

FEBRUARY 13, 1944

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Liberty



**Book: MOTHE
FINDS A BOD**

Gypsy Rose Lee's
Best-Selling Mystery

LIBERTY

**UNDERGROUND
FRANCE
AWAITS
THE HOUR**

LIBERTY

**THE MAN WHO
IS OPENING
A NEW
CONTINENT**

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**Pro and Con:
MUST WE
DRAFT LABOR**

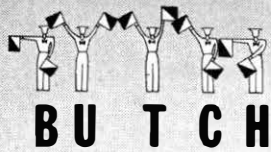
LIBERTY

**FEMININE
FASHIONS ARE
FINISHED!**

by Elizabeth Hawes

LIBERTY

**FICTION
MOVIES
AVIATION**



IT'S the little things that disturb courageous men. Butch came through a couple of bombings and never batted an eye. But when it came to a second date with Lulu "he wanted out."

It was "Sailor, Beware!"

Sure, Lulu was a good-looker. Good gams, and plenty of "oomph". But when shore leave is short, a man doesn't want to spend it with a girl with halitosis (bad breath).

If men and women would only realize how offensive bad breath can be, they wouldn't risk offending this way. There's no doubt of it, off-color breath is two

strikes against you from the start.

Why take a chance when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful and quick precaution? Simply rinse your mouth with it before any date.

Note how Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates your mouth. And how much sweeter and more agreeable your breath becomes.

How it Acts

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth, then overcomes the odors it causes. Fermentation, you know, is held by some authorities to be the major source of off-

color breath, although some cases may be of systemic origin.

Before Every Date

Don't take your breath for granted. Put your best foot forward so that others will like you. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

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for oral hygiene

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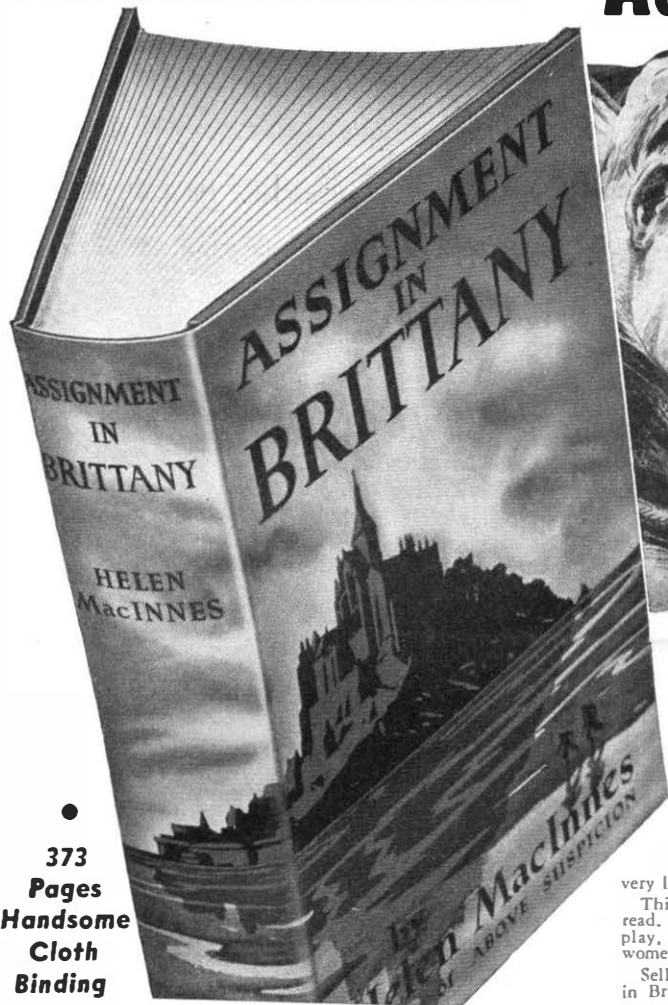
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ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

by Helen MacInnes,
Author of
ABOVE SUSPICION



What Would YOU Do—

IF because of your perfect resemblance to another man, you were sent on a dangerous spy mission into Nazi-land—
AND there you fell heir to the other man's two passionate love affairs?

ONE task alone was foremost in the mind of Martin Hearne when he landed by parachute near the small village of St. Deodat in Brittany; to find out how and when the Nazis were going to use the coast of France. As a British Intelligence Officer, he was risking everything. His entire life depended on the fact that he resembled beyond any question a wounded French soldier who had grudgingly made possible this daring exchange of identity.

At St. Deodar, he found that Anne Pinor, the Frenchman's fiancée, "accepted" him—in a manner he had not expected. And then there was beautiful, exciting Elise, the Frenchman's clandestine sweetheart—about which Hearne had been told nothing. Moreover, there were many other dangerous, startling complications for which Hearne had not been prepared. Hemmed in by suspicious Nazis, Hearne's mission, his very life was in mortal peril.

This is the setting for as tense, and as fast-moving, an adventure story as you have ever read. You'll race through it with mounting suspense, through scenes of violence and gunplay, love and intrigue. You'll meet Fifth Columnists, underground patriots, Nazi big-wigs, women loyal and treacherous, until you come to the smashing, thrilling climax.

Selling at retail in the publisher's edition for \$2.50, you may have a copy of "Assignment in Brittany" by Helen MacInnes, absolutely free if you join the Dollar Book Club now.

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TO BE DANDY!

Yes-siree! Spare time's sure at a premium nowadays. So when you've spared an hour for the Movies we want you to be mighty glad you had. That's why Warner Bros. are on an all-out basis on the entertainment front. All day every day, all of us who *are* Warner Bros.—actors, writers, directors, technicians—have one purpose and one only; to give you the kind of entertainment that raises your spirits, lifts your chin,

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

FORTY MILES PER GALLON

ALTOONA, PA.—How about having Dr. H. C. Dickinson of the U. S. National Bureau of Standards (January 9 Liberty) explain his statement, "I get forty miles from a gallon of gasoline while driving my car about in this city, merely by watchful guidance."

We motorists up here try to keep our motors in perfect condition at all times, and even with the most careful driving possible we cannot get over fifteen miles per gallon in city driving.

Tell him to let us in on his secret, as it would help a lot, now that gas rationing is going on.

Maybe we do not have the right kind of car or use the correct kind of gasoline. Or is it just one of those Washington miracles? How about it?—*Louis Bravin.*



APPLAUD PAUL HUNTER

DETROIT, MICH.—The closing words of the editorial The New Congress and the New World (January 9 Liberty) are unique in a secular magazine. They read: "May God watch over its councils and guide its debates!"

Mr. Hunter, the writer, is to be warmly congratulated—*Edward O'Connors.*

GREEN CAVE SPRINGS, FLA.—I am going to send that editorial to my congressman, who entered the House for the first time this year.—*Anna E. Moore.*

REPLACE THIS BRASS

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I can count twenty-six pieces of brass within sight of me now. In barracks all over the United States we could replace this brass with something that we don't need.

Carloads of brass we could use for victory are put here for us to shine. Unnecessary brass items can be found in homes and office buildings throughout the country. We boys on Guadalcanal could have used it last August and September. It seems to me we American people are dumb and go about this war like it might be a hobby.—*Semper Fidelis.*

HORSE SENSE FROM GRANNY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In a New York newspaper there appeared a story on shortage of domestic help. One housewife with two children, ages four and two, feels that she wants to do war work for which she is fitted.

"I would like to do some better things," she said. She has taken some Red Cross courses.

This sounds like fiddle-faddle to me. Surely, with modern conveniences, a



healthy mother can and should be able to take care of her own children for their sake and to release a worker. Why not do Red Cross work at home and leave the active stuff to the girls and women who haven't the all-important job of rearing youngsters?

Maybe it is not so glamorous, but certainly there are no better things to do than to take care of your own children, and it would seem that, in this war demanding all-out production, all of us should do as much as we can ourselves.—*Grandma Tunison.*

GET TO WORK, CONGRESS!

CARLSBAD, N. M.—I have just read George Creel's article, Our Horse-and-Buggy Congress, and think it contains more facts than anything that I have read in many moons on this important subject.

If Congress would cut out its damned foolishness and get to work, the nation would be better off and the chances of an early peace would increase, to say nothing of saving the taxpayers' money.—*W. S. Moore.*



DON'T GIVE UP

BELLFLOWER, CALIF.—A person might as well try to get an interview with the President as to try and get Vox Pop to publish anything. I give up!—*Mrs. H. S. Bunch.*

GOOD OLD VIRGINIA!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Reading Soldier Lad's complaint about Texas (January 2 Vox Pop), I wondered if he hadn't been writing about Virginia, not Texas. It surely sounded like good old Virginia. And we should know, having wallowed through our Boot training there and enjoyed all its torture chambers with the optimistic thought, "It can't last forever."

Sometimes it seemed like forever,



but we've lived through it and now have left Virginia behind us. We know why the song writer wrote Carry Me Back to Old Virginnny. We'd have to be carried back, too!—*A Lone Star Seabee.*

GALVESTON, TEX.—Soldier Lad, who thinks Texans are inhospitable, is probably the same type of person mentioned by Dorothy Gamache from St. Louis, Missouri, in the same issue of Liberty. There are plenty of out-of-state soldiers who say they get more breaks here than they did at home.—*A Proud Texan.*

NEEDS RUBBER PANTIES

BELVIDERE, ILL.—Is there any place a person may buy babies' rubber pants—not imitation but the real McCoy? Babies now are suffering from colds because of the shortage of rubber pants. I have several rubber sheets of fine quality that I would just as soon turn in to be made into rubber pants if it were at all possible.—*Mrs. W. Holt.*

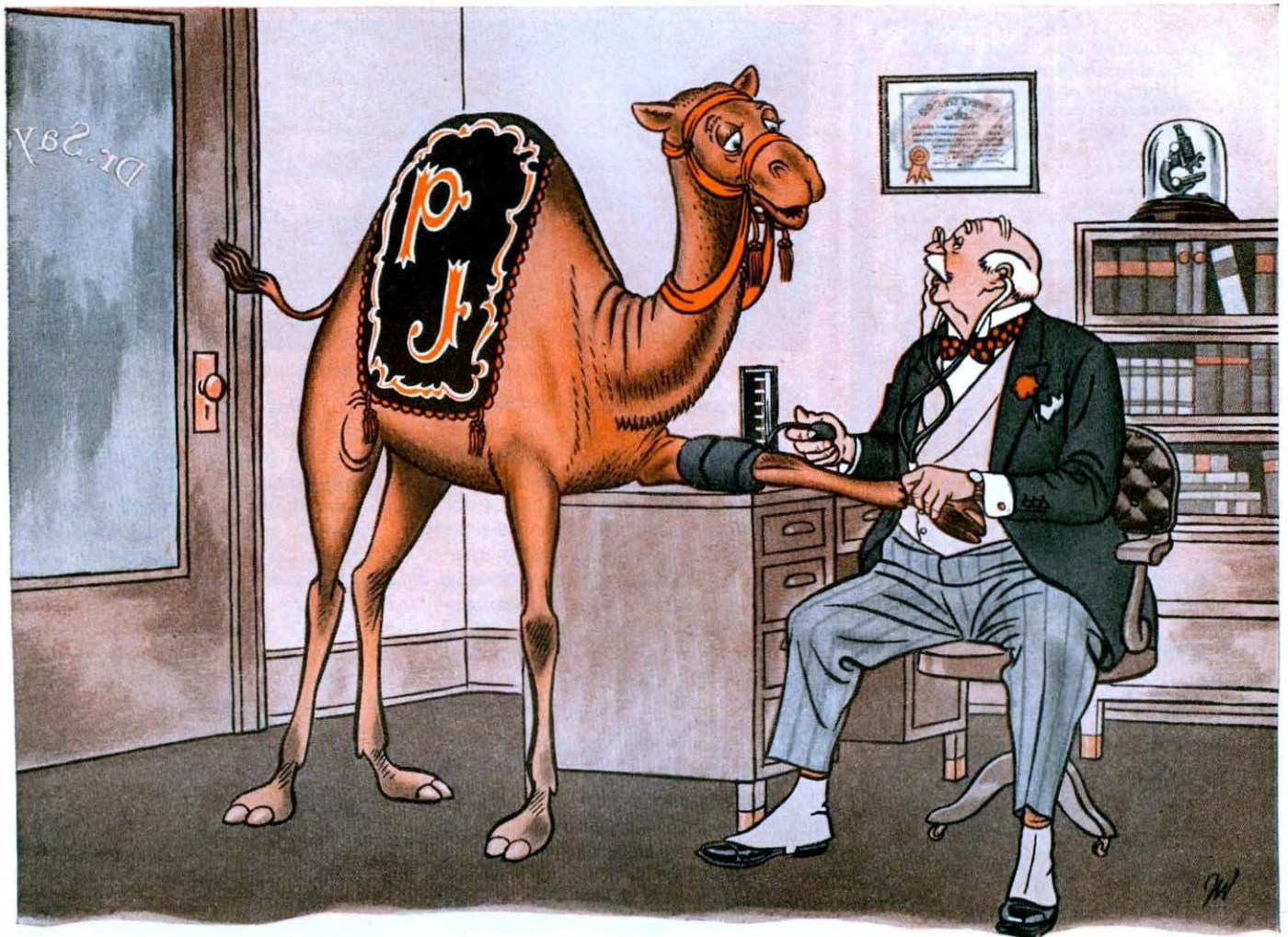


OFFICERS ARE TOPS

A. P. O. 831.—I am under the impression that A. C. (December 5 Vox Pop) is not too well acquainted with military life, since he or she made the statement, "Military life is unquestioning obedience to authority."

I have had four years' service in the army, and during this time I have always found my commanding officers willing to listen to any sensible ideas. The army is trying to better the soldier's mind as well as his body.

If all the officers in the army stopped to consult the enlisted men about a certain way to do a certain job, Hitler would probably be giving us orders by this time. The officers of the U. S. Army have been trained to make quick and accurate decisions, and, take it from me, they are earning their pay.—*S/Sgt. Clarence Combs.*



“Blood pressure 105... about normal for a camel”



DOCTOR: You look in pretty good shape to me, Camel. Lungs . . . heart . . . reflexes good. Been working hard, lately?

CAMEL: No, O Master of the Stethoscope. Just the usual thing, telling people about the magnificent flavor of Paul Jones Whiskey. Really, Doctor, I feel fine!

DOCTOR: You feel fine, do you! Then what are you doing here, my fuzzy-faced time-waster?

CAMEL: I came about that party you're giving tonight, Noble Taker of Pulses. Your secretary told me about it.

DOCTOR: Party? Yes, I'm giving a party. I asked her to find out about whiskeys. But what's that got to do with your state of health?

CAMEL: You misunderstand, Sahib. I came not as a patient, but as a specialist, myself. I came to prescribe Paul Jones, the superlative whiskey so prized for its *dryness*. This dryness, which laymen call lack of sweetness, is what brings out the peerless flavor to the full.

DOCTOR: Say, Camel, that Paul Jones sounds like a great whiskey, one I'd be really proud to serve. Only . . . well, I charge small fees, you know. I couldn't afford such luxury.

CAMEL: But, Gracious Doctor, Paul Jones puts no strain on your wallet. It is yours for a truly modest price.

DOCTOR: That settles it! Get your blanket pressed and comb out your whiskers, Camel —you're going to be guest of honor at my party tonight!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones



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

Plenty of wallop is packed into this P-38. Nazi pilots paid it the compliment of lying low until they were cornered in North Africa.



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

World's Best Trained

In 1938 the Army Air Forces had only 1,800 officers and 20,000 men. At the end of 1942 the A. A. F. had grown to 1,000,000 men and officers, and by the end of 1943 it will have 2,000,000. The problems of training and safety are tremendous, but the A. A. F. had long prepared an accident-prevention program and had built sturdy airplanes. Only 14 per cent of all A. A. F. accidents are caused by engine or structural failure—something of a world record.

Each A. A. F. pilot gets 250 hours in school, and 200 hours in operational training units before going into combat. Eddie Rickenbacker had only thirty-five hours before going into his first combat.

Too Tough!

For more than two months our Army Air Forces in England sent the Lockheed P-38 Lightning over Occupied France, and even into Germany, to engage the Nazis in battle—but the Boche wouldn't fight!

The Germans were wary of this twin-engined, twin-boomed high-altitude interceptor pursuit. The A. A. F. had to wait until the African campaign to find out how the Lightning stacks up with the Nazis, for in this campaign the Germans had no choice but to fight.

During the first month in Africa the P-38 turned in an even score, but it also had to be a general handy man. An even score isn't as good as the 4-to-1 favorable ratio built by the A. A. F. in the world-wide war to date, but it's plenty good, because we not only can produce more planes than the Axis but we can also turn out more and better combat crews.

The turbo-supercharged P-38 with its 2,300 horsepower was designed for high-altitude work and is one of the fastest climbing planes in the world. It has four big machine guns and cannon concentrated in the nose without being slowed down to synchronize with the propeller. Its twin engines provide equal maneuverability to left or right at any speed with no torque effect to be overcome. Nazi ships have been shot down because they could come out of a dive only toward the right.

In the Pacific the P-38 has done well. More than once it has flown 150 miles or more with one engine shot up—a safety virtue of having two engines in a fighter. Its score against the Zero is much more than “just even,” for the P-38 climbs faster than the Jap Zero and has even outdistanced three pursuing groups of Zeros with one engine disabled.

Army Glider Lab

The army is primarily engaged in a troop-carrying glider program, but the war is providing a laboratory to test commercial possibilities.

The army's expert is Major Lewin B. Barringer, who envisions an aerial locomotive picking up and dropping the trailers as it speeds across the country without stopping. He believes airplane pay loads can be increased 100 per cent by hooking a glider behind a cargo plane.

Army tests revealed that the tow-plane cruises at 25 per cent reduced speed when towing a glider, and uses an additional 20 per cent fuel over a range of 300 miles. But the cargo capacity was increased by 46 per cent. For a range of 500 miles there was an increase of 50 per cent, and for 800 miles of 59 per cent. The army's fifteen-place gliders have low wing loading, so Major Barringer believes larger gliders with higher wing loadings will make commercial operations profitable.

Straight Shooter

Unlike the late (and great) General Billy Mitchell, Lieutenant General

H. H. “Hap” Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, prefers to plan his strategy quietly, antagonizing no one who might jeopardize his long-range plans.

But he can shoot straight. When he says, “No campaign in this war has been won by a task force not having air superiority,” he knows what he's talking about. Probably no man in the United States has a broader picture of aviation, ranging from aerial photography and air transportation to aeronautical research, gliding, and fighting planes.

Smiling “Hap” has promised the following: “We have a ‘secret weapon’ or two up our aerial sleeves that will deal paralyzing blows to our enemies. Our fighters and bombers are steadily increasing in range, speed, fire power, and bomb loads. I will also state that entirely new ‘battle wagons’ are on the way.”

Our .50-caliber machine guns “have proved themselves to be terrific weapons of aerial destruction” and “are the outstanding successes of the war,” but he adds: “Our highly destructive .50-caliber machine guns will seem like peashooters compared with the fire power that we are putting into our newest big ships.”

General Arnold says a lot in a few words: “Some time ago I said that the B-17 and the B-24 [Boeing Flying Fortress and Consolidated Liberator respectively] were perhaps the last of the ‘small’ bombers. We have new fighters and bombers on the way with tremendously increased speed, fire power, bomb loads, range, and maneuverability.” Just multiply the performance of our planes by “tremendously” and you can let your imagination run riot.

Odds and Ends

War or no war, the “midnight mail” goes through regularly between Stockholm and England, providing a link between the Allies and Germany. An American Douglas DC-3 transport, flying at high altitude without lights, crosses the war zone.

NEXT WEEK

SOVIET CHILDREN SHOW THEIR METTLE

A twelve-year-old Russian boy whose village was invaded, got into Nazi headquarters by a ruse, pulled a hand



grenade from under his coat, and destroyed the building and the men in it, killing himself too. This is just one of the examples of courage and sacrifice ELLA WINTER mentions in her article on how Russian boys and girls are helping to win the war. "Their cunning drives the Nazis to fury," she says. They work as well as fight—on farms, in cities. They forage for food, they trick the enemy, spy, and commit sabotage. What lies back of this amazing love of country? Miss Winter explains that, too.

IF YOU WANT BETTER CONGRESSMEN

The chances are, you do. The record of the past crucial year or so must have made every wide-awake American want them. But how are those who don't going to be aroused to this need? And then how are better congressmen to be freed of the burdens of handing out "patronage" and running errands for constituents? To be given time and strength to study national problems—and enabled to get real results? That veteran liberal journalist, OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, believes he knows the answers. Certainly his ideas rate your attention—and you'll find them good, live reading, too!

IF THE STORK BEATS THE DOCTOR

There's a shortage of doctors and a big baby boom. Hospital accommodations are scarce in many communities. Put these facts together and you have a real reason for reading what GRETTA PALMER has to say about how to deliver a baby. We can't take it for granted any longer that our coming crop of infants will be ushered into the world by a white-gowned physician in a sterile delivery room. Some may be born at home—and before a doctor or nurse can get there. If you were with some one who was having a baby, would you know what to do to help? You ought to—and here's your chance to learn.

FEBRUARY 13, 1943

The Nation's 3 Greatest Hits



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NICHOLS—N. Y. Times

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presents
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DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY

Directed by Brelaigne Windust

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Now on 2nd transcontinental tour

LIFE WITH FATHER with PERCY WARAM & JUNE WALKER

SOME ONE SUITABLE

He had to find himself a wife in 14 days
—so the major resorted to strategy

BY MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

TIRES or no tires, the major thought, his Aunt Margaret might have met him at the station. After all, this was his first leave in a year. He had expected to see the familiar battered station wagon backed against the platform, and Aunt Margaret's familiar bulk backed against that, and the twins, his six-year-old sons, racing up and down and knocking into people and misbehaving generally. Aunt Margaret had done a good job of mothering his motherless twins, but she couldn't work miracles.

Now, instead of being met and rushed at and climbed over, he stood conspicuously alone surrounded by luggage, with taximen eying him triumphantly, ready to take him over. He was about to hail one of them when the station wagon appeared. Aunt Margaret was squeezed behind the wheel. She was as big as ever, and the inevitable cigarette was between her lips, but beyond this she was a new woman. A blue overseas cap was aslant on her head and she wore a blue uniform with Sam Browne belt. The Volunteer Motor Corps label on the front of the car explained all.

Aunt Margaret was not alone. The twins were nowhere in sight, but six attractive girls filled the rear, looking the major over with outrageously frank interest.

"Throw your things on top," ordered Aunt Margaret, and her voice was as commanding as her appearance. "Girls, meet Major Howard."

"Girls, meet Major Howard."

The girls cried out happily and the major bowed. "I'm very happy to—"

"Never mind all that," said Aunt Margaret. "Climb in. You can take one on your knee."

He took one on each knee—a short brunette on his left and a willowy blonde on his right. When at last they were unloaded at the stage door of the Apollo Theater, the major sighed and worked on the flattened crease of his trousers. "A unique welcome," he said, "but a bit on the musical-comedy side. I felt like the Chocolate Soldier."

"Part of my job to taxi them around," explained Aunt Margaret.

"And just how does the chorus fit into our war effort?"

Aunt Margaret gave a snort. "A typical brass-hat attitude," she observed disdainfully. "No civilian is any good. Most of those girls are professional show girls who are volunteering for our Navy Relief show. They're going to rehearsal. Do you want every one in uniform?"

"I could make a few exceptions," said the major. "You, for example. If it's not too personal, that sky-blue tent you have draped around you—"

"I won't be wearing it long. I'm resigning from the corps."

"Excellent idea," said the major. "And now you might tell me how my sons are."

"In perfect health. And if they weren't, you wouldn't need to worry. Not with me around." Aunt Margaret, before she settled down to raising her nephew's children, five years back, had been a most capable registered nurse. "Here we are—you can see for yourself," she said, and swung the car into the drive of the house which the major had bought for her and his sons.

The twins and a collie raced from the porch. The major lifted one son to each shoulder and hugged them and laughed unnaturally loud, and the twins scuffed up his immaculate uniform with kicking muddy feet and knocked off his hat, into which the collie immediately sank his teeth. Aunt Margaret disappeared discreetly and went to her room. Only when she saw the twins, an hour later, playing on the lawn with the toys their father had brought them, did she go downstairs.

The major, with a rumpled look about him, was stretched in a chair near an open window, cooling off. "That was worse," he stated, "than the Louisiana maneuvers in 1941." He cocked his head appraisingly and grimaced as Aunt Margaret lowered herself into a chair. "In that box in the hall," he said, "you will find my idea of something smart in the way of a house coat. If you want to wear it instead of that drum-major outfit—"

"Sometime when I feel more feminine," said Aunt Margaret. "How long is your leave?"

"Fourteen days. The medicos suspect I am on the verge of collapse.

Maybe I am now—after those twins."

Aunt Margaret frowned. "Fourteen days isn't long. You'll have a lot to do."

"All I have to do," said the major contentedly, "is sit in the sun and watch the twins misbehave and eat the meals you will serve me."

"I won't be around to wait on you. I'll be pretty busy."

"I thought you were resigning from the Girls-in-Blue Corps?"

"But I'm joining the army," said Aunt Margaret abruptly.

The major heard without realizing. He yawned and stretched lazily. "Really? What army is that?"

"What army? There's only one, you idiot! It's usually known as the United States Army. They need nurses. I think I can get a captaincy."

THE major kicked his feet in the air and sat up straight. "You can't!" he cried.

"Then I'll settle for a first lieutenantcy," said Aunt Margaret calmly. "But I did nurse in France in 1918, didn't I? There's a shortage of nurses and I'm just what the army needs. I take my physical next week, and then I'm off."

"What about the twins?" demanded the major.

Aunt Margaret's eyes softened. "I'll miss the little brats. But then you do too, don't you?"

"Of course I do! But—well, damn it, I'm a soldier!"

"Damn it, I'm a nurse!" said Aunt Margaret.

"That's different. Soldiering's my job. I've worked at it from the day I entered West Point. Worked hard."

"And what," said Aunt Margaret, her voice hardening again, "do you think I did all the years I was nursing? Play hopscotch?"

"But you've resigned from active duty!"

"So had MacArthur."

"You have dependents!" cried the major fiercely.

(Continued on page 60)

He hid behind Aunt Margaret while she rang the bell. The girl paled when she saw him.



UNDERGROUND FRANCE AWAITS THE HOUR

French patriots, banded together in a powerful secret organization, are ready and waiting for the signal to openly join the fight against the Nazis

BY JACK BEALL AND PAUL W. WARD

IN a small clinic outside Paris the surgeon in charge is scrubbing up to operate on two patients—emergency cases. There is a peremptory knock on the door. His assistant opens it. German soldiers, followed by one of the German-dominated Vichy police, push into the room.

"You would like to save your patients' lives?" the police officer demands.

"But certainly. What is it?"

"Then you will please sign this." The officer hands the surgeon a paper. It is a confession that he, the surgeon, is a member of the Underground. There are blank spaces for him to fill out with the names of fellow members.

"If you do not sign," the officer snaps. "I forbid the operations." He takes out his watch and lays it on the table in front of the doctor. It is past midnight. Arguments and denials are brushed aside. Is it to be the lives of his two patients or the lives of those others?

Two hours go by. One patient dies. Four hours later the other dies. But the Germans and their confederate walk out into the dawn without their information.

A boy of fourteen has been caught distributing Underground leaflets. "Where did you get them?" the Vichy police demand. "Tell us only that and you shall go free."

The boy shakes his head stolidly. He is led into a room where an old-fashioned letterpress stands. They shove him toward it, put his hand under the press, and spin the lever. The top of the press descends until it rests lightly on the highest knuckle.

"Who gave them to you?"

"A man I do not know. He said he would give me ten francs if I handed them about the village."

"You know that is a lie!" Down comes the press one full revolution of the lever. "Who gave them?"

"I—don't—know!"

The police officer throws his weight into another turn of the screw. An-

other; and another. The boy faints—but he has told nothing.

With such sadism the Germans in Occupied France seek to uncover the movement known as the Underground. They and their French collaborators recognize it as the most sinister threat to their rule. For the Underground prepares revolution against them in their very midst and is already opening the door to the invasion of Germany by the United Nations. It has grown in the past year and a half from small, unco-ordinated groups into a powerful, integrated, disciplined engine of internal revolt, waiting only for the signal.

Its chief representative in the United States today is André Philip, National Commissioner for the Interior and Labor of the French National Committee in London. He is a member of the executive committee of the "Liberation" section, one of the three main groups of the Underground which maintain constant touch with the French National Committee and with the United Nations. He has been liaison officer between resistance groups in Occupied and Unoccupied France.

M. Philip is much taller than the average Frenchman. Snap and fire come into his eyes and his rapid speech when he talks of the fight his countrymen are putting up against the Germans and of the preparations they are making. He has a dark mustache and thick dark eyebrows. He smokes a pipe; sucks on it between words even when it goes out. His English is accented but perfectly fluent, as befits a Columbia University lecturer who has traveled much in this country. He begins with an acknowledgment that the resistance groups in France would never have gotten anywhere had not the small *fonctionnaires* of government in present-day France, particularly the police, been with them.

"These groups are shot through with patriots," he says. "Almost all



"You would like to save your patients' lives? Then you will please sign this." The police officer bands the surgeon a paper.

the rank-and-file officials are with us—secretly, of course. Local authorities are sabotaging what Vichy tried to do.

"We and our Underground press had very good information as to what was going on in France, particularly in Vichy. The censorship office had a man who was with us. All the matters that Laval wished withheld from publication were put in a special file for our inspection. The man is out of the country now. That is why I can tell.

"One of the last days I was in France, I was invited to supper by a high Vichy official. He too was with us, although he had to appear to go along with Pétain and Laval. At supper I asked him for news of one of my former students at the Uni-

versity of Lyon who was then working under him.

"'Oh, he is doing very well,' the official told me. 'A good, hard-working administrator. But he is not very clever; when I praise Pétain he believes me!'

"Another time I was listening to the British Broadcasting Company—a thing heavily penalized now in France—in a semipublic room of an inn. Just then the local chief of police entered the room. I did not know what to expect. The police chief listened a moment and then turned to me gravely and said, 'Ah, you listen to the English radio? I see you are a good Frenchman!'

"That shows how the French people feel. If it were not for the fact that the police are so largely on our



A boy of fourteen has been caught distributing leaflets. "Where did you get them?" the police demand.

side I would not be here today.

"I had been in the Underground movement for about eighteen months and had been warned many times, while living in Unoccupied France, that German influences were seeking to bring about my arrest. But no local official could be found who would sign the necessary order. One day, however, a police official warned me that such an order had been signed and that I had better get over the Demarcation Line.

"So over the Line I went. That was the first time."

Pressed to tell something of the technique he used, M. Philip was careful to give no specific details

"Things have been made a little tougher recently by the Germans using trained dogs; but you drop a little pepper on the ground and the dog cannot smell so well.

"The spirit of the people cannot be beaten," said M. Philip. "They resist on all levels and in all manners. I have seen young French girls on crowded subway stairs trip up German officers. They cut V-for-Victory designs in the backs of their uniforms and hang 'Vive de Gaulle' signs on their backs in buses or in the Métro. Let a German ask in good French how to get to some place in Paris, and the answer will be, 'I do not speak German.' 'But



"They hang 'Vive de Gaulle' signs on the backs of German officers in the Métro."

that might give away the system.

"There are German posts every two kilometers," he explained, "with patrols moving constantly between. They cannot be everywhere at once. So you come to the place you have been told to cross. You lie low in the shelter of some bushes. You look through the bushes to a farmhouse where there is a man at a window doing a certain thing. Or you look at a man in a field near by carrying his rake at a certain angle. These are signals that the patrol is at the far end of his beat.

"So you steal across as fast as you can and hide until he has passed again and got to the far end of his beat. Then you go to your friends.

I am speaking French,' says the German. Still the answer comes: 'I do not speak German.'

"'You will find the place where you belong,' one old lady told a German inquirer, 'by going to the Père Lachaise Station and then straight ahead. You can't miss it.'"

Père Lachaise is a cemetery.

Even German propaganda is being turned subtly against the "master race" by the French. They ordered placed in prominent spots about Paris a large poster showing a flock of ducks rising from England, quacking such British slogans as "England Will Win," "Germany Steals Everything." The large-type

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SEA CHANGE

The Japs knocked him out of the skies, but this American flyer made it a fight to the finish

BY LEON WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THEY had been in the air one hour and thirty-seven minutes when they dropped down through the overcast and into the thick of the fight. Lieutenant Bill Griffin, watching his port wing pontoon skimming the top of a cloud, knew that in twenty minutes he would have to turn back to the cruiser. Marsden, the Intelligence officer, would be hanging over the rail as he landed, eager for any information. His face would fall, Bill mused, when he heard the report. By the time they had gotten aboard, however, Marsden's spirits would have risen again. Bill could almost hear him say: "Don't worry. Some of these fine days you'll have something to tell. Some of these days you'll live a couple of lifetimes before you get back." Bill threw the plane into a steep bank and swept over a narrow break in the cloud. Evans, in the rear cockpit, bellowed in the phones: "Something going on downstairs!"

Mechanically Bill pushed the stick forward, and held his breath as the solid gray mist rushed past his windshield. Diving blindly through a cloud was always exciting; but in wartime, when you never knew what you might find beyond that damp curtain, it was spine-tingling. The mist lightened suddenly and then they broke through into the clear—and the scene that greeted them would remain etched forever in Bill's mind.

There was the sea, sparkling with the morning's first sunlight, and scattered about at various levels were fluffy cottonlike tufts of cloud. And there also was death and destruction.

Ten thousand feet below, squirming frantically through the seas, a Jap carrier was belching out her life in flame and smoke. Astern of her, a cruiser was stopped and listing badly, smoke pouring from her after section. Four destroyers made narrow creaming paths as they circled futilely around the stricken carrier, and black puffs of antiaircraft fire reached out angrily at the long line of planes which were just now climbing and turning over the carrier.

Three thin pillars of smoke, like tiny smudge pots, rose from the water. In an instant Bill had the picture. American dive bombers had found and demolished an enemy carrier and wrecked a cruiser. Three planes had already fallen, and as he watched another was added to the list. The last of the rising string of dive bombers suddenly slid off in a long flaming slant toward the sea.

As he was about to level off and photograph the scene, Bill glanced upward. A cluster of enemy fighters, five of them, were dropping out of the heavens like sparrow hawks, heading for the dive bombers. Bill's reaction was prompt and unthinking. He pushed the stick forward, gunned

the motor to the full, and leaned toward his sights, aiming at a point above the assembling bombers, hoping to intercept the fighters before they could strike.

His scouting plane was not meant for fighting pursuits. It was comparatively slow and laden with photographic equipment, pontoons, and two fifty-pound bombs. But Bill had no thought for these factors. There was work to be done—and the element of surprise was in his favor, for it was apparent the fighters had not seen him. He hunched his shoulders and set his jaw. The leading fighter was nearing the contact point and Bill prayed that he would not be too late. Evans was shouting exultantly over the phone. It sounded like: "Go get 'em, daddy!"

He was going to reach them in time. As the leading plane of the V came into his sight, Bill began to swear softly. His palms were wet and the howl of the motor and the rush of wind and Evans' yells filled and numbed his brain. The plane was centered now, but his angle was dangerous—almost on top of the diving flight. He pressed his trigger, and two long thin streamers of fire ate into the cockpit of the leading Zero. One-two-three-four seconds—Bill jerked the stick and swung away, his fire raking the first ship astern of the leader. As he went through the scattering flight, a plane flashed just before him and he felt



Bill shook his fist at it. He turned. "Blast hell out of 'em next time, Emmie—"

a jerk as his left wing-tip struck something. He eased back on the stick tenderly, holding his breath lest the wing give way. Hell suddenly broke loose around him.

There was a solid slam against the armor of his seat and streaks of fire filled his cockpit. The instrument board shattered as he instinctively threw his plane into a violent turn. *This is it, Marsden*, he thought. *This is the lifetime*. Behind him Evans' gun was hammering away. Suddenly Bill's motor whined and stopped. A plane howled down past him, and even in that moment of shock Bill glanced out to see it plunge toward the sea, guns still going. He was suddenly too busy with his own problems to watch it further.

After the tumult of the battle, he seemed to be suspended in a vacuum. One moment his ears were ringing with the clamor, and the next there was only the thin whistle of the wind. The transition had been so swift that Bill was moments orienting himself. Gradually, as the sparkling water neared, he got things straightened out.

He was shot down. He pulled the stick, putting the plane in a more shallow dive, and took a quick look about. There seemed to be nothing else in the sky now, and the smoking carrier was far away to the north. It was amazing how swiftly you lost touch with things in an air battle. He checked his distance to the sea again, and turned to look at Evans.

The observer grinned and there was a caustic glint in his eye.

"Full fathom five my father lies," Evans chanted over the phones; "of his bones are coral made."

Queer duck, thought Bill. He grinned back: "Those are pearls that were his eyes: nothing of him that doth fade but doth suffer a sea-change."

Evans beamed. "That's us, lieutenant. I'm gonna be a turtle."

Bill turned around again. It would take all his concentration to land, he knew. He glanced at the lower left wing, and could see that the leading edge, at the very end, was smashed. How badly the plane was damaged he wouldn't know until he struck the
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GIFT FOR A LADY

It all began with a canary—so how did Mr. Devitel know it would have such a sinister ending?

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

AFTER two weeks of listening, Mr. Devitel at last found the courage to go to the floor below and knock at the door marked 23. While he waited he did his best to appear calm; but he was nervous. He hoped the lady would not be offended.

The door opened, and she was even more beautiful than he had dared dream. It was her hair that struck him first—hair of golden waves that seemed lacquered. And her body was so perfect that for a moment he could not trust himself to speak.

"Well?" she said. "What're you selling?"

"Ah, but I am not selling," he said, and smiled. "I live upstairs. I am Pierre Devitel. Often I hear you sing. So I say to myself, 'One day I must go down and tell her how lovely is her voice.'"

The girl was puzzled by his eagerness as much as by his accent. "That's mighty big of you," she said slowly. "So what are you getting at?"

"I wish only to say that you sing like—like the canary bird. It is a voice of a rare sweetness."

"Well, I'll admit you've got a cute line; that's all I can say for it. Maybe some day I'll buy myself a canary so I can hear what I sound like—but today I'm not in the market." She gave him a nod, a frozen smile, and started to close the door. "Nice of you to drop by," she said. "I'm in a hurry."

Though she was abrupt, Mr. Devitel felt elated when he returned to his room. Now he *knew* the girl. He had spoken to her. There was no reason why he couldn't call on her again.

Mr. Devitel didn't pretend to know anything about singing. Here in New York he was a diamond cutter, as he had been in Antwerp before the war; a chubby refugee of forty-two, his hair rising in a pompadour as stiff as wires; a man of unconquerable good humor. And though he knew nothing about music, he could appreciate a clear voice. He had already questioned the janitor about the lady who sang so brilliantly,

and the janitor had said, "Oh, her? Twenty-three? That's Dotty Crane. Used to sing in one of them girlie shows on Forty-second. She's out of them, though. Trying for big time now, I guess. Or maybe—" The janitor had winked. "Maybe she's trying for one of them gents who drive around for her."

Mr. Devitel, looking out of his window, decided that the janitor was a boor. He wondered how soon he could go to see Miss Crane again; and wondering, he had an inspiration.

He remembered that she had said, "Maybe some day I'll buy myself a canary so I can hear what I sound like." He chuckled. It would be nice to visit her once more with a little gift—something impersonal, something amusing.

And the next evening, when Miss Crane opened the door to his knock, she was amused. Seeing the cage he carried, she tilted back her golden head and laughed outright.

"Heavens!" she said. "What on earth would I be doing with a canary?"

"It will sing duets with you."

"And louse up my practicing. Thanks, mister, but—no soap. I haven't got time to play nurse to a bird."

Yet, in her amusement, she let him stay a few minutes and talk, and when Mr. Devitel took the bird upstairs he felt it had served its purpose. It had put him on friendly terms with Miss Crane. He was happy.

