Liberty

APRIL 11, 1942

5¢

Beginning– **ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS** By Corey Ford

A Novel of Today's War

Half the day, Half the Battle

AMERICA'S BREAKFAST! Probably no other nation relies so much on the energy in a bowl of cereal to carry it through its morning's work. • • •

CEREALS can be hot or cold, crunchy or smooth, but still they offer us a tempting and satisfying source of body "fuel" to make the engine go.

Another fine thing about cereals is that they taste so good with milk or cream and fruits, which are also rich in needed food factors.

Whether it is school children with finicky appetites or a hungry mechanic who needs stamina for the day's work, it is some sort of cereal that gets millions started on a productive day.

This is why the nutrition experts always include these products of grain in lists of "must" foods.

Watch the cereal counters and shelves and the windows of your grocery stores for tempting offers of cereals. Grocers are doing their part in contributing to our government's program for a strong nation in urging you to eat more cereals.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE *MAGIC* FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

"All that . . . and You, Darling . . ."

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a "double brush-off," as Broadway puts it —*and came back.*

Through the warm dark she could see her name glowing in lights . . . a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

"Darling, darling," she whispered, "It's all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown". . . and patting his arm, "and unloved, too."

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again, "Sure, she may have talent . . . but she's got something else, too!" he said flatly.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible. And, like Smedley, he explained why.

Luckily the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it.* Later she actually forced herself into Smedley's office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a date which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong . . . that she could be completely desirable.

Two Strikes Against You

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn't it just common sense to be always on guard? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic and deodorant every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

Be At Your Best

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"

PAMPERERS, PRATTLERS, PAUSE AND PERUSE

HOUSTON, TEX.—Don't you think the matter of morale building should be left to those who really know what it's all about? Many self-appointed caretakers of both morale and morals should pause to think that where one draftee needs some pampering there are thousands of us who fully appreciate and are ready for the grim task ahead.—*E. A. Goodfellow.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I am one of the dumb masses, as our vocalious-literarious fellows class us. But there is one thing that, if kept up, will make us articulater and articulater, especially me. That one thing is the eternal infernal asinine and stupid prattle about "morale." It has no place in the American picture. Us common guys don't need the spirit poured into us. We still got it.—*Luther Clark.*

PRINTER, OUR RIGHT-HANDED PRESS, PLEASE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Here's some more of "The Kind of Mail an Editor Gets" (February 21 Vox Pop): Why not print a magazine for right-handed people instead of for the few left-handed? Ever notice how nearly every one takes a look at the first page of a magazine or newspaper, then starts thumbing it from the back? But you do it yourself, if you're right-handed. Turn your magazine around for us right-handers. Left-handers shouldn't be that way, anyway.—*William M. Day.*

YES, SIR! AND IT ALWAYS WILL

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Before this terrible war people went along never thinking about the safety of their country. Many times I have noticed people at parades. As the flag went by they just looked as if the flag naturally went with the ceremonies, and if some patriotic American applauded they looked at him as much as to say, "My, how foolish." And most of the fellows—well, you might think their hats were glued on. Now I bet most of those same fellows are in the armed forces and proud of it.

Keep up the good articles and stories in your magazine, and, brother, the name of your magazine really means something.—*A. M. Cole.*

'TISN'T A PRIVATE FIGHT. COME ON IN, EVERYBODY

BIRDSBORO, PA.—I have been around marines, and vice versa, and the picture of the blonde femme dancing in the arms of a marine brazenly beckoning to a sailor, on the February 28 cover of Liberty, is something to tell to the marines — then shove off, leaving no forwarding address.

I realize, under present conditions, all service men should be the personification of unity; but I can't imagine any gal trading in a seagoing bellhop for a swab jockey—unless blondes are dizzier than they're supposed to be.—*Ruth R. Fix, Brunette.*

And a letter from three marines asks if we think that after 160 years of glorious tradition they ought to change their tactics; but they won't get us to stick our neck out that way.—VOX POP ED.

GLAD TO HEAR AGAIN FROM A FRIEND WE REMEMBER

MS. GULFPRIDE, AT SEA—A lot of people claim that we are a bunch of Communists, but when the call came to stand by the U. S. A., we were ready, just as I wrote you back in March, 1938.

Mister, we have no uniforms to distinguish us. We get in yesterday and shove off again tomorrow. When night comes, we use our only means of defense —we black out the ship by closing all portholes. And if fate is against us we have to take to lifeboats. We are not looking for sympathy. We are going to keep our American flag flying on any ocean at any time, in spite of hell and Nazi submarines.—*Fred Mehl, Member National Maritime Union of America.*

JUST THE SAME WE THINK HE'S A ROUGH DIAMOND—SORTA

HUMBOLDT, ARIZ.—I don't believe that there'll be a rattlesnake anywhere to be found in the entire State of Arizona this summer able to hold his head off the ground for shame.

"Rattlesnakes of the Atlantic!"

Doesn't every one know that a rattlesnake is a gentleman? And that he never strikes without warning?—*Dora Belle Lee.*

HAPPY RESULT OF TAKING A BULL BY THE HORNS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In your Just Between Ourselves page, March 14 Liberty, you ask how we, the cash customers, like the rearrangement of the index and announcements.

I, for one, say, Splendid—glad some one took the bull by the horns and accomplished a long-needed change.

The entire magazine seems to have taken on new life and zest, despite the fact that the majority of the features have been retained.—*Mary C. McCarthy.*

A WOMAN SPEAKS HER MIND —AND SOMETHING GETS SAID

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I swore that the next time I saw the phrase "the American people are too complacent" I would either have to let off steam or "bust."

Is it complacency when the steelworkers are producing more steel per man than ever before? The railroads moving more freight tons per man? Workers in factories working long hours and extra hours to outfit our boys with everything they need? Mothers and fathers are giving their sons for our country—not gladly, but proudly—and they dare to say we are *complacent!*

Inarticulate, yes; as a great majority of us haven't the ability to express ourselves. Disgusted, also, that our Congress can spend so much time on unimportant issues and so much money on unnecessary things. Bewildered. But "complacent" *never.*—*Mrs. Charles L. Barber.*

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Contributors are advised to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such material.

"Outa my way, Camel!"

SALESMAN: One side, camel! Outa my way you fugitive from a sandstorm!

CAMEL: Pardon, O Ringer of Doorbells, but I, too, have business here.

SALESMAN: *You? You* got business here? I'm laughing, camel. You kill me. *What* business?

CAMEL: Heckler of Housewives, do you not know that I have the honour to represent Paul Jones whiskey? Are you unaware, O Taker of Small Deposits, that I am the symbol of *dryness* in whiskey? That it is my life work to inform men of the magnificent flavor of *Dry* Paul Jones? Truly O—

SALESMAN: *Dry* Paul Jones? *Dry* Paul Jones? Look, sweetheart, you're dreaming. You're off your noggin. *Dryness* is for champagne.

CAMEL: And also, Little Brother, for this superlative Paul Jones whiskey. A luxury quality, master, which permits men to enjoy the full magnificence of Paul Jones superlative flavor . . . a dryness which allows that wonderful flavor to come through, clear and undistorted.

SALESMAN: Yeah, camel. Yeah. Okay. I apologize. But I got no time for chitchat about them expensive whiskies. So shove over, huh, pal?

CAMEL: Pardon, Master, but this Paul Jones whiskey is so moderately priced and it offers so rare and wonderful a flavor that wise men and connoisseurs of fine whiskey know it as a *truly* great *buy!*

SALESMAN: Well, dawg-*gone!* Pick yourself a brush, camel. Any brush! It's yours, pal! An' watch my kit will you, friend? I'm off for a bottle of that beautiful *dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

THIS WEEK

April 11, 1942

Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

O. J. ELDER, PRESIDENT; C. H. SHATTUCK, TREASURER; HAYDOCK MILLER, SECRETARY; H. A. WISE, GENERAL MANAGER; R. A. FELDON, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; S. O. SHAPIRO, CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

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 JAMES SCHUCKER

NEXT WEEK

April 18, 1942

WHEN BOMBERS COME

Liberty has for you next week what is perhaps, at this moment, the most important article any American periodical could publish. JAMES M. LANDIS, who succeeded Fiorello LaGuardia as Director of Civilian Defense, reveals specifically and in detail his policies and what he plans to do about setting up a "national pattern of civilian defense." It is an article every resident of the U. S. A. not only should read but *must*.

CRIPPS—BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR

Will this rising Englishman's assignment to India be a step toward his becoming Britain's next leader? WALTER DURANTY, who knows him well and knows Russia, where Cripps rose to fame, gives you a penetrating picture of the man.

WITH MacARTHUR IN THE PHILIPPINES

Honeymooning in Manila, ANNALEE WHITMORE JACOBY recently cabled us a vivid eyewitness account of what happened there when the Japs first struck. Now, out of a clear sky (clear at least in New York), comes a radio message from her—straight from Corregidor! It tells more of horror and courage, seen face to face, than, we venture, anything from the Philippines you have read.

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY

are Mr. and Mrs. No. 1 of the radio, according to the popularity surveys. You'll meet them anew in the pages of a captivating pen-portrait by FRED ALLHOFF.

ALSO NEXT WEEK: Wartime Baseball: Who'll Win? by BILL CUNNINGHAM—a forecast of this war-crossed season by Liberty's sports editor. . . . Exciting fiction, including a distinguished short short by I. A. R. WYLIE. . . . Some surprising pages of pictures in the series This Is America. . . . And plenty more.

Ready to go anywhere ... QUICKLY

It's reassuring these days to see those sturdy Bell System trucks along the highway.

They are mechanized motor units. Each has a highly skilled crew; each has its own tools, power and materials. They are ready and efficient and can be mobilized anywhere, any time. And there are more than 27,000 of them.

This is just one way the Bell System is prepared to keep lines open and ready for war-time service — no matter when or where the test may come.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM ... *Service to the Nation in Peace and War*

Liberty
APRIL 11, 1942

THE RISING WHISPER

☆ What is wrong with us, the common people of America? What malignant germ has crept into our blood stream? What kind of mess have we made of the grandest heritage ever handed down to a nation? This is ugly talk which will shock some people—who probably need shocking—but we are tired of soft words and pretty phrases. We are tired of soft living and soft thinking and soft leadership. We wish the President would do away with the term "fireside chats" and call his speeches war talks. Who started this Selective Service stuff? Why don't they come right out and call them draft boards? We're not afraid of the words. We are sick of being slapped on the wrist. If we must be hit, let it be a full smack in the jaw. We need blunt, plain orders instead of evasiveness and dilly-dallying—and a swift kick in the pants if we do not obey them. We respect Leon Henderson because he, at least, has the courage to be tough and outspoken. The time has come for us to take off sixteen-ounce gloves and put on brass knuckles.

When are we going to cease to be tolerant of draft boards who try to keep from hurting people's feelings, or with young men who grouch and grumble at the prospect of being drafted—or people who hoard tires and sugar and other war stocks? What kind of American is it who sits at home and hoards extra sugar "to do a little canning," while a boy gives up his life for want of sufficient ammunition? What kind of American is it who hoards a half dozen pairs of silk stockings while some pilot goes down in a burning plane because he lacks a parachute? Let us call such people by their right names. How long is it going to be before we take up and use the old strong words of traitor and slacker; how long before our attitude so changes toward soldiers that able-bodied young men will be proud to wear a uniform and ashamed to be without one?

How long will it be before we can still the inner voice that reproaches us for what we did not do in 1941? How dearly will ill-equipped men, our sons and brothers and neighbors' boys, pay upon bloody battlefields for this negligence of ours? Starkly does the despairing cry, "If we could have had one more month of preparation!" write the fall of Singapore upon the pages of that year we wasted. When shall we begin to look upon the men who participated in and caused strikes—both laborers and industrialists—and see their hands dripping with the blood of men and women and children who died because of their greed and stubbornness? What a war story they will have to tell—or to lie about—to their children and grandchildren! What is lack of foresight and what is criminal blindness?

How can we be so patient with legislators who go on treating the war as a political issue? What peculiar form of insanity leads us to believe that we can keep all our social reforms and wage a full-scale war at the same time? How can we continue to respect lawmakers who nonchalantly vote staggering appropriations, yet lack the courage to set up proper tax schedules to pay for those appropriations? How can they expect us to be unafraid when they are terrified at every political shadow along the streets? If our bill is to be fifty or sixty or ninety per cent of what we have, let them present it at the front door and quit dodging around the back alleys, trying to juggle the figures to spare our feelings. We are more insulted than hurt.

When shall we quit feasting upon reports of our prowess in the future? When shall we begin to gag at the phrases "going to" and "will have"? Sing us no more songs of tomorrow and of the day after tomorrow. Where are the planes that we are making *now?* Where are the tanks that we are building *now?* Where is the navy that is superior to any navy on any of the oceans of the world *now?* We do not want figures and information which will aid the enemy. We can do without any figures at all. But our gorge is beginning to rise at the steady diet of soothing syrup labeled "some day soon, or shortly thereafter." Let's quit boasting and quit threatening our enemies with blueprints and 1943-44 production charts.

And let's soft-pedal all this boast-

(*Continued on page 54*)

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LET'S GO, AMERICA!

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Mr. Batt (at left) face to face with Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones, a fellow member of the War Production Board.

AN INTERVIEW WITH

WILLIAM L. BATT

the Philadelphia industrialist and engineer who is taking time out from his job as president of the S.K.F. Industries to serve as director of the WPB's Materials Division.

BY WALTER KARIG

A business man speaks forthrightly of what we are doing about the war

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ "THE easiest way for us to lose this war is to forget that we *can* lose it.

"On paper we have the enemy licked. He knows he is licked—on paper.

"We are terribly confident of the production facilities of the United States. No one has greater faith in them than I. We are all convinced, and rightly, that no other country on earth has the farms and the factories, the machines and the skills to operate them, that we have.

"Our enemies haven't nearly so much. But they do have the fanatical will to win. They are putting out everything they have and all they can squeeze out of millions of conquered people.

"The stakes of victory are, for us, America. America, which is still yours and mine. The issue is, will it be our America after the war or will it be Japan's and Germany's to loot, to exploit, to enslave?

"And what are we doing about it?"

William L. Batt, the big rugged man in charge of the enormous job of providing the materials for America's vast and expanding war machine, brought his hands down on the arms of his chair. He spoke directly, seriously, with intentness and feeling. "*Our* America" isn't something Bill Batt speaks of lightly. It's a land that has given him and his children the opportunities his energies and abilities deserve.

His story is the story that can be true in very few countries other than the United States. He was born in an Indiana farming community. As a youth he worked in the Monon Railway shops where his father was employed; there he learned the machinist's trade. He worked his way through Purdue University to an engineering degree in 1907, and the next year got himself a job in the ball-bearing plant of the Hess-Bright Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia. By 1916 he was secretary of the company, which became affiliated with S. K. F. Industries in 1919. By the end of 1923 Bill Batt had been made, first, general manager, and then president.

From the bottom of the heap to the top in some fifteen years is a long fast climb. Batt was a powerful figure in American industry in 1937, when the New Deal and business were at the height of their feud. He was one of the small group of business leaders —others were John D. Biggers and Averell Harriman—who saw nothing good in that feud. They came to Washington to see if something couldn't be done about it. They were able to command the respect and attention of the President, and much was done to improve the situation. Bill Batt doesn't believe that government control of business should go too far. But he does see a chance to work out our present problems by open and thoughtful meeting together.

When the war in Europe began to threaten the United States and national unity became an imperative necessity, the truce between politics and business merged into the partnership it has become today. Nelson, Knudsen, Biggers, Batt—the roll call of industrialists drafted into government service is too long to record here. Batt was among the first to respond. Today his job in preparing not only

America but our allies for war is second only to that of War Production Board Director Nelson.

But he still looks more the machinist than anything else. He is a whopping big man with strong hands, black hair, and bright black eyes. Many a man would be glad to have on his scalp the hair in Bill Batt's eyebrows.

Sure, Batt knows America. He knows what America can do for her children and what they must do in return. He knows what we can lose.

"And what are we doing about it?" he repeats. "When our fighting men engage the enemy in full force, they will be using the weapons we turn out in the next few months. What we do now is what counts. As a matter of hard fact, everything we turn out is a weapon of one kind or another. Shoes are weapons, foods are weapons, newspapers and magazines and books are weapons. Money is a weapon, and so is economy. Good cheer is a weapon!

☆ "EVERYBODY can produce something to help win this war. But are we all doing our job? We are not. And when I say that, I am not taking my eyes off Washington.

"The country has been accused of complacency by persons far more qualified to speak than I. Well, a lot of things besides charity begin at home. I see no more need for criticism in the much (but deservedly) scolded Middle West than I see right here in the capital of the United States—the capital, willy-nilly, of the civilized world. Washington too has its share of people who apparently have other things on their mind than winning the war. Winning the war! That should be the one thought in the mind of every one capable of thinking. That's the one thing you can't postpone.

"I haven't a grouch against anybody in particular," Batt grinned. "I'm just bothered by a certain state of mind. There have been an awful lot of accusations of complacency. There has been a lot of finger-pointing. I think there's been too much. 'Complacency' is by now an overworked word. But it does stand for an attitude which I'm glad to see on its way out. That's the it-can't-happen-here attitude. I think we're snapping out of that. But it's got to be replaced by something positive, by the it-*won't*-happen-here attitude. And more than that, we've got to see that 'it'—what the Axis stands for—doesn't happen to us again.

"What I'm bothered by is the attitude that we don't really have to change our ways to win the war. I'm not thinking of the people who are just out to line their pockets and build up their own prestige in this emergency. There's always a fringe of such fortune hunters hanging around any government at war. What I'm bothered by is the fact that many in politics or business can't forget the way they'd planned their personal careers. There's nothing wrong in being interested in one's career: what's wrong is not being able to forget it when something bigger is at stake. There are people in Washington and in any crossroads community who are finding it hard to forget in that way. A lot of them honestly think the nation's war effort will be aided by dredging Mosquito Creek. They haven't looked at the situation straight on.

"We who were drafted into temporary government jobs to do a specific wartime task want to lick Hitler and go home. Washington is no part of the lives we'd planned to live. Our plans have been interrupted. We would like to resume them, *after this job is done.* Of course we don't like the political career men shooting at us, but I'm sure we don't base our feeling on jealousy or ambition. There can't be 'government as usual' any more than 'business as usual' when the country has to be defended against the power and ruthlessness of the dictatorships.

"I don't want to give the impression that the attitude that bothers me is all in politics. It's found, to name another example, in the press. There are too many too loyal papers that try too hard to show that everything is fine. They make headline victories out of a few enemy airplanes downed. They spread in four-inch letters over eight columns the glad tidings that 'U. S. Forces Blast Jap Ships' by the process of selecting some pennyworth of good news from a budget of sorrowful fact. Too many of us read headlines and nothing more, and even if we do read every word of the text we are pretty well coated with optimism before we plunge into the painful facts. Then we're not really troubled to know that, although six Jap planes were shot down or a transport bombed, the enemy still succeeded in advancing another fifty miles.

☆ "AS an everyday citizen of the business world, I say that we Americans *can* take bad news, and as a member of the government's war administration I maintain we Americans *should* be told the bad news. There's not much logic in a paper's editorials scolding its readers for complacency while its front-page headlines nourish that same attitude.

"There's some good news for us. We are doing a pretty fair job for a working crew that hasn't been on this job very long. We're going to pour out a Niagara of tanks and planes and bayonets and brave men that will be the biggest military effort any nation has ever made. But it isn't going to just grow, like Topsy.

"The United States of America—this place we make our home—this sprawling dozing giant of a land—this breeding place of ideas and inventions—is just beginning to stretch its arms, when it ought to be in a fighting fury. There is our danger. We don't yet, as a nation, know fully that we're in a life-or-death war.

"Sure, we're big, we're strong, we're tough. So is the other fellow. He caught us off guard at the start. He's still counting on us to be careless. He's got a plan, you can be sure of that. He knows he's smaller than we are and that he hasn't our heft or reach. He knows we think we can wear him down by letting him hit us until he is tired. He knows how to hit when we drop our guard.

"We have a plan too. We're all set. The President gave it to us in his address to Congress in the 'blueprint for victory.' It calls for 60,000 airplanes, 45,000 tanks, 20,000 antiaircraft guns, and 8,000,000 tons of shipping before next year. It doesn't take an engineer to read that blueprint. But it takes more than an engineer to put it into effect. To make all those planes and tanks and guns and ships will take more machines and materials and men than we've ever used before.

"And it will take more than that. It will take endless hard work, a will to win, a constant unflagging determination, an enthusiasm for victory. It's the spirit that comes when every one of us knows that America is threatened, the America that is the farms and factories and homes and people that make our everyday life."

☆ BILL BATT can soften his words with a grin. But he's deadly serious. It's not fear. It's knowing that what we have is good, and that we may lose it if we don't watch out. That's why he's become known for plain speaking against the attitude that we needn't worry too much.

His pipe went cold while he was talking, and he stopped for a second to fill it. Then he leaned back and began to speak again, reminiscently:

"It's probably more than the easy-going attitude in politics and industry that's slowing us down. It's probably more than the unawareness of the country as a whole. It may be that we got off to our wrong start in the third grade. We read then in our histories that we had an easy time in all our wars except the first. Didn't we beat the mighty British Empire twice? When Europe's great Powers paid tribute to the Mediterranean pirates, didn't little America wipe the corsairs off the sea? Didn't we put down our shovels and our pens in 1917 and smash the Kaiser's armies just in time to save the battered British and the fatigued French?

"Maybe so. None of it was as easy as it sounds. And, anyhow, this is a different kind of war. We are fighting a gang of fanatical revolutionists. We're where the Christian nations of Europe were 500 years ago when the followers of Mohammed set out to conquer and enslave the earth. We're faced on both sides by enemies who may not be quite our fighting weight but who are definitely in our class as things stand now. They have condition, they have carefully hoarded reserve energies. They have footwork and a lightning punch. We can't spend our time thinking about the fights we won in the good old days.

"Until we *all* come to see what we are up against and *all* pitch in with all we've got, we can lose this war.

"If we lose it, we won't pay for it with cash and temporary humiliation, such as defeat cost Germany in 1918. We will pay for it with forced labor

(*Continued on page 35*)

ISLAND OF THE SEVEN

Beginning a vivid novel of spies and mystery, romance and adventure, in a strategic danger-spot for the U. S. A.

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

PART ONE—IN TREACHEROUS WATERS

☆ "THURSDAY, July 10," my diary read. "Seven Devils Island. Found eight Eider Duck nests, one to eight eggs each: also nest of Black Oyster-Catcher with two newly hatched young . . ."

All the dates are there in my diary. All the names and places we visited in the Tyee last summer. All the ornithological notes I made on my trip, data on distribution and relative abundance of bird colonies in the Aleutians, records of color variations, analyses of stomach contents. All but what happened.

No mention among its entries of the strange events that were taking place around me. Indeed, reading over my diary now, the events of that summer I spent in Alaska, just before the war, seem like the wildest fiction.

I tell myself incredulously: It couldn't have happened to you. Look at you: fifty-odd, fat, a thoroughly unromantic government field biologist whose sole claim to distinction—outside of a couple of academic pamphlets on North American bird migrations—is the fact that once you had a song sparrow named after you (*Melospiza Macaulii*). Complacent, and cranky, and set in your ways, and long since resigned to the comfortable if uneventful existence of a middle-aged bachelor. You're stuffed with dry information and opinions and habits like one of your own mounted specimens on a museum shelf. You're the very last person in the world to have played a dashing role in a murder melodrama in the North Pacific.

And yet . . . and yet, as I read my routine diary over, my eye pauses at a name—Uliak, or Uvalga, or Semichortovoi—and for a moment the dull roar of traffic below my window is the surf breaking on a bleak Aleutian shore, and the motor horns are the scream of sea gulls in the Tyee's foaming wake. Again I see Huneker's dinghy floating upside down on the long Pacific swells, and smell the choking dust in the cave of the dead, and feel my flesh crawl at the brush of a dry hand across my cheek. Again I strain my ears for the sound of footsteps that match my own footsteps, and that halt abruptly when I halt, my heart pumping in my throat. Again I look in vain into Brand Connor's dark, indifferent, lonely eyes. . . .

