he isn't the most liberal guy who ever lived—at least, he's certainly the most convincing talker a gal ever listened to while she tried to write stuff like this!

THE END

COWBOY VICTORY

Liberty's True Short Short by Michael Hall



John L. Sullivan

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 20 SECONDS

WHEN the John L. Sullivan combination made its first Western trip, a little event took place out at Helena, Montana. On this occasion John was making the rounds with a couple of his friends and a local sportsman. They stopped at a large saloon which was frequented by stockmen. There were twenty-five or thirty cowboys in the saloon at the time. After a drink all around, a big square-shouldered man spoke up and said: "So ye're John L., be ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want t' say I kin lick ye the best day ye ever saw!"

"Very likely," replied John L., not wishing to be troubled.

"Oh, ye needn't 'very likely' me —I kin do it, an' I'm agoin' to! Ye needn't be 'shamed ter fight with me; the boys kin tell ye I know how."

"Ye bet he kin!" roared a half dozen of his friends. "An' we're agoin' ter see him do it!"

At this point they all drew out their six-shooters and guarded the door. Some of them came back and squared off a ring. John's annoyer removed his gun and belt and handed them to a friend, saying:

"Buck, ye just hold that . . ." and to John L. he said: "Now, I don't want none o' yer hurricane fightin', nor rushin', nor monkey business of any kind. This is ter be jest a straight, fair fight, and if ye go ter tryin' ter knock me out, I'll grab m' gun and fill ye so full o' lead ye won't hold tergether."

"That's right!" yelled his friends.

John L. wasn't going to take any unnecessary chances. They squared off and went at it. John was simply trying not to get hurt, and allowed himself to be pounded all around the ring. After fifteen minutes or so his opponent was winded. They stopped and shook hands. Then the cowboys broke loose with their six-shooters and fired their bullets all over the place.

Nobody was hurt. More drinks were ordered. . . .

And thus goes the story of how John L. Sullivan was "whipped" by a Montana cowboy named "Long Jack" in true Western style in 1886 or 1887.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

NUTS TO NEWCASTLE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A revealing survey of the profits of lunacy

THE business of entertaining the people of the United States of America in their leisure hours seems increasingly of late to be conducted on the principle that most of them who are not already touched in the head might just as well be. The idea, apparently, is that amusement seekers are no longer to be satisfied with simply a good straight play or show, a good plain motion picture, an intelligent radio program, a meritorious bar or restaurant, an interesting sports event or anything else of the sort, but, whether they want it or not, arbitrarily have to be given something so eccentrically out of the ordinary that it is no wonder a lot of hitherto regular folk are beginning to talk like Gertrude Stein, look like John L. Lewis, and act like Olsen and Johnson, or even Virginio Gayda.

All this is the outcome of the piquant theory, doubtless invented by those celebrated two other fellows from Buffalo, that everybody has suddenly become so blase in the past year—due to the war, the California climate, or something or other—that they won't spend even a nickel for amusement any more unless you treat them as if six lunatic asylum guards had chased them into your place. The idea has spread with such virulence that the phenomena springing from it would, if laid end to end, so overcome Robert Ripley that he'd have to go to bed for a year, and would then in despair in all probability commit suicide.

While it is obviously impossible within the confines of my assigned space to list all these cuckooisms, I'll give you a rough general picture.

In the No. 1 spot we have beheld the inauguration of what are called odorated motion pictures. A product of the heaven-sent genius of a pair of gentlemen named Laube and Barth, to say nothing of several other masterminds who have organized themselves under the name of the Aromatix Company, these pictures, far from contenting themselves as heretofore with just telling a story in sight and sound, for extra measure vouchsafe an audience all the relevant incidental smells. If, for example, you see a man on the screen guzzling a whisky, presto! a whiff of Bourbon pervades the auditorium. If the story calls for the smoking of a bad cigar, you duly sniff the empyreuma of the stogie. If a belle sprays herself with Eau de Langouste, it's Eau de Langouste that hits you in the nostrils. And so on. What they are going to do when they come to some such scene as a pigsty or Hitler's chancellery, I don't know and shudder to think; but in the meantime, as was recently indicated at the first showing of one of the films at the Vogue Theater in Detroit, there were enough assorted odors, ranging from everything from Jockey Club perfume to banana oil and something that smelled suspiciously like a pair of socks that a longshoreman had worn two weeks, to make the outdoor fresh air worth two thousand smackers a cubic inch.

