
The new
ARGOSY
FEBRUARY 25c
Sgt. Wm. J
U.S.M.C.
CRISIS AT SUNDOWN CAY
Complete Book-Length Novel
by Whitman Chambers
•
13 OTHER STORIES
•
Octavus Roy Cohen
Walter Brooks
C. P. Donnel, Jr.
H. Vernor Dixon

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THE CHIEF THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. There's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest whiskey ever distilled. Then, for long and quiet years Time does what Time alone can do for whiskey... ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body, enriches its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

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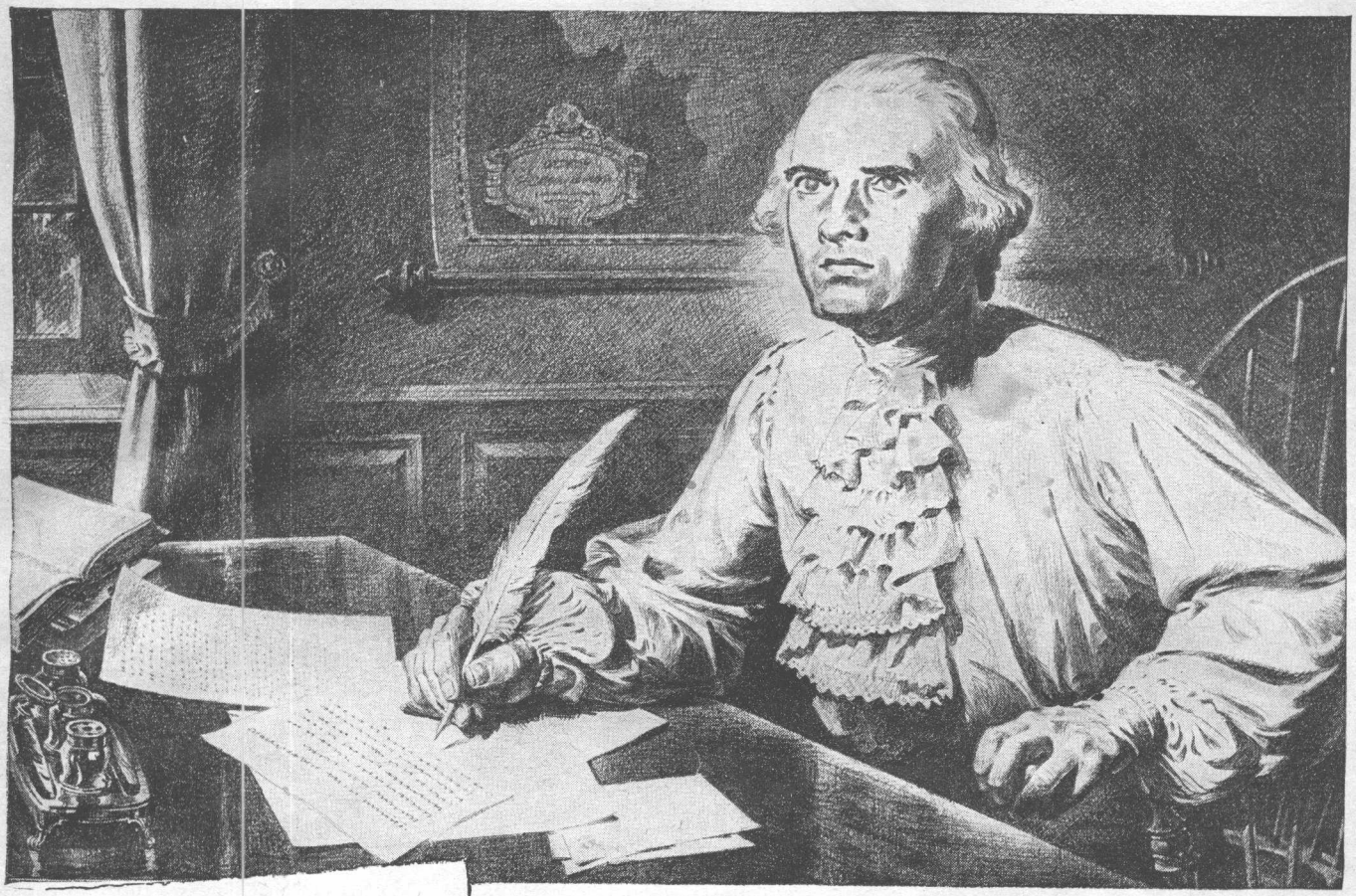