A final word. For obvious reasons, I have been forced to change the names of actual places and people mentioned in my diary. Already, since the summer, the conflict we all dreaded has come to pass; and at any moment—even as I write—the reality of war may strike with all its fury these faroff and fabulous islands stretching west of Alaska, westward across the Pacific almost to Japan.

☆ YEARS ago, when I was very young, I crossed the Pacific from San Francisco to Tokyo; and

DEVILS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW

one day, as our ship rounded the top of the great circle. I noticed a string of strange bare mountains rising out of the sea along the northern horizon. They resembled heaps of smoking slag; the sun, striking their sides, gave them a greenish cast like verdigris on copper. They were as unreal as the mountains of the moon. I asked a fellow passenger on deck what they were. "Illusions," I thought he said; but now I realize he said they were the Aleutians.

They were no more real when I saw them, for the second time in my life, last summer. Their weird shapes loomed witchlike out of the mist, their headlands and rocky promontories seethed with surf, their fluted cliffs were spattered with the lime of a million sea birds and honeycombed with caves by the ceaseless action of the waves. Sometimes a half-submerged reef would show viciously white for a moment in the swells; sometimes, when the Tyee entered a fog-bound bay, a number of strange mushroom-shaped rocks would appear silently on all sides of us, like a troop of solemn goblins come out from shore to inspect this intruder in their ancient domain.

☆ "PINNACLE rocks," Captain Hansen would mutter darkly. "They never show on the charts."

Captain Hansen was a tall grave man, intensely superstitious, taciturn but friendly in a shy intuitive way.

His eyes never left our course. He would jerk his head now and then, without turning, to indicate a snow-capped peak on the horizon, from which a steady white cloud would bend at an angle like a feather against the sky.

"Volcano. All those islands are volcanoes. We're sailing over the tops of most of them."

It was a disquieting thought.

"Sometimes they rise right up out of the sea without warning," Captain Hansen said. "The charts are no good. Even the government charts."

I spent much of my time in the pilothouse of the Tyee, with Captain Hansen and the local Alaska wild-life agent, John Huneker. The Tyee was a single-Diesel cabin cruiser some eighty feet over all, a sturdily built squat craft—I don't believe she drew ten feet of water—with a cruising speed of perhaps ten knots. Her stout oak timbers were capable of absorbing an enormous amount of punishment. She had been specially designed by the Alaska Game Commission for use in their patrol of the sea-otter herds in the islands; and—since her shallow draught made it possible for her to work close to the overhanging cliffs and ledges—she offered an ideal opportunity for studying the incredible wild-fowl concentrations in the islands.

For the show of birds in the Aleutians is indeed beyond belief. The water, the land, the skies are constantly stirring with wings. An entire white cliff would suddenly explode before our eyes into a swarm of Pacific kittiwakes disturbed in their brooding, their white plumage and solid black wingtips blinking like a camera shutter in the sun. Murres by the thousands would pitch from their nests on the ledges as the Tyee approached.

Even Anam, where we stopped for the night, had its complement of birds: it was here, for example, that I observed my first Aleutian sandpipers. Anam is as bleak as all the rest of the Aleutians, wind-swept and wild; but beyond the narrow harbor entrance—marked solemnly by the rusting wreck of the U. S. S. Mercury piled on the rocks at the left—is a protected bay and a small navy weather station, the sole habitation on the island. A gray navy patrol boat was already alongside the pier when we arrived; but we found space to tie up behind her, and Huneker went ashore on some mysterious business of his own. I was glad of the opportunity for an uninterrupted night's work: the Tyee's constant pitching and rolling made the job of mounting specimens difficult.

I had just spread out my tweezers and bone-clips and scalpels on the green-topped bridge table in my cabin, and was preparing to clean a pair of sandpipers I had taken that morning, when I heard the drum of heels on the companionway, and the mate rapped on my door. "Dr. Macauley, there's a Lieutenant Trane here says he knows you."

I looked up, puzzled: "Trane?" And then I heard a young eager voice call: "Oh, Doc Mac!"

That helped me to place him. I had not heard that nickname since I had taught at Dartmouth ten years ago. I exclaimed "Jimmy Trane!" just as he shouldered past the mate and advanced into the room, his hand extended, grinning: "I couldn't believe it, Doc Mac, when they said you were here!"

He had not changed much. His uniform made him seem heavier, perhaps, and his blond hair was a trifle thinner; but he was still the tall, surprisingly good-looking youngster that I remembered as a student in my biology lab. He squatted on the edge of my bunk, clasping his shins with his laced fingers. "You're on government work?"

"Fish and Wild Life Service," I nodded. "Checking size and distribution of bird colonies in the Aleutians. All these islands are a federal sanctuary now."

He was not listening to me. "I've been here six months already," he sighed. "It's hell for lonely, if you want to know."

His face was full, rather rounded, and the eyes were set a little close together; but it was in the mouth that any weakness lay. It was a soft, curling, almost petulant mouth. He was continually pinching his lips together self-consciously and thinning them when he grinned, as though he had practiced in a mirror to make his grin seem masculine and hard. The story about him was coming back to me now—a lurid incident that had happened in his sophomore year. A car in which he had been driving back to Hanover, after a football game at Harvard, had skidded and overturned and caught fire. He had leaped to safety, as I remembered, but his

"Doc, what can I do to get rid of my bay window?"

roommate had been burned to death. No one ever blamed him, of course, but evidently he had taken it hard; and he had transferred to the Naval Academy after his sophomore year.

"Are you stationed out here, Jimmy?"

"Oh, no. I'm at the main base at Uliak. I'm just doing a little patrol on the yippee boat tied alongside." He noticed my puzzled expression. "Y. P." he explained, smiling. "Yard Patrol. We're doing survey work, you know, checking harbors and channels here in the Aleutians." Unconsciously he echoed Captain Hansen's words: "The charts are no good."

"So I've heard."

☆ HE sat forward earnestly. "It's bad business, Doc Mac. These islands are pretty important to us, you know. They've been called the most important strategic spot in the world. They're right on the most direct route from the States to Japan; Attu is only about nine hundred miles from Japanese soil. In case of attack—"

"Why would anybody want them?"

"Subs, Doc. Temporary air bases. A supply line, maybe, if any enemy ever tries to invade Alaska and the Pacific Northwest. They're our outermost point of defense."

"How about offense?"

He looked at me shrewdly. "They'd be a pretty logical jumping-off place for us in case we ever had to carry the play to Japan. Either way, defense or offense, we can't afford to lose them."

"Can we hold them, Jimmy?"

"That's what we're working on now." He shook his head. "Japan knows a lot about these waters. They've been sounding and charting these channels in the Aleutians for years. Why, I've seen one of our ships navigating a bad pass near here, using our best government charts and doing maybe three or four knots, and a Jap ship would come up behind it and toot its whistle, 'So sorry, please,' and go right past us doing twenty! . . . We've got to get our charts up to date as fast as we can."

"Sounds like a job."

"A tough job," dolefully, "especially when you've got a brand-new wife waiting for you back in Uliak that you haven't seen since last winter." His face brightened. "Did you know I got myself married back East last winter?"

"Well, congratulations," I said.

He hesitated. "Look, Doc Mac. There's something you could do."

"Of course."

"You'll be back in Uliak before I will. Look her up, would you, Doc? Just sort of see she's all right. I mean—she's never been anywhere like this before, and it's going to be a little strange at first. She's Baltimore society, and you know what that is. She's staying with Commander Struthers and his wife."

"Why, sure, Jimmy."

"Eden is her name. I guess I'm pretty crazy about her, Doc Mac," he grinned. There seemed to be an uneasy quality in his grin, and for some reason his eyes were on me appealingly. "I wouldn't want anything to . . ."

"I'll look out for her."

"Well. You've got a night's work I'm keeping you from. I'll see you at Uliak in about a week." He looked up as John Huneker paused in the doorway. "Hello, Mr. Huneker," he nodded casually. "I heard you were due here."

Huneker started in surprise. "That so?"

"Brand Connor told me."

Huneker's voice was low and purring. "That so?" he repeated with rising emphasis.

"He's working with us, you know," Jimmy said. "Checking our charts and bringing them up to date. He's even turned over his own maps." He explained to me: "He's sort of a trader out here, I understand. Knows a lot about these waters."

Huneker nodded cryptically.

"Well." Jimmy gripped my hand. "Good trip, Doc Mac. I suppose you'll be shoving off early tomorrow, the way this weather's closing in." He gave my hand a final squeeze. "Thanks about Eden," he murmured in a low voice, and left.

☆ JOHN HUNEKER stared after him; but he did not choose to explain his reaction to Brand Connor's name, and I did not question him. He was given to these mysterious silences, I was beginning to notice; and, perversely, I refused to play up to them. They had nicknamed him Hawkshaw on the boat: he always wore his warden's badge pinned to his suspenders, like a hick sheriff, and his beetling black eyebrows gave him a perpetually suspicious scowl. He suspected every one; I have no doubt he suspected me too. He was plodding and slow-witted and stubbornly honest, with a nasal twang like a bowstring—he told me he had been born on a farm in southern New Hampshire—and a knobby jaw and thick owlish spectacles, through which he blinked belligerently at a highly dubious world. The world, he was evidently convinced, was engaged in some gigantic conspiracy which he alone had the tenacity to solve. He would spend long hours on deck alone, peering suspiciously into the fog.

The fog was closing in fast. We headed eastward next morning through an increasing mist that settled down in earnest as we neared the Four Mountain Group. Huneker scowled at the steadily thickening clouds as though they were deliberately concealing something from him. "Stuff packs so solid sometimes you can't see your nose in front of your face. Look at it coming in now."

The fog seemed alive, for a fact. Lithe gray tentacles reached toward us from the horizon and wrapped themselves around us slowly like a ghostly octopus. The horizon was gone now; the sky sat solidly on the ocean. The Tyee wallowed and banged blindly on its way. Captain Hansen gripped the wheel, only taking his eyes from the course long enough to glance at the charts spread beside him. Over his shoulder I gazed at the maze of depth numerals and dots initialed P. D.—"Position doubtful," Captain Hansen explained—and here and there a reef with a curious name—Martha, Star of Bengal, Oneida.

"They were all ships," said Captain Hansen grimly.

Suddenly John Huneker touched my arm. "We're getting into the pass," he said. "There's Semichortovoi volcano."

Ahead, through a rift in the clouds, a fantastic silhouette loomed for a moment off our starboard now: an Oriental castle of stone, its seven minarets swimming in fog. "Semichortovoi?" I repeated slowly.

"It means Seven Devils. That's the name of the island. The natives say there's evil spirits there." He lowered his voice. "They say there's other things . . ."

He paused and gazed at me with such a deliberate air of mystery that I was tempted to smile.

"It was around here somewheres," he added, "that Wilcox was drowned."

"Wilcox?"

"He was the warden ahead of me. He'd heard there was some sea-otter poaching going on." He lowered his voice again. "He came out here to investigate."

There was another dramatic pause.

"They found his boat floating upside down," he concluded significantly.

I was a little disappointed. "But it might have been an accident."

"Oh, yes," he said with a cryptic smile, "it might have been an accident, of course . . ."

This time he let his voice fade away altogether and stared ahead enigmatically at the fog.

It was growing steadily worse. The octopus had wrapped itself all around us now, and swallowed the Tyee whole. We could scarcely see the deck from the bridge. Occasionally Captain Hansen would sound a blast on the whistle, straining his ears for the echo to bounce back from the cliffs ahead. In the bow a sailor swung the lead methodically, his voice coming back to us eerily out of the oblivion: "Half eight . . . seven . . . deep six . . ." Captain Hansen muttered to the mate in Scandinavian; I noticed that the ridges of his face were unusually sharp.

☆ I MUST admit I was rather enjoying the excitement. There is this about being a landlubber: you don't know when to be afraid. I learned later that I had quite a reputation aboard the Tyee as a man of calm in an emergency. Certainly I had no idea that we were in any real peril now. "Where are we?" I inquired cheerfully.

"Between Seven Devils and Uvalga," Huneker began. "It's only a narrow channel—"

He did not finish the sentence. The captain sounded the whistle again, and this time the echo was almost in-

stantaneous. At the same moment the sailor yelled, and dead ahead I saw a wedge of rock slicing down toward us through the fog like the prow of an ocean liner. Then everything happened at once. The captain rang for full speed astern, the Tyee continued to move nearer and nearer the rock, as though fascinated, and kissed it so gently that I was urged, rather than knocked, forward; and then she moved back in amazed recoil, and the rock disappeared in the fog. Our engines stopped. The Tyee, betrayed, commenced to roll grief-stricken in the waves, her creaking like a loud lament in the sudden silence.

☆ THERE was another sound in the silence: the unmistakable *put-put* of an outboard motor approaching us quite matter-of-factly, as though an outboard motor in that desolate pass were the most usual thing in the world. The sound faded, and grew louder, and a dory rode out of the fog and drew alongside. A figure in the bow tossed up a rope. The other occupant, bundled in oilskins in the stern, cut off the motor and caught the side of the Tyee with his hand.

"Off your course, Captain Hansen?" he called casually.

I had the instant impression, as he came up the side, of buoyant power. He appeared to float over the rail without effort, on the tip of a forefinger, and as he walked down the deck toward us he lifted a little on the balls of his feet, like a stalking cat. "Heard your whistle. I figured you must have missed the channel."

"We were following the charts," said Captain Hansen resentfully.

"The charts." He laughed. "There aren't any charts." All the time his alert eyes were going quickly around the pilothouse and over the faces of Captain Hansen and Huneker. "This is just a blind arm . . ."

His eyes finished with Huneker and came to rest on me. Surprisingly, he removed his dripping hat with an unexpected courtesy, and held out his hand. "You're Dr. Macauley, aren't you? I've heard of you." He gave me a speculative smile. "I'm Brand Connor."

I was surprised to see he was so young: under thirty, I guessed, though his weather-beaten face made guessing difficult. He had the face of a professional football player; the big features were tough and hammered, the cartilage on his forehead and along his cheekbones was thickened like a boxer's, and his nose had been broken at the bridge. There were sharp clefts at either side of his mouth when he smiled, and his teeth were even and white. But the extraordinary thing about his face was his eyes. They were deep-set and melancholy, and so black that they seemed to give off a dark luster. I think they were the finest eyes I have ever seen in a man. They studied me for a moment—they were useful eyes—and then he turned back to Captain Hansen. "Do any damage when you hit?"

Captain Hansen shook his head. "We can get to Uliak if we know the way."

"I can show you better than I can tell you." He called over his shoulder: "Mr. Lozier, will you make the dory fast?" and moved toward the wheel. "There's only about a half mile of this, and then you'll be in the clear."

Neither Captain Hansen nor Huneker said anything, and I felt constrained to offer, "That's very kind of you."

He looked at me, a little surprised, and smiled bashfully.

His dark hands gripped the wheel—the black kinky hair grew down from his wrists clear to the knuckles—and we began to move again through the fog. Gradually I was getting another impression of him, an impression that stayed with me as long as I knew Brand Connor: an impression of remoteness, of an indifference, an unassailable loneliness, as though he had absorbed something of these silent stretches of sea and sky, and there were distances in him that would never be spanned. He and the fog and the silence and solitude were one.

Huneker had been watching him, too, his knobby jaw outthrust. "Where's your ship?" he asked suddenly.

"The Sistina? She's anchored in a little cove around the end of the island."

"You're supposed to be trading with the natives, aren't you?" Huneker persisted.

"That's right."

"There's nobody living on this island."

The thick black lashes lowered just a little. "I stopped to land some supplies for the museum party," he explained courteously. "They've been doing a little excavating here."

☆ HUNEKER'S spectacles glinted. "I thought maybe you were working for Maluk."

If it was a shot in the dark, it failed to have any perceptible effect. "I carry goods for Maluk sometimes, too. I'm a trader, you see. I work for any one who pays me. I was born in New England myself, Mr. Huneker," he added gravely. "You know how we Yankees are."

I wanted to shake his hand.

He rang to stop the engines, and turned to Captain Hansen. "You're out of the worst of it. Just keep her headed a little south of east, and you'll pick up Kagamil in an hour. Then you'll know where you are."

He turned abruptly and strode down the deck. His companian was lounging beside the rail. He was evidently the mate of the Sistina, tall and rangy in build, with a dark feline face. "All right, Mr. Lozier," said Brand Connor briefly. Together they brought around the dory—nobody offered to help them—and climbed down into it. The outboard motor kicked into action and they shoved off and headed into the fog. Still neither Captain Hansen nor Huneker said anything. Irritated, I leaned over the rail and shouted, "Thank you, Brand Connor!"

He waved his hand at me and was gone.

I was more than a little put out at Huneker's inexplicable rudeness. "It's a lucky thing," I remarked, as we started up again, "that he heard our whistle."

"Maybe it's lucky for him," said Huneker, and lapsed into another of his significant silences.

This time I was not content to wait it out. "I don't understand," I snapped.

"Why was he so anxious to get us away from Seven Devils . . .?"

Once more his voice faded away into nothing, and he gazed ahead in silence, now and then sniffing like a bloodhound at the fog.

☆ I COULD not answer Huneker's questions about Brand Connor, of course; but they did not seem to me important. Nor could I see that it mattered very much whether he was carrying goods for Maluk, as Huneker insisted. Maluk was a prosperous merchant who owned the main store and warehouse in Uliak. He had a somewhat unsavory reputation, to be sure, and there were lurid tales of cargoes of furs that left his warehouse at night; of small boats operating mysteriously in the fog: of larger ships lurking offshore with foreign names. But even Huneker had never been able to find the slightest substantiation for any of these rumors, and his entire case against Maluk, as far as I could see, was based on a kind of devious mathematics: "The sea otters have been protected for thirty years, Doctor. Why aren't they increasing faster?"

"But they were almost extinct. It takes time."

"They haven't got any natural enemies"—significantly—"except man."

"Just because the herds aren't building up fast enough," I argued impatiently, "doesn't prove there's actually any smuggling going on."

"There's a lot of things go on you can't prove," he insisted, and lapsed into obdurate silence again.

We tied up at the pier in Uliak the following day, and that night I set out to pay my promised call on Jimmy Trane's wife. Just as I was leaving the Tyee I encountered Huneker coming aboard, his face literally beaming. "The Sistina got in," he told me, as overjoyed as though Brand Connor had been his closest friend.

He lowered his voice. "I think I'm on the trail of something at last . . ."

I waited out another of his annoying little silences.

"You remember Lozier?" he said. "He hates Brand Connor, for some reason: and when a man hates somebody enough, he'll tell you most anything." He chuckled. "He's coming down here to the Tyee later tonight." . . .

I confess I had not looked forward too keenly to my visit with Eden Trane—Baltimore society sounded a

trifle formidable—but I was agreeably disappointed. She was easy-mannered, unaffected, natural; a tactful hostess who saw me at once into a chair by the fire, put a highball in my hand, and then let me do all the talking. Her rapt attention gave me the amiable illusion of talking brilliantly. She had the knack of asking intelligent questions—no mean talent. "But tell me, Doctor," she urged. "The birds that nest here must migrate incredible distances."

I sipped my highball and nodded pontifically. "Nobody really knows their flyways. The Arctic tern, for example, nests as far north as within seven degrees of the pole—just a hollowed-out place in the snow—and yet these same birds show up a couple of months later down in the Antarctic, eleven thousand miles away."

She sat on a hassock in front of me, her slim legs tucked under her, her gray eyes fixed on me flatteringly. She seemed to offer me her attention like a gift, graciously. She had grace, and a curious charm. You could not call her pretty—her face was thin and nervous, with sunken cheeks and a lank jaw—but there was breeding in it, and spirit, and now and then an intimate play of light and shadow across it that softened her whole face and made it utterly lovely.

"I come from a long line of Arctic terns," she nodded. "Maine in the summer, Miami in the winter. Only, of course, we never nest."

She talked frankly about her family, with that lack of restraint I have noticed in members of wealthy families. "Oh, we're very Sunday rotogravure. Carveth. You know Carveth County in Maryland? Ancestral acres and a lovely old colonial house with high taxes and an overhanging lien. An uncle who drinks, one crazy cousin who was kicked by a horse, and another who's a United States senator. Mother goes to a psychoanalyst afternoons when she isn't too busy with British relief, and both my sisters are in social service. You see, reality is a sort of escape for people like us." She sighed. "We go to look at reality the way other people go to the movies to see rich bathrooms."

I had an increasing impression, as she talked, of a carefully chambered upbringing: Miss Spence's School, Junior Assemblies, the Hunt Club Ball. "That's how I met Jimmy first. He was at Annapolis then." She talked frankly about Jimmy, too. She was evidently very much in love with him, though she had no illusions about him. "He defeats himself, Doc Mac. I'm going to call you Doc Mac, because Jimmy does. He's always taking himself apart," she said thoughtfully, "to see what makes him run; and then he can't put himself together again. He needs somebody to help him. He needed me." Abruptly: "That's why I married him."

Apparently she regretted saying that, for she added almost instantly: "I was tired of migrating. I wanted to nest."

It was refreshing to hear the urbane accents of a world which in less than a month had begun to seem remote. She talked brightly—almost too brightly, as though her sophisticated small talk were a silk cocoon in which she had wrapped herself and from which she was afraid to emerge. I was coming to feel positive that she was afraid of something; but whether it was her new environment, or whether it was her own eventual reaction to that environment, I could not tell. Plainly, Alaska was not the picture-postcard land she had expected. Sooner or later, I knew, it would hit her in the teeth. I wondered how she would take it. She did not want me to leave, and when I got up to go at last, she insisted on driving me the short quarter mile to the pier.

"I can't get used to its being so bright at midnight," she said. She cut off the motor, and we sat a moment in the car, in the shadow of Maluk's warehouse at the corner of the pier. "It doesn't even do any good to shut your eyes."

The shadows were pearly gray, and the water had a silvery glow. The Tyee was a dark silhouette at the end of the pier. There was a light burning outside of the warehouse, a wan pink glow.

The pier itself was deserted; but a lone figure was coming down the street toward us. He moved into the circle of light, and I recognized Lozier's lean, crafty face. He looked around him—evidently he did not see us in the car—and then, hunching a little, he hurried down the pier toward the Tyee.

Silently a second figure detached itself from the shadow of the warehouse and stood in his path, arms folded, feet planted wide apart in rolled-down boots. I could barely make out Brand's voice, dangerously soft: "Where are you going?"

"Nowheres," said Lozier quickly. There was terror in his voice. "Just out to the end of the pier."

"No, you're not," said Brand. "You're going back and see Maluk."

He turned, and Lozier followed him. At the corner of the warehouse, Brand paused to light a cigarette. He was so near us that I could see his black eyes for a moment, in the flare of the match. And then, behind him, I saw Lozier draw a knife.

That was when Eden screamed.

Why does Lozier want to kill Brand? What has the trader of the Aleutian Islands chalked up against his mate? Is Dr. Macauley to be drawn into meshes of dark intrigue and hate during his bird survey? Next week's Liberty will give you a startling sequel to what has just happened.

"There's a bear around here that ate a Jap. My wife wants him for an Oriental rug."

I CAN TELL

JOAN FONTAINE

Winner of the Academy Award as the outstanding actress of 1941—for her performance in R K O's Suspicion

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PHOTO

YOU ABOUT THE JAPS

as told to William F. French **BY JOAN FONTAINE**

As winner of this year's Academy Award, Joan Fontaine is Hollywood's No. 1 actress. Somewhat less generally known is the fact that she and her sister, Olivia De Havilland, were born in Japan. As press-time neared for this issue of Liberty, what she says in these pages was being emphasized and dismayingly confirmed by news of Japanese outrages and cruelties against white soldiers and civilians in the Far East.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ LAST night the wail of air-raid sirens woke me. Half asleep, I felt myself back on the set of This Above All where air raids and blackouts were my daily diet. Then I realized that that picture was finished, that I was home in my bed, and that there were no such sound effects in The Constant Nymph.

Then the crash of guns brought me to my feet. I looked out the window. The skies were pierced by searching fingers of light from American anti-aircraft batteries, and brilliant with bursting shells.

From our hill we could see the flash of distant cannon. We heard air-raid wardens ordering "lights out," and people outside calling that enemy planes were overhead. But I wondered. Could that be—in America?

This morning, as I drove to the studio, it just didn't seem it could. The green Hollywood hills, with their peaceful homes glistening in the sunlight, made the newspapers' blazing headlines about the air raid seem unreal. I almost expected to hear a camera grinding behind me, and to discover the paper-waving newsboys were part of a picture.