According to Variety, about eighty per cent of the customers voted on the comment cards handed around that the idea was dandy. Though it didn't tell what the rest said, it did report that one gentleman wrote, "What flavor are you going to use for the bad pictures?"

To continue about the movies, consider the bait they have recently hung out in the great State of Wisconsin. The managements of various houses in that section of the Republic, persuading themselves that far fewer people go to a movie theater to see a movie than to enter into a little amour, have staggered especially constructed so-called "love seats" throughout the auditoriums, wherein folks who are crazy about each other may be comfortably oblivious of what is going on on the screen and osculate and embrace each other to their hearts' content. More, by means of the stagger system, the love seats are so arranged that no pair of cooers will find another pair directly in front or behind them to observe or eavesdrop. Theaters in Milwaukee (the Tosa), East Troy (the Troy), Alma (the Alma), and in other spots have installed the chaises d'amour, and more are soon to follow suit. It's wonderful. That is, it's wonderful until maybe one day an usher, searching around in the dark, puts a fellow's wife in a non-love seat right back of the love seat he is occupying with the telephone girl at the office.

That town of Milwaukee, where the idea started, seems to be a card. But in its excess of zeal it appears sometimes to overreach itself. At the Milwaukee Automobile Show a few months ago, for instance, one of the several knockout conceits was to give hourly demonstrations to the audience of the effects of ethyl alcohol, or booze as it is vulgarly known, upon drivers. Ten volunteers were to be summoned to the platform and given as much liquor as they wanted to test their reactions. The great idea flopped, however, when the lines of volunteers began to stretch eight times around the block, when the enthusiasm to get at the bottles threatened to necessitate the calling out of the police reserves, and when then the Milwaukee County Safety Commission cruelly turned thumbs down on the grand notion.

The commercial sponsor of a certain radio program which advertises the miracles of a particular brand of flea, fly, and bug exterminator was seized not long ago with a fear that its air propaganda was not sufficient unto itself and that the listeners-in had to be galvanized by additional means. Whereupon, after days of profound and extended cogitation and after head-scratching of enough in-

tensity to dig halfway down to China, it was decided to release in various American municipalities one fly painted gold and one in a less opulent hue and to reward the citizen who captured the first with a tasty hunk of mazuma and the one who caught up with the second with a sweet if somewhat less handsome sum.

The public responded to the invitation in such surprising proportions that in the city of Miami, Florida, for example, the reconnaissance succeeded not only in the apprehension of the two prize brutes but in ridding the town of all the other flies in it, estimated to be more than 5,224,816.

A restaurant and night club in New York called Uptown Cafe Society a month or two ago deemed it expedient to provide some extra novelty for the theoretically jaded clientele of such resorts. Its management reflected on the general situation and took note that a New York restaurant named Leone's which had installed a stream on its premises and let the customers fish for their own trout had packed the place. It also meditated that a night club, the Stork, had drawn big crowds by inaugurating balloon fights in which the customers battled for a hundred or more small balloons some of which contained prizes. It further ruminated that other restaurants and night clubs had held and drawn trade with such amusement devices as rocking-horse races (El Morocco), lucky-number prize cards with each Martini cocktail (Penthouse), horoscope, palm, and physiognomic readings (La Marquise), and the like. So it got busy painting reproductions of the latest designs in ladies' hats, culled from the town's most fashionable milliners, on the mirror behind the bar and advertised that women customers might stand in front of the bar and see how they looked in them.

The strategy of keeping people from dying of ennui has extended even to sports. During the last football season, George Marshall, owner of the Washington professional eleven, concluded that his customers were perhaps not being entertained sufficiently merely by the football games themselves and that something ought to be done to pop their interest between the halves. So he went to a vaudeville booking agency and hired a trick horse named Pansy, along with the horse's three human stooges, to divert the spectators. Pansy apparently earned her salary, for Dan Topping, owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, subsequently engaged her for a display of her virtuosity between the halves of his team's contest with the New York Giants.

