THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST
February 20, 1943 10¢

Norman Rockwell paints
THE FOUR FREEDOMS

Our January Promise to Russia
BY FORREST DAVIS

Mead Schaeffer

MOSQUITO...WITH A DEADLY STING!

"Mosquitoes" are bad in Europe this year.

Spawned and bred in Britain, these lightning-fast, plywood bombers are whining over the big Rhine cities in broad daylight, or darting in at dusk to lead the way for the big fellows . . . raising welts and leaving scars awful to Nazi eyes.

It's Britain's pride—this new "Mosquito" that's streaking over Europe—and it's propellers for the "pride of Britain" that we're building here.

They're made by the many thousands, and for other bombers, too: British Lancasters . . . American Flying Fortresses and Liberators.

Bearing these planes aloft, each Nash-Kelvinator-made Hamilton Standard propeller is an engineering masterpiece—so beautifully machined that a puff of a man's breath can set it turning.

Into these "props" the men of Nash-Kelvinator are pouring not only their skill, but their heart's blood and the sweat of their brows! For their swift hands are guided to new records of accuracy and output by the knowledge that on these blades—*there ride the lives of their own brothers, and their sons!*

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

NASH KELVINATOR

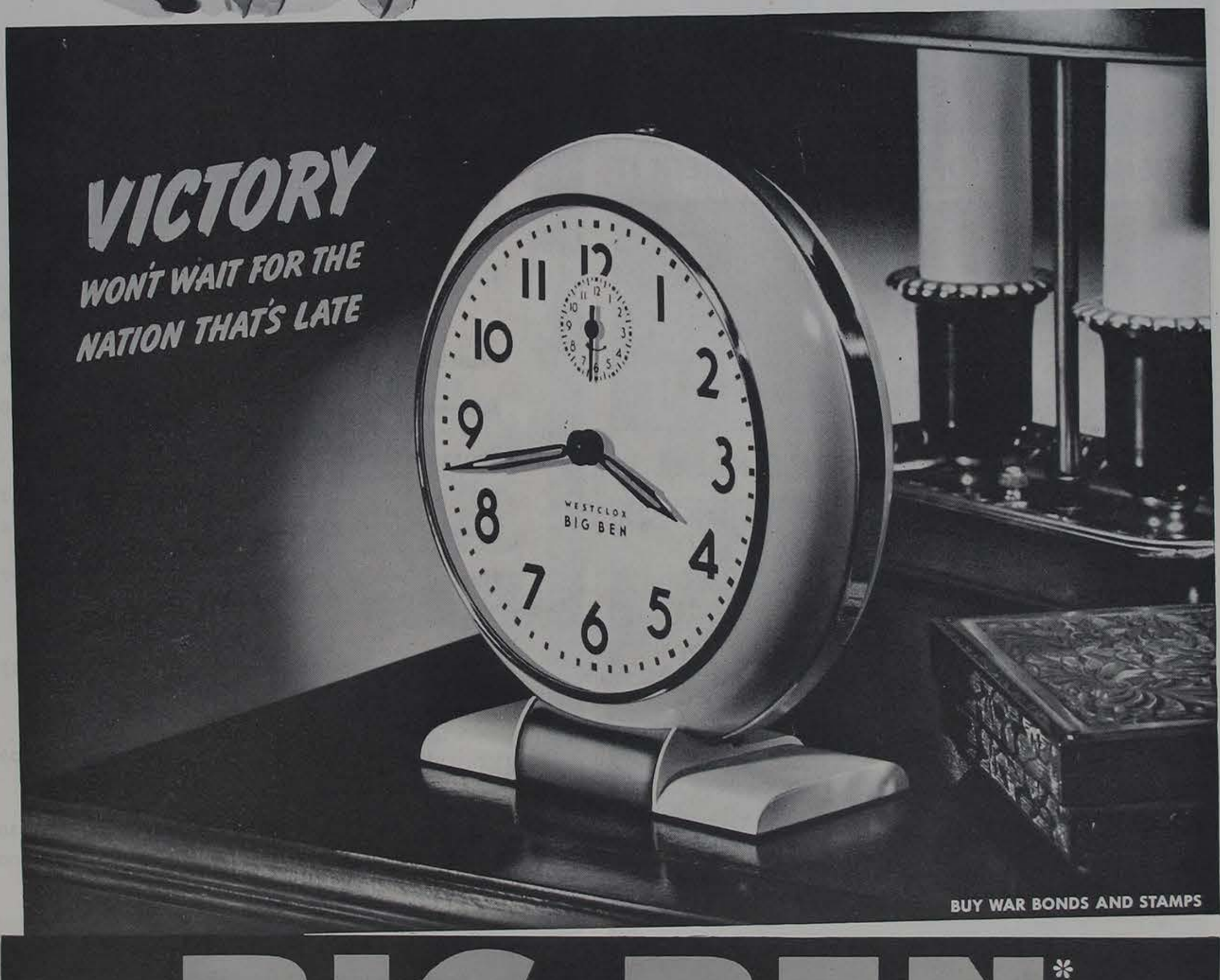
In War . . . Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers. In Peace . . . Nash Automobiles and Kelvinator Refrigerators.

GUARD YOUR BIG BEN!

EXAGGERATED? Of course. But it's impossible to exaggerate the importance of guarding your Big Ben! For, until further notice, Big Ben and other Westclox are not being made. Our facilities and the skills of our craftsmen are devoted to war work.

Sure, we'll be making Big Ben and other Westclox again some day. But first there's a *race against time* to be won, and to win it every worker has got to be on the job on time.

So to the millions who now own and depend on Big Ben and other Westclox, we urge—guard them well, handle them with care. Victory won't wait for the nation that's late!



BIG BEN*

Keeps America On Time

WESTCLOX* GTI

DIVISION OF GENERAL TIME INSTRUMENTS CORPORATION, LA SALLE-PERU, ILL.

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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COVER DESIGN BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

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"Damn the Torpedoes!"

—we'll grow our own palm trees

IT was a matter of convenience to let Nature grow the palm trees in Africa. Palm oil was then extracted from the pulp of the palm fruit, and American manufacturers used it—among other ways—in tin plating.

When the torpedoes began to cut into the cargo space for palm oil, scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, made a study of its chemical structure. Tin plating is always important. Right now it is critical.

The result was that Shell scientists produced an oil from petroleum which, by every laboratory test, fulfills the functions of palm oil, insofar as it enters the process of plating tin over other metal. They did better than that:

Shell's substitute "palm oil" from our own oil derricks hasn't the shortcomings of natural palm oil: it is more oxidation-stable, and does not thicken, or become inflammable. . . .

War pressure is hastening realization of the wealth we have at hand in petroleum, and the science which puts it to work in wholly unexpected ways. When we could get palm oil and rubber from trees, and silk from the silk worm, it was natural to take what Nature provided. We won't do that any longer. Shell Research is helping write a new Charter of Freedom . . .

This Freedom will prove as stimulating in peace as in war. To our everyday lives in the peaceful world to come, it will bring new strength, self-reliance, and abundance.

Shell Research:

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow

SHELL

KEEPING POSTED

This is Major Sommers, Mr. Army!

THE name of Associate Editor Martin Sommers disappears from the Post masthead this week to appear on the United States Army roster as Maj. Martin Sommers. We'd like to tell the Army something about Major Sommers to give it a leg up on the war effort, but Marty, as we're going on calling him, doesn't reduce to cold type in anybody's language. About the closest you can come to describing him in bald military terms is to say that he is a smooth blend of Florence Nightingale and a bomb, assuming both to be blond, mercurial, fond observers of life as it passes, with encyclopedic knowledge of contemporary men and events, and pretty universally beloved.

BOB GARLAND
Martin Sommers.

When he came to us seven years ago from the New York Daily News—where he had been night city editor—he was a newspaperman's newspaperman. He'd been city editor of the old Cincinnati Commercial Tribune at twenty-one, had worked on English and American newspapers in Paris, had lived in China with his wife, Betty Stanley, and covered the early phases of Japan's undeclared war on China. Probably no one has a wider circle of friends among newsmen and writers all over the world. They love him; though, on occasion, if they deserve it, he can become smoky with the best of them, for he speaks the language of muleskinners without the trace of an accent. He can also scent out and grow enthusiastic over almost invisible—to the less-discerning—possibilities of a green reporter, and he will patiently dog the man's type-shy talents until they break cover.

During his years on the staff, Marty "discovered" and developed many new writers and had a major part in shaping our article program. A sure judge of material, an inexhaustible fount of ideas, an able writer and an expert doctor of articles that need "fixing," Marty became as nearly indispensable as a man can be.

In the last war, at eighteen, he memorized the eye chart and passed his preliminary examination for enlistment in the infantry, only to be tripped by another chart the Army tossed in as a ringer. He got into the Medical Corps then, and boasts in a quiet way of heroic action with an enema can, recalling that in the influenza epidemic he established a post record by giving seventy-three enemas in a single day. This singular little Verdun brought him no decoration.

Keeping Posted would like to express in some small measure the great affection the Post staff feels for Marty Sommers, but we don't dare. His memory is elephantine and someday this war will end. With that end and demobilization, one day there would be a tremendous hullabaloo out in our corridor. The air would grow blue trying to echo a gifted and lyric master of military forensics. Striding through our door would come a man ready to break every bone in Keeping Posted's body. We wouldn't need to look to see who was there. As sure as God made little apples, it would be Major—Colonel or General—Martin Sommers, U. S. A., retired, come to beat the living daylights out of us for saying publicly how much we thought of him and how deeply moved we were to see him go.

P. S.: Marty solemnly promises the editor that he will return to the staff after the war.

Streamlined Scout

MEAD SCHAEFFER compares the Ranger, or American Commando, which this week furnishes the fifth in his series of war covers for the Post, to the Indian scout of pioneer days.

"He leaves on a mission," Schaeffer says, "knowing it may be his last. He faces the dark with all odds against him. To the enemy's army, he is that twig that snapped, that cold breath on the back of the neck, that hand in the dark over a sentinel's mouth."

Destinations Unknown

IN THIS critical time we must be terribly careful of what we say in the Post, or what anybody else says in us. Apparently we haven't even begun to apprehend the immensity of our influence.

This was brought sharply home to us following publication in the January ninth issue of Wilbur Schramm's DAN PETERS AND CASEY JONES, in which a B. & O. train, pulled by an engine named Casey Jones with Engineer Dan Peters at the throttle, deserts its accustomed tracks and, taking to the open highway, disappears on a quest for adventure. This Post issue had hardly hit the newsstands when we began to get reports of eerie happenings on our transportation systems.

In New York an "el" train kicked up its heels and dived into a subway, only to find its "shoes" too short to contact the subway's third rail.

On the night of January thirteenth, an even stranger thing happened in Medford, Massachusetts, when the Boston & Maine lost a train and had to ask the police to find it.

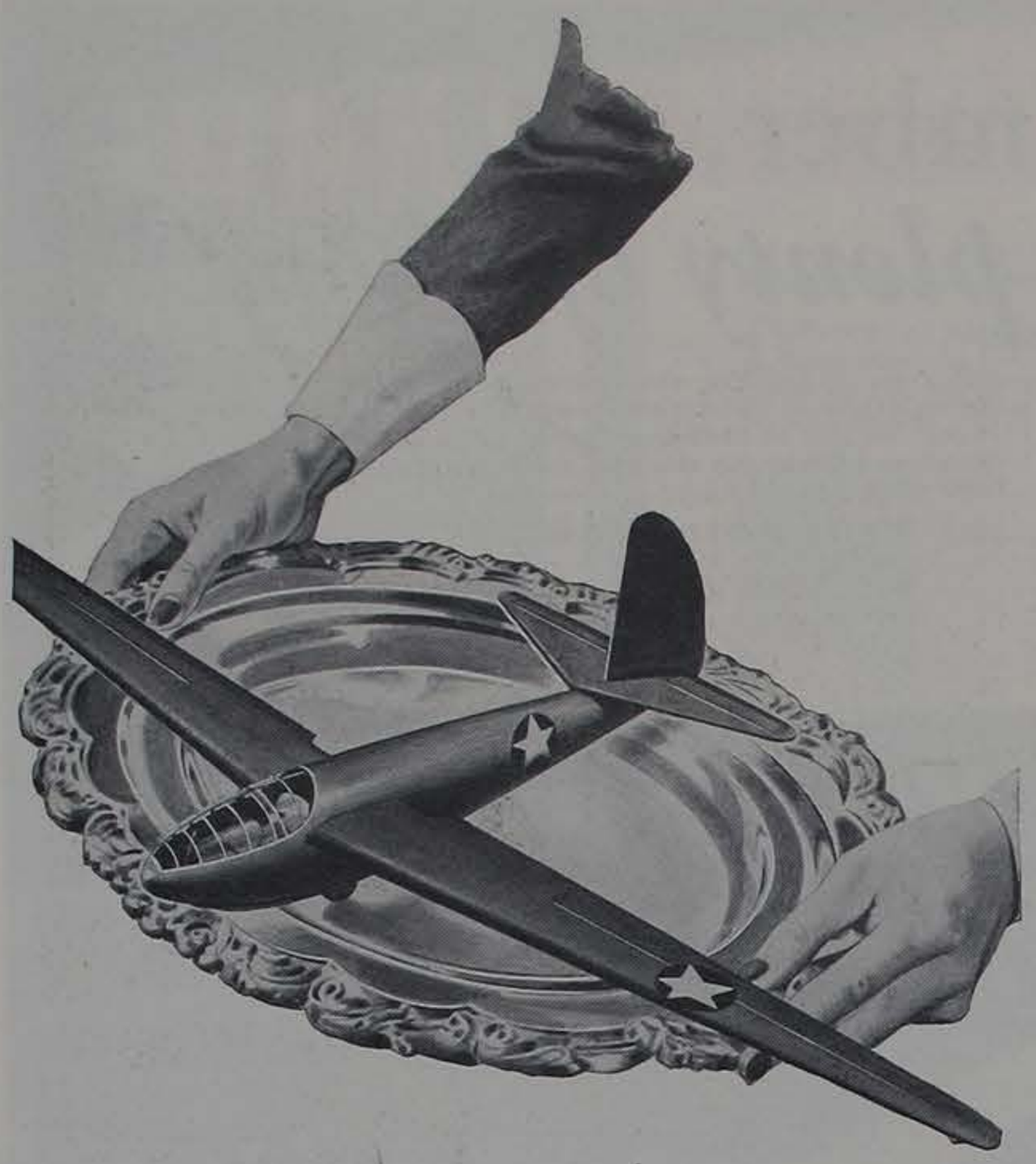
"The police found the missing train," the Boston Post reported, "its big engine panting sort of contentedly, the long string of freight cars behind it silent and the lights on its buggy burning demurely in the dimout, almost cheek by jowl with Tufts College."

Curiously enough, this wasn't the train's fault, but that of an automobile which read the Schramm story and tried a variation of its own. This automobile, in leaving Bowdoin Street, Medford, spurned another highway and took off light-heartedly along the B. & M. roadbed. Its driver, as much astonished as anybody, tried to get it off the right of way, but the car refused to go over the rails. An alert observer of all this flagged the freight train to a stop—happily, in the nick of time. But it took thirty minutes to lift the automobile off the tracks, and in that time towermen and station agents began to entertain grave fears for the freight train's existence, having heard or seen nothing of it.

In Washington a trolley car took a wrong turning to go places it never had been before. Since this occurred before Mr. Schramm's story came out, the car apparently had read it in manuscript.

Now all this shouldn't have astonished us, but it did. We just hadn't suspected that locomotives, trolley cars, el trains and heaven knows how many dynamos, lathes and other machine tools found time to read the Post. Apparently they do.

To these hard-working mechanical readers we must sound a note of warning, reminding them that we are in the midst of all-out global war, in which they are playing an all-important part, and asking them to put a ceiling on their high jinks until it's all over. After that let them out-Casey Casey Jones to their hearts' content and maybe our aberrant path will cross theirs—though we hope we shall see them coming in time to wait quietly at the crossroads and wave to them as they go lolloping by, reading with eager headlights the latest issue of the Post.



Recipe for a glider:

"TAKE ONE Douglas fir tree, peel into sheets, place crosswise, press together, sand and cut into sheets of plywood. Next, place plywood on glider-form, bake, allow to harden, remove" . . .

There, roughly, you have the "recipe" Uncle Sam now uses to make gliders for our Air Forces, and for the main ingredient of this recipe—plywood—Uncle Sam depends largely on manufacturers in Washington and Oregon. From these States comes 85% of the plywood made in this country—for gliders, trainers, transports, barracks, torpedo boats, pontoon bridges and many other wartime jobs.

When war came to America, plywood plants, like many other vital industries in the Northwest, found Northern Pacific Railway well equipped to handle the extra load. Even before Pearl Harbor, thousands of tons of plywood were rolling east to manufacturing centers via the "Main Street of the Northwest".

"MAIN STREET OF THE NORTHWEST"

NEXT WEEK

Asia Saved Our Bacon, by EDGAR SNOW

Something is happening in this war which never happened before. For the first time in history, Asiatic peoples in the vast Soviet Union are fighting and working in co-operation and harmony with Europeans to save so-called western civilization. Mr. Snow tells what Asia has done and is doing for us in the global struggle for freedom.

Sam and His Yankee Allies, by ERIC KNIGHT

Sam Small, with a pilfered keg of his wife's best elderberry wine, sets out to improve Yorkshire-American relations, but he encounters a Yankee soldier who can out-Yorkshire a Yorkshireman. A fine, hilarious Balzacian tale.

Sam Small.

Camp Boardwalk
by MARTHA S. WOOLLEY and PETE MARTIN

The city of Miss Americas and boardwalk Easter pageantry has assumed in all outward aspects the drab garb of the Army, and the strange horn music that Atlantic City hears of mornings these days is reveille. The Army has taken over America's playground, lock, stock, boardwalk and barrel, and you're likely to find four potential Jap killers in the bridal suite of the famous boardwalk hotels. Mrs. Woolley and Mr. Martin tell you of Atlantic City's reaction to its military occupancy. With color photographs.

Look Well on His Face, by J.-J. DES ORMEAUX

An old childhood nightmare made Joe "chicken" of gunfire, but Comfy, who loved him, understood and knew he mustn't run away from his draft board. With the unwitting aid of an escaped convict, she brought him face to face with his greatest fear.

How to Write a Song Hit, by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Song hits are born out of travail which may begin in Gallagher's over a beefsteak. After the beefsteak comes a trance, and after the trance, perhaps a stanza. Mr. Zolotow gives you a diary of lyric creation.

The Ranger is a Dame, by BERT STILES

Nancy believed that, if you can't break a man down by glamour and kindness, sometimes you can do it by treating him rough.

One to Three You're Left-Handed
by GRETTA PALMER

More than one in four Americans start life as southpaws and probably would continue left-handers happily through life if our parents, teachers, elders and betters didn't break us of the habit, according to conclusions of the Human Engineering Laboratory. The Laboratory, in its Boston, Hoboken, N. J., and Chicago branches, has tested 100,000 persons for left-handedness and drawn some interesting conclusions. Miss Palmer tells you about them. With color photographs.

Uncle Jethro's Public Service, by JACK LEONARD

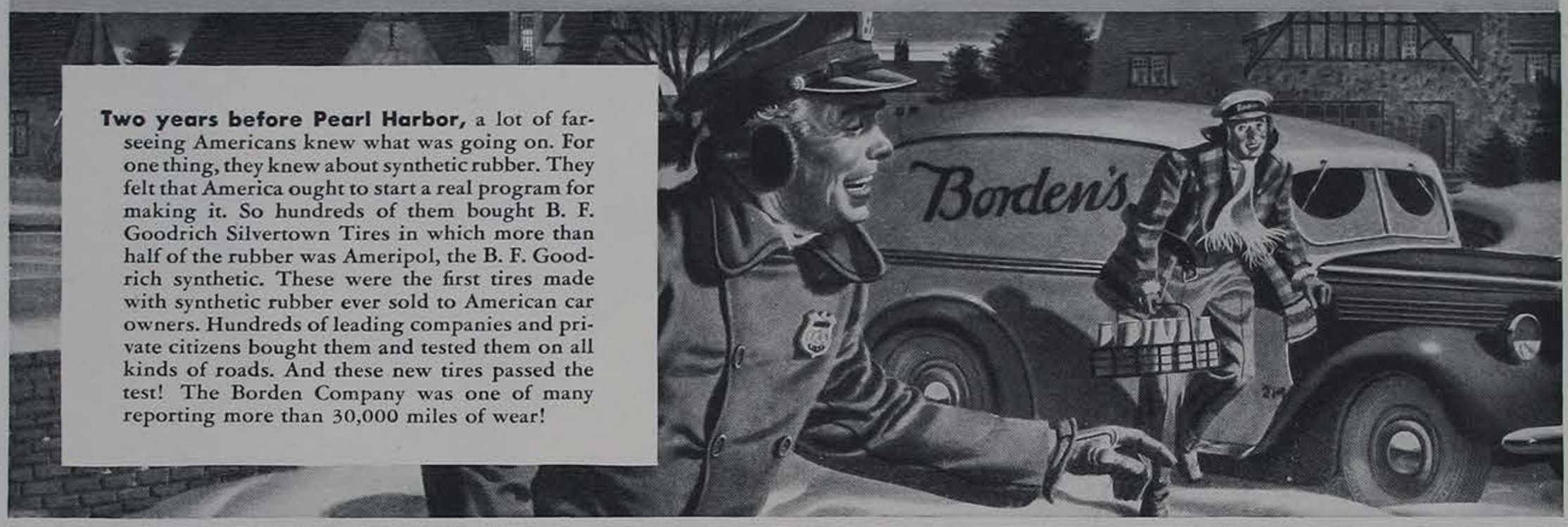
Uncle Jethro, who once was a pirate, perhaps, out-foxes a land grabber and puts a social dictator in her place.

Another Rockwell Painting

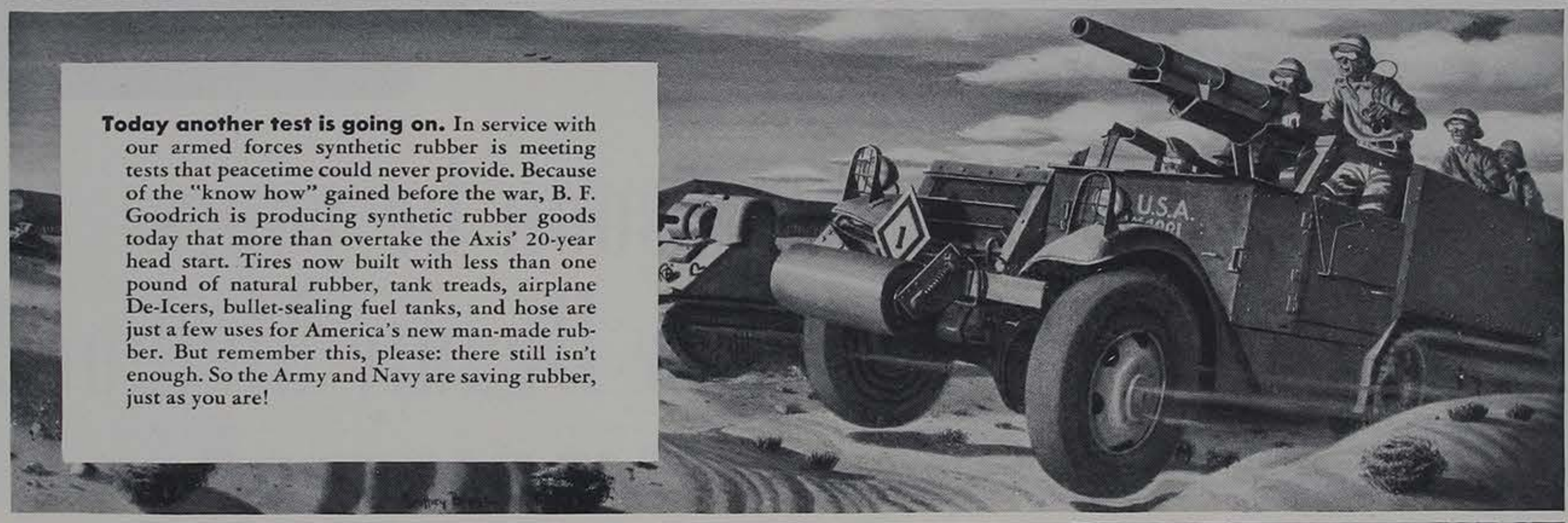
The second in Norman Rockwell's series of distinguished paintings of the Four Freedoms, Freedom of Worship. The accompanying text for this painting is by Will Durant, one of America's best-known writers on philosophy.

Also: Danny learns of Faith's treachery and Andra proposes a strange partnership, in Part Three of Tom Gill's *Jungle Harvest*; and the murderer of Celia Starling is unmasked in the conclusion of *Death in the Doll's House*, by Hannah Lees and Lawrence P. Bachmann.

How dramatic nation-wide tire test launched America's synthetic rubber program



Two years before Pearl Harbor, a lot of far-seeing Americans knew what was going on. For one thing, they knew about synthetic rubber. They felt that America ought to start a real program for making it. So hundreds of them bought B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Tires in which more than half of the rubber was Ameripol, the B. F. Goodrich synthetic. These were the first tires made with synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners. Hundreds of leading companies and private citizens bought them and tested them on all kinds of roads. And these new tires passed the test! The Borden Company was one of many reporting more than 30,000 miles of wear!



Today another test is going on. In service with our armed forces synthetic rubber is meeting tests that peacetime could never provide. Because of the "know how" gained before the war, B. F. Goodrich is producing synthetic rubber goods today that more than overtake the Axis' 20-year head start. Tires now built with less than one pound of natural rubber, tank treads, airplane De-Icers, bullet-sealing fuel tanks, and hose are just a few uses for America's new man-made rubber. But remember this, please: there still isn't enough. So the Army and Navy are saving rubber, just as you are!

After victory, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. That's why you'll want to remember this: Before our country went to war, B. F. Goodrich was the *only* company to offer tires made with synthetic rubber to the general public. Naturally we've more experience building tires with it than anyone else. Naturally, too, we've had more experience testing these tires under actual operating conditions. So we can promise you that our after-the-war tires will be tops in mileage and safety. The name B. F. Goodrich, which has always stood for "First in Rubber," has also taken on the important new meaning of "First in *Synthetic* Rubber."

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

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

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
J. I. CASE CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

ARMY E NAVY

Luscious Skin may soon be yours through this Proved New Beauty Method!

DOCTORS PROVE NEW SKIN BEAUTY COMES TO 2 OUT OF 3 WOMEN IN 14 DAYS!

Never before have the women of America witnessed proved results so startling and sensational!

AT LAST! Not just a promise of beauty... but actual proof! For scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women, under the supervision of 36 doctors, have now proved conclusively that *in 14 days* a new method of using Palmolive Soap brings better complexions to 2 out of 3 women . . . *with spectacular ease!*

Yes, after separate scientific tests on 1285 women with all types of skin—old, young, dry and oily—these doctors report: "Softer, smoother skin! Less oiliness! Less dryness! Clearer skin! Complexions more radiant . . . glowing . . . sparkling! And these were just a few of the specific improvements which we found to be true." Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. So start this new Palmolive way to beauty—today.

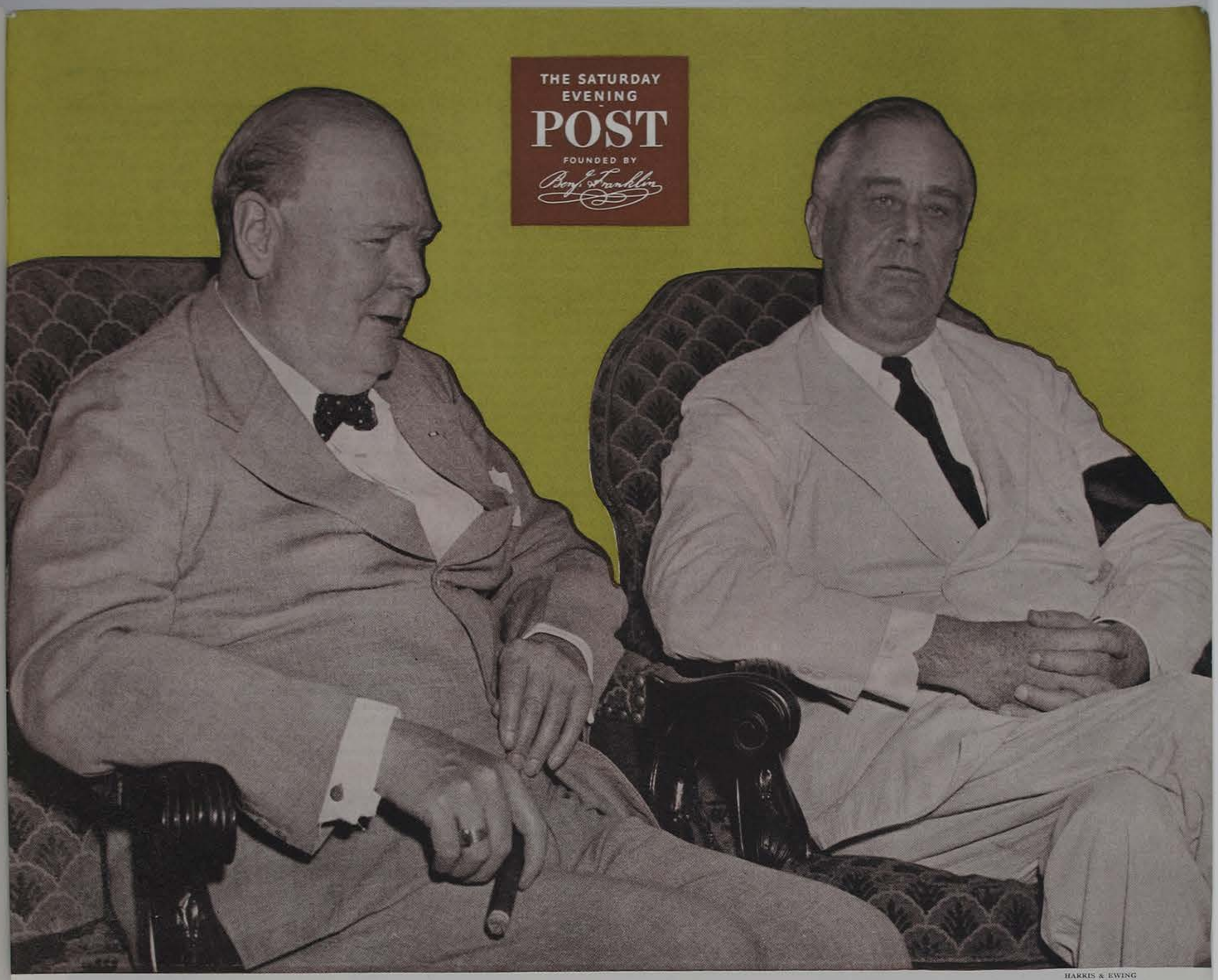
HERE IS THE PROVED NEW METHOD:

Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then each time take one minute more—a full 60 seconds—and massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin . . . *like a cream.* It's that 60-second massage with Palmolive's rich and wondrously gentle beautifying lather that works such wonders. Now rinse thoroughly—that's all.

HERE'S PROOF THIS METHOD WORKS AT HOME!

Naturally, you wonder "Will Palmolive's New Beauty Method work for me?" Well, here is the answer—not from us, but from hundreds of women all over the country—women who tried out this new method, right in their own homes! And 683 of them have already reported to us—with results every bit as sensational as those reported by the doctors! Actually, far more than 2 out of 3 of these women write that, in only 14 days, Palmolive brought them *greater* skin beauty than anything they had ever used before! Chances are, it will do the same for you! So start using Palmolive Soap . . . today!

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!



HARRIS & EWING

The January promise to Russia of a second front in Europe was a dual one. Roosevelt's pledge was unqualified. Churchill, a hardheaded pessimist, hedged his commitment.

THE JANUARY PROMISE

By FORREST DAVIS

How fare the United Nations among themselves? What is the real story of their family troubles, and their triumphs over them? From backstage the Post's Washington correspondent, in a series of two articles, gives you some hitherto undisclosed facts.

THE Christmas holly had come down in the White House, but the new glow of United Nations' comradeship warmed the President and Winston Churchill when, at New Year's of 1942, they made Joseph Stalin a historic promise to open a second European land front before the year was out. It was a well-meant pledge, secret and realistic from the point of view of the two leaders, but it was to haunt them through many months of uphill war, rankling Stalin—who predicated his summer strategy on it—and damaging United Nations' good feeling until the North African landings redeemed it in part.

Delivered orally to Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet ambassador, in the Oval study of the White House, the promise was, strictly speaking, not one but two. For, though the President made a firm commitment, with no if's, and's or but's, the prime minister, a dogged pessimist more closely acquainted with the hazards of war, qualified his obligation in line with the military exigencies as they should develop.

That discrepancy, doing credit to Roosevelt's heart and Churchill's head, was to play its part in the stormy controversy provoked by the White House promise.

I am now able to reveal the circumstances of the pledge, together with the story of the efforts to make it good. It is none too soon. The January promise, bobbing along for ten months under the surface of Anglo-Soviet-American relations with all the hidden menace of a waterlogged tree in a freshet, created misunderstandings that only full knowledge will dissipate. The exact nature of the pledge was unknown outside limited circles in Washington, London and Moscow, but the promise, nevertheless, was the source of much of the angry, sometimes mischievous, debate over the second front.

Only with knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the January pledge does Stalin's demand, in his first letter to Henry C. Cassidy, the Associated Press

Moscow correspondent, now become completely understandable. The Soviet leader, in that letter, asked that the Atlantic powers fulfill their commitments and "on time." The promise explains the acerbity of Kremlin comments on Anglo-American performance to visitors from the Western democracies. Soliciting assistance against the common foe, the Russians were also rightfully demanding that a pledge be honored.

The promised task seemed to Mr. Roosevelt, in January of 1942, a moderate and reasonable assignment. The Atlantic powers, as he saw it, had a full calendar year in which to deliver. The astonishing blueprint for wartime industrial expansion which he was about to announce filled him with heart. Churchill was gloomy about the shipping situation, as the President soon would be, and the Far Eastern picture was not too bright, although Bataan, Corregidor and Singapore still stood and Burma and the main Dutch islands were uninvaded. In justice to the President, it should be pointed out that the promise antedated the Battle of the Atlantic—the disastrous U-boat campaign which for six months was to sink hundreds of Allied merchantmen off our coasts—ships which might otherwise have been used for an invasion of Europe. The first gun in that battle was not to be fired until January fourteenth.

Mr. Roosevelt, who, as has been noted, is customarily sanguine, often exuberant, will concede today that the promise was a bit on the impromptu side. There seems no doubt that a large factor in the difference between his attitude toward the European second front and Churchill's reserve was temperamental. Whatever the causes, that difference was to color and heighten the controversy. It reached the English-speaking public through hints in the press—some, no doubt, seeping from Russian sources—that the prime minister's desire for a European front was less urgent than Roosevelt's. As Russia's situation grew worse, Stalin brought heavier propaganda guns to bear on the British leader than on the American.

The upshot was that Roosevelt came to occupy a midway position between the great European allies because of the differing warmth of their promises on that January day. More and more, Roosevelt moderated their relations. Of course, there were other reasons why he, as moderator, could act in that role with powerful effect. Both Churchill and Stalin, naturally, at all times were aware of the huge resources at his command, and of the strategic geographical position of the United States of America.

To understand thoroughly Roosevelt's position and powers in this role of umpire, it might be well to go back for a moment to another conversation among Roosevelt, Churchill and Litvinov in the Oval study—a meeting earlier in point of time, on New Year's Day. Apart from giving the reader a clear picture of how the President played his role as moderator, the drama of the meeting supplies an interesting prologue to the fascinating history of the United Nations.

Mr. Roosevelt had set his heart on founding the United Nations on New Year's Day. Until Mr. Churchill rumbled back into the White House that morning from his post-Christmas visit to Canada, no obstacle to the President's will had arisen. The thought of the bright new year and the brave new experiment striking off together down the highroad of history gratified the President's acute sense of the dramatic. The stage was set, the unifying document ready and the statesmen of the four great powers summoned to be ready for a call. On the President's cluttered desk in the study, a second-floor chamber looking out across the snowy "President's park" toward the Washington Monument, lay the Declaration of Washington. Churchill and Stalin, among others, had agreed to the terms of the brief pact, which, set in motion by the forehanded Cordell Hull a week after Pearl Harbor, bound the anti-Axis coalition to a finish fight and no separate peace.

That New Year's Day, Churchill, returning punctually to sign at the White House, brought with him a disturbing last-minute hurdle. He proposed—as his own afterthought, but primarily on motion of the Canadian government—the admission of the Free French National Committee in London as a charter member. As the pact recognized nations only, the Free French, a committee of exiles claiming no sovereignty, were barred. Their inclusion (Continued on Page 60)

New Type for the Duration

TO SAVE manpower and to help relieve our overburdened transportation system, the War Production Board has curtailed the use of paper by American newspapers and periodicals. For magazines the reduction is a flat 10 per cent under 1942 consumption, and WPB warns that further cuts may follow during the coming months.

This means, of course, that The Saturday Evening Post must print fewer pages this year than it did last year. The simplest way to meet this situation would be to publish fewer articles and stories, but we editors earnestly believe it would not be the best way. We are convinced that Post readers want and expect quantity, for quantity opens the door to variety.

Hence, to give our readers—as long as possible—the same number of articles and stories as formerly, we inaugurate with this issue a new text or "body" type slightly smaller than the type we have been using. It is a modern, pleasant face with plenty of white space between the lines to increase legibility; in fact, our typographical experts tell us it is just as easy on the eyes as our old, larger type. It enables us to publish 6 per cent more words per column.

For several years the Post has used a larger body type than many other magazines, and when the war is over and paper again is available in unlimited quantity, we shall return to the old size if our readers so desire.

Ben Hibbs

INTERNATIONAL

Field Marshal Sir John Dill (left), of the combined Allied staff which sought to implement the January promise, with Ambassador Maxim Litvinov and Maj. Gen. Shih-Ming Chu.

We Must Feed Europe's Children

By JAMES WOOD JOHNSON

A picture of the tragedy that has beset Europe's youngsters—together with a concrete plan for what we can do about it.

"IT'S not the children's fault if they are falling so far behind in their studies," a worried schoolteacher of Southern France said to me. "They're very inattentive and forgetful, but they don't mean to be that way. It's only because of what hunger is doing to them."

This was more than a year ago. The children in that classroom, and in all the classrooms of occupied Europe, have gone much farther since then along a way which leads to the irreparable injury of child minds and nervous systems.

When Southern France was still unoccupied, American relief workers were constantly besieged by mothers, and fathers, too, who anxiously wondered what was to become of their children if those workers ever had to leave. What they feared has happened, and now no relief from outside sources reaches any occupied country except Greece, to which food is shipped each month from Canada and Turkey. That is the one ray of hope for a whole continent.

In a previous article in the Post, I reported what I had observed in Spain, where I examined, in the company of medical experts, what progressive starvation really does to children. The Spanish children furnished the first example of what was later to come to the children of other countries, for in Spain the children had endured not only the privations of this war but also the starvation diet of the long Spanish revolution. What I saw in the hospitals, schools, welfare stations and infant clinics of Spain and Southern France was the forerunner of what is today taking place in the lives of the children of all occupied Europe.

We, whose children have the bread, the cereals and the milk necessary for normal growth, do not realize what long-drawn-out hunger means to little children. In the early stages, it means their constant complaints, their incessant moans that they are hungry to mothers who deprive themselves of much of the little food they have for themselves in order to still the cries as well as they can. Later, the children complain less, but this is a sign that they have gone farther along the road to misery. I have seen a great many children sitting alone and silent in a corner in their homes or during recess at school, and nothing could entice them to laugh or play.

Hunger means that each month schoolteachers find that the attention of their classes diminishes still more than the month before, and that the children's capacity to concentrate is gradually breaking down. The most marked effect upon them is a greatly impaired memory. Even children who were formerly the best pupils become unable to retain much of the day's lessons. Examination grades have to be lowered periodically, for otherwise none would pass.

I am still haunted by visions of cold—very cold—classrooms, the children wearing overcoats and mittens, the teachers, with hands blue from cold and themselves weak from hunger, trying patiently and compassionately to hold the interest of the children.

"Of course they don't listen to half that we say," the teachers said, "but we can't expect too much of them."

Exercise has been abolished, for the exertion burns up energy which cannot be replaced with food. When cold and hunger have exhausted the children, it is common for them to spend much of the day in bed.

Before long, the mothers, too, begin to notice that their little ones are becoming dull-witted. If I had not learned in Spain that even intensive clinical feedings cannot wholly restore the brightness of the child whose brain too long has been undernourished, perhaps I would not have been so moved by the anxious French mothers who asked me, "Do you think they'll be all right again after the war is over?"

After the war is over? If the children go much longer in the direction they are following, the mothers of Europe won't need to ask that question. They will know what the answer will be.

The most handicapped of all children are the newborn infants. Their mothers bring them hopefully to clinics which have little or no milk and no vitamins. The doctors can only stare in despair at some of these shriveled little things with shrunken arms and legs.

"What can we do for these?" the doctors sigh. "It is not medicine they need; it is milk. And where can we find that?"

For, of course, the percentage of near-starved mothers who can nurse their own babies is nearly nil. A baby born of such an underfed mother, a baby weighing only three pounds at birth, a baby which can be given only an insufficient amount of watered milk, if any—how is it that such a baby can go on living? Yet many cling on to life, only to develop into physical and mental deficients.

A New Dark Continent

THE diseases of malnutrition have already affected a high percentage of children. In the northern countries, with little winter sunshine and no citrus fruits, rickets is warping the legs and twisting the bones of many, and scurvy is giving defective dentition to the smallest ones. There is also pellagra, with its scales and open sores. Many a child is beginning to feel the anemia which accompanies this disease—an anemia which saps the nervous system.

Pneumonia and diphtheria are taking a toll among those most weakened by hunger. In the industrial centers of Belgium and Northern France one child in four is tubercular. Before long it will be one in three. Have you ever seen tuberculosis looking out at you from the eyes of little children? It is a frightening experience. The mothers and fathers of Europe will know that experience more and more.

As yet, there have been no great waves of pestilence throughout Europe, but there is no certainty that they may not yet carry off great numbers of children whose powers of resistance to disease have been greatly lowered.

If, by some miracle, a child escapes all these diseases, he, nevertheless, cannot escape what awaits them all—the general anemia of exhaustion. The child who reaches this stage cares for nothing, says nothing, is interested in nothing, unless it be in food. He shuffles along, too weak to lift his feet. He has become so thin that his shoulder blades are like wings. I have seen children like this submitted, as a test, to concentrated intravenous feeding; but though they recovered weight and good physical appearance, they remained lifeless, dull and completely indifferent.

This, then, is the best that awaits the children fortunate enough to escape the effects of the various diseases. When they reach this anemia, there has taken place in them a profound deformation of character. This deformation is due not only to their having been so long denied the food elements necessary for normal development but also to their being deprived of an essential part of the salutary affection of their parents, for the giving of necessary food to

(Continued on Page 48)

PHOTO BY RICHARD BEATTIE

NUMBER ONE OF A SERIES DEPICTING THE FOUR FREEDOMS FOR WHICH WE FIGHT

Freedom of Speech

PARABLE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

IN A SMALL chalet on the mountain road from Verona to Innsbruck, two furtive tourists sat, pretending not to study each other. Outdoors, the great hills rose in peace that summer evening in 1912; indoors, the two remaining patrons, both young, both dusty from the road, sat across the room from each other, each supping at his own small table.

One was of robustly active figure, dark, with a bull head; the other was thin and mouse-haired. It was somewhat surprising to see him take from his knapsack several sketches in water color. Upon this, the dark young traveler, who'd been scribbling notes in a memorandum book, decided to speak.

"You're a painter, I see."

"Yes," the insignificant one replied, his small eyes singularly hard and cold. "You, sir, I take to be a writer?"

The dark young man brought his glass of red wine and his plate of cheese and hard sausage to the painter's table. "You permit?" he asked as he sat down. "By profession I am a journalist."

"An editor, I think," the water-color painter responded. "I might guess that you've written editorials not relished by the authorities."

"Why do you guess that?"

"Because," the painter said, "when other guests were here, a shabby man slipped in and whispered to you. A small thing, but I observed it, though I am not a detective."

"Not a detective," the dark young man repeated. "And yet perhaps dangerously observant. This suggests that possibly you do a little in a conspiratorial way yourself."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because of your appearance. You're precisely a person nobody would notice, but you have an uneasy yet coldly purposeful eye. And because behind us it's only a step over the mountain path to Switzerland, where political refugees are safe."

"Yes, no doubt fortunately for you!" The mouse-haired painter smiled. "As for me, I am in no trouble with the authorities, but I admit that I have certain ideas."

"I was sure you have." The journalist drank half his wine. "Ideas? With such men as you and me that means ambitions. Socialism, of course. That would be a first step only toward what we really want. Am I right?"

"Here in this lonely place"—the painter smiled faintly—"it is safe to admit that one has dazzling thoughts. You and I, strangers and met by chance, perceive that each in his own country seeks an extreme amount of success. That means power. That is what we really want. We are two queer men. Should we both perhaps be rightly thought insane?"

"Greatness is easily mistaken for insanity," the swarthy young man said. "Greatness is the ability to reduce the most intricate facts to simple terms. For instance, take fighting. Success is obtained by putting your enemy off his guard, then striking him where he is weakest—in the back, if possible. War is as simple as that."

"Yes, and so is politics," the painter assented absently as he ate some of the fruit that formed his supper. "Our mutual understanding of greatness helps to show that we are not lunatics, but only a simple matter of geography is needed to prove our sanity."

"Geography?" The journalist didn't follow this thought. "How so?"

"Imagine a map." The painter ate a grape. "Put yourself in England, for instance, and put me and my dazzling ideas into that polyglot zoo, the United States of America. You in England can bellow attacks on the government till you wear out your larynx, and some people will agree with you and some won't, and that is all that would happen. In America I could do the same. Do you not agree?"

"Certainly," the journalist said. "In those countries the people create their own governments. They make them what they please, and so the people really are the governments. They let anybody stand up and say what he thinks. If they believe he's said something sensible, they vote to do what he suggests. If they think he is foolish they vote no. Those countries are poor fields for such as you and me, because why conspire in a wine cellar to change laws that permit themselves to be changed openly?"

"Exactly." The water-color painter smiled his faint strange smile. "Speech is the expression of thought and will. Therefore, freedom of speech means freedom of the people. If you prevent them from expressing their will in speech, you have them enchained, an absolute monarchy. Of course, nowadays he who chains the people is called a dictator."

"My friend!" the dark young man exclaimed. "We understand each other. But where men cannot speak out, they will whisper. You and I will have to talk out of the sides of our mouths until we have established the revolutions we contemplate. For a moment, suppose us successful. We are dictators, let us say. Then in our turn do we permit no freedom of speech? If we don't, men will talk out of the sides of their mouths against us. So they may overthrow us in turn. You see the problem?"

"Yes, my friend. Like everything else, it is simple. In America or England, so long as governments actually exist by means of freedom of speech, you and I could not even get started; and when we shall have become masters of our own countries, we shall not be able to last a day unless we destroy freedom of speech. The answer is this: we do destroy it."

"But how?"

"By means of a purge."

"Purge?" The word seemed new to the journalist. "What is that?"

Once more was seen the water-color painter's peculiarly icy smile. "My friend, if I had a brother who talked against me, either out of the side of his mouth or the front of it, and lived to run away, he might have to leave his wife and child behind him. A purge is a form of carbolic acid that would include the wife and child."

"I see." The dark youth looked admiring, but shivered slightly. "On the one hand, then, there is freedom of speech and on the other this fatal acid you call a purge. The two cannot exist together in the same country. The people of the earth can take their choice, but you and I can succeed only where we persuade them to choose the purge. They would be brainless to make such a choice—utterly brainless!"

"On the other hand," said the painter, "many people can be talked into anything, even if it is terrible for themselves. I shall flatter all the millions of my own people into accepting me and the purge instead of freedom."

He spoke with a confidence so monstrous in one of his commonplace and ungifted appearance that the other stared aghast. At this moment, however, a shrill whistle was heard outside. Without another word the dark young man rose, woke the landlord, paid his score and departed hurriedly.

The painter spoke to the landlord: "That fellow seems to be some sort of shady character, rather a weak one. Do you know him?"

"Yes and no," the landlord replied. "He's in and out, mainly after dark. One meets all sorts of people in the Brenner Pass. You might run across him here again, yourself, someday. I don't know his whole name, but I have heard him called 'Benito,' my dear young Herr Hitler."

NORMAN ROCKWELL

He immediately waved the most enormous fist in Mr. Denniston's face and said, "See here, Denniston! What kind of a raw deal are you giving Sally?"

Parties are Out

By PAUL GALLICO

WHAT I mean is that while Swing and I decided that it was all right to go out for an evening of stepping with the boys when they came home on leave, big blowouts with orchids and chicken à la king and champagne, the kind featured by Gaston, Inc., who caters to our set, are definitely on the shelf until after the war.

I mean just because a girl has been a debutante and lives on the Gold Coast in Chicago, it doesn't mean she doesn't know how to be plenty patriotic when the time comes. And it really wasn't our fault that the big benefit ball at the Denniston Bomber Plant went a little haywire and nearly cost Mr. Denniston his contract with the Government. All we were trying to do was be helpful and useful, in accordance with our training as debutantes from Chicago.

Naturally, Mr. Denniston was simply furious at first when he got the bill for the fourteen thousand dollars, and poor little Sally Brown eating her heart out

Once when Sally danced by, I saw her cast him a look that would have melted a hole through the side of a General Sherman tank.

When a deb from Chicago puts her mind to it there is nothing she can't solve—not even the problem of showing a drab little pigeon named Sally how to get her man.

for that honey of a foreman in charge of Landing Gear Assembly, though I must say if she had just done what we told her to do, instead of acting like a frightened little rabbit when the crisis came, everything would have gone off just beautifully, because all Swing and I were trying to do was fix it so she would get her stooge and keep her from being discharged. I mean the poor child was simply making a mess of turning out the gadgets she was working on, and production was slowing up, and so it was really our patriotic duty to help her to become contented, so that we could get 'em rolling and keep 'em flying, the way it said on the posters in our factory.

Of course, we never dreamed the Government would become interested, or what effect Sally's having to become national chairman would have on the boy friend. I mean we became absolutely nervous wrecks trying to keep Sally out of trouble and having practically to promise we'd get her Mike Kopczak to keep her from running out on us.

And then when ——

I guess I'd better tell how it all started. You remember us, don't you? We're the two debutantes from Chicago, or rather we were debutantes centuries ago when we came out, and Swing is Janet Pierce and I am Audrey Westmar, and we do everything together, only, of course, Swing is much more clever than I am.

It was Swing's idea that in time of war a true debutante ought to give up parties and frivolity, and concentrate on doing something useful, and when her father, who is Mr. Harriman Pierce, of the famous Harriman Pierce Stores, saw she was serious, he spoke to Mr. Denniston, who owns the big airplane factory in East Chicago, and after Swing and I took an eight weeks' training course he gave us both jobs in the welfare department and I was never more thrilled and excited in all my life. I mean it was just extra divine.

Swing, who is really brilliant, besides being beautiful in a dark, glossy sort of way, was made assistant manager in charge of women workers, and I worked under her as an inspector. I mean our job was to look after the girls who worked in the plant and see that they were happy and kept up their production. Swing was up in the office while I had three aisles down on the main floor of Plant No. 1, and the job was plenty tough, even for a debutante who is used to being on her feet practically sixteen hours a day.

I mean things were always coming up, like the time Swing sent for me and said, "Darling, Tail Surfaces has been beefing. I got a memo this morning. There's been a lag. They haven't run it down yet. Have you noticed anything?"

My heart skipped. "Oh, dear," I said, "that would be Sally Brown." Sally worked on a machine that made a most important screw that went into the Denniston bomber. I mean the airplane simply wouldn't stay up without it, and she was really very clever at it.

"What's with Sally?" Swing asked.

"She cries all the time, especially when she thinks nobody is looking. She just sits there and howls. It's extra pathetic. I tried to find out what it was about, but when you ask her she just looks down and won't say anything."

"Did you report it?" Swing can really be shatteringly executive.

I stood there like a goop, with egg on my face. "No, I didn't," I said. "I couldn't help it, I was afraid she might lose her job. She's a poor little widget with no chips at all and aged relatives to support."

"Darling, I don't blame you," said Swing. "It sounds dismal. We'd better have her up here. Maybe we can fix it, before the demolition squad gets to her."

So we sent for Sally Brown, and as soon as she came in she burst into tears again, and stood there looking just extra mournful, I mean she was really a drab little pigeon with big eyes, though, of course, no girl exactly suggests Dorothy Lamour in coveralls, with a thing over the hair so that it won't catch in machinery. Swing said later she looked just like Jackie Coogan in The Kid.

Swing went over and put her arms around her and said, "There, Sally, there. Just you tell your Aunt Swing all about it. Is somebody sick in your family?"

Sally shook her head to mean "no" and kept on weeping until Swing sat her down in a chair and said decisively, "Then it's love. There are only three things that make a girl cry, and love is two of them."

I mean it was simply super the way Swing got it out of her. Because that's what it was. She was carrying the torch for a big blond foreman on Landing Gear Assembly, three aisles over. His name was Mike Kopczak. Sally had been introduced to him in the cafeteria and had fallen madly in love with him. I mean, she was really overcome.

The trouble was that Mike appeared to be shy. I mean he seemed to be really extra retiring in a large and helpless sort of way, and Sally simply couldn't make any impression on him, apparently, because he never came around or spoke to her, and there was the poor girl simply perishing for him and unable to think of any way to angle him out or even meet him again. There just wasn't any future in it, so she wept into the gear box, gummed up the assembly line and slowed down the war effort. Something had to be done about it. Swing rose to the occasion.

She said, "Audrey, you know what a debutante does when she has a hots for a stooge who is molasses on the uptake. She throws a brawl and invites him to come to it. Once across the threshold—Sally could give a party and ask Mike."

Which sounded like an extra-genial idea until Sally turned off the water long enough to point out that it was all very well for rich people to give parties and have their boy friends come, but how could she do it when she had neither chips nor a place to have it, until Swing cut her off with, "Don't be a little goop, Sally. Rich people don't pay for their parties. That's what makes them rich."

"Oh, Swing," I cried, "do you mean Sally could organize a benefit for something or other, sell tickets and dress up like a queen and invite Mike, and when he sees her he will fall plenty in love with her?"

"Certainly," said Swing, "and we'll help her. She can use the recreation hall and get the plant orchestra to play. If she sells tickets to about fifty people at five dollars each, that would be just about right and would leave a decent amount for charity after the expenses were paid."

Sally wasn't crying any more, but she was looking plenty baffled until Swing explained that whenever people who were chip-heavy wanted to have a big blowout without parting from any of their bullion they organized a charity ball for some worthy cause, had tickets printed and sold them, and everybody came, and there you were.

I could see that Sally was commencing to warm up to the idea. I mean her big eyes were beginning to glow and she looked almost pretty—Swing said later there was nothing the matter with her that a once-over-lightly by Liz Arden couldn't fix—until Sally suddenly collapsed again, moaning that she couldn't do it, because she didn't even have the money to have ten tickets printed, let alone fifty.

But Swing said, "Don't be naïve, cooky. Nobody pays for anything in a benefit until it's all over. The man trusts you to print the tickets because he knows that when they are sold there'll be the money to pay for them." And then she went on to explain to Sally what every well-trained debutante knows—that you don't ever need any money when you organize a charity affair; all you need is a really good cause, because if the cause was right, everybody knew there would be plenty of chips rolling in and nobody would get stuck. I mean Swing was really in form, and any child could have understood it the way she put it.

I said, "We'll have to find a good cause for Sally, so that she'll sell all her tickets. Isn't there somebody that needs to be relieved—I mean somebody foreign?"

But Swing made a motion that she wanted to think, and I made Sally keep quiet, too, while Swing walked up and down in her office and we sat breathless, because something always happens when Swing really thinks. I mean she's actually brilliant.

And all of a sudden she stopped and said, "Audrey, what does a real debutante pick on when she wants to give an extra-imposing blowout?" And before I could even think, she came out with it, "Babies!"

"Swing," I screamed, "I can't cope with it! It's extra super."

But Sally, who was not quite bright, even though she was a darling, asked, "Whose babies?"

"Anybody's," said Swing. "Eskimo babies or Fiji Island babies—it doesn't make any difference. Everybody loves babies and will buy tickets for them. I'll tell you what we'll do, just to be different. It will surprise everyone. Instead of making it for foreign babies, we'll have it for our babies. We can call it that—Our Babies."

"But I haven't got a baby," said poor Sally. I mean it was quite over her head. (Continued on Page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

A last pause for rest on the way to the front lines on Guadalcanal. Some of these marines died in the fierce battle which was fought shortly after this picture was taken.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

The Battle of Bloody Hill

By CAPT. WILLIAM J. McKENNAN, U. S. M. C.

With SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

. . . During the night of September thirteenth, our positions on Guadalcanal were shelled by enemy surface craft and our troops engaged in heavy fighting with enemy troops who made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the airfield.

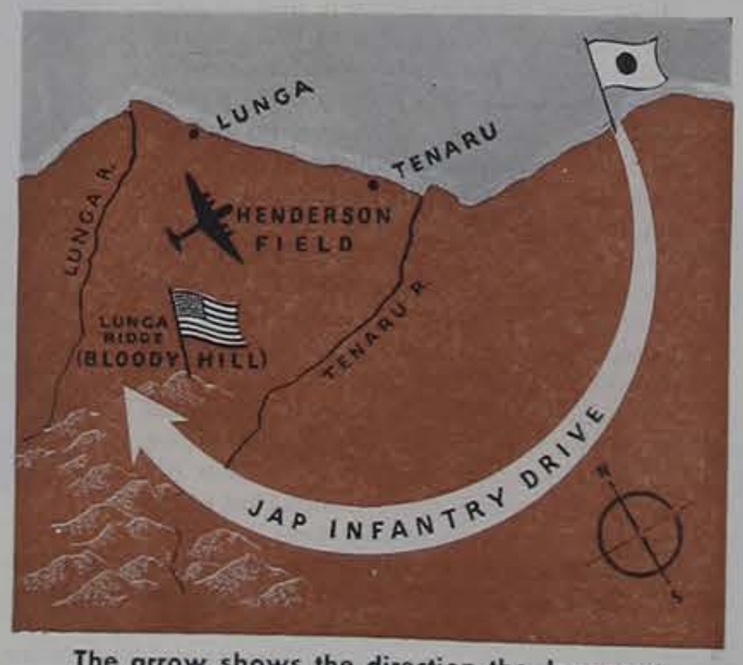
—U. S. Navy Department Communiqué.