I stopped for a traffic light. Almost within arm's reach a man was working among the flowers that bordered the lawn of a beautiful California home. He looked up and grinned.

A wide-mouthed Japanese grin—a grin that had meant kindness and friendship to me as far back as I could remember.

I started to smile back. Then—

If I were the fainting kind, perhaps that Japanese face would have dissolved into a montage of something distorted and evil. But I'm too practical for that. The Jap's grin didn't change as my car moved on. But it had whipped into my mind vivid flashes of an all too familiar nightmare.

For some time I've been bothered with nightmares. Nightmares of marching Japanese, of flying Japanese, of Japanese in tanks and on ships. In those nightmares I see their sinister grinning faces draw closer and closer. I hear them threatening terrible things.

Their words are not strange to me. Japanese was the first language I ever understood. I was born in Japan, and as an infant I was cared for by a Japanese amah—or assistant mother. She was more than my nurse. I clung to her. A Japanese amah takes the child from its mother and nurses it. And she would unhesitatingly give her life to protect her charge.

When we first came to America I was a little over three. We lived in the little town of Saratoga, California, overlooking the Santa Clara Valley. American ways and American children were more or less strange to my sister and me. So I turned to the friendly Japanese.

I used to follow the Japanese gardeners around all the time. They understood us and gave us presents. If only string beans, they would bring them in little flower-covered baskets and give them to us. They always had a smile and a kind word for Olivia and me.

So my nightmares don't have their roots in my childhood. The Japanese of my childhood were the most obedient and most kind people.

The Japan I was born in was a land whose people were devoted to service. They were dominated by a desire to please those they served, to revere their ancestors, and serve their masters.

I sowed the seeds of my black dreams when I visited Japan in 1934-5. The year I then spent there was disastrous to my peace of mind. For I found not a land of flowers and kindness—but a nest of intrigue, a hotbed of hate. Sneers had replaced friendly smiles and eyes that had twinkled now blazed or smoldered with resentment. At first I couldn't read what those eyes were saying—"Wait, you white people, we'll show you."

Then I heard things said in Japanese that I wasn't supposed to understand—and I understood. Even tiny youngsters glared venom at me and at every other white person.

Cruel militarists had embittered babies' souls and soured the very amahs' milk. Japanese children were no longer brightly kimonoed little butterflies flitting among the flowers and cherry blossoms. They were bitter, uniformed little automatons, born to hate and reared to kill.

From their first day in school every boy and every girl wore a uniform. The boys wore black uniforms and black caps and the girls wore middies and navy blue skirts. Every uniform was identical except for the buttons, which designated the school its wearer attended.

Fast disappearing, too, was the picturesque native dress of the Japanese women. Already the now compulsory *mompei* were appearing. The *mompei*—little divided skirts that look like unbelievably baggy breeches and accentuate the stubbiness of Japanese legs—are a nightmare to any woman. But, strange as it may seem, it isn't a vision of them that awakens me one night in a cold sweat and another night in a fever.

It's the memory of those hate-branded children—and of the cruel boy soldiers who are little more than children—that haunts my nights. I can't forget how like crouching animals they were—and how deadly. There was always that "we'll show you" look in their eye, and when you caught them unawares you could see the hatred in their faces.

As we passed them on the street even the children would remark about what they would some day do to the white people—thinking I couldn't understand them.

And those who did know I spoke Japanese would pretend they couldn't understand me—just as a means of giving vent to their hatred. For they have been born and taught to hate the white race—especially the Americans. Only the Germans, they were told, were not trying to prevent their young and vigorous people from gaining their proper place in the world. The selfish imperialistic nations of Britain, America, and France were determined to hold them slaves on their islands.

While I was in the new Japan I was subject to abuse not only by the young Japanese but also by some of the older ones. Apparently the new doctrines and ideals of patriotism as interpreted by the militarists and their German advisers had converted some of the milder souls of Nippon to the philosophy of hate. Japanese officials found it difficult to use their usual glib alibi—that it was the work of the *gorotsuki* (gangsters)—to explain these indignities. I remember being chased down the street by an old Jap with a cane who was calling me the vilest names he could say in Japanese.

The Germans were everywhere—and German policies and practices were rapidly becoming Jap policies and practices. When I was in Japan in 1934 the nearest people to the Japanese were the Germans.

But, contrary to general belief, the Germans did not introduce their youth movement and their young Hitler or-

ganizations. The Japanese were already in possession of a 100-per-cent efficient method of turning children to the state and to the sword. The Nazi child fanatic could teach them nothing. Beginning with their first year in school, the army controlled their physical education and year after year took over more and more of their education and control. Then they were conscripted into the army or navy.

It was in 1934 that I saw my first group of *Kibei* boys (American-born Japanese sent to Japan for their education and proper training in the spirit of emperor worship), and I'm afraid the same light burned in their eyes as did in the eyes of any Japanese-born sword lover.

☆ HERE in America we are beginning to recognize the *Kibei* as the most deadly menace to our national safety. He is the brains of espionage and sabotage. He is the organizer of the *Issei* (Japan-born Japanese in America), who are still loyal to the emperor for activity against the United States, and he is also the teacher in many of the Japanese schools on the West Coast.

Even those misguided lovers of democracy who are today circulating petitions asking that no discrimination be made against Japanese in America merely because they are Japanese, warn that the *Kibei,* imbued with the spirit of modern Japan, must be hunted out and interned: that there is no safety for us as long as he is free.

American-born, with American citizenship and often with almost American manners, this passionate militarist is a more deadly peril than any Nazi spy or killer ever spawned.

Unswerving in his loyalty to his god-emperor, he is, generally, returned here by the Japanese government for a purpose—a sinister and difficult-to-frustrate purpose.

I, who was born in Japan, cannot tell him from the college-student Jap who loves America and American ideas and who hates militaristic Japan with a fear-inspired intensity. And, which is more important, neither can the American-born and loyal American Japanese. Even he cannot put his finger on the blood-dominated *Kibei.* So American Japanese dread him as double poison to them. But hundreds of *Kibei* circulate among them unknown and undetected.

I'm sure I know several *Nisei* (American-born Japanese with American citizenship) who are truly Americans, with an intense love for our country. But they and their parents, the *Issei,* are harboring and sheltering thousands of enemies of the United States; thousands of potential spies, saboteurs, and even soldiers to fight in unison with any Japanese troops that might land here.

Yet in spite of all that, we remain apathetic out here, in the very heart of the danger. And, naturally, the rest of America says, "If California doesn't worry, why should we?"

Possibly it is because the average Westerner has seen so much of Japs that he can't reconcile them with the blood-lusting youth I saw in Japan. Possibly because he says, "How could anybody with any brains want to get back under the Japanese heel after they have had such liberty and comfort here?"

Maybe they haven't my nightmares to wake them up in a cold sweat and put the fear of military fanatics in their soul.

Today's paper tells of the supplies of water and rice found in Japanese homes—supplies against the time the Los Angeles aqueducts are blown up and the city is without water, even to drink.

The Dies Committee has just issued another report on Jap spying on the West Coast and on Japanese plans for the invasion of California—with fifth-column support.

A headline this morning says, "Allegiance to Hirohito Stressed in Japanese Language Schools Here," with a following article explaining how Japanese language and loyalty to Hirohito are stressed over all else; how two sets of textbooks were used by the schools, one to show curious Occidentals and the other containing rabidly pro-Japanese teachings.

And still my star friends and acquaintances regard our local Orientals as harmless—at least, the individual ones they know. We know that they are organized, that they have radio stations, and that their fishing boats have been equipped to turn into naval units. But of course that doesn't apply to Bill's gardener or Ellen's maid or house girl—*so Bill and Ellen think.*

☆ SO we in Hollywood still get a kick out of the naïve things the Japs do. One of my friends enjoys telling this story: When he went out into his grounds a few mornings after the Pearl Harbor episode, he saw what appeared to be a new Mexican gardener at work.

As the man didn't look up at his approach, he called, "Good morning." The enormous sombrero turned, and Kaya, his Jap flower man, said to him, *"Buenos dias, señor."*

In telling this story, my friend always gleefully explains that "that smart little egg wasn't going to run chances of being taken for a Japanese."

And then, of course, there is that oft-told Hollywood classic of the kind-hearted star who, when she realized that Japanese help would have to be evacuated from the zone where her home was, said to her gardener, "Togo, I'm afraid you'll have to leave us. I hope that when the war is over you can come back and work for me again." To which Togo replied, "Oh, no, missy—that day come, you work for me."

Of course the Japanese settlement on Terminal Island, within a stone's throw of our most important docks and tremendous reserves of oil, has finally been cleaned out. And Japanese families are being ordered away from important military zones. But there is still a complete lack of knowledge of the deadliness of the modern Jap—and the extent of his fifth-column activities in this country.

We on the West Coast are so used to seeing them pushing our lawn mowers, raising our vegetables, and peddling our fruits that we can't picture what lies behind them—a different code of honor, a deadly fanatical loyalty to a god-emperor, and a race born to hate.

And because we are apathetic, the rest of the country is the same. We look at the apparently happy Japanese around us, a people with infinitely more than they could possibly have under their own rulers, and it is hard to think they could fail to appreciate how well off they are.

☆ WHICH brings to mind the experience a friend of mine had not long ago. As his car stopped at a signal, newsboys rushed about displaying papers with the headline, "Singapore Falls." While he was mulling over this bit of bad news, his wife suddenly clutched his arm.

"Look at this!" she demanded. "Those two Japs in that car. Listen!"

In the next lane a classy convertible coupé of late vintage with its top down held two young Japanese. They were smartly dressed and, in American manner, the girl was snuggled close to her companion. A college sticker was on their windshield.

They were laughing happily when my friend saw them.

"Seem mighty happy," he said to his wife. "But they're young and full of spirits. Maybe they didn't see those headlines."

"Didn't see them!" his wife returned. "The boy said loudly enough for me to hear distinctly, 'Singapore Falls. Ha! They haven't seen anything fall yet! Just wait.' "

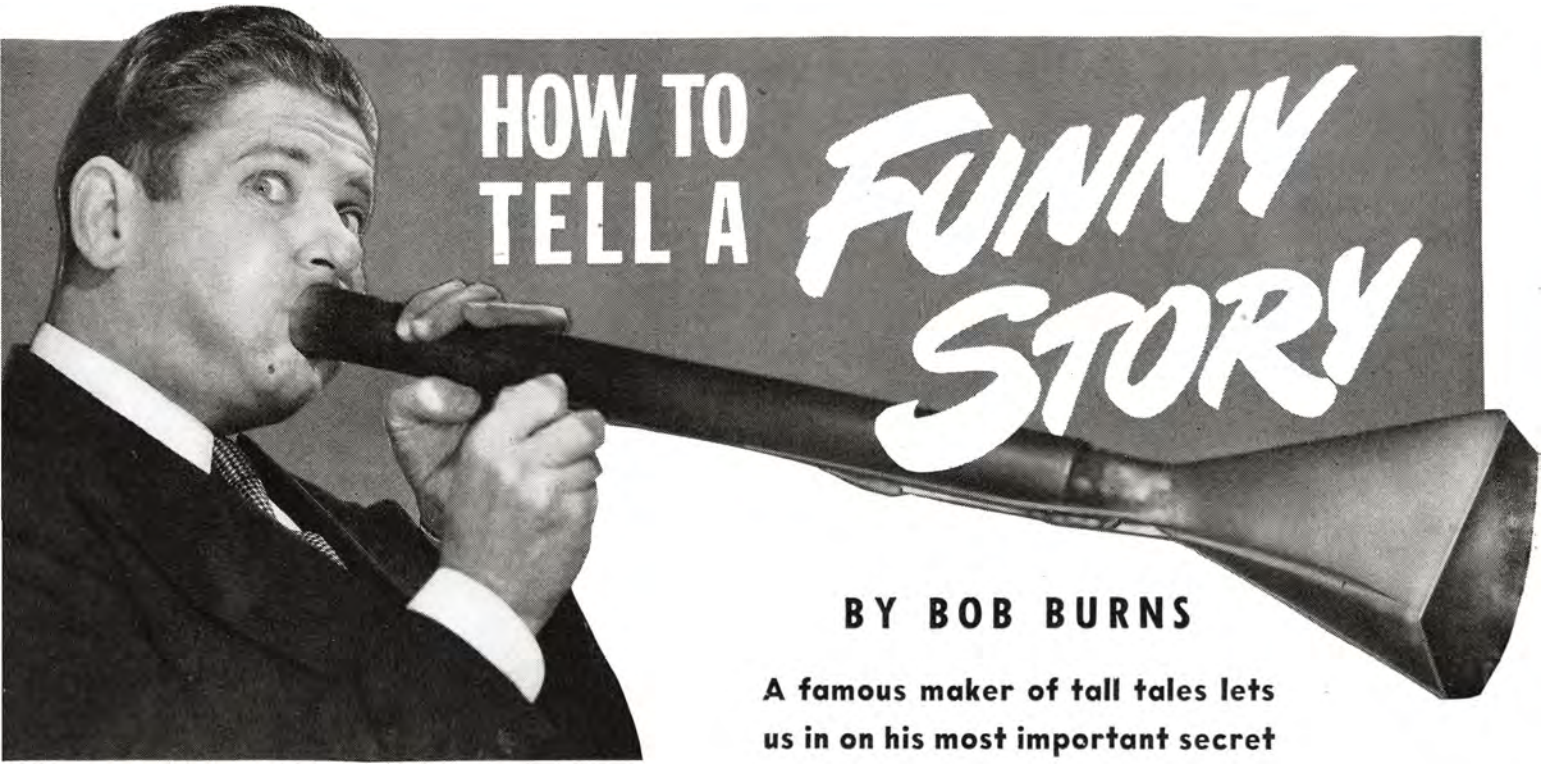
There was no doubt about my friend's wife having heard—for she was furious. And more furious because she had failed to get the car's license number before it turned and was lost in the traffic.

How, you ask, could any one in a position to own and enjoy a car like that want to see the privileges and liberties of America crushed underfoot?

You'll probably have to ask a fifth-columnist to find out. Because I don't know, even after seeing them on their home grounds in Japan. But I do know that there are thousands of Japanese in this country, just as there are thousands of Germans and Italians, who want to see the Axis Powers win the war. And I think the Japanese are infinitely more fanatical and dangerous.

Yet I am far from being a Japanese-hater. I have been loved by and have loved Japanese. One of the first Christmas gifts I acknowledged receipt of this past Christmas was from an old Japanese nurse of mine—sent *after* December 7. But the Japanese I have loved are not the Japanese of modern Japan. We must defend ourselves against those or perish.

THE END



HOW TO TELL A FUNNY STORY

BY BOB BURNS

A famous maker of tall tales lets us in on his most important secret

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ TELLING a funny story is a serious matter.

And just to give you an idea of how much help I'm goin' to give you in learning how to tell a funny story, I must also tell you that, to begin with, I have come to the conclusion that there ain't any such a thing as a funny story.

The funniness of a story depends on how much the people laugh at it. I have heard a story told that laid the people in the aisles; and on another occasion I have heard the same story told by the same person in exactly the same way, and nobody laughed.

This brings me down to the one conclusion that I have arrived at after a solid year's thinkin' on the subject for Liberty. I have finally figured out why some people laugh at me. In a democratic nation, people only believe what they actually see. Americans love tall stories, so when I tell them about some of the things we have in Arkansas, just because they have never seen anything like it, they think I'm lyin' to 'em.

My own folks are the same way. I remember when I came back home from my first trip to New York. I tried to get a laugh out of my folks by tellin' them some jokes I had picked up on my trip, but I didn't get a snicker. But when I told 'em that New York had subway trains that ran for twenty miles underneath the city, they all laughed. Then when I told 'em that the trains ran under the river, they pret' near died. It seems to be our nature to laugh at anything if we think it is exaggerated enough.

It's like that day, not so long ago, when a bunch of us were sittin' around a radio, and we heard a commentator say that the Normandie had burned. I noticed everybody's face was grim. But when the commentator stated flatly that there was no sabotage connected with the fire, everybody laughed. You see, it's all in what people believe. You don't laugh when people tell you about the California redwood trees bein' so big, because the California Chamber of Commerce has seen to it that their trees are part of your education. But the big trees of Arkansas grow pretty far back off the beaten road, and it ain't surprisin' that there are still a lot of people that are skeptical about 'em.

My Uncle Hod told me himself that one time he was drivin' 500 head of cattle across the country, when he come to a creek about 500 feet across. The creek was flooded and was too deep to wade and too swift to swim. So he said he cut down a hollow tree so that it fell across the creek, and then he drove them 500 head of cattle through the hollow tree to the other side. Well, I'll admit, I was a little bit doubtful about that myself, and I says, "Uncle Hod, do you mean to tell me that all them 500 cattle come out the other side of that tree, 500 feet across?" Uncle Hod says, "Well, no, I wouldn't lie about it; there was only 425 of 'em come out the other side." He said, "Seventy-five of 'em had strayed off up a hollow limb."

I have tried for years to get the farmers of Arkansas to exhibit their produce in other states. But they don't seem to think there is anything unusual about the stuff they raise. I guess when you see corn grow so high year after year that the moon has to go around by the way of Missouri, and you've seen whole families keepin' house in a half a cantaloupe, you kinda get used to it.

When I went out to the California Fair, and I saw the little puny Irish potatoes they had on exhibit, I called up an uncle of mine down home and asked him to send out some Irish potatoes so I could exhibit 'em at the Fair. My uncle says, "How many potatoes you want?" I says, "Well, they only allow you to enter a hundred pounds of any one thing." My uncle said, "I wouldn't cut one of my potatoes in two for anybody."

I asked him if he had any big sweet potatoes, and he said, "Yes, I've got one sweet potato here that's thirty-five feet long." And he said, "It woulda been longer, but one end of it growed over into the pigpen, and thirty-seven hogs have been livin' off of it all summer."

It certainly ain't no fault of mine that I was born and raised in a state where everything reaches superlative proportions. I don't know if it's the climate or somethin' in the soil, but it looks like whichever way a thing turns, it kinda overdoes it, whether it's man or beast. If a person has a turn to be lazy, he'll pret' near make a science of it. My Uncle Unie is a fair example of that. I was sittin' in a rockin' chair on his front porch one time, and after I'd been rockin' awhile, Uncle Unie turned to me and he said, "Robin, you won't wear yourself out so quick if you'll rock with the grain."

I just talk about my own kinfolks because they live so far back in the mountains that you'd never meet 'em otherwise. I don't talk about my own folks after they move into town and get citified. An educated relative ain't no asset to me. But I've got 'em—plenty of 'em. I've got one educated cousin who beats the readin' time in Liberty Magazine by four minutes. But why tell you about him? You'd probably just laugh at me.

THE END

NEVER ANYTHING LIKE IT IN GOLF

Think you have troubles? Consider the gallant story of Craig Wood and his jinx

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM
SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ THIS is the story of Craig Wood, this year's Masters' defending champion. There's never been anything like it in golf. There probably never will be again. Certainly there never will be a better time to tell it than this week, with the Masters' about to open in Augusta—a Masters' in chevrons and a sergeant's whistle! Bob Jones, war-conscious like every other good American, privately canvassed his members, and their vote was to go ahead, but to go ahead *for a war purpose.* So the proceeds of this Masters' will provide golfing gear and opportunity to the soldiers of a near-by army camp. The army is delighted; the public should be.

And now for the story. It's a story of patience, of perseverance through frustration unparalleled.

There wasn't a better liked, better looking, more conscientious golfer than Craig Wood. There wasn't in all sport a jinx comparable to the one that rode him. For fifteen years, up to last April's Masters', he had campaigned steadily both here and abroad, and every major title on both sides of the water had slipped away from him when he seemed to have won it. He was almost the preordained runner-up in any big competition. The victim of freak shots, an inveterate loser in play-offs, of him the scribes truly wrote, "Always a bridesmaid but never a bride."

There were two schools of thought on him. One held that he was simply the unluckiest golfer of all big tournament history. The other, less kind, said he choked in the clutch.

Starting away back in 1920, when he won the Open Championship of Hawaii, he had campaigned steadily. He'd won many a minor title such as the Kentucky Open, the New Jersey P. G. A., the Oklahoma City Open, the Agua Caliente Open, and sundry other strays and mavericks. He'd won some important matches, to be sure. Playing for the United States versus Great Britain in 1931, he'd defeated Arthur Havers 4 and 3; and in 1933 he'd defeated W. H. Davies of the British team 4 and 3.

But these were matches, not titles, not individual championships. It was in those that the man seemed

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

At last! Craig Wood after the 1941 National Open—the champion, complete with Cup!

strangely cursed. On that 1933 trip to England, for instance, he entered the British Open at St. Andrews. When all the firing was over, he and Denny Shute stood tied for first place. They played it off with thirty-six holes and Shute won. The scores were: Shute, 75, 74; Wood, 78, 76.

The next year, 1934, he tied for first place in the P. G. A. Championship—and lost in the play-off to Paul Runyan. And Horton Smith defeated him by one stroke in the Masters'.

The year following, 1935, in this same Augusta Masters', with victory in his grasp, he was the victim of Gene Sarazen's famous and all but miraculous double eagle spoon shot. Wood had a three-stroke lead and seemed certain of victory when Sarazen unquivered a spoon after his drive on a par five hole and rocketed the shot that rang round the world.

This unprecedented deuce destroyed Wood's lead, brought Sarazen a tie with him for first place, and Sarazen defeated him in the play-off.

☆ IN 1939, at Philadelphia in the National Open, he was up there again when the tournament had run its course, in a three-way tie with Byron Nelson and Denny Shute, at 284. This time it looked as if he had it, for in the first play-off he burned the grass with a 68. But Nelson likewise posted a 68. That broke him. He lost the next round and the championship with a 73.

He had still to win a major title when he came to Augusta last year, unless somebody wants to call the Metropolitan Open a major title. He took that at the Forest Hills Field Club in 1940 with a 264, which constituted the world record in low scoring over a full-sized golf course.

He was figured about through as a front-rank competitor. For one reason, he'd passed his thirty-ninth birthday. There was no especial mourning for him at the bar, nor at the bars, for—beyond the fact that major titles and big money to be made from them had always evaded him—his lot was the very opposite of tragic. He had always enjoyed a good club connection, was currently teaching professional at the Winged Foot (New York Athletic Club) course at Mamaroneck, New York. He enjoyed retainers from sports manufacturers. His pro shop was profitable. He gave some 1,500 lessons a year. With all this, he was as handsome as a movie idol, was one of the few college men in this sort of business, could write, could speak. He wasted no time in feeling sorry for himself. He never alibied nor complained nor belittled the men who beat him.

He didn't even flare up when somebody asked him if it was true that he choked under pressure. I heard a rather sarcastic sort of sports writer ask him about that point-blank one time. Wood gave the man an objective, analytical answer instead of a punch in the jaw.

Nobody gave his chances a second thought at Augusta last year. Sam Snead and Byron Nelson were co-favorites, with Ben Hogan, the amazing money-getter, and Lawson Little, the Open champion, listed just a notch behind.

But the thirty-nine-year-old veteran stunned Georgia by firing a 66 at the field in the opening round and taking a five-stroke lead over Little and Nelson, who tied for the second spot. And he went right on from there, punching that par 72 all over the place. He had competition, especially when Sammy Byrd climbed under his 71 with a 68 in the third round. He had one tense session. It came, likewise in that third round, when he had to finish with four one-putt greens to stay under par. But his putter was smoking and he made it.

It looked a little in the first nine of the last round as if the old jinx were returning, for he began to lose command, but he checked it in time. There was uproarious cheering around that eighteenth as he came in like a quarter horse. After fifteen years Craig Wood had won a major championship. He'd carded 280. Byron Nelson, the P. G. A. champion, was second with 283. Sam Byrd was third with 285. Lawson Little, the Open champion, was eighth.

The weird saga of frustration stopped there in Georgia among the peach blossoms. A new chapter, leading to the jack pot, began.

☆ THE scene shifts to another relatively new golf course, the Colonial Club course at Fort Worth, Texas. It was early June, two months later, and the major golfing event of the world, the National Open, was about to be held.

The mammoth field included 169 entrants, all but some three dozen being hard-bitten professionals. The galleries were big and curious, for this was the first time the big event had ever been allotted to Texas. It turned out to be one of the toughest of all Opens. The course called for perfect control and expert placement of shots. The weather ran the gamut from sticky tropical heat to driving rain that made rivers of fairways. There was probably never a more trying test of fine golf.