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal & independent, that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent & inalienable, among which are the preservation of life, & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these ends, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organizing it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but when a long train of abuses & usurpations [begun at a distinguished period] & pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. the history of the present king of Gr. Br. is a history of unremitting injuries and usurpations, among which no fact stands single or solitary to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, all of which have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world. [for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.]

First draft of the Declaration of Independence

THE PASSION of great purpose...

It was a warm spring night long ago. The young city of Philadelphia slept soundly. But a solitary man in a tavern room was wakeful... with the white heat in his mind and the passion of a great purpose. His hand trembled often with the urgency of his expression, blunting the quill pens that had come from his own geese at Monticello.

His script held all the high hopes of man since time began, was destined to change history... Thomas Jefferson had no doubt of its import as he drafted the first Declaration of Independence.

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YOUR WORLD and mine!

By Lawrence N. Galton

Here are new and interesting facts and colors out of an odd world. Many might be expanded to full article length. ARGOSY crowds them here into nugget form—to give you more in less space in less time.

Al Bennett, a Middletown, Ohio, flight instructor, is proving that America's air age of the future can start almost in the nursery. He's graduating fliers five to twelve years old.

•

Among the most memorable heroes of the war are the members of General Claire Chennault's 23rd fighter group whose daring exploits under the toughest conditions have yet to be fully chronicled. Typical: they'd paint the noses of their ships orange in the morning, white before noon, red in the afternoon, yellow before dusk. Result: Tokyo more than once counted three hundred planes when the total Yank air force numbered a pitiful sixteen fighters.

•

Little known about Joseph Stalin. The second and third toes of his left foot are grown together, and he was born with his left arm partially paralyzed. Add his answer to foreign correspondent Eugene Lyon, who asked what he thought were the best things in life. "To choose one's victim; prepare one's plans minutely; to slake an implacable vengeance; and then go to bed—there is nothing sweeter in the world."

•

It's estimated that four of every hundred soldiers, anxious to be their own bosses, will take up farming after the war. Many are doing as one P-3 pilot in the Mediterranean has done. A college freshman at enlistment, he saved almost everything he earned during his training days and year of combat flying. Then on a three-week furlough last summer, he came home and bought a 160-acre farm. His plans: to farm in earnest, build a landing strip on his acreage, and have a plane of his own.

•

Sports slant: Bowling is becoming the sport of the handicapped. Today there are high-score bowlers without arms, without legs, even without eyes. A Toledo bowler named Hempel, with his left arm missing and his right hand off at the wrist, uses a ball with one large hole in which he inserts the end of his arm; he averages 178 over a season. Harold Llyod of the screen, lacking a thumb and forefinger on his right hand, uses a three-holed ball and averages 190. Andy Varipapa, with no arms and one leg, taps the ball with his foot to roll a perfect hook. A blind man named Rice, playing in an American Bowling Congress tourney with a blind team from the New York Lighthouse, has hit 190.

•

Next time you see the statue of a military leader on a horse you can tell how he died by the position of the horse's feet. If the horse stands on all fours, the rider died a natural death. If one foot is lifted, death was due to wounds incurred in battle. If two feet are lifted, the rider died on the battlefield.

•

Signs: In an Officers' Club: "In case of air raid stand near the slot machines; the jackpot hasn't been hit yet." In a barracks: "Private's prayer—Oh Lord, please distribute the enemy's shots like the pay—mostly among the officers."

•

Although its mission is to destroy the enemy, the U. S. Army in addition has been a powerful factor in building America. In pioneer days it guarded the covered wagon caravans, broke the first trails, surveyed and built the first roads, dug the first wells, made the first maps. The Army discovered Pike's Peak, explored the Northwest, up to 1855, projected, built and largely operated almost every railroad. The Army has also built the Washington Monument, Library of Congress, Government Printing Office, Post Office and Agriculture Building.