SAVE for some narrow patches of coast line and the mountains dominating the interior, the jungle has a firm grip on the island of Guadalcanal. But its hold is somewhat loosened, along the northern shores, by long fingers of rising land that ridge inward from the sea, mounting by precarious steps to the volcanic hills beyond.

These ridges dip at intervals into the jungle itself, although some, where the incline is less pronounced, are connected by natural treeless causeways which are fairly easy to traverse. The slopes of these ridges are heavily blanketed with grass, often waist high, greenish brown under the rain and in the shadows, dirty straw after days of hot sun.

To the north of one of the chain of hills that form Lunga Ridge, a hill nameless before the battle of September thirteenth, but thereafter known to the marines as Bloody Hill, lies Henderson airfield, a sprawling area chopped out of the coconut groves and tramped into semiflatness by the feet of native slaves and stolid Japanese labor battalions. Winding dirt roads circumnavigate the ridge and lead to its crest. Their primary purpose is to provide avenues for the moving of supplies to defense outposts and to facilitate the movement of some of our artillery.

From an airplane above this ridge, looking toward the sea, you catch occasional silver glimpses of the crystal-clear Lunga River, which was for many weeks both our laundry and our communal bathtub. To the east lies the Tenaru River. Between those boundaries, as of September, lay the vital area of all we had wrested from the Japs since the beginning of our offensive operations on August seventh. It was a small patch of territory, a few miles each way, but it was the center and soul of our entire South Pacific strategy, the key that locked the door against assault upon our long supply lines, and that might unlock the portal for our offensive against Japan's island stepping-stones northward. It was imperative to our entire long-range plan that it be held. Finally, whoever held Lunga Ridge could dominate the airfield, which the Japs knew as well as we did.



The arrow shows the direction the Japanese columns took in their bloody but futile attack on the ridge guarding Henderson Field.

The busy little termites from Nippon knew this patch of ground as well as they know their own neighborhood back home. After all, they had it first. Their cruisers and destroyers and submarines, creeping up by night, could plaster it at will. Their bombers knew where to lay their eggs, although it was seldom that they could get over the field effectively, thanks to our air force and our antiaircraft gunners.

We thought we knew all there was to know about the art of waging war when the division, smartly trained, thoroughly toughened, impressively armed, left American shores for the monotonous passage into the war zone. As we had stood on the South Pacific springboard, poised for our leap into the Solomons, we were a self-contained army, completely co-ordinated and equipped for precision operations.

Yes, we knew all there was to know about war and we were very tough. But we learned more about war in six weeks getting into Gavutu and Tulagi and Guadalcanal—and staying there—than we ever learned in Cuba, or at Quantico, or North Carolina, or San Diego, in all the combined years of training experience under all the combined knowledge of the most capable military instructors the United States affords.

Few men, you will remember, had come out of the fox holes of Bataan to lend us the advantage of their experience. Our knowledge of Japanese fighting methods, of their strategy, of their animal cunning, their sadistic cruelty, their trickery and their inhuman views of life and death was hearsay. You cannot

A marine captain's own story of how vital Henderson Field was saved from the Japs in a desperate engagement.

U. S. MARINE CORPS

Lunga Ridge ("Bloody Hill"), where Japs died by the hundreds. A: where McKennan's company stood and threw back one prong of the Jap assault from B and the main attack from C.

learn to fight wars by hearsay. Only by fighting them. The hard way.

For an all too brief period after our capture of Gavutu, my outfit was based on the island of Tulagi, a spot I shall always regard as a little patch of paradise across a narrow strip of water from hell. There, during those early days, we were unmolested, except for a regular morning greeting from some Jap warship that used to stand off just before dawn and plug a few shells over our lines for luck. That was our alarm clock.

Meanwhile, we were well dug in, in a clay soil that was hard to work but provided admirable shelter. We had time on our hands. We dug. We swam in the sea—there are no rivers on Tulagi—and dug some more. We dug up taro roots and cooked and ate them with relish and dug some more. Our company gunnery sergeant developed into a chef and constantly made pies out of whatever makeshift ingredients fell beneath his hand. It was inadvisable not to like the product. Once in a while our diet was made more exotic by bananas and wild boar, both from neighboring Florida Island.

We had to leave this pleasant spot for Guadalcanal, where the situation was not so peaceful at the moment.

We were a piratical-looking crew. A boy is always delighted to discover that he can raise a beard, and, for the most part, we winked at regulations and let the boys have their whiskers until they became a complete abomination and we had to order them out from behind the camouflage. They're a good-looking gang when they're clean. We had plenty of soap of various kinds, and a helmet makes a swell washbasin.

By the middle of September we knew a lot about the Jap that was never contained between the covers of a military textbook. We knew that he was well equipped and outfitted, with a curiously impressive attention to detail for whatever task he was assigned. We knew that he didn't go through the jungle in a G string and a singlet, as some people seem to have thought. Instead, he was equipped to meet the rank, clawing, clutching jungle growth with two—not one—pairs of trousers, with heavy shirts, with gloves and with cloth-covered helmets that made no sound when brushed against tangled trees and vines. His shoe was a strange article. It was actually a cloven hoof of soft rubber, a hoof such as only the devil is supposed to have. The Jap's big toe fits into one compartment and, in his progress through the jungle, the soldier can feel any object beneath him, avoiding stones that might roll or twigs that might snap and thus reveal his presence.

We knew Tojo lived well. Not on "a handful of rice a day"—although he could do that, too—but on good canned fish and beef, plenty of canned vegetables, and a variety of hard candy that was so nasty that only a Jap could love it. In his leisure moments he stank himself up with cheap perfumery, smoked cigarettes from the East Indies, and drank a brand of liquor looted from the Philippines and called, with simple directness, "Old Whisky." His officers regaled themselves with sake.

Meanwhile, Japan's countermoves on Guadalcanal had been prompt and vicious. From the very beginning there was no holding back, no playing for time, no delay to await reinforcements. They hit us with whatever they had handy. That is the Japanese way of war. And while they were cracking at us from the sea and sky, they were impudently reinforcing themselves on land. On one occasion, in fact, they could actually be seen from one of our high ridges, busily engaged in disembarkation operations in broad daylight. They paid for this impertinence with hundreds of lives. For our fliers it was like trampling on an anthill.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

The marines dug foxholes with their bayonets for shelter from ceaseless air attacks.

Nor was there any rest from unending attacks by air and night bombardment from the ocean side. They came over us with their best bombers, their Mitsubishi 97's, with utter disregard of consequences, to be blasted to bits by the grand bunch of men behind our AA guns, and ripped to pieces by our Grumman Wildcats. This was heartening. We watched these aerial combats from knolls which, we hoped, were outside the target area, saw the enemy squadrons come in in perfect formation, saw them crumple and disappear above us, saw some of them disgorge their loads and blaze out to sea like smoking comets, and saw what was more than once the almost complete destruction of the entire force. Back home you were reading the scores. They were not exaggerated.

Heartening and discouraging events were crowded in equal mixture into the first five weeks of our occupation. A strong attack had been repulsed from over the Tenaru River, and for a day or two we breathed easier. We made thrusts occasionally through the jungle, to find that the Jap had silently faded out of the picture. He is a master in the art of disappearing. We went in small expeditions down the coast and arrived to find his supposed concentration withdrawn jungleward. Often we returned empty-handed, but never, I believe, empty-headed, for each day brought its lessons, some of them costly. And the enemy, meanwhile, was constantly sliding in reinforcements of men and guns and, later, of tanks. It needed no superintelligence to tell us that an all-out attack was brewing.

Throughout the week of September sixth, the enemy had stepped up his counteroffensive. The nightly bombardment, generally from midnight until two o'clock in the morning, grew more intense. The air squadrons made their daily visits in ever-increasing numbers.

An attack was launched on the night of September twelfth by Jap infantry, which, landing far to the east of the Tenaru River, according to our belief at the time, had swung in a great *(Continued on Page 80)*

Henderson Field, chopped out of the coconut groves by the Japanese and wrested from them by us, was the crucially strategic prize at stake in the Battle of Bloody Hill.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

"I was exaggerating a little when I said I was going to cut your heart out, Sullivan," Mr. Biggers said. "I'm only going to notch you up a little."

Employment in Texas

By ROBERT CARSON

He was just "passing through," but a sad-eyed girl called Mallie and a Scotsman deliberately trying to go broke brought him to a halt.

THE freight train from Amarillo pulled into Beacon about two o'clock in the afternoon and stopped to cut out a couple of cars. Creighton, the station agent, went out to give the conductor his train orders. As he came back, a man climbed down from an empty gondola and joined him. He was a stranger. This man was slim and compact, though larger than he looked. He had a cloth-covered bundle under one arm, and a pair of books under the other. He was young, not over thirty, with a dark mustache and brown eyes. Despite the heat of the day, he was not perspiring. Taking a clean handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped off the white alkaline dust caked on his lips.

"Howdy," Creighton said.

"Hello," the young man said. "You've probably got a suitcase for me. I sent it ahead by express."

"Suitcase?" Creighton said. "Oh, yes. You Franklin Pierce Sullivan?"

"That's right."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

They walked inside and Creighton produced the big suitcase. The young man signed the express receipt with his full name. Creighton glanced curiously at the books he had laid on the counter. One of them was called David Harum.

"That's a new one," Franklin Pierce said, when the station agent looked up. "Do you want to read it?"

"Why, sure," Creighton replied, surprised.

Franklin Pierce handed it over and picked up his suitcase. "Could I use your washroom?" he asked.

"I reckon you could," Creighton said.

He was gone a long time. Creighton read a little in the book and watched the freight leave, at all times automatically keeping his ear cocked to the telegraph sounder. When Franklin Pierce came out of the washroom he was freshly shaven and dressed in a neat black broadcloth suit. "Now I feel better," Franklin Pierce said. "Could I leave my suitcase with you for an hour or so?"

"Why, sure," Creighton said. "Figure on settling here?"

"I don't know yet," Franklin Pierce said. "By the way, where is the Hillside Pottery?"

He saw suddenly that Mallie was beautiful.

"Why, about a mile west," Creighton said.

After Franklin Pierce had gone, Creighton read a few more pages in the book. Visitors were rare enough in Beacon, but he had already lost interest in the latest one. He was a potter, and a lot of potters had passed through at one time or another. They were boomers, every man of them, and people with naturally itchy feet made poor company. They were always talking of the ground beyond the next hill instead of that under their shoes.

Franklin Pierce took his time walking to the pottery, sizing things up as he strolled. Beacon wasn't much of a town, and the flat Texas brown land was parching in the grip of midsummer. But the scene was new and strange, and Franklin Pierce liked it for that reason. His shirt stayed crisp and unwrinkled, and his forehead wasn't damp. Years of working a few feet from a dryer had left him impervious to heat.

He was delayed at the edge of town beside a pleasant little cottage with a fence around it. Behind the fence were a few withered flowers, and a girl in a sunbonnet was picking them.

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WATCH OUT FOR THE WOMEN

By HAROLD L. ICKES

Beware, men! A bugaboo expert has spotted something new to worry about. This time it's women—and that's serious.

IT HAS been stated by individuals who pretend to know something about the Creation that woman was God's second mistake. The debunking inference is that man was the first. I won't stop in the middle of a global war to argue the point, although for many years I have been drifting along on the theory that, by and large, the Creation was well done and has been giving general satisfaction. There has, of course, been Biblical authority for believing that God Himself was satisfied with it; therefore, I have reasoned, it ought to suit me. It's too late to do anything about it anyway.

We'll almost have to be content, it seems to me, with the way things are.

Imagine trying to undo everything that has been done to date and starting all over again. Even Hitler, with all his bombast, would not undertake such a chore as that. It would certainly run into a lot of money. So let's forget it and do the best that we can with what we have.

What I am leading up to is this: In the light of what women throughout the world are doing to help their menfolk win the war in the shortest possible time, I am no longer in any serious doubt that it would have been a big mistake not to make women. There may have been occasions before Pearl Harbor when I might not have felt that way, and, even now, certain women snark me into believing that they shouldn't be here, but, for women in general, that is my opinion as of today. Yet, on the other hand, I am leaning more and more to the view that the world would have been a better place in which to live if man hadn't been put in it. It's just possible that I am thinking of certain men, but, in any case, they are here, and that's that.

I have always been the pursuer—or at least so I have thought.

Recently, Mrs. Roosevelt said that if women would make more sacrifices, the war would be shortened. Without knowing what Mrs. Roosevelt had in her mind, I would like to put in right here that my guess is that the per capita sacrifice is much greater among women than it is among men. Woman's sacrifice in these war days runs the gamut of human experience, from the cradle to the grave, the surrender to the slaughter of the sons she bore, homemaking with a smile under mounting difficulties, hard manual labor that no one ever thought that she could do, and the giving up of conveniences that long years of indulgence and enjoyment had taught her to take as a matter of course. And, if Mrs. Roosevelt is correct in her estimate that woman is capable of even greater sacrifices than she is now making, then it stands to reason that man on the home front has only just begun to give.

The relational position of woman after the war is most certainly going to be such as was never before dreamed by her—or, what is more to the point, by man. She is coming out of it skilled and trained to do things that would make her grandfather turn over in his grave if he could see her do them. Mechanic, technician, a worthy competitor in fields that man has heretofore pre-empted on the assumption that to occupy them one had to have the brains and the brawn that only he possessed. This war is going to prove how wrong he has been.

I think that this is as good a time as any—a better one perhaps—to warn the men that when the war is over, the going will be a lot tougher, because they will have to compete with women whose eyes have been opened to their greatest economic potentialities. And may I say that, in my opinion, this is at least one good thing that is coming out of this horrible conflict?

My views concerning women are probably not important. In a court of law they would be thrown out as "irrelevant and immaterial." They might even be called queer. Conceivably I have reached that stage in life described in the verse:

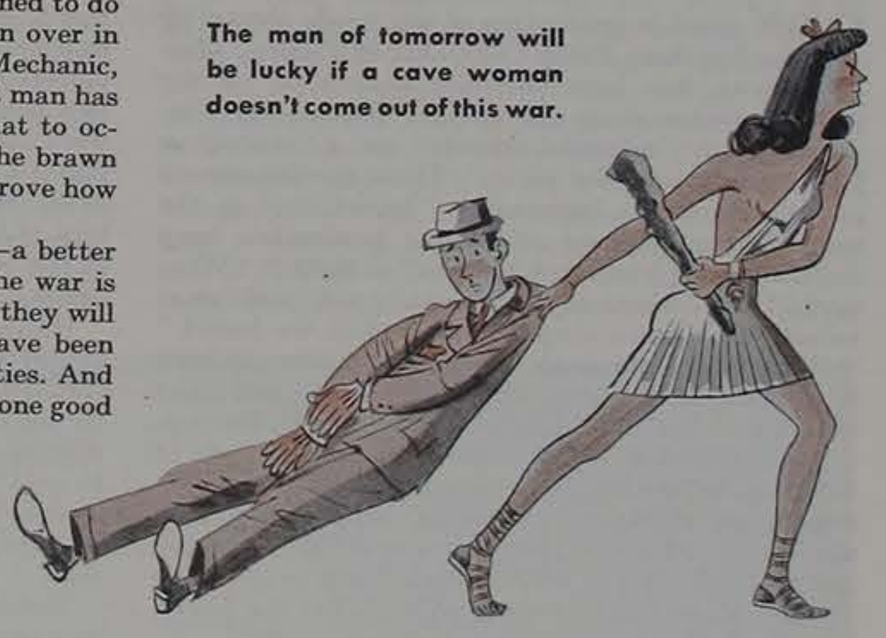
King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them,
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms.

However, I see a new era approaching, and though it may not make any great difference to me personally, I think that I ought, out of loyalty to my sex, to caution the men against taking too much for granted when once again, having beaten their swords into plowshares, they seek to return to peaceful pursuits. Women are not going to be as easy to down in the future, and they haven't been particularly easy, to date. The war is teaching them that they can do things that before Pearl Harbor were reserved for us fellows.

I have never pretended to be an expert on the subject of women. Sometimes I wish that I could have been, because I am sure that it would have proved a vastly more interesting subject than petroleum or anthracite coal or sponge iron. Unfortunately for me, my observations and conclusions concerning women are based on a very circumscribed practical experience. But, as in music, I know what I like and what appeals to me. I know a sour note when I hear one. I have read enough to know that there have been women with that certain look in their eye who have overturned empires, counterbalanced the fortunes of war, shifted the tide of battle, and driven men with stronger constitutions than mine to drink. It would be quite an experience, I imagine, to be swept off one's feet by a seductive and determined witch who always gets her man. I have never had that pleasure. I have always been the pursuer—or at least so I have thought.

According to the rules of sex chivalry under which I was brought up, the male was expected to "take it" from the female of the species, regardless of the circumstances and whether he liked it or not. The female, like the customer, was always right. Let the little girl scratch you or spit in your face. You were expected never to forget, even if you were only six, that you were still a gentleman. There was an immutable law of nature against retaliation of any sort, to say nothing of returning in kind.

The man of tomorrow will be lucky if a cave woman doesn't come out of this war.



But those were the days when men kidded themselves that they were the pursuers. Women were sweet and gentle and retiring, and they had no objective in life save to become faithful wives and good mothers, expecting no reward, at least in this life, but only the satisfaction of having fulfilled their mission to do all the weeping for the family.

And now all that is going to be changed—by the war. I have seen men horrified by the thought of women entering the so-called learned professions and the ranks of labor who have come to the realization reluctantly that it was becoming a case of dog eat cat or turning mouse and letting the cat have her way. Times have changed

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CARTOONS BY ERVINE METZL

Corn helps lubricate Northern Pump's public and employee relations. Hawley girl gilds parade float.

The rapid-fire naval gun producer, John B. Hawley, Jr., with the winning Baron twins. The boss celebrated a twin-gun contract by offering $1000 for the first twins born to an employee.

Minnesota's Blitz Producer

By ROBERT M. YODER

THE speed in production of war goods shown by the Northern Pump Company, of Fridley, Minnesota, has been variously spoken of by the prose laureates along the unquiet Potomac as "incredible," an "industrial miracle" and a "marvelous job" by a "wonderful plant." These encomiums are not of themselves impressive. "Incredible," in the courtly language used about war production, may mean anything from "not bad" to "all right." "Wonderful" may connote anything up to "good," and "marvelous" may mean simply "better than we feared."

But gun mounts speak louder than words—at least in the hearing of enemy ships and planes—and these are the principal output these days of John B. Hawley, Jr.'s, Northern Pump Company on the outskirts of Minneapolis, which, in conjunction with the Navy, also manufactures all manner of intricate hydraulic machinery. Moreover, not only did WPB last spring bestow further praise on Northern Pump as an example of a plant that is "really rolling" but the Navy, too, has fired salvos of praise.

When Comdr. B. K. Culver, the Navy's man-on-the-scene inspector, left for sea duty, his farewell version of what goes on in the largest private naval-ordnance plant the nation has ever had was: "We have surpassed predictions that were called fantastic. Today we are two months ahead of the unbelievable."

Called "the finest machine shop in the world," Northern Pump is a row of buildings housing two or three miles of sleek machine tools. One big machine shop owned by Hawley, three or four big machine shops owned by the Navy, they are all operated by Hawley—operated with such smooth speed that the fall found the place approximately two years ahead of minimum contract schedule.

To build naval guns at all takes a sanguine disposition; Navy men say cheerfully that this is an excellent way to go broke. A gun mount is everything that goes into one of these big dual-purpose cannon but the barrel. Guns like this must swing bolt upright to get in a lick at high-flying bombers, and down again for work on the horizontal, in which direction they will throw a shell fifteen miles. The mount is wrist, arm, brain, legs and back. It consists of fifteen to thirty tons of high-precision machinery, standing in relation to the barrel as the works of a watch compare to the hands.

Hawley is an unimpressed, forty-three-year-old inventor whose company, until the war, was relatively small. He has become the nation's foremost gunsmith for big sea-going antiaircraft guns, making them on a moving assembly line that is a marvel to see. The way he gets "two months ahead of the unbelievable" is, as he describes it, not complex at all. "It's the difference," he says, "between a running start and a standing start."

Hawley is an old hand at the running start. When he was twenty-two, he came out of a tuberculosis sanitarium that way. They had shipped him away to Colorado Springs, Colorado, for absolute rest and quiet. Just out of Cornell, with stopovers at Texas Christian, Colorado College, and Texas University, the young civil engineer had decided to be an inventor, and this looked like a fine time to start. At the end of a year, the doctor sent him on his way. "You've broken all the rules," he told the patient, "and you seem to have just as much TB as when you came in. But it doesn't seem to hurt you any." Neither did the lay-off. The inventions Hawley had sketched out—among them a ride-control device he designed as a new sales talk for automobiles—gave him a net profit of $27,000 and a good start as an inventor and idea man.

Contributing to the running start is a highly simplified technique of doing business. "We don't fool around," says Hawley, meaning that they dispense with nine tenths of the customary red tape and paper work, and take a problem by the throat without waiting for the customary introductions.

How not to fool around was exemplified when the Minnesota pump builder first offered his services as a manufacturer of naval antiaircraft-gun mounts.

Hawley's company was already well known to the Navy, for, as one engineer remarks, "the principal function of a battleship is to carry pumps." It made, among other things, a submersible pump of Hawley's invention, useful in pumping out flooded holds. The ones available seemed unduly ponderous for emergency use. The best American model weighed 400 pounds, the lightest British type, 1800. So Hawley designed one that pretty well typifies the way he likes to do business. It weighs only ninety-three pounds and yet is intended to pump twice as much water.

He saved many hours of polite discussion by summing up his qualifications in one memorable sentence. "I'm the only man who can defend America," said he. He meant that only in Minneapolis and St. Paul were there enough highly skilled workmen not already engaged in, or at least earmarked for, war orders. There were fine machinists in the farm-implement industry. Their work had been seasonal and they might not quail at the idea of making a little nutritious overtime.

Demanding an order for a hundred or so, instead of the customary fifteen or twenty, Hawley turned out his first gun mounts with neatness and dispatch, and has been doing the same ever since. They think it was the first time big guns had been made with interchangeable parts, using automotive-type jigs and fixtures; the jigs alone being as much work as 200 gun mounts, requiring 50,000 square yards of drawings.

The big shop stands in what was a cornfield in October, 1940, and represents another application of

the Hawley running start. It would take ninety days, he was told, to get plans.

"Ninety?" said the kinetic Mr. Hawley. "Hell, I'll have it built and running in sixty." He did, and was making gun mounts nine months later.

Northern Pump men drew the plans, selected standard building sections from American Bridge, and put them together at racing speed in the dead of one of those Minnesota winters when farmers freeze to death trying to get from the house to the barn.

Keeping awake on sleep-preventing pills and Scotch, Hawley worked twenty hours a day until the new plant was ready. Then he sold his old Central Avenue plant at a loss, struck camp like a circus, and moved $3,000,000 worth of mighty machine tools overnight. Since then he has worked almost exclusively for the Navy, and is now engaged on work totaling $300,000,000. He will go into action long before a contract is concluded, and the Navy, in return, gives him "unlimited cooperation." The Navy men are "gentlemen and able engineers," and stand out as almost the only residents of the District of Columbia for whom Hawley has an enthusiastic word.

Industry's Corps d'Élite

BOTH the high-speed building job and the overnight transfer strike Hawley as the kind of work that is generally overrated. "It doesn't take any brains to put up a static structure," he says. "To build something dynamic—a variable-pitch propeller, or a magneto—that's what takes brains. There is more brainwork in one magneto than in all the buildings in the United States."

From 200 employees in the summer of 1938, Northern Pump grew to 6800. One noon the major employers of the Twin Cities assembled at lunch to discuss the disappearance of key men, who were vanishing like hens to a marauding fox. One after another, the gentlemen expressed the pious hope that there would be little or no labor pirating in that area, no "scamping," as it is called in the Northwest.

All present were strongly opposed to this deplorable practice and would sooner cut off an arm than hire a single precious machinist away from another's bench. Amid all this solidarity, they called for a few words from Hawley.

"I assume you invited me here because I am stealing your men," the guest of honor said amiably. "You fellows haven't taken defense orders—I have. I am paying a ten-dollar bonus to any man in my plant for each good man he can persuade to come to work for me. About overtime: my men work till they drop. They come out of the plant all bent over; they can hardly stagger to the gate. But one peek at that pay check and they feel swell. Sure, I'm stealing men. I got to have them. This is Navy work. But I'll tell you what. You fellows appoint a committee, tell me what I ought to do, and I'll abide by any plan you think up." The committee's best suggestion, he says, was that he work even more overtime, thereby reducing his need for additional men, and pay a twenty-dollar bounty, so as to attract men from plants farther away.

The bait that drew skilled labor to Fridley was what might be described as silk-shirt wages with no time to wear the shirt. Pay was about the same as elsewhere. But a man could work as long as he liked, many putting in twelve or fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. Instead of making thirty-eight dollars for a forty-hour week, a machinist could put in perhaps eighty hours at Northern Pump and make ninety-five dollars. Top men might take home as much as $120.

To sweeten the late-Saturday and early-Sunday shifts, when a man might be inclined to lay off, the plant gave $1250 in door prizes, $100 top, nothing less than twenty-five dollars—all this in War Bonds.

There is free coffee, night and day. Good-looking girls, called "servettes," move through the shop selling cigarettes and soft drinks. Meals are sold from a fleet of stainless-steel trucks, each with a butane-gas tank aboard to keep things hot. Hawley considers good food a must. The trucks at The Pump sell a quarter of a fried chicken, for example, for twenty-five cents, and the ten-cent ham sandwiches have a quarter inch of hot ham in them.

This is an industrial *corps d'élite*, and is treated accordingly. While a man works at his machine, attendants at the oversize parking lot check his tires, repair them, if needed, at no charge. The personnel department gets driving licenses and license plates, goes to court for the driver who gets a ticket.

Introducing the irreverent Mr. Hawley, who sticks out his tongue at fellow employers, the RFC and anybody else who gets in his way.

Part of the spacious toilet equipment—"Give me a half mile of it," Hawley ordered—is a bath for tired feet. If a Northern Pump wife falls ill, flowers go out with Hawley's card, and the husband, if he needs it, can borrow money without cosigners and without interest. The basic idea behind all this consideration is to keep the men relaxed, free from every worry that occupies a man's mind and dulls his efficiency.

When Hawley attacked his first order of 5-inch antiaircraft mounts, the big shop bloomed with red, white and blue like a grandstand. All over the plant appeared signs reading: "Blitz 100!" They meant: "Turn out a hundred gun mounts by Christmas." Ordnance men thought the self-imposed dead line was impossible, but Northern Pump, three days before Pearl Harbor, beat the Christmas goal by twenty-one days—six months ahead of the maximum contract schedule. After Pearl Harbor, every known promotion device was used to get the plant as war conscious as a front-line pillbox. The giant cranes carried war posters with such slogans as: LET'S WORK LIKE HELL FOR LIBERTY, and PRODUCE NOW OR NEVER. Even the drinking cups bore pep talks.

The hundredth mount was painted red, white and blue, the plant stopped long enough to cheer, and Hawley raised pay all around in celebration. Later, new signs appeared: THE NAVY WANTS TWINS. It meant the plant had taken on the manufacture of mounts for twin, or double-barreled, guns at the same time as they made the singles. Hawley not only whooped it up in posters but offered $1000 to the first man with a doubleheader blessed event at home. That production goal was cinched when Mrs. John T. Baron, wife of a night-shift coffee maker, made delivery on twin boys. Baron got the check amid general hilarity, and the boss threw in a bottle of champagne and a year's maintenance of the twins.

To get a big machine shop going fast is something like racing an elephant across a tight rope. A single part may need two dozen different shaping, drilling and milling operations—that for an item no bigger than your hat. First, the part must be designed. Then jigs to guide all these operations, and fixtures to hold the part on the machines. The tools may have to turn out work to a nicety the machinist describes as "plus or minus a tenth," or one ten thousandth of an inch.

That's one part. But the gun mount may need 7000. About 1 per cent is simple—"catalogue stuff." Some are exceedingly difficult. Take a chunk of steel that is to become the brains of a projectile hoist. The problem is to make the hoist rise a certain distance in a certain time, and yet so gently that eggs could be carried on it. But it must start slowly, accelerate to high speed, and stop slowly.

If you are handy with machines, you can make time by improving ways of doing things. Here is a big steel ring on the inside of which teeth must be cut. The practice had been to notch each tooth with a fine tool, stroke by stroke. That took 800 hours. Using a multiple drill, a band saw and a gear hobber, the Northern Pump men devised a new way of doing the same thing in fifty hours. Simplest of their tricks is to "give a project a father." They place a man in charge of each job, and he is expected to ride it through to completion as if it were the only thing in life. Foremen and supervisors are almost as independent as if running their own shops.

The financial risks involved in this kind of work would unnerve a five-horse-parlay player. In the ordinary procedure, engineers design every part, which may take many weeks, and then hand their bale of plans to the tool engineers, who figure out what kind of tools will be needed. When they have finished designing the tools, they pass their plans along to the tool builders, who make them—again a job that may take many weeks.

At Fridley, they telescope these steps. As each part is designed, the tool engineers design the tools and the toolmakers start building them. It is reckless unless you are very sure of your engineers, for some of these tools may cost a small fortune.

Multimillion-Dollar Faith

ON ONE multimillion-dollar job, Hawley went right into production on 2000 mounts without waiting for the Navy to approve his million-dollar sample. Approval might involve long testing, and that could take weeks. A lot of gun mounts could be made in that time. If the Navy turned thumbs down, Northern Pump would be stuck with a plant full of fine-precision work worth nothing but its price as scrap. "An awful gamble," says the chief engineer. But as Hawley sees it, "This is not primarily a low-cost operation. The idea is (Continued on Page 98)

Part of the plant operating "two months ahead of the unbelievable."

WAYNE BELL, INTERNATIONAL

Hawley Plant lunches include fried chicken at two bits, and look—it's good!

A true combat soldier, Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger has always preferred the direct approach in both love and war.

THESE ARE THE GENERALS—
EICHELBERGER

By DAVID G. WITTELS

ONE day when Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger was about twelve years old, the report that he had beaten up another boy reached home ahead of him. His older brother, George H., met him grimly at the threshold. "What's this I hear about you starting a fight?"

"I didn't start it," denied the skinny youngster.

"What then?"

"This big kid put a chip on his shoulder and dared me knock it off."

"And you knocked it off?"

"No. I knew if I did, he would hit me."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I just picked a spot on his chin and let him have it."

This direct approach to situations remained typical of Eichelberger throughout the years. When, at nineteen, he decided on an Army career, he did not bother his influential father, but went himself to his congressman and asked for a chance at West Point. When, as a young second lieutenant, he met a lovely blond girl at a party in the Canal Zone, he told her that very night that he loved her. They now have been happily married for nearly thirty years. As superintendent of West Point two years ago, he read the signs abroad and swiftly streamlined the curriculum to fit today's kind of warfare. When he heard about Pearl Harbor, he turned directly from the radio to the telephone and began besieging Washington for an active command. Then, early last summer, in command of the First Army Corps at Columbia, South Carolina, he turned to his wife and said, "I can't stay here, Emma. I'm

PORTRAIT BY GEORGE HUGHES

He led his troops in the toughest battles of all, the defeat of the Japs in New Guinea.

a combat soldier. I'm not going to sit here on a sand dune while there's a war going on."

Thus he arrived in New Guinea to lead—under Gen. Douglas MacArthur—the enormously difficult allied offensive over the Kokoda trail to Buna. At fifty-six, a giant of a man with a rugged face, he still had the direct approach. He went right into the jungle with his troops, picked his spot and let the Japs have it. In the language of the commander in chief, the operations were carried out "under difficulties rarely if ever surpassed" in warfare anywhere.

This was not his first meeting with the Japs, nor his first combat experience. He got to know the Japs and their methods in Siberia, in 1918–19–20, where we and the Japs were supposed to be allies, but actually were operating at cross-purposes. He outguessed, outsmarted and outbluffed the Japs there, and the net result was that they gave him three decorations—the Imperial Order of Meiji, the Order of the Sacred Treasure and the Order of the Rising Sun. He still has those decorations, and before he left to meet the Japs at New Guinea, he confided to intimates that he hoped to return them in person. Like virtually all our soldiers who served in that fantastic Siberian expedition, he developed a deep dislike and distrust of the Japanese warrior clique and expected trouble with them sooner or later.

Echoes From an Old War

HE GOT other, more cherished decorations in that campaign. He won the United States Distinguished Service Cross "for extraordinary heroism in action," the United States Distinguished Service Medal, the Belgian War Cross and the Order of Abdon Calderon of Ecuador. The story of how he got those medals illustrates the duality of his abilities as a soldier, and may help explain why the scholarly type of soldier who could head the Military Academy could also be picked to lead combat troops against the Japs on difficult terrain.

Eichelberger arrived in Siberia on September 2, 1918, as assistant chief of staff and chief intelligence officer for an expeditionary force of 7000 men under Maj. Gen. William S. Graves. Neither he nor his general knew any Russian or anything about the wildly scrambled Russian situation except what they had read in the papers.

Eichelberger was thirty-two, and a temporary major. The nearest to foreign duty he had ever had was in the Canal Zone. It was up to him to keep his general informed as to what was going on in vast, tumultuous Siberia, with a multi-cornered revolution seething all over Russia. The Czar had fallen, and so had the moderate Kerensky government succeeding him. The Bolsheviks claimed a government of sorts, but Siberia was still a political no man's land. Every other allied nation which sent troops to Siberia had designs of its own, and most of them planned to use American troops to further them. The English and others wanted to back Admiral Kolchak, a White Russian who declared himself head of a government and succeeded in getting the support of at least part of our State Department. The Japs were backing a Cossack bandit chief named Semeonoff. Several other banditlike leaders were roaming and marauding under assorted sponsorships. Everybody wanted something, and somebody was sure to get mad at the Americans, no matter what they did.

It was a tough spot. One false move might have embroiled us in a new war. It may be that General Graves' decisions and young Eichelberger's intelligence reports played quite a role in shaping the course of modern history. Eichelberger dug right into the root of the problem. Was Kolchak's government representative of the people and did he have an army to back it up? Who was backing Semeonoff, and why? Eichelberger reported back that Kolchak had no real army and that his government was so unpopular that if we backed him we might find ourselves at war with the Russian people. He also reported that the Japs were using Semeonoff and other bandit leaders to keep Siberia so upset that they would have an excuse to step in and grab the Maritime Province.

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The one and only McQuillan discovers there is a time for fist work and a time for such gentle and subtle arts as ramming a truck head-on into a building.

Sharp Work at the Duck & Egg

By FRANK LEON SMITH

Rodney followed Belle out of the courtroom, to the shout of a bailiff, "Take off your hat!"

IT WAS a cold, windy night in Canarsie, and a full moon raced through a broken field of evil-looking clouds.

In the watchman's villa at the Crotty junk yard, arrayed in his best plaid suit and derby, Mr. Rodney McQuillan was braced before a mirror, making a long upper lip as he trimmed his mustache to a militant brush. The villa had just been painted and decorated by the Widow Crotty. Gay curtains hung at the windows, a celluloid parrot perched in an ornamental cage, and on the wall a motto said: HOME, SWEET HOME.

These sly and softening efforts had no effect on Rodney's determination to enlist, and he was going over to the Coast Guard armory with his crony, Mr. Disbro Whispell, to make preliminary arrangements. But where, now, was Whispell? Rodney threw down his shears and looked at his watch.

Could Disbro have run afoul of some back pay? He had the glint in his eye which turns to a glaze in a saloon. If the little rogue has backslid on me, I'll equip him with nothing but brakes for his future travels!

There came an imperious knock. Could Whispell be knocking at his own door? Rodney opened. There stood his small protégé, ex-penitentiary man Whispell, but a new and astounding Whispell.

"Good evening, fellow!" said he in a haughty bass, and entered, thrusting Rodney aside. "McQuillan live here?"

Rodney's eyes bulged. He stepped close to Whispell and sniffed. With a gloved hand, Whispell dipped into an inner pocket. "Have a good cigar?"

Gaping at his chum, Rodney took the cigar. Whispell wore a new plaid overcoat, a new striped suit, new shoes and, in emulation of Rodney, a new derby hat. A proud smile was on his seamy face as he pirouetted for inspection. He was exhilarated, but not by ardent spirits.

Drawing off new pigskin gloves, he said with nonchalance, "I got a raise."

Rodney beamed. "Hooray for Mrs. Crotty! This is a proud moment for me that sponsored you! Disbro, your hand!"

With a grin beyond control, Whispell put out his hand. "I been made trusty many's the time, but this is the first raise I ever had in an outside job. Makes me feel a foot taller, Rod."

"You look it, you smug little custard!"

"Makes a guy take a new interest in the business." Whispell sprung his knees and gave Rodney a knowing look. "Already I can see a lot of things that ought to be done different around this junk yard."

Delighted, Rodney gave him a thump on the back that made his derby jump. "That's the stuff! Come on, now. We'll be skipping over to the armory."

Whispell wilted perceptibly. "Aw, no, Rod!"

Rodney frowned. "Are you fainthearted?"

"No, but gosh, Rod! Just when I get a raise and decent pay for honest work ——"

"That puts you abreast of ten millun other Americans," said Rodney sympathetically. "But duty calls, and Uncle Sam has his eye on you." He put on his trench coat and settled his derby. "Come on. We'll have a chat at the armory, and directly I finish this one last job for Belle, we'll be off to the fray with all expenses paid."

Whispell asked dully, "What job is that?"

"Belle has bought a refrigerating plant, and we have to pull down an old brick shack to get it out."

"Anything to do with a guy named Con Davern?"

Rodney said, "Con Davern owns this old Canarsie Duck and Egg Company, a kind of cold-storage place, which we're going to wreck. How came you with his name?"

"I heard a row in the office just now, and Mis' Crotty kept throwing his name."

"There's some hitch!" said Rodney. "Don't go away, now!" and he rushed out the door.

"I'm coming along," said Whispell.

In the fitful moonlight they steered a careful course through jagged iron reefs, and outside Belle Crotty's bungalow office Rodney pulled up abruptly and thrust his face close to Whispell's.

"An eel, one hundred per cent, is Davern, and hard to hold to a deal. On the other hand, Belle might be shaping a plot. She's made a sissy's nest of the shanty, thinking to hold me, and she's bribed you with a raise. Now she may be stalling with Con Davern to delay the job and defraud Uncle Sam of the two's of us!"

Then Rodney motioned for silence, and they tiptoed up the rear steps and opened the door softly.

Blond, handsome and garbed in a stylish new businesswoman's Commando ensemble, Belle Crotty was pacing the floor, pleading, threatening and uttering cries of dismay. Her eloquence was directed at a huge fellow sitting in her swivel chair. *(Continued on Page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

SPREE DE CORPS

By
JOSEPH MARSHALL

Every Army has a Willie—the private who used a pair of loaded dice on the general's guest and a slingshot on an overstuffed senator.

The battle stopped while the combatants stared at the senator floundering in the mud of the creek bed. "Wounded! Twice!" he gasped.

MAJ. GEN. GEORGE (THE KING) KING, commanding the Nth Armored Division, stood in the tonneau of a jeep and addressed through a sound system of considerable power the several hundred officers of the division and the umpires attached to it, gathered in a clearing in the woods of East Tennessee for a divisional critique of the second phase of the maneuvers.

On the remotest fringe of the clearing another jeep was parked under a tulip tree, the front seat occupied by a staff sergeant and a buck private. The private dozed fitfully; the sergeant was awake, but had the look of a man whose thoughts are deliciously far, far away.

"Ten more days," the sergeant said with a deep sigh, "and you're gonna be my brother-in-law, Willie."

"Yeah," Willie grunted without enthusiasm.

The sergeant extracted a letter from his pocket, unfolded it reverently. "Everything is ready, honey," he read for perhaps the twentieth time; "Reverend Lake is going to do the honors himself."

He repeated the last sentence aloud. Willie merely grunted again.

"I guess I will never forget the day," the sergeant read on silently, "when I came down to visit Willie in camp and he introduced us together and you stood off and looked at me, and then you said: 'How can such a thorn like Willie have such a Rose like you for a sister?' And whilst I am speaking of Willie, honey, I know he is quite some trial, but I hope you will keep a eye on him a while longer. If anything should happen to him like going to the Army jail, like you mentioned in your letter, it would break pa and ma's heart and they would probably call off the wedding, as they been awfully proud of Willie since he has been in the Army, and they could not face all the people they bragged to about him so much." The sergeant grimaced and said aloud to Willie, "Providing you don't get into some kinda trouble between now and then."

"Ugh," Willie grunted.

"Willie," the sergeant complained, "you ain't got the spree de corps of a worm on a desert island, and that's a fact."

Willie snorted derisively.

"Yeah?" the sergeant said. "Well, I talked to the colonel about them furloughs this morning, and whilst he give me my two weeks, he said he didn't figure you had any coming. Now, if you would only get into the spirit of this Army ——"

"Gold-plate the sermon, Charley," Willie interrupted gruffly. "But you better see the colonel comes across with that furlough for me. I wouldn't be surprised if ma called off the wedding if I ain't there to be best man."

"You'll get it all right," the sergeant assured Willie grimly, "if I have to punch you to sleep to make you behave the rest of these maneuvers."

Willie grimaced indifferently at the threat. In the meantime, Major General King had continued his remarks about the maneuvers so far and other pertinent matters.

"As all of you are aware," he was saying at the moment, "there is an order of some years' standing definitely prohibiting gambling in any form in the Army. There is a general impression that this order was meant to apply only to the Confederate Army. I am not going to argue that point. But I will not tolerate abuses. This morning I was informed that one of our South American guests, observing these maneuvers, was lured into a game of marbles by an unidentified enlisted man of this division and relieved of much of his funds. The circumstances suggest very strongly that the marbles were of the educated variety. There is no room in this division for anyone using such methods. I want that man found, and when he is found I'll take great pleasure in having him tried."

The sergeant listened to these words incredulously. He turned and seized Willie by the neck forcefully.

"Why, you little rat!" he growled. "You told me you threw them dice away!"

The insolence was completely wiped off Willie's face now. "Honest to gee, I couldn't help it, Charley!" he whined, and continued fast and furiously, "Last night I started for the river to get rid of them, like I told you I would. Well, when I got to the bridge I takened them out and I looked at them. Well, you know how it is. Them things cost me twenty abes. They ain't no ordinary loaded dice. They're real works of art."

"Yeah, yeah," the sergeant growled impatiently, "you told me that before, and didn't I tell you to get rid of them?"

"Sure, sure, and I was gonna do it. Only I'm a kinda sentimental guy, see? So, of course, I hadda give them a last roll. I put on my flashlight and I roll them ——"

"And there's a natural," the sergeant cut in disgustedly.

"Naturally," Willie agreed. "So I pick them up to throw them away, and this guy comes along."

"So you smell a sucker and you hook him?"

"Nah, nah, it wasn't like that at all," Willie protested. "This guy he looked at them marbles and he said he always wanted to learn. Well, you don't want I should disregard an officer, do you? Even if he is a South American officer?"

"So instead you regard him by skinning him?"

"Well," Willie said with great sympathy, "he didn't have much luck, and the way I kept throwing them naturals it was a shame."

"You're right it was a shame," the sergeant gritted. "It was a disgrace to the battalion, the regiment and the whole Armored Force. Furthermore ——" Then, seeing the colonel and a lieutenant approaching, he lowered his voice, "I'll settle with you back in the bivouac."

Lieutenant Colonel Cohan, commanding the 2nd battalion, 28th Armored Regiment, and Lieutenant James, his adjutant, mounted the jeep, put on respirators and motioned Willie to start for the bivouac. The sergeant put on his own respirator and glowered darkly through his goggles at the clouds of dust through which they traveled. Fifteen minutes later the jeep nosed its way through a maze of tanks in a little wood and came to a stop in the middle of it. The colonel and lieutenant took off their respirators and dismounted.

"Sergeant," the colonel said, "in about fifteen minutes I want you to bring the maps over to my cot. We'll be marching again at midnight and I want to get a look at the lay of the land."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant replied, glancing out of the corner of his eye at Willie, who, having got out of the jeep with great nonchalance, was walking briskly away

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT F. ROESE

from it. The colonel and his adjutant walked around a near-by tank. Immediately the sergeant made a prodigious leap out of the jeep and, getting one of his big hands around an ankle, brought Willie to earth just before he quite managed to round a tank and start sprinting.

Willie wiggled the leg experimentally, but finding no weakness in the sergeant's grip, sighed and said, "I was only gonna get my canteen filled with water."

The sergeant said nothing. He reached with his other hand, seized Willie firmly by the neck, rose, lifted him off the ground and marched him back to the jeep.

"Gimme them dice," he growled, shaking Willie violently.

"I'll get rid of them," Willie protested. "I'll go right over and ——"

"Gimme them dice," the sergeant repeated.

"Ugh, gr-r-r," Willie gurgled, his windpipe nearly closed. Then he dug into his pocket, came up with a pair of dice, kissed them tenderly and gave them to the sergeant, who seized them irreverently and stuck them into his own pocket.

"And," the sergeant barked, "to keep out of other troubles, you fix that flat spare tire."

"Who, me?" Willie exclaimed with great shock. "That's a job for service company."

"This time it's a job for you."

He wheeled, picked up a map case and marched off, leaving Willie to stand disconsolately beside the jeep.

The colonel sat on his cot. He motioned the sergeant to the other end. "I see you've been having trouble with Tripps again," he said.

"Just a little personal matter, sir," the sergeant replied. "But, however, sir, I think it would be a good idea to transfer him. I don't think he has got the right spree de corps for our battalion."

"I've been wondering when you'd come to that conclusion," the colonel said. "It's my opinion he's a punk first class. Put him on that cadre we're to send to the tank destroyers. And in that case we might as well give him that furlough. The cadre leaves right afterwards."

"Yes, sir."

"Now then, about this crooked crap shooter. I want you to check up. It's likely that one or more men are shielding him. If that's the case, the whole lot should be disciplined."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant replied weakly.

"Now the maps."

For a moment the sergeant stood there completely motionless. Then he acted, and quickly.

It was several hours later that the sergeant, his hands full of orders, returned to the jeep. He found Willie asleep on the front seat, the spare tire fixed and the shredded remains of the old tube lying on the ground. He sighed in relief, pulled a crinkled snapshot featuring a shape in a brief bathing suit out of his pocket, and stared at it with a beatific smile.

Sen. Ernest Gasworthy was obviously built for cargo, not for speed. Fifty years of assiduous application to the groaning board and bar had produced a nearly immovable object. He stood on a bridge between Lt. Gen. Dwight Legett, commanding the 19th Army, and Capt. Lewis McHarvey, the general's aide, watching the 2nd battalion of the 28th Armored Regiment attack the Blue Army on an exposed flank. The tanks were crawling in the bed of the creek toward the bridge, preceded by a number of scouts who skulked through the underbrush and fired submachine guns with great relish in all directions. A flight of three dive bombers was screaming down at three different clumps of trees in which, the general explained, Blue antitank guns were concealed. And to one side and the rear, a company of armored infantry was charging most beautifully and realistically across a haycocked field at a nest of opposition by-passed by the tanks. It was a sight which might have been greatly inspiring under other circumstances—for instance, on the screen of an air-conditioned theater. The senator was not inspired. The senator, despite his outward show of interest and appreciation, was inwardly outraged, both in body and soul.

To begin with, arriving at maneuver headquarters the night before late and unannounced, the senator had found a woeful lack of civilized accommodations and had had to spend the night lying on a rickety cot in a tent, praying that it would not collapse under him. Then, just as he had at last fallen asleep from sheer mental exhaustion, he had been roused and dragged out of it long before dawn to accompany the general on a firsthand tour of the maneuvers. And the general, it developed, was not a man content to observe maneuvers from a remote and comfortable vantage point.

The senator had hinted politely that he was quite satisfied with the view of the battle from the car, but the general, with all the enthusiasm of a proud father showing off his newest and best boy child, had insisted that the senator accompany him on a detailed inspection of each battlefield—on foot.

He pulled out a crinkled snapshot featuring a shape in a brief bathing suit.

"Notice," the general said proudly, "the coordination between planes and tanks."

The senator nodded unenthusiastically.

Suddenly, just as the flour bombs were landing in the clumps of trees, the senator felt himself struck in the steatopygous rear elevation with considerable force, as if someone had jabbed it with a blunt bayonet. Slowly he moved his right hand toward the site of the shock. It touched something slightly wet and sticky. He withdrew the hand more rapidly, glanced down at it and caught a glimpse of red stain on his fingers.

His heart stopped beating for a moment. The rat-tat-tat of the machine-gun and rifle fire seemed for the moment to fill all his consciousness; the small remaining space was filled at once by the recollection of a case the Senate had had to consider a year before; a case involving the voting of compensation to a civilian bystander who had been wounded during maneuvers by a live cartridge accidentally included in a clip of blanks. Hardly had the thought flashed through his mind when again he felt himself struck, this time on the other side.

The senator had never bothered much about military theory and tactics. But there was one thing he did know: when under fire take shelter. Gathering his bulk together, the senator sprang off his feet; incredibly, he cleared the parapet of the bridge—scraping it only slightly with the peak of his vest—and dove into the creek.

As if word of an armistice had been passed along the length of the battlefield, the firing ceased, and within a few seconds total and complete silence prevailed. The battle stopped while the combatants and observers stared, open-mouthed and stunned, at the senator floundering in the mud of the creek bed. The general's aide was the first to recover. Without pausing to wipe the splash off his face, Captain McHarvey leaped off the bridge to the senator's side and attempted to lift at least the senator's face out of the mud. A major with an umpire's brassard on his arm leaped off the bank to lend a hand and, perceiving at the first tug that heroic measures were necessary, he called for assistance. A Blue machine-gun squad hidden in the bushes ran out, disregarding the fact that by so doing it was betraying its position, and joined the captain and major in the labor of lifting the senator to his feet. When this was accomplished, the major sacrificed one of his signaling flags to wipe the mud off the senator's face.

"Wounded! Twice!" the senator gasped, and pointed in the general direction of his rear elevation.

Captain McHarvey bent over and examined the section. He saw nothing whatever except a great expanse of wet trouser seat. He glanced at the major with a lifted brow.

"Blood—I saw blood," the senator mumbled.

Meanwhile the general had signaled the chauffeur of his car, and at this moment the car rolled up to the bridge. "Get him in the car, captain," the general suggested, and then, seeing Colonel Cohan running up, he motioned to him. "You command this battalion, colonel?" the general asked.

"Yes, sir," the colonel replied.

The general looked at him with the cold grimness for which he was widely renowned and feared.

(Continued on Page 84)

Walters applies a pulmotor to defunct night clubs—breathes life into them with lush decorations, hand-picked and carefully blended shows. He plows a big percentage of his take back into good food, is satisfied with four per cent on his investment.

BREATH-TAKING BONIFACE

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Broadway called Lou Walters "just a farmer from Boston," but Mr. Walters, a specialist in Latin Quarters, is having a $1,600,000 (gross) laugh at Broadway this year.

IT WAS in March, 1942. Lou Walters was sitting in the office of the landlord of a night-club location on Broadway. It was a very good night-club location—a prominent triangle of a block, where Seventh Avenue cuts across Broadway. It was such a good night-club location that night clubs had been operating there for twenty years. It was also a place that was full of lost shirts. The most recent shirt—price, $120,000—had been lost by George White, famous producer. The name of Mr. White's club was The Gay White Way, subsequently known around Lindy's as The Gay White Elephant. Before that, it was the Cotton Club, and before that the Palais d'Or, and before that the Palais Royal and several other names, but always an elephant. It cost $30,000 a year to rent. Walters was prepared to sign a ten-year lease.

Very few people on Broadway had ever heard of Lou Walters. He was a man from Boston; that's all, brother, just a man from Boston. To Broadway, Boston is strictly a big wide corpse on the Charles River. Without reading the novels of J. P. Marquand, everybody on Broadway knows that Boston simply seethes with repressions, inhibitions and Puritanism. The idea of a man from Boston trying to operate a lavish night club in Manhattan was as preposterous as a man from Dayton, Tennessee, getting up before the American Association for the Advancement of Science and reading a paper on the Evolution of Invertebrates.

Walters did run a *bistro* called the Latin Quarter in Boston. He also ran a Latin Quarter in Miami, Florida—it has since been taken over by the Army commissary—and he owned others in the East. He had flown down from Boston that morning, seized with a sudden impulse to open a night club on Broadway. He had been in the landlord's office only ten minutes; he read the lease through once, took out a fountain pen, and was preparing to sign up for a $300,000 lease, with a $10,000 deposit. Walters is a little man, about five feet four, and weighing less than 125 pounds. He wears tinted glasses, conservative blue suits, white shirts. His right eye is a glass eye. He blinks shyly all the time. He looks, on the whole, like a rather self-conscious but exceedingly energetic mouse. And he speaks a grammatically fair English in a crisp, refined manner. All in all, not the man to operate a night club on Broadway. The incongruity of it all touched even the landlord's heart.

"Mr. Walters," he said, "you're a nice-lookin' man. Do you really think it's sensible to take this lease? After all, George White couldn't ——"

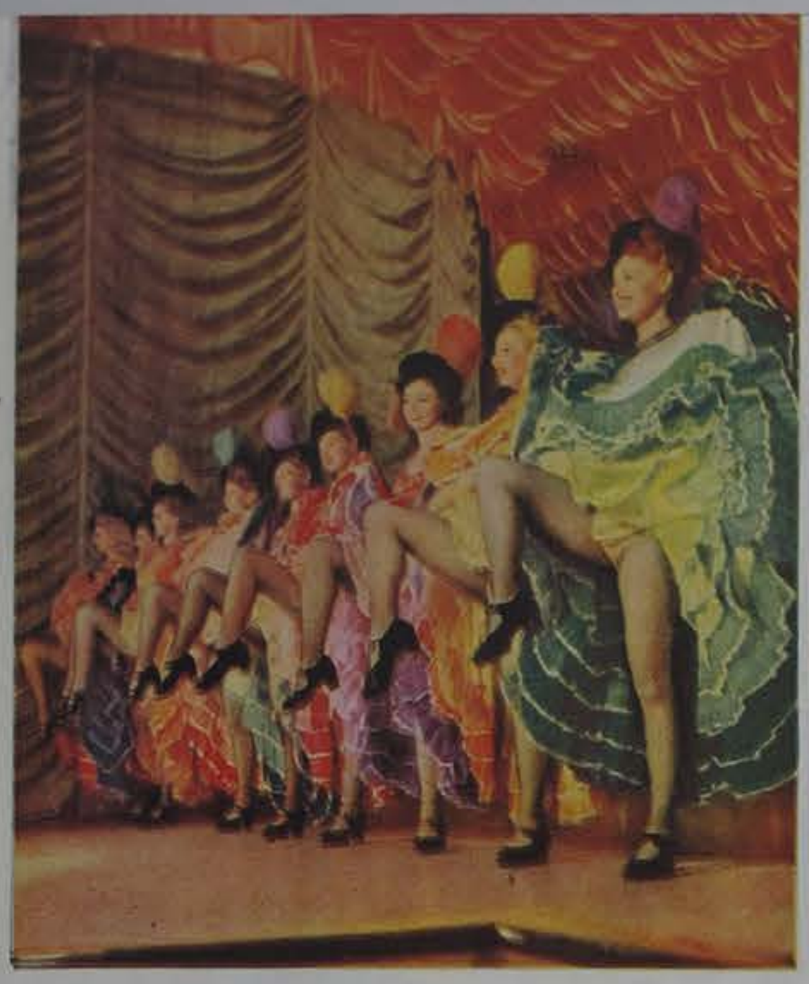
Walters merely blinked. "I got an instinctive flair for profits," he said, without smiling. "I can make any night club in the world pay, as long as I have a free hand. And I like to take over a failure."

When they heard about the lease, Broadway laughed. "Who is this Boston farmer, anyway?" they were asking.

The next day Walters' designer arrived from Boston. Two days later the carpenters, the painters and the plumbers were redecorating. Three days later, Walters had hired a chap named Wally Wanger who, as Hollywood producer Walter Wanger is at great pains to point out, is not Walter Wanger, the Hollywood producer. Walters signed Wanger to a ten-year contract. Wanger had never heard of the mousy little man from Boston. "I heard of you, though," chuckled Walters. He believed Wanger knew more good-looking chorus girls than anybody else. He wanted Wanger to specialize in hiring chorus girls. Then, scattering contracts around like crazy, he signed a Mme. Natalie Kamerova to a ten-year contract as his directress of production. Madame Kamerova had staged the Folies Bergère in Paris.

(Continued on Page 42)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD BEATTIE



All of the Walters shows begin with a cancan, displaying gorgeous gams sheathed in black net stockings.