We come to the theater. Peculiarly self-persuaded that customers no longer relish a normal stage play, however good, the sponsors of something called Quiet Please instructed the audiences to regard themselves as movie extras figuring in the shooting of a Hollywood picture and to stand up periodically and yell "Bravo!" at the tops of their lungs, to say nothing of applauding loudly when commanded to do so by the actor-director on the stage. The sponsors of a forthcoming exhibit called Mr. Big have gone the sponsors of Quiet Please one better. They have arranged that their play shall be interrupted by discussions with the audience on the part of the authors, actors, stage-hands, and ushers.

Ever since Hellzapoppin began sitting in the audiences' laps, pelting them with beans, causing spiders to creep down their necks, and putting cakes of ice on their knees, the theatrical entrepreneurs have been busy trying to figure out other new ways to drive customers crazy in the name of novelty. Thus Al Jolson in Hold On to Your Hats, like Joe E. Brown during his engagement on the road in Elmer the Great, now comes out, sits himself in a chair, and confides to the audience his intimate personal affairs, including, in Al's case, his marital status, the girl in the company he is going to take out to supper that night, the herring that gave him an awful bellyache the night before, the difficulty he is having in finding a laundry that won't ruin his shirts, and his financial dealings with the Shuberts.

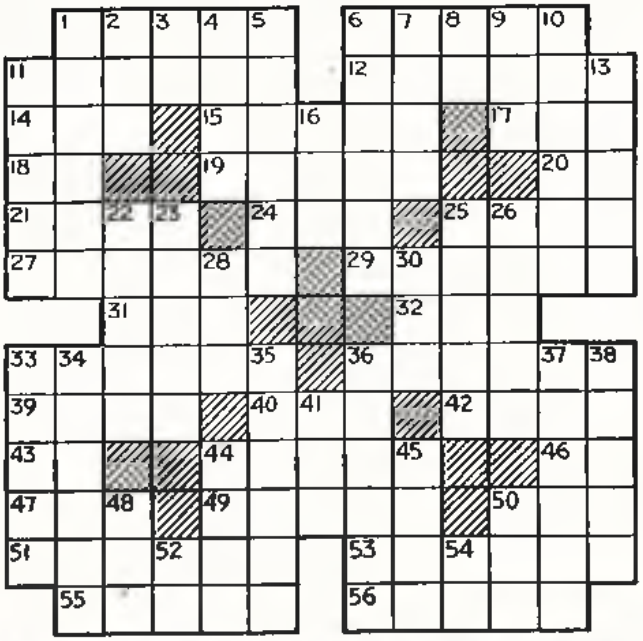
Where it is all going and just where it will all stop, there is no telling. Walt Disney has already come forth with a movie (Fantasia) that tells audiences what they should be thinking of while listening to music by various composers. What's more, he not only tells them but shows them, which is a little embarrassing to those members of the audience who, instead of obeying Mr. Disney's visual injunction to think of fairies and bluebells, somehow refractorily think of the beautiful legs of the baby sitting opposite them, the delicious hamburger with onions they are going to have as soon as the show is over, and their rheumatism.

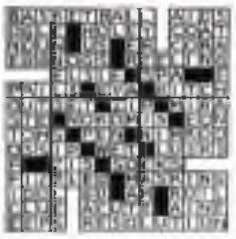
But Disney is only the half of it. Vaudeville theaters like Loew's State put on shows in which well known movie cuties brought on from Hollywood tell the customers all about themselves and in which well known newspaper columnists tell the cuties all they don't tell about themselves. The radio seeks to enthrall the multitude with questions as to which eighteen Paleozoic animals have names beginning with Z, with Handel's concerto grosso No. 11 in B flat played on xylophones and a harmonica, and with Robert Ripley's exhibition of the five tallest women in the United States whom the listeners can't see. And publishers are getting out books full of such pasted-in items as locks of hair, thumbprints, burnt matches, lipsticks, slices of liverwurst, and pieces of string, and requesting the purchasers to try to deduce from them who it was who murdered Noel Hollingsworth.

I am applying for my old Louis the Fifteenth suite in Matteawan tonight, before the crowd gets too big and all the accommodations are gone.