•

Success story: Although he doesn't hold himself up as such, Eric Johnston is living proof that nothing can stand in the way of any purposeful veteran whose career was interrupted by the war. When he went into the last one, Johnston was at a critical stage. He had just completed law school, was readying to take his bar exams. When he came out of the Marines five years later, it was with a bad head injury and doctor's orders to work out of doors only. Johnston got married and started peddling vacuum cleaners from door to door. Ten years later he was owner of the largest electrical contracting and electrical manufacturing companies in the Northwest. Today he's president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and rated the most progressive big business man in America.

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The Only Thing to Do with a Jealous Woman:

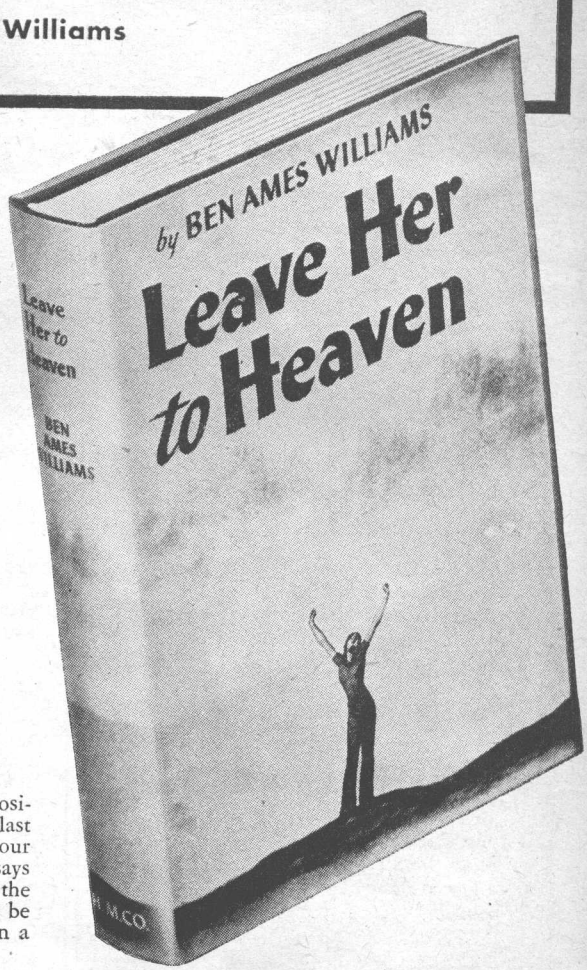
"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN" says Ben Ames Williams

WHAT shall be done with a beautiful woman who is so insanely jealous that she cannot bear to share any part of a man's love with anyone else or any *thing?* "Leave Her to Heaven" is the answer of Ben Ames Williams in his new best-selling book of that title. It is yours FREE if you join the Guild now—but first read about this crafty woman.

Ellen Berent lived to conquer, and stopped at *nothing* to win victory after victory over men, women and even children. She was uncanny in her analysis of human actions and reactions, and used every fair or foul means to bend them to her will. She lied, cheated, and deceived, artfully and skillfully, to attain her ends.

While her own heart beat wildly at her daring, she played upon the heartstrings of others with masterful technique. Her eyes, her lips, her expression gave no hint of her falseness. Diabolically, she even cast suspicion on the innocent victims of her mad jealousy.

Seldom before has such a character been created. Seldom before has such a novel been written. You will be kept in impatient suspense until the very end. You will find yourself completely captivated by Ellen, by Harland, by Danny the crippled younger brother, loving, hating, comforting each as though they were part of your own life.



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MORE FUN FOR HUNTERS

By Morton Thompson

HUNTERS had a mighty improved flintlock for shooting deer and turkey a few months after the Continental Army disbanded. The Civil War changed their gun again, into a rifle, and a year after World War I ended, the most popular deer rifle was the 30-.06—the same gun Johnny Doughboy had used against the Heinies.

Every war has presented hunters with a brand-new rifle. Out of this war, the greatest hunt in history, has come the carbine.