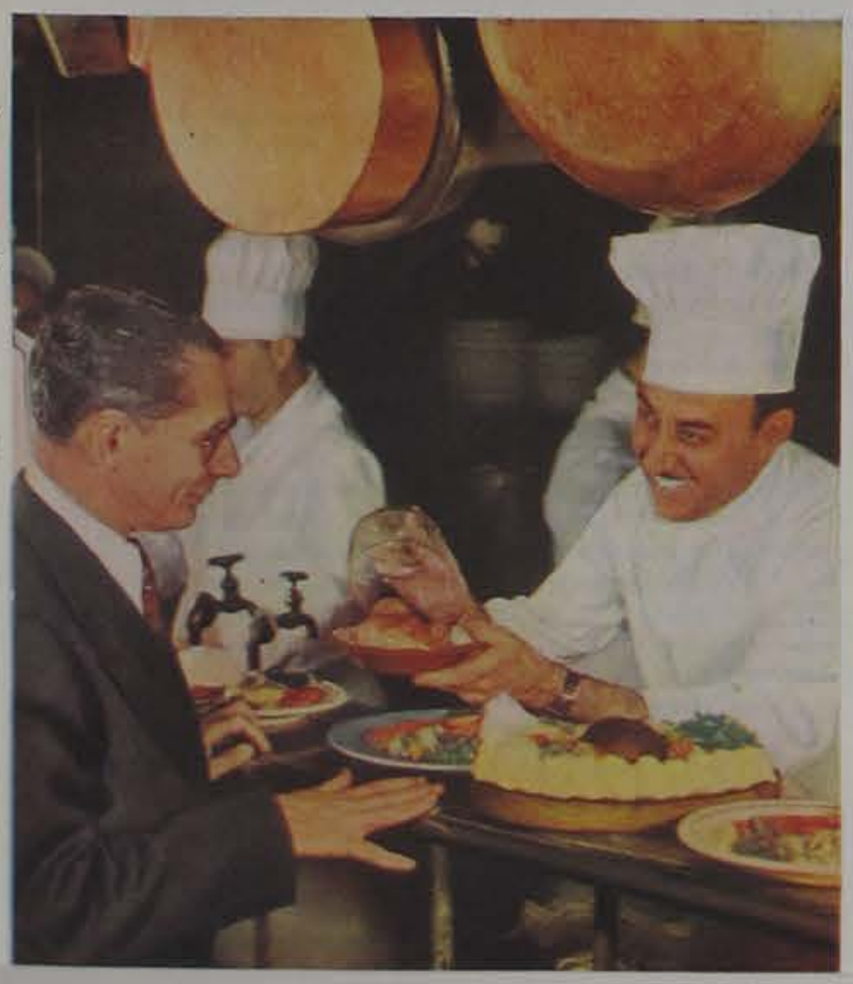
His favorite act is an apache number that leaves the customers wondering whether or not a torso will land in their laps.

Madame Kamerova has been hired to put "delicate," "exquisite" and "lovely" into Walters' showmanship.

Walters sets a tasty dish before his patrons in more ways than one. A few ingredients between acts.

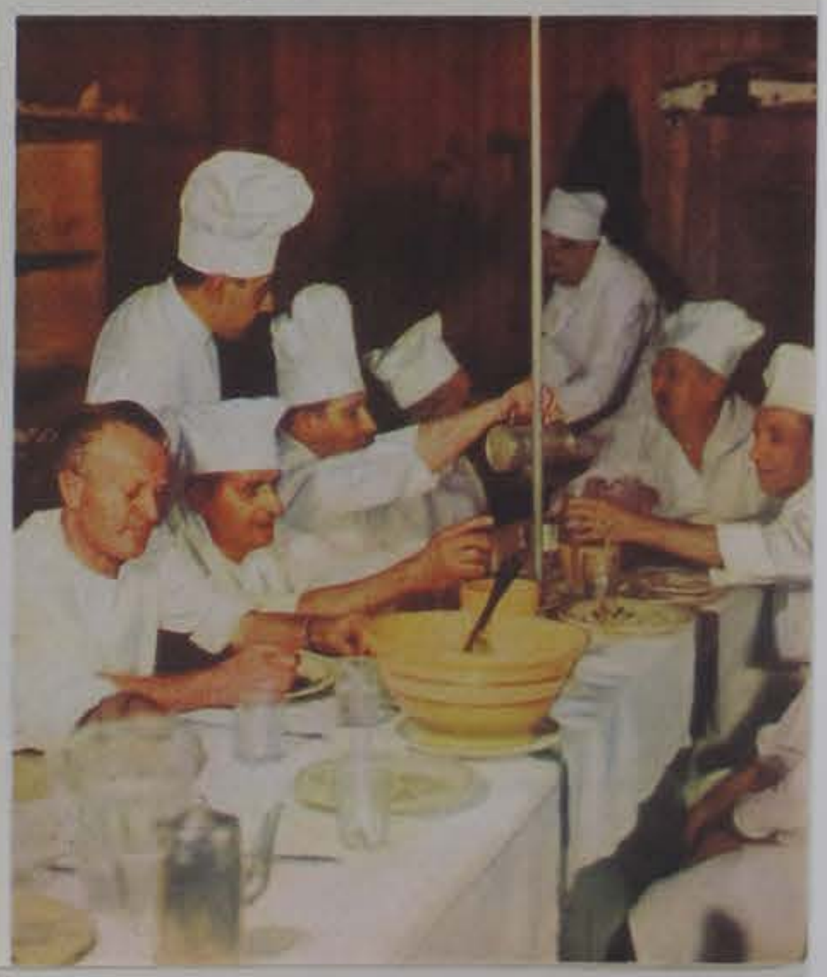
A release from war tension, night-club business has rocketed. Photographing the customers helps bulge receipts.

Walters' theory is that appetizing provender set lavishly before guests spells "repeat" trade.



Boston's practical visionary dreams of a globe ringed by Latin Quarters, chain-store night life on a cosmic scale.

Latin Quarter chefs get as good as they dish out. Walters' help dines as fulsomely as his clientele.



"You mean you want me to junk that road after all the work I've done? We don't need a transit if all you want is to talk me out of it."

JUNGLE HARVEST

By TOM GILL

PART TWO

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

The Central-American jungle held plenty of trouble for big, redheaded

DANNY GAYFORTH, newly arrived from the States to help his old friend and benefactor,

RODERICK PETERS, spending heartbreaking years cutting mahogany to finance his dream of raising rubber trees. Although Danny's first contacts with fat, philosophical

DR. CARLOS O'HEARN, pretty, clever

FAITH EASTLAND and her young sister,

DABS, were pleasant, he realized, upon meeting the girls' father, sardonic, virile archaeologist

ANTHONY EASTLAND, and the keen superintendent of Estrella Mines,

TRENT MELLETT, that both these powerful men were determined to get Rod out of the country. Mellett had secretly arranged with swarthy

ALFREDO BARDI, owner of a cantina in the squalid village of Bajo, to get rid of Rod. After one unsuccessful attempt, Bardi managed to have Rod "accidentally" shot so seriously that a return to the States was necessary.

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

Danny realized that he must remain, despite his ignorance of the jungle, to carry on the work Rod had so painfully begun.

ROD PETERS' stretcher had reached the wharf. Through the wind-lashed rain Danny saw O'Hearn helping the peons lower it to the launch, and suddenly his eyes blurred; they were taking Rod away, and he himself was staying on among people who had been Peters' enemies, who would be enemies to him.

Never in his life had Danny felt so unwanted, so utterly alone. Bleakly he looked up. They were watching him silently; Faith by the fireplace, Trent and Eastland coldly appraising him. Out of his very desolation something within him snapped.

"Well, why don't you say it?" The pent-up misery of that past hour sharpened his voice. "You've all been hoping for this! You're glad he was shot! Now he won't bother you any more!"

Eastland's eyebrows bristled. "You young moron!" He waved a warning fist. "Just one more ——"

"Papa!" Dabs had run to Danny's side. Hands tight, thin legs not quite steady, the child seemed doll-

like between those two tall men, but she faced her father with terrified resolve. "You let him be." Her voice was trembling, and protectively her hand reached out to Danny's.

With smarting eyes he looked down at her, then, stooping, kissed her. He saw Faith's hand rise to her throat and, half expecting her to speak, he waited, but she turned away.

Danny picked up his poncho, and his freckled face had set. "There's something you all better know: Just as long as Rod Peters lives I'm staying here to finish the job you and the wolf pack in Bajo wouldn't let him do. You couldn't frighten him out; you couldn't wear him down. It took a bullet in the back."

Frowning, Mellett came toward him. "Listen, Gayforth. We're willing to overlook a lot, but just try to remember that shot was an accident."

"Was it? Well, it's going to take that kind of accident to get rid of me."

"Good for you!" It was a woman's voice, from close behind him, and Danny turned to see a girl standing just outside the door. Her raincoat gleamed with water, and the hood, pulled back over her forehead, revealed a pair of tawny topaz eyes that looked at him in frank approval. A long, unhurried look, then once again she said, "Good for you," and stepped inside. The hood of her raincoat rustled as she threw it off, freeing a mass of bamboo-colored hair. The face was pale, the features finely drawn, the skin translucent. She might have been a woman of pastel, except for those deep-burning, restless eyes. As she glanced at the others, a faint smile moved her lips, but when she spoke it was to Danny.

"I'm Andra Mellett, Trent's sister. They told me what happened to Rod Peters, and I came down to see if I could help."

Danny raised his hand toward the lagoon. "He's gone."

"Yes, I heard what you said. You have courage."

"Look here, Andra!" Trent broke in angrily. "You don't understand."

Her face never moved. Only her eyes turned; a look imperious and lightning swift passed between brother and sister, and Trent stood silenced. Again that shadowy smile of hers came and went. "There's nothing hard to understand. The air in this room is crackling." She came closer to Danny. "You're not wanted, Mr. Gayforth. But don't let that bother you. The way to live is the way you want to live."

Small and intense, she seemed a thing of nerves and steel springs. She was looking at Faith now; and the eyes of both women became very quiet, as if a gauntlet had been thrown—and accepted.

Danny pulled open the door, then looked down at Andra. "Thanks," he murmured, and stepped outside. But he heard the rustle of her raincoat behind him.

"Wait!" she called, and that note of command was in her voice. "I'll run you back to camp in my launch. You've been through enough down here." Taking his answer for granted, she walked before him to the dock.

Rain still pattered among the palms, but out on the horizon a blue ribbon of sky stretched upward, and through rising mists a pale rainbow curved. Beyond the lagoon Peters' boat had reached the tanker.

Danny's lip trembled. "He's got to live! He's just got to!" It was a whispered prayer welling up from the depths of him for the one man who had been his friend.

"You have your own life to live too," she reminded him. "And that's the only one you can do much about." She spoke not in remonstrance, but as if to recall him to the realities of his own plight. Then, in softer tone, she added, "I'm glad you're staying. I'm glad whenever a person has courage to follow his own path. You can't always do that if you're a woman."

Without answering, he helped her into the launch, but guessing his thought, she asked, "Does it sound strange for me to want you to stay when my brother wants you to go?"

"Yes."

"We've never exactly worked in pairs, my brother and I."

"But why does he want me to go? I'm not interfering with him."

"You're interfering with Anthony Eastland, and Anthony Eastland is Faith's father. What Faith wants, Trent wants—she sees to that. It sounds catty, but truth often does." She spoke casually, but the pupils of her eyes had grown smaller.

Andra took the wheel as Danny started the motor, and he sat silent and brooding, watching the muddy waters ripple by, while the day brightened, and, in understanding, Andra did not speak again.

Not until they reached Peters' camp did Danny realize they had made the journey in complete silence. She was looking at him, waiting for him to speak, and he took her hand.

"Don't think I'm not grateful for what you said and did down there at Eastland's. It meant a lot. Maybe someday I can tell you how much. You and Dabs are the only ones who haven't treated me like a leper."

She shook her head until the pale gold hair glistened. "Don't mind them. And above all, don't mind Trent. He does his thinking with his emotions, like most men. But don't keep too much to yourself. It's not good in this country. Work hard—that's always a relief. And come see me. Mind, I mean that. Come up to the bungalow, and we'll have a drink and dinner." She waved. "*Adios*, and the best of luck."

He stood looking after her until the launch rounded a bend, then he turned up the muddy trail toward camp. Wearily he straightened his shoulders. "Best of luck," she had said. Well, he'd need it now.

Inside Peters' bunkhouse, Feagan was packing a crate of office equipment. He listened in glowering silence while Danny told him what O'Hearn had said of Peters' chance for life, then for a full minute he cursed steadily.

"Soon as I heard, I went lookin' for the bird who fired that shot, but he was long gone in the jungle. Anyhow, it wouldn't help the boss."

Danny sank down on a bench. "No, it wouldn't help the boss." He looked drearily about him. "What are you packing for?"

"We're pulling out, ain't we?"

"No. We're going to finish the job."

Feagan eyed him in blank amazement. "Without Peters? You're crazier than I thought. Look," he demanded. "How much straight talk can you take?"

"All you can give—and don't bother pulling your punches."

"Well then, get this: You might be a swell engineer—I wouldn't know—but all you savvy about mahogany you could put in a flea's eye. You haven't a Chinaman's chance. This job was tough going for the boss, and for you it's just not in the cards. Every man here knows we're operating on a shoestring, but Rod Peters held them together, (Continued on Page 71)

"Think of yourself first." Unsmiling, she stood very close to him. "I may have to take you in hand, Danny the lion tamer."

POST SCRIPTS

Effect of the War on Social Life

POPULAR girls
Whom men found attractive,
Somehow or other
Find life just as active;
While girls who were always
Just social recluses,
Continue to be—
But with better excuses.

—EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

Decelerator

"STEP on the gas!" We used to scurry,
Forever in a needless hurry;
And that's the way our driving kept on
Till all our gas got really stepped on.

—W. B. FRANCE.

"Come on, come on—break it up, break it up!"

Private Postwar Planning

BY THIS time it is clear that anybody who hasn't a Postwar Planning Program is a jerk. You may want a quart of milk a day, like Vice-President Wallace, or settle for a quart of gin a week, like the people in the flat upstairs. But you've got to have some Postwar Planning Program or people will think you're in the Fifth Column. All right, here are items from my Personal Program for a Better World:

Shoes for women which don't make them walk as if they were picking their way along a stony beach littered with broken beer bottles. It isn't worth another war, but they might put toes back too.

Radio broadcasters who can report a fight, a ball game or a "historic" horse race without almost dropping dead from excitement and panting from time to time, "Oh, boy! Is this a ball game! Are we seeing something stupendous out here today!"

Courses for doctors on the bedside manner, with particular attention to the Medical We: "Well, here we are, eating our breakfast." "Now we're going to do our best to get our basal metabolism a little higher, aren't we?"

Reform of sports newsreels to cut down pictures showing girls in bathing suits being towed at eighty m.p.h. by speedboats, only to measure their length when taking a curve. Old men playing croquet in Florida would be better.

More room on the official score card at the baseball parks. At present there is so much advice as to what cigars to smoke and where to go after the game that the only people who could score a double play properly are those whose daily vocation is writing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. The Postwar World must put an end to that sort of thing.

Something ought to be done about people who say "for free" when they mean gratis; radio stations which call you up, ask you what program you were listening to and then explain that, if you'd been listening to the Sourdough Catsup Hour, you would have got fifty dollars; the man across the table in the dining car who glares contemptuously at your lamb chop with potatoes *au gratin*; and shoeshine boys who snap their rubbing cloths in your face with a loud report.

But one Postwar Planning Program at a time! There's no use squandering all your war aims on one war. —FOTHERGILL FOSTER.

Speaking of Children

WHEN parents commence
On their children's precocity,
I'd like to go hence
With the utmost velocity. —RICHARD ARMOUR.

Come and Get it, OCD

NOW when it comes
To collecting scrap,
I know some things
I could spare the Jap:
The steely glint
Of an in-law's eye,
The coppery taste
Of restaurant pie,
The cast-iron nerve
Of a certain neighbor,
The leaden load
Of my daily labor,
My rusty armor
Against life's bruises,
The red-hot rivets
My conscience uses,
The inner lining
Of solid zinc
That results from a single
Innocent drink,
Little tin gods
And big tinhorners,
And some of the brass
At the drugstore corners.

—DOROTHY KISSLING.

Spies

THERE are two varieties of spies—real and Hollywood. I am dealing with the latter, in as much as the FBI and the Coastal Command have done more than O.K. in dealing with the former. A spy—cinematic version—is somebody who pretends to be somebody pretending to be somebody else pretending to be somebody he isn't, or pretending not to be somebody he is, if you want it put a different way, and who could blame you?

Spies come in three sizes—big, medium and Japanese. The latter are very polite. They never point guns without first removing their hats, and never sit down in the presence of a lady who is being tortured. Their speech is equally polite, consisting of such gems as: "Please to do honorable favor of kindly putting up esteemed hands and not to cause unpleasantness; so solly, please."

Nazi spies are bigger and less polite than Jap ones, but their efficiency is considerably impaired by the fact that they are constantly holding up their hands and shouting "Heil Hitler." In fact our private survey of a score or so of Hollywood melodramas and burlesques discloses that roughly 18¾ per cent of the total Nazi war effort is dedicated to saluting and heiling Adolf—a fact which makes it almost miraculous that they accomplished so much else before the tide started to turn against them.

We come now to the female spy. I, for one, have never been able to decide whether she should be described as seductively destructive or destructively seductive, but it is a subject I like to turn over in my mind these cold winter nights.

The female spy's costume consists of a skirt that fits tightly over the torso, and a blouse even more so. Hey, poetry yet!

This leaves only Italian spies, of which there ain't none. Strictly box-office poison.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Stay-at-Home

PITY the inhibitioned oyster
Who, howso he might long to roister,
Is forced by circumstance to dwell
Within the confines of his shell,
Emerging just in time, in fact,
To enter some digestive tract.

—E. B. DE VITO.

"Let me see . . . that will be exactly two dollars and 52, 53, 54, 64, 69 cents."

Yes... **50% MORE CHICKEN**

... in Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

LADLE OUT a plateful of it. See how golden it glistens as you pour. Look at all the tempting, tender pieces of chicken in your plate, along with the good egg noodles. A wisp of savory steam drifts up to tell you here's a broth simmered long and slowly from chicken—plenty of chicken. Then you take up your spoon, and you taste what 50% more chicken can do to make a good soup even better. You learn why, all over wartime America, people enthusiastically praise this new, improved soup. For here is nourishment and lift for body and soul—a dish made to order for just such times as these.

Here's a nourishing soup
For a nation at war,
With more chicken in it
Than ever before!

"I got it, even the whispered part, but what does it mean, Black? What does it mean about the reindeer?"

Death in the Doll's House

By HANNAH LEES and LAWRENCE P. BACHMANN

PART SIX

"CAROLINE STARLING'S a dizzy female," said Black without special interest. "You ever know this Stacy Walnut she was screaming about last night?"

"Stacy Walnut? Sure, the year I was at college here between Harvard and Virginia. Funny thing, we were actually in the same fraternity. Literary big bug, he was; all the good fraternities were after him." Crane's arrogance was completely unconscious.

It was sixty minutes and three drinks since they had left Dell. Black was perched on the desk and Crane sprawled on the bed, and Black was thanking the privileged society that had produced a Way Crane with no inhibitions about helping himself generously to another man's liquor. Otherwise Crane might now be less expansive and Black less perceptive.

Only so far it hadn't told him any of the things he had hoped it might. Celia Starling was the most beautiful and fascinating girl Crane had ever known. He'd never seen a man more than meet her without falling frantically in love with her. Ranny Starling, on the other hand, always had been a weak sister, and certainly wasn't the man to manage a girl like Celia. The only reason she married him was that he'd made those spectacular touchdowns the year she met him, and a couple of other girls were after his scalp. Dell? Oh, Dell was a good egg and knew how to treat a fine horse. Crane liked Dell as well as any woman he'd ever known; almost as well as a man, when you got right down to it. Philip was a smart businessman, they said downtown, maybe too smart, some people thought, but you could be sure of one thing—Phil would always cover his losses. Ludwell was the type of righteous young lawyer who wouldn't drink a cocktail at lunchtime because it might interfere with his efficiency, but Way had seen Ludwell at cocktail parties when he wasn't feeling so righteous. Ludwell thought Celia was just as fascinating as everybody else did. Crane had laughed here, but refused to talk further till Black switched the conversation to Hodge, then he laughed again and said his mother said the number of respectable matrons who had tried to make Hodge, if stretched end to end, would line both sides of the Schuylkill. Had they succeeded? Well, you'd never know from Hodge, though there had been some talk that Celia got her taking ways from her mother. Hodge was quite a guy, wasn't he? Caroline? Caroline was the kind of woman you dreamed about, and woke up in a cold sweat hoping it wasn't true.

But through all the scurrilous gossip Black had got a sense of restraint, as if Crane was carefully holding himself back. He would ramble on about the Celia he had known in the past, but when it came to the Celia who had just been murdered, he shut his mouth and took another drink. *If I could only get him a little drunker*, Black kept thinking, and poured himself another light drink and passed the bottle over to Crane for the fourth time.

"Celia meet this Walnut bird through you?" he prodded gently.

Crane chuckled. "It wouldn't have occurred to me she'd even look at him. Nope, Stacy Walnut was one of Dell's stray dogs."

"Dell's." Black tried not to sound impolitely surprised. "How'd that happen?"

Crane shrugged. "Dell never exactly wowed the stag line, so after she came out she took some courses at the university for a couple of years. All the more difficult poets and that sort of thing. I guess that was how she ran into Walnut. Anyway, she brought him home to dinner one night after some meeting or other, and he took one look at Celia and phfft." He laughed. "Any other girl might have got her claws out, but you know how Dell was about Celia. Anything Celia wanted was hers, as far as Dell was concerned. Besides, I don't think she's ever been much interested in men as men, if you know

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

"Mommy . . . who *was* Hitler ?"

Today too many children know who Hitler *is* . . .

Wherever his ruthless men have marched, childhood has become a nightmare of terror, want, misery and death. For the sake of our own children we must destroy the source of this brutality.

For that, our men are storming the beachheads of the world . . . our industries are turning their vast peacetime energies into a great stream of war supplies.

For that, we of The Texas Company have turned our peacetime resources into an ever increasing flood of the 100-octane aviation gasoline, Toluene for high explosives, high quality lubricating oils for the Navy, Army and Air Corps and many other war products needed for the fight.

For that, we as individuals must conserve our cars . . . our gasoline . . . our tires . . . buy war bonds and stamps . . . and help in every way we can.

There must come a day when children will ask . . . "Mommy, who *was* Hitler?"

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 32) what I mean, and that was the only way Celia was interested in 'em." He took a long swallow and laughed ribaldly.

"What actually did happen about Walnut?"

Crane shrugged again. "He was something new in Celia's life, I guess—the intense young poet, poor but brilliant, all that guff. I don't know what his father was, if he ever had one; his mother ran a sort of gift and needlework shop down in the village. Still does, as a matter of fact. Perfectly nice woman, but you see what I mean. No money, no background, no social position. They were different, and Celia went all overboard about him." He reached for a cigarette and with some difficulty got a match to it.

"Maybe she really thought it was love with a capital *L*. I don't know, but it's a cinch he did. For a couple of months you couldn't go into the Bliss house without falling over Stacy Walnut with a book of poems under one arm. I know because our place was next to the Blisses'. I'd fallen for Celia's dark beauty when she was about fourteen and never got over it, but she didn't even see me in those days." He gave a short hard laugh. "And then every time Stacy ran into me at the fraternity house he'd come and tell me how wonderful she was. Frankly, I hated his guts, but I wanted to know what was going on, so I'd listen. It got so bad around Christmas that they were going to elope, at least Stacy thought they were. He had a hundred dollars saved up, and he was going to quit school and get a job. Only a week before their date with Elkton, Celia met Ranny Starling at the house of a friend of hers. It seems there'd been a little competition between Celia and this girl over a couple of other men, and when Celia met Ranny she had to have him. Ranny was a big hero that year, the touchdown guy, remember?"

"I remember," Black nodded grimly. Ranny had been hard to live with that year and a little hard ever since. Maybe if it hadn't been for that year—and Celia—Ranny might have really done things.

"Well"—Crane drained his glass—"Celia did her stuff and got asked up to the winter prom, and wrote Stacy a note telling him she had other fish to fry and couldn't elope with him. He showed me the letter and wanted me to explain it. Hell, how could I? It was pretty obvious. So he called her up, thinking she was pulling his leg or trying to play hard to get. She wouldn't talk to him; just wrote him another not-so-gentle note pointing out the relative merits of a football hero whose father was a bank president and an amateur poet whose mother ran a gifte shoppe. I guess that was what finished him off all right. Poor nut, he had both notes in his hand when we found him."

Black didn't say anything. He silently passed the bottle across again. Crane poured another drink. "A lot of people said a lot of nasty things about Celia"—Crane gave a sudden harsh chuckle—"but she wasn't really to blame. He saw things one way and she saw them another. I'll bet she never really understood how it happened, but I understand. I understood even then. Celia could drive a man crazy, just because she never really gave a damn." The word came with violence. "The wonder to me is that he didn't kill her before he killed himself." He stopped and laughed unsteadily. "I must be drunk as a skunk. It's late as the deuce. What'd you let me babble on this way for?"

"I'm kind of interested in the Stacy Walnut angle," said Black casually, "knowing Judy Walnut and all."

"Judy Walnut," Crane leered mildly. "Cute number, isn't she? Funny if she actually had been saving a grudge all these years. Quite a grudge it would take, though, to kill a woman over your brother."

"She didn't," said Black almost defiantly, "though I can't say I'd have blamed her if she had. It must have been hell for her mother."

"Hell for Stacy, anyway, unless he'd led an awfully good life." Crane got to his feet, laughing at his own humor. "You're a good egg, Black. Always thought, being such a friend of Ranny's, you must have a soft spot somewhere, but you're all right. Had a good time tonight. Feel fine."

"That's swell." Black clapped him lightly on the shoulder. "Had quite a time myself, thanks to you, old man. Think you can get home all right?"

"Sure, I can drive when I've had twice as much. Only trick is to remember you're drunk and go slow."

"Good trick if you can do it." Black walked with him to the elevator, and had to admit that Crane probably could. His muscles, even when he swayed slightly, were amazingly under control. He wondered, as he watched him disappear, if Crane carried that maxim into his conversation. He was pretty sure he did, pretty damn sure. Yet he had a definite feeling that Crane had said something sometime tonight that was important, had told him something he very much needed to know, if he could only weed it out from all the rest of the trivial gossip. He couldn't at the moment, but the feeling persisted.

"Celia could drive a man crazy. The wonder to me is that he didn't kill her before he killed himself."

He went down to the kitchen and had two cups of black coffee, stuck his head in on Mimsy strictly against orders and found, to his satisfaction, that Murphy was sitting bolt upright with her eyes fixed on Mimsy, who was twitching and muttering in her sleep. He didn't like the twitching, but what could you expect? It was something she was sleeping at all.

He went back to his room and got out all the books he'd managed to gather together on child psychiatry. He'd done a lot of reading the last few nights, but there was so much stuff, and most of it had no bearing on Mimsy. There was a report of Freud's about psychoanalyzing a little boy named Hans who identified his father with a horse, and about gaining the child's confidence in the course of the analysis by playing with him with toys. Well, he'd tried that without too much success.

Another report was from a Viennese woman that he'd just dug up. She'd done pretty well psychoanalyzing children by means of toys, too—just letting 'em play. Toys, play. He read on, and as he read, he suddenly saw Mimsy on the sun deck, talking to Babar and Cupid with that grave animation, suddenly heard her voice mimicking Celia and Ranny, and over that memory he could hear Way Crane's Cambridge-conditioned drawl, "Funny thing, the kid never mentions it, can't get her to. Only whenever she's playing she starts acting it out."

He stared into space, his eyes widening at the magnificent possibility he had just glimpsed. If it would only work. If he could only manage it. He might solve the murder and cure Mimsy all at the same time. But could he? Ludwell could arrange to hold the fort for a few hours maybe, but beyond that —— His face puckered in concentration. Was it worth it? It would ruin him here at the hospital, if he didn't make it in one session, and the chances were against it. Hodge would fix it so he'd never have another chance, and Mimsy would be in worse danger than she was now, lots worse.

But if he didn't try it —— Well, nothing else but to give up and let Ranny fight the thing out legally, fight and probably lose. He couldn't do that. He had to try it. His probing mind was rushing ahead, searching out every possibility. He had to and he would.

"WHAT a night. What a night I had." It was seven o'clock on Monday morning. The day operator was taking over, but the eleven-to-seven operator wasn't in a rush to leave, as she usually was. She sat there at the switchboard eagerly plugging in whenever a light flashed, and her pale blue eyes were big with delicious excitement.

"You'd think you'd want to get home to bed then." The day operator felt it was too early in the morning for gossip, but the eleven-to-seven didn't need encouragement.

"It's Doctor Farragon," she went on; "he's gone right off his nut at last. I thought it was coming last month when he ordered those boxing gloves for that poor little kid with the paralyzed arm. 'Suggestion,' they said he called it up on the second floor, but I call it 'cuckoo.' I knew it wouldn't be long when they told me Doctor Farragon had decided he knew more about whether that Mr. Starling had shot his wife than Mr. Starling did himself. Well, now it's here. He's getting ready to play house there in his office."

"Play house?" The day operator was interested at last. She was a maternal girl and Doctor Farragon had always aroused the mother in her. He was so good-looking if you liked the type, which she did, and so clumsy, poor fellow, that you always wanted to take care of him. "What do you mean—play house?" she demanded defensively.

"Wait till I tell you." The eleven-to-seven snatched the chance to talk again. "It starts around eleven-thirty when he calls that Mr. Ludwell who's the lawyer for that Mr. Starling who shot his wife. I didn't listen at first, didn't think it would be interesting, but when I was plugging in after a couple of minutes to see if he was through, I heard him say, 'We'll have to get that doll's house over here tonight, (Continued on Page 88)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS are the

dependable source of full, flowing engine performance, so vital to a Navy pilot at that crucial moment when an enemy ship—the never-to-be-forgotten prize—looms large in his sights. Champions are on active duty on every front.

The furious assault on an enemy ship by a formation of Navy dive bombers is a sight reserved for few to see. But a little imagination tells us what a magnificently awe-inspiring and intense moment it must be. Already the record books are replete with glorious achievement on the part of the men who man these avengers of Pearl Harbor. The records likewise show that many of these Navy planes, as well as all other types of planes in use by our air forces, are powered by engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. In performing their respective and vital tasks, instantaneous response to the throttle is paramount. This quality of performance depends on the proper functioning of the all-important spark plugs. The characteristic dependability of all Champions, including those for your car, is directly due to research, engineering and precision manufacturing unequalled in the spark plug industry.

"But think of the rubber you're saving," urged Elsie

"Drat the rubber I'm saving!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I've been sabotaged. These infernal skates deliberately tripped me!"

"Nonsense," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "It was just your own clumsiness. Now stop complaining. In times like these, we must all sacrifice till it hurts."

"It isn't the sacrifice that hurts," moaned Elmer, "it's the sitting down."

"What's wrong with sitting down?" asked Elsie. "People just love to sit down to a glass of my rich, creamy *Borden's Milk*. They show good judgment, too. Milk and milk products rank so high on Uncle Sam's National Nutrition Program that just going around telling people about them makes me feel like Paul Revere."

"I wish *I* felt like Paul Revere," grumbled Elmer,

feeling his bruises gingerly. "He was lucky . . . he had a horse."

"Speaking of horses," beamed Elsie, "cheese lovers everywhere tell me that wild horses couldn't drag them away from Borden's Liederkranz. And I don't wonder. This tawny-crusted, creamy-centered treat is the *one* American-made dessert cheese that's famous the world over. Of course, it's only one of more than 20 *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, but . . ."

"Woman," snarled Elmer, "if you *ever* stop talking, take a few minutes off and help me pick up these papers!"

"If it's picking up, you want," smiled Elsie, bending over to help Elmer, "most folks say there's no pick-up like a glass of *Borden's Hemo*. It's the new way to drink

your vitamins and like 'em, you know. And it tastes like the grandest malted milk, only more so."

"Very interesting," mumbled Elmer, dusting himself hastily, "but I must be off to the office . . . oof!"

"Oh dear, down you go again," sighed Elsie. "If I fell down on my job as often as you do just getting to yours, my velvety smooth *Borden's Ice Cream* wouldn't be

half as luscious to taste, nor nearly as nourishing."

"And that, I suppose," sneered Elmer, "would throw the entire country into a panic, including the Army and Navy."

"Nothing could panic those boys," said Elsie firmly. "But both our fighting forces and our allies do count on me for plenty of *Borden's Evaporated Milk*. It's not

only irradiated with Vitamin D, but it makes simply scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes."

"Don't say *mashed* so casually, ple-a-se," groaned Elmer. "Unfortunately, it reminds me of the way I feel."

"One way to make a man feel just grand," giggled Elsie, "is to serve him a hearty slice of mince pie made with *Borden's None-Such Mince Meat*, the eatingest,

spiciest mince meat ever. Won't you agree?"

"Just help me get these blasted skates off my hooves and into the Scrap Drive," yelled Elmer, "and I'll agree to anything."

"Yes," snickered Elsie, "big folks and little folks all agree that . . . *if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

PARTIES ARE OUT

(Continued from Page 15)

"Look," said Swing, who didn't like to have people confuse her when she came up with an extra-genial idea; "you're never going to have any, either, if you don't keep quiet and just do as we tell you. You want Mike, don't you?"

So, while I explained things to Sally, Swing wrote out a most elegant ticket for the Our Babies Charity Ball and Supper at the Denniston Plant Recreation Hall, three weeks hence, at 9:00 P.M., admit one, subscription five dollars, and then we gave it to Sally, with the address of our printer downtown, and told her to take it to him and mention our names, when she finished her shift, and he would print the tickets and not charge anything, and then she could start selling them.

Sally said she would, and went back to her machine, quite contented, and didn't cry any more, because she was going to be able to get to invite Mike Kopczak to a party, and her department went ahead of schedule because she was turning out so many gadgets, which is why I say that when a real debutante from Chicago puts her mind to a problem, there is really nothing she cannot solve.

Except, of course, we never dreamed what would happen. I mean it was just so dreadful I simply couldn't see how we could cope with it. It was really extra grim.

Because, you see, we had no idea what Sally would go and do, and we might never have found out until too late if Swing and I hadn't happened to be walking through the plant about a week later and saw her at her machine, as busy as two bees, and Swing said, "She seems to be happy; she's even put on weight." I mean she really did appear to be a lot stouter than when we had last seen her, and so we stepped over to ask her how things were going.

And she simply beamed at us and replied, "Oh, swell! I've sold four hundred and eighty-six tickets already. I only have fourteen left."

My knees felt as though the hinges had fallen out. I mean I thought I would quietly have a stroke, while Swing cried, "You've sold how many, Sally? Oh, Lord and butter! You'd better put a sub on and come up to my office at once."

When we got there, it turned out that Sally hadn't put on weight, after all; it was just all the chips she was carrying on her. I mean she was simply stuffed with treasure, and when she disgorged, and we counted it, she had two thousand, four hundred and thirty dollars, and fourteen tickets.

Swing said, "Sally, you little nitwit, what on earth have you done? We told you fifty tickets."

Sally began to cry again, and then it came out. The printer had persuaded her that it was just as cheap to have five hundred tickets printed, and after she had sold the first fifty more of the workers kept wanting to go, and so she had kept right on selling them.

My blood was simply frozen to my bones, I mean I absolutely quaked, but Swing just said, "Oh, Lord and butter! The plant orchestra won't do any more. We'll have to have Meyer Davis. Now you've done it, Sally. We've got to organize at once. . . . Audrey, for heaven's sake, don't stand there like a goop, staring at that money! We've got to appoint a treasurer, and you mustn't take another cent of anybody's money, Sally. We'll make Mr. Buttenhouser in the cashier's department serve. And patrons and a committee, with stationery. . . . Come on, Audrey. You know what to do."

I said, "Swing, I thought parties were out for the duration."

"Don't be a droolie, Audrey. We've got to go ahead with it now or somebody will start to investigate. And anyway, don't you want Sally to get Mike and keep 'em flying? The bigger the party, the more Mike will be impressed."

I had forgotten all about Mike in the excitement, so we sat down and made up the committee, with Sally Brown as chairman, and appointed all the department heads patrons, so they would buy tickets, and we wrote down Mike Kopczak's name, too, as head of Landing Gear Assembly, because Swing explained that then he would have to consult with Sally about the party, and she would have a chance to work her wiles upon him.

Right in the middle of it Swing cried, "Oh, dear, we've got to think up something really important to do with the money now. If it had just been fifty people, we could have given the profits to any baby charity," when Sally interrupted, "A lot of the women on the night shift have babies that don't get looked after."

"Sally," cried Swing, "you're a genius! You have all the instincts of a real debutante from Chicago. We'll put it at the head of the stationery: Our Babies Charity Ball for the Establishment of the Denniston Workers Nursery."

I was simply numb with admiration—I mean there was Swing at her most extra genial—so we wrote it all down, and made out a list of honorary patrons from our set, and Swing looked it over and said it was all right, adding, "There's only one thing missing, and that's a sponsor."

"What's a sponsor?" asked Sally. "Is it anything like for the radio?"

"Well, it is, in a way," said Swing, "except that he doesn't know it," and then went on to explain that a sponsor for a charity affair is always someone very rich who lends the use of his name, which is then put in a most prominent position at the head of the stationery, and then, if anything goes wrong at any time, he forks over the chips and pays for it, so we all tried to think of someone who was really chip-heavy—I mean actually sagging with specie.

"Swing," I said, "why don't we make Mr. Denniston sponsor? It's his factory, after all, and ——"

"That's definitely major-league stuff, Audrey," Swing said. "Sally must write to him. Maybe he'll let us use the floor on the new plant. They haven't moved the machinery in yet. It's big enough for an army. . . . Sally, you're about to throw the biggest brawl ever seen around Chicago."

Sally suddenly turned pale—I mean she was white as a sheet, she actually was—and said, "I'm afraid. I—I can't do it. I'll get into trouble. I don't want a big party. All I wanted was to make Mike like me. I'm scared," and she began to howl again; I mean she was the dampest girl I ever saw—Swing said she reminded her of a sponge.

And Swing finally had to go over and shake her, saying, "You can't run out on us now, Sally, after collecting all that money. We could all be arrested. Of course you want to make Mike like you. When he comes to you for his quota of tickets, you can ask him to help you, and then the rest will be easy, because stooges are always eager to assist helpless queens. If you'll just do exactly as we tell you, there won't be any trouble, will there, Audrey?"

I said of course there wouldn't, but I was beginning to be a little depressed myself. I mean Swing and I had run blowouts before and there was really nothing to them if you were a trained debutante and knew how. But Sally had never had the same opportunities we had and if anything went wrong it might be just extra grim and dismal. I mean I thought the prospects were just a little grismal.

Naturally, we never would have let Sally go ahead with it if we had even dreamed what would happen. I mean it

(Continued on Page 39)

"Say when."

The Gun that sprang from nowhere

SOMEWHERE this minute, as you read this, an enemy of America is looking into the barrel of a gun from nowhere.

A miracle gun, if you please, that would still be a useless hunk of unshaped steel waiting to be machined—except for a discovery of scientists in a United States Steel laboratory.

What was the discovery? The secret of making *two* gun barrels in the same time it takes to make one.

Imagine what this means. Arms are flowing to our soldiers in constantly increasing quantities. One factory, for example, reports that it will make two years' output of gun barrels in *one year!*

And as if that weren't dramatic enough, these same men of steel have accomplished a similar miracle in the art of bomb making. Shaping bombs while still white hot metal. Finishing the bomb casing in minutes instead of hours.

Steel landing fields have been invented to cut the time of making an airport to mere hours! Helmets for America's soldiers that stop a .45 automatic bullet . . . Tanks of tougher steels . . . Ways to make machine gun bullets faster than ever before.

What you can expect after the war

The world we live in will be years ahead of itself because of new war-born steel inventions. No other material rivals steel's useful qualities.

U·S·S steels have gone to war in tanks, in planes, in ships, in bullets. They'll be back better than ever. You'll find these U·S·S trade-marked steels building a new and greater America in the peace years to come.

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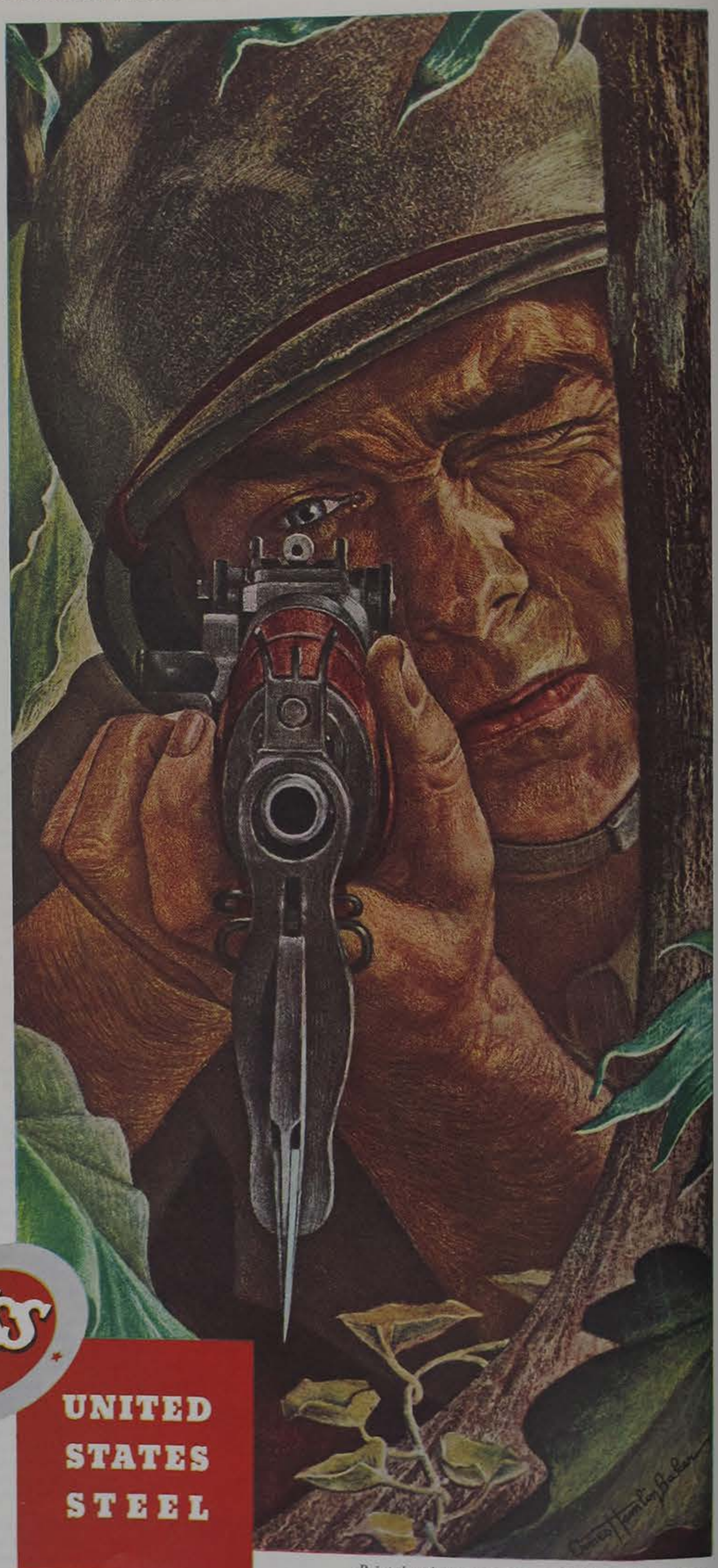

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(Continued from Page 37)

was plenty terrifying when the reporters got hold of the story and the newspapers printed headlines: GIGANTIC NURSERY BENEFIT AT DENNISTON PLANT. FOUR THOUSAND WORKERS TO DANCE ON SIXTEEN ACRES OF FLOOR. PROCEEDS TO PROVIDE NURSERY FOR CHILDREN OF NIGHT-SHIFT DEFENSE WORKERS. SALLY BROWN, DENNISTON PUNCH-PRESS OPERATOR, ORIGINATES OUR BABIES IDEA!

And we had to coach Sally on what to say when they came and interviewed her, but when letters began coming in from the Douglas Company, and Lockheed, and others, asking to be allowed to join Our Babies and run nursery benefits, too, and Mrs. Roosevelt was suggested as honorary national patroness, even Swing began to get a little green around the edges and lose weight.

Because, you see, Mr. Denniston was quite delighted with the idea at first, since it showed how splendid his relations were with the workers, and he not only gave his name as sponsor and the new plant to hold it in, but promoted Sally to the welfare department and gave her an office and a secretary, so that she could run the benefit. I mean that was before Sally had to become chairman of the United Our Babies Committee for sixteen cities where factories were going to run similar balls and establish nurseries, too, and had to have two more secretaries and another office.

Fortunately, Swing's room was adjoining and we left the door open, so that one of us could pop in and help Sally out whenever it looked as though she needed it. So that was how we were able to see everything when Mike Kopczak came in to get his tickets for his department, and he was really a super-swooper for looks, I mean he was extra genial in a blond way, with wonderful teeth and muscles.

"Oh, Swing," I whispered, "look. He's come. It's working out just the way we planned it. Now she can work her feminine wiles on him." I mean, there she was sitting behind her desk, and there was Mike right in her office where she wanted him.

But all that happened was that Swing let out the most dismal groan, because Mike simply stood there unhappily twisting his cap, saying nothing, while poor Sally just stared at him out of her big eyes. Swing said later she looked exactly like a calf that has been separated for the first time from its family, and of course it was obvious that Mike was simply frightened to death by everything, because he just kept shifting from one leg to the other and tearing his cap to shreds, until Miss Stacey, one of the secretaries, approached Mike and asked him what he wanted, and when he managed to say "T-tickets," she gave him a block, and he turned and fled without saying a word to Sally, and altogether it was simply the most dismal failure, and Sally came into our office and howled again, and said there wasn't any use, Mike didn't like her.

Until Swing soothed her and said, "Sh-h-h, darling, it was probably all those secretaries made him nervous. Wait until the night of the party, when you are all dressed up; he'll simply swoon at your feet," which made Sally still unhappier, because it turned out that she had nothing to wear.

Swing said, "Oh, dear, I forgot you didn't know about such things. People always donate things for benefits, like flowers and gifts and things, and get mentioned in the program. You're going to look the perfect little queen."

Then she telephoned to Hattie Lonnergan, Inc., and explained things, and, of course, as soon as Hattie found out the cause it was for and that Sally was the organizer and was going to lead the grand march, she insisted on sending over a half-dozen models for her to choose from, because, naturally, Sally's picture would be in all the papers the next day, wearing a Hattie Lonnergan creation, and Swing promised Sally we would get Mike to lead the grand march with her.

Of course, there were a million things we had to teach Sally about running a charity, so that she could answer all her letters as national chairman of Our Babies. I mean decorations and music, and selling the wardrobe concession, and the program, and how to feed so many people, because after four thousand tickets had been sold, Sally came to us in an absolute panic, until I explained to her about Gaston, Inc., the caterer who took care of everything.

"It's always the same thing, anyway," I told her, "chicken à la king, basket ice cream and petit-fours. Telephone Gaston and tell him you want exactly the same thing he served at the Woervelt party last June. I know Ann Woervelt didn't pay more than a dollar a plate. You can get it cheaper because it's for so many."

I mean you never would have known Plant No. 4, it was just too tastefully decorated with autumn leaves and corn and pumpkins, and there were two swing bands and a *rumba* sextet and more than four thousand people, all workers, except for heads of departments and patrons, just having themselves an extra-genial time dancing and drinking champagne.

Really, I never saw so much champagne in all my life—Swing said that Gaston, Inc., must have tapped a well in downtown Chicago—it simply flowed, with Gaston's waiters serving it to all and sundry whenever they wanted it, which just showed that Sally, too, could learn how to be a debutante, because somehow she must have persuaded Gaston to donate it, although there wasn't any credit on the program.

And Sally looked an absolute debutante queen with her new hair-do and one of Hattie Lonnergan's newest dance

"The only thing I can think of is that he must have taken off his shoes."

In spite of the fact that Sally was doing a good job—I mean we were actually proud of her—I began to grow more and more depressed as the night of the benefit approached. I mean I had the feeling the most frightful things might happen, or Mike wouldn't come, but Swing just pooh-poohed, and we really checked up on everything on the cost sheet Mr. Buttenhouser made for Sally, and it showed that after all the bills were in, including the orchestras, there would be about fourteen thousand dollars left for the Denniston Our Babies Nursery. There just didn't seem to be anything that could slip up, and the final afternoon, after we had shipped Sally off for an extra-special upsweep hair-do, Swing said, "It's a real debutante job, Audrey. Nothing can happen now."

Which was simply the worst thing she could have said.

Not that it didn't turn out to be simply the most wonderful party anybody had ever seen in Chicago. It was just extra thrilling and glittering, and I never had a better time in all my life. It was just too divine.

creations of canary yellow and old rose, and a double spray of white orchids, and there were so many heads of departments around her all the time, it was simply impossible to get near her. She was really the belle of the ball.

And Mike was there, too, looking extra genial, except he never asked Sally to dance. I mean he was always on the fringe somewhere, just gaping, and once when Sally danced by, I saw her cast him a look that would have melted a hole through the side of a General Sherman tank, but he just stared and didn't do anything, and I couldn't think of what to do about it at the moment.

Of course, there were just crowds of reporters and photographers everywhere, taking pictures of everyone, and there was a sort of blue glow over everything from the lights of the other plants all around us, and I was simply breathless from the most divine *rumba* with a hydraulic stamper who really could jig, when Swing danced by on the arm of a big toolmaker from Engine Blocks.

I called to her, "Oh, Swing! Isn't it divine? Did you ever see so much champagne? And Lanson, 1928, my favorite."

Swing looked over her shoulder and said in a hollow voice, "Audrey, did you order it?"

I said, "Of course not. Sally must have got Gaston to donate it."

A grim look came over Swing's face and she gave me the I-must-talk-to-you-alone signal and so I parked my hydraulic stamper and followed her.

She said, "Audrey, we've got to talk to Sally at once."

"Oh, Swing! What is the matter? Has anything ——"

"We've got to find out about all that champagne, Audrey. There's a nasty reporter around who is going to write a story about it flowing like Niagara. Sally must have forgotten to give Gaston, Inc., credit for donating it, on the program. There she is, over there by herself. Hurry before someone comes."

But we never got to ask about the champagne, because as soon as we got to her she began to howl again, and sobbed, "I c-can't stand it any more! I'm going h-home! M-Mike won't even speak to me! You said if I had a party, he'd —— Oh-h-h, let me go home!"

Swing, who can be most firm in a crisis, said, "You'll do nothing of the sort, Sally. We promised you Mike for the grand march, and we're going to get him for you. Of course, he hasn't been able to get near you, you're such a success. Now you stay right here until we come back. . . . Come on, Audrey."

We finally found Mike standing in a corner looking a little glum, and Swing said, "How do you do, Mr. Kopczak. I'm Janet Pierce, and this is Audrey Westmar, and we're on the committee. You're to lead the grand march with Sally Brown."

He just sort of stared at us and said, "Don't kid me. She's a big shot now. She wouldn't want to mess around with a guy like me."

Swing said, "Nonsense. She's just waiting for you to ask her. You come along with us," and we set off for where Sally was, with Mike between us. I mean I really felt we were getting somewhere.

Just at that moment all the bands struck up a fanfare in unison and the loud-speaker announced, "Everybody assemble for the grand march! Mr. Ormond Denniston, president of Denniston Aviation, requests Miss Sally Brown, originator of the Our Babies Denniston Nursery Fund, to come to the bandstand to lead the grand march with him!"

I thought I would quietly die. We just stood there with egg on our faces while a swarm of executives came along and swept Sally away in their midst. I mean she never even saw us arriving with Mike, it all happened so quickly, with everybody applauding and shouting.

"There you are," said Mike. "I told you she was a big shot. I guess that lets me out," and he turned and walked away. It was just extra pathetic.

Somebody mopped Sally dry and pushed her out onto the floor with Mr. Denniston, who was a sort of fussy, elderly gentleman with a red face and a stomach, and they led the grand march and flashlights popped all over while everybody screamed and cheered, and then supper was served, with more champagne, and Sally had to sit up at the head table with Mr. Denniston while he made a speech and read a telegram from Mrs. Roosevelt, and we were close enough to see the tears in Sally's eyes, and we had some in ours, too, because it looked as though by making her important and a super-queen to look at, we had just ruined everything for her and Mike.

Of course it was the worst luck that there was an accident on the interurban on Monday and we didn't get to the plant until eleven o'clock, and, naturally, we went right to Sally's office to see how she was, but she wasn't there, and her

secretaries were all sitting around looking extra glum—I mean there was an air of impending disaster you could have welded—and finally Miss Stacey, one of the secretaries, told us that Mr. Denniston had sent for Sally, and after she had been gone a half hour she had come back weeping and asked for the expense sheet Mr. Buttenhouser had prepared, and had gone back to Mr. Denniston's office, and she was still there, and the rumor had spread all over the plant that she was going to be fired, and some of the men were holding a meeting.

Swing just said, "Oh, oh, Audrey! Come on!" and she took me by the hand and we simply flew down the hall to Mr. Denniston's office, and there were a half dozen reporters sitting outside, but Swing didn't even stop to be announced, we just barged right in, and when we got inside, the scene was just too utterly depressing for words.

Mr. Buttenhouser was there, looking grim, and Mr. Denniston was shouting and waving a piece of paper, simply puce in the face with rage, while Sally was crushed in a chair, absolutely dissolved in tears. I mean she was really sopping.

Mr. Denniston bellowed, "What do you mean, barging in here like that?" until he saw who we were, and said, "Oh, it's you, Swing. I don't suppose you know anything about this, though you ought to. It's your department."

He held out the paper and rapidly began to turn lavender again, shouting, "Do you know what this is? It's a bill from Gaston, Inc., for fourteen thousand, nine hundred and eighty dollars for champagne. And this idiot girl here has the unmitigated gall to tell me that I have to pay it."

Sally really began to howl at that point—I mean she quietly had hysterics—and Swing went over to her and put her arms around her and soothed her, and I thought I would expire. I mean I was really petrified when it came out that Sally had told Gaston, Inc., to serve the same supper as they had at Ann Woervelt's party, the way I had told her, and of course Ann had had simply buckets of champagne—she always does—so, naturally, Gaston had sent it to our affair at the plant, and the bill had been delivered in the morning to Mr. Buttenhouser, who took it to Mr. Denniston.

And, you see, all Sally could remember was what we had told her about sponsors and how they had to provide the chips if anything happened. And what was happening was that Mr. Buttenhouser figured that if Gaston's bill was paid out of the receipts, there would be exactly eleven dollars and eighty-three cents left for the Our Babies Nursery. So, naturally, Sally had informed Mr. Denniston that he had to pay it, because he was the sponsor.

Swing was just wonderful. She got up from soothing Sally and said, "Mr. Denniston, it isn't Sally's fault at all. It's ours. We planned the whole thing and ——"

"Oh, you did!" shouted Mr. Denniston, quite mauve with wrath by now. "I suppose you are going to tell me I have to pay ——"

I thought I would sink right through the floor when Swing said quietly, "Oh, but you ought to, really," and then, after Mr. Denniston came down from the ceiling again, she explained to him that if he paid it he would be a hero and everybody would love him, and, after all, he had had all the fun of being sponsor and leading the grand march with Sally, but if he didn't there was sure to be the most awful scandal when the newspapers printed the story about how the fund had made only eleven dollars and eighty-three cents; they would probably print headlines about Champagne Bath for Our Babies or Workers Lap Lanson for Little Ones, because the reporters were waiting right outside for a statement, and the Government would investigate and we would all go to jail.

Mr. Denniston looked as though he would quietly choke.

I mean he threw the blackest glances while Swing was explaining, and when she came to the part about jail, Sally began to howl again, "Oh! Oh! I never wanted to give a party! All I wanted was Mi——"

But before she could finish it, the door burst open—I mean it had been quietly kicked—and in charged Mike Kopczak with all his wonderful white teeth showing, except that now he was gnashing them with rage, as he caught sight of Sally simply dissolving in brine.

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STATECRAFT

Bismarck is reputed to have been asked by Disraeli, when he was receiving him, "How do you manage to get rid of unwelcome visitors?"

"Nothing is more simple," Bismarck replied. "When my wife thinks people have wasted enough of my time, she tells my valet to come and inform me that the Emperor wishes to see me immediately. That always works admirably."

At that moment there was a knock at the door and Bismarck's valet entered the room. "His majesty wishes to speak to your highness," he announced.

—"LADIES & GENTLEMEN: THERE'S A STORY," Grenville Kleiser, Funk & Wagnalls, 1935.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

He immediately waved the most enormous fist in Mr. Denniston's face and said, "See here, Denniston! What kind of a raw deal are you giving Sally? For two cents I would punch you right in the nose!"

And then they began to shout at each other, with Mike saying the men in the plant had heard that Sally was going to be fired as executive of Our Babies, and if she was, all the men would have a strike at once, in the middle of which Sally let out another wail, "Oh-h-h! I don't want to be executive of anything! I never wanted to be a chairman! All I want is to g-go back to m-my machine!"

Mr. Denniston, who was really purple now, suddenly said, "Hah! There you are. She just wants to go back to her machine."

Mike turned to Sally. "Is that on the level? Don't you want to be a big shot?"

"N-no. I d-didn't really do any of it!" Suddenly Sally pointed at us. "They showed me how to do everything! I don't want any office or secretaries! I j-just wanted ——"

"Aw, you poor kid," said Mike, and put his arm around her, and then shouted at Mr. Denniston, "You hear? She doesn't want any office or secretaries!"

Well, I mean it was simply the most romantic thing, because it turned out that Mike had been crazy about her from the moment he met her, but had been too shy to approach her, and of course when she became an executive and appeared at the ball looking like such a queen, he hardly dared look at her, but as soon as he heard she was in trouble, he forgot all about his shyness and had come flying to her defense, and Sally just batted her eyes up at him and said, "Oh, M-Mike, did you really come up here just to help me?"

"You bet I did. Gee, you looked something at that blowout. A little girl like you ought to have some protection. How about you and me going steady?"

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Gee, Mike, honest?"

"Honest."

Swing and I thought we would just die, it was so extra sweet, but Mr. Denniston said, "Look, do you suppose you two could make love somewhere else? We're supposed to be making bombers."

Just as they were leaving on a sort of a pink cloud, a secretary stuck her head through the door and said, "The reporters are asking for the statement again, Mr. Denniston. They want to know about the champagne."

So, after Mr. Denniston had turned quite a peculiar shade of maroon, he said, "Tell those buzzards that the Our Babies Fund made fifteen thousand eight hundred and eleven dollars, and they can all go to hell. I can buy champagne for my own employees if I feel like it, can't I?"