THE END

THE STORY PUZZLE By Margaret Petherbridge





Last week's answer

To solve this crossword, you must first solve the story. For instead of the usual definitions, every word in the puzzle is used in the story. Read it through once and write in as many of the missing words as you can. Then go back and use your cross clues to find other words, until the stars and the puzzle are done.

(A=ACROSS; D=DOWN)

This is the story of (23D) and (7D), who met in a revolving (25A). It happened in (9D) York, at the entrance to the store where (7D) had a job selling hair (21A). She was hurrying to do an important (36A) and he was carrying a folding (10D)—he was a photographer by profession—and they went round and round as (32D) there were no exit. They made seven (29A) and would probably be revolving yet if (35D) had not raised his (2D) politely and asked her to have a cup of (31D) with him.

Her face became a bright (31A), although she (38D) to look unconcerned as she accompanied him to a nearby café. Here he hung his (2D) and coat on a door's (38D) that was attached to the wall, and set down his (10D) and camera. After one look, the waiter seated them (42A) a secluded table. The food that was set before them was highly (5D) but neither of them (47A) a thing. They only sat (41D) stared at each other in (37D) admiration.

(33D) had moved a wild (36D) or two in his youth and for some years had been an (35D) of women, but now love began to (40A) in his breast. "Don't be an (32A)," he said to himself. "Don't let this dame (48A) your brains even if she is prettier than most movie (13D)." But his inner turmoil did not (10A).

Meanwhile (7D) began to (36A) in the same way. (9D) thoughts began to (27A) in her mind, but she found it impossible to (16D) a word.

"Don't (22D) me!" exclaimed (23D). "We both know that this is the (26D) of a disease called love at first sight. It is easy to see that we are (33A) about each other!"

Hours later, when they had (16A) from the table, (33D) had the (17A) to ask her where she lived.

"I live in Far Rockaway, (46A), with my ma and (20A)," she replied.

The young man (1A) to go with her immediately and (30A) her parents. He did not wish to (35A) their marriage by a day. So they got on a subway train and both clung to the same (24D), which will (40A) to the depth of their devotion. (48D) long they arrived at her home.

Now, her mother was like a (28D) with one chicken, and her father was the kind who (44A) and raves. Her mother (11A) and wailed about how (35D) and barren old age would be without her daughter, and her father began to (8D) back and forth on his feet and ask if there was any (6A) of filthy lucre in (33D)'s family. On the whole, the interview (34D) them nothing, as is (14A) the case with young lovers.

Here attempted suicide for love (12A) the story. (35D) pulled a bottle of laudanum, or (24A), from his pocket and drank it. The poison began to (20A) into his veins and mix with his blood (4D) and finally entered the sanctum (30D) of his heart. They took him to the hospital in a moving (49A).

This display (18A) affection was sufficient to (44D) and destroy (7D)'s parents' objections, and (3D) the following Sunday, when the nuptials was pronounced by (54D), was shining, they were wed. They (3A) happy together and the pretty bride (25D) and cooks and bores (8D). And before many (11D) have passed, her (29A) will be a grand-(20A).

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

This Is No Time to Talk of Peace, Mr. Macfadden

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

IN THIS issue of Liberty Magazine there is an editorial by our publisher, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, called War? Maybe? But Let's Stop, Look, and Listen. In it Mr. Macfadden states his belief that if England is faced with the certainty of invasion, peace at this time would be a logical step and would preserve the Democracy of England intact.

I never like to disagree with Mr. Macfadden publicly or privately, because I respect his views and because he is not only my publisher but my friend. Today, however, more than ever before, men must remain inflexibly true to their own convictions in the face of the crisis that confronts the United States and must boldly speak their opinions. Otherwise Democracy itself is already a failure. It is in that spirit that I rise to disagree with Mr. Macfadden's conclusions in this matter.

No one today, not even Churchill or Hitler, can say whether England will be invaded. Only Hitler knows whether there will be an attempt at invasion; but whether England is successfully invaded, or whether she negotiates a peace now, one fact, in my opinion, is certain: She will not in either of those contingencies retain her Democracy intact. She may retain the shadow of Democracy, as Germany has done under a one-party system in which everybody votes yes to the Dictator, but that is the most she can hope for.