He didn't think he could return the canary to the store, so he kept it. Living alone as he did, he found it pleasant company. He even came to enjoy the routine of tending the cage every night. And while he was away at work he left the bird near the window, where the McGuire children across the court could see it and whistle to it and listen to its singing.

After a decent interval of some ten days, he shaved one evening, put on a fresh shirt, and called on Miss Crane again.

This time a man opened the door

—a heavy man, dark and angry. "Well?" the man said. "What do you want?"

Mr. Devitel was confused. Beyond the man he could see Miss Crane, and she was crying. "Ah," he began, "I just—"

To his amazement, the dark man seized his coat. He looked back at Miss Crane and said, "Who's *this* wolf? Another one on your string?"

"No," sobbed Miss Crane. "No. Oh, get rid of him."

The man gave Mr. Devitel a push so violent that he reeled. He tried wildly to catch the banister, but he missed. He went down the stairs backward, lost his balance, and fell with a crash at the bottom. He wasn't hurt much. He was already rising when other doors opened and people stared from him to the dark man above. When it was clear that Mr. Devitel wasn't badly injured, the stranger in Miss Crane's room slammed her door shut.

Mr. Devitel was too indignant to make explanations to the neighbors. He went back to his own room and paced it in anger.

But in the morning his anger melted away, because Miss Crane herself came upstairs and embarrassed him with apologies. "I'm sorry as hell," she said. "I didn't want anything like that to happen."

"I was not hurt," he assured her. "Please sit down." When she had settled in his easy chair, he asked, "Who is he, that one of the temper?"

"My—my brother." Miss Crane's voice was weary and hopeless. "He wanted money, as usual, and when I told him no dice—well, he got nasty." She laughed a little, without humor. "Why, the dope even threatened to go out and croak himself with this."

Mr. Devitel was horrified to see her take a revolver from her purse and toss it on his table. It was a flat black weapon and very ugly. It made him shudder.

"Of course," she said, "he was just bluffing. He's always been like that. Hysterical, like. But it makes things pretty tough for me."

Mr. Devitel did his best to comfort

She stretched out her hand, and Mr. Devitel crossed the room to give her the weapon.



the girl. He gave her his word every family had its black sheep. Why, his own uncle—

She was dressed for the street—a tiny hat with a bow on it, a smart suit, black gloves. He was still talking when she gave him a sweet smile and rose. "I got to go," she said. Then, at the door, she paused to add, "Oh, the gun. I guess I'd better throw it down some sewer." She stretched out her hand, still smiling, and Mr. Devitel hastily crossed the room to give her the weapon.

"I—I hope we can be friends after this," she said.

"But of course!" said Mr. Devitel, beaming. "It is my greatest wish."

Only after she was gone did he discover that she'd left a few rolled sheets of music on his chair. He smiled. Returning them would furnish a good excuse to see her again in the evening.

All that day, while he cut and polished diamonds, he thought of Miss Crane. He wondered if she would dine with him and perhaps go to the movies. He was still hoping when, at five thirty, he reached home. And as he washed his hands the janitor knocked at his door.

"Telephone, Mr. Devitel."

He hurried down to the telephone on the wall of the lower hall. In delight he recognized the voice of Miss Crane.

"I wonder if you'd do me a big favor," she said. "I'm over here at the Hotel Gilbert—Room 1505. I've got a chance for a part in a show if I can audition now. But I left my music in your place this morning. I thought if you wouldn't mind bringing it—well, later we might spend the evening together. I won't be more than half an hour. Could you do it?"

"But, at once!" Mr. Devitel promised, and his heart was happy. "And with pleasure!"

"You could make it in about fifteen minutes, couldn't you? Say by six?"

"Surely, surely!"

When he hurried up to his room, however, he saw the canary in its cage. The bird needed water; the cage should be cleaned. It was a matter that required only a few moments, so Mr. Devitel attended to it.

Only, tonight of all nights, as he opened the small door the bird got out of the cage. It flew up to perch on a curtain rod. Mr. Devitel cried out in dismay. He closed the window quickly and began to chase the canary about the room.

All the McGuires in the flat across the court came to their window to
(Continued on page 49)

Shipbuilder and "dreamer" of a vast transportation miracle: Andrew J. Higgins



ANDREW HIGGINS' DREAM

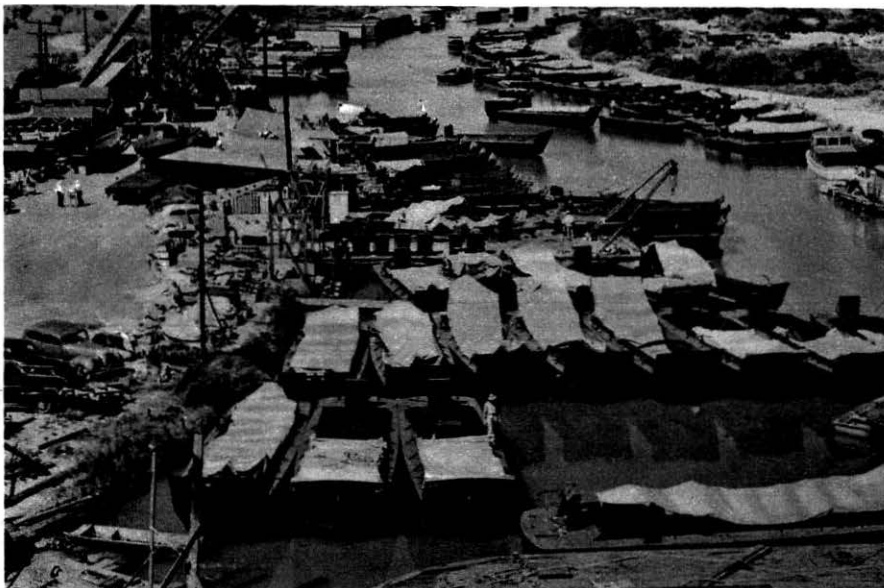
This twentieth-century Noah threatens to open up the whole continent of South America with his amazing arks —making a fabulous dream come true

BY STANLEY ROSS and PAUL C. WREN

© HARRIS & EWING



He developed a boat that could jump sandbanks. Here's a Higgins Eureka carrying a Marine Corps reconnaissance car.



He's been turning New Orleans inside out. At this wharf his boats from the city plant are unloaded from the flatcars.

DEPENDING on who your friends are, you can get odds that Noah was a myth, a nut, a savior. He was really the first Transportionist. Today's Noah is Andrew J. Higgins of New Orleans, who might have been born a Methodist but is now, like his predecessor, a Transportionist. He not only preaches it; he practices it. He is the manufacturer of the torpedo boats and invasion barges which have driven battle fleets far out to sea and made landings possible under the very nose of the enemy.

Higgins is also the author of a transportation plan so revolutionary that it would have been considered daffy yesterday. Its object: to bring the deepest recesses of the South American continent, including the vast Amazon basin, within easy reach of neighboring countries and the United States. Its means: steel power barges and knock-down scows with which, like Noah, Higgins means to canalize the flood.

Although full-scale development of the project awaits the end of the war, Higgins already has twelve barges en route to Venezuela for a crack at pulling rubber out of the Orinoco basin. The governments of Venezuela, which is short on tires and long on capped gas and oil wells, and Brazil, which has had to put her vehicles up on blocks since the shipping pinch cut her vital shipments of gas and oil, are wild-eyed with enthusiasm at Higgins bringing them together over the back fence of the Orinoco basin.

V-shaped amidships, with a spoon-like bow and a scooped-out stern, Higgins' little arks knife through the water at twenty miles an hour, have the draft of an athletic alligator and, like an alligator, can slither up on the bank to pick up whatever's there, stow it, and slither down again. They

can also buzz through rapids, jump fourteen-foot spits of sandbank, zoom over rocks, and ride small waterfalls. They have a bow that planes out of the water, and a screw that drives deeper into it, as the ark gets up speed.

And they can go through all these dizzy gyrations with several tons of useful cargo aboard, and through many of them with a family of scows strung out behind.

When Mr. Higgins decided to tackle South America, he picked a problem which has baffled transportationists for decades. For when you've gotten a fifty-mile stretch of jungle mountains licked with rails or road, six months of rain sneak up behind you and send you and your carrier tumbling out of control.

Water's the all-weather highway in South America. Only toy roads and narrow-gauge railroads supplement this primary mode of transportation. To overcome South American topography with extensive railroads and good roads demands an exorbitant investment in materials, time, men, and money. On paper the continent's economy neatly complements itself. Somewhere or other it has every known commodity. But to connect the commodities and the countries by roads or railroads might take centuries.

ANDREW J. HIGGINS has a grudge against centuries. Ever since he can remember, he has been trying to whittle time down to man's needs. He was born in Columbus, Nebraska, in 1886. At the age of nine, he had a monopoly on the lawn-mowing business of the city. At twelve he had built his first boat—in the family cellar in Omaha. At twenty-two he was operating his own sawmill in Mobile. In an old schooner which he had rebuilt and named for his beautiful Mobile bride, Angele, he was exchanging cargoes of his own dressed lumber for tropical woods from Caribbean countries.

The 1907 depression knocked him flat, but not out. The knockout came in 1922 when he lost his flourishing lumber and export business in New Orleans. But by 1930 his speedboats were tops on the Mississippi and the Gulf. The New Orleans-to-St. Louis record fell to Higgins boats.

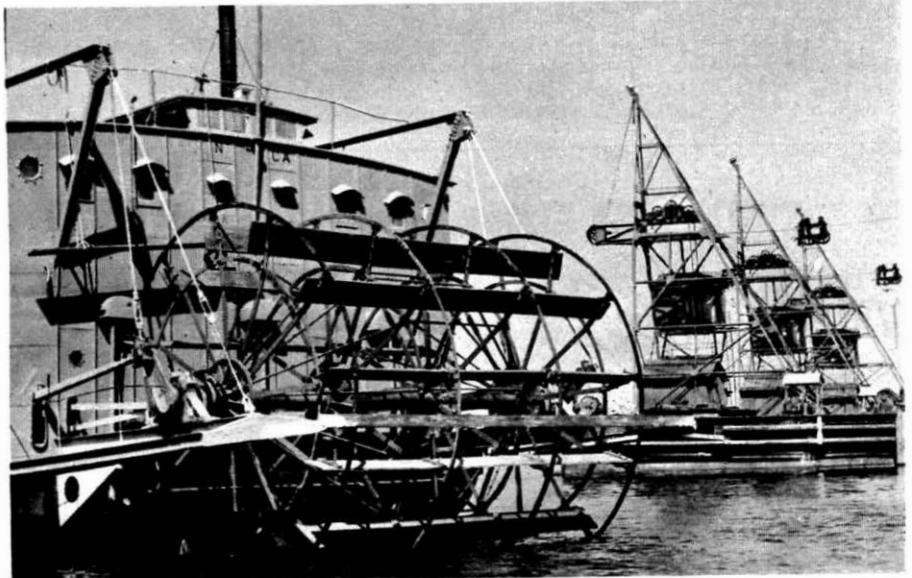
In toughening and speeding up the boats, he developed a model that could jump over logs and small spits of sand without spewing its propeller and splitting apart. The result was the Higgins Eureka—a thirty-six-footer, tough, fast, and maneuverable, whose propeller was protectively encased in a half-tunnel. Oil companies tried the Eureka for ex-

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THREE LIONS PHOTO

For development, the Amazon River basin has needed transport and labor to replace its dugout canoes towed by hand.



THREE LIONS PHOTO

Brazil's rubber forests are so rich that Manaus, on the Rio Negro, used to be a Golconda. These are its floating docks.



Higgins knows all about every detail of his plant. Here he's pointing out the more important details to F. D. R.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

JUST before he was to sign a will leaving his money to Lili Ban, a night-club singer he was going to marry, wealthy middle-aged George Kempen died mysteriously in his Cleveland apartment. Lili found him, crushed by a huge statue that seemed to have fallen on him.

Accident, the police said, but Jeff Piper, a young lawyer, wasn't so sure. He had seen how frightened Kempen had been when a man named Mercer, after sitting down with them in a restaurant, had ordered a peculiar lunch—asking first for plum tart, then for liverwurst on white roll, German-fried potatoes, beer, and ending with pea soup. He had found out, too, that this same Mercer was sole heir under Kempen's existing will.

He decided to play sleuth. So when Mercer left Cleveland for New York, Jeff took the same train.

During the journey, Mercer was shot to death in his compartment, and Jeff found the body. He didn't report the

crime because he didn't want to be questioned by the police before he could find out what lay behind the two deaths. His first idea was to look up a good-looking couple who had left Mercer's compartment just before he, Jeff, went in.

As he came out of the compartment he met Elizabeth Neff, a pretty young author of mystery stories with whom he had chatted in the club car.

"I'm going to ask you to forget you saw me here," Jeff said.

"All right," she replied. "But I want to hear the whole story."

So Jeff told her, and while they talked, the good-looking couple got off the train at Syracuse, taking Mercer's briefcase with them.

Jeff had one tangible clue—a blank memo book he had taken from Mercer's pocket. At her apartment in New York, Elizabeth tested it for invisible ink. To Jeff's surprise, it yielded a list of four names and addresses. Kempen's was the first; then came a Professor Frederick Rowe's of Riverside Drive, New York.

"I know him!" exclaimed Liz. "He was a professor of mine at Barnard."

They went to see Rowe. He was affable, easy, until Liz mentioned Mercer, saying she had read of his death. Then the professor paled, left the room, and

sent word back to them that he was ill.

Jeff and Liz were fairly sure they were on the trail of something. And they became certain when a strange man attempted to push Jeff into the moat surrounding the bears at Central Park Zoo.

Meanwhile the couple on the train were in New York. Henry and Carola Ballister had found out by accident that Mercer carried four wills in his briefcase, each signed by a different person and each making him heir to about a million dollars. After Kempen's death they decided to get in on whatever the racket was. They had murdered Mercer for his briefcase and now they were cashing in. They had found out two important things—one, that Mercer was known only by name to the people whose wills he held; and two, that the reversed menu was the code by which Mercer identified himself. It had worked with Professor Rowe when Henry Ballister tried it. It might work with the other two signers of the wills. One was Marie Lange of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and the other Ben Walters of Washington, D. C.

These names were in Mercer's memo book, too, and Liz and Jeff decided that their next visit would be to Marie Lange of Martha's Vineyard.

PAPER CHASE

In an island hideaway Mr. Ballister reveals his dual personality, while Carola sets a trap for a victim

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

THE boat docked at the Vineyard. As Elizabeth and Jeff drove down the main street of Vineyard Haven, the clock in front of the bank pointed precisely to four.

"It's an omen that we won't be bored," said Jeff. "Most of the big scenes in this story happen in the late afternoon. Where do you suppose we'd pick up the most information? At some sort of general store?"

Elizabeth snorted and pointed. There was a bright red-and-gold A. & P. grocery next to a hardware store, next to that a picture-framing store, then a dry cleaners', a bookstore, and a post office.

"If you're looking for some old-fashioned grocery with a lot of town gossips sitting around a cracker barrel," she said, "you won't find it here."

"How's this?" Jeff drew the car up to the curb in front of a drugstore. It was an unshiny-looking place with two red and green globes in the window and an apothecary's bowl-

and-pestle sign hung over the door.

The cool dimness inside was a relief. There was no linoleum or other covering on the floor, only the bare dark boards, and the store had an odor of mixed mustiness, soda water, antiseptic, and gumdrops. They climbed upon tall stools before an old-fashioned white marble counter and waited. In a moment an old man shuffled out from the back room. He had a pale wrinkled face and pale watery eyes.

They ordered sodas and while the old man was mixing them, Jeff started his questions.

"I wonder if you could tell me how to find a Miss Lange, a Miss Marie Lange? I know she lives somewhere on the island and—"

"Up Tisbury," said the old man briefly. "Follow the road." He rang up the change Jeff had placed on the counter.

"Well, how far up the road is it? How will we know her house when we come to it?"

"There's a sign at the entrance.

Tisbury School of Photography." The old man glanced at them sharply with his malevolent light eyes. Then shuffled off into the back room.

Jeff's eyes met Elizabeth's in the mirror behind the fountain.

"Anyway, I was thirsty."

They went out, blinking at the sunlight and at the swift brush-off they'd received.

"Now that we've gotten so much information from a native, let's go down to the dock and ask some one who's just off the boat," suggested Elizabeth.

They strolled casually down the street, feeling very white and citified among the sunburned vacationers.

"There ought to be a camera shop around," said Jeff.

But it was the picture-frame shop that turned out to be what they were looking for. There was a little sign in the window that read, "Tisbury School of Photography Exhibit Inside."

An enthusiastic young woman in

slacks greeted them. They told her they had come to see the exhibit.

"Certainly," she said. "The pictures are on the two side walls. Browse around all you wish."

They began their inspection of the work of the Tisbury School of Photography. There were the inevitable sun-tanned nudes oiled up like a Channel swimmer and sprawled across the sand, the usual pictures of lighthouses, seascapes, and cloud formations. Elizabeth looked at them skeptically.

"Even I can see," she murmured, "that we are not going to discover any of these students in Harper's Bazaar very soon."

They had finished one wall and were starting on the other.

"Maybe this appeals to you."

"H'mm. Not bad."

These were more nudes, but masculine this time, and the one that caught Elizabeth's eye was a picture of a slender dark boy standing waist-deep in the surf. His back was turned to an oncoming wave, his eyes were

closed, and his full lips were parted in delicious anticipation. His short wet curls, his strong dazzling teeth, and the drops of water sharply in focus on his face, made a striking picture.

"Look at the signature," said Jeff.

In carefully penciled printing, with the "L" running the entire length of the last name, the picture was signed "Marie Lange."

"Miraculous shot, don't you think?" The young woman had come up behind them and was staring at the picture with frank pleasure. "He's a Portuguese boy—there are a lot of them around here, you know—who works on her place."

"Miss Lange shows up her pupils," commented Jeff. "But I suppose that is as it should be."

The young woman shrugged. "Oh, they're just youngsters up here for a vacation, most of them."

"It must take years to become a good photographer," said Elizabeth.

"It takes some people years," the young woman replied, "but Miss

Lange learned everything she knows in just a few months. She just devoted herself to it until she learned. I've heard her tell about it."

Elizabeth tried to look impressed. "How long has she been taking pictures?"

The young woman glanced ceilingward and calculated. "This is the fourth year."

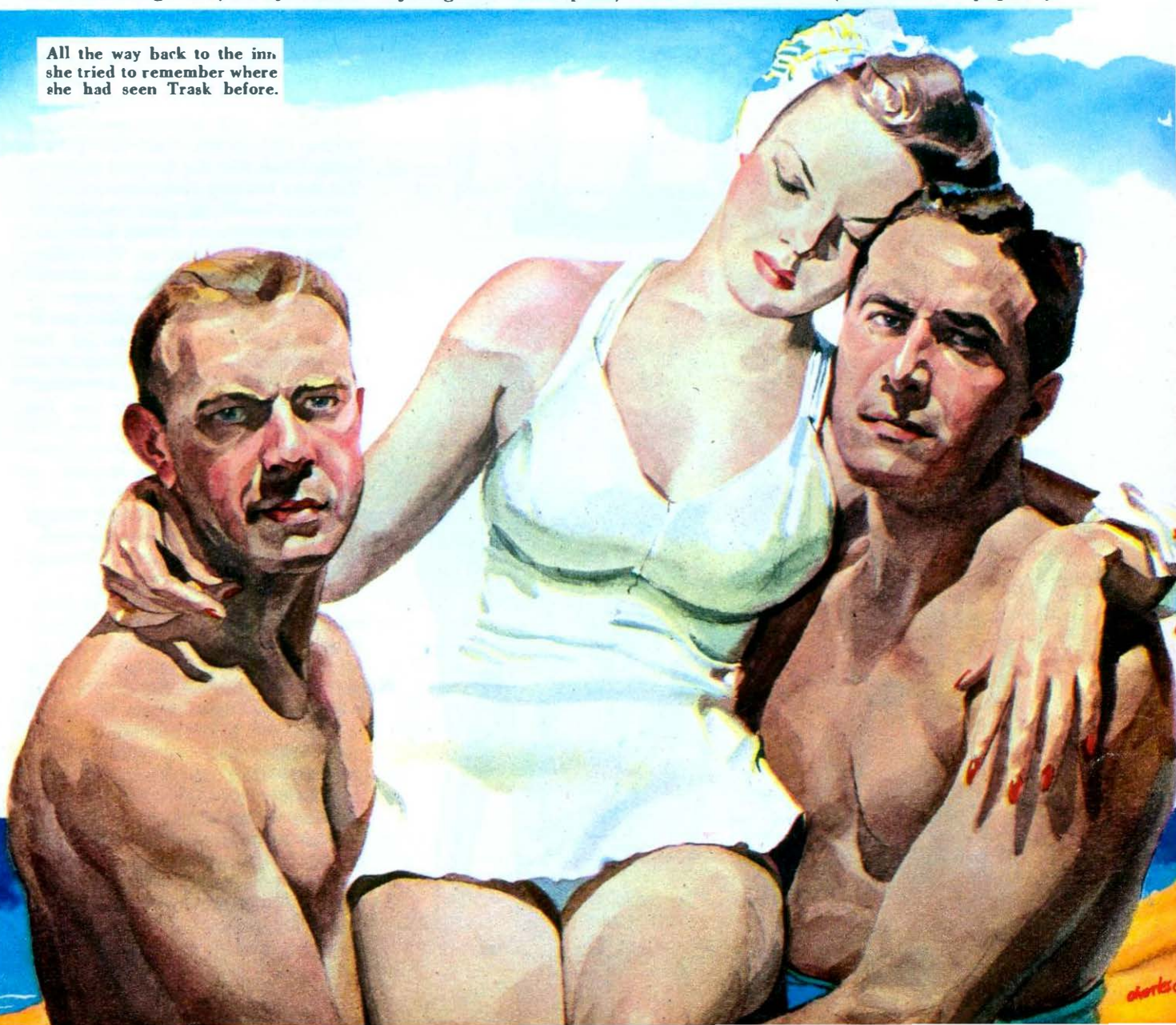
"How'd she happen to get the yen, Miss—?" asked Jeff.

"Sills. Georgia Sills. Oh, she says it was one of those buried heart's desires, but she always felt it was too expensive. Then, when she inherited a great deal of money, she just gave into it whole hog."

A great deal of money. Jeff glanced at Elizabeth. Her eyes were glued on Miss Sills, but he knew what she was thinking. This made the third out of three people listed in Mercer's notebook who was definitely nouveau riche. The common denominator held.

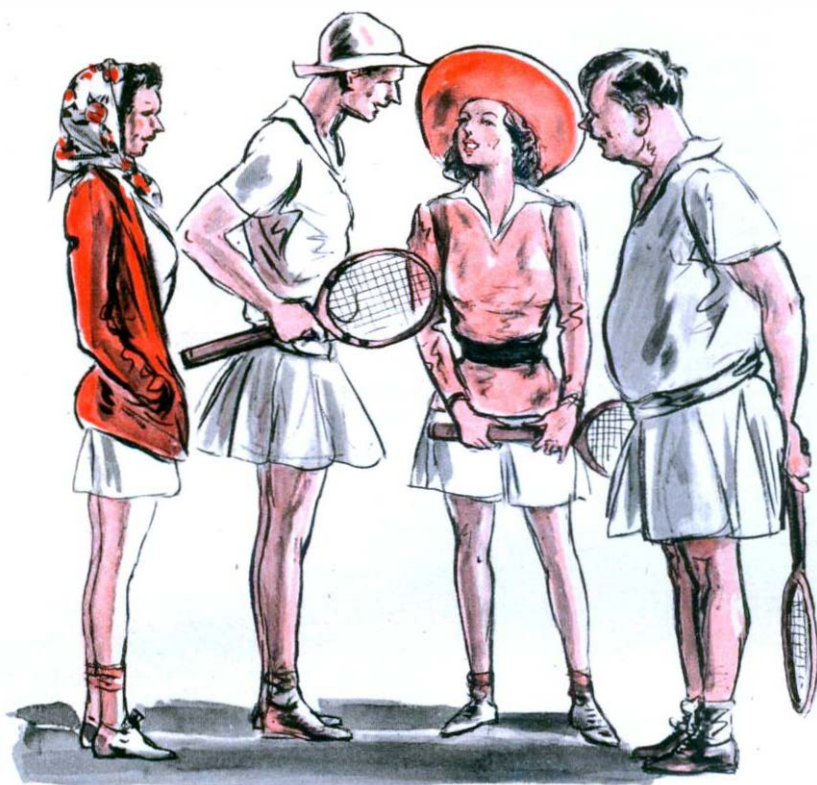
"This is a portrait of her," said
(Continued on page 52)

All the way back to the inn she tried to remember where she had seen Trask before.

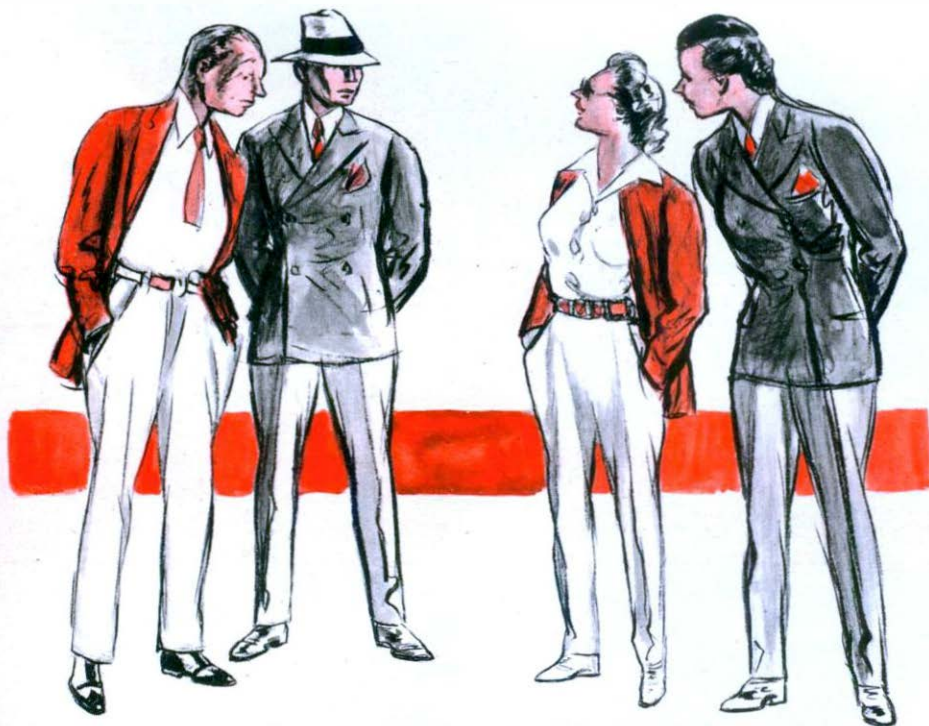


FEMININE FASHIONS ARE FINISHED!

Fashion may never die, but you'll know it's had a major operation after the war when you see men wearing skirts—says



Men will as readily go about in cool little tennis dresses as women already do in shorts.



Come peace, the two sexes will be dressed almost identically in slacks, shirts, jackets.

THE struggles for supremacy within the world of fashion are as violent as those on any battle front—and understandably so, for the fashion experts are fighting to maintain a dictatorship.

Last November a leading fashion magazine summed up the wartime fashion situation in the caption: "Day In and Day Out, Black—Black with Pearls and Rhinestones, Black with Shining Silver, Black with White Satin or Gray Corduroy or Purple Jersey—Always Black, but not All Black."

This may sound a little zany to you, but it is just the normal jargon of the fashion world—apprising women of the fact that dresses are still black. And, almost unwittingly, telling the world that the future looks black for the fashion experts. Yet they bravely continue to dictate—as the boom of guns on distant fronts threatens to drown them out.

The final decision on the future of the American fashion world will be handed down by the women of the U. S. A. And the fashion world is now risking all by asking the women to vote yes on one question: *Will women continue to be feminine?*

You women must vote yes, the fashion experts threaten, or you will cease to exist. Yet, in reality, if the verdict goes against the experts, it is they who will die.

Don't be alarmed. Even though the fashion business died, the clothing business would continue. Women will still be garbed.

The fashion end of the clothing business is that part which concerns itself exclusively with the very latest thing. For that reason it is the section of the clothing business which always breaks into the news. It goes off into delighted dithers over such ideas as painting real jewels so they will look artificial—and, a few years ago, it invented the Duchess of Windsor.

It was a fashion expert who said, during a heated discussion on the immediate future of clothes two weeks after Pearl Harbor, that I was trying to wreck the fashion world by telling women that uniforms were a fine thing for work. As for the ex-

Men will find child care a relief from dull office work.



ELIZABETH HAWES

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

pert, she was going to plug sequins.

It was a fashion expert who went to the hospital last April 8 after reading the press release from Washington which said: "The War Production Board today acted to assure the women and girls of America that there will be no extremes in dress styles during this war as there were during the last war, and that their present wardrobes will not be made obsolete by radical fashion changes."

And it is the fashion experts who have seen to it that the words of the War Production Board were utterly idle. It is just as easy today to buy a draped dress you'll hate in six months as it was a year ago.

But it will not be Washington that kills the present fashion world, if such is to be its fate. It will be the women of this country who are even now busily analyzing the problem of whether or not to be feminine.

Feminine is defined by Webster as "female." Well! For all women, that question was settled at birth. Let's drop false definition posed by the fashion business and discuss the real question upon which women are voting—upon which the future of their clothes depends:

What are the women going to be doing for the next few years?

Their main job in the past has been making their husbands happy, raising children, keeping house. The clothes worn for these purposes have come to be known as "feminine," while it is said that tailored uniforms are not "feminine," and hence, one gathers, not quite nice.

IF woman's place is no longer to be in the home, as will be the case for many from now on, then results of all the investigations concerning what woman should wear "to please her man" are just so much twaddle. If woman's place is in a factory, the fact that a majority of service men do not like their women to wear slacks is of minor importance. What is important is whether the clothes catch in the machinery.

Apparently the fashion experts have not heard that the War Manpower Commission says woman's job is outside the home. In June, 1942, there were already 15,000,000 women

workers in the United States. By June, 1943, War Manpower says, this number will have to approximate 20,000,000 if we are to win the war.

The minute any woman discovers that by doing some so-called man's work she can forget she's female for hours at a time, she is lost to the cause of wearing "feminine" clothes. Women were already becoming unfeminine before the war. A lot of them had jobs out of the home and the younger ones had begun raiding the boys' clothing department.

Moreover, it is boring to do a traditional woman's work all day, every day. It is unlikely that the women who have taken men's jobs will ever again content themselves with menial housework.

Women from now on are going to spend less and less time being female. Even for traditional work, such as child care and dusting, they will cease to wear feminine clothes.

I am sorry to have to report to the men of the armed forces that, unless we lose this war and Hitler kicks us all back into the Middle Ages, a vast majority of women are going to wear trousers practically all the time for a decade after the peace.

If every one, including fashion magazines and the service men, would shut up about women not being feminine in trousers, it is possible that the great emancipation of women might take place without all of them being forced to wear pants. As it is, women are going to *have* to wear trousers because skirts are considered so female—and women aren't going to feel they're free until all of them have worn trousers everywhere.

You may therefore put it down as a certainty that, come peace, men and women will be dressed almost identically in some sort of slacks, shirts, and jackets. This will last throughout the reconstruction days.

After reconstruction the women will relax on the trouser question and wear skirts some of the time.

The emancipation of men will then take place. This will be a very exciting moment in history.

Traditionally the American male sleeps eight hours out of twenty-four and is masculine most of the

other sixteen, with occasional lapses into being *male*, playing the never-varying role of that sex. Traditionally the clothes for being masculine are comfortable, if unglamorous. These clothes were designed for present-day "men's" work—and are a living proof of how dull and unvaried is the life of the average American man.

When the men have leisure to consider their lot—due to the women taking on a part of their present work—they will see that a little dusting, cooking, and child care might be a pleasant relief from scribbling dull notes at a desk or tending a power machine. Further than that, they will speedily conclude that, while it was a very stupid business for women to be female twenty-four hours a day, it would add a good deal to the excitement of life if American men were to devote, say, 20 per cent of their time to being excitingly male instead of merely masculine.

OF course the results of this on men's and women's clothes will be terrific. The words masculine and feminine will entirely disappear as applied to clothing. In extreme hot weather, men will as readily go about clad in cool little tennis dresses as women already do in shorts and knitted shirts.

The women have already indulged in almost every possible version of attention-getting devices, but the men of a machine age have the whole thing ahead of them. Let us hope the male will use a little more subtlety in choosing seductive clothes than do the current glamour girls.

In closing, let me add that fashion will never die. Some of the present leaders may eventually be shot as dictators, but most of them will quietly pass on from starvation in the next year or so. During the painful reconstruction period when women are proving they can wear pants if they want, and the men are slowly being freed of their bonds, the fashion business will lie dormant.

But it will rise again to take its rightful place in a new world. Nobody will take it seriously, least of all the future fashion experts.

THE END

PRO

IS A LABOR DRAFT UNNECESSARY?

A 48-hour week, wider deferment of skilled workers from military service, and an adequate federal employment agency would remove necessity for a labor draft.

The need for over 62,000,000 workers by the end of this year, plus the ever-growing man-power demands of the armed forces, makes a labor draft imperative.

CON

A LABOR draft is undemocratic and un-American. Moreover, it is unnecessary. When President Roosevelt gave Paul McNutt almost dictatorial authority over man power, he did as much as, and perhaps more than, is necessary. He gave him the power to say who shall fight and who is essential to industry.

McNutt acted at once. Five days after his appointment he virtually froze some 660,000 Detroit war workers to their jobs.

This encroaches farther upon the rights we have considered inalienable than government had dared to do during our history as a nation.

By Executive order, the Manpower Dictator has power to force industry to hire under conditions laid down by the United States Employment Service. If employers will not do this, the government may cancel their war contracts or take over their plants. Thus, if a worker will not conform, he will be drafted. If an employer will not conform, he will be out of business.

This is enough. To draft labor is to adopt the very way of life we hate. Forced labor is the cornerstone of Nazism.

A labor draft inevitably means ruthless moving of workers. Some, moved from one state to another, will lose benefits to which they are entitled. And besides working untold hardship, a labor draft might imperil our chances for victory.

Donald Nelson testified before the Tolan Committee that our overall program is "really beyond the concepts of man," and that war strategy changes so rapidly that "there will have to be the power to switch man power to meet those emergency situations as they arise."

What this means is that we have no sound production program. We have no way of knowing what our exact needs will be next month, and where. Only the largest corporations can look ahead six months.

Furthermore, we have no way of relating Selective Service to industrial needs. True, local draft boards are asked to defer men from military service if the men are in

"essential industries." But what are essential industries? Each draft board has a long list of them but no way of figuring out what they mean. We need occupational deferment boards staffed by specialists.

We have no adequate federal employment service. The labor exchanges in England are the cornerstone of the labor program there. It would be impossible to operate without them. Registered on their rolls is every working man and woman. British industries report their needs to the exchanges, and from them obtain man power as they need it.

The United States Employment Service was to be even better than British labor exchanges when it was established in 1933. It started out well but is now rapidly becoming a scandal. It is staffed by officials who are alert to local and state interests only. To draft labor without knowing precisely what labor will be needed to fill contracts, and without adequate machinery for registering, classifying, and distributing workers, is madness.

Rather than draft labor, the government should draft men for the army and navy with more regard

for the importance of the draftees' skills. A marine machinist with no dependents might better be deferred from the draft than an insurance salesman with a young wife and small child. The salesman's army pay plus allowances would enable his wife to make out. And the mother might also be useful in a war factory.

If every one worked a 48-hour week we would witness a great increase in production even before we added any one to the pay rolls.

There is enough willing man power in this country. Let the War Production Board plan its contracts so that employers will know how many workers they will need next week, next month, and six months hence. Let the United States Employment Service survey each community, and then ask available men and women to go into the war factories. Let us defer men of military age intelligently, and train and upgrade those who would be most useful on assembly lines and in machine shops.

Americans have never failed to meet an emergency. Free men need no chains and no labor draft.

NATIONAL service legislation providing for a draft of labor is a prime necessity of our war effort. Here is the situation:

About 57 million men and women are now engaged in various kinds of work in the United States, including those in our armed forces. The army expects to draft an additional 3,500,000 men by the end of the year. The navy is expanding rapidly. To meet their demands and to supply our allies through lend-lease, we will need 65 million workers and fighters by next December.

By early spring there will be grave shortages in 130 war-production centers. Detroit needs about 96,000 workers, Portland 55,000, Vancouver 75,000, Buffalo 50,000, Baltimore 60,000. On the other hand, there is a surplus of industrial workers in some forty-five communities, including New York and Omaha. And there are men and women still working in nonessential industries.

Nevertheless, conventional ways of obtaining more workers for war plants have failed. Besides the many general shortages, there is an appalling lack of men for skilled jobs.

We must find about 5 million more men and women for our factories and farms within this year. This may be literally vital. Can we find them?

There are 4.4 million women under forty-five with no children to look after, and 9.1 million women with young children. These do not include women who live on farms. There are about 7 million youngsters between fourteen and seventeen.

We could use many more of the women under forty-five. We could use the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds. We could get half a million older people by increasing the average retirement age about six months. We could obtain many workers by drawing them from nonessential industries. We could increase production by insisting that men stay on their jobs instead of moving haphazardly from one to another. And—as a last resort—we could move workers from regions where there is a labor surplus into places where they are needed.

We cannot do this by asking people to co-operate voluntarily. They will not co-operate. Experiments have

proved it. Perhaps the best example is in Baltimore, where the War Manpower Commission tried to recruit workers by voluntary methods, and succeeded in recruiting only 12,000 of the 32,000 needed this year.

Many women will not work, either because they don't have to or don't want to or because their husbands don't want them to. Other workers, men and women both, stick to jobs in nonessential occupations because they are afraid that after the war they will be jobless.

The United States Employment Service analyzed 20,000 army talent questionnaires, offered war work to 1,123 qualified men, and found only 49 willing to make the change to it.

We will never obtain enough war workers unless we have compulsory registration of women and a labor draft of both men and women.

There is no law to enforce the edicts of Manpower Commissioner Paul McNutt. The system is still a voluntary one. True, a man in good physical condition between eighteen and thirty-eight must stay on his job or fight. But men over thirty-eight include the highest percentage of skilled craftsmen. Likewise unaffected by the "work or fight" policy are the physically unfit for the armed services, and women.

Mr. McNutt theoretically has power to force employers to hire according to his instructions. But so drastic are the means of enforcement and so unlikely is it they will be resorted to that his powers will probably be considered merely a bluff.

We need a real law, one with teeth in it. In total war, the man or woman on the assembly line is as much a part of the battle as the man in the tank.

Compulsory service legislation means that authorized officials in local communities will be able to make the best use of the citizens who are already there. It means that employers and factory managers will be able to plan production schedules soundly and with assurance.

Our need is as real as Britain's. We need a labor draft now.



THE ARBITRATOR'S DECISION BY MAXINE DAVIS

THE decision is in favor of national service legislation. The need is urgent and immediate. To say a labor draft is undemocratic is to say also that conscription is a Fascist instrument. The arbitrator has seen in England no diminution whatever of true democracy, although the British people have compulsory labor in their war industries.

The type of labor compulsion now in existence in the United States is sinister. It uses conscription for military service as a threat. This was never intended by Congress. It uses

agencies other than Selective Service—the War Production Board, for example—to enforce labor policies by recrimination, and when the WPB denies raw materials to an employer who pirates workers, it stops not only the pirating but also vital production.

Reliance upon such methods leads to decentralization and confusing contradictions. The authority Mr. McNutt has—if he really has it—is too profound and serious a matter to be granted merely by Executive order, even in wartime. If labor is to be drafted, as it should be, the labor draft should be authorized by act of Congress. Only thus can penalties be made uniform and equi-

table, surrounded by the safeguards of the Constitution and allowing for appeal.

When we draft labor, however, we must take into consideration the many sound arguments of the opposition:

We must quickly overhaul and improve the United States Employment Service. We must ask the WPB to improve its methods of letting contracts, so the Employment Service may know well in advance what industries need what sort of labor—and where.

It is high time for us to amend the Constitution to permit a single nation-wide unemployment compensation law. A man must be able to

move to where his job and his duty call him without sacrifice of his savings in the form of contributions to state-sponsored old age and unemployment insurance.

We must insist that the government push its program of day nurseries and nursery schools so that women may have a place where they can safely leave their children.

We must not shy from compulsory registration of women. The modern woman resents any effort to prevent her from doing her share for her country.

We must remember these things when we pass and enforce the law drafting labor. But we must have the law—and have it now.



“REPORTIN’ FOR DUTY, SIR!”

BY CAPT. TEMPLE FIELDING, F.A.

All the heroes aren't at the fronts. Look at Pop, back in uniform again at 52

SOME of my men fought in fox holes at Bataan. Some of my soldiers ride tank killers in Africa, man beach heads in the Solomons, rot in stinking Japanese prisons. In two years' service as a basic instructor I've watched them parade to all corners of the world, to fight and die for the nation they love.

Yet not all of my heroes are at the front. There's one who'll stay in the safety zone, to polish boots and clean latrines while his buddies are sharing the glory of combat. He's a runty old man with joints that play tricks. He looks as unmilitary as Henry Ford. His name is Pop, and he's the best soldier I've ever met.

It was two days before I first noticed him. At chow time there had been a cloudburst, and a vital road was under water. The training cycle had just begun. The new men had worked like beavers from dawn to dusk. I hated to roll them out at ten at night, but we can't be charitable when there's an emergency.

They tumbled from the barracks without a whimper. A sergeant lined them up and fell them in. In asking for volunteers, I warned that the job would be long and difficult. Before I had finished, an eager voice piped, "Me, cap'n! Me! Take me!"—and from the depths of the rear rank charged the smallest soldier I have ever seen. He was the dwarf that Disney didn't draw. He scurried across the battery street like a sand crab, snapped his fifty-nine inches to rigid attention, and saluted.

"Reportin' for duty, sir!" he said.

I peered at him through the rain and darkness. His stormcoat hung in folds. Water dripped from the brim of his fatigue cap. His face was wrinkled and drawn and seasoned like the face of a grandfather monkey.

"Ready for a tough one?" I asked.

His lips formed a knotty grin. "Me, cap'n?" he wheezed. "Betcha boots, sir!"

Encouraged by his example, a dozen soldiers stepped forward, and we set out at double time for our objective. The problem was apparent. A sudden rush of water had filled the catch basin with pebbles and silt. The giant drain was blocked. Inch by inch the road was dropping away.

Unsolicted, the wizened little man took charge from the start. I might as well have stayed home. He was

knee-deep in muck before the others could pull on hip boots. He attacked the obstruction as if it had been a plum pudding. Without turning his head, he kept a gimlet eye on the group, mocking this man, encouraging that man, until the job was finished. Like a quarterback in football, this insignificant nobody was the spark plug of the group.

Once his contempt was terrible. A co-worker paused to light a cigarette. "Where're you from, sojer?" rasped Pop, not missing a shovelful. "Brooklyn," replied the boy. "So'm I," grunted Pop. "But *your* mother shoulda stood in the Bronx!"

At twelve thirty the system was back to normal. The old man was last up from the depths of the basin. His teeth showed white through the dark crust of slime. He was grinning about a secret joke. When "Route order" was passed down, he piped, "Whazzamatter, boys? Too tough for yez?" No response. "How about a little tune?" Still no response. He spat with audible disgust and took a reef in his trousers. Then he snapped, "Looks like it's the cap'n and me!" and broke into the second verse of Tipperary. Gravely I began to sing. In a moment or two the entire group had picked up his quavering lead. Numbed muscles, drenched bodies, filthy clothes were forgotten.

When we reached the battery area, I ordered quiet in the ranks. Pop was still grinning. As the exhausted men broke for the barracks, he remarked to no one in particular, "You're O. K., boys, you're O. K. *That's* how we sung it in '17!"

THE next time I saw Pop was on Saturday night. He was sitting on a bed in the deserted squad room, needle and thread in hand. On his lap was a pair of torn G. I. trousers. Beside him were two neat stacks of army clothing.

"What's up, Pop?" I asked.

He rose to his feet with a guilty smirk, like a little boy caught stealing pie.

"Sewin'," he said. "We gotta let them kids go out while they have a chance."

I sat down opposite, idly watching his fingers fumble awkwardly with the cloth. Bit by bit I fed him questions; and because I was interested, he told me his story.

He was a horseshoer in Brooklyn before the last war. In 1917, at the age of twenty-seven, he saw a recruiting poster (the kind with Uncle Sam pointing at "YOU!") and enlisted. Two weeks later he was bound for Brest, an under-the-wire addition to the 501st Engineers. But things were too tame in the port. Building bridges and driving piles

were out of his line. For six months he nagged every officer in sight, and finally he secured a transfer to a veterinary hospital in the St. Mihiel salient. Here he bossed a crew of fifteen horseshoers, plying his trade under constant air raids and artillery fire. Once the Jerries got so close that an order came down for him to shoot his 4,800 mules. With tears in his eyes he issued the necessary armament—but the doughboys held, and the hated ultimatum was rescinded. After twenty-one months overseas he was shipped through Italy to New York, where he was discharged. With quiet pride he showed me his "ticket," grimy, faded evidence of honorable service as a soldier of his country.

"HOW does the new army compare with the old?" I asked.

"*This* war's like the Hotel Astor," he said. "Last time all we et was bully beef and coffee. No pepper, no salt, no ketchup, no fancy foods. Half the time we had no barracks, no tents. We slep' in the mud on boards—three boards to a man." He sighed reminiscently. "Yeh—these kids don't know *nothin'* about trouble."

"But you did your bit in '17," I argued. "Why come back looking for more?"

He was surprised by my seeming lack of intelligence. Carefully, with the patience of an adult talking to a backward child, he explained.

"My Uncle's in trouble," he said very simply. "What else kin a sojer do when his Uncle needs him?"

"But how did you get in, at fifty-two?" I countered.

"That's easy," he said. "I smelt trouble with them Nasseys way back in June of '41. I goes to the recruitin' station in Flatbush and tries to reenlist. They gives me the chill, very polite. They says, 'Wait a while, Shorty. You're only a handful. Come back when we start shootin'.' So just after Pearl Harbor I tries again, and this time they lets me in."

"Any trouble about the physical examination?" I asked.

HE looked at me indignantly. "There was nothin' the matter wit' me! Never had a sick day in my life—no, sir. No colds, no corns, no toothaches—*none* of that stuff. The doc says my teeth is perfect. Look, captain!" He tilted his head back, opened his mouth cavernously, and exposed two rows of yellowed molars. "Yeh—*that* doc was O. K. He knows how bad I wants to see them Japs—"

On Monday morning I tipped off the rest of the officers about Pop, and at once they shared my interest

in his progress. It was obvious from the start that he couldn't do the work. By noon each day he'd look like a consumptive ghost. His knees would buckle at afternoon dismounted drill. His elfin eyes would film, their sparkle receding facet by facet. The lines in his cheeks would deepen and the skin turn now red, now dirty yellow. But he would never admit his lack of stamina. If we questioned his ability to carry on, flame would flash across his face. His back would stiffen, his shoulders would brace, and his eyes would plead for a chance to be like the rest.

After a week we could stand it no longer. Over his vociferous protests, we transferred him from drill to the less active work as dining-room orderly. He squealed like a shoat when he learned our decision, but we were adamant. He'd injure himself if we let him continue.

IN spite of his disappointment he went about his work like a miniature whirlwind. Every morning, when his "night watch" (as he called his dollar Ingersoll) reached four thirty, he'd pull on his clothes and tiptoe through the tiers of sleeping men. After ten times around the silent building for a "constitootional," he and the cook on shift would start things rolling in the deserted mess. Little by little we began to see improvements. First it was in the sparkle of spanking clean dishes. Then the floor turned snow white from resolute scrubbing. Then zinnias appeared around the front steps. Then there were flower boxes in each of the windows, a riot of blossoms creeping up the walls. Finally there were bright red curtains, fashioned from target cloth wheeled from the supply sergeant. The mess had never been so trim.

Gradually Pop became the father of three hundred men. When they saw that he never would violate a trust, they flocked to him for his homespun advice. He loaned them money. He settled disputes. When a soldier was homesick, Pop would slip him an extra apple or orange and talk him out of it. He was worth twenty guns to the morale of the unit. Politics, business, medicine, or love—it made no difference to Pop. He was Dorothy Dix from Brownsville Flats. He was Benjamin Franklin in Brooklynese.

One day an ex-steelworker tried to purloin the dessert of a smaller man. Pop, lounging near by, flew at his throat like an angry terrier. An instant hush fell over the hall. "Ya lug!" he screamed. "Ya lousy crook! Pick on a kid half your size, will ya? C'm'on outside! Step back of the

(Continued on page 68)



Don't be a hypochondriac, full of fanciful symptoms—like this man, so worried about his temperature, which is O. K. Not that he's a real "hypo"; he's Jack Benny, just playing the part! For Liberty, Jack and Mary Livingstone and Joan, their adopted daughter, posed for all the camera shots that illustrate *Don'ts* in this article.

WHEN DOCTORS GO TO WAR

With almost one quarter of our physicians already in the armed forces, civilians must get along with fewer medical services. Here's how to do it painlessly

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

WE are living in an era of shortages, priorities, and restrictions. But the scarcity of doctors, dentists, nurses, and hospital technicians has come upon us so swiftly that we are only now beginning to realize its implications. It is high time we really learned what is happening and—equally important—what we can do about it.

Medical care cannot be bought in advance and stored for future use. If one's appendix ruptures, a hernia becomes strangulated, or an accident twists one's body, then the immediate need of medical aid becomes vital. That is why one major problem of our war effort is to preserve at least the minimum essentials of medical care for the home front.

A long time is required to educate doctors. We can take bright young high-school graduates and train them for various types of mechanical work in three weeks. We can give them officers' training courses in

twelve weeks and pilots' wings in six months. But to convert the high-school graduate into a doctor, even under pressure, requires approximately seven years. Thus, for all practical purposes, the available supply of physicians is "frozen"—we will have to get through the war with those we already have and those who are in the last years of medical school.

There are approximately 180,000 doctors now licensed to practice in this country. But about 18 per cent are over sixty-five years of age. Thousands more are employed in laboratory, business, or teaching positions. Probably only 140,000 are actively practicing physicians. Authorities estimate that more than 4,500 doctors die or retire annually, as against 5,500 graduating from medical schools. Present army requirements call for 6.5 physicians to every 1,000 soldiers. As of January 1, some 42,000 doctors and 35,000

nurses are in the armed services.

You would have to be an insider to appreciate the elaborate machinery that has been set up to mitigate the effects of the doctor shortage. Without any governmental compulsion, physicians have long since organized themselves more intensely than any other profession. Through the American Medical Association and its subsidiary state and county societies, Washington received over a year ago detailed statistics about every physician in the country. When a call went out for fifty unmarried specialists in tropic diseases, not more than ten years out of medical school, information cards passed through a series of electric classifying machines. Within a few hours the Surgeon General knew where he could find the men wanted.

But the medical world has gone further than merely compiling facts. At its request, the President created the Procurement and Assignment

Service—a specialized draft board to facilitate the distribution of doctors.

Procurement and Assignment Service, called PAS, functions in every state and county—not only for the army and navy but also for the community. On each state board are chairmen representing doctors, dentists, veterinarians, hospitals, medical colleges, and public health services.

Let us assume that twenty-five doctors are to be inducted from a certain area. Their names are sent to PAS. It weighs the value of each man. X, for instance, may be a cancer specialist. In the navy he'd be just another doctor; on a hospital staff his services are irreplaceable. Y is an obstetrician whose specialized skill is worth more to the women of a large city than to the army. Z is a professor of anatomy in a leading medical school which turns out hundreds of doctors for the armed forces. O is a general practitioner—the only remaining physician in a village of 4,000 people. PAS certifies twenty-one of the twenty-five names for induction and helps the draft board round up four substitutes to take the places of those whom it regards as "temporarily indispensable."

IN other words, PAS acts as a buffer between the military authorities and the people and is careful not to underestimate civilian needs. There will be no repetition here of German "efficiency" which, because Hitler drafted so many doctors for the army, requires civilians to obtain permits for office visits. PAS recognizes the urgent need for doctors in defense manufacturing areas. It knows that the prevention or treatment of civilian accidents and illnesses saves time and expense and helps win the war.

Protecting health on a nation-wide basis will obviously involve much shifting of civilian doctors—many of them older men with established practices. Carefully weighed systematic plans have already been made and are being executed with the utmost possible speed and care.

Ordinarily, in peacetime, there were approximately 1.1 practicing physicians for every 1,000 of population. A doctor could attend 800 patients without too much pressure. Today we are down to essentials. We regard but one general practitioner as essential for each 1,500 people; this figure varies slightly according to the density of population and the distances to be traveled.

While there is absolutely no reason for alarm in these figures, the time has come when we must realize what doctors are up against. The



Don't delay in choosing another doctor if yours goes to war. Here folks who did delay search for one they can call. (Behind Jack is Bob Mucks, his press agent.)



PHOTOS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROY PINNEY, F. P. G.

Don't keep your doctor's other patients waiting while you gossip at him, talk politics to him—or show him card tricks, as patient Benny is so coyly doing here.



Don't be prejudiced against women doctors, as patient Jack so plainly appears to be—even though this one is Dr. Livingstone, we presume.

problem will not be solved by increasing their working hours. Most of them have forgotten what vacations are like.

THE solution lies in our co-operation and assistance. We must learn to conserve their time and strength. And the leaders of the profession—together with the medical societies—knowing this, have evolved these suggestions for our benefit:

1. Prevention is better than cure. Care in avoiding accidents, even in avoiding unnecessary risks of exposure or mishap, is an obvious precaution. The Institute of Life Insurance is emphasizing this note in a national health drive based on five fundamental rules: Eat three meals a day—a simple, balanced, and diversified diet; get your rest; see your doctor once a year; keep clean—inside and out; relax some each day.

2. If your doctor is called away to service, choose another now. If possible, tell him in advance you may want his services. And it might be, tell *her*. This is a good time to lose any foolish prejudices you may have about women physicians.

3. If you are well enough to go to your doctor's office, do so. Never call a doctor to your home if it is possible to save his time by going to his office or even to a clinic or a hospital.

4. If you require a home visit, notify the doctor about eight o'clock in the morning. An adult or child who has a temperature of 100 degrees or over in the morning may be expected to have a higher temperature in the afternoon, so don't delay just to see how the fever will be

later in the day. Besides, the doctor will want to route his visits, obviating calls to the same section twice a day. He can thus save tires and gas.

5. Avoid night calls unless patient's condition is so urgent that waiting until morning might jeopardize his recovery. In general, if a member of your family is ailing during the day, call the doctor then—don't wait until after dark!

6. When you visit the doctor—or he visits you—get down to business immediately. Don't delay him while your room is being tidied. Don't keep other patients waiting while you gossip, talk politics, discuss family troubles, or make trivial complaints. And if you telephone a doctor for information, save his time by having a pencil and paper ready to record his instructions and to check them later as you carry them out.

7. When the doctor arrives, have a chart ready showing important details of the patient's condition—temperature, bowel movements, diet, symptoms. Also have written out in advance any questions you want to ask.

8. Don't neglect an illness until it becomes serious. An early visit to the doctor's office might make it unnecessary for him to make several calls at your house later.

9. Help in every way to conserve the supply of nurses. If you are in a hospital, don't engage a private nurse unless the serious nature of your illness literally compels it. Be a sport and satisfy yourself with the ministrations of the ward nurse. And if you are at home, either mildly ill or convalescing after childbirth, try to get along with some type of hourly nursing service—specially designed for the private patient who may need only one or two hours of nursing care daily.

10. Don't risk catching unnecessary diseases. Every one should be vaccinated against smallpox. Children should be immunized against diphtheria. People can now even be immunized against lockjaw.

"Where is the fleet?" was the nervous query after Pearl Harbor. It is answered magnificently in

TORPEDO JUNCTION

By Robert J. Casey

ace war correspondent who walked into a frantic hysterical Hawaii just after Japan's sneak attack.

His story of the men and ships of the Pacific Fleet from Pearl Harbor to Midway will thrill you with its tense drama and human interest. Liberty's abridgment of this stirring book can be read in one evening. Watch for it

Next Week

11. The hypochondriacs—the people with "nerves" to be soothed and the men and women who have nothing better to do than to discuss fanciful symptoms—will have to forget their self-absorption and plunge into constructive work. Judging by what happened in England, there is distinct hope that doctors will save thousands of hours formerly devoted to these cases.

12. Every diabetic should be prepared for air raids and should always carry with him insulin, his insulin syringe, and an identification card with the name of his doctor. Heart, asthma, and other sufferers fearing sudden attacks of illness should take similar precautions and carry their special medicines.

13. A woman having a child in a hospital should ask to be sent home as soon as her physician believes her condition warrants it, thereby releasing the bed for another prospective mother.

14. Are you on the fence about an operation, which your doctor assures you can be postponed indefinitely? If you are the type who believes that Dr. Obglob is "the only man" fitted to perform that particular operation, have it performed now! Otherwise, forget it.

15. Remember that there are such things as home remedies. If you begin to snifle, go to bed and drink hot lemonade. If you know you have overeaten, try a light diet, a night's rest, and a physic. There is a happy medium between the man who thinks he never needs a physician and the man who consults one on the slightest pretext. Don't experiment or practice medicine on yourself without a license, but study your own system and use common sense.

THESE suggestions are of considerable value in alleviating the shortage of doctors. Despite rumors to the contrary, however, our health will continue to be safeguarded by professional physicians. There is small likelihood of our standing in line to procure ration books for doctors—no likelihood whatsoever if we show our understanding of the problem and help the medical conservation program. Here is one phase of the war effort that the government prefers not to take over unless the people fall down on the job. And co-operating with doctors demands nothing more of us than ordinary consideration for the other fellow and our own welfare. If we will only do our part, there will be enough medical service to go around. We may not get all we want, but we will have all we need and will be a healthy people.

THE END



MOTHER FINDS A BODY

by

GYPSY ROSE LEE



**ABRIDGED TO A
READING TIME
OF ONE EVENING**

WHAT HAPPENS ON A HONEYMOON?—when mother finds a body? Anything can happen when Gypsy Rose Lee “makes with the typewriter” to tell the story.

A year ago Gypsy Rose clicked off a best selling mystery, *The G-String Murders*. Now she has taken time off from strip-teasing, movie-acting, and top billing in a Broadway musical hit to “play a revival”—another best selling whirlwind mystery that won’t turn you loose until you’ve read the last word.

A TEMPERATURE of 110, at night, isn’t exactly the climate for asthma or murder, and Mother was suffering from a chronic case of both. She tapped her foot impatiently on the trailer doorstep.

“You either bury that body in the woods tonight or you finish your honeymoon without your mother.”

She meant it, too. I could tell from the way she fanned herself with the folded newspaper I’d been saving for my scrapbook. As the paper waved back and forth I could see the caption: *GYPSY ROSE LEE WEDS EX-BURLESQUE COMIC IN WATER TAXI*. Below, it read: *Biff Brannigan, hit star from Rings on Her Fingers, and bride plan honeymoon in trailer.*

The date line was a week old, August 13, Friday, to make it good. That had been my idea; it sounded romantic. The water taxi was my idea, too. I had romance mixed up with tradition on the last thought, but, as it turned out, it had been romantic. The water taxi was like an overfed gondola. A canvas stretched over the front half of it and wooden seats extended front to back. The captain was one we found in a water-front saloon,

and our best man we picked up on the way to the wharf.

It had been very romantic. But that was a week ago, before we landed in Ysleta, Texas, and found ourselves a corpse. It wasn’t a very nice corpse, either. It was quite dead and it had a hole in the back of its head.

“You can’t leave a body hanging around,” Mother said.

“But, Evangie,” Biff said patiently, “when you find a body in your trailer you gotta call the cops. We’ve been able to stand it this long; we can put up with it for one more night, and first thing in the morning I’ll drive into town and tell the police.”

Mother’s asthmatic wheeze ended on a high note. “I’d expect a remark like that from you,” she said. “You don’t care about my daughter’s welfare. Go ahead and call the police. Let them ruin all she has worked for!” Mother’s voice had reached the hysterical stage and her face took on that red look that showed another of her asthma attacks on the way.

Biff recognized the symptoms and rushed into the trailer for her newest asthma powder, *Life Everlasting*. While he was getting it I led Mother to a camp chair un-



der the lean-to tent. As she sat down I tried to reason with her.

"But, Mother, some one sooner or later is going to find out about the corpse. One look and they'll know it's murder. Then they'll find out he's our best man and . . ."

"How could they find that out?" Mother asked. Her mouth was a thin white line. Her jaw was set firmly. "After all, the man was a total stranger to you."

"That isn't the point," I argued. "The idea is we can't touch the body until we notify the police. There's a law about that."

Mother sniffed. "Well, fiddle-faddle such a law."

Biff closed the screen door quietly. He tiptoed over to the table and poured a mound of Mother's asthma powder into a saucer. He touched a match to it. When the flames died down, a sticky-smelling smoke curled up. Mother put a Turkish towel over her head and buried her face in the volcano. Biff and I listened to her labored breathing until it sounded as though the worst part of the attack was over, then I spoke to him.

"Were they sleeping?"

"You mean the dogs, the monkey, the guinea pig, or our guests?" Biff asked. Then he laughed softly. "What a honeymoon!" After a second he answered my question. "Yep, they were sleeping all right. As usual, they took up the whole damn trailer."

"Well, don't say it as though it's my fault. After all, Mandy and Cliff are your friends. If you want to play Joe Host to every comic on the burlesque circuit, don't blame me when you have no bed to sleep in!"

"Gee Gee and Dimples, those two beauties of the runways, are your friends," Biff said pleasantly. "Should I have said no when they asked for a lift?"

"A lift," I said, "is around the corner or up the block, not clear across the country."

Mother poked her tousled head out from under the towel where she was inhaling Life Everlasting. "Just don't forget that as soon as I get over this attack we'll bury that body, or I'll take the first train east."

An angry voice from the trailer yelled, "Shut up!" It sounded like Cliff (Corny) Cobb. He was Biff's very good friend and the only comic I really disliked.

"If he's got your place in the bed again I'm going to drag him out of it by his big ugly nose," I said.

I didn't try to keep my voice down. Cliff had been my pet beef since he joined us in Yuma. And I had my reasons for beefing, too. "That dead beat," I added.

Biff tried to shush me.

"Oh, shush yourself!" I said irritably. "Three weeks now, and he hasn't slept on the floor once! He was the same selfish lout when he was on the road with us, too. If there's a good spot in the show, your friend Corny Cobb gets it. He's always grabbing the best make-up shelf, grabbing all your scenes, grabbing everything but a check. He never paid for anything in his life!"

Corny yelled from the trailer again. "Shut up! Where the hell do you think you are? In a boiler factory?"

I started to giggle. The whole picture was suddenly funny to me. A trailer full of people, including one dead one, and me beefing about a comic because he didn't pay his share of the groceries.

"We haven't enough to worry about," I said. "I have to make a scene about Corny! I'm sorry, honey."

Biff walked over and kissed me on the nose. He might have done better if the Turkish towel hadn't stirred. Mother could sense emotions even when she was under a towel.

"Oh, my," she said, "that certainly was a bad one." She put out the last of the asthma powder by smothering it with the top of the Life Everlasting container.

"Now we get busy," she said. "You and Louise get the shovel to dig the hole. While you're getting it, I'll go look for a nice burial place." As she walked she hummed a little tune: "I know a place where the sun never shines, where the fou-u-r-leaf clovers grow."

She stooped over and picked up something, then walked back into the light of the kerosene lamp.

"See, children," she exclaimed happily, "a four-leaf clover. My little song never misses. That's a sign for you to leave everything to Mother. Everything."

We both listened to Mother's little song as it became fainter and fainter. There was something strange in Biff's expression—as though he was puzzled about something that would frighten him if it were true.

"Punkin," he said seriously, "I don't like the way Evangie's been acting lately. She's not herself. Oh, I know all the gags about protecting your name and watching your interests, but this is different. I'm a man and I'll be damned if I have nerve enough to bury that body in the dark woods. But look at Evangie! Four-leaf clovers in her hair, humming away like she hasn't got a worry in the world, and out there alone looking for a good spot to bury our best man."

"Darling," I said slowly, "you knew all about my mother before you married me."

That might have gone on and on, but I heard Mother coming back. She was still humming, and I thought her voice sounded happier than it had for some time. Her cheeks were flushed and she had another clover.

"You know, children, I've just been thinking," she said. Her voice was too calm. I knew something was up. "I've decided that Biff is right. We will wait until morning, then we'll tell the police about the body."

It was too good to be true.

"Maybe she means it," Biff said uncertainly.

"Of course she does!" I said. "Are you insinuating that my mother is a liar?"

I THOUGHT the red sky was the sun coming up. Suddenly I saw smoke. The camp is near the town dump, as most trailer camps are, and I thought the smoke had something to do with garbage being burned. Then I saw the flames. A second later the entire wood was on fire.

My first thought was for the safety of the animals. I pushed Biff aside as I dashed into the trailer. I don't even remember screaming that the fire was within a few feet of us all. I remember unhooking Rufus Veronica, the monkey, and putting him on my shoulder. Then I scooped up Gee Gee's guinea pig from the bureau drawer and shoved him into my pocket. It wasn't until I tripped over Gee Gee that I had sense enough to arouse our guests.

While I banged on the bedroom door and yelled for

Cliff and Mandy to get up, Gee Gee brushed past me, clutching her scrapbook in one arm, her ten-year-old kolinsky scarf in the other.

I rolled Dimples Darling out of bed and threw a kimono at her. She opened her mouth to scream, but Gee Gee pushed her out of the trailer.

By the time I got out Cliff and Mandy were leaving by the back door. They were wearing a pair of Biff's pajamas. Mandy wore the bottoms, Cliff the tops. They weren't awake yet and they stared at the flames stupidly.

Dimples screamed then. Not because of the fire, but because of Cliff. She threw him her kimono and rushed back into the trailer. When she came out she had on her mangy seat-warped mink coat.

By then it seemed that the entire trailer camp was up. People in nightgowns and pajamas were running toward the fire with buckets and pails of water in their hands.

Biff was searching around for something, and his language was not to be listened to. "Where's that shovel?" is the only part I can translate.

"Fire can't jump a trench!" he yelled as he started digging.

It took a full minute for the smartest neighbor to catch on, but when he ran for his shovel, the others followed him blindly.

With that off his mind, Biff started yelling for us to pour water on the trailer so the sparks couldn't catch. "And get the cars out of the way! The gasoline . . ."

I DIDN'T wait to hear the rest of the directions. With the animals tangled up in my arms and hair, I piled into the driver's seat of our car and drove like mad down the road. When I found a spot that looked safe, I pulled over to the side of the road and turned off the ignition. I tied the monkey to the steering wheel and started to put the dog basket in the back seat. Then I missed Mother!

I raced back to the trailer camp. Most of the cars had been driven away and the fire was pretty nearly under control. Dimples and Gee Gee were standing in front of our trailer looking toward the other side of the camp where one trailer near the woods was still burning.

But I hardly noticed anything except that Mother was safe. She was there, talking to a tired-looking woman standing near the burning trailer. The woman was weeping, and I could hear Mother consoling her.

"Such a pity. You didn't even have time to unhitch the car." Mother put her arms around the woman and patted her on the shoulder. "We just got here, too. And to think of driving into all this trouble. But as long as you have insurance, there's nothing to cry about."

Mother saw me and rushed into my arms. "Isn't it the most terrible thing, Louise?" Under her anxious voice I caught a hint of satisfaction.

I felt a tight feeling in my throat. Just like when the manager of a theater would come backstage and ask to talk to me. I could always tell when they were going to ask me questions about Mother. It might be nothing more than a missing letter, a costume flushed down a toilet, or a piece of music missing. I would know then that Mother was "protecting my interests" again.

Sometimes it was worse. Mother loves writing letters. She loves it almost as much as she loves steaming open letters other people have written. Unfortunately, Mother's letters are what people call "poison pen." Mother doesn't call them that, of course. She thinks of her letter writing as a sacred duty. Too often have I heard her say:

"Some one should drop that woman a line and tell her just how low she is—copying your song like that. It's my duty as your mother to do it. I will do it." Then Mother would get that too-innocent look in her eye and she would say, "Of course I won't sign it. I'll send it miscellaneously."

Mother was wearing her letter-writing face as I took her arm and led her away from the weeping woman. She turned back and waved at the woman. Then she wheezed again:

"Poor soul. That trailer was all she had in the world. She just arrived this afternoon, and then to have this happen to her! She had a beauty shop in it and used to go around giving permanents. And now . . ."

"Mother," I said, "where were you during the fire?"

Even as Mother started explaining, I was sorry I had asked.

"Mother, did you start that fire?"

Her blue eyes looked at me calmly.

"Why, Louise! How can you ask me a thing like that? Your own mother!"

Then I knew it was true. But why did she do it? I didn't ask her: I was afraid of the answer.

"Oh, stop looking so tragic," Mother said impatiently. "Of course I started the silly old fire. How was I to know that poor woman's trailer would get burned up? And how did you think I could get everybody out of our trailer unless I did something drastical?" Mother tossed her head in anger. "You certainly didn't want those friends of yours to know we were carting a dead body around, did you? You couldn't have dragged it around in the broad daylight, could you? That's the trouble with you and Biff. You have no gratitude."

I had been through Mother's methods since I started in show business as a kid, but nothing like this!

"If you'd been the right kind of daughter, you would have helped me," Mother said. Then she became more cheerful. "Well, anyway, there's nothing left to worry about. Nothing got damaged but a few old trees and that trailer of Mrs. Smith's. And the body's buried away just as nice as you could ask for. The . . ."

"No!" The word burst from me. "But—who—helped you?"

"Why, no one." Mother sounded a little hurt that I thought she needed help. "I just waited until everybody was quiet. Then I got out of the car by the back door and found the shovel. I dug a nice hole. Then I started the fire before I went back for the corpse."

"Did any one see you?"

"See me when?"

"When you were burying the body," I said as patiently as my trembling voice would allow.

Mother stopped walking for a moment. "You know," she said slowly, "I did think some one was following me. It was when I was pulling the wagon over the bumps. . ."

"What wagon?"

"Why, little Johnny's wagon. You know, the nice family that lives next door to us."

"Why that wagon, Mother?"

"Well, we don't own one, and you certainly didn't expect me to carry that corpse over my shoulder, did you?"

BY morning the last fireman had left and the trailer camp settled down to sleep again. The smell of burnt brush and chemicals coming from the woods was like a badly kept Turkish bath, but my nose had been subjected to such a variety of odors during the past week that it was losing its sensitivity.

Biff started laughing. "Boy, this is one for the book!"

His laugh sounded dirty to me. I glanced up from the coffee-pot, and that made him laugh louder.

"Punkin, you ought to see yourself," he said. "You lost half your eyebrows."

I don't see anything funny about that. I had lost half my eyebrows and my bangs were singed. Not only that: my hair was gray with smoke. So were my clothes.

"Punkin, the Personality Girl of the Old Opera, making breakfast!" Biff said it comfortably. He settled back in the chair and lit two cigarettes, one for me.

I hadn't had a chance to tell Biff about Mother's excursion into the woods, and now he looked so pleased with life in general that I didn't have the heart to spoil things. Not until we'd had our coffee, anyway. We hadn't been married long enough for me to say, "Look, dear. Mother did the darnedest thing. She set fire to the woods so she could bury the body."

As far as that goes, we hadn't been married at all. Not if you want to be technical about it. We had a deep-sea captain say the right words, and I wore the ring on the right finger, but since the night of our marriage we hadn't been alone for five minutes.

"Punkin, what were you thinking about?"

"Honest? Or can I color it a little?"

"Honest," Biff said.

"I was thinking if this is living in sin it's overrated." When Biff smiles he's rather handsome.

Then I heard the car drive up with a screeching of brakes. It was our car, and Corny scrambled out. His pajamas were wrinkled, but I was glad to see that he had on the bottoms even if they didn't match the tops. His eyes were bleary.

"Where've you been?" Biff asked.

"Where do you think I'd be?" Corny said. "I went into town and had me a couple of snorts!"

"You've got a helluva nerve taking our car out when you're drinking," I said.

Then I saw that Corny wasn't alone. A man was getting out of the driver's seat of the car. He was the biggest man I'd ever seen.

Biff poured him a drink. The man had that kind of face. You wanted to drink with him even before you knew him.

"Kinda early for actors to be up, ain't it?"

His voice was exactly what I'd expected. It was big and boomy. He looked and sounded like a perfect ad for Texas. He pulled up a camp chair and sat facing Biff. "This is the most excitement Ysleta's had since I been sheriff. A fire and actors all at once."

The sheriff took the drink from Biff and downed it.

"Do you want a chaser?" I asked.

Biff didn't give him a chance to answer. "Chaser," he said, digging up a gag from the bottom of the trunk. "Nothing can catch that last one."

Suddenly the sheriff stood up. He sauntered over to the trailer and peered through the screen door.

"All them folks in there actors?" he asked, as though such a thing were impossible. Then he wrinkled up his nose. "Boy, they sure do stink!"

Biff hurried over and tried to explain the odor. "Oh, that's Evangie's asthma powder. That's my mother-in-law and she's got . . ."

"Whatever she's got," the sheriff interrupted, "we bury 'em in Texas when they smell better'n that."

Biff raised one eyebrow. "That's my gag," he said. "I broke it in at the Gaiety."

The sheriff smiled. He walked back to me and scribbled a name and number on a piece of paper.

"That's Dr. Gonzales' number. He's got some kind of injections for asthma. Allergies, I think he calls 'em."

Before I had time to read the number, the sheriff took the paper away from me. "Here," he said. "I'll put my number down, too, just in case you need me."

I glanced at the paper without seeing the names or the numbers. Why, I thought, would the sheriff think we needed him?

Biff offered him a lift into town.

"Nope," he said. "Like to walk when I get the chance. Speaking of driving, though, better not let this friend of yours at the wheel any more. He busted hell outa the rear end of your car." The sheriff looked Corny over from head to foot. It wasn't a love look. "He's a little too mouthy for the size of him, anyway."

BIFF and I waited until the sheriff was out of sight before we examined the car. Not only was the rear end smashed but the trailer hitch was snapped off.

"Some drunk backed into me," Corny said insolently.

"What did he mean about your big mouth?" Biff asked.

Corny didn't answer right away. He looked at me and grinned. "Ask her," he said, tossing a thumb in my direction.

"I ain't asking anybody but you." Biff was calm, but his eyes were getting blacker every second. "What's more, I don't like your attitude. Pack your toothbrush, funny boy."

My first feeling was that it was almost worth while. If it took a corpse and a brush fire to get rid of that sponger, I'd sit still for both. My second feeling wasn't so easy. Corny's lips had turned up in a smile. He rocked back and forth on his unsteady legs.

"You mean you want me to leave this happy little group?" he asked. "Well, brother, you are asking the wrong guy." He turned to go into the trailer and, as an afterthought, he patted me one on the back. "Ask your dear little Mother what she was doing during the fire," he said.

Biff grabbed him by the seat of his pajamas before

Corny knew what happened to him. He pulled him off the step and shook him around.

"Apologize to my wife!" Biff said.

I've always dreamed of a moment like that. The dialogue was usually, "Unhand that woman!" In my dreams I had rehearsed myself to go into a womanly act, but when I came face to face with the scene, I didn't know whether to frown with dignity or smile with generosity. I took the middle road.

"You're both nuts," I said and walked away.

Of all the people in the world, Cliff Corny Cobb would be the one to see Mother bury the body.

"Maybe he didn't, though" I said aloud. "After all, he was walking in the other direction, or he wouldn't have found the car. He did go into the village, or he wouldn't have met the sheriff."

I FELT in my pocket for the scrap of paper with the sheriff's name and address on it, then continued arguing with myself: "I think we'd better talk this over with him right now."

Biff interrupted me. "What's with the solo back here?"

"I was talking to myself," I said. "Look, honey. Let's go into town right now and get the car fixed. I'd like to get out of this town, and quick."

"It'll take three or four days," the garage man said when he looked at the car. "Gotta be welded, you know."

Biff asked him if there was a bar in town. The mechanic pointed a greasy hand to the side street.

A bar? There was nothing but bars: the Blinking Pup, the Red Mill, the Last Hole. As far as I could see the signs read **BAR** and **BEER**.

"Any other industries in Ysleta?" Biff asked.

The mechanic finally got the joke. "Hah!" he said. "It's because we're so close to the border. Lots of tourists want a nightcap when the bridge to Mexico closes. Closed up tighter than a drum over there."

We picked out one of the livelier-looking bars, the Happy Hour, and stopped in for a beer. Six tired chorus girls were doing a floor-show routine. We looked around the saloon. There wasn't a customer in the place, unless you could count us and one very dark little man who sat alone in a booth near the stage. He had a split of champagne in front of him and not once during the girls' routine did he look up.

"Is this the beginning of a new day," Biff asked the bartender, "or is it a leftover from last night?"

The bartender shrugged his shoulders. "Guess it's a rehearsal. I'm a stranger here myself."

I looked back to the floor show. The girls were making a rose with their fans. The only way I recognized it as a fan is that in burlesque we did the same routine. The rose was at the bud stage when a piece of pink cheesecloth emerged from the side of the stage.

Biff had always been considered the Casanova of burlesque. I took that into consideration when I married him, and we were usually running into his ex-flames. But I never expected to find one under a piece of cheesecloth in Ysleta, Texas! Certainly not Joyce Janice.

Biff stared at the dancer with his mouth half open. Then he grinned at her, finally at me. "It's a small world, ain't it?" he asked when Joyce tossed her brassiere on the piano.

I waited until she threw her G string into the tuba to answer. "Indeed it is," I replied.

We had been too busy watching the show to see the little dark man get up from the booth. He stood next to Biff with a cigar in his mouth. The cigar was unlit, and the little man rocked back and forth.

"You like-a the show?" he asked.

Biff watched the man pull a cardcase from his yellow vest, and he stared at the man's hands. I didn't blame him for that. They were brown hands, and black hairs grew in little mountains on each knuckle.

"I own-a thees place," the man said while Biff read the card.

I looked over Biff's shoulder. FRANCISCO CULIBACTO, the card read, DEALER IN FINE PERFUMES, LINENS, LIQUORS.

"I gotta getta me some new cards," the man explained, "now that I'm-a in the show business."

The new impresario watched me smile woodenly at



Joyce. Biff was walking slowly over in her direction. "She's-a good, eh?"

"If you like that sort of thing," I replied coldly.

I was too busy wondering about my husband-of-a-week and if I wouldn't have been smarter to point the trailer toward Reno. He was almost a part of the floor show, waving his arms like a windmill and pointing to the empty stool next to us.

"You can send a card backstage, ya know," I said.

But Biff was too far away by then. And when he came back, all he said was, "She's coming over for a drink."

The clock said three-five when Biff tore himself away. We didn't speak while he settled the check. We didn't speak while we bought the groceries. The walk to the trailer camp was silent, too.

It wasn't that I was jealous or—oh, well, I may as well admit it. I was jealous, and annoyed, and my feet hurt and my head ached. It certainly wasn't the time to tell Biff about Mother, but I did. He looked too complacent. Why should I be the only one to worry?

"Oh, by the way," I said casually, "Mother wants you to dig a deeper hole. She buried the body."

We walked on a few feet. Biff had a complacent gleam in his eye.

"She set fire to the woods. I think that's what Corny meant when he said . . ."

We walked on a few feet more before Biff stopped—so suddenly that he almost lost his balance.

"She what?"

I grabbed the box of eggs from him just in time.

GEE GEE and Mandy were playing cards when we got home.

"Where's Mother?" I asked.

Gee Gee tossed a finger toward the burned trailer, and I saw Mother. She was walking with her arm around the woman who had been crying the night before.

"That's Mrs. Mamie Smith," Gee Gee said. "Her husband died, and she used his insurance money to buy the trailer. Well, when the poor old dame gets burned out, your mother makes room for her with us."

"Where were you, dear?" Mother asked happily. Before I had a chance to tell her, she thrust Mrs. Smith under my nose, introduced her, and then whispered, "She's had so much trouble, Louise. Be nice to her."

It would have been difficult to be otherwise. Mrs. Smith looked as if she'd had trouble.

I told Mrs. Smith that we were very happy to have her with us until she could find more comfortable quarters, and she burst out crying.

"You've all been so wonderful to me," she sobbed.

Mother led Mamie into the trailer and Cliff piled out the back door.

"Can't a guy get any sleep around here?" he complained as he fell into a chair.

He was hung-over but not remorseful. I didn't ask him about the broken hitch; I knew he'd lie about it, regardless. But I did ask him how he found the sheriff.

"He was hanging around the bar, and when I had trouble getting the car started, he said he'd drive me. I thought you might want to see him. I'm sure he'd be

interested in what your mother was doing with that shovel last night."

He produced a bottle from some place and poured himself a stiff drink.

"It'd look like hell in the papers, wouldn't it?" he asked quietly.

"What'd look like hell in what papers?" Biff asked.

Corny didn't answer. He didn't have to. I knew the answer.

Biff took my arm firmly. "Come on, Gyps. We're going to the village again."

The sheriff was in and he was hospitable. He said he was glad to see us, and dragged up chairs for us. Then he leaned back and stroked his chin while Bill came clean with the story.

"Did you recognize the body?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," Biff said. "He was our best man."

The sheriff thought that meant that we had known him all our lives, so we had to go through the whole story of our water-taxi wedding: how we found the best man in a saloon, how we picked up the captain in another saloon, where we got the boat, and everything.

"And so some one steals the corpse, carries it to the woods, pours gasoline on it, and sets it afire, eh?"

I knew what was going through Biff's head. It was going through mine, too. The solution sounded good. We hadn't said it. The sheriff said it. If he wanted to reconstruct the scene to please himself, why should we break it up?

"No," Biff said slowly. "Gyp's mother, Evangie . . ."

"Mother set fire to the woods." I said it quickly, before I could change my mind. "Mother did it so she could bury the body. She wouldn't have poured gasoline on it, though. Mother wouldn't do a thing like that."

The sheriff raised an eyebrow. "If anybody but an actor told me a story like that, I wouldn't believe it," he said. "Even with actors, I find it hard to swallow. Why should your mother go to all that bother when none of you knew the corpse? Why didn't you ask those four friends of yours about it? And why didn't you tell me about it this morning when I was out there? How could a woman carry a body like that? What kind of woman could lift it, let alone carry it almost five hundred feet?"

"She put it in a wagon," I said. "You didn't expect her to carry it over her shoulder, did you?"

"And the reason she didn't want to tell the police was because she didn't want Gyp to have all that bad publicity," Biff said. "Evangie's got a strange way of justifying things. Hell's bells, the guy was dead. There was nothing we could do about that. Then why tell the bunch that's traveling with us? Telling them would be like broadcasting it over a national hook-up."

"In other words," the sheriff said, "you condone this act of your mother-in-law's?"

"Not exactly," Biff replied. "But she is my mother-in-law. I gotta stick by her, don't I? And she really was doing it for Punkin and me."

The sheriff got to his feet slowly.

"Think you could find the burial place?" he asked me.

"I know the general direction," I said.

The sheriff looked at Biff and me for a moment.

"Well, come on," he said. "Let's go take a look at where your mother buried that body of hers."

The sheriff drove right to Mrs. Smith's burned trailer, then jumped out and walked on ahead. We followed him. The ground was hot from the fire. Here the grass was charred and still smoking in places. Ahead, I saw the disturbed grave. The shallow hole was empty.

"Looks like a woman's idea of a deep hole," the sheriff said.

Biff stood near him and peered into the hole. They reached for the white square of linen at the same time.

The sheriff was quicker. He held a handkerchief in his hands. It was a plain white handkerchief, the kind you buy in drugstores for a dime. He shoved it into his pocket before I could see if it was large or small, before I could see if it had a laundry mark on it. Not that I know one laundry mark from another, but I was anxious to know about the handkerchief found in that grave. It was clean. I had an idea it had been dropped there since the fire. Mother's handkerchiefs were gaily colored. They were very small.

Biff was looking farther into the woods.

"Look!" he said.

The sheriff and I looked. A six-by-two mound is unmistakable. The dirt that formed the mound was fresh. Even from a distance of several feet I could see that it was damp. Biff and the sheriff set to work on it.

My eyes were pressed together so tightly that I saw green lights, then red lights. I put my hands to my eyes and pushed the thumbs tightly against the center of my nose. I thought I knew what they were going to find.

Biff said, "Well, I'll be double damned!" He waited a moment. Then, "This ain't our corpse at all!"

"Naturally," the sheriff said calmly. "Yours is at the morgue."

I OPENED my eyes and saw Biff holding the coat of a very dead man. Slumped way down in the coat I saw the bulge of the body. I looked more closely and saw the handle of a butcher knife sticking out of the man's back.

Biff let the body fall back into the overturned grave, and the dead man's face stared up at me.

"Some one must have smashed it in," I heard Biff say.

"Wish you hadn't been so quick in handling it," the sheriff said. He knelt down and examined the clothes of the dead man. The lining of the coat was torn, the pockets were turned inside out.

"Stripped clean," the sheriff said.

"Some one did that so you couldn't identify him?"

The sheriff didn't answer me. "Call Doc Gonzales," he said. "That's the number I gave you this morning. Tell the doc to get over here right away. And tell him to pick up a couple of the boys. Biff and I'll wait."

I vaguely remember running through the woods and calling the doctor. When I hung up I braced myself against the wall.

Then I saw Gee Gee. Her face was white and drawn.

"Did they find him?" she asked.

"Biff and the sheriff . . ." I stammered. "We were out in the woods . . ."

"I--saw it, Gyp," she said. "I saw it in the bathtub yes-

terday. Oh, Gypsy, what'll I do?" She started crying softly. "What'll I do?"

Gee Gee buried her face in her hands and began moaning. "I wanted to tell somebody, but every time I got the nerve something'd happen to me and I'd get scared again. I—I knew him, Gyp."

"You couldn't have," I said.

"Yes, I did," Gee Gee insisted. "He used to hang around backstage at the Burbank, selling phony perfume. Gus, he called himself. He unloaded some of his stuff on me, and did I put up a beef! I give him a bad name before the whole company. Then one night he grabs me, right by the stage door. Says I better pipe down about the perfume or it's curtains for me. I says, Sure, sure. So what do you think? He hands me sort of a long cigarette, and skips. And then, who walks by but Benny the trumpet player. Remember?"

I nodded. A gangly guy, odd and nasty.

"Well," Gee Gee went on, "Benny takes one look and whoops, 'Reefing, eh?' With every cop in town after him, Gus had slipped me a marijuana! Me! So I tips off the Narcotic Squad—like a jerk. And from then on I get no peace. Phone calls, guys stopping me on the street—'Leave Gus alone. He's bad medicine.'"

She began crying again. I put my arms around her and patted her shoulder.

"Look, honey," I said. "Tell the cops the whole story. When they know who he was and what he was, they'll probably pin a medal on you for killing him."

Gee Gee pushed me away from her. "But I didn't!" she said hoarsely. "That's why I was afraid to tell anybody his body was in the trailer. I knew they'd think I done it and, so help me, I haven't seen him since that night backstage."

I believed her.

"Look," I said. "The sheriff thinks we know the guy you call Gus. We knew him as George; he was our best man. If you go to him now and say it isn't George, it's Gus, the sheriff might think something funny is going on. I don't think anybody could tell who the second corpse is, so we don't have to worry about him. Why tell the sheriff about Gus? If you didn't kill him, why let yourself in for something?"

Gee Gee listened closely. Her head was nodding up and down like one of those counterbalanced doll heads.

"Think you have enough nerve to keep it to yourself?" I asked.

"Gee, Gyp, I don't know . . . I don't know . . ."

As Gee Gee and I approached our trailer, Mother closed the bedroom door and started down the steps. She carried a small carelessly wrapped package in her hand. When I called out to her, she slipped it into her apron pocket.

"Why, hello," she said gaily. "Where have you been?"

Gee Gee flopped down into one of the camp chairs; she let her head sink in her hands.

"Biff and I went to see the sheriff," I said. "We went out to the grave and . . ."

Mother looked at me for a long moment. "Well?" she asked.

"We found a body. Not our body; but another one."



"Please stop calling it *our* body," Mother said petulantly. "It sounds so—so possessive. How do you know it wasn't ours, anyway?"

"They dug that one up last night," I said. "This new one has a knife in its back. And no face."

Mother changed her tone. "Well, let's go see if we can help the sheriff."

When we arrived at the burial place Mother leaned over the grave. The sheriff, hat in hand, stood next to her.

"I can't say for sure if I know him or not," Mother said. "I don't know who it *could* be. When Louise told me he had no face I didn't believe her."

"Louise?" the sheriff asked.

"That's my daughter," Mother said. "Gypsy is a stage name, a *burlesque* stage name. I cried for days when she went into that awful theater . . ." Mother started crying again at the very thought of it. She leaned her head on the sheriff's chest and let herself go.

The sheriff began to pat Mother's tousled head. Then he caught himself. With a quick glance to see if we had been watching him, he pulled his hand away.

"I think you should go back to the trailer," the sheriff said.

"No," Mother said with a great effort. "My duty is here, with my child." She braced herself and threw back her head bravely. With a quick, almost birdlike motion, she reached for a square of white linen the sheriff held in his hand.

The sheriff wasn't birdlike but he was quicker. He put the handkerchief back into his pocket.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "We found this in the grave, and it might be a clue. There may be a laundry mark or something on it."

Mother reached into her own pocket for a handkerchief and I found myself staring at the pocket. It was empty. I remembered Mother hiding a small package in her pocket when we left the trailer. The package was gone.

Mother smiled at me. Her eyes were very blue. There wasn't a trace of worry in them.

Her mouth framed the words, "Leave it to me."

Mamie Smith was stirring white henna and soap flakes when we got back and listening to Gee Gee and Dimples trying to decide how blonde Gee Gee should be.

"My, how I would love to see you girls act on the stage," Mamie said. "When I think you're all actors and actresses I get so excited I don't know what I'm doing. Me, Mamie Smith, travelling with a show troupe! No one in Watova would ever believe it."

"Watova?" Dimples stared at her. "Where in hell is that? Europe?"

"Watova is where I was born," Mamie said with pride. "It's eight miles south of Oologah."

Dimples relaxed. "Now I know," she said.

Mrs. Smith beamed on her. "I'll bet you're a big hit on the stage," Mamie said. "You must be beautiful when you're dressed up."

Dimples narrowed her eyes. "Are you trying to kid somebody?" she asked.

THAT night we all decided we needed to relax, so Biff borrowed a car from a trailer neighbor and we started to town. The Happy Hour was our first stop. It was very gay and colorful. The neon signs and the blinking lights reminded me of a Mulberry Street festival. But even with all that, there was something about the place I didn't like, something unhealthy. We each had a double rye and Joyce was just going into her number, the same routine Biff and I had caught at the rehearsal, when I saw Cullucio standing at my side, one hand resting on our table.

He chuckled softly to himself.

"The boys don't think so much of her around here," Cullucio said casually, nodding at Joyce.

The rhinestone G string made a pinging noise as it hit the tuba. I knew it was the end of the number without Mamie's gasp.

She jumped up from the table and walked toward the door with the word *LADIES* over it.

Mother picked up her pin-seal Boston bag and followed her.

"Whassa matter?" Cullucio asked. "They don't like-a the show?"

"It isn't that," I lied glibly. "It's only that Mrs. Smith has never been in a saloon before."

"Saloon?" Cullucio snapped. "I call this a theater-restaurant." His cold eyes settled on me. His teeth clamped down on the cigar. He drew out a chair and sat next to me.

A waiter came over with a trayful of liquor. He looked like George Raft and smiled like him.

"New man," Cullucio snapped. "My regular waiter didn't show up."

Biff came in with the sheriff and the two of them proceeded to arrange themselves comfortably in the chairs and ignored the boss of the Happy Hour.

"This joint sure does a helluva business," Biff said to no one in particular. "Yes, sir, I'll take a pup out of this any day."

CULLUCIO leaned forward. I thought he was watching the dancers on the floor. Then I saw that his eyes were following Mother.

She and Mamie were returning from the ladies' room and Mother was smiling broadly. She had powdered her face and she looked lovely. The sheriff thought so, too. He almost knocked over my chair getting to his feet. Mother loved it.

Joyce, posed in the stage entrance, waved at Biff and in a moment she was at our table. She plunked herself into a chair next to Biff. It wasn't quite close enough to please her, so she wriggled around until the chair was almost in Biff's lap.

"You left this in the ladies' room, dear," Joyce said to Mother.

She showed Mother a carelessly wrapped package. It was the same package I had seen Mother take from the trailer, the package I missed when we were standing beside the grave.

"Oh," Mother said as she reached for it, "it must have dropped from my bag."

Joyce leaned over and smiled sweetly at Mother.

"Could be," she said coyly. "Only I found it in the bottom of the towel hamper."

Mother snatched the package from Joyce.

"I wanted to show you this," she said to the sheriff. "I bought it in Nogales yesterday," Mother was saying in an almost too-cultured tone. "You see, I sleep in the car alone. Sometimes I get frightened. I haven't wanted to alarm the children, but since we arrived in this town two men have followed me constantly. I was a little nervous about it."

Mother uncovered a small gun. It was so small it looked like a toy. It had a pearl handle and the business end couldn't have been more than an inch long.

Mother handed it to the sheriff. He bent the little gun in a way that made it appear as if it were broken.

Four tiny pellets rolled out into his hand. He examined the bullets, then the gun.

"Been fired twice," he said softly.

"Oh, I tried it out," Mother said. "That's the way I am. Anything new, and I have to try it out right away. A little gun like this couldn't *really* kill a man, could it?"

The sheriff hesitated a moment. "Well," he said, "I don't know if it would kill him or not, but if you hit him in the right place it'd sure make him mad."

Joyce laughed boisterously. "I never knew you could be so funny, Hankie."

I turned away to giggle, and as I did I could see two men standing behind Mother's chair at the back of the room. They were whispering to each other. Mother caught my eye and turned around. The two men opened a door with a sign *OFFICE* over it and went in.

"Those are the men!" Mother said. Her face was very white and she clutched the tablecloth. "Those men have been following me. They went into that room."

Cullucio jumped to his feet. "In that room?" he asked. "Impossible! That's my private office." He pushed his way through the crowded saloon and, taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the door of his office.

"Are you sure they are the same men?" the sheriff asked.

Mother didn't have time to answer. Cullucio had opened the door and was on the way back to our table. His dark face was wreathed in smiles.

"Nobody in there," he said casually. "You must have thought you saw some one. Maybe they went in that other door."

Biff turned to Cullucio. "You got a great little show here," he said, "but have you ever thought of putting in a couple comics?"

Cullucio leaned back in his chair and put his thumbs through his lucite suspenders. He was business man enough to know when he was being sold a bill of goods.

"I can't afford to pay much money," he said. "This business we're doing tonight, well, it's unusual."

Where, I thought, have I heard that before?

But that didn't bother Biff. He beamed at Cullucio with the warmth of some one about to confer a great favor. "I'll get you Cliff Corny Cobb and Mandy Hill," he said, "and the price will be right."

"I'll see 'em in my office tomorrow," Cullucio said, tossing his thumb toward the direction of the door with OFFICE printed above it. Under the OFFICE sign I saw another, OFFICIO. Cullucio wasn't taking any chances on having his sanctum mistaken for the men's room.

Biff danced with Mamie; the sheriff with Mother. Joyce wandered off. I was alone with Francisco Cullucio.

"Maybe you like to work here, too," he said after the surly waiter put more drinks on the table.

"I don't know," I said. "But if you're looking for a stripper, I know some one who'd fill the bill."

I glanced over at Dimples and Gee Gee. I couldn't make up my mind which one to throw to the wolf.

"Her name is Dimples Darling," I said finally. "She's billed as the Queen of Quiver."

Cullucio's knee was pressing against mine.

"If she's a friend of yours, I put her to work," he said, meaningfully.

Mother and the sheriff returned to the table. The orchestra had gone into a conga, and they were both a little out of breath from dancing.

"Tomorrow, then, Evangie?" the sheriff whispered as he helped Mother into her chair.

"Tomorrow, Hank," Mother said.

The air was certainly full of June.

Mother picked up her purse and fumbled around for her asthma cigarettes. The conga had been too much for her, I knew. The instant she put it to her lips, Cullucio was on hand with a cigarette lighter. Mother inhaled the pungent smoke. As she exhaled her breathing became easier.

Cullucio leaned over the table and watched her intently. He dipped the end of his cigar in his liquor before he put it to his mouth, but he didn't light it. Instead, he suddenly got to his feet, turned on his heel, and left.

"Well," Mother said, "if he isn't rude! You'd think he'd have said good night or something."

I was thinking too hard to answer her. I wondered what I could have said to anger him. I couldn't for the life of me remember. Mother's cubeb smoke was getting heavier. It was a sticky sweet-smelling smoke like . . .

"Like Benny, the trumpet player," I said aloud.

"Who?" Mother asked politely.

"No wonder he was upset," I said. "He thought you were smoking a marijuana."

"A marinello?" Mother gasped. "Have you lost your senses?"

I shook my head. "No, Mother; I just had a flash. I think I know why Biff wants Cliff and Mandy to play the Happy Hour saloon. He wants an excuse to hang around."

CULLUCIO hired the bunch before we left. He needed talent. He took Cliff and Mandy, Gee Gee and Dimples. So of course we all turned up at the Happy Hour the night they opened. Mandy and I walked over to that gaudy saloon entrance. We wanted to see the billing. Cullucio had certainly splurged in his adjectives. According to him, his new actors were "colossal, supersensational, terrific."

"The Minsky Brothers will get the shock of their lives when they find that out," Mandy said.

Biff and I sat alone at the bar, having our beers. I was glad of that. It was the first chance I'd had to talk with him in hours.

"Biff, I was thinking. I'm glad every one knows everything now. It's a load off my mind. All but one thing: Did Gee Gee mention anything to you about Gus? About him being a fence, I mean, and a dope peddler?"

"Yeah," Biff said, "and I figure it's a good idea to let the sheriff in on it. I think Hank's our best bet. Tell him everything and we can't go wrong."

I was agreeing with Biff heartily when the swinging doors were thrown open and I saw Hank enter the saloon. He stood for an instant looking around the room, then his eyes settled on us.

"I was looking for you," he said. He didn't take off his hat. His manner seemed less cordial than before.

"Let's take a walk. We'll walk over to my office," he added casually. Not casually enough to please me, though. It was almost midnight, and midnight is no time to get friendly with police officers.

Not that Hank was being very friendly. The walk to the office was a silent one.

Quite a ways out, we passed one house larger than the others. A battered car was parked in front of it. Next to the license plate was a green enamel plaque with a white cross on it.

"That's Doc Gonzales' house," the sheriff said.

WHEN we entered his office he arranged two chairs for Biff and me. Then he seated himself behind his roll-top desk. He opened a drawer at his right and placed a cardboard box on the desk. It looked like a shoebox. "I guess you know what's in that box," the sheriff said slowly.

Biff laughed. "Well, I know it isn't a bottle or you'd have had it opened before this."

The sheriff didn't laugh. But he did open the box. He placed the tiny pearl-handled gun in front of Biff.

"That gun was purchased eight days ago in San Diego," he said slowly. His eyes were cold, his mouth firm. "It was bought in a pawnshop," the sheriff said, "for twelve dollars. It wasn't bought by Mrs. Lee. It was bought by Gee Gee Graham."

Biff's face fell into the stupidest expression. Maybe mine did, too. Only the sheriff's words didn't surprise me particularly. Had I been in Gee Gee's shoes I would have bought a gun.

"I've had a complete report on all of you from the Los Angeles police," the sheriff said. "I know, for instance, that Miss Graham not only knew Gus Grange, the murdered man, but she had reason to fear for her life at his hands."

"You probably won't believe this," Biff said, "but we were fixing to tell you all that as soon as we could get in touch with you. Another thing we had to mention was that Evangie thinks she recognized the handkerchief. She thinks it belongs to Cliff Corny Cobb. But it's too coincidental that the handkerchief fell out of Corny's pocket. I think some one planted it there deliberately. This isn't an amateur's murder, and you know it. The guy who's responsible for those two corpses is a guy that's broken in his act and played it plenty."

The sheriff stood up. His expression hadn't softened.

"I know you're all actors," he said. "If I didn't, I might pay a little attention to that talk of yours. Now, get this straight. I'm not arresting anybody, not yet, anyway. You can't leave town, so don't try. I'm coming out to Restful Grove tomorrow and I'm questioning each and every one of you. One more lie, or one more evasion of the truth, and I lock you all up."

He opened the door for Biff and me. My legs felt a little weak, but I used them to get out of that office in a hurry. The sheriff closed the door behind us loudly. Biff and I kept walking.

Suddenly Biff seized my arm. "Listen!" he whispered. There was the sound of a car starting up, the whir of a powerful motor. We stopped walking and listened closely. From one of the houses there was the click of a door lock falling in place. The beam of the headlights



lit up and a low cream-colored roadster sped down the driveway and into the street. It was headed toward the saloon district. It had left the doctor's driveway.

The strip of light that had been shining from under the doctor's window disappeared as Biff and I stared at the house.

"Did you get a look at the guy who was driving the car?" Biff asked.

It was Francisco Cullucio.

NEXT morning the sheriff and his men were out to the camp early. He set up shop in the trailer office and began to question each of us separately. It was almost two hours before he sent for me. Two hours of watching one after the other walk across the field to the office; two hours of waiting for the door to open and watching one more of our troupe walk slowly back to the trailer.

The shades were partly drawn in the small hot room.

The sheriff motioned for me to sit across the table from him.

"Here's something that might interest you," I said. "Last night, when Biff and I left your charming office, we walked back toward the saloon section. When we passed the doctor's house we heard a car start up. Cullucio was driving it. He was in a hurry, too, and he had been calling on the doctor."

"And how do you know that?" the sheriff said slowly. "He could have been calling next door, couldn't he?"

"Yes," I agreed ungraciously. I didn't like the interruption and, most of all, I didn't like the smile on the sheriff's face. "Only, at the moment he left, the doctor's lights went out and Biff and I heard him lock his door. Cullucio isn't the type to pay a social call at almost one in the morning. He couldn't look healthier, so what's he doing visiting a doctor? A doctor who's a close friend, obviously, of the local law? Of course, you probably know all about it, but the Happy Hour is certainly not a very choice spot. The boss is hardly the sort to get chummy with the law."

I took a cigarette from the package in my pocket and lit it slowly. I was feeling pleased with myself. I liked the look of astonishment on Hank's face, too.

"Maybe I'll explain one or two points," Hank said. "We're right on the border here in Ysleta. A few years back they used to allow gambling on the other side. That brought in a bad element and, even though we've worked hand in glove with the Mexican government, it seems we can't get rid of that element. Tourists flock around here during the season to see these places. During the last few months a new menace has cropped up. It's a dope racket. The difficult part is that the dope is grown right here in Texas. Loco weed, the natives call it. The proper name is marijuana."

"Reefers!" I said. As I spoke I could almost see Gee Gee's face when she was telling me about Gus.

"Yes," the sheriff replied. "If it were just marijuana, it wouldn't be so bad, but most folks say the danger in smoking these cigarettes is that, after a while, people become immune to its influence. Then they take up cocaine, and from there it's only a step to heroin."

"You oughta write a book about it," I said.

"I have," the sheriff replied. "The head of the Narcotic Division in Austin traced the source of supply to my section," he went on, his bushy eyebrows drawing together in a frown. "I followed a lead as far as the Happy Hour. Then I lost it. I've watched every employee. Nothing incriminating about any of 'em. Yet I know for a fact that some one at the Happy Hour is responsible for part of this dope peddling."

He sighed heavily. His fingers drummed on the table before him.

"Now, these murders," he continued. "They must be mixed up with that business in some way."

His hands were still now. Then he pounded on the table until I thought it was going to break into splinters.

"But I'll find the guilty one," he said.

"Well, don't look at me, brother," I said. "I just got in town."

"I know," the sheriff said. "So did the corpse. I'm telling you all this because that's a mighty suspicious crew you have there. And if you know anything else that will help clear them, you might tell it to me faster after you've thought about all this."

Then he dismissed me. For the time being, he added hastily. When I returned to the trailer they told me Biff had gone for the papers. The others were playing cards. I suddenly wanted to go after Biff. I knew something was going to happen and, whatever it was, I didn't want to be alone when it did.

Then Mother called to me from the trailer and her voice sounded urgent. "Is that you, Louise?" she asked.

She opened the bedroom door and stood on the top step. Her face was swollen and tired-looking.

"What did the sheriff say to you?" she asked. "Did he say anything about me?"

I've never seen Mother look so ill.

"He didn't ask me anything new," I said soothingly, "just the usual thing. Certainly nothing to upset you."

Mother pushed me away. Her face was crimson. Small beads of sweat covered her forehead.

"You're lying!" she shrieked. "Everybody's been lying to me right along. Even my own daughter is against me!"

Great blue veins stood out on Mother's neck. Her eyes searched my face frantically. When I tried to hold her, she swung her arms about. Her fingers were like claws as they clutched at the air.

Mandy jumped to his feet, upsetting the cards, and ran over to Mother and tried to help me hold her, but Mother scratched at him and pounded his arm with her fist. Mandy drew away and looked around helplessly.

Gee Gee and Dimples were frozen to the spot. So was Mamie. They didn't try to hold Mother back as she ran toward the office.

"I've got to talk to him again!" she screamed. "I've got to tell him everything before it's too late!"

Gee Gee grabbed my arm and held it tightly. "Let her get it off her chest," she said. "Maybe she really does know something."

"Let go of me," I heard myself say. "She's sick. Can't you see that?"

I wrenched my arm away from Gee Gee and ran toward the office. When I was still a hundred yards from it, I

saw the door close behind Mother. I ran faster until I could feel the knob under my fingers. I turned it and tried to open the door. It was locked.

"Let me in!" I screamed. "She doesn't know what she's doing. Don't listen to her."

The door remained closed. I ran around to the side of the cabin and pounded with both fists on the window. There was no answer. I beat on the windowsill until my hands felt raw. The rough wood of the sill left splinters on my knuckles and a broken fingernail hung loosely from the cuticle.

Then I heard the door open. I ran around the small building and into the room.

Mother stood at the door. The sheriff and two men stood near her.

"You're too late, Louise." Mother was calm, too calm. It was as though she were in a trance. "I've told them everything. I couldn't keep quiet any longer. They would have found out anyway, and I think it's better this way."

Mother smiled up at the sheriff. It was a sad little smile that made my heart skip a beat.

"Shall we go now?" she asked in a small childlike voice. "No one will blame me for killing them when they know the truth," she said simply.

The sheriff took Mother's arm and helped her to his car. She waved to me as she sat next to him in the front seat. She went on waving to me until the car was out of sight.

BIFF shoved the truck into gear and raced toward the main road.

"Pull yourself together, Punkin," he said. He had said it many times before. It wasn't the repetition that annoyed me; it was the coaxing note in his voice.

"I tell you he forced the confession from her," I said.

"You were right outside the door," Biff said patiently.

"Evangie was in there for five minutes, no longer. How could anybody force anything out of her in five minutes? No, I got two ways of looking at that confession. One is that she did it because she thought you killed the guys . . ."

"Me?"

"You don't have to be so dumfounded about it. She's got plenty of reasons for thinking that. The handkerchief the sheriff found had your name on it. So I know about all the laundry being sent out with your name, but the sheriff didn't know it. We told him, that's all. She might wonder why you didn't admit knowing Gus. You played the Burbank Theater."

"Well, the gun wasn't mine. And if Mother would think that just because I'd played the Burbank I'd know Gus, then she'd think that all of us knew him."

"Right now I'm talking about you," Biff said. "The cops don't know your sweet, sunny disposition. They want a murderer. Your mother gets frightened and gives 'em one. That's the way it goes, if she didn't kill the guys herself; but you'll have to admit that her killing 'em is the easiest thing to believe. Why didn't she want us to call the cops? Why did she want to bury the body and drive away? She recognized the handkerchief with a

quick glance. How? Gyp, I hate to say it, but I've got the damndest feeling that she knew about that second corpse. I don't say she killed him, mind you, but . . ."

"But you think she did."

Biff leaned forward and concentrated strictly on his driving. The sudden silence made me want to scream.

"You think my mother is a murderer," I said.

Biff drove on silently, and I looked out the dusty window at the monotonous view ahead.

"It wouldn't be hard for her to plead insanity, ya know," Biff said slowly. "It might be better than self-defense, at that."

We had reached the outskirts of the town, and Biff slowed down. The traffic signs read: TWENTY MILES AN HOUR. DRIVE SLOW AND SEE OUR TOWN. DRIVE FAST AND SEE OUR JAIL.

Biff chuckled. "Fast or slow, it's all the same with us."

A second sign read: DRIVE SLOW—DEATH IS PERMANENT.

WHEN we got to the office the sheriff acted like he expected us. He offered both of us seats and then he reached into a drawer and placed a sheaf of papers on the desk. He picked up the top one and read it to himself. Then he handed it to Biff.

"Recognize the handwriting?" he asked.

Biff glanced at the paper, then at the signature at the bottom.

"Yes," he said.

"It's your mother-in-law's, isn't it?" the sheriff said.

Biff nodded and the sheriff went on:

"It's a signed confession to the murder of Gus Eglestrom, alias Happy Gus, alias George Murphy, alias—well, I won't bother you with all of 'em."

I felt myself slipping from the hot leather chair, lights were before my eyes. Then Biff's arms were holding me. The sheriff held a cup of liquor to my mouth. I must have swallowed some because I could feel the burning in my throat.

" . . . shouldn't have told it like that," I heard the sheriff say. "I've seen cases like it before, but I have to admit I didn't recognize the symptoms in your mother. They all have hallucinations, but they don't make their stories as plausible. Like I say, though, if I'd seen the pupils of her eyes, I might have guessed. She must have just taken it up."

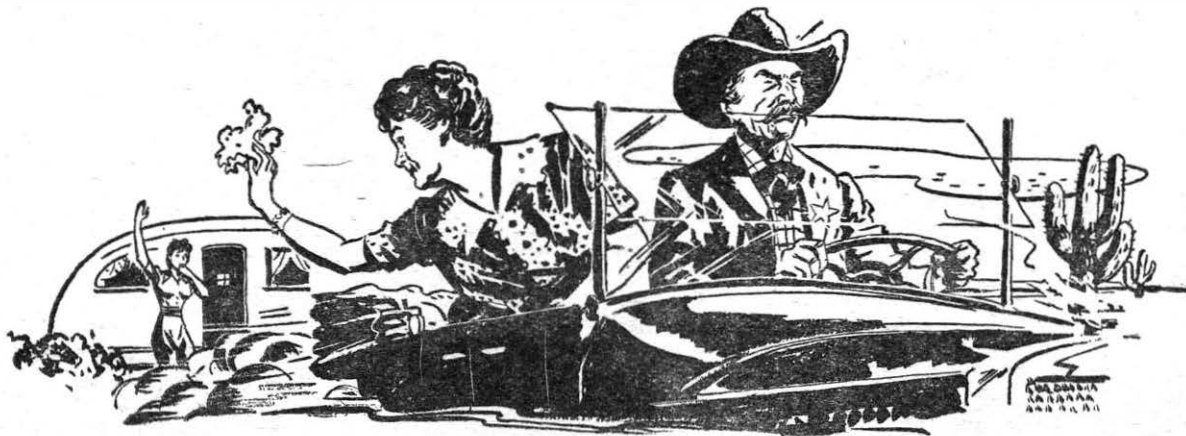
"Taken up what?" I asked.

"Why, heroin, of course," the sheriff replied. "Only I don't think it was all heroin. There was too much fantasy in her confession for that. At a guess, I'd say hashish."

"What are you talking about?" I said. "My mother never took dope in her life. She's even afraid of aspirin."

The sheriff snapped his fingers with irritation.

"I'm getting so I can't tell a story straight to save my life. I should have started right out with telling you where your mother is. She's at the doctor's. He's got her under observation. All that rigmarole she signed was made up—made up out of whole cloth. Confessed to both murders and, far as I figure out, your mother never even knew the men she said she murdered. But even before I checked her story, I knew something was wrong. So I sent for the doc and he gave her an injection.



It was something they use as a depressive, and in a minute she looks around the office here and says, "Where am I?"

"Then she didn't kill them?" Biff asked.

"No more than your wife here did," the sheriff replied.

"Come on," he said, helping me to my feet. "Let's go over to the doctor's. I guess you'd like to see her."

The sheriff removed his hat as we walked into the doctor's house. He tiptoed to a door and tapped lightly.

"Come in," Mother sang out.

The sheriff crooked a finger in my direction and stood aside so I could enter.

I don't know what I expected to see when I walked into the doctor's office. I'm sure I didn't expect the scene that greeted me. The books on shelves from the floor to the high ceiling, the dark real leather chairs, the graceful draperies, the subdued light filtering through the Venetian blinds, and Mother, my poor little mother who mustn't be upset, sitting with an afghan robe around her feet, at a card table.

The doctor and several men I had never seen before sat opposite her. The doctor shuffled the cards. His dark hands moved quickly and expertly as the cards fell into place.

He wore a black alpaca coat with a white shirt showing at the neck. The whiteness accentuated his swarthinness. When he smiled at Mother his teeth gleamed.

"They've been teaching me how to play poker," Mother said innocently. "My, it is a complicated game. I told them I would rather play pachisi, but they told me if I was going to stay in Texas for any time at all I had to learn poker." Mother laughed gaily and went on, "I'm such a dummy, though. I guess I never will learn."

Her slender hand touched the pile of chips lovingly.

Biff and I gulped. Mother was the champion poker player of the troupe.

"Is it—all over now?" she asked falteringly.

"You bet it is," the sheriff said.

"And I can go home?" Mother's face was radiant. She let her eyes rest on one man after the other until they had all seen the love light in them. Then she held out her hand to the sheriff.

"My friend," she said.

The men jumped up and began digging in their pockets. They counted out bills and change while one of them counted Mother's chips. When they handed the money to Mother, she looked at them with wide eyes.

"What's this for?" she asked.

"Why, that's your winnings," one of the men said.

"You mean, we were playing for keeps?"

The men laughed sheepishly. I swallowed my gum.

THE gang was waiting for news when we got back. ". . . now all we've got to do is find out where she gets the dope," Biff finished his story.

For privacy we had gathered at the office. The sheriff had told Biff to keep the inside story of the confession from Mother, and that meant keeping it from Mamie, too. It was easy this time because Mother and Mamie were in the trailer. Mother was having another attack and Mamie was helping her through it.

Dimples tried to pour a drink and eyed the empty bottle morosely. "Well, I guess it's up to me to fill it," she said tonelessly. "I'll go if somebody'll drive me."

"No," Corny said. "I'll go. You stay here."

He took the five-dollar bill from Dimples and left. "Well," Gee Gee said, "if Evangie started acting funny since San Diego, then she couldn't be getting the stuff from here. She either has it with her or—well, some one of us is giving it to her."

Biff searched her face for a moment.

Gee Gee's eyes met his and she said, "Look. Just because I mentioned it, don't go getting ideas that it's me."

"I wasn't," Biff said quietly. "I was thinking about something else."

He jumped up and started for the door. "Come on, Gyp," he said from over his shoulder. "That dope has got to be around here some place," he continued as we searched through the trailer. "It costs too much dough to take a chance on hiding it out of doors."

We found everything but heroin or cocaine. Then the

others came in to help us and we found sand from Santa Monica, stubs from the drive-in theater, crumbs from a nutburger, one false fingernail, sixteen cents in pennies, a dried-up Martini olive, and \$4,397 rolled up in a page of Racing Form tucked into a knothole in the back of the bedroom closet.

Mandy found the money. It was in small dirty bills. His hand shook as he counted it the second time.

"Cripes, I could buy me a chicken farm!"

"Yeah, you could," Biff said, "only you ain't. The dough goes to the cops. Tonight."

I DIDN'T realize how late it was until Gee Gee snapped on the light. Then I remembered I hadn't seen Mother since afternoon, when her attack started. Ordinarily I wouldn't have worried, but now, with phony confessions and dope added to her routine, I was scared. The only place I could think of where she might be this long was back at the poker game.

I dashed out to call the doctor's.

"She's all right," the doctor told me. "She just dropped in to say hello. She's over at the sheriff's now."

"I got a little nervous," I explained. "So much happening and everything. Tell her to stay at the sheriff's and we'll pick her up."

I'm sure I wasn't nervous when I went out into the darkness again. I closed the door behind me and walked briskly in the direction of our trailer.

It seemed to be getting darker. I stopped for a moment to get my bearings. Behind me the office light cast a weak glow. Ahead, there was nothing but darkness. I had a sudden impulse to run back to the office.

"Biff! Biff!" My voice startled me. It made me feel more alone to hear no answer. Then I ran. I ran as fast as I could right into the black void ahead. As I ran I heard myself screaming, "Biff! Biff!"

Why don't the people in their trailers hear me? I thought. Where were the lights from them? Where was the sound of their radios?

I stopped still and held my breath. Then my foot stumbled on the bundle. I knew it was a dead thing even before I leaned down and touched the sticky substance that was blood. I knew my fingers were red with blood, but I couldn't see them.

All I could see were strange lights crossing each other in front of my eyes.

Then I heard a mumble of voices, like the voices of the balcony boys urging me on during my specialty.

"There should be music playing," I said suddenly.

"And I don't work in a white spotlight."

"Stop that gibberish." It was Biff's voice! I could feel him shaking me. "I won't have you fainting again."

There was only one light now, and it was on the dead bundle at my feet. I felt Biff's hand turning my face away from the light that was centered on the ground.

"Don't go looking at it," Biff said gently. "We don't want any more trouble from you now."

I didn't have to look at it. It was Cliff Cobb; one glance had been enough. In that one glance I had seen the knife gleaming as it stuck out of the man's back. His face was twisted and his eyes were open. They looked surprised.

Biff was listening to Mandy. I couldn't see him but I recognized his voice.

"He's cold and stiff," Mandy said quietly. "Look. He's still got the five spot in his hand."

"Go on over to the office and call the sheriff," Biff said. "Gyp and I'll wait here. And when the sheriff shows up we'll meet you at the trailer."

Biff had turned on his flashlight and I could see the look of wonderment on Mandy's face change slowly to fright, then terror.

"You mean I got to walk back there alone?" he asked.

"Either that or Gyp and I'll go and you can stay here with . . . him."

Mandy hesitated a moment. Then he got to his feet. "O. K. I'll go."

Only the sheriff was there before Biff and I had a chance to get really scared. He had brought the doctor with him, and Mother, too. She had just hitched a ride in town to do a little shopping, she explained. He looked

over the body and then we adjourned to the trailer for a going over.

The sheriff started on Mother. "For all but the time you were in town Mamie Smith was with you?"

Mother nodded yes. "She went to see about collecting her insurance money."

"You say you were all together?" the sheriff said to Biff. "When was that?"

"It was when Evangie was having her attack. We left for the office to talk a little without her hear—without disturbing her."

"That was when Cliff Cobb left for the liquor, eh?"

No one answered him.

"Well, that sort of changes the complexion of things, then," he said. "I'm not sure when he was stabbed, but I know it wasn't recently. If you people can all vouch for each other it sort of lets you out."

His hands began unwrapping the money, which Biff had given him. He counted it carefully. Then he placed it on the stove top and looked more closely at the page of Racing Form.

It had been torn in half, but the date line was still attached. I had noticed it before. Hank was interested in it, too.

"September fifth," he said. "That's only two days ago. You say it was in the closet, eh?"

Biff walked over and opened the closet door and showed the sheriff the empty knothole.

"It was rolled up in that hole," he said.

"Any idea who it belongs to?" the sheriff asked.

"Hank," Biff said, "I might as well tell you what I think. You can use it or toss it. We were looking for something, understand? The thing you asked us not to mention in front of Evangie. We didn't find what we were looking for, but we did find that wad of money. Naturally, I decided that whoever had the stuff had sold it. They were afraid to flash the roll, so they hid it. That's my idea. I got another, but for the time being I'm keeping it to myself."

Hank didn't have a chance to coax Biff for the other idea. Mother had suddenly decided to ask what it was that was being kept a secret from her.

"It was hashish, I think, a form of dope," the sheriff said wearily. "But you didn't get enough to make . . ."

"You mean I'm a cocoon sniffer?" Mother asked, aghast. She let her eyes stray around the room. She was unsmiling.

"You can stay, Louise, if you wish, but I find the company very uncongenial."

BIFF looked at his watch. It was two thirty. I could hear the even breathing of sleeping people coming from the trailer. Mandy was in the bedroom, Mother was in the car, and the two girls were in the living room. They had been asleep for hours, it seemed.

Biff had turned down the gaslight and we were sitting in the shadow under the lean-to. Mosquitoes and gnats swarmed around the lamp. The odor of rye and citronella filled the air.

"Do you think something could have happened to Mamie?" I whispered to Biff.

He shrugged his shoulders. Then he lifted his glass to his lips and drank. We were on our second bottle, but I couldn't even get a glow.

"She might have eloped with the insurance man," Biff said seriously. "Or maybe she's filling in at the saloon for Dimples."

Suddenly Biff turned off the lamp. With a quick motion he jumped to his feet. I heard the chair as it was turned over.

Then I felt his hands on my shoulders.

"Duck!" he whispered hoarsely.

I fell to my knees and Biff rolled me under the trailer. Then he was beside me, breathing heavily.

"Look," I said. "If you . . ."

He put his hand against my mouth. At least I thought he meant my mouth. In the darkness it was closer to my ear, but I got the hint that he wasn't clowning.

Then I heard the footsteps. Some one was tiptoeing through the grass, walking toward our trailer. Biff fumbled for something in his pocket. I felt the chill steel

of a gun. I heard the dull click of the safety catch being released.

I heard some one whisper his name. "Biff?"

It was a woman's voice.

Biff let his breath out in a deep sigh of relief. "O. K.," he said quietly.

He rolled out from under the trailer, leaving me there alone. He moved toward the table and scratched a match. Then he lit the lamp. I saw the silver dancing shoes first. They were dusty, the bare legs above them were scratched and bleeding.

"Oh, you're here! You're here!" A female voice mumbled. The feet moved over to the chair, and I heard the canvas creak as the weight of a body stretched it. Biff's hand reached for the bottle near the chair, but not quickly enough.

Bottle and all I rolled out from under the trailer. Before I got to my feet I greeted Joyce Janice.

"It's so nice of you to drop in on us," I said. "Biff and I were thinking of fixing up a little guest room under the trailer. It's so cozy down there."

Biff didn't seem to think that was funny. He snatched the bottle from my hand and pulled out the cork.

Unaided I scrambled to my feet. When I got my first good look at Joyce I suddenly knew why Biff had thought she needed a drink.

Her dress was ripped up the side, showing her naked scratched leg. Her arms were cut and bleeding from her wrists to her shoulders. Her make-up was smeared over her sweaty face. She was terrified.

"Get some hot water," Biff said.

Without thinking about waking the sleepers, I ran into the trailer and lit the stove. I pumped some water into a pan and put it over the flame. Then I grabbed a clean towel and a bottle of iodine from the drug shelf.

I DIPPED the towel into the water and began washing off the dust and blood from her shoulder. She winced a little from pain.

"These don't look like bush scratches to me," I said. One of the scratches was deep, as though a knife had slashed the flesh. I patted the wound more carefully.

"Get Mandy up," I shouted in to Gee Gee. "Tell him to call Dr. Gonzales and tell him to bring whatever he needs to sew up knife wounds."

Joyce had fainted.

"Poor kid," Biff said as we carried her into the trailer, and put her on a bed.

"She was trying to help me," Biff said. He rubbed her wrists, and in a minute she opened her eyes.

"They've got her in the back room . . ." she said. "I tried to listen, like you told me, but I couldn't hear everything. She was crying and screaming like a crazy woman. She kept saying, 'You did it, you dirty dog.' Then I'd hear a slap and a muffled scream. I—I was standing near the door. It was dark. I didn't think they could see me, but suddenly the door opened and something hit me . . ."

Joyce put her hand to her head. There was a blue bump on her forehead.

"I ran as fast as I could and when I rushed out of the place I felt the hot sting in my arm. If I hadn't been running, the knife would have maybe killed me."

She looked up at Biff and started to cry. Not a real cry but like a hurt child.

"They tried to kill me, too," she sobbed. "I—I think they've already killed her."

Joyce trembled violently for a second. She tried to say something, but nothing like words came out.

I spoke to Biff: "Is it Mamie now?"

Biff, looking down at Joyce, shrugged his shoulders.

"She'll be all right," he said. "It's more fright than anything. Poor kid. She must have run all the way here. Get those clothes off her, Punkin. When Mandy gets back, lock the door and don't open it unless you hear my voice. That means don't open it for anybody but me. I've got work to do and it might take me a little while."

He dropped the gun on the dresser and opened the door. As an afterthought he kissed me on the nose. Then he was gone.

"Biff!" I ran to the door and threw it open.



My only answer was the loud knock of the truck motor turning over.

“DID they get the guy who done this?” Dimples asked. We were getting Joyce fixed up for the night. Gee Gee shook her head. “Biff’s gone to the saloon. They got Mamie there.”

Dimples looked at me.

“It’s true,” I said. “Joyce said so a minute ago. She said they almost got her, too.”

“Almost!” Dimples said loudly. “What do you call that?” she asked, pointing to Joyce’s arm. “But what the hell do they want with Mamie? Of all the unhep dames, she is it.”

“Shh.” Gee Gee grabbed Dimples’ hand. “Did you hear something?”

It was a car stopping in front of the trailer. The door was slammed loudly. Then there was a sharp knock on the trailer.

“This is Dr. Gonzales,” a voice said. “Open the door.”

The handle was turned roughly. Then Mandy called, “Come on, open up. The doc just got here.”

I turned the key in the lock before I remembered Biff’s warning. Gee Gee must have thought of it just as I did, because she pushed me aside and relocked the door. Her eyes were frightened.

“Biff said not to open it for any one . . .” she murmured.

Then I remembered the car leaving the driveway, Culucio and the doctor together late at night. I thought of the room where Mother sat and played cards. It wasn’t the house of a small-town doctor. The draperies alone were worth more than that kind of doctor could make in a year.

“Let ’em in, you dopes.” Dimples looked at Gee Gee and me as though we had gone mad. “You want that poor kid to die with a doctor standing right outside?”

Gee Gee shook her head wildly. “He could have done it easy,” she said. “He could have known Gus. He’s been around every time anything’s happened. How do we know where he’s been for the last half hour?”

I suddenly realized she meant Mandy! Not Gonzales, but Mandy. She was right, too. He could have . . .

“Get my asthma powder, please.” Mother stood in the doorway. She held her robe tightly to her throat. Her breathing was heavy and uneven. She didn’t see Joyce. “Hurry, Louise—bad attack.”

The Life Everlasting was on the stove. I poured a mound of it into the container top and gave Mother a towel for her head. Then I lit the powder. Mother sank weakly into a chair and buried her face under the towel.

“Let me in there at once!” the doctor shouted angrily. He began pounding on the door with his fists. “This man tells me a woman’s been injured. Open this door!”

The pounding stopped. For a moment there was silence. Then he was at the window. He tapped on it with a cane or something. The noise rang through the trailer. That window was bolted but the others at the back of the trailer were open.

Mandy called to me from the back window of the living room. “Have you dames gone nuts or something?”

Then Gee Gee turned off the lights. “We’re a solid

target in here,” she said softly. “Lock those windows, Gyp. I wouldn’t let them in if they showed me a badge from LaGuardia himself.”

I almost touched Mandy’s face as I slammed down the window and bolted it. Then I ran to the other two and locked them. Even before the last one was secured, I knew we were going to suffocate. Mother’s asthma powder burned black and heavy, the air was thick.

“I’m leaving for Ysleta,” the doctor said. His voice was steady with fury. “I’m returning with the sheriff, and you can do your explaining to him. If that woman dies, it will be criminal negligence on the part of each and every one of you.”

The car started up, and Mandy screamed, “Hey, wait for me! I don’t want to stay here alone with those dames. They’ve blown their tops.”

The car shrieked past the trailer, and Mandy swore. “Leaving me alone like this,” he said pettishly. “Loose murderers hanging around and me out here waiting for ’em.”

I felt around in the dark for the bed. Then I sat on the edge of it. Mother’s wheezing was the only sound in the trailer, the only sound in the night. I smelled Dimples’ cloying perfume as she sat down next to me.

“Where is all this business going to end?” she said. “Here we are, cooped up in this trailer with Mandy outside, alone. We leave him out there because we think he’s the murderer, but what’s to stop him from thinking the same thing about one of us?”

The rain fell softly at first, then it pounded on the trailer roof like buckshot. Gee Gee went to the back window and unlocked it.

“I can’t stand it any longer,” she said. “If I gotta go, I don’t want it to be smothering to death.”

NO one tried to stop her as she opened the window. The gust of air and rain that poured through the trailer was more important at that moment than all the murderers in the world. I fumbled for the matches and lit the lamp. Then I turned on the lights.

In the yellow glow I saw Mandy’s fuzzy head framed in the open window, his eyes wide and staring. Staring at Dimples.

She held a gun in her hand, the right way, pointing straight at Mandy.

“Don’t move,” she said evenly.

Mandy didn’t move. His mouth sagged a little, otherwise he was motionless. Dimples didn’t take her eyes from the open window. “Open that door, Gyp,” she snapped. “I want to talk over a few things with this guy.”

I didn’t move. I couldn’t.

Dimples’ steady hand on the gun was wet with sweat. Her eyes had become pin points. “Let him in,” she said.

Then Mandy moved. His head disappeared, and there was a scurry of feet and a sloshing sound of his shoes sliding through the fresh mud.

Dimples turned to the door and threw it open. “Get in here, you!” she shouted.

“Not me!” Mandy screamed. His voice sounded far away.

Dimples stood swearing into the darkness through the

open doorway with the rain beating against her thin kimono. Splotches of bluish red stained her neck and began traveling up her face. She swallowed painfully. Then her chin shook. Her beauty chin strap fell loose and the gun dropped from her fingers. A second later she followed the gun. Her body made a soggy noise as it sank to the floor. She looked soggy, too, as she lay there. Gee Gee and I lifted her onto the day bed, and mother poured out some water.

"She just fainted," Mother said.

Gee Gee lifted Dimples' head and opened her eye gently. The pupil was gone. Nothing showed but a white round thing—white, with thin veins of red lining it. Gee Gee looked up at Mother, then at me.

"I think she's been doped," Mother said hoarsely. "Look at how strained her face is. Look at that funny color around her neck. Fainting doesn't do that."

I was too surprised to hear the car drive up. The first I knew about it was when Biff and Dr. Gonzales burst into the room.

Mother was going right into action. She grabbed the box of Life Everlasting and poured a mound into the container top.

"Here, this will fix Dimples up. It makes my head clear right away."

Mother touched a match to the powder and waited for the flame to die down before she reached for the towel.

Biff had been watching her. His mouth fell open and he pounded his fist on the stove top.

"That's it!" he shouted. "Why didn't I think of it before? Of course, that's the best place in the world to hide it!"

Biff snatched the asthma powder from Mother and shoved it toward the doctor.

"Can you tell what's mixed up in this stuff?" he asked. "I mean, can you tell if it's all asthma powder or if something else is in it?"

THE doctor took the container from Biff and put it into his pocket. "I'll have to analyze it," he said.

"I don't think you do," Biff said quickly. "I see it all now. Every time Evangie had an attack she inhaled that powder. Every time she inhaled it, she went a little nuts. It was the logical place to hide the dope. Nobody would think to look through a can of asthma powder for another kind of powder!"

"You think that's what happened to me?" Dimples asked.

"Sure," Biff said with assurance. "I smelled the stuff the second I walked into the trailer. You must have gotten a couple good whiffs and, in your high-strung condition, you were just ripe for it."

The doctor went in to see Joyce. Then he called to Biff: "Put on some water to boil."

We crowded around the door as the doctor spoke, just remembering about Joyce.

"Is she all right?" Dimples asked.

"Yes," the doctor replied. "This won't even leave a scar."

Joyce stirred. She opened her eyes and stared at the doctor. "Honest?" she asked.

Opiate or no opiate, I thought, when you mention scars to strip teasers, they all come to. "Honest," the doctor said softly.

BIFF closed the bedroom door. With a contented sigh he settled into the most comfortable chair in the trailer.

Gee Gee climbed over his stretched-out legs and found a place on the bed next to Dimples. Mother, still a little wheezy, sat stiffly in a chair near the door. I stood beside the stove.

Our man of the house, being a comic, took his own sweet time in getting to the point. He pulled a cigar from his pocket and smelled it lovingly. As though that wasn't bad enough, he had to touch a match to it.

"Perfecto," he said comfortably. "Smell the feathers burning?"

We laughed politely. It was an effort, but we made it. Then there was another long silence.

"Would you like a little entrance music?" I asked finally. "Maybe eight bars of Happy Days Are Here Again as played on a comb?"

"If," Biff said with Theater Guild enunciation, "you will allow everything in its chronological order and not make with the throat, I will name for you the murderer—the murderer of a man named Gus. The murderer of Corny. The murderer of the second body. His name was Jones. Ain't that a helluva name for a corpse? Jones!"

"Nuts!" Gee Gee said. "Here we sit, waiting for you to tell us something, and all you do is make words! Put 'em together! Answer me one quick question: Have they got Cullucio? Yes or no?"

Biff hesitated.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, they got him. But first I would like to tell you how and why. I will have to go back—"

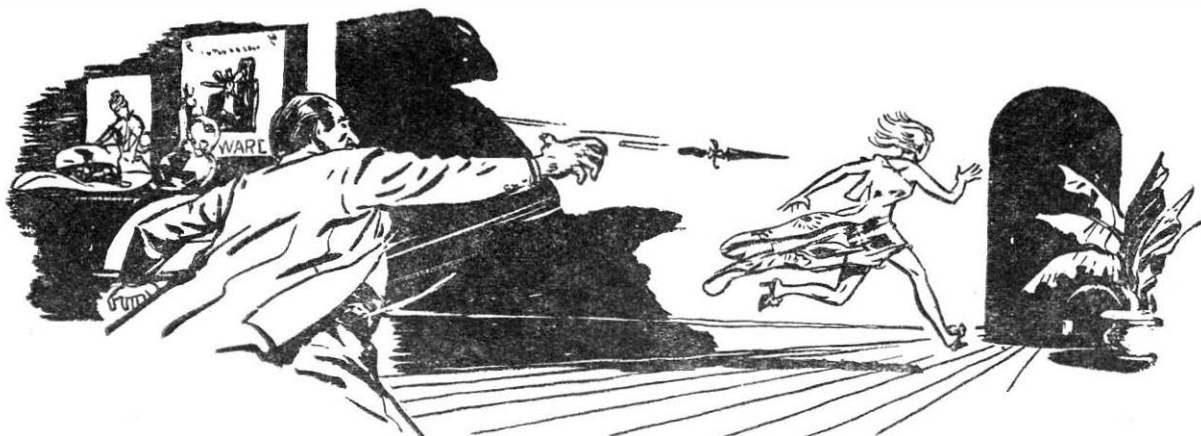
"I wish you'd go way back," Gee Gee muttered.

"As I said, I will have to go back to an afternoon in San Diego. Back to the afternoon when Evangie stopped in a drugstore and bought six cans of Life Everlasting. Had she bought one can this might never have happened to us. We all know that the murderer knew the heroin was in an asthma-powder can. We all know about the two men who followed Evangie. We all know why Corny met his death. We all know why Joyce was stabbed—"

"You mean *you* know!" Gee Gee said. "So far, all we know is that you have a big mouth."

Biff twined his fingers around his suspenders and leaned back in his chair.

"I have been in Ysleta a couple hours while you dames were scaring each other. In that time I found the answer to everything. Corny was killed because he sold information. He told the murderer the heroin was hidden in the asthma powder. He knew that, because he saw Gus put it there in San Diego. He expected Gus to come around for it, and he figured to cut himself in for a little dough when Gus appeared. But no Gus. Why? Because Gus was dead. But Corny does see some one prowling around the trailer. He knows what they're after, and because there was no way he could sell the dope he tells 'em, for dough of course, where to look. They look all



right but they get the wrong container. They go to Corny with a beef. He says for them to take it easy or he'll tell what he knows about the body in the woods. You see, he didn't see Evangie bury the body. He saw the second body being buried! He saw Evangie on her way out of the woods. He thought she had hidden the heroin. Not that it mattered to him, he had four thousand some-odd bucks salted away in the trailer. He didn't give a damn who got the heroin so long as he had the money. Where he made his mistake is when he told the murderers he knew they had buried a body. That is when he signed his death warrant."

Biff paused long enough to let the garbled facts sink in, then a little longer while he poured a drink.

"What I like best," Gee Gee said, "is the 'signed-his-death-warrant' line. That is fancy dialogue. Who, may I ask, writes your material?"

"You think I'm wrong?" Biff asked. "Well, I'll go on! Evangie's two beauty boys were Cullucio's men.

"No kidding?" Gee Gee said coldly.

"Sure, and finding Jones scared them. See, Jones was one of Cullucio's waiters. They knew if Hank ever took a look at the corpse he'd recognize him right off the bat and try to tie Cullucio to the murder. They're the ones who bashed in his face. They were protecting their boss, that's all."

Something had occurred to me! I was almost ashamed to mention it, but I felt it my duty, as a wife, to tell.

"I should have known about the waiter," I said. Biff looked at me sharply.

"Cullucio told me he'd been gone a couple days, and I should have put two and two together, really. Only he was so calm about telling me. Just as though waiters are found dead in the woods every day. He said the guy had been missing and that was that."

"Cullucio would," Biff said laconically.

"Did they get those two guys too?" I asked.

Biff nodded, and I felt a sigh escape me. The only way I wanted to see them again was behind bars. There are muscle boys and there are muscle boys. Cullucio's were the type who look best in stripes. The thought of them following Mother, hiding around in the woods, sneaking through the trailer, made me tremble. The picture of Cullucio sitting next to me in the saloon didn't help my nerves any either. I could see his white teeth gleaming, his dark hands with the tufts of hair growing on the knuckles, his way of dipping his cigar in his liquor before he smoked. My mouth started to shake. I couldn't rid myself of that mental picture.

"He—he—could have killed all of us," I finally managed to say.

"Yes, but he didn't, so calm down," Biff said. "He didn't kill anybody—"

"Hiring some one else to do it for him is just as bad," I said. "And if I want to have a case of mild hysterics I will thank you to mind your own business."

I HAD stopped trembling. I wasn't even frightened. I had just one emotion left. A slow burning fury at the saloonkeeper.

"For him to pick on us of all people," I said. "Dumping his old corpse in our trailer! He might have known it was my honeymoon!"

Biff was going to say something, but Dimples got in there first. She pulled the marabou-trimmed robe closer to her chest and adjusted her chin strap.

"I'll probably have a sweet time trying to collect my salary from the Happy Hour," she said. "It may be blood money, but I worked for it and I'd like to get it. I got a fiver coming to me from Corny, too. I guess that dough will go to the state or something. They'll find some way to stiff me. It's my usual luck, dammit. I get me a nice job—short hours, no matinees; I was going over swell, too—and the joint turns out to be a dope drop."

"Say, the Happy Hour isn't the only saloon in Ysleta, you know," Biff said. "They got enough of 'em in town that you could make a career from 'em. I could maybe make a deal for you at the Blinking Pup."

His voice sounded casual enough, but knowing Biff, I looked at him closely. He had something on his mind, and I wasn't sure I was going to like it.

"Matter of fact," he said, "I thought you gals might feel a little squeamish about staying on at the Happy Hour."

"Squeamish?" Dimples said. "If it means what I think it means, the word'll fit."

Biff said, "I was talking to a guy about it a few hours ago. He runs the Blinking Pup. Caught the act at the Happy Hour, and he thought you were pretty solid."

Dimples smiled as much as the chin strap would allow. "He did, huh?"

"Yep," Biff said; "he told me he could use Gee Gee too. Forty a week and meals. Four-week contract. That's not to be kicked around, you know. I could maybe get him to up the money a little."

Gee Gee and Dimples looked at each other, then at Biff.

"Can I maul it around in my head for a while?" Gee Gee asked.

"Sure," Biff said. A broad gesture went with the word. "Think it over. It sounds like a good bet to me, but, after all, you're the girls to decide."

THEN I got it! I might have guessed from Biff's expression, but being on the slow side that night, it took me a little longer than usual. I knew then that when Biff let his eyes travel over the trailer he was mentally picturing it without Gee Gee and Dimples. He looked at Mother for a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"That one stopped you, didn't it?" I asked sweetly.

Biff started, then his face broke into a grin.

"Not exactly," he said pensively. "I got an idea on that score, too."

I was sure he had.

"And what about Mandy?" I asked. "Saloon or no saloon, it won't be easy to sell him as a single. And of course there's always Mamie. Have you got her all set as the belle of the Blinking Pup?"

Gee Gee thought that was very funny. Biff didn't.

"I'm getting off the original script," he said. "There's something I got to tell you all. It's about poor Mamie. She's—"

A car stopped in front of the trailer. The headlights glared from the window into Biff's face, and a second later some one pounded on the door. Mother quickly fluffed up her hair and pinched her cheeks until they were quite pink, then she opened the door for the sheriff.

We all faced him silently. He took off his hat and held it awkwardly in his large hands. He gave the impression of having to stoop a little so his head would clear the ceiling of the trailer.

"I can see you all know," he said.

"Biff was just telling us about Mamie," Mother said. "He didn't get very far with it." As a quick cover-up she added, "Now that you're here maybe we can get a straight story."

The sheriff seated himself as close to Mother as he could. Biff offered him a drink and he refused it. His eyes were on the bedroom door. The knob turned and the door opened. I had forgotten about Gonzales. He turned down the lamp near the bed and picked up his black bag, then he walked on tiptoe to the door and closed it behind him.

"I'll send the large car for Miss Janice," he said softly. "She'll be better off in town, where I can keep an eye on her."

I watched him as he fastened his black bag. His long, dark fingers moved gracefully as he slipped the leather strap through the clasp. His head was bent over, and the light fell on the black oily hair. When he walked toward the outer door I felt a sudden urge to stop him. I couldn't explain it.

Then he was at the door; it opened and closed behind him. I heard the car start up, the gears meshed. I could hear the tires splashing through the soft mud. I ran to the window and looked out. A red taillight flickered for a moment, then it was gone, but not before I saw the light-colored roadster. I had seen it before. It had left the doctor's driveway while Biff and I stood in the darkness one night. That night Cullucio was driving it.

"The doctor is Cullucio!" My voice seemed to ring

through the trailer. "I knew there was something about him that was familiar. Stop him! Stop him!"

Biff began shaking me. People's faces and their movements were like a kaleidoscope. Hank's face staring at me, Mother holding a glass to my lips, Biff holding me.

"Leave me alone, please." I tried to push them away from me. "Don't you see it all? Don't you realize we've never seen them together? That car! When I saw his hands, I knew it. The black tufts of hair growing on the knuckles. You gave him the can of asthma powder, too. He has it right now, and he's gone!"

BIFF was pushing me into the chair. No one made a move to stop Cullucio. They stared at me as though I had gone mad.

"Cullucio's in Ysleta," Hank said softly. "I just left him and I know. The doc is—well—it's not supposed to be known, but the doc is his brother. Doctors in a town like this have to have a certain dignity. It doesn't sound good to say his brother runs a saloon."

"But the names, Culucio, Gonzales—"

"Those two names don't even scratch the surface. They have a dozen more, all legal too, if they want to use them. The doc's all right, though. Cullucio's a right too, in his own way, of course. Honest as the day's long, but a funny sense of honesty—"

"Honest?" Gee Gee screamed. "What kind of people are these?" She looked wildly around the room. "Murderers, dope peddlers. Honest people yet!"

"Who said he was a dope peddler?"

Then Biff spoke: "They must have gathered it from what I was telling them. I never got to the finish of it. I was telling them how I got suspicious when I saw the remains of the burned trailer, then I started from the beginning and—" Biff leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. "Well," he said condescendingly, "the second I look over the ground I know there's something funny going on. Trailer burned to a crisp, car burned to a crisp, woods burned too, and still the grass around the trailer hasn't even been scorched. No flying spark could burn that trailer the way it was burned. Then her moving in with us so sudden-like. I just kept my eyes and ears open, and there it was. What a set-up! Traveling around with a beauty shop! Covering all the border towns regularly. Having a couple guys in each town deliver stuff she brought in, even looking like she does—"

"Damn shame you didn't think of those things before the other two guys got killed," Hank said. "People oughta realize that's what the law's for. Like with Cullucio. He could have told me how he suspected his waiter. But no. He goes and sends for a couple of his own boys. They mash in the face so we can't identify the body. They know all along who's guilty but they don't give us credit for realizing it. That's just like a crook."

"Do you two baboons mean to sit there with your bare faces hanging out and tell me that Mamie Smith from Oologah murdered all those men?" asked Gee Gee.

"It's Watova," Biff said, "eight miles west of Oologah."

"Yes, she did it all right," Hank said.

Mother pushed Gee Gee away and took the floor.

"She couldn't have," Mother said. "I'm a judge of character and I know."

"Evangie," Biff said softly, "remember how Mamie arrived the same day we did? Well, she came in from San Diego. She killed Gus there, because he was trying to open a branch office and cut her out with the guys who really controlled this ring. She expected to find the heroin on Gus, but it was gone. She had seen him go into our trailer and she figures he has the stuff there. She hides the body in our bathtub—"

"Why our bathtub?" Dimples asked. "I think that's damn inconsiderate of her."

"It was the first trailer near hers, for one thing. Then, when she saw Gus in here, she thought he might be getting mixed up with us. She figured out the idea of peddling dope from a trailer and she thought he was using ours, in cahoots with one of us—or all of us, for that matter—for the same purpose. She was almost sure of it when she saw Evangie bury the body that night. Then, when Corny propositions her, she thinks, nothing like having a group of grifters falling out."

"Are you telling me that Mamie, my friend, thought I was mixed up in that dope business?" Mother said coldly.

"I think she thought so at first," Biff admitted. "But after she got to know you she couldn't have. She wanted to get rid of Corny as soon as he gave her the bum steer about the heroin. Her idea was to put the handkerchief in the grave and let Hank find it. But the law's too slow. She can't wait. Then she gets Corny alone, and lets him take the knife in his back. She was with Evangie all right—that is, until Evangie gets the towel over her head. Then Mamie walks quietly to the office and waits until Corny comes out. Zoop, it's over. She hotfoots it back to Evangie. Naturally, Evangie thinks she's there all the time."

Mother listened to Biff. A frown creased her forehead.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I caught her going through the girls' things one day. I spoke to her, and she told me she would never do anything like that again. She said she never had pretty things of her own and—"

"All she wanted," Biff said, "was the pretty heroin."

"Did she stab Joyce too?" Dimples asked.

"No," Biff said. "Cullucio's man did that. By mistake, of course. He thought he was hitting Mamie, see? She was in the room talking to Cullucio. The 'boys' were right outside the door, still protecting their boss. Joyce is listening, like I asked her to, and she hears Mamie threaten Cullucio. He's scared to death anyway because of his dead waiter. He knows he's not in it, but he's afraid Mamie might be able to tie him to the waiter—or, worse yet, his brother, the doctor. When Mamie tells him the waiter was her man for Ysleta, he really goes. He never knew the waiter was in a racket at all. It's a wonder he didn't kill Mamie right there. She's threatening to tell Hank and let Cullucio explain the waiter. Cullucio starts to struggle with her. That's when Joyce tries to run away. Cullucio's man thinks it's Mamie running down the hall, so he grabs out at her—"

"Grabs out with a knife," Gee Gee said. "That's cute."

"Anyway," Biff went on, "when Joyce gets to the trailer and tells me about Mamie being at the Happy Hour, I rush to get there in time. Cullucio would have killed her in a minute if she ever tried to frame him. Not because of himself but because of his brother. The town would figure his brother was in any racket he was in, and he figures Mamie is a crook, his brother isn't. If it's a question of one or the other having to go, he's not going to waste time thinking it over. I made him understand that nothing could happen to Gonzales, and we called Hank to come over and pick up the dame."

"She was like a wild woman," Hank said.

"Well," Mother said, "I hardly blame her for that. Three of you picking on one woman. I think it's disgraceful. And now talking behind her back when she isn't here to defend herself."

"Defend herself?" Hank said. "Why, she's a—"

Mother put up her hand. "Please," she said.

The sheriff picked up his hat. He looked from Mother to Biff. Biff shrugged his shoulders again, this time hopelessly. The sheriff said good-by to all of us, then he left.

Mother waited until she heard his car leave, then she turned to me.

"Can you imagine me thinking about marrying at my age?" she said pensively. "I should have my head examined."

Mother had begun to wheeze again. Biff poured a small mound of the asthma powder into the container lid and touched a match to it. When the flame died down, he reached for a towel and put it over Mother's head.

"Soon as the inquest is over," Mandy was saying to the gals, "we'll be rolling along. Back to the Gaiety with a quick one-two."

Mother's breathing became easier. She took the towel from her head and folded it carefully over on the back of her chair.

"My, oh my, that was a bad one," she said comfortably. Her smile was radiant. "You know, children," she said, "I've just been thinking—"

Biff moaned softly.

"Hold your hats, boys," he said. "Here we go again."

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I NEVER thought I'd be beholden to an M. P. to the extent of expressing my thanks in print. But a certain corporal in a certain military police detachment has sent me such a fine, helpful letter that he deserves this public expression of gratitude. He asked me not to mention his name or outfit because "we are not supposed to get any publicity of any kind," but I hope he'll see this acknowledgment and know I mean *him*.

The good corporal writes that he'd like to give a few pointers to the new men coming into the Army—hints that will help them out. He says:

"Don't show up at the train or bus bound for the Reception Center in your good clothes. You will have to wad them up and send them home anyway. In some cases you may even have to drill and do K. P. in them until they can supply your size uniform. Wear your oldest civilian suit.

"Bring along all the civilian underwear, socks, and handkerchiefs you can carry comfortably. You don't get much time to wash clothes your first few days or weeks in the Army, and besides, you might not receive your full G. I. issue right away.

"Don't spend all the cash you bring with you the first chance you get. If you are inducted toward the last of the month you may not get your first pay for five or six weeks.

"Get a *short* haircut a day or two before you leave home. You won't regret it."

I could add a lot of hints to the corporal's, but, picking just one, the most practicable present you can make yourself is a pair of moccasin-type slippers with stout but flexible soles and real heels—you have no idea how grand they feel after a day of drill and fatigue in G. I. brogans.

The corporal wishes that the moment a rookie gets his uniform the powers that be would instruct him how to wear it in public. Even men who have been in for some time don't seem to know, for instance, that they shouldn't go into a diner on a train without a necktie. He says, "We [M. P.s] would much rather find nothing to correct than to be always correcting sloppy soldiers." (Coming from an M. P., that's something.)

Have you noticed that a "sharp"

soldier is almost always a happy soldier? A man who is proud of his uniform and his job is on his way up—and he'll have but little grief getting there.

OLD SARGE.



Ski troopers

How many Vs can a soldier wear on his left sleeve when he has served overseas several weeks over six months? I know that he is entitled to wear one V for each six-months period of overseas duty, but how about the odd weeks and months?

From my experience out here, I would like to suggest that the people back home write their men overseas *regularly*, at least once a week. Then the mail will be put on different boats and will be more apt to arrive at intervals than in bunches with long gaps in between.

S/Sgt. R. S. S., A. P. O. 860.

About those overseas service chevrons—I did not know they had been authorized for the present war. In fact, neither wound nor service chevrons have been, according to the latest regulations available as this goes to print. Veterans of the *last* war now in service are permitted to wear such chevrons as were earned then, but not for the current conflict. The ruling was that any period less than six months did not count; for example, a man overseas for eleven months earned only one service chevron—it took twelve full months to get you two.

* * *

After I was wounded in the attack on Pearl Harbor I was awarded the Purple Heart. My medal has been stolen and I would like to know how to replace it.

Pvt. L. A. B., Fort McDowell, Calif.

Whoever stole your medal qualifies as the meanest man in the world. To get a

replacement, you should apply, through channels, to the Adjutant General at Washington, D. C. Incidentally, for the first time since the Order of the Purple Heart was created by General George Washington, it can now be awarded to members of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. Until the President's order to this effect was issued last month, the Purple Heart was exclusively an Army medal.

* * *

The other day my C. O. made a speech and stated that we would have to pay for all G. I. clothes we wore out. When I came into the Army I was told that I would get my clothes free, and I always thought that worn clothes were replaced by new ones and the old ones salvaged. Am I right?

Pvt. S. W., Kellogg Field, Mich.

You'll find the complete official answer in your FM 21-100, the Soldier's Handbook, page 26, paragraph 55. (The authority is in A. R. 615-40.) I doubt very much that your C. O. said what you thought he did. Wasn't he referring specifically to clothing damaged by carelessness, rather than to clothing worn out in the course of ordinary service? Here's what the Handbook says:

"You will be issued, without charge, all the articles of clothing necessary for the duties you will be required to perform. Whenever any item of this clothing is no longer serviceable, you may turn it in to your supply sergeant, who will replace it without charge. You must remember, however, that these articles of clothing are the property of the United States and are issued for your use while you are in the military service. If they are lost, damaged by your neglect, or unlawfully disposed of, the Government will require you to pay for them."

* * *

Some of the men in my outfit would like to know if they can trans-



Army nurses

fer to the ski troops and how to go about it. Do you know?

Pvt. J. L., Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Last November the 87th Infantry Mountain Regiment was activated at Fort Lewis, Washington, to test men and equipment for the rigorous requirements of operations in mountain terrain. Personnel will be men selected for their ability to work at high altitudes and in low temperatures, and they

will be trained in mountain climbing, ski and snowshoe work, etc. I understand that the American Alpine Club and National Ski Association are recommending specially qualified enlisted men at the Army's request. Consult A. R. 615-200 and W. D. Cir. 308, 1942, for the method and procedure of transfer.

* * *

In my opinion, there is one group in this man's Army which rates a salute from every man and officer. I refer to the Army Nurse Corps. Those girls are on emergency call day and night. They serve overseas and are wounded and taken prisoner, but seldom make the headlines. They always greet you with a smile. And they have to take the lip of the gold-bricks who go to the hospital to get out of work. I nominate them for the Army's Hall of Fame.

*Pvt. R. W., Army Airbase Hospital,
Fort George Wright, Wash.*

I second the nomination. Carried unanimously.

* * *

Pfc. G. O. K. of Midland, Texas, is off the beam in January 2 Liberty. He claims to be the "lowest ranking full-fledged cadet instructor in the country." Well, I am an instructor of navigation, and my rank is private, not private first class.

Pvt. F. B., Randolph Field, Tex.

O. K., private. Since there's no grade lower than the seventh in this man's Army no one can do more than equal your record. Take the title away!

* * *

Are you open to suggestions? I'm afraid you should change the title of your page. It is more than a man's war—this time it's a woman's too. Or haven't you heard about the lady soldiers?

Mrs. W. F. C., Beaumont, Tex.

And how I've heard about them! What with the WAACs and WAVES and SPARS, not to speak of the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, who could help it? But just how would you change the title? This Man's and Woman's War would hardly do. What do you think of Our War? Personally, I like it just the way it is. This Man's War is so identified with this page that I, for one, would hate to see it go. Tell you what: I'll change the "box" at the bottom of the column to include the men and women of the armed forces.

How's that? And here it is.

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

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

"TODAY is Saturday, tomorrow will be Sunday. Buy a little coal to last you until Monday.

My mule is white, my charcoal's black. I sell charcoal, two bits a sack."

Sounds like one of our wartime slogans for fuel rationing, but it dates from long before this war, or the last war, or even the Civil War. It's one of the street cries from the old South—part of a fascinating program produced for concert stage and radio by Edna Holland of New Orleans. Miss Holland has presented her Southern work chants to audiences all over the world.

A New Orleans gal from generations back, she said to me, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could have the stimulus of such chants in our factories and on our farms today?" I think it certainly would. In old New Orleans there were chants for every occupation. The month of March brought blackberry pickers risking snakebite on Revetment Levee to cry, "I got fine blackberries fresh from the vine. Blackberries, blackberries, three glasses for a dime." June heard the harvesters of Celestine figs vociferate their crop along Good Children Street. At all times there were ancient mammies selling cakes, mischievously suggesting, "If you ain't got the price, maybe you know a man who's nice." The New Orleans depicted by Edna Holland is a place of enchantment that every tourist yearns for.

INCIDENTALLY, those New Orleans mammy caps you wear, made with bandanna handkerchiefs, are properly termed *tignon madras*, and should have the horn tabs sticking up erect only if you're a young girl. If you're married, or anything like that, tabs should be tucked in.

LAUNDRIES are busier than ever now, war work preventing women from doing their own washing. Jack Cohen, whose laundry washes for sixty-six hotels and clubs, tells me, "The raggedest undies come from people who spend too much living at swank addresses they can't afford." He says, "We

have a watchful eye for customers who send in wash bearing laundry marks from a lot of different cities.

Sometimes they're on the run, with the law looking for them." . . . To remove mildew from linen, Mr. Cohen advises, dampen the spots and lay in sunlight before washing. Repeat several times and mildew will vanish. Restore sheen to silks by adding ¼ cup milk to 2 quarts water for last rinse.



ELECTED radio's best dressed woman, Jean Tennyson, of Great Moments in Music, pins her fashion faith to wartime's new *interchange* wardrobe. All her needs, she says, are supplied by 1 navy wool suit, 1 simple black dress combined with 3 tailored jackets—military blue, dubonnet, desert gray—and 1 plaid topcoat, dubonnet and green. Finishing touches provided by 3 blouses, 1 white, 1 green, 1 black. Accessories in navy and dubonnet.

POKING around in the attic, a lady discovered her World War I collection of meat-saving recipes. Here's her *Bean Loaf 1917*: . . . Soak and cook 2 cups dried lima beans, then press through sieve. Add 4 even tablespoons peanut butter, mixing with beans till smooth. Stir in 1 cup cracker crumbs, 1 grated onion, 2 tablespoons melted bacon fat, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon powdered thyme. Form into neat loaf on baking dish. Bake 1 hour. Serve hot with tomato sauce. Also good cold.

CARL CARMER and Dr. Albert Sirmay have compiled a fine new book for home or group singing. It's called *Songs of the Rivers of America*. Organizers of patriotic entertainment will find it useful. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart, \$3.50.)

AS you've probably heard, auto designers are eagerly planning the car of the postwar future. In Detroit one of them asked me what improvements I thought my women readers would like best. I couldn't answer without consulting you. Have you any ideas for a better car after the war?

GIFT FOR A LADY—Continued from Page 17

watch him with grins. At last Mrs. McGuire called, "Why don't you just leave him alone? He'll go back by himself if you give him a chance."

Exhausted, Mr. Devitel was ready to take any advice. He sat on the bed and waited, wiping his wet forehead. He watched the canary with a prayer in his eyes. It took almost fifteen minutes, but in the end the bird did return to its cage.

After that, as he hurried down the stairs, Mr. Devitel groaned. He was very late for his appointment. He felt so distressed about it that he stopped at the hall telephone to call the Hotel Gilbert. He asked for Room 1505; but he was kept waiting, and he finally said to the hotel's operator, "Will you have the goodness to send a message to Miss Crane in Room 1505? Just say her music will be there in ten minutes."

HE took a taxi and begged for speed. But when he reached the hotel it was half past six and he was more distressed than ever. He ran into an elevator and said, "Floor fifteen, please."

The uniformed boy looked at him curiously. "Don't know if they'll let you off there, sir. You'll find the floor full of police."

"Police?"

"Uh-huh. Man in 1505 shot dead."

Mr. Devitel's body froze. His eyes grew wide.

"A page going up with a phone message," said the boy, "found him a few minutes ago. They say he's been dead hardly a half hour. They found a gun with somebody's fingerprints on it, too, I hear."

Mr. Devitel could not answer.

Room 1505 was opposite the elevator. Outside its open door he stepped into a crowd. A big man was wrapping a revolver in a handkerchief. It was a flat black weapon and very ugly. Mr. Devitel at once recognized it—and lost his breath. It was the gun Miss Crane had tossed to his table; the one he had picked up and returned to her gloved hands. He wondered, with a shock, whether his fingerprints were still on it.

And suddenly he knew they must be. He knew many things, because at that moment he looked into the open door and saw the dead man on the floor. It was the man who had pushed him down the stairs from Miss Crane's room.

Mr. Devitel was stunned. But he was angry, too—angry because he saw clearly what had been done to him. He had been pushed again, more violently than on the stairs; and he didn't like to be pushed.

"Well?" asked the man who had

wrapped up the gun. "What do you want?"

"I wish," said Mr. Devitel, "to talk!" . . .

There was a morning when, quite weary, he sat in a courtroom and heard a district attorney sum up the state's case.

"We have shown," the prosecutor said, "how the defendant, Dorothy Crane, tried to fasten the guilt for this crime on an innocent man, Pierre Devitel. After deliberately tricking him into leaving his fingerprints on a gun, she herself used it, in gloved hands, to murder the victim, John Haygood. Then she employed another trick—a request for music sheets she had deliberately left behind—to bring Mr. Devitel to the scene of the crime. She had plenty of witnesses in her own home to testify that the dead man and Pierre Devitel had once fought—that Mr. Devitel had, in fact, been thrown down a flight of stairs by John Haygood. By these witnesses she hoped to indicate hatred as a motive. She hoped to overwhelm an innocent man with incriminating evidence—to conceal her own guilt.

"But, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we now know the real motive for this murder. We have shown that the dead man, John Haygood, knew the defendant, Dorothy Crane, when she was a woman of doubtful repute in San Francisco. He was trying to blackmail her, as she herself has already confessed. He was threatening to reveal what her life in San Francisco had been and ruin her chances of a career or of a marriage here in New York. So she deliberately planned to kill him—"

MR. DEVITEL ceased listening. He closed his eyes and thought of his canary bird. He thought of the way the bird had detained him in his room; and of the McGuires, across the court, who had been able to testify that he had been home, chasing the canary, between a quarter of six and six fifteen—the interval during which John Haygood had been shot; and of the phone call the bird's escape had caused him to make—a call which had resulted in the body's being found by a page before his own arrival at the hotel.

Mr. Devitel could not help sighing. He looked in disappointment at Miss Crane, pallid in her chair. And he thought, Ah, little one, little one, it was only manners you lacked. What a difference there might have been today if you had shown the politeness to *accept* the bird I brought you that evening!

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK By FRANK W. BROCK

DOCTORING UP OLD TIRES

THOUSANDS of motorists are riding the life out of their tires in the fatuous belief that there are always bootleggers.

Why patronize bootleggers? Make your own tires. The standard bootleg formula is as follows: Take an old shoe and strip the rubber from the worn-out carcass. With the aid of a solvent this lifeless rubber can be reduced to a workable goo.

Don't bother to try and repair the cuts or weak spots in the carcass. Simply cement a canvas lining to the inner surface.

Now spread the molasses-like goo over the outside—thickly at the top for the tread—place in a mold, and apply heat as evenly as you can. Next day you'll have a new tire—just as good as the ones the bootleggers usually sell in the dark of the moon.

Of course, it won't last until you can drive around the corner, but until you *reach* the corner you can revel in the thought that you have put one over on the ration board.

It is almost equally futile to doctor your tires with cure-alls. Puncture-sealing compounds, which in prewar days contained glycerin to lower the freezing point, now employ calcium chloride—a brine solution—for that purpose. Of these the ultraconservative National Bureau of Standards says:

"There is some indication that calcium chloride used in a puncture-sealing compound may be injurious to an inner tube, but the evidence which we now have is not sufficient to warrant general condemnation of its use."

"The scientific miracle for revitalizing rubber—old or new," is one tire rejuvenator's claim, which the Federal Trade Commission alleges is false and misleading. There are a few reputable compounds which are useful in preventing or retarding the natural oxidation of rubber, but to date no "scientific miracles" have been marketed.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

KEEPER OF THE FLAME

WHEN Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are starred in a film written by Donald Ogden Stewart and directed, photographed, and costumed by other top-notch Hollywood folk, you are entitled to expect slightly better results than Keeper of the Flame.

There is something so studied and deliberate about every scene and bit of dialogue that, although interest is sustained, the spontaneity and naturalness of a good picture are absent.

The story itself is a solid one—carrying a warning against the secret Fascists who would have America other than a democracy, but it takes a long time in the telling. A well balanced—if turgid—combination of romance, mystery, and intrigue, it begins with the “accidental” death of Robert Forrest, a national hero, famed for his philanthropy and Americanism.

While the country mourns, reporter Steven O'Malley (Spencer Tracy) decides to write a biography of the great man, with the help of Mrs. Forrest (Katharine Hepburn). At first O'Malley is impressed by Mrs. Forrest's apparent grief, but his suspicions are aroused at her complete retirement from the world, her unwillingness to co-operate with him, and finally her not too subtle attempts to discourage him completely from writing the book. With no real basis, he is convinced that she is in some way responsible for her husband's death.

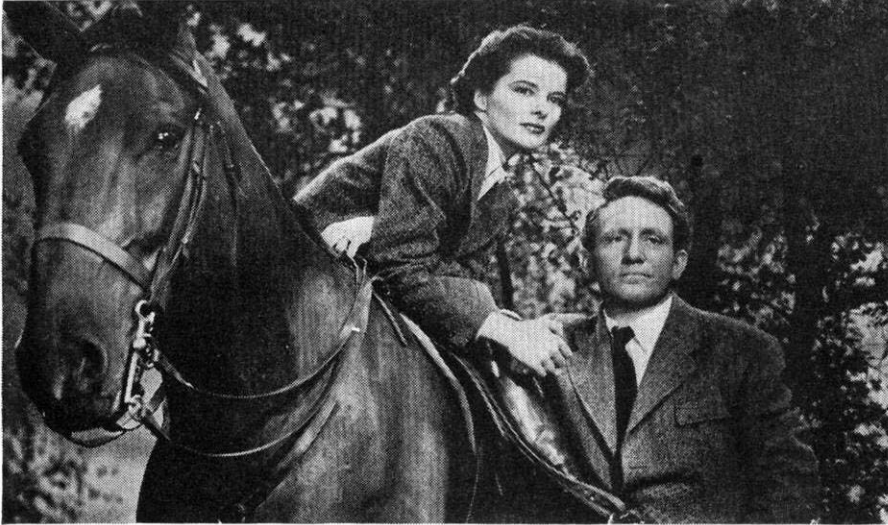
The denouement comes quickly then, with a nice twist to the ending.

Tracy turns in his usual fine, casual performance. Hepburn is not quite so successful in the difficult role of the conscience-stricken, bewildered Mrs. Forrest. Her breathless way of speaking is more pronounced than ever, and her posturings are studied and stiff.

Richard Whorf, Audrey Christie, and Margaret Wycherly do well by their supporting roles.

There is nothing wrong with Keeper of the Flame that good, tight direction couldn't have cured. But in spite of its shortcomings (it doesn't compare with Woman of the Year, the last Tracy-Hepburn co-starrer) it's a picture that should prove fairly entertaining to many moviegoers.

(M-G-M.)



O'Malley (Tracy) tries to get some information from Mrs. Forrest (Hepburn) about her husband.



Mrs. Forrest is plagued by the mysterious demands of her husband's secretary (Richard Whorf).



Mrs. Forrest tries to make O'Malley understand why she concealed the true activities of her husband.

THUMBNAILS



*Dutchman
in Hollywood*

WITHOUT the usual fanfare and excitement, Hollywood has presented film fans with a new leading man who stands a good chance to become one of the top actors of the season—if he gets the right parts.

You saw him in small roles in *Escape* and *Random Harvest*, and then as Joan Crawford's very handsome love interest in *Reunion in France*.

He is Philip Dorn, Holland's favorite matinee idol for many years. He's tall and suave and without the oily smoothness so many Continental actors have. What's more, he's a good actor.

He got his early training with itinerant repertory companies in Holland, and for several years he toured the Dutch provinces with his own company. Then he was brought to Hollywood for his first American film role. As soon as the picture was finished he was ready to go home. He actually flew to New York and was about to board his boat when word came that the Nazis had taken over Holland. So he tore up his ticket and went back to the West Coast and a new contract.

He's Hollywood's unofficial host to visiting Dutch soldiers and sailors.

One of his guests recently was a captain from central Java, who remembered him from the time his company was giving a performance down there. The amusement-hungry plantation owners sent Dorn a note saying, "Give us a good show. We came 350 miles to see you." "Just watch," Dorn answered. "We came 16,000 miles to show you."

Now he is very busy trying to learn to speak English well. For his role as Dr. Ditten in *Escape* he says he could "only act it in English—no speak it." So, to the despair of the neighbors, he keeps the radio on constantly now. And, to the despair of his wife, he goes to two or three movies a day.

The gas ration has made him feel more at home. It's put him back on a bicycle—Holland's favorite mode of travel. We think he'll go places if he gets the breaks—and it won't be on a bicycle either.



THEY GOT ME COVERED (RKO)

BECAUSE this latest Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour film is just a series of gags, it has a tendency to fall on its face every once in a while. Hope, an out-of-work foreign correspondent (because he thought the parade of soldiers marching through Moscow to the German front on June 22 was in honor of his birthday), gets involved with a Washington spy ring. With the help of Dorothy Lamour and some really funny sequences he (of course) outwits them in the end.

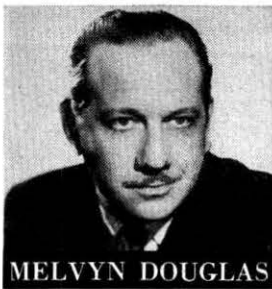


HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO)

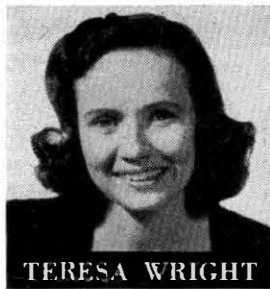
THE ruthless determination of the Nazis to indoctrinate Germany's youth with the barbaric precepts of Fascism is vividly portrayed in this film adaptation of Gregor Zeimer's *Education for Death*. This story of an American girl of German descent going to school in Germany, the development of her hate for their theories, and their ultimate effect on her life is handled with a restraint that seems to enhance the horror of the situation. Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, and Tim Holt head the cast.



IDA LUPINO



MELVYN DOUGLAS



TERESA WRIGHT

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
SHADOW OF A DOUBT Teresa Wright Joseph Cotten (Universal)	<i>Thriller</i> (a murderer gets in the family bosom).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM Crosby, Hope Lamour, Lake Goddard, etc. (Paramount)	<i>Musical comedy</i> (Paramount in revue—stars, producers, sets).	Almost too much of a good thing . . . pace and polish of a Broadway musical but with more plot. (1-30-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN Paul Muni Cedric Hardwicke (Columbia)	<i>Drama</i> (Norway fights back at the Nazis).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS Donald Duck Goofy (Disney-RKO)	<i>Cartoon feature</i> (the Disney menagerie takes over South America).	Very amusing and palatable dose of hemisphere neighborliness . . . magnificent use of color. (1-16-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION Robert Taylor Brian Donlevy Charles Laughton (M-G-M)	<i>Navy drama</i> (life on a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsy, and stark drama ride comfortably together . . . audience will have fun. (1-16-43)
RANDOM HARVEST Ronald Colman Greer Garson (M-G-M)	<i>Love story</i> (amnesia brings two worlds together).	As tender and touching as Goodbye, Mr. Chips . . . poignantly performed . . . directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
CASABLANCA Humphrey Bogart Ingrid Bergman Paul Henreid (Warners)	<i>Thriller</i> (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . exciting . . . colorfully staged . . . extraordinarily well acted. (1-2-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE Noel Coward Two Cities Production (United Artists)	<i>Drama</i> (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET Robert Young Laraine Day (M-G-M)	<i>War drama</i> (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
THE BLACK SWAN Tyrene Power Maureen O'Hara (20th Century-Fox)	<i>Sea thriller</i> (bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Lusty thriller . . . will linger in your memory as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
FOR ME AND MY GAL Judy Garland Gene Kelly (M-G-M)	<i>Musical drama</i> (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
THE HARD WAY Ida Lupino Joan Leslie (Warners)	<i>Drama</i> (a grim and powerful piece on the theater).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best hitter performances. (11-14-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO Bob Hope Bing Crosby Dorothy Lamour (Paramount)	<i>Comedy with music</i> (song and silly doings on the African desert).	Will have reasonable number of moviegoers rolling in the aisles . . . Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)

PAPER CHASE

Continued from Page 21

Miss Sills, walking almost to the front of the shop.

Jeff and Elizabeth tried to appear indifferent as they stared at a student's picture of the teacher. The face that looked out at them had a jutting chin and thick mannish black brows. Once, long ago, Miss Lange might have been handsome, but now her face was drawn into a caricature of intensity. Or, Jeff wondered, was it fanaticism? In contrast to her short black hair brushed off a square forehead, her eyes looked out as light-colored and hard as agates.

The eyes reminded Elizabeth of some one. Was it the lean brutal face of a Nazi general whose eyes had recently stared out from a cover of Time Magazine? Or was it merely the old man in the drugstore they had just left?

"SHE lives in Boston in the winter," Miss Sills volunteered, "but she's been coming up here for years and years in the summer. She used to take a shack at the other end of the island till she got her inheritance. You should see the place she has now!"

"As a matter of fact a mutual friend gave us her name and we intend to call on her," said Jeff. "That's what brought us in here. We thought you might tell us how to get there. We asked in a drugstore down the street, but the old fellow who runs it wasn't very talkative."

Miss Sills laughed. "You must have been in Coleman Dean's store. He never says much. He's a friend of hers, though."

"A friend!" Liz exclaimed. "He acted as if he hardly knew her."

"That's just the way he is, but they get on all right. He hasn't many friends."

The bell over the door tinkled an announcement of some one's entrance. "Stick around a minute and I'll tell you how to get to Lange's place," Miss Sills said as she hurried to wait on the newcomer. "You may not find her home. She goes out a lot on her boat."

Jeff turned back to the photograph of Miss Lange. "Mighty convenient, knowing how to handle a camera around here," he remarked.

After they had turned into a private road at the sign of the Tisbury School of Photography, Jeff and Liz drove almost a quarter of a mile before they arrived at a large white house, green-shuttered and overlooking a quiet cove. A small dock had been built out into the water and an outboard motorboat was tied

up to it. The grounds around the house were carefully tended. It was an imposing and expensive-looking place.

A maid answered their ring. Miss Lange was not at home. She had gone off on her sailboat with one of her hired boys almost a week ago. They weren't expected back for another day or two. Were they inquiring about the school? If so, she could tell them that Miss Lange was taking no more pupils this season. Her quota was five and it was filled.

No, they were just friends dropping in for a call, explained Jeff.

"And your name, sir?" inquired the maid.

"Jeffrey Piper."

The maid nodded. "I'll tell Miss Lange you called."

"By the way," said Jeff, "this is our first time up here. Do you know of an inn where we could get rooms?"

"I do, sir." The maid pointed. "There's Mrs. Westley's just a few miles up as you follow the road. She has nice rooms and cottages and good meals too. I waited on table there, so I know. I directed another friend of Miss Lange's up there yesterday—perhaps you know him. Mr. Mercer, I think his name was."

Liz gulped like a schoolgirl. Jeff's breath was a long time in coming.

"I'm sure Mrs. Westley's will be fine," he said finally. "Come on, Liz."

"It's called the Weathervane," the maid shouted after them. "You can't miss it."

AS they came out of the driveway a sleek gray coupé turned in. It was the old man from the drugstore, looking not at all the part of the shabby pharmacist he had chosen to play in town. In fact there was something rather snappy about his eyes front and the rigidity of his neck and shoulders as he drove past them. Almost a military snap, thought Elizabeth.

"Is this supposed to be a coincidence?" she asked Jeff, twisting in her seat to look after the gray coupé.

"He probably came out as soon as he could to announce our arrival. Not that it will make any difference, but we sure picked the worst spot to make inquiries about Lange, eh?"

"Who do you suppose this new Mr. Mercer is? Another envoy from Mexico?"

"I should guess the male half of that good-looking couple is doing an impersonation."

"Jeff," said Liz, "how can we have been so dumb? This fake Mr. Mercer must have gotten to Rowe before we did. Hence the agitation. Now he's come up here to see Miss Lange. They must have the same list of

names we have—I'll bet it was in that briefcase, along with some convenient wills."

"All right, but why are they so confounded greedy? If they have Kempen's money and Rowe's, why do they throw themselves in the lion's jaws by trying to get Lange's?"

"There could be one reason—because it hasn't become dangerous for them—yet. They don't know we spilled the beans to Rowe about the real Mercer. As far as they know, their faking is working perfectly. They've seen by the papers that the police are stumped with the murder. They figure when some one does get wise, it'll be too late."

"Bad luck for them that Lange's away on her boat. If she has a camera with her, I bet she's not snapping clouds. Do you think she was warned?"

"The maid said she'd been gone almost a week. Then she left before Mercer was killed."

"Maybe the maid was lying."

"Nope. She hadn't been instructed. If she were, she would not have mentioned that Mr. Mercer was staying at the Weathervane."

"Sounds like an interesting place, doesn't it?"

"Interesting boarders."

The Weathervane proved to be pleasant enough. It was a rambling silver-shingled series of cottages, the biggest of which was two-storied with a central dining room downstairs, and a few rooms upstairs. Elizabeth was put in one of the smaller cottages and Jeff was given

the only vacant room in the main house. For only three nights, Mrs. Westley informed him; after that, some one had reserved it. And dinner was at six thirty.

A FEW minutes after the dinner bell had rung, Jeff and Elizabeth entered the dining room. There were more than a dozen small tables crowded into it and the room was filled with the subdued clatter of silverware and the seaside smell of broiled lobster. Mrs. Westley greeted them and led them to their places. As they passed the other diners, Jeff searched for the couple from the train. Here and there a sunburned face looked up at them, but no one that he recognized.

Then Mrs. Westley stopped at a table and was introducing them. It was like a movie close-up flashed suddenly on a screen. For there stood the man of the train.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ballister," said Mrs. Westley, "may I present Miss Neff and Mr. Piper? As you are our latest arrivals, I'm going to have you all sit together." The men shook hands. There was an exchange of greetings and then Elizabeth and Jeff seated themselves in the two empty chairs at this corner table for four.

The conversation began and remained on a general and pleasant level.

To Elizabeth, Mrs. Ballister looked even more beautiful tonight than she had before. She wore navy slacks and a bell-sleeved white silk shirt. Around her head, completely hiding



"My, but it feels good to get out of the kitchen!"

her hair, she had wound an exotic Roman-striped scarf. Liz tried to guess her age. She might have been thirty or forty. Whatever she was she had done a great deal of living. But there was something else about her. A relentlessness. Here is a murderess, or an assistant murderess, who would brighten up a book no end—and yet she isn't in a book. She's sitting right here at this table with me.

Mrs. Ballister didn't seem conscious of Elizabeth's surreptitious examination of her. She was intent on being charming to Jeff. It seemed that this New England week-end was to have more compensations than one. If their stolen formula worked as well as it had been doing, they would have another good-sized nest egg to secure them against the future, and if her private formula worked—when had it failed?—she would have an entertaining day or two in most engaging company.

SHE regarded Jeff's bright quixotic face opposite her, approving the short brush haircut that showed off his head, feeling drawn by the way he had of throwing his head back and laughing loudly and heartily. After many years of Frenchmen, Italians, and Englishmen, she had forgotten how attractive American men could be. Jeff refreshed her completely after the murky indecisions of her husband.

She heard the voice of Henry discussing the merits of the Australian crawl and the American crawl with the pretty girl, Miss Nell, who wore no engagement ring.

Jeff offered her a cigarette but she refused. She drew a slim box from her bag.

"I've developed quite a taste for these," she said. "I brought them from Mexico."

"Then you've been to Mexico recently," said Jeff. "I'd like to go there some time."

Mrs. Ballister dismissed Mexico with a swift gesture. "We stopped over for a few days. Have you a match?" Jeff struck one for her. She didn't bend her head toward the flame. She covered his hand with her own and brought the light to her cigarette. The urgency of her touch was hardly less warm than the match. It was the most obvious gesture of all. She had played this scene a hundred times, but this was the first time it didn't quite come off. Jeff's blue eyes should have met and held hers over the leaping light, but instead he was looking at the dessert the waitress was placing before him. Mrs. Ballister was piqued but she understood. American, she thought.

When the top of her cigarette



"SSSSSSSS—Boom!!!!
War Department!"

glowed red, she turned to the others.

"Why don't we swim together tomorrow morning?" she suggested. "Then you can demonstrate your strokes and settle your argument."

"Good," agreed Liz. "But Mrs. Westley told us the surf pounds in very roughly at this end of the island. The waves are better for jumping than swimming."

"If I may be so immodest, I am an excellent swimmer," smiled Mr. Ballister, "even in a rough sea."

"Then I guess you can brave the Weathervane's beach," laughed Liz. "Tomorrow at eleven, then?" asked Mrs. Ballister gently.

JEFF came out of the water and walked over to Carola. She lay sun-bathing at the end of the beach, her eyes closed against the hot sun. The anti-burn oil she had rubbed on herself high-lighted her sculptured face, the smooth rounds of her shoulders, and her long, graceful legs. Her mouth was bright red with lipstick, and what there was of her bathing suit was black and satiny. Everything about her seemed to glisten or shine. She reflected the light like a skillfully cut gem and, thought Jeff, she was about as hard.

He spread out his towel and stretched out beside her. The shouts of Elizabeth and Henry Ballister dashing about in the surf came sharply over to them.

"Aren't you going in at all?" he asked.

"I don't think so. It's much nicer here, now that you've come over to talk to me. You are going to talk to me, aren't you?"

"Did you ever meet a tongue-tied lawyer?"

"All right. Tell me about yourself. I've lived in Europe so long, I've forgotten what American men are like."

"You must have heard rumors."

"Well, let me see. I've heard that they are strong and silent, that they like exerting themselves at games, that they have good digestions and good teeth."

"That sounds all right."

"There were other rumors too. American men are said to be excellent business men and—rather poor lovers."

Jeff felt her eyes upon him. He said, "Your informer must have been a frustrated old baggage."

Carola laughed and propped herself up on her elbows.

"Now tell me, are you in love with that nice apple-cheeked girl?"

There was something in the way she said it that irritated him. "We're good friends," he said.

"Yes," Carola sighed. "I've heard about American girls too. They're very skillful at being good friends."

"You're an American, aren't you?"

"But I was transplanted early. I'm afraid I have none of the pal fever left in me." She was glancing at him with that look, half mocking, half jesting.

I'd like to wipe it off her face, Jeff thought. Just two sentences and she'd change her expression all right. The temptation to try it was strong within him, but he knew the right time was not yet. He was trying to think of something to say when he saw Elizabeth and Henry Ballister walking toward them.

"We're going for a walk," called Elizabeth, "up to the end of the beach, to dry off. Come along."

AT the end of the beach a barrier of rocks jutted out into the water, and beyond that, where the land curved out again, they saw the inviting white sands of another beach. They decided to explore and they walked easily at first over the jumble of flat rocks, but near the other side the stones got more jagged and they had to pick their way carefully. Henry Ballister, who was the most surefooted, went ahead and Carola followed. They reached the sandy beach first and stood waiting for Elizabeth and Jeff. Elizabeth had almost reached them when she slipped and, throwing out her arm to save herself, fell into a small crevice between two rocks. When Jeff picked her up, blood was streaming from a slash in her forearm and her face was tight with pain.

"That was awkward of me," she panted, white-lipped. "Sorry."

Jeff helped her over the rest of the way and Henry Ballister spread out his bathrobe for her to sit on. In an instant the white terry cloth beneath her was spotted red with spurting blood.

"We'd better do something to stop

this bleeding and hurry back to the inn and call a doctor," said Jeff, frowning with concern. "Does it hurt, darling?"

"May I be of any assistance?"

They turned quickly. A man, not very tall but extremely muscular, had joined them. This was evidently his first exposure to the sun, for the golden hair on his chest and legs looked almost dark against his white skin.

"So sorry to startle you. I was sun-bathing over there." He pointed to a blanket and bag lying back toward the cliff. "I saw the accident."

"I don't know much about first aid," Elizabeth heard Henry Ballister's voice dimly somewhere above her. "Should we make a tight bandage on her arm to stop the bleeding? We can use the belt of my robe."

"If you will allow me," it was the soft voice of the blond man again. "I know first aid and—"

"Please go ahead!" It was Jeff's voice this time, agitated, worried.

The blond man grasped her upper arm in his hand, his fingers and thumb pressing, pressing, harder and harder. There was something she wanted to tell this man. She wanted to say that they had met somewhere before. She knew his face. His hand was strong as a vise on her arm, and presently she heard Jeff say, "It's stopping."

"Will she be all right?" Jeff asked. "Hadn't we better start right back to the inn?" Poor Jeff. What a nuisance she had turned out to be.

"As soon as I make a bandage we will take her back," said the blond man. "If you would get my bag, please. I have some handkerchiefs we can use."

JEFF ran and brought the gray rubber bag and the blond man bandaged the arm skillfully.

When he was done, Elizabeth said, "Thanks so much, Mr.—?"

"Trask." He smiled pleasantly. She wanted to tell him that they had met somewhere—recently too.

"My name is Piper," Jeff was saying. "Your patient is Miss Neff and this is Mr. and Mrs. Ballister."

Mr. Trask inclined his head.

"I've heard you play often," continued Jeff. "You're Amos Trask, the cellist, aren't you?"

So that's who he is, thought Elizabeth. The world-famous cellist.

"Yes." Mr. Trask made a gesture of surrender. "I am often surprised that people recognize me without my instrument. I thought I was fairly incognito up here just because it had not accompanied me."

The instrument doesn't matter, Elizabeth thought. When I met you you were without it. Mr. Trask was

looking at her bandaged arm with pride. The last time I saw you you had that same expression on your face. But where was it?

"You are at the Weathervane too." Trask's polite low voice addressed Jeff. "I believe our rooms are across the corridor from each other. I saw you when I came in last night."

"You've been a great help," said Jeff.

"The bandage looks very professional," added Carola.

Mr. Trask shrugged. "A little while ago I was in a position where I was forced to learn such things. It is helpful. Now I think we had better go back and look for a doctor who can wash out the wound."

Trask and Jeff made a seat with their hands and carried Elizabeth back to the inn. All the way she tried to remember where she had seen Trask before. She wondered why it was so important to her, why there seemed to be an impatient feeling inside her that she must—absolutely must—prod her memory.

IT was late afternoon and Elizabeth was resting when Jeff came over from the inn to the cottage to talk to her.

"How's the arm, Liz?"

"It's nothing. Once in a while it throbs."

"No pain?" he asked anxiously.

"Not since the doc put iodine on it. Did I yell very loud?"

"Loud enough to give me an idea. How would you like to go home—back to your nice apartment—far, far from sharp rocks?"

"Jeff!" Elizabeth sat up straight with indignation. "Just because of this ridiculous cut! What do you think I am?"

"I think you're a swell girl. If any one's going to get hurt around here, I don't want it to be you."

"What makes you think— Have you found out anything?"

"No. I took a look at the dock over at Lange's. The sailor is not home from the sea—yet. But she'll be coming, and when she does—well, frankly, Liz, I want to be a free agent."

"I didn't know I was a weight around your neck exactly."

"Now don't be female. The truth is I'm on the way to getting places with Carola Ballister—but she's hanging back because you're in the picture. If you'd leave, things would go faster."

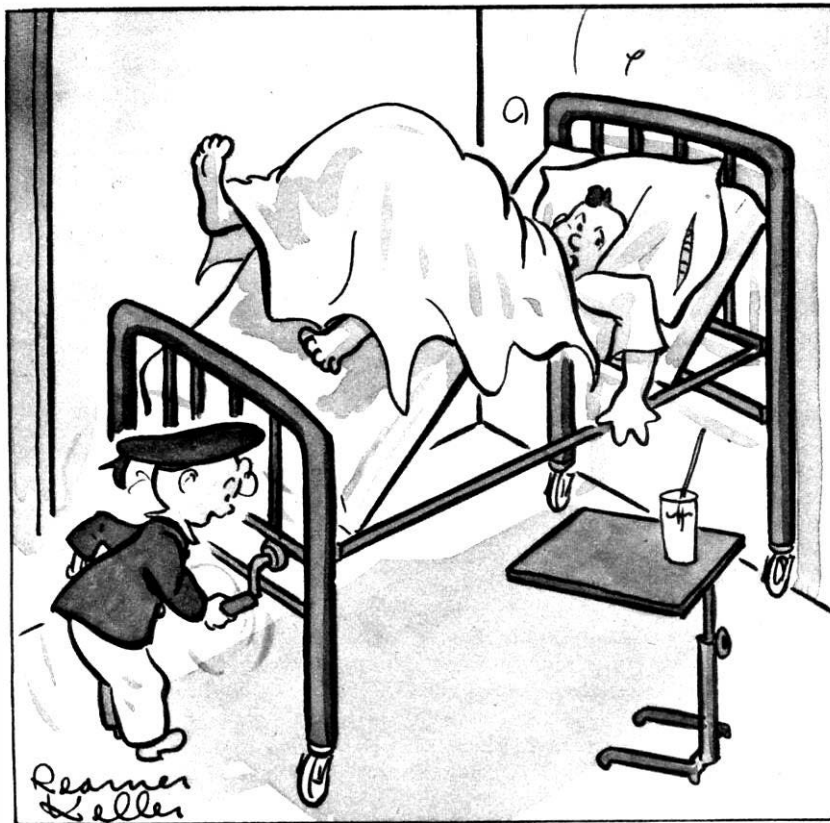
Elizabeth nodded. "I won't say I'm not jealous, but I recognize the necessities of the plot. When do I leave?"

"Tonight. We have the perfect excuse now, you see—you got hurt and you don't feel well."

"O. K., I'll go, but it's a gyp."



"We're all out of coal, madam. Could I interest you in our new side line?"



"Gee, dad, why don't we have beds like this at home?"

You've got to promise to tell me *everything* when you get back."

AT the boat dock later, Elizabeth said, "Be careful, Jeff, be very careful, won't you? I wonder if—"

"Don't wonder about anything, Liz, except the solution to Opus Number Seven." He patted the fat brown file under her arm. "You've got a reputation to keep up."

THE heavy sedan Mr. Ballister had hired in New Bedford rolled up the wet driveway to the Lange house and skidded slightly as he jerked to a stop in front of the entrance. Just before he snapped off the windshield wipers he had a view of the black-hulled boat, stripped of its sails, riding roughly at the dock below the house. Then, as the wipers were still, his vision was cut off by solid sheets of rain.

The maid answered the door.

"Oh, Mr. Mercer!"

She led him into the hallway, but once there she regarded him doubtfully. "Miss Lange is asleep," she said. "They were caught in the storm and only got in at four this morning. Miss Lange told me not to wake—"

"She'll see me," Mr. Ballister interrupted. "Take this up to her." He took a scrap of paper out of his pocket and wrote on it only the name "Mercer."

He walked into a large drawing room filled with polished antiques. There was one comfortable-looking chair in the room and Mr. Ballister stretched out in it and noticed, mildly amazed, a pile of flashy comic cartoon magazines piled on a small table beside it.

He listened intently for sounds in the upper part of the house as he went over his plans. It was barely ten o'clock in the morning. A pity that he would have to wait around for lunch to give the signal, and he dared not vary it. Possibly she had the securities right here in the house. Possibly they would have to drive to town to the bank. More delay and there had been delay enough already. The only thing that bolstered his spirits now was the fact that she had been out on her boat since the episode with Mercer on the train. There was very little chance that she could have been warned by Mercer's friends—if they knew.

He leaned his head back in the chair again and closed his eyes. He and Carola could make the evening boat to the mainland. Then a plane to Mexico City, and the long hop to Rio. There was a man there who could advise him, perhaps arrange the sale of the securities for him in discreet parcels.

Miss Lange was halfway into the room before he was aware of her. He opened his eyes with a start and

jumped to his feet. Steady now, old boy, he warned himself; she is the one who should be jumping. A nasty-looking witch she is.

Miss Lange looked him over silently, then held out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Mercer."

Her voice was curiously incompatible with her handshake, warm and womanly.

"I am sorry to have to disturb you so early," said Mr. Ballister, "but I have been here for two days—"

Miss Lange looked at him queerly.

"I quite understand."

Oh, damn, he thought, I've made a mistake already.

To cover up the apology he became gruff, almost insulting.

"You show a lack of judgment—staying away so long."

MISS LANGE seemed to welcome this change in his attitude, although she spoke cautiously.

"The storm delayed us twelve hours and, besides, I did not get what I was sent after right at first."

What the devil was she talking about? He decided to ignore it.

"You will be prepared to have lunch with me this noon. As soon as you can get ready."

At that moment Mr. Ballister heard the rustle of paper, and turning around he saw that the lounge chair he had been sitting in before was now occupied. A slender dark young boy with a thatch of black ringlets was curled up in it reading one of the comic books.

Miss Lange saw him too. "No, no, Sancho," she said; "not now, not now." She clucked to the boy like a mother hen. "Run along while I have a guest. Run along now."

The boy scowled, threw down the magazine and walked scornfully from the room. Mr. Ballister had the impression of a cat stepping along on padded paws.

Miss Lange waited until the door had closed behind him. Then she looked questioningly at Mr. Ballister.

"Perhaps it is more convenient to have lunch here. I have a cook. You may order anything you like."

Mr. Ballister snatched at the opportunity.

"I hope she can bake. I'm hungry for a plum tart."

"She can bake."

"And some liverwurst on a fresh white roll with German-fried potatoes?"

"That sounds good."

"Beer, of course—and, to begin with, a cup of split pea soup."

As he said the last words there was an instantaneous change in Miss Lange. Her face cracked into a wide

smile of cordiality and she came forward with both hands outstretched. Mr. Ballister sighed with relief. He could never quite believe that this ridiculous and ordinary collection of words could place in his hands a million dollars' worth of good securities. When he had spoken them to Professor Rowe it was as an experiment and he was only guessing at the outcome. Now that the outcome was turning out to be so fortunate a second time, he began to feel like a magician.

"I am so glad you are here," Miss Lange was whispering. "You could not have come at a better time. The pictures—oh, wait until you see the pictures! They will be ready for you to take with you today."

A wave of exasperation flooded over Mr. Ballister. Damn it, what were these pictures, and why was he supposed to be concerned with them? Not knowing what to say, he kept his speech as telegraphic as possible.

"Later the pictures; now the securities."

Miss Lange bobbed her head enthusiastically. "Yes, yes. Here, right in the house. You have the list?"

Mr. Ballister took the list from his coat pocket. "We will check it immediately, I can't be delayed any longer."

"You'll forgive me when you see the pictures." Miss Lange walked to a large bay window that overlooked the beach and the inlet. She beckoned to Mr. Ballister and he came to the window beside her. She pointed to the boat, looking like a toy model, far below them.

"That is the only thing I will miss," she said. "The house means nothing to me, and I'm glad to be rid of this school and all the nuisance it is."

MR. BALLISTER thought, panic-stricken, where is she going? Does she expect to come with me? If he slipped up here, it was going to be dangerous. He reproached himself for his own damnable weakness that had made him give in to Carola and come to the island. His instinct had been to rejoice in their success with Rowe and let well enough alone.

"It is better that I don't have the boat any longer," Miss Lange was saying. "They have licensed and registered every boat in the water. There'd be no getting about without questions."

Unless he used his wits phenomenally well, everything would be over. He looked at Miss Lange, trying to see if she had in the least pierced his insecurity, but she was facing him triumphantly, her arms folded on her breast.

"When you see the pictures," she said, "you will agree that the boat

has served its purpose. Now I'll go down to the safe in the basement to get the papers. And I'll have Sancho start developing the films immediately," she added, already at the door.

"Yes," said Mr. Ballister, "yes . . ." His words trailed off into grateful silence as she left.

THEY checked the securities carefully against the list Mr. Ballister had taken from Mercer's briefcase. The crisp unwrinkled certificates piled up on the table between them. Miss Lange commented from time to time on the future of some of the stocks or shook her head over some remembered mistake.

"They should never have ordered me to sell Marshall Airplane," she said once; "it's gone up six points. I couldn't understand why they ordered me to sell."

"They know what they're doing," muttered Mr. Ballister, hating her for these allusions that endangered him. Rowe had acted in no such way. He had been comfortably surly and incurious.

When they finished, Miss Lange threw down her pencil. "There, I had sixty-thousand-a-year income from those, but I won't miss them. Too much responsibility. Not that I wasn't glad to be of use, you understand," she added quickly. "My brokers will miss me all right. I had one in Worcester, one in Cambridge, and three in Boston. Kept them

busy too." She watched Mr. Ballister stuffing the papers in the briefcase he had brought along.

"What about the gift tax and all that?" she asked.

Mr. Ballister hesitated for the merest instant.

"You will receive your instructions." He zipped up the briefcase with a flourish.

There was a knock at the door and the maid entered with a tray of muffins, coffee, and fruit. Miss Lange directed her to put it on the table.

"My breakfast—your lunch, do you mind? It was rather short notice for your other menu, I'm afraid." She broke into hearty laughter which included his. They were both in on a good joke. He drank the hot coffee down and felt warmth coming back into his body. There was nothing to worry about. He had bluffed through his part without a mishap. Even the dark-skinned boy padding back into the room bothered him no longer.

"What is it, Sancho?" Miss Lange's voice was warm again.

"You can see the films now, if you want to."

"Right. We'll be down in a few minutes."

MISS LANGE led the way down a flight of steps to a large stone basement catacombed with rooms. She opened the door of one of them and they went in. The only illumination came from a bulb in the ceiling. The films were clipped to a wire



"No. Guess again!"

suspended across one corner of the room.

Miss Lange took one down gingerly and held it up to the bulb with a cry of delight. Mr. Ballister squinted up at the negative. It was a water-front scene of some sort.

"Newport," breathed Miss Lange.

Mr. Ballister clenched his fist in the darkness. In one flashing instant he understood everything.

"This is the island as you approach it from the south," said Miss Lange. "That's the Naval Training Station and here is the War College." She took another film from the wire. "Here it is in a closer view. Marvelous shot, eh?"

Mr. Ballister nodded. He felt the tenseness ebbing out of his body.

Miss Lange examined one film after another. "This was a hard one to get. You can imagine the risk—I was only two hundred yards away from the shore. It will be useful to get into that building, eh?"

Mr. Ballister had no further need to search for what he was to say. Now he knew his part.

"I congratulate you, my friend. You have done your work well." He heard his voice, soft, as if he were overcome with admiration, menacing, as if he were thinking of things to come. "And there were no—no awkwardnesses?"

"Not even a question—except on the third day we were out—"

And he even knew when to interrupt. "We?"

"Sancho and I. It's all right. Coleman Dean found him for me. He's harmless. The mind of a ten-year-old child, but he is helpful."

Coleman Dean? Who was Coleman Dean?

"THE first few days were foggy," continued Miss Lange. "We waited and waited for the fog to lift, and finally we put into Cove Harbor for supplies. A guard on the docks asked for our papers. When he saw the name of the school on mine, he asked if I had a camera on board. I showed him the one I kept in plain sight." In the dimness Mr. Ballister heard her chuckle and imagined how the smile must be stretching her lips. "There were some nice harmless scenic exposures on the film. They could hunt till doomsday before they found the other camera. Well, it ended up by his posing for me—and proud as a peacock to do it."

She snatched a film from the wire. Mr. Ballister made out the lines of a man in a slicker and visored cap.

"The fool." Miss Lange tossed the film aside.

The fool, Mr. Ballister echoed to himself. For now he saw it all. Every one else was foolish—foolish beyond



"It's not only fun collecting scrap, but I get to see the inside of houses I'd never see otherwise!"

measure—save him and Carola. He looked with contempt at this woman with the queer burning eyes, babbling away in her cellar, ruining well laid plans, devastating the delicate mechanism of a perfect plot.

"How soon can the pictures be printed?" he asked harshly.

A peculiar puzzled expression came into her eyes.

"I understood they were not to be printed. You were to take the films—or have the plans been changed?"

Cornered, Mr. Ballister's mind groped desperately for an answer.

"The plans have been changed," he said. "The films are too valuable to risk."

"But they might search you at the border! It is difficult to conceal photographs."

"But it is easy to destroy them."

"What do you mean?"

Ah, you fool, you fool, thought Mr. Ballister, congratulating himself on the ease with which he could handle this blockhead.

"If I destroy the photographs and you keep the films here, you can always print more photographs for us, can you not? If I destroy the films, your work is wasted and we have nothing."

"I see." Her voice was full of esteem. "You risk a lot trying to carry prints over the border. You may be caught."

"If I am caught, it is only I who will suffer. Our work will go on as before." That was a speech in character for her!

They were back in the drawing room.

"Well, if I must make the prints as well as the reports—there are distances to be computed, names, landmarks—it will take me a couple of hours."

"Be as quick as you can."

Miss Lange left the room. Through the window the rain showed now as a fine drizzle. Perhaps it would clear, he thought, and hoped there would be time for one more swim before they took the evening boat.

CAROLA'S face when he told her made up for everything he had suffered at her hands since they left Mexico. She was bowled over—more completely surprised than he had ever seen her. While he had been waiting for the pictures at Miss Lange's house he had thought it all through, putting the pieces carefully together, until as much as he knew of the story made sense. And as much as he guessed seemed probable. How pleasant that it was he who had discovered the solution, not Carola. She had grown away from him since their lean days began. Now, with the promise of a fortune ahead and the proof of his own cleverness behind, maybe she would not be so sarcastic and scornful of him.

"In its simplest form it boils down to this," he said, savoring the deliciousness of having made a revelation: "These Nazis or Japs or whatever they are had a great deal of foresight—"

"I'm sure they're Nazis," she said.

"How do you know?"

"The signal Mercer used to identify himself. I can't imagine a Jap eating liverwurst."

"All right. Nazis. They realized that after the United States got into the war they were going to need a fortune to finance their secret agents and fifth columnists. The most effective sabotage is expensive—especially in a country as large as this one. So they had one terrifically clever idea. They invested millions of dollars in good American securities and government bonds. The way they did it was to pick four loyal sympathizers to be caretakers of the money, to handle it, pay income taxes on it, and so forth, just like any private citizen. These four were Kempen, Rowe, Lange—who also worked as a spy for them—and Walters, that restaurant fellow in Washington. From what Lange said, I gather she and the rest of them were allowed to live on the income from the money.

"Now, when the big gents who planned it all decided to call in the whole pile for immediate use toward their own ends, they sent around a collector called Mercer, with the proper credentials, as we know. Mercer took a certain plane from Mexico City (It's logical to suppose

their main office is down there. Remember how infested the place was with Germans?), the plane crashed but, due to the efforts of two good Samaritans, that didn't detain Mercer long. He called on Kempen. Kempen refused to turn over the million, so Mercer killed him and collected via a prepared will."

Carola's face lighted with admiration.

"They were unspeakably cunning, weren't they, to have had the wills prepared ahead of time? They probably had them drawn up and signed at the time the money was distributed. They allowed a margin for human nature, the sly devils. They allowed for everything except us, Henry." She threw back her head and laughed heartily, the way the American Mr. Piper laughed.

"I wonder what got into that old bird Kempen to make him try anything funny with them. He must have known it was fatal."

"You saw him at the Hotel Forrest with that singer."

"But how would they know about her?"

"These people don't trust any one, Carola. They kept close tab on their four loyal sympathizers. Lange told me they instructed her in minute detail about how to handle the securities. If Kempen was going to run

off with a lady friend, believe me, they had wind of it."

Carola lay smoking on the bed, looking at the pictures Miss Lange had taken. Henry changed to his swimming trunks.

"What shall we do with these?" she asked.

"Some one might want them bad enough to make us an offer some day."

"Do you think they've found out yet?"

"They'd have some one on our tail, wouldn't they? They'd have warned Lange the first thing. Anyway, when they do find out, they can't bring the police in, and with them alone—we can take our chances." He slung a towel jauntily over his shoulder. "Want to come along?"

"No. I'll pack while you're gone."

But when he had closed the door she acted more as if she were unpacking. She searched through her bag until she found a cobwebby black sweater and a bright yellow skirt. Then she began hurriedly to brush her hair, looking in the mirror and humming as she counted the strokes.

What is Carola going to do? You'll find out next week in as swift and exciting a chapter as you've ever read. It's full of breath-taking surprises.

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3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (*Unabashed*)



JOLLYGIST: A guy who's happy digging up ancient ruins.

DRYDRANT: No water in this one.

OUNKMENT: Salve for a sick pig.

WICKTORIOUS: Finally getting the kerosene lamp lighted.

MANTIQUE: An octogenarian of rare parts.

SNORECHESTRA: A bunch of musicians sound asleep.

BOYSTEROUS: Any healthy twelve-year-old lad.

MAYORTRIMONY: Marriage by Fiorello.

TSARDINE: King of the canals.

BRICKFIST: Joe Louis' morning meal.

SOME ONE SUITABLE —Continued from Page 10

"No," said Aunt Margaret. "You have."

"Don't split hairs! Can I have a pair of twins kiting around after me in wartime to Lord knows where?"

"Can I?" replied Aunt Margaret serenely.

The major was breathing heavily now. Aunt Margaret was that way—you knew you were in a fight ten seconds after she started. "I suppose," he said coldly, "you want those kids put in an institution?"

"Of course not. No more than you do."

"Then who's going to take care of them?" roared the major.

Aunt Margaret, dangerously calm and confident, let him have it full force. "Your wife," she said.

"What wife?" cried the major, waving both arms wildly.

"You can have only one, you stupid! The woman you marry within the next fourteen days. I imagine you can find some one suitable without much trouble. You look well enough in uniform."

The major needed a breather and he took it. Then, just as though he could end it with one firm declaration, he tried being masterful. "Evidently you're not joking," he said. "So we'll settle this right now."

"Oh, no hurry. Look around first and pick some nice girl who'll be good to the twins."

The major ran his hands through his hair and clenched his fists. "I'm not getting married! And you're not turning into an army nurse! Is that clear?"

"No," said Aunt Margaret, smiling a little. "It's merely loud. What's wrong with being married again? You've been a widower five years. It's time you found some young woman to be a mother for the twins."

"I DON'T know any one to marry," moaned the major, his defenses crumbling.

"I've thought of that. I have several suggestions. There's a girl who teaches kindergarten in a school near here. She has quite a way with children. Then there's a neighbor of mine, a young widow, who's very patient with the twins. Of course," Aunt Margaret admitted, "she has four of her own."

"How can you ask me to do such a thing?" said the major weakly. "Where is your sense of romance?"

"In moth balls for the duration," said Aunt Margaret. "Do you think you're the only one wants to help win this war?"

"A man should marry for love," the major protested quaveringly.

"After the war you can find out if you love her. If you don't, I suppose she'll give you a divorce. Then I'll

come back and take over the twins again." She lit a fresh cigarette and observed the major through half-closed eyes and smiled a little. He was about done for—his shoulders slumped and he sat crushed and subdued. "When do you want to meet that kindergarten teacher?"

"Never. I'll not marry any scrawny old-maid schoolmarm."

"I could invite her for lunch."

"If you do I'll go out for a walk."

"Aren't you a little pigheaded? She's really the best I have to offer."

The major pushed himself wearily to his feet. "I believe I'll go out anyway," he said. "I need some air."

He stayed with the twins until they had their lunch and were sent to their room for what Aunt Margaret whimsically called their Saturday rest hour. Then he sauntered down the path, unmindful of the cork from a toy shotgun that whizzed past his ear. For the sake of the twins, he thought grimly, he had to stop Aunt Margaret. Any woman but her, left alone with those two, would do something desperate.

HE walked slowly, searching his mind for a plan of counterattack. He was downtown before one came to him. Some one suitable, Aunt Margaret had said. But suppose he found some one who wasn't suitable, who was just the opposite? If he could bluff Aunt Margaret and scare her—

It was a daring idea. His Aunt Margaret didn't scare easily. Nevertheless he looked around him. Any number of girls of whom Aunt Margaret would definitely not approve were passing by. There remained only the problem of meeting the most unsuitable of them and he would have a cudgel to hold over Aunt Margaret's head.

He remembered suddenly the show girls who had crowded the station wagon and his knees a few hours back. He turned and walked swiftly in the direction of the Apollo Theater. But the chorus, the doorman at the stage door told him, had been given a recess for lunch. They'd be back, if the major wanted to wait.

He did not have to wait long. The first to appear was the willowy blonde who had occupied his right knee, and she would do very nicely. He stepped in front of her. "I don't know if you remember," he said, "but you were sitting on my knee a while back."

"I seem to recall it," she said, and smiled invitingly. "Though one sits on so many knees, doesn't one?"

He nodded approvingly. She sounded promising. "I was hoping to catch you for lunch," he lied.

"I just had time for a sandwich.

Perhaps," she added hopefully, "some other time would do?"

"How about cocktails later?"

"Splendid. I—"

She ended abruptly. A small boy, of the same age and energy as the twins, raced between them and bumped her. Her handbag fell from under her arm and its contents scattered. The major, on his knees, retrieved and restored everything.

"That little brat!" cried the blonde. "Oh, if I could get my hands on him! I'd pin his ears back! And then to run off without even offering to help or saying 'Excuse me!'"

"Some children are that way," murmured the major.

"Some? All, it seems to me!"

The major's eyes widened. "You sound as though you didn't like children."

She breathed deeply. "Sometimes," she said grimly, "I think if I never saw a human being under the age of fourteen I would be a much happier woman."

The major grinned delightedly. She suited his purpose even better than he had dared to hope. "We were talking about cocktails," he said. "Would five o'clock be all right?"

"It would be wonderful," said the girl. "Here, at the stage door."

He watched her move gracefully off. Then, after two Martinis, he ate a solitary lunch and walked home in high spirits. Aunt Margaret was out on Motor Corps business. The major submitted to a mauling by his sons for two hours, at which time she returned. Then he sent the twins off and settled back confidently to drive his way to victory.

"I MET a girl downtown," he said, opening the attack.

Aunt Margaret sensed the challenge. "Really?" she said, her lips tightening.

"I believe I'll ask her to marry me," said the major.

"Is she suitable?"

"Suitable? She's marvelous! A regular Blonde Bomber. Her eyes are blue-gray, or maybe gray-blue. She wears her hair off her ears, which is a kindness to humanity, because her ears are like rose petals."

"Stop drooling!" said Aunt Margaret. "I don't care if her ears are like artichoke leaves."

"She's slim, with a figure that was meant for sweaters, and her legs are long—I've always liked them built like a colt, you know—and her—"

"Is she suitable for the children?" snapped Aunt Margaret.

"Oh, that! It's hard to say. She's a show girl. One of Broadway's best, I imagine."

"At your age!" sneered Aunt Margaret.

"At any age, auntie, my dear." The major smiled placidly and went on: "Unfortunately, she doesn't like children. In fact, she hates 'em."

Aunt Margaret's eyes narrowed. His tactics were clear. "Think you're smart, don't you?" she said. "But you wouldn't dare go through with it."

The major kept on smiling. "She thinks small boys should have their ears pinned back. She has no patience with children at all. Doesn't want to have anything to do with anybody under fourteen. No, I'm afraid she's hardly the one to take care of the twins. It's too bad."

Aunt Margaret, a bit paler now, studied him. She smiled—but it was an uncertain smile. "You're bluffing," she said. "You wouldn't marry her and leave her with the twins."

The major shrugged. "Possibly not," he said. "But only because it won't be necessary. You will stay here and take care of them."

Aunt Margaret for once was silent. The major smiled, savoring his victory. "I'd better be leaving," he said. "Can't keep the little lady waiting, you know. Maybe I'll bring her here to meet you, if I can tear her away from the bar."

Aunt Margaret said nothing. The major left the house whistling a merry tune, and reached the stage door by taxi a few minutes before five. She was on the dot, and the major took the hand she proffered him and found his heart thumping a little as she smiled. He began to regret, almost as much as Aunt Margaret, that she wasn't suitable for the twins. If she were—but there

was no use of thinking about *that*.

He led her to a red-leather-and-chromium cocktail bar. "Cigarette?" he said as they were seated.

"Oh, I never smoke," she answered pleasantly.

"Really? Then what'll it be? A double Scotch?"

"Ginger ale," said the blonde. And before he was through staring at her she added, "How are the twins?"

He gulped. "You — you know them?"

"Naturally. Aren't they the little darlings? I just adore them."

THE major leaned back in his chair. He opened his mouth and closed it, then drained the glass of water the waiter had placed in front of him. "Excuse me," he murmured. "I'm a little dizzy."

"It's this June heat. It got me too, this afternoon. The heat and a lot of other things. I suppose I sounded horrid."

"Not at all. You—"

"I was letting off steam. A kindergarten teacher has to, once in a while. It's the overdose of children you get over the winter—all the pairs of galoshes you take off and put on, and all the snow suits you button and unbutton, and—oh, all the rest of it! You can't imagine!"

"Talk some more," said the major, entranced. "Something wonderful is happening."

"And then, on top of all my school work," she went on, "they asked me to direct this children's pageant for the Navy Relief show. I've been working with them at the Apollo Theater every day this week. Of course they're cute, but they can be trying at rehearsals. I suppose there can be too many children in a woman's life at one time."

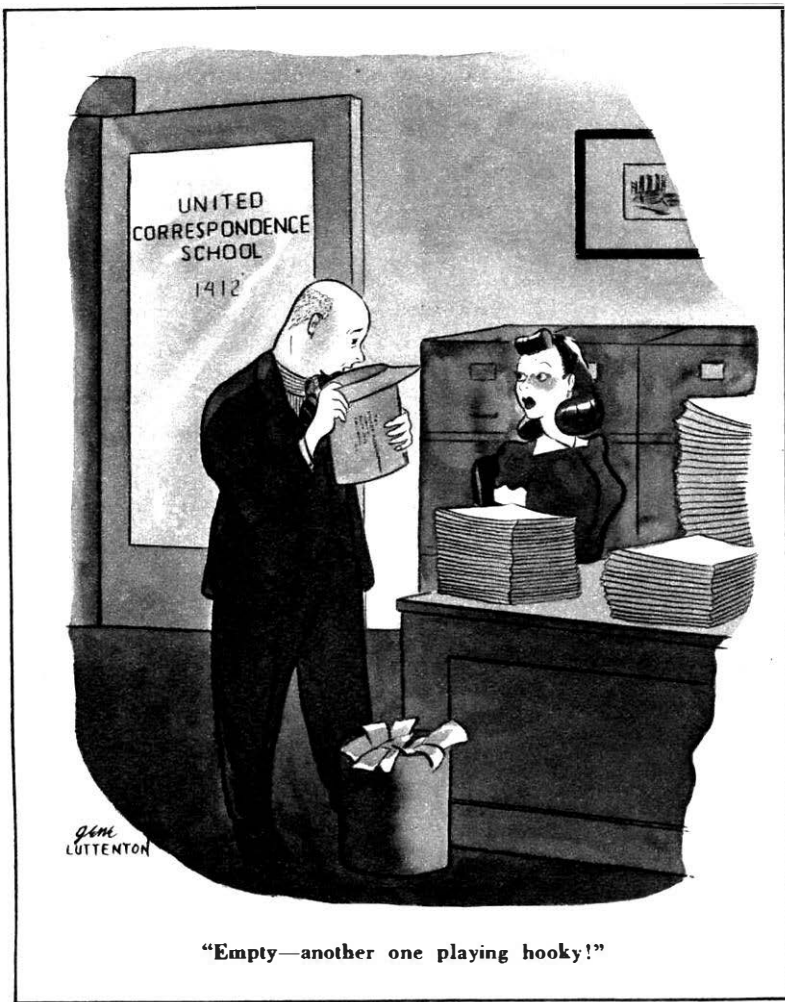
He leaned forward eagerly. "And not enough men?" he suggested.

She flushed prettily. "Conceivably," she murmured.

The major relaxed. His mind was gradually taking in the amazing facts of his good fortune. Here was this supremely suitable girl turning out to be equally suitable for the twins. Aunt Margaret could gloat if she wanted to. He saw himself, if his luck held, marrying her the next day and spending the most wonderful twelve-day honeymoon it was ever given to man to know. Later, wherever the job he was doing might take him, he would know the twins had perfect care. Her letters would come to him regularly. And when it was all over she would be here waiting for him, loving his two small brats as though they were her own, but loving *him* most of all.

He reached forward suddenly and seized her hand. "Could you arrange





"Empty—another one playing hooky!"

to marry me tomorrow morning?" he asked.

She drummed the table slowly with her free hand. "Did you have many before you came?" she asked.

"Not enough to matter. Perhaps we could even make it this evening."

"As long as you have my hand," she said, "you might as well pinch it. This sort of thing doesn't really happen."

"It's the war. I have only fourteen days' leave. Can you make up your mind now, or would you rather wait till we're in the taxi? We're going to see Aunt Margaret."

"I could make it up now," she conceded, "but a taxi's more private."

THE twins were romping on the lawn, and they rushed the slim blonde girl with happy cries of recognition and welcome. The major hurried into the house to find Aunt Margaret. He did finally, in her upstairs sitting room, glaring sulkily out the rear window.

"You might knock," she said sharply, as the major burst in.

"I brought her here to meet you," he said. "She's downstairs."

"Then you can take her away again." Aunt Margaret glared defiantly. "You can't bluff me. You'll never ask her to marry you."

"I have already. A half hour ago. Come and see the future colonel's future lady."

Aunt Margaret's jaw dropped. "I'll look her over," she said grimly.

The girl was sitting on the couch in the living room with a twin on either side talking to her eagerly. Aunt Margaret stopped in the doorway. "You!" she cried. "Thank heaven and glory be!"

The girl stood up and backed away from Aunt Margaret's outstretched arms and impending kiss. For the first time the major noticed how pale she was and how her eyes flashed. "The twins have been entertaining me," she said abruptly.

"Chewed your ear off, no doubt," chuckled Aunt Margaret.

"No," said the girl. "Just opened my eyes." She faced the major. "Where is Aunt Margaret's shotgun?"

"How's that again?" murmured the major.

"You don't want to marry me! Aunt Margaret's forcing you into it. That's why you asked me!"

The major turned white. "Wherever do those kids get their ideas?" he asked vaguely.

"They get them outside that window. It was open and they listened." She came forward to stand close

in front of him. "So I'm a scrawny old-maid schoolmarm, am I?"

"Oh, damn! That was before--"

"But I'll do as governess and nursemaid, won't I? That's all you want. And when the war's over and you and Aunt Margaret come back, you'll divorce me! Oh, you're unspeakable! I'd rather teach kindergarten for the next fifty years!"

"Ain't you gonna ask her to marry you, pop?" said one of the twins.

"Ain't you gonna get down on your knees?" asked the other.

The girl moved rapidly to the door. "What he ought to do, my dears," she said, "is get down on his stomach and crawl, the worm!"

THOUGH he tried repeatedly, it was three days before he managed to catch up with her again. And then it was by a ruse. He hid behind Aunt Margaret while she rang the bell and waited for the door to open.

The girl paled when she saw him. "Come in, Aunt Margaret," she said, "but tell that thing skulking behind you to leave."

"He wants to talk to you," said Aunt Margaret.

"The twins outtalked him the other day."

"He still wants to marry you."

"Naturally. I have a knack with children."

"Don't be a blithering idiot!" cried Aunt Margaret. "Just look at him! You can tell he's in love with you."

"He'll never, never, never make me believe that!"

"Then I will," said Aunt Margaret. She set herself and came out with it grimly. "He doesn't need you to take care of the twins. I'll be around as usual. That damned army doctor turned me down. Said I was twenty pounds overweight."

THE honeymoon was just as the major had planned—the most wonderful ever given to man to know. As it was ending, on the ninth day, they strolled hand in hand to the top of the hill behind their inn for a final look at the green countryside. "There's only one tiny thing to spoil it," the bride said, after her husband's last kiss. "Poor Aunt Margaret! She wanted so badly to get into the big show."

The major grinned. He took a telegram from his pocket. "It came this morning," he said, and handed it to her.

She read:

YOU GET A NINE DAY HONEYMOON AND I GET A NINE DAY DIET. BUT IT WORKED. ONLY EIGHT MORE POUNDS TO GO! IS THE BRIDE READY TO TAKE OVER THE TWINS? V FOR VICTORY.

AUNT MARGARET.

THE END

water. It might go to pieces, and again, it might not. *If it does, he thought grimly, Marsden will have to make up his own story. I hope it's a good one.*

It was very different, coming down in the open sea, from making a power landing beside your own cruiser. For one thing, he was nervous about the size of the waves. There was no friendly crane to fish you out of the drink if you botched it now. He leveled off, and the muscles of his stomach crawled into a knot as he waited for flying speed to be lost. The big pontoon smacked a half dozen wave-tops, spray shot over them in clouds—and they were down. Bill let his breath out slowly and felt limp. The plane bobbed unsteadily as Evans opened his cockpit cover and stood up.

"Well, here we are," he said. As Bill shoved back his cover, Evans grinned at him. "We sure shot the guts out of that bunch, lieutenant. Three out of six—not bad, eh?"

Bill unbuckled his belt and stood up. He gripped the cockpit edge and looked overside at the big pontoon. It seemed to be floating all right, apparently not holed through.

"Break out the boat, Emmie," he said. "We may need it later on." He struggled out of his parachute harness. "What'd we hit? Did you see it?"

Evans wiped his tanned face with his open hand. "We hit something?"

Bill pointed at the wing. Evans whistled.

"I didn't feel it," he said. "I was a little busy. Say, did you see that guy hanging up there, above the flight? The guy that blasted us?"

Bill shook his head. "I thought there were only five of them," he admitted.

"Me too." Evans began to open the baggage hatch astern of his cockpit. "I was watching you chop them birds up, and all of a sudden here was Tojo right smack on our tail. He got a bellyful of hot fifties for his trouble, too."

"And we got shot down," Bill said. Evans nodded. "Yeah." He started to pull out the rubber boat, but paused and looked up, listening. Bill looked up, too. There was the drone of a plane overhead. Evans slowly straightened up. "There," he said. He pointed over the starboard wings.

Bill saw it then. Another seaplane, flying at about a thousand feet, was heading in their direction. Bill pulled his binoculars from under his flying suit and put them to his eyes. He noticed that his hands shook as he adjusted the focus. When he lowered the glasses his lips were very dry.

"Jap," he said.

Evans eyed the approaching plane. "Suppose he'll have a go at us?"

Bill struggled out of his flying suit. "What do you think? Come on—break out that boat and let's go overboard!"

But Evans sat down. "I hate Japs," he said flatly. He worked a cartridge into the chamber of his .50-caliber machine gun and swung the muzzle up.

"Don't be a fool," Bill snapped. "We're only clay pigeons down here."

As he spoke, the Jap seaplane dipped and there was a faint chatter of machine guns. A narrow path of splashes studded the water a hundred feet away and swept over them. Instinctively Bill ducked, and the plane roared over them, then up and into a climbing turn. Bill stood up and shook his fist at it.

"You dogs!" he bellowed. He turned. "Blast hell out of 'em next time, Emmie—" He stopped.

Evans was dead.

He lay curled in his cockpit, his face turned up toward Bill, a faint crooked smile on his lips. He looked almost as if he had gone to sleep and a dream had amused him. But he wasn't asleep: there was a small blue hole in his forehead, just between his eyes.

BILL stared at him. "Emmie?" he said. His voice sounded thin and flat and alone, out there on the sea. A wave rolled the plane and Evans' head sagged a little. There was blood on the back of his helmet. Bill raised his eyes bewilderedly. This wasn't possible. Five seconds ago Evans had been—"But, Emmie," he said. Then he was conscious of the drone of the other plane again. He turned.

The Jap was preparing for another attack. Bill's jaw clamped shut and there was a blur of red film over his eyes. In one swift movement he was in the rear cockpit, crowding Evans' body to one side. He centered the enemy plane in the machine-gun sight, and before it had leveled off to make its run his tracer bullets were stabbing out, eating into its nose as it came on. The Jap fired just once, then his motor stopped. The plane sailed drunkenly overhead, and Bill turned, firing as it passed, trying for an angle shot. The plane wobbled on, and struck the water in a cloud of spray almost a mile away. Bill stood up and cursed it blindly for several moments.

He sank down on the edge of the cockpit and looked at Evans. There was nothing he could do for him now, he knew. Emerson E. Evans, Machinist's Mate, First Class. Killed in action. "Emmie." Bill rubbed his hand across his face. He was sick at heart and utterly exhausted.

For a long time he just sat there. The plane rose and fell with the waves, occasionally dipping one of its lower wing pontoons into the water, and the motion seemed violent after the steadiness of the air. Aside



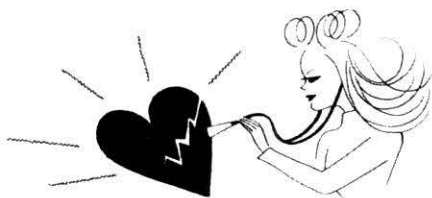
? GUESS WHO ? SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

WHEN asked what his actors were talking about, Hamlet replied, "Words, words, words." Below you'll find various words spoken by famous people you know. The game is to follow the clues closely, then guess who speaks the words, words, words. If you get three out of five you're superior. Maybe you know you're superior already, but try the game anyway. Answers will be found on page 68.

1. You've often used the expression, "Scared out of his seven senses," but did you know it was said by a Scotch writer of dozens of romances and scores of poems who wrote himself out of debt?

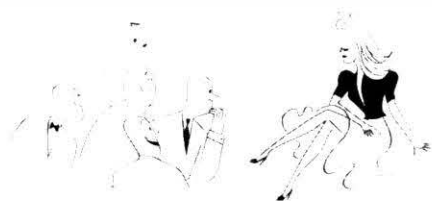
2. Her advice to gals considering war marriages: "Don't marry just to keep from being an old maid." More lovelorn ladies appeal to her



than to any one else in the country. She has a genius for diagnosing troubled hearts.

3. "Time is a sandpile we run our fingers through." This man has made records with his guitar and baritone voice, has written poems, books, has nice white hair, and is living.

4. "I never show my legs except on the screen; my legs belong to my



career." Get that! Nice legs, an accent, and she's ver-ry pretty.

5. This man had a very fancy white beard; was a great lawyer and judge; was once defeated by President Wilson in a big contest: "Men do not break down from overwork, but from worry and dissipation."

from the slosh of water against the pontoons and the faint murmur of the breeze through the wing braces, there was no sound. A flock of Mother Carey's chickens swept past, their tiny feet trailing in the water from time to time. Bill watched them go, and in following their flight saw the Jap plane again.

It was still afloat. He lifted his binoculars and studied it coldly—hating it. There were three men aboard—or there had been. Now two of them were pulling the third from the forward cockpit. They tumbled the man unceremoniously into the sea.

One down, Bill thought grimly. That's one for you, Emmie.

The two remaining Japs were studying him, sharing a pair of binoculars. One of them turned and began crawling toward the stern cockpit. Bill's set lips thinned out even more.

"O. K. with me," he said aloud.

He lifted Evans' body and carefully worked it forward until he got it out on the starboard wing. There he snapped the parachute harness around one of the struts. Then he climbed back into Evans' place, and as he did so a wave-top fifty feet away was chewed into spray. He heard the dull chatter of the Jap's machine gun.

"You'll have to do better than that," Bill said. "You'll have to do a lot better than that—if you want to go on living!"

There weren't many shots left in the belt of his gun. He swung it up and peered through the sight. This would be quite a problem, he saw at once. Both planes rose and fell with the waves, and there was only a short space of time when they were visible to each other. Bill fired once, and saw the tracers go out in a long curve as the wind bent the smoke. Before he could correct his aim, the gun was empty.

HE dropped the empty box overboard and replaced it with the last full one. Water coughed up in his face as the Jap scored a near miss. Bill fumbled with the new belt, clumsy with haste.

"Slow down," he growled. "Don't be a dope. Take your time!"

When his gun was ready, he sat down in Evans' seat. The Jap was firing short bursts, none of them very close. This would be a long duel, unless either of them got in a lucky shot. Bill watched the other plane through his glasses. One Jap stood on the lower wing, marking the shots for his companion. Bill realized that both planes were swinging in a definite cadence. As he went down the Jap swung up. If he could

alter the distance, if he could rise when they did, he would have a longer time to bear on the target and a better chance of hitting it. True, the Japs would too, but that was all right with Bill. He wanted to kill those men, and there was no thought in his mind of the risk he might have to run to do it.

He leaned forward and pulled his parachute free from its case. He made the harness fast to the seat, then tumbled the big silk overboard into the clear blue water. It sank a little, billowing out under the surface. The plane began to swing as it felt the drag, and Bill picked up his glasses again. All this time the Jap had been firing, some of his shots disconcertingly close but most of them vanishing in thin air. Bill studied the other plane.

THE Jap who had been on the wing apparently didn't think much of his companion's marksmanship, for the two men were changing places. Bill noticed with satisfaction that the interval when the planes were visible to each other was increasing. He swung up his gun, held the spot where the Jap's wings crossed the fuselage in the ring, and fired.

It was a long, satisfying burst. As Bill stopped, he saw the Jap standing on the wing suddenly slide off into the sea. "Two down, Emmie," he said. He picked up his glasses.

The .50-caliber bullets had torn gaps in the fuselage and the motor hung down, almost cut loose from its fastenings. The Jap in the stern cockpit was firing frantically now, and Bill had a curious sense of immunity as he watched the flashes and saw the streamers of tracers reach out for him—until a burst thudded into the nose of his own plane, making it shudder. Then he grabbed his gun and fired back until he realized he was being foolish. When he stopped, he saw that the end of his belt was in sight. He sat back and wiped his face nervously.

For the first time, he noticed how hot the sun was. He glanced at his watch, and was amazed to find it was ten minutes before noon. He had been on the water more than two hours—time that had flown like minutes. He broke out the canteen and took a long drink. The water tasted musty. He rubbed some on his face. His eyes ached from staring across the bright water. He would have to be careful now. There were scarcely fifty shots left in his gun. Suddenly he straightened up. The forward guns—of course!

But when he opened the gun hatch both ammunition boxes were empty. He stared at them. He tried to re-



"Are you sure they're following you? Maybe they're just going the same way."

member how he had expended them. There had been the long dive on the leading plane and the swing off to the second—but it hardly seemed possible that he had kept his guns going until they were empty. He crouched in the shade of the plane's upper wing and watched the Jap across the water. The planes were farther apart now.

The Jap was having ammunition trouble, too. He was perched on the lower wing nearest Bill, hammering away at the forward gun hatch. Apparently Bill's shots had jammed the hatch, for he couldn't get it open. If the Jap's gun was empty, he was done for. Bill wet his lips. If only they could get closer together, so he could make sure of the few shots he had left—

He scrambled back and pulled in his dragging parachute. He carried it forward and out onto the lower port wing. There he cut the shrouds free from the harness, and, making half of them fast to the forward struts, he crossed over the fuselage to the starboard side and made the other half of the shrouds fast. The breeze lifted the wet parachute a little, bellying it out. Water began to gurgle around the big pontoon. The plane was moving.

Bill stood up. "I'm coming, little man," he murmured. "Wait for me!"

Rudderless, the seaplane made a bungling job of working downwind. It sagged off under the action of the breeze and swung wildly. At times Bill thought it might go completely over. He worked out to Evans' body and took the parachute from his pack. He cut loose its shrouds and tied them into two long lines. He passed one line around the outer

struts on either wing, then carried the ends back to the rear cockpit. He tied two of the ends to his own parachute case, held the other two in his hands, and dropped the case overboard. It sank and filled as the plane moved forward. By pulling the case toward one wing or the other, he could head the plane in that direction. It was a simple, fairly effective jury rudder. He pointed his plane toward the Jap and sat down to wait.

The distance between them had lessened appreciably. Bill looked at his watch again. Two thirty! It didn't seem possible. He looked up at the sky. It was cloudless overhead, but there was a low crown of white on the horizon in all directions. Before very long, planes should be coming out on search. He wasn't afraid of not being rescued, for he knew that the navy took care of its own. He just didn't want to be rescued until he had finished this job. He wanted one more—for Emmie.

The Jap was still working at the forward hatch, and from time to time he turned to watch Bill's approach. The distance was shorter now, scarcely half a mile. Bill put down his binoculars and pulled the rudder line until the starboard wing cleared the target. Then he carefully centered the Jap in his gun sight and, when he had caught the swing of the planes, fired a short burst.

The water erupted at the Jap's feet and he scurried out to the end of the wing farthest from Bill. Just as the Jap sat down, Bill fired again—missing. He swore. There were only a dozen shots left now. The Jap began to crawl along the wing, and Bill followed his progress carefully. When he was certain he couldn't

miss, he pressed the trigger. The gun hammered—then stopped with brittle finality. Blind with anger, Bill jerked it from its mount and hurled it overboard.

The two ships were scarcely a hundred and fifty yards apart when Bill got control of his feelings again. The Jap was back at his old position, crouching beside the fuselage on the lower wing. By using his glasses, Bill brought the man right up to his eyes. He had a flat face with prominent teeth—for all the world just like the cartoons of Japs in the newspapers at home. Suddenly the Jap looked downward, and Bill followed his glance. The other seaplane was definitely lower in the water. The pontoon was sunk and the waves were lapping at the lower wing. Bill realized that his last shots had punctured the pontoon and that the other ship was going down. The Jap stood up, a revolver in his hand. The distance was only a hundred yards now. He raised his gun and fired.

The report was flat and insignificant. Bill put down his glasses and worked forward. He had no pistol and he knew that Evans had never carried one. His plane was picking up speed as the drying parachute lifted farther out of the water. The Jap fired again—and again.

BILL didn't even hear the bullets. He felt no sense of danger at all as he climbed to the upper wing. The Jap aimed again, and fired. Then he looked at his gun, and, with the planes scarcely a hundred feet apart, he hurled the revolver toward Bill.

Bill crouched on the wing, his muscles tensed, his eyes fastened on that squat little man standing in the water. One minute, and the planes would be together. One minute! Bill's jaw ached. This one—this one would *really* be for Emmie. With his bare hands.

The Jap was suddenly in water to his waist. He turned from Bill's gaze and looked up at a wave which reared unexpectedly over the upper wing. The wave fell, boiled—and the plane was gone. Ten seconds later Bill passed over the spot. There was a seat cushion floating in the water, and a little ring of oil. That was all.

Bill turned and looked back. The tension went out of his muscles and his knees gave way. He sank down to the upper wing, staring at the empty sea. He was alone—all alone now. He stretched out on the wing and buried his head in his arms. He felt completely exhausted, the strength gone from his arms and legs, his head heavy and dull. He closed his eyes. The plane rose and fell on the water and the parachute sail snapped crisply in the breeze.

The pontoon gurgled louder than ever.

He lay there a long time. When he roused himself to look at his watch, his whole body ached and his eyes seemed on fire. It was four thirty. The sun was well on its way down to the horizon, and the clouds which had ringed the sea were slowly advancing overhead. Bill slid wearily down onto the fuselage, and from there to the lower starboard wing. Evans' body still lay there, buckled to the strut. He'd have to do something for Emmie. He'd have to bury him at sea.

"Killed in action and buried at sea."

He'd seen the phrase often lately. He wondered vaguely if Evans, who never seemed to worry about anything, had ever speculated on his chances of being buried at sea. Probably not, he decided. Other people were killed and buried at sea, but you never thought of its happening to you. You hardly ever thought of yourself as getting hurt. Maybe for just a moment or two, when you first got into action, but not for long.

He moved over to the body and slipped off the empty parachute case and the harness. Then he went through Evans' pockets.

There were three smudged, well read letters; a wallet; a package of cigarettes and some matches; fifty-two cents in change; and, neatly folded in the left breast pocket, a silk American flag. Bill looked at it in real surprise. It was a delicately

done little thing, with fine gold fringe along its edges. He had always considered Evans a hard-boiled, un-sentimental bird with a caustic sense of humor and a consuming disrespect for practically everything. Yet here was this flag—mute testimony to Evans' inner feelings. Bill gently tucked the flag under Evans' flying helmet, covering the calm dead face.

Nothing of him that doth fade but doth suffer a sea-change. The refrain was suddenly in Bill's mind. They had suffered a sea-change, all right—both of them. *If we'd stayed in the air, he thought wearily, we'd probably still be all right. We got out of our element.* He brushed the thought from his mind.

He took off Evans' identification tag and wrist watch and placed them with the other things in his cockpit. Then he went back and wrapped the parachute harness around the stilled legs. He lay down on the wing and snapped the strap to the fins of the fifty-pound bomb which still hung from its rack under the wing. He eased the body out through the struts and braces until it lay free of obstructions. Then he crawled back to his cockpit, checked the bomb-release toggle to make certain it was unimpaired, and stood up. He wet his dry lips with the tip of his tongue and cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry I don't know the whole service, Emmie," he said apologetically, "but I guess you must know everything now—what this is all about, what's over there, and—"

He hesitated, then went on, very slowly:

"I could never manage to let you know how safe I always felt, just knowing that you were behind me, backing me up—"

He choked up and glanced off toward the empty northern horizon. Then he lifted his eyes to the sky, studded now with rose-tinted clouds.

"Dear God," he said quietly, "this is Emerson E. Evans. A Machinist's Mate, First Class, in the United States Navy. He was good, and honorable, and trustworthy, and he died in what we know was his line of duty. We now commit his body to your care. Ashes to ashes—dust to dust—"

He couldn't go on. Tears suddenly blinded his eyes and his throat ached. He groped for the bomb toggle and pulled it. There was a splash of the bomb, the plane tilted, and Evans' body slid quietly into the sea. Dimly through his tears Bill watched its swift final plunge into the clear water.

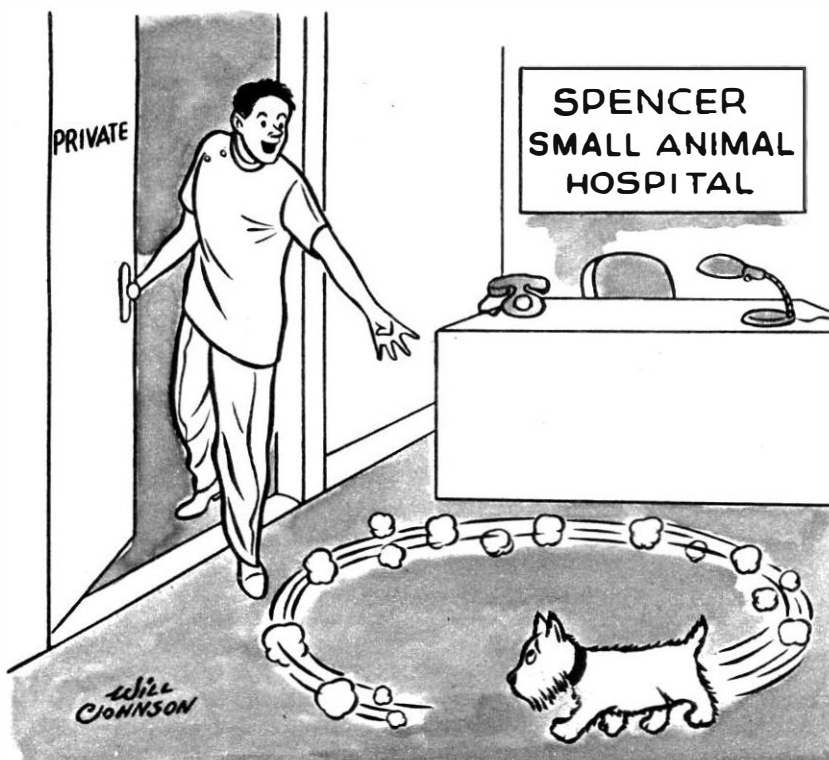
"Good-by, Emmie," he said.

HE sat down in his cockpit. A sudden cat's-paw of wind made the parachute crack, and the plane creaked as it dipped forward. Bill's hair ruffled against his hot forehead. He looked at the shattered instrument board, and noticed for the first time that the compass was still functioning. The plane was headed due east. He reached out and pulled the port rudder line. Slowly the plane's head came around to the northeast. Midway Island lay in that general direction.

The wind was picking up, moaning gently through the braces. The big pontoon made a rushing, gurgling noise in the water, and the plane wallowed a little drunkenly. Bill put his head back against the catapult rest.

The thought of Marsden crossed his mind. He still wouldn't have any story to tell him. What had happened today wasn't anything you could put into words. You lived it, and it was there—part of you. You couldn't get rid of it—you couldn't give it to some one else. He'd never be the same again, he knew. Everything would have a different tint from now on. He shut his eyes a moment. When the stars came out, he'd take a sight and fix his position. It wouldn't be long until then. The night air would be cool and comfortable, and it was pleasant just to think about it. He didn't want to think of anything else—not just then. The plane began to leave a long, straight wake as it swept toward the darkening horizon.

THE END



"Congratulations! It's three bouncing baby boys and a girl."

ANDREW HIGGINS' DREAM

Continued from Page 19

ploration of the Louisiana bayous, the Amazon, Lake Maracaibo, and the Persian Gulf. Andrew J. Higgins was riding high until the world depression caught up with his Higgins Industries, Inc., in 1931, and dumped them into receivership.

He barely staggered through the next few years until 1936—when the government gave him an order for a pair of river steamer inspection boats. In 1939 he was manufacturing Eureka's for the navy, Britain, and Finland. The war took everything he could make and screamed for more.

Today he's producing landing barges and mosquito boats for United Nations' offensives everywhere. In the process he's turned New Orleans inside out. The town's been driven seasky by watching him build boats on exclusive St. Charles Avenue and drive them on special cradles to be launched in the Mississippi. It saw him build the world's largest volume of small boats in an old marble yard. It knows his steel-plate orders literally sizzle out of Birmingham mills. It's seen him move special tank-carrying lighters out of New Orleans on flood-lighted flatcars, en route to war, a bare fourteen days after a telephoned order from Washington.

At fifty-six, Higgins looks like one of his barges. He's big in every dimension. The language he uses isn't exactly Biblical but it's peppery. He's a crack naval architect on paper—and he can manipulate any machine in any one of his shops. He can spout cavitation and metacenters and the rest of naval architects' double talk—with side trips into Plato, Spencer, or Durocher. Which explains why one foreman said, "People work for other men but they work *with* A. J." Higgins' four sons, each of whom is a department head of Higgins Indus-

tries, Inc., might have been hacked from the same block. When they sound off together with Higgins père in a single room, the rest of the help rush out into the boiler shop to be able to hear themselves scream.

Mr. Higgins' all-weather highway system for South America runs through the River Plate, the Amazon, the Orinoco and tributaries. It stretches north and south through the heart of the continent from Buenos Aires to Trinidad, and east and west from the Andes (sixty miles from the Pacific) to the mouth of the Amazon, 4,000 miles away.

The cruiser and the canoe represent the extremes of navigation at mouth and headwaters of a river. Higgins has bridged the gulf by building the cruiser into the canoe. For the headwaters, where dugout canoes now operate, there'll be Diesel-powered ten-ton barges pulling strings of scows—knockdown affairs which the barges have stowed on deck and dropped off upstream to be assembled and loaded. Farther down the rivers larger barges will take up longer strings of scows until the cargoes reach a point where they can be transferred to ocean steamers.

Not that the Higgins arks can't take the sea in stride. It just isn't economical for them to do so. Their function is to shepherd the scows up- and downstream.

Costing from \$10,000 to \$70,000 apiece, these first cousins of the mosquito boats will go where only mosquitoes went before and, on a Diesel-oil diet, will be easier and cheaper to operate than your auto.

FOR the real rough spots in the great chain of South American rivers, Higgins is running final trials on an amphibian barge which will scrunch up on shore, and chug along up to thirty miles per hour across country and become an armored truck. This will permit connection of such isolated rivers as the Magdalena, which bisects Colombia, with the Amazon-Orinoco-Plate system.

Whole forests of rubber on the upper Orinoco, now twenty days by launch or canoe from Trinidad, will be within twenty-four hours by barge. A ball of crude rubber from the upper Amazon will be 2,000 miles closer to New York than now—and will get there in half the time.

Hitherto, development of the fabulously rich Amazon basin has been paralyzed by twin lacks: transport and labor. Only the precious commodities of this vast basin—gold, platinum, diamonds—have offered margin enough to make it worth while or even possible to import labor. Higgins' arks will move workers to the very headwaters, sustain

HE WON'T LOVE YOU IF YOU COUGH
(DUE TO A COLD)




FOR VICTORY

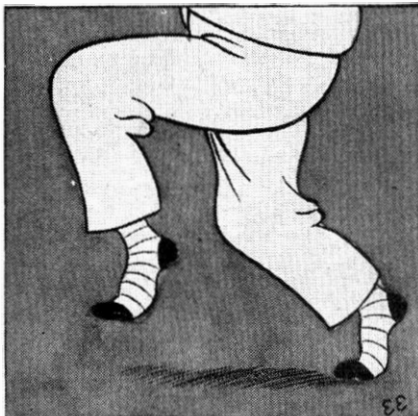
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by **BUYING WAR BONDS!**

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!



"4 A. M."

CITY
SELF-SERVICE



Woman Driver

them there, and bring the fruits of their labor out.

Until 1912, Brazil fully supplied the world rubber market. The fringe of wild rubber trees on its accessible rivers was slashed by Indians. Gummy cannon balls of smoked crude rubber rolled into Manaus by canoe, raft, launch, and sailboat. On the wealth derived from rubber, Manaus paved its streets, built a fabulous opera house in the heart of the jungle, and boasted more millionaires and prostitutes per capita than any other city in the world.

Suddenly the seeds of Brazilian trees which had been sneaked out to plantations in Malaya and the East Indies began to produce in volume. Licked by cheap abundant Far East labor and consequent lower prices, Brazil's sales of rubber fell off precipitately. Production dropped to 20,000 tons in 1941, one thirtieth of the United States' annual needs.

The forests of rubber are still there. Indeed, Brazil's rubber production will reach 70,000 tons of rubber this year. This, however, is a picayune figure compared to what Higgins plans to make possible. There are about 300,000,000 rubber trees in the Amazon basin. Figuring conservatively that 10,000,000 trees will be accessible to Higgins' barges, he should increase the output to 600,000 gross tons a year.

The prospects for chromes, molyb-

denum, bauxite, industrial diamonds, naval cordage (the supply of which was cut off with the fall of the Philippines and without which a battle fleet is helpless), and for quinine (from lack of which American soldiers fell at Bataan and Corregidor) are equally amazing.

Higgins is confident his scow-tugging barges can move the continent's whole range of products along its inland waterways, halving costs, distances, and time of delivery. Twenty to fifty scows will be the equivalent of an ocean freighter threading inland waterways at four times normal speed. Loading and unloading will be simply a matter of hooking scows on or off the line. The Higgins arks can thus economically serve every depot along the rivers. Steamers can't. They have to take the produce which trickles into the few big ports and the safe anchorages and let all the little depots go.

As a by-product of their jobs as carriers, the Higgins arks promise to open up the South American continent. For the interior of South America remains a mystery. In Brazil alone, an area bigger than Europe is known only in general outline along the fringes of its navigable rivers. Andrew J. Higgins is going to get at the heart of those rivers, pick up cargoes and distribute them to the world.

THE END

"REPORTIN' FOR DUTY,
SIR!"

Continued from Page 27

building wit' me! I'll learn ya manners!" Dead silence. The offender averted his eyes, mumbled "Sorry!" and pushed the ice cream back across the table. Pop snapped, "That's the last time I tell ya, see?" and turned his back in magnificent contempt.

Because he was simple and loyal and generous, he had friends in every nook and corner. It never ceased to amaze us how much he contributed to the larger war effort by inspiring the youngsters with whom he worked. His thrice-a-day routine never altered. Until the battery was ready to eat, he would direct the strategy of dining-room service, a Napoleon who whistled Mother Machree. Then he would strut between the tables to a running fire of "Hello, Pop! Hi, Pop! Hello, Pop! Hello, Pop!" When he reached the center of the hall, he would stop, put his hands on his hips, and beam. There was always the question, "Boys, you got enough?" And never once did his buddies let him down. The answer was invariably the one he expected.

FINALLY the cycle of training was finished. The men had taken all we could give them. They were hardened soldiers now, ready for shipment. We assembled the group and marched to the railroad. Pop, classified as an orderly, staggered under a barracks bag as big as he was. His pockets were bulging with homemade cookies, snacks for his friends on their tedious journey.

As the men climbed on the train, he sidled up to me, knotty hand outstretched. I said good-by, wished him luck, and voiced the hope that he'd soon be back in his beloved Brooklyn.

He looked at me confidently. "Cap'n," he said, "I come back from the last war, didn't I? I'm comin' back from this one, too. so's I can fight in the next one." He saluted, winked at me, swung up the steps, and vanished in the depths of the dusty car.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It?
on page 64.

1. Sir Walter Scott.
2. Dorothy Dix.
3. Carl Sandburg.
4. Marlene Dietrich.
5. Charles Evans Hughes.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE



Hitler has eliminated waste in one respect. When he was classed as an enemy of the State, in the days before there were *Herrenvolk*, he was imprisoned in a room that had four walls. His enemies now have but one: the firing wall.

If an army marches on its stomach, as Napoleon cryptically observed, that Camp Atterbury soldier who ate 120 eggs in 133 minutes, 300 oysters in 40 minutes, and 100 frankfurters in 52 bites should be ready for a long hike. Unfortunately, a truck would have to follow along with his next meal.

Joe Doakes, average citizen, is baffled. The government must borrow two hundred billion dollars. From whom? Joe Doakes. But Joe can't buy bonds on his usual wages. So the government raises his wages (with money borrowed from Joe) and Joe uses the surplus to buy bonds.

Then, the war over, the government owes two hundred billions. To whom? Joe Doakes. So Joe is taxed to pay for the bonds he already owns. He uses those bonds to pay his taxes. The government is now out of debt. Joe Doakes is out of bonds, and back at his old job at the old wages.

Economics is wonderful, Joe says, in a daze. Question is, who paid for the war?

Mathematics is also a puzzling science—as many of us penny-ante addicts can sorrowfully attest. All poker players, for example, know that odds are greatly against drawing a pat hand (a straight, flush, or full house). Odds against an honest player dealing two consecutive pat hands are tremendously greater. Doesn't it follow, therefore, that an honest deal of five consecutive pat hands involves odds too remote to consider?

Try this, then. Thoroughly shuffle a deck of cards. Cut the deck. Now deal off the first twenty-five cards. With these twenty-five cards you can make five pat hands. Once every forty-seven times (mathematically) you will fail.

(Readers certain that five pat hands can be made from any sequence of twenty-five cards, write this column.)

To German people who see casualties mounting on the Russian front, where the enemy has twice been "annihilated," and to Jap sailors blasted from the water by a fleet several times "destroyed," propaganda chickens coming home to roost must begin to look like buzzards.

Göring has made many bad bets, notably that Berlin could never be bombed. If, under Japanese influence, he snatches up a sword to commit hara-kiri—the ancient Jap art of slitting one's own stomach with appropriate ceremony—it'll be a sure thing at last; he can't miss.

American marines found that dislodging the enemy from the Guadalcanal caves was a tough chore. When they tossed in hand grenades, the Japs tossed them out again. Finally the marines hit upon the winning scheme: They tied handmade TNT bombs on the ends of long poles, lit the fuses, and thrust the hissing bundles into the midst of the cornered Nips.

"That bewildered them," an eyewitness reported. "It didn't seem to occur to them to use their knives and cut off the fuses."

Let us be generous about the matter. Under the circumstances, we surmise we might have been a trifle confused ourselves.

Archimedes said, in effect: "Give me a fulcrum and I will move the world!" Henry J. Kaiser, paraphrasing the ancient Greek physicist, said: "Give me materials and I will build 1,000 ships." Sole difference in the result is that nobody gave Archimedes his fulcrum.

At least, with all this rationing there'll be less sugar-coating from now on. And we'll look twice at the man who says, "I was hungry enough to eat a horse."

Maybe he did!

THIS MAN

wants to share his shaving discovery with other men

"Have had great difficulty finding a satisfactory blade because of a tough beard and tender skin. Thank you for your Pal Blades."

Nathaniel Living
Los Angeles



PAL BLADE
FLEXIBLE in razor

USUAL BLADE
RIGID in razor

PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
They're flexible in razor—no need to "bear down"; kind to tender skins.

PAL

"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢

10 for 25¢

Double or
Single Edge

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer



DO YOU RECOGNIZE ONE OF THESE SIGNS?



IF YOU DO, you are ready to know their true secret meaning in the divine or Cosmic world. A new private and Sealed Book will be sent to you without cost, explaining how the ancient sages used these signs as keys to unlock the forces of the universe. Just state which sign you recognize and address your letter to:
Scribe J. K. P.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

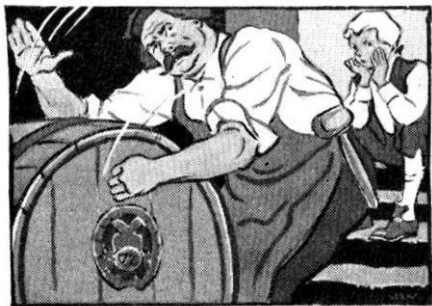
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tub flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

TRICKS of TRADES

Thumping Casks and Chests

THE son of an innkeeper who grew up to be a famous doctor taught the medical profession one of its most useful tricks. He was Leopold Auenbrugger, born on November 9, 1722, who became court physician to the Empress Maria Theresa. As a boy he used to watch his father slap the wine casks in the cellar of the inn. By the sound, his father knew whether the cask was full, half empty, or empty.

One day an autopsy on a patient who had died disclosed that the chest was full of fluid. The patient was one whose illness had puzzled Auenbrugger. Remembering how his father had slapped the wine casks, he



took to slapping his patients on the chest. Soon he found he could diagnose fluid on the chest and certain ramifications of pneumonia and tuberculosis. The doctors today still thump their patients on the chest and back. They call it "percussion."

How Bakers Keep Away Flies

"DRY ice," the hunk of white stuff sometimes packed in a carton of ice cream to prevent it from melting, is solid carbon dioxide—the gas that bubbles in beer, ginger ale, and what are generally known as "carbonated beverages." This carbon dioxide is an inert gas, and cannot sustain life. Hold a burning match in a flask of the gas and it is snuffed out. That gave retail bakers an idea. Some of them put lumps of solid carbon dioxide around cake and pie on open counters. The flies keep away. Apparently they know that a single whiff means death.

Thirsty Movie Lions

WHEN next you go to the movies and gasp at a lion or a tiger quenching his thirst at a water hole, don't get the idea that the camera-

man concealed himself for days in the underbrush, waiting for his great moment. Nowadays he traps his lions and tigers, hauls them to the water hole, and keeps them in cages for about forty-eight hours without a drink. When he opens the cage his critters make a beeline for the water. He declines even to waste much time in trapping. Oil of catnip sprinkled on the grass that leads to the trap saves precious hours.

Detinned Cans

THE more optimistic trade estimates see 15 per cent of the country's 1943 tin supply coming from detinned cans.

Under construction now are five new detinning plants in the United States, and seventeen small shredding plants. At the shredding plants the cans are shredded, torn apart, and passed through an incinerator for the removal of labels and food particles. The temperature of the incinerator is high enough to take these materials off the cans but not high enough to melt the tin. Then they are pressed into compact packages and sent to the detinning plants.

Detinning is done in big drums, in which a chemical, sodium stannate, washes off the tin coating from the steel body of the can. The tin-bearing solution is put through further processes which produce pure tin and tin oxide. Recovery of tin is about 1 per cent on a tonnage basis.

Air-Cooled Gloves

"THAT will cool you off," said the beautician as he turned on air from a hose after giving Elizabeth M. Meister a permanent wave. The blast pulled a trigger in her mind. Why couldn't the same principle be used in the Westinghouse lamp plant where she worked? She was thinking of the hot sealed-beam head lamps that girls had to take off a conveyor belt as they came from the annealing furnace. Even asbestos gloves did not prevent burns.

Now the girls wear air-conditioned gloves. A little tube circulates cooling air within the glove. No more burns.

The Red Envelope

WHEN John Bellion, a doctor of financially sick hotels, came to this country from his native Switzerland and cast about for a job, his

eye fell on a want ad. "Hotelkeeper," read the blind address. How could he see the "hotelkeeper" in person? He put his answer into a screaming red envelope so long that it was bound to stick out of any box. The next day he hid himself behind a pillar in the newspaper office. Sure enough, there was his red envelope in a box. Presently a girl appeared. The clerk put up his hand to the box that contained Bellion's red envelope and about a hundred other



letters. Bellion followed the girl to her office, pretended that he was accompanying her, and pushed past the boy in the anteroom right into the presence of the boss.

"What do you want?"

"That job about which you advertised."

"How do you know that I advertised?"

Bellion explained, sat down, and talked. Not a letter was opened—not even his own in the big telltale red envelope. He got the job.

Dollar-Bill Symbol

PICKING a symbol for the United Nations off the back of a dollar bill is the trick turned by Dr. Henry R. Zimmer, lecturer in philosophy at Columbia University. On the left-hand side of the back of a one-dollar bill you will find Dr. Zimmer's choice. It is the Great Seal of the United States.

The seal pictures a pyramid with the date 1776 in Roman numerals on the base and an eye shining at the tip. The eye symbolizes God, the pyramid the Trinity. Over the pyramid is the Latin inscription, "Annuit Coeptis," which means, "He approves our beginning." Underneath is the inscription "Novus Ordo Seclorum," which means "The new order of the ages."

The inscriptions, Dr. Zimmer explains, come from a Latin poem written at a time when Augustus was promising to bring order out of the chaos of civil war which followed the assassination of Caesar.

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay \$5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
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65											66			

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Huh?
- 5 Whales that swallowed motors
- 11 A bit of a spot
- 15 Turnip with B. O.
- 16 A hird I'd like to see more of
- 17 Handy dirt carrier
- 18 Kind of phone, scope, or cosm
- 19 A raven-ous feline trespassing artery of transportation
- 20 Open the shutters and let the light in
- 22 Tenors that swallowed steam whistles and stand around screaming for alp
- 24 Girls, this is no word to use with the armed forces!
- 25 Nasty skinny thing (pl.)
- 26 Vords villains vociferate
- 29 Devilish things about houses
- 30 Pedestrian poetry
- 35 Audible Wienerschnitzel Assimilation (abbr.)
- 36 A giant's sigh
- 37 They helped freeze out Henderson
- 38 Neigh troops
- 40 After krs., they become Mrs.; without krs., they remain Mrs.!
- 41 Zeus' old man
- 42 First aviator's hangar
- 43 She passes away in all X-words
- 44 Religious unions
- 45 Mme. Etiquette
- 46 Odd little numbers with the slimmest figures
- 47 Smith gone high-hat
- 49 There's usually a short pause for this little plug
- 50 Taketh unto oneself a dame to live scappily ever after
- 54 Many a good woman's been made a man of by these
- 58 Crystalline compound



Jan. 30 answer

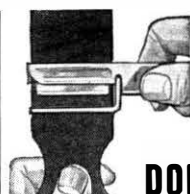
- 59 Where we'll soon dunk Hitler
- 61 Most recent thing the Japs lost
- 62 Only thing really to fear
- 63 What the jitterbugs have been kicking about in dance halls
- 64 Pelion's pile-on
- 65 The most pointed thing in the world
- 66 Fi'in' music—grate, isn't it?

VERTICAL

- 1 Gallic grapejuice
- 2 Cockney oak trees (Careful, it's a prank!)
- 3 It's never found under a miser's plate (two words)
- 4 Iron seizers, and I don't mean Julius
- 5 A few plus a couple
- 6 Kind of corny animal
- 7 Best thing to carry as a spare
- 8 Graduate dopes
- 9 Positive pole
- 10 Kind of gossip you hear about D'Maggio
- 11 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like it in Alaska
- 12 What Hitler expects Germany to live for (in the pig's eye!)
- 13 It's in the dough, yet it just doesn't make sense
- 21 Word said with round mouth and eyes
- 23 The spirit of the Free French
- 25 Guy who shoots with, not at, you
- 26 Strong ones often denote weak minds
- 27 Hep
- 28 A German harvest, or hell on earth
- 29 Appliances attached to key-holes and cracks to extract dirt
- 31 Free
- 32 The entire Jap Navy will yet get to the bottom of this
- 33 One thing a nut factory just doesn't make
- 34 You'll find exactly two in every mess
- 36 What five-cent shines never are
- 37 The end of a sumptuous feast
- 39 "Go to the —." thou slug-gard!"
- 40 Nets to you (sing.)
- 42 The grocer's song: I Got Plenty of This
- 45 I'd hate it to get a crush on me
- 46 When will they ration his gas?
- 48 Thanks to General de Gaulle
- 49 It's had the biggest come-down in New York City
- 50 Handy heating system
- 51 A Martian beginning
- 52 Everybody can find plenty of parking space on it
- 53 What steaks sure are these days
- 54 Just burn up
- 55 A house in Spain
- 56 Buss the miss—
- 57 —and get this for your pains
- 60 Nonsense Generates Ecstasy (I'd like to think) (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the February 27 issue.

FEBRUARY 13, 1943



STROP

DON'T WASTE BLADES

ENDERS SPEED BLADES are twice thicker. They can be stropped repeatedly. Semi-automatic stropper is included in the new Enders Shave Kit, at drugstores, \$2.50.

Save steel. Save money... Get "new-blade" smoothness every shave... with Enders and Strop. For strop only, order direct, \$1.

SERVICE MEN: Order through Post Exchange.



ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. O, MYSTIC, CONN.

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Slss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

Cystex

Helps Flush Kidneys

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

Famous to Relieve 'PERIODIC'

FEMALE PAIN

And Help Build Up Resistance Against It!

If at such times you suffer pain, tired, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances—start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—so helpful to relieve such distress because of its soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

Taken regularly — Pinkham's helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Also a fine stomachic tonic! Follow label directions.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 851 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

'NOTHING BETTER' to relieve itchy soreness of SKIN IRRITATIONS

So Many Druggists Say!

To promptly relieve the red, itching, burning soreness of simple rashes, eczema, and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful soothing medicated *liquid Zemo*—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' success. Zemo starts at once to aid healing. First trial convinces! Only 35¢. At all drugstores.

ZEMO

Asthma Agony Curbed First Day For Thousands of Sufferers

Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attacks poison your system, ruin your health and put a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily palliate recurring choking, gasping Bronchial Asthma symptoms with a doctor's prescription called *Mendaco* to help nature remove thick strangling excess mucus and promote freer breathing and restful sleep. *Mendaco* is not a smoke, dope or injection. Just pleasant tasteless tablets. Iron clad guarantee—money back unless satisfactory. *Mendaco* is only 60¢ at druggists.

Keeping pace with UNCLE SAM!

You can't go "all-out" when you're "all-in"... noise-proofed rooms, inner-spring mattresses and satisfying meals at Hotel Mayfair renew your energy.

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To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. V-101, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

DAFFY SPONSORS THE ARTS

BY REITA LAMBERT



He had that look—you know, kind of superior and sad.

Huntsdale-on-Hudson.

Lt. Perry Cooper. U. S. N.,
Care Postmaster,
New York City.

DARLING Perry: I can't understand your getting so excited, especially about a poet and especially Chester. If I did sound mysterious about him it was only because of the censor, which is one horrid thing about this war. That you don't have any privacy I mean, even husbands and wives. But darling you needn't worry. Chester was purely platonic and poetic.

I knew he was a poet or something odd the minute I met him at Ruthy's cocktail party in town because he had that look—you know, kind of superior and sad. And sure enough he was. Only he said poetry didn't pay these days so he'd had to take this job in Macy's and go to all these frivolous parties and be hounded by silly women with no time over to write his great poetic drama.

I said that was sad because culture should be kept alive even in wartime, and then I had this marvelous idea about that room over the garage we fixed up for the couple. Only now, with just Gertrude sleeping in the house, there it was empty and what a perfect haven for a poet. I mean look at all these rich society women who sponsor the arts and handsome tenors, so why shouldn't I?

So I told him about it and how I would protect him from interruptions and women and Gertrude could bring his meals out, and he was so thrilled it was really pathetic. So we cleaned up the room and he moved out the next week.

Well, it was marvelous to look out

there and see his light burning at night and think of a great poetic drama being born under my very roof almost, although Gertrude did complain about carrying trays. She said she'd always understood that poets were light eaters.

When Gladys and Helen found out I had a poet in my garage they wanted to give a party for him, but I explained that was just what he was trying to get away from and they were furious. So then I noticed that his light wasn't burning as much at night as it used to, and one morning I met old Mrs. Turner at the A. & P. and she said how lovely it was to meet my poet friend at Glad Upson's dinner party last night.

Can you imagine! After my protecting him like that and even telling his creditors he wasn't there, all he'd been doing was going to parties on the sly with my best friends. So I decided he'd have to go and no more poetry, when this notice came from the Draft Board telling him to report for another physical examination. You see, he'd already had one, but this time he passed because of Gertrude's cooking and no worries, so even if I didn't give the world a great poem I did give the army a healthy soldier; maybe both.

As I told him when he left, "Chester," I said, "this may be the best thing that ever happened to you, because now you will have a chance to be a hero and maybe die gloriously on the field of battle and then everybody will read your poems and maybe set you to music like *Trees*." So you see, darling, there's nothing to worry about and please write soon to your own—

DAFFY.

LIBERTY

CARTOONIST'S WIFE

BY MAY WILKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HER HUSBAND

"ISN'T it a lot of fun being married to a cartoonist?" you ask. Everybody does.

Humph! Well, I married one of America's funnymen. Gags began to roll at the wedding, but that my new life was going to be something out of Thorne Smith came with our first dinner at home. Everything went black. The meat, the potatoes. And the biscuits shriveled up and died. It was heartbreaking. Normal husbands, or so I had read, either consoled the weeping bride or burned worse than the dinner. Aha! But not mine!

I'll never forget his expression of bliss as he surveyed the mess. There came into his eye a distant look which, I later discovered, accompanies every newborn gag. He made a mad dash for his drawing board.

Our little world soon revolved around the almighty gag. Every time I did something wrong, my husband, with his inverse sense of humor, was happy. The more the foolishness, the merrier. I broke dishes. I bought things on time. I didn't keep my budget straight. I was a sucker for expensive hats. I charged things beyond our pocketbook. I overdrew our bank balance. But no matter how badly I bungled our affairs, my cartoonist husband was in seventh heaven. You see, my antics were being rapidly transferred to paper, and thence to the magazine (our meal ticket) for you and you to laugh at.

Only, *he* never laughed! And that was the biggest contradiction of all. There he was, the father of thousands of gags, and yet he never laughed. Before I was married I could laugh freely at plays and movies with never a thought of the vintage of punch lines. But as a gagster's wife I had to know what made humor tick. Comedy now is in taking it apart.

You'd think, too, with all his merry soul he'd be a hilarious conversationalist. Well, he's a hidebound clam, mentally dissecting every word that's spoken, and he loves bores. The bigger the bore the more gags per minute. (Author's note: Friends, I don't mean you.)



"Did you happen to see my corsage that I left in the icebox last night?"

When I shouted "Yes" to my husband's "Whaddaya say, kid?" I was intrigued with the idea that here I was, marrying a man who didn't have to get up early to be at the office by nine. But my funnyman rises daily at 7.30 A. M.! Sunday had always been a day of rest for me. But my comical pal just works all day. And since most magazines work months ahead, we have to be months ahead of the magazines! So I wear bathing suits in the winter to inspire beach gags to be used the following summer. And in August, while he sweats over a hot drawing board, I ape the polar bear to start the winter line of ideas rolling.

My funnyman works on the theory that when business is bad it is the time to be extravagant. Buy new-fangled contraptions! One day I may be trying to squeeze enough money out of the budget for a movie, and the next thing I know we're on a train for California in a streamlined Pullman. He also has the enchanting habit, on a night when Morpheus and I contrive to meet, of awakening me rudely by a rap on the back and a loud, "Say, Pinky, how does this sound?" A new hat that he thinks looks as ridiculous as the price I paid for it is worth its weight in gags. A ga-ga dress sends him into ecstasies. If I look funny, I'm a success.

Hattie Carnegie can never get her hands on me! She'd put us right out of business.

My life is as wacky as a Donald Duck tail spin, but I love it. Before I sign off, I have an exciting recipe of my own fashioning that I'd like you to have:

Mix a dash of June in January. Season it with Christmas in July. Add a noggin of honey, a generous swish of nuts, and presto! you have a cartoonist and his wife.

THE END



"I say it's silly, but just to please you, I'll cut all our bills in half."



"Can't I call the plumber instead of sending these notes in bottles?"

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



UNLESS WE MISS

our guess, you will be interested to see what a famous leader of Underground France looks like after you read the Beall-Ward story in this issue. So we give you the picture of Professor André Philip, who escaped to England last July, where he joined General de Gaulle. Professor Philip said that an Allied invasion would throw all Occupied France "into immediate revolt."

ANDREW J. HIGGINS'

"alligator ark" which slithers so astonishingly through some of these pages, reminds us of another "alligator" we gave space to in the January 25, 1941, Liberty. That one was Donald Roebling's amphibian tank, which gave us a stunning cover. At that time the Navy Department was said to have placed an initial order for 200 of them. We suppose these Roebling "alligators" have been busy in the Southwest Pacific, where they ought to be "at home" in Jap-infested jungles.

OUR GENIAL

Colonel Stoopnagle, whose Fictionary has made a great hit with our readers, wants us to thank them for the "thicktionary" of "unabashed" words they've sent him for his august consideration. What leaves him almost wordless is the number of rivals he has!

AND, SPEAKING OF

words, have you heard of the young chap in a convoy getting a cablegram congratulating him on his birthday, which was dated "Sans Origin," and spending hours with gazetteers and atlases to find out where the place was?

THE EDITORS

UNDERGROUND FRANCE AWAITS THE HOUR

Continued from Page 13

heading over it said, "All the Ducks Come Out of the Same Nest." That was a play on the French word *canard*, which means both "duck" and "lie." But the ingenious French artist had arranged the colors so that at a distance only the slogans could be read.

"They finally caught on and sent the artist to a concentration camp," M. Philip recalled.

These are just small indications of how widespread is the Gaul's hatred of the Teuton. Actual plans of resistance cannot be told, but it is well known that the three main resistance groups have now consolidated under the leadership of General Charles de Gaulle. Each has its official organ in the Underground press, with circulations in the hundreds of thousands for each issue.

Gallic humor went into the naming and numbering of one of them. During the French Revolution a Jacobite paper called *Père Duchesne* made its appearance and ran for 167 issues, until Marat was executed. In 1941 the modern *Père Duchesne* made its first appearance, bearing on its masthead, "Numero 168."

BUT there is grimness in the preparations for the day when the British radio gives the long-expected word and the Underground can rise from the French earth and battle for its liberation. The Germans themselves know that arms and explosives are being cached on a grand scale. Detailed instructions are passed along for objectives and individual duties. A black list of thousands of traitors to the Republic has been drawn up. The newspapers have already carried many instances of assassination attempts on collaborationists, and M. Philip contends that only General de Gaulle has influence enough to prevent mass executions.

Small-scale dress rehearsals for the day of liberation are seen in organized resistance to the sending of French labor to Germany and to the deportation of Jews. When persuasion has not succeeded in keeping prospective laborers from leaving France, trains and bridges have been blown up.

For the future, says M. Philip, the Underground can be counted on to assist every movement for liberation and to check every effort by Vichy to make war on the true friends of France.

THE END

THE NEW "NEW DEAL"

IT has been stated before on this page that the New Deal as a political issue is a dead duck, rendered so by the inexorable processes of history. It seems now its place may be taken by a Super New Deal, this time originating in the ranks of business. Our top-flight business leaders have given over trying to get the New Deal voted out of existence and now resolve to outplan and outproduce it.

At the suggestion of Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones, a Committee for Economic Development has been organized by big industrialists under the chairmanship of Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation. Its stated objective is to give every one a chance to work by providing at least 55,000,000 peacetime jobs after the war—9,000,000 more than in 1940. To keep this number of people at work, according to Mr. Hoffman, the nation must produce and distribute peacetime goods worth between 135 and 150 billions of dollars a year.

This indeed is planning on a magnificent scale. Even in its vigorous youth the New Deal never aimed at producing national wealth totaling more than 100 billions a year. Even our full-blast war economy is not yet within striking distance of any such production figures as the business men are setting for a postwar goal.

Nevertheless, their program to accomplish it has already been launched with the nation-wide support of business men, large and small, and the active co-operation of every government agency concerned with postwar planning.

Thus, the old political New Deal planned and carried out by government may be superseded by an economic New Deal planned and carried out by the unbeatable team of government, business, and labor working together, with production leadership in the hands of production experts.

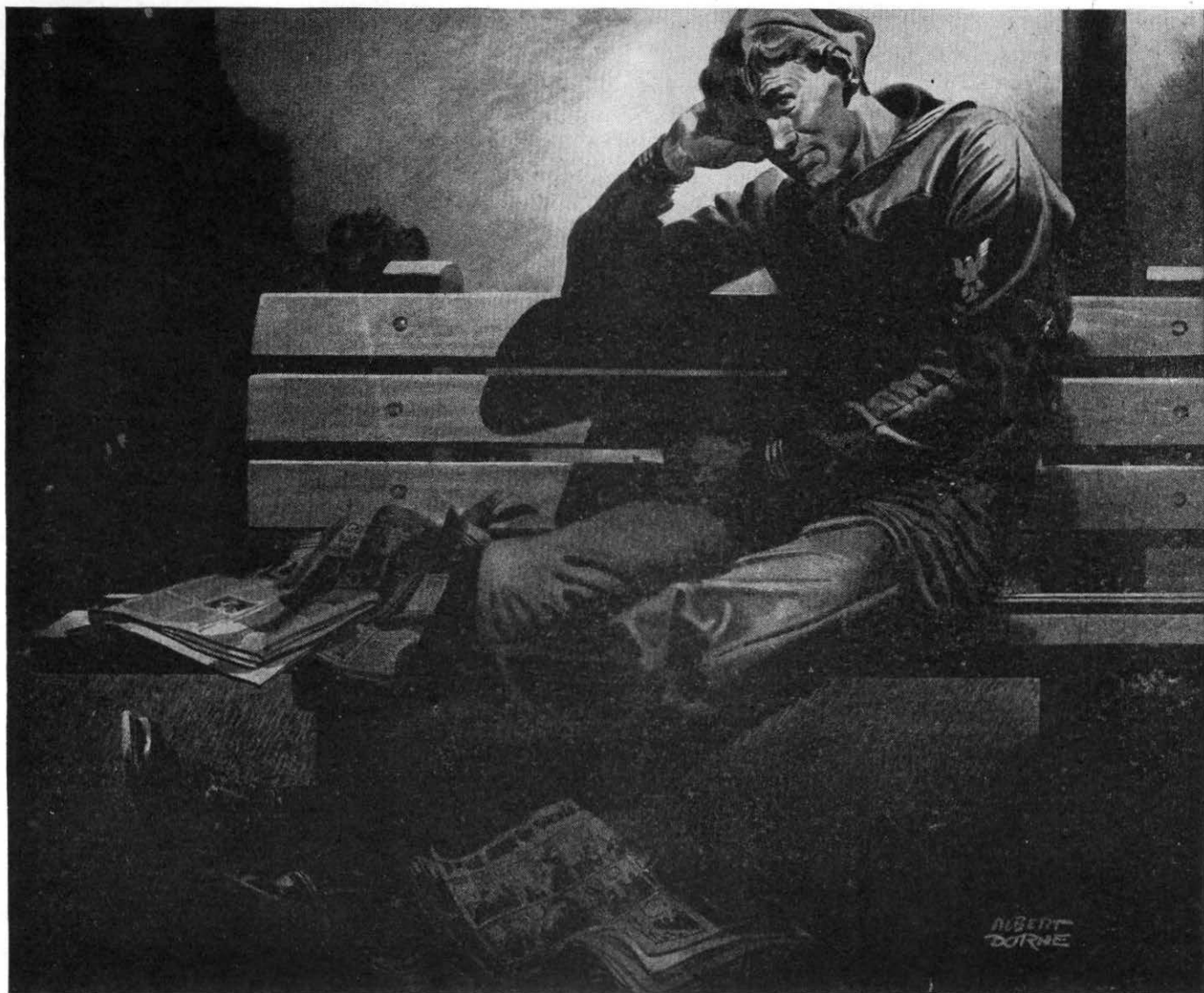
This whole development is indeed fortunate. Since its inception the old New Deal won support from the voters because it aimed to give them more than they had before. Its critics volleyed and thundered, claiming to be able to do better by the people than the "starry-eyed dreamers," but failed to come up with any specific plans.

Now the men with the real know-how are laying down plans which in scope and volume go far beyond our wildest dreams. The facts we are rediscovering about the productive ability of American industry in the heat of war leave no doubt the goal set will be accomplished.

Who said the limit of American enterprise had been reached? Who said only the government can assure us a more abundant life? With real know-how at last in there pitching, we can look forward to a long period of tranquillity and plenty.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



Casualty—1,000 miles from the enemy

ALMOST as fatal as a bullet or a shell is the breakdown in the spirit of a sailor or a soldier.

Our men have the finest spirit in the world. But it must be maintained in the American way.

They must not be made to feel that they are mere automatons, fighting machines, as the armed forces of the dictators have been made to feel.

Life in our navy and army is hard. Discipline is tough. It must be. But there also must be moments

when the sailor or soldier is treated as Mr. Somebody-or-other.

That's where the USO comes in. For the USO is the banding together of six great agencies to serve one great purpose—to see that our boys in the camps and naval stations have a place to go, to turn to, a "home away from home."

The duties of the USO have more than doubled during the year. It must serve millions more men. Its field of operations has been enlarged to include many parts of the world.

To carry on its important work, the USO must raise \$32,000,000. It needs your contribution. No matter how small you make that contribution, the USO needs it. And it needs it *now*.

You are beset by requests for help on all sides. By all means, try to meet those requests. But among them, don't neglect the USO.

Send your contribution to your local USO committee, or to USO, National Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York.

Give to the **USO**

U.S. MARINE
RAIDERS

WATCH OUR
SMOKE...

It's **CHESTERFIELD**

FOR MILDNESS AND TASTE

Here's a combination you can't beat... the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. That's why Chesterfields give you real MILDNESS and BETTER TASTE and that's what the real pleasure of smoking adds up to.

For everything you want in a cigarette,
smoke Chesterfield... *They Satisfy*