And so they all went away and wrote the most marvelous stories, calling Mr. Denniston an enlightened capitalist and a pillar of the new world, and told how he had stood treat to his workingmen to all the champagne, so that their nursery fund would be a success. I mean he got the most wonderful publicity out of it, and the Government wrote him a letter congratulating him and saying they were going to increase their order because he knew how to get along with labor, and the papers printed that, too, and in the end he was really quite pleased and gave Swing and myself the most adorable gold compacts—I mean they were really super—and he sent Sally five hundred dollars in War Bonds.

So, after Mr. Denniston said he would pay for the champagne, Swing and I didn't wait to hear any more, but went back to her office and locked the door and just quietly collapsed together, I mean we were absolute nervous wrecks until Swing broke out the last bottle of Lanson, 1928, that had been left over from the party, and which she had hidden in her water cooler, and we drank to the health of Sally Brown aud Mike Kopczak and Our Babies.

"You know, Swing," I said, "we really might have done it much simpler. We could have arranged for Mike and Sally to get together again in the cafeteria."

"Of course we could," said Swing, "but look at all the fun we would have missed, considering that parties are out for the duration."

BREATH-TAKING BONIFACE

(Continued from Page 26)

"I want to get that continental type into my show," Walters explained to her. "I want something pretty in my first Broadway night-club show, something lovely, something delicate, exquisite."

Madame Kamerova looked at him in bafflement, and then she went out and cashed the check and convinced herself it was all real. Amidst the repainting and the pounding of hammers, rehearsals started.

Three weeks later, in April, 1942, the New York Latin Quarter opened its mauve-leather-covered double doors. From the first, business was sensational—$25,000 the première week, $30,000 the second week, and standees all the time, sometimes as many as fifty restless couples milling in the upstairs lobby waiting for a vacant table. It became one of the most amazing operations in Broadway history, and no one could figure out quite how Walters had done it. He didn't hire name bands, which are considered the strongest magnet today. He didn't hire expensive stars like Sophie Tucker or Harry Richman, with their guaranteed drawing power. Maybe he was doing it with mirrors, they wondered. Yes, it was with mirrors along the staircase, and also with red velvet lining the walls, an expensive pink, thickly quilted ceiling that cost $20,000 and was fantastic, with indirect lighting seeping through ostrich feathers, heavy carpets, bizarre rococo decorations—an atmosphere of gaudy gorgeous luxury that made you feel you were in a seraglio.

During its first year the New York Latin Quarter will gross $1,600,000, and that makes it heavy industry in the amusement world, and Walters has turned out to be one of the first solid, sober entrepreneurs in what has up to now been a rather reckless, haphazard trade. He is also the first who has found a formula that appeals to many cities and who has developed a chain of nighteries. All of which makes him important right now, because the night club takes on added importance during wartime, becomes the chief relaxation for millions who would ordinarily leave the nocturnal pleasures of the café to the millionaire playboy and his blond girl friend. The night club, and the insistent explosive series of sensations it offers its audience, provides perhaps the most satisfying release from the tensions brought on by newspaper headlines, from the strain of working to minute precision in an aircraft factory. The London night clubs kept running during the worst nights of the blitz.

The chances are that the first thing a serviceman on leave thinks of when he hits his home town is taking his sweetheart to the best night club in the neighborhood. So that, since 1941, business in the cafés has boomed at least 40 per cent, while other avenues of diversion, such as books or the movies, have lost from 10 to 30 per cent of their normal following. Today every large city has at least a dozen plush-lined cabarets, around twenty less expensive clubs, and at least another hundred ranging from effete cocktail lounges to smelly honky-tonks and taverns with a juke box. All of them today, especially those in production centers like Detroit or Los Angeles, are packed solid from six P.M. till closing. Today the night club is no longer the tawdry, semi-respectable roadhouse, lurking on the outskirts of a city. It's big business—at least $250,000,000 worth of big business.

In order to operate a modern large-scale night club successfully, says Walters, you must be a combination of a restaurant man, architect, advertising genius, cost accountant, and Ziegfeldian showman.

Walters' working day always includes a study of the food and liquors which the Latin Quarter has bought and sold the previous day. His steward draws up two charts. One shows, in detail, how many steaks, chickens, pounds of butter, bushels of beans, custard pies and pastries have been received.

"You have to know the market price," explains Walters, rubbing his chin, "you have to know the right wholesaler, and you have to have the flair for knowing if your club is really receiving the amounts of food written on the report. I don't actually stand outside counting the baskets of food as they come in, because I don't like to get up before two or three o'clock. In the night-club business this is not so good, because sometimes your stewards or your checkers will make a deal, say, with the butcher or the baker, and you will be charged for three hundred pounds of beef and actually you have only received two hundred and seventy-five pounds of beef and your checker and the butcher will split the difference. But I know how many customers we had last night by going over the tabs, and I know how many dinners and suppers we served, and I could sense immediately, if there was any little discrepancy. So, if you don't know every angle on food, you're ruined right off the bat. And this is the reason so many fine clubs go out of business—the average life expectancy of a new spot is supposed to be about two fast months—because the boss used to be in the snatch racket or something like that and he knows nothing about how many pats of butter, for instance, you should get out of a pound."

The various Latin Quarters serve about 40,000 expensive meals a week, ladle out 320,000 cocktails and highballs. The favorite dinner in a night club, by far, is the steak dinner. "In Boston," Walters says, "they like their steaks short and thick. In New York they demand it longer and thin. But in Chicago they want it long and very thick." New York, he remarks, puzzled, is the only city in the United States where they order turkey dinners all the year around. Next in popularity are the roast-beef, lobster and lamb-ragout dinners. Only in New York is hamburger considered enough of a delicacy to be ordered on a dinner. Boston and Miami show stronger preferences for lobster. But in Chicago, it's steaks, steaks all the time. Although rye is more popular throughout the country, in a night club the preference is overwhelmingly for Scotch, with rye second, and rum, surprisingly, third. It's the ladies, who have developed a fondness for rum

(Continued on Page 44)

"I beg to disagree with you!"

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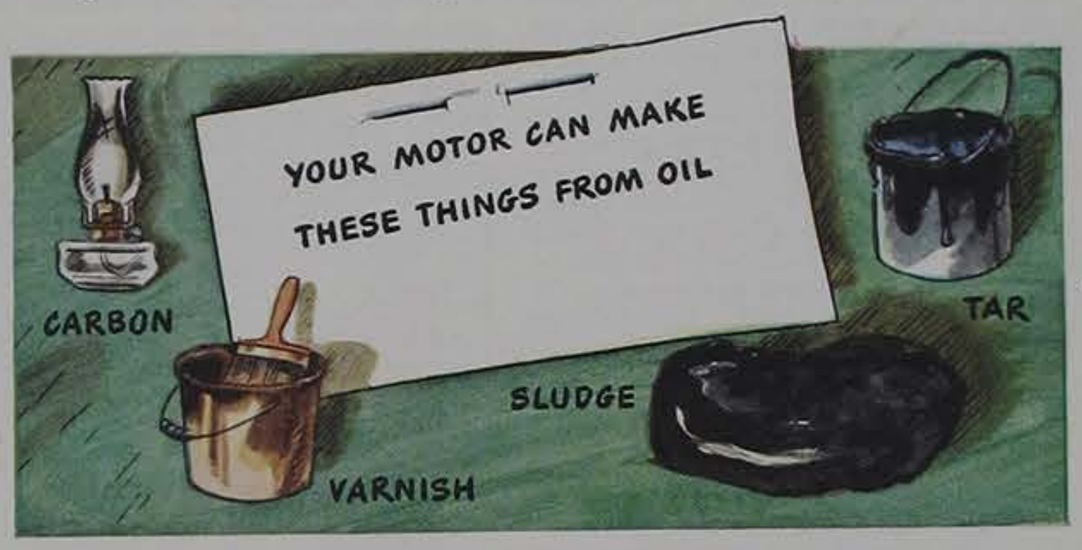

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(Continued from Page 42)

'n' coke, who have increased the demand for rum.

"It's a popular fallacy in this business to say that your money is made or lost in the kitchen," says Walters. "By that they mean that you have to economize on butter or rolls or shorten the size of a steak. Of course, right now we are carefully trying not to waste food, but under peacetime conditions a night club should hand out its food lavishly. The customer may not be conscious that anything is wrong if the bus boy doesn't rush over all the time and keep him supplied with butter, but unconsciously he feels something is missing. The man who goes to a night club goes in a spirit of splurging, and you've got to splurge right along with him. A night club is essentially a luxury-parasite business, and before December seventh we used to deliberately waste our food to make a good impression on the customer, to make him feel he was not at home. My motto used to be, when the customer doesn't leave something on his plate, it's bad. Under normal times, I am always begging my stewards and chefs to give the customers more food than they expect him to eat, not less or just enough. I once fired a steward in Miami because he insisted on ordering just enough rolls every day. It used to kill him if there were twenty or thirty rolls left over to get stale." Whenever Walters begins brooding about how the Japs have interfered with his technique of wastefully operating night clubs, he gets very mad and pulls out his checkbook and writes a check for a $500 bond. Lately he has been buying bonds with the same abandon with which he used to waste rolls.

"I follow the same idea in decorating any of my clubs. I throw the book at them. I try to give them the night club of their dreams. Cut-pile carpets, velvet on the walls, satin draperies, fountains with colored water, mirrors on the balustrade. Fill them full of food and take their breath away. Don't let them relax and feel normal for a minute. Let them feel all the time they are shooting the works. In this way, you will get the repeat business, which is the backbone of your club and the only way you can keep running more than six months, because after the first few months your club is no longer the nine days' wonder."

In Boston he not only got constant repeat trade, but crowds were so thick that the better people around Beacon Hill began to reserve a table two weeks in advance. A legend even sprang up that when little boys were born in the Back Bay section their papas first enrolled them at Groton and then reserved tables for them in 1960 at the Latin Quarter on Winchester Street.

A Connoisseur of Adjectives

Almost as important as knowing your onions, steaks and veal cutlets is knowing your ballyhoo. Mr. Walters has never worked for Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, but he has an instinctive flair for writing the right kind of advertising copy. He composes his own advertisements, which are plain and simple, and consist mainly of two or three superlatives against a black background, plus the address and phone number of his clubs. He spends many hours in his little office in the New York Latin Quarter hunting for spectacular adjectives, like "spectacular, amazing, breath-taking, luscious, lavish, incredible, dazzling, haunting," which he then writes on small pieces of paper and gives to his advertising agency. When he discovers a breath-taking and spectacular adjective he is as pleased as a boy with a new sled.

Walters reads about two books a week, mainly the best-selling novels. He doesn't concentrate on the plot or dialogue so much as on the adjectives. A few months ago, a friend told him it was a waste of time for him to be reading long books when he could find all the adjectives he would ever need in Roget's Thesaurus. Walters had never heard of a Thesaurus, but he bought one immediately and now carries it about with him all the time and will, at the slightest encouragement, recite lists of synonyms to his startled friends at The Friars Club. To Walters, the mere existence of dozens of synonyms for the word "beautiful" is amazing. Downright lavish, in fact.

"The importance of ballyhoo in this business," he explains, "is because the customer is not interested in what you are selling, but in what you are giving away. In the good old days, a gas station would sell you gas and oil and give away water, air, and cleaning the windshield. I sell food, and I give away music, entertainment and a luxury room. I have to put across the intangible idea of the entertainment, and I believe that pretty adjectives are the secret of doing it."

On a Lou Walters operation, the margin of net profit is not high. He figures, roughly, that on every $1,000,000 of gross business about $300,000 goes for food, $150,000 for liquor, $300,000 for music and actors, $150,000 for taxes and $60,000 for overhead, and about $40,000 profit. "Four per cent on a million dollars turnover doesn't sound like much," he says, "but when you consider I started the New York Latin Quarter on a cash investment of around seventy-five thousand, forty thousand dollars a year isn't a bad return on the investment."

Walters calculates his costs on a grandiose scale, but even so, he cuts the corners carefully. "First, I lay out the money, giving them the most lavish room I can buy, the best show, the best food. Then I divide the running expenses by the number of seats in the club—about seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred and fifty—which gives me how much I must get out of each customer. In Boston it works out to a minimum of three dollars a person, in New York it's three and a half, in Miami it's five. I don't charge as much as the traffic will bear, but as much as my basic costs tell me to charge. When the average check runs higher than the minimum we need, I am very happy." In Manhattan, average checks have been running to $4.25 since war nervousness became acute, and nightly receipts have risen to a recent Saturday-night record of $5367.40.

But ultimately, in a night club the show's the thing, and it's the Boston strong boy's knowledge of almost every act in existence, and his talent for blending acts together in a startling floor show that led to his victory over Broadway. "Walters," says an executive of the William Morris Agency, "probably knows more novelty acts and more about them than anyone in the business." Walters is old-fashioned in his approach to entertainment. He doesn't favor furiously hot swing bands. He doesn't like girl warblers. He is bored by comedians with a libidinous set of gags. He likes what are known as "flash acts," and also unusual routines of visual or dumb acts—a juggler, a troupe of acrobats—the style of entertainment that is supposed to have gone out with vaudeville. The girl singer and the dirty comic and the ballroom dance team are the mainstay of most night-club shows, and Walters thinks this is all wrong. "You got to keep in mind you are selling them luxury and waste," he repeats. "I like to produce shows that are pretty and lovely." "Pretty" and "lovely" are two of his favorite adjectives.

He likes groups of ballet girls pirouetting graciously to soft music, or lithe acrobats, clever jugglers, midgets who can dance, whirling toe dancers, spectacular finales of drum majorettes and girls dressed in fantastic costumes of red and yellow and green. One of his favorite acts is Lela Moore, who enters dressed half as a man and half as a woman and proceeds to dance an exotic number during which he (or she) makes love to her (or him). His favorite act of all is Frank Mazzone and his apache dancers. Mazzone's troupe is kept busy all the year round being routed from one to another of Walters' clubs. It is a sensational, amazing, breath-taking act, during which tables are broken, chairs are thrown, girls have their hair pulled and stomachs punched, revolvers explode, bodies are tossed high into the air and come hurtling down almost into the laps of the ringsiders.

Walters has about 15,000 American and European acts indexed on small cards, each carrying a brief criticism or opinion written by the master. When he is putting together a new show, he blends the ingredients as carefully as Doctor Jekyll mixing a facial punch, and he cannot sleep restfully for perhaps a week, trying to remember the name of a certain group of hand balancers who might fit into the first-act finale. Walters, incidentally, gives them a long two-hour show, with a dozen scenes and twenty-two numbers, which in itself is unorthodox for a night club. When anyone raves about an unknown performer, he will travel almost anywhere to "catch" the new discovery. A few weeks ago, a song writer who'd stopped over in Chicago saw a young emcee in a small South Side night club. He came back and happened casually to mention the chap in a conversation with Walters. Walters got so excited he took the next plane out to Chicago, caught the midnight show and was back in New York the following morning. "I got his name and a description of his routine on my index," he says triumphantly. "I don't need the boy right now, but I might have a place for him in one of my shows next year or five years from now, and I'll never forget him."

Stockings, Linoleum, Opera, Etc.

Lou Walters' working hours are crammed with keyed-up excitement as he attends to a thousand details simultaneously. During the afternoons he sits in the darkened dining room of the Latin Quarter. On the raised stage, a rehearsal lamp glows. In the shadows, Madame Kamerova is rehearsing a line of chorus girls in the cancan. All the Latin Quarter shows, no matter in what city, start off with a cancan danced by girls wearing black net stockings. Walters watches the rehearsal from a ringside table and calls out suggestions from time to time. Meanwhile, his steward, his headwaiter and his secretary are sitting at the table. The secretary follows him around till midnight, and makes shorthand notes. Walters tells the steward he wants to order a new kind of butter. A man from the costuming company arrives with a gendarme's uniform for the doorman to try on. Walters wants to know why the shelves in the back haven't been put up? Somebody goes to fetch the carpenter for a conference.

"Madame," interjects Walters politely, "slow it up a bit; the girls are kicking too fast. . . . I don't like the price on that linoleum," he adds in an aside to a linoleum salesman who has just emerged out of the shadows. Recarpeting the lobby is discussed, having a new color scheme of blue and cream in the men's washroom, how they can stress nonbeef items on the menu. "Get me a book on the operas," Walters tells his secretary. . . . "As I was saying, we got to get the customers interested in things made of eggs or cheese, in case the meat shortage gets tough this winter. Maybe we ought to start featuring more soufflés or rarebits on the dinners."

"I don't know," says Eddie Risman, the steward. "They won't go for rarebit on a dinner. For a supper specialty, okay, but not on a dinner."

"Let's try it, anyway," Walters insists; "let's give it a test for two weeks."

A booking agent approaches and tries to sell an act—three boys who dance in unison. "They're funny," whispers the agent; "they'll kill you with their imitations; they dance and do take-offs on celebrities."

Walters screws up his thin lips dejectedly. "I saw them in Providence in '38. They're not funny."

He goes on to discuss rebuilding the lobby bar, lighting up the bar murals, installing wall seats in the lobby. An advertising salesman from a New York paper comes to sell more space. More booking agents with more funny acts.

"Listen," says Walters suddenly to the headwaiter, Leo Calienti, "I forgot to tell you—those boys of yours aren't applauding. You better tell your waiters they got to cue the applause on every act."

"Yes, Mr. Walters," says Calienti.

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"Together, we're building bridges across the seven seas"

THIS STALWART FIGURE is a pilot of the Air Transport Command, the Army's wartime partnership with the country's 18 leading airlines.

HIS JOB is to speed new planes and vital supplies to the fighting fronts and fly Democracy's brains...statesmen, generals, scientists, doctors . . . where they're needed in the world-wide chess-board of this war.

IT'S NOT AN EASY JOB. Tonight, he might be jockeying a fast combat plane off an East coast runway. Tomorrow, setting it down in the English midlands. Tonight, he might be lifting a "Flying Fortress" off a California apron. Tomorrow, riding high somewhere over the Southwest Pacific. Tonight, he might be in Florida, loading a transport with technicians urgently needed in Africa. Tomorrow, nearing Morocco or Algeria. Tonight, he might be in Minneapolis with racks of serum and blood plasma for an Alaskan hospital. Tomorrow night, on his way back.

HE AND HIS FELLOWS never know where they're going or what they're going to take along. But they're shoving the stuff through, thousands of planes and hundreds of thousands of tons of freight every month. Their big brown transports are familiar sights in hundreds of airports from California to Cairo to Chungking . . . from London to Sydney.

SIMPLY and as a matter of course, these invincible crews of transport fliers are shrinking the size of the globe and moving history ahead at least a decade. And blazing new air trails with them is another crew of pioneers—the "PIONEER" Instruments of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix.

FAITHFUL COMPANIONS on every flight, these precision instruments tell pilots and navigators the important things they have to know to get their precious planes and cargoes through. One points direction, steadily, consistently. Others tell the rate-of-climb, the speed in the air, the turning angles and the height above the ground. Still another keeps pilots informed on all the things that are happening inside the engines.

IN THIS, America's great aerial offensive, and on land and sea

as well, members of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix are playing a vital role. Together with the Air Transport Command, these precision instruments are building bridges across the sky, bridges of bombers and transports today to clear the way for bridges of commerce tomorrow. ***Back America's invincible crew . . . our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.***

PIONEER INSTRUMENT DIVISION

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY **Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts.

PIONEERS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

Pioneers in technical development as well as in name, the sensitive and precise instruments of **"The Invisible Crew"** perform scores of vital tasks in every Air Transport flight. They watch directions, speed and drift. They check on temperature and wind. They tell height and horizon. They set the trackless course and check it against the stars. Here are a few of the famous "PIONEER" names in the world of flight: Air Speed Indicator, Rate of Climb Indicator, Turn and Bank Indicator, Driftmeter, Octant, Altimeter, "AUTOSYN" System of Remote Indication, "MAGNESYN" Remote Indicating Compass, Vapor-Proof Manifold Pressure Gauge, Oxygen Regulator.

"MAGNESYN" COMPASS

AIR SPEED INDICATOR

OCTANT

SENSITIVE ALTIMETER

DRIFTMETER

(Continued from Page 44)

And so on and on, until about seven, when the customers begin to arrive in masses, and Walters retreats to his tiny private office, where he answers letters and dispatches telegrams to colleagues all over the country. Around 12:30 he goes outside and has a frankfurter and orangeade at a corner stand; he prefers hot dogs to the lavish meals served at his clubs. Then he repairs to The Friars Club on West 47th Street and plays bridge, pinochle or gin rummy as long as he can find an opponent. Playing cards is the main passion of his private life.

The remarkable night-club man from Boston was born in London in 1896. His father was a custom tailor, who removed his business and family to New York in 1903. When he was fourteen, Lou got a job as office boy in the Independent Booking Agency, and when John Quigley, one of its executives, moved to Boston in 1912, Walters moved with him and remained in Boston permanently. As an employee and later an owner of an independent booking office, he was perpetually in a whirlpool of struggle. In those days, the Keith-Albee booking exchange, known as the United Booking Office, controlled most of the leading acts, had them signed to long-term contracts and would blacklist any performer who dared to book an engagement through an independent agent. Quigley's clients were largely smaller theaters in New England not affiliated with either the Keith or the Marcus Loew circuits, and thus ever hungry for good vaudeville acts.

The youthful Walters quickly displayed an avid curiosity in what made entertainment run. He visited two vaudeville shows every day. He went into every theater within a radius of 500 miles of Boston. He memorized the routine of every act he saw. He would go to amateur shows, and discovered Fred Allen juggling balls at Sam Cohen's Amateur Night at the Bowdoin Theater in Boston. He discovered Doc Rockwell, Jack Haley, song writer Jimmy McHugh, Henry Dunn and Eddie Dowling. Dowling at that time was a Providence actor in a small stock company. Walters prevailed upon him to do a single, reciting dramatic speeches on the vaudeville stage.

In 1920 he opened his own agency and also got married. He and his wife, Dena, had two daughters, Barbara, twelve, and Jacqueline, sixteen. By 1925, Walters was making $65,000 a year and spending $70,000, buying Packards and Lincolns, an eighteen-room house in Newton, Massachusetts, and playing cards till seven in the morning. He had not managed to put by a nickel, and when vaudeville crashed in 1931 he was left high and dry. In less than a year he was forced to sell his wife's furs and jewelry, the house, the four limousines, and he had to fire all his office staff of twelve.

By 1934, he was reduced to scrabbling around for small odd jobs, like booking club dates, one-night shots of conventions of the Boston Jewelers Club or the Massachusetts Shoe Manufacturers Association. An inveterate borrower from even his employees, he had exhausted every loan source. He still kept hoping that vaudeville would come back. His suits became shiny, shabby, and his shoes were down at the heel. "For a fast two years or so," he chuckles, "I was strictly a bum." Finally, another and similarly desperate independent booker named Lew Orth came to him with a proposition that they open an agency for booking complete package shows into night clubs, roadhouses and taverns. At first, Walters recoiled from the idea of soiling himself with honky-tonks, but the idea of permanently fasting was even more repulsive, so they formed an agency. Every night they drove out to all the small roadhouses in the Boston vicinity and tried to sell their services. In six months they couldn't get a single franchise.

Finally, an ex-gangster who was running a dirty little dive in Lowell, Massachusetts, told Walters off. "You're a has-been, Lou," he growled. "You're washed up, with those old ideas. All you know is from acrobats, acrobats and acrobats. I wouldn't have you booking my shows if you was the last booker in the world."

Out of sheer pity, a friend named Jack Levaggi, who ran a swank nightery in Boston, gave him a job booking the single club. Levaggi hired any acts he pleased, ignored Walters' advice, and it was apparent he had given the job as an act of charity. By now, Walters had begun to develop an interest in the intricacies of the night-club business, and he was convinced that Levaggi was mismanaging his affairs.

"He didn't try to build up a unique atmosphere," Walters says, "he didn't hire unusual acts, and he didn't advertise. He hated newspapermen and newspapers. If a Boston columnist came in to review a new show, Levaggi would give him a check. I used to beg him to splurge on big ads every week end, but he used to laugh and say the only time you should advertise a restaurant is when you advertise it for sale. I used to sit around the club all the time feeling sad and complaining. Finally he said if I was so smart why didn't I open my own night club, which I then did. Without any cash, I signed a one-year lease for twenty-five hundred dollars on a big place on Winchester Street that used to be a Greek Catholic church and later had been the location for a whole series of speak-easy and night-club busts."

He borrowed his operating capital from loan sharks, and in one case had to pay a shark $2000 for a six-months loan of $1200. He managed to get his location redecorated for a mere $750. "The artist had studied in Montmartre in Paris, so he said the cheapest thing would be to paint some murals of apache dancers on the walls, which he did, and I decided to make the atmosphere Parisian. And the first act I hired was an acrobatic act—a high-perch act. And the second was a team of apache dancers."

Since the original $750, Walters has poured $180,000 into rebuilding the original Boston Latin Quarter, until today it's considered by many to be the most resplendent café in the world, far more dazzling than anything even on Broadway.

On the night when the Boston Latin Quarter opened, Walters was left with exactly twenty-eight cents. He called over a busboy and handed him two dimes, a nickel and three pennies. "I want to start from scratch," he said. The first three months he was only a half step behind his creditors, and used last night's receipts partly to pay off today's bills, and would pay off in installments of dollar bills. But he always paid his bills, everyone in Boston says. "It might take a year," says one of his Boston acquaintances, "but Lou always paid you eventually. And to a performer he was considerate; he would pay a performer before taking money for himself or his family."

He worked, according to one associate, eighteen hours a day and lived practically on hamburgers and coffee, and plowed all the profits back into the club, either on advertising or new decorations. He began to spend $600 a week on the newspaper ads, and even took 24-sheet billboards, an unheard-of medium for a café. By the end of the first year, the Latin Quarter in Boston had done a $750,000 business.

Today, Walters has his own private dream of a postwar internationalism. He dreams of dozens, perhaps hundreds, of Latin Quarters in every large city in the United States, in South America, in Europe, in Asia.

"Just let me get my hands on enough velvet and chromium," he says, "and I will build night clubs like the world has never seen before, luxury like the Roman emperors never dreamed of. I will give them shows that will be lovely, but also breath-taking. I will have teams of apache dancers touring all over the world. And I will give all this, and an eight-course steak dinner, too, for a reasonable price. Why, if Stalin lets me build a Latin Quarter in Moscow, I have figured out I can give the Soviet customer a real extravaganza for less than twelve rubles per person."

It's breath-taking.

WE MUST FEED EUROPE'S CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 11)

children is a basic factor of protective affection.

When parents cannot give the necessary food to their children, this inability changes the question of food into a deeper problem. For the parents it is a tragedy to be deprived of the possibility of discharging their responsibility to their children. This tragedy deepens still further when they not only cannot fulfill this responsibility but also find that they cannot even accomplish the more imperative duty of giving the proper care to the children when they become ill. This incapacity brings suffering and desperation into the family. The children sense the tragedy of the family, and there gradually takes place in their minds something which is against all the laws of nature—the hope of childhood turns into despair. This, because the fundamental characteristic of childhood is hopefulness, is more than just a deformation; it is a monstrous transformation.

So the new generation, unless a means is found to prevent this, will be at best a generation of despair, responding to the force of survival, but having little understanding of salutary sentiments and little appreciation of the qualities of generosity, pity, love, goodness or hope. Theirs will be a survival of the body, but a death of the heart.

Need we, therefore, be surprised that, left to themselves, the new postwar generation will be a pagan generation to whom all that we mean by Christian civilization will be incomprehensible? For this pagan civilization there will be many new symbols, and these will be foreign to our character and to the character of our children. We know what the pagan symbol, the swastika, has done to the world, and even to us in our very lives here in America. What are we to expect if there are a dozen pagan symbols in as many countries?

What is happening to the children of Europe is interwoven with our lives, and especially with the lives of our children. The fate of the European children will determine their future civilization, which will, in turn, determine what sort of normal or disastrous relations they will have with our next generation. If we take the stand that military victory must precede all humanitarian and civilizing activity, we run the mortal risk of seeing a great victory transformed into an empty victory both for ourselves and for Europe.

The German children who lived through the privations of the last war were in many cases able to recover physical strength, but who will deny that their minds were distorted? The children of the occupied countries are now facing conditions worse than those endured by the German children. The winter of 1942–43 will do irremediable harm to many, but the winter of 1943–44 will be an incalculable disaster, unless we do something about it.

We can help them, for the method now used to provide relief for the people of Greece has been investigated and given public approval by our Government. Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, in a letter to the president of the Greek War Relief Association, published last August, said:

"The Department of State has received frequent reports from its representatives . . . who have been in close touch with the situation in Greece and with the relief measures that have been undertaken there. These reports satisfy the department that the food has been effectively distributed through the organization of the International Red Cross Association and consumed by the Greek people themselves."

In 1941, the British, on their own published figures, sent to Lisbon 1,584,000 ten-pound packages of food through the International Red Cross, which delivered them to the British prisoners in German prison camps. The 1942 figures have not yet been published, but it is known that twice as many packages were sent. Would the British have continued these shipments if they did not have entire confidence in the efficiency of the International Red Cross and assurance that this food was reaching the British prisoners exclusively and was in no way whatever aiding the enemy?

The essential requirements for the children are wheat, cereals, vitamins, milk, meat—in lesser amounts—and some fats. A large part of the meat and fats can be supplied by South America, as can a good deal of the milk. As a rough estimate, sixty or seventy thousand tons of meat and fats a month would take care of the needs of the children of occupied Europe, for the aid given would be concentrated upon the neediest sections and limited to a supply of food which must be additional to whatever rations still exist in those sections.

Clothing also is now a vital necessity. It is a strange aspect of the blockade that there has been such obstinate opposition to the sending of clothing for little

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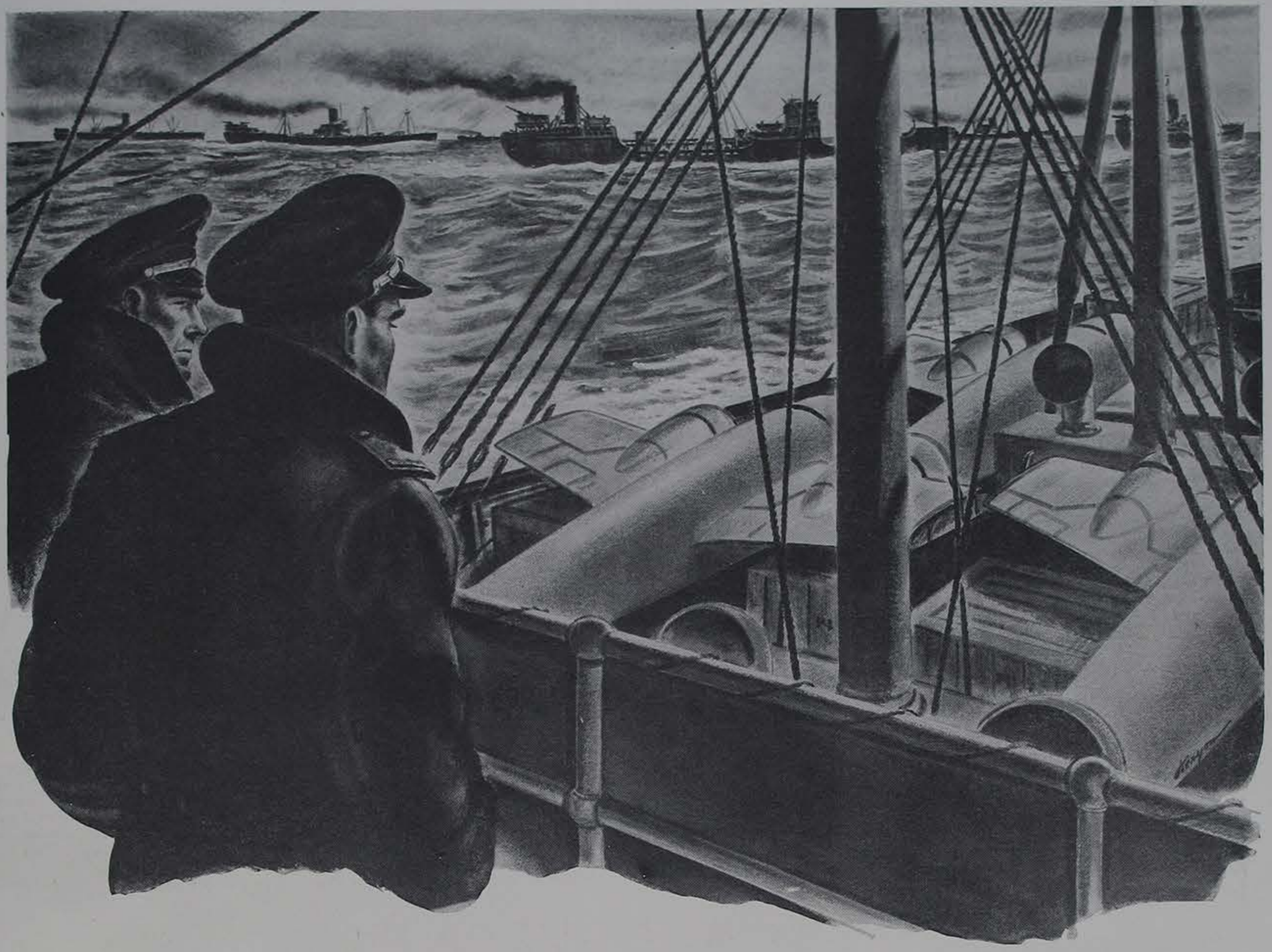
MOTHER OF A SAILOR

By ZOË LELAND FOWLER

I BLESS the crowding tasks that fill my day
And leave no time for idle thoughts to stray.
I send up little prayers for lads at sea,
But close my heart to fears of what may be.
And when day goes, a tired child, I creep
Into the folding arms of kindly sleep.

But suddenly, in that hour before the dawn
When night lies deepest round me, sleep is gone
And there before my strained and staring eyes,
Mysterious, dark, vast, the ocean lies.
I watch black, endless swells that rise and fall—
I who have never seen the sea at all.



This is the way to win a battle in the desert

Libya and North Africa made it clearer than ever: THIS IS A WAR OF SUPPLY.

In 1918, an American soldier could be equipped and maintained on 5 tons of supplies each year.

But today, for every soldier sent abroad, 10½ tons of shipping space must be provided for *equipment alone*. And it takes an additional *18 tons of shipping to supply a single soldier for a year!*

Supply is a matter of *ships*.

And ships need electricity.

Vast quantities of electric power, for a thousand vital tasks that must be done to take a convoy safely across the seas . . .

Electricity to steer the vessels and operate the radios and signal lights.

Electricity to detect the approach of enemy subs and planes, to sound the alarm, to organize the defense.

Electricity to power great cargo winches, and delicate navigating instruments.

Electricity to make magnetic mines harmless, to provide invisible "black light" for reading charts at night. Electricity to keep food fresh, to cook it, to ventilate the ships, to provide comfort for the crews.

Electricity in every freighter, every tanker, every Navy escort vessel—to help win the war of supply!

We of Westinghouse take tremendous pride in building so much of the electrical equipment, so many of the great turbines and gears and electric drives, for the ships of America's Navy and Merchant Marine.

Into every piece of that equipment go all our "know-how," all our skill, all our determination to *do our share* in this war—and if possible, a little more.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Tune in the Westinghouse Program starring John Charles Thomas — NBC Network, Sunday, 2:30 P. M., Eastern War Time.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE

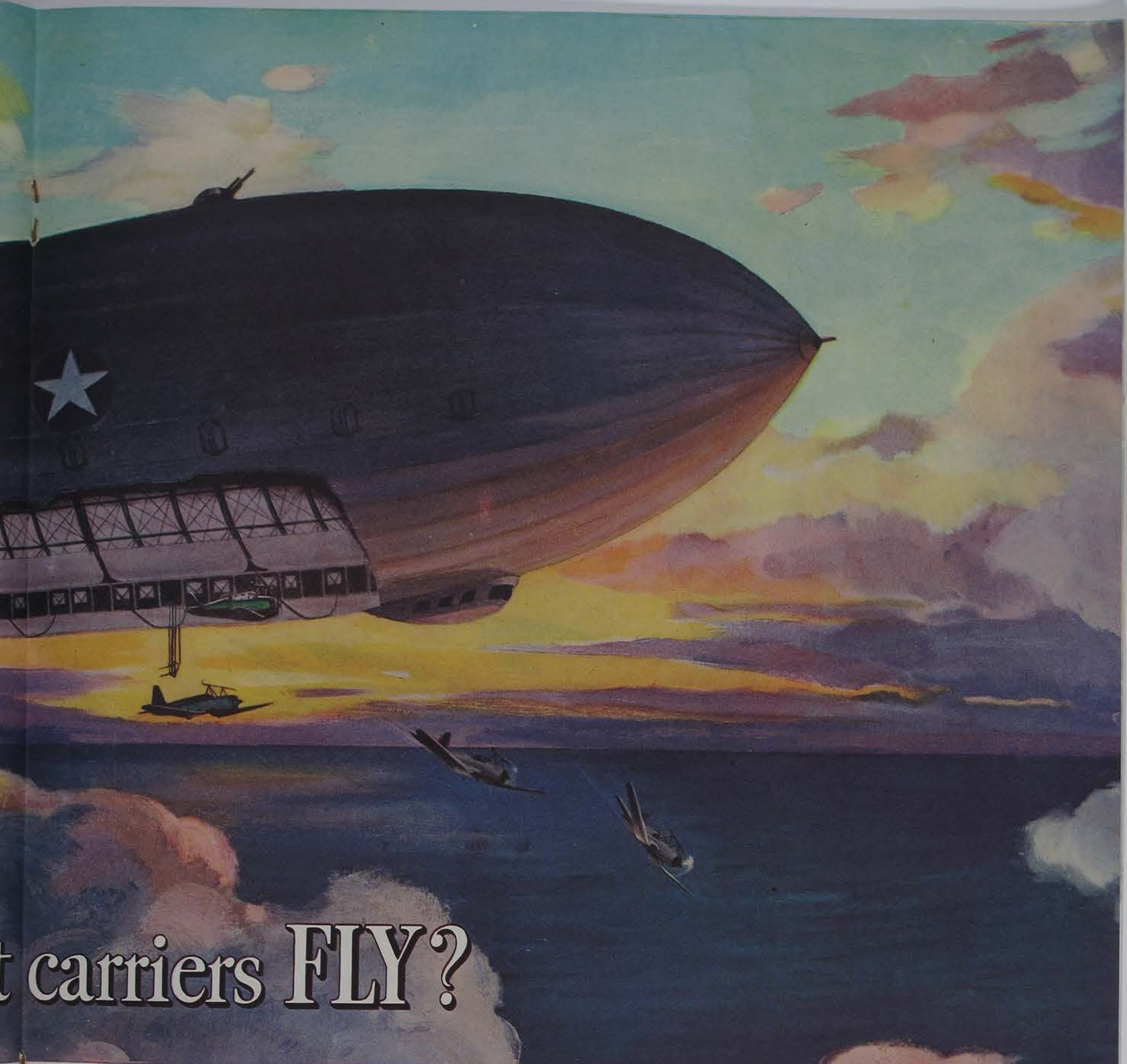
Will tomorrow's aircraft c

IT is not venturing too far into the realm of fantasy to suggest that the aircraft carriers of the future may be giant dirigible airships. More than twelve years ago Navy fliers demonstrated the practicability of launching airplanes from dirigibles and taking them aboard in flight.

The airship has several advantages for this duty. It is immune to submarine attack. It requires no cruiser escort. Its top speed of 75 knots or more gives it far greater range than any surface ship, and permits it to overtake or elude an enemy fleet at will.

How vulnerable is the airship to incendiary fire from hostile airplanes? Less than you might think. Any American dirigible would be inflated with non-inflammable helium gas, eliminating danger from fire or explosion. Its motors would be fed from bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks. And like the Flying Fortresses that have repeatedly routed attacking fighters, it could be protected from stem to stern with armored blisters mounting heavy machine guns and aerial cannon.

In considering the possibility of flying carriers, it is well to remember that fewer than two hundred large dirigibles have been built in all world history; but men have learned much about their handling and operation. In recent years, since more accurate weather data has become avail-



t carriers FLY?

Sectional view shows how planes are carried inside the airship; also the "hook-on" gear by means of which they are launched and taken aboard in flight

able, small Goodyear-built airships have flown more than *four million miles* in all kinds of weather – without the slightest injury to a single one of the 400,000 passengers they have carried. Perhaps this is a portent of things to come.

• • •

Goodyear builds both Airplanes and Airships

For America-at-war Goodyear is building the Corsair, swiftest carrier-borne fighter airplane in the world, and squadrons of Naval airships for U-boat patrol. Also wing, tail, cabin and fuselage subassemblies; control surfaces, wheels, brakes and bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks for many types of fighter and bombing planes —products of Goodyear's thirty years' experience in all branches of aeronautical engineering.

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR

AIRCRAFT

THUNDER OVER AFRICA

THERE'S a roar of mighty motors in the African skies. Big transport planes wing above the steaming coastal jungles — the trackless forests of the Niger — the mountains and the desert — speeding war supplies to the Middle East.

Tough young Americans carved the airfields for that vital route out of the heart of the Dark Continent. Sixty days after the job was tackled, Pan American Airways, in co-operation with the U. S. Army Air Transport Command, had a steady stream of traffic thundering across Africa.

It looked like a hopeless task when black men started hacking out the first clearings, carrying earth in baskets on their heads. But the engineers knew what "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors could do. Once those big machines with their bulldozers reached the new airport sites, things happened fast. Each "Caterpillar" Diesel cleared as much ground in a *single hour* as a hundred natives could have cleared in an *entire day!*

Many of these mobile power-plants-of-all-work are still there, helping to maintain trans-African fields. Tough and dependable, they stand up under punishment. And their "Caterpillar" Diesel fuel systems conserve precious oil and gasoline, running economically on any fuel that's available.

"Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors, Graders, Engines and Electric Sets go directly to the fighting fronts all over the world. In this war, they are saving men and time — building roads and airports, digging tank traps, towing planes, hauling guns, powering winches and air compressors, generating current for searchlights and communications, and supplying main or stand-by power for naval craft.

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And they're doing a magnificent job, for "Caterpillar" service-dealers everywhere have the complete repair facilities and the practical know-how that *keep them working.*

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

TO WIN THE WAR: WORK—FIGHT—BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS!

(Continued from Page 48)

children. Even clothes for newborn infants have been restricted to a small fraction of the requirements. Shipping space is no problem. The Swedish government is ready to supply merchant vessels now tied up in Swedish ports, provided they can sail under a relief flag recognized as such by all the belligerents.

The question is often asked whether any food sent to an occupied country will not be taken by the Germans. The published letter of the State Department regarding the Government's approval of the relief methods now employed in Greece is an answer to this question, and will remain an answer until and unless we have proof of the contrary.

We have been told that the people of Europe do not want any food sent over, for fear the Germans would benefit by it. My experience, however, was that I was constantly begged by parents not to forget to try to help their children. The November 21, 1942, number of News From Belgium, official organ of the Information Center of the Belgian government in exile, said: "It has been said that those inside Belgium do not want food sent to them, for fear the Germans might take away part of it. There is no truth in such a statement. It belongs to that kind of rhetorical heroics which third-rate journalists invent after a copious dinner."

Moreover, in June, 1942, Gen. Charles de Gaulle cabled the Co-ordinating Council of French Relief Societies in New York, which has been raising funds to help the Friends maintain relief operations for children in France and to send food packages to the French prisoners:

"It is from the bottom of our hearts that the National Committee of Fighting France and I myself wish success to the relief societies grouped together by the Co-ordinating Council, whose generous action must help the people of France to bear their trials and maintain their will to participate in the victory of the Allies."

It is hardly likely that General de Gaulle would send such a cable if he feared that the food which was at that time being sent into France by the Quakers from Switzerland, Portugal and elsewhere would in any way aid the enemy.

It is being said that relief for the children sent in advance of our armies would have a greater effect upon the morale of peoples than the promise of relief to follow in the wake of our armies. No doubt, this is true, for the parents of the occupied countries are suffering the agony of watching their children waste away before their very eyes, and this is an agony worse than any physical sufferings of their own.

I am sometimes asked if the Germans themselves would not object to child relief in occupied countries. If it were a relief project backed by the sympathies of all the United Nations, and with South American aid, as well as Swedish, Swiss and Turkish assistance, it would be difficult for the Germans to oppose such relief openly. If they did oppose it, then the onus of opposition to child relief would be entirely upon them, and no part of that burden would be upon the United Nations.

The new Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation could well be the organization which would supply to the International Red Cross the food needed. The financing of the project would present no difficulties since most of the governments in exile have large credits in American, British and South American banks which could be utilized for the purpose.

Upon request, the International Red Cross could make a rapid survey of the requirements of the children and an estimate of the necessary tonnages. The port of Lisbon could be utilized, or any other port agreed upon. The method of distribution at schools, hospitals and charitable institutions could be elaborated fully by the International Red Cross, which would base its methods of control upon its experience of the methods now being employed in Greece.

The means and the method exist. There remains only the matter of the will to take the step. It is a step which would not only hearten the peoples of Europe, it would also hearten us, for it would release the humane feelings of an humane people. After all, we owe it to ourselves to try.

EMPLOYMENT IN TEXAS

(Continued from Page 18)

She straightened up and smiled when Franklin Pierce came along—a tall young girl with a full figure and pleasant eyes.

Franklin Pierce removed his hat. "A hot afternoon," he remarked.

"It is that," the girl agreed, and she spoke in a combination slow drawl and Scottish burr that amused him.

"You have the only flowers I've seen in Beacon."

"I reckon I have." The girl stepped forward and handed him a tired pink across the fence. "Put this in your buttonhole."

"Thank you," Franklin Pierce said.

"You a stranger here?"

"Yes."

"Going out to the pottery?"

"Yes, I am."

"Looking for a job?" the girl asked.

"If I like the pottery," Franklin Pierce said.

"I hope you like it." She smiled. "I hope you get the job too."

"Thank you." Franklin Pierce bowed slightly. "Good day."

"*Adios*," the girl said.

It was a new word to Franklin Pierce and he didn't know exactly what she meant, but he moved on, replacing his hat. The girl watched him go, her eyes slitted to the glare. She thought he resembled the men Charles Dana Gibson drew in the magazines, except for his mustache.

Before he reached the pottery, Franklin Pierce crossed a footbridge over a stream. The water below was white with slip and the fine dust of disintegrating clay and plaster, and suddenly he felt at home. The clean, wet smell of clay entered his nostrils, and the acrid odor of pottery dust.

The pottery itself was a disjointed collection of ramshackle clapboard buildings seeping white dust and apparently on the thin edge of collapse. Beyond them were three small brick kilns and the gashed earth of a clay pit. Everywhere was the rubble of broken ware. *Too much broken ware for a going shop*, Franklin Pierce thought, his inspection critical. Men without hands couldn't break that much stuff handling it. They weren't firing their kilns right, or the clay was bad. He stopped and removed a faded, two-months-old newspaper clipping from his pocket. It read:

EMPLOYMENT IN TEXAS
Good job open for first-class big-ware turner. Three cents a gallon or better guaranteed. Small breakage. Apply:
HILLSIDE POTTERY
BEACON, TEXAS

Franklin Pierce returned the clipping to his pocket and circled the buildings. Several Mexicans were setting the first of the three kilns. They were working slowly and languidly, and paid him no attention. He observed that the kiln was wood-fired, a poor way of getting the high temperatures necessary for good stoneware.

He was turning away, half on the point of leaving, when a lanky young fellow came by, pushing a wheelbarrow ahead of him. The newcomer grinned shyly. His face was lean and timid in the shade of his big, battered hat.

"I'm looking for the foreman," Franklin Pierce said.

"Well, do I look dangerous?"

"He ain't here now," the young fellow said. "But Mr. McClaren's the owner." He pointed. "Right over there."

Franklin Pierce thanked him and walked across to the office. The door was open. It was a dusty, bare-walled room, furnished with a roll-top desk and chair. Scattered about were samples of ware made by the pottery, a few blueprints for molds, and some dog-eared account books. At the roll-top desk sat a small man, nearly bald, with a tired, leathery, grim face.

"My name is Franklin Pierce Sullivan," Franklin Pierce said. "I'm a big-ware turner. I saw your advertisement in a Dallas paper."

Mr. McClaren glanced at Franklin Pierce's hands. They were soft and white and flexible, the hands of a man accustomed to working in clay.

"I placed that advertisement months ago," he said. "We've had several men here. None of them were any good."

"I arrived in Texas only a short time ago," Franklin Pierce said. "A man was sleeping under a railroad bridge wrapped up in the newspaper that contained your advertisement. That's how I happened to see it."

"We need big ware. Thirty-gallon jars. You look pretty small for that kind of turning."

"Just as you say, Mr. McClaren."

Franklin Pierce's eyes and voice had hardened. There were plenty of jobs for big-ware turners, everywhere. A man didn't have to beg for a job; he took what he wanted.

"I don't believe you'd like it here, anyhow," Mr. McClaren said.

Outside was the thudding of a running horse. Mr. McClaren started in his chair and then settled back. Franklin Pierce turned and looked through the doorway.

A horse, cruelly lathered from galloping in the heat, had halted in front. Swinging from the saddle was a huge man, somewhat bloated by whisky, fat but still tremendously powerful. He lounged into the office, and Franklin Pierce saw he had a mustache and a full black beard, little reddish eyes, and the smell of liquor on his breath. There was a

sheathed bowie knife hooked to his belt, and he was coatless.

"This is Mr. Biggers, my foreman, Mr. Sullivan," Mr. McClaren said.

Franklin Pierce shook hands with the foreman. His fingers numbed in the big man's hard grip. Franklin Pierce's expression remained unchanged, but a faint moisture appeared in his eyes. Mr. McClaren explained that he was a big-ware turner and had seen their advertisement in a Dallas newspaper.

"We're taking him on, ain't we?" Mr. Biggers asked.

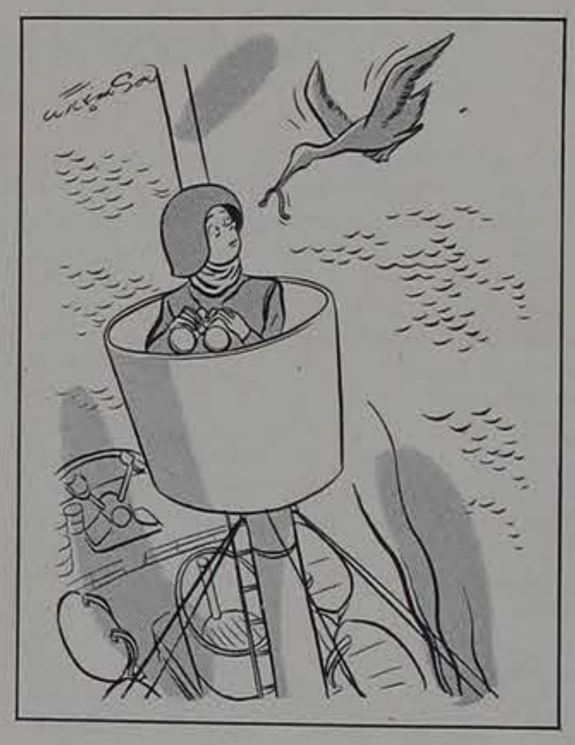
"I was considering that, Mr. Biggers," Mr. McClaren said, "providing it met with your approval."

Franklin Pierce shifted surprised eyes to Mr. McClaren, but the latter was watching Mr. Biggers.

"Sure," Mr. Biggers replied. "Big-ware turners don't grow on trees. Come on, Sullivan."

They walked through the shop together. Three jiggermen were at work on their wheels, pressing clay into form in molds. In another room a mold maker was pouring plaster of Paris. Some Mexicans were operating a crude flowerpot machine. Franklin Pierce paused by the turning wheel. The hot breath of the dryer blew on them, and Mr. Biggers was sweating. Stooping, Franklin Pierce noticed the wheel was clumsy and badly balanced.

"We're jiggering up to ten gallons," Mr. Biggers said, "and making some bean pots and butter churns. We also put out a nice line of brown cuspidors."



Franklin Pierce kept silence, and Mr. Biggers went on to offer him a very high gallonage rate and other concessions. It would make an excellent job under certain conditions, much too excellent a job to be offered by such a rundown pottery as this. Franklin Pierce started walking again, without committing himself. They stopped under a shed, where the pugmill was grinding clay. The clay came out of the mill four-square, pale gray in color, and only faintly striated. Franklin Pierce took a chunk of it and rubbed it in his palms. The clay had too much sand, but there was a richness in its texture. Mr. Biggers lifted his hat and mopped the perspiration off his head.

"Your yard looks as if you're having too much breakage," Franklin Pierce said.

Mr. Biggers glanced at him queerly and grinned, exposing yellow teeth in his black beard. "Mr. McClaren is burning kiln himself," he said. "He ain't had such good luck with his firing lately, but it's his plant. You aim to work here?"

Franklin Pierce hesitated, continuing to rub the clay in his hands. His first impulse was to shake the dust of the place from his feet. But there was something peculiar about the pottery and its people that interested him. Here was an owner, apparently experienced and a Scotsman at that, deliberately going broke. Potting was a business you went broke in often enough without trying; Mr. McClaren was the only potter Franklin Pierce had ever seen who wanted to ruin himself. Then there was this big foreman carrying the bowie knife, obviously a bad actor and a man the owner was afraid of. Mr. McClaren hadn't wanted to hire Franklin Pierce until Mr. Biggers appeared, and nobody ever turned a big-ware turner down. And the foreman had offered him better terms than a man could get in the big potteries in Ohio. Franklin Pierce was unable to resist the pull of his curiosity. He compressed the clay in his hands and slapped it on the square issuing from the pugmill.

"I'll take the job," he said.

They left the shed and ran into the lanky boy with the wheelbarrow. Mr. Biggers stopped him. His name was Burd Graham, and Mr. Biggers thought he would make a good ballmaker for Franklin Pierce. The boy stuck out his hand. Franklin Pierce shook it, liking him. He was about to talk wages with Burd, but Mr. Biggers anticipated him by saying that he would continue to pay the ballmaker. The custom in every shop in the country was for a big-ware turner to pay his ballmaker himself, but Franklin Pierce didn't argue. Mr. Biggers left them.

Burd looked around cautiously. "I wasn't always just a stockman or ballmaker," he said in a low voice. "I was head kiln setter till Mr. Biggers came."

"How long has Mr. Biggers been here?"

"A couple of months. He kept pushing me down, hoping I'd quit."

"Why?"

"Because of Mallie," Burd said.

"I see," Franklin Pierce said, and didn't.

"If it wasn't for Mallie, I'd move along. I'm only standing for this because of her."

"Who is Mallie?"

"Mr. McClaren's daughter," Burd said.

"How did Mr. Biggers get his job as foreman?" Franklin Pierce asked.

"He gave Mr. McClaren a big talk about what a potter he was," Burd said bitterly. "After he was in a while, he started scaring Mr. McClaren like he does everybody. He ain't really a very good potter."

Franklin Pierce sighed. Life was difficult in these Texas potteries. "I work fast, Burd," he said. "You'd better get here a little before I do tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," Burd said. "I'll have clay ready for you, Mr. Sullivan."

Before he left, Franklin Pierce visited the clay pit and sampled the raw material. It felt good in his hands, much better than the usual run of Texas clay. This was the right spot for a pottery. He experienced a little stir of excitement in realizing what could be done here, provided you didn't have a crazy Scotsman and a horse killer who carried a knife. The clay was rich, and it could be richer with working.

On the way out he came upon Mr. Biggers carrying a pair of brown cuspidors from the stockroom. "I got five of these little brownies at home already," Mr. Biggers remarked.

"They're a great convenience if you chew tobacco," Franklin Pierce said.

"I do." Mr. Biggers jetted a stream of amber-colored fluid which landed an inch from the toe of Franklin Pierce's right shoe. "See you tomorrow, Sullivan."

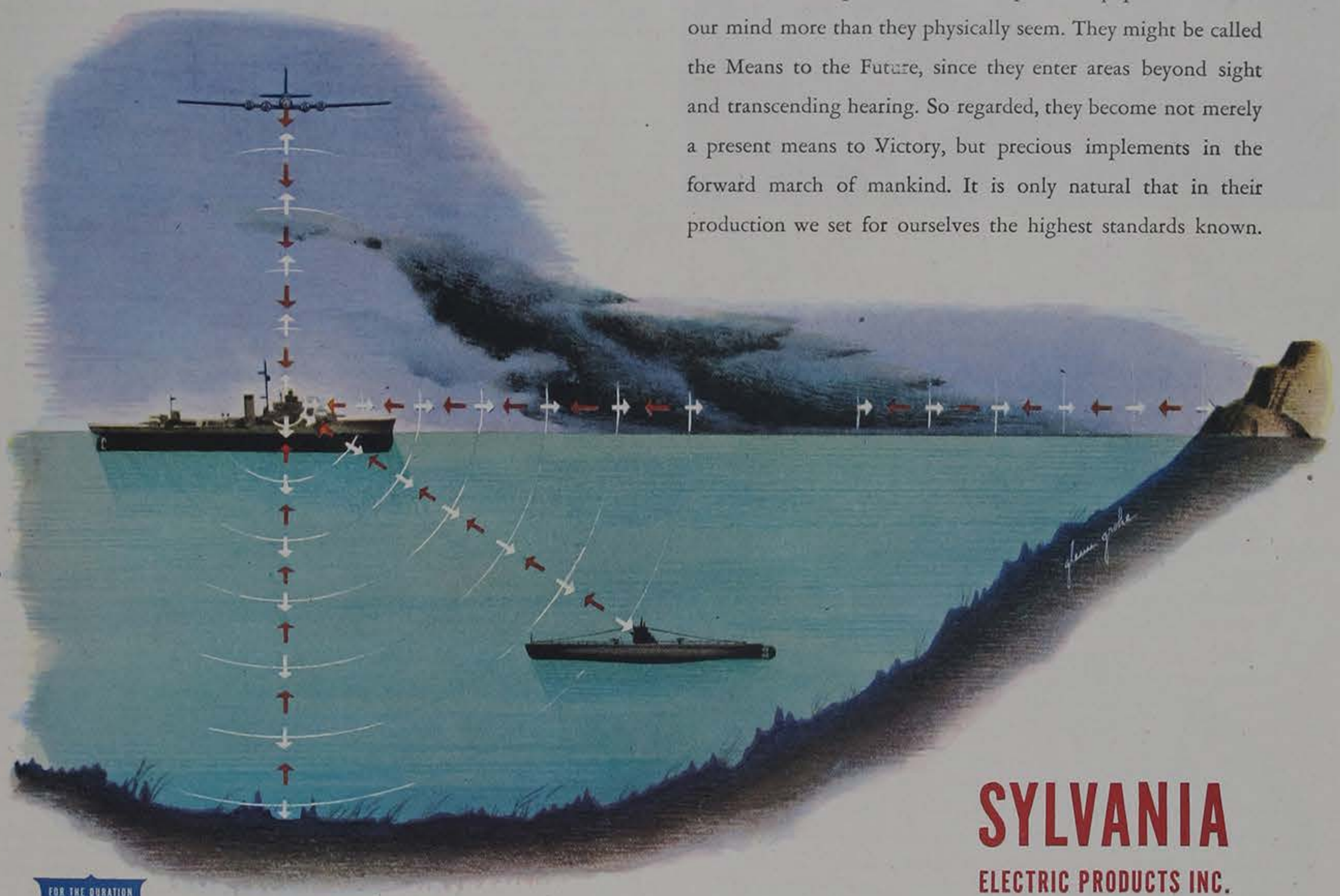
As he left, Franklin Pierce glanced in the office. Mr. McClaren was still in his chair, staring blindly at the wall.

At the edge of town Franklin Pierce met the girl in the sunbonnet a second time. She emerged from the house

(Continued on Page 56)

Beyond Sight and Transcending Hearing

Two of the simplest words in the English language make up the phrase, "I see." Yet in that phrase is wrapped up most of the progress man has made. It spells understanding—which, whether gained through eye or ear, is the key to all things good. It is the beginning of knowledge, the source of progress, the interpreter of beauty, the keystone of civilization. That is why the everyday things we build—radio and electronic tubes, incandescent lamps, fluorescent lamps and equipment—are to our mind more than they physically seem. They might be called the Means to the Future, since they enter areas beyond sight and transcending hearing. So regarded, they become not merely a present means to Victory, but precious implements in the forward march of mankind. It is only natural that in their production we set for ourselves the highest standards known.



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FOR THE DURATION

America's war program gets first call on all our products, resources and skill

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Established 1901 . . . Makers of Incandescent Lamps, Fluorescent Lamps, Fixtures and Accessories, Radio Tubes and Electronic Devices

GOOD WARES DESERVE GOOD CARE. Sylvania Radio Tubes, Sylvania Incandescent Lamps and Sylvania Fluorescent Lamps and Equipment are all made to serve you well. But the first need of wartime is to save and conserve, both to free men and material for necessary wartime purposes and because of inescapable shortages. So take good care of your Sylvania products, not because they need coddling, but because they are good tubes and lamps, and deserve good handling. And also because you may find it less easy to lay hands on these top-quality products when replacement finally does become necessary.

(Continued from Page 54)

promptly, as though she had been watching for him. Franklin Pierce removed his hat.

"Did you get the job?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," Franklin Pierce replied.

"I'm glad."

Franklin Pierce believed it was the moment to introduce himself. He did, and learned she was Malvina McClaren, the daughter of Mr. McClaren. Everybody around Beacon called her Mallie.

"I would prefer to call you Miss Malvina," Franklin Pierce said. "I met a friend of yours out at the pottery. Burd Graham."

Mallie's face saddened. "I never see him any more."

Franklin Pierce smiled quizzically. "Do you miss him?"

"A lot," Mallie said. Then she dismissed the subject. "What will you do at the pottery?"

"I'm a big-ware turner."

Big-ware turners were the aristocracy, and her eyes were respectful. Then they clouded for an instant. "Did my father or Mr. Biggers hire you, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Your father, I believe."

She changed the subject, and they chatted generally for a few minutes. The westering sun was beating hard on Franklin Pierce's unprotected head, reminding him that he should leave.

"Well, I must go," he said. "I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, Miss Malvina."

"Oh, you will," Mallie said. "I come out to the pottery quite often. Good day, Mr. Sullivan."

Franklin Pierce stopped off at the station and picked up his suitcase. Creighton was still reading David Harum. He asked if Franklin Pierce had got a job. Franklin Pierce told him he had. Creighton gave him some advice about Beacon. There was a hotel, the Empire, but it wasn't much good. However, a widow woman named Mrs. Grant ran a boardinghouse on Houston Street which was first-rate and cheap. Everybody went there except traveling salesmen and politicians. Franklin Pierce thanked him and left.

He found the boardinghouse and talked to Mrs. Grant. Room and board was seven dollars a week, and she had a nice bedroom for him at the rear of her house. He settled himself, and then went down to a barbershop across from the railroad station for a haircut. While he was in the chair Mr. Biggers came in. The big man had been drinking, and his voice was hoarse when he spoke to Franklin Pierce. A couple of men were waiting, but they gladly made way for Mr. Biggers, saying they were in no hurry. Mr. Biggers, who had his own shaving mug on the barber's shelf, took the other chair without thanks.

The barbers finished with them about the same time. Mr. Biggers followed Franklin Pierce out on the street. Sunset had come, crimsoning the endless, cloudless Texas sky.

"Where you from, Sullivan?" Mr. Biggers asked.

"Everywhere. I started potting in New Jersey."

"I come from Ohio originally. But I been everywhere too."

"It seems to be part of the trade," Franklin Pierce said.

"No, it ain't," Mr. Biggers said. "You're a boomer. I was myself till I hit Beacon. Now I aim to settle down and marry into the firm."

"With Miss Malvina?"

"Yes." Mr. Biggers regarded Franklin Pierce closely with his red eyes, redder in the sunset. "You met her?"

"On the way to and from the pottery."

"A big girl," Mr. Biggers said. "The way I like them."

"You have an understanding?"

"Well, not exactly." Mr. Biggers grinned in his black beard. "But she'll get used to me. She ain't going to have any other suitors, so I reckon she'll take me on after a while. I can wait."

"It sounds very romantic," Franklin Pierce said gravely. "Good evening, Mr. Biggers."

"*Adios*," Mr. Biggers said.

When he got back to the boardinghouse Franklin Pierce sat for a time in a rocker on the front porch, smoking his meerschaum pipe with the chamois sewn around the bowl. He thought of Miss Malvina and envied Mr. Biggers. She was a girl any man could be in love with, though he suspected the foreman was more in love with the pottery. Still, the pottery was scarcely worth much undue affection. Something was badly the matter with it. Mr. Biggers wasn't a very good potter or he'd be more concerned than he apparently was. Franklin Pierce wondered what it would be like to be in love with Miss Malvina, and perhaps having your own business. That involved staying in one place, making Beacon the last stop. Oddly, the prospect excited him. A man couldn't wander forever, nor be always lonely. He half wished he had a Miss Malvina and a Hillside Pottery.

He rose and knocked the cold ashes from his pipe into the palm of his hand. Mr. Biggers had pointed out earlier in the evening that Miss Malvina wasn't going to have any other suitors. That seemed to include Franklin Pierce, so he went up to bed.

In the morning everything was ready upon Franklin Pierce's arrival at the pottery. Burd had several balls of clay, in the proper size, made up for him. The wheel had been oiled and was running freely. Franklin Pierce knew turning had a great fascination for the layman, but he was amazed to find Mr. McClaren, Mallie, and even Mr. Biggers standing waiting for him. He nodded to them in a businesslike manner, went in the dryer and changed into a short-sleeved undershirt and white overalls, and came back to work. They all watched in fascinated silence as he spread out his ribs and metal tools, adjusted the thirty-gallon height gauge, and centered the clay on the wheel.

With one foot on the brake that controlled the speed of the wheel, he set his thumbs in the spinning ball of clay. Mallie gasped as the jar rose miraculously before their eyes. Almost before they knew it, Franklin Pierce was done. He made a few finishing touches with rib and sponge. Burd slipped lifters underneath the jar, transferred it to a bat, and bore it off to the dryer. The boy was elaborately unconscious of Mallie, but she had her eyes on him. Franklin Pierce noticed this as he slapped another ball of clay on the wheel and began again.

"You're the best big-ware turner I've ever seen," Mr. McClaren said grudgingly, "and I've seen a lot of them, Mr. Sullivan."

"Thank you," Franklin Pierce said. He looked at Mallie. "One of these days I'll make you a few little things for your home, Miss Malvina."

"That would be wonderful!" she replied, and glanced again at Burd.

Mr. Biggers remained after she and her father left. He sidled over to the wheel, and Franklin Pierce smelled the whisky reek on his breath.

"You better stick to big ware," Mr. Biggers said.

"Maybe I had," Franklin Pierce said.

He was aware of Burd, on his right, pounding a ball. The boy was watching them with frightened eyes, but there was a quality of excitement in him too. He was hoping to see Franklin Pierce stand up to his nemesis, though not believing it would really happen. Franklin Pierce continued his work, queerly dissatisfied with himself. Mr. Biggers stared at him for another moment and moved on.

At three o'clock Franklin Pierce finished his day's work and went home. One of the fastest turners in the business, he could always finish enough ware by then to make all the money he wanted,

and his leisure was valuable to him. But leisure in Beacon, he found even that first afternoon, wasn't of much use to him. His books were read, and there were no more to be had in town. He could study the daily Sentinel, line by line, have a glass of beer in the saloon at sundown, and stand in front of the barbershop and talk with other loungers. Then there was nothing to do except eat supper and go to bed. In a week he was heartily sick of it, and the soles of his feet were growing uneasy.

Working at the pottery didn't improve his temper. The second morning he found his ware made the previous day cracked and warped by too much heat in the dryer. Making inquiries, he found Mr. McClaren had ordered the heat turned up. That was either ignorance too abysmal for any potter or a deliberate desire to ruin the pots. Favoring the latter explanation, Franklin Pierce tackled Mr. McClaren. He didn't offer to quit, because he suspected that was what the owner wanted; but he did raise a loud enough rumpus to attract the attention of Mr. Biggers. Mr. McClaren promptly offered to stand all losses from the time the pots left Franklin Pierce's wheel. No other pottery in the country did that. A big-ware turner was responsible for breakage until his ware left the dryer. Wondering if he was dreaming, Franklin Pierce returned to work.

The next day there was more trouble. The clay was too stiff to turn. Franklin Pierce sent it back to the pugmill for regrinding. The pugmill man told him Mr. McClaren had ordered the consistency changed. This time Franklin Pierce didn't complain. It was easier to circumvent the crazy owner by simply having the clay ground again when the turning went too hard. Ordinarily he would have quit long ago. Since he had been a full-fledged turner, he had never endured

(Continued on Page 59)

Letters Not to the Editor

THE following letter was written by Jacob Philip Rudin, a rabbi of Great Neck, Long Island, New York, and now a chaplain in the United States Navy, to the fathers and mothers of servicemen in his community. It was published originally in the Temple Beth-el Bulletin of Great Neck and, because its message has such universality, the Post asked and was granted permission to reprint it.

Dear Parents: Your son has just been called into service and I know how heavy your hearts are. I know your unvoiced dread. I certainly would not try to argue that dread out of existence. It is a real dread, with a substance all its own, and it will not be denied.

I would only say this to you: You must not live in terms of your fears and anxieties and dreads. You must live by your hope, by your courage and by your faith. These will sustain you; your fears will not.

But I don't want to talk about these things. I don't think that they are the most important things, really. I think, however, that I do know what is most important; what your son thinks is most important.

He thinks this: "Mother and dad, don't you worry about me and don't feel sorry for me. I'll be all right! I'm off to help in the most important job a fellow ever had to do. I'm going out to defend America. I don't mean the America we studied about in geography books and history books and political-science texts. That isn't the America I'm going to defend. America, for me, is Great Neck. America is a million Great Necks. America is our temple. It's my favorite newspaper. It's my friends—Catholics, Protestants and Jews. America is the home we live in, our quiet street, the back yard. It's even the crab grass in the lawn.

"I don't want anybody to touch my America, I don't want anybody to tell me that Great Neck isn't mine any more. I don't want to see the temple doors barred against me. I don't want our home destroyed. I don't want our street touched.

"I'm glad I'm going. I'll go wherever they send me and I'll go most willingly. I won't even mind being sent thousands of miles across the seas. I would a million times rather fight the enemy on his soil than have to defend myself against him on my own. As long as I have anything to say about it, you will never hear what an enemy bomb sounds like and you will never see what enemy tanks look like. We'll keep our landscape clean—and quiet.

"The men who know say that this is a big war, but I have my own private way of looking at it. I see it as quite a little war. It is no bigger than my heart. It takes in you, my mother and dad, sis, the home I live in, my neighbor next door and my friends.

"That's not a big war. Yet, maybe it is, at that. Maybe it's really bigger than the biggest country and the widest ocean. I guess what I'm actually fighting for is for love, for parents, for brotherhood, for the friendly light shining in the front-room window. Those are my America.

"So don't you sit around crying and grieving for me. Keep a grin on your face and a song in your heart for America. Just remember that as long as I am thousands of miles away, so is the enemy. This is his back doorstep I'm on. He's not on yours. Which is exactly the way I intend to keep it. So long, folks; I'll be back as soon as I can."

That, dear friends, is what your son is saying. May God bring your boy back to you, in victory and in health, speedily.

Very sincerely yours,
—JACOB PHILIP RUDIN.

Your good health ★★★ take care of it!

To stay on the job—to keep working—to do your share for victory, you *just have to* stay healthy. It's your American duty.

A good toothbrush is as necessary to health as good tools are to your work. And taking care of your teeth, having a smile that's bright and sparkling, is one beauty treatment that pays off in health.

So get rid of your soggy, worn toothbrush without a moment's delay and get a truly quality brush—a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft.

Miracle-Tuft's "EXTON" brand bristling and scientifically shaped brush head assure more efficient cleansing—outside, inside and between the teeth.

Its unique sterilized glass packaging means germ-free delivery into your hands. And the full year of effective service that it alone offers makes Miracle-Tuft the best buy for anyone's money. Get a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft today.

ONLY DR. WEST'S Miracle-Tuft OFFERS THESE exclusive advantages

1. *"EXTON" brand bristling. Now water-proofed for even longer life, more efficient tooth-cleansing.*
2. *Surgically sterile glass packaging—for germ-free delivery to you.*
3. *A full year of effective service for you. Guaranteed by Dr. West's.*

And at 25¢, the super value brush of the day...

DR. WEST'S "25"—*an outstanding brush value made possible by production-line methods. As fine a brush as it is possible to make at anywhere near this price.*

(Continued from Page 57)

such conditions. But now he held stubbornly to his wheel in the rapidly dying pottery.

What held him he would not admit, even to himself. Certainly it wasn't Beacon. And the pottery was merely another pottery; the country was full of them. Perhaps it was Mallie, for there weren't very many Mallies in the world. Nearly every morning and evening he encountered her at the fence, and they exchanged a few words. He had a feeling she waited for him, and that she counted a lot on their little noncommittal conversations. He counted more on them himself than he should have. They were the only spots of color in a grim country.

Three weeks went by. One afternoon, as Franklin Pierce passed the cottage on the way home, Mallie came out with a rush. There were the remnants of tears in her eyes, and he felt a sudden twinge in his heart. He stopped and uncovered. "You look upset, Miss Malvina," he said.

"I had a fight with my father today," she said.

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"I'm going to marry Mr. Biggers, and he doesn't want me to."

Franklin Pierce caught himself swallowing empty air, a bad taste in his mouth. "Has Mr. Biggers proposed?"

"Not yet," Mallie said, "but I'll have to let him. I'm twenty-two years of age, Mr. Sullivan, and I don't want to end up an old maid."

Fresh moisture came in her eyes, and the conviction stabbed him that she was thinking of Burd. "Nobody else in Beacon will even look at me."

"Do you want to marry him?" Franklin Pierce asked.

"I reckon I don't," Mallie said.

Franklin Pierce drew a long breath and entered upon a path it was inevitable that he should take. "Miss Malvina, could you find it possible to invite me to your house tonight?"

"Why, yes, I could." She stared at him, not daring to hope. "Mr. Biggers is coming over."

"I'll be pleased to meet him."

Presently, when he had resumed tramping on the hot road, Franklin Pierce cursed himself. He had embarked on something he couldn't turn back from, and the end of the adventure scared him. He wasn't afraid of Mr. Biggers, but of himself. Mallie, the way he was thinking of her, meant the end of booming. If he displaced Mr. Biggers, the Hillside would be his last pottery. He was beginning to sweat in the heat, which surprised him.

Franklin Pierce arrived first at the McClaren house, freshly shaven and dressed in his good black suit. The parlor was very pleasant, with velours furniture and a marble-topped table. Mr. McClaren and his daughter sat waiting to receive him, and Mallie was dressed in the latest style of shirtwaist and skirt. Franklin Pierce forgot his self-searchings when he looked at her. Mr. McClaren seemed nervous and upset, but Mallie's eyes were shining.

Shortly after, Mr. Biggers appeared. His little eyes flicked wide open when he saw Franklin Pierce, and he didn't shake hands with him. He took little part in the conversation the rest of the evening, contenting himself with dogged watching. Franklin Pierce noted that Mr. Biggers was not long on the social graces.

Mallie played the piano and sang, and showed Franklin Pierce samples of the mottoes she was burning in wood with an electric needle. Mr. McClaren talked politics, and Franklin Pierce told them of his visit to Washington and how he had happened to see President McKinley driving in a carriage along Pennsylvania Avenue. The time passed pleasantly enough, despite the presence of Mr. Biggers, and Franklin Pierce disliked the thought of leaving when he finally rose. Mr. Biggers got up with him. Mallie saw them to the door.

"Tomorrow night Mrs. Grant's church is giving an ice-cream social," Franklin Pierce said. "I wonder if you would care to accompany me, Miss Malvina?"

"I would be delighted, Mr. Sullivan," Mallie replied.

She watched with a worried face as the two men went off together in the darkness, observing how Mr. Biggers towered over Franklin Pierce. Behind her in the parlor, her father was doing a happy little war dance.

Franklin Pierce and Mr. Biggers walked for a considerable period in silence. Mr. Biggers seemed depressed, as he usually did when he hadn't had a drink for a while. Finally they came to the parting of the ways, where Mr. Biggers had to turn off for the shack in which he bached.

"This has been a very pleasant evening," Franklin Pierce said. "I enjoy polite conversation, and there isn't much of it in Beacon."

"Uh-huh," Mr. Biggers said.

"I find it hard to make friends in Beacon."

"That's too bad," Mr. Biggers said. "I think you are going to need them if you go to that social tomorrow night."

"I hope not," Franklin Pierce said. "However, perhaps I will make a few friends at the social. Good night, Mr. Biggers."

The next day Mr. Biggers avoided him at the pottery, and Franklin Pierce had the impression that the foreman was loath to act and was relying more on threat than violence. After supper that night he put on his best and hired a rig. He and Mallie went to the social in style, and sat under the trees at the rear of the church and ate ice cream mixed with starlight. Mallie had never been gayer, and her cheeks were bright with excitement. There were whisperings around them, and eyes watched them covertly. Everyone knew of Mr. Biggers. Franklin Pierce, for his part, had forgotten him. He saw suddenly that Mallie was beautiful, and drowning sensations rose in his throat. Then he remembered Burd.

On the drive home he held one of Mallie's cold hands. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Malvina," he said. "I'm sure Mr. Biggers will appreciate that you must have some experience with the world."

"Mr. Biggers won't appreciate anything," Mallie said, and her hand tightened convulsively in his. "He'll be waiting for you, and he'll be mad. I wish you'd be careful. I—I have more than a friendly interest in you, Mr. Sullivan."

"That will make me doubly careful," Franklin Pierce said. He hesitated miserably. "Is it the same interest you have in Burd Graham?"

"I don't want to talk about Burd," Mallie said.

He escorted her to her door, and they squeezed hands again in farewell. Then he returned the rig to the livery stable and walked to the boardinghouse through menacing, quiet darkness. Mr. Biggers was waiting for him on the shadowy front porch. Franklin Pierce's knuckles tightened, and he tensed himself. But Mr. Biggers only handed him an envelope. "There's your pay," Mr. Biggers said, "in full. It's my own money. You're through, Sullivan. If you come out to the shop in the morning, I'll cut your heart out."

Franklin Pierce considered returning the envelope. But there was no use anticipating trouble, and taking it didn't commit him. He put it in his pocket. Mr. Biggers glared at him for a second, and walked away. Up in his room, Franklin Pierce briefly reviewed things after he had undressed and turned off the gas. Whatever the other arguments, there was a lady in distress. He had no choice but to tangle with Mr. Biggers. That settled, he went peacefully to sleep.

Going to work in the morning he passed the office, and both Mr. McClaren and Mr. Biggers were in there. The two men stared at him speechlessly. Burd's face grew pale as Franklin Pierce entered. He started hastily pounding a ball.

Franklin Pierce was heading for the dryer to change into his working clothes, when suddenly he noticed the room was full of lurking, silent men. Word had spread through the pottery, and they were coming to see the fight. Then Mr. Biggers entered, and he had his bowie knife in his right hand. Hanging to his free arm was Mr. McClaren, pleading with him. Mr. Biggers shook him off.

Swinging about, Franklin Pierce planted his back against a wall. Burd dropped the ball of clay in his hands and got out of the way. Mr. Biggers paused and stared at Franklin Pierce with his little red eyes. He was giving Franklin Pierce a chance to run. An idea struck Franklin Pierce, and he moved closer to the turning wheel.

"I was exaggerating a little when I said I was going to cut your heart out, Sullivan," Mr. Biggers said. "I'm only going to notch you up a little."

He sprang, clumsy and heavy-footed, and Franklin Pierce side-stepped with the quickness of a coyote. As he did, he scooped up a handful of mingled clay and water in the bed of the wheel. Mr. Biggers stopped his lunge with a grunt. The slush covered his face in a thick gray smear. Franklin Pierce caught his right wrist with both hands and twisted with the steel leverage turning had taught him. Mr. Biggers yelled shrilly and the knife clattered on the floor. While the big man clawed at his face, Franklin Pierce quickly cased the knuckles of his right hand in a handkerchief. A turner's hands were his main stock in trade, and they had to be protected at any cost. Then he hit Mr. Biggers several times with the rapidity of a woodpecker hammering on a tree, and the blows sounded just as ringing. Mr. Biggers fell on his grotesque face. Everyone stood rigidly, without speaking.

Presently Mr. Biggers staggered to his feet. Franklin Pierce moved in, measuring him. Mr. Biggers retreated, shaking his head and trying to grin. For the first time since Franklin Pierce had seen him, Mr. McClaren's expression was joyous. He fumbled in his pocket for money and shoved it at Mr. Biggers. Franklin Pierce added the envelope Mr. Biggers had given him the night before.

"You're fired, Mr. Biggers," Mr. McClaren said. "Here's your time. Get out of the plant."

Mr. Biggers shambled away. Franklin Pierce gulped warm air; there was deadly panic inside him, and he had to act fast.

"I'll take my time too," he said.

Mr. McClaren stared at him. "I was wondering how you'd like to be foreman, Mr. Sullivan," he said. "This pottery isn't as bad as it seems. I've been deliberately running it down so Mr. Biggers wouldn't think it worth his while to marry my daughter."

"No, thank you."

"Mallie would be mighty pleased if you stayed on."

Franklin Pierce thought of Mallie, and his heart beat faster. The tall girl was as full and rich as the clay. He could do much with her and the pottery. It would be nice to have a business of his own. Beacon had plenty of natural gas. If it were to be piped out to the kilns, he could make as good ware as they made in New Jersey. But that meant staying in Beacon. It meant taking Mallie away from Burd, and Burd was made for Beacon—and Mallie. He felt his feet itching intolerably.

"I'll take my time," Franklin said.

As he turned to leave, he noticed Burd. The boy was watching him with his mouth slightly open.

"Pay my respects to Miss Malvina," Franklin Pierce said, "if you happen to visit her tonight. I'm afraid I won't have an opportunity of saying good-by to her."

At the station Franklin Pierce checked his suitcase by express to Amarillo. He was wearing his old clothes again and he had a book under his arm and he looked moderately happy.

"Hitting the grit again, huh?" Creighton said, not surprised.

"Yes," Franklin Pierce replied. "*Adios.*"

He walked out in the yard to wait for a freight. The huge figure of Mr. Biggers rose from a lumber pile and loomed in front of him.

Franklin Pierce got out his handkerchief to wrap over his knuckles. But Mr. Biggers' yellow teeth were bared in what was intended as an ingratiating smile. Even his black eye was cordial.

"Hello, boomer," he said. "Which way you heading?"

"California, I think," Franklin Pierce said. "I understand they have some very good potteries out there."

"That's what I hear myself. Mind i I go with you?"

"It would relieve my mind," Franklin Pierce said, "if you did."

"Mr. Frolingsbusch! Mr. Frolingsbusch! Speak to me!"

THE JANUARY PROMISE

(Continued from Page 10)

would require an amendment. This might postpone the founding. The rub was that the President and the prime minister could not between them amend the declaration. That required the consent of the other powers, including Russia.

Mr. Roosevelt had no wish to see the conditions of the pact reopened with Moscow. In exchange for a clause indirectly exempting Russia from the war on Japan—a war Stalin had no intention of fighting in any case, unless attacked—the Kremlin had accepted the American draft without a quibble. The declaration pledged the signatories to uphold "religious freedom." The phrase was the President's, and the fact that the Soviet Union was now bound by an international agreement to protect liberty of conscience pleased him. The President is genuinely solicitous about that liberty. Roosevelt holds that the Russian revolution—as others before it—has matured to the point of abandoning hostility to organized faith. He likes to encourage such progress in tolerance. The Atlantic Charter was mute on religious freedom, hence he was doubly eager to have such a stipulation in the grand alliance.

Apart from its timing, Churchill's eleventh-hour proposal raised a delicate issue. This Government and the British had not seen eye to eye on the Christmas Eve seizure of St. Pierre and Miquelon by a Free French naval party under Admiral Muselier. The United States, in fact, had signified its disapproval through our minister at Ottawa. Secretary Hull, still smoldering over the affront to this country's senior position in American waters and fearing derangement of his subtle, far-reaching policy toward Vichy, shrewdly suspected that De Gaulle and Muselier had enjoyed distinguished British patronage. That suspicion he had put bluntly to Churchill at a plain-spoken session in the White House the day after Christmas, a session from which the President stood aside.

The President stood aside because he was less directly involved with our Vichy-North-African-Caribbean policy than was Hull. At the same time, he supported that policy completely. The President was willing to waive the status of the Free French in the interest of his schedule. He suggested to Churchill that the adherence of the Free French could be decided in subsequent conversations. The prime minister, however, stood fast. When the President objected that stickling on the point would throw the organization of the United Nations over to an indefinite date, Churchill countered it could be settled on the spot—that the representatives of the allied nations would agree at once, if asked.

Over that supposition the leaders jawed amiably for a time. Then the President, to test it, sent for Ambassador Litvinov. If Russia, often touchier on diplomatic technicalities than the western powers, consented at once, the day might be saved. The Russian presented a welcome element of chance. Each of the English-speaking statesmen had, so to speak, placed a mind bet on how he would react.

Although Litvinov's forebears were no doubt keeping a store in a muddy Polish village when Churchill's ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, was defeating the French at Blenheim, the two men possess a remarkable physical similarity—each resembles a humorous, determined and shopworn cherub. They might be taken for blood cousins.

On another plane, all three conferees had one thing in common—each had advocated collective security in the years before 1939 brought World War II. Litvinov had done this as Foreign Commissar and member of the League of Nations Council. Churchill fought for such a policy as a private member of Parliament. The President took the same stand most aggressively in his 1937 quarantine speech in Chicago.

The Churchill-Litvinov colloquy proved brief. Employing his best House of Commons persuasiveness, the Briton hoped that the Russian could see his way clear to initialing the amendment. This Litvinov, bound by the Kremlin's iron discipline, gutturally and politely declined to do. He could, of course, cable for fresh instructions. This was what the President had dreaded. When Churchill showed no signs of abandoning his persuasions, the President promptly took a hand.

"Now, Winston," he said, "don't you think you've carried this as far as possible? The ambassador can't agree without word from home, which might take days, and I'm sure you don't want to hold up the pact." The President, impatient of formality in personal intercourse, invariably addresses the prime minister by his first name. On his part, Churchill, perhaps out of the deference due the chief of a state by the chief of government of another, as invariably calls Roosevelt "Mr. President."

Under the circumstances, Churchill yielded with good grace. And very soon his wishes were met. Early in January, the State Department, after consultations, announced that under the proper circumstances such agencies as the Free French might adhere to the declaration. As this is written, however, none of the so-called free groups has taken advantage of the opening.

The way having been cleared and T. V. Soong, the Chinese Foreign Minister, called in, the representatives of the four great powers thereupon signed the declaration. Roosevelt's aggressive scrawl led off, followed by Churchill, Litvinov and Soong. By their signatures, the statesmen linked countries embracing half of the earth's surface and population and three fourths of its wealth in an alliance for war and peace.

Committing their nations to world reorganization and a continuing world structure, the ceremonies were, nevertheless, as casual as a congressional committee meeting on the Hill. The Oval study was no Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. This was by intent, for this ceremony was designed to mark the beginning of a democratic new order. Because of the uncertainty introduced by Churchill, the representatives of the other twenty-two states were not asked to sign that day. They completed the charter

(Continued on Page 62)

IF YOUR POST IS LATE

Despite the fine job which our overloaded transportation system is doing, all kinds of transportation in wartime are uncertain. Military supplies, of course, must take precedence over civilian shipments. The Curtis magazines are shipped from Philadelphia in what would normally be ample time to reach you on the regular publication date. If your Post is late, it is from conditions beyond our control.

Third floor back...

● It's 4 p.m. on a quiet street in a big city.

A slip of a girl, with a suitcase a little too heavy for her, climbs the brownstone steps and rings the bell.

Her heart is beating a little fast, but it's not from the weight of the suitcase.

She's wondering what it will be like, living in a furnished room, so far from home.

She's hoping she'll make good at her new job.

She's thinking that maybe now she understands a little bit of what Tom must have felt when he said goodbye and left for camp.

But she's not going back till it's over.

Millions of men and women today are finding themselves in strange surroundings—in situations they couldn't have imagined a few years ago. They are giving up their pleasures and comforts—and often much more—to bring future good to the whole world. And they don't mind—too much—because it will be worth it.

Industry, too, has put aside for the duration its never-ending job of supplying those pleasures and comforts which have helped to make life fuller and better in America than anywhere else in the world. Industry is working today with strange new materials, toward grimmer goals—but working with the *same ingenuity and skill, organization and experience, initiative and resourcefulness*. For these things are as much a part of American industry as they are of Americans.

And because they are, we have not found today's production task, big as it is, too big. Because they are, we shall not find tomorrow's challenge, great as it will be, too great. With new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics, offering hope and fuller opportunity; but with the old American ingenuity and courage and enterprise—we shall face the task of building a better world. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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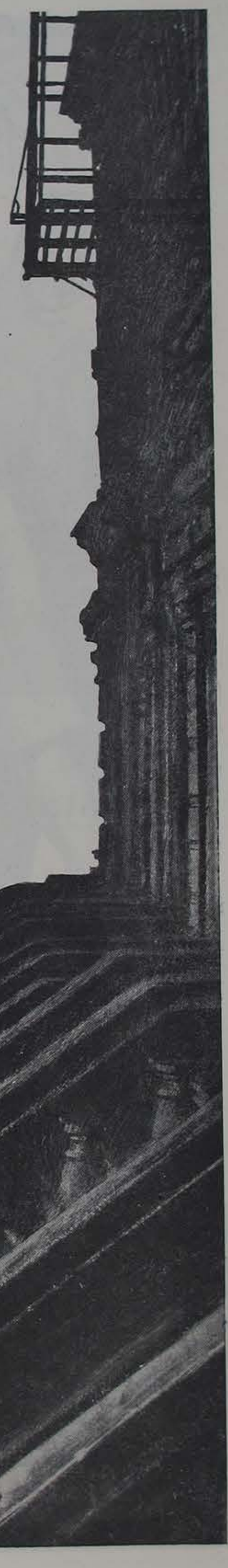

(Continued from Page 60)

roll the next day in the office of Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, signing also under date of January first.

Trivial in itself, the President's New Year's intervention was an accurate herald of important developments. It can be no secret that, while United States-Soviet understanding before the North African landings lacked something in completeness, the *entente* between Moscow and London had been definitely strained. In December of 1941, Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, found a "legacy of mutual suspicion" impairing his efforts to negotiate a Russo-British alliance in Moscow. That legacy, far antedating the Soviet Union, was to roil Anglo-Soviet relations. It was Roosevelt who moderated the negotiations concluding the Anglo-Soviet treaty, signed last May. It was Roosevelt who fathered the North African second front and Roosevelt who refereed the second-front dispute itself as far as possible. The President also effectually blocked Moscow's demand for advance acknowledgment of claims to the territories in the Baltic area, the Carpathians and the Danube delta obtained by Stalin through his treaty with Hitler in 1939.

Despite that blockade of the Kremlin's desires, Russian displeasure fell more heavily on the British than the American Government. Churchill was the author of Britain's pro-Russian policy in June, 1941. Britain lived up to her supply commitments at least as abundantly as we. The sympathy of the British public was lavished on the hard-pressed Russians as heartily as the American. Yet Stalin consistently turned toward Roosevelt rather than Churchill. One of the big reasons was, of course, the difference of warmth the two men exhibited in making the January promise.

In reality, there seems no ground for believing that Churchill was any less keen for an invasion of Europe than Roosevelt. And, although the Atlantic powers were unable to redeem the promise to the letter, the record of their effort supports no charge of bad faith. From January to June, when the North African expedition finally was resolved upon, the President and prime minister, with their military advisers, explored every means of fulfilling the pledge. Each mile of the European coast from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay was diligently studied, with a view to its use as an invasion foothold.

Stalin's Stand

A fact too often overlooked is that Roosevelt and Churchill had motives for invading Europe equally as strong as those urged by the Russians. To those reasons Stalin referred, somewhat cryptically, in an address to the Moscow Soviet last November sixth, when he declared a second European front "no less essential for our allies than us." He added, "Our allies must understand that after the fall of France the absence of a second front can mean catastrophe for them."

Before the promise was made, Roosevelt and Churchill already had determined to concentrate the strength of the Atlantic powers against Hitler first. That decision was not foisted upon the President, as some profess to believe, but is one which grew out of our war policy from June, 1940, to Pearl Harbor, as well as being part of our long-range Atlantic policy. The Atlantic policy, which has summed up for a half century our balance-of-power relationships with the European side of the Atlantic, carried us into this war—as it did World War I—as much as any policy brings on participation in war.

Saving the Pieces

To Roosevelt and Churchill, therefore, the January promise was much more than a generous act toward a loyal ally. A logical application of their will to knock out Hitler first, it also corresponded to what they thought to be the political realities of the Anglo-American situation. If the western democracies were to salvage the civilization of western Europe—fulfilling their pledges to the French, the Dutch, the Poles and other subjugated peoples—they would require ground forces there against the day when defeat in the east, exhaustion or internal revolution destroyed the Wehrmacht.

Otherwise, with Nazi authority ended, there would be no law over vast areas of the continent. Europe, beset by hunger, fear and private vengeance, might fall prey to civil war, leading to fresh horrors. These considerations were so fundamental to the Roosevelt-Churchill decision that they went almost without saying.

Before fixing on a front in Europe, the President canvassed with his guest the advantages of a flank approach by way of North Africa. In his speech in the House of Commons after the occupation, Churchill described Roosevelt as the "author of this mighty undertaking," recalling also that in January the President felt that "French North Africa was specially suitable for American intervention in the western theater."

Roosevelt's interest in that region was political and historical, as well as strategical. Since the fall of 1940, it had been our self-allotted task to keep French Africa out of Axis hands. To do that, we had become established there diplomatically. A close student of American foreign policy, the President, moreover, was aware that in 1906 at the Algeciras Conference, we had displayed more than a casual interest in Morocco. Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root, his Secretary of State, thwarted Germany's desire for the port of Casablanca when Britain and France had been willing to satisfy Berlin during these forgotten crucial days of 1906. As Root saw it, we did not wish Germany as a neighbor on the Atlantic.

The January promise, made without benefit of close military calculations, was referred at once to the chiefs of the armed services, American and British. Upon the organization of the Combined Chiefs of Staff on February 6, 1942, the problem was passed to that body. Representing this country on the combined staffs were Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army; Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations; and Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces. The Britons were Field Marshal Sir John Dill, recently chief of the Imperial General Staff; Adm. Sir Charles J. C. Little, Lt. Gen. Sir Henry

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MUSIC

The late Sir Beerbohm Tree was once passing into Gloucester Cathedral to attend a festival. He heard a man arguing excitedly with a steward, who refused to let him enter without his ticket, which he declared he had lost. Losing his temper, the disappointed one demanded rhetorically, "Do you think tickets will be required to enter heaven?"

"Possibly not, sir," was the reply, "but Madame —— will not be singing there."

STILL MORE TOASTS,
Helen M. Muller,
H. W. Wilson Co., 1935.

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302

What Your Doctor Orders...

Filling a prescription is next in importance to writing it. For that reason there exists between pharmacist and doctor a close professional relationship.

And just as it takes something to be a doctor, so does it take something to be a pharmacist. It takes years of study to learn the properties and uses of drugs and medicines, and the scrupulously exact methods of compounding them. It takes a lifetime of study to keep abreast of the developments that are continually being made in the pharmaceutical field.

Because the pharmacist's services, like the doctor's, are vital to the health of the community, he is licensed by the State only after a searching examination into his educational background, his pharmaceutical knowledge and his integrity.

The confidence your doctor has in your pharmacist is a tribute both to the man and to the profession he serves. He merits from you the same degree of confidence that he has already earned from your doctor.

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FINE PHARMACEUTICALS SINCE 1886

IT TAKES MONEY TO WIN — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

(Continued from Page 62)

Colville Wemyss and Air Marshal Arthur T. Harris.

Early in March the combined chiefs reported to the White House and Downing Street that they saw no hope of a successful invasion of Europe before the spring of 1943. The Battle of the Atlantic then was in full tilt. Roosevelt and Churchill, conferring by telephone, bade the staffs recheck their findings. Toiling overtime in the Public Health Building in Washington, the generals and admirals, with their experts, re-examined their calculations, conning ship losses, studying cumulative weather reports and striking new balances in aircraft, ordnance, supply and manpower. The great bottleneck was shipping.

A month later the military chiefs brought in a report even less encouraging. They advised the President and prime minister against undertaking a frontal move on the European Continent before the midyear of 1943. Reminding the military that the promise called for action in 1942, Roosevelt packed Marshall, with Harry Hopkins, off to London for a further estimate. Out of the talks of the Americans with the prime minister and the British military leaders came the conviction that any attempt to strike in force across the Channel or North Sea in 1942 would be disastrous. No responsible statesman in London or Washington thereafter regarded a second European front as more than a dim possibility. The judgment of the military was too well supported by factual evidence.

A ray of hope was, however, opened in certain preliminary discussions of the North African theater. On the evening before the Americans were to return, British staff men dug out of their files a plan for invading French North Africa which had been gathering dust for months. The Americans brought a copy of this tactical calculation home.

At about this time Molotov was invited to visit the English-speaking powers to receive at first hand the adverse estimates of the second front and also to conclude negotiation of the Anglo-Soviet treaty, which had been hanging fire all winter. Stalin still was insisting upon acknowledgment of his claims to historic Russian outposts in Europe. These windows on the west had fallen under Russian rule during two centuries of imperialist expansion when the czars advanced their borders from the Baltic to the Pacific, bringing millions of non-Russian peoples under their eagles. The lands—lost to Russia in World War I, largely restored after the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 gave Moscow freedom of action in the west—were now buried under Nazi occupation.

In December, Eden had reported to Churchill at the White House his fear that Stalin would not recede from his position that these boundaries, antedating the Russo-German war and his ties with the west, were no concern of the western powers. Eden's dispatches disquieted Churchill and the President. Both statesmen sympathized with the security motives impelling Stalin. Churchill, moreover, understood the depth and tenacity of an imperial tradition.

Yet neither was willing to underwrite the boundaries of 1939. Such a settlement would prejudice the organization of collective security in the postwar world and alarm small nations. The claims seemed a cynical transgression of the Atlantic Charter's guarantees. Roosevelt, with due regard to the American public opinion which had condemned the Soviet war on Finland and the annexation of the Baltic republics and Eastern Poland, could not accept such claims.

As the negotiations dragged along, however, British resistance had weakened. Churchill, head of a government

standing in daily dread of the Nazis and understandably fearful of developments which might conceivably leave England in the lurch in Europe, receded slowly. Eden capitulated. Then Churchill was outvoted in the War Cabinet. Only Roosevelt remained in opposition. The proposed treaty was, of course, no direct concern of this Government's. Yet Roosevelt had no hesitancy in speaking in the name of the United States, the United Nations and the Atlantic Charter. Neither Moscow nor London wished to alienate so powerful a voice.

The issue was at stalemate when Molotov reached London in the third week of May, bringing no concessions. Three days later, however, the Foreign Commissar yielded, on instructions from Moscow. The twenty-year defensive alliance signed by himself and Eden ignored the disputed territories, placing itself in line with the Atlantic Charter and the Declaration of Washington. It further specifically pledged the signatories against "seeking territorial aggrandizement for themselves" and to "noninterference in the affairs of other states." Whatever the future held, Britain was not committed to the Soviet position. Disclaimers by Eden and Molotov of secret clauses were accepted at face value in Washington.

In London, the second-front difficulties were fully represented to Molotov and his military staff. As a clincher, Churchill handed the Russian a "written document" which, in the prime minister's words, made it "perfectly clear that, while we were preparing to make a landing in 1942, we could not promise to do so." Molotov heard the same story in Washington—though in neither capital was the door finally closed on redemption of the January promise. At the end of his talks with the President came a joint statement, the Roosevelt-Molotov memorandum, expressing agreement on the "urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." The allied press noted the ambiguity of the reference and deduced that it contained no promise.

A controversy ensued, more acute in England than here. In September the British censors allowed Raymond Daniell, the New York Times correspondent, to cable his paper that both Churchill and Eden had opposed the unclear language of the statement. Thereafter references appeared in the American press to a supposed dispute between the President and the prime minister carried on by telephone. The President does not remember that the discussion reached the proportions of a dispute. If real differences were stated, he resolved them in favor of Molotov. For, as the White House recalls it, the second-front phraseology was Molotov's and not Roosevelt's.

What happened was this: a draft of a joint statement was made at the State Department, based on suggestions by the President and Molotov. When the statement went to Molotov, he revised the language respecting the second front. Roosevelt had meanwhile gone to Hyde Park. The Russian party was standing by, ready to fly for England and home at the first indication of clear weather. Roosevelt's approval was, of course, essential before Molotov departed. The text, as changed by Molotov, was thereupon telegraphed to Hyde Park, the President accepted it, and on the morning of his departure the Foreign Commissar was able to get the official English text from the White House. There seems little doubt that Molotov's version referred, however obliquely, to the January promise. The exigencies of Russia's internal situation, the advisability of keeping the enemy in the dark and the existence of the promise, all seem to have entered into the phraseology.

Balked of European invasion in 1942, the President returned in April to North Africa. At first Dakar was suggested as a landing place. The President opposed that at once, holding that a landing there would provoke Axis occupation of French North Africa. He maintained also that possession of Dakar, while removing a threat to Brazil and furnishing the allies a naval and air base against Axis undersea power, would still place our forces hundreds of miles from the Mediterranean and Europe. At each mention of Dakar, he inquired challengingly, "Where do we go from there?"

The Dakar project was soon abandoned, but for many weeks it served the allied war of nerves. Talk of a landing there was not discouraged. Axis propagandists came finally to accept gossip about Dakar as real information, and broadcast these rumors.

During May the broad outlines of a North African offensive were sketched by the President, Marshall, King and Arnold and the Combined Staffs. A proposal to land only in Morocco, taking Casablanca and Rabat and striking off by rail for Algeria and Tunisia, was vetoed by Roosevelt. In that case, he said, we would have to race the Nazis for Algeria and might be beaten. Air-force opinion in Britain and here for a time opposed moving into the Mediterranean, because of the concentrated Axis air power in Tunisia, Sicily and, perchance, Spain. The State Department was sounded on the possibility of obtaining assurances from Franco against the use of Spain by Nazi air power. Through it all Roosevelt insisted upon a thorough job, the occupation of both Algeria and Morocco.

Roosevelt invited Churchill to revisit Washington, so that the decision might be promptly concerted. The prime minister, arriving on June eighteenth, assented at once. There remained only the colossal, four-month task of organizing the expedition.

Meanwhile, military news grew worse. Sevastopol was yielding to the Nazi artillery. The Eighth Army was staggering back in Libya. Three days after his arrival, on Sunday, the twenty-first, Churchill got the news of Tobruk—where 25,000 empire troops were surrendered to Rommel—when he joined the President for breakfast. Churchill weathered the shock. The allied plans depended in considerable measure on holding Egypt and striking back at Rommel.

"We'll hold Egypt," said the prime minister.

The Roosevelt-Churchill statement of June twenty-seventh avoided mention of a second front. It promised only that the "coming operations" would "divert German strength from the attack on Russia." The Atlantic powers were in full agreement on the next step. But there remained the job of gaining the acquiescence of Russia. That task would not be easy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Davis giving the hitherto unpublished story of how the North African second front came.

SHARP WORK AT THE DUCK & EGG

(Continued from Page 23)

This was Mr. Con Davern, retired Canarsie businessman. Rodney looked at Belle and at her visitor, and as he was about to speak Whispell, who had always been a part of the background pattern in a conference, moved into the light and coughed for recognition.

"Why, Whispell!" gasped Belle, stunned by his finery.

"Con," said Rod easily, "this is our Mr. Whispell. . . . Disbro, meet Mr. Davern."

Davern and Whispell shook hands.

"Now then," said Rod sternly, as too much bon-homie was bad for business, "read me back the minutes of the meeting," and he leaned on Whispell's chair and looked at Belle.

Instantly Belle recaptured her former mood. "Con Davern is a Shylock, and he'll be the ruin of me! He knows I have sold and promised delivery of the ice plant to this Sea Dog, Incorporated, which is even now pouring cement for the foundations of a new canteen near the Coast Guard base."

"I'll sell you the plant, my child," said Davern, in his rich brogue.

"But what way will you sell it?" Belle turned appealingly to Rod. "That ice-plant equipment is buried in the construction of Con's old Duck and Egg. And Con now claims we must root out the equipment without shedding a brick! And he knew I was counting on the resale of them to reduce me wrecking costs!"

"I see no cause to damage the edifice," said Con.

"What good is the edifice?" Rodney demanded. "One day the law will force you to pull it down at your own expense."

"Till it does, leave it stand," said Con.

"Of no use to you? An eyesore on the corner? And how can I get at the installations?"

"You're a clever mechanic, Rodney boy, and the equipment is yours at the

(Continued on Page 66)

TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load, at higher speed, for greater distances than any naval dive-bomber in existence. And at the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy . . . smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

"There's just one cigarette for me—CAMEL—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T' "

says "RED" HULSE

VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE NAVY'S NEW CURTISS DIVE-BOMBER

THEY can look terrific on paper. They can meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air . . . when you *fly* it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand *is in the smoking.*

Test pilot "Red" Hulse (*right*) and countless other smokers could tell you mighty convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste . . . your own "T-Zone" . . . can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—and on the home front.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 64)

price we set," said Con, relighting his cigar, "but the building stands."

"Pull on your coat, Belle," Rodney shouted. "We'll take Mr. Davern over to the Duck and Egg, and show him why this job can't be done his way!"

"Good idea, Rod," said Whispell, and hurried into his own coat, so he'd be in time to help Belle with hers.

Con Davern stood up and, pulling on one end of a gold cable that crossed his stomach by the great-circle route, he unearthed a thick watch. "A fine idea, for it's time I fed my watchman."

As they left the office, he picked up a black satchel from the porch. Rodney took the wheel in Belle's sedan, with Belle beside him, and Whispell climbed in back with Davern.

"What's struck Whispell?" Belle whispered as they sped through the night.

Rodney was a bit annoyed with Whispell, but would not admit it. "Ah, give him a chance to let the dizziness wear off from his raise." And then Rodney thought it wise to check his chum, who was chatting freely with Con Davern. "Disbro, there's been a request for a small song!"

Instantly, Whispell swung into a bass Jingle Bells. As the sedan resounded and vibrated, Belle gave an unhappy sigh. "'Twas beautiful when we used to go alone to view a wrecking job in the moonlight. Now we're like a lot of drunks in a dump cart." She sniffed. "And the smell of fish!"

"Don't be knocking Canarsie," said Rod defensively.

For a space Belle was silent, then she announced, "You should not be pushing Con Davern. You should wheedle him."

"I'm not a wheedling man," stated Rodney, attempting to shout with a lowered voice. "You have him down in writing, of course?"

"I have not. And who could get Con's pen to a contract?"

Rodney groaned. "So you've sold something you do not in any way possess? Belle, will you never tire of tap dancing on trap doors? It was me fond hope to clean up this job and be on me way with the fleet."

"You're starting that again? After all I've done for you and your friend Whispell? That's me reward, is it?"

"Hush," Rod muttered. "We're giving comfort to the enemy, who can hear us above the roar of our choir boy," and he turned the car to the curb.

Whispell let his song down to a hum. Davern took his bag, and they all got out on the sidewalk and stared at a two-story brick building. It stood at a street intersection. Behind it was a public parking lot, and at one corner there was a deep square recess, with the overhang of the upper story supported by a single brick column.

Belle stayed at the car, and Whispell, Rodney and Davern took a swing around the old edifice. Rodney applied eye and electric torch to cracks in the boarding, and said only "H'm" until Con volunteered, "I have the keys. Want to step inside?"

"And break me neck plunging through the floors?" There was a gust of wind, and Rodney gave a start. "'Tis unsafe, even here! One of your loose bricks blew against me shin!"

Con Davern chuckled. "That's John, the watchman."

Rodney shot his flash downward. A huge tomcat was banging against his legs, purring hoarsely and snapping its tail like a whip. Whispell moved away with a nervous "Does he bite?" but Davern burst into baby talk, and opening his satchel he displayed a big fish head. Growling with joy, the cat squeezed through a broken basement window with its booty in its mouth.

"A fine hammerhead is John," said Rodney. "With his cauliflower ear and bent nose and loud scowl, he drives off the outside prowlers, while inside this old ruin, no doubt, you keep a few ravens and bats and witches. Br-r! I could swear that this whole brick store sways like a tent!"

He nudged Whispell and shot the torch beam along the walls. "Disbro, do you see those rows of black stars? They're nothing but big iron nuts on the ends of the cross rods that hold these walls together from side to side, within."

"Most of these walls are double, for insulation," said Con. "From time to time they have been braced, I'll admit."

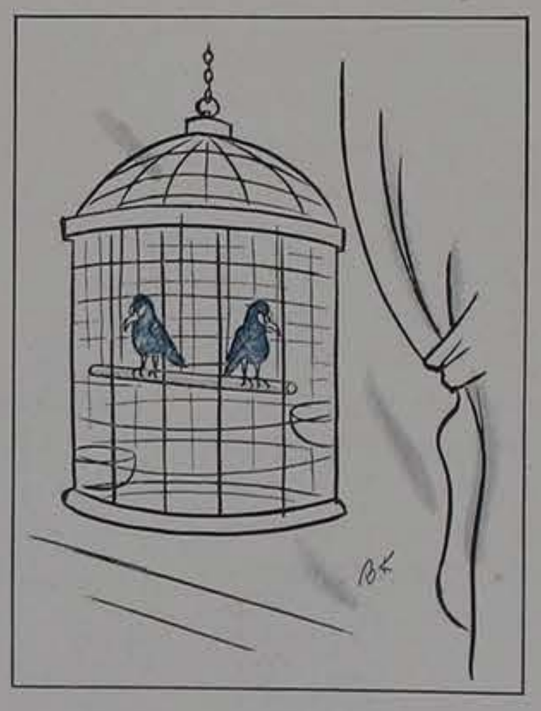
"Con," said Rodney, "man to man, why will you not part with this old shell where you've made your fortune and which has outlived itself?"

Con Davern sighed. "I can't force me mind to the decision. Inside, you'll find the pumps well greased and the whole plant in fine condition. Belle can have it at the price, but the building stands till me mind says different, and that is final."

They walked back to the car. Whispell now broke his silence. "This is quite a place you got here, Mr. Davern. I can see why you ——"

"Quiet, Disbro," said Rodney. . . . "Belle, we'll be going back to the office. . . . Con, can we drop you off somewhere?"

"I'm stepping across to the saloon. Will you join me? . . . And what do you say, Mr. Whispell?"



"No, thanks, for the lot of us," said Rodney. "We bid you good night, Cornelius."

As they drove off, Rodney was seething. "You and your wheedling!" he roared at Belle. "I gave it a try, and I even spoke well of his cat, and I got nowhere entirely! What Con Davern wants, to free him from his sog, is a light tap on each side with the edge of me fist!"

"No, no!" cried Belle. "I'll have none of your heavy ways in this! You leave it to me, for in the end I may have to close with Con for his plant without the bricks!"

"What? Have you no principles, Belle Crotty? First he promised you the bricks, and then he took them back! What right have you to give in to him, when you can use the bricks and he cannot?"

"Me ears are buzzing till I can hear no thought of me own!" said Belle. "Say no more, McQuillan. In the morning I'll ring up Con and I'll be ready with your instructions."

Rodney didn't wait until morning. Taking leave from Belle at the office, he hastened to the villa with Whispell. "Out of your robes of triumph and into your overalls!" he said, and started to change into his own working kit.

They threw tools and ropes and stanchions for a sidewalk barrier into a huge old dump truck. The truck had a front bumper of railroad iron; the cab roof was reinforced to protect it from the misaimed loads from steam shovels; and the glass from the windshield was missing.

Back they went over the route they had just traveled, and Rodney gave Whispell his orders. "This will be just what is needed to make up Con's mind for him, but I'll want nobody hurt. Keep an eye out for pedestrians and Con's old tomcat, and give me the signal."

He stopped the truck at a little distance from the Duck & Egg, and Whispell got off and went ahead. Few cars were about, and no pedestrians. Now the sky was clear, and in the sharp moonlight the bricks might have been counted.

When Whispell had made his reconnaissance, he wigwagged to Rodney. Rod got the truck well over to the opposite side of the street and built up speed. As he came to the building, he swung the wheel sharply.

The heavy truck leaped the curb, smashed into the brick pillar at the corner recess, and kept on going, with bricks thudding on the cab top and in back among the tools. Angling through a narrow areaway, the truck flattened some empty crates, and Rodney stopped it at the rear of the parking lot. His helmet had been driven to his ears by a brickbat that struck his lowered head. He worked it loose, jumped down and ran back. To his disgust, the pillar had been no real support of the overhang; it now lay in scrambled bricks, and the building did not suffer from its loss.

The crash had roused the neighborhood, and among the first to arrive was a young cop in a new uniform; and Con Davern, fresh from the saloon, with his hat in his hand and his overcoat on his arm.

"I was fetching up a truck to commence operations, and I fear I've had a bit of an accident," said Rodney.

Davern was furious. "I know you and your rough ways, Rod McQuillan! This was no accident!" Spotting the cop in the crowd, he called, "Officer, arrest this man!"

Rodney stepped close to Con Davern. "I'm about to join the Navy, and if you blacken me clean record I'll shove you down the corner catch basin!"

"I'll give him a summons," said the cop to Con, "and the judge can issue the warrant." He got out his book and motioned to Rodney. "Magistrate's court, ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"This is ruin!" cried Belle Crotty, a contralto, but now employing the soprano register. "Here I thought you were snug in the cottage I fixed for you, and you were out getting pinched!"

She glared at Rodney and Whispell, who were by no means heroic figures as they stood in the office, fumbling their crash helmets. "After all the time I've put in on Con Davern, and the expense for a full week of big steaks and chops and port wine and cigars! Here he was, ripe for the harvest, and now you've ruined the deal! Now I can't deliver, and Sea Dog will sue me into the poorhouse! Get out of here, the two of you!"

Rodney gave her a volcanic look and plucked Whispell's sleeve. In silence they retired to the villa.

"Do we start packing, Rod?" asked Whispell mournfully.

"Let it go until after court tomorrow."

Promptly at ten the next morning Rodney presented himself at magistrate's court, wearing his conservative blue serge suit and wondering what had become of Whispell. When the alarm went off Whispell had already gone, and worry was heavy on Rod. The little man might have vanished, not only from the yard but from life with Rodney.

In a glum mood, but with folded arms and a bold stare straight ahead, Rodney sat and waited. Presently fourteen young men arose at once and moved to the bar, to plead guilty of crap shooting.

(Continued on Page 69)

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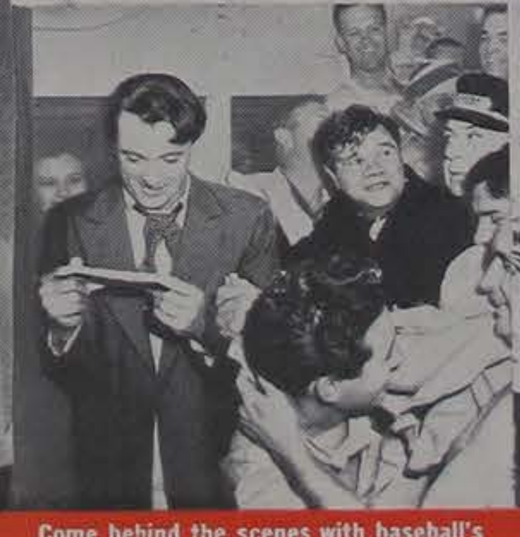

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A HIGH HONOR FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

THE NAZIS look upon us as a degenerate nation. But they have a great respect for our accomplishments. And, if they win, they may decide that we have something in our blood which they can use in building their master race.

For they're great believers in eugenics, these Nazis. They're strong for selective breeding.

You they may cast aside and put to some ignominious task, such as scrubbing the sidewalks or sweeping the streets. But your daughter...well, if she's young and healthy and strong, a Gauleiter with an eye for beauty may decide she is a perfect specimen for one of their experimental camps.

A high honor for your daughter...

Does this seem a story spun in the realm of fantasy? It isn't. It is now happening, all through Europe. The latest experiment of the victorious Nazis has been to ship Austrian and Hungarian girls to the Northern countries. The result of these unions...unblessed, of course, by matrimony...will not be known for some time. But the Nazis, you must admit, are not above innovation.

Two, three, four, five years from now they may ship American girls to some far corner of the earth ...may select your daughter...if *you* relax, if *you* fail to do your part now. If you say, hopefully, "It can't happen here. We can't lose."

No, we can't lose. We can't afford to. We must not. Else all the terrors, all the degradation, all the misery and suffering that have been loosed upon Europe will be loosed upon us. We of all people will not escape it. We shall be the chosen...we shall be the elect...in the Nazi scheme of things.

We who have only just begun to win. We who risk the danger of resting on our new-won laurels and considering the job done.

This is no time to relax. This is the time...the opportune time...to do all we can to get this war over sooner.

We *must* measure up to the job!

(Continued from Page 66)

Then the clerk called, "Rodney Q. McQuillan!"

The judge, at his high desk, bent over his writing, and as Rodney stood before him he said, without looking up, "Well, you have the appearance of a man who would step into the ring with the heavyweight champion."

"Not without a maul and two assistants, your honor."

The judge looked up briefly, adjusted his pince-nez, and resumed writing. "H'm. And are these your witnesses, or learned counsel?"

Rodney glanced quickly to right and left. At one side stood the cop who had given him the summons. At the other was Whispell, in his new suit, and with him was a thin stranger, who was noteworthy for his oily hair, spectacles, and the little mustache clamped in the vise of a fixed smile.

"I'm your attorney," said he.

"You're not!" said Rodney, ignoring Whispell's gestures.

"What's this?" demanded the judge.

"Your honor, I want no shyster appearing for me!"

The slender attorney blinked, but his smile did not change as the judge glanced at him and at Whispell. Rodney could have roared with rage as Whispell, at the moment, looked guilty of a book of crimes.

"This man is not your attorney? Then out with him!"

Rodney turned to Whispell, who now seemed hurt and resentful. "You beat it, too, Disbro, and don't come back!"

When the two had gone the judge addressed Rod sternly, "Don't attempt to take charge here, or I shall hold you in contempt of court!"

Rodney swallowed hard. "May I ask the charge against me?"

"Driving across a sidewalk illegally, to enter a parking lot. Guilty or not guilty? Come, come, McQuillan, I can't waste time."

As Rodney pondered the strange charge he saw a faint smile on the judge's face and, turning, he found Belle beside him, a stunning figure, dressed in her best.

"And are you an attorney, too, madame?" asked the judge.

Belle swept him and Rodney with a smile. "No, your honor. Mr. McQuillan is my fiancé, and whatever has happened is my fault entirely."

"The fault," said Rodney heatedly, "was mine!"

The judge frowned. "McQuillan, you are in a court of law! Lower your voice and adopt a more respectful tone!" He gave Rodney a close scrutiny. "How does it happen that a big, rugged, able-bodied man like you is not in uniform, serving his country?"

"Ah!" said Rodney, bristling. "Ask Mrs. Crotty, who owns the junk yard and wrecking business which employs me!"

"I couldn't do without him, judge," said Belle brightly. "And, judge, he was only trying to knock down this Duck and Egg ——"

"Really, now; please!" said the judge. "We must get on with this case. How do you plead, McQuillan?"

Said Rodney, "I plead not guilty, since it was not my intention to drive across a sidewalk and into a parking lot. My intention was to remove a supporting pillar of the old Canarsie Duck and Egg cold-storage plant, which is the property of Mr. Cornelius Davern. I drove a truck against the pillar as the first step in an operation to wreck the building."

Belle leaned forward to peer past Rodney. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Davern!" she said smilingly.

Rodney swung around. Con Davern now stood beside the cop, with a smile for Belle and a scowl for Rodney.

"Are you Cornelius Davern?" asked the judge. "You heard what McQuillan said? Did you employ him to wreck your building?"

"Well," said Davern, "there was talk of a deal for the equipment, but not for the structure."

Belle gasped, and Rodney burst out, "Try not to perjure yourself, Con! There was plenty of talk about the structure!"

"Silence, McQuillan!" said the judge.... "Speak up, Davern."

Con Davern darted at Rodney an angered look which included Belle. "Now there'll be no deal at all for equipment or structure, either! I wash me hands of it! After him knocking down me corner post ——"

The judge frowned. "Want a warrant for malicious mischief? Vandalism? Destruction of property?"

Davern glanced at Rodney. "No, sir. I'll drop the whole thing."

Belle cried, "Mr. Davern, you mean you'll not sell me the equipment you promised? Oh, this is wicked!"

The judge resumed his writing. "Take it to the civil courts. Dismissed! Next case," and he detained the young cop to lecture him for issuing the summons on such a charge.

Davern lingered for a word with an acquaintance in the courtroom, and Rodney followed Belle out, to the shout of a bailiff, "Take off your hat!" as Rodney, relieved, had put on his hat too soon.

The moment they were out on the sidewalk in the sunshine, Rodney availed himself of freedom of speech. "You were crowding me like a gang of pallbearers! What with Davern, and the shyster, and you, and Whispell, 'tis a wonder they didn't give me life! That shyster is the type that defends nothing but thugs and thieves! I hope Disbro didn't pay him out of his hard-earned savings!" Then he wagged his head in admiration. "'Twas as brave an act as ever I saw, when Disbro walked into court, with his terrible fear of the law!"

"And what about me?" said Belle. "With all me troubles I gave up me morning to stand by your side, and what word of thanks have I? If you'd watched your tongue, Con would not have taken offense and withdrawn the deal! Now I can't get the ice plant, leave alone the bricks, and Sea Dog will strip me clean!"

"I'll be paying off Mr. Davern at once!" said Rodney. "Haul me into court, would he? I'll stand right here, and when he comes out I'll give him me opinion on the end of each fist!"

"And the place crawling with cops? Rod, are you daft?" Belle grabbed his arm and sought to tow him to her sedan.

Big Con Davern rushed out on the sidewalk and looked up and down the street. Then he came excitedly to Rodney and Belle. "I know, I know, and I'm sorry I did it, Rod, but now it's my turn for trouble!" He paused for a groan. "I got a phone call—and there's no taxi in sight! Could you drive me to the plant?"

A fast man with a mood was Rodney. "Why, sure," he said heartily. . . . "Belle, have you your car keys?"

They all got in, and as Rodney steered away from the curb he called to Davern, in back, "What is it all, Con?"

"Me place is on fire!"

"The Duck and Egg?" cried Belle. "Mother of mercy!"

Rodney could have earned many's the summons for the speed at which he drove all the way. Belle moaned and Con groaned and Rodney stewed in silent fury. If there was any hope of a last appeal to Con, it was going up in flames at the Duck & Egg. When the fire was out, the machinery, pumps, valves, tanks and pipe lines would be but scrap metal.

As they shot around the last corner and hauled closer to Con's premises, they could see the crowd and fire engines and police cars, but no smoke rose from the building. Rodney parked as near as he could to the Duck & Egg, and he and Con Davern scrambled out.

"How did it start? How did it start?" Con demanded of a bystander.

"There's no fire, Mr. Davern. Your cat is in the walls, and they can't get him out!"

"Hijigamarusha!" shouted Rodney, for here, once more, was hope. Quelling his jubilation, he grabbed Con's arm. "A wonderful land to live in, Con, where a whole city will stop in its tracks to rescue an animal in distress! Con, cheer up! I'll save Johnny for you!"

"Poor John," mumbled Con with trembling lips. "He's me pride and joy! And look at them fumbling cops! And what use are them fire ladders?"

Rodney tore off coat and waistcoat and pulled hard on his derby. "Be easy, Con. I'll have Belle phone the yard for our rescue-and-debris squad. We have a special truck fitted and waiting, and it's but a five minutes' run!"

But it wasn't necessary to telephone. There was a loud hooting of a familiar horn, and a Crotty truck thundered up, loaded with equipment, and with six of Rodney's trained housewreckers, in crash helmets, clinging on.

"Somebody's sent for them already!" said Rodney. "Now, Con, move among the fire chiefs and tell 'em they need waste no more time here, and have all these cops fall back, for we're men who know our trade!"

The firemen were glad to be freed for more serious calls, and presently there was a clanging of bells as the fire trucks began departing. The police gave their attention to holding the crowd back, and Rodney and his wreckers, armed with sledges and bars, approached the job.

Faintly, systematically, steadily, came yowls from John, a powerful cat to make himself heard from his prison.

"Con," said Rodney, "this is no time to equivocate. If we're to get John out, we'll have to punch a few holes here and there."

"Don't be talking, man, get at it!" said Con in his high brogue.

"I'll want everybody to stand back behind the police lines," said Rod. "You, too, Con. Go sit with Belle in the car!"

Then Rodney and his men got at it. Some worked outside; some worked within. There were thunderous crashes as large sections of wall came out. There were gusts of cool stale air as holes were punched through double walls. Meanwhile Con sat in the sedan with Belle, and she patted his hand to comfort him.

Rodney and two powerful helpers were inside the building, battering at the back wall, when Whispell appeared in overalls, with a bar in his hands.

"Well, you can shine in more places at once than the sun itself!" said Rodney jovially. "Stand clear. We're cutting a fine new archway for light and air!"

"Yes, but we want the cat, don't we?"

"Certainly we want the cat! But he's in no danger, for by his voice he's in that side wall! Get over there and listen, and start digging him out. Two or three bricks will do it, but be careful he's not hurted!"

Presently, with a roar, a large portion of the rear wall fell. As cops rushed to keep the crowd back, Rodney and the two Crotty men came out the front door, a guard of honor for Whispell, who held John in his arms. As they approached the sedan, John leaped through the open window into Con Davern's lap. There he growled contentedly while he worked the claws of his front paws in and out of Con's waistcoat, as Belle beamed and uttered pleased cries.

"Con," said Rodney, looking in at the happy scene, "we tore terrible holes in your walls. What do you say? Shall we go ahead, whilst I have me gang here?"

"Pull it down! The blasted place is not safe for man or beast!" said Con, stroking John's tail with full arm motions.

"Con," said Belle impulsively, "let's forget the old proposition, and I'll go you halves on the whole deal, bricks and all; then we'll both make a dollar!"

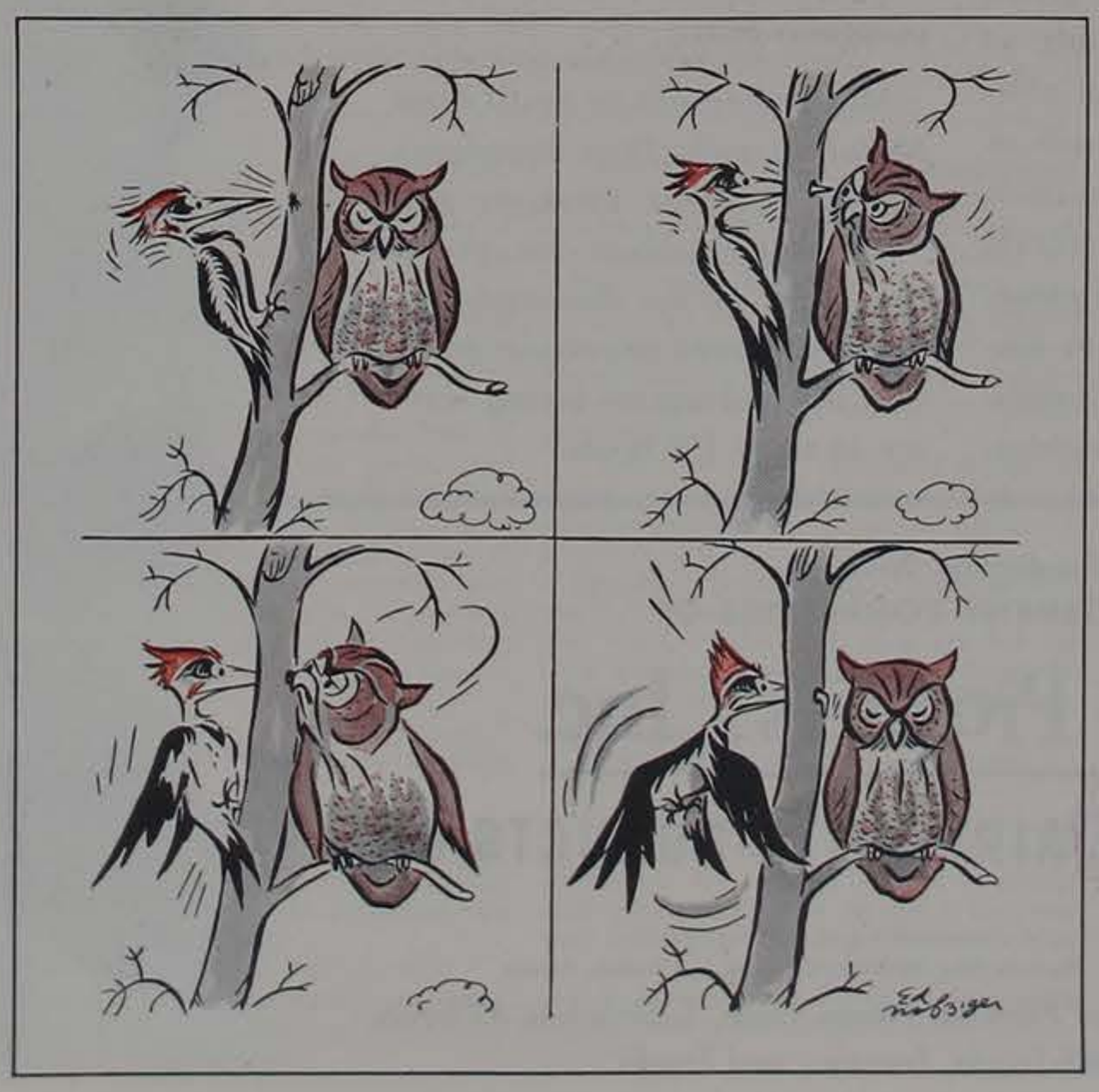
Rodney interrupted Con's expressions of surprise and pleasure by sticking his head in the window.

"And are you an attorney, too, madame?" he asked with a coy smile, and jumped back as Belle struck a playful blow at him.

He turned to Whispell, who stood by, grinning, and led him off toward the Duck & Egg. "Ah, little man, and what a busy day you have had! Now, I'm sorry for me hot words about your shyster, and I'll pay you back for whatever he cost you."

"Aw, skip it," said Whispell. "All anybody owes me is for two pounds of chopped liver to get John into position ——"

"So I could wreck the place to get him out! Ah, and what a team we make, pulling side by side, two abreast—with me a few paces ahead," said Rodney McQuillan.



"They earned their keep a thousand times over"

General Douglas MacArthur

NO saga of this war will live longer than that of four tiny mosquito boats pitted against overwhelming odds at Manila and Bataan. These midget fighters collected a toll of two Jap cruisers, two invasion barges, an auxiliary aircraft carrier, a tanker, a strafing plane, and climaxed their breath-taking feats by bringing General MacArthur out of Corregidor.

Only 4 seventy-foot MTB's—what might have been done had the Japs met a swarm of these mosquito boats!

Much more will be heard from Motor Torpedo Boat Squadrons before the war is won, and Thompson workers are proud that many of the thousand-and-more different precision parts they are making are seeing service in these PT boats.

JUNGLE HARVEST

(Continued from Page 29)

because they knew what kind of stuff he's made of. They had faith in him, but they haven't in you, and you can't bluff 'em."

Feagan stopped. "Is this too raw for you to swallow?"

Danny shook his head. "Except for not having a Chinaman's chance, I check with every word."

"Okay. You'll save money by paying the men off."

"That wasn't Rod's idea. But then he didn't expect you to quit when he needed you most."

Feagan's face reddened. "I can't take Rod Peters' place, neither can you. What do I know about road and bridge building?"

"What do I know about mahogany?" Danny asked quietly. "Look, Feagan; neither of us can take Rod's place, but maybe we can together. I'll build your bridges and lay out your roads; I'll even make a stab at keeping the pay roll and books. But you'll have to log the mahogany and build the booms. It's either that or we're all sunk, and every cent of Peters' money sinks with us."

Danny motioned toward the camp. "Most of those men out there have worked for Peters a long time—just like you. We can't turn them loose. Where would they go? Feagan, whether Rod lives or dies, you're not going to feel so good if you walk out now. It never occurred to him that you wouldn't stay on and help me. All I want is a chance—even that Chinaman's chance."

Feagan paced the length of the bunkhouse. Once he made as if to speak, but instead he stood flexing the huge muscles of his tattooed arms. At last he scowled across the room at Danny, and, lifting the adding machine from its crate, put it back on Peters' desk.

"I'll string along." He looked up fiercely. "But we're a couple of nuts."

"That's swell."

Feagan stopped him short. "Now don't get me wrong. I'm doin' this for just one reason—Rod Peters."

"We'll shake on that, if you don't mind."

Those next two weeks were a nightmare. Not an hour passed that Danny did not realize he was on very strict probation before judges he could neither bluff nor coerce—his own men. Five of them quit at once rather than work for a man who knew so little of mahogany, and when word reached Bajo that the young engineer, Gayforth, was taking Peters' place, the news was received with noisy derision.

By dawn Danny was out with Feagan, locating the main truck roads that would lead into the heart of the mahogany groves. All day he superintended the grading and leveling, and at night, over a carbide lamp, he sketched the control maps from his survey notes. He worked harder than any of his men, and by midnight, dog-tired, he would throw himself on his bunk, too fagged for sleep, smelling the musty breath of the river, listening to the drone of mosquitoes outside the screen. Often, kicking aside the light sheet, he lay naked and wet with perspiration, until dawn brought the cool sea breeze, then, pulling on his still-damp clothes, he would head for the woods again.

As soon as the rains slackened, he began the main logging road up Balsa Creek, while Feagan set his men clearing great patches of jungle to establish landings along the river, where the logs were to be held, and later gathered together in booms for transport downstream.

Feagan flatly refused to have anything to do with the accounts, so Danny took over the pay roll. The first night he looked at the scrawled memoranda of Peters and the company's bankbook, he called Feagan in.

"How did Peters arrange to pay the men?" he asked.

"He keeps the money in the bank at the capital. Every month he sends two men up with an order, and they bring back the cash."

"It doesn't sound like a very safe way to handle money."

"It's safer than keeping a bunch of dough down here."

Danny closed the bankbook with a sigh.

"I'd say there isn't a very big bunch of dough to keep."

Later, trouble broke out in Bajo. The mahogany men and Mellett's miners had never been friendly, and on the day Feagan sent two trucks down to the warehouse for supplies, a dozen miners, led by Big Pete, their foreman, blocked them in the narrow street. A fight started, and, drawing recruits from the cantinas, developed into a sizable brawl. Three of Feagan's crew were badly beaten, and there was talk of reprisal.

Danny saw that the men were getting more restless, more irritable, and he knew that the chief reason was their lack of confidence in his leadership.

But there were other reasons. Two of the trucks stripped their gears, and Feagan announced that both of them had been tampered with. Fire broke out in the commissary, extinguished before it had done any appreciable damage, but Danny found smoldering oil-soaked waste stuffed beneath the floor. And that afternoon he and Feagan held a council of war.

"They're starting to put the heat on." The woods boss' temper was wearing thin.

"Who are 'they'?"

"Eastland and Mellett—and maybe that little rat Bardi. But our main trouble all heads up with Eastland and his smoothie daughter."

"That's what Andra Mellett says."

"I don't have to quote any women," Feagan snapped. "All I say is Faith Eastland stands by her old man. Maybe that's natural. Everybody in Bajo knows how Eastland feels about us, and that ain't helpin'."

Danny was not convinced. "Eastland's a tough customer, but I have a hunch he does his work in the open."

"Yeah? Well, one way or another, what we need is to find out just where we stand. We oughta have a showdown."

For a time Danny sat looking straight before him, then he rose.

"I think," he said, "I'll go see Doctor Eastland."

"What for?"

"Maybe a showdown."

At that particular moment Anthony Eastland was in one of his fine rages. Trent Mellett had brought him news, and even Faith, accustomed to her father's unpredictable passions, sat looking at him with apprehensive eyes.

"Look, girls, I sure hate to leave you, but that bugler's going to wake me up any second now."

"Tell me that again!" Anthony roared across the library.

"Feagan's crew is building a bridge at the head of Balsa Creek," Mellett repeated. "They've started a logging road up through the ruins of the old Mayan city. They've already scraped off part of the mounds for surfacing, and moved the stones from one pyramid for bridge cribbing."

"You hear that?" Eastland glared at Faith. "Ignorant destructive vandals!" His fist crashed down on the table. "I won't have it!"

Quietly Trent asked, "Why should you? We can get rid of them any time you want. Gayforth's men are fed up with him, and they're in bad at Bajo. It wouldn't take much to persuade the whole gang to pull out."

Eastland's eyes had grown attentive. "How?"

"My miners detest them as much as you do. They've had trouble with them ever since they came, and it wouldn't take much urging to fix up a surprise visit to Gayforth's camp. But to do the job, we need more men. With your excavating crews and my boys, we could run Gayforth out of the country in one clean sweep. We could pull down their camp, throw their junk in the river, and they'd never rebuild."

Faith was looking at Mellett as if he were a stranger.

"Do you really mean what you're saying?" she asked.

In quick resentment at her tone, he whirled. "Why not? In heaven's name, let's be logical. Either we want Gayforth here or we don't. If we don't, the quickest way to get him out is the best way." He peeered at her more closely. "Why all this sudden interest in Gayforth? You and Andra both. She can be hard as nails, and now she talks about giving this upstart a chance."

Out of long, slanting eyes, Faith looked at him until he turned sulkily away, then to her father she said, "You wouldn't do anything like that? You couldn't!"

But Eastland's lower lip was thrust out in the old danger signal. "I could and I would. As far as I'm concerned, one Mayan carving is worth more than that redheaded nincompoop's life." He regarded Trent thoughtfully. "If I let you have my boys to help you, are you sure you could run him out?"

"Easily. There might not even be a fight. Gayforth isn't a fighter, and his men won't defend a cause they know is lost already."

There was open anger now in Faith's eyes. "This is contemptible."

"Your father ——"

She cut him off. "Trent, that's not good enough. You aren't doing this for father. You want to get Danny Gayforth out of here even more than he does." She appealed directly to Eastland. "Father, if I keep this road from going up Balsa Creek, will you promise to give up this low, cowardly scheme?"

"You can't ever persuade him ——"

"That's not what I'm asking you. If I keep him away from Balsa Creek, will you let Danny Gayforth go on with his work?"

Eastland thrust out his lip still further.

"If you don't," she persisted, "it's just sheer persecution."

"And what if ——"

"Just this." There was a new tone in her voice: "If you lend your help to wreck that camp, I give you my word I'll have no more to do with the excavations. I'd be ashamed to."

Eastland squirmed. He thought of the files of notes, memoranda and card-indexed notations Faith had built up for him, and he drew a deep breath.

"Damn it all!" He reared his great chest for a new onslaught, then looked at her and promptly deflated. "Have it your own wrong-headed way. But it's your responsibility that there's no more work up Balsa Creek. And next time, don't lose your temper when you talk to your father."

Frowning, Trent watched them, then at the sound of a motor he glanced out over the lagoon. "Here's your protégé." He walked to the door. "If you don't mind, I'll leave before the happy reunion."

Gayforth's launch had already put in at the dock when Faith cautioned her father for the last time, "Remember, now."

"Oh, I'll go easy." Eastland cleared his throat. "Just let me get at this in my own way."

"Then try to be nice to him."

He began polishing his glasses. "Don't rush me. I'll be a dove, olive branch and all. But remember, no road up Balsa Creek."

Still fearing the worst, she opened the door for Danny.

"It's good to see you," she began.

But even before Gayforth could step inside, Eastland's bellow rolled out to

him. "Do you happen to know where that tattooed gorilla, Feagan, is working?"

Danny looked up in surprise. "At the head of Balsa Creek, on our main road."

"Not while I'm alive it isn't your main road." By this time Anthony's voice could easily be heard down at the dock. "You can't bring your termites on that land."

For an instant a wave of doubt surged over Danny. He knew the line between Peters' land and Anthony's lay somewhere up Balsa Creek. Could Peters have been careless with his surveys? "I've been over the maps," he answered. "Rod Peters located the road himself."

"Did he? Well, he located it on ruins I'm not going to have destroyed. I'll give you twenty-four hours to take the cribbing from that bridge and pull out."

"I can't do that, Doctor Eastland. I can't lose that much time and money."

"You can't!" His promises to Faith forgotten, Anthony went forth to battle. "You calamitous ——"

"Father!"

Like a subsiding geyser, Eastland sputtered into silence, and Faith hurried to fill the breach. "What father really wants to say is that you're building the road through the heart of the old holy city. Your workmen may destroy priceless relics. Isn't there some other place the road could go?"

He shook his head. "If there were any other way, I'd take it. I'd be glad to. But to change that road now would mean adding weeks to the job, and I simply haven't time. I'm driving my men harder than they've ever been driven, and according to Rod Peters' map, I'm sure I'm on my own land."

"Maps aren't to be trusted in this country." She stopped; she saw her father making ready for a fresh attack, then, as if reaching a decision, "Danny," she plunged, "there's only one way to find out. Let's survey the boundary together."

He looked at her skeptically. "Are you a surveyor?"

"Try me."

He hesitated. His visit wasn't going according to schedule. The showdown he had come for—better to wait until he was in the clear about the Balsa Creek road.

"When do you want to survey the boundary?" he asked.

"Tomorrow. Come down to breakfast. We'll get an early start."

Troubled, he walked down the path, and, turning out upon the dock, heard a quiet "Hello." Dabs was waiting for him there. "You're not mad at us, are you? I heard father fussing." She fell into step beside him.

He laughed. "I'll never be mad at you, Dabs." His hand about her shoulder, he walked with her out along the dock.

"Trouble is"—she kept very close to him—"I never see you any more."

With a twinge of compassion, he saw the loneliness in her eyes. "I'm an old hermit, Dabs; I'm either in the woods or at camp."

"Can I come up to your camp sometime?"

"Any old time. I tell you what"—he unwound the hawser—"you come up to camp and we'll have dinner together. Just us two." And seeing the child's face light up, Danny felt a sudden tug at his own heart.

Chugging across the lagoon, he abruptly decided to stop off at the Mellett hacienda; he had put off his promised visit to Andra until now he realized he hadn't seen her since that first day she brought him up to camp.

He found her reading on the porch. She seemed unaffectedly glad to see him, and, waving him to a chair, put cigarettes before him, mixed a drink, then curled up on the couch.

"And now, Danny in the lion's den," she said, "explain these two weeks of neglect."

"Why the title?" he smiled.

"That was what you reminded me of when I first saw you down at Eastlands'. Everyone was glowering at you, and you were glowering back. How have things been going?"

"Not good. For one thing, your brother's miners and my men are like strange bulldogs."

She shook her head. "It's not the miners. Your real trouble isn't the miners. It's Anthony Eastland."

"Part of my trouble is—I know. I'm having a row with him now about the boundary up Balsa Creek. Faith and I are going to survey it tomorrow."

At Faith's name, Andra's restless eyes stopped, but she only said, "You've been having a bad time, Danny. Tell me about it."

He found a relief in talking. Seated on that comfortable porch, cooled by the breeze, Danny sketched for her the happenings of the past two weeks—the trouble with his own men, the fights at Bajo and now Anthony's accusation of trespass.

"It's funny," he said. "All Peters wanted was to make a place where he and the men who worked for him could live with some security and self-respect, and it's as if most people would rather not have that."

"Just what was Mr. Peters trying to do? I never knew. Bardi said he was a meddlesome reformer."

"Rod didn't want to reform anything. He only wanted to cut out the mahogany and clear the jungle for rubber plantations. Ten years ago nobody was interested, but now that the States are in such a jam over rubber, the government up at the capital is all for him, provided he can prove it's practical."

Andra was looking at him with a new intentness. "Is the government really interested in this rubber business?"

"That's what they told Peters. This country ought to be a source of revenue and employment instead of a jungle good only for alligators and escaped convicts. They know that, and they agreed to let him have more land as soon as he proves it works."

Andra tapped with her fingers on one small foot. "You've given me an idea, Danny." Some inward excitation was burning in her eyes, but she only said, "We'll talk about it later. Meantime, I'll see that Trent soft-pedals those belligerent miners of his. And let's not talk any more about troubles."

Yes, it was pleasant, being there. For the first time in weeks he was able to get away from himself and from the grind of work at camp.

"You talk about taking things easy"—he leaned back—"but I don't believe you could. Your eyes are always moving."

"Don't scold me," she laughed. "But you're right. I'm not a very restful person. At home I was a hellcat—still am." She gave one of her unexpected nods. "Everybody's a hellcat until they get what they want."

(Continued on Page 74)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PRESIDENCY

Abraham Lincoln was found by a foreign diplomat in the act of blacking his own boots. The diplomat in all his elegance exclaimed, "So, Mr. President, you black your own boots?"

"Yes," replied President Lincoln. "Whose boots do you black?"

PEOPLE ARE IMPORTANT,
Ruch, Mackenzie & McLean, Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago, 1941.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HOPPING is hard work. Charley Allen is puffing, perspiring—and feeling foolish. But he gladly follows the doc's directions.

Charley's buying another life insurance policy—*and, at the same time, another stake in his electric light and power company.*

Probably, like most folks, he doesn't look past the policy. But it's a fact that *his* insurance company will take *his* premium dollars and put them to work for *him*—partly in utility securities.

Here are interesting figures furnished by the Institute of Life Insurance:

1. As of December 31, 1942, some *67 million people* owned 134 million life insurance policies in 300 different companies.

2. These companies, in turn, owned $5,060,000,000 of utility securities.

3. Through the life insurance companies alone, therefore, *90% of the adult population* of the United States has a big stake in the utility industry.

The electric companies under business management—which provide the great bulk of the power for America's war production—are literally built by *the savings of the same people they serve.*

Clearly, almost *every American* has a real interest in preserving the American system of business management under public regulation—the system that has produced more goods and more services for more people at lower cost than any other in the world!

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ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

Invest in America! Buy War Bonds and Stamps

(Continued from Page 72)

"What is it you want, Andra?"

The topaz eyes stopped with a swiftness that startled him, then she raised both arms above her head. "Lots of things—a whole world of things."

He turned to see her better. "Tell me about you. Where do you come from, and how did you get down to this far-off corner of the world?"

"It's not much of a story." But as the dusk gathered, she began telling of her early days, spent in a little suburb just outside Boston. "It was pretty bleak. I was undersized and not too husky, and I was always being bundled up and coddled. I couldn't go coasting or skating in winter, or swimming in summer. You can't conceive how stuffy life can be, unless you're the youngest child in one of those families with a dully respectable past and no future. For seventeen years I never did a thing I wanted.

"Trent wasn't so badly off as I was, and in a way I used Trent to get what I wanted—at least he says I did. But what could you do if you were a girl and wanted things that only men can have?" She smiled across the table. "You wouldn't know, being a man. Well, I got what I wanted through Trent. Ever since we were born we had heard about this mine down here. It belongs partly to the family, and from the time I was six I dreamed that when Trent and I were old enough he would come down here and take charge of the mine, and I'd keep house for him. That dream got to be more real to me than my own life. And I made it real for Trent too."

"How did you persuade your family to let you?"

"I told them it was either that or I'd run away with a broken-down second cousin my parents hated."

"Were you in love with him?"

"Not a bit." Again that quick, vehement shake of the head. "I've never been in love. But I'd have married him just the same. I wouldn't stay married long—just use it as a door to freedom. When I held that over my family, they decided to let Trent and me come down here." She looked up at him. "That's the sort of person I am."

"You must have wanted to get away very badly."

"Everything I want in life I want badly. I'm like Faust—I'd make a compact with the devil any old time if he had something I'd set my heart on. That's why, the first morning I saw you, I told you to go your own way in spite of anybody or anything. Life's only worth living when you get what you want."

He was conscious again of the fire and driving force beneath that pastel exterior. "We can't all do that," he objected.

"Then be one of those who can."

"Life has always seemed too pleasant to make a battle out of it."

"Then why are you working night and day?"

"For Rod Peters."

"Don't. Think of yourself first." Unsmiling, she left her couch and stood very close to him. "I may have to take you in hand, Danny the lion tamer."

The dusk was deepening and, rising, he picked up his hat. "Thanks for the talk and the drink."

"Thank me by coming back. Not many people like me, Danny, and I don't like many people. But I like you. And you really gave me an idea when you told me about Rod Peters. I may be able to help you."

He smiled.

"I thought you only did things for yourself."

"Oh, don't make any mistake. This is for myself too."

In the Eastland hacienda that evening, Anthony and O'Hearn sat over their sherry.

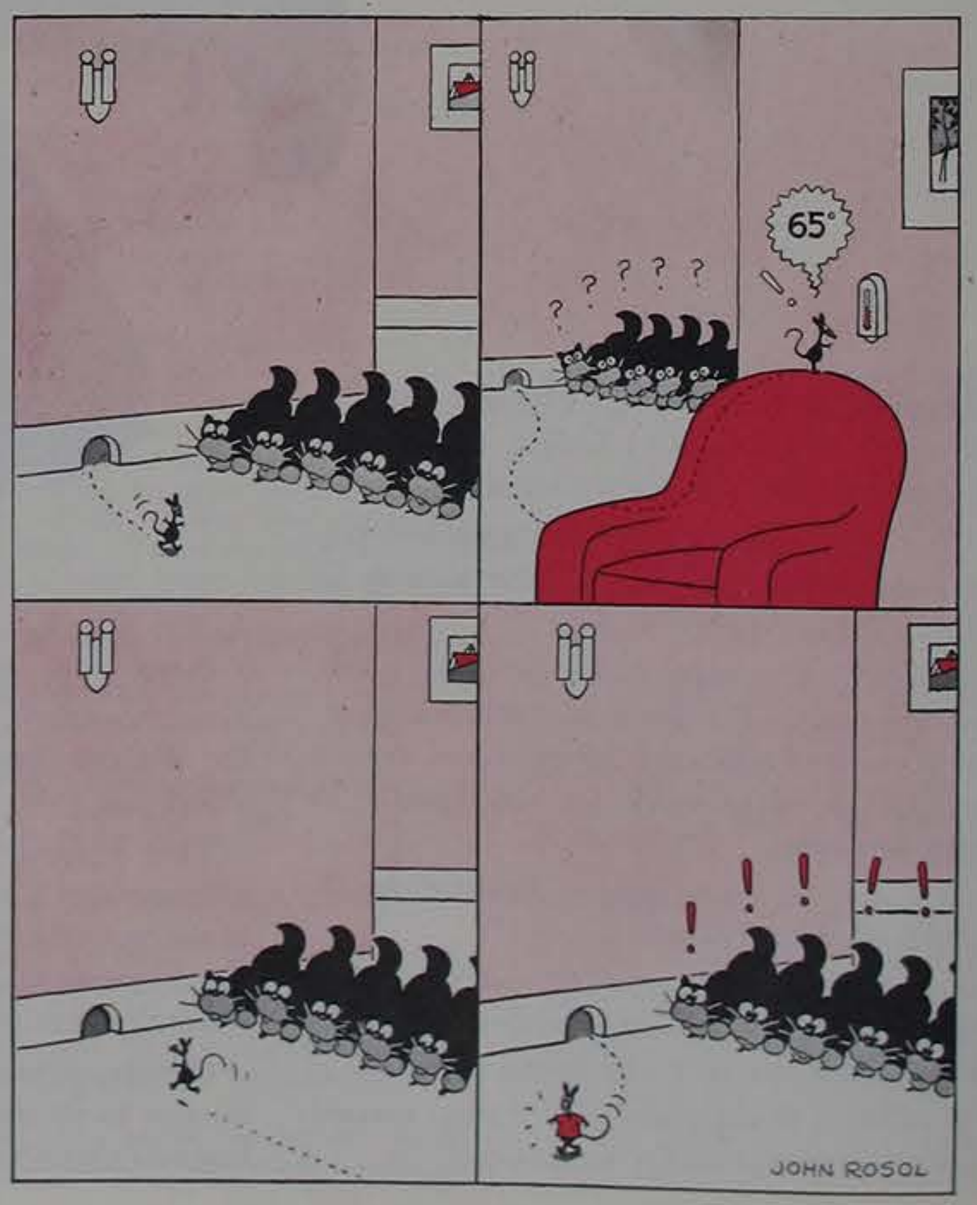
Eastland was winning at chess and, in high good humor, his stubby hands hovered over the pieces. O'Hearn seemed preoccupied. His cigar had gone out, and more than once his eyes rose from the board to watch Faith move about the room.

Eastland picked up a knight and began humming.

"You are pleased at something, no?" the doctor asked.

Anthony chuckled. "Moderately. I'm making that insufferable mahogany hacker pull in his horns—or rather Faith is."

O'Hearn frowned. "I wish, Don Antonio, you would give Gayforth a chance.



He is having trouble enough. A man in your position can afford to be generous."

Anthony finished his sherry at one derisive gulp. "You know what you are, doctor? You're a drooling sentimentalist. Why should I be annoyed by this abysmal twerp?" He held the sherry bottle up to the lamp. "These things are always empty," he grumbled and, clutching it by the neck, lumbered out of the room.

O'Hearn glanced at Faith with his deprecatory smile.

"Now, in the quaint words of Señor Gayforth, I am in the doghouse, no? Tell me, does Gayforth really interfere with your father's work?"

Faith shook her head. "Not until he put the road up Balsa Creek." She struck a match and held it to the doctor's cigar "Carlos, I believe Trent wants to get Danny out even more than father."

"He might."

"But why?"

"You."

She gave an incredulous laugh, and O'Hearn went on. "The more I see Danny Gayforth, the better I like him. You like him too."

"Yes, of course. I feel terribly sorry for him."

"Is that why you are not happy tonight, *chica?*"

"Partly. Carlos!" she burst out. "He's so alone! I want to help him if I can. I want to keep father and Trent from ruining him, and I'm not sure I'm taking the best way. He may hate me for what happens tomorrow."

Rising, O'Hearn laid both hands on the girl's shoulders. "I am very fond of you, Faith—you know that. I would not have you make the mistake of playing God."

"Playing God?"

"Yes. To interfere too much in anybody's life, even with the best intentions, that is playing God. So *cuidado.*" His hands dropped back, and he was smiling again when Anthony Eastland came through the door, a full bottle of sherry in his hand.

The archaeologist peered down at the chessboard.

"Does it take you all evening to make a move? Better get that queen out of harm's way."

Next morning Danny tied his mule outside the hacienda just as Faith began laying breakfast on the porch. He ran up the steps two at a time, and thrust a piece of paper into her hand.

"Read this!" The words came tumbling with excitement. "It's a cable from Rod. He's out of danger."

She caught the quick contagion of his happiness. "But this is grand, Danny!"

"Grand? I could yell. I could hug you—I could even hug your father. You just don't know how I feel!"

"Yes, I do. You look like a different person."

"I should. It makes everything worth working for now." Danny laughed in sheer release. "That mule outside thinks I'm crazy. I sang all the way down the trail." He tucked the cable in his pocket and sniffed the air. "Is that real bacon, by any miracle?"

"It's real bacon, so come and get it."

A gay breakfast. Freed from worry, Danny did most of the talking, while Faith kept his cup filled with coffee. Yet even as he talked he realized that only part of his elation came from the good news—to himself he admitted that the presence of this dark-haired girl with the quiet, slanting eyes had the effect of giving to each moment a special significance, a quality of importance.

In the middle of a sentence he stopped. "Why do I talk so much whenever I'm with you?" he asked. "Back at camp I'm a strong silent man."

Faith buttered another piece of toast and laid it on his plate. "Dabs says you're so easy to entertain; she never has to say a word." She walked to a mirror and, winding her thick braids close about her head, bound them in a bright-colored handkerchief.

Over his cigarette he watched her. She was wearing the native huipil, brief cotton shorts, and a sturdy pair of high-topped moccasins.

"You look like a Mayan Indian," he said. "Only lovelier. No Indian ever had legs like that."

She wrinkled her nose in the mirror.

Ten minutes later they were in the saddle, followed by three of Eastland's Indians carrying machetes and a light mountain transit.

With professional approval Danny examined the instrument. "I haven't surveyed with one of these babies in a long time. Do you mean to say you can run a transit?"

She laughed. "Watch me. I've made location maps for every ruin catalogued in father's books."

The jungle was still dripping with the night's rain, and they rode slowly over the slippery trail down to a point where the river joined the lagoon. There they stopped before a limestone ledge, and Faith pointed to a cross chiseled in the rock.

"Ever seen this?" she asked.

He nodded. "Rod Peters showed it to me. It marks the corner between his land and yours. The boundary goes straight north from here three miles. Right?"

"Right."

"Then if we run due north we'll see if my road is on your father's land."

Setting up the transit, Faith released the compass and waited until the quivering needle came to rest; with a practiced hand she adjusted the telescope and motioned Danny to look through.

"There's a tree right on line at the top of the ridge," he said. "We can make it our next setup."

But she did not move. "Well, do we start?" he asked.

Still she hesitated. "Danny"—she looked earnestly up at him—"can't we drop this hair-splitting over boundary lines? Those ruins are terribly important to father, and I'd like so much for you two to be friends."

"You mean you want me to junk that road after all the work I've done?"

"It would be a generous thing to do. In this country we all need friends; you could make a friend of father, and I can help you relocate the road."

Grimly, Danny recalled Andra's warning. Faith Eastland was her father's daughter first and last. What difference to her how much time he lost if a few moldering ruins were undisturbed? His face hardened. "We don't need a transit if all you want is to talk me out of this road."

He expected a quick denial, but instead she spoke a word to the Indians and started up the long slope. The survey had begun.

Hard, hot going. For two hours they followed the compass needle due north, speaking seldom except to check the bearing at each new setup. Once the line led them through a shallow swamp, and taking off her moccasins Faith rolled her shorts higher, wading on ahead, slender legs begrimed with mud and glistening with water, while Danny watched her with reluctant admiration. Yes, she was like an Indian—wholly at home in the jungle, moving silently and surely, with a long easy stride that never tired.

Up on higher ground, the line took them among dotted Mayan ruins, great shapeless mounds of earth, almost indistinguishable beneath the debris of a dozen centuries. On many of the mounds huge mahoganies and cedars grew, their roots clutching the broken masonry, living symbols of the jungle reclaiming its own. A hushed, shadowy place and, stopping for a smoke, Danny looked curiously about him.

"The ancient city?" he asked.

"The lower part of it."

"And people once lived here?"

"Thousands of them. Eight hundred years ago this was one of the crowded places of the world. People worked and lived out their lives here, and built temples to their gods. Then suddenly all life stopped."

"Why?"

"No one knows. Father and the Smithsonian archaeologists have had a ten-year battle over that. Some say the climate changed. Some say plague drove them away. Father thinks the soil wore out after centuries of cultivation. But it's all hazy."

"Like our boundaries." Danny moved forward. "In the next hour we'll know what's what."

And an hour later, at the head of Balsa Creek, he looked through the transit, then turned to Faith with a crooked smile. "You're right and I'm wrong." His voice sounded suddenly weary. "The road's a hundred yards on your father's side of the line. Old Rod must have gone haywire when he located it." He sat down on a log. "Weeks of work shot to pieces, and now I've got to find another place for the road."

She sat down beside him. "That won't be so hard. You can build your road up the other fork of Balsa Creek."

"That's on your father's land too."

"But you won't strike any ruins there. I'll get him to let you use it."

Raising his head, he studied her. "I can't make you out. At times you're as tough a customer as your dad; then all at once you ——"

"Get human," she finished his sentence for him.

Down by the trail where they left their horses, they found Trent waiting. He glanced at Danny with eyes that were coldly amused. "Andra told me you were looking over the boundary. What did you find?"

"I was wrong," Danny answered shortly. Depressed by the survey, Danny felt he could do without Trent's air of patronage that morning. "What's the best way back?" he asked Faith.

"I'll take you a short cut over your own land."

Riding ahead, she led the two men up a side trail and out through long, rolling hummocks of grassland and gnarled bush—a land of limestone outcrops, with soil too shallow and sterile for high forest.

Danny looked about him. "This must be the country Feagan was talking of. He wants to put a camp here later and use an underground stream for the water supply."

Faith pointed ahead. "He meant the Cave of the Bats. It's just beyond here. Want to see it?"

"I'd like to. Feagan says it's a spooky place."

At first sight it looked like a low hill, no different from the others; then, coming closer, Danny saw the narrow entrance, choked with brush.

Faith took a searchlight from her saddle pocket.

"It's tight going at first." She laughed as the three Indians drew back. "You can never get the Mayas in here."

"Why not?"

"Listen."

From inside the black entrance Danny heard what sounded like the high, thin chirping of a thousand birds.

"Bats?" he asked.

"The cave is full of them. We've disturbed their rest. But that wasn't what I meant. Listen again."

This time he heard it—a dull, deep orchestration that rose and fell, but never ended.

"That's why the Indians won't go near here. It's the sound of rushing underground water. The Mayas have an old legend about it. Come."

Taking a flashlight from his own pocket, Danny followed, and, behind him, Trent.

For a hundred feet they crawled on hands and knees, then the tunnel widened until they could stand upright.

In the beam of his searchlight, Danny saw they were in a large semicircular cave, its fluted walls arching high above them. Almost at his feet, reaching across to the opposite wall, a black stream of water surged, moving swiftly from under the rock ledge to the left and disappearing beneath the limestone wall to the right.

Picking up a twig, Trent threw it into the water. As if a hand had reached up, it was ripped down into the blackness.

"There's a current for you," he said. "The water level varies by several feet. Probably depends on the tides."

Kneeling, Danny held his flashlight below the surface of the water. It gleamed with a green, unreal luminosity. "No fish and no bottom," he commented.

"You'll ruin your flashlight," Faith protested.

"It's waterproof and shockproof." He raised a wet hand to his lips. "Good fresh water. I was afraid it might be brackish. Feagan won't have to worry about his water supply here."

A bat whirred by, so close that Danny jerked his head aside, and he threw the shaft of his searchlight up at the vaulted

(Continued on Page 78)

"Don't you know any girls?"

"OVER HILL, OVER DALE, WE WILL RIDE THE IRON RAIL...

AS THE PULLMANS GO ROLLING ALONG"

GROWING AND *GOING*—that's the story of our armed forces.

Growing every day. And *going* every night, for long distance troop movements are usually under cover of darkness, in Pullman sleeping cars.

It's a big job for the railroads to haul so many cars. And a big job for Pullman to provide them. But it's a welcome job to both of us, one we're proud and happy we were prepared to handle.

Prepared? Oh, yes. The way Pullman and the railroads worked together in peacetime—through the Pullman "pool" of sleeping cars—fitted right into the wartime picture.

Here's how that "pool" works:

▶Railroad passenger traffic in different parts of the country fluctuates with the season. Travel south, for instance, is heaviest in winter. And travel north increases in the summer.

▶If each railroad owned and operated enough sleeping cars to handle its own *peak loads*, many of those cars would be idle most of the year.

▶With the Pullman "pool," however, over one hundred different railroads *share* in the availability of a sleeping car fleet big enough to handle their *combined* requirements at any one time. As the travel load shifts north, south, east or west, these Pullman sleeping cars shift with it. They are seldom idle because when *fewer* cars are needed on one railroad, *more* are needed on another.

Now that war has come, this "pool" operation of sleeping cars enables *troop trains* to be made up on short notice—at widely scattered points—and routed over any *combination* of railroads.

That's what we meant when we said that Pullman and the railroads were *prepared* to handle the tremendous mass movement of troops that goes on *constantly*.

It takes a lot of sleeping cars to do it. Almost *drains* the Pullman "pool" at times. As a result, civilian travelers are sometimes inconvenienced.

But the war comes first with the railroads and first with Pullman—just as it comes first with you!

AN AVERAGE OF MORE THAN 25,000 TROOPS A NIGHT NOW—

GO PULLMAN

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Regularly!

(Continued from Page 76)

roof. "Lord," he gasped, "I don't blame the Indians!"

Literally hundreds of bats—every square foot of surface swarmed with them, hanging head downward, their eyes unutterably evil, glowing with garnet fire. Beneath the light they grew restless, and dozens were flying already about the cave, some of them leaving by the narrow tunnel for the outer air.

Once more Danny dodged. "Any time you want to go, I've seen plenty."

Faith laughed, but Trent's eyes were fixed on a vertical fissure across the pool, and leaning forward he took the searchlight from Faith's hand.

"I'd give a lot to get closer to that crack over there."

"Why?"

"It's the first time I've ever seen it above the water level, and it looks like the same ore-bearing formation we have in our mine." He turned to Danny. "Do you suppose we could hang on to each other's hands and work our way across?"

Danny shook his head. "Not for me. That current would sweep you under the rock in just about two seconds."

"Spoken like a true adventurer." Trent laughed in the way Danny didn't like.

But Faith interposed. "Danny's right. It wouldn't be good sense."

Trent's eyes were growing stubborn. "It isn't good sense to pass up a chance like this. I've never seen the water so low." He began unlacing his boots.

"Trent"—anxiously she bent over him—"please don't try it by yourself."

"Looks as if I'll have to." Once more Trent smiled derisively at Danny. "I don't hear any loud clamor of volunteers."

Danny felt his anger mounting. "If I wanted to get over there so bad, I'd take some of those balsa logs outside and lash a raft together."

"Or build a suspension bridge." Trent dropped his feet into the stream. "You'll live to scratch many gray hairs, bub."

Close to the bank the water was only waist deep, and gingerly Trent took a step forward, then staggered as the full force of the current struck him.

"Trent! Please!" In sudden dismay Faith called out, but Trent laughed again.

"Watch this, old lady." Facing outward, holding the rocky ledge with both hands, he gathered his feet beneath him until his knees were doubled; then with a swift thrust he straightened and shot across the pool. The current swerved him, but his impetus carried him safely over and, grasping the fissure, he turned and with a mock bow of triumph called, "All done by mirrors!"

For a time he examined the rubble that had settled between the rocks, then he looked back at Danny. "Would it be too dangerous for you to catch some of these specimens?"

Tight-lipped and silently resentful, Danny caught the fragments Trent threw him.

"Now." Still holding to the fissure, Mellett turned. "Now for the dare-devil leap to safety."

Both flashlights were on him as he faced in their direction, and after a moment Danny saw him frown.

"It shelves back so steep on this side there's nothing to push against." Trent's voice had lost its easy confidence. "Throw your lights on the rock beside me; maybe I can pull myself around."

But the limestone gleamed like glass, without the least handhold; getting back across that rushing torrent was not to be so simple.

"Wait a minute." Danny thrust his searchlight into his pocket and slipped off his belt. Very carefully he let himself over the side, one hand still holding the bank, then took a step forward, feeling his way out over the slime-smooth bottom.

Close above him he heard Faith's voice. "Shall I hold you by the shoulders?"

"Just keep the light on Mellett." He moved still farther out. The bottom was dropping steeply now; the water, rising above his waist, tugged at him like a live thing, almost lifting him bodily. He steadied himself on that precarious footing and called to Trent, "Catch this!"

Holding tightly to the buckle, he flicked the other end of the belt outward, and Trent caught it in his left hand. Danny braced himself. "Shove as hard as you can, and hang on to the belt! I'll pull you in!" He watched Trent gather himself for the plunge, then heard him say, between tight teeth, "Here we come."

Almost he succeeded. Danny saw the water swirl about Mellett's shoulders and felt the sharp tug on the belt. Pulling with all his might, he leaned backward until his shoulder muscles knotted, but a force stronger than Danny's held Trent like a vise. Once more, with every ounce of power that was in him, Danny pulled. Desperately he tried to reach the bank, his foot slipped and his fingers lost their hold. Faith's hands closed about his shoulder, held for a frantic second, then ripped loose, and now the current had him.

With all his strength he kicked out, but the high-topped riding boots pulled him down. Twice in the darkness he whirled. A kick brought him almost to the surface, but as if seized by some giant suction, he felt himself dragged down beneath the rock. Black water closed above his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SELLING THAT SINGS

A single match can light a lifelong friendship.
—DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS.

How to speed a smile across the country—in no time flat.
—FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASS'N.

Give these gloves a hand.
—GREENTREE'S, RICHMOND.

Cloth becomes an airplane's overcoat when calendered with a Bakelite Resin.
—BAKELITE CORPORATION.

Research problems are like rainbows. You never know what you're going to find at the end. A pot of gold . . . a new idea . . . or nothing at all.
—GULF OIL CORPORATION.

CULLED BY L. C. LESTER

WATCH OUT FOR THE WOMEN

(Continued from Page 19)

radically, and, I do believe, we haven't seen anything yet. Although man is no longer expected to take, sitting down, everything that a woman chooses to hand him, just because she is a woman, he is now going to have to learn that the war has made her more than ever his equal and, if he doesn't watch out, his superior in many branches of human endeavor.

Somewhere along my life's pathway there has crept in the suspicion that women themselves invented the legend of the cave man who clubbed them into submission and then dragged them by the hair to his lair.

The man of tomorrow will be lucky if a cave woman doesn't come out of this war to club him into submission and take away many of the prerogatives that he has been regarding as inalienable—at least in theory.

I am only warning him to be on his guard against the new woman that he will have to get acquainted with when all this is over. And don't say that I didn't give him fair notice.

THESE ARE THE GENERALS—EICHELBERGER

(Continued from Page 22)

Eichelberger's reports confirmed General Graves in his decision to keep a strictly hands-off policy and to confine American troops to keeping order and guarding sections of the Siberian railroad assigned to them by an allied board. This neutral attitude, however, also led to trouble, particularly with the Japs, whose devious schemes would be balked if the Americans kept law and order in the land. Their bandit stooges continually tried to create incidents. Eichelberger was always able, however, to trace each deed to the Japs, with the result that in each case General Graves forced the Japs to back down and hiss, "So sorry," though they outnumbered us 10 to 1. Graves put Eichelberger on the allied board, and there Eichelberger repeatedly outguessed and outfaced the Japs. On one occasion, when the Japs de...anded control of sections of the railroad guarded by the Americans, Eichelberger, speaking for Graves, in effect told them, "Okay, you've got us outnumbered. But if you want it, you'll have to come and take it from us." That ended that demand. A year or so later the Japs sent him the three medals.

Eichelberger got his D.S.M. for the intelligence job he did on that expedition. How important that was is shown by the official citation, which reads: "By his keen foresight, discriminating judgment and brilliant professional attainments, exercised through his efficiently established organization, he was able to keep his commanding general well and fully informed at all times. His tireless energy and keen foresight into local conditions gave him a masterful grasp of the situation, which contributed materially to the success of the forces in Siberia. He rendered most conspicuous services of inestimable value to the Government in a position of great responsibility."

How he managed to do such an intelligence job in a strange, revolution-torn country whose language he could not speak is still his secret. But the men who worked with him in later years guess that part of it was due to his being "as curious as a cat in a strange room. He just can't stand not knowing everything that is going on."

It was partly this curiosity which led him, a staff officer, into the front lines of combat areas and into the situations where he displayed such bravery that he won the coveted Distinguished Service Cross. The scene was the Suchan area, a mountainous, wooded, coal-mining section northeast of Vladivostok. The miners and hunters there, rebelling against being forced into the Kolchak army, organized a sort of minute-man organization. They warned the American authorities that they were going to cut the railroad line because supplies were going over it to the Kolchak forces. General Graves knew that was true, and was complaining about it himself. But it was his job to protect the railroad, and when the "partisans," as they were called, destroyed several trestles and tore up some of the narrow-gauge line, he felt it his duty to send troops against them.

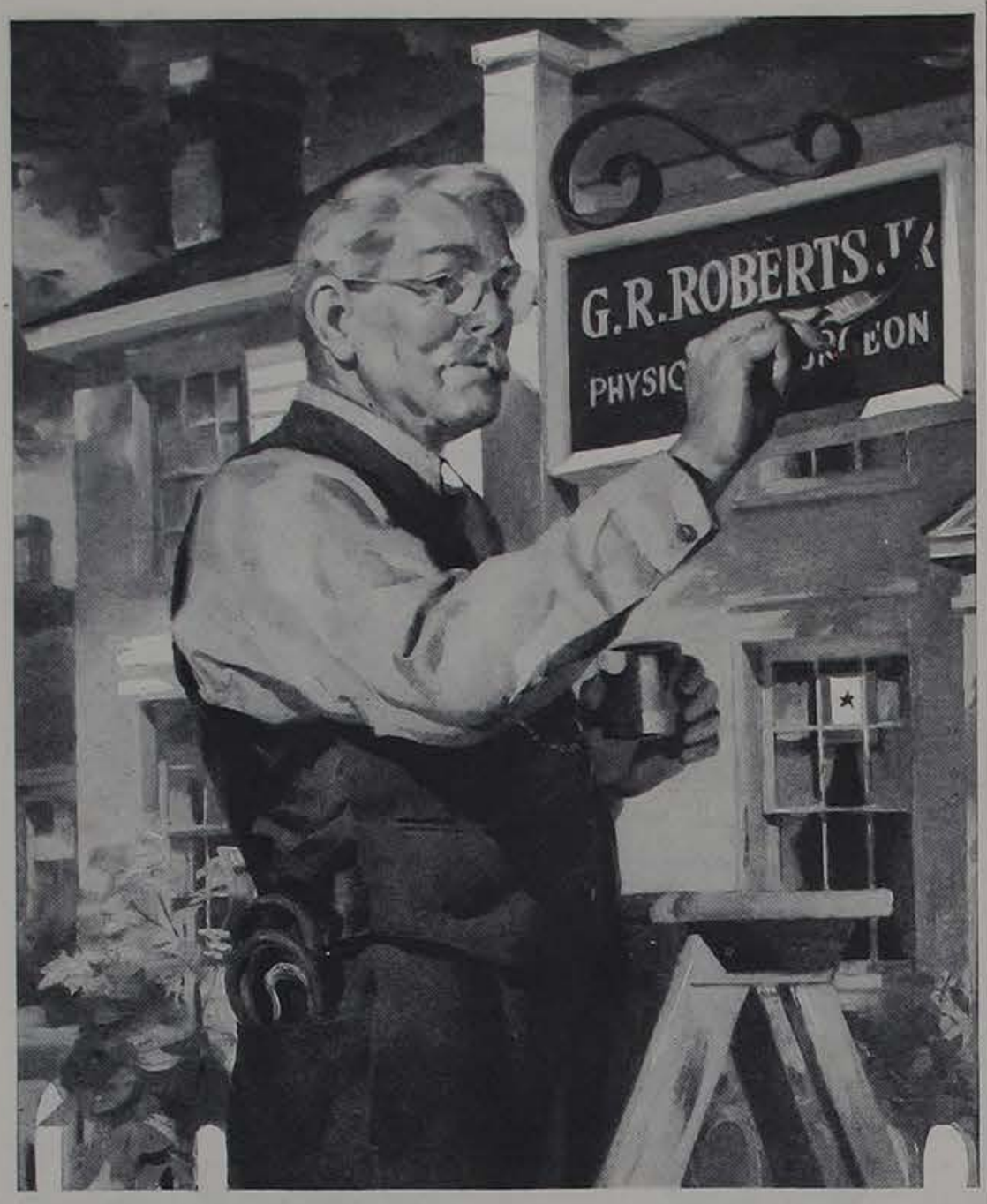
Eichelberger, by now a lieutenant colonel, and Maj. Sidney C. Graves, a son of the general, decided to observe the action. They were watching a platoon advance to clear hostile patrols from a commanding ridge outside Novitskaya, when suddenly the partisans caught the platoon with enfilading fire. The lieutenant leading the attack dropped, seriously wounded. The partisans lived largely by hunting, and had the same kind of deadly marksmanship for which American frontiersmen were noted. Eichelberger knew this. Nevertheless, he ran forward, shouting to the remainder of the platoon to seek cover, and took command. Graves went with him, and, seizing rifles from wounded soldiers, they began firing at the partisans, whose positions were revealed by the white puffs of smoke from the black powder they used in their rifles. Then, while Graves carried the wounded lieutenant to safety, Eichelberger calmly covered the withdrawal of the platoon by fancy sharpshooting.

This was only one of three acts mentioned in the citation for his D.S.C. The next day he was watching another American column debouching from a mountain pass when it was caught in a withering fire. He dashed into the line of fire, rallied the men and drove off the enemy.

The third incident had its comic aspects despite the fact that it entailed real risk of life. An American officer and three enlisted men went fishing in the mountains and were caught by the partisans. The captured men faced the possibility of being shot, particularly if a punitive expedition was sent to rescue them. Eichelberger volunteered to get them back singlehanded. First he went to the local White Russian headquarters and demanded that a leading partisan held prisoner there be turned over to him. How he knew they had that prisoner and how he backed up his demand remain his secrets. But he got the prisoner, and with him went into the mountains, seeking the partisan headquarters. This was truly flirting with death, for the partisans were as likely as not to shoot at any uniform they saw. However, the partisans observed the rules of warfare this time. Their chief parleyed politely with Eichelberger, and finally Eichelberger convinced him that one important partisan, who would have been shot by the Whites, was a fair exchange for four Americans.

"However," said Eichelberger, pointing to a mule which the American soldiers had used as a pack animal on their fishing trip, "the mule is legitimate spoils of war. The mule you may keep."

"No, no!" roared the partisan chief, throwing up his hands in dismay. "You must take the mule with you! He is a monster! He does not understand Russian and he has kicked everyone in this camp!"



Old Doctor Roberts is back in harness

PROUDLY he watched young Doctor Roberts go away . . . *Captain* Roberts, now of the United States Army Medical Corps.

Today, in the knowledge that he is rendering perhaps the greatest service of his life, he returns to general practice . . . Doctor George R. Roberts Senior, first and most useful citizen of his community.

In every community throughout our land medical men, their numbers thinned by their country's urgent need for their service, are working harder and longer hours than they ever worked before . . . to keep America well and strong.

That Curity is privileged to share so large a measure of this responsibility in the leading hospitals and physicians' offices of our nation is high tribute indeed to its Ready-Made Dressings, Sutures and Adhesive Tapes.

And more important than ever before is the fact that many of these fine professional products are available for home first aid . . . Ready to go to work against infection and in the home sick room, helping conserve the time of doctors everywhere.

The partisans liked Eichelberger so much that thereafter they sent prisoners back with full equipment, and soon afterward they promised to leave the railroad alone. They kept that promise.

Eichelberger's first ambition as a boy was to be a circus rider or a jockey. Born in Urbana, Ohio, on March 9, 1886, of a family which came here from Switzerland in 1726 and had a member in every war this country fought, he was raised on a farm outside Urbana. His father, a well-to-do lawyer, raised ponies and horses on that farm, and it was the job of the four male young Eichelbergers to break them for riding. But when, as a sophomore at Ohio State University, young Robert Eichelberger found himself grown to six feet one, and nearly two hundred pounds, he changed his mind about being a professional rider and decided on the Army. His sister, now Mrs. J. B. Zerbe, mother of Jerome Zerbe, the café-society photographer, had a hand in that. She thought he would "look nice" in a uniform.

In September, 1911, he found himself, a lowly second lieutenant, at a party in the home of General Gorgas in the Canal Zone. The general's daughter introduced him to a blond girl named Emma Gudger. She was the daughter of Chief Justice H. A. Gudger, of the Canal Zone Supreme Court, and far above him by Zone social ratings. But it was love at first sight, and both knew it. They were informally engaged that night, and formally in a few days, and in April, 1913, they were married. Eichelberger was still a second lieutenant when Emma Gudger married him, and she went from Army post to Army post with him, keeping house on a second lieutenant's pay. When he went to Siberia he wrote her every day, and in 1920, via Army transport, she joined him.

From Siberia he went to Tokyo on a special mission, then to Manila, and then to Tientsin, China. He became an Army specialist on Far Eastern affairs. During the Limitation of Armaments Conference at Washington he was the liaison officer with the Chinese delegation. He was considered what the Army calls a "brain" officer, and got a series of intelligence and important desk jobs which culminated, in October, 1940, in the coveted superintendency of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

At about the time he took over at West Point, he sat in the stands and watched Army take a 48–0 beating from Penn. He suffered. A football fan from away back, he often told friends, "I carry the ball every time signals are called. I'm worn out at the end of every game I watch." During this game, in the midst of Army's worst season in fifty years, he suffered so much that immediately afterward he got on the telephone and called Earl—Red—Blaik, head coach at Dartmouth. Blaik was a West Pointer, and had been an assistant coach at the academy. "Red," he said, "I want you to coach Army. I don't expect miracles, nor to win every game. But give us a team. This is no time for a loser."

Hiring a civilian coach broke a twenty-eight-year precedent. At the same time Eichelberger, a major general by now, got the rule waived which barred cadets weighing more than 208 pounds and standing over six feet, four inches. "I have an awful recollection of my days at Ohio State," he confided to a friend. "If we held Michigan to forty points, we marched through the streets."

On the more serious side, he became known as "the modernizer" of West Point. He shifted the emphasis from the academic to the tactical field work. Here, too, he could not restrain his curiosity for the sake of dignity. Whenever he came upon a group of cadets working on a problem, he watched a few moments, then could not help asking, "What are you fellows doing?" He put into motion a plan whereby cadets got such intensive air training that, since March, 1942, cadets can get Army Air Force commissions immediately upon graduation.

With his height and rugged features, he looks more impressive and forbidding than he is in reality. "He looks," a colonel explained, "exactly what you would expect a general to look like." Then the colonel added, "But he's the opposite of a stuffed shirt."

During the maneuvers in Louisiana in the fall of 1941, General Eichelberger was a special observer. A public-relations major had two United States senators in tow. Eichelberger didn't know the major, and the two senators, after a couple of nights of sleeping in their clothes, looked like tramps. When the major tried to introduce the senators to the general, a sudden burst of fire drowned him out. Eichelberger, however, was so polite and solicitous that the major was sure he knew who they were. But a little while later General Eichelberger whispered to him, "Who are those guys, anyway?"

When the junior officers of a division he was leaving gave him a farewell, he wept. And when his older brother, George, asked him, "Say, Bob, why did they ever give you such a big job as superintendent of West Point?" General Eichelberger replied, "I guess it's on account of my wife Emma. Everybody is crazy about her."

Editor's Note—The next article in this series will appear in the March 6th issue.

THE BATTLE OF BLOODY HILL

(Continued from Page 17)

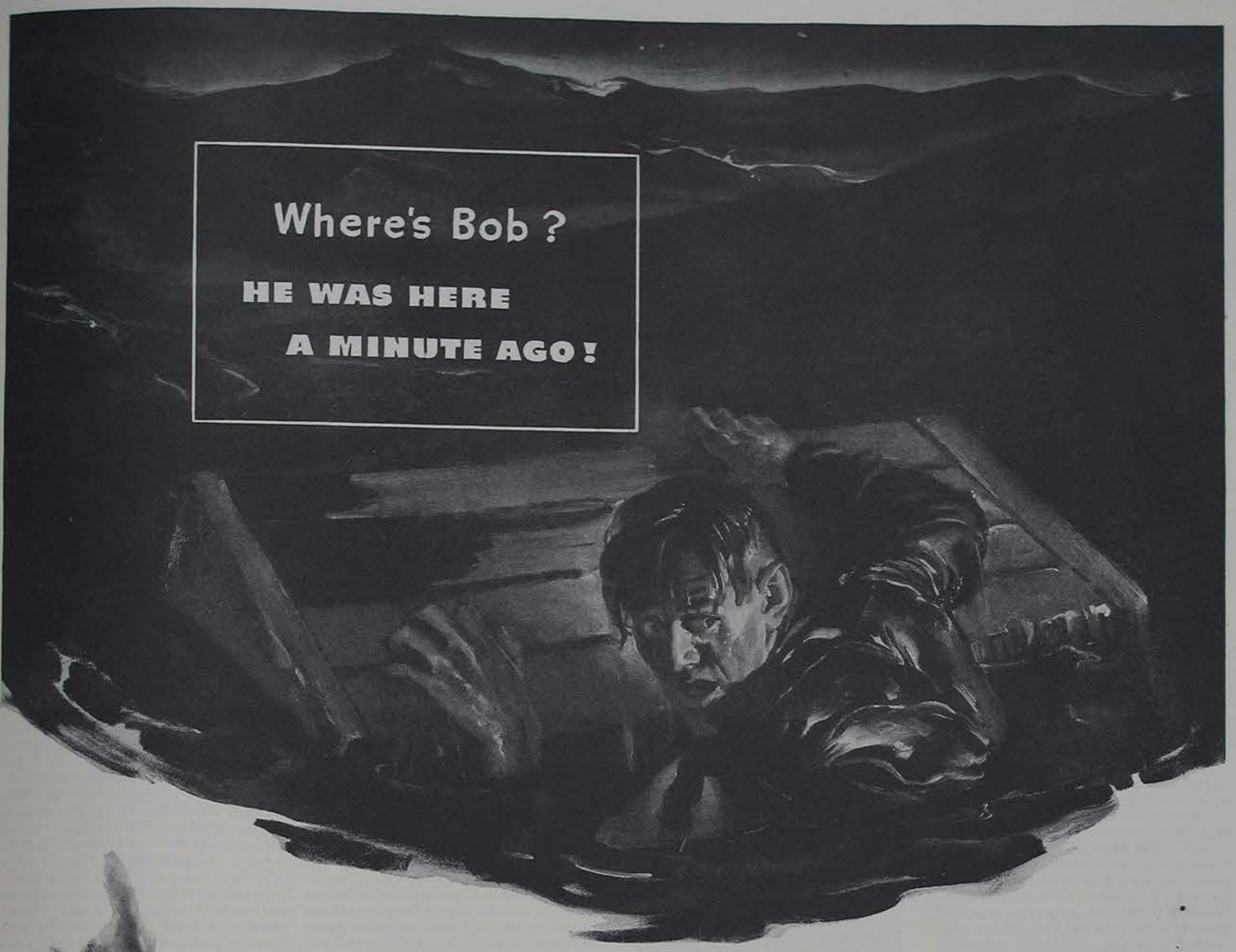
arc through the jungle until they had reached a point to the west of Lunga Ridge. It was a combined sea and land attack, with Japanese naval units standing off the coast to the east and lobbing their shells directly over the ridge and into the jungle beyond in the general direction of Colonel Edson's outfit. On the whole, the naval action contributed little more than noise, and the land attack never reached full intensity, leading some of us to believe there had been some miscalculation by the Jap command—that they had intended a full-dress attack that night, but were hampered by failure of some of their contingents to arrive at their base. Hence they put on only half a show. They did succeed in penetrating our forward lines on the right flank between Lunga Ridge and the river, but no attack came that night on the left flank, where our battalion was holding the slopes of the ridge.

Dawn brought the usual retirement into the jungle by the attacking forces. The night had been but a prelude or rehearsal for the main show.

During the morning came orders for the counterattack. My company was ordered to follow one from another battalion in a joint penetration of the jungle. We tackled the job, but our advance was almost instantly halted by concealed Japanese defenses which would have made further effort on this narrow front costly. We withdrew on order, for the moment, circled backward and went in again, this time with artillery support. We found little but snipers in the vicinity, and we succeeded in restoring our former lines.

At 3:30 we had our first meal of the day. The cooks had saved it for us. Since our regular evening meal was scheduled for 4:30, the men went around to the end of the line, consuming everything as they went, and began all over again on the second meal. Marines are like that.

(Continued on Page 82)



DIDN'T HEAR a sound from him. Poor kid—ankles broken when that damned torpedo hit. Fainted, I guess . . . and just slid under.

We were asking for it, all right. Taking that load of assorted Hell thru "bomb alley." God, it's cold. Remember the time we picked up those men . . . with shriveled, dead-white skin? Wonder if the cold and the water have made me like that yet.

Two solid days of bombing without a hit—and then a lousy pig-boat gets us. Thank God we went down fast. If those flames had reached the hold, we'd all have gone sky-high.

Wonder what that new son of mine looks like. Pink—not shriveled white. Hope Janie's okay. Swell place for a guy with a new son he's never seen. Got to hold on just that much harder.

Funny how bombs seem to float till they spot you—and then swing at you and whistle down. They say you don't hear the whistle if they're going to be hits.

Wake up! Swim! You're under. You dozed and let go. Get back to that crate. No dozing . . . or you'll never see that son.

Too bad convoys can't stop when a ship's hit. Maybe they'll send a destroyer back. But it's awful dark—hard to find me now.

God, how oil burns your eyes. Keeps sharks away, though. . . . Got to find some way to fasten myself here. Can't stay awake much longer. Can't just—slip away. . . . It's tough, this war. . . .

* * *

YES, IT'S TOUGHER than you even dream—out there where our men are fighting to keep Axis murders from coming closer to the doorstep of your home.

And nothing we're asked to do to help them win can be called a sacrifice. . . . Using some foods sparingly—but never lacking food. Walking a few peaceful blocks—while they crawl thru slime and muck. *Loaning* dollars—every dollar we can find—in War Bonds we can spend again.

If they had to dig their slit trenches here . . . If bombs rocked our homes, and yards instead of countless miles stood between them and us . . . We'd find it easy to buy lots more bonds. Shall we let them down just because they're fighting out of sight of our homes? Shall we risk a lack of weapons *over there* bringing slit trenches *over here*? Let's buy *more* Bonds—lots more—*now!*

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

This message is published solely in the interest of national understanding and unity in the war effort. Stewart-Warner plants have long since been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production.

(Continued from Page 80)

The men had had practically no sleep for the past forty-eight hours, so we decided to let them turn in, maintaining a sufficient number on guard to bring them out if we were suddenly called for. We slept where we could, in the jungle outskirts.

At dusk, or around 6:30 in the evening, there were evidences of a renewal of the conflict. I could hear considerable artillery fire, but I was not particularly worried about it at the time because the shells were hitting far over the ridge and well forward. I dropped into a doze. Even the thunder of the guns meant nothing just then. This moment of peace was too good to be true. I awoke to find a runner from battalion headquarters telling me I was wanted at the command post. I made my way through the dense jungle in the pitch darkness to headquarters and was advised there that the situation up front was threatening and that our company was called for at the ridge.

First Sergeant Marion LeNoir, a young man whose mild manner is a mask for a rugged character and good military toughness, passed the word and the men piled out through the rough jungle growth, shook themselves awake and plodded toward the front.

Most of us realized this was to be the big night. Two days before this action, Maj. James Murray, division adjutant, had said casually to me, "I don't want to worry you, but five thousand Japs are coming over to try to take the field." A few days later the Jap radio said that 4000 Japs had come over—which was an understatement—and that they had taken Henderson Airfield—which was sour grapes.

A Jungle Full of Japs

In fighting of this nature, the marine generally takes any extra weapon or weapons he chooses. The one he likes is usually the one at which he is most expert. For heavier weapons we had some .30-caliber Browning light machine guns and some light mortars. The men carried .45-caliber submachine guns. Some of them had new-type weapons; some relied on the old Springfield; some carried Browning automatic rifles. We took all the ammunition that could be packed in, plus case upon case of hand grenades, for which we were later to be very thankful.

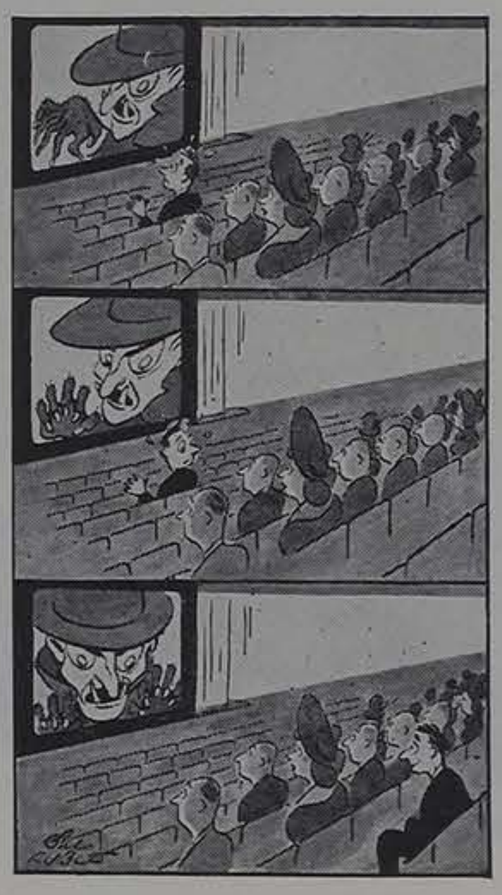
So we went up the slope on the jungle side of the road, loaded down like pack animals.

"I spose we get time and a half for this, huh, captain," one of the boys said as he went by in the darkness.

Our orders were to stand by along the road until the attack took such form that it could be determined where we were most needed. Only a few minutes later we were ordered across the road and told to move into a position along the upper side of the nose of the hill. There we were to tie in with another battalion, which was to hold the right flank. We were trying to find the other outfit, had extended our line around the nose and had sent out a hurried patrol without making contact with them, when all hell broke loose. Capt. Harry Torgerson, battalion executive officer, and Capt. Richard Johnson suddenly found mortar shells dropping too close for comfort and "a jungle full of Japs around them." Over on their right, Capt. Justin Duryea's company was being subjected to the special brand of terrorism that is the hallmark of a real Nipponese attack. The sky and jungle were blazing with fireworks and a hellish bedlam of howls. Firecrackers, a cheap imitation of machine-gun fire, exploded in front of, in and behind their position. Parachute flares that burned brightly for an instant and then went bobbing along and out intermittently lighted the scene. And from the jungle below this umbrella of fire and noise came the rhythmic, bloody chant, learned by rote and shrilled to the accompaniment of the slapping of gun butts: "U. S. Marines be dead tomorrow. U. S. Marines be dead tomorrow." A Japanese painting of the end of the world.

There is purpose behind this bizarre accompaniment of attack. It is designed, first, to mark the pattern of the attack and, second, to terrorize the opponent, to demoralize and confuse him. A third design is to mask an operation, an assault or sneak attack, carried out from another quarter. The Japs are great believers in diversion. Fourth is the not unimportant element of arousing the spirit of the Japs themselves to a fever pitch. Certainly the attack takes on something of the quality of a mad religious rite.

While this strange and horrible movement was in progress, other Japanese forces were milling around in the hollow between our hill and the one where Duryea's company was being attacked. There was danger that both of the other companies might be cut off or surrounded by the two prongs. There was still further confusion in the hollow. The Japs had set out smoke pots and unholy clouds were rolling in. "Somebody" yelled "gas." "Somebody" probably was a Jap.



Three thrusts were therefore developing at this time. One had filtered through the jungle on our left, a second had been launched frontally against the hill to the south, and the third was coming from the southwest, through the hollow I have mentioned. The latter, for some inexplicable reason, was momentarily held up just around the corner of the hill, but so close we could hear the Japs jabbering while they organized for assault. They were perhaps seventy-five yards away.

In the uproar, the commanders of the companies on the advanced slopes were ordered to withdraw from their exposed positions to a point where the battalion could be consolidated and a stronger defense set up. In this situation I came upon Maj. Kenneth Bailey, to whom I am glad to be able to pay tribute as one of the finest Marine Corps officers in the Solomons—or anywhere else—and whose subsequent death was a tragic loss to us. Colonel Edson was on the crest of the ridge and we could not reach him at once. I told the major that my right flank was exposed and that we had no contact with the company with which I was supposed to tie in. All this was happening more rapidly than it can be told. Together, we determined on a makeshift defense. It was obvious that the hill must be held at all cost. Once it was lost, the airfield itself would be gravely imperiled.

After some delay we reorganized the defensive setup of the hill. I moved the company higher up on the slope, spreading them along a few yards from the top. My right flank swung around the nose of the hill and my left extended from the nose down toward the road. At this point, Captain Torgerson took over command of the battalion and, carrying out orders from Colonel Edson to counterattack, moved Duryea's and Johnson's companies forward to a position paralleling our own.

One company took a position on our left flank, from the hill to the road. We had not had time enough to establish any solid defense. We had no time to dig in. Naturally, we had no time to string barbed wire. We finally got one machine gun in position covering the right flank and had another at the center of our position on the military crest of the hill. A third was set up covering the left flank.

While we were accomplishing this, the chattering Japs had completed their organization for assault. We could see them coming by the progress of their flares. Above us, at the command post on the plateaulike summit of the hill, Colonel Edson was directing the general operations, and with him was a private first class named Watson, a cool hand with a positive genius for the work he was called upon to do. Throughout the night he acted as spotter for the artillery, placed far to the rear of us. Our guns were thundering a magnificent response. They hurled their shells over us in a ceaseless bombardment of the advancing enemy forces, just where we needed them, right into the laps of the Japs. That night Watson was a private first class. The next day, in the field, he was made a second lieutenant.

The first assault came vomiting forth from a triangular patch of jungle directly on our left front. There was little rifle fire, but the Japs poured blast after blast of bullets from their Nambus—light machine guns—against our own machine-gun positions. A Nambu is hard to locate because it gives off no appreciable muzzle glare, and it is particularly effective in a night attack. But in fire power there is nothing like our own machine guns. The three we had poured it into the oncoming Japs, smashed them back, knocked them over, broke their assault. The guns never jammed. There were screams and bleating, and then comparative silence in the hollow. The firing had lasted perhaps five seconds. It seemed like hours.

Hand-to-Hand

The Nambus had located our machine guns and were trying desperately to knock them out. I went over to the right flank to check that gun. The gunners were yelling expressive epithets, of which the marines have a full vocabulary to help along their bursts. We were beginning to lose men, but as fast as one machine-gun crew went down, their places were taken by others. Sgt. Keith Perkins, the section leader, was finally handling the gun himself. The action cost him his life—and us a good man.

From the beginning of the fight until dawn, there were never more than a few minutes of surcease. The attack was almost constant, like a rain that subsides for a moment and then pours the harder. In most of these assaults the Japs never reached our lines. I believe now that they had no definite plan other than the general order to attack, attack and attack. When one wave was mowed down—and I mean mowed down—another followed it into death. There was never a moment when there were not Japs in front of us.

Some of the Jap rushes were now carrying them into our positions and there was ugly hand-to-hand fighting. But not one of our men, to my knowledge, met death that night by a Jap bayonet. Most of our casualties came from the Nambus, mortar shells or hand grenades.

The Japanese light mortar, carried strapped to the soldier's leg, is a crude, simple weapon. The Japanese hand grenades were of the offensive type, designed to injure and stun the enemy, but lacking the force that would make them too dangerous to the Jap soldier, who follows them closely in to come to grips with his stunned opponent. They can be used at short range. Our own pineapples, by contrast, are terrifically destructive, and the man who throws one must be far enough away or it will blast him and his antagonist at the same time. We were thankful for our own grenades. We used them constantly and with deadly effect. We took them out of their cases by hundreds, pulled the pins and rolled them downhill into the noise below. They wrought havoc and a shrill chorus of shrieking rose.

Grenade Duel

I had established a command post near the center machine gun. Too near, I guess. At any rate, LeNoir and I saw a grenade coming at the same instant. I say "saw" because a Jap grenade often gives a sputter of light from the fuse when it is on the wing. We ducked—the sergeant to the right and I to the left. And I swung neatly into the orbit of another one that I definitely did not see.

I was rolling downhill and I heard somebody yelling, "Don't roll down there!" I thought it was a little funny to be told not to do something I had to do. I don't think I was ever completely unconscious. Just knocked over. I remember rolling to the road and—how long after I do not know, although it may have been a matter of seconds—that someone was pulling me off the road. It was a private who had been knocked down the hill by the same or another grenade. We struggled to our feet, groggily got our bearings, and felt our way along the fringe of jungle to the collecting station. We met a corpsman from our battalion, who put us in a jeep and bounced us through to safety, barely escaping a hand grenade on the way, thrown by some enterprising Jap. I was swabbed with sulpha and given a shot of morphine. The morphine killed the pain, but I lay awake, trying to determine the progress of the battle by the sound of the guns. The conflict died at dawn.

First Sergeant LeNoir poked his head into the hospital the next day and grinned at me. "Did I ever thank you for stopping that grenade for me, captain?" he asked. Thereafter he got a tremendous kick out of thanking me almost every time he saw me.

Our casualties had been heavy and some of our best men were gone. But I would say that almost 85 per cent of our casualties were saved for service again. Sulphanilamide is a wonderful thing.

In front of our positions, sprawled in grotesque caricatures of life, were nearly 500 Japanese bodies. In the jungle, where our guns had blasted and riddled and laced through the thick growth, were many more. All the way back to their base our planes, pursuing them, harrying them, strafing them wherever they could be found, came across remnants of the 5000. They seemed to have one idea—to get back to where they came from, stopping only to bathe their wounds in the river.

The Japs, or others like them, have since come on and on again. They will not give up, short of extermination. It can be summed up in the words of a Japanese prisoner who, with crackpot but sinister reasoning, said, "Make no matter about us dead. More will come. We never stop coming. Soon you all be Japanese."

Oh, yeah?

他們来了

"they have come"

THERE IS HOPE in the skies over many stricken lands today. It rests upon America's startling climb toward dominance in air power.

What is speeding U. S. aircraft production to today's tremendous pace? Many factors. Not least are the new techniques, new processes, new engineering shortcuts that now save time and man-hours.

These new advancements represent in total a large package of extra warplane production. Here is one sample, from the experience of the "Northrop group".

BEFORE A WARPLANE reaches the final assembly line, hundreds of small metal parts must be fastened together into larger sub-assemblies. Wingtips, engine "nacelles" and tail surfaces are typical of such sub-assemblies.

Many of the small parts in these larger units are *spot welded* to each other. Formerly this demanded tedious one-piece-at-a-time cleaning and preparation.

It's not so, any longer. Today by a new Northrop-developed technique the whole sub-assembly is fastened together by what are called "skintights". The job of cleaning and preparation is all done at once in a single quick bath.

Then, still held fast together, it all goes in one piece to spot welding machines—and comes out finished.

What does this new technique accomplish? It gets warplanes built faster, and it saves precious plant space for the building of *more* fighters and bombers. This new Northrop advancement is being made available to all other U. S. plane builders. So are other important developments by the Northrop group.

In return, the other plane manufacturers inform Northrop of their new processes — new ways of building warplanes faster, with fewer man-hours.

And this business of trading techniques—of putting aircraft production on an "all-for-one-one-for-all" basis — is one reason U. S. warplanes are now striking in such numbers on so many far-flung battle fronts. It's one reason oppressed people in many lands now look upward for deliverance — now are able to say in joy, "THEY HAVE COME!"

NORTHROP AIRCRAFT, Inc.

NORTHROP FIELD, HAWTHORNE, CALIFORNIA · MEMBER AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

SPREE DE CORPS

(Continued from Page 25)

"Somebody in your battalion is guilty of throwing stones at the senator," he said. "I will hold you responsible for finding the guilty party or parties and delivering them to General King for discipline."

The colonel, stunned, saluted in acquiescence. The general returned the salute, glanced at the colonel and those members of the battalion in sight disgustedly, entered the car and drove off.

Staff Sgt. Charley Hastings had had a grandstand seat from which to observe this curious incident. It was his detachment that had been crawling through the brush on both banks of the creek, firing the submachine guns. And at the moment when the senator leaped, the sergeant was scarcely eighty feet away, standing behind a large tree and attempting to estimate the nature and strength of the opposition on the other side of the bridge. For some seconds after the great splash caused by the senator's entry into the creek, the sergeant had stood petrified and thunderstruck. Then he heard a curious noise near by. Turning his head to place it, he located it as coming from a dense clump of laurel a few feet to one side of him. Curious, he stepped into it.

There was Willie, lying on his back, one hand clapped over his mouth, the other holding tightly to his stomach, his body vibrating violently. Willie was laughing uproariously, but trying valiantly, by stuffing one hand into his mouth, to do so inaudibly. In the hand holding onto the stomach was a forked stick with a length of red rubber attached to the two prongs of the fork. Moreover, Willie's gas-mask bag was lying open at his side, and from it a handful of red cherries had rolled onto the ground.

For a moment the sergeant stood there completely motionless with shock. Then he acted, and quickly. He threw himself across the intervening space and sat down on Willie's face. Willie grew limp and stopped laughing.

"Have you gone crazy?" the sergeant demanded.

Willie, of course, could not reply. The sergeant peeked through the bushes at the bridge. He saw the general speaking to the colonel. It was clearly evident from the general's expression that he was tremendously displeased.

He saw plainly that there was going to be considerable hell to pay for this incident. *Well,* he thought, *Willie has got it coming.* Then he saw an image of Rose. She was wearing the bathing suit she wore the last time he saw her. She was enticingly beautiful. The sergeant gulped. He turned to Willie. "Hide that thing and keep your trap shut, and then stick right beside me, you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Willie replied.

"What happened, sir?" the sergeant asked the colonel innocently, when the colonel came up.

The colonel swore fearfully. "Some so-and-so in this outfit is throwing rocks to make the war realistic. He hit Senator Gasworthy, and the senator thought he'd been wounded. We've got to find the fellow who did it, or the general is likely to discipline the whole battalion," the colonel said. He sighed. "Well, back to the war. Get your scouts and lead the way, sergeant. We're behind schedule."

The sergeant deployed his scouts again, but kept Willie at his side.

"What the hotel's the matter with you?" he demanded as they walked along the creek bed. "Don't you realize that in time of war they can shoot you for shooting rocks at a general?"

"I didn't shoot no rocks," Willie replied. "They was cherries. And anyhow, I didn't shoot at the general. I just wanted to see if I could bust that big balloon. You should 'a' seen him after the first shot. He put his hand back and looked at it and seen the cherry, and he thought he was shot."

A happy look returned to his face. The sergeant swore tremendously.

"And even if you don't care about getting shot yourself, don't it mean nothing to you that you disgraced the whole battalion and the best colonel in the Army?"

"Listen, Charley," Willie said, "you done me a favor back there by not turning me over to the colonel. And even though you done it for Rose and yourself, instead of on account you love me, I appreciate it. But cut out the sirup. To hell

(Continued on Page 86)

"There's a much simpler way to defrost those peas, Hazel."

"Ladies, here's how you can help cook a tank!..."

"Funny thing! We women understand why sugar, coffee, gasoline and oil have to be rationed . . . but few of us dream that the Gas that cooks our breakfast bacon is also a vital war material!

"It probably never occurs to us that we are actually helping to build a tank or a plane or a ship or a gun when we avoid wasteful use of Gas in cooking and especially in house heating and water heating.

"For Gas is used in making nearly every kind of weapon we need to win the war!

"We women have always known that Gas is the fastest cooking fuel, that it's completely flexible and easy to control. So we can easily understand why Gas is important in helping to give our fighting forces better equipment—that it's speeding production in order that our boys may finish the job over there and get back home.

"So let's all remember . . . it's just as patriotic to use Gas wisely as it is to make the many other sacrifices that are needed for Victory!"

MEETING WARTIME NEEDS

1. For Gas fuel. Today the Gas industry is producing more Gas than at any time in history. Yet because of the difficulty in transporting fuel oil and coal to make manufactured Gas—and because of the shortage of materials with which to enlarge plants or build new natural gas pipe lines—there may be times in some sections when the demands of war production will reduce the amount of Gas normally available for household use. It is for these reasons you are urged to use Gas wisely.

2. For nutrition information. If you are one of the 85 million who depend on Gas for cooking, feel free to ask your Gas Company for the latest information on preparing nutritious wartime meals.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.

GAS *is vital to war production ...use it wisely!*

(Continued from Page 84)

with the battalion, and the colonel and the gold-plated generals too."

The sergeant gritted his teeth at this blasphemy. "All right, all right," he growled. "After these maneuvers are over, you're gonna go to the tank destroyers, and if you want to tell them to go to hell, it will be all right with me. In the meantime, though, you keep that trap shut, and stay right beside me; and if you make another crack about the outfit, or the colonel, or the general, I'll bust that mouth right outta your head. Shut up!"

As soon as he had conveyed the senator to the nearest field hospital, ascertained that, as a matter of fact, the senator had not been wounded, and then deposited the solon in a bed at the nearest hotel, Lieutenant General Legett commandeered the communications system to call Maj. Gen. George (The King) King to give him, in blistering terms, his opinion of a division whose personnel could twice disgrace the Army in as many days, first by robbing a South American observer with crooked dice, and then by stoning a member of the most important legislative body on earth.

The King put down the phone and loosed a string of expletives which shocked even his staff. Then he leaped into his car and set off in chase of the 2nd Battalion of the 28th Armored Regiment. By this time this crack outfit had rolled through two advance lines of the Blue Army, had climbed a wooded and very rough ridge of hills, thereby detouring around the main Blue defenses, and was preparing to strike downhill at a supply base and command post of a Blue division hidden craftily in the valley.

The King finally came upon the battalion parked at the edge of a dense woods beside a break in a high chain-link fence. He found Colonel Cohan, with his adjutant and his battalion sergeant, standing in the shade of a tremendous oak on the edge of the woods, looking at a map spread out on the back of a bent-over private. "What are you doing with those tanks in the open?" The King demanded. "Get them under cover in the woods."

The colonel and his men jumped to attention.

"We can't, sir," the colonel replied. "Those woods are a part of the State Game Farm, and it seems the whole farm is off bounds. We started in, but were stopped by a warden of some sort. I'm trying to determine the best way around it now, sir."

"Game farm?" The King exclaimed. "What is a game farm?"

"According to the warden, sir," the adjutant replied, "they raise deer, quail and boars for stocking the hunting areas of the state."

"Hmph," The King grunted. "Well, get these tanks on their way."

"We'll head around the fence, lieutenant," the colonel ordered. "Lead the way with the scout car. And keep as close to the fence as you can, until you find some sort of shelter. I'll catch up with you later in our jeep."

The lieutenant nodded, mounted the scout car and waved toward the tanks, which began now to roar forward again.

"Have you any idea, colonel ——" the general resumed, and cut off suddenly to stare into the woods.

The colonel and sergeant turned to see what had engaged the general's attention. They saw a soldier sprinting through the underbrush of the woods toward them, a look of terror on his face. The soldier passed the group like a bat scared out of a stirred-up hell, shouted something in passing, and then, seizing the trunk of the great oak, began to scramble up it as if he had come equipped with claws on both hands and feet.

The King turned, his mouth dropping agape, and stared at the soldier. He closed his mouth, preparing to demand an explanation, when he heard a grunt. Turning his head, he was in time to see the private rise from his stooped position, leap into the air as if stung violently, then sprint to the tree and begin to climb it furiously also.

"Has this whole battalion gone crazy overnight?" The King asked himself.

"Oof!" the colonel exclaimed. "Run, sir, and climb a tree!"

This was altogether too much. The King stiffened bodily and facially. He was so stunned, however, by the unprecedented impudence of anybody, even a lieutenant colonel, telling him to go climb a tree, that for once the ever-ready words would not emerge.

"Please, sir," the colonel repeated with a pleading tone, and then suddenly straightened out his arm violently until it hit The King in the shoulder, spinning him around and knocking him off his feet into the brush. At the moment of falling, The King glimpsed a shaggy black animal running through the spot on which he had stood.

Immediately upon hitting ground, he turned his head. He now saw the colonel running toward a near-by tree, the black beast snorting a few steps behind him and bobbing a long snout armed with two tusks a good ten inches long. The colonel leaped into the air, seized a low-hanging branch and swung himself upward. The beast made a leaping pass with its tusks, caught a trouser leg and split it up to the knee as if with a knife.

The colonel swung himself onto the branch and, noting that The King was still sitting and staring, he yelled, "Go into a tree, sir!"

The beast meanwhile, having whirled around after running past, stood and glared through a pair of mean little eyes at the colonel's feet, dangling just out of reach. The King, too, stared. Without the long, shaggy hair, he thought, and the tufted tail and the tusks, the beast might be a pig. With all these oddities it looked like nothing he had ever seen, dead or alive or in a picture. The colonel repeated his plea, and this time The King, noting that by far the most striking thing about the beast was the ferocious glint in his eyes and the way he kept moving the tusks up and down, suddenly leaped to his feet and headed for the nearest tree, an old chestnut bole, without bark and without a branch.

The animal, distracted from the colonel's feet by the sight of another and more vulnerable quarry, headed after the general. The King, in spite of his fifty-odd years, was in excellent shape. He ran quite creditably. The beast, however, was a good deal less than fifty years old and more accustomed to running. Although it had some twenty feet farther to go, it was only a pace behind when The King reached the chestnut. The King stopped running two feet from the tree and sprang toward it. He wrapped his arms and legs around it, and hitched himself up quickly. Glancing downward as he did so, he was in time to see the tusks just miss his heel and gouge a foot-long splinter out of the bole.

"At-a-boy, general!" someone called.

The general concentrated on holding on. Unfortunately, though a man of few vanities, The King had one which now

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A GHOST WALKS VALLEY FORGE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

WHAT are these fires that star the sleeping park,
So ghostly in the dark?
These mistlike groups that huddle by a flame
That shows them weak and lame?
And who is he who stands dark-cloaked and still
On this untented hill
Where desolate the rains of winter fall
And no proud bugles call?
Who is this shadow, fatherly yet stern,
That in the night can turn
And quietly speak in tones untremulous
Across the years to us?
"I, too, have faced defeat and known dismay,"
That dim voice seemed to say;
"And older than the dark road ye must tread
The pathway of my dead;
I, too, have seen youth's warm blood given up
To fill hate's bitter cup;
I, too, have known the darkness and the doubt
When all the lamps went out.
The bloodied cot, the hunger and the cold,
These, these are very old;
I, too, was harried hill by corpse-strewn hill,
But well I knew God's will,
And steadfast to His star of brotherhood
Saw tenuous dreams made good,
Saw high above torn clouds the tender blue,
Saw tortured hopes come true.
So doubt not, in this hour, nor yet misgive,
If ye still wish to live,
For stronger than loud guns and tyrant laws
Still stands a righteous cause.
Though weariness and tears and mortal pain
Ye now must know again,
Stand resolute, stand strong of will and grim,
And leave the rest to Him,
Remembering life's best memorial
Is having struggled well.
The querulous, the doubters, the inert,
Shall do you, then, no hurt;
Though fields be lost today and ramparts fall,
My darker past recall,
Recall that they who live no longer free
Can claim small right to be;
And when the Last Post sounds and star-strewn waves
The flag above your graves
And white peace walks your stricken world again
And soothes remembered pain,
A radiance of wings no eagle grew
Will hover over you,
And on your brow will break the morning light,
The blood-cleansed sun of Right."

AMERICA MARCHES TO VICTORY ON TIME

How do you fix a fix?

A "fix" in naval lingo is determining the ship's position at sea. To do this, the quartermaster looks at the ship's chronometer, sets his comparing watch to the second and reports to the navigator on the bridge. The difficult plotting of the ship's position depends entirely on the chronometer's accuracy.

So you can see why a ship's chronometer has to be a time-keeper of infinite precision. It swings in cradles, or gimbals, in a padded case so the ship's motion won't affect it. It's so accurate that day after day, month after month, it seldom varies from its steady rate by so much as half a second.

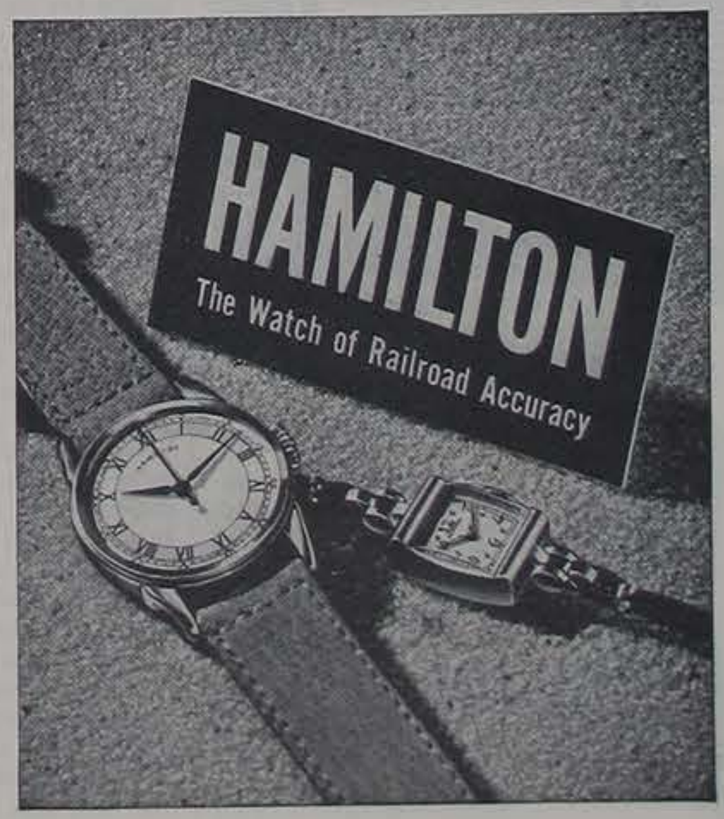
A chronometer is the pulse of a ship. The timing of everything that happens aboard depends on it... the ship's routine, the ship's position, the ship's logs, the take-off and return of planes, yes, even the salvos of the big guns!

That's why we're eternally proud the Government has found Hamilton able to build these vital chronometers, chronometer watches, comparing watches, and many other timing instruments for our fighting men.

This means that we cannot make many watches for civilians now. But when the war is won, the experience gained in this exacting work promises *new* Hamiltons, even more precise than those now famed as "the watch of railroad accuracy." Hamilton Watch Company, 312 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

* * *

Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men and precision instruments for the Government insures greatest possible accuracy in all sizes and grades.



(Continued from Page 86)

promised to be his undoing. In common with many another Armored Force general, The King was an ex-cavalryman. Much of the bearing and attitude of a cavalryman he had cast aside. But there was one thing he had not cast aside—his boots. They were his one weakness. Possessing a pair of shapely legs, The King loved boots—the slickest and best obtainable. He wore one of his best pairs now. If his vanity had been great enough to include spurs as well, they would have come in handy. The chestnut bole had been beautifully weathered and smoothed by the elements. Moreover, there was not a knot, much less a branch, to hang on to. Only brute strength and friction could hold him up. The King had the strength; often in his days he had held on to wild mustangs bareback with his legs alone. But he lacked the friction. His beautifully waxed boots were like dull skates on ice. He began slowly and imperceptibly to slide down the bole.

"Up, sir!" the colonel yelled.

The King gathered his strength and hitched himself violently. Again the boar missed his heel and again gouged out a large sliver. Sweat broke out on The King's face. This, he realized, could not go on very long.

He saw the sergeant sitting in a crotch of an adjoining tree pull out his pistol and begin to shoot at the boar. Unfortunately, the pistol, like all weapons in the maneuvers was loaded with blanks. The explosions merely infuriated the beast into higher leaps at the general. Again he felt himself sliding down. He saw the beast lower its head to get the tusks ready, and resigned himself to whatever fate the beast chose to visit on him.

Suddenly he saw the creature stiffen with shock as something white struck its long snout. It shook its head, and when again something struck it—this time in the eye—it squealed with pain. The King continued to slide slowly down and was now only a foot from the yellowed tusks. Awakening to his danger at last, he made a tremendous effort and managed to go up a foot, but still within reach of the tusks. But now, again, something struck the animal, and this time it whirled around to look for the new assailant. For a moment it held its ground, and then, as another of the small white objects struck it—this time in the rear—it squealed loudly and began to run away.

The King let go the tree and slid down to the ground. He glimpsed the white objects which had hit the beast. Stooping, he picked one up. It was an ivory die. He looked around and saw another. Taking the pair into his hands, he shook them and threw them on the ground. They stopped with a five and a two. He picked them up and threw them again. Again a five and a two.

He looked up and saw his savior, the private who had served as a map desk, sitting on a limb of the great oak with a slingshot in his hands and a foolish look on his face.

"Soldier," The King ordered, "come down here."

Willie swung himself off the branch and came up, saluting.

"If you could hit this pig or whatever it was at this distance, a large senator would offer an easy target," The King said. "On your honor now as a soldier, did you or did you not shoot Senator Gasworthy with this weapon this morning?"

"Yes, sir," Willie replied without hesitation.

The general stared grimly at the private.

"And these dice, they wouldn't by any chance be loaded?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it might have been you who ——"

"Yes, sir," Willie replied before The King finished.

The King looked at the dice; he looked at the slingshot.

"I presume you heard what I said a few minutes ago about court-martialing the soldier who shot the senator?"

"Yes, sir."

The King turned to the colonel, who now approached and was looking at Willie with a look that boded a great deal of evil.

"This," The King said, "is without doubt"—he paused dramatically—"the best example of sheer, unadulterated courage I have witnessed off a battlefield. I'll be damned if I'll court-martial anybody with such guts. Soldier, if I put you on your word of honor not to use crooked dice as long as you remain in the Army, is there any chance you'll keep your word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let's forget the whole matter from beginning to end."

"Thank you, sir," Willie replied with dignified respect.

"You'd better get back to the war, colonel. You've done very well so far. And make this soldier a corporal. It may keep him too busy to get in trouble. And we'll need guts like his before long."

He marched out of the woods and signaled for his jeep to come get him. The colonel stared at the receding back, and then at the soldier.

"Thank your stars," he said, "we've got the best general in the best division in the Army. Now let's get going."

"Yes, sir," Willie gulped.

The sergeant was speechless for the next fifteen minutes. Then, when they had caught up with the head of the column and were again leading the way, this time in a jeep, he turned to Willie and said, "What came over you all of a sudden? I like to of died when I seen you pull out that thing."

Willie said nothing for a moment. He traversed a ditch with a large bounce and then replied, "You know this here spree the corps you mentioned?"

"Yeah."

"Well," Willie said quietly, "it just come over me right then. Just like getting religion. I couldn't let the general get wounded by that pig."

"That wasn't no pig. That was a wild Russian boar. I seen a picture of one in a newspaper. That's what they raise in that game farm," the sergeant said, and then stared at Willie wildly and demanded, "Them dice, you rat. What were those you gave me this morning?"

Willie released one hand from the wheel and shoved it inside his shirt. Extracting it, he put it toward the sergeant and opened it. In the palm lay a pair of transparent dice.

"You better take these, Charley, and get rid of them. All them others was just ordinary loaded dice that I takened away from punks that didn't know how to use them. These are real works of art. Nobody can spot them except a professional. But look, Charley, don't get me transferred, will you? I like it here in this outfit, and from now on I won't get into no trouble."

The sergeant took the dice and turned them over in his hand. He shook his head, and then winding up the arm, tossed the dice into the cornfield they were passing.

"Damned if I don't believe you, Willie."

"Boy," Willie said, "wait till ma and pa hear I'm a corporal. Listen, are you gonna have a wedding, fella! I'm telling you."

The reminder made the sergeant stare into space, his mind deliciously far, far away.

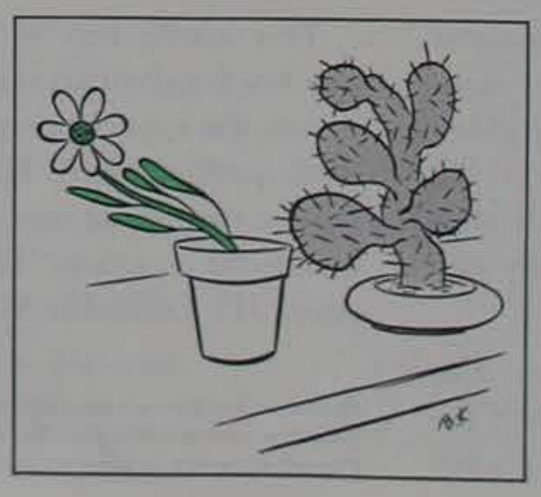
DEATH IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE

(Continued from Page 34)

because if anyone sees us bring it in they might try to stop us. We'll put it in my office,' he says, 'and then, if you'll back me up, it won't matter what Hodge or anyone else tries to do. You can guard the door while she and I play the thing out. If she will, that is, and I think maybe she will if I handle her right.'

"I tell you, dear, it gave me a turn hearing him talking that way, but I probably wouldn't have thought much more about it, only fifteen minutes later he comes tearing out past the switchboard here, nearly knocking the doors off the hinges as he goes, and an hour or so later him and this other fellow come back together, dragging—you don't have to believe me, but it's true—the biggest doll's house you ever saw in your life. It was almost as tall as Doctor Farragon, and that's not pygmy, you know. They stopped inside the door, and I said wasn't it cute, and started to go look at it closer, but Doctor Farragon doesn't give me a chance. He comes and stands right between me and it and hands me a dollar and says, 'Do me a favor, Miss Haggerty, and just sort of forget you ever saw this thing, will you?' I guess he kind of suspects he's got a screw loose and doesn't want people to find out. Not that I blame him, and I wouldn't be telling you, only so if anything else happens about that doll's house today, you'll know what it's about and maybe tell me tomorrow, huh?"

The day operator certainly would, and said so. She said she didn't think Doctor Farragon was really crazy, maybe more a sort of genius, but she certainly would watch for developments.



The eleven-to-seven went reluctantly home, but she needn't have worried. Nothing happened. Nothing really exciting, anyway.

Doctor Farragon went out around ten, and was gone almost till lunchtime. He had a number of packages when he came back and laid them on top of the switchboard while he asked about calls, particularly if Doctor Hodge had been in and whether he was expected in in the afternoon. When the operator said he wasn't expected and asked if she should call him, Doctor Farragon said no and was almost sharp about it. But before he picked up his packages she noticed that the biggest one was from that big New York toy shop that had a branch down in the village. Furniture for his doll's house, she thought compassionately, and hoped the eleven-to-seven wasn't right about his going out of his head. He looked as if he was under an awful strain.

She would have given a week's—well, a day's salary, anyway, to be able to follow him to his office, but it wouldn't have done any good, for when he got there he shut and locked the door before

(Continued on Page 90)

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CRANE VALVES

(Continued from Page 88)

he unwrapped the packages. It wasn't furniture, but the day operator hadn't been far wrong at that. It was dolls, close to a dozen of them. Black's face was haggard and his eyes unnaturally bright as he took each one out of its tissue paper and lined them up in a row on the desk. But he moved with a deliberate slowness, a controlled grace that would have worried the day operator, who loved him for his clumsiness, even more than the dolls would have or the big object in the corner beside the desk which was covered with a sheet. He didn't so much as look at the sheet-covered object, just lined the dolls up, studied the line-up, shifted the position of a couple of them, then went out, locked the door, went up to the dining room and ate a remarkably hearty lunch.

After lunch he dropped in on a few patients and checked up on some treatments and changed some orders. His bedside manner was quite as usual, if anything a little more soothing than it ordinarily was. He might not be resident tomorrow, but he was today and the work had to be got through, doll's house or no doll's house. Shortly after three, however, he was back at his office, and Judy Walnut was with him.

"Judy," he was saying as he unlocked the door, "bless you for having night duty today, and bless your mother for the varied education she gave you. I'd hate to have just anybody sit there behind that door and take down in shorthand what Mimsy may say this afternoon."

"I hope I can manage it," she said quietly; "I'm pretty rusty." Then, as her eyes fell on the dolls, "Quite a cast you've got there, Blacko."

"Yes," he said, "and the devil's own time I had getting them. I had to have one for every ——"

"I see." Judy's eyes were fixed on a doll in the uniform of a trained nurse. "One for every suspect." Her voice was suddenly remote. "Why are you having me take the notes? Is it another vote of confidence?"

"Judy"—his eyes followed hers to the desk and his voice went suddenly out to her—"you don't think I —— Hell, Judy, it's just that since the question came up I have to include you along with the others, so as to clear you. Judy, sweet, you know—you've got to know because ——" There was a knock at the door.

"Oh, God," he said despairingly.

"I understand," Judy's voice was steady, but still more remote. "I'll take down every word."

"You wanted me?" It was Honeychuck at the door.

"Yes," Black tore his eyes away from Judy, but he was aching inside. "I'm going to try an experiment in a few minutes. Miss Walnut is going to take down everything that is said, in shorthand. I don't know whether it will prove anything or not, but if it should I'm not taking any chances on your suggesting we faked our evidence."

"Okay." Honeychuck stolidly eyed the dolls on the desk and the big sheet-covered object. "What you want me to do?"

"I want you to go into that treatment room and stand so that you can see and hear, but not be seen. Miss Walnut is going to be there taking shorthand notes. All you have to do is keep still and listen. Maybe I'm wasting your time, but I can't afford not to, because if you want to know, lieutenant, this is the last cast I'll be able to make."

"I've got lots of time today." Honeychuck's drooping face lifted faintly in a grin. "It's between crimes. Tomorrow it'd be different. Tomorrow your friend gets taken to jail."

"Does he?" said Black. "Tell me again at dinnertime, will you, and I'll believe it." There was another knock at the door. Black opened it cautiously. There was relief in his voice as he said, "Hello, Ludwell."

"All set?" Ludwell's face was unsmiling, even when he came in and saw the row of dolls.

"I think so," said Black. "Now look, I don't care what you do till I get Mimsy down here, but when I do I want you out of sight till we're inside here. Then I want you to stand guard outside. Have you got that paper? . . . Good," as Ludwell tapped his pocket. "Well, once we're in here don't let anyone so much as knock, if you have to sit on their heads to stop 'em. Got it?"

"I've got it." Ludwell smiled a faint smile. "Any trouble getting the dolls?"

"Plenty," said Black. "Every toy shop in town thinks I've lost my mind, but I got ones that'll do. How about you?" he asked suddenly. "You find anything?"

"Plenty." Pike Ludwell smiled faintly again as he echoed Black's words. "I left Philip explaining things rapidly and unconvincingly. Ranny's cleaned, good and cleaned, and there's been plenty of dirty work, but that's minor compared to this."

"I guess so." Black sounded preoccupied. "Now I'm going up after Mimsy." He cast a last look at Judy, but her head was bent over her notebook. She'd have to understand, he told himself. She'd have to because there wasn't time now for misunderstandings. He hadn't had a chance to tell her, hadn't even had a chance to think about it yet, but there was an official letter in his pocket that told exactly how little time he had now for anything. Well—he tore his eyes away from the soft clean curve of her neck and shoulders—this had to come first. A few minutes later he was knocking on Mimsy's door.

"Hello, big girl." He walked right into the room past Miss Tillingham. "I've come to take you for a ride. I've got a surprise for you down in my office and we're going down to see it right now."

Miss Tillingham coughed. "I'm sorry, doctor, this is rather embarrassing, but Doctor Hodge ——"

"The hell with Doctor Hodge," said Black softly. "I've authorization from Mimsy's father and guardian if Doctor Hodge would like to see it. Now if you'll just help my girl friend on with her wrapper, so we can step out together."

Mimsy was looking worried as he took her pathetically light body into his arms. "What is it, Black?" she said apprehensively. "What's the surprise?"

"You'll see," he said. "You'll like it."

"Will I?" she said doubtfully, then, just as they reached the door, "Cupid.

(Continued on Page 92)

Battle by the Bible

THEY tell this one to the men at the Army's Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, these days—the strange incident in which the Bible supplied not merely inspiration, but a precise plan of battle, to the British in the Near East under General Allenby in 1918.

The British, out to capture Jericho, knew they must first eliminate a Turkish garrison at the village of Michmash. A frontal attack was decided upon, despite the heavy casualties it would inevitably entail. What happened after that constitutes one of the most unusual episodes in military annals.

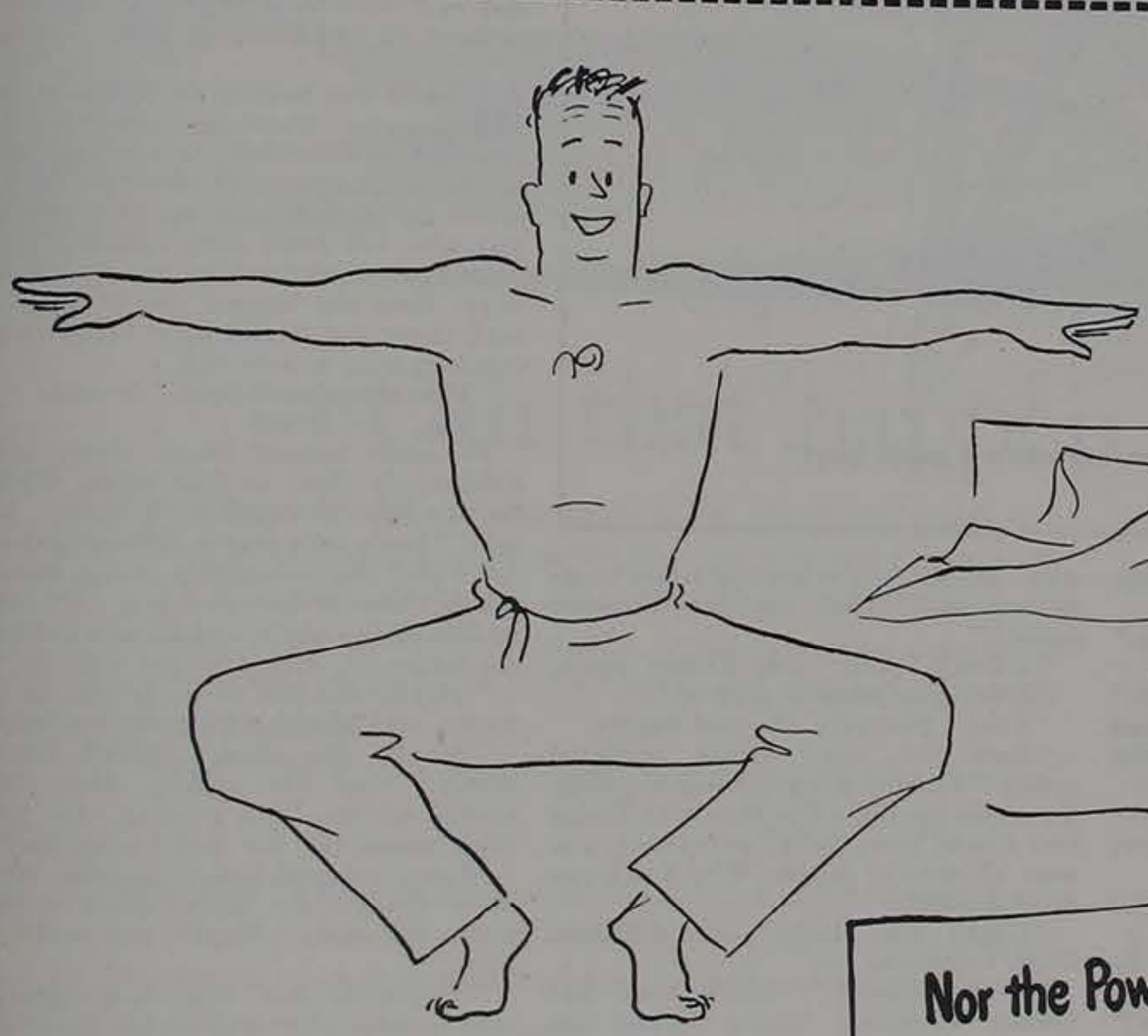
On February thirteenth, the eve of the attack, the British chief of staff outlined to his officers the plan for taking Michmash by direct assault. One of the officers, Major Petrie, started inwardly. The name of the village was familiar to him. After the meeting Petrie retired to his quarters to try to sleep. But the word "Michmash" kept running through his brain. Where had he encountered it? Suddenly he had the answer—the book of Samuel, in the Bible. Quickly he located the passages he wanted, in Samuel I, chapters 13 and 14. Petrie rushed to the quarters of the commanding officer. Rousing him from sleep, he excitedly announced his find.

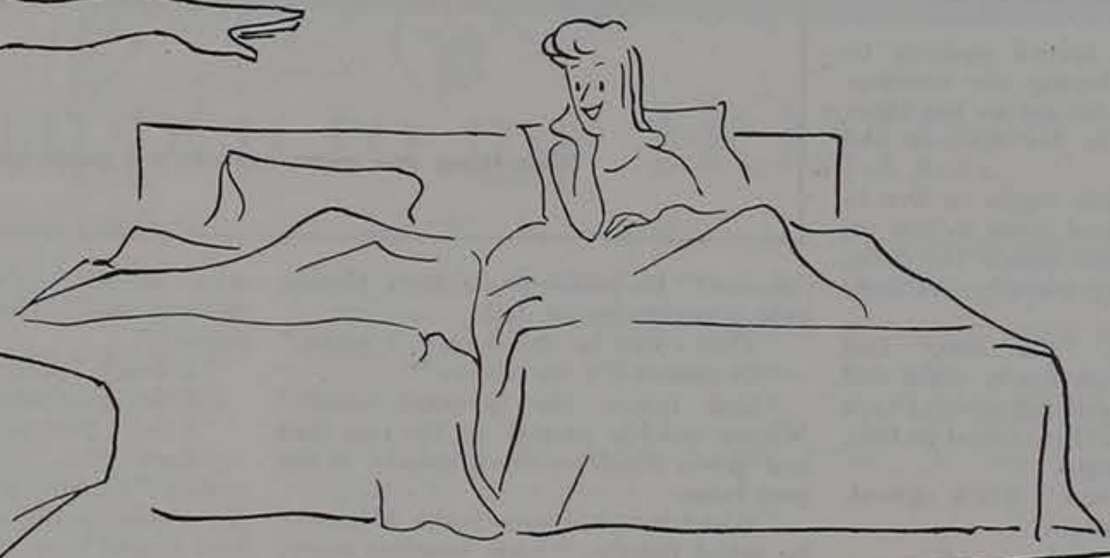
It was the Biblical account of how Jonathan had taken Michmash from the Philistines nearly thirty centuries before. Various landmarks were mentioned; two sharp rocks which indicated a pass; a plot of ground overlooking the town. On a hunch, the commander sent scouts out to look for the landmarks. They returned with the report that they were all there.

That night Petrie and the commander pored over the Biblical passages and completely changed the British plan of attack. Just before daybreak a small force set out for the plot of ground above Michmash. At dawn they emerged from hiding, with loud cries. The Turks poured from their huts, saw the men on the strategic ledge behind them. Confused and terrorized, they were easily subdued. Michmash was taken with amazingly few casualties, and the door to the Near East opened for a great British victory.

—JOHN HIX.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 90)

Where's Cupid? I can't leave him here all alone. He wouldn't like it."

"Of course he wouldn't." Black reached for the reindeer which was lying on the bed and put it in her arms, which closed protectively around it.

"SHUT your eyes, Mimsy," Black said as lightly as he could when they reached the door of the office. "It's a surprise, you know."

"What is it?" she said, but without much interest.

"You'll see, and I think you're going to like it." Black cast a glance up and down the corridor. There was no one in sight but a figure down by the far window that he recognized as Ludwell. So far, so good. "Are your eyes shut?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said indifferently, so indifferently that he had a sudden grim premonition of failure. What if she wouldn't play? What if she just stayed blank and indifferent? Why, then—why, then he was licked. But he wasn't licked yet.

He opened the door. He carried her inside and set her down in his desk chair and swung it around so that it was facing the doll's house and at right angles to the row of dolls lined up on the desk. The door to the examining room was ajar, he saw, as he gave it a swift hard look, but you couldn't see beyond it.

"Now," he said, and pulled the sheet off the doll's house. "Now you can look, Mimsy."

She slowly opened her eyes. "It's my house," she said then, matter-of-factly.

"That's right." Black smiled gently. "Are you glad to see it?"

"Yes"—she was looking at it with slow deliberate care—"very glad. Hello, house, dear."

"I thought"—Black was moving around the room with careful casualness—"I thought maybe we could play some sort of game in your house, if you think it would be fun." He went to the door, opened it a crack, and then, apparently satisfied with what he saw, shut and quietly locked it. "I've got a lot of dolls here. See." He gestured toward the desk. "Whole lot of dolls. I thought maybe it would be fun to put some people in your house, a family maybe. Shall we?"

"All right." She turned politely to look at the dolls, laying the reindeer down on the desk as she did so, but there was no animation in her face as she looked at them.

"Who do you think ought to live in the house?" Black had come to rest on the corner of the desk beside the dolls. His voice was quietly friendly. "A little girl, maybe?"

"Yes," she said, "this one," and picked up the only obviously child doll in the group, a little girl doll which Black by a stroke of luck had managed to find, with heavy dark bangs.

"Definitely that one," Black agreed. "Now which is her room?"

"You know," she said.

"Maybe I do," he admitted. "Let's put her in her room, shall we? Maybe it's nighttime and she ought to be in bed."

"All right." Mimsy listlessly leaned forward and laid the doll on the toy bed in the doll's-house nursery.

"She has to have a family, doesn't she?" Black went on casually. "Let's put her family in their rooms. Has she a mommy and daddy?"

"Of course," she said with faint scorn.

"Of course," he accepted the rebuke. "Which shall we have be her mommy and daddy?"

She turned back and carefully looked over the ten remaining dolls. "Here." She picked out a dark doll that had apparently been modeled on Hedy Lamarr and a fair man doll that looked like Nelson Eddy. *Ranny would kill me if he knew*, Black found himself thinking with irrelevant amusement.

"What other family has she got?" he murmured. "Has she any aunts or uncles? Has she a nurse?"

"Here's her nurse." Mimsy pointed to a gray-haired doll in a maid's uniform. "And here's her uncle." Black had managed to find a portly gray-haired doll in a black suit, and Mimsy unerringly pointed to it.

"Swell." Black took the dolls as she pointed them out and laid them in a row in the bottom of the doll's house. "Has she any aunts?"

"Here's the aunt who's married to the uncle doll." Mimsy looked a little more animated as she lifted a very blond doll in an evening dress.

"Any more aunts or uncles?"

"I don't know." Mimsy doubtfully looked over the remaining dolls and was silent.

Black had got a boyish-looking doll in overalls to represent Dell, because he thought it looked so much like her, but apparently that was throwing Mimsy off. He cursed himself mentally.

"Well, let's decide who the rest of the dolls are," Black shifted quickly. "Who's this one?" He pointed to a short, plump, bald, grandfatherish doll.

"That could be the doctor, I guess."

"Of course it's the doctor."

"And here's the hospital nurse." Mimsy quickly picked up the one that had given Black so much misery in the past hour.

"Which hospital nurse is she, Mimsy?" he asked lightly. "Your hospital nurse, h'm?"

"Well, she could," said Mimsy, "or she could be your hospital nurse."

Black's heart turned over, but he managed to say, "Sure she could," in a natural voice. "How about these others?" he pursued, pointing to two remaining men dolls and the one in overalls.

"I guess they'll have to be just friends," said Mimsy grandly.

"Well, couldn't this one," Black persisted because it looked to him so much like Dell—"couldn't this one be another aunt doll, one who likes horses and wears slacks and all?"

"Well," Mimsy studied it carefully. "I guess so," she said, but without conviction. Black felt dashed, not that it mattered, but it had seemed to him such a perfect resemblance and he had apparently guessed wrong.

"Then we're all set." He picked up all the dolls except the little girl doll and put them back on the desk. "Now"—he shifted around so that he was facing the doll's house again—"the little girl is asleep. Where are the father and mother?" She didn't answer, so after a minute he went on, "What is the mother doing? Is she in her room, or downstairs in the living room, or where?"

Mimsy seemed to be considering. "She's in her room, I guess," she said at last doubtfully.

"Let's put her there."

"All right." Mimsy picked up Hedy Lamarr and placed her in the turquoise-and-beige bedroom.

"Where's the father?"

"The father doll? Oh, he ——" Mimsy hesitated. "I don't know," she said then blankly.

"Is he out somewhere? Is the mother waiting for him to come home?"

"I don't know," said Mimsy again, and her face was without expression.

"Don't you?" Black managed to sound as if he didn't care. "Well, look then, Mimsy. Why don't you pretend you're the mother doll? You're in your room right beside your little girl's nursery. Maybe you're getting ready to go to bed too. What are you thinking about?"

"I don't know," said Mimsy again.

"Don't you want to pretend?"

"I can't pretend," she said simply.

"Sure you can," Black persisted rashly. "I heard you yesterday morning. You were having a fine time with Babar and Cupid and Dolly, pretending you were all sorts of people. Why don't you do that now?"

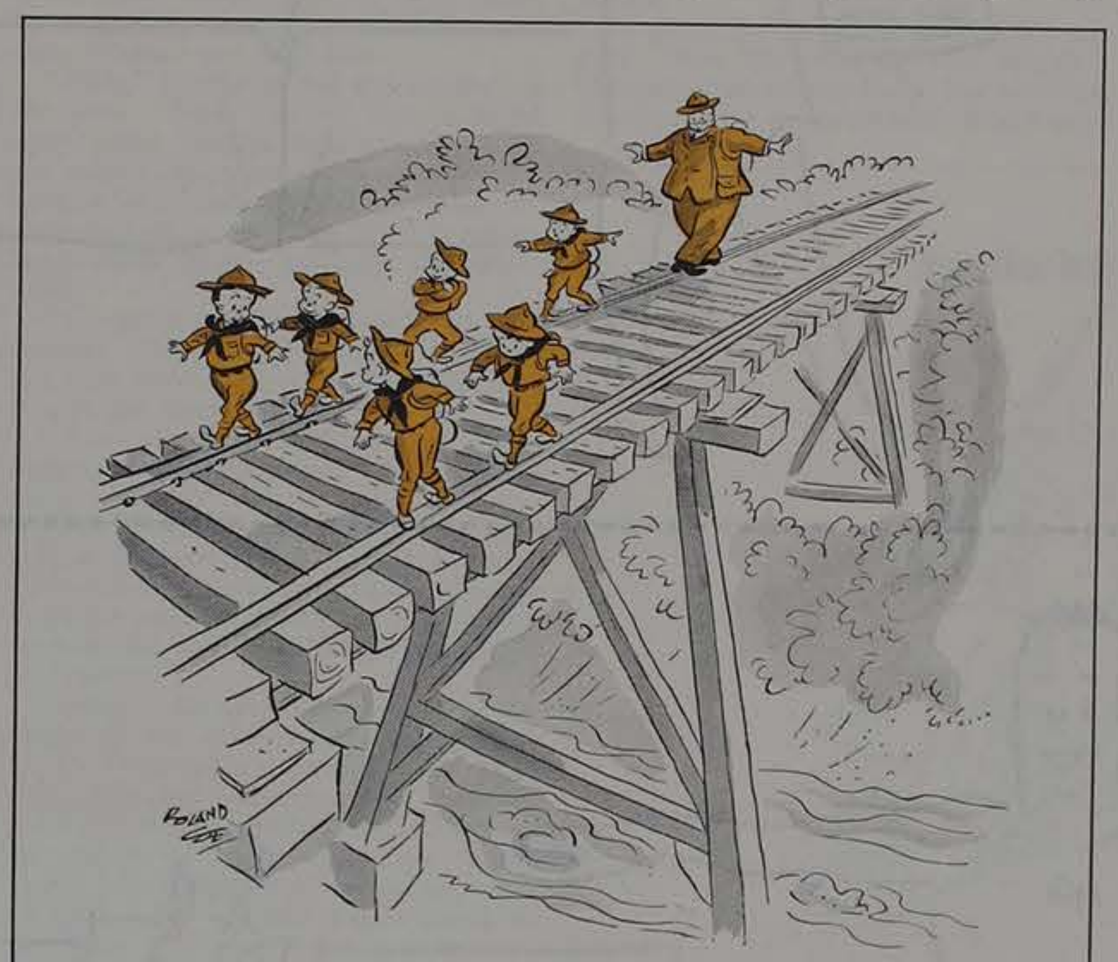
"Cupid and Babar are different. Dolly's different too."

"How different?" Black could feel himself trembling. If she blocked him now ——

"I know them," she said simply, and took Cupid protectively into her arms.

"But you know these dolls. We've decided just who each one of them is. Can't you pretend you're the mother doll whose little girl is asleep in the next room?"

"I can't," said Mimsy dully, and hugged Cupid a little closer to her and reached under him and secretly gave the key a turn. The syncopated notes of Silent Night fell flippantly on the tense stillness of the little room. "I can't pretend I'm the mother doll," she said.



"One thing you gotta say—he's a game guy!"

Black could feel his jaws clamped together. He deliberately separated them, deliberately got up and moved around the room a little and very, very slowly got out a cigarette and put it in his mouth. He started to take out a match, and as he did so he heard voices outside—Ludwell's voice and another. It sounded like Hodge's. If Mimsy should hear —— It was just about stalemate now, but if she should recognize voices it would be check. His eye fell on a chunk of green onyx on his desk, a cigarette lighter that some grateful but flighty patient had given him. The voices were going on and on. If only Ludwell could hold whoever it was off for a half hour more—for twenty minutes. If only he could distract Mimsy, relax her guard just a little.

"Mimsy," he said, "would you like to light my cigarette? Look, that green stone thing there. That does it. You press down that little stick and when you bring it out it will be red hot, hot enough to light things by. Try it."

"Can I?" She looked at it with apprehensive interest.

"Sure you can. You're almost six, aren't you?" He shoved it close to her. "Just press."

There was a half smile on her lips as she pushed the little metal stick deep into the stone. "Now?" she said.

"Now," he said, and leaned over her with his cigarette. If only he could take her upstairs now, he was thinking, and start all over again tomorrow. That was the intelligent way to do this. That was the way you might really get results. But he couldn't think about the intelligent way to do things. Honeychuck wouldn't sit through another session, and even if he would Hodge and Davidson wouldn't let him have another session, to say nothing of that official letter in his pocket that measured off just so much time for him and snipped it off at the end. No, he had now, and only now, and he'd be lucky if he got through now without all hell breaking loose outside.

MIMSY was holding the lighter to his cigarette with intense concentration. He puffed at it carefully as if nothing else in the world interested him right then. When he straightened up, she turned and with the same deep concentration placed the stick back in the square of onyx, then she hugged her reindeer a little closer and looked up at his glowing cigarette with satisfaction.

"That was a good light," he said.

"Yes," she agreed.

He made himself inhale slowly and deliberately three or four times. When he was sure he could do it lightly, he said, "Look, let's play a different game. Let's play the little girl is asleep, sound asleep there in her own bed. It's the middle of the night, and all of a sudden she wakes up. Why does she wake up?"

"Maybe she has to go to the bathroom," said Mimsy with great simplicity.

"Maybe she does," agreed Black slowly, "but she usually does that around eleven. This is later. Do you think something else might wake her?"

Mimsy sat and looked at him. Just as he thought she wasn't going to answer, she said, "Maybe she heard a noise."

"Maybe she did." Black made himself take another slow puff at his cigarette. "What kind of a noise do you think it was?"

"Maybe she heard people talking."

"That's an idea," agreed Black casually. "Where?"

Mimsy moved around so that she was directly facing the doll's house and looked it over carefully. "In here," she said then, pointing to the bedroom beyond the dressing room, Celia's bedroom in miniature.

"Who's in there talking?"

"Why, her mommy and daddy." Mimsy looked at him as if he was being

(Continued on Page 94)

"Can that happen to my HOME?"

THESE DAYS it's pretty hard to be about ten years old. A lot of questions never seem to get answered very well.

All this talk about the war—all these news flashes and rumors that come in over the radio—strange names of towns and places—do they mean it's coming closer to American homes?

Well, Sonny, the reason you aren't getting the kind of answers you want is that it's too early for anybody to be able to give them. But you *can* be sure of two things:

Millions of American fighting men, who were about ten years old not so long ago, feel the same way about their homes as you do about yours. They are fighting this war, harder than men ever fought before, so that nothing can happen to your home and theirs.

* * * * *

The other is that in thousands of factories in this country we are turning out the things these fighting men need—whole trainloads, and shiploads and convoyloads—faster than any country ever did.

A year ago plants like Crosley were making radio sets for boys like you, and refrigerators and kitchen ranges and washing machines for your Mother and her friends. But not now! No, Sir! Today everything we are making is for war, at a rate four times faster than before the war started. And we Crosley people aren't going to go back to making the Crosley car, radios, refrigerators and things like that until *your* home and all the other homes in this country are safe again—and a boy can go back to listening to sports and thrillers and music without being disturbed.

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(Continued from Page 92)

very stupid. Black felt his heart beginning to pound.

"Can she hear what they're saying, do you think?" he asked softly.

"Not in bed she can't."

"Wait a minute, Mimsy," Black interrupted. "I don't see the daddy doll. Let's put him in the room, too, shall we?"

"All right." Mimsy turned back to the desk and slowly, but without any hesitation, picked up Nelson Eddy. Black held his breath as he watched her slip out of the chair and prop the mother doll against the door leading to the dressing room and the father doll against the bureau which stood by the door leading to the hall—the bureau that had held the gun.

"Good." Black managed to keep the fear out of his voice. What if he'd been wrong; what if, after all, in spite of Mimsy and the bathtub, Ranny had fired the gun? But no sense of thinking about that now. "So they're talking," he went on steadily, "and she wakes up and hears them, but she can't hear what they're saying. What does she do, go back to sleep?"

"No," said Mimsy almost crossly, "she can't. She wants them to say good night to her again." She was silent then for a long time, looking at the doll's house with the three dolls in it—silent for such a long time that it was all Black could do not to prompt her. But he didn't dare.

Just as he was deciding to risk saying "What then, Mimsy?" she reached out her hand and took the child doll out of the little bed and moved it slowly up toward the door leading from her room to Celia's dressing room.

"She's going to go say hello," she said in such a soft voice that Black wondered if Judy could hear, "but they're talking so loud and so crossly that she doesn't dare. So she stands here by the door waiting for them to stop talking that awful way."

"What are they talking about that awful way?" Black's question came in almost a whisper.

"She doesn't know. She doesn't understand. But they're both awfully mad about something, so mad it makes her afraid." There was another long silence. Then she reached out her hand into the beige-and-turquoise bedroom and took the father doll in her hand, and slowly moved him out into the middle of the room. Black realized that now Mimsy was all but unaware of his presence, and was playing this game with and for herself at last. He sat still, watching.

"You can't do it," she said when she had the doll in the middle of the room. "Maybe it doesn't matter what you do to me, but you can't do it to Mimsy, not in this house you can't." It was the same startling, higher-key imitation of Ranny's thick drinking voice that he had heard yesterday morning on the roof, and the words, he suddenly realized, were being repeated too. It was no effort to sit still now. He couldn't have moved if he had wanted to.

"You're silly and horrid." Mimsy's hand was on the doll with the long black hair now, the doll by the dressing-room door. "I'm not doing anything to you or to Mimsy either."

"You're not?" There was Ranny's voice again. "What about this? In my dressing-gown pocket. I found it there."

"What was it, Mimsy?" Black couldn't help asking softly. "What did he find?"

"I don't know. It looked like a hankie, a big one, but I don't know." Her voice faltered and Black's heart turned over inside, so completely over that he didn't have time right then to think what her words about the hankie implied, for alarm that he might have broken the spell. But in a moment she went on in the voice that in her mind belonged to the mother doll.

"Why, that's nothing. He prob'ly left it around sometime and it got in the wash. You prob'ly put it in your pocket your own self."

"Well, I didn't." Ranny's voice again. "I know damn well I didn't." Mimsy broke off and, as if in a dream, moved over a little, so that she was closer to the child doll leaning against the open dressing-room door.

"The little girl is waiting," she said softly. "She's afraid to go in while they're talking that way. She stands here watching and, while she is watching, the door into the hall opens a little bit." Her other hand went out to the

"Pssst! I'll tell you where my wife keeps her money if you'll split with me!"

turquoise-and-beige room and pushed the door to the hall slowly open. "Someone is standing there holding something stretched out a little way. The daddy doll goes on talking, but she can't listen because she's too busy watching that something that is stretched out. She knows what it is in a minute, because it shoots with a bang. It's a gun, that's what it is. And as soon as it shoots, the mother doll gives a sort of yell and falls down. The father doll turns to look behind him and see where the bang came from, and then there's another bang and he sort of slips sideways and falls down too. The little girl doesn't know what to do. She's scared, she's awfully scared. She just stands there looking." Her voice was trembling now as if with fright.

"Who's holding the gun, Mimsy? You haven't anybody there in the doorway to do the shooting." Black was afraid to interrupt, but he had to. This was what the whole elaborate game was for. He had to.

And it was all right. Mimsy peered into the beige-and-turquoise room as if to check up on herself. "No," she said softly. "You aren't there, are you?" She turned, moving automatically, as if she were walking in her sleep, turned to the desk where the rest of the dolls lay in a row.

Black watched her, his teeth gritting together in agonized suspense. Now it was coming—now. Which one was it going to be? Crane or Philip or Hodge or Caroline or Dell or Judy, or even Murphy or Ludwell? Which? Which?

She looked the row up and down carefully. She looked at them not so much as if she were trying to decide, but as if she couldn't quite see them clearly. Then suddenly, instead of picking any one of them, she reached out with a sort of pounce and picked up Cupid.

"Here you are," she said. "Here you are," she repeated in almost a croon.

She held him to her for a minute, then she slowly turned back to the doll's house and pushed the reindeer through the door of the beige bedroom, right through, until it was almost entirely in the hall beyond.

"There," she said softly, "that's where you were, isn't it? You stood there looking, holding the gun, and then you shot twice, bang and then bang, didn't you? Then you came into the room right here and dropped the gun." She pushed the reindeer through into the room until it was right beside the father doll. "Then you ran out again quick. You moved fast, awful fast, didn't you, you terrible creature?" Her voice was tenderly reproving, like a mother talking to a child who has done something particularly dreadful, but quite by accident.

Quickly she made the reindeer all but disappear into the hall, quickly she moved back to where she could touch the little girl doll again. "The mother and father are lying on the floor without moving." Her voice came faster, and with more emotion in it than had been there at any time before. "The father is making funny noises. The little girl is scared, awful scared, but when she hears the noises she runs in and tries to make the father doll talk to her. He won't—he won't talk to her. There's blood coming out of his shirt, and he won't say anything, just keeps making those awful noises. So then she goes and tries to make the mother doll wake up and do something to help the father doll, but she won't move at all. There's blood coming out of her, too, and she won't move or say anything. They won't either of them say anything. The father doll isn't even making any noise any more." Her voice had been coming faster and faster and louder and louder. Now she began to sob, hard shaking sobs. "They're dead! They must be dead if they won't answer her! And they can't be dead! She doesn't want them to be dead, not either of them, not even the mother doll really! She didn't want them to be killed, and now they're shot dead, both of them! She'll never see them again, and it's all her fault!" She was leaning against the doll's house, her body shaking with sobs, the last terrible words coming in hard short gasps. She leaned there and the sobs continued and no more words came.

Black slipped down from the desk and put his arms around her, pressing her away from the doll's house, pressing her head instead into the hard warm comfort of his shoulder. "No, it isn't, Mimsy," he said with gentle insistence. "The little girl didn't have anything to do with all that bang, bang. She just happened to be there and see it. That's all. And you're wrong, you know, about the father and mother doll. Maybe the mother doll won't wake up again, but the father will. He's been hurt by the bang, bang, but he's going to get better fast. He's in the hospital getting well this very minute, Mimsy, and very soon he's coming back to be with the little girl doll again. And they're going to have such fine times together taking care of each other. Really, Mimsy. That's true. He's almost well now."

She was clinging to him and her sobs as she listened to his words grew a little less hard. In a minute she lifted her tear-streaked face. "Really," she said chokingly, "really and truly?"

"Yes," said Black with a choke in his own voice, "really and truly."

"And he doesn't think she did it?"

"No," said Black, "how could he? Because someone else did it. She saw them, didn't she?"

"Yes," said Mimsy. "It was Cupid, wasn't it? I guess she got sort of mixed up," and dropped her head on his shoulder.

Holding her, Black turned toward the half-open door into the examining room. "Come on out," he said wearily. "She isn't going to say anything more for a while."

"I got it." Judy's white face came through, then the rest of her, clutching the notebook. "I got it, even the whispered part, I think, but what does it mean, Black? What does it mean about the reindeer?"

Black shook his head. "It must be a symbol," he said. "Cupid must stand in Mimsy's mind for the person who actually did the shooting, and we'll have to find out who ——" He broke off. He was staring at her. Judy with her wide, frightened eyes had so much the look again of the wide-eyed, pointed-muzzled reindeer that it made him a little sick. It wasn't Judy. He knew it wasn't Judy, because he almost, way in the back of his mind, knew who it was instead, but why did she have to look so much like that damn deer?

"Okay, doc." Honeychuck's drooping face above his small frame had followed Judy through the door. His voice was oddly respectful. "It sure looks like the kid saw the whole thing, and it sure looks like she knows it wasn't her father who did the shooting, but, doc, you can't arrest a toy. What's that reindeer business mean?"

Black stood there holding Mimsy, who had almost stopped shaking. All at once he was aware again of the noise out in the hall. It had been growing steadily louder in the last twenty minutes, but he hadn't heard it at all until just this minute. He stood there with questions going around in his head, ideas cutting across questions, and the noises outside and the questions being fired at him from Honeychuck here inside. He stood there holding Mimsy, his eyes on Judy.

"We've got to find out," he said almost stupidly. "We've got to find out. You might as well open the door, if you will, lieutenant."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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How to Bait an Umpire

By ARTHUR MANN

A POST ONE-PAGER

Time-tested methods for rousing His Nibs' ire—or how to get an early shower.

WHEN professional baseball was young, the umpire—and there was only one to a game—wore a top hat and a frock coat and on hot days carried an umbrella. The roughneck old Baltimore Orioles, the Gashouse Gang of their day, changed all that. They made the lone umpire so miserable, with

Wore a top hat and a frock coat and on hot days carried an umbrella.

rowdy circus tricks designed to distract his attention away from crucial plays, that when Ban Johnson organized the American League he saw to it that there were two umpires on every diamond, plainly dressed but cloaked with unimpeachable authority. So umpire baiting became a drive to undermine His Ump's kingly bearing and morale, largely by subtle suggestion, occasionally by loud verbal attacks. The apex of the suggestion school was reached by Casey Stengel, who devoted much of his spare time to thinking up new ways of giving an arbiter the bird.

Once he lured a sparrow into the bull pen with peanuts and trapped it with his cap. He kept the sparrow in a cage in the dugout and one day, when there was a close decision at the plate, he walked over from the bench, made a low bow to the umpire and removed his cap. The sparrow, which had been nestling on his head, fluttered out and flew off, while the fans roared approval of the charade.

Matches have often been struck on the ball field when a player or manager felt that the umpire needed to be reminded that it was getting dark. Stengel worked a variation on this by producing a flashlight and piercing the dusk with its beam. This piece of pantomime cost him a fifty-dollar fine, but the artist felt well rewarded.

Last year Frank Frisch pantomimed his way into a similar fine during a game at Ebbets Field. It was raining and the umpires—there are three to a game now—were standing in a knot debating whether to call the game. While they were conferring, Frisch borrowed an umbrella from a fan in a box and stood silently beneath it in front of the dugout. This was really a concession on the part of Frisch, who normally goes in for yelling, gesticulating, mugging in the umpire's face, and falling on the ground in simulation of fits. But his foray into subtlety was unappreciated, except by the fans.

The wisdom of baiting the umpire into a fury is a doubtful one from a strategic standpoint, since it should tend to weight the judicial scales against the needler, although its proponents seem to think that it will make the umpire more careful in his decisions. However, it is helpful as a means of valving out the steam generated in the players by the intense heat of competition. It is, therefore, in its present state, a psychiatric device, and today's umpire is strictly a defense mechanism walking.

When, for instance, the first-base umpire rules a batter safe on a close play and then scuttles down toward midfield, his motive in getting away is only partly to get in position to observe the play at second. The other half is escapism. The first-base coach is probably screaming murder and if it happens to be Ladies' Day the women in the near-by stands are probably splitting the umpire's ear with shrieks. A judge without a gavel can stand only so much of that.

Connie Mack never protests an umpire's judgment and never complains. He has spared his nerves and heart considerable wear and tear by adhering to a simple but firm belief that umpires call 'em as they see 'em. If his team suffers from fifty questionable decisions in the course of a season, reasons Connie, the law of averages will guarantee that fifty other decisions will favor him before the schedule is completed. This helps to explain why he still manages the Athletics at the age of eighty.

Now and then a mild-tempered player, with a long record of quiet conduct, will suddenly erupt against a decision, to the delight of the fans. This happened one day in the 1940 season when the Pirates were playing the Phillies. Danny MacFayden, the Pittsburgh pitcher, had been afflicted throughout his adult life with eyes so weak that he had to wear spectacles on and off the ball field. The veteran Bill Klem, now boss of the National League umpiring staff, was working behind the plate. With the bases full, and three and two on the batter, Klem called the next pitch a ball, forcing in a run. MacFayden removed his spectacles and offered them to Klem, shouting: "You need these more than I do!"

Klem ordered him forthwith to the clubhouse with his usual roar of, "Yee-e-eer out of thee game!"

When Danny protested that he had done nothing to warrant such heavy punishment, Klem accused him of shouting the offer for the benefit of the fans.

"I shouted for your benefit," MacFayden protested, "in case your hearing was as bad as your eyesight."

Klem frowns upon retelling of such episodes, especially in print. He has refused fat fees over a period of years to place his signature over a choice collection of pivotal tales involving his distinguished career. Having labored a generation in the National League, always with an eye to improving the lot and status of his profession, he is loath to see humor of any type linked with the men in blue.

The ultimate in umpire baiting was perpetrated at Klem's expense in Philadelphia many years ago by Art Fletcher. Then managing the Phillies, Fletcher painted the celebrated "Catfish Klem" sign with shoe polish and suspended it from the clubhouse window in center field after a clash at the plate and banishment from the game. The incident gave Klem a nickname that has stuck.

While the gravity of Fletcher's prank rested entirely with Klem's reaction, its life has been foolishly prolonged by a hush-hush attitude. For almost twenty years National League players who even hinted that they were thinking of the sign were banished to the showers. Even American Leaguers playing exhibition games in the South would feel the weight of Klem's quick rage.

Once in St. Petersburg, Eddie Collins and Ty Cobb, then with the Athletics, stood at the plate and sniffed ostentatiously as they cast sly glances from side to side. Klem reacted with a threat of dire reprisal unless they cut it out.

The mystery of this particular nonsense is not the origin of the catfish legend, but why Klem permitted such a weapon against his temper to continue in existence. A single explanation to a bewildered press and occasionally to a ballplayer would have removed its sting.

Young writers entering baseball are always told about Klem's vulnerable spot. Young ballplayers are apprised accordingly. If the best umpire can be plagued, why not the others?

Knowing that Klem could be baited, the majority of players kept it up over a period of twenty-five years. Thus, that single "catfish" incident has probably been responsible for more umpire-baiting schemes than all the lousy decisions in baseball.

The slim chance that the man in blue may grow careless or even make a mistake now and then is possibly responsible for the eternal surge of hope within the breasts of umpire-baiting players and managers. If it has happened once, it can happen again, and who is to say it won't happen on this next play? For precedent they point to a few historic blunders.

Frisch's favorite umpirical lapse came in a game played in Chicago when he was managing the Cardinals. It was the sixth inning and the Cubs had two runners on base threatening a one-run Cardinal lead. With two out, Dizzy Dean hurled a fast ball at Billy Jurges. Jurges swung and connected, raising a high fly to Joe Medwick in left field for the third out. The Cardinals rushed to their dugout. Then Frisch was startled by the voice of Uncle Charlie Moran, one of the game's great umpires.

The sparrow, which had been nestling on his head, fluttered out.

"You need these more than I do!"

"I'm sorry, Frank," he said, "but you'll have to get the boys out on the field again."

"Again?" Frisch shouted. "That was three outs, wasn't it?"

"No. When Dean threw the ball to Jurges, there wasn't any umpire behind the plate."

"And where the hell were you?"

Moran shifted uneasily. "I—I was back near the grandstand getting some more baseballs."

When the Cardinals were back in position and everything was set for a retake, the suspense was heightened when Babe Pinelli, the base umpire, raced in with the announcement that only eight Cardinals were on the field. Pepper Martin, it developed, was having a between-innings smoke under the grandstand. He was hauled forth.

With everybody ready once more, Dean threw a second fast ball. Jurges swung and connected, and it was another fly ball, again into Medwick's hands for the fourth out.

The New York Yankees have a parallel that upsets umpires when it is recalled to memory. It was in St. Louis, with Lou Gehrig on first and Bob Meusel at bat. As Meusel hit to Kress at shortstop, Umpire Hildebrand squatted down near second to get a worm's eye view of the expected force play. Instead, Kress threw to first, getting Meusel by a wide margin.

Hildebrand couldn't call a play he hadn't seen, and so he asked Umpire Harry Geisel for help.

"I'm sorry, George," Geisel said. "But I was stooping over here getting some baseballs."

Hildebrand was in real distress, because the St. Louis fans and players were on his neck to throw Meusel off the bag. The umpire appealed to Meusel's better nature, asking the Yankee outfielder to admit he was out.

Meusel laughed.

"You're getting nine grand a year; let's see you start earning it," was his reply.

Hildebrand had no alternative, and Meusel, actually out by the proverbial mile, remained safe on first and was credited with a base hit. A pitch is neither strike nor ball until the umpire calls it, and a runner is neither out nor safe until an umpire so rules. That is the law, and it is the source of much diamond bickering, but it is a necessary part of the discipline without which baseball would be anarchy.

Most amazing is the one-sidedness of the whole umpire-baiting situation, for neither players nor managers can remember an umpire using a decision as a reprisal against an annoying or foul player.

This is most commendable, for, regardless of Bill Klem's efforts to obtain perfection and infallibility in his profession, the umpires are undeniably human, with that species' penchant for taking revenge.

And while there have been crooked ballplayers, big-league baseball has yet to produce a crooked umpire. But it's still considered cricket to bait 'em.

CARTOONS BY KENNETH STUART

MINNESOTA'S BLITZ PRODUCER

(Continued from Page 21)

to make deliveries, regardless of cost, hell or high water."

At every stage of his career as a gunsmith, Hawley has taken chances that would turn a banker's hair white overnight. Early in the game, long before his shop was getting called "the finest plant under naval jurisdiction," he took an order for $500,000 worth of equipment, and spent $3,500,000 for jigs, tools and fixtures. He knew he could get contracts for $100,000,000 if he demonstrated ability to deliver. He says that in December of 1940 he had spent $15,000,000 on gun mounts with no contract to protect him and was in far deeper than the bonding companies cared to follow him. Others may think twice before they risk their firm's solvency. Hawley is financially uninhibited, willing to bet everything on his talent as an engineer, and he is a free agent, having no stockholders to appease and no directors to consult, owning the place, lock, stock and barrel.

Hawley bumped into one sample of heat-treated steel he couldn't chip. Those were the case-hardened and indurated purse strings of the RFC. Up to his ears in Navy work, Hawley asked for a loan. This was long before his shop was getting called "the finest plant under naval jurisdiction." Still, along with an admiral's letter terming him vital to the nation's defense, the visitor had $33,000,000 in war orders. He wanted a grubstake of three or four million dollars—hardly more, as he saw it, than a petty-cash fund. But he had to get the money at home in Minneapolis, and from friends and customers. The best the RFC would offer was a paltry million. A ranking member of that friendly credit institution asked Hawley to leave, saying he was disrespectful. He had just told them they were a passel of penny pinchers without any financial guts.

"They wanted me to take a cost-plus contract," he recalls. "I said only creepy mice would take a contract like that—nobody with a real desire to produce."

War contracts required a performance bond. Hawley was refused a bond, on the ground that he was taking on more work than was financially prudent. The bonding companies, he says, constituted a serious production bottleneck—producers were at their mercy.

Hawley was up to his ears in an even bigger fight over ordnance patents. To enter the ordnance business was extremely dangerous. At any moment a man might infringe fire-control patents which, because of their nature, were secret. "No man," said the battling Minnesotan, "should hold patents on the defense of his country." Hawley worked up a patent clause by which anyone can do Navy work without fear of patent suits, and by which the producer throws in his patents when he takes a contract. "That's what was keeping small outfits out of war production," he says. Having cracked that nut, he was in a good mood to reform the bonding situation. So he climbed the beanstalk and told the giants to get out of town.

The Renegotiation Plan

"If I don't get this contract," he said, "I won't have anything better to do than to fight you fellows from hell to breakfast. And there's nothing I'd rather do." Finally, the Navy accepted a token bond, and this, Hawley says, paved the way for the present system, in which bonds are not required.

Hawley is a talented aginner. On almost every broad question of production policy, his position is a neat ninety degrees from that prevailing in Washington. Eight Government departments joined in a statement calling forty-eight hours the proper work week. Hawley circulated copies of the statement marked, "This is *not* the opinion of the Northern Pump Company." He cut his plant down to two ten-hour shifts, six days a week, but it went against the grain. The way to win the war, as he sees it, is to run wide open.

The unreconstructed pump maker in wires to congressmen declared the renegotiation plan would torpedo production, and was, furthermore, a dirty deal. In wires and telephone calls to 14,000 businessmen, he urged them to make a stand against it. He won many pats on the back, he says, but no recruits. He has been in a slow boil about renegotiation ever since the subject was first mentioned. It puts a swarm of auditors into his plant, where, in trying to find out what things cost, they tie up the most valuable men—foremen and supervisors. And "you have to mix your own hemlock," meaning that the contractor must pay the auditors. He can be renegotiated on contracts taken two years before Pearl Harbor, long before renegotiation ever was mentioned, and that strikes him as more than a little unfair. "The Government plays for keeps if the contractor loses, but can renege if he wins."

War contractors are given every encouragement, it seems to Hawley, to keep their costs high. Paying a man cost plus a percentage of cost means his profits depend on cost, while cost plus a fixed fee induces him to keep costs high enough so that the fee won't look all out of proportion. The whole system, to this critic, appears to be tailored to the big and musclebound. He thinks it penalizes the efficient man and rewards the one who takes least responsibility. Suppose Northern Pump, through high efficiency and low overhead, can make a certain huge roller bearing for $1500. As his profit, Hawley would be allowed a percentage of his cost. Say, for example, 10 per cent, making a profit of $150. But if he bought the part, which he says might cost $4000, he would be allowed a percentage of that. "I could make more for lifting it out of the packing crate than if I take the responsibility of making it."

Allowing a man a percentage of his costs, as profit, may look perfectly fair, but, says Hawley, it does not stimulate production. Hawley could make as much money turning out one gun mount for $120,000 as for turning out two at $60,000. One way, the Navy gets one gun. The other way it gets two. The ideal, as Hawley sees it, is to discourage profiteering while encouraging production. The way to do that, in his opinion, is to allow the contractor a small percentage of his contract price, say 2 per cent, after Federal and state income taxes, so that the amount he makes depends on the amount he produces.

Skeptics might suspect these views are colored by Hawley's own profits, which, no matter how he is renegotiated, undoubtedly are in the millions. "This profiteering stuff," he scoffs, "is just a lot of numbers. Today I've got an inventory of ten or fifteen million dollars. What happens if the war ends tomorrow? Then the inventory stuff is worth exactly what some inexperienced bookkeeper wants to say it's worth, with a million miles of red tape to back him up and the U. S. Court of Claims as umpire. Am I a millionaire or a pauper? If the Government reneges now, what will it do after the war?"

One reason The Pump can move fast is that a handful of men run the show, and, as Lt. Comdr. George F. Jacobs, the resident engineer, puts it, "they don't write letters to each other." There is Hawley, who was for a long time his own chief engineer and star salesman as well, selling 90 per cent of the company's output, living most of the time in planes. Then G. A. Kane, a precocious thirty-two-year-old electrical engineer, dropped in from General Electric and was hired as the one and only vice-president at $24,000 a year. There is Gaylord S. Davidson, who is secretary and treasurer. Add a plant superintendent and a sales manager, "under orders not to sell anything," and that is the entire high command.

Hawley is intensely proud of his own crew, which, he says, "turns out machine tools for diversion." Management in general, however, he holds in something less than reverence. It is his impolite opinion that "bankers and somebody's heirs" run the bulk of American industry, and that a great many are congenital sleepwalkers. "The trouble with most of them," he explains, "is they aren't worth a damn. They don't make their pay."

Texas Talent

Like the dignitary who turned down a sizable order by saying his firm didn't make what Hawley needed. "I'd like to bet you ten thousand dollars that you do," said Hawley. It was all a surprise to the seller, but Hawley looks at it charitably. "You know, he had a couple of floors of offices in New York, a factory out in Jersey he visited once a month, and, naturally, he didn't know what the score was."

The hero of these disrespectful exploits was born in Texas, and regards that as more or less essential, if you hope to hit the ball in war production. "You've only got to have one thing," he says. "An unholy desire to see stuff move out the back door, and that comes from vanity, or ambition, or whatever you want to call it. But you've got to have a set of Western or Midwestern nerves. A guy born in New York can't stand the racket."

The late Maj. John Blackstock Hawley, Sr., was a well-known civil engineer of Fort Worth, Texas, who had bid on the Panama Canal job when twenty-eight years old. His son, also a civil engineer, worked with the major for a while, but the senior Hawley built dams, sewage-control systems and things of that nature, none of which interested Jack. He quit to become an inventor. By the time he was twenty-eight, he had made $100,000.

That was the year he became the surprised part owner of a large fire-apparatus company. Minneapolis was the home of a concern he singled out as just the outfit to buy the newest Hawley creation, an improved pump for oil wells. The company took the invention and the inventor too. By 1928, Hawley found he had exchanged his $100,000 for the ownership of Northern Pump.

Hawley put most of the profits into improvements, taking only 2 per cent of the sales as his own salary—as little as $6000 in the bleak years of '31 and '32. Two per cent of his present sales would make the snow-capped pay envelope of Mr. Thomas J. Watson, or even Mr. Louis B. Mayer, look modest, but this year Hawley gave himself a $423,000 cut. The day after President Roosevelt called on a flattered populace to abjure salaries over $25,000, Hawley wired the White House that he would do so retroactive to Pearl Harbor.

"When I was twenty-eight," he says, "I had money. Today, figuring what I owe for materials, I must owe fifteen to twenty million dollars. That's my life—a sort of cumulative bankruptcy. I've made forty million dollars—before taxes and renegotiation. Have I got anything to show for it? Yes, sir—I own my own home."

Inventors are a restless lot, and it may be that Hawley's prowess as a war producer stems from the same thing that made him give up his one venture into mass production. He made 8000 oil-burner pumps one year, but didn't like it. So he quit. "I got tired," he says, "of seeing the same damn thing all over again."

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Can Thirty-three Senators Veto Peace?

ONLY a reckless prophet would predict the nature of the peace which, sooner or later, will be negotiated. Peace may come as a series of isolated breakdowns in different areas, which will have to be dealt with on what the stockbrokers call a "when, as and if issued" basis. It might evolve from new and extended councils of war like that last month at Casablanca. Or it may take the form, as in 1918, of a general armistice followed by a full-dress peace conference. The possibilities in means of settlement are as various as the issues to be settled. Certainties are nonexistent, except perhaps one: this time the American people do not want the whole thing to end in a bitter partisan struggle in the United States Senate, with one third plus one of the Senate having veto power over any treaty proposed. Even those who do not agree with John Hay that this provision was "the irreparable mistake of the Constitution" are uneasy over the prospect of another Battalion of Death.

The treaty fight of 1919–1920 was a mixed affair. Not all the blame attaches to the senators. President Wilson, like most men conscious of a high mission, regarded compromise as an evil weakness. But it must be admitted that even the best of compromisers would have had a hard time dealing with the isolationists in the Senate. When we ought to have had nonpolitical and patriotic discussion of the treaty, too many statesmen were using the peace of the world as grist for the propaganda mill in the next election.

The idea that nobody wants another protracted dogfight has penetrated the Senate itself. Back in December, Sen. Robert Taft, in a debate on an executive agreement with Panama, pointed out, with a suggestion of nostalgia, that "today there is some sign of a general attempt to guide the foreign policy of the country by executive agreements." That is an understatement. Because the executive agreement can be endorsed by both houses of Congress by a simple majority vote, instead of the two-thirds vote required for approval of a treaty by the Senate, the popularity of the executive agreements as a means of effecting arrangements with foreign countries has grown since the senatorial battle of the century in 1920. Almost half as many executive agreements have already been made in the two decades since the armistice of 1918 as in the thirteen decades between 1789 and the armistice. These include agreements to set up a mixed-claims commission for Germany, to cancel the Lansing-Ishii Agreement with Japan, to fund the war debts of Great Britain and other countries, to regulate radio communication with Canada, to alter the international courts in Chinese port cities, to stimulate reciprocal trade with various countries. Surely Lend-Lease and the Atlantic bases-fifty destroyers deal affected the United States as definitely as we used to think the League of Nations would. Yet neither was presented to the Senate as a treaty.

Avoidance of the Senate minority's veto power over treaties is not new or unprecedented. The annexation of Texas was accomplished by a joint resolution of Congress after a treaty for the same purpose had been defeated in the Senate. More than fifty years later, Hawaii was annexed to the Union by the same method and for the same reason. Something similar may happen again.

The American people will never be unanimous on the kind of peace they want. Already many conflicting voices are heard. Some people confine themselves to fascinating speculation on what they would do "if I could get my hands on Hitler." This is more profitable emotionally than politically, although a scholar as reasonable as Nathaniel Peffer advocates bombing Japanese cities even after Japan has been defeated, in order to teach the Japanese that "war is a terrible business." Such intrusions of supposedly moralistic purpose are best avoided, for the best way to learn that war does not pay is to lose a war. Other idealists, like Vice-President Wallace, will be satisfied with nothing less than a world-wide New Deal, apparently with American county superintendents taking over the schools of Berlin and Tokyo to unwind the Nazi propaganda! Still others will want to sign almost anything and get back to the normalcy of the corner garage.

The President, if he is wise, will keep the leaders of Congress informed of what he is doing, for any agreement will be worthless without the support of Congress. This will be more easily secured if the peace negotiators take account of realities and avoid fantastic Utopias which the American people sometimes delight to contemplate but never support for long. Our preliminary experience in North Africa with Europe's civil war suggests what will happen if we undertake to do for all the world what the world will eventually have to do for itself. The peace should provide for a transitional police job, permanent machinery for adjusting disputes and dealing with aggressors and a flexible framework for revising unworkable arrangements and easing international economic strains as they occur.

That kind of peace, which recognizes the limits as well as the extent of American responsibility and which provides for the eventual co-operation of all countries, including our present enemies, who cannot permanently be omitted, ought to have little serious trouble in Congress.

Let Woman Doctors Serve Too

WOMEN with no experience in operating power-driven devices, unless you count the sewing machine, work every day in our war industries. Girls who never kept accounts except to add up their weekly bills and probably get the wrong answer are welcome in the Army and Navy, where, as Waacs or Waves, they help with the paper work. Women with no experience at any sort of work are recruited for civilian activity from nurses' aide to bus driver. But if by some chance an American woman has had medical training, is a specialist in the treatment of fractures or burns, for example, she must, if she wants to help soldiers in the field, go to England, China or Russia. Neither the Army nor the Navy of the United States will avail themselves of her services, unless as a civilian employee.

There are about 8000 woman doctors in the United States, of whom a considerable number are certainly qualified for commissions in the medical branches of the Army or Navy. Several have already enlisted in the British army, which has no prejudice against competent surgeons on account of sex. There is, for example, Dr. Barbara Stimson, a niece of the Secretary of War, who went to England in 1940 to treat victims of air bombardment. Doctor Stimson is a specialist in fractures and an associate in surgery at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. Her work in England attracted the attention of the military authorities, who offered her a commission, which she accepted. She is now a major. Similar is the career of Dr. Achsa Bean, head of the department of health at Vassar College. She, too, is a major in the medical corps of the British army, and reports that "woman doctors work side by side with the men and have the same standing as any of the male contingent."

American woman doctors are not accepting this state of affairs as permanent. They are putting up a fight for equality of status, led by Dr. Emily D. Barringer, of New York, whose career goes back to the days when a woman had a terrible time learning to be a doctor at all, to say nothing of getting a commission in the armed services. Doctor Barringer points out that there is no legal reason why women may not get medical commissions in the Army; it's just tradition. In the Navy, however, the law says that doctors must be male, and an act of Congress would be necessary to change it. The women, therefore, are working on the Army exclusively, trying to make the point that a "person" may as reasonably be a woman as a man. When and if they score with the Army, they may be expected to come to Congress with a campaign to change the law as it applies to the Navy.

It is our hope and belief that the woman doctors will carry the day. After all, Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton got women onto the battlefield before the master sex had been softened up by the sight of women in operating rooms, offices, mills and shipyards. There ought to be no great difficulty in the way of permitting woman doctors, who are already treating civilians from coast to coast, to perform their healing arts on soldiers and sailors.

Free Advice to Republicans

AS A NONPARTISAN journal, the Post offers advice to politicians of both parties alike. In the past we have suggested to the Administration that it would be wise to give the citizen his head a little more, speak less sharply to taxpayers who want to ask a civil question, and try to remember that a good many people who have their doubts about the New Deal have no doubts about Hitler. If asked, we might have added that this was the season to avoid contact with Flynns, Petrillos, peccadilloes, Polettis and Marcantonios.

This week seems an appropriate time to tell the Republicans a few things about how to run their business. Some of them have apparently decided to sit tight and say nothing, trusting in "the trend" to do the rest. It is our judgment that the party will have to be a little more active than that, yet mindful of the fact that in the activity of Republicans lies the party's greatest danger.

The first thing to be faced by Republicans is that the opposition in 1944 will be the same as in 1940, 1936 and 1932. That Man is here again. Wallace has had his workout, and no soap. No other Democrat has had the temerity to look as if he were playing. The split in New York looked bad for a fourth term, but Dewey's triumph canceled Jim Farley's gain. Republicans will be wise to play for Roosevelt, and not to belittle his chances. Here are one or two things they should or should not do:

1. Avoid even the appearance of smearing the war effort or, if by some miracle the war is over by that time, sniping at the peace. Republicans are tagged in the minds of many Americans as irreconcilable opponents of any workable peace. It would be safer to let a few visionary bugs get into the peace treaty than to stir up that 1920 hang-over again. Isolationism will tempt some Republicans into a tizzy, but don't be fooled. There are 5,000,000 American soldiers, all of them with relatives, and they want this peace nailed down to stay.

2. Keep away from small personal attacks on the President himself or his family. Remember that, although the people have often knocked Roosevelt-sponsored reforms into the ash can, they have never even ruffled Roosevelt himself.

3. Make the most of Administration blunders, of course, but avoid the appearance of mere captious criticism. People quickly identify themselves even with the bureaucrat, if you ride him too hard. "Don't shoot the organist; he's doing the best he can" is an old American tradition.

The "soft under belly" of the New Deal, if we may lift a phrase from Mr. Churchill, is its state of uncertainty as to principles. Most of its blunders result from disregard of principles. The place to hit the New Dealers is in their propensity for "justice by ear," as it has been called by Charles P. Ives, of The Baltimore Sun. Antitrust laws apply to doctors, but not to union leaders; racketeering is forbidden, but when labor leaders become racketeers they are not racketeers. Even when considering a simple job of income-tax reform like the Ruml plan, the New Deal was unable to resist an attempt to make it apply to the little taxpayers but not to the big taxpayers. "Equal protection of the laws" is lost on the New Dealers, because it is the fashion to fit the laws to suit groups which have the most power.

That is the area to concentrate on, and have no fear about the customers' not liking it. They are in the mood, and can be deterred from their purpose only by a conviction that the leaders of the Republican Party are inconsistent, captious, trivial and lacking in good sense, imagination and courage.

Printed in U. S. A.

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE TOJO!

Have a look, Tojo! Here's something you'd give your buck teeth to own.

What's that, Tojo? Just some mud, you say? So sorry! This is phosphate matrix loaded with the phosphorus that Monsanto's giant electric furnaces are releasing for scores of wartime needs.

Five-sixths of the world's supply is in United Nations lands . . . in countries that are active belligerents against you and your Axis partners-in-crime!

You know what *that* means, Tojo! One of the most vital of nature's resources . . . working for *our* victory, *your* defeat!

Phosphorus for munitions. Ferrophosphorus for the manufacture of certain steels. Phosphoric anhydride for the oil industry. Phosphoric acid for key war chemicals . . . for rust-proofing metals . . . for scores of victory uses.

Sodium phosphates to condition boiler feed water and keep war plants at peak production . . . to aid deep-down drilling for new petroleum reserves. Calcium phosphates for leavening and food fortification. Glycerophosphates for medicinals . . . ammonium phosphates for fire retardants.

More phosphates and still more . . . for textile manufacture, for sugar refining, for soaps and toothpaste and scores of civilian, as well as military, products.

Just some mud, Tojo? It's mud in *your* eye, a gun at *your* ribs, a noose at *your* neck! MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis.

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"E" FOR EXCELLENCE—The Army-Navy "E" burgee, "representing recognition by the Army and the Navy of especially meritorious production of war materials" has been awarded to Monsanto and replaces the Navy "E" first awarded Monsanto December 31, 1941.

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BEAUTY CAN'T STAND SUCH DAILY ABUSE

Grave Risks to Teeth Found by Leading Research Clinic

See that cavity?

Brushing did it!

8 IN 10 ADULTS SUBJECT TO THIS INJURY!

*Recent studies at a leading Research Foundation clinic disclosed these startling facts:

OF ALL PATIENTS EXAMINED, REGULARLY BRUSHING TEETH WITH POPULAR DENTIFRICES, 58% ACTUALLY BRUSHED CAVITIES INTO SOFTER PARTS OF TEETH, EXPOSED BY RECEDING GUMS; THIS DAMAGE RESULTED FROM ABRASIVES IN THE DENTIFRICES; AND 8 IN 10 RUN THIS RISK CONSTANTLY.

—(Reported in authoritative dental journal)

NEW SAFE TEEL WAY—ONLY

One Extra Minute a Week!

BRIGHTENS TEETH—*SAFELY!*

SEE the risk you may be taking with beauty! 8 in 10 may run that risk—says the report above!

Most adults have receded gums, exposing soft tooth structure that can't withstand abrasives in popular dentifrices. Gradually cavities are ground in. Then, ugly fillings.

TEEL—the modern liquid dentifrice—protects teeth because it cleans *without abrasives.*

And—note particularly—TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT CONTAINS NO ABRASIVES.

Start the scientific TEEL way now—before it's too late. And train your youngsters, too.

It's so simple! TEEL—*twice daily*—plus one extra minute a week spent brushing with TEEL and plain baking soda. This reveals sparkling beauty *fast*—and *safely!* Get TEEL today. There's beauty in every drop.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day — thoroughly — with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS NEW TEEL WAY CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH . . . LEAVES MOUTH DELIGHTFULLY CLEAN AND REFRESHED

TEEL COMES IN A BOTTLE — NO BOTHER WITH TUBES

Teel PROTECTS TEETH—*Beautifully!*

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