As for Craig Wood, between Augusta and Fort Worth he had slipped a vertebra in his spine and torn some muscles in his back. So he came with a board to sleep on and a heavy corset in which to lace himself when he tried to play. It was an effort for him to stoop to tee up his ball, and his swing had to be shortened because of the pain. That last may have helped, as a matter of fact, for marathon hitters on that course with its hourglass fairways frequently discovered that a well maced shot had wound up in grief. Anyhow, it was Wood's sixteenth Open. He was in his fortieth year, and laced up like a mummy.

The shooting began. Denny Shute—trust him!—signaled his serious intentions with a 69 to take a one-stroke lead on Vic Ghezzi, who turned in a par 70. Wood was four strokes back with a 73 that first day.

From there on, grimly, through sun, wind, lightning, thunder, mud, and flood, the long thwarted New Yorker merely played his game. His remaining rounds, after that opening 73, were 71, 70, and 70. At the end of two rounds, four of them—Little, Shute, Wood, and Clayton Heafner—were tied at 144. The rest broke and reared, spurted and faded. Wood just kept pouring par at them.

I saw drama on that last nine.

Shute had finished and had posted a 287 about the time Wood started his last nine holes. That was good enough to win, unless Wood could come in under it. Freddy Corcoran, the P. G. A. Tournament Golf manager, and I walked out to watch Wood finish. We caught him on the fifteenth. He was trudging along with a dead cigarette butt in his mouth.

As he came up to the tee, Corcoran stepped up and offered him a fresh smoke. He took it, said "Thanks," and teed up his ball. It looked like a simple thing, but a fortune could have hung on that act. Corcoran had really gone out to tell Wood Shute's score, in case Wood wanted to know what he had to beat. The cigarette was only the excuse to get their heads together.

But Corcoran wouldn't volunteer the information unless Wood asked, and Wood's turning away was the signal that he didn't want to know. He simply, and wisely, wanted to concentrate upon his own game and not the other fellow's.

☆ THE cripple came in in par. He was practically the last to finish. His final shot was a mean, curling, roller-coaster thirty-foot putt. He stroked it crisply and it dropped. It probably wouldn't have for another—but this was his day, his tournament, his year, after practically a lifetime of just missing!

He'd captured at last golf's richest grail. He was the United States Open champion—and the oldest American ever to win that enviable title. His 284 was three strokes under Shute, and three strokes over Ralph Guldahl's all-time scoring record made in 1937.

It's doubtful that he had a chance to realize it at first. When that wicked thirty-footer plunked the bottom of the cup, the cheers, of course, were deafening; but almost before the ball dropped, a powerful young figure had broken through the rim of that throng like a West Coast fullback. Straight at Wood he charged, and swept him into his arms. He didn't shake his hand. He hugged him, bad back and all. He was so happy that the tears actually shone in his eyes. This was Lawson Little, the defending champion. It was no act. He'd been long since out of it himself. It was just that he and all the other veterans of this tensest of competitions were delighted to see a great guy get a break at long last.

As it chanced, I drove the new champion back to his hotel from that

(*Continued on page 31*)

Can You SEND TEN DOLLARS?

A holiday adventure of two Easter hats . . . one for the head and one for the heart

BY CLARA WALLACE OVERTON

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

☆ THE small branch telegraph office was crowded. Pat Lawrence saw that she would have to wait. There were men in uniform at the writing counter. They were taken as a matter of course now, for the war had become a part of living. But one of them, a tall blond lieutenant, reminded Pat of Dick. She stared at his broad back for a moment, then deliberately turned away, determinedly turned her thoughts away. She began to make a mental list of people to whom she intended to wire Easter greetings. I'll wait until that girl is through at the writing desk, she thought.

There was just the single small desk against the wall, and the girl who was sitting there bent over a yellow pad had accumulated a number of crumpled blanks around the writing pad. Pat estimated her briefly. She was young and definitely pretty. A nice girl, carefully neat, but her navy blue hat and coat were not new this Easter. They had been cheap in the first place. She was certainly having trouble with her message. Her pencil moved uncertainly, stopped. Nervously she opened her bag, and Pat saw her face quite clearly as she read a telegram she took from a torn yellow envelope. She looked ready to cry.

The blond lieutenant went his way. He's younger than Dick, thought Pat. And she remembered just a year ago today, at least it was the Saturday before Easter, that first luncheon together. They had stayed long after the chatter of the room had ended, stayed until the low laughter of two amused people who were themselves was distinct and clear in the almost empty restaurant. Finally she had become vaguely concerned over the lone waiter's dark impatience.

"We ought to go," she had said. "The waiter wants us to. He is waiting to get the tablecloth."

"I'm in love for the first time and he has to worry about the tablecloth." He had put his hand over hers. "I really am, Pat." And now I don't even know where he is, she thought with familiar pain. Of course they do need engineers in Washington and they might have kept him on there or they might have sent him anywhere—anywhere at all. I ought not to be even interested in what he is doing or where he is. He behaved childishly. Disappointingly. A man who really loved you wouldn't go away as he did and not let you know because of a little quarrel. We had disagreed much more lots of times. I won't let myself think about him.

But she continued to think furiously about him. Dick had been important to her as no one else had ever been. Loving him had given color to the routine of ordinary days.

She had lived in New York for six years now, long enough to make a definite place for herself, to make a certain life. Sometimes it amused her now to remember herself as she had been when she first came to the city. She was just out of college and she had an eager confidence that seemed to outweigh her very little money. And she had learned quickly about the business of living in the city. She found out how to get around, what was best to order for dinner at the drugstore, how to conserve what money she had. But she had been frightened as it began to run low, when not one of her letters of introduction had opened the way for a job. There had been one very bad day, the day when everything looked hopeless. The day she had hung on. The day before she finally got a job. She didn't often look back at it. Somehow that girl at the writing desk made her think of herself in that near panic. The girl wasn't trying to write now. She merely sat there at the desk looking at something she had written. It wasn't kind to watch her. A woman hurried along, a hatbox on her arm.

I ought to be picking mine out instead of standing around here, thought Pat. She had decided to buy a new hat this morning when the day seemed springlike, and she had drawn crisp bills from the bank for that along with what money she might need for the week-end. She had no definite plans about that, except Ann Cole's party tonight. It would be a good filler-in, shut out memories of last Easter. There would be a lot of interesting people to look at and listen to, most of them personalities like Ann Cole. Some of them appeared on her radio hour and no one understood better than Ann that celebrities need an audience. I was invited to be audience, Pat decided honestly. But Ann Cole had given her a charmingly sincere invitation that day in Miss Eddy's office: "Miss Eddy tells me that you have a most delightfully furnished apartment, Miss Lawrence. Why don't you use pictures of it in the magazine as an example of what a business girl's apartment can be?"

"We're going to do that," said Miss Eddy. She was the homemaking editor of the magazine. It was she who had given Pat her first chance to make good in a job. And she had smoothed out those first inexpert and grimly detailed articles that Pat wrote on how to make slip covers at home. Gradually Pat had become more sure, worked in. Then suddenly she was popular in the office.

She was always meeting new people through her friends. "We want you to meet Pat Lawrence—our Pat." That was the Purdys who had suddenly taken possession of her. The Purdys had remodeled a barn where they lived a whimsey country life with old churns for chairs. They were silly, kind, and somewhat of a nuisance as time went on. They came in from the country more and more often to sit around Pat's apartment and enjoy her city crowd. They stayed all night, sleeping on sofa and cot, adoring Pat constantly aloud to each other.

"Where did you get them?" Dick had asked at once. "Were they a clause in the lease? Do we have to have them every Sunday? I've seen Dot and Sam Purdy the last four times I've seen you."

She had flared a little because the Purdys had been so kind to her. She had said they were nice people and she liked seeing her friends, and that now he wasn't right in New York she had to have some friends to fall back on. That had been the last word on the Purdys that time. But not long after that they had been the cause of a quarrel. *The* quarrel. Dick had driven four hours to see her for a little while because he had to drive back that same evening. It was unfortunate, of course, that the Purdys had just dropped in. They had stayed on, unaware that they weren't wanted. They had accepted Dick's invitation to dinner. Pat knew he had hoped

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GANNAM

"It's going to give you so much pleasure," said the saleswoman.

"If we don't get some tea and rice instead of this eternal steak and potatoes, we'll see that the Mikado is notified."

they wouldn't. He had been a rather silent host and she had brought it up sharply as soon as they were alone.

"You were really rude, Dick. I wasn't proud of you."

"That's too bad. But I didn't drive up here to see the Purdys. I wanted to see you."

"You didn't make seeing me very pleasant by being rude to my friends. I was embarrassed."

She had gone on explaining that he was wrong. She had been reasonable about it. Clearly Dick was being stubborn, which wasn't like him. And he had remained stubborn. He did not call her for a few days, and when he did she said that she was busy because it seemed desirable to indicate that her displeasure with him had not entirely worn away. The next time he called she knew she would see him. They would make up. She looked forward to it, wanted the days to hurry toward it. She remembered how they had slowed, faltered, crept, as he didn't call. Then she had called him and found he had left the job he was on, left without telling her. She had never heard from him. Never . . . only a few weeks ago had she heard that he was stationed in Washington.

A man and a girl were passing the window of the telegraph office. They walked quickly, happily, close together, as they laughed at something. We were like that, thought Pat. I was sure of him. Sure he loved me. Sure he would come back. And I wouldn't even know anything about him if I hadn't happened to meet Bob Shaw. . . .

That girl at the writing desk was going at last. Pat was aware of her sudden confused motions without looking at her directly. She was crying a little as she went out. That was why she had been too perturbed to pick up the telegram that lay on the desk. Pat saw it at once as she sat down, took in its meaning quickly. It was addressed to Miss Evelyn Paul, Lexington Avenue Girls' Club, New York, and it had been sent from Los Angeles earlier that day: MOTHER IN HOSPITAL AGAIN. CAN YOU SEND TEN DOLLARS. URGENT. HELEN.

It was clear enough to Pat. Evelyn Paul, who had been sitting here, didn't have ten dollars to send. She had been trying to say that in all those crumpled attempts, trying to say that she couldn't help, and she had been unable to put that hard cold-sounding fact into words that she could send across the continent. Her last effort at it was on the top sheet of the telegraph pad that Pat pulled toward her. She had hoped to send this one, because she had taken the trouble to print out an address. It read: "Miss Helen Paul, Y. W. C. A., Los Angeles, California," and there followed a fragment of message: "So terribly sorry about mother. Haven't been working—" It ended abruptly. She had worn down the desk pencil with her futile words.

Pat took her own gold pencil from her handbag and wrote several messages: "Happy Easter to you and all the family. Pat Lawrence." She wrote it in several variations to people whom she knew it would please. The Purdys, she thought. I've neglected them lately. I could send them a wire. But she didn't. Automatically she straightened the writing desk, gathered all the record of Evelyn and Helen Paul that was there and put it into the wastebasket. It was too bad, but a lot of people probably needed ten dollars right now, if you could know about that.

Once Pat had wanted to send money home. That was her first year in New York, the year after her father's death, with its shocking revelation about debts. She knew that her mother needed help and that very fact had given her the courage to try for an interview with Miss Eddy. Of course she had had training. But it was often difficult for a girl even with special training to find a job in New York. For girls without it there was likely to be disappointment, failure, heartbreak. Evelyn Paul seemed to be facing all that today. Pat had already put the situation together: Helen was a sister and the addresses of both girls suggested that they were without a home. I suppose the mother can be taken care of in a ward, thought Pat. Perhaps the ten dollars is for some kind of treatment or medicine, but if she actually had to have something like that, probably the hospital would arrange it. She handed her messages to a girl behind the counter.

"That will be a dollar seventy-five," said the girl. She was satisfyingly alert and efficient. The kind of girl who could look out for herself.

Pat got back her change from a five-dollar bill and went out, considering her plans for the week-end. Tonight there was the party at Ann Cole's, but she had decided on nothing for tomorrow. She had been vague about a couple of invitations, had let things drift. She had not wanted to look forward to Easter this year, but now she decided she might go out to the country somewhere. There were lots of places she could go. After she had bought a hat she might pick up a timetable and do some telephoning. She walked along Madison Avenue deciding on this and now and then meeting herself in a panel of doorway mirror, a tall slender dark-haired girl in a red coat.

There were good shops along here. She paused before one that had gay hats in the window. A blue one drew her inside. As a rule she didn't buy in these specialty shops, but this seemed much nicer than hunting and grabbing at hats in a crowded store. It was close-fitting and there was nothing to interrupt the blue against Pat's black hair.

"It's lovely on you," said the saleswoman, and they both knew she was right. "We might use just a small veil

(*Continued on page 28*)

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

Bell Airacobra, U. S. and British designation

Action speaks...

★ *—there are, in fact, literally thousands of Allison-powered ships already in service throughout the world, with the Allison plant now producing hundreds of engines every month.*

These news dispatches from the British fighting front tell more about the Allison engine's outstanding performance than might any words of ours.

Yet they become still more significant when coupled with such facts as these: ★

★ *—and some Allisons now being delivered are even more powerful—1325 hp.*

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.) The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittyhawk"

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U.S.) The British call it "The Lightning"

North American Apache (U.S.) The British call it "The Mustang"

★ *—more deadly armament thanks to the fact that the Allison engine permits cannon in the nose of the plane.*

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES **Allison**

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

(*Continued from page 26*)

—let me show you one I have here."

"How much is the hat?" asked Pat.

"It's eighteen fifty, I think. Yes, that's right. It's so beautifully made and perfect for you." She had picked up some veiling. "Just a suggestion of veil is all it needs. A yard."

Pat hadn't planned to pay this much for a hat, but she let the woman drop the veiling skillfully over the edge of the hat. It added something that Pat liked. "How much is the veil?" she asked.

"It's a dollar and a half a yard. It's lovely veiling."

She held it in place while Pat took the hand mirror and studied herself from different angles. I could buy it, she thought. I have money enough with me. It wouldn't leave me much to go to the country tomorrow. Eighteen fifty for the hat and one fifty for the veil. That would take my two ten-dollar bills. I would still have the change from my five dollars. That's enough for taxis tonight anyway.

"It's going to give you so much pleasure," said the saleswoman.

Pat continued to look at the hat in the mirror, but she couldn't anticipate the pleasure it would give her as clearly as she ought to. Twenty dollars for a hat. That was what it added up to. Twenty dollars and tax for a hat. Twenty dollars. After a moment she put the mirror down. "I don't believe I will buy it today. Thank you so much for showing it to me. It's a lovely hat, but I can't afford it." She took it off, reached for her own hat.

Pat walked toward the door. "Thank you anyway."

The saleswoman did not answer her. I can get a hat cheaper than that, Pat decided, as she walked down the street. But she had a feeling she wouldn't be satisfied with any other hat.

The telegraph office and hat place had taken up more time than she had thought. Now the afternoon was fading away into a moonstone twilight. She would get a cup of tea at the drugstore across the street. Inside she recognized a young man seated at the soda fountain.

"Hello, Miss Lawrence."

It was Ted Shields, who worked on the magazine. He was a thin young man with a pleasant face. No one ever gave him a second thought at the office except when something routine had gone wrong. Then some one always said that Ted Shields would take care of it. And he did.

"Well, have you bought your Easter hat, Miss Lawrence?"

"I haven't bought it yet, but I know the one I want and I'm going back and get it, if only to wear it to the country tomorrow."

"You go away every week-end, don't you? I've seldom seen you on a Saturday without a suitcase."

"I don't go away so much any more," said Pat, and realized that she had changed. So many things that had been fun were not fun now without Dick. She couldn't even sit at a drugstore counter without some reminder of him. He always had three cups of black coffee. He always broke the rectangle of sugar in half. . . . "How are things going in your department?" she asked Ted.

He was in charge of the girls who did the odd jobs on the magazine, girls who clipped and pasted, who mailed the leaflets.

"We're going to take on a new girl the first of the month," said Ted.

"What will she do?"

"Oh, something simple to start with."

"Carrying pictures from here to there?" suggested Pat.

"Yes. Things like that."

After a moment Pat said, "Have you gotten any one as yet?"

"No."

"I know a girl who might be interested, if you haven't any one definitely in mind."

"A friend of yours?"

"Not exactly. As a matter of fact I really don't know her at all except she looks all right and needs a job. Her name is Evelyn Paul and she is staying at a girls' club."

"Why don't you have her come in and see me on Monday?"

"I will if I can get in touch with her."

Now that takes care of that, she thought. Evelyn Paul ought to be able to handle a job like this. She can send money to her mother after a while probably. Anyway, none of this is my responsibility. I'll just see that the club gives her a message about a job being open and the rest is up to her. Since I happened to meet Ted she might as well have that chance if she wants it.

They walked along to the station together. Pat thought she would like to get a timetable even if she decided not to go to the country tomorrow. She would want it soon in any case. Just before she left him, Ted spoke again of the possible job for Evelyn Paul.

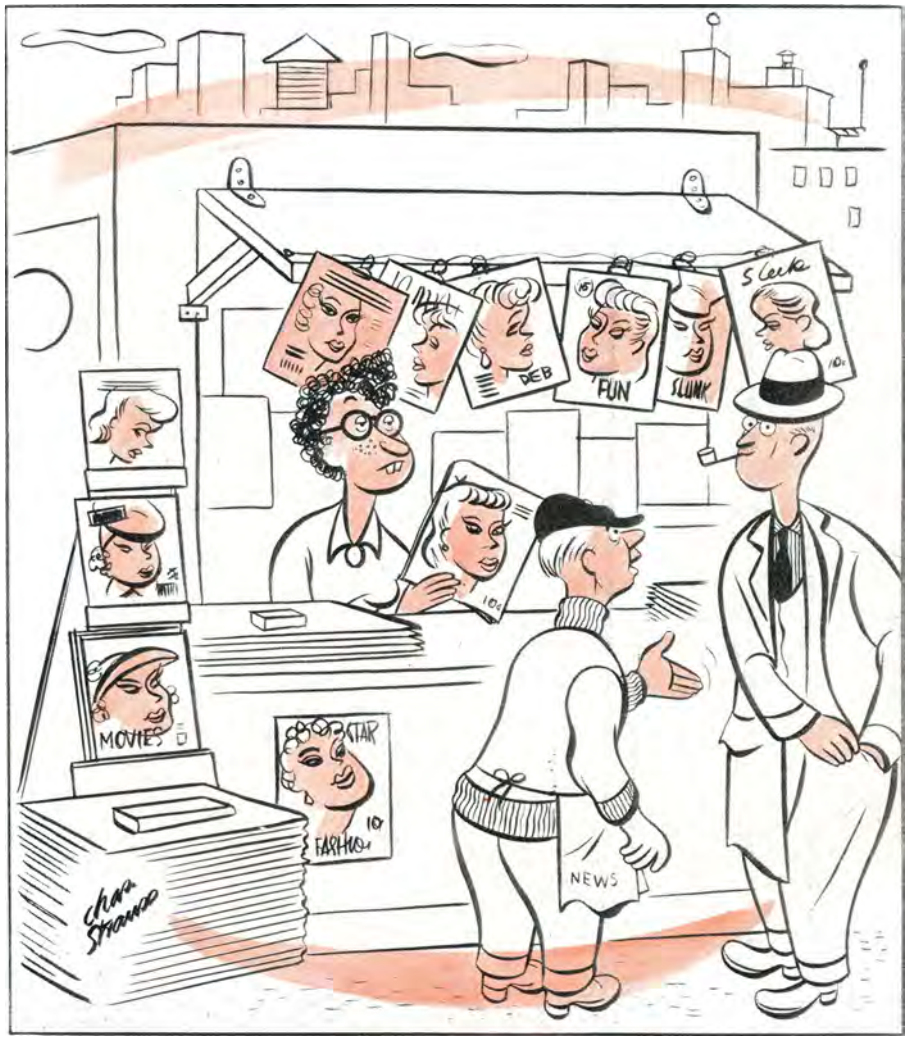
"If she can count to ten, she'll do," he said. "So don't keep worrying about her over the week-end."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about her," said Pat. "As I told you, I don't know the girl. I just happen to know she needs a job."

"You seem worried about something," said Ted with unexpected perception. Then he brushed it off with a quick smile. "It isn't that new Easter hat, is it?"

"Probably," said Pat.

She said good-by to him with extra cheerfulness because she was a little startled by his comment. I've got to



"Miss Firkin isn't much to look at—that's why the customers have no trouble finding her."

stop thinking about Dick and what might have been, she resolved.

She crossed the station to pick up her timetable. There were lines of people in front of the ticket windows and a solid flank in front of the Western Union counter. People handed in their telegrams and hurried away to trains, and all over the country other people were waiting for those messages. Mostly women, thought Pat, waiting to get the news of some one coming home. And out in Los Angeles a girl waited in vain for ten dollars. Would she sit in her room at the Y. W. C. A. or was she at the hospital with her mother? Even in a ward it took some money. But people usually got along some way.

There was a crowd around the information booth. Pat moved in on the shortest line only to discover that she was behind a man who wanted details about connecting trains. She had time to admire a tall beautifully trim girl who was standing near.

Pat took her turn at the window and got the folder she wanted. When she turned around she saw that a man had joined the tall girl. He sounded tired and irritable. "I'm sorry we've missed the train. I suppose you'll be too late for the party."

"It doesn't matter, dear, not as long as we're together," the girl said with a smile.

☆ PAT walked back toward the hat shop. She had decided to buy the hat, but her immediate thought was not about that. "As long as we're together," that girl had said in the station. Differences of opinion, missing trains, small annoyances were put into their proper place with that serene realization. Why did I always argue with Dick? asked Pat's memory, ashamed. I was always right and he was always wrong. I never quite saw it before. I wish I could just tell him I'm sorry about that. She might write him and send the letter to the last address she had. It might reach him after a while. In a week or a month. That was too long, she decided restlessly. But I could send him a wire and he might have it tomorrow. I will, she decided. Of course I will. There's another telegraph office on one of these crosstown streets along here.

Once inside that office she wrote her message rapidly and with a quickly beating heart. "Hello and happy Easter. Pat." It didn't begin to say what she wanted to say, but it was something. It was the end of stupid anger toward him. If I never hear from him I'll be glad I sent this, she thought, as she handed over the blank to the man behind this counter. "It will have to be forwarded. Can I pay for that now?"

"It's the same price for a greeting message everywhere."

Pat opened her purse. She lacked change. From her folded bills she gave him a dollar and then she stood there looking at the money she had left in her hand. Presently he returned what was coming to her from the dollar. Pat picked that up, but she

was still holding the bills. He turned away to file the message.

"Just a minute," said Pat. "How much does it cost to send ten dollars to Los Angeles?"

"Ten dollars to Los Angeles—let me see—that will be a dollar and eighty-eight cents and sixteen cents tax. Two dollars and four cents. Did you want to send it now?"

"Yes," said Pat. "Yes, I do. I want to send ten dollars to Miss Helen Paul, the Y. W. C. A., Los Angeles, California." She put the money down on the counter, one ten-dollar bill, two ones, and four cents.

"The message will be extra," he said.

"There's no message."

"Is there any special identification you want to ask for?"

"No. It isn't necessary."

The transaction was completed and Pat walked out into a closing dusk that drew the city into patterns of gray and gold. When she stopped in front of the hatshop the blue hat was still in the window and the shop was still lighted and open. It's a nice hat, said Pat almost aloud, but she felt no regret. She felt oddly carefree. She didn't have much desire now to go to the party tonight. I can stay home, she thought, not without pleasure. There's cold chicken and ripe olives and I'll buy an evening paper.

The telephone was ringing as she let herself into her apartment. Pat hurried to answer it. A man spoke with thick dignity:

"Is that you, Pearl?"

"You must have the wrong number," said Pat quite patiently. It was evident from his speech that he might easily have made a mistake in dialing.

"Oh, you mean Pearl isn't there?"

"I'll hang up," said Pat. "Then you can dial your number again."

While she was putting away her hat and coat the telephone rang insistently. She decided to ignore it, but he was not easily discouraged, for a few minutes later the clamor was repeated. My abject friend will fall asleep eventually, she thought. All I have to do is wait until it happens. But that was the end of it. Pat turned on the radio, made dark clear coffee, lighted the pale candles. Home. That was an awful lot. First she had made a kind of show place of her apartment, a color scheme, a matter of proportions. Now she thought more about comfort. She used the fireplace in spite of the dirt it made. She lighted it this evening later, when the apartment seemed too cool. It was raining a little outside now. The party would just be getting under way at Ann Cole's. She felt a brief regret about missing that, but forgot it in writing a note to Evelyn Paul asking her to call at the office Monday morning.

She settled down on the sofa with the evening paper. Tonight she had time to read the little stories. The firehouse cat. The ten-year-old who left home to join the navy. The pitiful old woman who begged for a few pennies and who died with a large bank account. Americans never seemed to close their hearts or their pocketbooks to a sob story, commented the paper. If disillusioned by one experience they were sure that the next situation was the real thing. It cost the public a great deal to be that gullible. Yes, it's true, thought Pat. But she was glad she had sent the money to Helen Paul. She was glad in spite of the blue hat. The doorbell had sounded suddenly. Package from the package room. No one would be coming to see her this evening.

She opened the door to a tall blond man, stared at him unbelievingly, until he walked in and took her in his arms. "Don't you ever answer your telephone?" Dick asked after a while.

"But I didn't know—I thought some one was calling the wrong number."

"I didn't have to look up your number, Pat. I remembered it."

They talked quickly, each trying to explain, to make the other understand that this was a miracle.

"But I might not have been here, Dick. I intended going to a party."

"Don't think I didn't know I might not find you. You see, I tried to call you at the office before I left Washington."

"I was there until two o'clock."

"But I didn't know until later that I was being ordered to the Canal Zone. Then I got a plane, tried to call you here when I got in, called a dozen other people, trying to locate you, before I decided in desperation to come up and wait until midnight."

"Midnight," said Pat. There was only a little time, then. I wouldn't have been home by midnight, she thought.

"I have to go back to Washington tonight. We're leaving at six tomorrow morning. When I think that you were here all the time! The doorman told me. Just before that I even called the Purdys."

"Did you?" said Pat. "How are the Purdys?"

Suddenly they were both laughing as if this was a favorite joke. "Imagine quarreling over them!" said Dick finally. "Wasting all this time. Now we can't be married until I come back." He said very seriously, "Pat, will you marry me then, first thing?"

"I will," said Pat. "But suppose you hadn't found me tonight, Dick." He never would have guessed I was at Ann Cole's. He's never heard of her, she thought. If I hadn't sent the ten dollars and the money it cost to send it, I might not have been here. I might have been away when he came. I would have missed him!

"I would have found you when I came back," he said.

He spoke with certainty, and Pat did not try to disturb it. But even if she did not have his sureness about the future, she had been home, and Dick had found her and she knew that he loved her. Evelyn Paul had given her a far greater gift than she had received.

"Got your Easter hat?" Dick wanted to know.

"Best one I ever had," said Pat. "It's you."

THE END

"—— and then, of all things, they put me in a TENT!"

NEVER ANYTHING LIKE IT IN GOLF—Continued from Page 23

match. There were four of us, Wood, Vic Ghezzi, and Freddy Corcoran. Wood eased his sore back against the cushions, asked for a cigar, and then began to muse in that swiftly closing Texas darkness.

He told how his dad had called from New York, and how he'd talked with his wife on the telephone. He had a hatful of telegrams, congratulations and offers. But he was too tired to open them.

"I'm glad I got this thing at last, for a lot of reasons," he said; "but the biggest is that maybe it will end that talk about my not being a good competitor—about my choking up. I don't blame the people who've said it. Looking at a record like mine, they'd almost have to say it. But I don't choke. I never have. Just between us, I consider myself the greatest competitor in the game. How else could I have stuck with it all these years?"

"I'm not going to go out and start shouting that. I don't want to sound like a fathead. But, honestly, I've never felt even once, when somebody has licked me in one of those playoffs, that I lost because I choked. I'm not a guy who kids himself, either. I can name you some guys who do choke, but I'm not one. When I've blown 'em, sometimes the other guy was simply too hot. Sometimes something went wrong with my own game. But I never got the jumping jitters in a golf match yet."

Then he sank back and his cigar end glowed like a blinking light.

This was the jack pot. He'd hit it at last. He has made approximately $40,000 with that title since last June. Despite the war, he's played in ten tournaments, receiving a $500 guaranty in each besides a shot at the prize money. He's played almost countless exhibitions at $250 per weekday, $300 for Saturdays and Sundays. He defeated his pupil and pal, Vic Ghezzi, who won the P. G. A., in a $2,500 "World Championship" match at Girard, Ohio. Through the winter he was resident pro and teacher at the Normandy Isle Golf Club in Miami.

He went there, he said, to rest—and to get ready for the Masters'.

There's one ironic quirk. Although he was forced to wait longer than any campaigner in history, he may be the American Open champion longer than any man in history. That competition has been suspended for this year, officially, and perhaps for the duration. Nobody can dethrone him until it's played again. He's forty now. He has dependents. He's probably far back in the draft. He *could* withdraw from competition, thus protecting that title, and merely give exhibitions as the Open champion of record until further notice.

But he's no safety-first champion. Didn't he say he was a competitor? Here he goes back at the Masters'. Where does the story go from here?

THE END

GLIDERS FOR WAR

BY FRANK PAUL WISBAR
WITH FRED ALLHOFF

Incubators that can help us hatch the world's greatest air force! Will we use them?

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PICTURE, if you will, two million American youngsters, most of them in their teens, all of them possessed of a mechanical bent, all of them intensely air-minded.

Some of them have rich parents and much pocket money. More of them peddle papers, trim lawns, and wash windows to get their money. They spend it—a yearly average of $37.50 each—on model planes.

Is young America air-minded? It has been for years.

Those two million kids buy kits, study blueprints, shape balsa wood, glue tissue paper, and assemble miniature planes—powered by rubber bands or tiny motors—that fly. Annually they pour immeasurable enthusiasm and $75,000,000 in cold cash into the hobby represented by model planes.

They compete for cash and merchandise prizes in innumerable contests throughout the country.

Those youngsters represent the greatest potential untapped defense reservoir in the country. A few years from now they will be young men, not boys. Most of them will be eager to get into the air themselves.

Meanwhile—

Great Britain, before she had been in the present war for a full year, found herself seriously endangered by a shortage of pilots. The United States today barely manages to turn out a pilot for every plane that rolls out of a factory.

When our production program is in full swing—unless some means is found to expand our pilot training system tremendously—we will find ourselves with twice as many planes as pilots to fly them.

Germany, on the other hand, fighting an offensive war and suffering heavy losses in the air, today still has an inexhaustible supply of pilots.

PRESS ASSN., INC., PHOTOS

Four of the first graduates of the Army Air Corps training school at Twentynine Palms, where pilots get glider training. Above: Army gliders towed by a plane.

We have in America resources, great production capacity, ample reserves of untrained but air-minded man power. Yet we run the danger of facing a bottleneck in pilots. What are we to do about it?

I think one answer is glider training. What is more, at this writing it looks to me as if our Army Air Corps were now thinking likewise. At any rate, last winter a school was established under the West Coast Air Corps Training Center at Twentynine Palms, in southern California, and there crack pilots are learning how to fly without motors and, on completing a four-weeks course, are rated as qualified gliding instructors. This certainly looks like a move in the right general direction, however little it may have to do, at least for the time being, with the promotion of gliding among youthful civilians.

A glider is simply a motorless plane. There are three types: primary and secondary training gliders and sailplanes. The last is simply a high-performance type of glider. The two-place secondary glider with enclosed cockpit has been found best for training purposes here in America. Towed into the air by car or winch or plane or shockcord, the glider rides thermal upcurrents of air in order to stay aloft. These upcurrents may be found over hill ridges, plowed fields, plains, congested cities, bodies of water, and beneath cumulus clouds.

What has this to do with the formation of a great air force for the defense of America?

Germany today can draw upon approximately 450,000 expert glider pilots. Her greatest flyers—all of her actual combat pilots—are glider-trained. This does not mean that any glider pilot can step at once into the cockpit of a "hot" military plane. It does mean—as has been conclusively demonstrated here in America—that

a man who has mastered gliding can learn to solo a primary training ship —a motor plane—with as little as twenty minutes of instruction, and that he will be, in the end, a better pilot than the flyer who has had no glider training.

A short time ago I was called to Washington to testify at a Senate subcommittee hearing on Senator Pat McCarran's bill to establish a Civilian Glider Pilot Training Division in the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Properly organized, glider training could create a vast reservoir from which could be drawn annually an estimated 200,000 to 300,000 airplane pilots, mechanics, and technicians.

I happen to be a German. I left Germany in 1938, arrived in the United States some months ago, and have applied for citizenship. My presence in Washington came about through the fact that while an officer in the German army between 1917 and 1927 I was assigned to East Prussia to observe and supervise the organization of glider groups. Between 1927 and 1938 I was a moving-picture director and producer in Germany. One of the pictures I made was Rivals of the Air—the first full-length glider picture in movie history.

Thus it chanced that I occupied a front-row seat while the German air force, most powerful in the world, was being hatched. I know the incubator it came from.

Powerful as the Luftwaffe is, it can be outstripped here in air-minded America if the government, press, and public do not overlook those two million kids who each year spend $75,000,000 on model planes.

Stipulations of the Versailles Treaty following the last World War virtually wiped out motor flying as a sport for German youths. This did not remove their eagerness to fly. They turned, naturally, to gliders. The movement did not start as any sinister attempt to evade the spirit of a treaty and create an aerial juggernaut. Not at all. The desire to fly is deep-seated in adventurous youth. And so, in Germany, youngsters who desperately wanted wings pitched their tents on mountain slopes. They banded together because it was cheaper and easier that way.

Army flyers, ex-World War pilots, volunteered to help these youngsters. They instructed them in the elementary principles of flight, helped them with their problems of design and wing construction.

All over Germany boys began to band together. They flew crude, often homemade gliders. Later, glider schools were formed in East Prussia, in Silesia, in Gronau. Annual contests soon were being sponsored at the Wasserkuppe. The first glider competition, held in 1920, was won by Wolfgang Klemperer, who stayed aloft two minutes and twenty-two seconds. The next year he made the first glider flight, of thirteen minutes, to an agreed upon destination. Then Arthur Martens soared for an hour to establish a new world's record.

To air-hungry German youth, news of these exploits traveled by word of mouth. The press, the public, the government were apathetic. Young Germans, with no word of encouragement, no financial assistance, took to the air in gliders, displaying the same unflagging interest that has been shown here in America by lads who, on foot or on bicycle, have come from as far as Ohio to the annual gliding contests at Elmira, New York.

Record after record was made—and broken. In October of 1925 Ferdinand Schultz, an obscure schoolteacher, soared for twelve hours and six minutes.

A few years later Robert Kronfeld, one of Germany's best glider pilots, climbed to 11,000 feet on the upcurrent of a thundercloud and traveled more than 100 miles.

Meteorologists in Germany saw gliding as a sport whose devotees could furnish them with information concerning weather conditions and wind currents; plane manufacturers saw an opportunity to learn new ideas in wing design. Even the heavy artillery division of the small German army began to see possibilities of obtaining from glider pilots a clearer picture of the wind currents and weather conditions through which gliders (and shells fired from heavy artillery) must travel. They dug into their own pockets, often enough, to help finance some youngster who wished to be a glider pilot.

For all of this, glider flying in Germany continued to live off such crumbs as it could gather. Press, public, and government continued to be apathetic and shortsighted. Young German glider pilots were looked upon as a nuisance and angrily chased by farmers or townfolk.

Chased right into the arms of a man named Adolf Hitler!

When the Nazi Party began to grow strong, it realized shrewdly that these "crazy" youngsters constituted the core of a potential air force—the greatest in the world. Even before the Nazi Party came to power, it was subsidizing gliding and soaring. At the same time, by refusing to sponsor what had begun as a harmless sport, the democratic government of Germany lost its chance to earn the confidence and win the control of a mushrooming youth movement.

When Hitler came to power there were already 67,000 licensed glider pilots. So Hitler, you see, did not inaugurate gliding in Germany. He merely took over what already was at hand, and organized and expanded it for his own purpose—war.

Marshal Hermann Göring immediately issued to glider pilots the coveted uniforms of the Luftwaffe. The German army took 42,000 glider pilots and eventually transformed them into military pilots. And, all over Germany, glider clubs were drawn into the Nazi organizational scheme.

A peasant boy who wanted to fly—and, incidentally, peasant boys account for Germany's finest pilots of both gliders and motor planes—saw the instructor of the glider club in his locality. The instructor questioned the boy carefully, delved into his special aptitude, then offered him the chance to obtain some instruction. If he showed talent in flying, in mechanics, construction, design, meteorology, that talent was carefully developed.

Reports on the boy and his club

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Army pilots learn to glide at Lockport, Illinois. Fellow pupils wave as one of them takes off, with an instructor, for a lesson.

members, as well as full details concerning a high-performance sailplane being designed and constructed by them, were sent to a Nazi clearing-house, the Central Academy at the Wasserkuppe. From the Central Academy, in return, came advice and financial subsidies. Thus the procedure worked all over Germany. Once a year at the Wasserkuppe (Germany's Elmira) competitions were attended by the finest glider pilots from clubs throughout the country. Existing records were smashed. Student glider pilots, in turn, received licenses to act as instructors.

The result of all this was the building of the greatest military aviation machine in the world.

Today, when a German boy of fourteen tires of flying kites or model airplanes, he is immediately given glider training. Half a million boys each year receive it. One out of ten becomes a glider pilot. Hence Germany almost effortlessly turns out 50,000 glider pilots a year; has a reservoir of potential military pilots that remains almost inexhaustible.

☆ IF this country is to have adequate air power, it must have an adequate reservoir of pilots. Of all ways of learning to fly, gliding and soaring are the safest and least expensive. Glider flying gives invaluable weather sense and training. Every landing is, necessarily, a "dead-stick" landing. A project of glider training would soon pay for itself by cutting down costly crashes. It would conserve high octane gasoline during primary training.

It is time we started thinking of those two million youngsters and of what they will mean to the future safety of our country. Gliding and soaring would not be new in this country. Since 1928 Americans have established some excellent records, despite a late start.

At Elmira, New York, heart of the gliding movement in the United States, Lieutenant Robert M. Stanley in 1939 soared to 17,263 feet to establish America's present altitude record. That record, beaten by a German, is still a fine one. John Robinson in 1940 flew 290 miles in a glider, while Lieutenant Stanley flew 216 miles carrying one passenger in a two-place sailplane. The Russians today hold both the international altitude records and a distance record of 465 miles.

While Elmira is ideal gliding terrain, gliding can be accomplished in any state in the Union. To give the movement the backing it needs, the all-out co operation of the press, the governmen., and particularly of the public is going to be needed. The enthusiasm of our youth is there, waiting only to be directed.

Gliding can and should be a national concern. It is one of the most vital means of strengthening our war efforts that can be devised. Remember always that democratic Germany looked with indifference—or annoyance—upon its youthful glider pilots in the '20s. Today those same lads are Nazi Germany's combat pilots.

In almost every American locality where gliding has been done and gliding clubs have been formed, the public has been apathetic at the outset. Yet government-sponsored gliding clubs would bring to such localities in every state in the Union increased prestige, publicity, and revenue. Sectional contests would spur sales.

It is time we get busy. How can it best be done? First, we need to have press, public, and government back courses in glider training by supporting the bill introduced in Washington by Senator McCarran—a bill "to promote national defense and preparedness through the creation of a vast reservoir of potential pilots and mechanics" by establishing a Civilian Glider Pilot Training Division in the NYA. At this writing they're saying in Washington that this and a similar bill affecting the CAA are "shelved for the duration." Hadn't we better get busy and get them unshelved?

We need a simple plan, with a modest appropriation, whereby any boy in any village can apply to a near-by headquarters for directions concerning how to join the nearest glider club and, if he is capable, can receive training. A club would consist of twelve to twenty youths, two of whom would pledge themselves to instruct at least two other members. Instructors could be trained and selected by the Soaring Society of America and licensed by the government.

A central training office, strong enough to co-ordinate and to administer a uniform program of training, could be established at Elmira. Annual competitions could be held there, with cash prizes, greater than are now offered, for new records. Winners of sectional competitions would be entitled to compete at the annual Elmira meet, as would glider pilots from both our army and navy.

☆ NO glider program should regiment or pamper our youngsters. They won't need regimentation, for literally thousands of them today would like to learn to fly a glider. They don't need pampering—expensive sailplanes and training courses handed to them on a silver platter.

But they do need sympathetic help. Help to form clubs. Enough instructors to get them started. Blueprints—and instructions concerning use of them. Assistance, for those who are capable, in designing and building and flying their own gliders.

They need only intelligent direction—and some day we may need them, thousands of them, in the air above us.

We have neglected too long our strongest potential arm—these two million kids who spend ten cents apiece every day in the "hobby shops" of this nation. Now, at last, let's get the action this country n ds and those youngsters deserve.

If we get behind them now, we'll get the strongest air force the world has ever seen.

THE END

LET'S GO, AMERICA!
—Continued from Page 11

under foreign overseers who won't give us the chance to regain the freedom we threw away. The leaders of the Fascist states may disappear, but the system they symbolize will perish only by the sword. The saddest thing we can look forward to is an aroused American patriotism that would come too late to its full fighting force. It's a hard thing to reflect that we may yet look back bitterly upon a time of overconfidence, of the softness and money-mindedness that Hitler says he is counting on to destroy us.

"There's a twist to this overconfidence that's on my mind just now. It's the idea that we can fight the war all by ourselves. Many people are urging us to withdraw our help from our allies and bring it back to defend our own shores; do whatever we have to do near at home. That's a terribly mistaken policy any way you look at it. The most selfish argument would tell us that we need to keep our allies supplied until we can get into the fight with full power. And beyond that we have a tradition of being able to carry on our own battle in the enemy's back yard, with our own men. We aren't used to having others do our fighting for us.

"We've heard of 'blood and sweat and tears' and of 'work and sacrifice.' Before long we're going to understand a good deal more clearly what those words mean. Just now we're being a bit careful with sugar and with our automobiles. Before long we'll be tightening up in other places. And we can, when we see why we must.

"This year of 1942 is the last year of our getting ready. This year our friends must carry the fighting while we hurry to make up for lost time. This year we've got to beat the handicap that came from thinking we could stay out of the struggle that began more than ten years ago in Manchuria and in Germany.

"Once we see the worst we have to face we will go forward. Our Dunkirk will be behind us, as our Bataan and Wake Island will be our guides. We've thought ourselves the strongest Power, as well as the best off. We've seen our country as young, able to take hard knocks, able to face bad luck, able to beat it down and keep going. We framed ourselves a noble and a free position in a decent and free world. Now we face powerful peoples who are trying to overrun and enslave the earth.

"The part we have to play as a free America in a free world is no part of their new order, their new 'coprosperity.' In this fight that is worldwide it is either our plan or theirs, either the ways of freedom or the ways of total despotism. We Americans have no doubt about what we're fighting for. There is the job we have to do."

And Bill Batt is on the job. Let's go, America!

THE END

MAN BUYS HAT

Mr. Monks debates between the Homburg he's wearing and two others.

The up-or-down hat shown worn brims up. This has a self-bound edge.

Mr. Monks prefers an up-or-down worn as a snap-brim, and likes this angle.

He leaves with a light-weight felt snap-brim, pinched-in crown.

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 56 SECONDS

☆ YOUR wife tells you, your children tell you, even your best friends tell you—so you go into a store to get a replacement on that too old hat. Plumping your elderly headgear in front of the salesman, you mutter, "Give me another like this," and then you learn there isn't another like it.

The salesman begins to talk of Homburgs, snap brims, high crowns, narrow brims, snuff color, new browns. And all you want is just a hat.

Actually, this business of buying a hat needn't be so confusing. There are only three basic felt hats.

One is the Homburg, a favorite with men in New York and Chicago. Its brim is curled up all the way round, firmly bound to keep it that way. This is the most formal of felts—the black Homburg is the correct hat to wear with a tuxedo.

More casual is the second basic hat, the snap-brim. Worn "brims up" it is rather formal. Most men wear it snapped down in front, up in back.

Third, and most popular, is the lightweight casual snap-brim. Its edge is usually unbound. It's the lightest of all hats on your head.

These latter two more casual felts give you a chance to shape the crown to suit your own face and taste.

Within these three styles there are, of course, variations. But these variations make sense. Crowns and brims vary in height and width. If your face is square, a higher crown is becoming. If your face is long and thin, pick a hat with a fuller crown and not as much height.

The same is true of brims. They are designed to help correct accentuated narrowness of face or broadness of face.

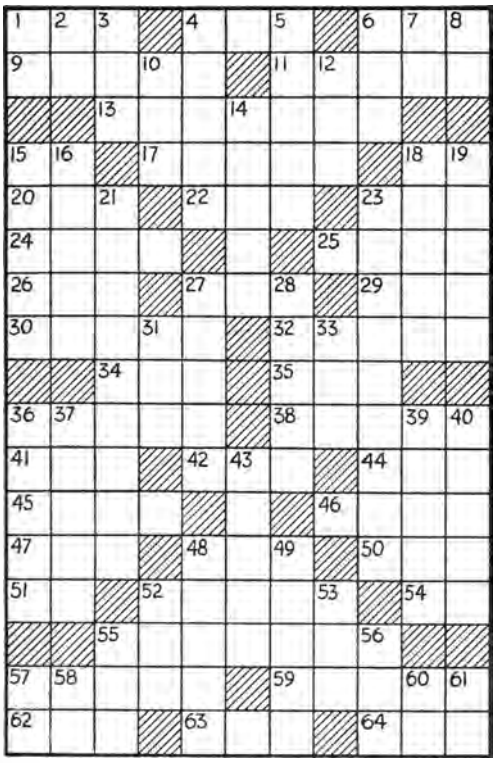
Remembering the three styles, realizing the variation in structure that has been created to help your face, go into a store and enlist the aid of the salesman.

Last but not least, get over your phobia about looking in a mirror. Don't be afraid of the hat.

Put it on as though you meant it. Study your face and hat as dispassionately as a stranger. Your hat and head should be like horse and rider . . . when successful they function as a unit.

☆ WE enlisted Jimmy Monks, who played Owen Morgan in How Green Was My Valley and the flyer Splinters in Joan of Paris, to clown the agonies of a man buying a hat. His favorite was the lightweight felt.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Disk for gem cutting
4 Witty saying (Fr.)
6 Neither
9 Positive pole
11 Musical drama
13 Breast-high wall
15 Near
17 Clerical crown
18 Pronoun
20 Slender pole
22 High hill
23 Fish
24 Number (pl.)
25 Prefix: mud
26 Salt
27 Conducted
29 Drowse
30 Elect
32 Fat
34 Conveyance
35 Title of respect
36 Change
38 Growing out
41 Nominal and market value
42 Sorrowful
44 Summit
45 Again
46 Courageous man
47 Part of a trawl
48 Fabulous bird
50 Shell that fails to explode
51 Printer's term
52 Giver
54 Letter of Hebrew alphabet
55 Yellowish resinoid
57 Join
59 Greek letter
62 Utensil
63 Noise
64 Genus of ruminant quadrupeds

VERTICAL

1 Note of the scale
2 Article
3 Short, smart sound
4 Earn
5 Drunkard
6 Seine
7 Either
8 Egyptian god
10 Water barrier
12 By means of
14 Make amends
15 Got up
16 Force which acts on weight
18 Aureole (pl.)
19 Eat away
21 Set free
23 Produced
27 Accommodates
28 Administered medicine
31 Color
33 Receptacle
36 Quickly
37 Title of opera
39 Fresh-water turtle
40 Lyric poem
43 Without company
48 Dressed
49 Punctuation mark
52 Dowry
53 Border
55 Ignited
56 Bird's beak
57 Above the horizon
58 Negative
60 Depart
61 Like

G	O	L	F		P	O	R	C	U	P	I	N	E	S
A	L	U	M		A	L	I	A	S		L	A	V	A
G	E	M		L	I	D		B	U	L	L	I	E	D
S	O	B	B	E	D		T	I	R	E		R	R	
		A	U	G		T	I	N	Y		B	O		
D	O	G	S		C	O	P	S		C	A	B	L	E
A	G	O		M	O	O	S	E		D	A	N	I	E	L
N	L		F	O	A	L		G	A	N	G		A	D
C	E	M	E	N	T		C	O	M	E		S	S	E
E	S	A	U	S		S	L	I	P		P	O	W	E	R
		R	D		O	P	A	L		O	R	E		
	T	I		U	R	R	Y		B	A	T	A	A	N
T	U	N	I	S	I	A		B	A	T		T	E	E
O	N	E	S		O	N	I	O	N		H	E	R	O
W	A	S	H	I	N	G	T	O	N		I	R	O	N

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear next week.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ IN January 24 Liberty there appeared on this page a letter from Marine Private E. W. R., stationed at Midway Island. He wrote it before the declaration of war, yet he had, as I said in my comment, "a gift of prophecy." I also said, "I wish I could know what has happened to that lad," and the amount of mail from readers showed that a lot of other people were equally interested. All this prefaces the following letter which I've just received via "Marine Mail" and "Passed by Naval Censor":

"I wonder who is more surprised: you at getting this letter or I at seeing my letter published in your page. Due to censorship, I am unable to disclose my present location, but I can assure you that I'm in the very best of health.

"Speaking for every single Marine, to the last man, our morale is at the highest peak: as for our deeds, that's a matter for the history books of tomorrow. We ask only one thing: turn us loose at 'em.

"We, of course, value our lives as dearly as the next man, but this thing we've been forced into is so much bigger than just you and I that each one of us must think of more than simple self-preservation. I give you our motto, which we have tried to uphold since it was adopted, *Semper Fidelis*. You can depend on us.

"E. W. R."

* * *

It seems too bad that two decorations for such radically different types of service should have such similar names as the Distinguished Service Cross (D. S. C.) and the Distinguished Service Medal (D. S. M.). They are *not* one and the same—and how they are not—although one hears and sees references to these two coveted decorations as though they were identical. Most soldiers would prefer to win the D. S. C., as it is awarded for extraordinary heroism in combat, whereas the D. S. M. is earned by exceptional efficiency in a position of great responsibility. The public should know the difference.

C. M., Orange, N. J.

Quite right . . . there *is* some confusion because of the similar names. The public might also like to know that these are two of only seven United States Government decorations which may be earned by officers and men of the U. S. Army. The others are the Medal of Honor (oldest and highest of all), Silver Star, Purple Heart, Soldier's Medal, and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

* * *

Having thoroughly stuck your neck out in February 28 Liberty, I presume it's pretty well hacked up by now. Anyhow, as a left-handed draftee I can't resist adding my bit.

In the first place, a left-handed rifle is not as funny as a left-handed monkey wrench, but about as common as a left-handed golf club.

In the second place, any psychologist will tell you that enforced switching of hands is bad news.

In the third place, and in my own case, the change might make all the difference (on the wrong side) between a dead Yank and a dead Jap. As a former left-handed pitcher, I can just see myself throwing a grenade right-handed.

W. B. W., Bronxville, N. Y.

Yeah, it looked like a tough week for the Old Sarge after that item appeared, but all the indignant southpaws overlooked one thing: I did *not* say there were *no* left-handed rifles . . . I've seen plenty of left-handed sporting guns. I referred only to the Army and to Army rifles. And I'll stick to it.

* * *

I had always thought that U. S. O. shows were free; but my relatives and friends in service tell me that the men are charged fifteen or twenty cents admission. If a soldier is broke, it doesn't seem fair that he can't see a show put on with money we civilians have donated.

Mrs. A. D. A., Los Angeles, Calif.

You're right that admission *was* charged to U. S. O.-Camp Shows, but as of March 8 such fees were abolished. The temporary price policy was originally established on the advice of the War and Navy Departments as a test, and it was discontinued at the U. S. O.'s own request.

* * *

Hey, Sarge! I was a noncom in the Rainbow Division and now I'm forty-four. Can I go back in the Army at a higher rank than buck private if I enlist now instead of waiting for the new draft to catch up with me?

J. P. A., De Quincy, La.

Whether you enlist or are inducted, you'll have to start again as a "buck." But I wouldn't let that worry me. The rapidly expanding Army needs experienced men (and how!) and the War Department says that 83.5 per cent of the new Army will have ratings eventually. So you ought to have those stripes back *pronto*.

* * *

Please add to the distinctive colors of piping on overseas hats the one of the Detached Enlisted Men's List, which is *green*.

N. E. W., San Diego, Calif.

Done. And since I ran that list, green and white have been authorized for the Armored Force.

* * *

To many a married man, entering the Army is just moving out of the dog house and into a pup tent.

G. E. H., Chicago, Ill.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

Paulette Goddard as the tomboy heroine in Reap the Wild Wind.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ REAP THE WILD WIND (for De Mille showmanship)

Cecil B. De Mille's new super-spectacle is exactly that. It's a fabulous historical show, combining romance, maritime melodrama, brawls, and undersea shots in a whopping entertainment. It makes no pretense of being a co-ordinated artistic achievement. That isn't De Mille's field. He has preferred here, as so often in the past, to pack a picture full of spectacle, excitement, color, and comedy. The result is a production which should prove extremely popular.

This is the producer-director's thirtieth year of film-making. His showmanship hasn't changed much over the years, but it has rarely failed to click. He likes costumes and theatrical extravagance. His direction is always full of bold and sweeping action and he never can resist slipping in some big mob scenes. He hasn't missed a trick here. As a matter of fact, he even has a giant squid, or octopus, in his slam-bang climax.

The story is complicated and rather episodic. The main theme deals with salvage operations off the Florida keys in the days of sailing ships, with pirate scavengers and wreckers as the villains of the yarn. The personal drama is concerned with a salvage skipper's seagoing daughter who first falls in love with a bluff captain and then learns to care for the handsome young head of a Charleston shipping concern. You really need a chart to keep all the relationships straight. The point is that the captain joins the pirate gang and then repents and gives up his life to save the hero. Meanwhile the head pirate's brother shoots the rat when he discovers that he has lured onto the reefs a boat on which his sweetheart was a stowaway.

That just gives you a rough idea of all the melodramatic incidents in Reap the Wild Wind. There's a knock-out fight on a salvage schooner, as the villain tries to shanghai the hero. There are a couple of spectacular shipwrecks and a hurricane. For good measure, De Mille has even introduced a tense courtroom scene in

which the hero tries to smash the wrecking gang, but has to move the court to the high seas and fight an octopus before he proves his points.

Since the photography, in pleasant technicolor, is first-rate, there's no lack of pictorial excitement in the show. De Mille knows how to set off a scene to striking effect. Individual sequences don't always signify much. The giant-squid episode, for example, is lugged into the narrative as though to test the skill of Paramount's engineering department. The romances

From De Mille's latest.

get lost in the sea skirmishes. The characters appear and disappear in a rather confusing manner. No memorable motion picture, this, except as a show.

The cast in the production is excellent, although De Mille and the octopus dominate the proceedings more than do the players. Ray Milland is fine as the shipping executive, and so is John Wayne as the captain who turns crooked and then straight again. Raymond Massey is a particularly sinister villain as King Cutler, leader of the wrecker scavengers, and Robert Preston is excellent as his brother who finally brings him to account for his sins. Moreover, Paulette Goddard is forceful as the tomboy heroine, and there are any number of engaging supporting actors and actresses.

De Mille once told me that he had been privileged to work in four theaters—the stage proper, the films, the radio, and television. The movies lie closest to his heart. He gives his shows everything he has. He's done it in Reap the Wild Wind, to turn out a spectacular entertainment. You've got to hand it to him for showmanship, if not for artistry.

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE GOLD RUSH (for Chaplin artistry)**

Another pioneer of the screen, Charlie Chaplin, has taken one of his classic comedies and streamlined it for the present day. The result is extremely happy. The great comedian has cut down the length of The Gold Rush from an hour and a half to seventy-two minutes. He's put in music and words.

The show was originally produced in 1925. It is a great test of the Chaplin genius that it's just as funny now as it was then. As a matter of fact it's one of the funniest shows you're likely to see this year. Chaplin's voice accompanies Chaplin's pantomime, heightening the comedy all the way through. He refers to himself as "the little fellow" but wisely refrains from kidding the picture too much.

For it is too good a movie to be kidded. The comedy has an enduring quality which is likely to keep it popular for decades. The scene in the prospector's snowbound cabin in the Yukon is uproariously funny, particularly when the cabin gets blown on to the edge of a cliff. The wonderful mining-town sequences in which the

Vocal, but funny as ever!

baggy-trousered clown makes love to a dance-hall hostess and conceives that wonderful dance with a couple of rolls has poignance and amusement.

If you missed the silent version of The Gold Rush, don't fail to see this. If you saw it originally, you won't pass up a new opportunity to be delighted by a great screen artist.

1925 movie, 1942 laughs!

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

★★★★—To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night.

★★★—The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin.

VERY MUCH ALIVE

A crazy story? That's what you may think to start with. But wait until you get into it . . .

BY MARGERY SHARP

Author of The Nutmeg Tree

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

☆ SHERRARD had forty-five minutes to wait for his train, so he checked his suitcase and turned out into the Euston Road. He had three days' leave, and was about to spend two of them in unpleasant travel just to keep a luncheon engagement with a lady in Scotland.

As he strolled along the sight of a tobacco shop reminded him that he was short of cigarettes. He was struck by the oddity of the window. The boxes and packets were simply piled in one corner, leaving the rest of the space bare. The one word "Hamble" showed on the glass. The whole establishment, in fact, had a take-it-or-leave-it air which Sherrard found unusual. He liked the unusual. He went in.

Behind the counter sat a large unshaven old man wearing a knotted handkerchief instead of a collar. His jacket needed cleaning, or perhaps burning. His features were heavy and sad. But he had the aura of one who is his own master, and Sherrard rightly guessed him to be Hamble in person.

"What kind of cigarettes have you got?" asked Sherrard.

"Nothing much," said Mr. Hamble.

Sherrard looked round and saw that this was true. But there was a case of cigarette holders, and as the lady he was going to visit lost about one a day, Sherrard began making a selection. To do so, he put down on the counter a couple of books, a Euripides, in the original Greek, and a work on philosophy.

Mr. Hamble examined him thoughtfully for some minutes and appeared to come to a decision.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I tell you a rather remarkable story?"

Sherrard said not at all, he would be delighted.

"It's an animal story," said Mr. Hamble apologetically, and cleared his throat.

☆ "AS a small child," began Mr. Hamble, "I frequently spent my holidays with a maiden aunt who lived in a small villa on the Italian Riviera. One day, as I was running back through the garden in response to the luncheon bell, I was surprised to see a bear in my path. Bears, in the imagination at least, are by no means unfamiliar objects to a small boy, and I dare say I should have taken it quite calmly but for the fact that this bear walked upon its hind legs and also wore a small Homburg hat. I fled, howling.

"In but a few moments, of course, all was explained. The animal belonged to a band of gypsies who were exhibiting it through the neighborhood, and hoped to offer us a private show. Later that afternoon, in a secluded grove, I came upon them again. This time the bear was eating a cold leg of pigeon, and to do so had thrust back his furry muzzle, revealing a human face.

"This incident made a deep impression on me, and for many years after I was a good deal confused in my relations with all the larger quadrupeds. At home in London, when taken to the zoo, I was quite convinced that all lions and tigers, apes (and of course bears) were really human beings exercising a profession as regular as that of butcher or baker."

Sherrard said he understood perfectly.

"Years passed," continued Mr. Hamble. "My parents died. I had never been clever, but I found myself a niche in the secondhand furniture trade. My first independent purchase was a stuffed bear."

He paused, evidently awaiting comment. Sherrard said he thought it very natural.

"It was *not* natural," corrected Mr. Hamble. "The market for stuffed bears — upright — is extremely restricted. I did not intend bidding for it. My lips moved, as it were, of their own accord. 'Five pounds!' I cried, and the animal was mine.

"It cost another ten shillings to

transport. I set it up on the pavement outside my shop, hoping to gain some advantage in the way of publicity. I placed a small Homburg hat on its head. It attracted, as I had hoped, considerable attention. Business looked up.

"For the first week my new acquisition remained, so to speak, passive. Then, one particularly sunny day, I noticed that the Homburg hat looked very shabby, and I replaced it by a hard straw. Several passers-by noted the change with approval. The weather broke, it rained every day, and I grew very tired of either hauling the bear inside or wrapping him in dust sheets. I remembered a mackintosh cape, Inverness style, which had belonged to my father, and put that on him instead. You would have been surprised to see what a change it made. He still looked like a bear, but he also looked rather like a German professor. My charwoman reported that he had given her quite a turn, and I noticed one or two customers murmur a word of apology as they brushed by. Perhaps the most curious point was that when the rainy spell ended, and I took the cape off, the bear looked not more but less natural. He looked unclad—like a German professor in his combinations. Fortunately, among a variety of secondhand clothes, I possessed an academic gown which fitted him very well.

☆ "I OUGHT to say that he was already, in a small way, a public figure. Every one in Paddington knew him, and the variety of his hats (for he had several others besides those I have mentioned) was a constant source of friendly interest. But this gown, by attracting the notice of students of London University, opened wider spheres. I had observed for some time the presence of a new type of customer—young men in flannel trousers, tweed jackets, and large mufflers—who bought, if they bought anything, secondhand books.

"At last two of them approached me with an offer of five shillings for the loan of the bear for Saturday afternoon. They wished, they said, to take him to a football match. I thought it over; the bear had certainly done his best, he had brought me innumerable fresh customers, and it seemed hard that he should never have any pleasure. I decided to let him go—refusing, however, the five shillings. His new friends were delighted, and off he went in their car, wearing a large purple muffler and a knot of purple ribbon. I put in an umbrella after him, in case of rain."

"I hope he got back all right?" said Sherrard.

"He got *back*. He got back well after midnight, smelling strongly of drink, with his gown torn, and having lost his umbrella. I was extremely annoyed, and I spoke pretty sharply to his companions; but they were in no state to appreciate the justice of my remarks. In fact I doubt whether they heard them, for a day or two later they returned, quite unabashed, with an invitation to a club dinner. This time I was harder to persuade, but they assured me it was to be a most decorous function, sanctioned by the university authorities, and that the club was one for the advancement of theological philosophy.

"I have mentioned already that the bear strongly resembled a German professor, and this seemed just the sort of thing he would enjoy. I let him accept. But I stipulated that I should call for him myself at ten thirty, and I actually did so, though I had some difficulty—the debate was still in full swing, and he was taking the chair—in getting him away.

"This incident, too, had consequences. The taxi fare was six and six—to me a not unimportant sum. In fact, I considered it far too much, and I was very nearly decided he should not go out again. Then it occurred to me that it was really he who had sold many things for me at a profit; he was therefore entitled to cash credit. Next day I began a separate account for him—on one side his personal sales, on the other taxi fares, new clothes, and so on.

"I counted as his all sales made to customers who looked at the bear before they looked in the window; and he did so well that he was soon able to buy himself an opera hat, a silk muffler, and a new umbrella—all very necessary, for from this time his engagements rapidly increased. Were you in London in '38?"

Sherrard said he had been abroad.

"Then you can have no idea," said Mr. Hamble impressively, "how very popular he became. Perhaps it will help if I tell you that on certain occasions—Boat Race night and the Cup Final—he had to have a special policeman detailed to look after him. Like a Cabinet minister. He was the acknowledged patron of London University, without whom no academic function (of the lighter sort) was complete. He attended every sporting event, and usually finished the evening with the victorious team.

"My own life, of course, became more and more bound up with his, for I kept to my rule of always calling for him, and this rather cut me off from the social enjoyments of my neighbors, who were nearly all whist players, and who disliked my having to leave in the middle of a hand. Soon I ceased to frequent them, and without regret. Tradesmen's card parties had small charm for me; I breathed, vicariously, a wider air.

"But let me," said Mr. Hamble, "abridge. For a time all went well. Business continued to prosper. I did not perhaps keep our accounts as carefully as at first, and the bear was a bit extravagant, but I took pride in his appearance, and my own wants were few. The change in our relations came about very gradually. I began to feel a slight reluctance to turn out so frequently and so late at night. It annoyed me to hear people refer to the establishment as 'the Bear's' instead of 'Hamble's'; and one evening in November—the fifth—as I sat wait-

ing to go and fetch him from a Guy Fawkes dinner, these dissatisfactions came to a head.

"I had had a hard day's work, the fire burned brightly, there was a program on the wireless I should have liked to hear. But at ten fifteen I would have to go out. For the third time that week. It suddenly came over me that the people who called my shop 'the Bear's' were right: it wasn't my shop at all; it was his. I was working twelve hours a day to support him in a life of idle pleasure.

"And there were other points—trifling perhaps—that rankled. He was always losing umbrellas. It seemed absolutely impossible for him to go out with an umbrella and bring it back. And he lost not only his own but mine as well, whenever I lent them him. I suddenly came to an astounding decision.

"'All right,' I said, 'you can get back by yourself.' And I locked up and went to bed."

Mr. Hamble turned to Sherrard beseechingly.

☆ "I ASSURE you," he said— "I never thought of anything more than his spending the night on the pavement, and having lost his umbrella, and it coming on to rain. That was the very worst I anticipated. And in the morning—for it *did* rain—I hurried down at half past six with a large towel. But he wasn't there. He hadn't come home. I waited till nine, and then I hurried to the college where he had dined. It was built round a quadrangle, in the center of which, as I entered, I observed the remains of a large bonfire. I observed them quite idly.

"At the lodge I made inquiry of the porter, giving the names of the bear's particular hosts, only to be told that they were one and all in the hands of the police. They had gone, explained the porter, too far: a bonfire in the quad might pass, but not the carrying of flaming torches through the London streets. They had all been arrested. 'Was there a bear arrested with them?' I asked. The porter shook his head. I felt a foolish relief. At least they had had the decency, I thought, not to implicate him. 'Then, where is he?' I asked. 'I have come to take him home.' The porter shook his head again—but this time pityingly, and he pointed through the lodge window to the heap of ash . . ."

"What?" cried Sherrard, genuinely shocked. "He'd been burnt?"

"Cremated. I knew without another word. I asked, 'What time did they light it?' And the porter answered, 'About half past ten.'"

There is always something a little absurd in the emotions of the stout. Mr. Hamble was very stout indeed, and the object of his affection a stuffed bear; yet Sherrard did not find his distress wholly ridiculous. It was too sincere. To give the old man time to recover, he picked out six cigarette holders and laid a note on the counter in payment. Mr. Hamble violently blew his nose.

"That's all," he said abruptly. "I never so much as riddled through the ash. I hadn't the heart. In a day or two they came around, those students, full of regrets and explanations. I wouldn't listen to them. I sold the business, moved here, set up as a tobacconist, and I've never prospered since. I expect," said Mr. Hamble, "I haven't had the heart." He looked at Sherrard earnestly. "Now, as a man of education," he said, "and a man of the world, what d'you make of it?"

Sherrard hesitated.

"It's certainly a remarkable story," he said. "It's one of the most remarkable stories I've ever heard."

Mr. Hamble moved his big shoulders impatiently.

"I know *that*," he said; "but would you call it unique?"

Sherrard began to reflect.

"No," he said at last, "not unique. In fact, I believe a good many men have a bear of sorts."

"I never heard of another," said Mr. Hamble jealously.

"Not an actual bear, as yours was. But an idea, or an objective, possibly unworthy, to which everything else is sacrificed. It may be a golf handicap, or land, or stamps, or basic English. With women it's very likely to be a house."

Mr. Hamble pondered.

"You were beginning to find him out," said Sherrard seriously; for the bear by now was almost as real to him as it was to Mr. Hamble. "You say yourself that your relations were changing. So long as you believe in your bear, nothing else matters; but if once you find him out and still can't get rid of him—that's the devil. Perhaps it was just as well it ended as it did."

Mr. Hamble shook his head again.

"I'll think it over," he said. "Mind, I don't say you're right, and I won't hear a word against him, but I'll think it over."

Then he looked at Sherrard with a sudden, unexpected shrewdness.

"And what," he asked, is *your* bear?"

☆ SHERRARD counted the cigarette holders lying in his palm: six of them, at half a crown each. They would all be lost within a week; not only lost, but forgotten. . . .

"My bear," he said, "has golden hair and brown eyes and is unshakably faithful to the memory of her late husband."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hamble. "And have you found her out yet?"

Sherrard let the holders slip one by one from his fingers to the counter.

"Not yet," he said. "But now *you* shall advise *me*. Shall I catch my train to go up to Scotland to have lunch with her, thus wrecking a much needed leave, or shall we both go out and get a drink?"

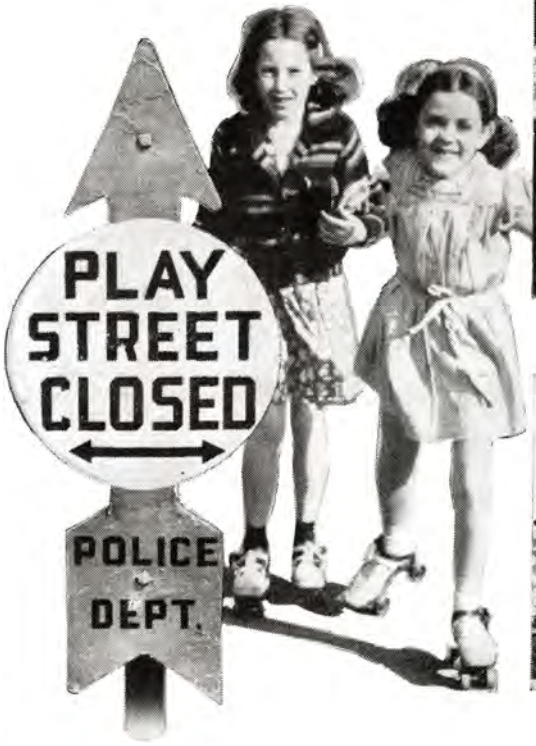
It took Mr. Hamble some moments to answer, and even then he did not do so in words; but he reached up to a peg behind him and from it took down a small Homburg hat.

THE END

A REFUGEE LOOKS AT THE U.S.A.

☆ THE sight of happy children at play, food in store windows—real food that people can buy—friendly policemen who are here to help, not to hound and spy on us, lights, laughter, freedom to think and to speak and to sit in the sun in our public parks, no matter what our race or color—all these things we in America take for granted. But to a refugee from Nazi-dominated Europe they are almost incredible. Herbert Sonnenfeld, who arrived here not so very long ago, made a record with his camera of the things that impressed him most in a great city. Here are some of the pictures he took. "America, are you conscious of your blessings?" he asks. Well, these "blessings" are among the many things we are fighting for to preserve them for the Americans of the future.

Herbert S. Sonnenfeld, refugee camera man, gazes at America.

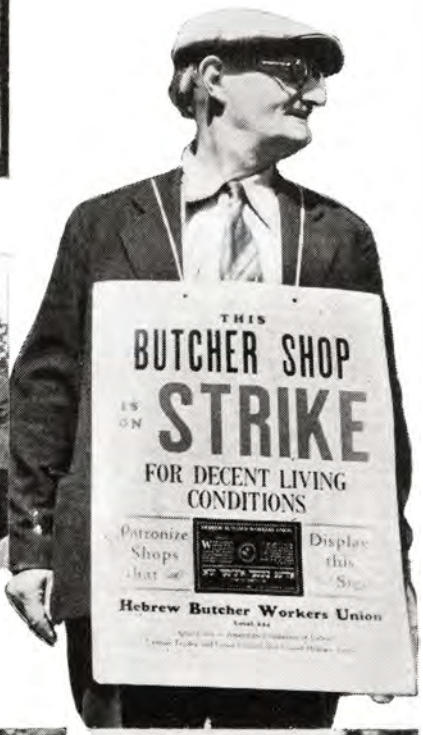


The authorities don't boss the people; they even stop traffic so the children can play. Nazi authorities boss even German children.

Refugees cannot believe their eyes when they see such plenty. Cheese, coffee, ham, beer!

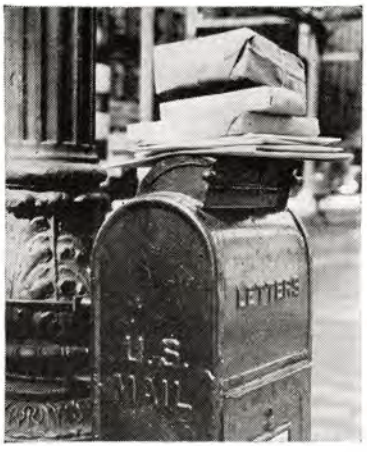
White men, black men, smiling, friendly, sit side by side and watch a baseball game. This sort of thing could not happen in Nazi Europe. There, not only are black men barred but men of any "non-Aryan" hue—except "Aryan" Japs!

Just try this in Germany! Jews who even have jobs are lucky—imagine them going on strike!



In Europe this pure shiny brass would long ago have fed the greedy war machine. What hasn't gone to feed it?

Here, when you see a man in a snappy uniform, he may be a doorman, not a soldier. Europe's doormen are few and go shabby.



Packages on a mailbox—unguarded! Another surprising thing is to see a WPA employee working freely for his government, not at forced labor as such men do in Germany's Europe—or, if captive Poles, at slave labor.

Policemen are friendly. This is old stuff to Americans, but it impresses refugees mightily.

It is a wonderful thing that here a man can speak his mind, criticize or champion—that men can assemble peaceably. Under Hitler's heel, they can't.

The people's cars are still rolling along American highways. Europe builds fine roads to bear the weight of monster tanks.

Real fruit—and unbelievably cheap! Refugees are not used to seeing displays like this. It's fun just to stand around and look and marvel at them.

Two years of blackout in Europe makes our towers of light an exciting sight.

You couldn't see this in Germany. There "Aryans" are officially superior and "non-Aryans" must sit on yellow benches in the public parks.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

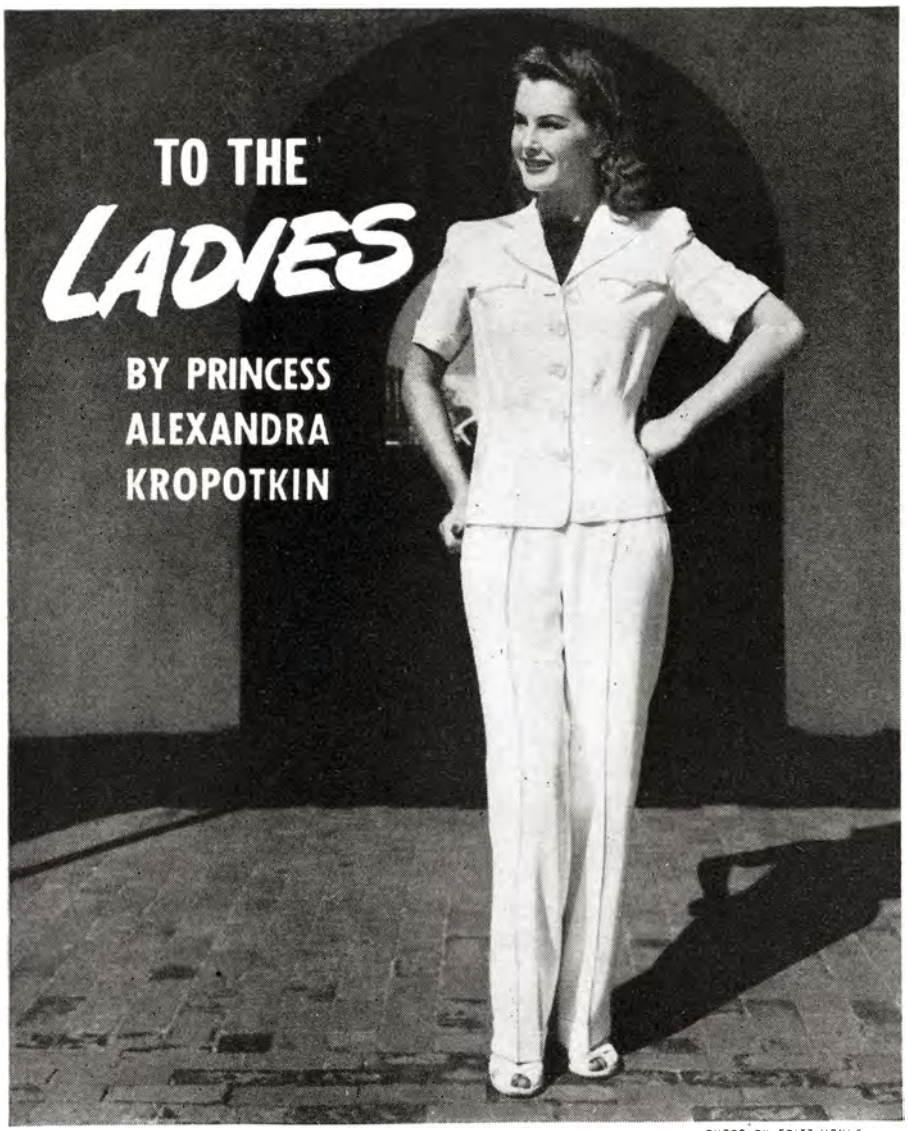


PHOTO BY FRITZ HENLE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

© BACHRACH

DR. MARY BRYAN

☆ THE new edition of the Navy Cookbook will be reading for epicures. I've just seen a manuscript copy at the office of Dr. Mary Bryan, Columbia Teachers College expert who heads the revision committee. Hearty old seafaring fare is still included, with the addition of specialties for every climate and appetite. There are such gourmet sauces as béchamel, barbecue, mock Hollandaise. I counted recipes for 33 kinds of pie, 13 kinds of cookies, 8 kinds of doughnuts, 23 kinds of pudding, 4 kinds of griddle cakes—wheat, whole wheat, buckwheat, corn meal. . . . "We put in a wide variety of salad dressings," Dr. Bryan told me, "because navy men want salad twice a day. They now eat from 12 to 15 per cent more vegetables than specified by the health formula of their ration." . . . Fastidious fish dishes: Creole oysters or shrimps; clam chowder, Boston or New York style. And the cheese refinements—even soufflés! . . . "The navy trains *career* cooks," said Mrs. Bryan. "After a navy education they should be able to get a cook's job anywhere." . . . Louisiana-born, Mary de Garme Bryan excels at Southern cooking, particularly at New Orleans gumbo. . . . The navy's revised cookbook deals in quantities too large for home, but restaurants may care to purchase it from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

☆ SHE waited and waited for her sailor to come and take her to the dance. On liberty from destroyer duty, he was just home that day. When he failed to show up, her older sisters made her miserable, hinting at his unfaithfulness. At midnight he phoned. Foggy voice: "I had a hot bath. I sat on my bed to put on my socks. Right there I fell asleep and slept five solid hours. Honey, forgive me. Will you marry me tomorrow, after I finish my sleep?" . . . Wise gal, she knew the value of honesty. She said yes.

☆ ITEM for housewives who have trouble getting a steak from the butcher in time for lunch: At 10.15 one morning, I'm told by Chicago executives of the Meat Institute, came a phoned army order for a *million pounds* of beef! Boned, packed, labeled for soups, stews, roasting, and broiling, the million-pound shipment rolled out of Chicago's freight yards at seven that night! . . . With beef in great army-navy demand, we can help by using other meats at home. Try these *Ham-and-Porkburgers* prepared as follows: . . . Grind ½ pound ham with ½ pound lean fresh pork. Combine with 1 slice bread moistened in water. Shape into flat cakes. Sear quickly under broiler. Season with salt, pepper, pinch of nutmeg, and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Serve with fried bananas, creamed cabbage, sweet potatoes.

☆ ON an advertising job in a building where Czech workmen are employed, beautiful dark-haired azure-eyed Conover model, Jean Montgomery, puzzled by a remark from the smiling Czechs. She ought to be pleased. What they said was, "Blue eyes and black lashes—God made her for me!"

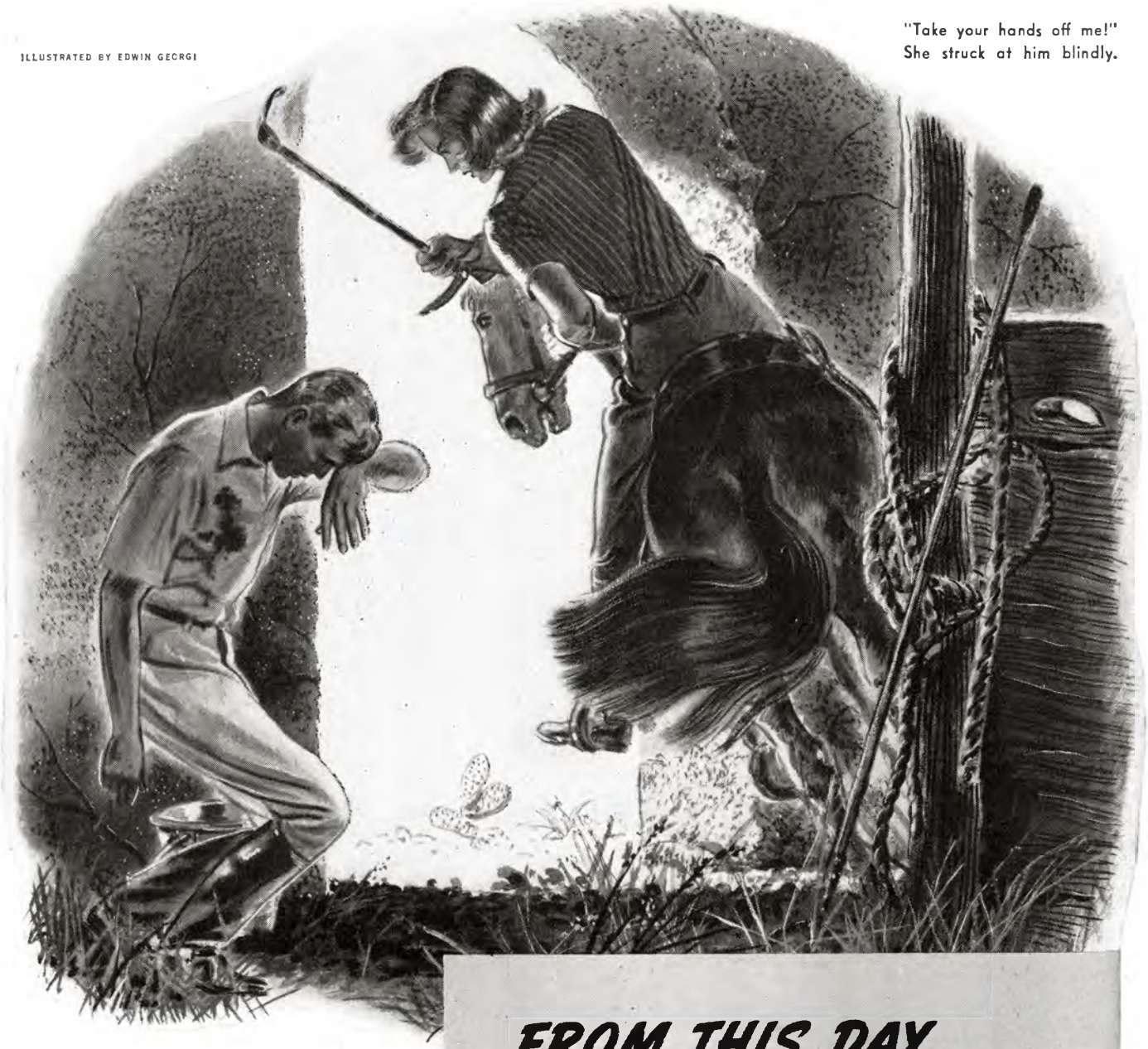
☆ LAST week I promised war clothes tips from Ruth Jacobs, of Women's Wear. Naturally Miss Jacobs can't advise on organization uniforms; they're styled according to regulations. But she has interesting news for girls doing defense work in government offices and in the industries. Severely tailored suits of whipcord or gabardine for service secretaries. For factory or farm, a changed fashion in slacks—slacks less boyish and *cute*, roomier and more practical. . . . To save the metal used in costume jewelry, we'll have earrings of ribbon tied in tiny bows, and ribbon bracelets. Hats trimmed with cornhusks have been suggested in fan mail received by Miss Jacobs, who hopes some smart milliner will take heed.

☆ HERE'S something plenty of stenographers will understand with sympathy: Irene Dunne makes notes while reading movie scripts, then sticks the pencil in her shoe and forgets about it. One recent Hollywood afternoon she told me she simply had to cure herself of such absentmindedness. That very evening I saw her at Romanoff's restaurant—with a pencil in her shoe!

☆ LATEST shoes for lady gardeners come from Portland, Oregon; have wooden soles hand-carved by master craftsman Oscar Auestad, and fine leather uppers in colors bright or sedate. The wood soles look attractively quaint, also resist the wet. These shoes cost six dollars and up.

☆ TO appreciate the romance of *vegetable* gardening—now that food conservation is important—read Vernon Quinn's new book, Vegetables in the Garden and Their Legends. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI



"Take your hands off me!" She struck at him blindly.

FROM THIS DAY

Forward

BY ELSWYTH THANE

A woman lies—and at last two hearts find happiness

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

☆ "BUT Innocencio had nothing to do with the mine any more—or with the soldiers. All he ever wanted was to live here in peace. What's become of the family?" Juanita exclaimed rather than asked.

"Well, if one of the family killed the soldier—especially as he's been shot in the back—" said Rodney.

"Oh, that's impossible! What shall we do? Don't just stand there looking at it! Let's get out of here before any one sees us!"

"I've no desire to tackle that trail after dark," he said, "even if we had fresh horses, which we haven't. We'll feed our beasts, and get some rest, and start the minute it's light."

"Suppose they come back for him—out there. They might think we killed him!"

"I don't know why they should think that. We aren't armed, and we have no interest in what goes on at the mine."

He looked at her with sudden suspicion. "Or have we?" he said. "Have you been mixing into this?"

"Why, no, of course not! Except that the last time I was here Innocencio was complaining about the way he was treated, and I tried to make them all see that he mustn't take it lying down—that he must stand up for his rights here, and—"

"So he shot the soldier in the back," Rodney said reflectively.

"Oh, *no*—I—"

"Innocencio got mixed up and did the wrong thing," he went on, working it out. "And either they've all been taken into custody or they're hiding. Why did you have to give him bad advice like that? It was no business of yours!"

"Well, after all, you're only guessing. We've no proof that Innocencio killed him!"

"Yes, I'm only guessing," he admit-

ted. "That seemed to be about the least embarrassing guess I could make. On the other hand, the new owners may have shot the soldier in order to pin it on Innocencio, which would eventually give them possession of his house if things worked out according to plan—"

"Oh, Rodney, they've been *trying* to get the house—"

"Sure they have! They want it for the *Herr Aufseher,* or the *Herr Inspektor,* or whatever they call him. Now I'll go out and see to the horses while—"

"I'll come with you."

"You stay here and collect some food while you can see to find your way around. There's enough left over from lunch still in the saddlebags to see us through tomorrow, and I'll just leave it there. I think I'll leave our bags there too, in case we want to leave in a hurry."

☆ HORSES had waited in the patio recently, he noticed as he led their own tired beasts in. The stalls, however, were clean and empty. He took off the saddles and the pack, fed and watered the three animals, and returned to the house just as the sinking sun was turning the highest peaks in the distance a rosy pink. He paused a moment to look up toward the mine shaft. There were perhaps a dozen men with rifles lounging about in plain view. Work seemed to have stopped. There was not a soldier in sight, except the dead one.

Juanita had found a cold chicken and avocados and a pineapple in the icebox, and was struggling to open a bottle of sherry. He drew the cork for her, and they carried the meal on a tray into the *sala,* which was still lit by the last long rays of the sun.

"You're sorry you came," she said, watching him.

"I'm sorry about quite a lot of things." He carried his glass of sherry over to the open door.

"But you don't blame *me,* Rodney?" she pleaded prettily.

"You?" he said, without moving. "You had nothing to do with it."

"I see! You mean anybody else would have done just as well as me, to show her you didn't care! I just happened to be around!"

"I wasn't trying to show her anything. I did care. She knew that."

"Then, why—"

"Why did I come to Mexico? I keep telling you—for the eagles."

"That's your story!"

"And I'm stuck with it," he said, smiling. "*How* I'm stuck with it! I'm sorry, Nita—" For the first time he looked at her from the doorway. Revenge was not so sweet, no matter what the books said. She was frail and small, and she had been very sweet once—once or twice. She was without scruples or morals or good taste, but she was, after all, female, and therefore pretty helpless, and she had got them into a nice jam, and now she was frightened.

"Well, love is a wonderful thing!" she gibed. "I wish I could believe in it! And I ought to be able to, after what I've gone through with you!"

"I'm sorry," he repeated. "I've said the wrong thing, as usual. But I'm very grateful to you, all the same."

"For the birds!" she said, and looked at him piteously, her eyes swimming with tears. "Oh, Rodney, I only wanted four days more—I only—"

"And you were going to get 'em," he told her grimly. "But not the way you thought!"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, with a studied desolation.

"No, and now you never will—which is a pity, because you had it coming to you!"

"I suppose you've got an attack of conscience!" she suggested bitterly. "A trifle late!"

"It's not conscience," he denied in an even tone. "It's just a rush of sense to the head. Late, I grant you."

"You wish you hadn't come!" she asserted tensely. "Not just here. You wish you hadn't come to Mexico at

"You've been reading too many war bulletins!"

all! You may as well admit it! You may as well throw it in my face that I'm nothing to you, nothing at all, and if Liz Dare crooked her finger you'd walk out on me forever!"

"She hasn't crooked her finger," he said gently, "but I'm walking out on you all the same. Tomorrow."

"Oh, you would, would you!" she cried in a fury. "And for what? Do you flatter yourself that she'd take you back now? She's through with you. Why can't you see that? Everybody else can! Why don't you get wise to things? You took her away from Stanley, and now he's got her back again! Why can't you just write it off?"

He moved toward her then, setting down his glass on the way. His eyes were bright and narrow.

"Why, you blabbing little hussy," he said deliberately. "I ought to break you in two!" He seized her wrist and jerked her to her feet, spilling the sherry she held. "Stand up and tell me you lied! Because it *is* a lie. I know that, and so do you!"

"Everybody in New York—" she was beginning defiantly, when a volley of shots rang out on the hillside behind the house, doubled by an echo from the patio walls.

"*What's that?*" she whispered, and began to tremble.

Before he could speak there was the shattering roar of an explosion. More shots followed.

"There goes the mine!" he said. "They've blown something sky-high, and it's on fire. They're coming this way now—what's left of them."

"Well, let's do something! Don't let's *stand* here—"

"What can we do?" he asked calmly. "We can't leave. If it gets too hot we'll lie flat and hope for the best."

"We can't just stay and be *shot* at! I'm going to get away from here! Let's run for the horses—" She darted out toward the kitchen and the stables.

"Nita!" He ran after her. "Come back, you fool! It will be dark in half an hour! *Nita!*" She moved like greased lightning, but he caught her in the kitchen patio, just short of the rose-clad arch leading to the stables. "You're crazy!" he said, while she wriggled and twisted in his grasp. "They're on both sides of the house now; the army's moving in from below! If you try to get to the stables you'll run straight through a cross fire!"

She bent swiftly and sank her teeth into his hand. As his hold automatically relaxed an instant, she wrenched away from him and flashed across the open space between the wall of the kitchen patio and the stables. A bullet nicked the ground near her feet as she ran; another struck the wall beside the arch near Rodney and ricocheted.

☆ RODNEY swore, then made a dash for the stables himself. Just as he reached their shelter, he stumbled and caught at his right shoulder, and swore again.

Juanita had got the saddle on her horse and was working feverishly at buckles and straps.

"Nita, will you listen to reason?" he panted, leaning against the inner wall in the semidarkness of the stables, which was lit now by a red glow from the fire at the mine shaft on the mountain behind the house. "They aren't after us—we only have to wait till things quiet down—"

"You can do as you like, but I'm leaving! I'd rather take a chance on the trail than stay here and be murdered!"

"You can't go now, I'm afraid. I'll have to have some help. I—I'm hit—"

She stared at him where he sagged against the wall, his left hand gripping his right shoulder. Then she came toward him, leading her horse by the bridle.

"Rodney—you aren't—*wounded!*"

"Find some cloths," he gasped. "Get some linen out of the bags over there—my pajamas—shirt—we'll have to make some sort of bandage—*will you please hurry*—"

"You're bleeding!" she cried in horror, and backed away from him, into the horse.

"Nita, you've got to pull yourself

together—I can't manage—alone—"

"No, no, I won't touch it—I've got to get out of here—keep away from me—you're *bleeding*—"

With a quick spring she was in the saddle, and he lurched forward and caught her arm.

"Nita, you've lost your head—nobody could stay on that trail at night—"

"Take your hands off me!" she screamed, and struck at him blindly. *"There is blood on your hands!"*

The horse lunged into motion as she dug her heels into its sides, ripping free from Rodney's hold, so that he staggered and fell to the ground. The thud of the galloping hoofs was drowned out by a new burst of firing from the hillside.

Rodney lay still, trying to keep a grip on consciousness. Then with a great effort he crawled to where the luggage lay on the stable floor, got his bag open, got a handful of linen to stanch the wound. Finally he dragged himself into an empty stall, collapsed on the straw, and waited for the merciful oblivion which was sure to come.

☆ AFTER dinner the following day Manuel approached Charles in the *sala* and said that his brother had had word of a shooting at the mine, and would the señores care to listen. Charles said they would.

Manuel's brother Atanasio was fetched. He told a vague rambling tale of meeting a man in a *cantina* whose sister's husband had been brought in at sundown with a bullet in his leg which he had got in a running fight two days ago between the new workmen and the men whose fathers and grandfathers had worked for El Patron Grande in the old days—so then the soldiers had been sent for—there was an explosion at the mine and a fire—then there was more fighting—but yes, of course near the hacienda—it lay in the line of fire,

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE, by Wm. S. Weiss.

If this book could be put into the hands of the head of every family, we imagine the faces of people on the street, in the mass, might look less haggard. For it is about the legal and financial troubles (usually one means the other) in which well-meaning people all over the country suddenly find themselves at one time or another.

The author, we gather, is something of a story himself. Barred from his normal law practice by the onslaught of paralysis, it was his idea to conduct a legal clinic for people of low income, dispensing advice to those who found themselves victimized by gyp installment-purchase contracts, unscrupulous "finance companies," hounded by collection agencies, hooked by the unordered merchandise rackets, or in trouble, through ignorance, with the law.

In thirty-one pungent chapters Mr. Weiss covers as many categories of common pitfalls. For many of them the only remedy is avoidance. He tells you how to recognize a crooked deal and how not to make legal errors. It's amazing. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

with the mine just behind it. He had heard nothing of the señorita and the Señor Doctor.

Charles and Sturgis looked at each other, and Sturgis nodded his head.

"We'll start for the hacienda at dawn tomorrow," Charles said.

Manuel and his brother melted away.

"Maybe we're just a couple of old wives," said Sturgis at last into the silence.

"Maybe you'd better stay with the birds," said Charles. "Then only one of us is wrong. If anything happens to those birds now, we may as well go jump in the lake."

So Charles set out at dawn with Manuel and Atanasio—wondering all the way if he was behaving like an interfering busybody.

After hours of grueling travel, the shadows began to lengthen. Charles saw Manuel rein in and look down into the barranca, which fell away abruptly on the left, its bare side dotted with cactus and shrub, to treetops several hundred feet below. Then Atanasio shouted, and Manuel dismounted and began to uncoil the rope from his saddle horn. Charles rode up and swung out of the saddle.

"What is it?" he said.

Snagged against a sturdy thornbush which grew at an angle halfway down the steep barranca side was a khaki-colored bundle. Another hundred feet below it, piled up against a rock ledge, its stiffening legs in the air, was the horse. *Zopilotes* circled boldly overhead.

"My God!" said Charles, and took a hasty step forward.

Manuel caught his arm. "Wait for the rope, señor," he said, and Atanasio ran up with his own, which they knotted to Manuel's and made the end fast to Manuel's saddle horn. "*Con permiso, señor*—I go down myself. She is dead," said Manuel sadly, and lowered himself along the rope.

Atanasio followed him. Together, while the *zopilotes* watched, they brought back the broken body of Juanita Donahue and laid it gently across Atanasio's saddle and covered it carefully with his serape.

"The hacienda is just over the next ridge, señor," said Manuel, unfastening his rope and returning Atanasio's. "We will go on, with the señor's permission."

"What about the Señor Doctor?" Once more Charles' eyes searched flinchingly among the treetops at the bottom of the barranca. He felt sick and helpless. "Oughtn't we to look for —another horse?"

"I think the señorita was alone, or she would not have been killed like that. I think we find the Señor Doctor farther along—perhaps at the hacienda."

They rode on again, hurrying now, gaining fast on Atanasio, who was behind, leading his horse.

It was an hour before sunset when they passed through the open gates of the hacienda. Smoke curled sluggishly from the deserted pit head on the hill. There was not a workman or

"Congratulate me, dad! I just signed to play ball with the Yankees."

a soldier in sight. Manuel dismounted silently and Charles followed him toward the *sala*.

The spacious room was all askew, and had been tramped through by many feet. The long refectory table in the dining room was a shambles of broken food and dirty crockery. The kitchen was worse. All empty now.

Charles and Manuel turned back and went methodically through the rest of the rooms. All were empty. The fountain tinkled in the patio. Charles stood beside it, looking very white around the mouth.

"Where next?" he asked Manuel. "There must be cellars. Or shall we go up to the mine?"

They searched the cellars. Then Manuel led the way to the stables, which were empty too. The contents of the two overnight bags had been turned out on the floor, the saddlebags, Rodney's horse, and the mule were gone. Manuel shook his head.

Charles stood looking at the disheveled luggage. Suddenly he stooped and peered at the light inner lining of Rodney's bag, which was daubed with blood. On the floor near by lay a folded handkerchief, also with red stains. Charles stood up. He turned and walked on down the line of empty stalls beyond the heap of luggage—and there, on the floor of the end stall, he saw Rodney, lying very still.

"Got him," said Charles, on his knees in the straw. "All right, son—what have they done to you?" he queried, though Rodney could not hear, and drew away the blood-soaked wad from the wound. "That's bad, isn't it—that's a nasty one—thank heaven you knew enough to lie still and not bleed to death! Manuel, bring my saddlebags! No, we won't move him. Bring some clean towels from the house—sheets, anything—bring some blankets too—put water on to boil—hurry up!"

"*Si, señor.*" Manuel was gone, to return almost instantly with his arms full. He had even brought a pillow from the house. He dumped down his load and went back for the hot water. When he arrived with it, Charles was scribbling a message to Sturgis on the back of an old letter.

"You start back now," he said to Manuel. "Take my horse as well as your own—they can rest each other. Keep going as long as you can see to move. Give this message to Señor Doctor Sturgis—it's all there, I think —stretcher to move him into the house to a bed—antitetanus—best doctor in town to come back with you—and send for the señorita. And you get

me that doctor here before tomorrow night, *sabe?*"

"*Si, señor.*"

"And, Manuel—don't talk! Say nothing of how we found the señorita, so far from the hacienda, nor of the Señor Doctor—here. There was shooting—the señorita was killed, the Señor Doctor has a gunshot wound. That's all you know, *sabe?*"

"*Si, señor.*"

Manuel evaporated into the shadows, and Charles went back to the dreary and frightening task of cleansing the wound and trying to bring Rodney to.

☆ ELIZABETH woke up to Gertrude's hand on her shoulder, and Gertrude's soft voice saying:

"Mr. Blaine is here, Miss Elizabeth. He says you must see him. Mr. Blaine is here—"

"What?" said Elizabeth, blinking. "*Who?* What time is it?" She climbed into a dressing gown and went to the mirror and passed a powder puff over her face and picked up a lipstick. Then suddenly she met her own eyes in the mirror—laid down the lipstick and went quickly out of the room.

Andrew's face as he turned toward her was grave.

"It's Rodney," she said, without a greeting and reached for Andrew's hand. "What's happened?"

"I don't know the details yet. But he has a gunshot wound and the Donahue girl has been killed."

She leaned against him a moment. Then—"Let's sit down to this," she said quietly, and moved toward the davenport, still holding his hand. "How did you hear?"

"There's a paragraph in the morning papers, and I wanted to get to you before you saw it."

"Thank goodness you did. Show me." She held out her hand for the paper.

AMERICAN CASUALTIES IN MEXICO. Mystery surrounds the death of Juanita Donahue, well known traveler and author of several books . . . local disorders in a silver mine once owned by her father. . . . Dr. Monroe sustained a serious gunshot wound which may prove fatal . . . two other members of the party were uninjured. . . . Nothing is known of the circumstances. . . . Dr. Monroe unable to give any account. . . .

"I thought you might want me to telegraph Charles," Andrew was saying.

"I don't know where they were staying. Stanley does. Get Stanley on the phone."

At that instant Elizabeth's telephone rang and it was Stanley. He knew nothing beyond what was in the paper and an AP call he had received as Juanita Donahue's publisher. Andrew wrote down the address which Stanley gave him. Stanley himself was on the point of telegraphing for details.

Andrew wrote out a telegram to Charles, and paused as he was about to telephone it in.

"Do you want to fly down there?" he queried.

"Yes," said Elizabeth. "But how can I? Oh, Lord, I don't mean the show. I'd put the understudy on! But I can't just swoop down and snatch back my husband the minute she's dead! Can I? Besides, it puts Rodney on a spot. He may be nearly out of his mind about her. Where would I come into that? And how would it make him look to the people there if— No, Andrew, I've got to stay here and kick my heels and go crazy!"

"Let's put it to Charles, then, in the telegram."

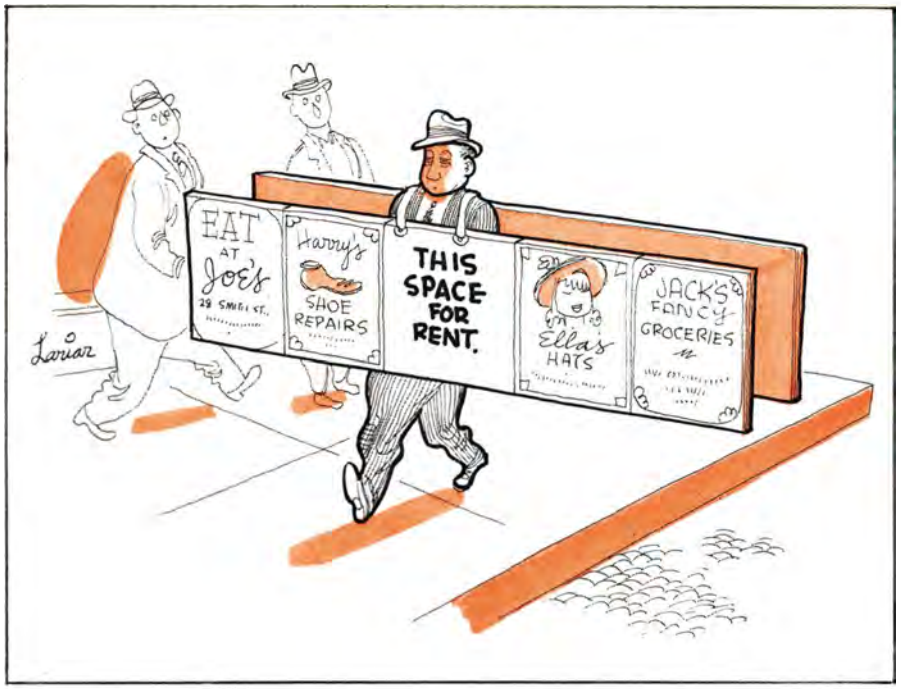
"All right, do that! *'Can Liz fly down?'* Charles will love that!"

Andrew wrote it in and sent the telegram.

☆ STURGIS, nursing the eagles alone and waiting for a courier from the hacienda, opened Andrew's message when it came, and after considerable mental anguish sent off his reply:

CHARLES IN MOUNTAINS WITH RODNEY STOP SHOT IN RIGHT SHOULDER CONDITION GRAVE BUT LOTS OF STAMINA TO FIGHT INFECTION AND LOSS OF BLOOD STOP GOOD DOCTOR FROM MEXICO CITY REACHES RODNEY TOMORROW STOP FURTHER REPORT WITHIN SEVENTY-TWO HOURS STOP TELL LIZ AWAIT ORDERS STOP TWO BIRDS OK STURGIS

"So he got the birds!" said Elizabeth, when Andrew handed it to her.



"Darling Sturgis, to think to put that in!"

It somehow made a difference in the way she felt about things, that he had got the birds.

When the second message came, it was briefer:

RODNEY WILL RECOVER TRANSPORT DIFFICULT DON'T LET LIZ COME STURGIS

"What did I tell you!" she said miserably to Andrew, and went off to the theater.

When days had passed without further news in any form, she wrote to Aunt Virginia, very humbly, at the address she had once called home, asking for news of Rodney. And after some days more had passed, Aunt Virginia replied to say that she had had a rather unsatisfactory letter from Charles at last, and as a consequence knew very little herself—except that Rodney was alive and would not lose his arm, and would be flown home as soon as it was safe to move him. Charles himself still did not know exactly what had happened because Rodney said he could not remember, which was of course nonsense, and only made it more suspicious. And Aunt Virginia promised in the friendliest way to send word again when she had seen Rodney herself.

The show ran on and on and there was no reason now to stop it. But finally the leading man got real fidgets about Hollywood, and a heat wave set in, and the notice went up.

When Elizabeth came back to her dressing room at the end of the last midweek matinee, the doorman handed her a folded note:

"I must see you.

"Ernestine Guerber."

Elizabeth said to bring her in. She wondered if Ernestine hated her and blamed her for smashing up Rodney's life—or if Ernestine had pitied her when she heard about Juanita.

At sight of the timid little figure in mussy brown with the dimple in its smile, she opened welcoming arms.

"Ernestine! How nice of you to come and see me!" she cried, and they kissed.

Mrs. Guerber sat down on the edge of the chaise longue and went straight to the point.

"I come as a traitor," she said in her simple exact English. "I come to betray a trust."

"My goodness!" said Elizabeth, smiling at her.

"They all made me promise not to tell," said Mrs. Guerber with a crafty look. "I promised. Now I tell."

Elizabeth had stopped smiling.

"Rodney—?" she whispered, and Mrs. Guerber nodded.

"He is here. And the birds are safe at the zoo, thriving. So he is satisfied."

Elizabeth sat down weakly beside her on the chaise longue and laid hold of her knotted hands.

"Where is he? You're holding something back. I don't care about the birds. *Tell me about Rodney!*"

"Aha! I knew you still love him!"

"Of course I do! Ernestine, have a heart! You've seen him. What have you come to tell me?"

"He is in the hospital. I have just come from there."

"H-hospital. Then his wound—didn't heal?"

"It healed. There was an infection. That, too, is finished. But—they say he will never use his arm again. It hangs. He cannot lift it. He cannot even bend the elbow."

With a little sound, Elizabeth hid her face against Mrs. Guerber's shoulder.

"Now, now—" Mrs. Guerber patted the tense hands in hers. "Now, now, Lisa—that is not the way to do. But you see now why you have heard nothing. He has made them all swear—he made me swear too when I went in to see him—but I am only a woman; I have no sense of honor. So I come to tell you. He is still a sick man. he does not think straight yet—often the mind stays sick after the body is made well. And so he has a horror that if you know about his maiming you will return to him out of pity—and he does not want that."

Elizabeth raised her head. Their eyes met.

"Will you take me to him?" Elizabeth asked.

"Now, Lisa, wait. It will be difficult. You must be patient with him, you must use discretion, and remember he still thinks crooked."

"But you saw him today! Oh, darling, *tell* me, what did he say to you, how does he look, how ill is he—"

"He sits up in a chair. He looks just the same—a little thinner—but he smiled at me in the old wicked way, and—and"—Mrs. Guerber very nearly simpered—"and he called me *Ernestine!*"

"Well, go on—what else? What was he doing when you got there—reading?"

The light left Mrs. Guerber's face, and she looked away from Elizabeth's eager eyes.

"He was writing—trying to write—with his left hand." Her voice broke. "He tried to hide the paper from me, but I saw—the letters—the poor words—like a child's—" She wept softly into her hands.

Elizabeth stood up.

"You're going to take me to him. *Now!*" A dress went on over her head. She snatched up a hat and jammed it on, stage make-up and all. "Come on, Ernestine, pull yourself together, the car's outside. Where do we go?"

In the car Mrs. Guerber blew her nose and straightened her hat.

"Be sure to tell him I did it," she said with a certain pride. "Else he will kill Charles, all for nothing. If a woman breaks her word it is no matter. God does not expect much from a woman."

Elizabeth sat looking out of the window, praying that she would not start to cry now and ruin her make-up. Mind your mascara, Liz, she was saying to herself with a kind of dizzy firmness. . . .

"What happened—when he was hurt?" she asked at last, to see if her voice was quite steady, and found that it was.

"Ah! We would all like to know that!"

There was silence again in the car while it worked its tedious way uptown through the six-o'clock traffic.

"Then he doesn't—grieve for her?" said Elizabeth, voicing a secret dread that gnawed.

"No, Lisa—no."

"And—is there any pain now?"

"Not since the infection cleared. He is cured."

"Except that his arm won't work."

"He thinks it won't."

"But you s-said—"

"I know. The doctors give up. They have done all they can. He gives up too. That is not like him."

"Well, then, but how—"

"He must care more. He must persist."

"You mean I must make him try to use it—try to write with it—things like that? Ernestine, I'm no good at illness, I don't know anything about it, I— You'll come and talk to him sometimes, and show me what to do?"

"You won't need me."

"But I *will*, Ernestine. Remember at the Casa Paraiso, how you—"

The car stopped in front of the hospital.

Mrs. Guerber guided her into the elevator and down a long shining corridor to where a door stood ajar with a screen across the opening. Not a sound came from within. Mrs. Guerber pointed and stood aside.

"Wish me luck!" Elizabeth whispered, and kissed her swiftly and stepped round the screen.

Rodney sat alone in a big chair by the window in the late light, wearing a dressing gown, with a rug over his knees and a lap board. He was patiently pushing a pencil across a sheet of paper with his left hand.

He looked up and saw her standing just inside the screen. When their eyes met she went to him silently, slipped to her knees beside his chair, and felt his left arm close strongly round her shoulders. The lap board fell down beside the chair, the pencil rolled out across the floor. Silently they held to each other.

At last—

"How on earth did you get here?" he said quietly. "I made Charles swear on a stack of Bibles—"

"It wasn't Charles. It was Ernestine. Rodney, what's the idea of holding out on me like this?"

"For a while I kept hoping somebody would get a brain wave that might solve things. When nobody did, I—quit hoping."

"I hear there's an oil shortage. I hope it's castor oil!"

"Do you mean about your arm?"

"Well, yes. You see—"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Well, you see, it—" He was staring at his right arm, which now lay close around her as she leaned against his knees. "It—*moved!*" he exclaimed.

"Well, sure it moved! What did you expect? You needed both of them, didn't you?" She tried hard to keep her voice steady and casual.

"Liz, I give you my word, it—"

His eyes came back to her face, which was so smiling—so casual. It almost seemed as though he had been dreaming and that there never had been anything wrong with his arm. He looked at it again, and a sort of fear crept into his eyes.

She spoke quickly, before it could lodge there.

"You're going to want that arm from now on," she said. "How are you going to play the accordion for me without it? And you're going to have to play the accordion, or I'll have nothing to sing to, because the show is closing on Saturday."

"I'd like to see it again," he said, but his eyes still rested on the arm that lay against her.

"All right, come on! Positively your last chance to see me from the front row! I've retired. I married a professor, remember?"

Something relaxed in him. She could almost feel it let go, like an overcoiled spring released, though only his eyes changed.

"Now, watch this," he said. "Watch this very closely—"

Slowly, a little uncertainly, but obedient to his will, his right hand slid along her shoulder—paused there—and went on, until his forefinger rested beneath her tilted chin.

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE EDITORIAL IN THIS ISSUE is an unusual one. It was written for Liberty by many people. William Benton Johnston, who put it on paper for us, explains:

"During the past few months I have traveled, without pattern or definite purpose, through thirteen states: Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. I avoided the capitals and principal cities of these states; I shunned politicians and demagogues. I chose the back roads and the byways, and I listened to the talk of the little people; small individually, but large in the aggregate.

"What I have to say is predicated upon what they have said to me: conversations along dirt roads where men came down to their mailboxes and waited for the rural carrier; leisurely talks on wharves where fishing boats came in with the tide; 'cracker-box forums' in country stores. Operators of desert service stations. Mountaineers and cotton planters; cattlemen and sheepmen and coal miners—Negroes and Indians and Mexican-Americans and 'Oakies' following the harvests. People of the villages: the grocer, the banker, and the garageman. Ladies of the Missionary Societies, the Civic Leagues, and the Bridge and Six Hundred Clubs.

"I am astounded that these people's bewilderments are so nearly the same that it is almost as if they had spoken with a single voice.

"You would be surprised at how little they blame others. They are beginning to search introspectively to find out why they themselves have allowed conditions to wander so far from established order and precedent. With happenings swirling above and around them, naturally enough a great part of their talk is framed in questions, these falling into a remarkably tight pattern: a sort of unorganized and unwritten unity of thoughts. Its language is not pretty or soft. It is tough, the language of fighters after the peace is gone. I put it down for you without adding any niceties or taking away any of the things which might well have been left unsaid. I put it down just as I heard it.

"This, then, is The Rising Whisper. It may swell into a tremendous roar."

A LIBERTY BOY IN THE WAR. "The telegram to the wife of Thomas Emmett Maddox," writes O. B. Keeler in the Atlanta Journal, "reported that the tall young sailor 'died valiantly at sea.' The news hit hard in the Journal family, because Emmett sort of started growing up around The Journal. He was all over the office, week after week, selling Liberty Magazine after school hours. In a squeaky little voice, he called it 'Libbity!' . . . He died—in combat and for his country. There's no finer end for the true 'Liberty Boy.'"

THE CHINESE ARE DOING TWO THINGS. They are taking it, and they are dishing it out. They are saying it with guns and with bullets—with men and women and children all working and fighting together for the same thing we are working and fighting for. We all know what they've been through—best described by a four-letter word. The 1942 United China Relief drive is just starting. It is being led by Wendell L. Willkie and Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation. . . . Liberty is for it, "out of sheer admiration for one of the bravest fights in history." Those are Mr. Willkie's words. We would be proud if they were ours.

The Editors

"So *that's* where New Zealand is?!"

THE RISING WHISPER—Continued from Page 9

ing about buying the friendship of other nations. Every individual who has bought the good will of a neighbor, every business man who has bought trade, knows that is kidding ourselves a little, too.

What kind of nation are we, to allow enemy aliens the run of our country, sending them forms to fill out, and asking them to please turn in cameras and weapons? Who gave us the idea of turning spies out on bond? Have we forgotten about concentration camps and firing squads?

Shall we see the men who were responsible for Pearl Harbor pardoned and perhaps pensioned, and raise no voice against it? Shall we put aside the three thousand American lives lost in that tragedy? Shall we put aside valiant MacArthur's gallant men dying beneath Japanese dive bombers because we lost superiority in the air over the Pacific? Shall we charge off the fact that we could not send him reinforcements because the sea lanes were no longer open to us? Forgetting and forgiving is not a part of war, either.

God, give us at least the sense You gave geese; the sense to quit smiling and smirking and dawdling along. Arouse us to strong, plain words and to ruthless anger against our foes, at home and abroad—before it is too late!

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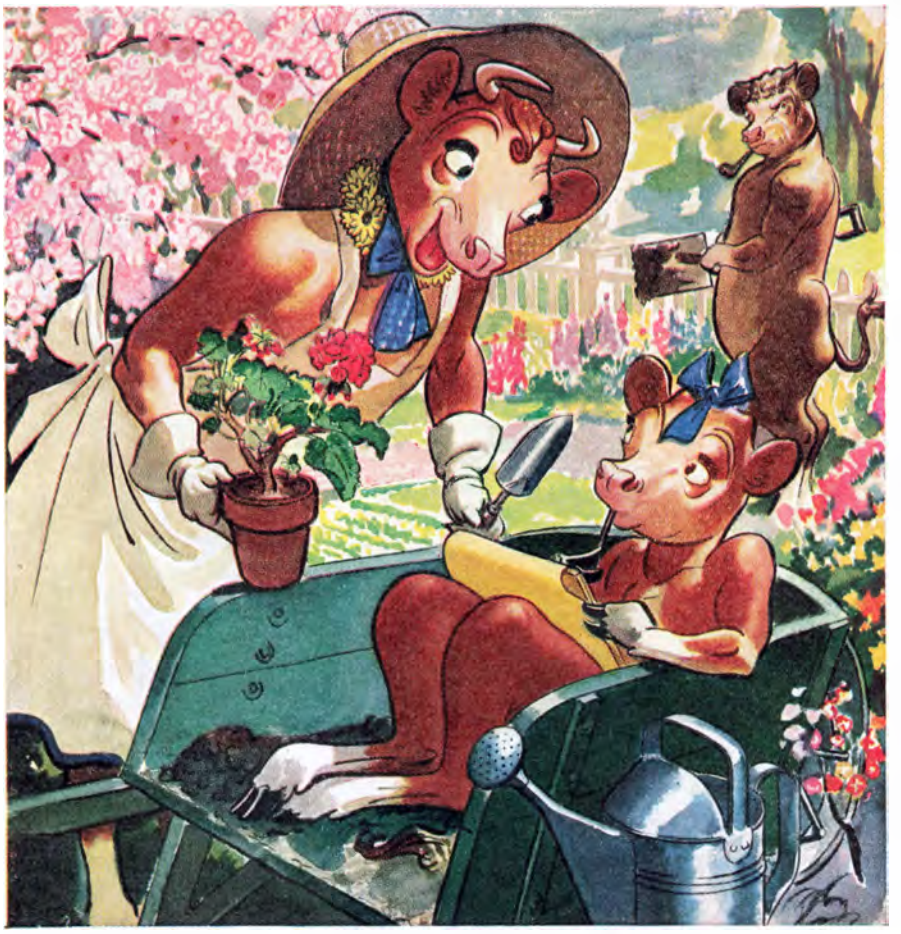

"If that poem's about spring," warned Elsie, "save at least one stanza for ice cream!"

LITTLE BEULAH, struggling with her first attack of poetry, puzzled: "But, mommy—how can I make ice cream fit in? I've got how all Nature wakes up in the Spring . . ."

"One of the most delightful Spring awakenings," pointed out Elsie, the Borden Cow, "is the way that warming weather rouses folks' appetites for ice cream—the ice cream that's extra luscious and wholesome because it's made from milk and cream I produce for Borden . . ."

"How's this?" interrupted Beulah:

"Oh, what is so nice on a day in Spring
As Borden's Ice Cream — *It's just the thing!"*

"Why, darling, that's marvelous," Elsie applauded, "particularly, if you read it sort of fast.

"Of course, ice cream isn't the *only* good thing that's the result of Borden skill and care in making my milk so good. A huge family of delicious foods springs from that original pure *Borden's Milk* of mine."

"Would it be right," asked Beulah, "to call that family the *cream* of society?"

"I should think so," Elsie agreed. "Let's see — has your poem got anything about how the birds come back in the Spring?"

"Sure, mommy," said Beulah proudly. "There, in the second stanza."

"Well, it's just as certain," Elsie replied, "that people will come back again and

again for more of the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"

"I haven't finished this part," Beulah remarked, "about young things growing up and blooming."

"Just remember," said Elsie helpfully, "that lots of young *babies* start to grow up and bloom on *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk.* It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that many doctors approve it.

And it's also the secret of grand cream soups and mashed potatoes."

"Do you think I should mention Spring Fever?" asked Beulah.

"By all means," answered Elsie. "And be sure to point out that one of the best pepper-uppers under the sun is *Borden's Hemo*—the grand new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!"

Beulah was scribbling rapidly. "Something like this, mommy?" she offered:

"With its vitamins and minerals galore,
Each glass of Hemo *tastes like more!"*

"That's perfectly splendid, dear," beamed Elsie. "But don't forget to finish your poem with a nice moral folks will remember."

"I've got it, mommy!" cried the excited little Beulah:

"Ice cream, milk, or other fine food —
If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

* * *

Buy Defense Stamps and Bonds today
(Or, to put it as Beulah would say:)
"Taxes and bonds, bonds and taxes
—That's the way to axe the Axis!"

JOAN BENNETT in her American Women's Voluntary Services uniform

★

Starring in Edw. Small's United Artists Production "Twin Beds"

His Cigarette and Mine

It's CHESTERFIELD

Yours too for a full share of *Mildness Better Taste* and *Cooler Smoking*...that's what you and all other cigarette smokers are looking for... and you get it in Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Make your next pack Chesterfields... regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO

They Satisfy