There is only one way in which Democracy can be retained intact in England or in the United States and that is by the defeat of Hitler and what he represents—the totalitarian idea. There is not room in the world for these two ideas—Hitler says so! The issues between the two are very simple. Under Democracy the government is the servant of the people. Under Nazism the people are the slaves of the government. The question is purely one of freedom as against slavery—and slavery will be the ultimate answer to a negotiated peace. Such a peace would give Germany 90 per cent and England 10 per cent—for a little while. England would lose even that in the end, and our turn would be next.

The message of the President at the opening session of Congress made this abundantly clear. The situation today is that Hitler desires nothing in the world so much as a negotiated peace. The reasons for this should be obvious right now. He has conquered western Europe and by an immense superiority of airplanes, arms, and ammunition he is able to batter away at the lives and property and the spirit of the English people. That is the way things are now, but it will not be so for long.

AMERICA, THE ARSENAL OF Democracy, is speeding up its production with frantic zeal. More and more planes are going over to England. Ships will soon be carrying munitions there. Before long, in spite of all difficulties, America's production will be at its matchless peak and England will have more planes than Germany and more ammunition.

All this is coming soon to be, and when it does come Hitler faces almost certain disaster. He has two courses open to him. One is to smash England by a knockout blow before America's production reaches its peak. He knows how hard it is going to be to deliver that knockout blow. If he could call it quits now he would have gained everything and would lose very little. That is why there is such a strong undercurrent for a "realistic peace" now.

It is like a cup of cold water offered to a world thirsting for peace. But the drink is not what it seems. It is loaded with arsenic and if civilization swallows what is offered, the result will be the death of freedom.

I am indeed thankful that Mr. Macfadden does not approve "yes men." He believes in the educational value of free discussion and likes to see both sides of any important question. That accounts for my reply to his views as expressed on the editorial page.

IN THE DECEMBER 21 LIBERTY, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, with startling frankness, in an article, Democracy Reaps the Whirlwind, charged that China had been abandoned by democratic statesmen of the world—democracies, she said, had too long maintained a negative attitude toward her country. Next week, in Liberty, Pearl Buck, with her understanding of the Oriental thought, takes up the challenge for democracy with some forceful remarks about China's own policy. You will want to read Pearl Buck Answers Madame Chiang Kai-shek. . . . There is another surprise for you, too. Faith Baldwin will be there with a vivid novelette, a colorful romance in an exciting and elemental setting. You will thrill with the magic of this popular author. . . . Ambassador Dodd's diary unveils new sensations in the hidden moves of Hitler's scheme for total war. . . . And of course there will be generous installments of Madame Pompadour of Rumania and Through Hell on Wings.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 8, 1941

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY RALPH ILIGAN

To a young man about to buy his first car—

NOW YOU ARE DECIDING. In a few days you will buy. You do not want our advice, nor do we want to give you any. This is *your* adventure. And that is as it should be.

But some things we can tell you now that are more than mere advice. They are things that have held good ever since we made the first Ford car thirty-eight years ago.

The first one is to *buy* your car, and not just let someone *sell* you one. Look deep as you go, and look in your own time. Don't let anyone press or hurry you. Don't be afraid to ask questions. It is *your* money that you will spend. And the car that you will choose is to be *your* companion.

Look under the hood. That has always been a good idea. And look *behind* the prices you are given so that you *know* what they include. Take a long and testing try-out run before you settle on any car.

Talk to owners of the makes you consider, and learn from their experience. Include owners of this year's cars, for things move fast in the world of motor cars, and yesterday can be a long, long time ago.

And try a 1941 Ford. You'll find that we've designed and built it to serve you well and serve you long.

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies were both lengthened and widened in building this year's big new Ford, adding as much as 7 inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

SMOOTH 8-CYLINDER POWER. An advantage still unmatched in its price field. With records for gas and oil economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows so increased all around that nearly four square feet of added glass goes into each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

EXTRA MILDNESS | **EXTRA COOLNESS** | **EXTRA FLAVOR**

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS—

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—*in the smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—*in the smoke!* Less than any of them—*in the smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Try Camels... the slower-burning cigarette... the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.

By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

CAMEL— THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE—