OCTOBER

REDBOOK

MAGAZINE

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A NEW CLAUDIA STORY
BY
ROSE FRANKEN

AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION MORE THAN 1,300,000

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL
by URSULA PARROTT

•

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

MARGARET AYER BARNES

OCTOBER 1942 SM • REDBOOK MAGAZINE • VOL 79 No 6

Wait! Are you sure you want sugar in your Old Fashioneds?

MAN: Sorry. For a moment I forgot we all have to be sugar-misers now.

US: True enough, but that's only *one* of the reasons we asked that question.

MAN: I don't get it. What's the other reason?

US: Well, lately, more and more of our friends have been telling us that it seems a downright shame to dim the noble flavor of a whiskey as magnificent as today's Four Roses with even a particle of sweetness.

MAN: Say—that certainly makes sense. In fact, when I found what wonderful things had happened to today's Four Roses, I started leaving all the fruit except a twist of lemon peel out of my Old Fashioneds. Man—what a grand and glorious cocktail that makes!

US: Then we think you'll like it even better without sugar.

MAN: O.K. I'll leave out the sugar.

US: But whether or not you decide it's better that way, you'll still have the most princely Old Fashioned a man could ask for—as long as it's made with today's Four Roses!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES**

A Lesson in Geography, But a Magic Carpet to a Child.

Her dreams span the World of Today, And look into the World of Tomorrow.

We see her facing that World— Assured and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

HANG on to your day-dreams, little girl! Here in America your hopeful vision can have its happy fulfillment. For so much is done to give you advantages of health and education—to prepare you to face the world of tomorrow, happy, confident—and smiling!

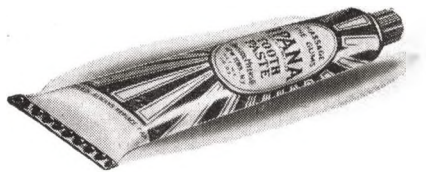
Yes—*smiling!* For even her smile has a bright future. In classrooms* all over our country, children are learning to give their teeth and gums the best of care. They know what many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

Young Americans everywhere could tell you that today's soft foods rob our gums and teeth of the exercise, the stimulation they so often need for health. In school, they learn why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft foods. Like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Whenever you clean your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Gum circulation increases—aiding gums to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help brighten your smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advt.).

★ ★ ★ ★

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The* James Hilton. *The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.

Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—*Leo*

One of the tricks of the trademark

HERE IS YOUR OCTOBER REDBOOK MAGAZINE

Editor, *EDWIN BALMER*
Associate Editors, *DONALD KENNICOTT and VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN*
Picture Editor, *JONEL JORGULESCO* · Format Editor, *S. VAN ZANDT SCHREIBER*
Art Direction by *VAUGHN FLANNERY*

★ *COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL*

★ *NOVELETTE*

★ *SERIALS*

★ *STORIES*

★ *ENCORE*

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★ *FEATURES*

★ *ARTICLES*

★ *DEPARTMENTS*

COVER: *Natural-color Photograph by Ruzzie Green*

The short stories, serials, novel and novelette herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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The Redbook School Directory will be found on pages 114 through 119

HER SECRET CAN BE YOURS. You probably know a girl like this. You see faces light as she enters a room . . . note the admiring glances of men. Sometimes you may wonder what is the secret of her appeal.

She's not a beauty. Nice eyes, filled with warmth and animation. A clear, fresh skin. Hair brushed to brightness—to satin smoothness.

Her suit is simple . . . though you notice that it's neatly pressed and settled snugly on her trim shoulders. A blouse of dazzling white—

You grope for phrases to define her appeal . . . and suddenly her secret comes to you. Of course! It's freshness, complete and all pervading. The *freshness* of her costume. The *freshness* of her person.

You know she'd never be guilty of any small, careless neglect. You know that one of her first concerns must be her breath—a thing that only too many otherwise attractive women foolishly take for granted. *This* girl, you're sure, would no more omit Listerine than she would omit her bath. She knows, as every woman should, that a breath like Spring is one of the first requirements of charm, the first step to Romance. And she also knows how often Listerine Antiseptic can make the breath sweeter and purer.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath). Isn't it foolish to take chances on offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic with its amazing antiseptic effect is such a delightful precaution? Why not get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times before meeting others you would like to have think well of you?

While some cases of bad breath are systemic, most cases, in the opinion of some noted authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors produced by fermentation. Never omit Listerine from your daily toilette. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

News About Redbook

***Both** Blanche Christian and Belline von Waldeck are champions. A great skier, Blanche specializes in collecting silver trophies. As for her very large companion on the cover, it would take a whole column to enumerate the blue ribbons won by her (it is a she).*

Andrew Geer, who will be remembered by our readers as the author of that very fine novelette "Plague Ship," is in Egypt. He is a lieutenant in the American Field Service. A few days ago his agent received from him a letter describing his experiences in the Middle Eastern campaign. We are glad to be able to publish some of the passages of that extraordinarily interesting letter:

"I was unfortunate enough," writes Andrew Geer, "to have been promoted to second in command of this unit, and as a result I've a great deal more work to do than if I were an ambulance driver. I am to have command of my own company shortly. Then I won't even have time to write letters.

"Yesterday. . . . we had, of all things, a rain storm. What a relief after the Khamsin of the days before. God, what misery that wind promotes! It chokes the sky. . . . it stops battles. . . . it makes living a hell. There is an old Arabic proverb that goes: 'If the Khamsin blows for three days in succession, a man has a perfect right to kill his wife—five days, his best friend—seven days, himself.'

"This is my third month in the desert. . . . I've had one day's leave in six months and it looks as though I'm here for the duration, but I don't mind the life too much. I get my quart of water a day, which I must use for washing, drinking and shaving, and to see that my staff car's radiator is filled. I have rigged up a filter whereby I can use my washing water over and over again. . . . I can get two shaves, two sponge baths, and a suit of underwear washed in one quart of water. We get one can of beer a week.

"There is a great thrill, exhilaration in living this sort of life and beating it. There are plenty of laughs. I shall never forget the other day, Jerry came over with about fourteen Stukas and was giving us a party. I was legging it for a slit trench some fifty yards away when a muscle in my right leg (injured in the 1927 Minnesota-Notre Dame football game) let go. I nearly fell on my face. So there I found myself sitting in the middle of the desert with hot stuff dropping all around, and cursing—not Jerry or the bombs, but that football game.

"By now the sands are dry of yesterday's rain, and the Khamsin is lifting from the southwest, and colubrine columns of dust are lifting ugly spirals to the sky. I have a convoy to do, and the roads are not roads, and from the sound of things Jerry is not so very far away."

* * * * *

In our next issue: a complete book-length novel by Ellen Proctor that won the $10,000 prize offered by Redbook Magazine and Dodd, Mead and Company, publishers; the first installment of "This Is My Husband," a serial by Mignon McLaughlin; a new *Violet* story by Whitfield Cook; short stories, articles and special features by Edward L. McKenna, Alice-Leone Moats and George Frazier, Morris Markey, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Edward Havill, Henrietta Ripperger, Albert H. Morehead, Harry Hansen, Deems Taylor, Thornton Delehanty and many others; "The Knock on the Door," a novelette by Mildred P. Hall; and another installment of "City of Women," by Peter Paul O'Mara.

* * * * *

October Fashion Credits

The girl on this month's cover is wearing a blue twin sweater set which comes from Peck and Peck. The reader in "Our Readers Speak" wears a dress from Jay Thorpe. The nightgowns displayed in "City of Women" are by Nat Lewis. The girls appearing in "Intimate Portrait of Changing America" are all wearing Mary Lewis dresses. The dress, suit and hat worn by "A Very Busy Woman" were loaned by Jay Thorpe.

TOMORROW'S EXCITING LITERARY EVENTS ARE IN TODAY'S REDBOOK

Yours free

An outright gift if you join THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now!

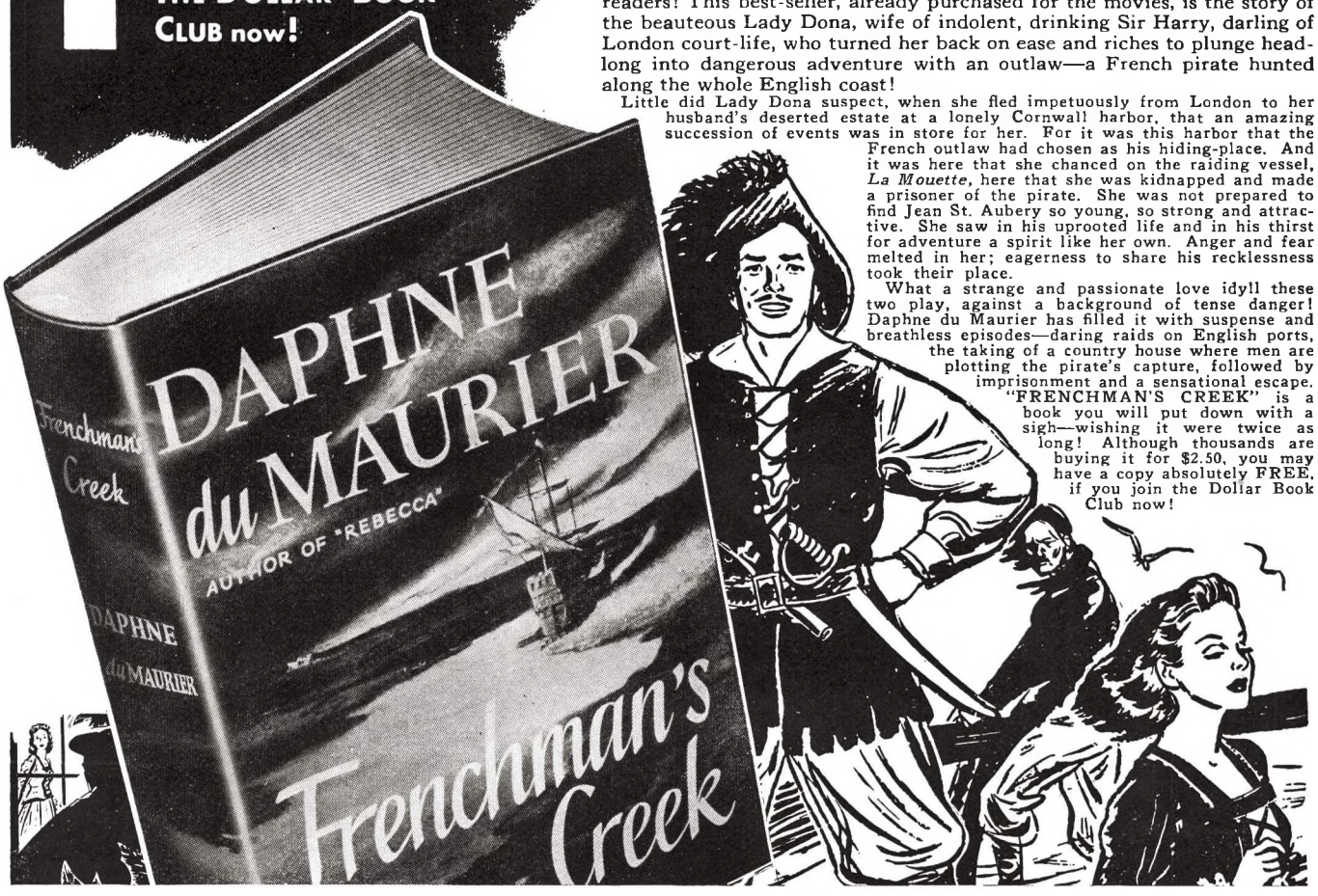
. . . this big action-packed romance of a lady and a pirate—a new best-seller by the author of "REBECCA"

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK" is Daphne du Maurier's first novel since "Rebecca", and has been eagerly awaited by more than half a million readers! This best-seller, already purchased for the movies, is the story of the beauteous Lady Dona, wife of indolent, drinking Sir Harry, darling of London court-life, who turned her back on ease and riches to plunge headlong into dangerous adventure with an outlaw—a French pirate hunted along the whole English coast!

Little did Lady Dona suspect, when she fled impetuously from London to her husband's deserted estate at a lonely Cornwall harbor, that an amazing succession of events was in store for her. For it was this harbor that the French outlaw had chosen as his hiding-place. And it was here that she chanced on the raiding vessel, *La Mouette*, here that she was kidnapped and made a prisoner of the pirate. She was not prepared to find Jean St. Aubery so young, so strong and attractive. She saw in his uprooted life and in his thirst for adventure a spirit like her own. Anger and fear melted in her; eagerness to share his recklessness took their place.

What a strange and passionate love idyll these two play, against a background of tense danger! Daphne du Maurier has filled it with suspense and breathless episodes—daring raids on English ports, the taking of a country house where men are plotting the pirate's capture, followed by imprisonment and a sensational escape.

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK" is a book you will put down with a sigh—wishing it were twice as long! Although thousands are buying it for $2.50, you may have a copy absolutely FREE, if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



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—and it brings you amazing bargains like this

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

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

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Here is how we obtain these outstanding books at an exceptional bargain for subscribers: About three months after the new books of fiction and non-fiction are published we can see what books are becoming the most popular throughout the country. From this list we choose the books which we consider worthy and most likely to continue in demand. These books are then contracted for in special handsomely bound cloth editions exclusively for our subscribers. We print from the publisher's plates and save money by manufacturing one large edition. That is why our subscribers pay only $1.00 for these important successes while the public is paying from $2.50 to $4.00 at retail for the publisher's edition.

130,000 discriminating readers are enthusiastic supporters of the Dollar Book Club. This huge membership enables the Club to offer book values unequaled by any other method of book buying.

Start Enjoying Membership at Once

Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent a FREE copy of "Frenchman's Creek." With this book will come the current issue of the free monthly magazine called "The Bulletin," which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. This Bulletin describes the next month's selection and reviews about thirty other books (in the original publisher's editions selling at retail for $2.00 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading the description of next month's selection, you do not wish to purchase the book for $1.00, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the book will not be sent you. You may request an alternate selection if it is desired.

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When you see "Frenchman's Creek" and consider that this free book is typical of the values you will receive for only $1.00, you will realize the value of free membership in this popular club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now.

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Publishers,
Dept. 10 R.B., Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once, FREE, Daphne du Maurier's new novel, "Frenchman's Creek." With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains, which are sold for $1.00 each to members only. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the Special Club price of $1 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

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REDBOOK'S

PICTURES OF THE MONTH

selected by

THORNTON DELEHANTY

A SILVER CUP CANDIDATE

"TALES of MANHATTAN"

Charles Boyer and Rita Hayworth do not enjoy their talk with Thomas Mitchell.

Charles Laughton, wearing a tail coat that is three sizes too small, conducts an orchestra.

THAT "Tales of Manhattan" could not fail to land itself in any month of any year as a candidate for the Silver Cup, is evident from whichever way you look at it.

The picture does not come under any of the ordinary classifications of comedy, drama, farce, tragi-comedy, farcical drama and so forth. It glibly defies these pigeonholes, and it is equally unorthodox in its Olympian disdain for the rules by which pictures are supposed to be written, cast and produced.

It has more stars than you could comfortably fit into the Grand Central Station; its writing credits include such brilliant names as Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Ladislas Fodor and Lamar Trotti; its producers had no previous experience as a picture-making team, and its principal character is not a human being but a piece of cloth with buttons on it and a bullet-hole through the middle.

Ginger Rogers is in it, and so is Charles Boyer, also Edward G. Robinson, Rita Hayworth, Roland Young, Henry Fonda, Cesar Romero, Charles Laughton, Victor Mature, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters and many more. You should find your favorite among these, just as among the episodes you should find the kind of entertainment that belongs in your alley.

The story back of it is almost as fascinating as the story itself. In 1939 a gentleman arrived in Hollywood hoping to get into the picture business. It was his second visit in a little more than ten years, and in between times he had produced pictures abroad and helped make them in this country. He was a man of enthusiasm, ideas and enterprise.

One day he was discussing story ideas with a group of film writers. They were casting about for something unusual, something to fit Eagle's theory that the way to make a big splash with a picture would be to cook up a story which could legitimately employ a great number of stars. *(Please turn to page 84)*

The tail coat in which Boyer was shot and Laughton debuted, passes on to Edward G. Robinson.

And now it becomes the turn of Paul Robeson, "Rochester" and Ethel Waters to inherit the coat.

Henry Fonda prevaricates like a gentleman to Ginger Rogers to save Cesar Romero's face.

To give you new glamour, more allure
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!

So romantic—*this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!*

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

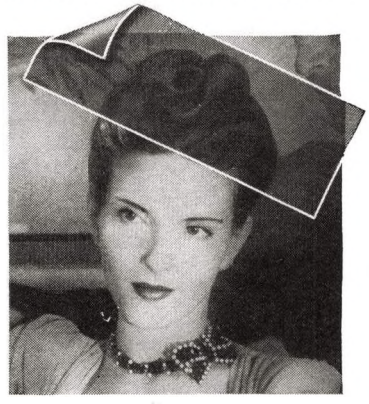
So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



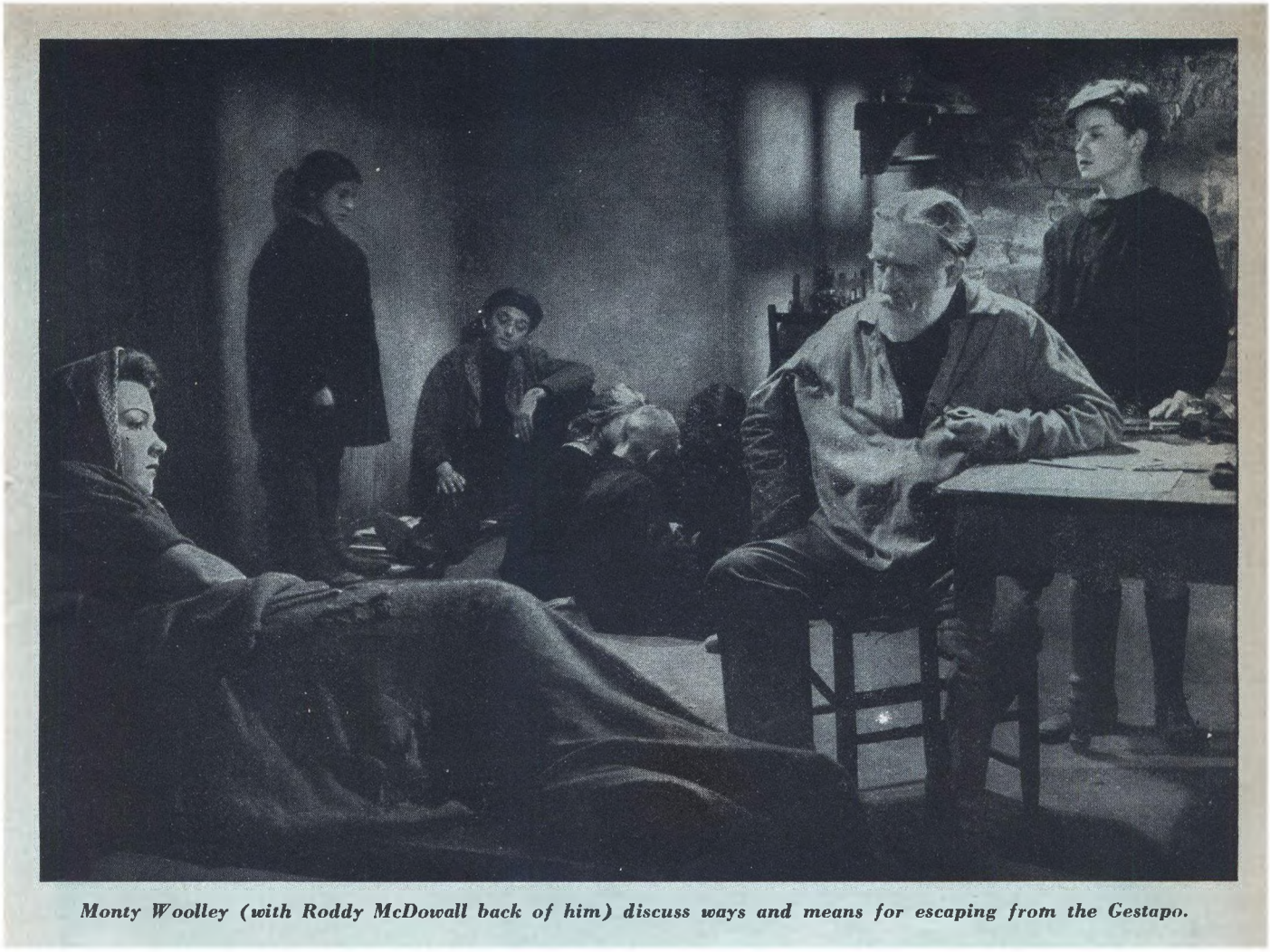
Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

● Ride America's favor winner—a favorite wherever fine beer is served—and first choice in the homes of America. In regular or new quart size bottles . . . and on draft at better places.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer



Monty Woolley (with Roddy McDowall back of him) discuss ways and means for escaping from the Gestapo.

IN these days when Hollywood is badgered on the one hand by cries for propaganda films, and harried on the other by demands for pure entertainment, when

REDBOOK'S

PICTURE-OF-THE-MONTH

selected by

THORNTON DELEHANTY

The PIED PIPER

a producer would willingly give his right arm for stories to foster public morale and at the same time provide an escape from reality, a picture which contrives this twofold function is something to shout about.

Such a picture was "Mrs. Miniver;" such a one is "The Pied Piper." It is easy to mention them in the same breath because they derive from the same atmosphere, an atmosphere of gentleness and great bravery, of simplicity and inviolable strength. Each has something uniquely important to say, something that must be said if the picture business is to prove itself worthy of these times.

This is not to suggest that "The Pied Piper" is one of those "message stories," that it comes to you with a pompous chest and a pair of spectacles on its nose. It is very good entertainment; with all its tenderness and pathos, its inner tragedy and suspense, there runs through it an undercurrent of comedy which, in another setting, would be bubbling irrepressibly on the surface.

In his adaption of Nevil Shute's story, Nunnally Johnson has made the main character slightly different in type. The elderly Englishman on whom is thrust the terrifying ordeal of escorting an assortment of refugee children across stricken France has been changed from a softly paternal being to one of a mild but testy belligerence.

This change, to my mind, is all to the good. *Mr. Howard* does not hate children, but you feel he is definitely ill at ease in their presence. Although he is the father of grown children, he has lost contact with the juvenile world. The most disconcerting thing that could happen to him, you imagine, would be for him to have a group of strange brats dumped suddenly into his lap.

This of course, is what does happen. *Mr. Howard* is on a fishing trip in southern France when the news of Dunkerque reaches him. He decides at once to return to England. At the same inn where he is stopping are an English couple. They cannot return home; their duty lies elsewhere. In desperation they ask this English gentleman if he will take the little boy and girl back with him.

Howard's immediate reaction is one of frozen horror. Only the day before, he and the boy *Ronnie* were unpleasantly involved over a dispute as to whether Rochester in America was a State or a city. Mr. Howard, in answer to a question from *Ronnie's* young sister *Sheila,* had assured her (with the over-assurance of uncertainty) that Rochester was, like California, like Texas, like Florida, a State. *Ronnie,* whose politeness had only made him more maddening, maintained that Rochester was a city, an industrial city, moreover, in the State of New York.

The prospect of a journey in company with such underlings is understandably a dread one. But there is a side of *Howard's* nature which is to reveal itself under the adversities and minor disasters lying in the strange journey ahead.

This journey turns out to be a kind of Pilgrim's Progress for him. It is not until he has encountered almost every known trial that he finds freedom. The train on which he hopefully embarks for a Channel *(Please turn to page 83)*

Without Love

KATHARINE HEPBURN the actress, and Philip Barry the playwright seem to have managed to do it again. The team responsible for the spectacular success of "The Philadelphia Story" is about to hit Broadway with their newest production—a comedy called "Without Love." Paradoxically enough, New York will be about the last large city cast of the Mississippi to see "Without Love." For several months last spring it played to SRO houses in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and elsewhere. The Theater Guild, which sponsors the production, felt that it would be better for all parties concerned to make New York and Broadway wait.

THE scene of "Without Love" is laid in Washington, in the pre-Pearl Harbor days. At least that's how it was last spring. Should Philip Barry decide to make some last-minute revisions and bring the play up to date, it will be his business, not ours.

Elliott Nugent, who plays the male lead opposite Miss Hepburn in "Without Love," is an old Ohio State boy who did exceedingly well in New York and in Hollywood. In collaboration with James Thurber he wrote "The Male Animal," a rolling farce that provided many a laugh for the audiences both as a play and, later on, as a picture.

Miss Hepburn's personality is well known to the theater- and movie-going Americans. Ten years have passed since the day she first achieved prominence as a young Amazon in "The Warrior's Husband." And it's rather interesting that her return to Broadway in "Without Love" should coincide with the reincarnation of "The Warrior's Husband," as a big musical show by Rodgers and Hart.

The list of Miss Hepburn's successes in the past ten years includes such pictures as "Morning Glory," "Bringing Up Baby," "Little Women," "The Philadelphia Story" and "Woman of the Year;" and such plays as "Jane Eyre" (a play which was tremendously successful on the road), and "The Philadelphia Story." Both Hollywood and Broadway know Miss Hepburn as a woman who is extremely allergic to sob sisters, formal clothes and candid-camera men.

This is the Army

Presenting the greatest hit of the year: a show conceived, written, produced and acted by former and present members of the U. S. armed forces; with sergeants, corporals and privates substituting for ingénues and show girls.

PHOTOS BY VANDAMM

Irving Berlin, who wrote the lyrics and music of "This Is the Army," puts his performers through a strenuous rehearsal.

The glamour girl in the center knows all about such unglamorous things as peeling potatoes, riding on a truck and manning a machine-gun.

The "lady" on the left confesses off the record that the Army routine was life à la carte compared to what she has to do every night now.

In its first week on Broadway "This Is the Army" grossed forty-five thousand dollars, about the biggest gross achieved in recent years by any show. Irving Berlin, who used to be a sergeant in 1917 and who wrote then a show called "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," is entirely responsible for the success of this all-male extravaganza. He went to infinite pains in assembling the members of the cast, who came from all over the country and who were loaned to him by the Army. He wrote the music and the lyrics and saw to it that every cent of profit, including the sale of the motion-picture rights (for which Warner Brothers paid $250,000), would go to the Army Relief.

As may be expected from a man of his experience, "This Is the Army" stands on its merits. It is a smash hit not only because everybody is naturally anxious to contribute to Army Relief, but because it is a fast-moving, expertly played and tremendously amusing show. Corporal Ezra Stone, who is known to the radio audience as *Henry Aldrich,* helped Mr. Berlin with the staging and with the dance routines.

Our Readers Speak

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL D'OME

EACH month we will publish not less than ten letters from our readers, and will pay ten dollars for each one published. Address all letters to Editor of Letters, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Keep letters within one hundred words. No letters will be returned, and all of them will become the property of McCall Corporation.

Believe It or Not, these Two Letters Came in the Same Mail

If I lived on Long Island, I wouldn't joke about dying in its defense as Cornelia Otis Skinner did in "The Defense of Long Island." I'd certainly find something to do besides writing such obviously flippant fluff as this article.

How would Miss Skinner like to find a Jerry or a Jap peering along a pistol-barrel at her some morning through her Venetian blinds?

I'm disappointed that REDBOOK allowed Miss Skinner to spoil one of its most delightful features—"Encore of the Month."

R. J. B.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Glory hallelujah! Thank fortune and REDBOOK for reprinting Cornelia Otis Skinner's sketch "The Defense of Long Island."

In this day of screaming war-filled headlines, blaring radio war-commentators, it is a joy to read refreshing humor!

We are wearied with war stories, war poems, war articles in a fever of sentimental patriotism or patriotic sentimentalism. Even the best writers give us the same dose over and over again.

I'm as American-minded as any, but like my patriotism straight.

It was a distinct relief to find Miss Skinner treating the whole thing with humor's light touch, doing much spirit-lifting but no damage.

L. C. H.,
Royal Oak, Michigan.

And Now Two Others Disagree

Assuming Edward Streeter is single—may someone undertake giving him a dose of arsenic! Of all the nasty and malicious slams handed out to women by the opposite sex, his "Do You Want to Hold Your Wife" really takes the cake. Was the man ever disillusioned, or is he just naturally hard to get along with?

B. S.,
Washington, D. C.

Thank you for that dose of Edward Streeter, in the July REDBOOK. It was just what the doctor ordered for these times.

We all know the women described in "Do You Want to Hold Your Wife," but only a master of subtle humor could put them on paper for us all to enjoy.

John G. Mackenzie,
Toronto, Ont.

Now for a Little Agreement

Ah, *Violet*, dear *Violet*, you've turned
our thoughts away,
From Marshall Timoshenko and the
Road to Mandalay,
For a blissful half an hour we forget
the world's great row,
As we settle down to find out just
what *Violet's* doing now.

"Canuck,"
Peterborough, Canada.

My wife's cousin, a big, strapping section foreman, found things very dull during the first *(Please turn to page 84)*

THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story..

BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE THEIR *LOVES!*

To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it *lived!* See it the moment it opens in your city!

BARBARA
STANWYCK
as FIONA...She couldn't live down her reputation—so she lived up to it!

GEORGE BRENT
as CHARLES... Tricked into a marriage he couldn't forget!

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
as EVELYN, who lived as she pleased 'til a kiss changed everything!

with
DONALD CRISP · NANCY COLEMAN · GENE LOCKHART
Larry Simms · Donald Woods · Directed by IRVING RAPPER

and introducing
GIG YOUNG
who had everything except the woman he wanted.

The Story of the Startling Loves of
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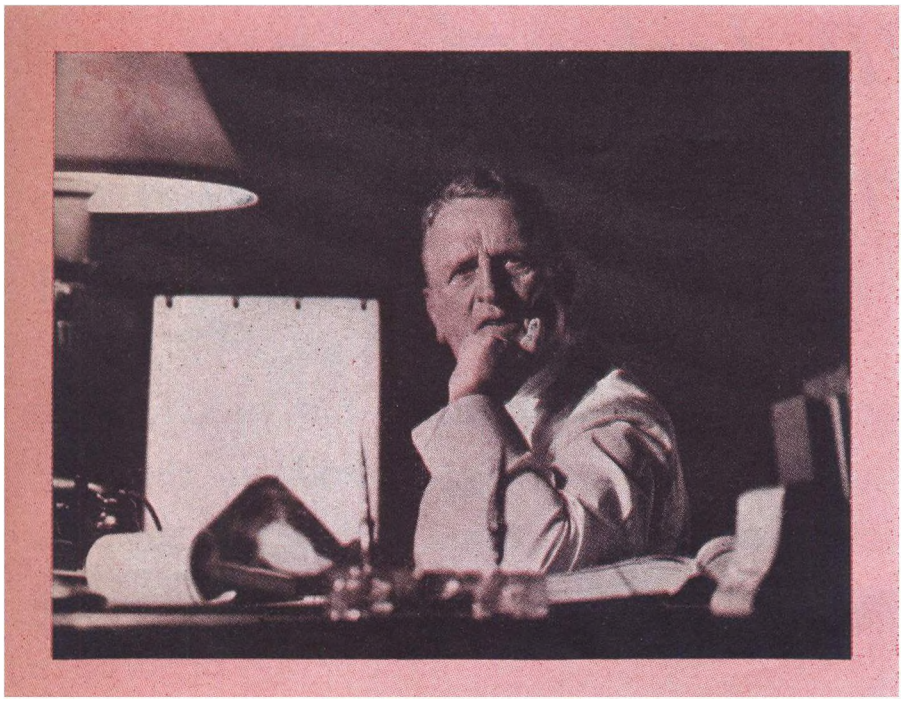
have turned another great novel into another great screen event!

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • Based Upon the Novel by Stephen Longstreet • Music by Max Steiner • **REMEMBER YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

What's on YOUR mind?



Two Brothers—One a Soldier, One a Conscientious Objector

How would you like to have a Conscientious Objector for a brother? Especially if you were a soldier!

Well, I am a soldier in the United States Army, stationed *at the present*, in Hawaii. My brother is in a work-camp for C.O.'s in North Carolina. I joined the Army in the spring of 1941, a volunteer. He was sent to the work-camp a few months later.

Before we entered the war, I was convinced that when we both returned home, he would be looked upon as just an odd sort of guy—an enigma, because all his habits and hobbies are strictly rational.

But since Pearl Harbor, his situation has become a delicate one. I suppose, after the war, he'll be looked down upon, scorned by casual acquaintances, and maybe even shunned by old cronies. Of course, he realized all this before he registered as a C.O. But I can't help but wonder how he will be treated when he goes home.

Oh, sometimes I am asked by a fellow-soldier: "How's your brother making out?" Should I be embarrassed? I'm not!

The Constitution of our country upholds freedom of speech and religion. By exercising both of these prerogatives, he was able to prove to his Draft Board that he was sincere and "conscientious" in his "objections."

So when someone puts me on the grill about him, I just shrug and say: "Well, it's a free country, isn't it?"

If you want to get technical, it is for guys like my brother that guys like me are scattered all over the world. We are protecting the odd fellow, who, when everyone else says yes, says no. That's what makes our country so swell—a guy can disagree with the Big Boy and not be thrown into a concentration-camp.

If I, personally, didn't want to help *keep* our country free, I'd probably object to fighting myself!

So, my brother is my personal Morale Officer, although six thousand miles away.

A Private in the U. S. Army

"My Husband's Dinner Pail."

What's on my mind?

My husband's dinner-pail, symbol of a way of living.

I had just washed it and put it in its usual spot beside the kitchen sink, as I had done countless times before, when I noticed it. Maybe it was because the house was so still—the boys were out playing, and the bucket's owner was somewhere doing the funny things men do when they want to avoid doing something about the house; but all at once that battered, almost paintless piece of tin was more than just a lunchbox. It was a symbol for a way of life, my life, the American way of life.

It meant security. It meant security for me in my home, and for millions of other women in their homes. It gave mute guarantee that this pleasant way of living would go on. So long as that battered pail goes forth into the world, for that long will I enjoy enough of everything that makes life worth living.

But this security is not for me alone; it extends to my children. That battered dinner-pail is their guarantee of good food to make them strong, and of their right to an education, to freedom.

I do not understand things deeply; but for one fleeting moment I glimpse something bigger than my selfish life. I see that bucket going into mills, onto railroads, into mines, going anywhere its owner cares to take it. Eager hands, free hands, on good days and bad, working at jobs of their own choice. The American way of life—too big for my kitchen-trained mind to try and explain.

And now—war. Millions of eager hands setting down their buckets and picking up guns, millions willing to die for the right of a free man to live free. And more millions grabbing up dinner-pails, hands that grasp the handles unfamiliarly—women going out to do men's work.

That battered bucket is more dangerous to Hitler than a loaded gun, because it symbolizes a way of life, a will to win, and the means to victory.

Tomorrow, when I clean it again, I will give it an extra shine. I'm proud of my husband's dinner-pail, and glad it is on my mind.

Pennsylvania

A Winter on Kiska Island

In 1934, as a bride, I went to Kiska, second outpost of the American continent to fall to the Japanese. With two other white people and six native trappers, my husband and I spent the winter, completely isolated from the world except for a radio receiving set.

My friends had said: "You'll never stand it. Like most American women, your life has been too soft."

But I liked it.

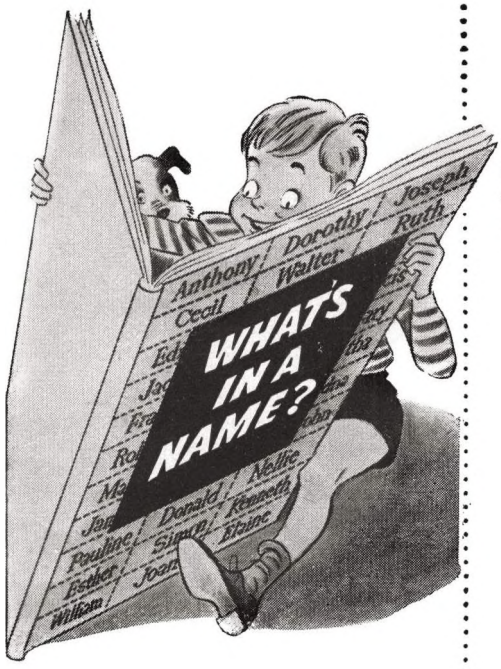
Our cabin sat all by itself on the floor of a wide valley where wind rippled eternally through heavy grasses. A huge range of rugged mountains closed in our valley, and on rare clear days the snow-covered cone of a volcano showed over its north wall. We climbed down a steep bank to a beach where the sea rushed in to make ever-changing patterns on the sands.

We lived in a world awesomely magnificent, because it was unaltered by man.

Life was simple and peaceful on Kiska. We ate and slept and spent long hours trapping blue foxes. As money was never seen, it lost sordid meaning for us. Our dependence on each other for pleasure and companionship made us resourceful, brought out the best in us.

But life *(Please turn to page 88)*

• On this page we publish short contributions from our readers, dealing with personal problems affecting many of us in these perplexing days—simple statements of what's on your mind. We pay one hundred dollars for each contribution which is accepted. All contributions become the property of the McCall Corporation, and none can be returned. Address: What's on Your Mind, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.



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means "a nurse"

PHILIP
means "lover of horses"

BERTHA
means "bright, famous"

DOUGLAS
means "dark, swarthy"

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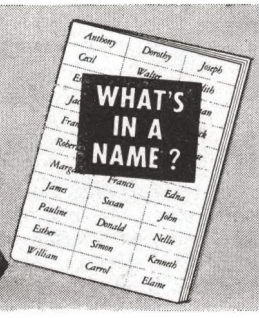

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Another Claudia Story

Like the

by
ROSE FRANKEN

It was hard to go ahead and live just as if David weren't about to go away. It was hard to look forward to having a baby that he would not even see. It was the same with everything. The new green leaves on the trees hurt with their beauty, because he would not be there when they turned red and gold.

She didn't tell him how she felt, of course. She pretended to be having a wonderful time building the new wing, and the new nursery. She even pretended to be excited when he filled the kitchen full of electrical gadgets, although her heart sank, and so did Jane's. "It'll save labor," he told them. They agreed that it would; but behind his back, they washed the dishes by hand and loved it.

To Claudia, it was a new experience to live so fully each day, that if there were never to be another day, one would have had a fill of happiness. It was a new experience to look at someone you loved as if it were the last time you would ever see him.

David was doing the same thing. He didn't say so, but she could tell it by the way he kissed her, and the way he played with the dogs, and spoke to Bobby and Matthew. Nothing soft or tender—merely an awareness of being, that made each moment of living so sharply rich that sometimes she felt as if they had discovered the true secret of happiness and completion. It must be sad to die, she thought, and know that one had not loved enough, or suffered enough, or felt enough.

Each morning that she kissed David good-by, each evening that she met him at the station, was like a special grant from heaven. At night, before she fell asleep, she gave a little prayer of thanks for the red tape that was holding up his commission. It was all ready to go through, and almost any day he would come home and tell her that he had received his rank, and perhaps his destination too. And each night she prayed: "Oh, God, don't let it be Africa, or Egypt or China—"

In the meantime, David worked like mad to get the farm in running order. Everybody was having trouble with help; Nancy Riddale's gardener, whom she'd had for seven years, asked for an enormous raise in salary, which she gave him—and then he left! But Edward did the work of three men instead of one, and sold fifty quarts of milk a day, and twelve dozen eggs a week. David said the place needed a cash crop.

Everyone thought he was crazy. Julia talked to Claudia about it in private. "Why don't you make him give up the farm now? Why do you want to run it alone? Edward might break a leg, and then where are you? Cows to milk, water-pipes that get frozen, fuses to blow out—"

"I'm going to learn to attend to all those things, just in case," Claudia firmly replied. In the secret depths of her heart, she agreed with Julia. It would be far less responsibility and expense to take a little apartment somewhere; but she knew that David had a strange conviction that if he left her at the farm, he was leaving her in tender hands. "Be good to the land," he told her, "and the land will be good to you." Besides, he said that the war would not last forever, and if people gave up a way of life, there would be nothing to come back to. "Unless you'd rather?" he asked her searchingly. "Tell me, truthfully. Would you be happier if we gave up the farm?"

"I'd be terribly unhappy," she said, because she knew that it was the answer he wanted to hear.

Edward taught her to run the milking-machine, and she learned how to change the fuses if the lights were to go out in a storm. "Pooh," she said, "is that all there is to it?" She wanted to run the tractor too, but David drew the line at that. "Not until after the baby comes," he said.

But he taught her about the mysteries of the soil, how to rotate crops, and when the earth needed replenishment. "You can't keep taking off; you have to put back," he said. For the first time she realized why the stock and the land were one. She began to know the great and deep satisfaction of a field of emerald-green alfalfa. She began to worry whether it would be a good hay year.

She took hold for David's sake; but gradually she found herself doing it for her own sake. It was work to do, and she did it. Sometimes she felt that she wasn't doing anything at all, because it was so simple to do the thing at hand. Other women in the town went to meetings about this and that, and Nancy Riddale stayed in New York to take poison gas and bombs once a week. Julia, how-

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Sun

ever, was beyond Red Cross. She was the head of something with a lot of initials, and spent most of her time in Washington.

"I'm just a total loss," Claudia bemoaned.

"For a total loss," said David, looking at her in a very special way, "you're doing fine." As a matter of fact, he often thought that she was doing too much, and so did Jane. "Up and down stepladders the whole livelong afternoon," she reported sternly to David one evening, "hanging the curtains in the nursery."

"I'll break your neck," said David. "Half of that baby's mine. . . . When's the last time you went into town to the doctor?"

"I'm supposed to go this week," she admitted.

"Make it tomorrow," he said; "and you can meet me for the final fitting of my uniform."

She forced herself to smile. "Oh, I'd adore to," she told him, although her heart became sick within her. She knew that the red tape was slowly unwinding to an end. Almost any day now, his commission would come through.

She washed her hair before she went to bed, because her nails were a mess from weeding. She tried on her tweed suit, too.

"How do I look?" she demanded proudly.

"Beautiful," said David. "I like your hair when it's just washed."

"Not my hair, stupid!"

"Oh," he said. "Turn around."

She turned around. He didn't say anything. "Well?" she prodded him impatiently. "Could you tell?"

"Tell what?" he asked irritatingly.

"Don't be silly," she said.

"Oh, *that!*" he cried. "No, I couldn't tell a thing. Are you really sure you are?"

He was like one of their wild ducks preening his feathers before his mate. Claudia could scarcely see for the mist that blinded her eyes. Fortunately he didn't notice. "What do you think, darling?" he asked. "I think it's perfect," said Claudia.

"Please be serious. Don't you think I'm wonderful?"

He pulled her to him, and kissed her. "Yes, darling, I think you're wonderful," he told her.

Bobby came in. "You're always kissing," he mentioned sourly.

"Don't you like it?" David queried curtly.

"It's sissy," said Bobby, with equal curtness.

"That, my son," said David, "is where you're wrong." He sniffed. "You smell."

"I ate an onion," said Bobby.

"Yes, I forgot to tell you," said Claudia. "It's something he took up lately, eating raw onions. A boy in his class does it."

"Jane says it's good for the blood," Bobby defended.

"What blood?" asked David.

Bobby changed the subject by turning to Claudia. "Where're you going?"

"No place. But you're going to bed. Come on. Kiss. Good night."

He presented his cheek by the infinitesimal extension of his neck muscles.

"Don't hurt yourself," said Claudia. She caught him by the nose and kissed him roundly.

"Quit it!" said Bobby, full of manhood. "Why are you dressed up to go out?"

"Oh," said Claudia. "That. I just wanted to see how I looked." She cleared her throat nonchalantly. "How do you think I look? Do you notice anything?"

Bobby observed her critically. "Yes," he said. "It's a new suit."

"New shape," David corrected, *sotto-voce*.

Jane came in. "So that's where you are, young man. Into bed with you!"

"Wait a minute, Jane. How do I look?" Claudia asked her.

Jane blushed. She was of the opinion that babies should be heard but not seen.

"I think that you look quite tired," she said. "I think I'll fix you a cup of hot tea after you're in bed."

"You do that," said David gratefully. "And when I'm not here, see that she takes care of herself."

Bobby was all ears. "When are you going, Dad?" he asked eagerly.

"You know as much about it as I do," said David.

"Come along, Bobby," said Jane quickly. She couldn't bear the war. She couldn't bear to think of David leaving. Claudia suddenly couldn't bear it either. She hurried into the closet to take off her suit, and hang it away. "Oh, God," she whispered, "please—"

CLAUDIA caught the one-thirty express from Bridgeport the following day. It was several miles farther than the local station, but Edward had to go there anyway to pick up some parts for the manure-spreader. "I might as well save gas and tires and take the children along for shoes," said Jane, so they all piled into the station wagon, and looked like immigrants. At the last minute, Bluff and Bluster jumped in too, and at once the car took on an air of decayed gentry. "There's nothing like a brace of Great Danes for general atmosphere," thought Claudia.

"Phew," said Jane.

"You'll get used to it," said Claudia.

Shakespeare appeared from his usual vicinity of nowhere. He began a busy schottische after a leaf, but his amber eyes were full of sour grapes.

"Take him along," Matthew ordered imperiously.

Jane would have cheerfully cut off her right hand at Matthew's behest, but she drew the line at going shopping with a cat. "Mind your feet on Jane's nice clean skirt," said she, avoiding the issue.

Matthew did not mind his feet; Bobby asserted his authority. "You're a spoiled brat!"

"No such thing," cried Jane, with incomprehensible loyalty.

"He is too."

"I'm not!" Matthew bellowed.

"You're always kissing," Bobby mentioned sourly. "Don't you like it?" David queried curtly. "It's sissy," said Bobby, with equal curtness.

"Children, please!" Claudia restrained them. Matthew was growing up, she thought. Any day now, he and Bobby would begin to be brothers in earnest, and the house would be full of noise and fighting. It would be rather wonderful to have a little girl, for a change. Not quite as tempestuous, perhaps, but comforting, and somehow lady-like. She thought, as she saw all the heads bobbing behind her: "This is the way it's going to be, without David." There was a dull, heavy ache in her heart. She could smile and talk and even laugh above it, but it was always there. It was the aching of war, and a woman had to learn to live with it, and rise above it, or else not live at all.

"What kind of emblem is Dad going to have on his uniform?" Bobby inquired suddenly. He too was thinking of the war, but he was pleased and excited about it, for he had not yet tasted the emptiness of a household without a father. "I know," he answered himself, "a silver bar."

"I thought that was a second lieutenant," said Edward.

Bobby hooted at his ignorance. "That's a gold bar; a second lieutenant's only a gold bar!"

"And a captain," Claudia intoned softly, "is two silver bars, and a major is a gold oak-leaf—" Strange new lessons that she was learning these days. Six months ago, she would not have known the difference between a private and a general. Now she knew. Six months ago Tobruk, Darwin and Chungking had been remote geography. Now they were a part of her own front yard.

Sometimes David was surprised because she knew exactly where everything was, in the line of seas and straits and oceans and continents and even islands and States. "I didn't know you had it in you," he marveled.

"It's not brightness," she confessed. "It's just that I want to know ahead of time all the places where you might be sent."

"Shame on you!" he chided. "Can't you manage a little larger view of the war? What's one life, anyway?"

"One life is all lives," she said.

"You might have something there," he answered soberly.

For the first time Claudia realized why the stock and the land were one. . . . It was work to do, and she did it.

She was conscious that they had reached the station square and Jane was talking to her. "Whilst we're here in Bridgeport, how about having Matthew's hair cut off?"

"Oh, dear, I hate to," said Claudia. If Matthew's golden curls were shaven off, his ears would come out, and he'd be grown-up. David would like that, though. It would make him feel easier about going away. "Off with his hair," she decided briskly, quoting "Alice in Wonderland" like the intelligentsia, "One baby in the house'll be enough, I guess."

Jane quickly knocked on wood. "Being it's the seventh month now, you could sort of see what the shops have in the way of perambulators, if you have the time," she suggested.

"I think," said Claudia hopefully, as she also knocked on wood, "we'll get a perambulator from Aunt Julia for a present. But I'll look around, anyway."

"Don't do it if you're tired; be sure you don't get tired," Jane cautioned.

Claudia scoffed at fatigue. "I'm a horse," she said. "I'm never tired."

Oddly enough, she was tired by the time she reached New York. Sitting still in a train, and yet she was tired. It was probably because she didn't have anything to do but think. It was probably because she kept looking over the shoulder of the man who sat next to her, trying to read his newspaper. There was trouble starting in the Coral Sea. . . . Another great convoy of American troops had landed in Northern Ireland. . . . Soon David would be in a great convoy of American troops. . . .

It was hot and sultry in New York. No sooner did she step out on Forty-second street than she had the horrid feeling of two feet in one shoe. The Fifth Avenue bus seemed far. She hailed a taxi.

It wasn't a very long drive uptown. She held a fifty-cent piece in readiness, including tip. She bet with herself that it would be just right, and it was. The taxi drew to a stop before Dr. Rowfield's office. Then *click*—the meter dropped an extra nickel. "Very good for my soul," Claudia decided, wincing a little.

Just the same, it was a nuisance. She had to dig into her purse for an additional five cents, and she could find nothing smaller than a quarter. She knew a moment of exceeding conflict. David always said that women were congenital dime-tippers. Well, she would show him that it wasn't true. She took a deep breath, gave the driver the whole quarter, and told him to keep the change.

He almost fell over, which bore out David's contention. The incident seemed to change his opinion of the entire female sex, and he was at once electrified into chivalry. He couldn't do enough for her. He all but lifted her out of the cab, and with her elbow firmly cradled in the palm of his hand, he gently guided her across the sidewalk.

It was a little too much of a good thing, for she liked to walk by herself and open doors by herself, and get in and out of places by herself. It would be a strain to live with a man who was always hopping around with politeness. David insisted upon Bobby rising at the table when she sat down or rose, and that was enough etiquette for the whole family.

The taxi-driver, however, seemed bent on escorting her to the topmost step of Dr. Rowfield's stone stoop. "You got to be careful," he mentioned largely.

"I wonder," thought Claudia, stiffening, "if he means anything by that."

"I got a couple of my own," he continued genially, laying his cards on the table, so to speak.

Since she was hard on the way to topping his record, it was all she could do to resist *(Please turn to page 72)*

A Very Busy

BY FRANCES ENSIGN GREENE

THE woman leaned heavily against the kitchen door and stared out across the dark acres that reached into hills. Far off down the valley she could hear the lonesome echo of the night train as it gathered speed and rushed on toward Cleveland. Timothy had always smiled when he heard it whistling. Tim had always wanted to drive one, somehow. There were a lot of things he'd had a hankering to do and never got a chance at, poor man. It hurt to remember that now.

AND this was the second night Tim hadn't been able to hear that engine. The most pitiful part of death, she thought, was that things went right on just as always, acting the same as if you were still there and nothing had happened. Everything should have stopped when Tim did: Sun, moon and stars, and the train that he'd loved, bringing the child he'd set such store by, coming home at last after all these years.

Carrie Madrerry's cup of bitterness spilled over when she thought of Martha. Ever since she'd got the telegram in the morning, she'd tried to smother the rancid meanness she felt about her daughter. What good did it do anybody for her to come home now, and make a show of grief, as like as not? Three days ago, before that last stroke, it might have helped some; Tim would have died happy, seeing his girl again. "That girl of mine," was what he used to call her. He'd say to folks: "That girl of mine went off to New York, and now she makes almost as much as the President of the United States, by Jupiter! When Martha comes back to Endine Valley, she'll show you a thing or two!" Poor patient believing Tim—folks had begun to laugh at him a little, in a kindly way. But he'd waited and waited, and now all his waiting was over. Martha was coming home, sure enough; and small good it would do him.

Wearily the woman pushed at a lock of hair with the back of her hand, and turned into the kitchen. She saw the row of white frosted cakes strung out on the broad shelf, the pots of baked beans and the platters of cold sliced meats all covered with waxed paper against the flies, and she began to count them slowly, wondering if they'd run short tomorrow. People for miles around had loved Timothy Madrerry, though they'd laughed at him, and they'd be sure to come to his funeral. Afterward they'd want to come back to his house to be fed. That was the custom roundabouts, and Carrie didn't even question it. The food was there. If folks wanted it, they were welcome.

She heard the front screen slam, and the sound of voices drifted to her, subdued and a little out of place in this quiet house. She paused in her counting. "Well," she thought, "well! She must've come. I've gone without seeing her all these years—I guess I can stand it a few minutes more. The only thing to worry about now is the smell of rain in the air. . . .

Too busy to love or cherish, too busy to remember her humble start, too busy to realize that hers had been an empty victory.

"I guess I could stand most anything," she thought, "if only I didn't have to lay him away in the rain."

MARTHA MADRERRY was her own best product. She stood beside the onyx-topped table in the sitting-room, drawing off her gloves with a careful precision, a tall graceful woman with luminous eyes and a hard, disciplined body, who was as out of place in this room as a modern model in an old *Godey's* magazine. Her brother and sister felt a thread of unhappiness running through the fabric of their excitement as they saw the strange honesty in her glance, saw it settle upon them briefly and then sweep from floor to ceiling. Only the youngest boy, David, was not abashed but stared at her in wonder, while a wild wish grew in him that his fraternity brothers might see her, this smooth, this terribly smooth woman who was so closely related to him. And he who could barely remember his fabulous sister, gave a long low whistle. "Hey, Martha, you didn't kiss me. I'm Dave!"

She smiled, and her teeth gleamed in the light from the frosted glass lamp upon the table. "I'd forgotten about the need for kissing little brothers. But my dear, you've grown beyond all bounds!" She bent over him, touching her coo' lips to his cheek, yet hardly aware of him, and when she spoke, her voice was not the voice of Endine Valley nor of the young Martha Madrerry they remembered. It could belong only to a smart dreamless woman like this one, who but for an accident of birth would not now be standing in this house.

"So this is home," was what she said, and they knew straightway what she meant. She meant that it was shoddy beyond all her memory, and so they were ashamed, somehow.

SHE began to walk about, touching things with her immaculate fingertips—getting the feel of the place in her bones, Ben thought. Shoddy it might be, but it was here she had been born; it was as much her heritage as theirs. "Well, Marty," he said, smiling at her, "it's good to have you back. I did my milking early so I could clean up enough to meet you. I didn't want the smell of the cow-barns to hit you in the face the minute you came in the door."

"Too many years of milkers have left their mark upon this house," she said. "There's a distinguishing odor about Endine Valley. If I were blindfolded and set down here, I'd know that Martha Madrerry had come home at last." Her deep smile took the sting from her words, and they knew she hadn't meant to be cruel. It was only Martha's way.

Out of the quick silence, David laughed before he remembered that he must not laugh here with death in the house. "I know what you mean. Now that I've been away, I notice it when I come back. But it's just—home to me, that's all."

"Dave notices a lot of things since he's been to college, seems to me. I guess he feels a cut above us all." There was dull-edged resentment in Ben's voice, but Martha didn't hear it. Her fingers had found the green chenille table-runner, were slipping along it, remembering. It was faded and rusty now from the years of beating sunlight, and some of the little balls that swung from the ends were missing, but unmistakably, unbelievably it was the same one. The mission oak divan with its slippery leatherette seat was a little shabbier; the pale chromo of the big-headed little girl over the mantelpiece was a shade paler; and the veneer had peeled from one side of the ugly upright piano that nobody had ever played; but here they all were, these dilapidated symbols of home, as immovable as if they had

Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

"I can't understand this," she said. "I've sent back so much money —and there seems to be nothing to show for it. . . . It hasn't done a thing. Just let me ask you—what have you done with it?"

"Oh, stop it!" Martha cried. "Why didn't you tell me before? I'm not a monster! I was just a very busy woman!"

sprouted from the foundations of the house itself.

"These monstrosities have haunted me for nine years," Martha thought, "and now I come back to find them staring me in the face. Why? What's happened here? Or what *hasn't* happened since I've been gone?" She gazed about her.

"I CAN'T understand any of this," she said at last. "I've sent back so much money during the last five years, and there seems to be nothing to show for it. I wanted you people to spend it, you know. I wanted you to dress up the place—yourselves, your way of living. It's given me a great deal of pleasure to think of my money doing things for all of you, and now I see it hasn't done a thing. Just let me ask you—what *have* you done with it?"

They saw the lines of quiet anger about her mouth; and Dave, and the girl Doris, who had finished her course at the normal school last year, flushed deeply, knowing that it was her money that had educated them. Ben stared down at his huge hands. "I guess you've forgotten what you came home for," he said ponderously. "Maybe I better remind you that there have been some changes here. Dad for one. Dad's lying in there in his coffin."

Martha's eyes darkened as they followed the movement of her brother's head toward the closed parlor door. For an instant the little name had meant something to her and she winced away from it, resentful of the claim it could have upon her. Why should she unaccountably be hurt by old sights, old smells, old names? And why was a man who had left so little imprint upon the sands of the world as Timothy Madrerry entitled to respect from his children—or grief either, for that matter?

She had no tolerance for failures like her father, people who were content to sozzle tepidly along in life when there was work to be done. Such a thing was beyond her comprehension. "Don't be too hard on Dad," Carrie had written her once. "He hasn't had such an easy row to hoe, and since his heart spell last summer, something seems to have gone from him. Have some charity, Martha, for your own sake if not for his."

With her eyes still upon the parlor door, she reminded herself: "But I did the best I could for them. I'm glad now that I can have no regrets."

THEN it was that her mother spoke to her from the dining-room, and Martha turned at the remembered throatiness of the voice. "I've been here looking at you for quite a time, Martha. It can't be said that you've—stood still, as we have."

("This is ridiculous," thought Martha, "that I should be so embarrassed by this woman speaking to me. Once she was my mother, the woman who bore me, and now I see her as a drab stranger who has no kinship with me. None of them have, and she perhaps least of all. Surely this is an odd thing that is happening to me. I should never have attempted to step back into the past, even for decency's sake. It's always a mistake to go back.")

SHE went forward and kissed her mother's cheek, the painful embarrassment still upon her. "It's good to see you, Mother. I'm sorry for your—trouble. I'm sorry for all of you."

"Trouble, Martha? Are you trying to tell me that you're sorry your father has gone? He'd be glad to know that. And he'd want me to give some account of the money you've spent on us, but I was hoping you could wait until after his funeral."

That was the worst feature about words, Martha said to herself. Once they had been spoken, no power on earth could unspeak them for you. They were finished and done with—and she'd give ten years of her life if she could live the last ten minutes over again.

Her own voice seemed to come from a great distance. "Please don't misunderstand what I said. You were more than welcome to all that I sent, and I—barely missed it."

"No. I'm sure you didn't. But it made a difference here, and you are entitled to know how we spent it. That's what you really want, isn't it?"

Martha stared haughtily at her mother so that none of these people might

know of the new pain in her soul. She said levelly: "I seem to have got off on the wrong foot with all of you. I'm sorry. And I want to hear no mention of money between us, now or ever. It isn't important. However, a cup of coffee would be, at the moment."

She bit her lip in vexation, recognizing the formality of her tone. "I'll have to watch that," she thought. "I've talked down to people too long. I mustn't talk down to my own family, or I'll antagonize them even more. *What's the matter with me? With the best intentions in the world, I'm failing them!*"

Doris sprang up eagerly. "I'll fix it, Mom. You stay here and talk to Martha. I—" She broke off, for her mother had turned silently and started for the kitchen, leaving her and Ben and Dave alone again with this strange and beautiful woman who was their sister.

"Home" and "Mother," Martha was thinking, were two of the most maudlin, overrated words in the language!

She roamed about restlessly with that easy, light-stepping walk she had, conscious of it now, here with these people who seemed so heavy. She had once told the man with whom she had shared a brief thunderstorm of marriage that she had developed her walk by bringing the cows up through the stubble-fields in a place called Endine Valley, Ohio, and she had hated him for his delighted, unbelieving laughter. It had seemed to slur her background, to mock the truth of her beginnings. And more than the rage she had felt for him was that she felt for herself, and for her own laughter that had mingled with his. And now why in God's world should she have cared who laughed?

From the dining-room her mother called softly: "I had it all fixed. Just had to heat it up. You folks come in here to have your coffee, will you?"

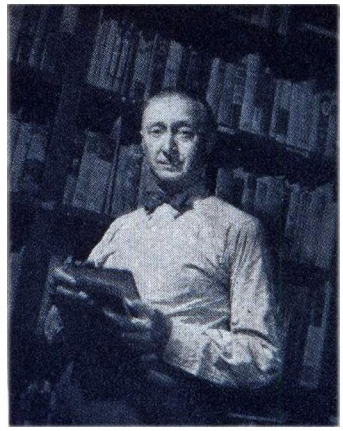
And so once again Martha Madrerry sat at the family table, took her spoon from the tall glass holder, buttered the strong salt-rising bread that was cut so thickly—her mother had never known how to cut bread, she remembered. Suddenly she knew that she was staring at her crackled ironware cup in a sort of horror, and that her mother's eyes were watching. "My cup," she thought. "She remembered to give me my own cup that I always used. My father called it my smile cup . . . it was a silly little joke between us . . . he made me smile before I drank from it, because he said I looked nice when I smiled, and my mother has remembered. . . . Oh, God, I'm not going to cry, am I? Am I going to cry at last after all these years?"

"Seems funny to be sitting here eating without Dad," said David brokenly. "He loved salt-rising bread, Mom."

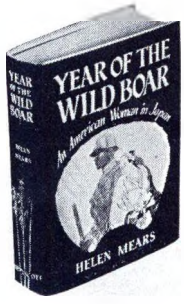
"I made this for Martha. She used to like it too." Carrie's voice was almost sharp as she added: "Don't dwell on such things. Your father never asked for anybody's pity, and he doesn't now. He's beyond the need for that."

"But—oh, Mom, he was such a good father!" Doris began to cry gently and without sound, and Ben reached out his great hand and patted her head. Far back in Martha Madrerry's mind there was a sudden stab *(Please turn to page 88)*

Book Suggestions for October by HARRY HANSEN

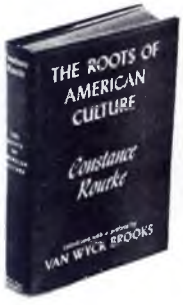


If you could live the life of a district attorney, you would see democracy as an attempt to make society work by trial and error. James Gould Cozzens has written a novel about the law and the courts in "The Just and the Unjust," and the character of the prosecutor, *Abner Coates*, will delight you as did the doctor in his earlier success, "The Last Adam."



We don't really know the Japanese, and it's time we did. Helen Mears, who kept house in Tokyo, knows them—their joys, their defeats, their worries, their curious use of Western ways despite their love for the ancient customs. Her book, "Year of the Wild Boar," is a whole education in itself, besides being highly entertaining.

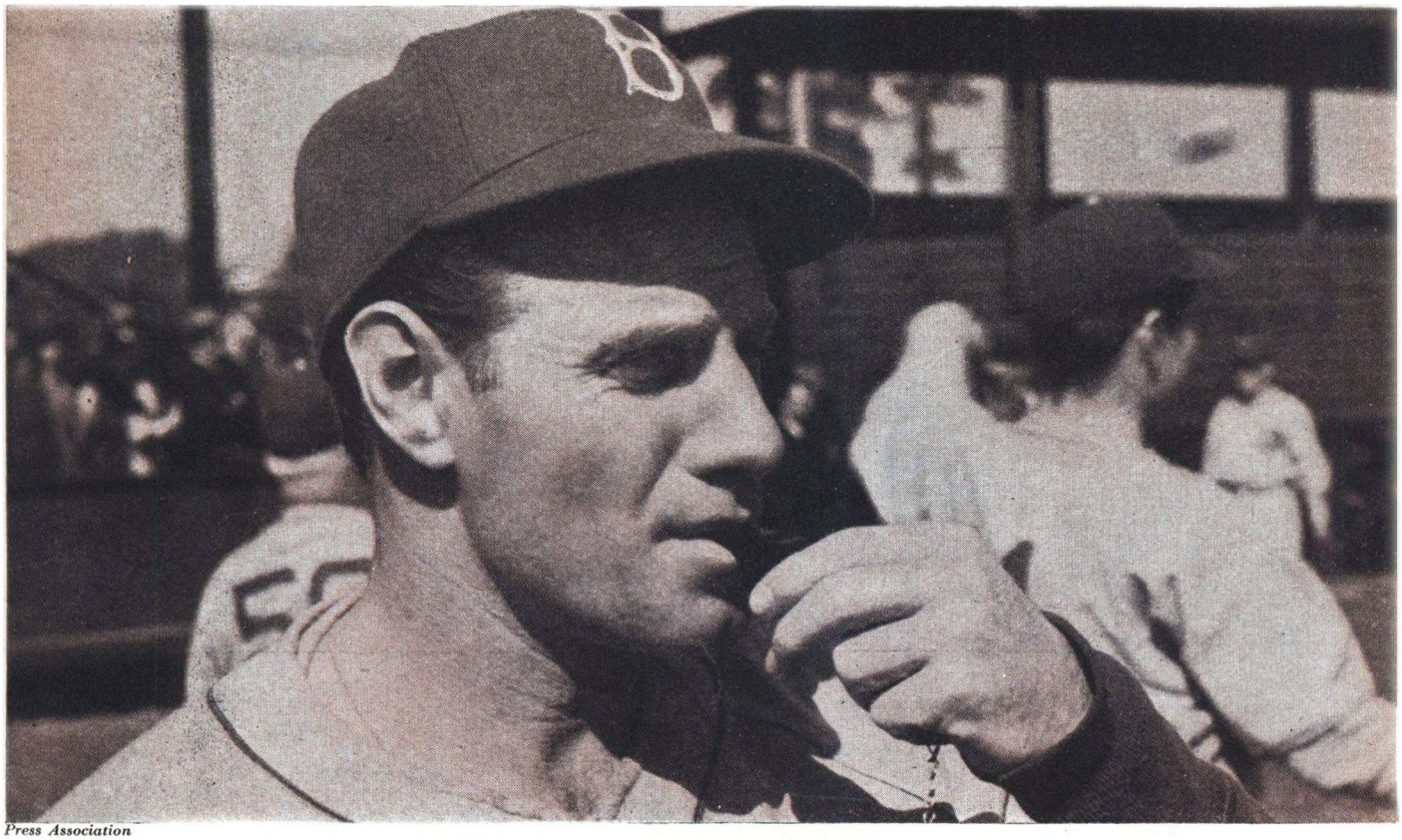
The changing face of America is reflected in two books that are full of milestones for the reader who enjoys folklore. "Big Spring: the Casual Biography of a Prairie Town," by Shine Philips, is a directory to forgotten days and ways, in a place where drummers and cowhands gathered. "American Reveille," by Ward Morehouse, is America today—the record of a quick, nervous, swing around the circle where camps are crowded with soldiers, and factories are working three shifts to win the war.



Finally, here's a book that was never completed. Constance Rourke, who knew so much about the American past, was writing a history of our culture when she died a year ago. "The Roots of American Culture" has many valuable signposts in it, and Van Wyck Brooks values it highly in a friendly introduction.

("Year of the Wild Boar," by Helen Mears; J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.75. "The Just and the Unjust," by James Gould Cozzens; Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.50. "Big Spring," by Shine Philips; Prentice-Hall, Inc., $2.50. "American Reveille," by Ward Morehouse; Putnam, $2.50. "The Roots of American Culture," by Constance Rourke; Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3)

Dream Jobs



Press Association

The job of manager of the Dodgers places upon its incumbent a host of obligations beyond the ken, or outside the grasp, of other managers. It has no spiritual or physical parallel in the realm of the sport.

No Brooklyn manager ever owns a pair of carpet slippers. If the Dodgers lose a game, the mail for Durocher is something that should be brought to the attention of psychologists.

On September 25, 1941, ten thousand berserk citizens congregated at Grand Central Station to welcome Durocher and his players upon their return from Boston, where they clinched Brooklyn's first pennant since 1920.

This is the ninth of the series of articles about those rare individuals who do the things that most of us can only dream of doing. Meet Leo Durocher, stormy petrel of baseball.

ON November 12, 1939, Leo Durocher, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team, received more write-in votes during the Brooklyn councilmanic elections than Adolf Hitler, Father Coughlin, Charley McCarthy, or any other celebrity.

It was a touching tribute, though not an unusual one for a Brooklyn manager. Voters who rebel against signing an X beside the printed name of a machine-picked political hack, and exercise instead their constitutional right to jot down the name of an added starter in the race for office, are often ridiculed. But no one in Brooklyn condemned those who sought to sweep Durocher into office. Thousands of voters probably wondered why they hadn't thought of Durocher.

Last September 25th, near midnight, ten thousand fanatical citizens congregated at Grand Central Station to welcome Durocher and his players upon their return from Boston, where earlier that day they had clinched Brooklyn's first pennant since 1920. The mob filled the big concourse in one sweating, pushing, howling mass. Veteran station-men asserted they had "never seen nothing like it." A band blared an off-key symphony composed especially for the Dodgers. Men, women and children staged the kind of shuffling little marches one sees at national political conventions. Many bore signs heralding the praises of favorite players. One sign, held aloft by a determined-looking woman fan, read: "DUROCHER FOR PRESIDENT."

Between the November 12, 1939, date and the September 25, 1941, date was sandwiched a thick layer of baseball history. The votes Durocher got for city councilman were in return for giving Brooklyn's always-loud and superbly articulate fans something to yell for. For he had but recently concluded his first year as manager of the Dodgers and had hauled the team from seventh to third place in the National League standings. The small but ear-splitting move to send Durocher to the White House was the result of his having justified the noisy faith placed in him earlier, by piloting the Dodgers into the World Series.

"THAT man's a great manager," a fervent Brooklyn fan told us one day while we stood at the hot-dog trough at Ebbets Field. It wasn't safe to do anything except agree.

If a man has the proper constitution, and baseball is his profession, he must almost naturally strive to become manager of the Dodgers. The job has no spiritual or physical parallel in the realm of the sport. It places upon its incumbent a host of obligations beyond the ken or outside the grasp of other managers.

For example, the fifteen remaining big-league managers have regular hours. They arrive at the ball-park hardly noticed, turn the job of directing the practice session over to their coaches, master-mind the campaign of the game itself, take a bath and retire to their hotels or homes and the sheltered bosom of seclusion.

Not any Brooklyn manager. And certainly not Leo. Managing the Brooklyn ball-club is at least a sixteen-hour-a-day job. Durocher stretches it a few more hours. He suffers from a combined insomnia and love of night-clubs and thus exposes himself for additional hours to his inexhaustible public. Win or lose, he cannot go into a Brooklyn night-club or bar after a game. *(Please turn to page 69)*

BY BOB CONSIDINE

Off-stage, Durocher looks like the popular conception of a customers' man from a boom-time brokerage house. His clothes are immaculate, his friends good-looking, his speech crisp, his conversation topics are all-embracing.

Success for Durocher has brought with it no complacency. Today at thirty-six he is as fervent, as hotly ambitious as he was years ago when as a batboy he was ready to tackle Cobb.

Violet's

REDBOOK'S NOVELETTE OF THE MONTH

BY WHITFIELD COOK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Treasure Hunt

Little May was hanging out of a window. "Mother wouldn't like you to do that!" she chanted. . . . "Of course," Violet said slowly, "I might be wrong."

"Genealogy," said Violet, pronouncing the newly learned word carefully, "should be just my meat."

The gentle little man who was sitting next to her in the train raised his eyebrows. "Why?" he asked with a faint smile on his lips.

"I'm the mental type," said Violet, luxuriously putting a third piece of gum into her mouth.

The man couldn't resist a chuckle.

Violet tossed her braids indignantly. "Oh, I know I'm only twelve," she argued, "and I suppose I *look* more or less like a child. But mentally, I'm *awfully* grown up. Sometimes it frightens people—particularly my family. *They* want me to be just an average little girl. Did you ever hear anything so silly? But *I* say you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And if I'm more or less a genius—well, I'm just more or less a genius. And they'll have to put up with it."

The gentleman squinted pleasantly at her. "I don't believe I've ever encountered more or less a genius before," he said. "It's an unexpected pleasure. May I introduce myself? My name is Professor Albert Devons."

"Now, look," said Violet, "I *would* like to learn something about genealogy. I like to delve into things. And I think family history ought to be a very interesting thing to delve into. Particularly right now, because I'm on my way to a big stinking family reunion."

"All by yourself?" asked Professor Devons.

"Oh, no," sighed Violet, straightening her horn-rimmed glasses. "I've got a father and a stepmother up ahead there. See that man who looks like everything was too much for him? That's Pete Granden, my father. And the good-looking hat is on top of Lily, my stepmother. And that loony little face that you see now and then peering over the seat belongs to my little stepsister, Susie."

"Charming," murmured the Professor.

"What's charming?" said Violet.

"A charming little family group."

"This is only a sample," said Violet, who always got a little bored explaining her family to strangers. "There are four more children, and two more mothers. But I can't go into all that. I want to know something about genealogy. Are you *really* an expert? . . . I suppose you dig up a lot of secrets and family skeletons and stuff like that, don't you?"

"Well, sometimes."

"I *love* secrets," said Violet. "Especially other people's secrets. . . . Now, what can you tell me about the Granden family?"

Professor Devons raised his eyebrows. "Originally from West Hassam, Massachusetts, by any chance?"

"That's right. Most of my great-uncles still live up in West Hassam. That's where we're going now. Great-uncle George is having his ninetieth birthday. Father calls it the craziest age he ever heard of. Father *hates* reunions. . . . Have a piece of gum?"

"No, thank you."

"It's an inferior grade. It hardly pops at *all!*"

"As a matter of fact," said Professor Devons, "I'm going to West Hassam too. I've been working on a genealogy for a Mrs. Talbot Vreespring."

"That's our Cousin Priscilla!" said Violet.

"Yes, I was about to say, that's where I'd encountered the Granden name." He looked at the papers in his hand. "I was just looking over some old letters relating to the family. They don't help much, though."

"Oh, could I see one? Oh, please?" said Violet.

Pete Granden came up the aisle just then. "Come on, Miss Intellect," he said to Violet; "we're going into the dining-car for some lunch."

"I'll be along later," said Violet. "I'm right in the middle of a *fascinating* conversation."

"Violet," said Pete, "I hope you're not bothering this gentleman."

Violet looked indignant. "We have a *great* deal in common," she said firmly.

"We really have," said Professor Devons, his eyes twinkling.

"You're very kind," said Pete. "But don't let her take advantage of you." He looked firmly at Violet. "I'll expect you in the dining-car in five minutes."

"Order me some lobster Newburg," said Violet.

"You'll eat a vegetable plate and like it," said Pete, and he left them.

"To get back to genealogy," said Violet, smiling cozily up at Professor Devons: "*Please* let me see one of those old Granden letters."

"Well, I guess there's no harm in it," said Professor Devons—which came of not knowing Violet better! "Here's a curiously meaningless note written by one Elisha Granden in 1775 to his wife. Strange little message—"

Violet took the faded, fragile bit of paper and slowly read the dimmed, awkward writing.

Dear Wife:
When coat lies ten yards straight from door
With tail due North, take forty more
In way that arrow flies.
And then to have when peace has come,
To Jack move seven times the sum
Of years she had her eyes.
God bless you—
Elisha

"My gosh," said Violet, thoughtfully popping her gum, "it just doesn't make sense!"

"Afraid not," agreed Professor Devons. "Just a little curiosity. Elisha Granden was an eccentric. This was written home after Elisha had gone off to fight the British."

Violet stared at the little verse. "Still, you know, it *could* mean something. It might be in code."

The Professor laughed, as he took the letter back. "Don't get romantic, young lady. Staid old New Englanders didn't go in for code."

"But they *might*," mused Violet, "if there was some reason for it. . . . Like buried treasure—or something."

The first part of the strange verse kept going through her head.

"When coat lies ten yards straight from door
With tail due North. . . ."

Tail of what? Ten yards from *what* door? She sighed and came out of her reverie. "Well, I better go and have some lunch. See you later, huh?"

In the diner, Violet joined Pete and Lily and four-year-old Susie. Susie, with her napkin tied like a kerchief around her neck, had just plopped two dozen crackers into her soup. Pete and Lily told her it was too many. Violet chose to ignore such immature goings-on and looked with dignity at the other diners. When the waiter placed a plate of moist vegetables in front of her, she sighed sadly.

"I *do* think I might have been spared parsnips," she said, poking around with her fork.

"What were you talking about with that strange man?" asked Pete.

"Family trees," said Violet.

"Are they fashionable this year?" asked Pete.

"Don't be so funny. It's a very interesting subject. Do you know whose family tree he's working on now?"

"Gargantua's?"

"The Vreesprings'. Because Cousin Priscilla Vreespring asked him to."

Pete and Lily exchanged glances. "She would," groaned Pete.

"Why would she?" demanded Violet.

"Eat your parsnips," said Lily.

"*Don't* try to change the subject. I don't like Cousin Priscilla any more than you do, so we might as well all let our hair down about her."

"She's a climber," said Pete tersely. "And a snob. And she married into the Vreespring family. And don't for heaven's sake, so much as mention her name at Great-uncle George's. All the Grandens despise her. They haven't spoken to her or any of the Vreesprings for years, even if they *do* live right next door."

"This is a country of free speech," said Violet defiantly. "And if I want to mention Cousin Priscilla, I shall mention her." And then she added: "But I probably won't. I'm going to have *other* things on my mind."

"*What* other things?" asked Pete, sensing something ominous in Violet's tone.

"Oh, nothing much," said Violet. "Just buried treasure, maybe. As in Poe's 'The Gold Bug.' Something like that."

Pete looked uneasily at Lily. "*Why* did we have to bring Violet?"

Violet answered that. "Because Great-uncle George asked especially to have me. He wants to get to know the fourth generation."

"He will, all right," groaned Pete.

When they arrived in the little town of West Hassam, it was late afternoon, and the heavy yellow sunlight fell "kitty-cornered" (as Violet put it) through the big elms.

"Oh, it's so lovely," sighed Lily, listening to the peace of it. "Let's *walk* up to Great-uncle George's. It's not far."

They sent the suitcases off in an old taxi and started up the quiet leaf-lined street. Violet trilled her fingers deliciously along the tops of fences. Susie sang softly to herself in an aboriginal monotone. They were all happy. But Pete felt a warning uneasiness in his heart. It's the lull before the storm, he thought, looking dubiously at Violet's pigtails bouncing behind her.

When they came to Great-uncle George's square-cut old white house, set in its big shaded lawn, with Mount Jackman behind it in the distance, they stood for a moment enjoying the picture of something that had lasted over from another era.

"It's a beautiful old house," said Lily quietly.

"I suppose if I really put my mind to it," mused Violet in a practical vein, "I could maneuver Great-uncle George into leaving it to me."

"About twenty other Grandens have the same idea, missy," said Pete.

"But do they have my technique?" said Violet dreamily.

The front door opened, and there stood Great-aunt Pauline, wife to Great-uncle Everett. Being only seventy-six years old, Pauline was looked on as a mere girl by the elder members of her generation. She had a nice birdlike little face with extremely merry blue eyes behind comfortably crooked spectacles.

"It's Peter, isn't it?" she said, as they went up the path. "And Lily. And *dear* little Violet!"

Dear little Violet planted a resounding smack on Great-aunt Pauline's cheek, knowing that it was expected of her, and feeling she might as well get it over with.

"And who is this rascal?" said Great-aunt Pauline, beaming down on Susie.

"That's Susie, my youngest," Pete answered.

"What a duckling!" cooed Great-aunt Pauline. She smiled warmly at Lily. "Looks just like you, Lily dear."

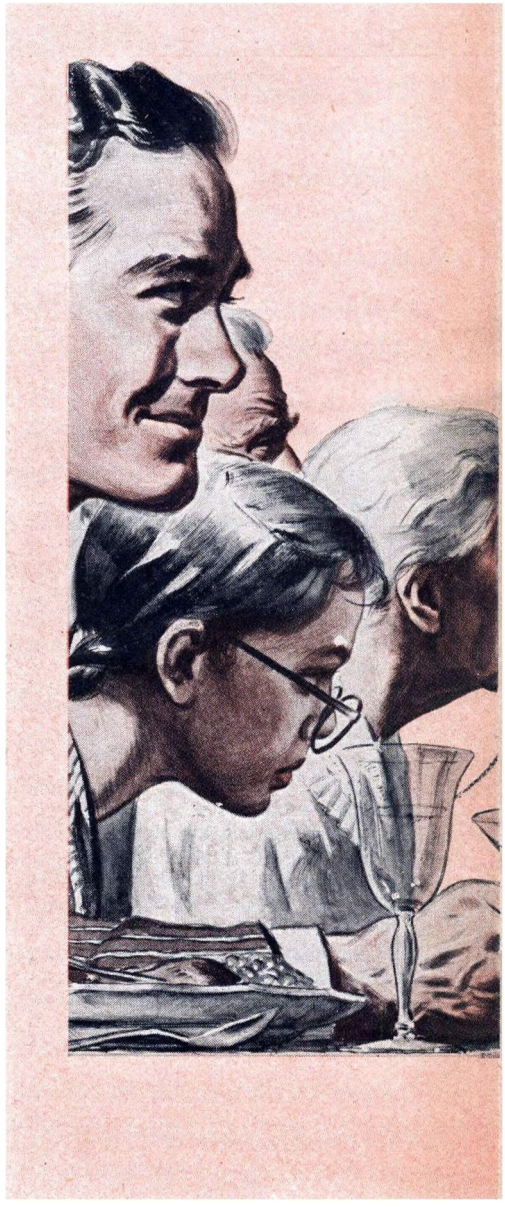
Lily looked frantically at Pete. Susie was Pete's child by the wife immediately preceding Lily. Lily did feel that should be cleared up. But Pete shook his head. The great-aunts and -uncles would never really understand, he felt.

And then they were ushered inside, into the parlor, which was filled with knickknacks on teakwood shelves, and had antimacassars and old engravings and in general the collected treasures of six generations. There was a faint dry mustiness and a fragility about the room and about the four people in it. There they were, the four remaining members of the oldest Granden generation.

Great-uncle Everett was writing his usual letter of complaint to the West Hassam Weekly *Sentinel*. This week he was complaining of the drought, as though the Weekly *Sentinel* could in some mysterious way communicate directly with God. Great-uncle Luke was playing the wheezy old organ. He always wore a scarf instead of a tie, which was considered something of a family scandal. Great-aunt Jessie, who had come up from New York and was elegant in boned taffeta, sat very erect in a roomy chair, eating almonds out of a brown paper bag. And in the place of honor by the window sat Great-uncle George, who would be ninety years old on the morrow and preferred that nobody forget it. Great-uncle Luke and Great-uncle Everett who were only eighty-seven and eighty-five respectively, were inclined to be a little peevish about all this glory coming to their elder brother.

The greetings took quite some time. There had to be a certain amount of talk about absent members of the family, about the weather, about the trip from New York. And Susie had to be allowed to touch Great-uncle George's beard.

Great-aunt Pauline beamed at Pete and Lily. "*Our* children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren are staying over at our house," she said. "They're all here. Isn't it wonderful? We'll be twenty-four for the birthday dinner tomorrow." She turned to Great-uncle George. "Isn't it



wonderful, George? Twenty-four for your ninetieth birthday!"

"Where's the rest?" demanded Great-uncle George a bit fiercely. "Got more'n twenty-four relatives. Where's the rest? Man doesn't reach ninety *every* day in year!"

"Now, George," said Great-aunt Jessie tersely, "some of the family couldn't come. Some live too far away. And business, and things like that!"

"They didn't want to come, that's the long an' short of it." He turned to look out across the yard at his favorite wild azalea bush.

VIOLET sat down next to him and looked directly at him.

"Great-uncle George," she said, "I'd like to ask you some questions about our mutual ancestors."

"Ask 'em," said Great-uncle George, delighted. If there was anything he liked to talk about more than himself, it was his forebears.

"First," said Violet in her systematic way, "was Elisha Granden way back in 1775 really crazy?"

Great-uncle George fumed. "Of course not! No Granden's *ever* been crazy. Just original. Elisha Granden was a fine man, a great soldier—killed in battle of Bunker Hill."

"I saw a letter he wrote, and it certainly *sounded* crazy. But it might have been in code," suggested Violet.

"More'n likely," said Great-uncle George. "Clever devil, Elisha. Used to write love-letters in code. Pretty hot they were, too, I guess!" Great-uncle George stroked his beard and chuckled.

"Tut-tut!" warned Great-uncle Everett.

Violet looked thoughtful. "I *don't* believe this was a love-letter," she said.

"Where'd you see this letter?" asked Great-uncle George.

"Cousin Priscilla's genealogist has it," explained Violet.

Great-uncle George pounded his cane on the floor. "Don't mention that woman to me!" he boomed. "Schemin', ornery, bamboozlin'—"

"Now, Father," said one of his daughters, pursing her lips.

"Well, she is! Livin' right next door, and I hope I never see her again. Livin' in the oldest house in town. The house Elisha Granden built and lived in. Should be ours by rights, but she wangled it—"

"Don't get him started, please!" someone nervously whispered in Violet's ear. But Violet paid no attention.

"Is Cousin Priscilla coming to the birthday dinner?" she asked.

"Certainly not," snapped the old man. "Know what she did? She married a Vreespring. One of those upstart Vreesprings."

"What's the matter with the Vreesprings?" asked Violet.

Great-uncle George was breathing loudly. "Transients!" he snorted. "Upstart transients!"

Great-aunt Pauline tried to explain. "George means that they're not really old settlers. We don't consider them *real* West Hassamites. You see, they only came in 1882."

Violet was staring with some concentration at a drawing on the wall. It was in a small frame, and was a sketch of two lions and an arm with an arrow. There was a motto in Latin. It was, so the inscription said, the Granden coat of arms.

"H-mmm," said Violet to herself.

WHEN Violet and Pete and Lily were taken upstairs to their rooms, Violet went into her father's room to talk to him.

Great-uncle George pounded on the table. "All right, Priscilla, that's enough. Get along now. Sue us—do anything you want, but git! You're spoiling my dinner." "Really!" said Cousin Priscilla. "You're all the rudest people I've ever known!"

"Would you like to help me look for a hidden treasure?" she asked.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Pete.

"I have a hunch," said Violet.

"It's not good for little girls to have hunches. Not between meals."

"Can't you *ever* be serious?" demanded Violet haughtily. "I have a hunch that old Elisha Granden hid something when he went to war. And I'm going to look for it."

"Getting a bit fantastic, aren't you, missy?" said Pete, unpacking his other suit.

"What about the King George silver Great-aunt Jessie's always talking about?"

"Purely family legend."

"It disappeared around 1775, didn't it, Father?"

"There's a rumor to that effect."

"Well, that's when Elisha Granden went to war. Savvy?"

"No, I don't savvy."

Violet looked disgusted. "Father, you're *so dense.*"

"Listen, Vi dear, go and *hunt* for all the treasure you want. Only leave me out of it. I'm the stay-at-home type."

"You'll be sorry," said Violet, flouncing out of the room.

And as it turned out, he was. In more ways than one.

When Violet went to bed that night she told herself that on the following day she'd need a shovel and a strong-armed helper.

THERE was a twelve-year-old second-cousin of Violet's at the reunion, whose nickname was Possum—no one knew why. Violet eyed his sturdy physique and chose him to be her man Friday.

"Let me feel your muscle, Possum," said Violet the following morning.

He flexed his arm proudly, and Violet investigated. "You'll do nicely," she said. "Now do you think you could find a shovel in the tool-shed?"

"What goes?" asked Possum.

"We're going prospecting," said Violet.

Violet carried a yardstick, a compass swiped from Great-uncle George's den, and the Granden coat of arms; and Possum carried a large, long-handled shovel. They set out across the long stretch of lawn toward the house next door, where Cousin Priscilla Vreespring lived. There was no marked boundary, except for a couple of trees and a bush or two, including Great-uncle George's favorite wild azalea.

"Look," said Violet, stopping by a lilac bush, "I think we'll leave the yardstick and shovel here for the time being. It might be best."

They proceeded to the house, and as they rounded a front corner, Cousin Priscilla herself came out of the front door, dressed for church. She stiffened perceptibly when she saw Violet approaching, and her three chins quivered.

"Why, Violet Granden!" she said.

"I thought I'd come over and pay a little call," said Violet sweetly.

"We're all on our way to church," said Cousin Priscilla, "all except Little May, who has the sniffles."

"I'm over at Great-uncle George's," continued Violet. "Up for the reunion, you know. . . . They *say* you're not coming over."

Cousin Priscilla straightened her back as much as her rolls of fat would let her. "I'm afraid not," she said frigidly.

Violet remained sweet. "I just *love* these family feuds," she said.

The other Vreesprings came out and greeted Violet coolly.

"May I go in and talk to Little May?" said Violet.

"Certainly," said Cousin Priscilla, as she left.

Violet and Possum went into the house and discovered Little May playing with four dolls named Reeta, Cheeta, Fleeta and Patrick Henry. Little May, Cousin Priscilla's daughter, who was eight, was always being called a sweet child. And she was sweet. Her golden hair was twirled into immaculate springs of curls. Her prim white dress had baby blue embroidery on it.

"Look, Little May," said Violet, after patiently enduring an introduction to the four dolls, "who's here in the house with you now?"

"Nobody. Why?" said Little May. "Everybody's at church; and Laura, the hired girl, has the day off, because we're going out to dinner."

Violet rubbed her hands together. "Perfect!" she said to Possum.

"Why?" insisted Little May.

"Possum, you go get the yardstick and the shovel," said Violet, springing into action. She went out the front door and looked at it. It was a beautiful Colonial doorway; and Violet didn't wonder at all that Great-uncle George was angry because he didn't own it.

"We'll start with this door," said Violet when Possum returned with the tools, "though of course old Elisha *might* have meant the side door or the back door."

Little May leaned out of a window. "Violet, what you going to do?" she queried fretfully in her gnatlike soprano.

"It's too deep for you, Squirt," said Violet cruelly.

"How about telling *me?*" asked Possum, watching Violet start to measure a line at right angles to the door.

"I told you, didn't I, we're looking for buried treasure. Have you ever read 'The Gold Bug'? Old Elisha Granden, our great-great-and-a-lot-more-greats-grandfather left a peculiar letter, and *I* think it means he buried some family valuables here in his yard when he went to war."

"You're crazy," said Possum

"That's what they said about Columbus," said Violet, marking a spot in the front yard. "Now then, that's ten yards from the door. That's what the message says. *'When coat lies ten yards straight from door—'*"

"What coat?" asked Possum, pretty bewildered.

"I figured that one out all right," said Violet. "Coat of arms. The Granden coat of arms. Here it is." She looked thoughtfully at the sketch. "See, it's got two lions and an arm with an arrow. The message says, *'With tail due North.'* Now, that must mean with the lion's tail pointing to the north. Of course, there's no way of telling *which* lion's tail. We'll just have to try it both ways. It's going to mean more digging, but it can't be helped."

"Violet," whined little May, "does Mamma know about all this?"

"She will," said Violet dryly She laid the coat of arms on the ground beside the compass, with one lion's tail pointing directly north.

Possum was getting excited. "Say, this is good!"

"What the devil do you want?" he asked tersely. "Don't you know nothing is ever supposed to disturb my nap?"

Violet observed which way the arrow in the coat of arms pointed—to the far side of the house. She started measuring out a direct line. "*'Take forty more in way that arrow flies',*" she chanted.

She sent Possum for some string, and very carefully made sure the line followed the direction of the arrow. When forty yards had been measured off, they found themselves beyond the lawn on the far side of the house.

"Now," said Violet, "we move toward Jack—that obviously means Mt. Jackman over there—'seven times the sum of years she had her eyes.' Old Elisha Granden had a sister who went blind when she was eleven. It's in his diary. Great-uncle George showed it to me last night. That would make seventy-seven yards. All right, Possum, here we go."

Seventy-seven yards toward Mt. Jackman brought them back into the very middle of the side lawn.

"Well, this is it," said Violet triumphantly. "Now we start digging."

"What will the Vreesprings say?" said Possum, looking around nervously at the well-kept grass.

"Plenty," said Violet. "But I'll take the blame. I've had so much blame in my day, it rolls right off me. Shall *I* dig the first shovelful just for the sake of formality? Yes, I think I will. Like mayors and people do."

She placed the shovel over the exact spot and pushed a foot on it. After a bit of maneuvering, up came a lovely fat shovelful of sweet moist earth, topped with a neat thatch of the Vreesprings' perfect lawn.

"There," said Violet to Possum, "now you go on. We'll probably have to dig quite deep."

Possum started digging, fired with excitement and the mystery of it all.

Little May was leaning out of another window. "I don't think Mother would *like* you to dig in her lawn," she said. "*I* can't even *play* there."

Quite a pile of dirt was collecting by the hole Possum was making.

Violet got impatient. "Look," she said. "I'll go and measure out another place, using the *other* lion's tail facing north. Then if this place is a bust, we won't waste any time."

Possum nodded and wiped the sweat off his forehead. He hadn't known looking for hidden treasure was so strenuous!

By the time he had dug a hole several feet deep and come across nothing more exciting than angleworms and a rusty spring, Violet had measured out another possibility and was ready to start on that.

Possum patiently started digging in the new spot, which turned out to be right in the middle of a little rose garden. They had to remove a sun-dial, before starting.

Little May was still hanging out of windows. "Mother wouldn't like you to do that!" she chanted, holding Reeta, Cheeta, Fleeta and Patrick Henry all in her arms at once.

Violet sat on the grass and chewed gum while Possum dug and dug. It seemed that the rose garden was going to be a bust, too.

"Now we'll try taking the measurements from the *side* door," said Violet.

They measured some more, and soon were digging again. *This* spot seemed no more indicative of treasure than the others. Violet began to look solemnly philosophic.

"Of course," she said slowly, "I *might* be wrong."

Possum just looked at her rather sullenly. "I don't think I care about this old treasure, anyway. What'll we get out of it, even if we find it? The family will take it away from us."

But Violet was already pointing the other lion's tail to the north at the side door and measuring frantically. This time the spot they arrived at was in a rather dilapidated old summerhouse.

"We'll just have to take the floor up, that's all," said Violet.

Before Possum could rebel, they heard someone calling them from Great-uncle George's house. They were to come and get ready for dinner.

"Just *wait* till I tell Mamma," called Little May after them.

"If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

W. Somerset Maugham in his article on the fall of France (Redbook Magazine, October, 1940).

"We'll go on with this after dinner," said Violet to Possum as they crossed the yards toward dinner.

When they got back to Great-uncle George's, the house was overflowing with Grandens and their descendants. Great-uncle Everett's son George was there. Though quite bald and middle-aged, he was known as Young George. With him was Mrs. Young George and their three adolescent children. And Violet had to waste valuable time greeting hordes of second and third cousins and cousins once-removed, most of whom she wished were *entirely* removed.

It was practically time for the big noon dinner. The focus of attention was on the dining-room, while people waited for Great-aunt Pauline or some favored child to sound the dinner chimes. Great-uncle George was enthroned in his chair, elegant in his best suit and freshly clipped eyebrows.

Pete came up to Violet. "You have a very dangerous look on your face, miss," he said sternly.

Violet twisted a pigtail innocently. "I'm having such fun," she said sweetly. Pete raised a suspicious eyebrow. When Violet admitted she was having fun, that was time to watch out.

The dining-table, which was laden as for a Thanksgiving dinner, had been stretched to its limit and extended all the way into the parlor. When all the relatives were seated at it, it was quite a sight. Great-uncle George sat at the head, of course, and peered around the table with satisfaction. Twenty-four heads didn't make such a bad showing, after all. He muttered his usual throaty and quite incomprehensible grace, and flicked his napkin into a vest buttonhole, carefully tucking under his beard.

Violet sat three seats away from Great-uncle George, between Pete and Cousin Miriam.

The adults were having wine, and almost at once the toasts began. Great-aunt Jessie began it. "To George—may his next ninety years be as lively as his first ninety!"

"To George, whom we all love," said Great-aunt Pauline simply, with moist eyes.

"To Great-uncle George," said Pete, "who has finally come of age."

Great-uncle George liked that one. He winked at Pete. He was having a fine time. His birthday seemed to be going off fine. No hitches, no upsets.

And then Cousin Priscilla thumped angrily into the house. The Grandens turned surprised faces toward her. She hadn't been in their house in years. And they weren't too pleased. By the look on Priscilla's face, she wasn't too pleased, either.

Violet looked suddenly demure.

Cousin Priscilla stood in the doorway, and pointed at Violet. "That malicious child," she thundered, "has deliberately dug up our entire yard, ruined our lawn and my rose garden! It's an outrage! I won't stand for it. You'll pay for it! You'll pay for it!"

"Try to make sense, Priscilla," said Pete. "Why would Violet dig up your yard?"

"Of course, I did it," said Violet, calmly taking a large forkful of mashed potatoes. "I'm working on a *very* interesting project."

"You see," said Cousin Priscilla, triumphantly.

"Violet," said Pete sternly, "you've actually been digging in the Vreesprings' yard?"

"Yes. I told you I was going to look for that buried treasure."

"The lawn that we've worked on for years!" moaned Cousin Priscilla. "It's ruined! Just ruined!"

"Violet, you will be punished severely for this," said Pete with as much dignity as he could muster.

"She should be locked up. She's a horror! A monster!" cried Cousin Priscilla.

Great-uncle George pounded on the table. "All right, Priscilla, that's enough. Get along now. Sue us. Do anything you want, but *git*. You're spoiling my dinner!"

"Really!" said Cousin Priscilla. "You're all the rudest people I've ever known. Wait till Talbot Vreespring gets after you. Just wait. He's in such a rage he's likely to do anything!"

She stamped out.

"Violet, this is disgraceful. You must apologize to Great-uncle George for upsetting his birthday dinner," said Pete.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Great-uncle George. "No *(Please turn to page 93)*

The Occasional

WHEN a young English girl, alone in a large house in Africa, wakes up in the middle of the night and hears a snuffling cough, a lion's cough. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREEN

BETTY BAIRN drank her tea slowly. Francis should be in, any minute, but she had not been able to wait any longer. She was listening for his horse as she looked out over the garden toward the mountains. How blue these African hills were! And she was proud of the garden. She had done a lot to it in the year she had been here. It was a year today. She wondered if Francis would remember. She had arranged a special dinner. Mock turtle soup (canned of course), roast guinea fowl with sweet potatoes and plantains, asparagus tips (also canned), and for a sweet they were going to have a junket—if it set. She had some news for him too. . . .

HER eyes dropped from the hills to the garden. The garden boy was watering with two petrol-tins. There was the old tin that Francis made her use as a target. It was riddled with bullet-holes. It spoiled the look of things, but it was convenient. He made her shoot a few shots every day "*just to keep your hand in.*" She had never shot anything alive and did not want to, but she was becoming a good target shot. This pleased her. When she did a thing, she liked to do it well. A year today. . . . Her mind went back to her childhood, to cats. She had always hated cats. "I wonder what made me think of that," she reflected. She had hated them ever since she was a little girl, even kittens. Her mother said it was because one had scratched her once, but she could not remember the incident. "I must have been very small," she thought. After all, lots of people hated cats. There was a name for it; it was a kind of disease. Lord Roberts had been like that, and Nelson, she had been told.

That was one of the things about Africa that had appalled her. There were lions there. Not that she had ever thought about Africa till Francis Bairn had come home on a holiday to stay with his cousin. His coming had brought the Dark Continent out of the geography books straight into her life. At least if it had not, it had certainly made Africa possible. Francis was going to ask her to marry him. She had known this, as all girls know these things. And now she was here married to him. . . .

She thought of that afternoon. They had been sitting in the garden at home. She had watched him out of the corner of her eye. He looked very nice in white flannels. Beyond him, still out of the corner of her eye, the herbaceous border had flamed blue with delphiniums; her mother was very proud of her delphiniums; she raised them from seed. Red-hot poker plants blazed between them. The asters were not out yet, but the Shasta daisies had been fine, bigger than usual, and the double hollyhocks were magnificent. It was funny how you could never be certain if the seeds of the doubles would come out double.

SHE remembered the outline of Francis' nose against the flower bed. She had wanted to turn her head to look at him, but did not dare. That was funny now—fancy not daring to look him in the face! Then it had come—the question she had been meaning to ask for so long and had kept putting out of her head. She had swallowed hard—she remembered that swallow still. What she was going to ask had meant so much to her then.

"I suppose there are no lions, Francis."

How interested she had been in Francis Bairn from the beginning! She had never thought anyone like him would come into her life. Romantic—like something in a book. There had been two or three men interested in her before; a schoolmaster, and the new curate had looked as if he might. . . . But this was different. This was the real thing. She laughed to herself as she thought of her anxiety.

"Lions?" Francis had said. "Yes, there's an occasional lion, but I haven't seen one for years. And there are a few snakes." He had stroked her hand. The snakes seemed unimportant. She hated them, but somehow you were used to the idea of snakes in the Bible and all that. Besides, there were snakes in Surrey—grass snakes, and an adder now and then. It was the idea of lions that had worried her—loose lions. They were bad enough when they were in a zoo.

FRANCIS had said she'd like it. He said: "It's so beautiful there, and the life is so free." He had told her about his house. "I built it myself."

Lion

BY STUART CLOETE

The man squatted in the dust, pulled out a little rawhide bag, and threw the bones like dice. "They're knuckle bones," Francis said, "a calf, a hyena, a lion and others that I do not know. It all depends on how they fall." T'chelo studied them intently.

It was wonderful to know a man who had built his own house. She had seen the snapshots. "That is where I'd live —where we'd live, if—" Well, there had been no *if*. She was in the house.

"I've only got another month, Betty. I must get back by spring." Francis had kissed her. She wondered now why she had taken so long to decide.

MOTHER had been pleased. But later, after Francis had gone, she had said: "Are you sure, Betty? It's such a long way off. It will be very different."

Then had come the rush—notices in the *Times* and Morning *Post*, lists of invitations, clothes, arrangements for the banns to be called. Plans—more plans. Thank-you letters for the presents. Discussions of the presents. "Oh, Francis, what shall we do with six toast-racks?" She thought of the wedding in the village church, the Paris honeymoon, the buying of clothes. Marseilles—the Mediterranean—the Canal—the Red Sea—the Indian Ocean—Mombasa—Biera. . . .

It had all been like a dream! The voyage, the disembarkation at Lorenzo Marques. The Customs examination. The two-day drive home.

THE house had been exactly like the snapshots. It was built of sun-dried Kimberley bricks. A wide fly-netted *stoep* ran round it. Golden shower and bougainvillea climbed over the roof. The *stoep* pillars had creepers growing up them —potato creeper, red flowering vines, a climber with a big white scented trumpet bloom that Francis said was called a moonflower; and the garden was filled with great beds of cannas, and tree dahlias.

There were bamboos and palms, big bushes of oleander, pride of India; red and yellow bird-of-paradise bounded the lawn and ran to the barbed wire fence separating the garden from the kraals and farm.

INSIDE, it had been a bachelor's house. Francis had had good furniture but had not known how to arrange it. There were weapons—assegais and shields and kerries—on the walls, alternating with heads and horns; and the floor of polished red granolithic was carpeted with skins—zebra, koodoo, and in the sitting-room a lion. That had given her a shock. She had asked Francis if he had shot it.

"Yes, darling. He was a bit of a nuisance."

"I thought you said there were no lions?"

"An occasional lion, Betty. It's ten years since I shot that chap."

Then he had taken her to see the cattle. She had never seen so many cattle. As they left the kraal, an old native came up to them. He was very old and ragged. He took off his fur cap when Francis spoke to him.

"He's come to have a look at you, Betty," Francis had said. He was laughing. "It's old T'chelo, the witch-doctor. He wants to cast the bones for you; we'd better wait."

They had leaned against the poles of the kraal while the old man squatted in the dust at their feet. He had smoothed a place with his hand and pulled out a little rawhide bag. He emptied it into his cupped hand and threw the bones into the space he had cleared. He had thrown them like dice.

"They're knuckle bones," Francis said, "a calf, a hyena, a lion, and some others that I do not know."

T'chelo had studied them intently.

"It all depends on how they fall," Francis told her.

The witch-doctor had looked up at them and begun to speak. When he had done, Francis gave him a cigarette.

"What did he say?" she had asked.

Francis had been laughing. "What did he say? He said I would be happy. He didn't have to be a witch-doctor to know that."

"What else?" She had been excited. A real witch-doctor had cast the bones for her.

"He said you were a great huntress."

HOW funny it all was, to look back on! A year ago today but it seemed like yesterday.

Then he had bought her a pony and had begun to teach her to shoot. She thought of that first lesson.

"Shooting," he told her, "is pretty simple. All you have to do is to get the fore-sight and the back-sight in line with your eyes and the thing you are shooting at."

"Doesn't it kick?" she had asked.

"Not if you hold it tight." He had leaned over her and pressed the butt into her shoulder, his fingers over hers. "First pull. . . . Feel that on the trigger? You felt it give, didn't you? . . . Now squeeze." He put more pressure on her finger. The rifle had gone off.

He had held her for another shot. Then he had rested the gun in the fork of a tree and let her fire it for herself at a four-gallon petrol-tin that the garden boy had left lying on the lawn. She hit it with the third shot. They had used up a lot of tins since then.

The pattern of her new life had taken shape from the first day. Francis had been right; she shot well and easily. She was soon riding Sheila, her little gray mare, over the farm with him. Everything had dropped into place. Excitement was merged into routine. She had become a rancher's wife. Francis left her early in the morning as soon as it was light. He came back for breakfast and then went out again. He was generally home at eleven for tea, and then stayed till evening, when they went out together riding or walking over the veld, shooting for the pot. She had soon learned the names of the commoner buck and birds. She went with him when he dipped the cattle. Everything was dipped each week; and even that was insufficient to destroy all the ticks—it merely kept them down.

SHE supervised the garden and the houseboys. She read a lot. She wrote home to her mother and friends. She waited for the weekly mail that was fetched in a locked leather bag by a runner. Day followed day. Month followed month. Nothing happened. Sometimes she laughed when people in their letters from home talked about her adventurous life. It seemed impossible to explain how unadventurous it was. It was different, and at first that had made it seem adventurous; but once you got used to it, it was ordinary. Very quiet, very pleasant, but lots of people would have thought it monotonous. The problems of her life were those of every other woman. They were concerned with her home—with getting food, and having got it, in seeing that it did not go bad in the heat. She had picked up a lot of farming knowledge.

THE tea was cold now. How late Francis was! And how extraordinary it was, the way you could sit dreaming, remembering, thinking, hoping. She'd tell him about it after dinner. It would make him happy. They'd often talked about it. "That's what I'm working for, Betty," he'd said, "for you and for them." He was always speaking of children—as if they already had them.

The mountains had changed color again; from blue they were deepening to lilac and purple, and it looked as if there was a veld fire somewhere. The sky was hazy with smoke behind the range.

What could have held Francis up? Suppose something had happened. He might have been thrown. His horse might have fallen with him, put its foot in an ant-hole. But if anything had happened, the horse would have come home alone. Each fear as it came up she destroyed with common sense, but still the fears remained. She called Charley to come and take the tray.

"Keep the kettle boiling, and make more as soon as the master comes."

He would do that, anyway. He always listened for the horse.

A nightjar swept past her, almost brushing the fly-screen. Afar, a jackal screamed. Generally she liked to hear them, but not this evening. Not when

The lion was back, roaring this time. The sound made her heart jump into her mouth. She fired again. . . . Three shots—there were only five in the magazine. "I must get more," she thought.

she was alone. And then she heard the horse. He was coming at last. She got up. "Tea, Charley."

"Yes, Missus."

Francis was coming; the fresh tea would be here in a minute. The guinea fowl would take about an hour, and if dinner was a little late, it would give the junket longer to set. It was going to be a party for just the two of them, an anniversary, and then she'd tell him. She wondered if he had remembered that it was a year ago today. . . .

He came in. "Darling," she said, "you are so late. I was afraid—" She did not finish her sentence. There was no need to tell him how afraid she had been.

"I'm sorry, Betty, but I got held up. . . . John Greer."

John was their nearest neighbor; he was farming twenty miles away. "You didn't go there, did you?"

"No; he sent a boy. I'm going there now."

"Now, Francis? You mean tonight. . . . You're going to leave me?" He had never before this left her for more than a few hours.

"I'm sorry, Betty, but I've got to go. John's in trouble. He's down with fever, and there's a big fire on the other side of the river. I've got to get his cattle out."

There was nothing more to be said. She knew John would do the same for them.

"You're taking the car?"

"No, I'm riding. They're bringing me a fresh horse now; it's quicker if I go over the mountain."

"At night?"

"There's a moon, and the horses are good. You know that. I'll take Dingaan."

DINGAAN was a black six-year-old, a powerful horse that was used for the hardest work. Charley came in with the tea. How funny it was to think that a little while ago she had been having tea off the same tray—it had been a wedding present—while she waited for him, and thought about their life together. She poured out a cup for him. He drank it standing. Charley came back.

"Baas, the horse is ready."

"You must take some food."

She went to the larder. The guinea fowl was there, hanging from a hook. She brushed past it. Bread, a can of corned beef, a can-opener in case the key of the corned-beef can should break, sardines, biltong. . . She packed them in a haversack he could hang on his saddle.

When she came back, Francis had got his big coat. He was giving it to Charley. "Roll it behind the saddle," he said.

She went to the back with him. A boy was holding the horse's head. Francis kissed her.

"Don't be afraid. I'll be back tomorrow—next day at the latest. If John's burnt out, I may bring the herd up here; we've plenty of veld for them."

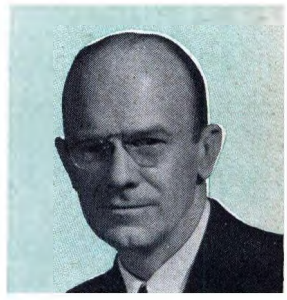
"I sha'n't be afraid, Francis." She was very afraid. Afraid for him, and afraid of being alone here. And only this afternoon she had been thinking that nothing ever happened!

He mounted. He waved to her as he swung his horse and cantered off.

The night passed. Betty had hardly slept, but nothing happened. Francis had been right. *(Please turn to page 96)*

REDBOOK'S RECORDS OF THE MONTH

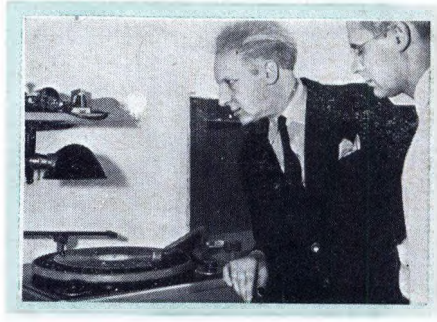
Deems Taylor suggests:



SERIOUS

● **"Songs of Vienna," sung by Lotte Lehmann, with Paul Ulanowsky at the piano. *Columbia Masterworks Album M-494.***

Here is a garland of the tunes that helped to make Vienna one of the world's happiest cities. If you have ever been there, these songs will be a reminder. If you haven't, listen, and you will catch a glimpse of the charm and beauty that the Nazis have destroyed.



● **Serge Prokofieff: Three excerpts from his opera, "Love for Three Oranges," played by the N.B.C. Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. *Victor 18497.***

Yes, the famous march is one of them. The conductor and the band collaborate nobly.

POPULAR

● **George Gershwin: Selections from "Porgy and Bess," Volume Two. *Decca Album A-283.***

Now, hold on. Note the word "two." This includes some of the less familiar ones, such as "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," and the one about the boat that leaves for New York. If you have Volume One *and* this one, you have a complete score of the opera.

● **Freddy Martin and his Orchestra, playing "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" and "I Met Her on Monday." *Victor 27909.***

It was at a first hearing, in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, that your correspondent came to the conclusion that Freddy Martin has one of the best bands in the U.S.A.—and he hasn't changed his mind.

The Education of a

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT of CHANGING AMERICA: This is the second of a series of articles based on the *REDBOOK* survey of emotional, moral and economic dislocation caused by the war.

On June 18, 1942, the newspapers announced that Winston Churchill had reached the White House for a momentous conference with President Roosevelt. And on that same day, among the thousands who got off the trains in Washington, was a young man whom we shall call, in this place, William Smith. That is not his real name. He had come to take a Civil Service job in the Government. And he is important to us for a most particular reason: he began at once to keep a diary.

One of the professional investigators who had been sent to Washington by REDBOOK to discover the meanings and the ways of life in that crowded capital of Democracy came across "William Smith" in the course of his survey. The young man was extremely cooperative. He told of the diary he was keeping, and moreover he turned it over, saying it would be all right to publish it. His name, and all other names, in this article are fictitious.

Before we open its pages, however, you should know something of "William Smith's" background. He is twenty-four years old, one of two sons of a middle-class family in New York State. He was graduated this spring from one of the large Eastern universities, with the degree of Master of Arts, having had his thesis published. Which means that according to present American standards, he is a highly educated young man indeed. He had to go to work at once, and so he took Civil Service examinations. Passing them, he was ordered to report to Washington and become a courier, one grade above a messenger, at a salary of $1440 a year. So, then:

The worst thing is the lack of social life. . . After work, I am just a drifter.

June 18: I arrived in Washington at two A.M. today, dog tired and thoroughly mad. The train was so late I had missed the chance to telephone Link, my fraternity brother, about a room. So I had to pay out two dollars and fifty cents for a room in a third-rate hotel. I went right to sleep, too tired even to be elated at the thought of being in Washington after so much delay.

At eight A.M. I talked to Link on the phone and was dismayed to find he hadn't located a room for me. But he was optimistic, so I checked my bags at the hotel and set out for my first day of work. They put me right to it, too, just as soon as I had gone through the mill at the personnel office—pictures and fingerprints and so on. At the personnel office there was another young fellow, obviously uneducated, who was also starting today. For a while I was discouraged, thinking he was to get the same job I had. Later, however, I discovered he was just a messenger.

I did what I was told to do all day, too tired from lack of sleep and too busy to feel lonely or even think about myself at all. It seemed to me that I wasn't making any readjustments at all, especially with Link there to cushion the shock and show me the ropes.

Right after work, Link hauled me off to the Defense Boarding Registry, where I got a room for five dollars a week, the price I had decided I could afford. The house was near Link's, in Georgetown. The room was big and the bed soft, which was all I cared about today. After having a couple of beers with Link and writing home, I rolled into bed and fell right to sleep.

June 19: I liked my job better today, and didn't have that inferior feeling I did yesterday when the girl stenographers sometimes referred to me as a messenger. I suppose it was a hangover from college that made me so mad while collecting the "confidential trash" yesterday. That job is the bottom of the ladder.

After the second day, I can say I liked practically all the men I work with. My immediate superior is a Harvard man, and while not overly brainy or ambitious, he is really a good guy. I like his assistant less. He seems a pretty surly fellow and tends to be bossy. I'm not very good yet at being bossed around, after four years of calling my time my own.

I feel a little frustrated. Haven't met a soul outside of the people I work with. Link took me around to look for some fellows he met in his office, but they weren't home, and we ended up in a beer joint, trying to work out the movie scenario we're going to write. Mental work is refreshing after this courier business. With all this talk about eight girls to every man in Washington, I had hoped by now to meet some nice gal. I guess that will have to wait, however, because I don't quite know how to go about it. Probably have to work through Link.

June 20: Another dull evening at home. The job went better today, however. I am getting the feel of it, and losing that sense of inferiority. Probably I have overambitious desires, but I can't help but figure out how to get ahead, even though I've just been here a few days. The chief advantage in being a courier is that you're on the go all day. You feel you're doing your part in the war effort—that is, when you have time to think about the war effort. This job at least doesn't have that sort of loafing which sends so many Washington workers *voluntarily* into the Army.

The Red Cross women who drive us around on our errands are convenient but uninteresting, until today when I got a Colonel's wife. She gave me an insight into the social life of Washington. I have a fear that college made me something of a snob, but I liked her because she was upper class, the kind of woman I've been used to. I hope to work subtly through her to get to some parties, perhaps to meet some debs, to get an entrée into certain clubs.

I met the fellow who lives down the hall from me tonight. A bus driver, he has been here for seventeen weeks. He

Young Man

BY MORRIS MARKEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MEREDITH

The girls said why not cook dinner right there? So we bought some groceries and had fun watching the girls prepare the food.

seems to be reveling in Washington's famed sex abundance. He is a gregarious fellow who met five new girls just this afternoon, and he has a whole book full of addresses and phone-numbers. He claims that the Government girls he has gone out with are all crazy about him—but I've got a hunch he is boasting a little. He wants to fix me up sometime this week, but there is something in me which just won't let me go all out on that sort of proposition.

(Perhaps it would not be rude, at this point, to interrupt our Master of Arts turned courier. We already know a good deal about him, I think. For example, during his first three days in the heart of the Free World which is fighting for existence, he has not had time to think about the war. And after several years in a university not renowned for monasticism, he is struggling over the problem of how to meet girls—when they are around him in droves and coveys, eager to be met.

He should have gone to a boarding-house instead of a single room. Oh, he'd have to adjust his tastes a little, in the boarding-house. He would not meet the sort of girls who used to come up for the June hops. He would meet those girls from all the wide reaches of America: the one hundred thousand Government girls we regarded in our first article, the girls from Main Street.

("William Smith's" education has prepared him, quite obviously, for the lofty

life. It has filled him with ambitions for a splendid existence among the Right People. At this point in his diary, we might certainly assume that it has told him nothing of the struggles with reality which convulse the world, these days, nothing of the social revolution which surely is afoot. Let us see how that education progresses:)

JUNE 21: Although by walking to and from work I have missed the crowded aspects of Washington to date, I got a taste of them tonight. Coming out from town on the bus, Link and I had to stand all the way. I didn't enjoy it a bit. I felt like that old saying, "no rest for the weary."

The worst thing for me, though, is the lack of social life. There is none—not only in the restricted sense of dates, but in the broader sense of having my roots in somewhere: nobody to go home to, nobody to go out to see. After work, I am just a drifter. I don't even have any particular hang-out to go to, because the beer-halls I can afford don't attract me much. The fact that there are so many young girls and men working for the Government doesn't help me much, because it's hard to meet them.

As far as girls are concerned, six out of eight are unattractive to me. The Washington maiden has been described as a plump gal with glasses and pimples. It's cruel, but seems to me pretty accurate. Almost all the attractive Government girls, so I hear, are either married or engaged. Anyway, I find a tendency in my position to want to know girls whose parents live in Washington. That's because they would have a place to take me—home—and a social set to which they could introduce me.

Two people adrift is not much better than one.

(Please let me interrupt again, William. What college professor taught you that? Two people adrift at the core of the Democratic World—Churchill is still in town, remember, though you haven't mentioned it to yourself—have a thing called Freedom: to walk, and talk, to think and make jokes and find out about each other. But go on:)

Actually, minor inconveniences in living and the fact that I have no new acquaintances does not prevent me from realizing that living and working here is to my taste. The city is nice in the morning. I like the architecture, the river, the clear air, the feeling of getting up and setting out to work. Being in Washington is not, however, all it's cracked up to be as far as getting in on the war is concerned. I probably knew more about the war when I read the newspapers in college. But I do feel I'm doing something. Of course, I'll have to admit that part of my elation comes from the fact that this is my first permanent job of any sort, and it marks the beginnings of life away from home, away from school, and away from pretty near all my old acquaintances.

(Now, at last, William, you are getting down to common earth. Those thousands of Government girls and Government boys you see, and can't seem to meet, are nearly all saying the same thing. The REDBOOK *survey, in which hundreds of people like yourself were questioned, had as one of its queries: "What was your main reason for coming to Washington?"*

I danced with her, but I didn't want to get too interested, certainly not on our first date.

(Thirty per cent said: "The wish for a change." And even that figure is deceptive. For when the "samples" were questioned further, nearly all of them said they had wanted to escape from their environment, to start a new life, to go out from the home nest and be independent.

(Also, in answer to that question, some said, "To help win the war." But they, alas, were only four per cent of the total.)

JUNE 22: I am finding it a little hard after five or six years of being a free spirit to become just a two-inch length in a spool of red tape. During all that time I considered doping out "the riddle of life" my most important business. Now there is no time during the day for me to think, to correlate any new experiences I might have picked up. I miss my musings. And I can't help but feel my job is an insult to my intelligence. Anybody except a complete illiterate could do what I'm doing.

They put me to work collecting the waste again this morning, and I got sore as hell because that shows they consider me to be the bottom of the lot. I'm just reduced to the state of a flunky, and I was so discouraged, I thought of quitting the job on the spot.

Then too—still no soap on the girl question. That burns me. Although I've seen few girls who would interest me at all! Beauty *and* brains is a rare combination. Part of my Washington venture was to cash in on this uneven ratio of women to men. Link represents my only chance at present to meet a girl, and he is

maddeningly disinterested. If he'd only get me started!

(It must be interposed here that our diarist's experience is not the usual one in Washington. The questionnaires showed that eighty per cent of the hundreds interviewed felt that Washington was a friendly place, and that making new acquaintances was very easy.

(Also, seventy-five per cent said they were happier in Washington than they had been at home, giving a variety of reasons: "More excitement and fun—more independence—like the job—meet more interesting people than I knew at home—prefer this to the monotony of the rut I was living in."

(Again, only four out of ten said they had fewer dates in Washington than at home, and most of these were men engaged to girls living elsewhere, and consequently not interested in going out.

(Nine out of every ten said they had a satisfyingly large group of intimate friends.)

JUNE 23: Well, overnight I regained my sense of humor, and today has been sort of a red-letter day. Link and I heard of a little apartment, and we snapped it up. The rent is $60.00 a month, a great deal too much for our meager salaries. But we are trying to find a third guy to share it, and even if we don't, we'll stand the extravagance just to have a place to call home. It will take away that "adrift" feeling of living in a room. We can even entertain here.

After we had settled that, Link and I went bowling, and at the center we ran into four fellows he had met at his office. We bowled and had some beer and then all went to our new "home"—picking up some more beer on the way. The party didn't break up until three o'clock.

(The four new fellows we will call Frank and Mitch, Don and Burt.) The first two were from Midwestern State universities. Don and Burt had a year or two each in different colleges. The first thing they wanted was to know where we kept the radio. I felt a little ashamed, telling them we hadn't bought one. Frank bawled us out, saying how the hell did we expect to keep up with events if we didn't get the news. I told him I read the papers when I got the chance, and sometimes got hold of a copy of *Time*.

Link said that things were moving too fast to try to keep up with them, anyway. Being in Washington was like being in the front-line trenches: you were too close to see what was going on. Everybody agreed to that except Frank, and he gave us a hell of a lecture.

He said the only way a democracy could function was for every single soul in it to keep himself informed on the news, not only actual physical happenings but new ideas, and the discussion of new theories. He talked about the American way of life, and said: "What the hell is the American way of life? A bunch like you fellows just sitting by in a daze and letting the forces of the world be managed by a handful of men? Whether they are Hitler or dictators or demagogues in our own government doesn't matter. The minute that happens, democracy goes out the window. You sit back and say everything is all right as long as you get three squares a day and there is nobody shooting at you—and don't care a damn what happens to the fellow who is starving, or who is being shot at. That American way of life isn't worth even a tramp's dying for."

He got hot under the collar. It was strange for a man from a Midwestern college to be lecturing Link and me, after all the Ivy we had studied behind. I tried to give him a little argument, but he was quick on the trigger, and very voluble.

Link just grinned, though, and the other guys didn't seem to understand what the argument was all about, since we were supposed to be getting a little relaxation.

Still, I couldn't help but realize there was a lot in what Frank said. At first, I thought he sounded like a radical, but he sneered when I accused him of it. He said: "Anybody with a brain in his head these days is called a radical. Was Thomas Jefferson a radical? Or did you guys ever hear of a man named Thomas Jefferson?"

I suppose that was pretty insulting, but nobody bothered to answer him.

He said that the American college system was lousy, and didn't educate anybody but men who would get themselves educated anyway. He had a clipping which said that eighty-two per cent of American colleges don't require a course in American history. I guess that is wrong, of course. But there is another side of it. Why read over a lot of musty dates and speeches and treaties when history is being made so rapidly right before your eyes?

I said that, and Frank hauled out another clipping, from Walter Lippmann's column. Lippmann said the reason the founding fathers could lay the cornerstone for such an enduring republic was because they knew history, all the experiences of Greece and Rome, and could avoid the mistakes which had ruined those republics. He said all great decisions must be made in the light of the past and the future, not just of the moment, and he said that our present system of education did not really equip us to make final and lasting decisions. Something like that, and I guess he is right. But what can I do about it? I said that, and Frank blew up and left. I was sorry to see him go, but in a way it was a relief to settle down and be calm again.

I asked Don and Burt what they did about the girl question, and they seemed to think I was crazy not to have got going yet. I explained that my standards were pretty high. They said they could give me a double handful to pick from—all standards! That sounded encouraging. Then they told me how Washington society works.

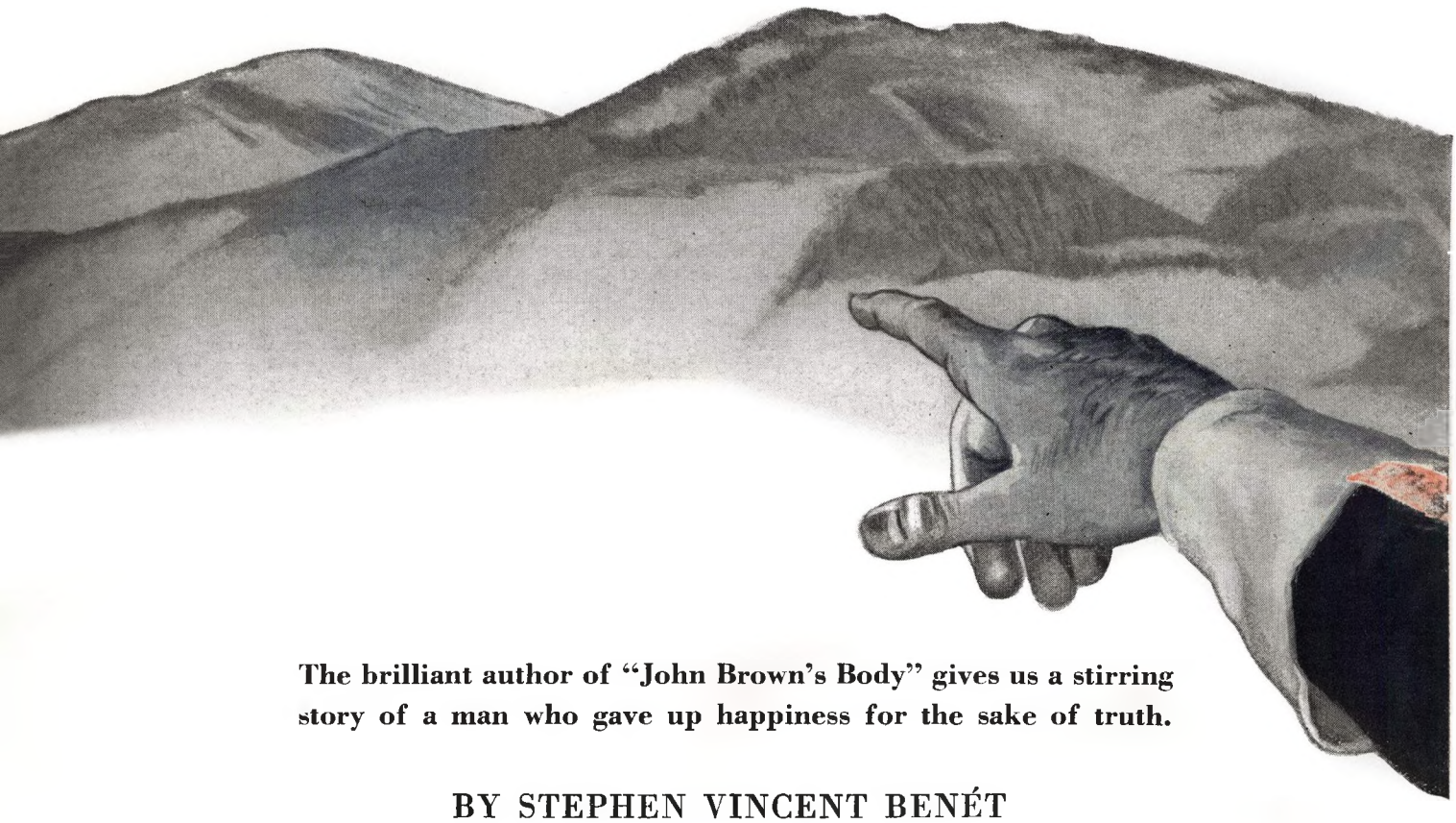
Everything is based on income. If you are in the $1440 class, you go with $1440 people, and so on up the line until you get to the rating of Professional in the Civil Service. These are the scientific experts in geology and meteorology and so on, and make good money. Up above everything is the Diplomatic set, the high officers of the Army and Navy, and the old Washington society. Government workers, they said, are in a different world from the higher-ups.

I hate to think of confining my whole social existence to people making $1440 a year. But anyway, Don and Burt are going to call us up in a day or two and we can meet some girls.

JUNE 24: An article I read in today's *P.M.* about defense workers in Washington only served to discourage me. It was all about the crowding and the girls who couldn't get dates and had to sit like mice in the corner when they weren't fighting for the bathroom—but who were having a swell time, anyway. I realized that because I didn't live in a boarding-house and was not living in a big city for the first time, I couldn't get the fun out of Washington, or the excitement most of the other kids do.

(Dear William: You are twenty-four years old and a Master of Arts. You are not a kid. You are a grown man and you had better *(Please turn to page 78)*

The Land where



The brilliant author of "John Brown's Body" gives us a stirring story of a man who gave up happiness for the sake of truth.

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

It was not very far from Hilda's house to John's house—just three and a half streets and a corner—and it seemed to the children as if they had always known each other. They were always running back and forth—you could hear the light patter of their steps in the street like the patter of rain. John was the elder of the two by about six months—he had a merry face, a short nose and a lively imagination. Hilda had yellow pigtails and round cheeks. They had known each other since they were born.

The town in which they lived was an old town, even for the land, and a pleasant one. There was the gray old church with its stiff stone angels and the city hall with its carved ceiling, the square with its fountain and its statue to a long-dead hero, the running river and the cemetery on the hill. Hilda and John knew all of them, as children know, by exploring. They were the provost's girl and the minister's boy—most people knew them and were friendly.

Of course, they were not always together. They were part of a whole band of children, of the river and current of children that streams back and forth to school—the wreath and garland of children that brings new life to a town. Often Hilda played with other companions and John too; neither of them were freakish. Yet there was always something that drew them back toward one another. Even their parents grew used to it—and their older brothers and sisters. They did not say, "Where's Hilda?" or "Where's John?" They said, "Where's Hilda and John?"

They were able to console each other. Let us take death: The children knew that it happened and accepted it. Yet when old Ketty died—old Ketty who worked at the provost's house—they were puzzled. Old Ketty, with her gouty fingers and her cross kindness, was as much a part of their lives as the house or the lamps in the street, the fountain in the square or the moon in the sky. Now she lay in her coffin, with her hands crossed over her breast and her hair very smooth. The children went to the funeral together and saw her buried. Afterward, Hilda's mother gave them both a piece of gingercake, and sent them out to play.

They played for a while quite cheerfully at being dead like Ketty. Then they gave it up and sat down on a stone bench by the fountain in the square.

"I guess Ketty must be in heaven by now," said Hilda. "I guess she started as soon as they put her in the ground. Is that when they start, John?"

"Oh, yes," said John, who was the minister's son. "I guess that's when they start. She had on her best dress, too."

"Yes, I'd like to have on my best dress," said Hilda. "It doesn't matter so much, with boys."

"No, I suppose it doesn't," said John. He kicked at the bench. "When you held your breath very hard, did you feel dead, Hilda?"

Hilda considered. "No," she said. "I felt funny, but I didn't feel dead." Then she burst into tears.

"For goodness' sake, what are you crying about?" said John.

"It doesn't feel very pleasant," said Hilda, overpowered with grief. "I don't want to be dead myself. I don't want anybody to be dead."

"That's silly," said John. "Everybody's got to be dead sometime." But he was made uncomfortable by her tears.

"Everybody doesn't have to be dead," said Hilda. "Tell me everybody doesn't have to."

"Oh, all right," said John. "Everybody doesn't have to be dead."

She sat bolt upright, her round cheeks blazing. "Do you mean that, John? You're not just talking about heaven? I know about heaven."

there is no Death

ILLUSTRATED BY
TOM WEBB

"I could not forget you, Hilda. When I have found what I must seek, I shall come back to you."

"No, I'm not talking about heaven. I'm talking about—" He paused and thought: "I'm talking about the land where there is no death," he said, firmly.

Hilda stopped crying. She fished out a bit of barley sugar from her pocket and sucked on it.

"Tell me about it, John," she said, reassured.

So he told her about the land where there is no death. It was far away, of course, but it could be reached and found. As he told about it, he began to believe in it himself and to see it plainly. It was very like the best of all that they knew—the friendliness of the town and the warmth of the fields in summer—except that no creature died there, not even a hare. When he had quite finished, Hilda's tears were dry.

"It sounds wonderful, John," she said. "But we won't have to go there right away, will we? I promised Mother to help her with the ironing tomorrow."

"No," said John. "We won't have to go there right away. But we shall go sometime, of course."

THAT is how they first heard of the land where there is no death; and for a long time, it occupied their thoughts. Each day, when they met, they would add one detail or another to the picture they had of it, until it grew very real to them indeed. There was a town and valley; there were streams and forests. They knew it foot by foot, as they knew the streets of their town.

As the children grew older, of course, the land receded farther and farther to the backs of their minds. They would talk of it now and then to one another, half in jest, but it was not a pressing concern. Nevertheless, though Hilda had been the first to raise the question, it was John whose life was changed by it.

It came upon him while he was in the last year of his studies for the ministry. Perhaps he had been studying too ardently; but at all events, one summer evening, he lifted his eyes from the dry page and there it was before him—the land where there is no death, with its wide summer fields and forests and its garland of ageless children who pass continually through the streets of its town. The sound of its streams was in his ears like a calling of voices. He knew that it was but a vision, and yet it called to him. He put the text aside and sat by the open window for a long time, with his hand upon his brow.

So when he came before his examiners, they cast him out—for he could not reconcile the goodness of God with the fact that death was loose in the world. He did not complain of their judgment—but his heart was unsatisfied, and he knew that he must go forth and seek what he must seek.

It was hard to do so, indeed, for by now he was a young man and Hilda a maiden. They had not spoken of love to each other, and yet they had taken for granted in their hearts that sometime between them there would be love and marriage and the kindly and mortal things. Yet, when they parted at the crossroads, they were gay enough.

"It will not be for long," said John. "Perhaps I shall find it in a month—perhaps in a year. Yet surely I shall find it. And that will be a great thing, Hilda."

"That is true," said Hilda. "And I will not stop your going. Yet the world is very wide. You will not forget me, John? Not even in that land?"

"I could not forget you, Hilda. But, when I have found what I must seek, I shall come back to you."

She gave him bread for his journey, and with kisses and sighs they parted. How many the partings are! And John took his staff in his hand and Hilda went back to the town, for it was baking-day and the rest of her loaves should have been in the oven an hour ago.

SO John set forth upon his search, and it was not a hard journey, at first. He had lived in one town all his life but, being friendly himself, he found the wide world friendly and of passionate interest. Where his search was concerned, he got continual encouragement. Whenever he spoke of what he was seeking, soberly and honestly, there were those who would listen and reply. Sure enough, they had heard of such a land—or their fathers had. It might lie just beyond the mountains—perhaps a little farther—that was hard to tell. But there was a tale and a memory of it in men's minds. This excited John and made him wonder why they had not sought for the land themselves. But for that there was always a good answer. This man had his field to plow or the village would get no grain—that man had just been wed; that other had great possessions.

Here and there, of course, there were those who thought him a fool or a madman. But he had an even temper and

"I have many words indeed, Hilda," said John. "But they all come down to the one—that I have been a fool. My search has lasted all my life, and has but brought me back to my own door."

was able to bear their scorn. If they threw him in jail, there was something to be learned in jail—if they drove him out of the village, he went from it uncomplaining. He had no quarrel with them—only with death.

Soon enough the money in his purse was gone and he must turn to a trade to keep on with his journey. But he was strong of body and clever of hand—he would do a day's work for any man—so he got on well enough. Moreover, he found very early that a story or a song often smooths the road for a stranger. They were not hard for him to furnish—he had told so many stories to Hilda when they were children that his tongue was quite in the way of it. When the day's work was done, the folk would gather about him to listen—or, if not the grown folk, the children, and that suited John even better. At first he had but a small enough stock of stories, but as time went on and he saw more of the world, it grew larger and he told them with more art. Some were real and of things that had happened; some were the old tales all men tell; some came into his head as he walked along the roads.

YET, in all this time, he did not forget the object of his search. He was cheerful and gay but it was continually in his mind, for wherever he went, death ravaged the fields of man. And from death none were exempt, no folk and no nation. It seemed to him once that surely the rich and the proud must have, among their treasures, some clue to his searchings. So he stayed for nearly a year at a king's court, telling his stories, and the king was well pleased with him. But when the king's son died, in the bloom of his youth, there was nought to do. He could ease the king's heart a little by his tales, but that was all. At another time he sought out the scholars—and the wisest of them were most wise. But, wise as they were, they could tell him little of the land he sought, though they dragged out many rolls of parchment. For one said that such a land was mentioned by Aristotle the Greek, but another said it was not, and then there were fierce and angry words among the baldheads. It was all John could do to calm their quarrel with a story—and he left them in the end, happily picking his story to pieces, as men pick bones from a fish.

NOW he was no longer young but a man in his prime, yet the anguish of his search burned in him more fiercely than ever. It drove him across seas and continents, into strange lands, among strange folk. Yet, when he came to know them, they were no longer strange but all children of men. They might live on a bowl of rice under burning suns—they might hunt the elk through the snows—yet they lived and loved and suffered as all men do. Often they broke his heart with their slyness and their kindness, their cruelty and their strange courage, their hate and their sudden brotherhood. He saw great wars flame and cease and the plow go back to the fields—he saw bitter injustice done and yet a few men stand against it and out of their bones imperfect justice arise. All these things he saw, and of many he made stories, and some were bitter. It is bitter to see man blacken the face of man—it is bitter to see him die when he might live. Sometimes it was so bitter to John that it seemed to him that, wherever he went, Death himself followed at his heels, a leering companion, shaking his sides at his endless jest upon man. Then John would brace his heart and put himself in Death's way—but, in plague and famine and conflict, Death passed him by. So he went on. . . .

You will ask if he thought nothing of Hilda in all these years. He thought of her always and continually—sometimes as the child he had played with, sometimes as the maiden he had left. As the years passed, the memory of her face grew dim; yet he knew he would know her in an instant, once he saw her again, and that was a solace to him. Every child to whom he told a story had something of Hilda in its face, and for that reason, he did his best with the stories. "And, as soon as my search is ended, I shall see her again," he thought.

His search did not end in a day or a year, yet it ended suddenly. For some time he had noticed a difference and a change in the lands through which he passed—the speech was more familiar to him, though a speech he had not used for very long. As he struggled one day toward a certain pass in the mountains, he felt burning in his heart the certainty that tomorrow would be the day and with it the long task completed. Had they not said in the valley: "Yes, we have heard of the land, and it is not here. But across the mountains, doubtless—"

The mountain air was thin in his lungs as he *(Please turn to page 65)*

Margery's

Can a Puritan reform a playboy? Can a woman accustomed to a frugal existence be happy with a spendthrift? Both questions are answered in this new love-story by

The Story Thus Far:

MARGERY had taken Jerry, Jr., out in his perambulator, because it was Netty's afternoon off, when to her surprise she met her husband coming from the direction of the station, as if he had just come out from the city. It was only a little after three o'clock on a week-day afternoon.

"Jerry," she said, "is there anything wrong?" And when he didn't reply, she asked urgently: "Are you ill?"

"No." The curt monosyllable reproved her solicitude.

She detected the odor of whisky on his breath. "I know something has happened," she said. "Was it an accident?"

"You might call it that," said Jerry sardonically. And when they reached the house—Jerry's mother's house, for they lived with her—he explained: "Well, girls, I've lost my job."

"YOUR job!" cried Mrs. Darian, her voice harsh with astonishment. "Why?"

"I've been trying," Jerry said sulkily, "to make a little money. God knows, I could use it. . . . But we're not supposed to do it. There's an idiotic rule—brokers aren't supposed to trade on the market, except under certain restrictions that I can't see any sense in."

Margery asked breathlessly: "And you *have* been trading, Jerry?"

"I bought a little stock—on margin. I'd been placing my orders, of course, with another firm. They called up for more margin while I was out to lunch, and one of the partners answered the phone. He found out I'd been trading, and gave me the boot."

"But why," said Mrs. Darian, "for a little thing like that? How much did the broker want? I'm not going to give it to you."

"You needn't. It's too late. The stock crashed, and the broker sold me out."

"Will you tell me," Mrs. Darian demanded, "how much you have lost? I'm going to find out if I have to—"

"It was ten thousand dollars," said Jerry vituperatively.

Mrs. Darian stared. "Jerry," she said, her voice rising sharply, "where did you get that ten thousand dollars?" She turned on her son. "You went down to the bank, with the key to my box, and sold some of my securities—"

"Oh, *no. No!*" cried Margery, utterly horrified, though he had done a similar thing before—had taken the securities Margery had purchased with the five thousand dollars of insurance that had

Marriage

MARGARET AYER BARNES
WHO WROTE THE PULITZER-PRIZE WINNING NOVEL "YEARS OF GRACE"

"Jerry!" Mrs. Darian gasped. "What have you been doing?" "Who? Me?" Jerry grinned unhappily. "I've been gettin' away from it all. But I can carry my liquor."

come to her on the death of her father and mother in an accident. . . . Now Jerry was gazing at his mother with guilt in his eyes—guilt, and regret, and speechless apology.

Margery walked out of the room with Jerry, Jr., in her arms. For little Jerry embodied the problem of what she must do—and she did not know the answer. How to save him, how protect him from final understanding? How to live with her husband—and bring up her son? *(The story continues in detail:)*

Jerry remained penitent for several weeks, his naturally high spirits so subdued by contrition that he seemed a different man—or no longer a boy. He tried his very best to find another job, going into the city every morning to look for one, and spending the day dropping in and out of offices, discussing his predicament with his various friends.

Margery turned away from Mr. Tuttle, to hide her ashen face. "I'm going to pay it back." "My dear child," he said, "don't be foolish. But of course I must ask him to resign from the job."

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

It was curious how little those friends could find to do for him, now he was out of luck. Some of them were playboys, without serious occupation. Others were young brokers who would have liked to help him, but of course had no jobs at their personal disposal. A few, to be sure, were employed by their own fathers in banks or corporations of colossal proportions. But even the position of these sons of fortune, though dynastic in promise, was at the moment unimportant. They had no authority to hire employees, but they introduced Jerry to their preoccupied fathers, who referred him, sometimes gruffly, to their personnel departments. There Jerry invariably encountered a stranger, a shrewd man with keen eyes, who seemed impervious to charm. He would ask for a reference from Jerry's previous employer, or inquire embarrassingly why he'd left his last job.

"Oh, I was getting bored with it," he began by saying lightly. But this did not seem to make a very good impression; and even when he added, with a show of smiling confidence, "I wanted a position with a chance for advancement," he was pressed coldly for further information.

"Sorry, old man," the friends always said, when he came back to them dispirited after one of these interviews. Sometimes one of them took him out to lunch at his club and suggested other contacts and offered further introductions. But nothing seemed to come of it, and Jerry attributed his lack of success to the youth of his sponsors, who—no matter whose sons they were or how bright their future prospects—had no influence at present in the harsh business world.

"I'm on my own, you see," he said sadly to Margery. "There's never been anyone to give me a hand."

Margery, remembering the size of his allowance, had tried very hard to look as if she agreed with him. As a matter of fact, there was something in what he said. For Jerry had no family connection to fall back on, no acquaintance with men of the older generation who, through a lifelong friendship with his father or his mother, might have been inclined to help him because he was their son.

From this point of view his position was unfortunate. His father had died

before the age of forty, and so soon after moving from Chicago to New York that he'd made few social contacts outside of his office. Mrs. Darian was not a woman who could share her husband's interests, and after his death she had severed her relationship—which had always been very slight—with his business associates. When Jerry suggested he might try to look them up, at the mail-order house of which his father had been an executive, she found she could not even remember their names. The move from Chicago to the suburbs of New York had represented social progress to her limited mind, so she had not kept in touch with the Midwestern friends she had made in her girlhood and her early married years. Her only real intimates were the "girls" she played bridge with, who were women like herself, with little contact with men. Four of the seven were widowed, two divorced, and the husband of the pouter-pigeon matron was negligible. He "traveled" obscurely, for a hosiery firm. Mrs. Darian was very glad she need not ask them for assistance. She could not bear to tell them that her son had lost his job. Or, what was more humiliating, that his friends, who were so "prominent," who adorned the social circles of which she'd often boasted, seemed unable to offer him another and better one.

But she spoke of this constantly to Jerry, annoying him by her bitter little comments on his "fair-weather friends." It was the only subject on which she still nagged him, preferring to ignore, or to veil in loyal reticence, the more serious aspects of his sorry situation. After her first outburst of anger and indignation, she had never referred—at least in Margery's presence—to the fact that he'd sold her securities and lost all the proceeds in reckless speculation. It was as if she regretted that her daughter-in-law knew about it; and Margery was convinced that neither Jerry nor his mother would have told her—if she had not been present when it all was revealed.

This astonishing reserve on the part of her mother-in-law, who had always been so given to hysterical outbursts—over everything, over nothing—was the measure of a solicitude that Margery shared and could therefore understand. She remembered how thankful she had been and still was—that Mrs. Darian had known nothing of her quarrel with her husband, when Jerry, last April, had taken *her* bonds. It was strange that this desire to shield him, which was mutual, should raise a secret barrier between his wife and his mother. It was prompted by pride, strangely mingled with shame. A wife had a sense of identity with her husband, and a mother with her son—but not with each other. Yet Mrs. Darian and Margery were essentially united in pretending that Jerry was something that he wasn't, in ignoring the anxieties they acknowledged in their hearts.

He accepted this tacit conspiracy of silence; and even when he was alone with his wife, though his state of contrition continued to be obvious, he made no further reference to what he had done. Outwardly they lived very much as before. Mrs. Darian, like her son, had no love for economy, preferring to preach rather than practice that virtue; and she shared Jerry's easy optimism on the score of paying bills. The bulk of her income was derived from her husband's life insurance, and the check which the company sent her each month had always been large enough to meet her necessary expenses, to pay the household bills and give Jerry his allowance, with something left over for taxes and clothes. The securities that Jerry had sold—amounting, as he'd said, to ten thousand dollars—represented about half of her husband's personal investments, which he'd left to her outright, by the medium of his will. The income they'd brought in Jerry had always called her "Fun Fund," for she'd spent it on luxuries, on the clothes that were not necessary, on presents for Jerry and Margery and her grandson, on lunching in restaurants, going to the theater, paying bridge-debts and riding in taxicabs—in short, in not having to bother about thrift.

In the future Mrs. Darian was going to hate to have to bother, but the need for retrenchment was not pressing or immediate, and it did not affect her household arrangements. When Margery remarked that she must dismiss the nursemaid, Mrs. Darian had requested her not to do it—just yet. "Just yet" was an expression of that easy-going optimism she shared with her son. It was *Mr. Micawber*-ish. She was rather inclined to think "something would turn up." Moreover it seemed to her important to keep Netty, for the "girls" would observe that she was dismissed. That might set them thinking, or even asking questions.

On the first of November she paid Jerry his allowance, more for Margery's benefit, perhaps, than her son's. Not to do so would have been too patent a recognition of all she preferred to make believe had not occurred; and Jerry, she reflected, since the loss of his job, with its salary and commissions, would need every penny of that hundred a month. This reflection was the result of a habit of indulgence that had marked her relations with her son all his life. Jerry himself was losing his confidence. He had noticd a slight difference in the attitude of his friends, a slackening of interest, a desire to put him off.

"You might think I was going to touch them for a loan," he said indignantly to Margery. "The world's pretty tough. When I didn't need help, all was sunshine and flowers. But now I'm down and out—"

"You're not, dear," said Margery.

His smile was no more than a ghost of itself. "Well, maybe you're right," he said. "I hope so. I don't know."

This listless self-distrust was very unlike him. He no longer set out briskly every morning for town. When he did go, he did not look up his friends, but wandered morosely around lower Manhattan, sometimes meeting an acquaintance and pausing to chat with him, in the manner of a man who has time to stand on street-corners; sometimes stopping at a bar for a drink to keep his courage up and exchanging a few idle words with the barkeeper; sometimes entering a skyscraper, going up in the elevator, and walking irresolutely down its spotless marble corridors to the door of an office where—he had heard—help was wanted. The smile that he received from the girl at the switchboard, who invariably noticed his youthful good looks and his prosperous appearance, momentarily restored his flagging self-respect. He would straighten his necktie and answer the smile.

But the job was always filled, or else he could not fill it, or he was floored by those questions—they were always the same—that were asked in regard to his former employment.

It was just before Thanksgiving that he gave up the fight and took to staying home nearly all of every day. "It's getting too cold," he said gloomily, "to tramp the pavements. I don't want to turn into a Public Library bum. I'd soon be reduced to dropping in there to keep warm."

Margery laughed, if a little uncertainly. "But Jerry," she said, "you *must* keep in touch with things. When you go into town, you meet other men. I think if you'd lunch at your club every day, you might run across someone who would know of an opening."

"A club bum," said Jerry, "is the very worst variety."

"But you have to eat somewhere."

"At home," he reminded her, "I don't pay for what I eat." He met her perplexity with his old shameless grin, looking for an instant his gay boyish self again. This cheered them both up, but he went on dejectedly: "I can't manage, Margery, to lunch there at present. I *would* meet my friends, and I couldn't let them treat me. I'd soon be considered an utter dead beat. We'd match for the drinks. Maybe even for the lunch. That runs into money. And it's all rather awkward. I've just had a letter from those tightwads on the House Committee. They say that they'd like me to settle my account. In the meantime I have to pay my club bills with cash. I can't charge at the bar or in the restaurant any longer. You see, the account has been running for some months. It's four hundred dollars. I can't possibly pay it."

After this conversation she felt sorrier than ever for him, more aware of his position in the world outside his home. It was humiliating to think of her debonair husband as the object of correction on the part of a house committee. She was glad that he wouldn't cadge meals from his friends. She assumed his credit everywhere was pretty well shot.

But yet, on her birthday, which was the thirtieth of November, he made her the present of a silver fox scarf.

"Oh, Jerry, you shouldn't have! Oh, dear, I mustn't *(Please turn to page 103)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK LAZARNICK

"George is so—well, he's just noble!" Babs looked at her father with shining eyes. "Don't you really think," she said, "he's the most wonderful man you ever knew?" Ed could not suppress a sigh. "George has got stuff," he agreed firmly.

AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE INTO AN AMERICAN HOME

U.S. Today

BY HENRIETTA RIPPERGER

THE conductor pocketed his watch, waved his hand and swung aboard. The train began to move. The heat beat up from the wooden platform in visible weaving curves. High above us, two small faces peered through the car window for a last look. Freddy and Charles were off for Scout camp—by train this year, because when the tires of our car are worn out, there may be no more.

"I hate to see them go," I said as Ed and I walked back to the car. "It *will* be awfully restful, though, to be home with just Eileen and Babs. I intend to relax and enjoy the peace and quiet."

ED slid in under the wheel.

"Listen!" he said. "Any time a week goes by in our house without a major crisis, I want to know it. Eileen is a restful girl; but Babs—" He swung to one side to avoid a yellow cat running along the road. "Babs lives on excitement. My belief is that she abhors peace and quiet, the way Nature abhors a vacuum."

I sank down comfortably into the seat. Ed is the only other driver with whom I don't unconsciously use all my driving muscles—when I'm not driving.

"Well, you know how it is, with a girl like Babs. At seventeen, you're always either on the crest of the wave or very low. As a matter of fact, it's Eileen I'd be a little concerned about if I were going to worry, which I'm not. She doesn't seem a bit like herself; I think she's terribly anxious about Dick."

"Naturally, aren't we all?" Ed asked.

Eileen is Dick's wife, and Dick is our eldest; he is also a new lieutenant in the Army. A few weeks ago he was sent out of the country; where, we could only guess, because no word had come from him since; our guess had been Australia.

The car drew up to the pavement. I got out at our corner so that Ed could hurry on to the factory. They make munitions down there. It's Ed's own business; he's always pushing to fill his war contracts, and never has half the time he needs. I went up the walk to our front door, and there I met the postman. He stopped, his boots crunching the dry, hot gravel. His weathered, grayish face wore a tired smile.

"I put a letter inside," he said. "It's from overseas."

I went into the organdy-curtained coolness of the living-room, looking for Eileen. Norah had just placed a green bowl with white sprays from the garden there. (Once, when I was too busy to prepare an entry, Norah sent a floral arrangement with cuttings from our garden to the Garden Club, and won the first prize.) But while my eyes were grateful for the flowers, my mind was not on them. I was impatient to know about the letter.

I first saw Babs sitting on the sofa staring intently across the room. Opposite her, Eileen sat holding a letter in both hands. It was a thin sheet covered with Dick's familiar even handwriting. Eileen's face was a blot of white above the candy pink of her cotton suit. There were deep circles under her big gray eyes, but a look of strain I had noticed lately was gone now, and she was half smiling. Dick was all right then. I could wait for the details.

"Come, Babs," I said. Eileen should be allowed to read her letter alone.

"Oh, Mother B., don't go!" Eileen looked up. "Dick's somewhere in Northern Ireland. See?" She handed me an envelope with a sticker that read, PASSED BY EXAMINER 7076. "Isn't that wonderful! It makes him seem so much nearer, somehow. You can imagine the way it is there."

"Yes," I said. I was trying to imagine—a little cobbled street in a rain-swept village by the North Atlantic. "How is he?"

"He's fine. Of course, he doesn't say anything about the war. Let's see—'I've got a great bunch of boys under me. One of my big problems is with those who want to marry the pretty Irish girls; and a lot of them do. If this keeps up, the gals back home will be out of luck.' Let's see— The rest is kind of personal." Eileen's eyes traveled on and lingered at the end of the letter.

Something, perhaps the silence, made me glance at Babs. I was surprised to see that her face wore an expression that was almost sultry, and that she too showed signs of strain. I had been so busy getting the boys off, and she had been so occupied with George, the man of the moment, that I had not thought about her lately. I did not like that look; it usually preceded some kind of storm. Her feet, in brown moccasins, were stretched out into the room, and now one rubbed the other anxiously, puppy-wise.

"Lucky *you* two!" Her voice was loaded.

"Why, Babs!" I gasped. Was it possible she didn't see how far from lucky poor Eileen was?

"Oh, I know; Dick's away and all that. But you're all settled, both of you. And you're so smug and—and married, you and your husbands. You haven't got a thing to worry about, really." She got up and went out of the room.

I TRIED to put all I felt for Eileen into a look, [illegible] failed. "You'll have to make allowances for Babs. She's—well—she's young. She hasn't any idea of what you're going through. She seems to be on edge about something, too."

Eileen looked up like someone pulling herself back into here-and-now. Then she said:

"Poor kid! It's something about George. They were arguing very earnestly last night, and later Babs talked in her sleep like anything. She talked so fast I couldn't have told what she said." She paused, smoothing Dick's letter onto her skirt. "It's the uncertainty about your man that's so hard to take at that age." She smiled at me. Eileen and I understand one another. "I'd rather be sure and separated than to be together and—and unsure. Dick isn't here,"—her voice was proud,—"but wherever he is, he's mine."

"No doubt about that," I said. "Now run to the phone and tell Dad about the letter."

The news brought Ed home to lunch. All during the meal we discussed Dick's probably whereabouts. Babs ate in silence. As we *(Please turn to page 63)*

From the Book

Action in the

BY O. D. GALLAGHER

NEVER was a country less prepared for war than Burma. Why, when the war began in 1939, Major-General Macleod, officer in command of the British Army in Burma, had only 1,900 trained white troops at his disposal. The number of Burmese and Indian troops was proportionately small. Everybody said (almost proudly, it seemed to me): "Burma is a military backwater." Imagine, then, the state of her anti-aircraft defenses when about fifty Japanese bombers, with thirty-four fighters as escort, crossed the Siamese border on December 23, 1941, bound for Rangoon, whose docks and wharves were jammed full of shipping and United States lease-lend material for China.

I WAS on the front steps of the Strand Hotel, immediately opposite the new Brooking Street wharves. Down came a stick of bombs to straddle these wharves —and I lay flat, hugging the top step. The hotel shook, and I was covered by thousands of dry husks, which I thought were seeds of some sort. They turned out to be dead cockroaches, shaken out of the Neon light over the doorway.

Tremendous uproar as the Japanese plastered the city. Considerably more than one thousand people were killed that day. This was the direct result of inadequate instruction in what to do during raids, as the majority were Indians and Burmese standing in the streets, rubbernecking.

Stowe—the white-haired man they said was too old to report a war, but who went to Norway, Finland, Greece and China—and I decided to go to Mingaladon airfield, about fifteen miles north of Rangoon, to see what had happened out there.

It was an appalling sight. They had been caught unawares by this, their first raid, and almost every building on the field had been hit, including the control hut. A bomb had gone through the center of the roof and carried away even the air-raid siren. The British medical officer had been killed, and a number of others. One bomb fell plumb into an A.A. gun-pit, wiped it out.

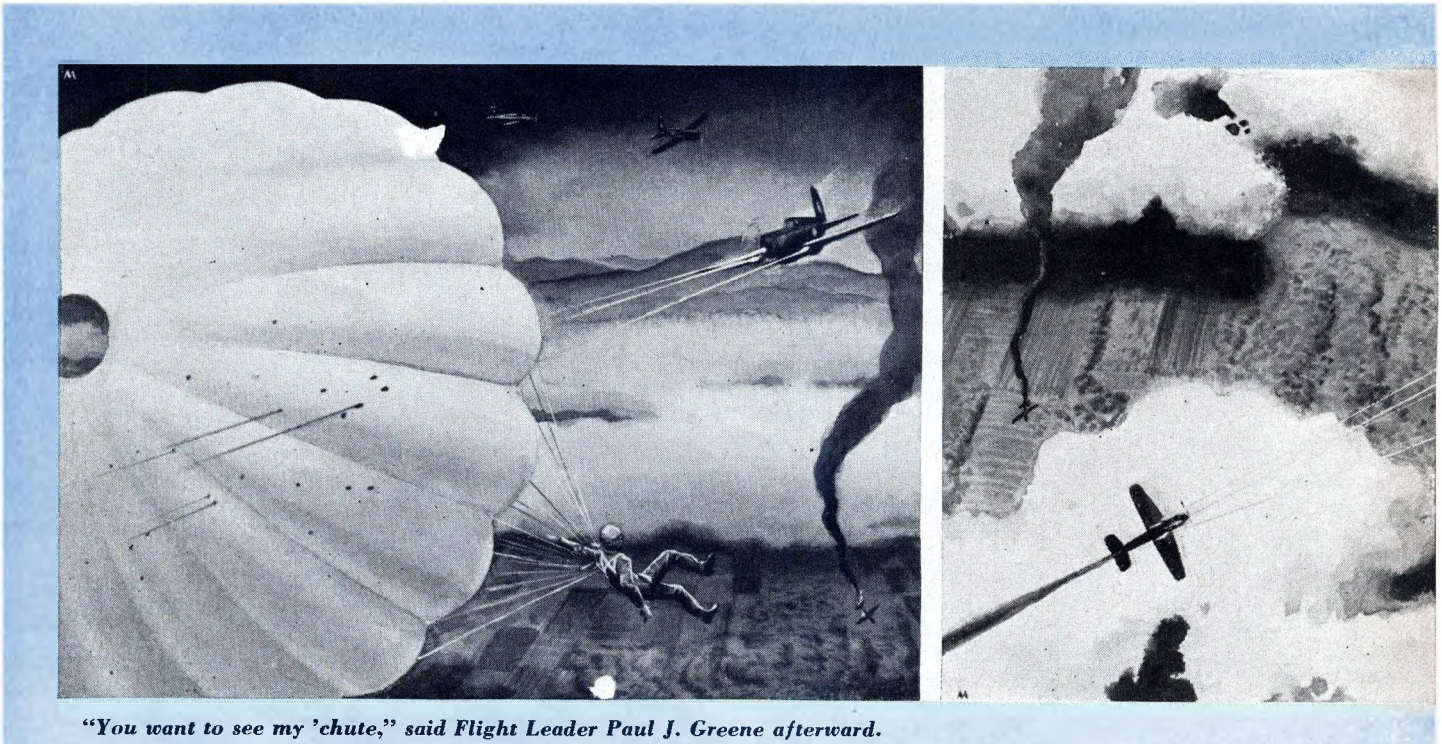
Then the fighter boys themselves began coming in. This was the first time since 1914-1918 that the United States and Britain had flown wing-tip to wing-tip into action against a common enemy. With few exceptions, this was their baptism of fire, though some of the A.V.G. had seen action in China, and two of the R.A.F. pilots had fought in the Battle of Britain.

The first A.V.G. pilot (or "Flying Tiger") I spoke to, said: "Boy, those little yellow so-and-sos certainly can fly. That bombing—it was beautiful." And the results of that first united American-British air action over Burma were two United States pilots and three planes lost, to about thirty Japanese air personnel and thirteen of their bombers and fighters.

AN A.V.G. Flight-leader, Paul J. Greene, who always carried a monster revolver, had bailed out, and as he came down, was shot at by the Japanese fighters.

"You want to see my 'chute. It's got more holes in it than the spout of a watering-can."

The way they chattered, hot from the flight! Their enthusiasm, their curses, their praise, their avowed anxiety to get back to another fight—it reminded me of the young men of the R.A.F. I knew in Kent during the Battle of Britain. . . .



"You want to see my 'chute," said Flight Leader Paul J. Greene afterward. "It's got more holes in it than the spout of a watering-can." The way they chattered, hot from the flight! Their enthusiasm, their praise. . . .

East

"I closed on him. I could see my bullets pouring into him, but the so-and-so went straight on."

"Yeah. It's disgusting when you pour it in and they don't come down."

In their P-40's, or Tomahawks, as the British call them, the A.V.G. destroyed all but one or two of the bag of Japanese that day. They continued to do most of the destruction even until long after we lost southern Burma. I do not know if any Japanese air-crews ever had time to see a P-40 at close range, but if they did, it must have shaken them. The noses had been painted to resemble a shark's head, with wicked eyes and open red jaws. They may have been surprised at the girl (in bathing-suits; every one a different pose) painted on each P-40.

Thus began the first miracle of the war against Japan. Remorselessly the Japanese sacrificed their air-crews in attack after attack, in bitter attempts to break this small United States force which barred their way to Rangoon. They were forced, like the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain, to change their tactics with great rapidity.

First they sent over waves of unescorted bombers; the A.V.G. destroyed them. They *(Please turn to page 99)*

The Japanese invited a big number of Siamese officials. . . . In sailed the A.V.G. Two Japanese planes were sent crashing in flames among the Siamese; five other planes were set on fire on the ground.

A boy from South Dakota, Duke Hedman (a farm boy before he became a pilot) set a record; five enemy planes in one fight.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EDMUND MONROE, JR.

By special arrangement with Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., we are reprinting some episodes from a book by a well-known South African journalist dealing with the all but incredible exploits of the Flying Tigers, the intrepid boys of the American Volunteer Group in China.

REDBOOK'S ENCORE OF THE MONTH

City of

The love story of a girl who did not think much of men and dates and who believed that there were a thousand more interesting ways of filling time.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

"When I think of you," she gasped, "the great Conison—it's funny!" She kept on laughing and rage swept through him. His arms reached toward her and until they were around her he did not know that he was not going to kill her. . . . But he stopped her laughter by kissing her.

Women

BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

WHO WROTE "ALL THOSE LOVELY YEARS"

The Story Thus Far:

BILL CONISON was halfway across the room when he suddenly remembered where he had known Captain Stuart Blackpool IV before. He turned and got back to the table just as Stuart and Caroline were standing up to dance. For Bill felt responsible for Caroline: he had got this job in Washington for her, though she didn't know it.

"I knew I'd run into you before, Blackpool," he said. "I used to work for a New York paper. Didn't you marry somebody named Sara who was the daughter of a very prominent man in Paignton, New Jersey?"

Stuart, who had been looking puzzled by his return, now beamed. "Sara? Did you know Sara?"

"Not very well," Bill admitted.

"Too bad. She's a wonderful girl."

"Her old man was O. K. Divorced, aren't you?"

Stuart looked surprised at the question. "Lord, yes! It only lasted a couple of years or so. But I see her every time I get to New York. I'll tell her you were asking for her."

"Do that!" Bill said. "Well, good night again, folks."

He was turning away when he saw Caroline's eyes, wide and disbelieving in a suddenly pale face.

For Caroline had not known; she had not understood. Brought up in the little Southern town of Samberley, she hadn't known people like this. When war conditions forced her widower father's factory to close, she had gone to young-old Bill Conison, proprietor of the local newspaper, for a job. Bill had turned her down, but had wired Senator Chaddock in Washington to arrange a job for her. . . .

So Caroline had gone to Washington, had made good at her job—first as filing clerk, then as private secretary. But she had lived almost exclusively in a city of women, first with young Christina Gustaben of Minnesota, then with older and more sophisticated Lacey Morlone—wise, fascinating Lacey, who had been a great friend of Bill Conison's at one time. And then—lonely lovely little Caroline had allowed handsome young Captain Blackpool to pick her up in an art gallery, and had fallen for him hard. But when she asked him why he hadn't told her of his marriage, he casually explained that it was over and done with three years ago—that Sara had divorced him because he had been playing around with a friend of hers. . . . Caroline told him she could not see him again. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THE next few weeks were purgatory, unmitigated and complete, made up of days which were complete purgatories in themselves, lasting an eternity apiece, and of evenings which were worse and longer. Caroline set herself grimly to the task of filling up her life so that she would not miss Stuart. At the office she worked like a demon, persuading the head to let her try a new filing system she had thought of while she had been working in the filing-room. She did most of the work of reorganization herself, in addition to her duties as private secretary. That job had become more or less permanent, apparently, since the former secretary had asked for a year's leave of absence in order to have a baby.

Miss Linwell, the office manager, was suspicious about all the extra work, and pretended to find the new filing system a complete mystery, though it was really far simpler than the old one. Unfortunately, the girls in the filing-room would not agree with her; they persisted in doing their work much more quickly and efficiently than they had before the reorganization.

"Politics!" Miss Linwell had sniffed. "Everything is politics in Washington these days." She looked at Caroline coldly. "It certainly doesn't take you girls much time to find your way around nowadays! Playing up to the boss!"

Caroline sighed and did not answer; she could not be sure that she would be polite if she had. She found it hard to be polite to anybody these days. And perhaps Miss Linwell was right; perhaps she was playing politics, trying to please her boss. After all, a career was as good a way as any to fill up an empty life. Look at all the successful women you saw, who apparently were wrapped up in their work, who never hankered after the things they did not have: Love, for instance. A man's arms around you, and a man's voice whispering in your ear.

"Oh, damn!" Caroline thought, and almost said it aloud to the crowded office. She had a horrible moment of feeling trapped, of being surrounded by typewriters with bare, glistening teeth, beasts to feed upon her youth and its beauty until there was nothing of her left but an old gray shell to live out the remainder of her life in slavery to those voracious machines. What kind of a life was this, she wondered wildly. God never thought up all the intricate and wonderful mechanism of a woman's body just so that typewriters could be tended in Washington! And the bodies knew it; the bodies told you about it every day; the bodies kept insisting softly and hopelessly to their owners that they were being wasted.

CAROLINE clutched her fingers together under her desk and told herself that she had to stop thinking this way, that she must make her mind behave. But was it her mind that was misbehaving? Was it not rather every little cell, every tiny cell of her body? But a mind could control those things; it had to be that the mind could control them!

She went back to work, fiercely, intensely, and forgot everything else in the composition of a diplomatic letter to the mayor of a Southern city which was not coöperating very well with the Bureau's work. But when the telephone rang a half-hour later, she jumped in her seat, as she always did these days when it rang. Her heart pounded and the palms of her hands felt wet when she picked up the receiver.

"Miss Hasbrey speaking."

"Miss Hasbrey?" A cool, clipped female voice. "Miss Corey here. About those reports from Chicago—"

Caroline listened dully, making notes automatically of what she heard. She wondered what she would have done if it had been Stuart, if Stuart's voice had come over the wire to her, warm and clear and friendly, pleading with her to see him. Would she have surrendered? Would she have broken into tears and told him for God's sake to come and get her, quickly, quickly, and keep her as long as he wanted—for a lifetime, if he wanted it that way!

No, she thought with sudden anger. She was Caroline Hasbrey, and she would never behave like any casual woman he could pick up on the streets or in a bar. . . . . Or in the National Gallery! she thought, and almost wept.

NEITHER Lacey nor Christina asked her a single question. She could feel them watching her with sympathy and curiosity, and it almost drove her to distraction. Occasionally she would want to shout out the whole thing at them and get it over with. But mostly she was grateful to them for not saying anything, for not making her talk about it, for go-

ing on as much as possible as though nothing had happened.

But it was difficult to take up life as it had been before Stuart. There was no longer so much pleasure in the little dinners Christina cooked for the two of them; and to wait for hours in a queue to see a movie was a bore without reward. But Caroline forced herself to do those things, and all the other things she had done before Stuart, and more things besides. She dragged Christina to lectures neither of them wanted to hear; she enrolled for gym classes at the Y and attended them a couple of times a week; she joined a unit of a War Relief society and knitted with grim determination.

"CAROLINE?" Christina said on a Saturday afternoon when they had come home weary from a thorough inspection of the Smithsonian Institute. Caroline was making tea in the kitchen, and Chris was spreading little crackers with cheese.

"Yes?" Caroline said, and braced herself. There was something about Christina's inflection which told her that at last it was coming.

"For a long time now, I have minded my own business," Christina said.

"Always a good idea," Caroline told her coldly. "Keep it up."

She did not turn around even when she heard Christina leave the kitchen and then the apartment, closing the door behind her with a small desolate click. She poured herself a cup of tea and took it into the living-room and drank it, sitting very straight in her chair, though her hands were shaking so that the cup rattled in the saucer. "Let her go," she thought, "let her go. She was a bore anyway, with her mooning around, her sad-eyed looking for a *Prince Charming* who would never come, with her abject bowing and scraping to every man who came her way. Let her go, and good riddance!"

But when she took her cup back into the kitchen, she saw the plate of crackers that Christina had been spreading, and saw that she had carefully put the cover back on the bowl of cream cheese before she left. It seemed to Caroline suddenly that that last instinctive neat gesture of thoughtfulness would break her heart. She dropped the cup and saucer in the sink and ran to get her coat and hat, wondering how she could have been so brutal and stupid, wondering what terrible thing was happening to her to make her so hard and selfish and cruel.

SHE found Christina in her room at the boarding-house, the little room that had been Caroline's before she moved. Christina was crying, her eyes swollen and her skin blotched with tears. She turned her face into the pillows, hiding it, when Caroline came into the room, and would not look up even when Caroline sat down on the bed beside her and put her arms around her shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Chris. Honestly, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me to act like that."

But Christina continued to cry into her pillow for a long time, weeping hard and bitterly, smothering the sound as best she could. Caroline sat dry-eyed, automatically patting the solid shoulder, wishing that she could cry too. Maybe tears would relieve the pressure of pain within her breast, the hot dry ache behind her eyes. But there were no tears.

Caroline broke into a storm of sobs. "Really, it's nothing. I'm just a fool, I guess." "Probably," Lacey agreed. "But give with the details." She patted the dark curls.

"I'm a beast," she said at last. "I don't deserve to have any friends. You should hate me forever."

For answer, Christina turned over and caught her hand and held onto it tightly, still unable to talk. Caroline touched her face affectionately, and they were quiet except for the shuddering gulps that still shook Christina's sturdy body.

What was happening to them all, Caroline wondered, sitting there and holding Christina's hand. Christina, for instance. Would she have acted this way for any reason whatsoever only a few months ago, when she first came to Washington? Sooner or later they all became this way, touchy and sensitive, working on an emotional hair-trigger. She had seen it happen in the office—the girls having fights with one another, sometimes almost deliberately provoking them, then weeping and pouting and making up again with a great show of emotion.

It was a substitute, she thought suddenly. Normal women had to have emotions—if not one kind, then another. You could take out a certain amount of bad temper, or even affection, on a typewriter, but not enough. You did not have anybody to quarrel with you about the burned toast, or Junior's report-card, so you quarreled with anybody about anything, because you had to get it out somehow.

She started to say something of all that to Christina, and did not. Chris would not be interested in explanations; they would only puzzle and distress her. Christina's was not the kingdom of theory; it was the simple, direct kingdom of actual things, of things that mattered.

"I'll tell you about Stuart if you like," she offered abruptly.

"No," Christina said. "No. You were right. It is none of my business." She was silent for a moment, and then hesitantly: "But what happened? He was so nice!"

For a moment Caroline thought that the tears were going to come, that now at last she was going to be able to cry, to bow her head and weep and tell somebody about Stuart, how nice he really was. But her eyes only smarted a little more and remained dry.

She told Christina of her last talk with Stuart. "So I told him not to come around any more," she ended.

Christina shook a sad head. "I thought something like that. What a pity, when he was so beautiful to look at!"

"I'm not blaming him. It's just the way he's built."

"Some men are like that," Christina agreed mournfully. "But of course you could not trust him any more."

"It wasn't him I couldn't trust any more," Caroline admitted wryly. "It was me."

Christina looked up. "I know," she said softly, nodding. "I know." She paused, and heavy color moved up underneath her still-blotched face.

They sat for a long time quietly while the dusk gathered outside the window. When Caroline finally got up to go, Chris was asleep, huddled on the bed, with her eyelashes long and dark and still damp-heavy on her cheeks. Caroline disengaged her hand gently and tiptoed from the room before she put on her hat and coat.

It was a lovely evening, clear and cool, and she walked home, striding with long steps into the wind. She felt tired inside, but not in the muscles of her body, as though her nerves and emotions were completely separate from the rest of her, and they alone were weary.

How long could she go on, feeling this way, she wondered. Here it was December already, with Thanksgiving gone and Christmas on the way, and she did not feel any better. It was a long time now since she had sent Stuart away, and she was not getting over him. The first fierce ache of missing him was gone, perhaps, but this intolerable loneliness remained, and it was worse than the sharpness of the early pain.

She let herself in at her front door and found Bill Conison in the front hall, sitting uncomfortably on a high-backed tapestry chair.

Bill was feeling cross and tired. He had been waiting for a long time, and he wanted to start back for Samberley that night. He had an uneasy feeling that something was due to happen; he did not know what, but he wanted to be at home by the paper when it happened. It was probably silly to let himself be bothered by so vague a hunch, but he was a newspaper man, and he remembered other vague hunches that had proved well-founded. And God knew, in this year of Our Lord nineteen forty-one, almost anything could happen at any time.

When Caroline arrived, he greeted her irritably. "Time you got here!"

"If I'd known you were waiting, I should have hurried," she said sarcastically. "How did you get in?"

"The old lady let me wait here."

"I'll have to warn her to be more careful. If it's Lacey you want, she's gone to some house-party."

Bill felt an almost uncontrollable desire to box her ears. Anybody would imagine he had wasted a lot of good time just for the pleasure of listening to her sophomore rudeness. "I came to see you," he said bitterly. "But I've got a good mind to go away again right now."

"Don't let me keep you." She started up the stairs.

He was more than half inclined to let her go. Why should he worry if she paraded her pretty little lambskin full of bait before every wolf in Washington? Was it his business to try to protect the working girl? Let heaven take care of it! But he did feel responsible, and he could not get out of it. Blast the moment he had picked up that telephone to call Palmer Chaddock and get her that job!

"Wait a minute," he said.

She stopped and looked down at him inquiringly. "Yes?"

"Next week-end, I'm driving down to Newport News to see your old man. I thought you might like to come along."

She looked down at him with astonishment and suspicion. "What do you want to see my father about?"

"Something came up about the plant. I want to talk to him. Hurry and make up your mind. I've wasted enough time."

He could see her hesitating, and he got a certain amount of malicious pleasure, despite his impatience, out of knowing that he had irritated her just as much as she had him.

"All right," she said at last. "I'll go."

"Don't do me any favors."

He saw her draw a deep breath. "Thank you for asking me," she said with cold politeness. "I'd love to see him again."

"Nice of you to give the old gentleman a treat," he said, and rammed his hat on. He turned again at the door. "That's Saturday the thirteenth. I'll be around at two. And for God's sake, be ready on time."

If she answered him, he did not hear it above the banging of the front door. Oh, well, he thought, limping down the steps, if he could swing the plant deal between old man Hasbrey and the Government, she would be back in Samberley before any real harm came to her. And in the meanwhile the thought that she was going to see her father in a few days ought to be enough to deter her from any foolishness she might be contemplating. Though why it seemed to be up to him to keep on eye on her, was more than he knew. He was just a fool of the old school. *(Please turn to page 111)*

God, Time

BY MAX WERNER

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

I DO not know whether Justice Byrnes realized how correct he was from a military point of view when he said in a recent speech: "God, time and Russia are on our side." This sentence, which sounds paradoxical, has a profound meaning.

Justice Byrnes was probably thinking of the moral factors involved when he called God our ally. Clausewitz, the greatest German military theorist, the founder of the modern science of war, taught that morale was actually the decisive factor in war. He was thinking of the army's fighting morale. In the present mammoth conflict the concept of morale is very broad; it embraces the fighting morale of the army *and* the people. This is a people's war. The conscience of the world has been put on the alert; the fighting is being waged with passionate vehemence. It is not merely that the United Nations know they are fighting for the just cause. Morale now means perseverance in fighting, and thus it is a military factor that is of prime importance.

Americans, Britons, Chinese—they are all invincible; they simply cannot be made into slaves. What might have seemed impossible from a military viewpoint has nevertheless been made possible in this war through the effects of the new fighting morale. For one whole year England waged war in a hopeless situation, with an incomparably weaker army and a much weaker air-force than Germany had. Russia suffered frightful losses in territory, industrial centers, populations in conquered regions, and yet it has not been shaken—indeed, it has been hardened and steeled. China has just entered the sixth year of war, despite terrific losses.

Morale can do little against tanks. But tanks and fighting morale, tanks and a people's war, are stronger than tanks alone, without the people's moral support. The Third Reich is not waging a people's war. The Third Reich is waging war merely with its war-machine. The German Army is a war-machine in the literal sense of the word, a machine that has been carried out of its country by its very

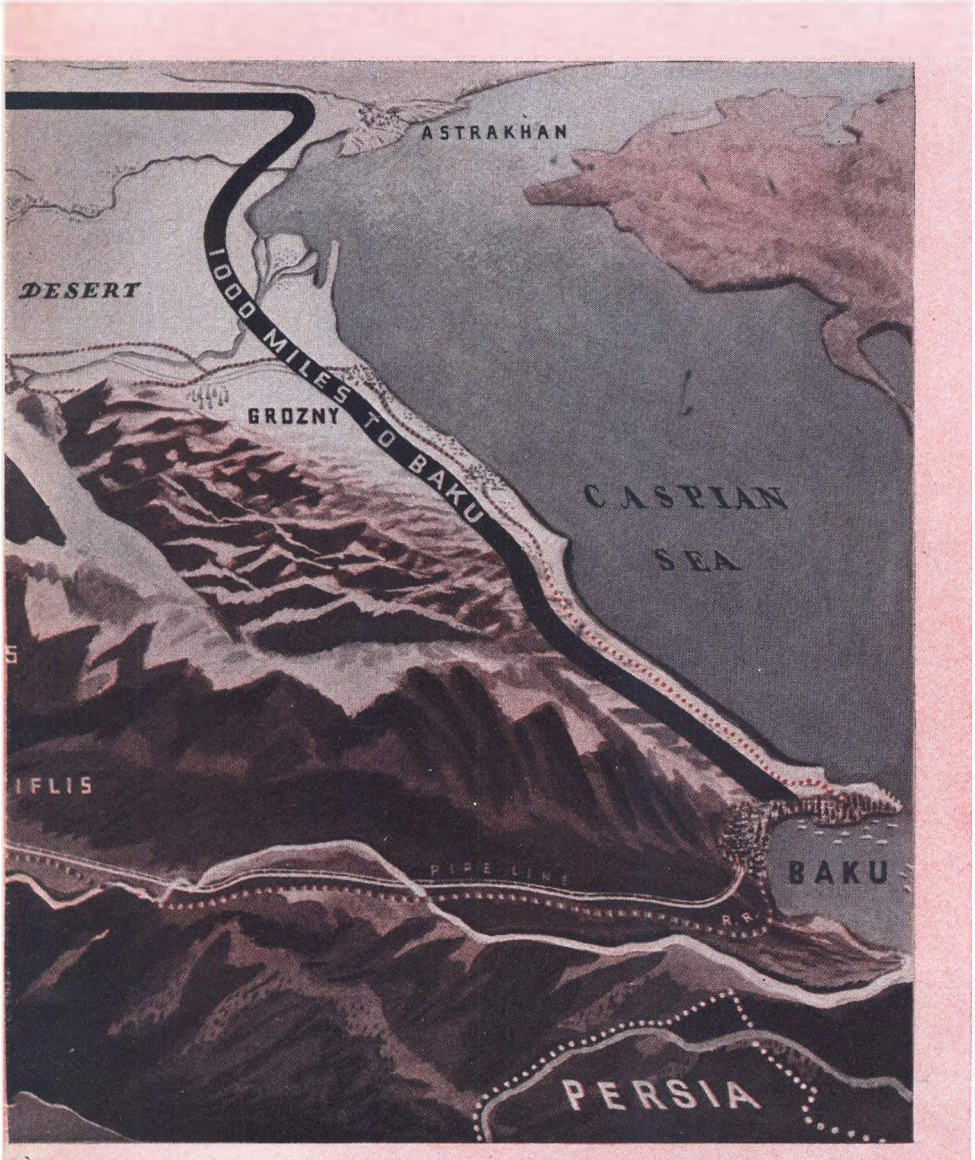
MAP BY JOHN KANELOUS

INTERNATIONAL

Field Marshal Von Bock: To him went the first round of the gigantic battle for the Caucasus.

and Russia

The noted military expert explains why, despite present reverses in Russia, the Allies can and must win.



The Caucasus, with its mountains and absence of roads, is the world's greatest fortress. Even if the Germans succeed in cutting it off from European Russia, it can and will be defended successfully.

momentum, and is now fighting deep in enemy land without direct participation of its people. It is relying on mechanical strength alone, not on the enthusiasm and iron determination of its citizens.

The Soviet Union can replenish its war machine, if whittled down, with fresh resources, the resources of a nation that will stop at nothing. Germany can do no such thing. Some day, when the allied armies march into Germany from east and west, they will not have to subdue guerrilla fighters, nor will they face a revolt among the German masses. The Third Reich could never fight under the conditions under which England, Russia and China have been fighting. The Third Reich will never be able to defend itself behind the Rhine and the Oder, not to mention the Elbe. And the endurance of the German Army is similarly circumscribed.

It is altogether wrong to regard the German soldier as a man of iron. He fights brilliantly only as long as he is certain of victory. He loses every hope when he realizes that the war cannot be won. And he collapses when he sees no prospect for victory. In 1917 and 1918 the Allies believed that the Germans were an unshakable bloc. This was a complete misunderstanding of the situation. The core of the German Army was already broken between the summer of 1917 and the spring of 1918. The German regiments which Ludendorff led into the great spring offensive of 1918 were already disintegrated from within.

In 1933 a book by Major Altrichter appeared in Germany sponsored by the German Ministry of War. It was entitled "Emotional Forces of the German Army in Peace and War." *(Seelische Kräfte des deutschen Heeres in Frieden und Krieg.)* It tells the story of the disintegration of the German Army in the First World War. It claims that as early as the last six months of 1917 and the first six months of 1918, the unwillingness to fight completely paralyzed the German Army, that hundreds of thousands of deserters flooded Germany, that German units surrendered without a fight. The Allies had no inkling of all this during Ludendorff's first big offensive in March 1918; at the Conference of Doullens, they regarded their own cause as virtually lost. Fighting morale in critical situations is in this war a factor in favor of the United Nations, not of the Third Reich. In *(Please turn to page 86)*

SOVFOTO

Marshal Timoshenko: A foe of the "strategy of prestige," he is willing to surrender territory but never his army.

Guerrillas of the

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

The author of this article was in charge of a listening-post of the National Broadcasting Company until recently. Day and night he watched the daring guerrillas of the radio war in action.

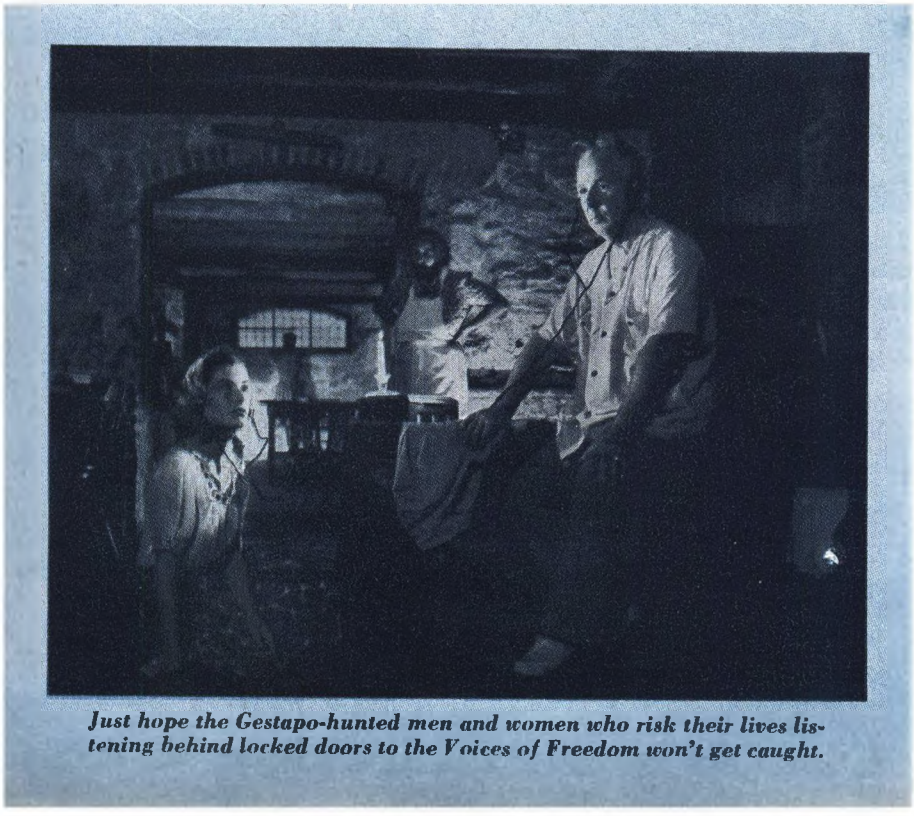
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARRA

THE anti-Nazi radio stations are as old as the Nazi régime. The first one came into existence the very day Hitler suppressed the freedom of the press and radio in 1933. It was operated by the German Social-Democrats, first from inside the Reich, later on from aboard a ship hiding somewhere in the Baltic inlets. Still later Otto Strasser, one of the founders of the Nazi party who quarreled with Hitler, used to make radio addresses to the so-called "Black Front" from a small station located somewhere in Czecho-Slovakia. Ernst Winkler, one of the leaders of the Catholic opposition to Hitler, operated his transmitter from a dairy truck which he used to hide in the woods outside Cologne.

As of today, one of the best-known anti-Nazi stations is *"Gustav-Siegfried-Eins"* of "The Chief." The mysterious director of that station has been on the air for more than a year now, since the outbreak of the Russo-German war. His signature consists of two bars of a German folk-tune. The official Nazi radio uses the two preceding bars of the same song. And so, when the Nazi radio at Berlin chimes, "Be loyal and honest forever," the Chief interrupts with "—unto the cool grave." Then a crisp, typical Prussian voice announces the station by its name: "This is *Gustav-Siegfried-Eins* speaking." Follows a dramatic pause; and then, after perhaps fifteen seconds, the announcer introduces the Chief, using the same stereotyped sentence with which the Nazi announcers introduce Hitler: "Now speaks the Chief."

There is no doubt but that *Gustav-Siegfried-Eins* is the spokesman for a clique of dissatisfied German generals. The opinions of the Chief are exactly what can be expected from an old-school Prussian officer. He is a rabid Nationalist; he hates Russia and England, has no use for the United States or Italy. He is particularly opposed to the Japs, Jews and Catholics. But, and that's where he parts company with the Nazi broadcasters, above all things, he is against the Gestapo and everything the Gestapo stands for. He refers to Americans as "Yenkee-swine," to the Japs as "stink-Yapps," to the Russians as "pig bolsheviks," to the Italians as "lemon faces;" but the special targets of his wrath are Himmler, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Goering and all the other representatives of the Hitler régime. Interestingly, he prefers to describe the Fuehrer himself as "an ill-advised man."

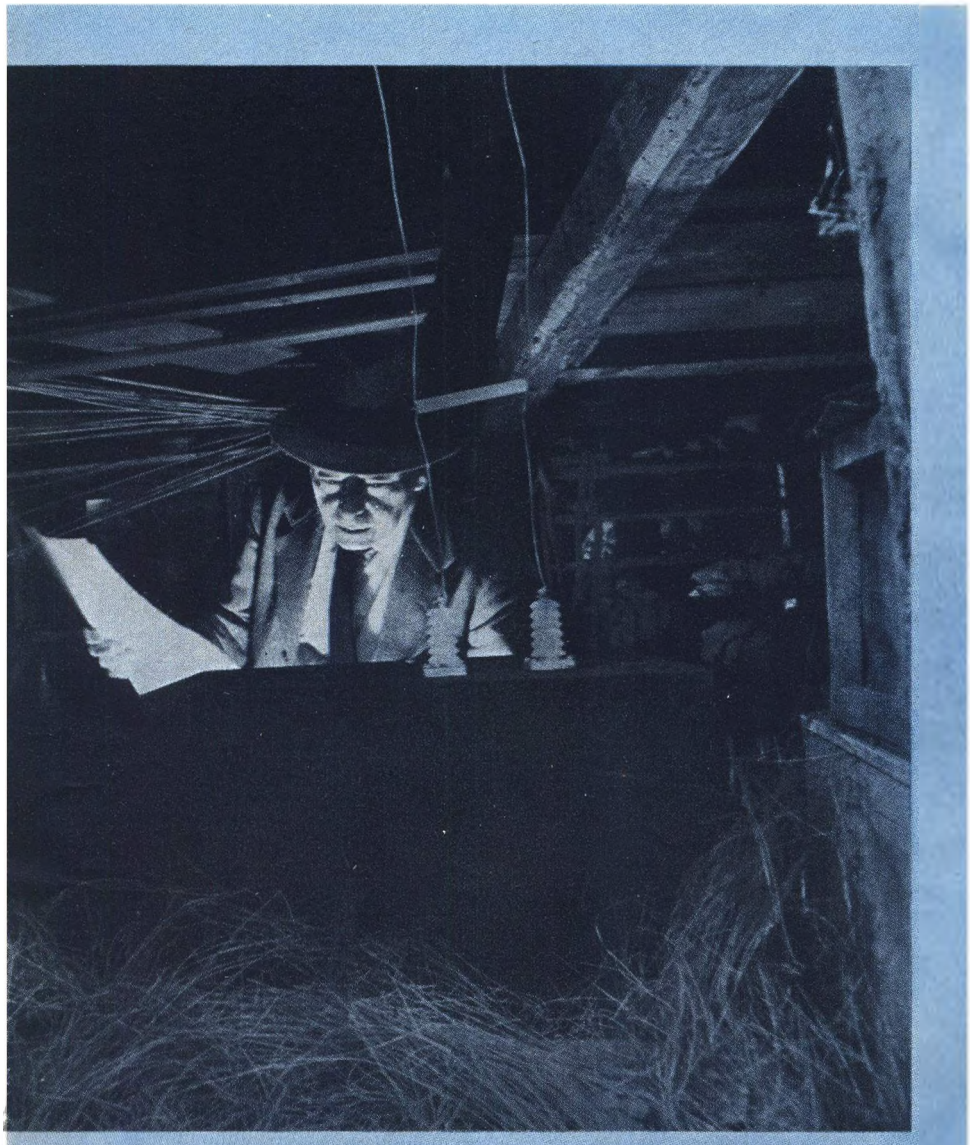
His vocabulary and phraseology are those of the Nazi party, but his mentality



Just hope the Gestapo-hunted men and women who risk their lives listening behind locked doors to the Voices of Freedom won't get caught.

Radio War

BY S. J. RUNDT



These Voices of Freedom "talk from within." And the fact that they share with their audience the deadly peril of being caught and shot, increases their efficiency. They come out with an outright appeal—"Let us rise."

is that of a none-too-well-educated professional soldier. A master of abusive language, he specializes in four-letter words. His is what is known to the German soldiers as the "trench and latrine" slang. He has nothing but contempt for the civilians, and his broadcasts are directed to the soldiers at the front. He speaks of the incompetence of the Nazi party, of the corruption and perversion among its leaders, of the lack of sacrifice among those whom he describes as the "heroes of the hinterland." He gives names, dates, addresses and detailed descriptions, and never stops repeating that he is for "the underdog" who does the actual fighting.

On one occasion he dedicated his entire broadcast to the escapades of a Japanese diplomat stationed in Berlin, whom he described as "that race-polluting yellow mongrel." On another occasion he dealt in a similar manner with the "lazy, cowardly, macaroni-munchers" who, according to him, were much more of a hindrance than a help to Germany.

The Chief is credited with numerous scoops. He was the first to mention the rapid spread of the typhoid epidemic among the soldiers at the front last winter. He was likewise the first to name the three S.S. officers who, according to him, had murdered von Reichenau. The official Nazi version had it that the Field Marshal died from an apopletic stroke, but the Chief said it was out-and-out murder. He gave exact time, date and place of the fatal meeting between the three S.S. officers with the Field Marshal. When the Nazi ace flyer, Mölders, met with what Goebbels described as a "fatal accident," the Chief laughed uproariously and said that, like Reichenau, Mölders was assassinated by the Gestapo.

Erich Koch, Hitler's viceroy for the Ukraine, is the Chief's pet aversion. Broadcast after broadcast last winter was dedicated to descriptions of various art treasures allegedly looted by that Nazi administrator in occupied Russia. On March 16, 1942, the Chief played the recording of what he claimed to be a disk taken during a Gestapo inquisition. He gave the names of the Nazi torturers as well as those of their victims.

"Radio *Danmark*," the *"Norske Frihits Station"* and *"Suomen Vaupas Asema,"* though not possessing the exclusive information of the Chief, are doing a very efficient job in the Nazi-occupied Scandinavian countries. The first one is a Danish freedom station that operates on two different frequencies and offers daily news which it picks up from London and Moscow broadcasts. The second is a Norwegian underground broadcaster who scored a scoop with the description of the Nazi persecutions of the Norwegian clergy. What the outside world knows about the exploits of the Gestapo in Norway, it owes to the *Norske Frihits Station.* It is undoubtedly the most-quoted anti-Nazi bootleg radio. *Suomen Vaupas Asema* is a pro-Russian Finnish station. It advocates peace, reconstruction, the reëstablishment of the coöperatives, freedom for labor, end of militarism and a separate peace with Russia.

There is no lack of underground radio stations in Italy. *Radio Italia* is probably our outstanding ally in the land of Mussolini. Its slogan is a paraphrase of the credo of the Fascist party. It begins its broadcasts with, *"Don't Believe! Don't Obey! Don't Fight!"* Speaking in a pleasant Florentine voice, the chief speaker of *Radio Italia* discusses the problems of the day, and reports the news not to be found in the Fascist newspapers. Then, after an intermission for a tom-tom Morse V for *Vittoria* ("Victory"), he goes on explaining that there is no reason for Italians to suffer, that all they have to do is get rid of Mussolini. He quotes Roosevelt and Churchill and, at all times Garibaldi, who had advised his compatriots to be friendly with England. Free from hysteria, his is the approach of the well-educated and sensible man. "Why did you fight in *(Please turn to page 85)*

The do's and don'ts on reading the headlines, on listening to the radio and on jumping to conclusions.

How to Follow

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

We probably shall look back upon this summer as the most confusing period of the war. We are given to understand that the United Nations are on the verge of genuine offensive operations, yet the fighting still is all defensive, and not overly encouraging, at that.

We are confident, and we know that we have reason to be confident; but at this writing, the news reports the Russians and the Chinese being pushed back by the Germans and the Japanese; the British defeated in Libya and hard-pressed in Egypt; our own forces in the Pacific have been triumphant at the Battle of Midway but have not yet dislodged the Japanese from the westernmost islands of the Aleutian chain.

This news comes to us day by day through two agencies: newspapers and radio. Sometimes in reading, and in listening to broadcast commentaries, the news appears to be confusing; yet without it, we should be entirely uninformed.

So what are we to think, especially at such a period as the recent one when President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill exuded optimism, despite the fact that dispatches from Africa were telling of the worst defeat administered the United Nations' cause since the fall of Singapore?

Naturally, you will think as you please; but my own experience of two and a half years in handling war-news has given a few indications of things that can be read between the lines. If we have learned anything from this reading or listening, as the case may be, it is not to accept as the whole fact any statement that we read in print. As for the gossip, toss it aside.

The security of the United States itself—and at last we are learning that even this can be threatened—may require that the best-informed officials speak in half-truths. Sometimes they must be more pessimistic than the facts warrant; and sometimes they must appear to be optimistic where there is nothing to be cheerful about. That is as much a part of the game as training an army, building a navy and providing ammunition for the fighting machine.

Recently I saw a feature story about an airplane factory, that was submitted for censorship. One change was made in the story. Where the writer stated the correct number of workmen employed at the plant, the censoring officer changed the figure. It so happens that in any line of effort a count of employees is a definite index to production. A change of a thousand or so in the stated number of employees made considerable difference in calculations.

On another occasion I had reason to inquire of an authority how far writers might go in speculating about the military development, on which most facts now are clothed in secrecy and guarded by criminal statutes.

He grinned and replied: "There's no law against guessing, as long as your guesses aren't too good."

These things we all know and realize; but still the problem of what to believe remains. It is particularly hard for the usual man or woman trained by American newspapers and their normally high standards to feel that what they see in print is not true. It is equally hard to weigh in one's mental balance the impression created by a favorite radio commentator.

If you try to study conscientiously the progress of the war, as most of us do for patriotic or personal reasons, the most necessary thing to remember—and one of the hardest—is that newspapers and the radio do not deal in history. They deal with the news of today. Yesterday's story has already been told, and it is assumed that the reader remembers it.

I am convinced, too, that newspaper readers want their news to be cheering in what at best are depressing days.

That is one reason why the long sad story of General Douglas MacArthur's battle in the Philippines bred almost daily a headline in the tabloids reading, "MacArthur Licks Japs," and in the more conservative newspapers, "MacArthur Repulses Japanese."

No fight in modern history has been marked by greater courage or more stubborn resistance; and it is true that wave after wave of highly trained Japanese soldiers shattered themselves on the defenders' line. They were repulsed time and again, despite the fact that MacArthur's air force shrank to a single plane shot full of holes, that he lost his tanks and most of his modern equipment, and that while his men killed Japanese, they also were being killed. It also was true that in the first three weeks of fighting against overwhelming odds he lost a battle-line extending five hundred miles north and six hundred miles south.

After the Philippines were lost, high authorities conceded that they could not have been defended anyway. All of the time beyond two weeks that our forces there survived was counted as fortunate. But we only began to understand that after Manila was evacuated. We could understand, and the newspapers could

Press Association

One of the best-known radio commentators, William Shirer achieved his success by being as factual and unsensational as a conservative newspaper.

Like Shirer, Raymond Gram Swing sticks to facts and never lets rumors influence his judgment. His is the editorial page of the air.

the War News

By CHARLES HURD
of the Washington Staff
of the New York Times

understand, the loss of a city, although it had no military importance in the first place.

This overoptimism has been a grave mistake. It has given us too many shocks. There is now evident some disposition by the newspapers to abandon it. Many government officials are ceasing to encourage it. But it must be guarded against as long as the war continues.

We know now that it is possible to lose important battles. Yet we must realize, too, that the loss of the battles and the tragic occurrences of the past few months need not mean the loss of the war.

We need all the cheerful news that we can get, with the submarine menace still unsolved, with Germany still taking the initiative on three continents, and with Japan in the Aleutian Islands, despite our victories in the Coral Sea and off Midway Island. But for the time, the best place to look for cheerful news is among your own acquaintances. Just be cheerful in proportion to the amount of evidence you see of determination to press the war effort.

AS YOU READ IT	AS IT WAS
French High Command communiqué of May 30, 1940—"Amid incessant fighting our troops to the north are carrying out with vigor and good order movements decided upon by the High Command. On the greater part of the Somme Front fighting with favorable results is being carried on. **"There is no change in the situation on the Aisne and on the Eastern Front.** **"A party of French infantry commanded by Sergeant Guillet brought down with machine-gun fire a Heinkel on the day before yesterday and a Junker."**	**The French armies were in rout except for some isolated engagements. Dunkerque had begun. Germans praised the British for their bravery. The French charged the Germans with exaggeration. On June 19 the Germans marched on the Paris boulevards.**
British communiqué from Singapore, on Dec. 16, 1941—"There is little further information from South Kedah, where the situation is still confused . . . A notable feature of the operations up to date has been the fanatical determination with which the Japanese attempt to press home their attacks. These tactics have caused them heavy casualties."	**On this date the Japanese were 300 miles north of Singapore in Malaya. On Dec. 19 London changed the command there, conceding the situation "has obviously been going badly." On Feb. 15, 1942, Singapore surrendered, and Churchill said circumstances had made this inevitable.**
German High Command communiqué from Berlin, Jan. 6, 1942—"Fighting continues on the central sector of the Eastern Front. By defensive fire and counter-attacks our troops are causing the enemy heavy losses."	**The Germans in Russia were sustaining their first major defeat of the war. Losses were staggering. A drive for winter clothing for soldiers was progressing in Germany. Trains of wounded were being routed around the cities.**

Our government in conducting this war compares excellently with the other major powers, but has been somewhat more optimistic than the Australians and the Dutch. The war news in Washington has consisted of partial facts; but to have revealed more, would have helped the enemy. In military affairs there has been no general distortion for outright propaganda purposes. We can believe what we are told, as far as it goes; but any feeling of emotion or any conclusion must await more than is revealed at any specific time. If you have in the basement a month-old newspaper, look over its front page, and you will see what is meant.

Also remember that your news-reporters in Washington and with the forces have constant access to informed officers who give them fairly accurate background on which to base the news of the day.

Any inclination that American military and naval spokesmen may have had to overestimate our power was shattered at Pearl Harbor, in the Java Sea, and by subsequent developments in the first three months of the war. That is some small gain that comes from starting a war with reverses.

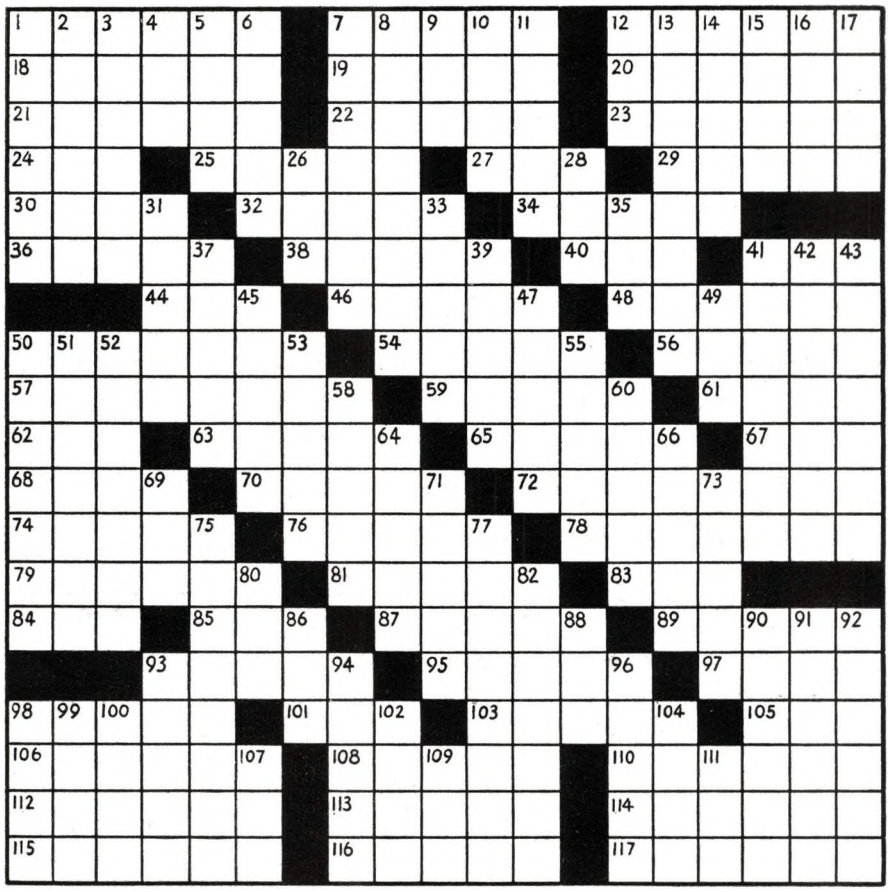
By contrast, recall the German claims when they began the invasion of Russia one year ago, and the German and Russian communiqués since that time. A rather careful compilation by authorities here shows that the Germans and Russians each claim to have destroyed about ten million soldiers on the opposing side. By their interim calculations Germany and Russia have no more armies. Somebody must be wrong. That is the way that propaganda works out.

Incidentally, for the first time in modern history, the greatest battle of which we know has been fought from the Baltic to the Black Sea under rules of ironclad censorship. No reporters are with the armies on either side except propaganda agents of the governments. No American or British military observers have been allowed more than momentary glimpses, and these of unimportant sectors. Dictators will not abide kibitzers.

We get bits of news from here and there, weigh the opposed communiqués against each other, gather the gossip in Berne, and out of it all comes a fairly general picture. Thus we learned of Germany's first great advance into Russia, and of the splendid Russian counter-offensive in which winter proved an invaluable ally. Thus we also follow today's news on the Russian southern fronts. Nevertheless there is very little that we really know, except that the German military machine is not paramount under all circumstances.

REDBOOK'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE OF THE MONTH

EDITED BY ALBERT H. MOREHEAD



ACROSS

1 Germinate
7 Freshman at a service academy
12 Thick soups
18 Wrinkle
19 Tears apart
20 Incapable
21 Beam
22 A founder of the Third Reich
23 Quote incorrectly
24 The —— Khan
25 Play
27 2000 lbs.
29 Flat-topped hills
30 Mischievous sprite
32 The best elements
34 At the end of the earth
36 Crystal gazers
38 Vivienne as *Scarlett*
40 Dickens
41 Death of Cleopatra
44 Melody
46 Pol — champagne
48 Church
50 Sold by lot
54 More novel
56 Administers drugs
57 Those who issue
59 Furnish anew
61 Source of sugar
62 Marshland
63 Sailing vessel
65 Forgive
67 Animal of high order
68 Insist upon
70 Lone flights
72 Liberator
74 Investment
76 Mexican dollars
78 Transmitters
79 Straddling
81 Sipper
83 Female rabbit
84 Long ballad
85 Hint
87 Band of leather
89 Wild party
93 Dug up
95 Rescued
97 Burlesquer
98 Move under power
101 Fisher's equipment
103 Apprehensions
105 Stormy water
106 Enclosure for horses
108 Necessary to life
110 Rising trend
112 Showy
113 Peace goddess and musical comedy title
114 Auto repair shop
115 Tried
116 Smallest
117 Designed

DOWN

1 Remnants
2 Bohemian capital
3 Renovate in front
4 Grain
5 Second-hand
6 —— Haute
7 Ranking minister
8 Liquid sacrifice
9 Period before the event
10 Masculine nickname
11 Prohibit legally
12 Flat-faced dog
13 Not astonished
14 More precious
15 Recedes
16 Girl who rode in pumpkin
17 Views
26 The last
28 Frisco's famous hill
31 Paper of which cartons are made
33 Instigator
35 Quantity
37 Deposits
39 Chopper
41 Quiet
42 Usually a Pullman
43 Bothers
45 Staggers
47 Submit
49 Mass
50 Rejection
51 Chiefly the U. S.
52 Resembling a digit
53 Hang down
55 Sound agreements
58 Under the feet
60 Covered with ceramic slabs
64 Headquarters
66 Purport
69 Individual feeling
71 Classifies
73 Revoke
75 Appraise
77 Dresses of Russian peasant women
80 Transgression
82 Ripple
86 Coop
88 Pod-bearing vine
90 Used in seeing
91 Come forth
92 Slanted
93 French Revolution's "father"
94 Evil spirit
96 Stupefies
98 Caledonian
99 Wrenched
100 Sea eagles
102 Article on ration list
104 Dispute
107 Conducted
109 English supper
111 Attempt

The Solution of our Crossword Puzzle appears on page 113

To understand the war, we must follow the daily course of the news; but this constant study is dangerous in itself, unless we remember a few things, regardless of what the headlines may scream. And by the way, always remember that a headline is a blunt statement of one or two outstanding thoughts in the story beneath it. Headline space seldom provides room for qualifications. Sometime, try reading the leading war-story first while forgetting the headline.

As for the radio, it too often is like a newspaper with only a front page. The brief newscasts keep the listener up to date on developments of the moment, but that is about all that they can do.

The radio commentators are the editorial pages of the air. Some of them make a sincere effort to sort out reports and give a rounded picture of the news; but personal expositions, like personal columns in the newspapers, reflect personal likes and personal dislikes. In other words, every one is one man's opinion.

There is definite harm, I feel, in the type of commentary, whether broadcast or published, which depends for its appeal on emphasis on the most exciting report of the moment.

In all newspaper offices there are reporters who occasionally tear out of their typewriters stories loaded with superlatives and bristling with gory details of whatever the story may be. Such copy is known to editors as "God, how the wind blows!" stories. Lots of these do get into print, but the anonymous copy-readers hold them to a minimum. Unfortunately, in the new field of radio commentary, names are made with this kind of harangue, and the bigger the name, the less the control over the broadcast.

In fairness to radio and its audience, it should be noted that such men as William Shirer and Raymond Gram Swing have achieved their great followings by being as factual and unsensational as the most conservative newspapers.

Now, as for the meat of the news itself, naturally no two views are alike. Everyone who takes any interest in the news has become an "expert" on the war.

We know that certain things are true:

We shall win the war, and we shall win it decisively. It will be expensive, but the machinery exists, if intelligently used, to prevent the aftermaths of inflation and depression. We have the mechanical genius to win the war, if intelligently led, with the minimum loss of life.

With those facts in mind, and no one can doubt them who has spent all his time in attempting to make a critical analysis, the next thing for us to do is to look around. By "look around," I mean look

distances involved. Think of the globe next time you read that submarines have sunk another ship off our coasts.

Naval experts have told me repeatedly that we must expect these scattered losses, tragic and costly as they are. Ships and planes keep up a constant outer and inner patrol of the coast, but the patrols must cover long distances, and in the ocean submarines are very little things. Many of them get through; the time may come when an audacious one will throw a few five-inch shells into a coastal city. That will be a logical thing to expect, and the submarine will hope to create a panic. But remember when you read the sensational story that there are relatively few submarines, and they must come a long distance to discharge perhaps a dozen torpedoes and fifty shells.

Therefore the United States will not be imperiled by such occurrences, any more than a cake is spoiled when a fly lands on the edge of its icing.

For the ultimate conclusion, look again at the globe; carry it in your mind. If we planned to invade Japan, we would have to destroy their fleet and prepare hundreds of new ships only to carry our army to their shores. We cannot do that yet, because we have not got the ships. By the same token, neither can Japan embark in this direction. And every month the war continues, the greater becomes our balance of power.

As for the German threat, Max Werner, the expert who most accurately forecast the shift in the tide of the German invasion of Russia, has written for Redbook readers in an earlier issue a description of how Germany could be defeated if the Russian front were supplemented by perhaps two other major battlefronts, on which Germany would have to face a million and a half British and American troops. Some day the issue probably will be decided along that pattern, as was indicated quite recently by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. But the "some day" is still a matter for the future, perhaps a year, maybe two. Why? Because of lack of transport and materials.

That is a long time to have to wait, if some unforeseen miracle does not end the war otherwise; and there is no certainty that readiness for such a vast campaign will mean an early end of the war. But again, it is well to remember, when we feel pessimistic, that Germany is as unprepared as the United States for mass overseas invasions; that she too experiences bungling in planning and production, and finally that Germany is actively maintaining huge armies in the field.

Germany is a great reservoir of production of planes and tanks and arms, and it is too early to look for collapse in Germany because of lack of this or that, or because of sporadic uprisings among the conquered countries. The lacks and the uprisings, which sometimes get great news prominence—even the recent food riots in Hamburg—are in their turn only flies on the German pastry.

It is very encouraging to hear that we shall produce sixty thousand fighting airplanes this year, but the sixty thousand combat planes too often are spoken of, and consequently reported, as something just around the corner. It is the same with tanks and fighting ships and freighters.

Anyone who stops to think realizes that all of this program takes time. Why, the bombers we shall build alone will require more labor and material than all the automobiles ever built in a single year.

Probably it is better to consider most public pronouncements as incidental things, sometimes interesting and sometimes entertaining.

I feel now, having presumed to write about these things, that perhaps the most important thing for us to do, aside from avoiding unnecessary pessimism, is to sidestep the type of excess optimism which invariably brings a hang-over of depression when we come face to face with realities.

When you read the war news, and listen to it on your radio, you are getting only a scattered series of day-by-day reports. We have to make our own conclusions, and those conclusions are the most important single factor in winning a war and preserving the kind of life we like to lead and are fighting to keep.

U. S. Today

(Continued from page 49)

left the table, Ed turned suddenly and announced:

"We've got a new man out at the factory. George starts work tomorrow."

"Oh, Daddy." Babs dived after him and squeezed his arm. "I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!"

"What is all this?" I asked. While George is often here to see Babs, his home is fifty miles away.

"He wanted a job in a munitions factory for the summer," Babs said, "so he went to see Daddy. And now,"—her voice was a little too firm,—"we're going to get married."

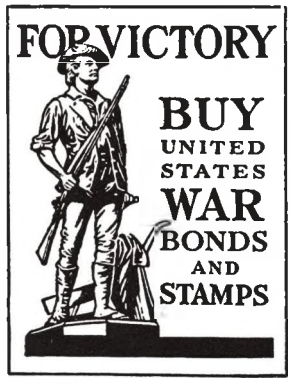
I sat down on the edge of the nearest chair as if something had struck my knees from behind. If Ed was startled, he didn't show it.

"Does George know it?" Ed smiled indulgently.

"Daddy! I knew you'd talk like that." Babs bounced up and down on the couch. "You just better make up your mind to this: I was never so serious about anything in my life."

"Neither was I." Ed drew his mouth back into a smile without any glow; it squared at the corners. But all he said was: "Don't talk nonsense." He took his hat and went out the front door. Wonderful in a genuine crisis, when he runs into one he thinks is trumped-up, Ed simply walks away.

"But everybody's getting married, Moms." Babs viewed her father's receding back indignantly. "You said so yourself the other day, and you said you thought it was a very wise thing, too; I heard you. Oh, Moms!" She came and put her arms around me from behind, crossing them under my chin just as Dick used to do. "*Talk* to Daddy, will you? He's so—so unlistening. You're the only one who can ever do anything with him. I just *count* on you!"



It may have been that direct appeal to me, or perhaps I am what Babs in a different mood would call a "Mrs. Rat-trap for biting." But I could not help feeling I must give the possibility of Babs' getting married very serious consideration. I knew, too, although Babs didn't, that Ed had by no means dismissed the matter from his mind. By going off he was more likely to be thinking it out alone. It would come up later, and I must be ready with my personal decision and good reasons for it. Yet I could not come to a decision. Youngsters need guidance; they need protection; but there comes a time when both guidance and protection may cramp and cut off something very lovely and very real that should have been allowed to live and grow.

I said this to Ed as we moved about our bedroom getting fixed up for supper. Ed caught my eye in the mirror. His own was stern.

"Honestly, dear," he said, "sometimes I wonder about you. You're just the kind of sentimental little nit-wit who *would* encourage a seventeen-year-old girl and a nineteen-year-old boy to get married, stop their education and spoil their future. And live on us, I suppose," he added. "I'm certainly not going to take care of George; and if I know George's old man, he isn't either."

The door, which stood ajar, was pushed open.

"May I come in?" Without waiting for an answer, Babs crossed the room and sat down on the small straight chair between my dressing-table and the tall bureau, in front of which her father was standing studying his own jaw in the mirror. "Now, there's no use trying to get away, you two," she said. "I want to know why you don't approve of my marrying a perfectly wonderful person like George." She looked balefully at her father, her face alive and glowing above the yellow-green of her linen dress.

"You're too young." Ed and I said it together.

"I guess that's for George to decide." Babs' voice was indignant.

"Yes, but what about the future?" Ed tried to make his voice patient. "With another year at college, George can finish the pre-med' course. Then, even if he's drafted, he can come back when the w[illegible]

is over and study to be a surgeon the way he's always wanted to. And when this war is over,"—Ed's eyes stared thoughtfully at the opposite wall,—"this country is going to need educated men the worst kind of a way. What are we going to do for doctors, if we haven't any men prepared to study medicine?" He worked his lower lip over his upper one. His face was thoughtful.

There was no reaction to this from Babs. With almost a start, Ed's eyes came back to her in a puzzled way.

"All right, then," he said, "what of George's own future? What's he got to give up to marry you? If you love a man, you must look ahead for him."

Babs' brown eyes filled with tears. "That's not fair, Daddy. Of course, I love him. But lots of successful men never went to college. Besides, why can't he go back to college even if he *is* married to me?"

"And take you along with him to the fraternity house?" If there was sarcasm in Ed's voice, it failed to register with Babs.

"We'll live here." She seemed surprised. "I've got my room. You'll simply have George too, all the time this summer and week-ends all next year. Won't that be *fun?*" There was an overtone of anxiety in Babs' voice.

"That's no way to start your married life—" I began.

"Eileen moved right into Dick's room; I don't see why George can't have mine." Babs' face was stormy. I knew the look. I'd seen it all through childhood days, whenever Dick was allowed to do something that she wasn't.

"But Dick's helping win the war—" I began again.

"So is George." Babs' voice rose angrily. "He *wanted* to enlist, but the family made him promise to stay in college until he was drafted. That's why he was determined to work in a munitions plant this vacation. He's just as important as Dick is; and if Eileen can live here, I guess George can."

It was then that we heard the unmistakable sound of sobbing. Quick, uncontrollable sobs they were, and they came from Eileen's room. Babs' eyes met mine, full of remorseful surprise.

"Oh, gosh," she said, "I didn't know she was home. Oh, my gosh!"

Both she and I ran to where Eileen lay flung across the bed. Her feet in the little gay red pumps were hanging in space, and her head with the tumbled dark-blonde curls lay on her crossed arms at the far side.

"Eileen!" I leaned forward. "What is it, dear?"

Babs sat down on the pillow and leaned forward anxiously. "*What's* the matter, crumb-bun?" she asked. "I didn't mean that about—" Her voice pleaded for a chance to help.

Eileen lifted a flushed face. Her gray-blue eyes were blurred with tears, but I saw at once they were tears of excitement.

"I'm going to have a baby," she said. "I've just come from the doctor's. I'm so *happy*, and I want to tell Dicky and—and he isn't here!" She buried her head in Babs' comforting arms and began to cry again, but softly now.

Babs sat holding Eileen very quietly. Her mouth made small, wordless sounds. She looked down with great commiserating eyes. She stroked the tumbled hair with a proprietary, motherly hand.

"Tell you what!" Babs brightened. "I'll make you a whole baby's layout."

"Layout?" I repeated.

She saw the puzzled look on my face.

"You know. A whole set of shirts and nighties and adorable little dresses with blue bows on them. Won't you like that?" she asked. She jiggled Eileen's head to be sure of getting her attention. There was no ignoring this, and no resisting Babs' interest. Eileen turned her face upward and smiled.

And then, suddenly, there was a sound of loud barking, and Blimp hurled himself along the lower hall and against the screen door. A familiar voice said:

"Hi there, Blimp! Don't you know who it is, old boy?"

"George!" Babs jumped, electrified. "Listen, Eileen!" She leaned down and peered with a little smile into the tear-stained face on her lap. "Let's tell *him* about the baby."

A faint smile rewarded her. "But not in front of me," Eileen said. . . .

After supper Ed took Eileen and me to the movies. We wanted to entertain and distract Eileen. We wanted, too, to put off for the moment the inevitable interview with George. We would feel better able to handle the two determined young people after the movies, when it was cooler. A little breeze blowing in from the garden picked up coolness from the whirling mist of the spray on the lawn. But the heat of the afternoon still hung in the street. The artificially cooled air of the movie house was grateful, and the picture took us out of our own affairs. It was almost a shock, hours later, to reenter the hot street, to see the garishly lighted shops, to pick up again the cable of real life.

We found Babs still up. She was sitting in the big chair in the living-room with a kind of inner glow on her face.

"Where's George?" I asked.

"He's gone."

I saw there was more to come. I dropped into a chair, Eileen beside me. Ed stood tamping his pipe in silence.

"We've decided *not* to get married," Babs said.

"Well, well." Ed's voice was noncommittal.

"How'd that happen, dear?" I tried to keep my tone even.

"George is so wonderful!" Babs looked around at her small audience of three, and ended by fixing her eyes upon me. "You know, Mother, he's the wisest, far-est-looking man I ever knew. I said, now he had a job, we could get married right away. He said he'd been thinking about it. He said I had the best person in the country pleading for me, him!"

"Well?" Ed was biting hard on his pipestem. He did not look at me.

"But he said he thought we were both too young. He said his father wanted him to stay in college another year. He's influenced a lot by what his father wants. I think that's a wonderful quality in a man, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I do!" Ed's voice had conviction in it.

"And then,"—Babs spoke as if it were a brand-new idea,—"he said, when this war was over, the country was going to need doctors like nobody's business, and he wanted to be prepared to go into medical school."

"I think that's pretty fine," I said.

"And then I told him," Babs' voice went smoothly on, "how we could live here while he was in college—I knew you'd let us, really. And I told him all about how Eileen was going to live here as long as Dick was in the Army, and how Eileen was going to have a baby and everything."

"You did? What did he say?" Eileen's startled eyes were wide. It evidently had not wholly registered that Babs was going to take George into their confidence.

"He thought it was a swell idea for you and Dick, but he said *he* would want to make his own home for the mother of his child. And just now, he thought the best thing for him to do was to get all the education he could, and then be free to go where he could do the most good for the country. And he said," Babs finished breathlessly, "we were young enough to wait a little while, and I think so too. George is so—well, he's just *noble.*" She looked at her father with shining eyes. "Don't you really think he's about the most wonderful man you ever knew?"

Ed looked down at the earnest upturned face. He took out his pipe and with his free hand he patted Babs' soft brown hair. He could not suppress a deep sigh.

"George is worth waiting for," he agreed firmly. "George has got stuff."

The Land where there is no Death

(Continued from page 43)

toiled upward with the evening, but his spirits rose.

And sure enough, at the very head of the pass, he caught a glimpse of it, as he had imagined—a fair land with broad fields and bright streams and a good town where men might dwell, all luminous for a moment in the last golden haze of the sun. Then the sun dipped and the mists of evening shut over it, but John had seen what he had seen. He did not try to go down through the pass that night, for he knew he must husband his strength.

Next morning he roused with the first light and resumed his journey. As the road led toward the town, his excitement mounted, for each stone by the way seemed familiar to him, and that was a sure sign. Yet it was not all as he had dreamed of it, but in some ways changed; and that gave him assurance too. He noticed that folk looked at him a little oddly as he strode into the town itself, with his ragged cloak around him and his worn staff in his hand—well, that was to be expected when one entered the land where there is no death. He did not stop to converse with them or ask questions—that would be for later. First of all, he must go to a certain part of the town and sit upon a bench by a fountain. He did not know why he must do this but it was strong upon him.

They were busy with their own affairs, the good people—he passed among them and smiled. The shopman kept his shop and the housewife came back from market, and all of a sudden, the bells rang and the children burst out of school. How merry they were and lively! He would find the ones who liked stories best later on. So, at last, he came to the square with the stone bench and fountain.

There was a young girl by the fountain, and as she heard his footsteps, she turned and his heart gave a leap within him. He paused, leaning upon his staff.

"Well, Hilda," he said, "I have found it, as you see. And yet we are together, after all."

Then he saw her eyes change with surprise and knew that it was not Hilda, though very like her. And, with that, his years came upon him and he leaned upon the rim of the fountain. He could see in the waters of the fountain that his hair was as white as snow and his face the face of an old man. Then he knew where he was and that he was mistaken indeed.

How long he stood gazing into the fountain, he did not know, but after a while he looked up; and Hilda was indeed before him, though not the young Hilda he remembered. Her hair was as white as his own. Yet he knew her at once.

"Well, John," she said, "it is good to see you again. And have you no word for an old playmate?"

"I have many words indeed, Hilda," said John, very bitterly. "But they all come down to the one—that I have been a fool. You were right not to wait for me, Hilda—my search has lasted all my life, and yet it has been but a wild-goose chase and brought me back to my own door. And now, at the end of it, I have not even children to match with yours."

"Why, it is not quite like that," said Hilda. "Children I have, and grandchildren, and that can be. And yet I have always waited for you, John."

She sat down on the bench beside him and took his hand.

"You must come home with me and tell me of your travels," she said. "For even in this quiet place, we know your name, and all children know your stories."

"Some of them are not badly made," said John. "And yet I set out to find the land where there is no death and not to tell stories to children." He looked at her intently. "Have you heard that perhaps one or two of them were not so badly made?" he said.

"I know them all," said Hilda. "Or as many as my children would tell me—no doubt you have more. There was one that you told about old Ketty. You gave her another name, but I knew old Ketty at once."

"Yes, that was about old Ketty," said John. "It is not a bad story, though I always meant to mend it a little. But the children liked it as it was." He sighed. "And now I must tell my last story," he said. "I must tell that there is no land where there is no death, and that men's hopes are in vain. That will be a hard story to tell, but it must be told. Yet, first, I would like to look around the town. It has been so long."

"The house where your father lived still stands," said Hilda. "It is now town property, but I think the town might grant it to a famous teller of stories. My second daughter's husband now being provost—" she said.

So that was how, after all his journeyings, John came back to his own house again—and matters worked out for him much as Hilda had said. Indeed, at times, he was almost happy, for if there were many of his stories the townspeople had heard from other mouths, there were many they did not know, and that is always pleasant for a story-teller. And even the old ones, he found, gained a certain new life from the faces of the listening children—the children not of his loins and yet of his town. They were in and out of his house and Hilda's house all the time—they slipped in quietly when he sat by the fire, and had slid upon stools to listen before he knew they were there—you could hear their footsteps in the street like the patter of rain. Now and then there would be two with their heads together, and John and Hilda would look upon them and smile.

Yet, when the dark fit came upon him, John would swear that he must set out upon his travels again and tell his last story—the story that no land exists where there is no death; and that death, not life, rules all things. Nor did Hilda attempt to dissuade him. But whenever he tried to frame that story in his mind, the words would not come. He could tell of his own search and his own folly, but that was not enough.

"Indeed, I think I have lost what little wits I had, Hilda," he said to her one day, in anger with himself, as they walked by the river. "For here is a story worth any man's telling, and yet it will not come to my mouth."

"It is a grim story," said Hilda.

"It is a true story," he said.

"Are you sure it is true?" she said, and he looked at his old companion with anger and surprise.

"Have I traveled the world for nothing?" he said. "What do you know of all this—you who sat at home?"

"It is true that I did not go with you, and true that I am neither traveler nor tale-teller," said Hilda. "And yet I have my own ideas, for what they are. I have not found your land, but there are the faces and the bodies of my children. For, even though they die before me, I have put life into the world, and though all come to dust in the end, there shall yet be dust to that dust. So I say life rules all, not death."

"You talk like a woman, and they are always bound to have the last word," said John angrily, and flung away from her, for he was annoyed at her crossing him when she was not a tale-teller. Yet her words sank into his mind and remained there as he walked further on down the stream, striking at the reeds with his staff.

"Now I wish I could talk to Death himself about this," said John. "For I have neither chick nor child but only stories. And there are many with neither child nor story." And even as he argued with himself, his story began to take shape in his mind. . . .

It was a grim story and a sad one. For it showed how vain were the dreams and hopes of men of a land where there is no death—and how, from the cradle itself, behind every man and woman, followed Death, a leering companion, at all times ready to play his one monotonous jest. He came to the king and the beggar, and neither might nor humility could ward him away—he touched the strong man in his strength and the fair maiden in her bloom—he tumbled knights from their horses and children from their desks at school. Neither pulpit nor pew was exempt from him; he was there in the crowd at the fair, and the roar of battle, and the silence of the hermit's cell. Men might cry out against him manfully—they might pray and supplicate and dream—it all came to one in the end, and the end was dust. Nay, the world itself, when it was old, he would destroy in time, having fed his bad heart first with every creature of that world. To no purpose did the sun rise and the moon rise and the sky show its spangled stars—death was in the air and the earth and the waters under the earth—death everywhere, omnipresent, a king of terrors ruling a world of dupes and slaves.

John rolled the words on his tongue, and they were fine words. Let it be his last tale—yet it was truth and his best. He could see the faces grow white as he told it out, and he shivered as the wind came raw from the river.

"And yet, that is only Death's story," he said to himself.

Then he thought of the ways of life—not of any one way of it, but of life itself—and how it is renewed each year in leaf and seed and feather and fur and flesh. In the cold jellies of the streams there was life, and in the thrust

Medals with a certain gift of prophecy

THESE are a few of the medals for original research and accomplishment that have been awarded, from time to time, to scientists in the Kodak Research Laboratories. They are shown here not to emphasize a glorious past, but because they have a certain gift of prophecy . . .

> The Kodak Laboratories have some of the qualities of great universities and the philanthropic research foundations . . . Scientists and young men with an idea often come here to Rochester. They get a hearing. If the idea is reasonable, and original, they get encouragement. If needed, they get the help of men of vast experience, and the best facilities the world affords.

Some of the greatest of recent developments in photography have come from such collaboration. The Kodachrome process—movies and snapshots in full color . . . "ultra-speed photographs"—exposures of as little as 1/1,000,000 of a second—which show what the eye alone can never see...the aerial films which are now enabling our country's flyers to cut through camouflage with their cameras or observe the success of their bombs from beyond the reach of anti-aircraft.

Pure research is not self-seeking.

For example, it doesn't "pay" Kodak to make 125 different types of plates for astronomical photography—but without them, the observatories of the world would be half-blinded. Such work may never pay in dollars, but our growing knowledge of the Universe depends on it. And who knows what day—or night—may bring a discovery that will change the entire pattern of our thinking and lead us to another world?

> These medals are important—as symbols of a search that never ceases. They stand for the enrichment of our lives in many ways thus far . . . from the simple snapshot of a loved one, to the last great movie you saw, faultless in its recording of scenes and sound.

And the work of the vast laboratory at Kodak Park was never so significant as at the present time . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Kodak...serving human progress through photography

Progress Medal,
Society of Motion
Picture Engineers
(1936)

Adolph Lomb Medal,
Optical Society of America

Progress Medal,
Royal Photographic Society
(1913)

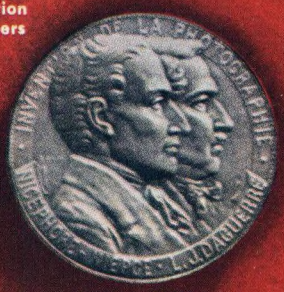
Henry Draper Medal,
National Academy of Sciences

Progress Medal,
Society of Motion
Picture Engineers
(1939)

Nichols Medal,
New York Section,
American Chemical Society

Trueman Wood Medal,
Royal Society of Arts

Gold Medal,
American Institute of Chemists



Janssen Medal,
Société Française de Photographie

Edward Longstreth Medal,
Franklin Institute

Progress Medal,
Royal Photographic Society
(1928)

Adelskold Medal,
Photographic Society of Stockholm

Niépce Daguerre Medal,
Société Française
de Photographie

Henderson Award,
London and Provincial
Photographic Association

Gold Medal,
Photographic Society
of Vienna

Hurter and Driffield Medal,
Royal Photographic Society

John Scott Medal,
City of Philadelphia

A few KODAK MILESTONES of direct interest to the public

1884 Eastman invents paper "stripping" film—the beginning of photographic film.

1888 The No. 1 Kodak and birth of the photofinishing system ("You press the button—we do the rest") popularize amateur photography.

1889 First commercial production of transparent roll film, including the film that first made motion pictures practical.

1891 Daylight loading of their cameras enables amateurs to buy and use film anywhere.

1898 The Folding Pocket Kodak—ancestor of all modern folding roll-film cameras—is perfected and placed on the market.

1900 The dollar Brownie makes photography the sport of millions.

1903 Kodak's new easy-to-handle "non-curling" film greatly simplifies the processing of still pictures.

1913 Eastman brings out special sheet films to replace cumbersome glass plates in portraiture and X-ray work; also the first panchromatic film for motion pictures.

1918 Fast double-coated X-ray film stimulates the growth of radiology.

1923 Eastman system of amateur cinematography, with 16-mm. cameras, projectors, films, and reversal processing, makes home movies practicable.

1928 Kodak introduces first amateur motion pictures in full color.

1931 New films inaugurate use of high-speed panchromatic materials throughout black-and-white photography—snapshots at night, for example.

1932 Ciné-Kodak Eight, plus 8-mm. projectors and films, places home movies within the reach of almost everyone.

1935 Full-color Kodachrome Film becomes the gateway to the new era of color photography.

1941 Kodak introduces the first direct full-color photographic prints (Minicolor, Kotavachrome).

1942 Kodacolor Roll Film completes the photographic cycle, making it possible to get full-color snapshots with any ordinary camera—even a Brownie.

of the tree-root deep in the earth, in the new-hatched chick and the child curled in the womb. And each year that life was renewed. In the early spring, with the snow still crusted on the ground, there was a change and a quickening as the earth turned back toward the sun. It began with melting ice and the running of the brooks—with the smell of new earth and the cry of the first-come birds and the peeping and buzzing noises of tiny things. It began and swelled through the summer, a great chorus of all the living, and through all the scale of creation Life wandered like a proud husbandman, sowing immortal seed. Though Death had been in the world for a million years, yet each new thing came into life as if death had never been—though Death slew and slew, he could not wipe life from the world.

And in the thoughts of men—aye, there Death was powerless—for though he could slay the body, he could slay neither thought nor dream. The virtuous he could slay but not their virtue—he could stop the hearts of the bold, but there was a memory and an example to inspirit other hearts. So went the great pageant of life, like an army against its adversary—and ever the battle was won and ever the battle lost; and yet to Death, in the end, was not the victory.

"And that is true also," thought John. "And yet—may we not have peace?"

THEN he saw his land as it must be, not as he had dreamed it—the land where there is no death—a land without autumn or winter but all one perpetual spring. Very beautiful it was at first sight, but very strange. For in it, as there was no death, there could be neither change nor time. Forever the waters were untroubled, forever the skies serene. Never could a new leaf grow upon a tree, for no old leaf had fallen to make way for it; never could a child be born, for with the birth of any child, the mother takes one willing step toward death. The rain might not weather the stone nor the wind blow the blossom nor the sun make folk feel lusty—for these things, too, mean change.

There could be no growth in such a land, for with growth comes completion and an end, and here there could be no end. He looked upon the faces of these who dwelt there, and they were comely and fair, but not like humankind. Their bodies were unwearied and strong, but upon them was an enormous lassitude and a blankness. For however they toiled and endeavored, their toil must be undone by evening, or change must enter their world, and with change, the struggle between life and death begins. They might love, but without the sharpness of brief and mortal love—they might plan, but with all time to plan in, the plan itself had no meaning. They knew not what it was to be safe, for they had not danger—they knew not what victory was, for they had never known defeat. On their backs was a huger load than any borne by mortal man—not man's load of a few years or many, but a dark load of endless time, remorseless, absolute. For, in that land, each day was like another day and every day the same—and just beyond its borders, Death sat upon a stone, cracking his fingers and laughing.

Or was it Life who sat there and laughed, full-throated, for very joy of the

struggle and the adversary, and the way in which his children took Time's harsh odds and yet made a mock of Time? John did not know, for the closer he looked, the less he could distinguish between the figures. Then the vision was gone, and he turned back toward his house, huddling his jacket about him, for the bleak wind of spring made him cough.

So, after that he was ill, and Hilda told him what she thought of him for wandering by the river without a cloak. And with all she said, he agreed, for she was right and dear to him. For some days he was in fever; then the fever cleared and he felt better though weak. Yet he knew, as men sometimes do, that he would not mend. It did not matter very much to him as long as the children still came to hear his stories, and Hilda sat by his bed for an hour or so, talking quietly of old times. He knew that they were old, but he did not think of her as old.

"I thought, for a while, that I had been very bad for you, Hilda," he said to her one day. "But I see that too was wrong."

"Well, John, you were always a little conceited," said Hilda, with the frankness of an old friend. "I suppose that is part of being a story-teller. And I suppose that, in a story, the world might think ill of you for leaving me. But do you not think I had pleasure in a friend gone away to strange lands? It made me quite conceited myself for a time, I assure you. I led Jonas a merry dance because of it, poor man, and that was as well for him—he would not have liked me half as well if I had not. And now it is time for your soup." And she patted his hand.

SO IT went till John knew he was dying and that he must tell his last story. There was a child in the room—a child of Hilda's—a grandchild—Hilda herself—he was not quite sure, but its cheeks were tear-stained as it looked at him.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" he said.

"Mother tells me Old John is dying," said the child in a thin voice. "And I don't want people to die. I don't want them to die at all."

"They do not die in the land where there is no death," said John reflectively, for he had his story in his mind. "I shall tell you a story of that land."

"Where is that land?" asked the child eagerly.

"It is not here," said John. "And it is not over the mountains. And yet you shall go there, and I and Hilda, and all that you know."

He saw Death standing by the bed, but beside Death was Life, and both beckoned.

"Yes," he said. "It is only through living and dying that we may get to a land where there is no death. But do not be afraid, child, for you were born to the journey."

Then he rose and followed those who beckoned him, and Hilda closed the eyes of the man upon the bed.

Dream Jobs

(Continued from page 25)

He'd either be back-slapped into unconsciousness or be forced to fight his way out through solid phalanxes of muscular citizens who would want to know why he left Higbe in the box, or gave Camilli the hit sign instead of letting him take a certain pitch, or a dozen other confounding second guesses. Joe McCarthy, manager of the New York Yankees who whipped the Dodgers in the last World Series, would hardly be recognized a block from the Yankee Stadium. Durocher is unmistakable: scenically for his blinding sports-jackets or immaculate evening dress, and phonetically for his often tirading voice.

There isn't another figure in baseball comparable to Durocher, which is why he is manager of Brooklyn. He is the ideal heir to the pattern set for Brooklyn managers by the late great Wilbert Robinson, who guided the destinies of the team from 1914 through 1931. Uncle Robby was a two-fisted, swashbuckling member of the old Baltimore Orioles. He played for keeps. He piloted his often eccentric teams into two World Series and a number of "almosts" that left him and the populace nervous wrecks. During his régime the rich men came into baseball and the game took on a veneer of institutional aloofness. But not in Brooklyn. Uncle Robby kept it intimate there.

Night or day, Uncle Robby was willing to talk or argue baseball with any Brooklyn fan. There were occasions during his long years at Ebbets Field when ardent fans leaped the restraining walls that separate customer from participant, stalked up to the Brooklyn dugout in the midst of games, and argued the fine points of strategy. Uncle Robby would argue back until the umpires would run the customer back to his pew and command the game to continue.

Times without number, delegations of fans waited outside of the park after games for Uncle Robby and Mrs. Robinson, who knew as much baseball as any person in the country, to appear. These seminars sometimes would last an hour, with Mrs. Robinson's shrill and authoritative voice rising above her husband's as they defended Uncle Robby's masterminding. The fans mourned the loss of these two. The Robinsons typified the very soul of Brooklyn, where baseball lies so close to the heart of the people.

After Uncle Robby there were Max Carey, a base-stealing veteran with a good baseball head; Casey Stengel, a natural wit who understood the remnants of Uncle Robby's famed "Daffiness Boys;" and Burleigh Grimes, a popular old pitcher who was called "Boily" by the fans when he wasn't being called something more picturesque. Stengel was paid fifteen thousand dollars in 1937 when *not* managing Brooklyn. The never quite orthodox owners of the team replaced Stengel with Grimes that year, even though Stengel had another year to go on his contract. He made more money when not managing Brooklyn than Grimes did managing Brooklyn. But no one seemed to think that that was very unusual—at least for Brooklyn.

DUROCHER, Grimes' successor, was headed for Brooklyn years before even Brooklyn realized it—indeed, years before Durocher realized it. He was water seeking its natural level.

Leo's road to Brooklyn was devious, but hardly dull. None of the New York baseball writers of the middle '20's could believe it when Yankee manager Miller Huggins announced near the end of the 1925 season that he had purchased Durocher from Hartford, of the Eastern League, for twelve thousand dollars. The Yanks were in the doldrums that season, but the purchase of Durocher seemed to be a case of rubbing salt in the wounded prides of Babe Ruth and the other members of the star-studded cast. For Leo had hit only .220 during the Hartford season. He had belted only one home run, which made him even more of a curiosity on that team of sluggers. "Okay, okay," Huggins barked impatiently when he was kidded about his purchase. "Just wait and see. Some day he'll be one of the greatest ball-players in this league."

Hug liked the way Durocher yelled for his rights, and the "lip" he gave to everyone who tried to push him around. For further ripening, Hug sent him to Atlanta of the Southern League for the 1926 season, then moved him to St. Paul, in the faster American Association, the following season. Durocher hit .238 at Atlanta and .253 at St. Paul. At St. Paul he astounded everyone, except himself, by driving in seventy-eight runs, knocking twenty-seven doubles, ten triples and seven home runs. He was walked fifty-four times by pitchers, some of whom may have been trying to bean him.

Huggins brought him back in 1928 and made him the regular shortstop on what is considered the greatest team ever assembled. But even Leo's fielding ability, great as it was, did not take the curse off his batting. Actually, he managed to hit .270 that year, the most he had ever hit, but a .270 batting average on a team that had Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Earl Combs and Tony Lazzeri looked lifeless.

Now if Durocher had been a humble rookie, given to seeking the counsel of older and better players, his lot with even the rip-roaring Yanks would have been made easier. But Leo's about as humble as a hungry fighting cock. He made the ordinarily quiet and complacent Yankee dugout ring with his abuse of umpires and rival players. On the field his chatter rose above the deep voice of crowds of many thousands. Before Huggins could come up out of the dugout to protest an umpire's decision, there was Leo already trying to climb down the umpire's tonsils. Countless fans and dozens of players felt that Leo wasn't good enough to be a big leaguer, yet here he was, and virtually running the wonder team.

In a Yankee-Athletics game that year the great Ty Cobb raced across second base *en route* from first to third on a teammate's single to right field. As he streaked past Durocher at shortstop, Leo stuck out his hip and knocked Cobb into a clumsy stagger. The Yankee outfielder, who handled the single easily, threw out Cobb at third base.

At first Cobb couldn't believe it. Nobody had dared to do anything like that to him for twenty years.

When someone dubbed Durocher "The All-America Out," Leo seized upon the name and often used it in speaking of himself, which was often. When one wag said, "Durocher's weakness is a bat on his shoulder," he laughed louder than anyone. When Huggins, in a vain effort to make a hitter out of him, turned him into a switch-hitter *(i. e.,* ordered him to bat left-handed against right-handed pitchers, and *vice versa*) Leo cried: "Great! Now I'll hit four hundred—two hundred from each side of the plate."

Huggins stuck with him through the 1929 season, putting him on short instead of Lyn Lary, and it was said that Hug even had visions that one day Durocher might succeed him. But Hug died after the 1929 season. His death kicked the props from under Durocher. In two short years the young player's fiery deportment had dunked him so deeply in the list of unpopular players that not another club in the American League wanted him when Ed Barrow, general manager of the Yanks, placed his name on the waiver list.

Durocher probably would have dropped out of the majors completely if it had not been for Sid Weil, then boss of the Cincinnati Reds. Weil alone had faith in him. Leo cost Cincinnati $7,500, the bare waiver price. Weil hoped that the mercurial shortstop's fire and brimstone would light a fire under the lead-footed Reds of that era. But not even Durocher could do that, though he gave the team all of his pyrotechnics.

Durocher felt only relief when he was finally traded to the Cardinals for Paul Derringer in May, 1933. The Cards were up and coming. They played the kind of baseball that came most naturally to the incendiary Durocher. They had a couple of young hill-billy pitchers named Dean. They had Pepper Martin, "the Wild Horse of the Osage." They had powerful young Joe Medwick, a superb slugger. In the middle of the 1933 season Frank Frisch, their volatile second baseman, became their manager. The Gashouse Gang was born, and there wasn't a gassier or more potent member of the gang than Durocher, whose fancy sportsclothes belied the fact that he was the hard-ridingest of the horny-handed lot.

"Hit me in the head," he dared more than one pitcher who tried to get even with him for all of his taunts by hurtling the ball at his skull. "Hit me in the head, and I'll get on base and beat you, you (unmentionable)."

Those were hectic days, even for a normally restless soul like Durocher. His domestic life backfired in 1934. Just before the start of the 1934 World Series he married his second wife, Grace Dozier, a prominent dress-designer. He played through and starred in the dramatic 1934 World Series against the Detroit Tigers, and kept up a running comment from the bench that blistered the rival athletes. His taunting of Schoolboy Rowe, Tiger pitcher, remains an easy high for "jockeying" from the bench.

It was inevitable that he'd run into political trouble with the St. Louis team. When Frisch retired to the bench, he made Durocher the field captain. Durocher would have taken the job anyway, no matter who was appointed. Durocher began running the team, the natural thing for him to do. And it soon enough became a question of Durocher or Frisch. Frisch stayed. Durocher had hit an abysmal .203 during the 1937 season, but to get him, Brooklyn had to give up Jimmy Bucher, Joe Stripp, Roy Henshaw and Johnny Cooney. Leo was recognized as a 175-pound shot of adrenalin.

Durocher was at long last in Brooklyn. God was in his heaven.

His first act as a member of the Dodgers was to engage in an argument over his salary. He had made thirteen thousand dollars with the Cards for the 1937 season. The Dodgers wanted to cut him to ten thousand, with the promise of three thousand in bonus money if he achieved certain requirements. Durocher would have nothing to do with such a bargain. His achievements were not the kind that can be tabulated in a record-book. No one ever measured contagious hysteria or inspirational aggressiveness in digits and decimal points. Durocher got his way, and has been getting it ever since.

Durocher was a man of the ranks during his first season with the Dodgers —1938. That is, he wasn't manager. Grimes was. Leland Stanford MacPhail, the baseball genius who had been put in command of the club by the hopeful owners and the Brooklyn Trust Company, holder of several notes on the team, appointed Durocher as captain of the team. With an eye for increased attendance, MacPhail also restored Babe Ruth to uniform and made him a coach. There was an immediate presumption that Grimes, ostensibly on his way out, would be succeeded by Ruth. Durocher knew better. Leo was his usual self, baiting umpires, getting thrown out of the game, being fined and conducting all of his business with consistent energy. Naturally a great bond of friendship sprang up between him and MacPhail, for MacPhail too is a man given to great emotions and moments of whimsy—during one of which he once tried to capture Kaiser Wilhelm.

This burly affinity ripened into a manager's contract for Durocher, signed with suitable ceremony on October 12, 1938. Ruth, greatest slugger of all time, had been passed over for perhaps the worst hitter baseball ever knew. Lippy Leo's lip, restless as his surging pulse, was now the Voice of Authority.

The rest is baseball history. Durocher's first team, the 1939 club, improved Brooklyn's position four notches in the National League and finished a strong third. His 1940 club finished second. His 1941 club won the pennant. His 1942 club promises to win another pennant. In a park little more than one third as large as the Yankee Stadium, where the considerably superior New York Yankees held forth, Durocher and "Dem Bums," as his team came to be known, drew a little more than one million cash customers in 1939, which was more than the champion Yankees drew. "Dem Bums" drew just short of a million in 1940, and once again soared over the million mark last season. They'll draw another million this year. The six hundred thousand dollars which MacPhail borrowed from the bank to buy the players Durocher wanted, has been repaid. And everything is happy and prosperous. The owners are exuding a new neighborliness toward one another.

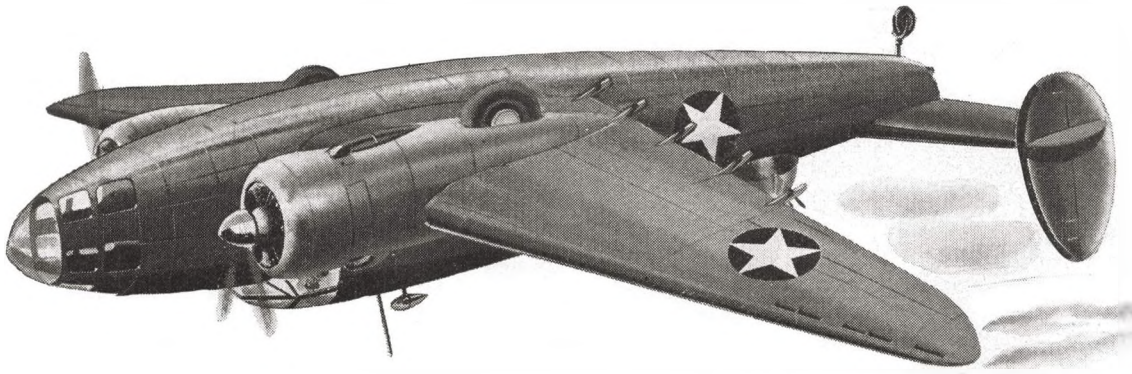
Durocher, kicked around for years but always headed temperamentally toward the Dodgers, has made a very nice thing out of his dream job. He makes twenty-five thousand dollars and has been relieved of the embarrassment of actual participation by the team's purchase of young Peewee Reese, a fine shortstop. He is sought after by top radio shows, where his facile mind and ready tongue have stood him in good stead even when dealing with the rapier-brained Fred Allen. The current billboards and magazine ads testify that he has taken an oath of allegiance to a certain brand of beer. Other endorsements and the like run his income up to the forty-thousand-dollar class. One of New York's best young interior decorators recently designed Durocher's fashionable new apartment in the best part of Manhattan. The knickknacks cost more than his old Yank salary.

But his dream job has nightmarish overtones. As far as is known, no Brooklyn manager ever owned a pair of carpet slippers and a pipe. Leo can't grow mellow. He is caught between a rabid fandom that reaches from Coast to Coast, and MacPhail. When the Dodgers lose a game, his mail from the fans is something that should be brought to the attention of psychologists. Every real Brooklyn fan knows in his heart he'd make a better manager than the current man in the job. Durocher's success hasn't changed that feeling.

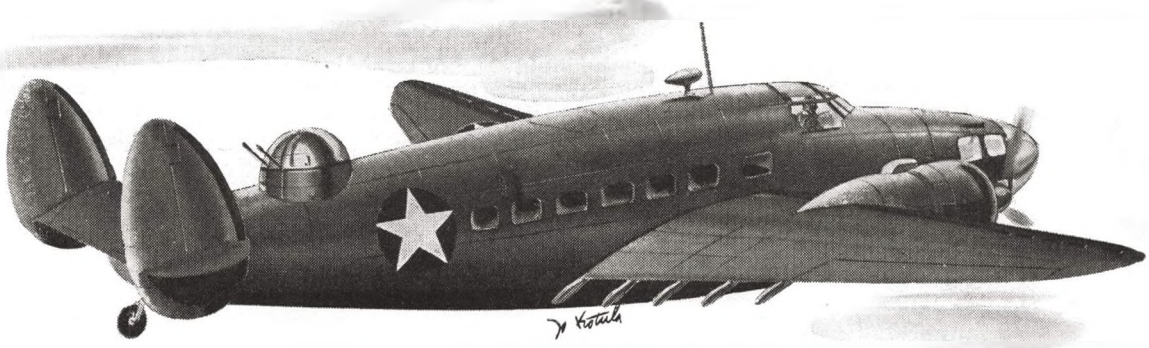
Success for Durocher has brought with it no complacency. Today at thirty-six, with thinning hair and a married step-daughter, he is as loud, as fervid, as hotly ambitious and as ready to fight as he was years ago when he was ready to tackle Cobb as a batboy. He cannot relax, for if he does, so will his team. And if his team does, he knows he'll be out of work soon. He's on his toes morning, noon and night, and his spirits are effervescent to an alarming degree. His players say he is fair, frank and fearless.

He was fined a number of times last season, usually for arguing with umpires. This spring he set some kind of record for incompatibility with umpires by being chased out of a Havana ball-park by a Cuban umpire (he had to be given a guard by his pal General Batista) and later was banished from another exhibition game by an American League umpire. He was fined for that by Judge Landis himself, but when we asked the National League to give an accounting for the total amount he has been fined since becoming manager of Brooklyn, one of the league's office men, still shocked because Durocher had pronounced one of President Frick's latest ultimatums "horsefeathers," said nervously that the release of such figures would hardly be an example for American youth. Suffice it to guess that Leo has been fined more than the rest of the league managers combined. If there were a Baumes Law in baseball, he'd be a lifer.

The new National League rule which prohibits a manager from holding up the game to argue with an umpire on the field, and gives umpires authority to bar a manager who protests wantonly, seemed aimed right at Durocher's head by Frick. The rule has cost Durocher a lot of money, and deprived the Dodgers of his



Upside down or right side up . . .



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vivid presence on many occasions. There being no way he can possibly swallow and digest a verbal blast seeking utterance within him, Durocher has concocted a strange release mechanism. Now when he is tormented beyond control by the willful refusal of umpires to see as well as he can see, Leo storms to the edge of the field, or sometimes on the field itself, and loudly addresses the Dodger player standing nearest to the offending umpire. It is remote-control protest—intended, of course, for the bright red ears of the sometimes puzzled umpire. At first some of Leo's players believed he meant what he was yelling at them, and wondered whether it would be worth parting Leo's sparse locks with a bat. Then they caught on. So, unfortunately, have a couple of the more discerning umpires.

Barring any violent fluctuation in MacPhail's iron whimsy, and granting the continued success of the team, Durocher ought to be manager of Brooklyn for some years to come. The Brooklyn fans second-guess him—he must defend every move he made the day before, when the elevator-man and the office-boy at MacPhail's regal business quarters encounter him hoarsely each morning—but that is their long-held privilege. Outside of Brooklyn enough fans hate him with enough passion that they will come out to watch Brooklyn play just in order to boo him. All of which is good for business.

Off-stage he looks like the public's conception of customers' man from a boom-town brokerage house. His clothes, speech, friends and topics are always crisp and jaunty. Leo is always in great physical trim. "I never know when I'll have to put myself in a game, to lay down a bunt," he cracks. He suffers, however, from sinus trouble, and is a prey to pulled muscles in his legs. He is sharp-tongued but honest with reporters and radio sportscasters.

We've seen this human dynamo deflated only once. That was near the end of the 1940 World Series between the Cincinnati Reds and Detroit Tigers. A progressive soul, Leo decided to fly from Detroit to Cincinnati for the final game. The weather was frightening. Dodging great daggers of lightning, the plane took off from Detroit in a downpour. For three hours the plane lurched through the storm while Durocher held on to his seat. A stout lady, a fellow-traveler, sat across the tossing aisle from Leo, lustily eating her free dinner whenever she could stab a bite. She was oblivious to the danger. Leo was livious, to make an antonym. And desperately air-sick.

Finally the little electric signboard on the front wall of the passengers' compartment lighted up with the warning to stop smoking and fasten seat-belts. It was pitch black outside and the storm was still active, but when at last the wheels hit the field and the plane bounced to a rattling halt, Leo staggered white-faced down the aisle and was the first person out of the plane.

"Thank God we made Cincinnati!" he wheezed with relief.

The stewardess laughed, a tinkling little laugh. "This is still Detroit, Mr. Durocher. We had to turn back on account of the storm."

Like the Sun

(Continued from page 19)

just a little bragging on her own account. But she refused to acknowledge his association of ideas. True, Dr. Rowfield's elegant brass name-plate was staring them in the face, but he could just as easily have been a nose-and-throat man treating her for sinus.

"Yes sir," the taxi-driver went on. "Both boys, and both in the Army."

That was a different story. Claudia's pique vanished. Anybody who had anybody in the Army was a kind of blood relation as far as she was concerned. "I have a husband in the Army too," she offered eagerly.

He gave a low whistle of sympathy. "Pretty tough, aint it, under the circumstances," he said.

"Oh, I have two other children," she hastened to add, with no desire to brag at this point, but merely to explain that she was an old hand at the business.

He whistled again. "That's bad," he said. "I didn't know they were drafting men with families."

"My husband wasn't drafted," said Claudia with a very definite swagger. "He's an architect. He enlisted."

The taxi-driver gave her swagger for swagger. "My kids didn't wait to be drafted, either; they both enlisted too. One's eighteen; the other's twenty. Abe—that's the oldest one, he's in Coast Artillery—he's in Australia. I don't know where Morty is. I have a feeling it's Africa. But I'm not telling the Missus."

Claudia's heart ached for the Missus. "How does she feel about it?" she asked.

"She feels terrible," said the taxi-driver simply. "But what can we do about it? We got to take it. I say to her: 'Sarah, you aint the only one.' She says she knows she aint the only one."

"I don't think that helps very much," said Claudia, thinking of her own boys.

"I guess not," he agreed. "I guess the only thing that helps is trying to remember that God who's up there lookin' down on us, knows what He's about."

"I hope He does," said Claudia.

"Sure He does," said the taxi-driver. "I found that out in my fifty years already."

"You don't look fifty," said Claudia generously.

He winked and cupped the corners of his mouth with a hand. "I'm fifty-eight," he whispered loudly.

They might have gone on talking indefinitely, if the nurse hadn't opened the

door to usher out a fat lady who probably wasn't fat at all. "I didn't hear you ring, Mrs. Horneledge," she exclaimed effusively. "I'm so sorry."

"Don't be so sorry," said Claudia, "because I didn't ring." She held out her hand to the taxi-driver. "Good-by," she said. "When you write to Abe and Morty, wish them luck, for me. And give Sarah my love."

"I will," he promised, walking backward down the steps. "And the same to you and your husband."

The nurse, whose golden hair needed a fresh application of gold, gave a small titter. "I thought he was your taxi-driver! Isn't that a scream?"

"It certainly is," said Claudia. She waved to him as he got in his cab. He waved back, and drove away.

The nurse said, "Well!" and tossed her bright head. She hadn't been with Dr. Rowfield very long—he was having difficulty in keeping nurses since the war, and all that she knew about Claudia was that she was Mrs. Hartley Horneledge's sister-in-law, which didn't go at all with having taxi-drivers for friends. "His wife Sarah and I are sisters," said Claudia.

The nurse's eyes popped like grapes.

"Under the skin," Claudia silently amended.

Dr. Rowfield took her blood-pressure, and looked up her card. "If all my patients were as healthy as you are, young lady, I'd be lucky," said he. "Come in again in two weeks."

"If I had known he wasn't going to examine me today, I wouldn't have worn my good lace slip," she thought, disgruntled. But it was just as well, because now she'd have time to look at perambulators before she met David.

It was a long time since she had been in the infants' department of a store: for Matthew had inherited everything from Bobby. There wasn't a thing left, however, not even a didie. It was fun to start from scratch.

The salesgirl thought it was her first baby. Claudia didn't bother to disillusion her. "It'll be my first girl, anyway," she told herself.

Before she knew it, it was half-past four. For an hour she had forgotten the war, forgotten that she was to meet David to try on his uniform. It was like coming back from a dream into a nightmare.

"Are you tired, madam?" the salesgirl asked solicitously.

"A little," Claudia admitted, and let it go at that. She wondered what people's hearts would look like these days, if the smiles on their faces were suddenly stripped away. . . .

She was more than ever conscious of the determined curve of her lips, as she sat in a chair watching David try on his uniform. He was like Bobby trying on his first pair of real trousers; he was like one of their wild ducks preening up his feathers before his mate. She could scarcely see his handsomeness for the mist that blinded her eyes. Fortunately, he didn't notice the untruthfulness of her smile. He was worried about the left shoulder.

"I'd leave it alone, sir," the tailor advised. "I think it's perfect."

"What do you think, darling?" David asked.

He looks well... he feels well

But his wise parents are taking no chances

JUST A FEW DAYS after an acute attack of rheumatic fever, a child may eat well, act well and look well. Yet it may be necessary for the doctor to keep close watch over the child for a prolonged period.

That is why, even when the attack is light, the doctor may advise rest in bed for *weeks*—in severe cases, for months. This caution is necessary because, during the acute stage of the disease, the heart is almost always involved. *Acute rheumatic fever takes the lives of more children between the ages of five and fifteen than any other disease.*

Sometimes, if the attack is mild or unrecognized, its serious consequences may not become apparent until adult years. Many cases of heart disease in adults may be traced to childhood attacks of rheumatic fever.

The onset of the disease is often preceded by a sore throat, tonsillitis, or cold. Earliest indications may be slight fever, nose bleeds, poor appetite, failure to gain weight, rapid heart action, and rheumatic pains—often fleeting and slight—in muscles and joints.

Other signs or symptoms may be nodules under the skin, a rash, and very painful and inflamed joints and high fever. Chorea, or St. Vitus dance, may be a sign of rheumatic fever. Symptoms are sometimes so indefinite that even the doctor may be unable to make an immediate diagnosis.

A child who has once had rheumatic fever should be carefully guarded from colds and nose or throat infections. Should these occur, no matter how slight, he should be put to bed and the doctor called. An initial attack is often followed by future attacks which greatly increase the danger of permanent heart damage.

Nutritious food, cleanliness, fresh air and medical supervision are the best safeguards against recurrences of rheumatic fever. They are also the best preventive measures against initial attacks. These are wise precautions for all parents to adopt for the protection of their school-age children.

To learn more about rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free pamphlet, 102-R, "About Rheumatic Fever."

"I think it's perfect too," said Claudia, with her soul shrieking agony. "You look wonderful."

"Do I?"

She thought: "Now I know where Bobby gets that little self-conscious grin from." There was something heartbreaking about it, something about it that made her want to put her arms around him. But she had a sense that he would not know that her arms held him. The war had already given him wings.

"Shall I send it, sir?" the tailor inquired.

"I might as well take it," said David.

"Oh, no, send it," said Claudia.

David looked disappointed. "But as long as it fits, as long as it's finished—why not?"

"You can't wear it yet," she pointed out in pitiful triumph. "Not till you've got your commission."

"I know that." He looked sheepish. "I could try it on for Bobby tonight, though."

(She thought: "What a beast I am to spoil his pleasure!")

"Of course," she agreed. "Take it."

It was a flat-enough package, but it was sizable and heavy, and kept getting in the way as they went down in the crowded elevator. "It's like another person with us," Claudia thought.

THERE was a half an hour to kill before train-time, so they went to David's office. "I'd like to pick up a set of blueprints," he said.

"Why don't you be honest? You want to show off your uniform to Roger."

"Unpack this box? I'm not crazy."

"Just the same, you wouldn't need a second invitation."

"You don't love me," he accused her. "Otherwise you'd talk kindly to me."

"I think I talk very kindly to you," she said.

Their gayety was forced. It was as if she were a little ashamed because she wasn't happy, and David was a little ashamed because he was.

Roger was busy with a client as they passed his door. He called out to David: "Look on your desk!" There was a note in his voice that made Claudia know at once. She knew, even before David knew. It came as a complete surprise to him. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said slowly, as he picked up the telegram.

"It's come." Claudia's lips moved, but the words carried no sound with them. She thought: "I'd better sit down."

"Well, I'll be damned," said David again. A slow grin spread over his face. "'*Captain David Horneledge,*'" he read aloud. "They've made me a captain!"

("Dear God," Claudia swiftly prayed, "help me to take it decently. Even if it's China. Amen.")

"Open it!" she whispered.

"Look," he reminded her robustly, "no matter where I'm going, I'm coming back, you know."

"Yes, I know. I'm just anxious to get rid of you—"

"That's a fine way to talk to a captain!"

"I knew they'd make you a captain because of your old training as an engineer. Next you'll be a colonel—"

"No major in your man's Army?"

She shook her head. "I've had it fixed for ages; next step a colonel, and then a commander."

"Hey," he stopped her. "Get out of the Navy."

"Sorry," she corrected herself. "I meant a general."

There. . . . That was better. Her heart was beating on above the mashed sickness in her breast. Still, he wasn't opening the telegram. He just stood there, trying to make conversation, putting off the moment. "All of a sudden, he's scared to," she realized.

"Open it, darling," she said again, and suddenly her voice was quite steady and normal. It was strange how his weakness could make her strong.

The ticking of the leather clock on his desk filled the room like a drum. Or was it her heart pounding into her ears? He had the little yellow slip of paper in his hand; he spread it open. She saw his eyes widen as he read it. He held it closer, as if he had not seen right.

"What is it?" Her lips moved, but once more her voice was gone, and only a muffled sound came from them.

Silently, he gave her the telegram. "How will the final instructions come? By messenger or wire?" she had asked him many times. He'd always answer: "I don't know— I've never been in the Army before." Now the wire was in her hand, stating clearly his commission, rank and destination. Only, it wasn't clear. She couldn't understand anything about it, except he had been made a captain.

She wet her lips. "Where is Bridgeport?"

"Bridgeport," said David, "is where it always was."

"But there must be a lot of Bridgeports — Bridgeport, Australia — Bridgeport, England—"

"As far as I know," said David, "there's only one Bridgeport. And that is Bridgeport, Connecticut."

"But that's our Bridgeport!" she gasped. "It can't be!"

"Why not? Bridgeport's a booming defense town at this point. You can't have defense workers without buildings, and you can't have buildings without architects."

She stared at him. "Please don't fool me," she besought him.

"I'm not fooling you," he said a little harshly. "Read it for yourself. In black and white. . . . Hey!" he protested. "Stop crying! What's the idea—"

If he was so stupid that he didn't know why she was crying, she couldn't stop to tell him. "It—it's only nineteen miles away—you can come home every night—" she sobbed.

"Shhhh!" he begged her. "Darling, don't! You'll make yourself ill. . . . I've never seen you cry like this—"

"You're not supposed to cry," she gulped, "when you've got something to cry about—it's only when you haven't—"

"You poor old monkey-face," he said, with a kind of awe. He seemed to realize for the first time, the way women felt. He drew her closer to him. She felt his lips pressed hard against her hair.

She was aware that Roger tiptoed into the room, and she blanketed her shame and her swollen eyes in David's commodious handkerchief. Roger's face screwed up with pity. "He'll come back," he tried to comfort her.

Claudia broke down again. "He can't come back," she sobbed, "because he isn't going to go away!"

By the time she stopped crying, they had missed the train. "I'll have to phone home we won't be there for supper," said Claudia. "But it doesn't matter; it's only meat-balls."

"I don't feel like meat-balls tonight," said David. "Let's go out and celebrate. Let's go to the theater!" he crescendoed. "Let's stay in town to sleep!"

"At Julia and Hartley's?"

"Julia and Hartley, nothing! We'll go to a hotel!"

"Oh, wonderful!" cried Claudia. "Put on your uniform, and I'll be a war-bride!"

David's eyebrow climbed his forehead. "Don't be so technical," Claudia forestalled him.

She telephoned Jane while he put on his uniform in Roger's office. She'd expected him to draw the line at changing all his clothes, but he didn't. He merely said, with an inordinate smugness: "It's lucky I bought an extra pair of silver bars."

Jane was disappointed about the meat-balls, because she had switched to kidneys in Bridgeport. "They looked so nice and fresh," she said. "And also, Matthew got his hair cut."

"Oh, yes," said Claudia. "I forgot about his haircut. Is he very homely?"

"He's not homely at all," cried Jane indignantly. "He just looks different. . . . How did Mr. Horneledge look in his uniform?" she queried with interest—following, Claudia thought, a very peculiar association of ideas.

"Captain Horneledge is so handsome in his uniform, it doesn't seem possible," Claudia replied, with sufficient emphasis upon the *"Captain"* to engage Jane's immediate response.

"Oh, dear," she quavered, "his commission came through at last!" She cleared her throat.

"Is he going—very far away?"

"Yes," said Claudia cruelly.

"Where?"

"Bridgeport."

It took a little time for Jane to get it through her head, and when she did, she couldn't say anything; she could only cry, which was a sheer waste of a long-distance-call.

"You'd better let me talk to Bobby," said Claudia thriftily.

"Jane wasn't as noisy as I was," she told David later, "but she cried almost as hard."

David was completely baffled. "I give up," he said.

"Don't be silly," said Claudia. "I'd have been disappointed if she hadn't cried."

"What did Bobby say?"

"Bobby said *'Whoopeee!'* when he heard that you'd been made a captain."

"What did he say about Bridgeport?"

Claudia hesitated. Bobby's reaction to Bridgeport had been somewhat of a shock to her. Having expected Egypt or China, he apparently regarded Bridgeport as distinctly anti-climactic. "He seemed

to think," she admitted reluctantly, "that it wasn't very exciting."

"It's not," said David shortly.

She was swift to sense the bitter disappointment that had crept into his voice. "I think you really want to go away and leave me," she accused him, half in jest.

"You know that's not true."

She didn't say anything for a moment. She knew that she was unwise to press him, for he would not lie to her. A part of him wanted to stay close to her, but another part of him wanted desperately to go overseas. She felt as if she had cheated him. She'd begged God behind his back, not to send him away, and God had answered her prayers. Indeed, in His great and abundant generosity, He had literally tied David to her apron-strings. She had never dreamed of his being stationed at Bridgeport; she wouldn't have had the nerve to ask for it. But God had stepped down from His heaven, and with His own hand, had picked the most perfect spot. She felt guilty in accepting so much happiness in a sorrowing and war-torn world.

"Do you think it's because of the baby coming that God let you stay in Bridgeport?" she asked David, a little timidly, at dinner.

She realized too late that it was the wrong approach. David wasn't on intimate speaking terms with God. As a matter of fact, he didn't even call God by His name. He preferred to say, "Fate," or "Destiny," or even "Life." Now he shrugged. "Believe me," he said grimly, "God's not worrying His head about you or me. I doubt if He's even on the job at all, during this damnable war."

"He must be," said Claudia.

"Why?" asked David flatly.

"Because," said Claudia, "if even one person in the world is as grateful and happy as I am, He must be some place, to have done it."

"I'd like to get my hands on a Jap," David muttered irrelevantly. "What do you want to eat?"

"What do you want to eat, *darling?*" she corrected.

"Darling," he repeated obediently.

"I feel like a mistress," she sulked, "trying to win you away from your wife. Your wife being the war. . . . What hotel do we go to?"

"First decide what you want to eat."

"A nice steak?" the waiter suggested.

"No steak," said Claudia firmly. Two seventy-five for a small steak was robbery. "That's without even coffee," she reminded David in an undertone.

"We'll have two steaks," said David. "Rare. And French fried potatoes, and a bowl of mixed green salad—"

"Be sure to rub the bowl with garlic—" Claudia interjected.

"And let me see your wine-card," said David.

Wisdom came to her. She could have wrung his neck for spending over five dollars for a steak that she could buy at the butcher shop for less than half of that, but something told her that there was a time to spend and a time to save. Tonight was the time to spend. He would probably take a whole suite at the most expensive hotel in town, and she wouldn't lift a finger to stop him. "Either I'm a mouse or a mistress," she cautioned herself firmly.

"I wish," she said aloud, "I looked slim and stylish and beautiful enough to be with the handsomest officer in the whole restaurant."

"You look," said David, "like a little girl dressed up with a pillow." He caught her hand beneath the table. "I love you, darling."

Her eyes filled with tears because she understood him so well. "Maybe you won't have to stay in Bridgeport for the duration," she said. "Maybe you'll get a chance to go to China later—"

"Maybe," he agreed gently. "Thanks, anyway."

"You're welcome," she said. She felt that she could afford to be lavish with the future, for in all their life together, she had never known such utter happiness. If they were to be bombed tomorrow, they would have had this night together.

The waiter proudly placed two sizzling steaks before them. He poured the wine. The orchestra played. "This is heaven," said Claudia. "Sheer heaven." She felt sorry for all the people who weren't in heaven with them.

David laughed. "I think the wine has gone to your head."

"I think so too," said Claudia.

She felt a little dizzy, and she had a funny pain somewhere deep inside of her. It was probably just the reaction of relief. The attendant in the rest-room gave her an aspirin. When she returned to the table, David was asking for the check. He rose as she approached, and waited standing until she sat down, like an imitation of himself teaching Bobby manners. A warm glow went through her. "I think I'll have to insist on politeness from now on," she said. "I like it."

"That wasn't politeness. It was just a way of telling you you're all the woman I want."

"I can't understand why," she said humbly.

"I can't either." He smiled. "I'm just funny that way."

The waiter brought the check. She couldn't help seeing the amount, and it was enormous, but she tried not to mind.

"How much should I tip?" David asked. He seemed loath to ruin a beautiful evening by incurring her disfavor.

"Fifty cents is plenty," she said.

He looked miserable. "But we had wine, remember."

"I'm sure," she said ironically, "the poor man must be exhausted from carrying that big bottle."

David was gentle but firm. "I can't give him less than a dollar."

She was secretly elated, for she couldn't have borne to be married to a stingy man. It always made her mad when he splashed quarters all over a plate, but she'd have hated it if he hadn't. "Darling," she said exultantly, "give him two dollars—one from me, with love."

David laughed, but he looked pleased as he laid two crisp bills across the plate.

"I tipped a taxi-man twenty-five cents today for a little tiny ride," she confessed shyly. "Just for the good of my soul."

"Splendid!" he applauded. "I bet your soul looks beautiful."

"It does," she said; "wait'll you see."

The waiter sidled up to the table and whisked the plate away. "Thank you, sir!" he exclaimed. "Thank you very much!"

"He was surprised," said Claudia. "Maybe he has a son in the war. My taxi-man had two."

"Two what?"

"Two sons, of course. Abe and Morty. One's in Australia—Coast Artillery. The other's in Africa, he thinks, maybe. But he hasn't told Sarah. Sarah's his wife."

David scowled. "Hey, what did you do, have lunch with the man?"

"No," replied Claudia. "We just talked." Her voice brooded. "I thought of Sarah when I found out that you were going to stay in Bridgeport. Poor thing!"

"It takes a bit of mental gymnastics to get the connection," said David.

"But you do."

"Yes," said David, "I do."

Claudia sighed. "The world must be full of Sarahs."

"Don't think of them tonight," said David. "Just think of us. Shall we go?"

She nodded. That funny pain was closing in on her again, but it would doubtless pass.

David studied her closely. "Do you feel up to the theater?"

"What a question!" she scoffed. She wanted to tell him that she'd have to be dead not to feel up to the theater, but the pain struck out at her again, sharp and thick. It whipped across her back and caused her to double over and clutch the table. She was frightened. This was no ordinary pain; it was a searing scourge of agony that struck at her inmost being, and threatened to tear her into two. "It's nothing," she gasped. "It can't be anything." She bit her lips to keep back the choking apprehension that turned her sick and cold. "David, it couldn't be anything, do you think?"

"Were you climbing up on any ladders this morning?"

"No!"

"What did Dr. Rowfield say?"

"He said I was fine."

There. . . . She could straighten up again. The pain was gone. She was able to smile at David's troubled face. "I'm fine, really!" she reassured him.

"Just the same," said David briefly, "we're getting out of here."

AGONY filled the world and blocked out thought and reason. The night became a *montage* of lights and hands and voices. David was there; only sometimes he was Dr. Rowfield.

"Well, well, well, young lady! This is too bad."

"Don't worry, darling—everything's going to be all right—"

One was fighting with her; the other was fighting for her. It was like the war. She tried to remember what the war was about. It was about life. This was life. A baby was coming into the world. . . . It was her baby. It was David's baby. . . . She must fight . . . fight . . . fight . . .

They gave her merciful oblivion. . . .

A thin cry sounded. It went away again, but it had sounded. She had heard her baby's salute to life. She slept. When she opened her eyes, David was bending over her. "Darling—" he whispered. "You're safe, thank God!"

"I want to see the baby—" Claudia murmured.

"Later."

"Is it all right?"

"Yes."

"It's a little girl."

"Don't talk, darling."

"I knew it would be a little girl. Is it weak, David?"

"No, dear."

"Seven-month babies sometimes are."

"Yes, darling, they sometimes are."

He put his cheek against hers. It was his way of telling her. She did not have to ask. The baby had not lived.

"Thank God you're safe—" he whispered again. "Thank God I'm not in China—thank God I can be with you!"

He wasn't talking to her; he was talking to God. That was strange—David talking to God. God had turned His face to David, and had left her in darkness. She had never known such emptiness could be. This was the kind of emptiness that was filling the world. David would never understand, because he had never borne a child. She must go through this alone—alone with all the other women in the world who were knowing emptiness and loss. She thought: "There isn't any God." But she saw the humble gratitude in David's face, and she knew that if even one person in the world could look like that, then God was somewhere, like the sun. She must learn to wait for night to pass.

The Education of a Young Man

(Continued from page 39)

begin trying to think like one. You have very great advantages, or at least you are supposed to have. Less than one in twenty of the people of America has been graduated from college.

(You don't seem to think much of history as a study. Anyway, you ought to know that Joshua Barney, whose name has probably escaped your reading, commanded an American frigate in two sea battles when he was sixteen years old.

(But go on—and I ask permission to underline a few of your sentences:)

THINKING back over my first days in Washington, it doesn't seem to have been much of an adventure. Perhaps I expected too much. *Certainly I should have known that the city per se wouldn't interest me, that my job would not be particularly exciting, and that it would represent a distinct loss of prestige and income over possible private employment I could have had.*

Perhaps I have been pushing the thing too hard in my mind. I've been too keyed up about getting in on this adventure stuff. After all, this place is likely to be my home for the next year or so. What if I don't meet a queen of a girl the first week? I've never been one to move fast. I have to let things come to me.

I'm calmer now. I think that my life-pattern, friends and acquaintances and amusements, will work out naturally in the course of time. . . . We bought a radio, and I sent home for some books. That helps.

We talked with Joe, a Dartmouth man, today, in the hope that he would come in to share our apartment. Money is no object with him, as his family has plenty. He called our salary a joke. It's a joke, all right, but a rather grim joke for Link and me. We have to live on it.

JUNE 25: Quite a day, quite a day. To begin with, the job had its ups and downs. It was hot, and that made waiting around in the cafeteria an irritating experience. But I forgot all that when I went home, and Don called, saying he had the dates fixed up. He came to the apartment about seven o'clock, with Burt and four girls—two of them for Link and me. Mine was from Tennessee, working in one of the departments; and to my vast surprise, she was quite pretty. The others weren't too bad to look at, either. We bought a bottle of gin and made some cocktails, and that broke the ice.

At first I was a little amazed that four girls who obviously were not just tramps would come to a man's apartment. But they seemed to think nothing of it. They were gay, and all said they were having a wonderful time in Washington, and they said our apartment was "cute." My girl (let's call her Belle—which is not her name) was dark, and with a nice little figure, and not too badly dressed, either.

We suggested taking them out to dinner, but they said it would be expensive, and why not cook dinner right there? They all live in the same boarding-house, and said it would be fun to use our gas stove for a change. So we went out and bought some groceries. Belle said to me: "If you go out with a fellow in the upper brackets, you expect him to buy you the best. But when the fellow is in your own bracket, you don't want him to spend too much money. Simple reason: he never would ask you out again. And for me, brother, a man is more important than a porterhouse steak."

I thought that was very frank and amusing, and I began to like her in a reserved sort of way. It was obvious that she had never been to college. I am not snob enough to hold that against her. But out of sheer self-preservation, I must never get too interested in a girl whose education and background might later prove a disappointment to me.

We had fun watching the girls prepare the food, and it was good. The bottle of gin ran out, and we had to fall back on beer, but the girls didn't seem to mind. They all said they didn't care about drinking, and rarely had even beer. About nine o'clock we went out to a dancing place somewhere along the river, taking the trolley and then a bus. There were a lot of soldiers on both, but they didn't make any play for our girls.

We danced for about an hour or so, the girls taking soft drinks while I had one more beer. The music was pretty good, and Belle was a nice dancer, though of course I danced with the others too. Belle seemed to think that a little necking was in the contract, and I kissed her a couple of times, out on the porch. But I didn't want to get too interested, certainly not on our first date.

(We might here put in an account of another couple whom we may designate as Dan and Cassie. Dan's trouble was: "This girl is nuts about me and I'm half nuts about her—but I'm all nuts about the wife I've got. She's in New York, working at a good job. The only reason I ever looked at Cassie in the first place was because she reminded me of my wife.

("We work in the same office, and the damn' thing just happened. She knows I'm married, and she's engaged to a lieutenant out in California. But we can't keep away from each other—and we can't do a damned thing about it, either. But what to do? I've got too much conscience in the first place, and in the second place —Washington.

("The chief would call me on the carpet and say that if I had to have a girl, for God's sake get one from some other office. Whatever he thought about me would go down on my record, too.

("The worst of it is I still love my wife. But that Cassie is driving me off my head.

("I wish she'd get out of here before she messes up my life, and the life of my wife, and the life of some lieutenant out in California who's probably a good guy.")

I took Belle back into the pavilion, but I had made up my mind about one thing: I wasn't going to let some unknown Government girl from Tennessee get her hooks into me. So I guess I was pretty cold the rest of the evening. She didn't seem to notice it.

We left about three o'clock. The girls wanted to go back to our apartment, but I said no, and spent more money than I could afford putting them into a taxi at the nearest place to their boarding-house.

(Dear William: This was the day certain rather urgent things happened. Did you have time to hear about them? The headlines read: "Nazis Piling Attack on Attack at Kharkov." And "Sevastopol Still Lives." But it did not, for long, thereafter. And, "Tobruk Has Fallen; Rommel Moves to Flank Egypt." Quite a considerable number of young men about your age died that day. I doubt that they were Masters of the Arts. But nevertheless they were dreadfully and finally dead. You may proceed:)

JUNE 26: A little sleepy after last night, but a fine day for the job. Hotter than hell, but I enjoyed myself muchly —plenty of trips around town, and lots of time to sit around bulling with the boys in the office. A nice bunch of guys, too. The boss was particularly sympathetic.

I had a swell Red Cross driver this morning. She was only twenty-two, and pretty, but—alas—engaged to a man in the Army. We got along swell, because she had a keen sense of humor and an easy manner. She confirmed one of my suspicions about Washington, *i.e.*, that the

people who have lived here any length of time entertain in their homes rather than depending on manufactured entertainment in night-clubs and the like. A glance at some of Washington's places, plus the apparent fact that there is no really high-class night-life here, led me to that conclusion long ago. It seems strange to me that Washington, one of the nation's Meccas for transients these days, should be so ill-equipped to entertain them. Anyway, my desire to meet old residents is now strengthened.

I also had a pleasant evening. Called up, on a chance, a distant relative. Had a pleasant talk with him on the phone, and his wife invited me to dinner tomorrow night. The social wheels are gradually getting greased.

Belle is definitely out of my mind. She is personally attractive to me. But—

JUNE 27: I had the stinker job today, collecting trash all the time. I guess I'm growing up a bit, because I forced myself not to mind too much. After all, somebody has to do it.

I went out to dinner as per schedule. There was refreshing home-cooked food, but the talk was pretty forced. I'd only seen these people once before in my life. But now they seemed sort of worried, and not wanting to talk much. He has some sort of important job here. Nevertheless they were very nice to me, and I plan to keep in touch with them. You can't let social contacts slip when you are skating on as thin social ice as I am.

As for Belle—I am now willing to let my love-life take care of itself. As for my impression of Washington in general, it's not very good at this point. While the men at the top may be good, many of their hirelings don't impress me as efficient. Every organization seems to be in a totally unnecessary state of reorganization.

Despite all the talk to the contrary, Washington is a relatively cheap place to live in, room-rents excepted. Meals in the drugstores and little restaurants, cleaning and pressing and laundry, transportation all over the city—the prices can't be matched any place I ever tried. Practically everybody seems to agree, though, that Washington is a hick town. It has the appearance of a small country place on Saturday night. Probably it's due to the lack of industry here, the shortage of high-class night-clubs and theaters, and the great mass of Government clerks.

As for the job, well, I've seen duller jobs here, both Army and civilian. My only objection is that it gives me no chance to use my mind or education or imagination. I'm just somebody's feet.

JUNE 28: Sunday. My first full day off, as I worked a few hours last Sunday morning. An insipid sort of day. It started with going to church, alone, at the great Washington Cathedral. It wasn't something I wanted to do very much, and it didn't turn out to be very inspiring, either. I suppose I went as a sort of bow to my ancestral gods, for I only attended chapel once at school this year, and that was when my parents came down to see me. Anyway, it was so hot I worked up a sweat getting to the Cathedral, and then couldn't get a seat where I could see or hear what was going on. People in Washington are very religious, and turn out in droves for all the church services, but I could never be inspired by religion in such mass form. I felt as if I was one of a bunch of tourists getting my first look at Radio City.

I had a terrible time getting breakfast, for it seems hard to find a real breakfast on Sunday. Apparently it is assumed that everybody will sleep until lunch-time. I gave an order for waffles in a drugstore, only to find after twenty minutes that they had no waffles. So I grabbed a couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee. Nothing makes me madder than to have a lousy Sunday breakfast.

(Well, William, General Rommel had us pretty badly on the run that Sunday morning. Some of us were really rather frightened when we read the news. Didn't you have a paper with you, waiting that twenty minutes for the waffles?

Your feeling about history probably would prevent you from knowing it, but Napoleon said to his legions, when they were about to march to the conquest of that same Egypt: "Forty centuries of civilization look down upon you."

(And this was the forty-first century, William, looking down upon those lads who staggered in the heat and the deadly rip of shellfire, crying, "Water, water!" I have no doubt their Sunday breakfast was lousy, too. But perhaps they had other things to be mad about.)

THINKING over my first two weeks in Washington, they appear to me short of glamour. Yet I don't believe adventure, glamour, or what have you, comes when you're looking for it. Take Belle, for instance: I suppose she came to me, rather than my looking for her. But there is something in my make-up which prevents me from getting involved with a person outside my social range, even though I like her. In fact, I thought her a pretty swell kid. But I have a fear of ruining my life with a girl who could never understand the higher things one necessarily learns in college.

JUNE 29: I've been alone tonight. Link had a dinner date with some girl from Lynchburg, and I worked until after six, ate a solitary meal, and came back to the apartment, to find that Belle had called. I sat down and figured out what to do. If I went out with her, feeling as I do, I might get into a situation I couldn't escape from.

I called her boarding-house, however, and found I was too late. She had gone out somewhere. Immediately I knew I wanted to see her, but I've got to keep this feeling under firm control. However, loneliness is something I don't like. I've always been happiest with people around me, preferably girls. It helps take my mind off this eternal soul-searching, and pondering what niche I will eventually find for myself in society and in the business world.

Well, that's that. I'll stay home and listen to the radio and write a few letters.

Much of my distress about Washington was dissipated today when the boss called me at quitting-time and spoke of an advancement I might get in three or four weeks. I was treading on the clouds all the way home.

To sum up, to date: I haven't been able to find out a thing about the *inside* of how we are running the war. But I've learned a little about myself. I know I have slowly laid the ground-work for a fairly happy life in Washington. I've got control over my job. I've got a nice place to live in. And if I can just meet the right kind of girls, I don't think the future looks so bad.

(Thank you, William. You have been very kind. . . . Let me repeat that I have protected your identity because I have been critical of you, and I have, I repeat, protected, by change of name and personal circumstances, the identity of everyone else mentioned in this article. It may seem that my criticisms have sharpened their point upon the fact that you are an educated man. This is hardly the case; quite the contrary, indeed. I find my criticisms of you rather a criticism of the educational courses which you have successfully completed, and which have left you with so unsatisfactory an education—to judge from the very frank portrait which you paint of yourself.

(You have spent certain years in a famous university. But those years have given you too little understanding of the times in which you are living.

(What have you done, poor William, with those years? You have had, I am sure, the education which your professors believed to be right and sound. Otherwise, why should they have approved your thesis, and bestowed upon you the high degree of Master of Arts? But you turn out to be quite an articulate fellow, searching a mind which, on the evidence, is pitifully unequipped. What are we to say of an educational system which leaves a man's interest trivial almost to the point of vacuity? How many young men today, if left to themselves, are tuft-hunters—skirt-chasers—and with neither style nor manner, neither force nor conviction?

(There are vast numbers, among those Government clerks whom you despise, who would have given much for the teaching that was vouchsafed you. But even without that teaching, many of them must be immeasurably closer to the realities of existence.

(You are a Master of the Arts, William. Have you read a book in Washington? Do you read the newspapers regularly? Do you try to find out from the magazines what people are thinking and doing? Have you gone humbly to any of the national shrines—communed with Lincoln, or touched the chairs which George Washington loved at Mount Vernon? Have you gone to the art galleries or the museums which give a clue to our civilization, and have you listened to music under the stars? If you have done any of these things, they were not close enough to your mind or your spirit to share a page in your diary.

(How many of you are there? And how many are there like that fellow Frank, who seems to have gotten a good deal more in that Midwestern college of his? It must be there to get, both in the Midwest, and the Far West, and in the East; but some certainly fail to get it.

(I must confess I rather like Belle, too. Next month I will comment on others who have been telling us something of themselves, honestly and frankly.)

Redbook's Film Suggestions for All the Family

BETWEEN US GIRLS

BY no stretch of the imagination could this one be considered anything but an escapist picture, since its people and its problems are blissfully unconcerned with the stern realities of the day. It is a lively bit of slapstick, notable chiefly for the opportunity it offers Diana Barrymore to display her varied gifts as a mimic. Cast as an up-and-coming young actress, she contrives in the course of this harum-scarum story to run an acting gamut that includes, in addition to playing herself, a twelve-year-old girl, *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," *Joan of Arc, Lady Windermere* in the Oscar Wilde play, and eighty-one-year-old *Queen Victoria.* The young-girl impersonation comes about because, while she is away at boarding-school, her youthful-looking mother (played by Kay Francis) has represented herself as younger than she is. (Universal)

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY

THE "Mrs. Hadley" in this case is a Washington society woman whose crowded but aimless life is rudely disrupted by Pearl Harbor and succeeding events. A headstrong, spoiled woman, she refuses to let so annoying a thing as war interfere with her way of living; but to her increasing dismay, she discovers that her family and friends are fully occupied with the war effort and have no more time for her. *Elliott Fulton,* her lawyer and admirer, has a job with the War Department; her daughter is in canteen work; her butler is an air-raid warden. Only her spoiled son remains in the fold. But the inexorable tide breaks against her when the daughter falls in love with a sergeant, the beloved son is transferred to active service at the front, and she finds herself wretchedly isolated. News of

her son's heroism in action finally wakens her to a realization of what the war means. Fay Bainter is delightful as *Mrs. Hadley,* and other able performances are contributed by Edward Arnold, Spring Byington, Van Johnson, Richard Ney and Jean Rogers. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC

ONE of the distinctly better spy stories, this picture bears the same compact, facile stamp that characterized "The Maltese Falcon," which is not surprising, in view of the fact that it brings together again the same director and the same top players. The latter are Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet and Mary Astor. The director is John Huston, son of Walter Huston. Bogart in this rôle is presented as an adventurer who, after being dismissed from the U.S. Army by a court-martial, takes passage in Halifax on a Japanese freighter headed for the Orient, and in the course of the journey becomes involved in a series of swift and perilous incidents which eventually and happily result in the foiling of a huge plot to blow up the Panama Canal. The spy-mystery element makes the picture continuously exciting. (Warner Brothers)

The Pied Piper

(Continued from page 9)

port is halted in mid-France; and to his dismay, *Howard* is forced to join the refugees which swarm the countryside.

Now afoot, now by bus, now bombed and machine-gunned, the group scattered, *Howard* learns a peculiar thing: it is the unaccountable attraction which children, like certain bacteria, have for each other. *Ronnie* and *Sheila* collect a refugee child here, another there. It is all done mysteriously. *Howard* turns his back, and the party is augmented. Even language is no barrier to this camaraderie.

When they reach the Brittany coast—almost in sight of England—the worst happens. Captured by the Gestapo in the final moment, the party, now grown to five children and soon to include a sixth, is brought before *Major Diessen,* the German commandant of the town.

This German is a new conception of the Nazi officer, a groping, impotent brute who has a half-realization that some kind of human world may possibly lie outside the wretched little one that has been drilled into him. He catches a glimpse of this world when *Howard* tells him he has intended sending the children to the home of his daughter in America for safekeeping.

The *Major's* jaw drops incredulously. "Are you seriously asking me to believe," he says, "that a woman in America would make a home in her own house for all these dirty little children that you have picked up?"

The new world is already dawning for this German, who, try as he might, cannot break the Englishman down.

Major Diessen is becoming curious. "Would America accept a Jewish child? Even a German?"

This scene, so delicately drawn and played with such understanding, sets the key to the story and gives the picture a commanding importance. I will not spoil it by trying to describe it, or by revealing its solution.

MONTY WOOLLEY'S performance as *Howard* is an outstanding contribution, notable for the balance it maintains between acerbity and genuine warmth of feeling. Little Roddy MacDowall gives a shining portrayal as *Ronnie.* I cannot think of any other youngster who could so contrive to be assured and assertive without being offensive. The other children are excellent, too, and in a somewhat older bracket, Ann Baxter is quietly moving as a French girl ennobled by tragedy. Especially to be singled out is Otto Preminger, whose portrayal of the German officer breeds a kind of beneath-the-heel contempt which is not un-akin to pity, a more valid projection of the freak called Nazi than any I have seen before on the screen.

In the compactness of the story and in its sympathetic and ebullient writing, Nunnally Johnson has delivered a screen-play which eminently matches its theme; and Irving Pichel's direction is likewise sensitive and understanding.

Altogether, "The Pied Piper" is a wholly endearing picture.

"Tales of Manhattan"

(Continued from page 6)

Eagle himself hit upon a story device which, the more he thought about it, the more it fascinated him. It was to recount the adventures of a tail coat, one that would in its history be worn by different men in various walks of life, high and low; in fortune and out of fortune.

He wrote down a draft of his story, then he started to peddle it. Studio executives whom he approached laughed at his idea. They said it would be impossible to get so many stars in one picture, that the cost would be beyond reckoning. However, he kept on trying; and finally he took his idea to Boris Morros, who was then producing a picture at Paramount. Morros was new to the game; he liked Eagle's idea, and he wasn't sufficiently seasoned as a producer to be afraid of it. He and Eagle worked over the tale for a year; and in September, 1941, they signed a deal with Twentieth Century-Fox which gave them financial backing and the facilities of the studio.

The result of all this is a picture which cost between two and three million dollars, and should have no trouble in getting it all back.

This tail coat makes its entrance in a dramatic sequence played by Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth and Thomas Mitchell. It comes directly from the tailor to Boyer, as a matinée idol, who wears it at his performance that night; and shortly thereafter the garment begins to play its fateful rôle.

Clinging snugly to the Boyer physique, it accompanies him to the home of a lady whose husband is, not unreasonably, jealous of the devastating actor. In a sulphuric drama the actor and his lady-love (played by Miss Hayworth) are snared by the half-crazed husband (played by Thomas Mitchell), who ends the suspense by putting a bullet through the coat.

The matinée idol, we hasten to add, is not killed outright; he takes leave of us in a hospital, and from there on we follow the coat on its lively career. It soon bobs up in the apartment of a bachelor playboy, and by being mistaken for another coat, involves him in an irreparable misunderstanding with the girl he is supposed to marry.

In an attempt to smooth out this situation Henry Fonda, as a friend of the bachelor's, enters the scene, and through a further complication becomes reluctantly obliged to impersonate a caveman type of lover; whereupon he is pursued around the room and over furniture by an exhilarated blonde (played by Ginger Rogers) who favors hairy-chested men and who simply won't be denied one when she sees him.

This spirited episode is followed by one that is not without tragic overtones. The coat has found its way into a pawnshop, and from there it goes on the back of an impecunious musician whose lifelong ambition to conduct his own symphony in Carnegie Hall is about to be realized.

To this fellow (played by Charles Laughton) the coat comes as a salvation, for he cannot afford to buy a new one. In the resplendent precincts of Carnegie Hall, before an array of glistening shirtfronts, Laughton steps on the podium and the concert is on. As he throws his arms about in an inspired frenzy, the garment begins to tear apart, sending the dignified audience into titters and the coat into tatters. Only a noble gesture by a gentleman in one of the parterre boxes restores order and permits the performance to be concluded.

Successively the coat turns up at a Bowery mission, where it aids in the regeneration of a derelict (played by Edward G. Robinson) and then engages in a hold-up as part of the habiliments of a handsome gangster.

Its tail pocket jammed with loot, the coat accompanies the crook on a cross-country airplane flight, only to be dropped overboard when the plane catches fire. It descends on a Southern plantation, where the discovery of the money brings a panic of joy to a Negro community.

And now, divested of its extrinsic worth, it comes to final rest in a grainfield whose ancient Negro inhabitant has wanted nothing more from this world than something with which to scare the crows away.

This last episode, with its lofty sentiment, the singing of Paul Robeson and the Hall Johnson choir, and the rich overall pattern of Negro folkways, is enormously impressive: a fitting climax to one of the most unusual pictures ever made.

Our Readers Speak

(Continued from page 12)

part of a visit he paid us recently. Occasionally he'd break the monotony with an unimpeded flow of profanity, when he thought we weren't listening.

Coming home late one night, we found him contentedly curled up in a chair with Redbook. When we asked him what was so absorbing in the magazine, I swear he almost cooed as he replied: "It's about a girl named *Violet*."

I'm making no comments.

J. R.,
Wisconsin.

We Heard a Lot about This Story

I have just finished reading your July issue, which to me consisted chiefly of Mary O'Hara's short story, "He Was So Gorgeous."

Although I have read extensively, I am sure that I have never read anything so full of human understanding.

W. P. S.,
Bisbee, Arizona.

I read the story "He Was So Gorgeous" with such growing horror that it has stayed in my mind ever since. Many thanks for printing it; for it is a powerful warning to every mother of a growing daughter.

Mary O'Hara has done a superb picture of a little girl's mind during that transition period between little-girlhood and womanhood, and taught a lesson very plainly—that it does no good to warn our *Flora Belles* away from the highways of life unless we go a step farther and show them why.

Mrs. Elwood Relyea,
Taylor, Wisconsin.

Representative of Many From Washington

If Peter Paul O'Mara were a Government girl, he couldn't have got a better version of the life of a newcomer to Washington than he has in his "City of Women."

Caroline's experiences are so exactly like mine and dozens of other girls' here; the funny thing is that we didn't realize how badly the cards are stacked until we read this story. I'm just about ready to go home, but I guess I'll stick it out and see what happens to *Caroline* and *Christina* first. There just *has* to be a happy ending!

J. B.,
Washington, D. C.

A Good Idea

I could engage in a little argument with the author of "Two Weeks," in the May issue, if I were foolish enough to take up her time, and my own, in such a fruitless effort.

I suppose that there will always be women writers who believe, implicitly and unshakably, that unmarried career women spend much time brooding over their single state and recalling some old romance of their youth. The plain fact is that women are far too busy to be so nostalgic. I know of none, but I do know frustrated *married* women whose days are spent lamenting lost business or professional opportunities. Why not a sentimental tale about *them?*

D. D.,
Vancouver, Canada.

Neither Do We

At college I take social science. As an experiment I ask magazine-stand men, "What type buys *True Story—Cosmo—Post—Redbook?* When they head for the magazines, can you often guess what they will buy?"

"Pretty well," most of them say, "except Redbook. We can spot the love-story and Western addicts, the detective fiends; but you never can tell a Redbook reader. They range from dopes to intelligentsia (same thing sometimes), and from young girls wanting secondhand love-thrills to college professors wanting authentic lecture material." Well, is this a compliment or a knock? I don't know.

D. G.,
Spokane, Washington.

To Make Mr. Streeter Feel Better

A very *hot* day.

Fortunately to my rescue came the August Redbook in the morning mail. I opened it at *"Mrs. Britchett Speaks on Strategy"* and found it so refreshing I forgot all about the heat.

Mrs. Fred Tory,
Ottawa, Canada.

Guerrillas of the Radio War

(Continued from page 59)

Spain?" he asks of the Italian soldiers. "Why do you fight in Africa? Why do your fathers, sons and brothers die in the Libyan desert?" Because, he explains, of "the barbarous Teutonic madmen." When Bruno Mussolini, Il Duce's son, was killed in a plane accident, *Radio Italia* said: "The cur's pup is dead. We cannot offer condolences."

There are numerous other Italian underground stations, but *Radio Italia* stands head and shoulders above all of them, because it seems to have regular communications with the guerrilla army of General Drazha Mihailovitch in Serbia. With much gusto it describes the setbacks suffered by the Axis in the mountain strongholds of the Balkans. Imitating Mussolini's verbosity, it proclaimed on one occasion: "Il Duce is right. The Roman legions do return to their ancestors. And how! On land, on the oceans and in the air, they go straight to heaven."

The Poles, Czechs, Serbs, Croats and Bulgarians have their underground stations too. They report the acts of sabotage and numerous executions, the floods —and the cruelty of the Nazis. So efficient are the Czech underground stations that, according to Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovak Government in London, a regular two-way communication exists between the provincial government in London and the patriot forces in the home-land.

"Fapte Romane"—"Rumanian Facts" —is the voice of the United Nations somewhere inside the Nazi-controlled Rumania. When America entered the war, its speaker began his broadcast with a joyous announcement: "The great, young, strong nation of the new world, the land of unlimited possibilities, the arsenal of democracy, the most powerful fighter for liberty, has finally thrown herself into this struggle. Cheer up, enslaved peoples! Victory is certain." *Fapte Romane* was the first station to disclose to the outside world that the Rumanians had to move the "capital" of their newly acquired province "Trans-Dniestria" from Odessa to Chisinau because "weeks and weeks after the Russians had evacuated Odessa, time-bombs and mines were still exploding all over the city." When Dictator Antonescu, following German orders, established the grain monopoly which permitted each Rumanian farmer to keep for himself only thirty pounds of wheat, *Fapte Romane* said: "But water is still plentiful and can be obtained gratis."

At least six pro-de-Gaulle, anti-Vichy freedom stations were operated in the past year. *France Catholique,* the voice of the French Catholics, vociferously attacked Petain's ban on "anti-national broadcasts." *Radio Travail,* the station of the French labor party, uses the language of the street and minces no words. Its broadcasts begin with *"Voici la verité"* ("Here is the truth"). *Radio France Libre* is still another French freedom station that speaks for democracy. It ushers in its broadcasts with the "Marseillaise," and signs off with "God Save the King." It

told the Frenchmen last winter that the American food shipments to France were invariably diverted by the Nazis. *Radio Antoine, Station Unconnu* (the Unknown Station), *Radio France* and *Radio Gaul*, the four other well-known anti-Vichy and anti-Nazi stations in France, operate on the same wave-length but are known to have broadcast on different frequencies. Their signals and speakers are distinctive. They must boast an immense staff, judging from the variety of programs offered.

The roster of freedom stations in Europe would not be complete without mentioning the *Sender der europäischen Revolution* (the Radio of the European Revolution). Operated somewhere inside Germany, it sprang into existence over a year ago. Its program reads as follows: "We battle for a peaceful Europe. We speak for those condemned to silence. This is the transmitter of all revolutionaries." In the beginning of its career it possessed a very weak transmitter. It usually came several minutes late on the air, and spent most of the time apologizing for the delay. Now it broadcasts on two wave-lengths. It switches from one to the other when the Nazis attempt to jam it. The *Sender der europäischen Revolution* possesses excellent sources of information. It was the only station in Europe to announce the first bombing of Münster and give the exact addresses of all damaged houses and factories. It advised its listeners that the Nazis had built a sham structure across the Hamburg Inner Alster Basin in order to deceive the R.A.F., six weeks before the photographs of those wooden buildings appeared in the British papers.

The Voices of Freedom have one definite advantage over their legitimate brethren, the Allied transmitters. They talk "from within." And the fact that they share with their audience the deadly peril of being caught and shot increases their efficiency. They don't generalize as the American and British broadcasters do; they are not forced to imply or comment; but they come out with an outright appeal—"Let us rise!"

In God's good time we may yet have the pleasure of meeting—in the flesh—those ghost allies of ours who cannot be seen but whose voices reach us across the Big Pond. In the meanwhile, there's little we can do for them. Just wish them the best of luck and hope the Gestapo-hunted men and women in Europe who risk their lives for the sake of listening behind locked doors to the Voices of Freedom won't get caught. And the same goes for the daring operators of the clandestine stations, those bravest guerrillas of all—the guerrillas of the radio war.

God, Time and Russia

(Continued from page 57)

the winter campaign of 1941-'42 when the German Army in Russia was endangered, the German High Command nearly failed. We know from official German Army spokesmen that the High Command regarded the situation as desperate at that time. In his speech on April 20, 1942, on Hitler's birthday, Lieutenant General von Dittmar said that it had been virtually decided to give up the occupied Russian territory and to withdraw to the old frontiers. This was confirmed in an article by Colonel Scherff, official German Army spokesman to the press, when he wrote:

> The question frequently arose whether the German troops would be able to hold the lines, and whether the break-throughs made by the Red Army could still be "mended." Might it not be better, it was asked, to withdraw deep into the rear? Memories of 1812 began to paralyze leaders and troops. (*Völkischer Beobachter*, May 11, 1942)

The German Army will have to face still more critical moments, with a weary, suspicious depressed people, anything but heroes, in the rear.

Still another moral factor working against the Third Reich and for the anti-Hitler coalition should be taken into account, and that is the mood of the two hundred million people in the occupied regions. The anti-Hitler coalition has allies behind the front lines. A powerful world-wide coalition of moral forces the like of which the world has never seen forms the foundation of the armed strength of the United Nations. These millions in the occupied regions are fighting the oppressors without arms. But the atmosphere of hatred and resistance which surrounds the German armies of occupation from Norway to Greece, and from Western France to the Ukraine, is a factor that will play an important part in the ultimate military decision.

To be sure, one must be cautious in adding Time to our allies. Time does not aid the passive people; it works against those who delay action. In 1939 and 1940 Time worked against the Anglo-French coalition and for Germany. Since the invasion of Russia and the Russian resistance, and since America's entry into the war, Time is working against Germany. Germany can win only if it wins *quickly*. Hitler's decision to attack Russia was based on the assumption of a quick victory. Germany can no longer wait, and it cannot keep up a protracted war, since its losses have taken on such gigantic proportions, and the offensive force of the German Army has already passed its peak.

There are two things which the Third Reich cannot bear: the stabilization of Russian resistance, and the full industrial and military effort of the United States. Today we know fairly well what the deadlines of this war are.

(1) Germany cannot win unless it attains a complete victory over the Soviet Union by December 1, 1942. The major efforts of the German Army on the Russian Front must have been made by October 15, since after that difficulties for German motorized transport and the tank arm begin.

(2) After the spring of 1943 the Allies will have strong material preponderance parallel with the maximum expansion of American war production. The period between the late summer of 1942 and the onset of winter will therefore be the crucial time both for the German Army and for the Allies. That span of time is the last one in which a major German offensive still has a chance of success. It is the time of the gravest threat to the Allies. After the spring of 1943, however, the offensive force of the German Army must diminish greatly (provided Russia holds out, and it will hold out) because of the German losses on the Russian front and the difficulties of another winter campaign.

(3) If the Allies repulse the German offensive this coming fall, there is every reason to believe that the Third Reich will be unable to endure a third winter campaign in Russia, in the winter of 1943-'44. The casualties of the Ger-

"I'd advise you to make out your will, Mr. Bolton. That's no reflection on you, Doctor."

man Army must at this point be of terrifying scope. If by the fall of 1943 the Russian Front stands and the Anglo-American bloc continues its offensive with increased vehemence from the West, every German hope for victory is definitely bound to vanish. In that event the German Army cannot fail to go to pieces, and the moral disintegration of the German hinterland is inevitable.

That is why we can figure out the time-table of this war fairly accurately. We can state when and under what conditions time will work for us. The German offensive in the fall of 1942, the last major German offensive, must be broken with all means so that time becomes a time-table for an inevitable Hitler defeat.

And now our third ally—Russia. The military strength of the Soviet Union was at first underestimated in this country. Later, when Russian resistance amazed the world, it was believed that this resistance was a matter of masses and of heroism. To be sure, numerical strength and the fighting morale of the Red Army are valuable factors. But the decisive importance of the Red Army for the anti-Hitler coalition lies in the fact that it is a modern army which possesses and masters all weapons, and also masters the complex art of modern battle.

The Russian strategy must take into consideration the tremendous strength of the enemy—his capacity for concentrated defensives, his excellent weapons, and high skill. The Russian war plan involves risks too, but this war plan calculates very realistically the strong side of the enemy, and in a purposeful manner opposes the ruthless aggressor with all that Russia can bring against him. It is the strategy of protracted warfare and the shift from defensive war which weakens and bleeds the enemy white, to the counter-offensive against the exhausted enemy.

THE Red Army is opposing the German Army with its masses, its heroism, its modern weapons, its fighting skill—and with Russian spaces. The spaces are in themselves no factor of resistance. But added to the defenders' armed effort, to military action, the spaces become a military factor. We must keep our geographic imagination in check when we speak of the Russian spaces in war.

Specifically, one should examine the Caucasus as a military battlefield somewhat more closely. The decisive objective for Hitler in the Caucasus is the oil of Baku. The oil regions of Maikop in the Northwestern Caucasus and of Grosnyi are only of secondary importance. But Baku lies in the extreme southwestern corner of the Caucasus, near the Iranian border. Rostov is no route to Baku's oil from a military standpoint. The aerial distance from Rostov to Baku is more than seven hundred miles. But the aerial distance is only for planes and birds, for between Rostov and Baku lies the entire Caucasian mountain range which is higher than the Alps. The military route for a drive to Baku is more than one thousand miles. The northern Caucasus is only a kind of anteroom. The geographic and economic core of the Caucasus is made up of the southern Caucasus with Baku, which is divided from the northern Caucasus by the steep wall of mountains. These mountains are im-

passable. Compared to the Alps the Caucasian mountains are like jungles compared to a well-kept park. Not a single railroad leads through the Caucasian mountain massif. There is only one railroad, in a north-south direction, connecting the Southern Caucasus and Baku with European Russia, which winds its way along the escarpment on the coast of the Caspian Sea. It runs through a corridor which is completely controlled by the defender of the mountain range.

The two mountain roads across the Caucasian mountain ridge, the Georgian and Ossetian military roads, are absolutely impassable for a modern army with its heavy equipment. They are at an altitude of from five thousand to eight thousand feet, sometimes running as high as sixteen thousand feet. The Caucasian mountains are not mere natural obstacles; they are also military obstacles. They are not like the Balkan mountains, which could be overcome in the face of the weak Yugoslav and Greek resistance. The Caucasian mountains offer the Red Army an immense number of natural fortresses and powerful defense lines. They will be defended by a powerful modern army with thousands of rifles, and tens of thousands of guns and cannon, supported by strong aviation and tanks and trained alpine troops. The whole Caucasus is one gigantic fortress.

THE Russian Army has a hundred-and-fifty-year-old experience in the training of troops and in the fighting on Caucasian soil and the conquest of the Caucasus by the Russian Army lasted sixty-four years. War in the Caucasus requires specialized strategy and specialized tactics which the German Army is not in a position to know.

The hour of the great Russian offensive will come, when the German Army has reached the necessary degree of exhaustion. The Red Army wages the defense with offensive weapons too. While carrying out defensive operations, it prepares for the offensive. If the German offensive collapses now, it will also fail as a defensive force, for Germany cannot be defended on the Don and on the Oka river. The German Army is forced to push forward continuously—or die.

The stake in Russia is not the defense of the Soviet Union but the victory or defeat of the anti-Hitler coalition. The manpower and material resources of the United Nations by far surpass those of the Axis. The Third Reich cannot hold out against a front in the West and thus against a real two-front war. With God, time and Russia on our side, we can and must win.

What's On Your Mind?

(Continued from page 14)

wasn't all easy. Water for everything had to be hauled from two small lakes in front of the cabin. For laundry and baths it was heated in big tin cans on top of a flat-topped cook-stove. Clothes froze on the line, were seldom completely dry in that damp, raw world, had to be ironed thoroughly with saddle irons to prevent mildew. Food had to be planned carefully so we wouldn't run short of anything.

Coffee became scarce—we used the same grounds twice daily. A case of precious eggs spoiled; the four of us were put on two-a-day rations. The flour-sifter broke—we improvised one from mosquito netting. Radio batteries weakened; we listened to news only fifteen minutes each evening lest we lose contact with the world.

The clock had to be wound religiously, and each day carefully crossed out on the calendar. You couldn't afford to lose track of time, because you had to be ready to leave the very day an old schooner was scheduled to pick you up. The stove must be watched fearfully; one disastrous fire would put you out in the cold. Breaking an arm or a leg would be a major tragedy. As for appendicitis —well, we couldn't even afford to suspect such a thing.

Today I hear someone say: "I will never be able to do without my car." . . . "We just have to have iced-tea twice a day in the summer." . . . "What will we do when we can get no more pineapple?"

At once I think of the inconveniences we faced on Kiska; they weren't hardships, because they became too definite a part of our lives for that. I have to think hard to recall any of them.

So it will be with us Americans when the struggle to establish freedom is won. We won't remember sugar- and gasoline-rationing or the rubber shortage. We'll remember our aching pride in Bataan and Corregidor and many other magnificent displays of courage that will come out of this war.

My winter on Kiska taught me that we Americans don't know our own strength. We don't realize what a few sacrifices and inconveniences will do to improve our characters and our relationship with those around us.

Maybe you'll find out. I have, and I've never been sorry.

Texas

A Very Busy Woman

(Continued from page 23)

of memory, but it was gone before it was half remembered. Who was the man who had comforted her with such a rough, awkward gentleness? No matter. It must have been in some other lifetime.

"And now," she said, "I think I'll go to bed, if you won't mind too much. The trip has tired me, rather. So if you'll tell me where—"

"I guess you'll remember the way to your old room, won't you? You'd better have Doris with you. The boys and I will sit up." She saw her mother's eyes travel to the little suède-covered bag beside the staircase, and lift with a question in them. "We were hoping you could spare us a few days, Martha. We hoped you'd stay awhile in your old home."

Stay? Stay here? The enormity of the suggestion filled her with a little terror. She looked at the strange, vulnerable faces that were turned toward her so intently, as if they knew she was not weary but must only escape from them, and were hurt by the knowing. She looked at the room with its pale oak furniture and the frosted glass lamp with the scarred remains of painted pink roses upon it, at the old clock on the mantelpiece that had ticked out the thwarted life of Timothy Madrerry, and she looked at the closed parlor door. She was suddenly swept by a wave of homesickness for her smart white apartment where no chains bound her, and her life was her own, where there was only the calm efficiency of her maid at the day's end. She wanted desperately to be out and away from here before the powerful thing that existed in this house closed in upon her. Dizzily she wondered what it was that lived here and could dare to lay a hand upon her freed spirit.

She opened her purse and groped for a cigarette, but with her fingertips upon it, she knew that she could not smoke under the level eyes of her mother. "I'm afraid I can't stay after tomorrow," she said stiffly. "I have to be back in New York by Wednesday morning."

"But don't you want to see Dad before you go upstairs?" Ben asked her. "I should think you would, Marty."

She stared at the back of his red neck, at the raw white place where the hair had been shaved too recently. ("Why, this man is my brother," she thought. "Inconceivable as it seems, this farmer is of my own flesh. He speaks with familiarity, as though we had shared life together at some time, had shared parents. In his eyes is the remembrance of little things that are past. I, Martha Madrerry, who have gone on, remember nothing of him or the life that we shared."

With tightened lips she answered: "No. I am so very tired. Forgive me."

AS she followed Doris up the stairs, she heard her mother laugh gently. "You can have a bath in a tub now, Martha. Your money has at least done that much for us." And she went on as though she had not heard, feeling the edge of animosity in their voices, and the quiet pain beneath it, and she conscious of nothing in her own heart but the hurt and the bitter resentment and this new pale terror.

The fear was still with her in the little dormer-windowed room that had once been hers and now belonged to Doris. She tried to shut her mind to the claims these inanimate things had upon her memory; she didn't want to remember. How many times in those first heart-breaking years she had thought with a great sickness of this safe spool bed with its old wedding-ring quilt and the fat, goose-down pillows, of the crude little dressing-table that Ben had constructed for her with

such monstrous secrecy in the barn one winter, of the dear worthless little-girl things she had kept treasured here.

There had been one night along her road when she would have given her chances in eternity for a one-way ticket to this little room up under the eaves in a place called Endine Valley, Ohio. How ridiculous it all seemed now, and how long ago that bitter night! Much water had flowed strongly under many bridges for her since then. And now she stood here looking at this little room contemptuously, a woman sheathed in silk, by the grace of God and Martha Madrerry. A woman, who, because she hadn't the price of the one-way ticket, had fought on through the misery and the desperation and despair toward a brilliant, lacquered success. Over the heads of others, stepping firmly with her heels on groping hands already on the ladders—yes, that was the way to do it. It took hardness, and she'd been hard.

But now there was this hollowness within her, this acrid taste of Dead Sea fruit. When Doris spoke to her from the bed, she answered sharply, because a little rage was beginning to burn somewhere within her. "My perfume? It has no name. It has a number. If you like it, I'll leave the bottle and you can try it out on the village swains."

"Martha, you're very beautiful. I should think that anyone who looked like you would have married long ago."

"I did. It didn't work. . . . Look here. You needn't mention that, I think, to the family." She didn't know why she should add that last to this wood-mouse of a girl, and it rather surprised her.

"Oh, Martha! A divorce? Mom would die! But why—I mean why the divorce?"

"I have no use for a man without ambition. He was content to let me support him."

"Like—the rest of us, Martha."

She heard the sigh and looked up quickly. "Rot! I didn't say that."

"I wouldn't have blamed you if you had. Dad sort of lost interest, and Dave and I had to have things and be educated. Ben did the best he could with the farm, but it wasn't much. I'm sorry about it."

"My dear! What I sent—" She stopped, growing aware of her sister for the first time. She remembered her only as a blobby child with a thick waist. Now she could see that the lines beneath the quilt were not too bad, and the face had an opaque, pink crystal sort of loveliness. Quickly, professionally, Martha began to dress the girl in her mind's eye, doing miraculous things to her body and her face and hair, whittling her down, grooming her to her own exacting standards of smartness. There was no need for the child to vegetate here in this valley.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and smiled, inviting confidence. "All right, Doris. Tell me about yourself." She sounded very warm and kind—for Martha Madrerry.

"Me? Oh, there's not much to tell. I teach school over in Ravenna—third grade. But I'm going to marry Tom Litchford this summer if he isn't taken in the draft."

"What nonsense! You're much too young. You're what—twenty-one, twenty-two?"

An old wisdom stole into the girl's eyes. "Age has nothing to do with the way I feel about Tom. Even if he has to go, I know that he'll come back to me; and oh, Martha—we're going to have a dozen kids!"

("I might have known," thought Martha, watching the rapt young face. "She's only Endine Valley. Plain, cloddish Endine Valley with cornflowers in its hair. She doesn't even want to get out. In another ten years the pink crystal prettiness will be florid and heavy, and I'll be smart and fine-drawn, though I'm eleven years older. She'll have a raft of kids, and I'll have—what will I have?")

In her anger she said: "You thrill me with the picture. If you're not careful, you'll be just like your mother."

The girl raised herself on one elbow and regarded her soberly. "Do you really think that's so terrible, to be like Mom, then?"

"Frankly, I can't think of anything worse. Worn and tired and dragged out—in heaven's name, what has she ever had out of life?" She stopped short, sensed the meaning behind the words she tossed out so lightly. Who was the woman they called Mom? What did she feel and think? Had she always been Endine Valley with cornflowers in its hair, or had she ever been a rebel who yearned for escape? No one, probably, would ever know. "You'd better think twice before you let yourself in for something like that, Doris. Good night."

There was no answer from the girl beside her; but at some time during the quiet night Martha awoke, disturbed by the sound of muffled sobbing. There was a moment of fright and strangeness before she recognized the safe spool bed; and then she moved closer to her sister, glad of the comfort of her living nearness here with death in the house. They had at least passed civil words together, and that was something.

They laid Timothy Madrerry to rest under a serene and shining sky, and Carrie Madrerry's soul was at peace. Folks had come to sing a hymn for her husband and stare at her tall spectacular daughter who made almost as much as the President of the United States, and eat the food that Carrie provided. And now it was all over. The last guest had gone. There seemed to be nothing left for her to do.

But in spite of the empty, aching loneliness of the house with Tim gone from it, and the first long night to be got through, there was a new little happiness burning in Carrie's heart. For, at a moment during the service, she had looked up out of her own grief and had seen the tear-misted beautiful eyes of her girl upon her, and she had known enough to read the message in them. And then while folks looked on, Martha had come to her and put her arms around her and pressed her mother close, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do. For an instant Carrie Madrerry had relaxed, with her head resting wearily upon the shoulder of her child, and so she was happy, remembering.

Martha herself hadn't been able to understand it. As she saw her mother's composure break and shatter at the graveside, she was filled with such a vast compassion for the bent worn figure that it threatened to suffocate her. She could not have helped what she did at that moment. To her, the mother was the child who needed comforting, she the comforter. Carrie was so pitifully alone, and she looked so stricken. Martha felt no grief for Timothy Madrerry, since she had forgotten him; but now she was beginning to remember her mother. In a flash of psychic beauty she felt the great need rising out and over the heads of these gaping people, and plumbing her heart. Swiftly she had answered it, and had experienced at last the sudden uprush of feeling, the thick, protective loyalty that she had tried so desperately hard to fight. And so she too had known something that resembled happiness in that moment.

But now it was gone. . . .

"I was a fool," thought Martha, "even to consider the possibility of going back. It can't be done. Time and distance do strange things to people—they are the Great Alienators. I can't cope with time and distance. Too much has happened to me, too little to these people I've left behind."

"We understand, young man, that you found a golf ball. I represent a syndicate prepared to make a deal for it."

Back at the house, she had seen the growing friendliness in Ben's eyes, and Dave's—proud and worshiping in spite of their reddened rims. Even Doris had cast a look of weak defiance upon her tongue-tied young man as she introduced them, as though daring him to find her sister less than perfect. People had milled about the house all day, offering their sympathy, but wanting a word with the fabled Martha Madrerry, and the family had hovered close at such times with ineffable pride in their faces. Martha had been touched and flattered beyond all reason; little fingers of warmth had begun to climb around her heart, and she drew nearer to her family, while an old love stirred. And so, after Doris' boy had gone, she had put her arm about the girl and had said casually: "Don't be in too much of a hurry to marry, my dear. There is a great deal of life that quite excludes one young man, and I'd suggest that you see something of it."

It had been an unfortunate thing to say, for her mother had whirled upon her. "I'll thank you not to put any such ideas in the child's head, Martha!"

Instantly the new warmth had fled, leaving a dull, throbbing resonance where love had been.

She glanced at her wrist-watch, striving to keep her eyes down so they might not see the sudden sting of tears. Two hours before train-time, two hours before she could smoke a cigarette. She shrugged. "Nevertheless the advice was sound. She's too young to know what she wants to do. Send her to me, and I'll put some decent clothes on her and try to do something for her. What chance has she or anyone else in Endine Valley?"

Her mother blazed out at her. "And in ten years I'd have another Martha Madrerry to contend with, coming home out of a sour, misbegotten sense of duty! I couldn't face another one—I'd sooner see her dead at my feet!"

"And they call *me* hard! I'm beginning to think I run you a poor second."

And so the enchantment was gone. The sense of home, just starting to grope its way through the protective layers of sophistication, was lost completely in a savage welter of bitterness and betrayal. Ben eased himself out of his chair and left the room, softly for so large a man. He had always managed to escape unpleasantness even as a boy, Martha remembered, and was startled that she did. Doris and David stared wide-eyed at their mother and sister, who faced each other across the expanse of white and lonely years.

"You mustn't—with Dad just gone," David gasped. "Please, Mom—Martha—it doesn't seem right—"

"You and Doris leave the room. I've got something to say to Martha before she goes, and I want to say it alone."

"Really, Mother, you terrify me." She tried to laugh easily, but the sound was not convincing to her own ears. What was there to fear, now that the boy and girl had gone and she was left alone with this woman? ("Why, I'm Martha Madrerry," she assured herself, "—*the* Martha Madrerry. Nothing can touch me. All over New York people know me; and I'm called to California without a stop-

over in Endine Valley. . . . All right, old lady, now I'm ready for you. What do you want of me? Say it quickly and let me get away from you, for deep in my heart I am ashamed of you and the fact that you bore me. Never let it be known that I came from here, or that you have a biological claim upon me. When I go this time, I shall never come back. Once has been more than enough, and you've none to blame but yourself.")

"I'm not pleased with the way you've turned out, Martha."

"No? I'm sorry, Mother." It annoyed her to see the dark front tooth in her mother's mouth. She should have that out and a bridge put in. It didn't pay to monkey around with teeth; they could play the devil with one's health. Maybe they should all come out, at Carrie's age. Having children, Martha had heard, robbed women of calcium, and Carrie had had six. Two lay in the little graveyard beside the Methodist church, where Tim was.

"I was the oldest," thought Martha. "Maybe I got most of her calcium. My teeth are sound and beautiful."

She wondered if it hurt much to have teeth pulled. Probably it did. She hated that for her mother. She thought of her head pushed back in a dental chair, with forceps in her mouth, and her teeth mercilessly yanked from her jaws. Poor woman—poor dear woman, who shouldn't be hurt. ("If I could spare her that," she thought. "Good Lord, I'd rather go through it myself! Now, why can't I bear the idea of my mother in pain? But once she knew a deeper pain—once she was in horrible, rending pain for me.")

"Martha! I'm speaking to you."

"Yes, Mother. I'm sorry. Go on."

Carrie picked up her knitting and began to rock calmly. "What I've got to say is mostly for your father, not me. You've got something coming to you, Martha. You didn't bother with Dad, because you thought he wasn't worth it. And who were you to judge, my girl? No matter what your father was or wasn't, he was your father, and you hadn't cause to slight him the way you did. He felt it, even though he never said much, but I knew. You can't live with a man for thirty-five years and not know every time something hurts him deep inside. Maybe I can never forgive you for hurting your father, Martha—I don't know. There wasn't any use in it, far as I can see.

"The time he wanted the Tillotson field for Ben, and he wrote and asked what you thought of him buying it—do you remember what you did, Martha? I'll remind you—you had your secretary send him a check to buy the field. He'd come rushing up the lane, so happy and excited, waving your letter—I can see him now. And when he opened it, there it was, just the check in the empty envelope. No aye, yes or no, just the check.

"I saw my Timothy's chin tremble that day, and may God forgive me, I felt that I hated my own child. Oh, he'd saved enough for the field, and what he wanted was your advice. 'Should I or shouldn't I buy the land—what do you say, Marty?' That was what he meant. He didn't want the check—not that way. And there were other things. . . The time they made him deacon in the church, and

he wrote you about it, proud as Punch of himself, and when you answered, you never even mentioned it. What was a deacon to you, off there in New York?

"And the time he sent John Fergus and his wife to see you when they went East to the World's Fair, and they couldn't get within gunshot of you for all your secretaries and things, and they had to tell him so, there on the station platform. . . . You wouldn't know about disappointments like that, would you, Martha? And you wouldn't know that it was the dream of that old man's life to come see you himself up to New York. Sending the Ferguses had been the next best thing. Every spring your father would spruce up his good suit and lay it away in the clothes-press, 'just in case Marty sends for us one of these days, Carrie,' he'd tell me, like he really expected your invitation to come any minute. Well, it never came, did it, and he never got to wear his good suit. We buried him in it instead."

"Can't you be a little merciful? How could I know? . . . I didn't think—"

"Of course you didn't think," Carrie snapped. "You are generous with your money, and that was important, for it helped do for the children; but you were stingy with your consideration. Oh, I could stand it. I had the others. But your father had doted on you from the day you were born. And that's why I say to you that as a daughter you haven't been a success. I'm not proud of you, but Dad was. Sometimes when I'd criticize you, he'd fairly fly at me. Law, he'd be so mad! 'You leave Marty alone, Carrie,' he'd say. 'You and I never amounted to much somehow, but between us we made Martha, and looks to me like she'll even things up for the rest of us. Don't you say a word against my Marty, because I won't have it!' You just didn't have any faults, to Tim. Poor old man got to be a laughingstock hereabouts, bragging about 'my girl Martha.' It's too bad he couldn't see you today—he'd have been proud enough to bust—"

"Oh, stop it, stop it, will you!" Martha cried. She was pressing her hands against her ears in horror at these things she heard, trying to shut out the sound of her mother's voice, but somehow it persisted. "Why do you wait till after he's gone to tell me all this? Why didn't you tell me before, so I could do something about it? Mother—in heaven's name—I'm not a monster! I was just a very busy woman!"

"Too busy, Martha. When a woman is too busy, she loses the heart God gave her."

FROM the sitting-room window Martha could see the sweep of lawn in front of the house, and the little rutted lane that led down to the mail-box. She could almost see her father hurrying toward her, waving a flat white envelope, and on his face such a look—such a strange, shining look. . . . But now the picture blurred, and the lane was empty.

"He was such a gentle sort of man, wasn't he, Mother? There aren't many men who are—gentle. And he did love me—I'd forgotten that, until you told me. . . . Mom! He isn't here!" She turned from the window, white and tall, and pressed her hands against her breast as the wild grief tore at it. "Mom—he's gone—my dad. Where's my dad? I never shed a tear for him in all my life, but I'm shedding them now. For him, and for me! Oh, dear Lord, what can I do? Mom—I'm missing my father! You've made me remember him!"

The years spun backward, and she was a small girl who had run fast down a long lonely road in the night, and had returned to bury her head in the sanctuary of her mother's lap. Here she was safe—hurt, but safe, because her mother's hands were upon her hair and her mother's voice was deep in her ears, shutting out the sounds of the world that frightened. She was crying because she had run hard, had stumbled, been hurt, but now was sheltered. Here were the dear, pathetic things of home, the chains that held the memories. Here was Martha Madrerry, child of Carrie and Timothy Madrerry, and strangely, heartbreakingly, the good gentle Timothy now slept in the earth, and only Carrie remained.

Her mother's touch was tender upon her bent head, tender as it ever was those many years ago. Nothing had changed, really. Nothing would ever change here where her mother was. The low throatiness of the voice that had sung her to sleep, the deep bosom that had cradled her head, the square, roughened hands—ah, these things could never alter in the living world.

"I'm glad you did this, my dear," Carrie said softly. "It is good for the human soul to be hurt sometimes. I knew our girl was out there, waiting. Tim knew it, too. He set such store by you, and so I think he'd be glad to know you had enough heart left to cry for him."

MARTHA raised her ravaged face. "Mother, I want you to go back with me. I need you. I've been needing you all these years. Please, Mom, come live with me—"

Sagely, Carrie Madrerry shook her head while her lips smiled at her daughter. "To need, and be needed—ah, that's the loveliest thing in the world. Maybe you're beginning to find that out. I'm glad to know that you need me, Marty. A girl never gets too old or goes too far to want her mother sometimes, I guess. But your life is for you, and what's left of mine is for me. I'm just Endine Valley, Martha. I'll always be right here where you can lay a hand on me whenever you want me—will you remember that? But I've got to stay here where I belong, where Tim and I worked and suffered and had our children and were happy, and lived out our lives together. The roots of my soul have sunk deep into—Endine Valley."

And as she said the name so softly, in the serenity of her quiet face lay the simple answer to all questing.

Martha let the soft chains fall as she rose to her feet. Carefully she shucked them from her, knowing that she must for all their clinging, since there was still the world beyond. But this one, this softest, strongest one could never be left behind. And smiling, she lifted her luminous eyes and let them follow her mother's, out across the rich, dark farmland and into the spilling sunset, where the hills looked down on Endine Valley.

"Wilson, it isn't necessary to feature the possibilities of our wedding gowns."

Violet's Treasure Hunt

(Continued from page 31)

apologies needed. I enjoyed seeing Priscilla mad. Did me good."

"There! You *see!*" said Violet. "Great-uncle George understands me. *He* can take my project seriously." She turned to him. "*I* think I can find the King George silver that's been missing all these years. *I* think Elisha Granden left a code message about it."

Great-uncle George tried to be very solemn with her. "Do you really? Well, now, what do you know!"

ABOUT an hour after dinner, it was suddenly discovered that Great-uncle George was missing. His daughters had assumed he was taking a nap, but he wasn't. He wasn't anywhere in the house. There was a little wave of excitement, and people ran out into the yard. But he wasn't there. He was over in the Vreespring yard, supervising some further digging. Both he and Violet were supervising, while the rather unwilling Possum used the shovel. Two fresh holes in the yard were evidence of their persistence. Great-uncle George looked as if he was having a whale of a time.

His daughters, Miriam and Josephine, hurried over with alarm.

"Father!" cried Miriam, looking nervously at the Vreespring house, "What *are* you doing?"

"Digging," said Great-uncle George happily.

"Oh, you mustn't," wailed Josephine. 'What will the Vreesprings say!"

"They're all out," said Great-uncle George.

"Oh, Father," said Miriam, "you must stop right away. People will think you're—touched!"

"What do I care?" said Great-uncle George. "I'm ninety. Guess I can do as I please. And at the moment I enjoy digging. . . . Do you know what we're going to find, Violet and I? The silver that's been missing for one hundred and fifty years."

Miriam turned on Violet. "Violet Granden, you *must* stop this!"

Violet thoughtfully walked away to make another set of measurements, this time from the back door. Great-uncle George thought that it was likely the back door to which the code message referred.

Miriam and Josephine kept badgering their father so much, that finally he agreed to return to his own house. Spluttering a bit, and yanking at his beard, he was led back across the two yards.

The final measurements brought Violet to a spot halfway between the two houses. And annoyingly enough, she observed there was a great bush growing right there, a wild azalea.

She frowned and pursed her lips at this bit of misfortune. "We'll just have to move that bush, I guess," she said to Possum finally.

"Aw, Violet," said Possum, "I'm getting tired."

"Now, look, Possum, think how delighted Great-uncle George is going to be when we find the treasure. Why, he's liable to leave us a lot of money or something in his will."

Possum dug and dug around the roots of the delicate azalea bush, got it out of the ground and casually transplanted it several feet away.

Then they both took turns digging the hole larger and deeper.

"Hey, look," said Possum suddenly, indicating the arrival home of the Vreespring clan. "We better scram."

Violet always thought "scramming" extremely undignified; but she did admit it might be best at the moment. They left the scene of their excavations, though Violet refused to run. She walked with her head erect and her braids bouncing defiantly.

They retired to the toolshed, which seemed a good place to wait till the next Vreespring attack of hysterics was over. Violet sat on a wheelbarrow, brooding over her failure to find Elisha Granden's buried treasure.

And then they saw a black cloud of furious Vreesprings crossing the yard from their own house to Great-uncle George's. There were two or three men and Cousin Priscilla. And with them was one of the town's two policemen, looking a bit sheepish.

"My gosh!" said Possum, peering out of the little toolshed window. "They got a cop!"

"A pretty seedy-looking cop, if you ask me," amended Violet critically.

"Will they arrest us?" asked Possum.

"It's a possibility," said Violet calmly. "Near as I can make out, whenever you do something *original*, there's always a chance you'll be arrested."

In the house, the President of the West Hassam Historical Society and his wife had just arrived to pay a call on Great-uncle George, whom they fondly called the Grand Old Man of West Hassam. They had just sat down, and the family were purring sweetly around them, when the Vreesprings burst into the room.

"*Now*, George Granden," said one of the Vreespring men sternly, "you're going to have to deal with the law. We've brought Joe Massey."

"Hi, Joe," said Great-uncle George.

"Hi, Mr. Granden," said Joe the cop.

"Go on, Joe, tell him what you're here for," prompted Cousin Priscilla fiercely.

"Well, it seems your grandkids or someone's been digging up the Vreesprings' yard."

"Grandkids, fiddlesticks," said Great-uncle George, "I've been doin' it myself."

The President of the Historical Society raised his historic eyebrows.

"Well, Mr. Granden," said Joe to Great-uncle George, "I guess I gotta serve you with a summons. It's vandalism, you know. You'll have to appear in court."

Great-uncle George's family moaned.

"Won't accept it. This is my ninetieth birthday. I claim immunity. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks, sir. But I guess you'll have to appear anyway. The Vreesprings got the law on their side, I guess." Joe the cop felt sad about it.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Joe," said Great-uncle George with a fierce grin, half-hidden by his beard. "If I don't find the silver I'm looking for, I'll come to your court. If I do, I won't. How's that?"

"You're not going to look any more. Not in our yard!" roared one of the Vreesprings.

"Oh, yes, we are," said Great-uncle George. "Now you'll have to excuse me. I'm ninety years old, and the Historical Society is here to preserve me. . . . Scat!"

With outraged dignity the Vreesprings left.

Violet, who had crept into the hall and was hiding behind a portière, was delighted with what she had heard. What followed next did not delight her quite as much.

Great-uncle George, pleased with his handling of the situation, rose to look out the window and watch the retreat of the enemy. He giggled as he saw the angry backs of the Vreesprings returning across the two yards. And then suddenly he stopped giggling, and he squinted with horror at a sight that met his eye. It was his favorite azalea bush moved out of its normal location, tilted at a precarious angle and obviously wilting.

Great-uncle George let out a yell.

"Who in creation did that?" he wanted to know.

The President of the Historical Society began to think it was time to go. Miriam and Josephine rushed to their father's side.

"*Who* has dug up my azalea?" demanded Great-uncle George, beginning to get very red.

He was on his way through the hall and outside. Relatives followed him in a babbling stream.

"It's ruined!" exclaimed Great-uncle George, standing before the bush. "It's dying! Bring shovels! Bring water!"

"We'll move it back," said Great-uncle Everett.

"No, no! Just put it deeper here. Give it water. Buckets of water! I'll annnihilate that little girl!" said Great-uncle George. "I'll pulverize her! She's ruined my azalea! Ruined my birthday! Ruined the whole reunion!"

Back in the house, Violet, meditating on the changeableness of human nature, tried tiptoeing out the back door and thus once more to the toolshed.

The reunion had definitely had a damper put on it. People reacted in different ways. Great-uncle Everett lost the control of his indigestion. Great-uncle Luke was moved to play dirges on the organ. Great-aunt Pauline cried occasionally. Great-aunt Jessie from New York just went on eating nuts.

Great-uncle George, after announcing it was one of the worst birthdays he'd ever spent, went to his room for a nap.

Violet also went to bed. Forcibly. She was generally looked upon as the most unpopular member of the gathering. She had started it all. She had ruined the reunion.

Pete gathered up Violet's outer garments, went out and locked the door behind him. Violet flung herself down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "This is *liable* to warp my whole character," she told herself. "In fact, I think I will definitely *let* it warp my character. Then they'll be sorry."

She counted the thirty-two curlicues along the molding from left to right and then from right to left. Then she began thinking about the buried treasure again.

She jumped off the bed and looked out of the window. A slow breeze was blowing the leaves of the big elm and making a faint papery sound. There seemed to be some activity in the Vreespring yard. Violet caught her breath. The Vreesprings were digging! There was no doubt of it. Two of the Vreespring men were digging in a spot very near the boundary of the two yards; and Cousin Priscilla and Professor Devons were standing there with yardsticks.

What had happened was that when Professor Devons learned about Violet's digging and began to study the letter, he thought she really might be right. And he had persuaded the Vreesprings of that. So out they had gone and started some searching on their own hook.

Violet felt suddenly frantic. If, after all her work and trouble, the Vreesprings were the ones to find the lost silver, she'd just die. . . . She looked thoughtfully at the porch roof which ran from below her window to below Great-uncle George's window. What could be simpler? She quietly climbed out onto the roof.

Great-uncle George's window was open, so she had no trouble in climbing into his room. She walked over to his enormous bed with the great carved headboard. He was lying on it, or rather sitting, for under his head were four pillows.

Violet stood for a moment looking down at him; then she tugged gently at his beard. "Great-uncle George," she said softly.

He woke up and was startled by the sight of the intellectual Violet standing there in her underpants and waist.

"What do you want?" he asked tersely.

"Will you wake up and talk to me?"

"Will I wake up! . . . You've *made* me wake up, haven't you? Don't you know that nothing is ever supposed to disturb my nap!"

"But this is an emergency."

"Wherever *you* are, there's always an emergency! Go away; go away now. They ought to lock you up!"

Great-uncle George turned his head to one side and closed his eyes defiantly.

"I *am* locked up," said Violet. "In the next room. I came across the porch roof."

Great-uncle George opened a ferocious-looking eye. "You could have broken a leg—with a little luck!" he grumbled.

"Great-uncle George, you've got to listen! The Vreesprings have started digging for the treasure themselves!"

"All right; let 'em," said Great-uncle George.

"But you don't want *them* to find it, do you? That would be just awful! If we found it, it would be ours. Look, we've just got to get out there and do something about it."

The old man only grunted.

Violet went nervously back to the window. The Vreesprings were all lean-

ing over the large hole they had dug. There seemed to be some excitement. Their voices were louder; but Violet couldn't quite make out the words. Then suddenly Cousin Priscilla called Little May. "Little May, come here, look what we've found!"

"Oh, gosh," said Violet frantically, "they've found it. They've found it! Oh, my gosh, now it's too late!"

Great-uncle George rose slowly from the bed. He peered out the window. "They do look sort of stirred up," he said. "Come on."

The family, sitting around rather morosely, were amazed to see Great-uncle George being helped downstairs by the scantily-clad Violet.

"Where is this child's outer garment?" said Great-uncle George. "Do you want her to catch her death of cold?"

Great-aunt Pauline rushed forward and put a large Paisley shawl around Violet.

"Now you see what's happened!" said Violet. "The Vreesprings have found the King George silver!"

And she and Great-uncle George went outside and over toward the boundary line.

As they drew near the excited group, the Vreesprings looked up with flushed, triumphant faces. And there in the deep hole was the top of a huge chest, moldy and rusty. The men were working rapidly to uncover it.

Violet and Great-uncle George, and the other Grandens who gathered behind them, stared at it with unhappy faces.

"Well, I hate to admit it," said Cousin Priscilla majestically, "but Violet was right. That *was* a code message Elisha Granden left. And this apparently is the old silver. It should be worth a fortune now."

And then with a shout one of the men broke open the rotted top of the chest and disclosed masses of blackened metal. He grabbed up a piece and scraped at it. Underneath the layers of grime was silver. The shape could be made out. It was a massive pitcher. No doubt about it. The King George silver! Lost all these years!

The Grandens just gaped. Violet fought back her tears of disappointment. Great-uncle George pressed his lips bitterly together. None of the Grandens could say a word. It seemed to be utter defeat. For once Violet was unvictorious.

GREAT-UNCLE GEORGE, not desiring to look at the lost prize any longer, turned and looked at his wilting azalea. He looked at it for several seconds, perfectly motionless. Then a diabolical smile spread through his beard.

One of the Vreesprings started to take a couple of the old silver pieces away.

"*Just* a moment," said Great-uncle George, stopping him. "*We'll* take care of that silver."

"You certainly won't," said Cousin Priscilla. "It's *our* silver. We found it; and it's on our property."

Great-uncle George almost purred, he was so sweet. "That," he said, "is where you're wrong. You found it on *my* property."

Cousin Priscilla pointed to the azalea bush. "That bush marks the boundary.

And we're a good three feet this side of it."

"That bush *did* mark the boundary," pointed out Great-uncle George. "But it doesn't now. Violet moved it a number of feet over on my side. If you'll let your eye wander down to the corner where the concrete marker is, you'll see that you're on *my* property." His tone suddenly grew ferocious.

The Vreesprings looked; and he was right. In their excitement they had failed to notice that the bush was no longer in its usual spot.

"You cannot deny," went on Great-uncle George in a magnificent rolling voice, "that the chest is a good five feet on *my* side of the line. Therefore the King George silver is mine—and Violet's. And what's more, you Vreesprings have been trespassing and performing acts of vandalism!" He waved his cane at them. "And I shall have you all arrested in the morning!"

There was no argument. The Vreesprings numbly retired to their side of the boundary.

The Grandens cheered.

Violet looked pleased as Punch. She patiently let the great-aunts and cousins and whatnots come up and kiss her.

"It's the finest birthday I've ever had," cried Great-uncle George.

"Violet," said Miriam with excitement, "how did you *ever* figure that code out. You're just remarkable!"

Violet, looking rather regal in the large Paisley shawl, let a dreamy look come over her face as she meditated.

"Yes, I am remarkable," she said, with awe in her voice. "I'm a quite remarkable girl, if I *do* say it myself."

The Occasional Lion

(Continued from page 35)

What could happen? After all, one was really safer here than in a town. It was just the idea of the thing. She had never been quite alone in a house before. At home there was always somebody—a servant, somebody. Charley lived half a mile away, the other boys in a native *stadt*.

Well, it was over. She drank the tea Charley brought her. And the anniversary was over too. The junket had set beautifully—she had looked at it the last thing before she went to bed; but it would not keep very long, nor would the guinea fowl. Not that that mattered; there were plenty of them. When Francis came back, he could shoot another. But this one had been special.

She dressed, and sent for her pony. She rode about the farm all day. Everything went very well; the boys were trained and knew that Francis might be back any time. She knew it too, and kept watching and listening. Lunch . . . teatime again, but he did not come. Charley brought two cups. He must expect him. But he did not come. . . . Dinner—two eggs, some toast and more tea. Why did women always eat eggs when they were alone? Charley came to say good night.

It was night again. She was still alone. But tonight she was not so frightened. Nothing had happened last night. She got out some books and magazines and went to bed. He would be here tomorrow. She blew out the lamp. . . Tonight there was going to be no trouble about sleeping; she was very tired. . . .

What was that? Betty woke with a start. What—what? She leaned on her elbow, listening. There it was again, a snuffling cough. . . . Again, and a faint padding sound.

It couldn't be—oh, it couldn't. . . . She shivered. But what else could it be? "It's nothing," she told herself. "I'm just nervous—imagining things."

Then there was a roar. It started low, like distant thunder; it rolled on; it rose shattering the stillness of the night, and died. Now there was no mistake—a lion!

What did one do when a lion came up to the house? What one wanted to do was to hide. This wasn't a lion in a cage with strong bars between it and you. This was a wild lion. And all that stood between them was a fly-screened *stoep*. What did one do? This was not a dream; it was actuality. It must be dealt with. She got up and pulled on her slacks. She tucked her nightdress into them. She put on her shoes. She was astonished at how calmly she acted. Then she went to the gun-rack and got down her rifle. It was loaded. They were always kept loaded. "Now I must look," she thought. This was the hardest thing to do. Perhaps the lion had gone. Perhaps she had dreamed it all—a nightmare. She went to the window.

It was not a dream. The lion was there, staring at her. She could see its eyes—they were like green lamps. The moon had gone. She rested her rifle on the window sill. She was trembling so that she could hardly hold it. It was only a cat. "That's all a lion is," she said to herself, "a big cat. I hate cats." Everything she had ever heard about hunting lions came back to her. Not between the eyes—the skull was very thick there, and might deflect the bullet. Below the eyes. She took the first pull on the trigger. Then she squeezed. The gun exploded. The noise seemed tremendous in the house. She had shut her eyes as she fired. She thought she heard the bullet strike. There was a roar from the lion—was it going to charge? There was only the netting and an open window between them.

Nothing happened. She opened her eyes to look. Nothing. . . . The lion had gone. Again it seemed a dream, but the room smelled of cordite. She opened the bolt and closed it. The brass cartridge-case tinkled on the floor beside her. She put on the safety-catch and sat down. Her knees were giving under her.

Well, that was that. She'd done what she could. She lay down on the bed again with the rifle beside her. It was no use thinking of sleep, but she felt ill—faint.

Suddenly she was tense again. The lion was back, she was sure. There was the same snuffling, the same padding. She got up. She could see nothing from the bedroom. She went into the sitting-room. Yes, there it was, prowling, a dark shadow on the lawn. She leaned her rifle on the window-sill and knelt. The lion scented her and faced her again. First pull . . . squeeze. . . .

She had hit him again, she was sure of it. She couldn't have missed at twenty yards. But when she looked, there was nothing. Again she ejected her cartridge and reloaded. She couldn't go back to bed now. She sat in Francis' chair; somehow that made it better—or didn't it? Daylight would come sometime. She

"How are we going to play 'War' if nobody is going to be 'Nazis'?"

wondered what time it was. The clock had stopped and Francis had taken her watch. She prayed for daylight. "Make it light, God! Please make it light."

She seemed only to have been there a minute when the lion was back—roaring this time. She looked out of the window—there it was in the same place, snuffling at the ground; its head was low. They roared like that with their mouths against the ground, and then raised their heads as they ended. The sound went through her, chilling her.

She fired again and sat down on the floor. She was too weak to look now. Three shots—there were only five in the magazine. "I must get more," she thought. She pulled herself up and went to the drawer of Francis' desk. Top left hand. She filled her magazine and sat there. Surely it would be light soon. She looked out of the window. Surely the sky should be paling.

The whole house smelled of cordite. A chair was turned over; a vase had fallen. Her hand was bleeding where she had caught it on the door. . . . Then suddenly it was over. The dawn had come, pearl gray, cold. The hour of the ox-horns, when the trees and shrubs of the garden were a sooty black against the paling sky. Dawn. . . . She looked from out of one window, out of another. There was nothing. Everything was as it had always been. No sign of a lion.

The rifle fell from her. She swayed, held onto the wall. "I'm going to faint," she thought. She was beginning to sweat. She was having trouble in focusing her eyes. "I must get to the bed." She did not know why she must, but she must. . . . She must take the rifle too.

FRANCIS was riding back. He was very tired. A day's work, the ride to Greer's place, all day working with John's cattle, and now home again. Two nights without sleep, and only a few hours snatched yesterday. Francis patted Dingaan's neck—this was a good horse for a hard job! He rode slumped in the saddle. "I'll be home soon," he thought. Back with Betty. He thought how lucky he was with her! How well she had settled down! She was happy too. She liked it. And you took a chance when you brought a girl from the country in England to live on a Transvaal ranch.

Things had gone well yesterday. Not an animal was lost, and the fire was out. John had good boys, but no boys were good without a white man, and cattle were such fools if they got caught in a fire. He saw it now, roaring, crackling through the bush. But it hadn't taken long to get the herd together and drive them clear. There was something magnificent about that—the galloping of the beasts, and Dingaan swinging through the timber after them, the crack of whips, the shouts of the running boys, and the clouds of blue smoke drifting on the wind. When they were out, he had burnt back to the fire against the wind, and now it was over.

Francis kicked his horse into a canter. He'd be home soon, another half-hour. He looked at his watch—Betty's—it was nearly nine. He rode on half asleep, recognizing landmarks as he came to them. It was good to ride over your own land. That tree had been struck by lightning two years ago. He had shot a koodoo there.

When you were tired, your mind was very clear. It was different from being just sleepy. It would probably take him an hour or two before he could sleep.

There was the house. He pulled up his horse. Something was wrong. The cattle were still in the kraals. The boys, all the men in the village, were standing in a big group halfway between the house and the dip. They were carrying spears. He began to gallop.

"What is it?" he shouted. "What has happened?"

"Lions, Baas." It was Jim, his boss boy. "These dogs,"—he pointed to the men,—"are afraid. If they will not come, I will go alone."

"Lions?" Francis said.

"*Ja*, Baas. All night we heard them, and the Missus shot—she shot too much."

Too much meant a lot. Betty had been shooting all night at lions! And he had no gun with him. He turned his horse and made for the garden. If she had hit the lion, it would be dangerous, but that was a chance he must take, and he was safer on a horse. He opened the gate and cantered up the garden. Dingaan jumped sidewise, almost putting him down. He looked to the right, expecting to see a lion ready to charge. There was a lion, but it would not charge. It was dead, lying behind a bed of cannas. He went on. Dingaan was shivering and twitching, shiny with fresh sweat that ran off him in rivulets. Betty had shot a lion —his Betty! She was wonderful. He jumped off his horse and ran in. "Betty, Betty!"

The whole house was upset. He nearly fell over a chair. Where was she? He ran into the bedroom. She was on the bed with her rifle beside her, her face streaked with blood. Her hand was bleeding too. He picked her up in his arms.

"Oh, Francis, thank God you're back! The lion came—the 'occasional' lion. I have shot at him all night." She was crying and laughing.

"You killed him, darling."

"I killed him?"

There were shouts from outside. "Baas, Baas!" The boys had followed him. They were shouting and dancing and waving their spears. "Baas, the lions —the lions—the lions. . . ."

He put Betty down and went for his rifle. Lions—were there more than one? Dingaan was pulling at his reins. He'd break his headstall in a minute. The smell of lions was too much for him. Francis went out with the gun ready.

"Three lions, Baas," Jim shouted to him. "The Missus has killed three lions!" More shouting rose: "Another, Baas! And another! *Aaii*, the Missus has shot three lions!"

He crossed the garden to count them. The boys were right. . . . Three lions, all dead. Every flower-bed was marked with spoor. When he came in, Betty had washed.

"You're not hurt?"

"Only my hand, where I banged it. Did I really kill it, Francis?"

"Yes, darling." He was laughing.

"But why did it take so long? Why did it keep coming back?"

"It was not the same lion. You shot three lions."

"Three? Me?"

"Yes, you."

Charley came in with tea. He was showing his teeth. "Plenty lion," he said. "Too much lion."

T'chelo came through the garden.

"And what do you want?" Francis asked.

"Tobacco, Baas. Much tobacco. Did I not tell you with the bones that I threw, that the wife of the Baas was a great hunter? *Aaii!*" He raised his hand. "The wife of the Baas is a killer of wild beasts—of lions. And—" He paused. "Already we have named the son of the Baas that is to come." He pointed to Betty. "We have named him Lion."

FRANCIS stared at Betty. "What does he mean?"

"He means I'm going to have a baby, Francis. I was going to tell you, and he has spoiled it." That was Africa. The Kaffirs knew everything.

Francis was holding her in his arms. "We'll have the party tonight," she thought. It would have to be a chicken though, but there was time to make another junket. Roast chicken, sweet potatoes and fried plantains— She began to laugh. . . . A baby coming, three lions and an anniversary! Two days late.

"Charley," she called, "Charley, kill a chicken at once, a good one for a party." Old T'chelo hadn't spoiled things. She'd been wondering how she would tell Francis—just how would she have worded it?

Action in the East

(Continued from page 51)

sent over bombers with light fighter escort; the A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over bombers with medium fighter escort; the A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over bombers with heavy fighter escort; the A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over, at last, only fighters, to destroy these infuriating Americans; the A.V.G. destroyed them.

Major-General George Brett, chief of the Allied Air Forces in the Anzac Area, told me when the Battle of Burma had just begun: "I give Burma three weeks."

That it took six weeks for the Japanese to get to Rangoon, was in part due to the magnificent fighting of the A.V.G. Burma lasted nearly six months—six vital months of preparation in India and Australia.

Preparations for this United States surprise, the A.V.G. (it must have caused a hemorrhage or two at Japanese G.H.Q.) began months before, when one astute American named William Pawley was given the job of secretly recruiting pilots and ground-crews from the United States' three air forces for service in China under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Pawley was the chief of the Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company (CAMCO), in Miami. He was authorized to see that adventurous Americans were offered high pay and quick temporary release from the service of their Government, if they cared to fight for China. Pilots were offered six hundred dollars gold monthly. Pay for ground-crews was equally high.

Thus came into existence the American Volunteer Group, consisting of the First, Second and Third pursuit squadrons. Wearing civilian clothes, they were shipped across the Pacific with orders not to divulge their real identity or destination. They were the first "tourists" (on Nazi lines) of the United Nations. They addressed each other as "Mister;" no Service ranks were used.

I saw several groups of them in Singapore. I was struck by their fine physique. I do not think I had ever before seen so many tall, broad-shouldered, intelligent, self-confident young men. . . . I checked them up in the hotel register and found entries like this:

R. T. Smith—American—From U. S.—Destination Unknown—Retired acrobat.

W. D. McGarry—American—From U. S.—Destination Unknown—Artist.

I asked one of them: "Do you know Mr. McGarry?"

He said: "Yes sir, I do. Why?"

"Well, I'm a newspaper reporter, and I'm writing a color-piece about Singapore—you know, about the taxi dancers, and all that. I wondered if he would accept a commission to do some sketches for my paper—to go with my story."

The stranger screwed up his mouth, put his head on one side, and said doubtfully, shaking his head: "I dunno—don't think he would, somehow."

"Why not?"

The stranger leaned close, with exaggerated caution looked to see if anyone was listening, then whispered:

"Because he can't draw a line, see!"

Others described themselves as *"President-in-training,"* or just plain *"Tourist."*

They continued to arrive and cause a stir in the haunts of the staid *Tuans Besar* by their easy, friendly familiarity with everybody. I think they might have been more discreet, though. We soon all knew who they were.

Away they went to China to meet the man who made the A.V.G. one of the world's finest fighting units, Colonel (as he then was) Claire Chennault. I never met him, but every A.V.G. pilot frankly said they owed all to the Colonel. It seems the Colonel had made good use of his years in Japan. He studied the Japanese air forces with such assiduity, that later, as chief of the A.V.G., he was able to tell his pilots exactly how the Japanese would fly, where to find their weak spots, how to avoid their strong ones, and in fact, how to beat them.

The Burmese population of Rangoon and roundabout were also surprised at the obvious inability of the Japanese air force to fight through to Rangoon and its docks, after those first two raids in December. They were so impressed that they attributed it to *nats* (pronounced *narts*) or fairies, in whom every Burman believes.

One told me: "The *nats* are protecting Rangoon. They are too powerful for the Japanese airplanes."

I tried to explain to him that in this instance the *nats* were none other than a small number of solidly built young Americans. I did admit, however, the spiritual presence in Burma of one extremely wise *nat*, who was in fact living in Chungking. He was a *nat* they called Chennault, and he had been made a brigadier-general in appreciation of his good services in training all the young *nats* to shoot down the Japanese.

The shrewd, appreciative Chinese Government, to whom the entire A.V.G., from the Colonel to the auto mechanics, were under contract, gave a verbal promise to pay the pilots five hundred dollars gold for every Japanese plane they shot down. Up to February, 1942, the time of his death in action, the highest scorer was Squadron-leader Jack Newkirk, who had shot down seven Japanese, an average of one a week. After Newkirk's death, easy-going, shrewd Squadron-leader Bob Neale became highest scorer with fourteen up to March, 1942.

They were the world's strangest, highest-paid mercenaries. They were the first men to inflict a fighting defeat on the Japanese in nine years. In those dark days they held command of the air—command which none of the wiles or men-sacrificing bludgeonings of the Japanese could wrest from them. But their command of the air was, unfortunately, only local. They were the kings wherever they happened to be based. There were but three squadrons. All could not be in operation together. One or two of them had to be held in reserve. After a long period of fighting, a squadron had to be withdrawn to be rested, and a reserve squadron went forward to replace it.

The A.V.G. gave all of us who were there to see them the surest clue as to how this war will be won. The Japanese air forces will one day be grounded wherever they lie, by superior air-crews flying superior aircraft. How onlookers like Stowe and me longed for thirty squadrons of men and machines like those, thirty instead of three!

"We'd ground the Japs here and now, if only we had another six squadrons and the fields to operate from," said an A.V.G. boy to me in February, 1942. "We'd knock them hellwise and crooked."

Up to the Japanese occupation of Rangoon the scorecard read:

"For every A.V.G. pilot lost, the Japanese have lost fifty air personnel—pilots, gunners, observers."

Up to April, 1942, the scorecard was: *eighty Japanese aircraft lost to one A.V.G. aircraft.*

Shades of their ancestors of the Lafayette Escadrille!

WHAT were the secrets of this small, formidable fighting force? How were they able to guarantee to beat the vastly numerically superior Japanese every time they went up to engage them? What was their inspiration?

One of them told me: "Money." He was a sardonic young man.

I tried to analyze them, and came to these conclusions:

All were volunteers. All were enlisted regular fighters. They had agreed of their own free will to leave the air forces of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps, which were then marking time. They went to China . . . . not merely willing, but anxious, to fly pursuit in actual war. That, I think, was secret No. 1. Their morale was the highest.

Secret No. 2. Every man was hand-picked. From the physical standpoint, "You were out," one of them told me, "if you had a half-rotten tooth." From the mental and moral standpoint, one of the clauses in the contracts they had to sign with representatives of the Chinese Government in the United States, said the volunteer had to be easy to live with. If, when he reached China, any volunteer was found to possess bad habits, bad temper, or turned out to be a dark, grumbling pessimist, he was, at the request of his comrades, given a free passage home. (I heard of none going back this way.)

Secret No. 3: If a volunteer joined up in the United States because he was carried away by glamour pictures in the art-paper magazines of heroic pilots necking beautiful Oriental girls in *sarongs*, and less; if he expected hero-worship in foreign war zones, and instead found the war offered nothing more than high pay and nothing to spend it on, mud, cold, bad food, boredom, fear, and sometimes futility, and consequently felt he had been gypped—then he would be offered an honorable and free passage home again. The fundamental rule for the A.V.G. was: "We only want the men who want us."

Secret No. 4: Whatever the A.V.G. made of itself would be the fault, or the honor, of the men themselves. The original idea belonged to someone else, it was

true; but once the group was formed, it became the men's own responsibility. Unlike a national army, navy or air force, where a volunteer found his individuality lost in the vast anonymity of thousands, the A.V.G. gave its members the chance to retain their individuality. This gave each member a pride in the Group. If he went bad, it was the personal responsibility of the members.

Secret No. 5 was the Group's honestly democratic way of running itself. A tough little communications chief, "Mickey" Mihalko, of the Second Pursuit Squadron, put it this way: "Any man in this outfit can do as he damn' well pleases." His Squadron-leader, Jack Newkirk, rangy, serious New Yorker, and a fine leader, would have put it differently.

I imagine he might have said: "Any man in this outfit is damn' well pleased to do anything there is to do if it'll help beat the Japs." That *was* the spirit of the A.V.G. as I saw it during countless meetings with the boys.

Secret No. 6 brings me back to the sardonic young pilot who said: "Money." Good reward for good service is apt to bring out the best in a man. And an A.V.G. man knew his family back home did not have to worry about cash.

The unique A.V.G. did have something no other air force had. Americans, regular service men flying P-40's (Tomahawks) in the Philippines, in the Nederlands East Indies, in Australia, did not achieve the same dazzling victories against the more numerous Japanese as the A.V.G. in Burma. Brigadier-General Chennault had a lot to do with it; and democracy. Democracy is an unusual thing in any organized fighting unit—except, perhaps, among guerrillas. And guerrillas frequently give the enemy more worry than fully militarized units ten times their size.

Even orderly minded Newkirk said if the A.V.G. was incorporated into the regular army it would add minutes to the time it took them to take off. To be really orderly, entails a certain amount of formality. Formality takes time. Japanese don't wait.

"The Descendants of the Gods Descend"

On October 15, 1941, fifty-five days before Japan completed the ring of fire around the world by bringing war to the Pacific, the British Air Officer Commanding, Far East, Air Vice-Marshal Pulford, summing up for me in Singapore the Japanese air force, said: "Their best fighter is the Navy O."

On December 25, 1941, while the Japanese were still celebrating the day by their second air-raid on Rangoon and Mingaladon Airfield, an A.V.G. pilot said to me: "We've just seen our first Navy O's. Boy, it's just like shooting fish in a barrel."

I thought to myself: "Hold your horses, feller. You're going to land in trouble."

Then down out of the fight came a boy from South Dakota, Flight-leader Duke Hedman. He had been a farm-boy before he became a pilot. Ground-crew and pilots (momentarily idle), Stowe and I gathered around.

"What did you see, Dook?"

"Plenty. The sky's full of them."

"What did you get, Dook?"

"Five."

"WHA-A-T! Hey, who are you razzing?"

"No. It's right. Four bombers and a Navy O."

He was not fooling. He had set up a world's record: five enemy planes in one flight. Just like that! He had been up with two other P-40's for an hour and a half without seeing any Japanese. Then the flight ran into a formation of twenty-seven bombers and fighters. The running fight that ensued lasted for half an hour, during which Hedman got his five.

Another A.V.G. pilot, Wingman W. E. Bartling, put up a world's record that day too. He attacked and shot down two Japanese, and was himself attacked and shot up so badly he had to make a forced landing. He did so beside a railway line. No sooner had he climbed out of his P-40, than an Englishman stood beside him and said, "You must need a drink," and took him a few yards to a parked railway-coach. The Englishman was a railway overseer, and this was his traveling home. They sat down and drank beer.

As Bartling said: "I claim a world's record. I shot down two Japs, got shot down myself, and in five minutes I had a bottle of beer in my hand. How's that?"

The total for that Christmas Day was twenty-four Japanese (six of them fighters,) against two A.V.G. planes and one R.A.F. plane, all three pilots saved. The Japanese had a total of one hundred

planes up. They lost a quarter of them. This percentage is notable, as all that a fighter command hopes to bring down, its highest ambition, is 10 per cent of each raiding formation.

Of all their adventures, perhaps the most amusing one took place at a Japanese-held airfield in Siam, called Raheng. In an effort to impress the Siamese, the Japanese invited a big number of their officials from the surrounding countryside to the airfield to see the heroic Japanese pilots take off, to eat lunch themselves, and then be ready to watch the return of the magnificent Japanese pilots from a raid against the despised British and Americans in Burma.

The take-off was all right, supposedly, but what happened immediately after that is not known, as there is no record of a Japanese fighter *straje* having been carried out anywhere in Burma that morning. Japanese planes were over Burma, though, for the alarm was given, and the A. V. G. and a number of R. A. F. took off.

Acting on information radioed to them from observers on the ground, the A. V. G. formation of six P-40's got a line on Raheng airfield. They went there, and arrived at the precise moment when the heroic Japanese pilots were landing—"without any losses, after beating up Burma," I suppose was the tale. The Japanese-loving Siamese officials no doubt applauded.

In sailed the A. V. G. Two Japanese planes circling the field, preparatory to landing, were shot up and sent crashing in flames among the Siamese officials. They then attacked the five Japanese planes neatly lined up on the ground for the inspection of the sycophantic visitors. They shot them up—flying around, twenty feet from the ground—set them on fire, and just for the hell of it, gave the Siamese a couple of bursts. In a moment the field was cleared of civilians, who had hurried into the surrounding jungle. The A. V. G. flew so low that a number of Japanese soldiers dropped on one knee and fired at them with their rifles. They were leaving, homeward bound, when one A. V. G. pilot saw a truck dashing across the field. He went for it, but when he got back to Mingaladon he was most disappointed.

"I'm not much of a billiards-player. When I hit the truck, it caromed into a burning plane instead of into the only plane left standing at the end of the line."

He had no need to worry, for another A. V. G. pilot, who left later, saw that last plane too, and went down and machine-gunned it.

Net result: The Japanese wanted to show their Siamese friends some real flying. They did. The flying was done by the A.V.G., and the Japanese air force paid for it—with seven planes destroyed for certain, and one probably badly damaged.

THEY carried out another *straje* of a Japanese airfield that same day with good results. In two short actions each A.V.G. pilot in action that day destroyed two Japanese planes.

In the days of peace, the dream of every junior reporter was to be the only survivor of a gigantic train accident. The dream of every fighter-squadron is to annihilate an enemy formation. We often talked about this dream at Mingaladon. We decided the best thing to do would be to shoot down every unit of a raiding Japanese formation, and then say nothing about it. Leave all the Japanese headquarters from Siam to Tokio wondering what on earth had happened.

It soon became a reality in Burma. Not once, but twice, the A.V.G. wiped out complete formations of Japanese. One formation numbered eleven, the other seven. We did not keep it quiet.

AT this stage the Japanese High Command became so enraged at this flying wall that barred their way, that they had Tokio Radio broadcast in English that Mingaladon Airfield was going to be subjected to mustard-gas attacks. Their reason? As stated by Tokio Radio: "The A.V.G. is using P-40's, or Tomahawks, and it is not fair to the heroic Japanese pilots whose airplanes are not in the same class."

A target much favored and sought after by the A.V.G. was a beam view of a Japanese bomber without any defending fighters about. As a London ground-crew-man attached to the A.V.G. remarked: "These blinkin' Japs carry everything except the kitchen stove!" Swords for everyone of the rank of sergeant-major and above; fishing tackle, torches, rations of cooked rice and fish, and uncooked fish; and up to eight men as crew. Eight crew in a bomber normally carrying five in other air-forces! To rake a Japanese bomber, side on, from airscrew to rudder, was the fighter's delight. As one said:

"I couldn't guess what happens inside, but you're bound to hit someone. Can you see them! Stumbling over their swords, falling over their fish, getting snarled up in the fishing tackle! Boy, it's more fun than you could shake a stick at!"

They kept on fighting, the A.V.G., as the Japanese got nearer and nearer to Rangoon and the main A.V.G. base, Mingaladon Airfield. It got more and more difficult for them as, the shorter the distance between the Japanese front line and their airfield, the shorter the warning they got from the observers stationed in the most forward positions. And of course, the less warning they were given of approaching Japanese raiders, the less time they had to climb up and get height in preparation for the attack on the intruders.

On February 15, 1941, Squadron-Leader Robert A. Neale (he took Sandy's place) gathered his First Pursuit Squadron around him on the veranda of one of the huts and gave them a straight talk. The Japs, he said, were coming too close for comfort—or efficiency, so far as flying pursuit was concerned. They had better start making plans for evacuation.

Their last two flights from Mingaladon Airfield deserve mention. They took off to intercept Japanese bombers and a heavy fighter escort, reported to be approaching Rangoon.

"Hello, Red One—hello, Red One," called the voice from the ground that directed them in all their battles. *"About twenty-two O bandits over Mandalay—going east! Is it understood? Over."* (Bandits being the code-word, since changed, for Japanese.)

"Hello, Red One—hello, Red One. We do not know, but angels are very high. Over."

And so it went on. "Angels" in this case being the not very difficult code word for *Altitude,* here referring to the altitude of the oncoming Japanese.

They could not find the enemy, so, with a flight of R.A.F. Hurricanes, they flew down to Moulmein, where the Japanese had installed themselves at the airfield.

When they arrived, they found no less than twelve Japanese aircraft in process of landing—and in they went. They destroyed all twelve of them. Three were destroyed by R.A.F. Wing Commander George Carey, a Londoner, who won his D.F.M. in France during this war, his D.F.C. bar and a bar in the battle of Britain, and a second bar to his D.F.C. in Burma.

"He's some flyer," said the A.V.G.

That day they got twenty-three Japanese, the day afterward another twenty.

The boys woke up next morning to find the evacuation of Rangoon going all out. They—and the R.A.F. Hurricanes—had been left at Mingaladon without any air-raid warning system. The observers normally stationed as near to the Japanese lines as possible had had to be withdrawn, or be left in grave danger of being cut off. All the fighter boys on Mingaladon Airfield could rely on now was visual spotting from the field itself, which would be quite useless. As you cannot operate any fighter units successfully without some hope of being in the air before the enemy's aircraft arrived, the A.V.G. blew up, or burned, anything that might have been useful to the incoming Japanese air forces, and followed the R.A.F. Hurricane boys to their next base at Magwe Airfield.

NO sooner did they arrive there, than they were bombed. The Japanese did considerable damage to the field and to the aircraft dispersed upon it. The A.V.G. were not able to achieve much against them. They had only one minute's warning of the first attack on their new base.

The A.V.G.'s chief *Nat,* Brigadier-General Chennault, was responsible for a fine maneuver in April, 1942, when fourteen Japanese fighters, fitted with special long-range petrol tanks, attacked them in China. The Japanese were a long way from their base. The A.V.G. shot seven down in a drawn-out action, but still kept flying. They went up in relays. The finish was, the Japanese were forced to stay up flying so long that Brigadier-General Chennault was prepared to swear on a stack of Bibles that the remaining seven did not have enough petrol to get back to their bases. Safe forced landings could not be made in the jungle over which they had to fly.

When they occupied Mingaladon Airfield, the Japanese, particularly the pilots, must have had many a thoughtful moment as they gazed at what was left of the base of the A.V.G., the numerically so inferior air-force that for six hectic weeks had had the temerity, the ability, the aircraft and the courage to call "Halt!" to the air-forces of His Imperial Japanese Majesty—the flying Descendants of the Gods—who carried swords, and fishing-tackle, and rubber goods, and dirty pictures, in their aircraft.

Margery's Marriage

(Continued from page 47)

let you!" she cried in consternation, as she drew the shining fur from its wrappings at the breakfast-table.

Mrs. Darian, behind the coffee-pot, beyond her grandson's highchair, was staring at the gift as if it affronted her.

"Darling, you deserve it," said Jerry affectionately. "You've been such a brick. I can never repay you."

His mother's face was flushing, a sign of rising temper. The mere sight of the scarf was a shocking reminder of all she had suffered from her irresponsible son. With the shock, she forgot the conspiracy of silence that she'd painfully sustained for six weeks and more.

"You can't repay Margery?" she repeated with scorn. "I'd like to know, Jerry, how you can pay the furrier."

"He trusted me," said Jerry, with his bright disarming smile.

"He did?" said Mrs. Darian, on an accent of sarcasm. "Well, that was rather foolish of him, wasn't it, my dear? I suppose you expect to hand me the bill. And I may say I think that *under the circumstances—*"

"*Please,* Mother Estelle—" said Margery, rising. Her voice was low and strained, but it held their attention, both Jerry's and his mother's, for an instant of silence.

But Margery could not say anything more. Her mother-in-law had shattered the pretense that was so precious to them, the pretense that had been so precariously preserved. For were not "the circumstances" what they'd tried to forget, or at least to ignore, through shame and through pride? Now they all faced them, and each other, without speaking. Jerry's face had turned mutinous and angry and resentful. Mrs. Darian, quite pathetically, looked positively scared. But not too scared to scold, when she'd pulled herself together. Scolding, indeed, released her taut nerves.

"You're simply *incorrigible!*" she burst out explosively.

"Then don't put yourself out to correct me," he retorted.

"Don't you dare talk to me like that!" cried Mrs. Darian.

"You began it," said Jerry.

"And I'll end it," said his mother.

Margery picked Jerry Junior up from his high-chair and turned to walk out of the room.

"Nice kitty," said the baby, as he patted the fox scarf.

Behind them Mrs. Darian's voice was rising hysterically. "You think I'll stand for anything! You think I'm made of money—"

"Oh, for God's sake, lay off me!" said Jerry contemptuously.

"Lay *off* you? Why *should* I? Do you lay off me? But I've come to the end of my patience! There's a limit! You needn't expect your allowance next month—"

"Do you mean that?" asked Jerry, sounding suddenly serious.

"I certainly do! That will bring you to your senses—"

As Margery ran up the staircase to the nursery, she could hear their angry voices in the dining-room behind her, interrupting each other in bitter altercation. Breathlessly, thankfully, she closed the nursery door. She stood for an instant, leaning back against its panels, feeling heartsick from the shock of the scene she had witnessed.

But the child in her arms was still concerned with the fur. He poked its glass eyes with his small exploring fingers, saying, "Kitty?" again, and looking up at her questioningly.

"Yes," she said dully, as if awakening from a nightmare and not yet completely aware of her surroundings. "Yes. It's a kitty, dear."

SHE looked around the nursery. It was blue and white and sunny, with white-painted furniture and a frieze of white rabbits around its blue walls. Mrs. Darian had done it over when her grandson came to live with her. Margery put her son in his play-pen.

"Give Mummy the kitty, dear," she said, bending over him. "I'll have to take it back," she thought. "I'll have to return it. And Jerry will hate that. He'll feel so humiliated."

She was laying the fur on top of the bureau, smoothing down the silver sheen on its glossy black pelt, when she heard a

sudden slam, which she knew was the front door. She ran from the room to look out of the hall window, and saw Jerry walking furiously down the path to the sidewalk, thrusting his arms, as he walked, into his overcoat. She tapped on the window-pane, but he did not hear, or heed, her. Then, over the banisters, she saw Mrs. Darian. Unconscious of her daughter-in-law's glance, she was standing on the threshold of the dining-room, her face still flushed with anger, gazing at the door which Jerry had just slammed. But the flush ebbed away and her figure drooped piteously. Margery thought she might be going to cry. She did not, however, but turned back into the dining-room, with a helpless little gesture of regret or futility. A moment later Margery heard her talking to Joy.

"Don't forget," she was saying, "to order the candles. And make a nice cake, Joy. I want it to look gay."

Margery had entirely forgotten her birthday, the cause of the quarrel. Mrs. Darian's thought of the birthday cake touched her, and her reference to gayety seemed infinitely pathetic. But Mrs. Darian was like that—all up, or all down. Margery walked slowly back into the nursery, and she did not see her mother-in-law again until lunch-time. Mrs. Darian had an early engagement at the "beauty shop" for a facial massage, a wave and a manicure. She came home at one o'clock, looking rested and refreshed, with her graying hair rippled and her cheeks softly rouged and her fingernails painted a brilliant vermilion.

But Jerry did not turn up for the meal.

Mrs. Darian made no comment on his absence or the cause of it, and went out after luncheon to a meeting of her bridge club, leaving Margery to spend a rather lonely afternoon. She would have gone into town to return the silver fox, except for the fact that to do it so quickly, before she had told Jerry why she felt it must be done, seemed rude and ungracious and indeed quite unkind. So instead she took a walk, but without Jerry Junior, for the day had turned cloudy and she thought it might rain. It did mist a little, just before twilight, and she came home in the nebulous haze of early evening, feeling damp and rather chilly and discouraged by her thoughts.

She found Mrs. Darian in the living-room alone.

"Jerry hasn't come home?" she asked.

"No," said his mother. She smiled brightly as she spoke, as if to say, "What of it?" and Margery realized that she had taken her line; the line her behavior at luncheon had indicated, which was to recapture the conspiracy of silence, to pretend to her daughter-in-law that nothing had happened. In this, of course, Margery was eager to abet her.

"Well," she said casually, "I think I'll take a bath."

She had bathed and dressed and come back to the living-room; Jerry Junior was asleep in his crib in the nursery and dinner had been waiting for nearly half an hour, before Jerry's latchkey clicked in the front door. Mrs. Darian, who had been sitting on the sofa with her knitting, with grim determination not watching the clock, breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that slight sound. Margery's apprehension, too, lifted suddenly. The door opened and shut, and they heard Jerry's footsteps.

But they did not sound like Jerry's. They were slow and uncertain. Margery's apprehension closed down on her again. She was conscious of suspense and a nameless foreboding, which was instantly justified when Jerry appeared. He stood on the threshold, still wearing his overcoat, which was wet with the rain, and his hat, which was drenched and drooping over one eye. He looked tired and disheveled, his face strangely sallow, one dark lock of hair disarranged on his brow. It was perfectly evident that he had been drinking, and drinking too much, and that the drink had not cheered him.

But he said with an effort, the words coming thickly: "Well, how's the birthday girl? Had a good day?"

Margery had risen and stood staring at him. Amazement overpowered her other sensations. She had never known Jerry to be drunk like this before.

Mrs. Darian, staring too, had sunk back on the sofa and had dropped her ball of worsted, which uncoiled itself slowly, rolling unevenly on the carpeted floor. For an instant it was the only thing that moved in the room. Then, *"Jerry!"* she gasped.

He turned on her quickly. "Tha's enough from you," he said, and shook a warning finger.

"Jerry!" she repeated, and this time more sharply. "Where on *earth* have you been? And *what* have you been doing?"

"Who? Me?" He grinned unhappily. A painful grimace. "I've merely been gettin' away from it all. But tha's neither here nor there. I can carry my liquor."

"That's what *you* think," she said.

His face clouded ominously.

"But you're simply disgusting," she added vindictively.

"Well, who are you to talk?" He advanced a step and staggered. "I've seen *you* pretty tight!"

"Jerry!" cried Margery, who had run to seize his elbow. She shook his arm a little, gazing up into his face. That queerly flaccid face, that looked so sick and sallow. "You mustn't talk like that!" Indeed, he'd been unjust. Mrs. Darian did like her cocktails, and sometimes took too many. But not *many* too many.

"It's she that does the talkin'," he was saying belligerently. Again that wagging finger. "An' I don't have to stand for it. I told her to shut up. I told her this mornin', an' I meant what I said. I told her I could take jus' so much an' no more—"

But Margery, by this time, had pulled him from the room. Glancing back from the hall, she had a glimpse of her mother-in-law, still sitting on the sofa, still staring, open-mouthed. Conflicting emotions were struggling on her face. Outrage and insult, alarm and anxiety. Margery dragged Jerry, protesting, up the stairs. In their bedroom he immediately collapsed on his bed, looking sicker than ever, his head in his hands. She felt, as she approached him, a shiver of distaste, which froze all other feeling and left her stiff and cold. But he made no further

difficulty, or even remark. It was as if he had fallen into a stupor. She undressed him and put him between the sheets.

"Would you like to have anything to eat?" she inquired, looking down at his damp yellow face on the pillow. "Milk toast—or tea?" Oh, what did you give them? Nothing in her life had prepared her for this experience. "A little black coffee?" she suggested with the indifferent persuasion of a competent nurse.

Jerry merely made a faint gesture of aversion. "Nothing," he whispered. And then: "I'm sorry, Margery."

Feeling returned to her, on a wave of compassion. But she could not express it. "That's all right," she said. "Just try to go to sleep."

It did not take much trying. He dropped off while she watched him. She thought, he'd been actually "driven to drink." That had always seemed a phrase. But now it had happened. Compassion suggested that this should excuse him. But yet, gazing down at him, she still felt disgust. She turned out the lamp on the table by the bed and moved from the bedside to open the window on the chill, slanting rain of the dark November night. Then, going out quietly, she closed the door behind her. She wished there was another she could close upon herself. But that was impossible. She must join her waiting mother-in-law. Margery dreaded this, foolishly, nervously. She found her standing motionless at the bottom of the stairs.

Mrs. Darian threw one glance that was appraising and penetrating at her daughter-in-law's pale and discreetly passive face. What she read there reassured her, and she merely said casually: "I'm afraid that our dinner is going to be spoiled. I told Joy," she added, not looking at Margery, "that Jerry was ill. He's not coming down?"

"No. He's resting," said Margery.

THE conspiracy of silence was now in full swing again, and Margery's nervousness was under control. The two women entered the dining-room together and sat down to eat a meal that neither of them wanted. Because they couldn't eat it, it was very quickly served. Joy, waiting on table, conveyed the suggestion, by mutters and flutters of suppressed indignation, that it wasn't her fault if the food, indeed, was spoiled. Margery wondered if this was mere play-acting, and if the old servant understood the conspiracy and knew that "Mistah Jerry" was lying drunk upstairs. While Mrs. Darian chattered irrelevantly of her bridge club, Margery did not try to follow all that she said. She was thinking how fortunate it was that Jerry Junior had been asleep in the nursery when his father came home.

It was then that a premonitory glow of yellow candlelight, behind the pantry door, abruptly aroused her. Margery had forgotten her birthday again. But Joy, beaming now, was coming in with the cake, with its twenty-six candles and a central one to grow on. She sat it triumphantly before young "Mis' Jerry."

"Why, Mother Estelle!" cried Margery warmly. "How gay—how very *gay!*" She chose the word deliberately.

Across the golden irony of the circle of candlelight Jerry's wife and his mother both managed to smile.

Chapter Eight

AFTER that, Jerry seemed to go rapidly to pieces. His relations with his mother were patched up ostensibly, but he cherished resentment, and they could stand no strain. For the first time a quarrel seemed to rankle in his memory. And the strains kept recurring, for Jerry was always there, sitting idle in the house, —underfoot among the women,—and this was a constant irritation to his mother. She was always afraid that the "girls" would discover him, dropping in some afternoon when they were not expected. The loss of his job was still her guilty secret. The concealment frayed constantly at her already raveled nerves. And yet she was annoyed when Jerry tried to sleep, or at least stayed in bed—as he often did—till noon. Margery herself had tried to break him of this habit.

"I've nothing to get up for," he told her morosely.

Their relationship was marked by a peevishness on his part. She was certain it arose from the fact he was ashamed—ashamed that he'd come home so drunk on her birthday, and ashamed of the ignominy of his present position. He had never forgiven her for returning his birthday gift, the silver-fox fur, to the furrier it came from. She had taken it up with him, of course, before doing so.

"All right," he had said. "But I thought that you'd like it."

"I *did* like it, Jerry."

"You show it a queer way."

"But Jerry, you know—"

He interrupted her savagely. "Oh, for God's sake, stop talking about it! Take it back, if you want to. I can't control what you do. The women in this house seem to want to wear the pants."

This was all the more touching because manifestly unfair. She had racked her brains desperately to think how they could help him. That was when she first wondered what she herself could do. But nothing occurred to her for several weeks. Christmas came and passed gloomily. Jerry gave no one presents. He explained to his mother and Margery that he wanted none.

"I should have to return them, since Margery's set that fashion," he said, so sarcastically that her eyes swam with tears.

But of course Jerry Junior hung up his stocking, and Margery filled it with toys from the ten-cent store and bought some little ornaments to trim a small tree. Mrs. Darian gave her grandson a dappled gray rocking-horse and a toy kitten that squeaked, and a musical chair. It played "Rock-a-bye Baby," when Jerry Junior rocked in it, and even Jerry smiled at his shrieks of delight. Margery thought—though she was not quite sure—that Mrs. Darian encouraged by that smile, had plucked her courage up and slipped a Christmas check into Jerry's half-closed hand. If so, he accepted it without any protest, and he seemed somewhat mollified for the rest of the day.

Yet as Christmases go, it was far from a pleasant one. And Jerry, after dinner, drank rather too much brandy, on top of a bottle of Christmas champagne. Mrs. Darian loved champagne, especially the sweet kind, and that night she was trying again to be gay. But it only sent

Jerry to bed with a headache. He had taken, of late, to drinking at home. Not ever to excess, yet pretty constantly. A highball, almost always, in the late afternoon. Two or three cocktails with his mother before dinner. And later the brandy, or perhaps another highball, and sometimes more than one, as the evening wore on.

This had worried Margery, but she'd kept her own counsel. For she felt she could never mention drink to him again. Not after that night that she'd put him to bed. The memory of his lapse must be buried between them. It had altered perceptibly her attitude toward her husband, and she could not help remembering this had changed once before. When she had found out that Jerry had taken her bonds, he had seemed to her suddenly a very different person. She had had to get used to it, reassemble her impressions. Now she was forced to accept another weakness.

The only way to help him was to find him a job.

It was just before New Year's Day that she had an inspiration, which seemed so very practical, so utterly the right one, that she was amazed she had not thought of it before. She had remembered her only old friend in New York, Mr. Jefferson Tuttle, the publisher who had employed her for over a year before she was married. She could ask him if he would do something for Jerry. At first this plan seemed to her divine in its simplicity. Mr. Tuttle was the head of a most successful publishing-house that employed bright young men all over the country. He had summered for years near her father's house in Maine. He had known her father well, and had loved and admired him. He'd known Margery herself, as a little girl in pigtails.

But yet, on second thoughts, she was conscious of embarrassment. For she had not seen anything of Mr. Jefferson Tuttle since the time of her marriage, nearly three years before. Though an elderly widower, who lived very quietly in his old brownstone house overlooking the East River, he had taken the trouble to ask Margery to dine with him, and to bring Jerry with her, when they were first engaged. The evening, unfortunately, had been a disappointment. For Jerry had thought him a stuffy old codger; and indeed Mr. Tuttle *had* seemed a trifle stuffy, not at all his friendly self, in the younger man's presence. After dinner he had merely sat listening to Jerry—who had chosen to enlighten him on the night life of New York—and watching him gravely, with speculative eyes. Margery had thought he might be more responsive. And yet it had troubled her when her lover exclaimed, as they left the brownstone house: "Gosh, darling, he's a bore! I hope you're never going to take me there again. Let's go on to the Stork Club."

Next day, in the office, Mr. Tuttle had surprised her by making no reference whatever to Jerry. Indeed, he had never mentioned him to Margery again. He had sent her a charming silver water-pitcher for a wedding present, but he did not repeat his invitation to dinner. In the happy excitement of her life as a bride, Margery seldom thought of her former employer. Mr. Tuttle was part of the career she'd put behind her, in marrying Jerry and giving up her job. At the time of the accident in which her parents lost their lives, she remembered him affectionately because he wrote her a letter. But when she had answered it, she forgot him again. So it was not remarkable that it had not occurred to her to ask him if he could offer Jerry a position. And now that it had, she felt a trifle doubtful about the propriety of such a request. "For really," she thought, "I should have gone to see him. I should have looked him up, long ago, at the office. He was always so kind to me, and such a friend of Father's."

Yet she couldn't, conscientiously, abandon the plan, when she thought of Jerry sunk in the lethargy of idleness. Some obscure intuition prevented her from sending Jerry himself to talk to Mr. Tuttle. She decided not to tell him, till the job was secured. If it wasn't, if she failed, he'd be too disappointed. So she went to town alone on the last day of December, setting out after breakfast, while Jerry was still in bed.

A lovely winter day it was, so cold and bright and sunny that the walk to the station seemed pleasantly invigorating. She really enjoyed the short train trip to town. She ought to get away more by herself, she reflected—surveying the New York streets with a sense of inner freedom, of being emancipated—if only for a morning, from the dullness and despondency that weighed on her at home.

Her past came rolling back on her as she walked along the cross-street in the middle East Thirties, where the publishing-house was situated. For over a year she had walked there every day. The outlines of the buildings against the strip of blue sky, the traffic on the street blocked with trucks and delivery wagons, and even the faces of the people passing by her, seemed pleasantly familiar. How exciting, how adventurous, that first job had been! She felt she could now look back quite objectively on the girl who'd read manuscripts for Mr. Jefferson Tuttle. She thought of her as young, inexperienced, eager, and delightfully exhilarated by life in New York—absorbed, even thrilled, by intellectual impressions, until Jerry had awakened her to emotional experience.

But somehow she found she didn't want to think of Jerry—not just at that moment—or of the problems he presented. For the street had aroused in her a curious nostalgia, a vain wish to recapture her old mental content, which had been so impersonal, so calm, before she'd met him. It suddenly occurred to her that it was very *boring* to live, as she did, in a turmoil of emotion, of anxious apprehension, of bruised sensibilities. She found herself longing for the consolations of the intellect. "In Wycherley Gardens," she thought, "we're *not* intelligent. We're not even sensible. We're just hysterical fools." Margery was too young to know that emotions can seem boring only to those who have outgrown them. Therefore these reflections did not disturb her conscience, and it was with no sense of disloyalty to Jerry—but with quite a little tremor of unexpected excitement—that she entered the familiar door of the publishing-house and went up in the elevator to Mr. Tuttle's floor.

"Certainly. Bring her in," she heard his hearty voice say, when his secretary had announced her in the editorial sanctum.

"Why, hello! How are you, Margery?" the girl had said, in passing. "Grand to see you again. How's that sheik you married?"

"Send those galleys to the author today by air-mail," Mr. Tuttle was saying, as she entered his office. "Stamp them special delivery. He's promised to get the proof back next week."

This publishers' jargon was music in her ears. It was addressed, on a note of dismissal, to the secretary. Mr. Tuttle rose promptly, as the girl left the room. He walked around his desk and held out both hands to her—freckled, elderly hands, the blue veins slightly prominent.

"Well, it's time you came to see me," he said with a smile. "I've been thinking about you. How have you been? You're not looking well. Too thin. Much too thin. But all you girls like that," he added, with a chuckle. While he was saying this, he'd observed her rather closely.

Rosy-gilled, with a chubby white mustache and blue eyes, whose innocence was sometimes troubled but never tarnished by his perceptions, Mr. Jefferson Tuttle was much cleverer than he looked. His face was cherubic, but this was misleading. Margery felt slightly embarrassed by his gaze. It always saw so much, and she wanted to seem happy. Her married state demanded that—and personal pride.

Perhaps he read her thoughts, but he only said cheerfully, "I expect you've been working a little too hard. You were always a worker. I remember that, Margery. How's the baby?" he ended, a trifle abruptly.

"He's fine, Mr. Tuttle. Nearly seventeen months old. I didn't know that you knew that I had him."

"Oh, yes. Your father wrote me. Last letter I had from him." He pulled out a chair for her and resumed his own seat.

Across the littered desk that he never kept tidy, she continued to be conscious of his calm, observing eyes.

"Mr. Tuttle," she said, and she knew she sounded nervous, "I've come because I hoped—I mean, I want to ask you if—if, by any chance—"

"I guess you want a job."

"Well, not for me," she answered confusedly. She was startled by this instance of Mr. Tuttle's acumen. And of course she *had* thought of it. She'd love to read for him again. It would be at least a partial solution of their problems. But of course it was impossible, for Jerry would hate it so—his wife in town working, while he sat at home.

"For your husband, perhaps?" said Mr. Tuttle calmly.

This time she stared at him. "How did you know?"

"Well, I didn't think you wanted a job for the baby. You looked too worried, Margery, to be asking for a friend."

"I *am* a little worried."

"Is your husband out of work?"

"Yes. He is."

"For how long?"

"Almost three months."

"He worked in a broker's office?"

"Yes. He did. He liked it. He was good at it."

Mr. Tuttle smiled benevolently at the eagerness in her tone. "Of course a lot of brokers are turning men away," he said. "The brokerage business is not what it used to be."

"No," said Margery faintly, avoiding his eyes. Could she let it go at that, she was wondering miserably. She knew it was what Jerry would expect her to do.

Mr. Tuttle said nothing for a moment, not watching her. His expression was vague, yet not inattentive. It was rather as if he were waiting for something.

"It wasn't—quite that," said Margery painfully.

His face relaxed instantly and turned toward her encouragingly. He had heard what he was waiting for, and was going to be kind. "Well, what was it, then?"

"It was—" She paused piteously. "It was—you see, he speculated."

"Oh—" said Mr. Tuttle.

It struck her immediately that he was not surprised. But surely, she thought, she needn't tell him any more. The rest, the worst, was something no wife should ever tell. But yet she was flushing under Mr. Tuttle's gaze.

Presently he said: "And you'd like to have a job for him?"

"If that's possible," she murmured.

"I'd rather have you back."

"Oh, Mr. Tuttle, I'd love to! But I couldn't. I mean, if there's anything, I want him to have it."

He seemed to accept that, and weighed it for a moment. Then he asked her irrelevantly: "Where are you living?"

"With his mother. On Long Island. In Wycherley Gardens."

"With his mother?" he repeated. "How long have you been doing that?"

"Since May."

"While he was working?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is she ill?"

"Ill?"

"Yes. Or old. Is anything the matter with her?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. No. Jerry—just wanted to."

"Is she fairly well off?" asked Mr. Tuttle dryly.

"Yes. I mean, moderately. She's a widow," she explained. "Jerry's her only child."

"And she makes him pretty comfortable?"

"Well, yes. She does," said Margery uneasily. "In a way at least, she does."

"She pays all the bills?"

"Yes. You see, she has to."

"But she always paid them? When he was working?"

"Yes," she admitted.

MR. TUTTLE leaned forward, with an air of decision. "I'm going to send your husband out on the road."

"Oh!" exclaimed Margery. "Do you mean— Oh, how wonderful! Do you mean, Mr. Tuttle, that you're giving him a job?"

"With very little pay. If he makes good, I'll raise it. It won't hurt him to rough it, I think, for a while. I'll put him on our sales force. You know what that means, Margery. He'll take our spring list and try to sell it to the booksellers."

"Oh," she cried rapturously, "how can I thank you?"

"Don't try," he said humorously, "until we see how it turns out. You'll have to go on living with your mother-in-law for a while. Don't let it get you down."

"I won't. I mean, it doesn't."

Mr. Tuttle stood up and extended his hand. "Send Jerry in to see me day after tomorrow. And you must come in town and lunch with me some day."

"I'd love to."

"That's fine. I'll give you a ring. When we have Jerry started on his bookselling career. You and I are old hands. We can talk it all over."

She walked out of the office as if treading on air.

AT the wheel of Jerry's tan roadster, Margery was backing the car down the strips of cement that led to the street from the garage in the rear. Jerry Junior, from his sandpile, with Netty on guard, was waving to her joyously with his little tin pail. The maple tree beside them was in small, tender leaf. The lilac by the kitchen door was coming into flower. Down the street, against a background of vivid May green, you could see the pink bloom of an occasional apple tree and the white, airy sprays of clusters of dogwood. Wycherley Gardens, at this season of the year, no longer looked drab and suburban and commonplace.

It really seemed a shame to have to motor to town, thought Margery, as she negotiated the turn by the entrance. Mr. Tuttle, however, had asked her to tea, and since he had given Jerry his job she felt that there was nothing too much for her to do for him. His note had come at lunch-time, by special delivery:

Dear Margery,

I haven't seen you for some time. I wonder if you could turn up today at five? At my house, not the office. We can talk there more comfortably. Telephone, if impossible.

Jefferson Tuttle.

She'd decided to motor because the day was so lovely. Now that Jerry was off on the road all the time, Margery rarely made use of the car. The cost of oil and gasoline weighed on her conscience, for her husband was not making very much money. Margery suspected that the size of his salary was a disciplinary measure Mr. Tuttle had adopted to teach him the use and the value of a dollar. He had hinted as much to her several times. Mrs. Darian was now sending him half of his allowance and giving the other half to Margery to pay Netty and to buy a few necessaries for herself and her son. Little Jerry Junior had grown out of his baby clothes, and Mrs. Darian thought it more important than ever to have a nursemaid on display for the benefit of the "girls."

Jerry had been traveling for more than four months now, coming back to New York at rather rare intervals to take part in a sales conference and report on his orders. At first he had enjoyed the experience of "the road." Mr. Tuttle had sent him all over the West. He had seen the Rocky Mountains, the plains and the desert, and had worked for some weeks in the Los Angeles office, exerting

his charm on a Hollywood star, with a view to securing her autobiography.

Margery pictured Jerry and the star lunching at the Brown Derby, surrounded by a galaxy of Hollywood lights. However, this image of her husband did not trouble her, as perhaps it would have once. Yet whenever he came back to her, for a week or a week-end, she exerted herself to give him a good time. But this was becoming increasingly difficult. Jerry, of late, had taken to grumbling. He had said, to her terror, that he did not like the book business, and that he was frightfully tired of traveling. He complained of "slave wages," of sleeping in Pullmans, of small town hotels and of meals in depot restaurants.

"You live here in comfort," he said to her resentfully, "while I'm catching the milk-train with a cinder in my eye. It's the hell of a job."

"I hope you don't say that to Mr. Tuttle," she had warned him.

"Beggars shouldn't be choosers?" he had asked, with the old bitterness.

Too often it had ended with their having a row.

Now, as she rolled along the wide six-lane boulevard, with her eyes on the distant metropolitan skyscrapers, she realized suddenly just what it would mean to her if Jerry resigned, or was fired, and came home. "I don't think I could take it," she thought a trifle fearfully, "to have him on my hands again, the way he was before. The idleness, the quarreling, the lethargy, the drink." For now Jerry Junior *was* old enough to notice—or Margery thought so. He would soon be two years old. She shuddered when she thought of a home-life like that for him. Her thoughts, racing forward, could picture him in school. A little boy in sailor suits with something to explain, or perhaps to conceal, about his own father. "But come now," she told herself, "you're borrowing trouble. Jerry's doing very well. He'll soon have a raise. Mr. Tuttle told me that if he made good—"

By the time she had reached the bridge over the East River, she had herself in hand again, however.

An elderly manservant opened the door. "Mr. Tuttle is expecting you, madam," he said, escorting her up a short flight of stairs to a brown, book-lined study overlooking the river.

Mr. Tuttle was standing with his back to the door, gazing out of the window at the swift-flowing water. The pose of his plump figure was abstracted and meditative. But, turning to greet her, he wore a very friendly smile.

"Well, it was good of you to come in town to see me," he said, as she sat down in one of the two armchairs, leather-covered and masculine, that stood by the fire. "How's the boy?" he inquired. He always asked her that. He had ceased to call little Jerry Junior "the baby."

When the elderly manservant came in with the tea-service, Mr. Tuttle sat down in the other leather armchair. "Pour it for me, Margery, will you?" he said; and when the manservant had left them, he sat watching her doing so, his blue eyes illumined by a vague paternal smile. "You look better than you did last winter," he said pleasantly. "Healthier. More rested." Then, oddly, he sighed. "Two lumps," he added, "and quite a lot of cream." Accepting his cup, he stirred the tea silently.

Margery had just begun to notice the silence, when Mr. Tuttle broke it by a question that surprised her. "Margery," he asked, "have you any money of your own?"

"Of my own?" she repeated, her thoughts flying to Jerry, to the five thousand dollars' worth of bonds he had taken, and wondering if Mr. Tuttle knew her father had left them to her.

She was not to wonder long, for he added reflectively: "I thought that your father had some little life insurance."

"He did," she said nervously. "He did. But it's gone." She thought that sounded queer and wished she could rephrase it. You didn't say "gone," in that way, about money. Or at least you didn't say it without further explanation.

If Mr. Tuttle noticed the queerness, he ignored it. And he didn't ask anything more. He drank his tea. Having finished, he put his cup down on the tea-table and declined to have it filled and leaned back in his armchair. "I asked about the money," he resumed, very kindly, "because I thought you might like me to look after it for you."

"Oh—thank you," she said, her voice a trifle breathless. "That—that was very good of you."

"Merely sensible," he said. After a moment: "You don't ask me why." And when she didn't speak: "You have great control, Margery. But I think you should know, and so I'm going to tell you. I'm sorry to say we've had a little trouble—trouble with your husband."

"Oh—no!" Her face whitened.

"A little money trouble," he amplified soberly.

Margery rose from her seat behind the tea-table. She stood motionless, looking into Mr. Tuttle's eyes. Her own were wide and mournful, but their gaze did not falter. "What has he done?" she asked.

"You don't seem surprised."

"Yes, I am. For I thought—" She checked herself suddenly.

"You thought he had reformed?" suggested Mr. Tuttle. He stood up in his turn and laid his hand on her arm. "You look a little shaky, my dear child," he said. "If you've finished your tea, come sit down on the window-seat. I'll tell you about it. I wish it were not necessary."

"But it is, of course," said Margery, quietly, decisively.

He seemed a little puzzled as to how to begin. The way he chose surprised her. "I never liked him, Margery. You must forgive me. I have to be honest. I thought he was brash and essentially a fool. I was very sorry indeed when you married him. In fact, I looked him up. There was nothing against him—nothing I felt justified in writing to your father. Those brokers he worked for dwelt on his charm. But yet I had a feeling— We ought to trust our hunches. So I wasn't surprised when you showed up last winter and asked me if I could give him a job. I wasn't surprised to hear he'd been speculating. But I thought: 'Well, he's young. And now he's had his lesson.'"

"I thought that too," said Margery quickly.

"I'm sure you did, Margery. I sensed your situation. It seemed to me your husband was thoroughly spoiled. I thought things were made much too soft for him at his mother's. So I gave him a job that would really keep him busy. It went very well for a couple of months. He was lively, seemed interested, and the other salesmen liked him. I thought maybe I'd been a little unfair. But then we had some difficulty about his expense account. When he was in Los Angeles, I was sure he was padding it. A little too much Hollywood, I guess, was the trouble. But yet he got the book that I'd sent him out for, and I wouldn't have mentioned it if it hadn't happened again. It did. More than once. So I called him down for it. Of course he didn't like it."

"Mr. Tuttle," said Margery, *"what has he done?"* She felt she could not stand the suspense a moment longer.

"Well," said Mr. Tuttle, "I'm afraid he's been doing it for quite a little time. Two months, at least, but we've just found it out. In some of the small towns, where booksellers aren't apt to be suspicious, he's been asking them to make out their checks in his name. He sent in their orders in the usual way; we shipped the books to them, and then, when they received them, the understanding was that they'd pay the bill to him. The first of last month I was surprised to get a check from him. He wrote that some booksellers had paid him by mistake. Of course that could happen, but it wasn't very likely. His check, however, tallied with our list of their accounts."

"But then," said Margery, "I really don't see—"

"He had the use of their money for thirty days," said Mr. Tuttle, "and he probably made a good turn-over on the market. So he paid us the difference and pocketed his profits. This didn't occur to me, of course, at the time. But this month the market must have surprised him. A group of small booksellers did not pay their bills. We sent out reminders and had answers from most of them. They all said the same thing—they'd sent their checks to our agent. We checked on his orders, and saw what he'd been doing. All in all, his account is short eighteen hundred dollars. Eighteen hundred and eighty, to be quite exact."

Margery had risen, as he spoke, from the window-seat. She turned from Mr. Tuttle, to hide her ashen face. After a moment, staring out at the river: "I'm going to pay it back," she said.

"My dear child, don't be foolish. You haven't any resources. I didn't tell you this to make you feel responsible. And you needn't be afraid. We're not going to prosecute. But of course, I must ask him to resign from the job. I wired him in Denver last night to come back—just said I'd like to talk to him. He may guess what that means. I suppose that he'll be here day after tomorrow."

Margery's slight figure seemed to stiffen, as she heard this. Mr. Tuttle observed its rigidity compassionately. "And I'd like to talk to *you*. Very seriously," he added. "I feel something like this may have happened before. I went around yesterday to speak to those brokers, to ask a few questions about that speculation. They told me he'd been trading with a considerable sum of money. I don't want to go into that. It's none of my business. If he's a bad egg, you must know it by this time. But I *do* want to tell you"—his voice had grown urgent,—"that *there's no sense in sticking to him unless you feel inclined to.* If you'd like to come in town, with your little boy—before he gets back and tries to dissuade you—to visit me awhile, until you get your bearings, you know your father's daughter would always be welcome. You'd be welcome for yourself. You've been a brave girl."

"I'm going to pay it back," repeated Margery stubbornly. She had heard, without heeding, what Mr. Tuttle had said. She'd been thinking and clinging to the thought of her lawsuit, remembering all Jerry had ever said of settlement. Thinking, too, of her father and her mother and their death. She was certain she could get enough damages from the truck company to repay her father's friend and to clear her husband's name. Jerry'd spoken of a compromise of ten thousand dollars. Eighteen hundred and eighty seemed little enough. . . .

"Mr. Tuttle," she said, "I want your advice." And turning to sit down on the window-seat beside him, she told him the whole story from beginning to end. "You see," she added sadly, "I didn't want to take it. I didn't want to profit because they had died. But this—this is different. I know Father would feel it so. It's as if he were paying the debt from his grave. You know, if he were living, he'd somehow have managed—"

She broke down on that, and Mr. Tuttle said gently: "I know he would have, Margery." He patted her hand. Through the blur of her tears she could see his eyes were misted. But after a moment they smiled at each other and Mr. Tuttle stood up and blew his nose resolutely.

"This changes everything," he said with conviction, in the tone that he used when he would not be gainsaid. "You ought to take those damages—take all you can get. The way things are breaking for you now—" He paused hesitantly. "Well, your father would want you to be independent. He'd want you—and your child—to be perfectly secure. He'd want me to handle this for you, I know. I'm not at all sure you should settle that lawsuit. I'd like legal advice."

"I don't want to talk about that now," she said, rising.

"All right, we won't talk about it. But you think things over. And if you decide—" Again he seemed to hesitate. "Well, remember I'd like you to come in and visit me. And I'd like you to read manuscripts for me again. I'd like to see you leading a free, happy life and bringing up your son to be a man like his grandfather."

That last phrase remained with her as they walked across the study. "I'd like to do that," she said gravely, at the door. "I hope to, you know."

"I'm sure you will, Margery."

Margery could not clearly remember her solitary drive back to Wycherley Gardens. No visible objects impinged on her consciousness. Lost in thought, she drove the car through the traffic in a daze. Yet her thoughts were, themselves, in a state of confusion, a chaos of bewilderment, indecision and despair. Her realization of Jerry's dishonesty—proved now beyond hope of any extenuation—was mingled with her dread of his impending return. For what could she say to him and how would he answer? And what sort of life was left for them together? She remembered one comment Mr. Tuttle had made. *"There's no sense in sticking to him unless you feel inclined to."* She was touched by that old-fashioned phrase, "feel inclined." Mr. Tuttle had meant "unless you feel that you love him," which was something he couldn't quite bring himself to say.

But Margery said it to herself, and repeated it, surprised by the composure with which she could do so. "I *don't* love him," she thought, "and I haven't for some time. But yet I didn't realize—or never admitted it. I've felt for him so long as if he were a child. That quality of childishness now seems a little frightening—slightly monstrous, abnormal, on the lunatic fringe." Yet she could not decide what to do by "inclination." Mr. Tuttle would not want her to, in the very last analysis. I must do what is right, she thought, with no enthusiasm. And wondered despondently what that might prove to be. For there was Jerry Junior to be weighed against his father—a balance of imponderable duties and loyalties—

Wycherley Gardens, when she reached it at last, looked greener, more spring-like than ever, in the twilight. The pale blossoms glimmered in the gathering dusk. Margery had lived through so much since she had seen them that now she regarded them with an odd sense of shock. She felt as if weeks, even months, must have passed since she had last looked at her mother-in-law's lilac bush. Yet the scent of the flowers was still sweet in the air—She left Jerry's car in the garage and walked swiftly around the corner of the house to go in the front door. She only hoped her mother-in-law was not waiting in the living-room, ready to pounce on her as soon as she appeared. Mrs. Darian was always talkative and eager for companionship. Margery could not bear to look her in the face. To look and to know about the blow that was to fall on her. Jerry, she supposed, would not tell her of his theft. But the loss of his job could not be concealed. How *can* I live through it again? she thought desperately. And *must* I live through it? She had two days to decide. If Mr. Tuttle telegraphed Jerry last night, he would have left Denver that morning, at the latest. He was now on the train, coming nearer every moment. She had a vivid sense of him, rushing through space—

"Oh, God," she said aloud, "I simply can't face it!"

Then she inserted her latchkey in the door.

It swung open on a house that seemed silent, for an instant. Mrs. Darian did not seem to be waiting in the living-room. Which was odd, for the dinner hour was very near at hand. Then Margery remembered it was Joy's evening out. She might be in the kitchen, helping Netty with the meal. Margery tiptoed into the hall. It was then that two impressions—of sound and of sight—simultaneously

penetrated, or rather crashed, her consciousness.

Upstairs, in her own bedroom, she heard Mrs. Darian cry out, in the shrill, reproachful plaint that was all too familiar, "Oh, how *could* you? You've disgraced us! Oh, what will I *do?*"

And she saw Jerry's hat and overcoat in the hall.

She was staring aghast at these instruments of destruction—for so they appeared to her, lying innocently on a chair—when Mrs. Darian cried out again: "You've broken my heart!"

Jerry's irritated voice said: "*Must* you carry on so? Where the devil are my shirts? I had a dozen new ones."

THE curious inconsequence of this extraordinary conversation struck Margery forcibly. But one thing was plain. Mrs. Darian had been told of, or had discovered, the theft. She was now saying practically, "I think they're in the linen-closet. I'll look for you, Jerry." Her quick steps ran toward the back hall.

Margery, by this time, was walking upstairs. When she reached the upper corridor Mrs. Darian had disappeared. On the threshold of her bedroom she paused in astonishment. A chaos of disorder met her startled eyes. For closet doors were open wide and bureau drawers pulled out and some of Jerry's suits had been flung on a chair. Two large double suitcases yawned on his bed, both partially packed. On her own sat Jerry Junior. He was playing contentedly with a pair of garters.

"Hello, Mummee!" he cried gayly.

Jerry appeared suddenly in the open closet door. He was carrying three hats—his panama, his silk hat, his smart black fedora. At the sight of his wife he got rid of them quickly, tossing them in a hat box that stood on the chaise-longue, and strode promptly over to her with a welcoming smile.

Margery shrank back from his fond, outstretched arms. She had never before felt that wincing of the flesh, that breathless withdrawal from her husband's embrace. It made everything clearer.

He looked hurt and surprised.

"*What* are you doing?" she asked him. "How did you get here?"

"How did you get here?"

"Oh, Margery—he *flew!*" It was Mrs. Darian behind her, with the shirts in her arms.

Margery glanced at her blanched, tear-stained face.

"Thank God you've come back," said Mrs. Darian fervently. "I thought you were going to miss him."

"*Miss* him?" She glanced at Jerry. But he had turned away and was packing his dinner coat. And so he did not meet her mystified eyes. "I don't understand," she said. "But I know what has happened."

"I *told* you that Tuttle would tell her!" said Mrs. Darian.

Jerry snapped the lock of a suitcase and looked at her. A long, questioning look. Then, "Did he?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then he knows? Of course I knew he must, when I got that damn' telegram—and I acted accordingly."

Mrs. Darian began to cry. Her tears fell on the shirts she was packing in a suitcase.

"I caught the first plane out of Denver," said Jerry. "It went to Chicago. I had to wait there three hours. I hung around the airport, gnawing my fingernails—" He stopped and looked at Margery. "What's the matter?" he said. "You know I've got to skip. There's no time to lose. I'm taking a boat to Brazil. It sails at midnight. But I want to get out of here as soon as I can. For it might occur to Tuttle that I was clearing out. He's foxy, you know. He might send out a warrant—" He stopped again to stare.

She was laughing hysterically.

"What's come over you?" he asked.

Her laughter ceased suddenly. She was wondering confusedly if she could let him go. A blessed solution. But no—of course she couldn't. You had to play fair. "Jerry," she said, "Mr. Tuttle won't prosecute."

"Did he tell you that?" said Jerry. "And you fell for it?"

"He meant it," said Margery.

"He meant it like hell. He'd like nothing better than to throw me in jail. You don't know what a row I've had with him already. About what? A few dollars, more or less, on an expense account. You're crazy, if you think he'd take this lying down. He'd have me doing time for it, up river, in Sing Sing."

"Sing Sing," repeated Jerry Junior, unexpectedly. He was pleased with the sibilant Mother Goose sound. "Sing Sing," he said.

"Oh—my darling!" gasped Margery.

JERRY appropriated the anguished endearment. He stepped close to her and caught up her hands. "Margery," he said, his voice low and urgent, "Margery, would you consider coming with me? You could have half an hour to pack a couple of bags."

Recoiling in horror, she wrenched away her hands. "Oh, no!" she cried wildly. "Oh, *no!*"

She saw him take it.

Mrs. Darian had the shirts in the suitcase by this time. "That isn't very practical, Jerry," she said calmly. "You can't expect a woman to pack up like that. Both Margery and I will have to do a little shopping. Besides, I'd like her help in closing the house. But we'll follow you down, with Jerry Junior, next month . . ."

"Follow him down?" repeated Margery blankly. "You mean—to Brazil?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Darian. She had tried to make it sound very matter of fact, but her face looked worn and rav-

aged with her inner despair. She'd been tucking some socks in the corners of the suitcase. Now her fingers shook nervously, as she fumbled with the lock.

Jerry had moved to close the hat box on the chaise-longue. Margery watched him, as he walked across the room. "Jerry," she was thinking, "Jerry Darian. I fell in love with him!" She felt that that had happened a long time ago. But it wasn't very long. Three years and a half. And Jerry, as she gazed at him, looked very much the same. He did not seem his age, which was just under thirty. Strangely, he still resembled a gay, charming boy. The only thing he'd lost was that gift to make her heart beat, joyously, with ecstasy, at his glance or his smile. And of course his good name. The name she'd given to her son.

With the hatbox in his hand he straightened up and turned to her. Their eyes met very gravely across the silent room. She knew he understood the message hers conveyed. She was grateful for that. She couldn't put it in words. Not with his mother there—or even Jerry Junior. She couldn't say, "Jerry, you know I'm not following." She was glad to escape a more definite farewell. But yet—it was quite definite.

He turned toward his son. "Give me those garters, kid," he said cheerfully. Stuffing them in his pocket, he looked down at Jerry Junior. A funny little muscle was twitching in his cheek. Yet bravado, or courage, or consideration, still sustained him. Suddenly he stooped and kissed the child lightly. "Be a good boy," he said. "Be good to your mother."

Mrs. Darian, with the hat box, was standing near the door. She'd begun to cry again.

"Well—so long," said Jerry. He picked up the suitcases. But then he put them down and caught Margery in his arms. He kissed her with sudden, swift, sure intensity. She could not resist that desperate embrace. She was always glad, afterward, to remember that she had not. It was over in an instant. And then he was gone. Gone with his bags and his mother down the stairs.

Margery, motionless on the threshold of their bedroom, heard him say somewhat shakily, "I'm taking the car. I'll leave it in town at the Fortieth Street Garage."

"We'll bring it when we come," his mother replied. "Now, Jerry, you write us. And cable when you get there." She paused for an instant, then went on more eagerly, "Jerry, it's just occurred to me—If *I* paid Mr. Tuttle, if I sent him a check tomorrow morning, could you stay? I mean, couldn't you wait until we saw how he reacted?"

"I wouldn't take a chance on it," said Jerry decisively. "I tell you that man would like to put me behind the bars. It isn't just the money. At least, that's not all of it. When I had that little trouble about my expense account, he kept saying, 'It's the principle that matters, young man,' and harping on honor and reputation and morale. You can see how he's prejudiced Margery against me."

"Don't worry about Margery. You know she'll come around."

The front door had opened and the night engulfed their voices. Mrs. Darian was walking with him, around to the garage. Margery resisted an impulse to run after them. To *make* Jerry listen. To say, "This is absurd. I told you the truth, when I said he wouldn't prosecute." If she did this and he believed her, all would be as before. Except that Jerry Junior had learned to say "Sing Sing." And that she knew that Jerry was going to steal again. Sometime, and somewhere, he'd succumb to temptation—

Knowing that, it wasn't possible—was it?—to "come round." Then she heard the car's engine start in the garage beneath her windows. She listened to the whirr of its motor in the yard. It diminished. He was gone. And she had not tried to stop him. This seemed to have been accomplished without her own volition. But she felt, for an instant, only relief. Then she walked to the telephone at the head of the stars and quickly, surreptitiously, gave Mr. Tuttle's number. She wouldn't have much time before her mother-in-law returned.

She heard his voice. "Hello."

"Hello," she said. "It's Margery."

"Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes. I'm coming in town. Tomorrow. With Jerry Junior. To you, if I may."

"That's fine," he said heartily. "Have you heard from your husband?"

She did not reply. The pause was perceptible.

Mr. Tuttle's curiosity, however, was well in hand. "We can talk about that when you come," he said tranquilly. "In the meantime, don't worry."

She could hear Mrs. Darian now, closing the front door.

"You're doing right," he said.

"Good-by," she whispered softly.

"Margery?" Mrs. Darian's voice came cheerfully up the stairs. "Are you going to put Jerry Junior to bed before dinner? It can wait. It's cold tongue and a little mixed salad."

Good heavens, thought Margery, she was pretending again! But pretense was a refuge. She took shelter in it thankfully. "I think perhaps I'd better. I'll be down in ten minutes."

"All right! I'll tell Netty."

What a woman, thought Margery. Amazing. Indomitable. And incredibly touching. At any rate, *she* wouldn't have to go to Brazil. Mr. Tuttle would explain to her. And Jerry would come home. Margery shivered at the thought of that homecoming. "But New York is a very large place," she reflected. "We won't be apt to meet. I'll never have to see him."

She walked back to her bedroom to find Jerry Junior. He was curled up, quite sleepily, on the quilt on her bed. As Margery looked at him, tears pricked in her eyes. *What have I done?* she thought. She and Jerry had parted. She had taken his child from him, for the sake of that child. Mr. Tuttle had said, "You're doing right." She hoped so. Jerry had said something else, long ago. "Right and wrong, my dear girl, are a matter of opinion."

"But you know which is which," she'd retorted.

Did you always? Indeed, could you ever be perfectly sure? —The End

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City of Women

(Continued from page 55)

On Sunday afternoon Lacey had some people in for cocktails, and Caroline did her best to help entertain them. But they were only dim faces that she did not want to see, and voices she did not want to hear. They kept intruding on the private world of her loneliness. It seemed odd that Caroline could have changed so much, that everything could have so changed, in only a couple of short months. Before Stuart, how she would have loved this party! How excited she would have been to meet these people, as she had been about that other party of Lacey's, the one she had missed in order to do some typing for old Dr. Hathrow. And now they were nothing but a nuisance, invaders of her privacy to whom she had to be polite.

At last she retired into the corner by the radio and let her mind drift on the waves of the symphony music that was playing softly, rich and beautiful under the hum of talk and laughter. And sad, also, tormented and sad. She wondered what the composer had been thinking when he wrote it; if he like herself had been tortured with loneliness and desire. It must be nice to be able to translate frustration into beauty.

The music stopped as if cut by a knife. A voice spoke instead, a cultured voice laboring to remain calm under the stress of hysterical excitement.

Gradually the words the voice was saying forced themselves into her consciousness:

"——*Japanese planes are even now dropping bombs on the naval base at Pearl Harbor.*"

She listened unbelievingly, her eyes leaving the radio to travel around the laughing, chatting people in the room. One by one, they too stopped and listened, their faces blank with shock, and in a little while the room was silent except for the sound of the voice spelling death where music had been.

Nobody talked much in the office on the eighth, or got much work done. They moved around in a sort of dream, as though they had been lightly drugged. The girls at their typewriters would stop in the middle of a word, their hands poised above the keyboards, and stare out into nothingness with blank, puzzled eyes. Her boss, dictating, would stop halfway through a sentence, and let the rest of it trail off into the limbo of unsaid things.

"War, Miss Hasbrey," he said once, abruptly.

"Yes sir."

"I don't know what this is going to do to us. Make us more important, perhaps. Or less. I don't know."

"Nobody knows anything yet," she said. . . .

Caroline began to desire fiercely to get away from Washington, if only for a day. She felt if she could sit somewhere for a few hours, talking to ordinary people doing ordinary jobs, she might realize what had happened, might gain some sense of proportion about the whole thing. Now it was a thing as apart from her, though directly affecting her, as sunspots or the weather.

There was something else too, a queer feeling of rootlessness, of being unattached and drifting. As it drew nearer to the week-end, her longing to see her father increased until it was almost intolerable. She wanted him to put his arms around her and hold her tightly, so that she would know she belonged to somebody, so that she would know she had a father and had had a grandfather, and fathers before that into endless time, real people who lived in a real world, working with real things, like earth and animals and machines. Not shadows working with the shadows of things printed on a page.

She was ridiculously angry when the telegram came from Bill.

"Can't make it this week-end," it read. "Maybe next."

She knew her anger was unjustified; if anybody was busy at the moment, it was the men who ran newspapers. He could hardly be blamed if he was unable to leave. But he might have said he was sorry. He might have asked her if she would be able to make it next week-end, instead of taking it for granted that she was always at his beck and call. He might have sent his telegram earlier, instead of letting her go on hoping right up until Friday afternoon.

"He's a beast!" she told Lacey hotly. "He's a selfish, thoughtless, inconsiderate beast!"

"Personally," Lacey said coolly, "I think he did fine to take time out to send the telegram at all."

Caroline shut up, with a desolate feeling that everybody was against her, that nobody really understood or sympathized with her. Even Lacey was taking Bill Conison's part against her.

She told herself sharply to stop being a fool. There was no sense in feeling sorry for herself, in dreaming up grievances against the rest of the world. That way, she would turn sour and bitter before she knew what had happened to her. But what was the use of being sweet and reasonable when there was nobody to be sweet and reasonable at? She wanted somebody to hold on to, somebody to make her feel secure in an insecure world. She wanted her father. She wanted Stuart.

All through the next week she thought seriously that she would not go at all when Bill Conison called for her on Saturday. She knew what she was doing, clinging to a small irritation to relieve a large one. To be angry at a laconic telegram from Bill helped, somehow, to numb the misery of loneliness for Stuart.

But when the Bureau announced on Wednesday that there would be no more half-day off on Saturdays, she asked to be let off as a special favor, and she was ready and waiting when Bill called for her.

Bill was very quiet, and they scarcely spoke a word for mile after mile of road. They drove down the peninsula, through the lovely Virginia countryside where broad rivers of golden marsh grass swept inward from the banks of the York between little wooded hills. Now in the winter this country was all gold and brown in a million different shades, from the dark velvet brown of the tree trunks to the yellow of the occasional withered leaves that still clung to their twigs. Gold and brown, she thought. Gold and brown, like Stuart. It would have been wonderful to come here with Stuart, to drive with him through this soft clear air.

"Want to stop and see Williamsburg?" Bill asked.

"I'd rather go straight through to Newport News," she said. "But stop if you want to."

"I've seen the joint. I hate imitations."

She wondered if he said things like that just to be different; everybody else she knew who had seen Williamsburg had been very much impressed. She thought of arguing about the difference between restoring and imitating, and decided not to. So far, it had been a lovely afternoon, and Bill Conison had been quite pleasant, for him. Why spoil it?

She could see the warm red brick buildings of the town as they bypassed it on a broad new highway that led them closer down along the banks of the river. She leaned back on the seat and looked out dreamily over the sun-painted water.

"Thinking of that Blackpool character?" Bill asked. "Sorry you left him alone for a few days?"

Hearing Stuart's name again, casually spoken like that, was like a sudden dash of cold water against her skin. She stared at Bill, dumfounded, unable to think of anything at all to say.

"You should be sorry, too," Bill went on. "That's not the kind of gent to leave alone, even for a day or two. He just naturally can't keep out of girl-trouble."

She still could not say anything. Obviously, he did not know that she wasn't seeing Stuart any more. Bill glanced sideways at her, looking a little surprised that she continued silent. But he seized the opportunity to go on.

"You're running out of your class with him," he said, still in that tone of light mockery, but with an undercurrent of seriousness. "He's a good guy. But if I had a kid sister and he came within a mile of her, I'd shoot him. He's too glamorous, and he's a wolf from the tips of his English brogues to the top of his curly pate."

She drew a sudden sharp gasping breath. "Stop it!" she said. "Shut up, Bill Conison."

"Maybe you think you can handle him?" Bill asked. "So did Sara Aberderrie. And Sara had all the things you only think you have, including real sophistication."

She sat with her hands clenched in her lap, staring blindly through the windshield, wondering what unexpected strength in her character was keeping her from killing him. And all she could do was repeat what she had already said.

"Shut up!" she said again dully.

He paid no attention to her. "Of course," he went on thoughtfully, "one difference between you and Sara is, he hasn't any intention of marrying you."

"He would if I wanted him to!" she cried against her will.

"He would if he had to," Bill agreed blandly. "After all, the guy's a gentleman."

"I've had enough of this," Caroline said, suddenly quiet. "Either shut up or stop the car."

"I was just telling you what I thought," he said mildly.

"Well, I don't want to hear any more of what goes on in what you call a mind."

She did not see any of the country slipping by them again until they had entered the sprawling city of Newport News, and she saw to her right the great shipyards where her father worked stretched block on block along the waterfront, humming with the sound of thousands of people at work.

It was even harder, if anything, to find rooms in Newport News than it was in Washington. The hotels were full, and the boarding-houses. But Randolph Hasbrey was staying at the home of a fellow-worker in the next town, and when they met him after work, he insisted on taking them both home with him. Mrs. Budge would fix them up.

He sat between them in the car, and Caroline clung to his arm tightly, wondering how she could have forgotten him during the past seven months, even a little, even for a little time. And every minute or so he would turn to look at her, and chuckle with delight and touch her with work-rough hands, as though he still were not quite sure that she was really there.

The little town where he lived was quiet and beautiful in contrast to Newport News. The Budges' house was white and stood among trees on the bank of a little winding creek. Looking at it, Caroline felt her throat tighten with tears.

"Like home," she whispered to her father. "It's just like home!"

"Well, not quite," he said, grinning and touching her hair. "But it does sort of remind you sometimes." Then his smile vanished, and he tilted her face so that he could see into her eyes. "Miss it, baby?"

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes!" And then, ashamed and afraid that she might be making him feel badly: "Now and then, when I'm not too busy."

"That's the way it is with me, too." He released her then, remembering Bill. "Well, come along, you two. We'll find some place for you to sleep."

Mrs. Budge welcomed them with open arms. She was a bustling little Maine woman with the placid face of happiness and the brisk manners of a competent housewife. She promptly moved Caroline's father out of his room and into the guest-room, to share a double bed with Bill. And she put Caroline in her father's room. Caroline helped her to make up the bed.

"I'm certainly glad you came," Mrs. Budge said a dozen times. "It's a real nice surprise for him. You know he misses you an awful lot; talks about you all the time."

"Not too much, I hope," Caroline said. "He's looking wonderful. You must be taking good care of him."

"A man's easy to take care of," Mrs. Budge said with easy assurance. "I just treat him like I treat Mr. Budge and the children, and everything goes along fine. He's no trouble at all."

"What does he do when he's not working?" Caroline asked. "His letters don't tell me a thing."

"Oh, he and Mr. Budge do a lot of talking about the war. And sometimes we play cards. And he plays with the children a lot; he loves that. I keep telling him he ought to get married again; he's still a young man."

Caroline laughed; she had told him that a few times herself, despite qualms of apprehension and jealousy. But her father had been a widower for so many years now that he had probably forgotten what anything else was like.

They ate dinner with the family and sat afterward with them in the living-room, the grown-ups chatting lazily, the children, three tall boys and one small square girl, quarreling happily and good-humoredly over their games. Watching them—big, round Mr. Budge and little, round Mrs. Budge, and their brood of healthy savages—Caroline found herself thinking of Christina. This was the kind of thing that belonged to Christina; this was what she was being cheated of. In a house like this, with a husband like Mr. Budge, and such children, Christina would be the queen of all the world; there would be no woman anywhere who could walk more proudly.

Just Christina? How about Lacey and how about herself? How about all the thousands and thousands of girls in Washington and in all the other cities where women had been freed from the dishpan and the diaper?

Apparently, the good food and the friendly atmosphere had had a softening effect even on Bill Conison, because when she got up and said she was tired and would go to bed, he actually joined the other men in heaving himself to his feet.

"I'll come up and say good-night later," her father said, walking her to the foot of the stairs with his arm across her shoulder. "You hop into bed, and I'll be along."

Like old times, she thought. Like home. Like being a little girl again for the space of one evening, with no job to worry about, or no anything. With no grown-up problems at all to contend with.

When she heard her father's footsteps outside her door, she had a second of panic, wondering if she should tell him about Stuart. She decided not to; there was no sense in worrying him needlessly. But when he was sitting on the edge of her bed holding her hand and listening to her, she found her words time and again coming dangerously close to Stuart's name. She always stopped herself in time, and talked only of the office, and of Lacey and Christina.

"Christina sounds like a nice girl," her father said.

"She is. She's swell."

"And Lacey. I don't know whether I'd approve of her, but she sounds as if I might like her."

"You would love her."

He chuckled and tightened his fingers around her hand. "But the whole set-up sounds awfully female to me," he said. "Tell me about your boy friends."

Here was the question she had been dreading. She could not actually lie to him. "Oh, those!" she said vaguely. "To tell the truth, I've had only one."

"That's what I thought," her father said. "And I like him, baby. I always did."

She stared at him through the darkness, puzzled and startled. "You did?"

"Sure. There was a lot of prejudice, just because he was a stranger in Samberley. But I never had anything against strangers if that was all that was wrong with them."

Caroline felt her mouth dropping open, and smothered a wild desire to

SOLUTION OF OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE APPEARING ON PAGE 62

S	P	R	O	U	T	■	P	L	E	B	E	■	P	U	R	E	E	S
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R	A	F	T	E	R	■	E	B	E	R	T	■	G	A	R	B	L	E
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P	U	C	K	■	E	L	I	T	E	■	P	O	L	A	R	■	■	■
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T	E	S	T	E	D	■	L	E	A	S	T	■	S	T	Y	L	E	D

laugh. Her father thought Bill Conison was the man in her life!

"Daddy, you're crazy!" she told him when she could say anything. "That Bill Conison! Why—why, I can't stand him! And he can't stand me."

"Huh?" Her father was silent a moment. "But I don't understand, then," he said at last. "What's he going to all this trouble for, in that case? It can't be just for me; we never had much to do with one another, down home."

"What trouble?"

"Fixing it with the Government so the plant can make a little part that goes into a bomb. Our equipment is just right for it. But he thought it up himself, and he must have taken a lot of trouble to get it going. Why?"

In her surprise and delight for her father, she forgot all about why. What did the *why* matter, as long as it was true, that he was going back home to the town he loved, to take his place where he belonged, behind his desk in the factory?

"Daddy, that's wonderful!" she said, hugging him. "It's — it's wonderful! Aren't you happy? When do you start?"

"It will take a little time. A few weeks or a month, I suppose. Sure, I'm happy. Aren't you?"

"Oh, Daddy!"

They talked for a little while longer, and finally he stood up and bent over to kiss her. "I'd better be running along. You'll need your sleep."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him hard and he held her tightly for a moment. "I've missed you, baby," he whispered softly.

"And I've missed you. Terribly."

She lay in the darkness listening to his steps retreating down the stairs, and wondered again what Bill Conison was up to; it did not seem characteristic of him just to do something for the sheer satisfaction of being a good fellow. But what other motive could he possibly have?

It rained all the way from Newport News to Washington, wild, blustering rain accompanied by blasts of wind that rocked the little car on its springs. Bill concentrated grimly on his driving, particularly on the narrow, twisting road that took them almost to Richmond. But when they got nearer Washington, on the great broad highway flowing smoothly over hills and down valleys to the city, he relaxed a little.

"Yeah!" he sighed aloud. "This is better."

He felt Caroline relax too, settling further down into her seat. For the first time it struck him that not once on the way up had she shrieked instructions at him, or made a grab for the wheel. And there must have been plenty of times when she felt like it. Personally, he would have hated to be a passenger on the ride they had just come through. The thought made him feel quite friendly toward her.

"I'll give you one thing," he said. "You're no back-seat driver."

"Thanks," she said scornfully. "It's nice I've got one virtue, even a negative one."

"Ah, well, we can't all have everything, can we?"

They were silent again for a long stretch of road. Once or twice he glanced sideways at her and saw her chin sunk down into her collar and her forehead troubled. He wondered what was eating her; she had seemed completely happy all of the time she was with her father, but now she was obviously brewing up a little concentrated discontent. But he did not say anything until they were passing through Alexandria.

"Never mind, Toots!" he said then. "Things will look better when you're back home where you belong, in Samberley!"

Out of the corner of his eye he saw her turn toward him, her face astonished. He knew, too late, that he had said the wrong thing.

"So that explains it!" she said.

"Explains what?"

"You think that by getting Father back, you can get me back, too. That's it, isn't it?"

Bill made himself look amused and astonished; if she ever guessed that he felt responsible for her, God alone knew what she would do.

"And what would I be wanting you back in Samberley for? The joint's been peaceful since you left."

She wrinkled her forehead, staring at him, and her words came slowly and thoughtfully. "You go to all that trouble to get Father and me back to Samberley. And you seem to spend a lot of time

(Continued on page 118)

Greater than All the Armed Forces

by ANGELO PATRI

WE are fighting a terrible war against a reckless enemy who has threatened to destroy our house. His army is strong; his faith in himself is great; his will to kill is as iron shod with steel.

We in our turn are mighty. We have wealth untold of men and machines, and we are cunning in the ways of war. We can darken the skies with our planes; we can span the seas with the mightiest armada that ever sailed them; we can put in the field the finest, the bravest, the best army of youth that ever defied death. But all this is not enough. Something more is needed. Something more we must have.

Many, many years ago, ere planes and guns and battleships were born, two armies faced each other across a little valley. One of them boasted a giant champion, a beast of a man who wore armor too heavy for a horse to bear.

Every day for forty days he strode up and down his side of the valley, bellowing his challenge: "Give me a man, that we may fight together for the freedom of the victor and the enslavement of the loser!" And the army on the other side heard him and trembled. Who dared face a giant who could roar like that?

One day a shepherd boy came to the camp carrying food for his brothers and a little present for their captain. He asked what the noise meant, and they told him. "I'll attend to him," said he; and the king, charmed out of his usual caution, allowed him to go. On his way he picked five smooth pebbles from the brook and put them in his pocket. Boylike, he picked up his staff and carried it along.

When he stepped in front of the challenger, the giant howled in scorn: "Am I a dog, that you come to me with staves?" And David answered: "You come to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to you in the name of the Lord." Then he fitted a pebble to his sling and sent it, winged by invincible faith, straight into the forehead of the giant. And he died. So did David the shepherd boy prove that the battle is not won by the gun and the plane and the force of the nations, but that "the battle is the Lord's."

This, then, is what we need and must have: the understanding that we fight for an ideal whose power is greater than all the armed forces of all the nations, because it is the will of the Lord that men shall be free.

That idea is taking hold. It is seeping into the hearts of men and women from ocean to ocean, in every village and town in the land. Soon it will weld us into one shining selfless spirit, one indomitable will that will rise to sweep all before it to win victory and peace out of the horrible welter of war.

Nobody can give us this spiritual power we must have. God Himself will not do so until we acquire it by self-denial in giving all we have to the service of our ideal. When we stand before the enemy, a selfless consecrated united spiritual force, we shall win.

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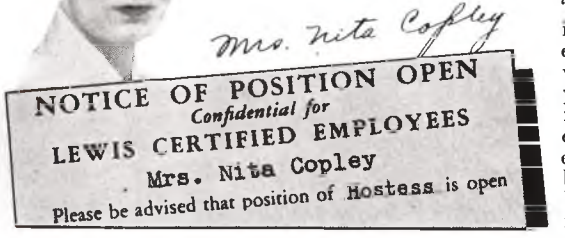

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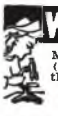

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(Continued from page 113)

worrying about me and Stuart. Those two items add up to something." She paused, and then said, quietly and unexpectedly, "You wouldn't be jealous, would you?"

For a moment, he was unable to say anything. He felt foolish with shock, and he took his eyes from the road to stare at her, and did not get them back until he felt the car going into a skid.

He did not speak until he had the car back under control, and then he said, carefully, "Look, Toots, the only thing I'm interested in is getting that factory opened up again. Samberley can use a little of all that Government dough that's floating around."

"And that's why you're so interested in Stuart and myself? How much money is that going to bring in to Samberley?"

He slammed his brakes on savagely and drew up in front of her door. He could not think of anything to say, short of blasphemy, and he had to count ten and take a deep breath to keep that back. She got out of the car and he followed.

"Listen, babe," he said at last, "you're getting delusions of grandeur." Reaching in the back of the car, he got her bag. "Here's your bag. Go take a good sleep for yourself. You need it."

He was handing her the bag when suddenly, unexpectedly, she began to laugh. She laughed so hard that she had to hold onto the car door for support.

"What's amusing?" he asked coldly.

"You," she gasped. "You. I was mad at first, but now it's just funny. My Lord, when I think of you—*you*, the great Conison! —Oh, it's funny!"

She kept on laughing, and rage swept through him so abruptly and fiercely that he could feel himself trembling under its impact as from a blow. His arms reached toward her and until they were around her he did not know that he was not going to kill her. He stopped her laughter in her throat by kissing her, his mouth hard and angry against hers. He felt her straining away from him, but he would not let her go. The more she struggled, the more fiercely he kissed her and the more satisfaction he got out of it. He knew he was hurting her, and he was glad of it.

When he did release her, she staggered a little and then stepped back from him and they stood looking at one another for a moment, Caroline small, with dark eyes blazing in a dead-white face. Her hat had fallen off and the rain upon her hair glistened in the light of the street lamps.

"Laugh that off!" he said hoarsely.

"Go away," she gasped. "Go away!"

Without another word he turned and got into the car and drove away, not even looking back at her. Why did he have to go and do a thing like that? But his mouth still tingled where hers had been, and the muscles of his arms remembered hers struggling against them.

By the middle of January, Caroline felt ready for a nervous breakdown, and she was not sure whether it was because she was busy or because she was bored, or whether it was the nagging loneliness for Stuart that always plagued her.

The hours at the office had been made longer. There were other changes,

too—identification buttons for everybody, and a guard in the lobby to examine parcels going out or coming in.

Outside the office, she filled her time grimly with anything that would keep her busy, with first-aid classes and gym classes and long walks through the cold, wind-blown streets with Christina, or going to the movies with Christina.

Christina was changing. She did not smile as often as she used to, and where she had never been very talkative, now she was almost completely silent. Also, she was losing weight, and it did not become her. Her skin, faintly less clear and less beautifully colored than it once had been, hung a little loose from the lovely strong bones of her face.

"What's the matter, darling?" Caroline asked her at last. "You're not looking well."

"It's only that I do not sleep very well and my stomach is a little upset."

"You should see a doctor."

"I did," Christina said surprisingly. "He gave me pills for my nerves; he says they will relax me. What is the use of being relaxed by pills?"

Caroline felt completely selfish. She had been so wrapped up in herself and her own loneliness that she had paid no attention to Christina, had even let her go alone to the doctor's office, had not noticed the shadows growing under the fine blue eyes, or the little lines tightening in a net around the generous mouth.

"I've been a beast," she said. "I should have taken better care of you."

"Oh, no!" Christina protested. "You are very kind to me always. You didn't know."

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The worst of it was, Caroline thought, that she meant it. Christina really believed Caroline was kind and sweet and thoughtful, all the things that she was not, that Christina herself most certainly was.

"It isn't fair!" Caroline cried out with indignation.

"What isn't fair?"

"So many fools! Wonderful people like you, and so many fools!"

And Christina, aching for compliments, blushed and looked puzzled at the same time, not quite sure what was meant. Caroline put her arm around her and kissed her quickly.

LACEY woke to a small, unfamiliar sound in the night. She looked through the dark at the radium dial of the electric clock and saw that it was two in the morning. And then the sound came again, startling her. Now, why in Heaven's name should Caroline be weeping into her pillow at this hour of the night?

She sat up and turned on the light, despite a fleeting wonder as to whether it might not be wiser to ignore the whole thing. Caroline turned her face away guiltily, but not before Lacey had seen the swollen eyelids and the red nose, and the general expression of a beaten baby.

Without saying anything, Lacey got up and crossed the room to close the window. Then she sat down on the edge of Caroline's bed and turned the woebegone face toward her.

"Tell Mamma!" she commanded.

"It's nothing!" Caroline protested, and broke into a fresh storm of sobs. "Really, it's nothing. I'm just a fool, I guess."

"Probably," Lacey said. "But give with the details."

But Caroline was unable to talk for the moment, and Lacey just sat and patted the bright dark curls for a long time, until the sobs began to quiet down. She would not let herself be too sympathetic, though she felt inside her the familiar female desire to break down and join in the fun with a few tears of her own.

"I'll tell you what," she said briskly when things were a little calmer. "Get up and we'll have a drink. Come along, baby!"

She went into the living-room and was relieved to find the fire still glowing faintly. She put more wood on it, and fanned it into vivid flame. Then she unlocked the high chest and took out the last bottle of the case of the brandy she had got for a birthday present the year before. She was opening it when Caroline came in, no longer weeping, but looking very sad in an ancient mustard-colored bathrobe which she affected when she was alone.

"You don't want any ice in this," Lacey told her as she poured the drinks. "It's better this way, and anyway ice is too much trouble. Here, take a good swallow. And then tell me something. You're not in the good old classic trouble, are you?"

She thought Caroline was going to weep again, but she only sniffed once or twice and shook her head mournfully. Lacey heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God for small mercies. We can cope with anything else. What's up, baby?"

Caroline took a swallow of the brandy and spluttered and made a face. But it seemed to do her good, because at last she managed to talk. "Nothing, really," she said. "Everything."

"The boy friend? I wondered what had happened to him."

"I found out he'd been married. And he wanted— Oh, you know. So—"

Her voice trailed away miserably, and Lacey suppressed a grin. Anybody who could look at that gent's mouth and eyes and not make a shrewd guess at what he wanted within five minutes of meeting him didn't know enough to come in out of the rain. But you had to make allowances for Caroline. After all, love was love, and she was young enough to be fairly innocent of the male animal. Especially, the way she'd been brought up.

"Forget the man!" she said aloud. "The best one ever born you can't trust a yard."

But Caroline would not have Stuart blamed, and Lacey listened to a vague and disjointed discourse which put the blame for everything on Caroline's own shoulders. If her nature had been stronger and more dependable, she need not have been afraid in the first place.

Lacey did not argue with any of it. She felt about a million years old, and a little cruel because she could not comfort and dispute and reassure as she was expected to. It would have been easier to do that, but she could not bring herself to take the easy way. She was too fond of Caroline.

"Look, baby," she said at last. "You've got to keep reminding yourself that this is Washington. There aren't enough men here, and most of the good ones, the marrying kind, are already married. And now that the war's on, it's going to get worse. The trouble with you is, you expect it to be just like Samberley."

"No, I don't," Caroline said half-heartedly, looking down into her empty glass.

"Yes, you do," Lacey said, and poured each of them another drink, a strong one. "You want all the fun and excitement that goes with being loved by a glamour guy but you want to stay strictly respectable at the same time. And it can't be done. Not for long."

"But I love him so much!" Caroline cried despairingly.

"Do you?" Lacey was purposely direct and brutal.

"Of course I do. You know I do!"

Maybe she did, and then again maybe she did not. Maybe what she really loved was love, was the idea of being loved by the glamorous captain. But what would be the use of telling her that? It would not make her feel any better even if she believed it—which she probably wouldn't.

CAROLINE was silent for a while. At last, she looked up. "What am I going to do?" she asked helplessly.

"Baby, that's your problem. My advice would be to get over him. Go back to Samberley and get over him."

Now Caroline started to cry again, quietly. "But I don't want to go back to Samberley. I don't want to get over him. I can't get over him."

"Perhaps that's the answer. You don't want to."

Caroline did not argue any more, but she continued to cry, the tears rolling unheeded down her face. Lacey felt tears prickling at her own eyeballs, started indignantly to suppress them, and then, with a kind of wry amusement, decided to let them fall where they would. She put her arms around Caroline and they huddled together on the couch in front of the fire, and wept.

It was a long time before Caroline sniffed and blew her nose and sat up straight. "We're acting like a couple of fools," she said, smiling weakly.

"We certainly are," Lacey agreed, returning the smile a little shamefacedly.

They went back to bed then, because the room was getting cold.

WITH sudden desperate decision, Caroline picked up the telephone. She knew the number by heart.

"Captain Blackpool," the voice said in her ear at last.

Almost, she hung up again then. She could not say anything for a moment; her breath was pushed from her lungs by the sudden wild frightened thumping of her heart.

"Captain Blackpool," he repeated, sounding annoyed.

"Hello, Stuart," she said then, taking a deep breath. "This is Caroline."

"Caroline?" And then his voice sharpened with pleasure and he repeated the name. "Caroline Hasbrey! Caroline, darling, it's swell to hear your voice!"

She tingled with pleasure, but she tried to keep her voice fairly cool. "I thought I'd call and see how you were getting along."

"I missed you, Caroline." It was like a phrase remembered out of the past, remembered and half forgotten.

"I missed you, too, Stuart," she said.

"Caroline, how about dinner tonight? We can't talk over the telephone. No, wait." Abruptly, there was a faint hint of something secretive under the candor of his voice. "Not tonight. I've an appointment with an Army man. Tomorrow?"

She knew that he was lying about the Army man, that he had a date with another girl. But she did not care. "All right," she said, and tried to keep her voice from singing. "Dinner tomorrow, then."

"I can't wait," he said. His voice was husky now, with a softness that was like a caress, and she could see his face, serious and intent, like a boy's face, with the little frown of concentration between his eyes and his mouth gone soft. "Caroline, it will be wonderful, seeing you again!"

When she hung up she could not tell whether the trembling in her stomach was caused by shame at what she had done, or by exhilaration because she had done it. But she did not care, she told herself. She did not care. She would have gone crazy in another week without him.

With the return of Stuart and the temporary departure of Bill Conison, Caroline finds her days much more pleasant but very much more complicated again; and in the next installment there is also her father —and Christine.

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CHAPTER 1

THE winter sunshine was bright but held no warmth; and the wind blowing off the harbor, across the crowded Navy Yard and up the hill to the many gray stone buildings of the Navy hospital, was bitter.

But the girl in uniform, walking up the hill from the carefully guarded gate, scarcely noticed the cold. It seemed familiar as the bare old trees which would in spring soften the hard outlines of the buildings.

It had been early winter when first she was appointed in the Navy, and was stationed at this base. She had only stayed a few months, and a two-year tour of duty in Manila intervened between then and the present. But she had returned to the hospital just before the war began, with a pleasant very definite sense of homecoming.

Miss Winwell, at the Navy hospital, had a way of making her staff feel that their quarters in the old-fashioned comfortable nurses' building were home. When Faith Allester got back from Manila, she had been delighted to find out that Miss Winwell was still in charge, though their first conversation had been embarrassing.

Miss Winwell had said: "I'm very glad to have you here, Faith. But frankly, I never thought you would come back from the East, still a Navy nurse. So often our pretty young nurses marry out there."

Something in Faith's face must have shown emotion, because Miss Winwell changed the subject rather quickly. Faith assumed unhappily that sooner or later someone would tell Miss Winwell she *had* almost married in Manila. But even so, Miss Winwell wouldn't mention that; she managed to take an endless genuine interest in her nurses, the young Navy doctors, patients, and humanity in general without ever speaking a word of gossip.

Faith had thought: "She's had more than twenty-five years of service to others. She looks frail, but she never admits being tired. She could retire, but she'll see this war out too, and be enormously useful. I should imitate someone like her, and not think so much of personal happiness."

But Miss Winwell, whose interest in "personal happiness" had ended when a destroyer went down in the North Sea long ago in 1918, but who never stopped believing it important that other people should be happy, had thought: "Faith's *so* pretty. She ought to marry a nice Navy man. Something went wrong out there. I hope it wasn't serious. The girl would take an unhappy love-affair hard. She takes everything hard, just like her father."

Miss Winwell had known Faith's father and mother before Faith was born. They all had been young together in Philadelphia, though Miss Winwell had not been a "Friend," meaning a Quaker, as Faith's parents were. She admired Quakers, however, although she did not consider them to be realistic, beyond a certain point. Realistic enough about feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked—but the disbelief of some of them in war!

From the window of her office, Miss Winwell could see Faith walking up the hill, see Lieutenant Jeffries coming from another direction hurry to encounter Faith where their paths joined. They paused and talked a moment. Then Faith hurried on.

Miss Winwell sighed. Since her return from the East, Faith always hurried on from a conversation with an attractive young officer. Her lack of interest was very noticeable—and altogether unfortunate, in Miss Winwell's opinion. All the young men who met Faith were impressed by her lovely looks, but she never gave them any encouragement. And especially in wartime, it seemed to Miss Winwell the world was full of quite charming young women who *did* take an interest in young men in uniform. Here Faith was returning from twenty-four hours' leave, and Miss Winwell would wager she had spent every hour of it alone or in the company of some older woman acquaintance.

Miss Winwell's thoughts grew a little confused between the indubitable fact that one was young only once, and that some Quakers were complicated. It was too much bred in their bones to sacrifice the pleasures of this world for some dream of the way the world ought to be. They were right in thinking the world could be a great deal better. After we won this war—

Miss Winwell remembered abruptly that the ensign who died on that destroyer half her life ago used to say *that* war was fought to make the world better. Well, its bitter lessons were not all lost. This time, people would know that the far goal was harder to attain, and not to be abandoned in sight of attainment, for temporary *divertissements*.

FAITH'S profile went past her window, and Miss Winwell's mind returned to the particular. The girl looked like a saint, with that fine fair hair of hers always so smooth, that charming profile always so grave, those gray eyes always so calm.

Though Miss Winwell approved of smooth-haired neat nurses, and calm nurses too, a girl like Faith, who still was only twenty-four, should normally give occasion for mild reproofs in the matter of excessive use of lipstick. Faith didn't use any lipstick. To be sure, she had vivid coloring, and even at the end of eight hours' night duty the pretty curves of her mouth were pink. But still!

That profile was like Faith's mother's. Charity Allester had worked in Germany with the Quakers after the last war, feeding starving German babies. Some people would say now it would have been better to let those babies starve. They had grown up to cause plenty of trouble in the world. But by that theory the Quakers were wrong also, to deal so competently with the post-war famine in Russia. The lives they saved there, however, had turned out to be of very great use by the defense before Moscow and elsewhere.

No, the Quakers were right in doing good as they saw it. The instances with which she was most familiar were those of Faith's parents. Charity Allester died in Germany far from her infant daughter. William Allester came home from Russia with his health wrecked, although he did not die until the year Faith was graduating from training-school. But both those lost lives had a pattern. They "made sense" in the modern phrase, though they were not obviously successful lives like some people's.

Miss Winwell returned her thoughts to their original starting-place. Faith was a merry-enough girl when first she came to the Navy, two years and some months since. She did not then look too—well, *spiritual* was the word.

It was at Miss Winwell's suggestion that Faith had volunteered as a Navy nurse, on completion of her training. Miss Winwell's motives had been slightly complicated. She felt that she wanted to keep in touch with this daughter of old friends, but also she felt that she was giving Faith an opportunity to meet excellent people! After more than a quarter of a century in the Navy, Miss Winwell was stronger than ever in her belief that "Navy people," from the oldest admiral to the youngest able-bodied seaman, were individually and as a group the nicest people in the world!

She had sincerely hoped Faith would resign after a year or two of service, as many Navy nurses did, because of going to be married. Though she was scrupulous as to never treating the girl more or less personally than any other nurse, she did not always control her feelings toward Faith as perfectly as she controlled her behavior.

Sometimes in the evening, when Miss Winwell read or knitted or sewed, she thought if she had had a daughter, she would have liked her to resemble Faith. . . .

There were just moments when one dreamed, irrelevantly, and not quite unhappily, as she did now while putting on her maroon-lined blue cape over the white uniform, which looked crisp as when she put it on that morning, though she had done a hard day's work since.

There were many more buildings of the hospital now, and in the Navy Yard proper, than there used to be. But sometimes to Miss Winwell it did not seem fundamentally changed from the first year she had seen it, in the winter of 1915-1916, when she had black hair that used to shine when she brushed it. She thought of that absently, without either regret or much vanity, as she straightened her cap before the mirror, and went outdoors.

She walked lightly, as she had walked all her life. She was thinking it was strange that after time enough had gone by, grief was gone with it. There was left neither the intensity of love nor the desperate aching, only a faint pleasant warmth. One was glad that when one had been young there was someone about whom one had used to be breathless, someone who was forever twenty-four years old, two years out of Annapolis, going to be married as soon as he got a leave long enough to come home from the war, and after that undoubtedly going to be an admiral, in the shortest possible time.

Miss Winwell walked on. It never occurred to her that she was beautiful even now, perhaps more beautiful than in her girlhood. Under her white hair, blue eyes regarded directly a world Miss Winwell considered highly worth-while as long as one was useful and did one's duty. Her face wore the habit of authority gently, and though long discipline had thinned a trifle lips once warmly curved, as countless miles of hospital wards had made spare a figure always slender, the lips were kind as the figure was graceful still.

At an intersection of two paths Miss Winwell encountered Captain Gregsden, who stopped her. "Everything settled about the ship?"

"Oh, yes. My eleven nurses and I will be ready to go aboard at eleven tomorrow morning."

"There aren't any girls who are likely to waste time being seasick?"

She laughed. "Every one of 'em is a Navy nurse, who has had duty on a hospital ship or a transport before now. I've stripped the hospital of regular Navy nurses, except of course a couple of assistants for the Chief Nurse. The reserve nurses are very good, however—better, I think, than they were in the last war."

Captain Gregsden said: "Not many people around here who remember the last war except you and I, Mary."

"Not many. When I first met you, James, I wouldn't have said that you and I would live to be members of the Old Guard."

"Nor I, Mary."

They had met in a storm on a crowded transport out of Brest. Half the troops aboard were ill with influenza; the other half considered themselves nearer death with seasickness. The young junior lieutenant of the line and the young nurse had become aware of each other as they seized either arm of a gigantic corporal from Texas and hauled him from the deck-rail, which was, in the violence of the storm, at one instant high above the seas and at the next minute totally submerged.

When the corporal was rescued and the dripping nurse regarded the dripping officer, she said: "You've flu yourself. Report to sickbay. You'll get pneumonia."

Lieutenant Gregsden had laughed. His temperature was a hundred and three, and life seemed comic in intervals when it did not seem terrifying. He said disrespectfully: "Get pneumonia yourself!" And then, because that appalling intermittent blackness was descending on him abruptly, said something on his mind: "Get me—some sort of medicine. Have to work. Someone does. But want to go home, see wife and son. Haven't seen son. Just a new son."

Though she weighed about a hundred ten, and he was a sturdy young man, she had dragged him into sickbay, down a long stretch of reeling companionway.

So James Gregsden had lived to see the baby—now in 1942 a Navy pilot stationed at Pearl Harbor—and to wear the four stripes of a full captain. He was sturdier than ever, though in the days before the casualty lists from Pearl Harbor came through, he had grown very gray. He and Chief Nurse Winwell thought of each other rightly as life-long friends.

He told her now: "I envy you, going to sea again. It's the best of Navy life."

"You shouldn't have developed such executive ability, James."

"I shouldn't have grown fat, you mean. *You* didn't." He went on: "It wouldn't surprise me if you saw the tail end of some action, Mary. How long since you heard gunfire except in Navy practice?"

"Not so long ago that I have forgotten how it sounds, James."

"I'm not so proud as most of the Navy is that we let our nurses go to sea. The Army doesn't let its nurses go into action."

"That's the most ungrateful speech I ever heard in the Navy, James. Where would you have been, but for a young Navy nurse too dumb and excited to be respectful to a one and a half-striper? I'm only reminding you of my early life-saving efforts, because—"

He knew she was joking but he interrupted: "Because all of you are so cocky about going to sea like the men."

"We do all right at sea and in danger. I'm speaking for Navy nurses in general."

"I never knew one to do badly." Captain Gregsden said. "But when I think of those girls on Guam—"

She spoke steadily: "I am sure at the last they felt just as the men did, that there are worse destinies than serving one's country to the ultimate."

But the thought of five Navy nurses on Guam, never heard from since the Japanese took the island, troubled them both. In a minute, since it was futile to dwell on unhappy things, Captain Gregsden changed the subject. "Anna wants to see you before you go. Shall she drop round tonight, or will you come for breakfast with us?"

"I'll come for breakfast. Chief Nurse Merriam takes over the wards in the morning."

She wondered irrelevantly how many times she had breakfasted with Anna Gregsden, whenever their tours of duty were in the same part of the world the last twenty years. The first time, she remembered very well.

"James," she said, "I just thought of the time just after the war when Anna asked me for breakfast."

The Gregsdens had been in New York briefly, at a not very fashionable hotel. Anna had planned one of those breakfasts

for which she later became famous. It was said that Anna's cooks always made the best popovers in the Navy, and the best coffee, and the most fluffy omelets. But the breakfast in 1919 had none of those things. It was provided by hotel Room Service.

The young Navy nurse had worn her best daytime frock, her first purchase of civilian clothes after the war. The young Navy wife and she had liked each other instantly. They were making first gestures at friendship when baby James pulled the table, complete with coffee, jam, cream and butter, all over Nurse Winwell's frock.

How they had laughed over that catastrophe since!

Captain Gregsden said: "We'll have a great many more breakfasts the next twenty-odd years. Mary, after this show's over."

"I'm going to retire from the Navy after this show is over, James."

He was startled: "What for? What will you do with yourself?"

She did not tell him that sometimes she wondered about that. She said: "Make myself useful one way or another. I'll think about it when the war ends. Meanwhile I'll be late for mess, which is a bad example to the girls. What time do you want me for breakfast? Eight o'clock as usual?"

"Yes, Mary."

Looking after her as she walked briskly down the hillside toward the nurses' quarters, Captain Gregsden thought, "The Navy will miss her when she retires," and then: "We're none of us as young as we used to be."

CHAPTER 2

An enemy pocket battleship, escorted by at least two cruisers, and by destroyers, also possibly accompanied by an aircraft carrier, was loose somewhere southwest of Iceland. That news was not an hour old, but already the search had begun.

Within forty-eight hours, possibly within twenty-four if the weather (which so clear on land was reported to be foggy at sea) grew more favorable for the search, action might begin. From half a dozen ports the fleet was steaming out to join battle formation at a place only known to commanders of its units.

Because the potentialities of a large engagement were implied in the situation, the hospital ship would follow, as other supply ships would.

Sickbay facilities for a minor action were adequate on the individual ships, even on the destroyers; but this might be general action involving many casualties. When the battle should end, it would be desirable to transfer the seriously wounded to the greater comfort and more elaborate equipment of the hospital ship.

With officers and men of the line to navigate her, with surgeons, hospital corps-men and the regular quota of twelve Navy nurses, the hospital ship would sail alone, unarmed and unprotected, with every mark of identification required under International Red Cross regulations.

In theory, in the ship's utter inability to defend itself, lay its safety. That was according to International Law. Whether the Germans would choose to abide by International Law in refraining from bombing the ship, no one could tell, of course. British hospital ships had been bombed in the last war, and at least one U. S. ship in the Pacific recently.

That evening when she had finished packing, Mary Winwell knocked on Faith's door. Though their quarters were separated only by a short corridor, they did not visit ordinarily, because it seemed to Mary that an obvious friendship with Faith would be injurious to discipline by suggesting favoritism.

Mary said: "I'm making my good-by's all up and down the corridor. I'm sorry you won't be on the hospital ship with us, Faith."

"So am I. It's nice at sea even when March gales are blowing." She stood up to offer her guest the more comfortable armchair.

It seemed to Mary that even in the voluminous folds of a blue wool bathrobe Faith looked thin.

She asked: "Are you feeling well, my dear? You seem to be losing weight."

"Change of climate, probably. I feel all right." The tone was less abrupt than the words, but it dismissed further inquiries just the same.

Mary recommended cod-liver oil, a bit absent-mindedly, her eyes focused on a wall shelf on which Faith had displayed some small souvenirs of her Manila stay.

To make conversation, Mary said, "Your Buddha is unusually nice," and went to examine more closely the smiling white statuette. It was of jade, instead of the more common soapstone, and the details of the carving were exquisite.

Faith volunteered, "It came from a little Chinese shop in Manila. It was a present." And then: "Oh, one of the girls will tell you so I might as well. I had an admirer in Manila. It was he who gave me the Buddha. When I wanted to return it, he asked me not to—"

Miss Winwell hesitated. The girl very obviously but not at all successfully was trying to speak with indifference. A rule of Miss Winwell's life was not to ask unnecessary questions. She sat silent, thinking: "With her hair in two braids on her shoulders like that, Faith looks like a little girl. But all the bones of her face show. Well, they're beautiful bones." Then she said: "Do you want to talk about him or not, Faith?"

A smile lifted the corners of Faith's rosy mouth. "I don't want to talk about him at length. He's in the Navy, a Lieutenant Commander—but I heard he was promoted to full Commander when the war started. I thought he was very nice until—oh, until I found out he wasn't. That's all."

It so evidently was all, that Miss Winwell sighed and changed the subject. "You were next on the list for the hospital ship. Did you know?" She had taken nurses in order of seniority.

"Yes. Someone mentioned it."

"Well, you'll have plenty of sea duty before this war ends, Faith."

Faith said almost with violence: "I hate war. I was brought up to hate war. But even if I hadn't been, I still think I myself would have hated it, no matter what my education."

Miss Winwell spoke mildly. "But my dear, everyone hates war. War and crime and disease—and various other evils of this world—"

Sudden color flamed in Faith's cheeks. "Not everyone hates war," she protested. "The man who gave me the Buddha said he wouldn't care how many Japanese or Germans he killed, and he wouldn't care much under what circumstances. *I* wouldn't kill a German or a Japanese to save my dearest friend. I wouldn't kill anyone at all. If more people felt that way—"

Miss Winwell didn't think she should let her finish.

She could understand the whole story of Faith and her young man now. It did seem so hopeless that she was more conscious of acute depression than she usually permitted herself to be.

A little crispness came into her tone. "No one wants a nurse to kill anyone, my dear. We are supposed to aid the ill and the suffering under all circumstances, as you know. Naturally, for people who believe as you do, however, these times are exceptionally hard. You must try to distract yourself as best you can."

She thought, "I am talking like an imbecile," but it couldn't be helped. She had to go on talking like an imbecile. The girl had been born and reared to face this issue as she was facing it. There was nothing anyone could do to help her, unless by reason of that birth and upbringing she found some inner help.

She stumbled along desperately: "If you found a harmless hobby for your time off—something very remote from the war, like dancing—" She stopped, remembering that strictest Quakers didn't approve of dancing.

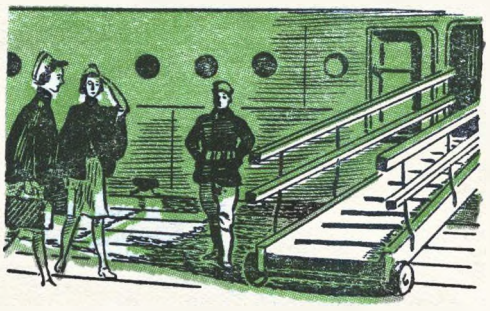
"I learned to dance in Manila," Faith said. "But I sha'n't dance any more."

Miss Winwell sighed again; and began her good-by. No one knew how long the tour of the sea duty would last, or whether the hospital ship would return to this base or some other. She went back to the safe suggestion of cod-liver oil, kissed Faith and went away.

When Faith was alone, she crossed the room and took the jade Buddha from the shelf. She sat down holding it between her hands.

There was some magic in the little image. Touching its smooth cool texture brought back a hundred things—sights, sounds, colors of that city halfway around the world. And forever, his dark head high, his blue eyes laughing, Amory walked through that city in her memories.

CHAPTER 3



ELLEN CHANBY, who once had been a Navy nurse, was long since happily married to an American planter, but cherished her Navy memories, lived in a house some miles from Manila. It was a lovely house with many vine-twined balconies, a great garden behind the house where an old fountain tinkled; and in front the land dropped away to a small beach with the infinite distances of the ocean beyond.

Ellen loved entertaining in general, and in particular entertaining the Navy.

She was a plain woman with a weathered skin. She never took much trouble with her looks or her gaunt figure, but she was capable of taking enormous pains over any young girl who wasn't having a good time, or young man who seemed to be going in for amusements not likely to improve his future.

The second time Faith was invited to her house, she met Amory Dexdell. Within an hour after their introduction he was completely differentiated in her mind from the dozen other young officers in meticulous whites who were present.

At the end of that first evening Amory drove her home to the nurses' quarters, through the soft tropic dark. It seemed to her that it was a night unlike any other. The golden stars were closer to the world. The little breeze rustling a palm outside her window was gentler. When she slept and waked to a bright morning, it appeared to be more golden than any Manila morning she had seen before.

Amory Dexdell was twenty-seven years old, possessed of straight black hair, blue eyes, nice teeth, a gay smile, a tall tanned muscular body, and a naturally cheerful disposition. He appeared to be serious about nothing in the world except his duties as a line officer in the United States Navy. He was liked by his fellow-officers, by enlisted men, and by hostesses everywhere from Newport to Hongkong.

Mothers of daughters had sometimes wished that he were serious about something besides the Navy. He was extremely eligible, because his parents were known to have bequeathed him an income much larger than his Navy pay. But he never involved himself with any charming young woman. He was privately determined not to marry until after his thirtieth birthday, or until after the war he had so long expected would come.

His reasons for that determination were slightly complicated. First, he was enormously interested in his work, but believed no young woman would be particularly interested in it. Therefore if he married, he either would have to rob her of much of his free time to which she would feel herself entitled, or cut down his spare-time work. And also, when war did come, he would feel most badly if he had a wife to leave to war's uncertainties. Better not have the wife to leave!

All that philosophy, which he never bothered to explain to people, was very satisfactory until the day he saw a girl with fine golden hair shining in the sunlight, a charming face and a slender graceful figure, a soft voice. A soft pink rose in a flaming tropic garden!

When he drove her home, he asked her to go dancing. She told him that she did not know how to dance, that her group of "Friends" did not dance. Oddly, the implications of that simple statement shocked him. She was so lovely that she ought to be having the best possible time. If she couldn't dance, she would miss a large part of that good time. That must be altered.

So when he took her to dinner, he lectured her gently, and sincerely—on being more modern, on changing standards. He remembered fortunately some Quakers he had known in St. Thomas who danced. Then he evolved a scheme which seemed to him brilliant. He said his own dancing (the delight of many parties halfway across the world) needed "brushing up." So in Faith's free time—she was on duty from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon—he took her to a dancing-school, for private lessons. It was relatively easy to change those lessons from himself to her. She learned quickly.

The first evening that, dining at a restaurant with the best orchestra in Manila, he stood up and said. "Dance with me, Faith," was wonderful. And holding her lightly in his arms, moving to the somewhat irrelevant strains of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Amory's convictions as to the unwisdom of marriage dwindled with every beat of the music.

But his love for Faith, suddenly strong and confident, gave him judgment about her too. He knew without much regret that she did not love him as yet, that her entire unworldly upbringing had put the thought of personal love far from her mind. He thought with a very tender amusement: "She's been too absorbed in loving humanity in general to have any special affection left for one very ordinary specimen of humanity like myself."

THE tropic summer went by, the last peacetime summer any of them would know for a long time. Sometimes he, with many of his Navy confreres, realized that it was probably the last peacetime summer. Faith did not realize it. She was completely other-worldly in the sweet vague things she said as to being friends with Japan, and with the Germans.

Amory did not mind. He almost said once or twice that there was little profit usually in being friends with a wolf-pack, but he did not want to trouble her. From his point of view, she lived in a dream. Yet knowing that, only added something to his love, added a desire to protect her against the breaking of the dream. He wanted to marry her because he loved her. But also he wanted to marry her to protect her forever from all the difficulties of the world.

He still owned an old stone house set about with apple orchards in the upper Hudson Valley. The place had been in his family for generations. He began to hope—quite inconsistently with his former convictions—that married to him, and living in that peaceful countryside, Faith need not be much troubled by the realities of war, unless she began to love him so much she suffered in his absences at sea.

When first he knew he wanted to marry her, he had sent to his bank in the East for his mother's engagement ring. For more than a month after its arrival he carried it about.

Then in September he could not wait any longer. All his plans to choose a good time and place for his proposal, to lead up to it gradually, vanished. He proposed to Faith hurriedly, outside the nurses' quarters on a hot afternoon when they had only had an hour to spend together, and had been exploring the Chinese shops of the town. He had bought a Buddha. She seldom let him buy her anything, and was protesting that he should keep the Buddha.

He said "Nonsense!" Then he said: "I want to give you everything. I want you to give me everything. Oh, Faith, marry me. You must know I love you." Her gray eyes were startled. The color in her cheeks grew deep and then paled quickly. He stood staring at her, unable to say a single word. In a minute she would tell him to go away, and he couldn't bear it.

In a minute she spoke in a shaky little voice: "I love you too, Amory."

She ran away from him into the house. The chief nurse was walking up the path. He couldn't follow Faith. He had to go away, at least as far as the nearest telephone.

Shut up in a booth in a temperature of at least a hundred and forty, he supposed, he shivered waiting for her to come to the telephone. "Faith, do you mean it? You mean you will marry me?"

Her soft laughter was the prettiest sound he had ever heard. "Yes—but not right away."

He could be gay then. "Why not right away?"

"Can't talk. People here. But I have to get used to the idea."

"All right, Faith darling dearest, angel. But please come out this evening." She was substituting for someone on night duty, and her hours were, briefly, three in the afternoon until eleven in the evening.

"It will be so late."

"I'll wait in a car from eleven on. No matter how late."

"All right. For a little while."

He waited until almost half-past eleven before he saw her coming down the path. Then he got out of the car, put his arms round her, and kissed her.

They were engaged for six weeks.

Amory wanted to tell everyone in the world; but Faith didn't want to tell anyone yet. So they didn't tell anyone. He understood that she was shy and self-conscious and didn't really mind. When she was on duty, she wore his ring on a gold chain around her neck under her uniform. When she was with him alone, on some drive out from the city, she wore it on her finger.

To his delight, Faith grew more radiant every day. Amory thought: "She is made for kisses and laughter and warmth. She is getting over that stiff repressed upbringing of hers by the hour." And because he loved her laughter so, he would plan little things to say that would make her laugh.

Meanwhile they made more important plans. Faith's tour of duty in the Philippines—the usual two years in one station—would end in late November. He himself expected to be transferred at the year's end.

Faith said: "It seems unreal not to be going back to the routine of a Navy hospital. Unreal but—but all right."

She had agreed to resign from the service and marry him either just before or just after Christmas. In any case she would resign at the end of her duty in the Philippines. Amory was due to have a long leave before he took up duties at his new post, wherever that happened to be. He had applied for duty in the Atlantic, feeling as of autumn 1941 that the Atlantic patrol was the most useful Navy service. The precise date of their marriage would depend on the date his leave began.

He wanted to be married in Manila and go home together. After some hesitation Faith agreed. Meanwhile Amory began to think she was right in not wanting to tell their many acquaintances until just before their marriage. They were so perfectly happy that other people, though with the best of intentions, would impinge on that happiness. People would want to give them parties, and one thing and another.

Of course they did go about to parties occasionally. It wasn't possible to drop completely out of sight. One Sunday evening they went together to a party almost entirely "Navy," a buffet supper with casual dancing to the radio on the hostess' screened verandas.

Inconsistently, when they *were* with people, Amory always was delighted because everyone liked Faith, seemed to recognize in her a sweetness and sincerity he had loved from the beginning as much as he had loved her serene face and her fair smooth shining hair.

After supper, as happened ever more frequently of late, a group of officers and their wives ignored the dance-music and began to talk seriously of what the winter might bring. Results of the Japanese conferences scheduled for Washington were dubious. The Pacific situation was graver with each passing week.

The conversation was extremely interesting to Amory. Whether unconsciously he had missed the good shop-talk of his fellow-officers in these last months so happily devoted to courtship, or whether sure now that he and Faith would have a happy marriage as so many Navy people did, and therefore taking for granted that she would listen and comment with the real attention and knowledge of average Navy wives, he forgot her old standards, Amory never afterward decided.

A young Commander, just returned from a leave he'd spent in Chungking, talked for a little while about the situation in the Chinese capital. He mentioned, what Amory had heard before, that the Japanese had ceased to take prisoners in the Chinese war, but killed their prisoners forthwith to avoid the trouble of feeding them.

He said, "No one would blame the Chinese for retaliating," and dismissed the subject, went on to talk of the splendid work of the small group of American volunteer pilots.

"Many of them are transport pilots on China National Airways, who just knock off a Japanese or two between flights," he said. "Chiang Kai-shek gives a bonus for every Jap hurried from a bomber to eternity."

Someone drawled: "When we get the capital ships to work, we can send them to eternity a thousand at a crack. It will be good hunting."

Amory spoke then: "You all remember the winter leave I took in Vladivostok, when the commissar took me out wolf-hunting? It will be like that."

For some years he had believed in that metaphor, that the Japanese were the wolves of Asia, as the Germans were of Europe. He spoke it unthinkingly now.

An old Admiral said: "Yes, but it will be a long hunt. You all know that. For a time the wolves will overrun Asia."

They all knew that well enough. Few in the East knew better how long and thinly held were the lines where attack would come.

A Captain spoke then: "It's been coming so long, so inevitably of late, that now I wish it would arrive. The sooner we fight them, the sooner we shall defeat them, no matter if they win a while before we get going. We can make them pay for their early victories in lives and materials—"

His wife interrupted lightly: "We needn't wish to hurry the beginning, my dear. It's coming as surely as old age to all of us."

Amory said: "It's coming a couple of decades sooner than old age to you, Sandra." Everyone laughed, but they went back to talking of the war in a moment.

The discussion ended only when Faith rose, said she went on duty early in the morning, and therefore thought she had better go home.

In Amory's car she sat silent, looking straight ahead. Suddenly he began to realize that the conversation had distressed her. He said casually: "I'm sorry for all the war-talk, darling."

She turned to him. Under a street-light her face was suddenly sharply outlined. He was startled by its expression. He had never seen anger on her face before.

Her voice was steady, but obviously by effort. "Everyone said what they meant about the war."

"I suppose so, Faith."

"You too."

"Yes, I don't remember saying anything I did not mean."

She quoted: "A wolf hunt—of human beings."

Well, he supposed they had to "have it out," though he regretted the necessity. "Human beings of a low order, Faith, human beings brought up to conquer, to murder—"

"I don't believe that."

He was silent, wondering whether she were fortunate or unfortunate in her beliefs. After a moment he said, "Let's not talk about it, Faith," and reached for her hand.

"We have to talk about it, Amory."

"Well, we can talk about it on our honeymoon. I promise to listen and try to understand—" He thought that if on their honeymoon she was very happy, she would not be so troubled, over the ills to which mankind was heir. Damn it, he didn't want to have to leave her at the beginning of their marriage for a war that might last years. He wished in a way they had lived in a generation not faced with the issue. But except in so far as his love for her changed his viewpoint, he was not otherwise reluctant to face the issue. He was wholly willing to serve his country!

They were only a little way from her quarters. He said: "Skip it for now, Faith. I want you to be happy, even if I'm away. You can do over our house, make a flower garden—will you like that? The garden has been neglected since Mother died. She used to enjoy it, though. Do you think you will?"

"You treat me as if I were a child, Amory."

"Only in your pacifism, darling. And you can't help that."

She said: "We can't face it later. It has to be faced now. Amory, will you stop the car?"

He stopped by a high wall thick grown with a blossoming vine that was fragrant. The scent filled the warm air and troubled him for some obscure reason. He told himself impatiently: "This is trivial. I mustn't lose my temper with Faith over an absurd difference of opinion. We'll both forget it tomorrow."

But the fragrance of the blossoming vine filled his nostrils. Unsummoned, illogical, the thought came: "You will always remember this wall, this perfume in the air."

Faith said: "You love me. I know that you love me in a way. How much would you do to prove it?"

Fantastic question from her who was the most uncalculating of women! Well, he would give her his whole fortune. More importantly he believed, he would give her love and fidelity to his last breath. But he could not understand her question, nor find words to answer it.

When he did not answer, she said: "I have another question. They are connected, though you may not see the connection. If war came, and you were in command of a destroyer which found an unarmed Japanese freighter—would you order your gunners to fire on her?"

Conscious that he was being evasive, exasperated with himself and with her, he said: "Ten to one the freighter would have concealed guns, especially if she was in a war zone."

Faith said gently: "Don't evade the point."

"All right. If she were a cargo ship, she would be carrying arms or useful supplies of some sort to the enemy. I'd order her shelled. If I had time, and circumstances permitted—that is, if there were no likelihood of a submarine in the neighborhood sending me and my crew to the bottom while I delayed. I first would order the Japanese crew to their lifeboats, or take them prisoner. If I didn't have time, they would have to take the same chances they would give the crew of an American freighter. Now—what's the point of your first question about how much I'd do for you?"

"That's easy. Will you resign from the Navy now before war starts?"

He thought, "Oh, good Lord, here it is! Right between the eyes," and again seized a corner of the issue because it came first to his mind. "So I could throw away all the valuable special training my country has given me and wait to be drafted?"

She said calmly: "You wouldn't have to be drafted. You could say truthfully, if you had faith you were right, that you did not believe in war and killing, and would be glad to serve in some non-combatant capacity—an ambulance driver perhaps—"

"Faith, my darling, grow up. Maybe you can't help your beliefs, but don't try to inflict them on other people. I don't try to force mine on you. . . ."

"They would be forced on me if we were married, Amory. When you came back from shooting and drowning people, you would expect me to applaud."

"I would never tell you," he said desperately.

"Well, I should know, anyway. To me, war is just murder."

"And I should be a murderer, I suppose."

She didn't answer. She sat still twisting her pretty hands, one in the other. The unhappiness of that gesture caught at him. His anger vanished in an instant.

"Faith, why must we make each other suffer over this?"

"Because you think war is right."

He said: "Hell, I don't think war is right. I don't think smallpox is right, for that matter. Mankind has found a preventative for smallpox; and in time, if this world is run by civilized people, they will find a preventative for war. It hasn't been found yet. That's all."

She stopped wringing her hands. She put one on the sleeve of his white uniform, almost timidly. "Amory, I know it's a great deal to ask. I don't want you to answer now. Think about it. If you *don't* think war is right, couldn't you sacrifice your Navy career, and be useful in persuading other people—"

He swore again. He could not help it. Then he said: "This is an impasse. I will never resign from the Navy while the country is on the verge of war or at war. Afterward, when Germany and Japan are beaten, I will resign if you like, although I expected to spend my life in the service. But then it won't matter so much. Don't you see that when war begins, is the first important opportunity I'll have to pay my country back for the years of training I've had."

"Training in methods of murder," she said sadly.

"It's no use, Faith. Trying to explain to you is like trying to show a color-blind person pleasant contrasts in tones of red and green. Let's skip it forever. When we're married, we shall pretend there is no war. After all, in peacetime too I would have to leave you for tours of sea-duty."

"You could be killed, Amory."

"That's something else again." He couldn't help adding: "At least, that would put an end to my career as a murderer."

She said: "I'm sorry. It *isn't* any use. Take me home now, Amory."

"All right." They drove the rest of the way in silence. But when he was helping her out of the car, he caught her in his arms. She struggled a little, but he would not let her go.

"Faith, stop grieving for the world that might be but is not. Face the world that is. Be happy in it, with me. We shall have love, we shall have joy."

She put her arms round his neck suddenly. He was always to remember that. And her words, whispered against his shoulder: "I do love you. I shall always love you and want you to be happy."

"You'll make me happy, darling."

But she sobbed, suddenly, and went away.

The next morning she sent to him a package containing every gift he had ever made to her, and a letter, a confused unhappy letter which he burned. But of it he was to remember two sentences.

"*Please don't try to see me*," and "*I have asked to be transferred on the first ship possible.*"

For a day and another, anger and hurt kept him from her. Then he was ordered on a week's sea-patrol. He had only six hours' notice. It seemed to him that he had to see her before he left. He telephoned the hospital, to learn that she was on duty, would be on duty until an hour after his departure.

He considered that even if he were able to reach her at her lunch-hour, he could not by telephone succeed in healing their quarrel. It had gone too deep. So he wrote her a long letter, and on impulse, sent back to her the Buddha that was a souvenir of a happy day they had shared.

He said in part: "Try to believe I would do as you wished if I felt I could in decency. Try to forgive me for hurting you. Perhaps when I come back, you will be willing to see me."

But when he got back, he had a letter from her, written in the hour before she sailed for home. She thanked him for the Buddha, and wrote that she would cherish it.

Faith wrote: "*You must do what you think right. I understand that now. But I cannot marry anyone so far away from my beliefs.*" She made a faint effort at humor: "*So few people share them that it is unlikely I marry, ever.*"

The last sentence in the letter said: "*Forget me and be happy, Amory.*"

By his reckoning the transport on which she went home arrived in San Francisco the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and Manila. He had not forgotten her by then.

In one of the first naval actions of the war, Amory got a shoulder wound, spent his long-anticipated leave in a California hospital while it healed, and then was transferred East, though he no longer cared whether he served in the Atlantic or the Pacific, since service everywhere had become equally useful. He had received a decoration for gallantry in action; and partly for that reason, partly because those were days of rapid promotion, he wore on sleeve and shoulder of the winter uniforms that seemed so strange after two years in the tropics, the three full stripes of a Commander.

CHAPTER 4

At ten o'clock in the morning, when Faith Allester had been on duty three hours, she took five minutes' rest in the ward kitchen, and drank a cup of coffee. There was a slight epidemic of very mild influenza in the Navy Yard, and her ward was unusually crowded.

When a corps-man put his head in at the kitchen door and said she was wanted immediately, Faith thought Miss Winwell had some last-minute instructions to give, and hurried downstairs.

Miss Winwell was already dressed in her heavy blue traveling uniform, her rather severe nautical hat, that was oddly becoming with her white hair, placed straight on her head, her cape lying across a chair-back. She said without preamble: "Go to your quarters to pack for sea-duty, Faith. Report aboard the hospital ship at eleven sharp. A reserve nurse is on her way up to your ward. Confirm your orders for ship duty here."

As Faith was signing, Miss Winwell explained briefly: "Nurse Carter was taken ill just before she came off night duty this morning. It turns out to be appendicitis. You're next in seniority, so you will come with us. A corps-man will call at your quarters for your luggage at ten-forty-five. Pack your warm equipment. That's all."

Faith ran across the yard to her quarters, and began to pack hastily but efficiently. She was ready when the corps-man came for her kit. She had time to telephone her ward and tell the reserve nurse who had taken her place, how far she had progressed in training various corps-men in her charge, and to supervise the care of the patient in Bed Twenty-four whose temperature had dropped to subnormal for no clear reason, to receive the reserve nurse's good wishes for her voyage, and to walk sedately across the yard and down the long hill to the dock.

Nurse Reford, middle-aged, plump, tireless, and good-tempered, joined her at an intersection of one path with another. "Well, Faith, it's good to be sailing, isn't it?"

Faith agreed, sincerely. Nurse Reford said: "I hear we've a new Commander on the ship."

"Oh?" Faith wasn't much interested.

"Well, as long as the line officers navigate the ship and the doctors look after the patients, we'll get there and back all right, Faith. You don't remember the old days when the doctors that had the right rank used to be in command of the ship."

"No, but I've heard of them."

"I will say."—Nurse Reford was panting from the effort of walking and talking simultaneously but she enjoyed talking.—"they always got us to sea and back to port somehow. But I used to feel uncertain whether we were sailing east or north half the time. It's better, now the doctors confine themselves to patients' charts, and the line officers study the navigation ones."

"I expect so."

The sharp wind blowing off the harbor was somehow very refreshing. Faith was feeling more carefree by the moment.

"I wonder whether we'll see any of the action." Nurse Reford sounded hopeful.

"Of course not! We'll just help with the casualties when it's all over," Faith told her.

Everyone knew Faith's pacifist opinions, though it was a fact that since her return from the East she never discussed them at all. Nurse Reford, who liked Faith, had no wish to be disagreeable when she said: "I bet a touch of German gunfire would cure you of some of your opinions, Faith, quicker than anything else."

"I don't want to try the cure. I'm stubbornly content as I am."

Nurse Reford didn't answer, thinking that Faith was an excellent and conscientious nurse, a pleasure to work with in times of crisis, and her opinions didn't bother anyone but herself, after all.

They gave their names to a petty officer at the gangway, who checked them off on a list. Then they went aboard, and immediately to their quarters to unpack. "We're sharing the same cabin," Nurse Reford said, observing the names on the door.

The nurses were quartered two to a room, except the chief nurse, who had on board, as on shore, a bedroom, and bath. All the nurses had fixed bunks. They shared a wardroom for meals and such hours of leisure as they managed.

Unpacking was a very brief business. When they had finished, Nurse Reford asked: "Shall we go outside and see ourselves sail?"

"All right, if you like."

But as they were leaving, Miss Winwell called her: "Better look over the orders, Faith. The other girls have read them." So Madeline Reford went on deck without her. When a few minutes later, after reading the simple division of work, Faith joined her, Madeline said: "I just saw the Commander on his way to the bridge. He's very young and handsome."

They were casting off. Madeline stopped talking and watched. A couple of officers and a few seamen on the dock waved to them.

The gangplank had been taken up and lay on the dock, looking strangely useless. Water was suddenly between ship and dock. The water widened. The two officers waved and

turned away. The sailors stood a little while longer. Then surprisingly the dock was not opposite but behind them. . . .

That his first command in the Atlantic should be a hospital ship, minus guns, torpedoes, and aircraft for defense or attack had seemed to Amory Dexdell somewhat ironic. He recognized that the command held implications of great responsibility. He would have to see that doctors, women nurses, and hospital corps-men got near enough to battle to be of some use, and stay far enough away to keep out of danger to themselves and the patients they would acquire *en route.*

If he had had the choice, he would have preferred a less unusual command. He assumed rightly that he had been given this because he was so newly recovered from his wound. The Rear Admiral had said in fact: "Consider this voyage a sort of rest-cure. You know the benefits of sea air minus the distractions of fighting."

He had answered, and half meant: "I'd prefer a ship, sir, that carried the regular quota of depth-charges in case we met a submarine. Let us hope the Germans are literate enough to read all our hospital-ship identifications through a periscope. Also, that they bother to read them, sir."

The Rear Admiral then said approvingly: "You can't wait to get into action again, can you? Well, after this trip, we'll probably give you one of the new destroyers."

Meanwhile Amory could not explain that he disliked the sight of a Navy nurse's uniform much more greatly than he would dislike sighting a submarine.

He was at the Navy Yard only two days before they put out to sea. On the first of those days, happening to glance over a list on someone's desk, he saw Faith's name, and knew therefore that she was stationed there.

He had the most intense desire to see her, but that desire went past quickly. Through long weeks in sickbay on the West Coast he had come to a decision never to see her again if he could help it. Better for himself that he should not, and better for her, probably, too. Their disagreement, over reasons that would seem comic only to the insensitive, had been profound. Let it be final.

He reported for duty at one end of the crowded Navy Yard fortunately separated by many buildings from the hospital where she was stationed. It had occurred to him that Faith might be among the nurses assigned to the hospital ship. If it so happened, without his volition or hers, perhaps it was so meant to happen. . . . The lists of personnel were waiting for him at his quarters. Twelve names of nurses, none of them names he ever heard before! He was aware of unreasonable disappointment.

Almost immediately out of harbor they ran into fog, heavy fog muffling sea and ship, muffling familiar noises like the splash of waves against the sides of the ship.

When his watch ended, Amory left the bridge rather reluctantly, though his second in command was certainly as well qualified as himself. Practically speaking, the fog had one great advantage: it sheltered them from submarines. But of necessity it also slowed their speed.

Amidships by the deck-rail a slender figure was standing, looking out into the fog as if she were hunting for someone there. The weather was so thick he was very close to the girl before he noticed her particularly.

She turned, hearing his footsteps.

The encounter was not of course as great a shock to him. He had known it had been a possibility. Realizing that, he said: "Don't look so frightened, Faith. I'm not a ghost out of the deep."

She had turned very white. He remembered how always color came and went in her cheeks suddenly. And still she did not speak. Suddenly and unjustly he was furious with her again, as violently as if their quarrel had been yesterday.

"And for heaven's sake, stop looking at me as if I were the *First Murderer,* Faith. That's not necessary, either."

Then she did speak. "Oh, dear, I hoped in all these months you would have grown calmer."

He laughed and laughed. "Now you can talk! Are you glad or sorry to see me?"

She shook her golden head. "I don't know."

Her neat cap trembled a little. Amory had the most insane impulse to pull off that cap, to tumble her hair down on her shoulders as when she was not wearing a uniform he he had used to touch her hair—he wondered if she remembered things like that, or whether—stubborn little Quaker that she was—she had made herself forget, as trivial and inconsequential. . . .

Suddenly she smiled rather uncertainly. "You look at me as if *I* were the *First* or *Second Murderer,* Commander Dexdell. Stop hating me."

"I don't hate you. Never did. But why am I 'Commander Dexdell' suddenly?"

"For many reasons that make great sense. Manila is far away and finished. That's one reason. You are in command of this ship. That's two."

"Don't bother to go on listing them, Faith. You are right, of course. I suppose I call you Nurse Allester from now on."

She said tentatively: "If we could be friends, acquaintances who knew each other in the East and meet again as people are always parting and meeting in the Navy—"

"Is that how you want it, Faith?"

She did not answer directly. She said: "It is how it has to be. I still believe just as I did, Amory."

"You know, Faith, in intervals of being sorry for myself, who had to fall in love with you instead of some girl without any trying pacifist principles, I'm sometimes a little sorry for you. I suppose that sounds like conceit."

Her gray eyes were soft, shining and very direct. "No. You don't mean it as conceit. Now let's stop talking about the past. It's—just the past." She held out her hand. "It's nice to meet an old friend, isn't it?"

He shook hands with her. "It is rather nice, now you mention it."

"I'm going below, Commander Dexdell."

"At least we'll meet again soon, Nurse Allester. It's not an enormous ship."

She didn't answer that. She just said: "Good-by."

CHAPTER 5

The fog held all the first day and evening. When darkness came, the fog shut them off from the sea itself. Fog lay on deck and bridge heavier than oil smoke. It penetrated passageways and cabins and wardrooms. It condensed on portholes thick as frost. It blurred the sounds of ship's bells, and strangely even of human voices.

But Miss Winwell said to her nurses, as they lingered over coffee after dinner: "This weather has its advantages. In the first place, it's not cold. More importantly, though it slows our progress it also conceals it completely from observation planes."

One of the nurses said: "But if the fog stretches as far as Iceland, the German ships can escape under its cover."

"Probably it's just a local condition," someone answered.

Miss Winwell went on with her own train of thought: "Of course, we're still not far enough from port to run much risk of enemy observation from anything but submarines."

Catherine Patricken, the youngest of the nurses, asked: "But they aren't supposed to attack us, are they?" somewhat anxiously.

"What they're supposed to do and what they do aren't necessarily the same," Miss Reford told her.

But Miss Winwell said firmly: "I doubt we're in the slightest danger of attack. There's a more practical reason for hoping we aren't seen. The enemy realizes a hospital ship follows the fleet. Our course therefore gives an indication of the direction where the fleet is gathering. Naturally we alter our course from time to time. How often, depends on the Commander's orders, naturally. If there's need for haste for him to arrive at a given point, he doesn't have time to waste zigzagging over the ocean. I expect he'll come to call on us this evening, by the way. It's usual—"

Faith spoke for the first time. "Why does he call?"

"To make inquiries as to our comfort, and so on, as a matter of courtesy."

"He's very handsome," Catherine Patricken said. "What was he talking to you about for so long, Faith?"

Faith was conscious that she flushed. But she said matter-of-factly: "Oh, we're old acquaintances. We were both stationed in the Philippines."

Mary Winwell regarded her with a certain surprise.

But at that moment someone knocked at the door of the nurses' wardroom. A corps-man announced: "Commander Dexdell, Lieutenant Carth."

Miss Winwell rose to greet them. "Will you have coffee with us?"

"Thank you." The officers sat down. Conversation became general. Commander Dexdell volunteered the information they were only making half-speed. Lieutenant Carth made a joke about seasickness. Everyone laughed.

After a little while Faith began to feel conspicuous because she alone had not said a word. But she couldn't think of anything to say! Amory's blue eyes regarded her for an instant occasionally, then moved past her.

Faith ceased to see the small neat room, the familiar faces, ceased to hear their voices, or the dulled beating of water against the ship. That glance brought back vivid scenes, as if by opening a door she could walk out to them, sunny Pacific beaches, gardens strangely spice-scented, laughter—

Amory was resting one arm lightly on the table. She could remember that arm round her!

He was standing up. So was the other officer, whose name she had already forgotten. They were making their good-nights. Faith felt very tired.

On the next day a sense of adventure seemed to seize everyone. The sun shone, and although the air was cold, it was wonderfully bracing. Neither doctors nor nurses had anything arduous to do. The routine training of corps-men went on but, divided among so many, the instruction was just a brief pleasant interlude in the long day.

Faith began to feel comfortably well acquainted with the three doctors. The chief was Lieutenant Commander Slake, a grizzled Naval Reserve officer who had left a very successful Midwest surgical practice for active duty. His interests were surgery, people, bridge, art-exhibits, ships, planes, his wife and family, and social reforms, underprivileged children, and as Faith told him: "Probably everything else. My list is only on the basis of two days' acquaintance."

"Of course I'm interested in everything," he told her. "The maddening thing about man's fate is that he only has seventy or eighty years to see and learn and know all the miraculous things about the remarkable world."

They had been walking up and down the stretch of deck outside the sickbay. She had been walking along when he joined her. On the lee side of the ship, they were here somewhat sheltered from the wind.

Faith asked: "Do you really think it's a remarkable world? Sometimes I think it's rather horrible, with its wars and cruelty."

"Nonsense, my dear Nurse Allester. That just proves you're too young to have a sense of proportion. Do you believe we evolved from the amoeba, or from Adam and Eve?"

She told him: "Not quite literally from Adam and Eve, but symbolically—"

"It doesn't matter which one believes. I'm the amoeba school, of course. But either way, mankind hasn't had so long to learn how to live in his world. He has only scratched the surface of its potentialities. War's an incident."

"An incident that recurs too often."

"That doesn't matter. Call it a disease for which we have not yet found the preventative."

"What comfort is that to all the people who will be killed or wounded?"

"You're a Quaker and a pacifist, aren't you? I remember hearing." He dismissed that too. "Look here, Nurse Allester. Every generation is sacrificed for the next, in a manner of speaking."

"Then what's the point?"

He stood there quite gravely. "Life going on, getting a little wiser, freer, kinder. You're a young woman, but even you can't expect to see the millennium. If you and your generation can say when you're old, that by your struggle you brought the world nearer the millennium in the slightest, that's enough, isn't it?"

"It should be, but—"

"But at your age one isn't very patient." His deep laugh rang out. His two assistants, Lieutenant Denton and Ensign Forrest, came out on deck.

"I've been lecturing Nurse Allester," he told them. "Trying to make her stop thinking like an individualist."

Lieutenant Denton, who was (though not much) the elder of the two young medical officers, laughed. "He's famous for that in Chicago, Nurse Allester. Lecturing at medical school, he would interrupt himself on the slightest pretext to say: 'What does the individual matter? Don't ever care what you discover, or someone else discovers, as long as the discovery is useful.'" In spite of his laughter, there was respect in Lieutenant Denton's voice.

Ensign Forrest wasn't interested. He seemed to consider the deep color in Faith's cheeks much more important. He said: "Wonderful how sea air agrees with you, Nurse Allester. You look just splendid. Will you play bridge this afternoon? I've got the other people, but I was hunting all over the ship for you for a fourth."

She told him that she was sorry, that she did not play bridge. He said without subtlety: "Then I don't want to play without you. What would you enjoy doing? I've some records. We could organize some dancing."

Faith told him she would have to inquire from Chief Nurse Winwell as to her hours on duty, and escaped. He was a nice young brown-eyed brown-haired doctor, who'd left his interneship for Navy service. She rather liked him, but had no wish to embark on a flirtation on duty. She corrected that in her mind. She had no wish to flirt with anyone, ever!

However, Miss Winwell only said: "Rest and enjoy yourself, my dear. There'll be enough work for us all later." She was knitting. It seemed to Faith, watching Miss Winwell's fast-moving slender fingers, that the older woman looked tired, strained, somewhat anxious.

Faith hesitated at the door. "May I sit down and visit with you—or am I in the way?"

"Sit down for a while. Then go out on deck. The fresh air is making you look very well, Faith."

"So Ensign Forrest took pains to tell me." She hesitated, made her voice light, and went on: "I suppose you have guessed that Commander Dexdell is the officer of whom I told you."

Miss Winwell didn't make any pretense of misunderstanding. "Yes. I knew. Well, if you and he were meant to meet again—" She didn't finish.

Faith said: "It isn't any use. I am just self-conscious when I see him. And besides, the things that separated us will separate us again."

"You're probably no more self-conscious than he." Mary's voice was dry. She went on knitting in silence for

some moments. Then she said: "You will both probably be too busy in the near future to bother with each other."

Sunlight coming in a porthole touched Miss Winwell's gray hair, intermittently, appearing and disappearing with the slight rolling of the ship. When the sunlight lay on her hair, it shone like silver.

Faith watched that beam of sunlight as she spoke. "You are very sure, aren't you, that we'll be swamped with casualties or closely involved with some action on this voyage?"

Miss Winwell laid her knitting in her white lap and looked at it. "I wonder how many Navy sweaters I've knitted in the last twenty-five years." Then she answered Faith's question in a roundabout fashion. "Old sailors get a feeling in their bones, they say, about the luck of a voyage. Well. I've been long enough at sea, or by the sea, to have acquired the same sixth sense, I suppose. In my very bones I'm sure that we are headed for some sort of trouble."

Her pretty laughter tinkled. "Don't look worried, Faith. I don't suppose you are any more capable of personal fear than your mother and father were. I'm not very capable of fear, either. It's just something one controls, like over-excitement or anger or half a dozen other emotions."

"I wasn't thinking of being afraid. It just seemed strange that you feel as you do. You're usually so matter-of-fact."

Miss Winwell nodded: "That's quite true. I've lived day to day, been busy and happy enough. But ever since we put out to sea this trip, I'm dreaming like an old woman of all the voyages I've taken—things I've almost forgotten—a fog off Liverpool once—a cold, sunny somewhat rough day like this in Halifax harbor." She picked up her knitting again resolutely, and changed the subject. "You'll never meet a nicer man than Commander Dexdell, Faith. I've met so many Navy men I can judge instantly the best from the second-best."

"But if we can't agree—"

"Some day, Faith, you'll know there are things more fundamental than opinions. Run along, child, and amuse yourself with the young ensign."

When Faith was gone, Mary Winwell thought: "I needn't have hurried the girl off like that." She wondered why she wanted so badly to be alone. It was as if every quiet hour now were precious. Then she forgot Faith.

SLOWLY the wind rose. It was still far from gale force, but would reach it if it kept on rising. Miss Winwell couldn't count the storms she had lived through at sea any more than she could count patients she'd tended, sweaters she had knitted, or ports where she had gone for walks. There was nothing in a storm to be upset about, as long as Navy men were in charge of a ship.

Without the least irreverence, Miss Winwell felt as to the American Navy's competence, precisely the way she felt as to God's goodness. She had unlimited confidence in both, and could quote practically as many examples of one as the other.

Her mood was no more motivated by threat of weather than by threat of submarines. A feeling in one's bones! That was a strange old-fashioned phrase, but it fitted. A feeling in her bones that she was voyaging infinitely faster on this slow comfortable hospital ship than on the swiftest ship on which she'd ever journeyed! A feeling that on this ship she was voyaging away from all the long busy years of her life, toward a destination stranger than any port where she had ever touched. From the first hour that fog shut away the rest of the world from them, the feeling had been strong, steady and wonderfully peaceful. She had no desire to change anything, to escape this journey, or to turn back.

If at the end, done with middle-age (but she'd never minded middle-age; it was just natural), done with effort (but effort to be useful had made her quite happy), one slept, waked, and waking saw one's dear love again, why—that would be just natural too.

Miss Winwell stayed in her cabin until the sun was dropping downward to the sea. Then she rang for Nurse Reford. When that solid amiable woman arrived, Miss Winwell's voice was as coldly practical as Nurse Reford had ever heard it.

"It occurred to me that since you're senior to the others, and would act as Chief Nurse in any eventuality that I was unable to act, we should go over certain matters of routine."

Nurse Reford's only thought was, "I've always heard Chief Nurse Winwell was a marvelous organizer," and listened attentively.

CHAPTER 6

THAT afternoon the wind kept steady.

Amory Dexdell had anticipated a possibility of storm and had taken usual precautions; had ordered lashed down everything movable on the ship.

The U. S. S. *Consolation* in his private opinion (and the frequently expressed opinion of Lieutenant Carth, his second in command) was an old tub, but extremely seaworthy. Converted from a passenger ship to its present purpose, it sacrificed both maneuverability and speed for stability and comfort, as the destroyer squadrons in which both Amory Dexdell and Randall Carth had served, sacrificed comfort, space and stability for speed and responsiveness.

As Amory was shaving before dinner, Randall Carth knocked. He was just off watch. He told his commanding officer cheerfully: "I'd hate to have to dodge anything faster than a tug with her. Still, we sha'n't get the kicking around we would get in a real ship." By a "real ship" he meant something that carried guns.

"We'll get enough kicking around by tomorrow," Amory told him, "if the wind increases much."

"Yes," Lieutenant Carth said as if pleased. He was a lanky Georgian, handsome, amusing, and a good officer. "Let her blow, I say, sir. As long as the wind stays more than half on our tail, she'll shove us along some. Otherwise, this ark's so slow the fleet will have time to get all its wounded home and be back for another battle before we get anywhere useful. You didn't get a weather report, did you, sir?"

"No. I told the radio operator not to query. Why give sub commanders any free advice? Code's very risky. We didn't broadcast at all today, and didn't pick up much of interest, either."

"I suppose we are in a danger zone by now," Randall Carth said. "Funny, in a ship like this one doesn't realize, sir. I keep looking for something fore and aft. Then I realize I'm looking for guns."

"Danger-zones don't have any limits nowadays. They've had plenty of trouble off the Jersey coast!" Amory reminded him. "But I keep looking for the guns too."

The young officer risked candor. "I don't suppose I'm any more or less afraid than average, sir. That show off Newfoundland was no special thrill." Amory had heard of that incident—a torpedo boat already sinking got a sub. Randall Carth, who had been in charge, got a promotion. Amory thought, "I'd like to know him better," and said, "Go on. What were you going to say?"

"About the guns, sir. It always gave me a nice comfortable feeling to see the guns, and the clean narrow bow on a destroyer, and to know how fast she'd get out of trouble. This—this all painted up like an excursion steamer—is a bit disconcerting sometimes, sir."

"Do you feel that too?" Amory laughed.

"Well. I'm relieved *you* do. sir." Randall said. "After all, we've been in a real war in the Navy since the very beginning. This seems phony by comparison. I should think they'd dig eighty-year-old Admirals out of retirement and let 'em run these pleasure steamers, sir."

"I guess they stop being pleasure steamers when the casualties come aboard. This ship is just converted. They staffed her with whoever they had around. You can ask to be transferred back to destroyers after this voyage. I'm asking."

"Meanwhile can one make friends with the pretty nurses -or isn't it done? There's one in particular, sir."

Amory was startled at his violent surge of jealousy. He said: "Of course one makes friends with them. Which one is the one in particular?"

"Name's Nurse Patricken, sir. A little young thing like her has no business risking her life in a danger zone."

The jealousy vanished. Amory laughed again, but at himself. "She's the red-haired girl, Carth?"

"Yes sir. The little one." Her smallness seemed to have impressed Randall particularly.

Amory said: "You can go call in their wardroom. Of course they'll all be sitting around."

"Well, I sha'n't make much progress in friendship under the Chief Nurse's eyes, sir. That Chief Nurse looks like a tired angel, doesn't she? And there's another one that looks angelic: a young one, blonde, very pretty, but not my type—too serious-looking."

Amory said aloud: "You mean Nurse Allester. She can be gay and light-hearted enough sometimes. I knew her in Manila."

He said nothing more. Naturally, Lieutenant Carth made no inquiries. He went to take over the ship, and Amory went to dinner. He was beginning to look forward to meals with his chief medical officer Barry Slake. The surgeon's conversation was always stimulating, and even if his manner unconsciously was of one well used to the lecture platform, Dr. Slake's sharp dark eyes laughed at himself as well as other specimens of *genus homo*, allegedly *sapiens*.

This evening, as plates and silver began to slide noticeably, Doctor Slake discoursed on instinctive versus deliberate courage. He included a brief monologue on the function of adrenal glands, in which no one else was as interested as he, but then made a flat statement that startled Amory. "Except for lesser physical strength, women would make much better soldiers than men. They have a much steadier courage."

Ensign Forrest said: "Oh, you mean the way they have children without fussing—"

"I don't mean anything of the sort." Dr. Slake sounded exasperated. "I mean that women are more heroic in everyday matters. Most men will compromise ideals for convenience, are reluctant to sacrifice any important desire—"

Amory didn't listen beyond the phrase, "compromise ideals for convenience." He thought of Faith, who would not compromise ideals for what had seemed to him reality. He had used to think her arrogant in her refusal to compromise. Instead, had she been heroic? Those were just words. He supposed she had done what she felt she had to do.

Since their talk in the fog, he had not sought her out, nor had any private conversation with her. What was the use? But he thought of her sleeping and waking, separated from him only by various partitions of wood and steel, in his charge as everyone on the ship was in his charge. She was more important to his heart than all the rest of the ship's company together!

He was finishing after-dinner coffee when a seaman came with a message that Miss Winwell would like to see him in her quarters whenever it was convenient for him. He sent back word that he would call almost immediately.

Walking aft down the slanting companionway, he realized that the seas were getting heavier. He decided to go to the bridge as soon as he had seen Nurse Winwell.

She looked as calm and neat as if she sat in a living-room of quarters on land. She said: "We're going to have a trifle of weather aren't we, Commander?"

"If the wind keeps up."

"Sit down." She gestured toward the window seat. When he seated himself, he was conscious of the splash of sea water against the locked port behind him.

Then he was so astonished he forgot the possibility of storm, because Miss Winwell said without preamble: "Would you mind telling me whether you are in love with Faith Allester?"

He stared at her. She digressed briefly: "I'm practically old enough to be your mother, and the first Commander I ever knew very well has been an Admiral for years and years, so there's no reason to be embarrassed with me, is there?"

Looking at her worn lovely face, he made up his mind instantly that he wasn't either embarrassed or even slightly angry. He said: "I loved her very much. I wanted to marry her. Then when we quarreled, I made up my mind to forget her. Now that I've seen her again—why, I love her and I want to marry her."

Miss Winwell said: "Splendid."

"Not quite, Miss Winwell. I'll do anything in the world to persuade her to marry me, except attempt to get out of the Navy in wartime, you know—it's absurd of her to ask anything of the sort."

"I know it's absurd." Miss Winwell said. "But she can't help it." She told him the story of Faith's mother and father. Though she was not striving for effect, the very simplicity of the telling was moving.

Amory waited until she was finished. Then he protested: "You make it all much more comprehensible, but you also make it rather completely hopeless. How can I fight that background?"

"You can't. You made a mistake to try to fight it. Why didn't you ignore it?"

"It was impossible, without telling her a string of lies. The issue rose even before the war."

Miss Winwell said thoughtfully: "I don't suppose I ever told any lies, except to patients to make them feel better. Not always then. It depends on the patient."

She returned to the point abruptly. "Faith is a perfectly normal young girl, who should be married and happy, which is why I feel justified in interfering. You must persuade Faith that you have so many other things in common that your honest disagreement about war is just as unimportant as if one of you liked spinach and the other didn't.

"When you are both back from this voyage, try to convince her that you are meant for each other regardless of your opinions." Her blue eyes were suddenly too bright, and for the first time her tone was faintly apologetic. "You see, I'm old-fashioned, Commander Dexdell. I believe that one loves importantly only once, and if one loses that—life isn't quite the same."

"But that isn't an old-fashioned belief—or if it is, I happen to share it." he told her.

"Well then, do the best you can. See Faith every time it is possible. I'm sure it will work out. I'm suddenly very sure. And thank you for coming to see me."

Amory said (and meant it): "Thank you for asking me."

On his way to the bridge he wondered what story lay back of that phrase "one loves only once" and thought: "What a nice woman she is!" He felt suddenly quite happy, quite hopeful.

On the bridge, Lieutenant Carth greeted him with: "She's beginning to pitch now—not like a destroyer, sir. More sluggish motion perhaps. The chief boatswain's mate bets we're in for a typical northwester. I've never been through one." His manner was that of a man for whom a splendid entertainment had been arranged.

Randall Carth went on with a sort of informal report. "I sent two seamen to sickbay, sir—seasickness. The big

night nurse, Miss Reford, seemed delighted at the prospect of having something to do. I had Ensign Kimball take over for a few minutes while I went below to see how the men were, sir."

To see how the men were, and snatch some conversation with Nurse Patricken, Amory didn't doubt. But Carth was frank about having left the bridge.

"Where's Kimball now?" Amory asked. Kimball was the third line officer aboard, brand-new product of the Great Lakes naval training-school and an earnest boy. He had not, however, seen an ocean until the day before sailing.

"Seasick too, sir," Carth announced. "I told him to report to a doctor, and to return to the bridge unless the doctor hospitalized him."

"I hope he recovers quickly," Amory said. "We can't bring the chief engineer up from the boiler-room to navigate the ship. We could use another line officer."

"There's always the medical staff, sir," Randall suggested. "I bet Lieutenant Commander Slake would have a fine time taking sights and figuring out wind-drift."

Dusk was thickening on the gray sea. A few stars appeared, but most were obscured by gathering cumulus.

"It's going to rain, sir," Randall stated. "We can't complain of monotonous weather so far on this voyage."

"It's too cold for rain," Amory told him. "We'll have a snowstorm, but visibility isn't bad yet."

"I should have figured that out for myself—about the snow, sir."

But Amory was listening for a repetition of sound, half guessed, half heard, louder than the noise of the wind. He picked up the telephone that was a direct wire to the engine-room and gave swift orders.

Randall's thin animated face looked surprised and interested. That was all. As soon as the ship's engines stopped, they both heard the throbbing of motors—not their motors. Randall said as a statement: "The other sound was a shot."

Amory gave him half a dozen quick orders, without bothering to answer. One order was to tell Miss Winwell to keep the nurses in their quarters. "When you're finished, come to me on deck."

"Yes sir," Carth said, already at the telephone.

WITHOUT power, the ship had begun to wallow in the swell. Slake slid across the deck to Amory, but he ignored the medical officer to say to the chief boatswain's mate: "Put that revolver away, out of sight, quick." Then to Slake he said: "Go to your quarters. Keep the medical officers off deck."

He could see the submarine plainly, even in the fading light. It had taken him a few seconds, about as long as it had taken the lookout to race down from the bow toward him to locate the submarine. It seemed incredible that she lay so close to the ship. Then Amory told himself: "I should have known. Otherwise we wouldn't have heard the motors."

Randall hurried down the deck: "Radio operator's report. They order us to halt, to send a boat's crew to pick up men to come aboard and examine the ship. Also they forbid us to broadcast. Say they'll torpedo us if we do."

"We've already halted," Amory said, "as they no doubt see. Order a boat lowered. Ask for volunteers to man it. I'll command it." Then for the first time in several minutes he remembered that he was in command of the hospital ship, and corrected himself. "No—you take command of the boat, Carth. Remember you've got to obey their orders, absolutely."

"It's illegal for them to board a hospital ship, isn't it, sir?"

In the midst of intense humiliation over the ship's helplessness, Amory grinned: "Don't waste time mentioning that to him."

Randall Carth saluted and went off. Amory saw the boat being lowered. He stood still on the deck midships. In some seconds Commander Slake's voice said: "You're a perfect target, Dexdell."

"If they're going to attack, they'll torpedo the ship, I suppose," Amory said. "There's nothing on earth we can do to stop them."

Commander Slake stood beside him. "The seas are pretty heavy to launch a lifeboat, aren't they?"

Amory shook his head. "Not yet. If the wind had risen faster, they couldn't have got away with this." He thought: "This is the worst hour of all my service in the Navy."

The lifeboat had got away nicely. The submarine kept power on and off intermittently, just using the engine to hold them in broadside to the ship. The lifeboat drew nearer to them, and they moved slightly closer to it. But close as they were, it was now growing so dark one couldn't see individuals, either in the boat or on the submarine's deck.

ENSIGN KIMBALL crossed the deck to Amory. "I dressed as fast as I could, sir. What are your orders?"

"Tell the crew to say nothing to any member of the boarding party, to give not the slightest pretext for sinking the ship."

Slake said, when Ensign Kimball was gone: "He was terribly seasick a half-hour ago. He's forgotten about that now. Can I be of any use to you, Dexdell?"

"Not unless you can conjure up an American destroyer out of the dusk," Amory told him.

The lifeboat was coming back. It looked low in the water.

"What are they coming aboard for?" Commander Slake wanted to know.

"To make a nuisance of themselves one way or another. I've no experience with this situation."

Amory said on impulse: "Stay with me and be part of the reception committee, if you like. Your two and a half stripes may help to be as impressive as one can be without even one machine-gun aboard. We'd better go to my quarters. I'll receive the officer in charge there. It may seem a trifle more dignified than hanging over the side to watch their arrival. I want to speak to Forrest."

The ensign was approaching them at that instant. Amory told Kimball to take charge of getting the lifeboat aboard. He stopped in at the radio-room. The operator said hopefully: "If I used the emergency transmitter, do you suppose they'd pick it up, Commander?"

"You know damn' well they would," Amory told him. "You haven't any codes lying around, have you?"

The radio operator said, "I took a chance, sir," and pointed to some burning papers in a metal wastebasket.

"Heave them over the side," Amory told him. "You've just about time."

In his own sitting-room he locked the door, sat down, offered Doctor Slake a cigarette, unlocked a drawer of his desk, tore a few sheets of thin paper across, opened a porthole, and threw the torn sheets through slowly.

Commander Slake, who always had to think twice about words like *port* and *starboard*, realized after a moment that the port was on the opposite side of the ship from the submarine. When all the papers were gone, Amory closed the porthole again, and unlocked the door.

"Someone should have stayed with the nurses," Commander Slake said suddenly.

"What for?" Amory asked, and then explained: "Chief Nurse Winwell is in charge of them." He added: "The best idea is to be matter-of-fact and indifferent, as if we had been stopped by a German sub three times a day before meals. Anyone or anything that looks guarded will attract attention. Don't say anything. Here they come."

The chief boatswain's mate, not Lieutenant Carth, saluted Amory and spoke. "They requested me to bring them to your quarters, sir. This is—some kind of officer—Heinkel."

Amory rose in a leisurely fashion, and asked: "Where is Lieutenant Carth?"

The boatswain announced, "They took him aboard the sub, sir," and a tall young German officer, as immaculate as if he just had come from his Berlin tailor's, interrupted:

"We're holding him until we return to the submarine, Commander. May I see your papers?"

Four German seamen with sub-machine-guns had followed the officer into the room.

Amory spoke to the officer: "Are you aware that this is an unarmed hospital ship—"

"Oh, yes. We've been following you for hours. Your papers, please?" His English was scarcely accented.

Amory handed him the ship's papers, lists of crew, officers of the line, medical officers and nurses. He said: "I wish to protest formally—"

"Quite, quite. But let's not bother. Do you wish to accompany me on my inspection?"

"Yes," Amory said, and added: "Come along, Commander Slake." He told the German: "Our Chief Medical Officer."

The German officer bowed slightly. He did not ask Amory's name nor volunteer his. He said: "Your hospital quarters, first."

Commander Slake walked beside Amory. The German officer followed. His men followed with machine-guns. The German said: "I've instructed your ensign as to what lights to carry."

Amory could see two German seamen in the radio-room as they passed by.

In the sickbay, Chief Nurse Winwell stood against a bulkhead, instructing a corps-man in the care of a seasick patient. "Nausea is frequently succeeded by headache," she was saying. "An icebag on the forehead is usually adequate to relieve it." She nodded to the two American officers.

The German addressed her: "Who's in charge of hospital supplies?"

She spoke to Amory: "Commander, do you wish me to answer?"

Amory said: "Yes, Nurse Winwell."

She told the German: "The chief pharmacist's mate."

"Well, get him. Don't waste time."

She led them to his office. The German spoke to one of his men, and then in English stated: "You are not very well supplied, for a hospital ship not long out of port."

The seaman was filling a great canvas bag with drugs, bandages, cotton and whatever else took his fancy in the neat storeroom.

Rather to Amory's surprise, Chief Nurse Winwell answered him: "We put out to sea hastily."

The German ignored her, spoke to the man gathering supplies and then in English to Amory: "Come along. He can finish."

He led the way below. They passed several German seamen laden with huge oilcans. In the engine-room was another German officer. The two exchanged some conversation, and then Amory was escorted through the entire ship, crew quarters, officers' quarters, galley—whence a German seaman was taking bags of canned goods.

Realizing how confusing a strange ship can be on first inspection, Amory tried to avoid the companionway leading to the nurses' quarters. But he was unsuccessful. They ordered him down it. He had just time to knock at the door of their wardroom when the German officer flung it open.

All the nurses were seated about the table, except Chief Nurse Winwell, who was no doubt still taking charge of sickbay. Faith Allester was reading aloud to them, in a voice not quite natural but steady enough. From a fashion magazine, of all things!

She paused. All the nurses rose, and said in practical unison: "Good evening, Commander Dexdell." Some added: "Good evening, Commander Slake."

Amory said: "Good evening. Be seated. Go on with your reading, Nurse Allester." And to the German: 'Shall we continue your inspection elsewhere?"

But the German answered: "In a moment. I never saw any American women before. They look fairly Nordic."

Faith continued reading: "'Suits with the frilliest of blouses or with blouses tailored as a man's shirt—"

The German addressed her: "What does all that nonsense mean?"

She hesitated, then said: "It is a description of fashions for spring."

He was walking into the room, toward Faith's chair. Amory thought: "If he touches her, I'll kill him."

Behind him Commander Slake said as if Amory had spoken that thought aloud: "Then shortly we'll all be dead. Keep your head, Amory." His voice was very low. He added: "What a weary, bitter face the fellow has."

Amory had scarcely noticed, but now he did. The German might have been handsome except for that look of fatigue and bitterness. He was pulling the magazine out of Faith's hands. "I will take this home to amuse my friends."

He saluted somewhat mockingly, left her, returned to the door, and gave a command to one of his men. The other officer appeared very shortly with his squad of men.

Amory suggested: "Let's return to my quarters." The two German officers were still standing in the doorway of the nurses' wardroom.

The one whom Amory had escorted round the ship explained more agreeably than he had explained anything heretofore: "I wished my fellow-officer to see the American women." He issued an order to Amory: "Have them come on deck, so our submarine Commander sees them too."

"What for?" Commander Slake's hand on his arm was only an extra irritation. He flung it off.

Slake was speaking German, slowly, as if he were long unaccustomed to the language. One of the officers answered him impatiently. Slake spoke to the nurses: "Put on your capes and come on deck." *He added to Amory:* "*Let them* do as I say."

It was not quite completely dark. That surprised Amory. It seemed to him he had spent endless hours being ordered about. He saw that the submarine had come much closer. Its deck was lighted brightly, as if there were no danger for it in the North Atlantic. His own deck, by their orders, was brightly lighted too.

Commander Slake said to the nurses: "Line up here."

The German sailors were already lined up. Amory saw that their pockets were stuffed with loot, ranging from chocolate bars to his own pet chronometer. The nurses faced the submarine. Their backs were turned to him, but as if he had called her, Faith turned suddenly to look at him.

As she did so, one of the German seamen took something out of his pocket to show to the man next to him: A small image of Buddha, a white jade image.

The German officer shouted a harsh command. The men moved forward toward the lifeboat, already lowered. But at that instant Faith left the other nurses, ran toward the seaman, snatched the Buddha out of his hand. "It's mine," she said. The seaman struck her across the face. She staggered, and Amory knocked the seaman down.

Someone roared a command in German, and something hit Amory across the head in the same second. He plunged down, down into darkness, a sea of blackness lighted curiously with multi-colored unsteady stars.

CHAPTER 7

Somewhere a ship was rolling and pitching simultaneously—no, not quite simultaneously; there was a long slow roll to port, a recovery, then the ship pitched; then she rolled slowly to starboard; then she recovered; then she pitched. Somewhere also a wind screamed thinly.

He was a midshipman halfway through Annapolis, and he was seasick. No, he was a junior lieutenant in the Pacific, and he never was seasick any more. Only the noise of the typhoon gave one a dreadful headache after a while. No, he was a Lieutenant Commander on a destroyer. America was at war with Japan. No—there was something past that. . . .

By great effort he opened his eyes. An elderly nurse with a charming face said: "Don't try to talk yet. Commander Dexdell. I'll send for Commander Slake."

AMORY didn't answer, because it was too much trouble. But he gradually remembered. The hospital ship, Faith, Miss Winwell, the Germans aboard—

It was all fairly clear by the time Slake leaned over him. Amory managed to form words then. "What happened after —after—"

"Keep quiet, and I'll tell you," Slake sat down. "Everything's all right, more or less. Of course the weather's bad."

He hesitated so long Amory said again: "What happened?"

"You got hit on the head with a revolver-butt. You're lucky, Dexdell, strong skull. Only slight concussion. Rest today and you'll feel so much better tomorrow it will surprise you."

"The sub—the nurses—Faith Allester—Lieutenant Carth."

"All right. I'll tell you in order. The sub left us shortly after your accident. I talked my best Heidelberg German to them. It's not good. I never was a student at Heidelberg. I just visited there one summer. I persuaded them that the girl was your fiancée, and the Buddha a gift from you. I made it all up, and then Miss Winwell told me afterward it was practically true. Extraordinary! You never understood why they wanted the nurses to line up?" He didn't wait for a yes or no.

"There were two reasons: First, he wanted the submarine officers to see some of them were blonde. It seems they had an argument once, in which one of them said all Americans were swarthy except those who had their hair bleached to appear in pictures. Then he thought it would be a good idea to tell the seamen America is so weak it had to send women to sea. That's all. I thought it was better to agree than to have him order one of the nurses aboard the sub to prove his case."

He cleared his throat. Amory's head was aching badly. But the pain seemed to be detached from his mind abruptly so that he could think quite surely. He was now perfectly sure that Commander Slake was concealing some bad news from him. But when he started to speak, Slake went on hurriedly:

"So the nurses are all right. You didn't know that as soon as Miss Winwell saw the submarine, she ordered a good many of the hospital supplies concealed. The nurses had drugs and all sorts of things down their necks more or less. You know we didn't fare badly. They took a gross or so of canned goods, a couple of hundred pounds of flour, a few hospital supplies and the odds and ends the men stole. One of the nurses lost a wrist-watch. Too bad." He stopped with an air of finality.

Amory said: "How long ago?"

"Oh, they went off at dark yesterday. It's past noon now. You were out quite a while. Of course I ordered a hypo to keep you quiet."

He was silent again for a moment. Then he thought of something else to say. "It could have been much worse."

Amory said: "Tell Carth to come here. At noon today we alter course. I memorized the orders—and then threw them away."

"Carth can't come just now. You'd better rest, Dexdell." Commander Slake turned as if he were going to leave. Instead he turned back. "Do you remember the course for today? I could tell someone—"

"Of course I do, but so should Carth. We both memorized—" Extraordinarily, Slake had walked away.

Miss Winwell appeared with something in a glass. She said: "Drink this, Commander."

Easier to drink it than argue. But he didn't want any dope. Something was very wrong. He said aloud: "Don't want to be doped."

"This isn't a narcotic."

He drank it; it tasted salty. Then he asked, "Faith?" with sudden terror in his heart.

"Faith's quite all right. She's sleeping. She was on night duty with you."

Amory dozed for a while. When he woke again his head was much clearer. A corps-man seated beside his bed, asked: "Feeling better, sir?"

"Yes. Send a message to Lieutenant Carth that I want to see him at once."

A very odd expression crossed the corps-man's face. He went away without acknowledging the order, against all rules of discipline. In a moment or two Slake appeared again.

Amory's head still pounded. He said irritably: "I don't want to see you. I want my second in command."

Slake sat down beside the bed. "Well, I don't know who is your second in command if I'm not. They killed Carth. They had no intention of letting him come back to the ship—they wanted a prisoner. . . . I'll let you talk to the chief boatswain's mate."

The chief boatswain's mate had evidently been right behind Slade, just beyond Amory's range of vision. He could have seen him by turning his head.

The man told his story swiftly. Its substance was that when the lifeboat got back to the submarine, Lieutenant Carth was still on its deck, but his arms were bound behind him. When the Germans transferred to the lifeboat, Carth said, "I'll go along now," and attempted to walk toward the boat, bound as he was. They ordered him to halt. He tried to hurry. Then they shot him. It had been impossible in the fairly heavy seas and the almost complete darkness for the crew of the lifeboat to rescue even his body.

As so often in tragedy, before one's mind comprehends it fully, something peripheral and relatively unimportant catches at one. Amory thought: "So he'll never make any progress in acquaintance with Nurse Patricken."

Then he realized. He swore violently. He said various extravagant things about wishing that the officers and crew of the submarine might die, at length, and uncomfortably, of asphyxiation.

He said: "To seize and murder an unarmed officer off an unarmed ship!" Then, "I want to get back on a destroyer and send half a dozen of their crews to the bottom of the sea."

A shadow moved just beyond his line of vision. By enormous painful effort he turned his head. Faith stood staring at him, her face whiter than he had ever seen it, her gray eyes dark with anger or with pain.

Commander Slake filled the sudden silence. "Well, the Chief Engineer and Ensign Kimball and I have been running the ship, after a fashion."

Amory said: "I'd better get up." Sometime later he could consider the catastrophe of that expression in Faith's eyes. If she were capable of hate, he supposed he could simplify it by saying she hated him!

"You'd better not get up until tomorrow."

"No, now."

Slake evidently decided it was useless to argue. He shrugged his shoulders.

FOR the first half hour on the bridge, Amory was so dazed he scarcely realized the bitter cold, the howling of the gale, the flurries of snow so soft and wet it melted almost as it struck the decks, leaving a sort of icy slime almost impossible to walk upon.

After a time his head felt better, perhaps because of the cold and the wind. He left Kimball on the bridge and went to inspect the ship. As Slake had said, the situation might have been much worse. The stolen supplies were relatively trivial. Ship and crew were in good shape, except that most

of the inexperienced seamen were seasick and at least a few, unfamiliar with storms at sea, were nervous and clumsy, in Amory's opinion.

There was 'midships a small rotunda, in front of an elevator used only to bring in surgical stretcher cases from the operating room to sickbay. By the elevators, balancing delicately on the heaving deck, Faith stood giving some directions to a corps-man.

As Amory approached, he saw her fine clear profile, her slight graceful figure. In that second the corps-man left her. She turned and faced Amory.

He said: "Hello."

She asked: "How are you? Do you really feel well enough to be on duty?"

"Yes. I feel well enough." But his head throbbed suddenly. On impulse, he went on: "I'm unlucky with you, Faith. If I had known you were within hearing, I would have controlled my feelings as to Lieutenant Carth, or at least I would have refrained from expressing them."

"It doesn't matter, Amory. Those *are* your feelings."

"What are yours, Faith? About a young American officer being shot and tossed into the sea on the caprice of some brutalized Nazi? Against all rules of war, or even more significant rules of human decency. I suppose you feel that's perfectly all right?"

She twisted her pretty hands together. "Don't—don't be so bitter, Amory. I do not believe it was right. But two wrongs don't make a right. If you tossed overboard a helpless German to get even—it wouldn't help. It really wouldn't help."

"It would make me feel better," he told her grimly.

"You don't mean that, Amory."

Futile rage possessed him completely and he let the rage speak. "My first impulse was to take command of the lifeboat and go to the sub myself. Then I realized that I was responsible for everyone on my ship, and shouldn't leave it. So Carth got killed instead of me: however, it's interesting to know how you would have felt if it had been I."

Her mouth quivered. And watching her mouth, Amory remembered how soft her lips were. He forgot the storm, *this creaking ship, grief over that officer* scarcely known but well liked, and the unreasonable sense of responsibility for his shocking death. Again for a space of seconds, he traveled on Luzon a road by a moonlit sea. Faith traveled beside him, and the flowered scented salty air was not as fragrant as her smooth fair hair.

She spoke his name in a low voice, but clearly, so that it carried through the noises of the ship. And the present came back, the hopeless confused present in which they had lost each other a second time, and probably finally, the present in which there was clear only duty, the necessity to serve one's country.

She said: "Amory, Amory." And he waited. It was clear she felt there was something important to say, even in the present. He thought there was nothing important to say, since she would not face the realities of a man's life nowadays. But he waited politely, while a long moment went by.

Then she said: "My darling, if you had been killed I would have wanted to die myself. You can't understand my beliefs. That doesn't matter. Because you can't understand, you and I have no future together. Perhaps even that does not matter very greatly. But take this knowledge with you on all the ships you'll journey on before this war ends: Know this through every battle you fight, and the years when the battles are done. I love you. I shall always love you. Just to know you are in the world, useful according to your standards, busy and happy, I hope—I hope." (her voice quivered then too) "I hope with a wife who won't have impossible standards—well, just to know you're living and breathing and having the sort of things you want, will comfort me forever. I love you as much as that. And now, darling, let's stop torturing each other."

He started to speak. But she hurried past whatever he might have said. "Let's forget everything—the happy and the awful! After this voyage we may never meet again. I know that would be best."

Two tears slid down her cheeks. She shook her head impatiently. She said, "Good-by—really good-by this time."

He caught her arm, regardless of anyone who might pass by. "Faith, my dearest, do you want us never to meet again? Do you want us to forget?"

"I want us to stop hurting each other, Amory. There's no other way." She pulled gently away from his clasp on her arm. He released her.

That corps-man whom she had sent somewhere or other on some errand or other, returned at that instant. She turned to him as if Amory had not been there, and said in a voice as practical as Miss Winwell's: "Now, there are a few other things. First—"

Amory went away, went forward to his quarters.

The wind neither dropped nor rose at nightfall. Gusty and powerful, it continued to sweep great seas along the decks and to roar like gunfire. The snow-flurries lessened, and toward midnight ceased, but cloud-banks still concealed the stars, and the air was bitterly cold.

There was no special danger in the storm but the difficulty of moving about; and the air in cabins or passageways closed against the sea was close where it was not drafty. Everyone except veteran seamen grew uncomfortable and irritable from the confinement, lack of air and incessant noise. A fireman fell on a ladder, and broke his ankle. Various men whose sea-duties forced them to crawl along the dripping decks were severely bruised when waves flung them against bulkheads and hatches.

Time seemed to move incredibly snail-paced. Eleven o'clock felt eons away from nine o'clock. No one who happened to be off duty attempted to sleep. It was as if the whole ship's company had been condemned to sail endlessly surrounded by the howling of the wind, the pounding of the waves, the heaving of the ship.

Finished with her day's work, sitting idle in her minute cabin where everything capable of motion swung crazily, and everything fixed slanted at absurd angles, Faith watched the dark water outside her porthole rise and fall, brightened, just for the second when the cabin light touched it. Sometimes she thought of the storm. Sometimes she thought of nothing consciously, but ached—not physically, not as everyone ached from the tossing of the ship, but obscurely.

She was oppressed by the most dreadful sense of being trapped, on this ship, in circumstances that could not be more difficult, in a war concerning the point of which she was the solitary disbeliever.

Finally she could not stand the small close cabin, the prospect of cheerful conversation from Nurse Reford as soon as she got off duty. Faith wrapped her cape around her, and stumbled down the companion-way.

She thought: "If I can get on deck, hold on to something, have a chance to breathe fresh air, I shall be better."

Progressing slowly with her head downbent, she was halted by a pleased voice. "Where are you going, Nurse Allester?"

"Nowhere in particular, Ensign Forrest. I want some air."

"Come along, and we'll find some." He led her toward the lee side of the ship, and opened a door with some difficulty. "Hang on, Nurse Allester."

She was obliged to hang on to him with one hand, and with the other to a rail by the inner bulkhead of the deck. Her cap blew off her head in the first second; foam splashed her; water rolling aft soaked her to the ankles.

Ensign Forrest said something that the wind carried away. She saw his lips move, but did not hear one word. He shouted, close to her ear: "Exciting, isn't it?"

She nodded. The wind was blowing her hair across her face. She had no free hand to push it back. In the light coming through a port, Ensign Forrest's eyes, and dark mobile face, looked merry.

He shouted again: "Your hair—lovely."

As if that were more important than the storm!

"We had better go in, Ensign Forrest."

"In a minute." The wind dropped for the briefest of intervals, just long enough for her to hear a complete sentence. "This gale, the cold air, blows away all one's silly stupid worries, all the values so important on shore."

"Yes." She nodded again for emphasis, because she agreed with him. For that instant, she and he and Amory and love and concern for principles seemed so nearly equally inconsequential.

Her hair was all down against her shoulders. She didn't care. She breathed the icy air in great gulps.

And Ensign Forrest said, "What a darling you are!" tightened his arm and kissed her.

In the wildness of the night, the shouting of the gale, that kiss seemed unimportant and rather pleasant.

She laughed but she said: "Now we do have to go inside, right away."

He did not release her. It was impossible to move away from him on the slippery deck. He said: "Never expected to roar a proposal at top of my voice. Love at first sight. That's what it is. Marry me, Faith, at the end of this voyage."

That brought reality back. She was suddenly shivering cold. The storm ceased to be stimulating and was just frightening again. She said almost rudely: "No. I sha'n't marry anyone."

But Ensign Forrest laughed. "So many girls think that. It's childish." He bent to kiss her; she struggled slightly, and the door behind them opened.

A seaman said: "Commander Dexdell's orders. No one on deck." Amory was standing behind the seaman. She went past him without speaking.

DAWN revealed a lowering iron-gray sky, a swelling steel-gray sea, when after two hours' sleep Amory went back to the bridge to take over from his only remaining officer able to navigate, Ensign Kimball.

Somewhat to his surprise, the young Medical Officer Forrest was on the bridge with Kimball. Then it became clear that Forrest was waiting to make a sort of apology.

"I should have used better judgment than to take Nurse Allester out on deck last night, sir. She—we both wanted fresh air, but the responsibility was entirely mine. I should hate for her to be in any difficulty because of my suggestion, sir."

"Well, you both could have been swept overboard, in which case the responsibility would be considered to be mine," Amory told him brusquely. Then he decided he was being swayed by jealousy more than reason and made his voice pleasanter. "The wind has dropped slightly. I imagine we're through the worst of the storm, though the seas will be heavy all day." He added: "Nurse Allester won't be in any difficulty, Forrest."

Then he addressed Kimball.

"On your way below, order the radio operators to take two-hour watches, and to listen in continuously all day."

"But to send nothing, of course, sir," Kimball said.

"To send nothing from now on without special authorization from me. That's a standing order."

Forrest asked very politely the reason messages shouldn't be sent. Kimball explained: "One just needs to have a couple of radio operators chattering to each other to inform the enemy of the location of two ships."

Amory added, in an effort to be friendly: "Sometimes by previous arrangement one receives messages only in the first ten minutes of the hours, or the last ten minutes, or during whatever interval agreed on. It's partly because of the storm that I'm ordering continuous listening-in. Almost certainly not all ships got through as well as we."

Forrest asked out of ignorance: "Where are we meeting the other ships?"

Kimball answered that too: "It's sealed orders."

"In about four days more." Amory told him, "unless I receive a message changing the rendezvous."

"Oh!" Forrest said. "How is your head feeling, sir?"

"All right, more or less. I'll have the dressing changed after this watch." He told Kimball: "Sleep four hours."

Kimball saluted and went away. Forrest lingered until Amory said: "Technically, you're not supposed to be on the bridge."

"Sorry, sir. I seem to break some Navy regulation every half-hour. It isn't deliberate."

"I know it isn't."

"Is there any possible way I can be of use?"

Amory laughed: "Not unless you can produce a navigator's certificate. You'll be busy enough on the homeward trip."

When Forrest left, Amory did some calculations as to his probable position. His head throbbed dully. Once he thought: "I don't like this voyage, weather, ship, or sea." Dismissing the thought quickly, he wrote in the ship's log of the encounter with the submarine and of Randall Carth's death. Composing the formal matter-of-fact sentences was difficult.

Randall was gone beyond caring, beyond work and duty and pleasure and desire. A sailor's end! There were many less swift and easy. Amory had always loved the phrase, "*Until the sea gives up its dead.*" What a glorious company of the young and the brave would wake on that far morning!

He believed that they would wake, that this life with its intense happiness, its wretched misery, its companionships, its enmities, was only a single way-station on a remarkable voyage, a way-station in which one occupied oneself as usefully as possible, neither eager for nor fearful of the next stage on the voyage.

Because it was hard to do, he wrote immediately a long letter to Randall's next-of-kin. It would be forwarded by ship or plane to the United States before his return. Randall's next-of-kin was his father, who would receive this letter sometime after he received the Government's official notice, and take what comfort he could from the inadequate phrases: "*A fine officer. . . . He will be greatly missed . . . in the service of his country.*"

Amory finished the letter and sat staring at it. Long orphaned, with no close relatives, nevertheless he had so loved his friends and his career as seldom to be conscious of loneliness. But he was lonely now, bitterly lonely. The one woman he had ever wanted to marry seemed to him as definitely lost as if she were half across the world, married to someone else, finished with him forever.

He must put her out of his mind, now, for all time. In spite of Nurse Winwell's well-meant advice, it was no use to try any longer. He must make himself think of her no more than, no differently from, any of the other nurses, men or officers aboard.

RUNNING feet pounded on the deck. The boatswain's mate was panting with excitement. "S.O.S. just came in, sir. I was in the radio-room. British destroyer south-southeast."

The C.P.O. reported a few moments later:

"Torpedoed by submarine, and sinking, they say, sir. All hands have abandoned ship but the Commander and radio operator, sir. It comes in faintly. One lifeboat was shelled, others damaged by torpedo. One got away, sir."

"The direction?"

"One thirty degrees, approximately. They're close, sir. Less than twenty leagues, I'd guess. But their batteries are fading, sir."

He calculated rapidly in his head. Twenty marine leagues equaled sixty miles. At fifteen knots, something less than fifteen because on the altered course he had a cross-wind (the wind had shifted to northeast in the early morning), it would take three and a half hours to reach the ship.

"Shall I acknowledge?" the radio operator wanted to know.

Danger of having the message intercepted did not count against letting the survivors know help was on the

way. But unless the lifeboat was equipped with radio, no one but the Commander and the radio operator would get his message.

The chief radio operator exclaimed "Ah!" in triumph. He had succeeded in getting the sinking ship on radiophone. The first messages had come in Morse.

The operator said into his telephone, lightly as if he were talking at a Brooklyn pay-station: "We're on our way. Keep sending while you can."

A Cockney voice answered: "That won't be for so many hours. We're going over."

Amory gave an order which the operator translated. "Why don't you tie the key down? It's been done. You and your Commander take a boat-ride. We'll be along."

A clipped British voice answered that. "We'll stay with the ship a bit longer. This is Commander Mac Morton speaking."

Amory talked into the phone then, urging the Commander to leave the ship. But Commander Mac Morton said evenly: "It's a rather large and windy ocean, my dear sir. And you have no better than three-mile visibility. You can locate us much more accurately while we send."

He was of course right.

Amory's operator and the Cockney began to joke.

"We'll be there in time to give you tea, Limey."

"Your American tea is pretty bad, Yank. But I've heard United States w'iskey is fair. Wouldn't a hospital ship be well equipped with stimulants?"

"Very well supplied."

Amory asked to speak to the Commander. Again he urged him to abandon his ship. Politely, but as if Amory was being rather silly, Commander Mac Morton's voice replied: "My dear Commander Dexdell, the lifeboat picked up casualties from the boat which was shelled. She is overloaded. I ordered the midshipman in charge to stay away from us. No need for suction to pull them down. But we're likely to stay afloat sometime yet."

He asked as if it were not specially important: "How soon do you think you'll arrive?"

"At thirteen and a half approximately." Then Amory was uncertain whether the British used the twenty-four hour time system, and phrased it two other ways: "At three bells, half past one this afternoon."

"Oh, yes." That voice faintly heard was too completely stripped of emotion.

Mac Morton said: "I'll go back to the key." The S.O.S. began to be repeated again: "*S.O.S.—H.M.S. Carterson.*"

Amory's operator explained unnecessarily: "The Captain's handling the key. In case they contact some other ship, I suppose. They may as well try. Their Sparks is on the phone again."

The second-class radio mate, the chief operator's assistant, checked the signal with his direction-finder.

Now Amory's operator was asking: "Ever been in New York, Limey?"

"Yes, once. When I was a tyke in the last war."

"Oh, you're a veteran."

The faint Cockney voice sounded proud. "Commander Mac Morton and I were on the same ship—he was just a middy-midshipman—you don't have them—then. So of course I volunteered to stay. My name is Samuel Jones. What's yours, Yank?"

"Bill Anderson."

"A Swede?"

"No. My grandfather was."

There was a short silence on the telephone, but the S.O.S. came steady, though fainter.

Anderson asked: "How are you doing, Sam?"

They could hear Samuel Jones' laughter. "Near done, Bill. Sinking by the bow. Would you write down a name and address, and send my old lady my regards?"

"Sure," Bill said. "But where's your lifeboat?"

Samuel Jones gave a name and address without bothering to answer that. Anderson began to argue: "Don't act like a hero. You can always act like one next week, if you don't today."

Jones said: "Commander Mac Morton wishes to talk to your commanding officer."

The Commander's voice said: "A good many of my crew are suffering from oil burns. Will you be prepared to handle that?"

Amory said: "We've three doctors and a dozen nurses aboard. We can handle all sorts of casualties."

"Splendid."

"Commander Mac Morton: Can you and your radio operator take to a raft?"

The voice laughed. "No rafts left. The shelling made rather a shambles of the boat-deck. Amazing how long she's stayed afloat." He skipped that. "Midshipman Sanforth is in charge of the lifeboat. He—I have no officers left."

For the last time Amory urged: "Call your boat back, sir."

"My dear Commander, that's not practicable." In exactly the same tone he said: "This will be about all. We're starting to go over."

They heard Jones, close to the phone say, "Here it is, Commander," and there was silence, utter silence. Only the imaginative heard the sound of rushing water.

At half-past two they picked up the lifeboat with twenty-two survivors, besides four men already dead from burns. The midshipman in charge insisted that his men get aboard the hospital ship before he left the tossing boat. He looked about sixteen years old, with his golden hair and fair skin. When last of all he climbed the ladder to the deck, he attempted to salute Amory, to express some formal thanks, but in the midst of it he fainted dead away, and then they saw his hands were burned raw.

Doctors and nurses worked at top speed through the afternoon. All the survivors had injuries of one sort and another. One thrown into the sea by the force of the torpedo explosion had a broken leg. Another, whom they had picked up from the water last, had already developed pneumonia. Four had been wounded in the shelling. Most of the men had burns, invariably painful and in some cases very dangerous. Burning oil had set the lifeboat afire. They had put out the blaze with jackets, blankets or their hands.

As the afternoon waned, a lookout in the forward crow's-nest reported a submarine, progressing to starboard, only just submerged. Everyone on watch saw the submarine, but it did not halt them. It went on its way north.

Amory was so weary at dinnertime he was scarcely able to eat. During the time he had spent in the radio-room, Kimball had been on the bridge. The rest of the day Amory had stayed on watch. Kimball, with the veteran boatswain's mate, had taken charge of getting survivors aboard.

But Kimball too looked weary. Since the loss of Carth, it was impossible to divide watches in an ordinary way. Amory decided he could do without sleep for a while longer.

He told Kimball: "Go to the bridge for a half hour. I want to inspect sickbay. Then I'll relieve you until eight bells."

Kimball protested respectfully. "I can take a four-hour watch, sir. You must get some rest."

Amory reassured him: "I'll rest on the bridge more or less. It's growing calmer. The helmsman can manage by himself, actually."

Neither Commander Slake nor Lieutenant Denton had turned up for dinner. Just as Amory was finishing coffee, Ensign Forrest turned up, white and silent.

Amory attempted to joke: "Well, Forrest, are you feeling useful, finally?"

"Commander Dexdell, I thought I'd seen accidents in my interneship. I thought nothing could bother me. But those burned and machine-gunned men—it's unspeakable to fire on men attempting to get into lifeboats."

"The Nazis make their own rules of war, Forrest."

The young doctor said: "I've never been very good at hating. But from now on I'll improve, sir."

Amory asked the steward for more coffee and spoke aloud a thought that just occurred to him. "It's possible to hate the system that produced these brutal submarine crews without hating individuals, I suppose. They're conditioned by the philosophy under which they were taught—a system which places about as much value on human life as a shark would place on it."

"Since they believe in that system, it would be better for the human race if they were all killed," Forrest said.

"In a way I agree with you there." Amory told him, and left for his visit to sickbay.

Nurse Winwell said: "Everything is in good order now. Most of the men have had supper."

Nurse Patricken was helping Commander Slake with a dressing on the arm of a gigantic tattooed sailor, who was trying to whisper because the man next him slept. The result was a hoarse growl rather like a dog's, except this growl was Irish. "When you talk about skin-grafting. Doctor, you don't mean I'll lose some of my collection of mermaids. In every port in the East I've had 'em tattooed in different shades, and they're like a rainbow. Of course you can't see now, properly, what with the general look of a crisped roast beef." His arm did in fact resemble that.

Slake nodded to Amory and went on with the dressing. "Well, you can have the new skin tattooed, in time, if we do a graft," he told the seaman cheerfully.

Miss Winwell said to Amory: "We've the four most dangerous cases in the other ward. And we meant to give the little midshipman a room to himself, but he didn't want to leave his men. So he's in the alcove around the ell there."

"I'll see him in a few minutes." Armory said; he stopped at one bed after another, asking each sailor except the two who were sleeping how they felt, getting an invariably cheerful answer in assorted accents of the British Isles.

The Irishman said: "It's disappointed I am that you're not bound for New York, though. I was oncet to Coney Island."

Nurse Patricken told him: "Drink this and go to sleep. You'll feel better in the morning."

He laughed. "Isn't it the worst part of being sick, Commander, that one has to put up with being ordered around by a little snip of an American girl. It's the worst part or the best part, I'm not sure. Will you be washing my face in the morning, miss?"

"No. You'll have to put up with a hospital corps-man," she told him. "He'll shave you too, if you like."

"I can shave myself with my left hand," the Irishman insisted.

Two beds farther down, a thin young man tossed restlessly. His head and arms were swathed in bandages. Only his eyes and his mouth were exposed. His dark eyes were bright with fever. His lips kept repeating: "Get boat away, away there. Get away from the oil. Get boat away."

Beside Amory, Slake said: "The delirium is from shock and pain. He'll do very well, though."

Next him a grizzled engineer, a petty officer, sat up drinking orange juice. He wanted to talk about the sinking, and gave a detailed, orderly account.

THE destroyer, slightly damaged by the storm, had been proceeding in a westerly direction to join a convoy coming from Canada, and to act as part of its escort to England. At a given rendezvous this destroyer and two others traveling separately would take over from the Canadian Navy units which were convoying from Halifax.

The storm had battered the ship, and much slowed their progress. They had received a message in code telling them the convoy would sail late because of bad weather, and instructing them to proceed to a new meeting-place. In the hours before dawn, when the storm had begun to diminish, they sent an answer acknowledging the receipt of their instructions.

The detector device against submarines which they carried got out of order in the intensity of the storm. They set about repairing it. But in the uncertain first light the submarine had got close and fired two torpedoes before they were aware of its presence. Both torpedoes made direct hits, one 'midships, one forward. The aft gunners managed to fire one shot, which missed. The submarine came to the surface and shelled them so quickly that depth-charges exploded aboard.

The Commander had ordered all men to abandon ship. His executive officer was shot as he ordered men into a lifeboat. That was the boat which overturned.

The engineer had been blown into the water, and managing to swim through the surface mixture of oil, wreckage and water, was picked up by the other boat.

He was in the state of nervousness where he could not stop talking, once he began. In spite of his best efforts at control, his voice shook and he began to repeat: "Never gave the men in the first boat a chance."

Commander Slake said: "I'm going to order you something to make you sleep, and tomorrow the sinking will seem far away."

When they left him, Slake told Amory: "He's going to limp the rest of his life, poor devil. Shell-fragment in his right kneecap. I hope I save the leg. At the moment, fortunately, he has a type of shock in which he isn't particularly aware of pain."

Then Slake paused beside the bed of a seaman who was sleeping or unconscious. "I want to take another look at this man's chest." he said. So Amory went on down the room, talking cheerfully to one man after another. Miss Winwell had finished whatever she was doing. She joined Amory in a moment or two.

They were at the last bed in the row, where a man was sleeping, before they could see into the ell where the midshipman was.

FAITH sat beside his bed, with her back to them, facing the midshipman. A shaded light beside the bed illuminated them both. Faith was feeding the midshipman spoonfuls of something. The boy was talking and laughing between swallows, his thickly bandaged hands stretched out before him. The little scene had an unreal but charming pictorial quality. A pretty fair-haired nurse (Amory could see her profile every time she leaned forward to give the boy another spoonful of whatever it was), a handsome fair-haired boy. There were, of all things, deep pink roses on a table beside the boy's bed.

Amory asked Miss Winwell: "Where on earth did the flowers come from?"

She told him that Nurse Patricken had been sent a great bouquet of flowers by an ensign at the Yard who of course knew she was sailing. She had kept them in the refrigerator and now had put them here and there in the ward to cheer the men.

The young midshipman was so absorbed in his conversation with Faith that he did not see Amory or Miss Winwell, until they came close to the foot of his bed.

Then he said: "There you are, Commander. Nice of you to come to see me. Miss Allester here keeps insisting I drink gallons of soup. You don't call nurses 'Sister' This or That in America, do you?"

Amory said, "No." and Miss Winwell told him: "More soup and less conversation, young man."

Faith had risen when they came into the room, but Miss Winwell said: "Sit down. You can feed him better."

"Oh, let me interrupt my meal and talk," the boy laughed. "I've been telling Miss Allester she looks just like my sister. She doesn't believe me. She thinks it's a line. A *line* is what you call a jest in America, isn't it?"

"I thought myself that you and she looked enough alike to be brother and sister," Miss Winwell told him, and told Faith: "Well, take away his soup and bring him an icebag for his forehead. You've a temperature, Midshipman."

He smiled as if that were highly amusing. "Yes. Things come and go. Rather interesting, really. One minute I'm in my home in Surrey, and Nanny is saying: 'You've a temperature.' Not that Nanny, dear old thing, resembled Miss

Allester. Then the next minute I'm in that boat and—they're dying."

"Don't think of it," Miss Winwell said gently. "Think of your home—or anything pleasant."

The boy remembered the duties of hospitality. "Won't you both sit down? There seems to be only one chair, though."

AMORY went out to the long room and got two chairs. When he came back, Midshipman Sanforth was talking about his sister's wedding at the beginning of the war. "She married Navy too. My brother-in-law is out in the East. Heaven knows where, since Singapore. So my sister Evelyn took up nursing. Miss Allester brought it all back. They *are* alike, you know. Evelyn was very good in the London raids. Afraid of nothing— Ah, you weren't long away, Miss Allester. Ice for the fevered brow. You're going to stay and talk to me, aren't you?"

"If you'll drink more soup or fruit juice."

"All right. Later. And you'll talk. You can tell me all about your fiancé at the war and what a hero he is. Look, Commander, she blushes."

"I've no fiancé at the war, Midshipman Sanforth," she told him.

"That's a major error. You must repair it," he told her. Again he included Amory in the conversation. "Roses, soup, clean sheets, delightful nurses—you Americans do yourselves awfully well. Am I talking a great deal of nonsense, sir? As I think I said before, things come and go, sir."

Amory told him he wasn't talking nonsense. Faith turned to Miss Winwell: "He had one hypodermic of morphine, but I'm sure his hands still—"

The boy was quick. "I'm not in pain to amount to anything. Remotely, someone else's hands object." He said: "There is no war. It was a nightmare complete with burning oil. I have died and gone to an American heaven, a quite nice place. Odd, slightly. The voices are unfamiliar." His fine face hardened. For an instant it was changed completely so that one could see how he would look when he was a mature man. He said: "Commander Mac Morton wouldn't leave the ship. He should have. He should have let me stay with Jones. I used to handle radio in school for fun, a long time ago, almost three years." And then, as if there were need for apology, he said to Amory, "Sorry, sir," and added: "But you see, he was experienced and valuable. I'm not, sir."

Amory stood up. "I'll come to see you in the morning. Try to rest," he said.

"Oh, quite. Thank you, sir."

Nurse Winwell left with Amory. She spoke to Commander Slake on her way down the room: "Will you look at Midshipman Sanforth again, please. He's in great pain."

Slake raised a haggard face from his contemplation of the unconscious boy whose chest he had been examining. "Give him more morphine," he said. "A quarter-grain now. Repeat in two hours if he isn't sleeping. This man here has gone straight into pneumonia. Have him moved to the other ward. Denton will stay on duty there."

"Both you and Lieutenant Denton should have dinner, Commander Slake."

"Soon. I hate to see wounded slip into pneumonia. Even with the sulfa drugs—" He didn't bother to finish. He rose, unsteady from weariness and walked to the door of the ward with them, talking to Nurse Winwell about several of the men. Then he said: "Keep Nurse Allester with the midshipman until he sleeps. Fortunate he's taken a fancy to her —some resemblance to his sister."

"He told us," Miss Winwell said.

Slake explained to Amory: "The boy is only seventeen. Left school, lied about his age, a couple of years ago. This is his second torpedoing, and he seems to have been devoted to this Commander, an old family friend or some such. He's a nice lad. He talked a blue streak while I was dressing his hands, and never moaned once, though those burns must have been torturing him."

"He's such a child to go through this," Nurse Winwell said.

Amory agreed. He had been enormously touched by the boy's efforts at gayety. And he thought wryly, he would have been bound to like the lad, because he looked so much like Faith. Same fair hair, same clear gray eyes, but a mouth and chin in a very masculine version.

Back on the bridge, relieving Kimball, Amory sent for some black coffee. That pretty scene, the nurse and the English boy who strove to be merry in spite of his familiarity with death, kept recurring to him. Faith would make every effort with the boy, smile at every attempt of his humor, talk to him in her serene sweet voice, as if she would rather talk to him than to anyone else in the world.

Faith was a first-rate nurse. With time and experience, she would be a nurse as extraordinarily good as Miss Winwell.

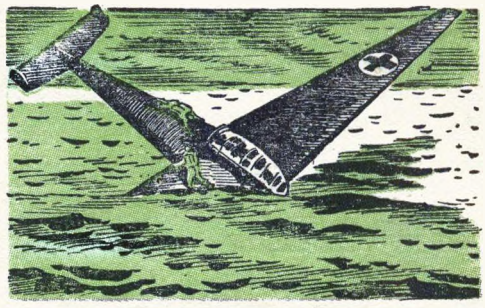
But he wanted her to devote that sweetness, patience, sheer inherent goodness, to himself and their children. It was selfish of him, but all men were selfish in that sense.

The sea rose and fell in long slow swells. A few stars came out as he watched, far cold silver stars. In the East they had seemed close and warm and golden.

A pale moon slid down the sky, the same moon that had lighted lost Manila. The same moon would ride in the sky above the frozen mud of the long Russian front, the great darkened cities of Europe and Asia, the still lighted cities of the American continent.

It would ride above the planes going out with their burden of death, and the planes still making their pleasant ordinary fast journeys of transport, above the ships that journeyed dangerously now across all the seven seas. It would shine on lovers and sleeping children and the old, on forests and prairies and innumerable villages, on all the beauty and the terror of the world, would cast its cold peaceful light on all the confused striving for good or evil of man, the world's uncertain ruler.

CHAPTER 8



THE morning was bitter cold, but sunny and calm as if they were voyaging on a summer sea.

Two of the survivors from the destroyer had died in the night. For the first time in his Navy career, Amory conducted funeral services. The American officers, a group of seamen, the nurses who were off duty, attended the brief ceremony. After it was over, Chief Nurse Winwell told Amory that Midshipman Sanforth had insisted it was his duty to attend, and only by great difficulty had they succeeded in keeping him in his bed. His temperature was almost a hundred four degrees, and Miss Winwell was gravely worried about him.

Amory went to see him immediately, but the boy scarcely knew him. He was almost completely delirious, and talked most of the time to some other boy in his memory, at a school cricket-match in some pre-war year. Nurse Reford was with him. Miss Winwell said that Faith was sleeping. She had been on continuous duty more than twelve hours.

When Amory went back to the bridge, Slake joined him. The quartermaster was steering a straight course through the quiet, intensely blue water. Amory had reckoned they were within twenty-four hours of their rendezvous.

Slake said: "We're not going to lose Midshipman Sanforth, unless there are unforeseen complications. Thank

Providence for the sulfa drugs. Five years ago, a pneumonia consequent on shock, plus burns of that nature would have been something else again. But the boy's going to need at least a half year away from the war, before his hands are of use to him again."

"Six months away from the sea won't hurt him. He's very young."

"Yes." Slake regarded the scarcely moving ocean. "It looks very peaceful. What a delusion!"

The quartermaster spoke suddenly: "Look to port, sir." A dark whaleback-shaped object was rising in the water.

Slake said, "Another submarine!" in a tone that expressed more disgust than anxiety.

Amory laughed: "No. An actual whale, a big one."

The whale spouted at that instant.

For a long time the whale stayed in sight, submerging for periods so that they thought he had gone, then coming to the surface again. The quartermaster, who had once voyaged on a whaler, said that the animal was a giant blue whale, and guessed his length at ninety feet.

BEFORE he went below to luncheon, Amory thought the creature had vanished for good, but when he returned to the bridge, the whale still disported himself.

The quartermaster volunteered: "It's not lucky for them to follow a ship, sir. Of course it isn't as unlucky as sharks."

But Amory considered the superstition concerning whales some legend handed down, possibly derived from *Moby Dick*. When the radio operator reported, he forgot the whale entirely, because the operator announced he was able to hear all sorts of messages in various codes, the sum of which indicated a naval action to the north.

A battleship with a destroyer escort was engaged with a German pocket battleship, a heavy cruiser, destroyer and submarine escort. For the next hour nothing was received clearly. They caught a confusion of messages, some possibly British, some undoubtedly German, all of them sent from more than a hundred marine leagues distant. More than three hundred geographic miles!

Kimball said: "I'd rather be in the action than here, wouldn't you, sir?"

"Yes; but our course takes us farther from it, not nearer. We're almost due south of Denmark Strait. Southeast of Greenland, still southwest of Iceland. From now on, our course is due east. We lost a good bit of time between the storm and the rescue. We'll be some hours overdue. Not that we have received any messages that it matters what time we turn up."

Kimball ran his fingers through his close-cropped blond hair. "It's rather like being at sea in the old days, sir; one's pretty independent of orders."

The ensign sighed, and went to rest. Amory, who had had only four hours' sleep in the last twenty-four, still felt very well, perhaps because of the cold sunshine. His head scarcely throbbed all day, and Slake had already replaced the bandage with a small pad and adhesive.

The sun encarmined the dark blue sea as it dropped to the far horizon. Cirrus clouds turned to gold and rose and purple. The sunset reflection on the water dazzled one's eyes.

Though Amory had received no message, he sent to the radio-room, impatient for news. The operator reported: "Nothing clear, sir. A garbled message about help *en route*. Then a lot of confused stuff. The last half-hour, just silence, sir." The operator was coming off watch. His assistant had already taken over.

"Well, in the midst of action they don't send more than they can help." Amory had spoken that thought aloud, but the operator answered. "No sir."

Amory stood by the deck-rail watching the sunset. Monstrously unreal, the whale swam on the surface now to starboard and a little astern of the ship.

Amory, as he paced up and down for a few moments, watched the creature idly. As he turned aft, he saw two nurses on deck, and recognized a few steps nearer them, Miss Winwell and Faith. He hesitated and then went to join them.

"The air's wonderful, Commander," Miss Winwell told him cheerfully, and left without a good-by. Faith stood silent watching the water.

Amory asked: "How's the midshipman?"

"I stopped in to see him, although I'm not officially on duty, for a quarter hour," Faith said. "He is no better and no worse than this morning. Of course he won't die, thanks to the new drugs and Commander Slake's care. Even his hands will heal perfectly in time."

"So why do you sound unhappy about him, Faith?"

She answered dully: "Just because he is going to live, you don't see what a waste, what futility his suffering is. What do *you* think it's for?"

He quoted some lines that came suddenly to his lips.

"What is that?" her voice was gentler.

"From a poem by Masefield called 'August 1914.'"

There were tears in her gray eyes, but she did not let them fall. She stood still, regarding him directly.

He talked of "August 1914," for want of anything better. He said: "The poem begins with a description of the England countryside. There are lovely lines. Then it describes men in many centuries getting the news of war, and leaving sadly but unreluctant."

But she shook her head, the sunset touching her fair hair to molten gold, and left him. . . .

All that night the sea was as calm as a landlocked lake. Amory slept exhaustedly.

The sun was rising obscured somewhat by newly gathering clouds, when they summoned him. Their orders had come through. They were to change course at once, to meet a cruiser disabled in action but proceeding under her own power to join them, and transfer her wounded. Her speed was cut down to little more than ten knots.

Amory turned north toward a rising north wind, which would cut down his own speed. Still, to compensate, it would be behind the disabled cruiser. It would be more than ten hours before they met—sundown in this latitude, but with a long twilight. That would be helpful in transferring wounded. In the meantime there was nothing to do but wait, and waiting was the hardest thing of all. The day dragged on.

All the wards in the sickbay, the operating-room, the pharmacist's quarters, were put in order in preparation for the transfer of wounded, hours before the ships could meet.

Lieutenant Commander Slake, who was with Miss Winwell most of the day checking over procedure, told Amory that they were unlikely to lose anyone else from the British destroyer, that actually the only person dangerously ill was Midshipman Sanforth, and Slake hoped to get his fever down within the next twenty-four hours.

When Amory called on him, the boy showed not the least consciousness of his presence, but talked to Faith; thinking her his sister Evelyn.

Faith said to him: "Derek, rest a little. Derek, sleep now." But he laughed and went on talking, his cheeks bright as if he had walked on a windy day, long miles across the Downs. But they were bright from fever.

When in some moments, he did not sleep but dozed feverishly, Faith said to Amory, who stood by the foot of the boy's bed: "If I call him Midshipman Sanforth, he is troubled. He thinks now it's some other year. He's not Midshipman Sanforth. He's Derek Sanforth, on a holiday."

AMORY tried to break through a fog of antagonism between them. "Faith, you are very white and tired. Why must you take this so hard? The boy a year from now will just date things from this. He'll say: 'The time we were torpedoed in the North Atlantic,' or, 'The time I burnt my hands, and, like an imbecile, got pneumonia for no logical reason.' He will forget completely the discomfort, the fever. He will even almost forget his lost Commander. People go on."

She did not answer. She straightened the coverings over her patient.

But Amory felt he had to try again. "You are making yourself more unhappy than you need be, Faith."

She began to answer him. Her mouth, so sensitively curved, compressed itself. She said something other than she had originally intended: "Don't bother about me. We speak different languages. Some day we shall be glad we found that out in time."

"That isn't so. It's just not truth, though you think it is, Faith. In one way you are the most arrogant person, man or woman, I ever knew."

They were in the ell of the sickbay, lighted by a single port through which came clear colorless light, as separated from the main ward, from the ship itself, as if they three, the boy not quite conscious now, Faith and himself, traveled on a separate ship to a different destination.

There had been a pause long enough so he had almost forgotten his own words about her arrogance, before she said: "Let it go at that. I'm arrogant. Also stupid. Amory, go away."

But he realized she was also wretchedly unhappy. And he, by his presence, only increased the intensity of her unhappiness. He bowed, and left her.

At the far end of the ward, Chief Nurse Winwell and Lieutenant Commander Slake were in conference. He saw the nurse's thin face raised to Slake's, thought, "That's a profile like a saint's," remembering vaguely that uplifted look on the face of a saint in some cathedral visited long ago in peacetime. He had no least idea that he would always remember that profile, strong yet delicate, mature, yet in its eagerness, almost young, beneath the smooth silvery hair.

Going about the routine of his work, he thought, hopelessly: "If Faith had loved me more, she would have been able to regard things as they are, and be untroubled still. But why should she have loved me more? I'm not remarkable. Perhaps some day she will meet someone—" He stopped the thought. He could not, he simply could not reconcile himself to Faith's loving someone else, even in a remote undetailed future.

The sun, only a haloed patch of more vivid brightness in the gray overcast, went down the sky slowly. Wind and day and ocean seemed alike suspended in some timeless place.

Toward sunset the wind strengthened, scattering the clouds. The very late afternoon was much clearer, but the seas rose.

The sun's rays were almost level across freshening water when they first sighted the cruiser. They would make contact just as he expected, at sundown, with a couple of hours of slowly lessening light remaining to effect the transfer of men.

The hospital ship and the cruiser were still more than a league distant when Amory first realized the gravity of damage the cruiser had suffered. She rode low in the water, and listed at least ten degrees. Through his glasses he could see that her forward gun-turret was swept away. Just above waterline, a great hole yawned starboard. Probably below water she had suffered damage forward. She was down by the bow.

As soon as Amory saw her condition, he changed his original plan, which had been to transport her casualties by lifeboat. It would be better to go close alongside, and make the transfer of men direct.

When his radio operator had the Commander of the other ship on the telephone, Amory suggested that procedure but the Commander said the cruiser was scarcely maneuverable in such close quarters because of damage to her steering equipment. So Amory ordered his engines cut, leaving only sufficient power to give him slight forward way. The two ships lined up, into the wind, parallel with each other.

The Commander of the cruiser outranked Amory. He was a full Captain. He took command by telephone as a matter of course. He said: "I'm launching a boat with some of my most severely wounded. I've only crew to spare for one boat. Launch two of yours, Commander, to come alongside and take others. The three boats' crews can shuttle back and forth. No hurry. We've light for hours yet."

Amory still would have preferred to bring the ships close alongside, and transfer direct. Risky as that system might be, it would be fast. But he followed the orders of his superior, got two boats launched, opened a bulkhead at the foot of the elevator shaft, just above the waterline, through which the wounded might be lifted onto the hospital ship easily.

He went below to see that the first boatload, the boatload sent from the cruiser, got aboard smoothly. Chief Nurse Winwell was in charge by the open bulkhead.

That boatload consisted entirely of stretcher cases, hastily bandaged, obviously severely wounded, most of them unconscious. As soon as Amory saw the first of them, he realized they had been machine-gunned. That seemed unusual in a naval engagement. Because at that moment he was summoned by Ensign Kimball with word that the Captain of the cruiser had asked the Commander of the hospital ship to come aboard his ship for orders, Amory did not draw an obvious conclusion.

He went at once, as soon as the first of his boats unloaded for the return trip to the cruiser. The cruiser's Captain had his arm in a sling, was almost voiceless, no doubt from issuing orders loud enough to be heard above the roar of his now ruined guns, was elderly, and cool as if he walked on the velvety lawns, under the ancient trees of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

He introduced himself brusquely, acknowledged Amory's greeting hurriedly and came to his point. "Can you lend me some men? We'll make the Orkneys—Scapa Flow probably, or go back to Iceland if the wind shifts. But we'll be shorthanded."

Amory had understood that last from the moment he came aboard, from counting the severely injured lined up to transfer to the hospital ship. It looked to him as if the cruiser had lost more than half its crew.

The Captain summed up briefly: "All our guns are out of commission. I'm obliged to keep the pumps manned, but we can proceed. We can proceed." He added as if unimportant: "We took on a battleship alone. Didn't do so badly, until we were dive-bombed. Then it was all up, of course. The battleship—think it was the *Scharnhorst*, but she carried no markings, of course—went off. Larger units engaged her in the distance."

But Amory hadn't listened closely past the mentioning of dive-bombing. "It's rather surprising to find German dive-bombers so far out to sea, isn't it, Captain?"

The Captain shrugged. "Likely to be more of that sort of thing. They can only use their heavy bombers, of course, those somewhat equivalent to our Flying Fortresses. I'm no authority on aviation. It's a bit past my day. I date back to the other war—" He paused and went on as if he could not help it: "After they dropped bombs, the plane came back and machine-gunned us."

Amory realized abruptly that the Captain was suffering from at least a mild form of shock. One had only to glance about the shambles of the deck, to understand the cause. Bits of steel twisted like ribbon, a great jagged hole where was once a forward hatch, a confusion of ripped metal and bomb fragments where a plane had used to be. Amory decided quickly not to ask either the number of fatal casualties or the fate of the cruiser's protective planes. Even in the fresh salt wind, and in spite of the metal construction a strong unpleasant smell of burning permeated everything.

A young lieutenant, senior grade, whose face, hair and torn uniform were covered with grease and soot, appeared on deck limping. He saluted his Captain jauntily enough; "Had to close off Number Fourteen bulkhead, sir."

"Better have that leg attended to," the Captain told him gruffly.

"Later, sir. No hurry." The lieutenant turned to Amory. "Lucky your ship turned up, sir. Our doctor was killed almost at the beginning of the action."

The Captain went back to his original request. "Can you lend me six seamen? Or four even?"

Amory said: "Yes. . . . Are you sure you'll make port though, sir?"

The Captain answered: "But of course. The damage-control system is working. We've been able to shut off all bulkheads that are water-filled."

The lieutenant added: "We're obliged to pump in the engine-room, but that's all right. The automatic system is partially in order." He mentioned casually: "We had a fire in the engine-room. But we put it out after a bit."

Amory suggested: "I'll send over a doctor and a couple of hospital corps-men for your slightly wounded, if you like."

"Good idea," the Captain said. His eyes were on the other ship, on two boatloads of wounded going aboard. Someone aboard—Amory thought probably Slake—had changed the system of receiving them. While one boatload continued to be transferred via the bulkhead, another was being hauled up in the boat, to the boat deck.

"Not a bad idea," the Captain said. "Saves time."

"I'll get back to my ship with the next boat," Amory told him. "Will you come aboard, sir? You're rather in disorder." That he decided was a major understatement.

"Thanks. Perhaps later when all the wounded are transferred."

The lieutenant escorted Amory to the lower deck, down a companionway slippery with oil stains and others, brownish red. He said: "The Captain will get us to port somehow, Commander. He won't abandon ship. You know, he was thrown about twenty feet when the bomb hit forward. I thought he was killed. But he picked himself up in a couple of minutes. Has a lump under his cap big as an orange."

One of the boats was approaching the cruiser. Amory hesitated. Then he asked: "What do you estimate your fatal casualties to be?"

Tired blue eyes in the lieutenant's stained singed face regarded him. "Fifty per cent, at least. We didn't do badly, until the dive-bomber turned up. There was a stratum of cloud. The dive-bomber came through it. We had lost our scouting planes. Of course some ship may have picked them up. I hope so. My brother piloted one. Well, skipping that—" He fell silent.

Amory never quite remembered getting aboard his own ship. Some illusion of light, caused by the glow in the eastern sky, puzzled him. It was as if something moved, a dot, a speck in the bright clouds, colorless yet dark. It was gone. No, it was there.

CHAPTER 9

At first, when the cruiser appeared in the distance, Chief Nurse Winwell had left Faith Allester in charge of the ward to which had been transferred all of the British survivors. There was not much for her to do there. In mid-afternoon Midshipman Sanforth's fever had broken. All afternoon he slept or waking, lay almost completely indifferent to his surroundings. She saw that he was warmly covered, and left him, not even bothering him with the news that they were on their way to the rescue of a damaged cruiser.

Faith sat by the entrance to the ward at her desk going through the sheets of orders for medicine and diet. Ensign Forrest came in for a few moments. "Are you very busy, Faith? We'll all be busy enough when the new batch of patients get aboard."

"Yes. I suppose so. No, I'm not especially busy here. Sit down for a moment if you like."

There was a chair beside the desk. He seated himself, facing her, his brown eyes intent. Some of Nurse Patricken's roses were in a vase on the desk. Their petals were beginning to drop, but they were fragrant still.

Ensign Forrest touched one of the roses. "That deep pink is my mother's favorite rose, Faith."

"I like them too," she answered carelessly, as she finished writing Midshipman Sanforth's chart.

"When we're back in America I'll send you dozens. . . . Mother has a pretty little house in Maryland, Eastern Shore. A town called Denbrook. It's quiet, pretty country. Have you ever seen it?"

"No. The only part of Maryland I know is Baltimore."

He said: "I'll have Mother ask you down in April. There are peach orchards in bloom in April. The blossoms are like drifted snow but scented and warm. . . . Next month will be full spring in Maryland. That seems strange, doesn't it, on this cold ocean?"

She thought: "I should tell him I won't go to visit his mother, implying what's true, that I never will be in love with him in the least. But, as soon as we're ashore, he will probably stop fancying himself in love with me."

She said: "Talk about the spring. It's pleasant, because it is far away from this war and suffering."

"Well, Faith, in the spring at our house, early iris bloom by the south wall almost before the daffodils are done. One has to wait until May for the peonies. Mother has a border planted in peonies, white and delicate pink—"

He paused. She said "Go on."

He didn't go on, describing his mother's garden. Instead he said: "When you smile like that, my heart does a triple somersault, regardless of medical probability." He stood up. "I'll leave, because in a moment you'll say something sensible and depressing." Then he told her something else quickly. "You know I'm not ambitious to be a great specialist in a big city. After the war ends, I want to be a country doctor in Maryland, as my father was, know everyone in town, have dozens of godchildren to keep supplied with lollipops and good advice. Would you like that sort of life? Don't say 'no' too fast."

But she didn't have to say anything because he opened the ward door and went through it quickly.

When she had finished going over her orders, she walked through the ward again. Midshipman Sanforth was awake. He said: "There's some excitement—I heard orders shouted." In the ell where his bed lay, one could hear them quite plainly. She told him that they were taking wounded from a cruiser. Looking through the porthole in the ell, she saw that the cruiser was already alongside, a boat was coming from it, two other boats moved towards it.

"What kind of a cruiser?" Derek Sanforth asked.

"I've never been very attentive about types of cruisers. Half the top is shot away. There's a great hole in the side."

"I'd like to see."

"Well, you lie still, and keep yourself covered up. One of the officers will tell you all the details later."

He waved his thick-bandaged hands. "Wish I could be of some use to Commander Dexdell, instead of lying here like this. He's short an officer."

A corps-man, not the ward man, stood at the door of the ell. "Chief Nurse Winwell requests you to join her on boat deck immediately, Nurse Allester," he said.

She waited only a second, only long enough to repeat to Derek it was essential he remain quiet. She caught up her cape, wrapped it around her, and hurried above.

To save time, and get boats back to the cruiser fast, they were laying wounded, blanket-wrapped, on the deck. Lieutenant Commander Slake had ordered shots of anti-tetanus, and of morphia for the men in greatest pain, given before they were carried below, one by one.

Miss Winwell and Faith worked at top speed. Before they had quite finished with one boatload of men, the next

had arrived. Time, minutes or an hour or half an hour, went by, while they bent over those faces.

At some point Lieutenant Commander Slake said: "I'm going to the operating-room at once—see if I can save that man they just took down." Someone, Faith never remembered whom, said Ensign Forrest was in charge of the wounded coming in below. Lieutenant Denton stayed in charge on deck.

Once he said to Faith: "Don't bother with that one. He's gone. Come here. Make a tourniquet for that leg, quick." He gave her other orders. She followed them like an automaton, swiftly, with no wasted motion.

But one part of her mind, independent of the hurry, of the absorption of work, watched the faces, mostly young faces, mostly burnt or gunpowder- or oil-stained faces, mostly faces drawn with pain. But some of them forced laughter, some of them said, "Thank you," when she did any small thing for them.

She thought: "I'll always remember the faces—they're so young. It's more dreadful because they are so young."

Later, Ensign Forrest spoke to her. "I've volunteered to go aboard the cruiser, to take care of the less seriously wounded. I may stay on the cruiser."

She was on her knees beside a boy who gasped for water, and must not be given water, because he was to be operated on, to remove a bullet that possibly had missed his lung. The stretcher came for him. He was lifted on, still pleading for water. She rose, and looked about vaguely.

Amory was there. He had not been there earlier. He said to Forrest: "Tell the Captain I'm sending six seamen shortly. Use your judgment about staying or returning to this ship. Send a message."

"Nurse Patricken's going along with you." Miss Winwell said.

Ensign Forrest turned to Faith as if they were alone. "Look at the sunset, Faith. It's a gorgeous sunset." As if it mattered! She wondered vaguely why Amory watched the east, where there was only a reflection of the western glory.

Lieutenant Denton said to Miss Winwell: "You look after them here. Slake must need me below."

Amory was talking to Ensign Kimball, telling him to get volunteers for the cruiser, that the cruiser's captain was sure he could make port.

A seaman reported to Amory: "The lookout says there's nothing at all, sir."

The last boatload of wounded was arriving. The boat was lifted carefully, slowly. They began to unload.

Men lay on the deck again. Faith hurried. Anti-tetanus, blankets, morphia here. Miss Winwell was giving the orders now. More blankets. The young patients' weary faces again.

A black-haired thin-faced boy said: "It's growing dark." She was so surprised she looked upward. It would not be dark for a long time yet. The high cloudbank overhead still was touched with afterglow. But for this boy, it was growing dark.

There was a sudden noise, a faint screaming, a thin high inhuman noise, different than the noise of the slow-moving engines or of the swelling sea, a noise unlike any she had heard in her life.

Amory was running to the bridge. Almost instantly the ship began to move crazily, in arcs, in semicircles.

The noise was louder. She looked up. Something was rushing down, through the cloudbank, down, down.

There was a crash, a tremendous crash, louder than sound, an insane, a monstrous crash, followed by another, almost immediately. The cruiser divided in two, as if it were made of paper.

Amory was carrying a man inside. Faith helped. A seaman carried another man on his shoulder. She went back to the deck. Flames ran on the water by the two pieces of the cruiser. But there weren't two pieces. There was one. It vanished as she looked, with little things like paper dolls clinging to it.

The hospital ship was still zigzagging fast. On deck it was hard to keep one's feet. The hospital ship had got much farther from the cruiser, from where the cruiser had been. In the distance the dive-bomber—at what moment she realized it was a dive-bomber she never afterward knew—was going away into the distance, into the sunset, growing smaller. . . . No, it wasn't. It was growing larger.

It was coming back very fast, very low.

Faith knelt on the deck, trying to help lift a huge seaman. There was no one else to help. Then, in a seaman's jacket over pajamas, his hands bleeding, the bandages hanging from them, was Sanforth. "I've got him, Nurse Allester. Go under cover."

But Miss Winwell was kneeling by a wounded man. Faith went toward her. Miss Winwell was saying: "They've gone away. Nothing to worry about now. Nothing at all."

The noise of the plane's motors increased, not screaming, now they were flying level, but thundering. The plane was astern of the ship. In a fraction of a second it was alongside. Another noise was simultaneous, noise like very hard rain, like hail on a metal roof.

Faith was trying to help a wounded man to his feet. The hail stopped. He was heavy too. She couldn't lift him, either. The hail began again. Midshipman Sanforth said, "Nurses, get under cover!" in a furious voice. Then he fell down. Faith tried to rise, to run to him. A stretcher-bearer came from somewhere. "Get inside, Nurse Allester," he shouted.

A second time that sound of hail came. She was crouched beside Midshipman Sanforth. There was fresh blood on his jacket, on his forehead. He sighed. He opened his gray eyes. Then they closed. His head fell back.

"Miss Winwell, Miss Winwell!" Surely Miss Winwell would help her do something about the boy. Why on earth should Miss Winwell be lying on the deck, sort of—sort of crumpled, beside that seaman she had told not to worry!

It was only a few steps toward her. It was a very long way, though.

Amory said: "Go below at once." Blood was running down his cheek. "They may come back," he repeated. "Go below."

But she had to try to help Miss Winwell, who must have fainted. Faith pulled at her.

Miss Winwell was dead, her face unmarked, her eyes closed. When the plane machine-gunned the ship the second time, three bullets had struck her. She died between one second and the next.

It was toward four in the morning and false dawn lightened the eastern sky when Faith went on deck again, conscious only of a desire to breathe the clear cold air. By then she had been on duty twenty-one hours, the last ten of them spent working at such pace as never before in her experience.

Someone, Lieutenant Denton perhaps, had ordered her from the deck finally as the German bomber vanished in the eastern sky. She had no clear recollection of receiving the order. Then—it seemed to have been without any dividing space of time—she was in the operating-room assisting Commander Slake. She had been in the operating-room four hours or longer. She could remember, in no special order, various surgical miracles Commander Slake had performed.

Was it he who had ordered her to her room to rest, or Nurse Reford? Someone far off had said: "Let her work, then. Better so, perhaps." There was endless work to do in the wards where men coming out of anesthesia didn't know where they were, talked in delirium of the battle they had survived.

Some of them talked of far-off things, not of the war at all—one of a Minnesota farm, where they were getting in the wheat, another of a carnival in a gay Southern city, a third of a hunting trip in a Northern forest, and how fragrant the pines were. One talked tenderly of his mother.

She had thought then of someone not there, who had been talking of his mother, of the swift flowering of a Mary-

land springtime, of a quiet future after the war in a little town where he knew everyone.

All the late evening, half of the night, she had done hundreds of routine things, and many things not altogether necessary, to make the men as comfortable as they could be.

They were not faces now. That mad half-hour when they had been only tortured faces was gone past. They were faces and bodies that would heal and be strong again.

Standing by the deck-rail, almost unaware of the wind and the cold, except that the wind and the cold braced her, she was not even tired. Something sustained her—an emotion hard and strong and comforting, an emotion she had never felt in her life before.

She smiled at the far paling stars, at the rushing wind, at the bitter air. She thought: "I hate the Germans in that plane. I hate the builders of the plane, and the men who trained the pilots and the bombers, and the system in which they believe, which has brought this evil into the world. I hate them all. No matter what is finished for me, hate will sustain me now. Hate will make me strong."

Almost as if it were unnecessary, she went to rest for a little while then.

SOMETIME after midnight Amory sent to the radio-room, to make a final check on messages received all evening. They had been in touch with the battleship *Louisiana* since shortly after dark. The battleship had reported that she had sunk a heavy German cruiser, that the result of the main action west of her position (and north of the hospital ship) was still not certain at sundown. The *Louisiana* was coming to their aid, would transfer a line officer, a physician, and extra supplies if they had any need. She would transfer her few casualties only if the hospital ship was not already overcrowded.

Amory also had received orders to remain near his present position until the arrival of the *Louisiana* next day, and then to turn toward home with his wounded. He was advised that a destroyer escort would be provided within twenty-four hours for his voyage back to the United States.

There was nothing new. The *Louisiana* had broadcast (in code of course) only the necessary messages. In those dangerous waters, unnecessary use of radio was folly.

The chief operator, Anderson, said: "I doubt there'll be any more tonight, sir. It will be good to see a battleship that's in condition to fight, won't it, sir?"

Amory agreed with him. He was almost equally pleased that he was to have destroyer escort. The responsibility for so many helpless wounded, combined with the knowledge of the ship's absolute lack of fighting equipment, had by now added up to greater strain than he had felt in his entire previous Navy career.

The bitterness of the decision he had had to make at sundown was in him. In every moment that was not wholly preoccupied with necessary orders, that bitterness returned.

In the first instant the dive-bomber appeared coming through the cloud-bank, he had been obliged to decide that his duty was to his own ship, the wounded already aboard, and to get away from the cruiser as quickly as possible.

The cruiser had been nearly helpless. She didn't have enough speed or maneuverability left to make even feeble efforts to zigzag. The plane had scored two direct hits, only seconds apart, one amidships, the second somewhat forward. The already damaged bow had sunk almost instantaneously. The stern had sunk in slightly more than a minute.

But for some time after the sinking Amory had not ordered boats lowered to look for survivors. He had been right about that too—in the same circumstances he would have to come to the same conclusion. That knowledge did not at all lessen his regret.

His duty still remained to his own ship's personnel. To lower a boat before it was certain the plane was gone for good, would have been to ask its crew to commit suicide. They would have stood no chance against machine-gunning. He had been obliged to put in order the shambles on his own deck, to see that those still living received immediate aid. Besides, he had had to keep all his men at their positions, in case the plane returned to attempt a bombing. He hadn't had a boat's-crew to spare.

He had waited, looking at his watch, a full quarter-hour after the plane vanished, before he ordered boats down to search. They had found no survivors. They had seen a few bodies, some wreckage. That was all. It was probable that there had been no survivors from the moment the broken halves of the cruiser went down. They had gone so fast, there was enormous suction. Burning oil had flamed on the sea for a while.

But useless as it might have been, he would have felt better if he had thought it right to lower boats immediately.

He thought: "One does what one can. That's no use. One wishes one could have done more." If he had persuaded the Captain to abandon ship—if he had urged that young lieutenant who had escorted him off, to come to the hospital ship for treatment of his wounded leg, if he had not let Ensign Forrest or Nurse Patricken board the cruiser—if and if and if.

Chief Radio Operator Anderson gazed at his commander's haggard face, hesitated and decided it didn't matter that Commander Dexdell was a three-striper and himself a petty officer. He said: "You managed wonderfully, sir, to get us out of range so fast when the bomber dropped down, sir. In a way, you saved all our lives, sir."

"All that were saved, Anderson."

"Well, we didn't do so badly, considering we're an unarmed ship, sir. When they machine-gunned us, I wished they would crash, I wished they would—" He decided not to use that language to an officer. The Commander did look worn out.

Anderson tried again: "Of course it was bad, losing Chief Nurse Winwell and Nurse Patricken, sir. But they went so fast on the cruiser that Nurse Patricken maybe never knew what happened, nor the young medical ensign either, sir. As for Miss Winwell, the chief boatswain's mate and I were talking. She was Navy, had been Navy all her grown life, sir. Just as much as the Captain on that cruiser. Maybe she wouldn't have minded, any more than he, sir."

Something moved in Commander Dexdell's stiff face. He rose. He said, as if to himself, the conventional phrase: "Death in the performance of one's duty. . . . You're right, Anderson. It's not the worst. Good night."

Amory had had a cot moved up to the bridge. He would sleep there from now on, until this voyage ended, through Kimball's watches as well as his own. Kimball was inexperienced, and the responsibility in any sudden crisis should be his.

He lay down in his uniform, flung a blanket over him carelessly. But he was too fatigued for sleep. Horrible second thoughts came to torture him. Should he have kept the nurses off the deck? Should he have lowered boats soon? Should he have been able to persuade the Captain to abandon ship?

Then something that was in the very essence of Navy discipline steadied him. The Captain had been insistent from the beginning that the cruiser and hospital ship keep a little distance from each other, and wounded be transferred by boat. Now Amory understood why.

How right the Captain had been! Had the cruiser been alongside, nothing would have saved the hospital ship. One had to make choices according to one's best judgment, stick to the choices once made, and not waste time on futile regret. . . . Amory slept, though lightly.

CHAPTER 10

FAR north in an ocean and at a season known for variability of weather, it was not surprising that in spite of the starlit night and a crimson dawn, the morning grew overcast quickly.

At eight o'clock, at the end of a four-hour watch, Amory went to his quarters, took a shower, shaved, and changed his crumpled uniform. He ate breakfast as he dressed, anxious to get back to the bridge. With the dropping of the wind at sunrise, it had grown hazy. Visibility was lessening slowly but constantly.

He was just dressed when a corps-man knocked on his door with a message that Nurse Reford would like to see him. He said to tell her that he would be in the nurses' wardroom in five minutes, knowing as he made the statement that he was reluctant to go to the nurses' part of the ship, or even to the hospital wards. Not to see Miss Winwell's white head, down-bent over knitting, or when she lifted it, the kind steady glance of those clear blue eyes!

He walked aft quickly.

Miss Reford's plain honest face was gray-white. Amory guessed instantly that she had worked all night through, had not slept at all because she had work to do—that she would not weep now, because she would attempt, as best she could, Chief Nurse Winwell's unvarying serenity.

Amory said: "You look tired, Nurse Reford. You must rest today."

"There is time enough to rest, sir." She reported then briefly as to her commanding officer. "The wounded are doing very well, much better in most cases than might have been feared, sir. Both the doctors stayed on duty all night. I urged Lieutenant Commander Slake to rest for an hour now, before the services, sir."

She hesitated. A phrase slid into Amory's tired mind. "Good as good bread." Yes. Nurse Reford was a plain solid woman, with no beauty except the beauty which character wrote in every face by middle-age.

She said, "The services—" and stopped again. He had ordered notices that the funeral services would take place at two bells, nine o'clock as land people measured time.

He tried to help her: "You wanted to suggest something about the services, Nurse Reford?"

"Yes sir," she said. "I was wondering when you read the services if you would read the Twenty-third Psalm, sir. Miss Winwell once told me it was her favorite."

The magnificent phrases marched through his mind: "*The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want.*" . . . Yes, Mary Winwell would have liked that confident Psalm.

After the services. Amory made a hasty inspection of the ship, a brief tour of the wards. The atmosphere of confidence of the doctors and nurses—even the corps-men shared it—was bracing.

Slake talked to him briefly: "I'm going off duty in a few minutes. Everything is under control. Lieutenant Denton, who's sleeping now, will take charge while I sleep. Amory, I keep repeating this, and perhaps I bore you, but the percentage of total recoveries, and the speed of them, will be nothing short of miraculous. Hundreds of my confreres in the medical profession, most of them obscure men working without any hope of acclaim, have evolved improvements in antisepsis and techniques of treatment through the last decade that are going to save thousands upon thousands of lives in war and in peace in coming years."

It occurred to Amory that if Slake were not a first-rate man, thoroughly familiar with modern practice, the work of the research men could have been futile in the particular instance of these casualties. Slake, he knew, would not look at the situation from that point of view. Like most good men in most fields, he showed no evidence of personal conceit.

Amory did not see Faith in any of the wards. He assumed she was off duty. On his way back to the bridge he wondered why he still, even in the last dreadful twenty-four hours, was always intensely aware of Faith's presence or absence. He could offer her no help or comfort. He assumed his presence was possibly even painful to her.

On the bridge he told Kimball: "Go off duty for a couple of hours. We sha'n't be so pressed for sleep when the officers from the *Louisiana* get aboard."

The boy said: "Oh, I'm quite all right for sleep, sir."

But he was so tired he staggered, going down the companionway. . . .

The day had grown much less cold. There was a spatter of slanting rain against the ports. According to Amory's reckoning, provided the visibility did not go below three miles, they would sight the *Louisiana* by two o'clock. They were proceeding east to meet her.

The wind, which had dropped in the early morning, had strengthened again considerably by noon. The driving rain was only intermittent, though it looked as if it might turn into a heavy rainstorm later.

It was a little past noon when the lookout reported: "Have sighted object on surface forward and slightly to port. Possibly wreckage, sir."

Even with glasses one could barely distinguish something darker than the gray ocean, irregular in shape, either a large object near their full limit of visibility—something less than a league—or a smaller object nearer. It vanished and appeared again, as it moved on the crest or in the trough of the distant seas. It in no way resembled a submarine, but the outline was obscured, no doubt because whatever it was lay mostly under water.

Amory gave instructions to alter course and to proceed slowly. The unusual, in this wartime ocean, always carried implications of the sinister.

The lookout called down: "Someone—something moves on it, sir."

In a minute or two more Amory saw something that might have been a man waving, or might have been a spar with a crosspiece moving in the water. Then quite suddenly, as always coming up on something in hazy weather, the object orientated itself. Almost in the instant that the lookout shouted, "It's the wreckage of a plane," all the watchers could see that.

The lookout called: "A man or men are clinging to the port side, sir. She's a German plane. She's carrying a flag, sir." Then they could see the swastika, rain-soaked, swinging out heavily in the breeze.

Amory ordered the engines stopped. He went then to the boat-deck on the port side. Here he could get the best view.

It seemed impossible that a wrecked plane in the sea carried any guns still in commission, but he determined to stay out of range, even so. Back on the bridge, he gave orders to get the ship under way again, at minimum speed to circle not too closely to the plane.

He could now see that a man clung to the fuselage, and another, living or dead, lay on top of it. He took an instant to explain to Kimball carefully his intention to stay at a safe distance, then ordered a boat's crew summoned, and went back to the boat-deck.

Then he saw that half-hidden by the stern of a lifeboat a nurse stood. She might have been standing there before. Unless he had looked directly, he would not have seen her.

Not even the heavy Navy cape could disguise how straight and slim those shoulders were. He said: "Faith, the deck's slippery there. Don't stand so near the edge."

She turned to him. She showed neither surprise nor even interest at his presence. She said: "I've been standing here a long time. I wanted air and quietness." In exactly the same expressionless voice she went on: "So they'll die, the German air-men! They will drown. I hoped all last night, all today, that they would drown. Are we circling to watch them?"

He was so startled, by her tone as much as by her words, that his answer was automatic: "Of course not. I'm sending a boat to rescue them."

Quite irrelevantly to her presence, he had that instant decided he himself would command the boat. The *Louisiana* was turning up with a spare officer so soon that he was released from the dreadful necessity of letting others take risks because he was responsible for the whole ship. Not that this was much of a risk; the seas weren't dangerously heavy.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Faith?" Her eyes were dark against the paper whiteness of her skin. She looked shockingly tired, worn, wretched. He said: "The boat's crew will be here in two minutes—in a minute perhaps. . . . I can't bear to see you suffer so."

"I don't suffer any more. I—I just hate. Let them drown, Amory. They killed the English boy and Miss Winwell and so many."

Of all the strange painful way he and she had traveled since their golden summer in Manila, he thought afterward that this was the strangest moment. He thought what came to his lips spontaneously was strange too. "You can't hate people, Faith. Stop it. You've been dreadfully shocked. That's all. Even in war one doesn't let men drown if one can save them, any more than one kills prisoners!"

She stared at him. She said in a low voice: "I don't understand."

He could hear footsteps of men on the companionway. He had to hurry. He said impatiently: "No one understands. One does what one can; that's all. Now go below."

She went past him slowly as if she were sleepwalking.

He said to the boatswain's mate: "I want volunteers for this trip. No one's obliged to go."

The boatswain's mate repeated his words: "Volunteers only. Any of you men that don't want to rescue the Germans, step out."

Amory did not consciously hear him. He was staring at the sinking plane, that flag flying arrogantly from it. He could see now that the crew had launched their rubber boat, but had kept it tied to the fuselage. That had been common sense on their part. The rubber boat was so small as to stand little chance even in a moderately heavy sea.

He said: "Get the boat lowered. I'm taking it."

On some impulse he asked Kimball: "Where's your revolver?"

"In my quarters, sir." Kimball turned to a seaman and described the drawer in which it was.

"I'll give it to the chief boatswain's mate." Amory told him. "Since we're saving their lives, the plane's crew will probably welcome us with hands up and shouts of '*Kamerad*.' But I'm not expert enough on what is known as Nazi ideology to bet on that, though."

"Do you suppose that's the bomber that machine-gunned us, sir?"

"It's likely," Amory admitted. "The ocean isn't full of them as far from Europe as this!"

He left and went down the ladder to the boat. As they got away from the ship, he was immediately aware of a sort of release. Now he was doing something active, instead of just issuing orders.

The boatswain's mate kept his hand on the butt of the revolver Amory had given him. He had put the revolver in the pocket of his peajacket.

Amory asked a question to which he knew the answer. "You speak German, don't you?"

"Yes sir. My grandmother was German."

"As soon as we get within hailing distance, tell them to put their hands up, and to keep them up. Also that the second man is to stay motionless with his hands up while the first man is coming aboard."

"Aye-aye, sir."

SUDDENLY it seemed to Amory that the situation had its elements of the ridiculous. They were after all engaged in a rescue, yet he was distressed by their lack of arms with which to fight if need be.

He said: "Wait now. Don't go any closer."

The men rested on their oars.

The boatswain's mate shouted. The man clinging to the fuselage called something back; the boatswain's mate translated to Amory. "He says the man on top of the fuselage has a broken arm he can't lift, and that he himself will fall overboard if he let's go, sir." He added in a low voice though the Germans were much too far away to hear: "There's a third man, sir."

Amory had just seen him. He was inside the fuselage, in the pilot's seat. Because of the weight of the motors, the fuselage was tipped far forward. The man inside was moving back and forth to balance himself.

The boatswain's mate was conducting some conversation on his own accord. He turned to Amory, laughing: "I just told him the best thing for him to do was to let go and swim for it, sir. I told him he must do that, as soon as I command."

Amory said aloud: "A plane of that size would carry a much larger crew. Ask him where the rest of the men are."

The boatswain's mate made a megaphone of his hands and shouted at length. Over the water came the sound of a heavy slow voice answering.

TRANSLATED, he had said that the rest of the crew attempted to launch a larger rubber boat at dawn. It was overturned within sight of the plane. All were drowned. There were left himself, who was a sergeant, an engineer of the ship, the rear gunner, who was a corporal—he was the man lying on top of the fuselage, and their Commander, the *Oberleutnant*.

After some more conversation the boatswain's mate laughed. "He just said their magnificent flying boat was forced to land due to engine trouble shortly after sunset, sir. He says one of the guns of the cruiser must have caused more damage than they realized, sir."

"Row in a little closer." Amory ordered. He was thinking that he couldn't wait around all day. Probably it was safe enough to go in. The man in the cockpit was his principal worry. He couldn't see what the man was doing. It was entirely possible he had a machine-gun.

However, they would be mad, to shoot! The hospital ship was their last chance of rescue.

The officer inside now sat still, watching them.

Some instinct told Amory to wait. He halted the rowers. "Tell the man to swim for it now." They were close enough so he could see the submerged wing tip nearest him.

The man only hesitated a second. The officer half opened the cockpit window and said something to him. He jumped. But whether because of the shock of the icy water, or the strength of the waves, he wasn't able to swim much. They were obliged to come close in to get him. When he was dragged aboard, someone tossed him a blanket.

He wrapped himself in it, and sat shivering, a slight brown-haired man—scarcely more than a boy—with a curious foxlike face. The boatswain's mate said something to him. He shrugged and tossed over a revolver.

In the moment of picking him up, Amory had ordered his men to row away from the plane. Now he supposed they would have to go back close in to get the man on the top of the fuselage.

They were going in again slowly. Amory said: "Ask if there's anything the matter with the man on top except a broken arm."

Amory was moving toward the bow of the lifeboat. He said: "One man stand up in the bow, with me, and help get the man off."

The boatswain's mate called: "He claims nothing's the matter with the man, but he's probably spent, sir."

"Order him to crawl toward the tail of the plane."

The man heard them. He moved slowly and with effort. Amory was curiously reluctant to go close to the door of the cockpit, through which he could see the *Oberleutnant*.

They were well behind the sunken wing, when he stood up to help the man down. It was tricky business in the seas. The German tumbled into the boat after a fashion, an arm hanging limp. The men got the lifeboat away fast.

"Put him alongside the other one." The two Germans half-sat, half-lay 'midships in the lifeboat. The second man was older, a rather heavy peasant type. He seemed so nearly unconscious that Amory wondered how he had managed to cling to the top of the fuselage.

"One more trip." he told his men, and ordered: "Tell the Commander to come out."

Again the boatswain's mate shouted, but there was only silence. They were so near they could see the man's bare close-cropped pale blond head.

He was looking at them. He moved his head. But he didn't say a word.

"Try again," Amory suggested.

It was difficult for the rowers to hold the boat in the seas.

The boatswain's mate repeated his long speech. In careful slow English the *Oberleutnant* answered:

"The door is caught inside. One of you will have to open it from without."

Amory said: "Tell him to come through the window."

The answer was: "Not possible. It opens not fully."

Amory said: "We'll go in. I'll get the door open. Keep the boat away. Don't get jammed in the corner between the fuselage and the base of the wing. Keep a safe distance."

The boatswain's mate's hard middle-aged face moved. He urged: "Not you, sir. Let me try it."

But Amory was done with letting others try the risks. The nearness of the *Louisiana* had freed him.

He said: "Take command of the boat. Get it away fast when I jump."

It would all have to be managed with split-second timing. The sea was heaving. He must jump clean, catch that thing hanging from the cockpit window. A rope? Oh, that was how the German had hung on. His feet would be on the base of the wing, knee deep in water.

Difficult to balance in the bow. He shouted, "Get away now, now!" jumped, caught the rope. The water was bitter cold. He swung with one hand, trying for the door-handle with the other. The window in front of him went down.

A furious thin face confronted him. It was animal-like in its ferocity. Something gleamed. The German said: "Fool!" He was lifting something. It was a revolver. Amory let go the rope. There was simultaneously a crash like a shot, an impact of water, and icy darkness.

CHAPTER 11

Lieutenant Commander Richard Slake, in his forty-sixth year, was a veteran of a decade as chief of staff in a modern city hospital—that is to say, a decade of being treated as omnipotent. He had subconsciously believed that he was past being surprised; that he could cope with any situation life provided, in a matter-of-fact fashion. But on the bridge of a hospital ship, acting as commanding officer by the accident of his seniority in rank, but dependent on the navigational ability of young Ensign Kimball, he found himself surprised to the point of amazement.

Nor was any of his previous career helpful in enabling him to judge whether Ensign Kimball knew what he was doing or not. The mist was thickening to fog. Where was the battleship *Louisiana?*

The afternoon was halfway past.

To be sure, the radio man had got a message from the *Louisiana,* to the effect that she was proceeding slowly because she had encountered fog. But how slowly?

In his hospital life, people had made appointments for quarter past the hour or half-past or the hour or quarter to the hour and kept them, to the minute. Too bad that couldn't be managed in sea travel.

There stood young Kimball, examining what could be seen of the ocean in front of him, which wasn't much, utterly poker-faced, giving an occasional order to the quartermaster behind him, or talking through the telephone to the engine-room, giving a good imitation of Amory Dexdell's calm and poise. The boy kept his mouth steady, but his hands shook.

Kimball said: "We'll meet the *Louisiana* at eight bells, or a little later, Commander Slake. Not much more than an hour from now."

Slake rephrased it to himself. Eight bells would be four o'clock. They also called that time of day sixteen o'clock sometimes. Heaven knew why. It was now not quite three.

Kimball spoke again: "It's growing thicker. Can't expect to see the ship until we're closer."

Slake could see that without being told. "How will we keep from running into it?" he asked crossly.

Ensign Kimball was encouraged again: "Oh, we won't hit her, sir. She and we will both navigate more carefully than that."

Slake told himself: "I won't call a ship 'she.' A ship in my opinion is 'it,' regardless of Navy practice. I will speak my own language." He said: "I'll be glad to see it, fog or no fog."

"We'll all be glad to see her, Commander."

The boy was making some calculations on a piece of paper. Slake stared at him, feeling helpless. He had gone to the bridge, after he had done what could be done for Amory Dexdell's wound, in a vague desire to be helpful.

Ensign Kimball finished his arithmetic, or trigonometry or whatever it was. He said: "You mustn't feel so anxious, sir. I'm sure you will save Commander Dexdell. He spoke several times of his confidence in your ability."

Slake thought: "The boy is trying to comfort *me,* and I'm only staying around here in an effort to give *him* some reassurance." He said crossly: "What Amory was thinking of—to get so close to a German madman, who would rather take an American officer to hell with him than live himself, is beyond me!"

"He was trying to rescue the *Oberleutnant,* sir."

"Well, I don't know whether Amory will live or not." Slake recognized the degree of his wretchedness by the fact he enjoyed being pessimistic. "A revolver bullet plowing right across the top of his skull! Then he got half-drowned. I don't have to operate on people at home who are half-drowned to start with."

A pale smile lighted Ensign Kimball's face. "I don't suppose so, sir."

"Well, I'll go downstairs now and look at him. I'm not doing you any good here."

"I enjoy having you here, sir," Ensign Kimball said politely. It wasn't true. Slake's worn grim face worried him.

On the way to Amory's bed, Slake decided he would stop for a moment to talk to the chief boatswain's mate. In the recent couple of hours he had developed considerable admiration for the man's common sense. When the German shot Amory, he'd paused long enough to shoot the German before he went into the water after his Commander. That was an example of thinking straight in a crisis, in Slake's opinion.

He had ordered the man to bed for a few hours, to lessen the danger of a cold or worse from his immersion. Also he had ordered the two German prisoners to bed for the same reason, but in a cabin by themselves, with an armed man to guard them and wait on them if they needed anything. The one with the broken arm sounded grateful. The other seemed pleased that his commanding officer had shot the American officer.

The boatswain's mate was sitting up drinking tomato juice, and reading a magazine.

"Well, you look all right," Slake told him.

"I am all right, sir. But how is the Commander, sir?"

Slake said confidently: "Oh, we'll pull him through without trouble." His private opinion lay somewhere between that statement and his gloomy prognosis to Ensign Kimball—about head injuries you could never be sure so soon.

"You stay in bed the rest of the day and evening," he told the boatswain's mate.

"We're a bit shorthanded, sir."

"The battleship will send us all we need."

He had ordered Amory put in a cabin by himself. He needed quiet and constant watching, above everything else.

Nurse Reford was with him. She stood up, to greet the doctor. "There is no change, sir," she told him. "I suppose there couldn't be, so soon."

"It's not likely. He might be unconscious for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours. I'd be just as glad if he were."

She understood him. The bullet had fractured the top of the skull. Slake had immediately relieved pressure. The essential thing now was that Amory be utterly quiet. Whether he became conscious or not was relatively unimportant, for a day or two.

Slake said fretfully: "What did he have to go and be heroic for?"

"I suppose he thought he should take the risk, not let one of the men do it."

Slake sighed. In the course of this voyage he had grown extremely fond of Amory Dexdell. He repeated all the orders he had given Nurse Reford before, about keeping Amory warm, watching his temperature and pulse constantly, having someone stay with him at all times, reporting to him any change whether he were sleeping or on duty.

He said, because she knew the truth as well as he: "Of course if he develops pneumonia. I expect he's done. The strain would be too great."

"We sha'n't let him develop pneumonia, sir."

Now *she* was comforting him. She knew they couldn't keep him from developing pneumonia. They could take certain precautions. That was all.

He glanced into the ward, saw Nurse Allester in the distance. Even from twenty feet away she looked wretched. He thought of calling her, but he didn't know what to say that would be any use.

At some point she had been in love with Commander Dexdell, had given him up for her beliefs—he had the story quite clear in his mind by now. So Amory was dying perhaps. Possibly the last words ever to be exchanged between Amory and her had already been spoken. What on earth could he say to her now? She had her work. She was a conscientious nurse. The fact would have to stand by her now, and perhaps forever if Amory died.

Slake went back to the bridge.

"How long before we meet the battleship *now?*" he asked.

"Not much more than half an hour, sir. You've been gone just about half an hour."

Slake thought he had been gone three times as long!

It occurred to him with some amount of shock that the trouble with him was that he was unhappy. He wouldn't be unhappy if he had to perform ten operations in a row. But he was finished with operating. He had to wait for the coöperation of time for his results, and with nothing positive to do, he worried!

He stared out the window—no reason for calling this large one a porthole that he could see—hopefully for a long time, in silence. One wanted all one's patients to recover always. But it was only sometimes one felt one couldn't bear it if a particular one failed to recover. Amory simply had to recover.

Some sailor—Slake supposed he was to think of him as a seaman—brought a written message to the ensign, who read it and left the bridge. When Kimball returned, Slake asked him where he had been.

"Talking by telephone to the *Louisiana,* sir," he said.

Slake stared out the window for another interval.

Then Kimball said: "Look, sir." Of course he had been staring in exactly the wrong direction! He could see the outline of a ship when Kimball pointed out the right place to look. It appeared to be a large one.

Kimball suggested: "You rank me, sir. Wouldn't you like to meet the officer coming aboard, sir?"

"What will I say to him?" He thought Kimball was perfectly capable of meeting the officer. On the other hand, he was happier when Kimball stayed on the bridge making sure that sailor steered right.

"Oh, greet him and report, sir."

"Sounds simple enough."

Ensign Kimball did not quite manage to suppress a grin. He was feeling enormously better.

The Captain of the *Louisiana* was prepared to lend the hospital ship a Commander, but decided to go aboard her for a few moments himself, to see how badly off she was. The late brief report that Commander Dexdell had been seriously wounded prepared him for a shambles of sorts. He already knew from earlier messages that a dive-bomber had machine-gunned her.

He was pleasantly surprised to be greeted, when his launch came alongside, by a Lieutenant-Commander who showed no signs of panic. The man's uniform was somewhat rumpled—well, after all, a medical officer!

He introduced: "Commander Browne—he'll take charge. You have had a bad time, haven't you?"

Ensign Kimball would have been proud of him, Slake decided. He announced: "Oh—not too bad, sir. Everything is pretty well under control." And he added: "We can take your casualties if you like, sir. We're not overcrowded."

He gave a brief résumé of Amory's injuries, and prospects, in a cool indifferent manner. It had seemed to him suddenly that Amory wouldn't like it if he behaved as if they were in great trouble.

"I'll make a brief inspection," the Captain said. Browne had already started off to the bridge. Slake escorted the Captain and an aide through the wards.

The Captain suggested: "I'd better take your prisoners. They would be a bit of a nuisance on an unarmed ship as they convalesced, wouldn't they?"

That was the only time Slake slipped out of his rôle as composed and matter-of-fact Navy officer. He said: "Fine. I'll be glad to be rid of them."

They returned to the deck. Ensign Kimball appeared to report. He saluted. Slake had forgotten to salute.

The Captain was saying: "I've a spare ensign, a line officer, and a doctor. I'll go back to my ship and send them along."

He made inquiries about supplies. Ensign Kimball seemed to be able to answer them. Slake certainly was not.

The battleship sent over several boatloads of one thing and another. Slake went back to Amory's bedside without bothering to watch. Amory lay quiet, breathing heavily.

The battleship was moving off now into the mist. Slake watched it through the window of Amory's cabin. He supposed that window really was a porthole.

They voyaged slowly south and east through a misty night without stars. They voyaged faster through a day palely sunlit. Toward evening, their destroyer escort caught up with them coming from the north, off convoy duty.

Commander Browne was a quiet man, older than Amory. He ordered the watches. He visited the wounded, joked with them quietly, complimented the nurses gravely on their care.

Almost all the wounded did well. Only Amory lay between life and death, through the first night and day, through the second, on into the third.

On the third day Amory spoke and moved. But he spoke only in delirium, of people and things they did not know, and he moved only with the restlessness of fever.

In the new Commander's opinion, he was dying. In Lieutenant Denton's opinion, he was dying. Nurse Reford would not admit to herself that she thought he was dying. Commander Slake kept saying: "He'll pull through. He has fever but not pneumonia. He will pull through."

It was out of kindness too that Nurse Reford gave Faith charge of the busiest ward, the surgical ward, where the wounded who were recovering were uncomfortable and required much attention. . . .

On the second day, the radio operator intercepted a message telling of a great American victory to the north, the sinking of a German pocket battleship, and damage at least to several ships of its escort. He and his relief man stayed

listening in for confirmation, but according to Commander Browne's order, they sent no inquiries. He, like Commander Dexdell on the outward journey, had issued a standing order against broadcasting messages that might give their position in that calm but danger-filled sea.

On the third day they received confirmation of the news, and toward sunset on the fourth, saw units of the victorious fleets sailing homeward.

Everyone not on duty stayed on deck all afternoon, to watch these ships of the fleet come up astern, pass, and vanish ahead. They were traveling fast, so much faster than the hospital ship that they seemed to be racing. The two destroyers guarding the hospital ship lingered at her slow pace with an air of reluctance.

When the fleet was gone into the sunset, Lieutenant Commander Slake turned from the deck-rail. Faith was standing behind him, with an air of one who had been waiting a long time. But when he turned, she seemed to hesitate to speak.

He said: "How are you, my dear?" It was a stupid question, he knew. He could see how she was. The lovely curves of her cheeks were narrowed and gaunt. Her gray eyes were dark with pain. He thought: "Under other circumstances I would order the girl to bed."

She tilted back her head to look up at him and he saw that even the graceful line of her neck was thinner. She said: "Commander Slake, tell me the truth. Is he going to die?"

No need to ask who *he* was. And no use to lie to her. Slake told her simply: "I do not know. We shall know soon. If his fever drops, he will live. If it continues, it will wear him out." He paused and then asked her: "Would you like to see him?"

She shivered a little, though the day was the least cool of their whole voyage: "It would be useless. He would not know me."

He echoed her words, "He would not know you—but—" and did not finish. He had always considered himself the most practical and realistic of men, and was startled by his own suddenly realized idea. Amory would not know her with his conscious mind. He had no conscious mind. That slept. But in the strange spaces where the mind or the personality (some called it the soul) wandered, still linked to the body, who knew what it comprehended?

Suddenly the girl changed her mind: "Yes, I should like to see him."

"I'll arrange that you do, tomorrow, Nurse Allester."

"Thank you." She went away walking very straight.

At dinner that evening Commander Browne made his usual inquiry of Slake: "All the wounded getting on well?" And he received the answer he had received for two evenings running: "All doing very well except Commander Dexdell."

Commander Browne shook his smooth head regretfully. Once long before he had met Amory, at an Army-Navy football game in peacetime. He had liked him, but aside from that, he thought it a most unhappy circumstance that the Commander who had gone through such a tough voyage, and really managed extraordinarily well, shouldn't be the man to bring his ship home.

Lieutenant Denton, who knew how worried Slake was about the Commander, thought there was no good dwelling on the subject and changed it, talked about the fleet going by, and what a fine sight it had been.

Slake scarcely listened. He was deciding to arrange with Miss Reford that Nurse Allester go on duty with Amory for two hours a day. Then he hurried away from the dinner-table, to look at his patient once more.

Amory's temperature and pulse had been down a trifle in the afternoon. Slake had told himself that meant nothing. They would go up again toward evening.

But he had been wrong. He could tell in a fraction of a minute. Pulse and temperature were still dropping to normal. Slake stared at Nurse Reford as if she were incredible or his patient were incredible. Finally he said: "Maybe he will be conscious tomorrow." Still as if he were a young doctor, wanting some reassurance from an experienced nurse!

Nurse Reford smiled. "I'm sure he will be."

"Don't tell anyone. No sense in raising hopes."

But he was hopeful, all the same.

It seemed to Amory that the noise of a revolver-shot and the impact of water kept echoing a long, long time. He went through the water, which was at first cold and then warm, too warm, warmer than any tropic water that he had ever swum in. It was a strange dark sea.

Where he journeyed on the sea he could not remember, yet it was important to remember. He journeyed in darkness, not remembering.

Then the sea was past, was forgotten. In the half darkness of a summer night, he was in his mother's living-room. Scents of the garden filled his nostrils. Honeysuckle, June lilies. So he knew it was June. His mother was playing the piano. She always played for him in the hour before he went to bed. There were flowers on her dress. The piano tinkled, tinkled. He must keep his eyes open, else she would turn and say: "My sleepy one—bed now." Yet strangely he wanted her to turn and speak to him.

His head ached slightly. He had bumped it, falling off his fat pony that day. His head was now bandaged. His mother was playing a soothing old melody. It was very familiar.

But she did not turn her head. The candlelight grew dimmer quite suddenly. Room and flowers, that graceful figure at the piano, the *tinkle-tinkle* went past in a sudden high wind, in rushing darkness.

The stands were roaring. He was telling himself: "I feel all right. I've played feeling worse." Someone's cleats had cut his temple. That was in a previous quarter—the second quarter? Someone had later made a touchdown? He had made it?

This was a strange football game. The stands shouted, were bright with color. The noise echoed back and forth in the Bowl. Was it the Yale Bowl? But the darkness was coming fast. There was the usual hurry, hurry, not much time left, hurry, hurry. The crowd shouted, shouted. He had been running forever. That wind was rising again.

He had been very many places, always hurrying so fast he was not sure in what year he traveled or who was beside him. But he came at last to a road in darkness lighted by a single street light.

A girl sat beside him in the car, a fair girl—whom he must make understand something. He could not remember what it was she must understand.

He had stopped his car by a high wall thick grown with a blossoming vine that was fragrant. The road, the wall, the blossoming vine were outside Manila. He knew that suddenly. The girl turned to speak. It was too dark now to see her face clearly. In the storm rising suddenly there was blown away wall and road and strange tropic fragrance.

He traveled an endless journey, a great many places, again. He was dreadfully tired and wanted to rest. But he was obliged to travel on in the high wind and the thick darkness through years.

At last he was in command of a ship in the North Atlantic, a ship which had no guns. No guns, no guns. No anti-aircraft guns! Gun-fire roared. But he had no guns!

He opened his eyes and said: "No guns. But I heard them."

A man named Slake, a doctor, sat by his bed. After the endless darkness the sun was shining. It was coming in a porthole. He was not in his own quarters. Slake was looking very odd. He was crying or laughing or something. A Naval Officer should have composure.

Behind him a corps-man was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Amory said: "What goes on?"

The corps-man with a strange lack of discipline spoke to Slake: "I told you, sir. I told you. He said he heard the guns."

Well, at least people had begun to talk. No one had talked in that endless journey, except the crowd that roared. Slake must talk too. It was enormously reassuring to hear someone talk.

He commanded Slake: "Talk. My head aches."

Well, what a burst of words! It was very confusing after people had been silent for so long. Amory made out that someone was going to live. Where the bullet had creased the top of that person's skull, he was going to have a bald spot, half an inch wide. But he could part his hair on the side, and no one would ever see it. Slake was behaving in a very childish fashion.

He said to Slake crossly: "Compose yourself. It sets a bad example to be so emotional."

Discipline on this ship had certainly gone to hell. Both Slake and the corps-man roared with laughter. He certainly must make it clear—in a minute. Then he closed his eyes for a minute.

When he opened them again, the sun was no longer coming in the window but it was still bright daylight. That was good. He was tired of darkness.

A nurse said: "How are you feeling now, Commander Dexdell?" She did not wait for him to answer. She went to the door and spoke to someone. He knew this nurse. A good solid woman. Somewhere he had thought: "Good as good bread." He said, "Nurse Reford," in a pleased voice.

She smiled delightedly. This ship certainly carried a merry crew. Ah, there was Slake again coming in the door with a strange officer. He looked at the stripes. Full Commander, a line officer. Amory addressed the officer: "Glad to see you, sir. Maybe you could sum up. These people don't seem—"

The officer came to the point. "The guns this morning were those of one of the destroyers. We have two destroyers for escort. This morning one of them got a sub. Very neat job."

Amory tried to work it out. He remembered a long voyage without guns. Hospital ship. That was why. A sub had halted them and officers had come aboard. That was, however, a long time ago. They'd rescued a lifeboat. They had transferred men from a cruiser after that. He shivered a little. They had been dive-bombed, after the cruiser was sunk.

The officer said: "Everything is going splendidly. We'll make port in three days, if this excellent weather keeps up. Don't have any anxiety, Commander. Just rest and recover."

He stared at the man. It took him a long time to work it out. The last thing he remembered was that he had been in the lifeboat, rescuing three Germans in a sinking plane. They had got two already.

A rather horrible face, ferocious, wolflike, slid through his mind and vanished. He managed: "What happened—the German *Oberleutnant?*"

Oddly, he remembered there had been an *Oberleutnant*, inside that cockpit. Reassuring, this Commander! Telling him how the boatswain's mate had shot and killed the German officer, got him aboard.

Amory said clearly: "I remember—the ocean. Thank you very much, Commander." They all went away; or he went away, perhaps.

Again he dreamed, Faith must understand. But she would not. It was no use. Why couldn't she understand? She stood beside him, white and thin, in gathering darkness. How he hated that darkness. She said: "Rest now." Or he wished she had said that. Instead, she twisted her hands and said: "Don't be so bitter, Amory." Her mouth quivered. She said: "Amory, Amory. You and I have no future together." They were somewhere on the ship. They were then on the boat deck and her cape was blowing. She was saying: "I hate them. I hate them all." Something like that.

He woke again and it was half dark. Even waking, he dreaded that darkness. He stared at a small shaded light. Another corps-man, not the one who had laughed, asked him how he felt, and went to the door.

Therefore of course Slake would appear. It took a while. The sequence of things came back while he waited. He remembered Faith on that deck where the machine-gun bullets pounded like hail. He remembered past that. It was the next day they had that other conversation, when he had been on his way to rescue the Germans, delighted to be going to do something himself beside issuing orders.

When Slake came in he said: "I remember now we were waiting for the *Louisiana*. That Commander transferred from her."

"Exactly." Slake seated himself. "You mustn't talk much, Amory. You must still be as quiet as you can."

That sounded reasonable, though there were various things he wished he knew. The unhappiness about Faith had come back this time, as always when he was not occupied.

Slake elaborated what he had just said: "Ask anything you want to know. But let me do most of the talking."

He asked simply—Slake and he were very good friends, now that he remembered it: "Faith—how is she?"

"All right. She has been very frightened about you. As we all were. She was on duty with you two hours this afternoon, but you were sleeping."

So she had been there! Slake went on talking briskly, not about Faith, about how well the wounded were doing. Amory grew tired very soon. He must have said: "I detest the dark—I've traveled through the dark so long." He half-remembered saying that. And when he waked again the cabin was brightly lighted.

The corps-man who had laughed was back. Amory asked him what time it was, and was told: "Almost eight bells in the morning, sir."

Four o'clock! The dawn brightened very slowly outside the window.

That morning Slake told him: "You'll have to spend a couple of weeks in the hospital, when we get ashore. You can't take any risk of moving around too much. But a month from now you will be as good as ever."

Amory laughed faintly: "Except for the bald spot." He understood now that Slake had been talking about him, when he mentioned the person who would have to part his hair differently.

"Exactly."

Slake said without any preamble: "Do you want to see Miss Allester?"

It was no use! She and he were done with each other. That pain, that bitter regret, was sharper than the vague pain in his head. *That* was dwindling since the day before.

He said aloud: "It's not much use."

Slake misunderstood, deliberately perhaps. "Well, you can't talk very much, of course. Suppose we get you bathed and shaved. You look like a pirate, with that black stubble of a beard."

Amory hadn't noticed. A corps-man shaved him without moving his head much, and bathed him. Then he fell asleep. So it was afternoon when Slake at the door announced: "Someone to see you."

She came in. She had beautiful golden hair and beautiful gray eyes, and a face thinner and whiter than he remembered. Slake didn't come in with her.

She said, "Amory," and took his hand. Color deepened in her cheeks. How he had once loved to watch that color come and go!

She said: "You mustn't talk, you know." How sweet her voice was! But he wished people wouldn't tell him not to talk. In the first place, he didn't have anything to say.

Faith was stumbling over her words. They amounted to the fact she was so glad, so glad—but she sounded unhappy.

He managed: "Never mind. All right now."

Was she still going around hating people, or had he dreamed that? She would not be any good at hating. Too gentle! He must assure her it didn't matter that she did not love him either, at least not enough to put up with him as he was. The words were very difficult to find. He abandoned the effort.

Instead he stated, "You ought to eat more. Too thin."

Now he had made her cry! Tears glistened on those long eyelashes, that were so much darker than her hair.

"Nothing to cry about, Faith." She let go his hand and went away, he thought rather hastily. He wished she had kept her hand in his. It felt so pleasant! Well, he wasn't going to make demands. Too—too ignominious! Pleased at the arrival of that word when summoned to his mind, he went to sleep again.

When they steamed up New York harbor, it was a bright morning. The air felt like spring. Commander Slake had got Amory into a long steamer-chair on deck, thinking he would enjoy seeing the sights. In a way he did enjoy them for a while, many boats coming and going, Governor's Island close by, the statue of Liberty far off.

But after a time he grew weary, and sad, remembering those who had embarked on this voyage in March fog, who were not returning in the spring sunshine. Fortunes of war? It was too easy to dismiss it so.

Tugboats whistled in the harbor. The blue water glistened. Units of the fleet lay anchored between them and the Battery, the gray defenders of the American dream.

A new cruiser was going out to sea. She passed them close, and saluted. Her clean lines were beautiful. She went by fast, out to the dangerous ocean, a single splendid unit of America's defense.

In a short while, in some weeks he would go out to sea on a fighting ship like her, content to do his small part in the great struggle. Happiness was perhaps not as important as the consciousness of being useful.

But—one ached for happiness still. Resignation was for the old, perhaps. Maybe it was overrated even for them.

He was tired and slept so deeply he did not wake even when they docked, nor when they transferred him to a stretcher and carried him ashore. So that he did not know Faith came to the deck to say good-by to him.

Most of the personnel of the hospital ship was given ten days' leave at the end of the voyage. Lieutenant Commander Slake, however, announced he was not going to take his leave. He was going to see the completion of those amazing recoveries for which he, just as the agent of modern science, had arranged the beginning.

Actually, because so many physicians were going to sea, the base Commander was very glad of his services.

Though he was busy, Slake managed a half-hour every day to see Amory, who was now sitting up. He had a high room with a diminutive balcony overlooking the entire base, with a glimpse of the crowded harbor beyond. In a couple more weeks, Amory would be able to go back on duty. Meanwhile he had many guests, because he was a popular young officer, but he always seemed glad to see Slake.

Faith Allester had taken her leave and gone to Philadelphia to some distant cousins. On the day she returned to the base, Commander Slake went to call on her. He had been meditating what he meant to say for some time.

As he phrased it to himself, walking down the hill toward the nurses' quarters: "After all, I'm a more versatile man than I used to believe. I used to think I was just a good surgeon. But it turned out I was able also to command a ship at sea, even if only for an hour or two. So maybe I'm versatile enough to go in for successful matchmaking. Anyway, I intend to try."

He was pleased to see that Faith looked better. Her face had got back its lovely serenity. She was not on duty until the following day and had not yet changed into uniform.

Slake told her: "You look nice in a dress. I never saw you out of uniform before." She had on a sort of blue print, in honor of spring.

He had no way of knowing that it was a frock which in the previous year had been Amory's favorite. He seated himself, asked: "What are your opinions nowadays?"

She didn't pretend to misunderstand. She said: "That we must fight this war, win it, and win the peace afterward, so that we may make a world in which there need not be dreadful wars."

Slake said: "What *you* going to do about it?"

"Stay in the Navy and be useful as I can."

He uttered a sound like "Hmph," and asked: "Where is your telephone here?"

"In the hall there? I'll show you."

"Never mind. I'll find it. You stay here." He went out of the pleasant nurses' living-room, into a little hall, called Amory's building and got his room. He had prepared this speech too. "Amory, can you get rid of all your Annapolis classmates or the officers who knew you in Manila, or their families, whoever of them is around?"

"Why?"

"Because it's important. I want to see you alone."

"All right. There are only a couple of people here anyway."

Slake went back to the living-room, and told Faith: "Come along for a little walk with me. You don't need a coat or hat. It's warm."

He could tell she thought his manner strange; but she came along. "Where are we walking, Commander Slake?"

Well, here it was! "I'm taking you to see Amory. You and he will just live by your separate prides now, if no one intervenes, and will lose each other. It's nonsense. I tell you, Faith Allester, there are more ways for a young woman to be useful than spending her life nursing."

She had stopped. She stood still beside him, her uplifted face flushed and startled. He took her arm: "Come along now—like a good girl."

To his delight, she followed him.

He opened Amory's door gently. Amory was sitting with his back toward them, on the little balcony.

Slake said: "Here we are, Amory. Nurse Allester has something to say to you."

He commanded her: "Tell him what you told me about your opinions."

But she didn't say a word. She only looked at Amory and smiled. Amory said: "Faith, Faith!" Then she laughed, softly and prettily. Amory took her hands. He came closer to her and put his arms around her.

She said: "Amory darling—"

Amory said: "Will you marry me next week?" And to Slake (for Faith was nodding her golden head): "Run along, now; but—thank you!"

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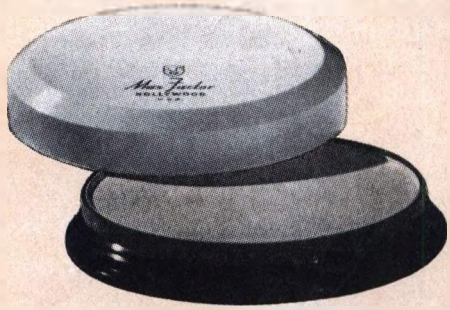

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