It looks like a toy. It is so light that it can conveniently be held at arm's length and fired as a pistol. It is about as long as a walking stick. But the bullet it fires is a deadly .30 caliber, jacketed to fragmentate on impact, so that the effect at two or three hundred yards is as lethal as the blast from a shotgun fired with the muzzle of the gun contacting the target. It slings in a brand-new way so that when it's in position it hangs motionless from your shoulder. But you'll want to carry it in front of you when you're going through branches and bushes. It's cheap. It's beautifully made. And it's extremely accurate.

It thereby answers the most pressing unsolved problem of the Great American Hunter—a rifle made for the average man—the guy who's about five-feet-six, whose two or three weeks' hunting a year weren't made for lugging a heavy weapon, who can't afford expensive ammunition nor an expensive rifle but wants the best, and a guy who needs all the edge that a gun can give his unpracticed eye and arm to bring home anything at all.

There's about ten million G.I.s panting for the swales and uplands, waiting to come home and tromp their own land again. They want crisp bacon and flapjacks and hot coffee leaning against their ribs and the bite of a clear cold morning fogging their breath and a gun in their hands and game at the end of their bullets. Probably there will be no healthier nor broader bridge back to civilian life for the returned soldier than hunting.

Make no mistake—the gun they'll lug will be the Army carbine. The Garand and the Johnson will satisfy the big-game boys. The carbine's for John Citizen, and hunting will be a brand-new kind of Heaven. Deer have become so numerous that farmers in some states are using poison to save their crops. All over America, which has had a partial three-year shutdown on hunting, game has increased tremendously. Many a species is back on the approved list. The woods will be wilder. It will be easier to get lost. The outdoors and the earliest primal urge will mean more to Americans than ever before.

So the game's waiting. The brand-new rifle's waiting. It's not that the carbine is the perfect gun. For the hunter, the barrel will have to be made an inch and three-quarters longer. The rear peep sight will have to be changed for most hunters to a rear V-sight—game is quicker than man, moves quicker, has to be dropped into a sight quicker. And the clip will probably come out in a stouter gauge and in more sizes. A man on horseback will want the carbine for a saddle scabbard, and the present clip, holding fifteen rounds, makes an obstruction that is inconvenient for a scabbard. It is next to impossible to handle a clip without dropping it occasionally: unless the clips are of stout metal or some resilient plastic, the feeding end of the clip will be bent from the fall, and the bullets will thus feed below the chamber. It takes only a few moments and the butt end of a pocket-knife to pry up the bent clip-edges, but a stouter or more resilient clip would make forest repairs unnecessary. But these are technical details which require no re-tooling and probably they are being corrected already.

Another thing—the carbine's going to make hunters out of women. Pretty tough for a woman to pack the pre-Pearl Harbor weapons. But a woman with a nail-file and a hairpin can fix a carbine, and she'll fire a carbine as easily as a .22. It carries as easily as a .22, and it slings as easily as a WAC handbag.

And there's something else new. It's a basic change thousands of soldiers have learned. It's guaranteed to improve your shooting a thousand percent.

It's a new way of firing.

Try it with a ruler, a straight stick, a shotgun—you know that hollow where you generally rest the butt of your rifle? The junction of your humerus and your shoulder bone? Don't put your rifle butt there. Nor your shotgun either. Move the butt over three inches, the top edge of the butt just below your shoulder bone, the rest of the butt on your chest. Now aim. Notice that you just have to drop your head a little—you're sighting dead ahead. Swing around. Don't move your rifle, just your body. Your sights stay right on. It's as natural as pointing your finger. It's hard to miss.

New gun, new game, new tricks. . . . Did you hear someone say Armistice?

A BOON TO SERVICEMEN

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate ARGOSY on its new editorial policy—which is a boon to the servicemen overseas. . . .

I'd like to add a horse laugh in regard to Cpl. Milton Taply's letter on what we are fighting for (August issue). I don't think there is a G.I. or officer over here that doesn't know what he is fighting for. When we see the starving, uneducated, filthy masses of Europe, we know . . . we don't want America to be like that. . . .

I've flown over most of the world over here, but for adventure I still turn to ARGOSY.

LT. "BILL" WILLIAMSON

c/o Postmaster, New York

P. S.—Tell Rogers, Brooks and Fay to keep up the good work.—W. I. W.

BILL FAY—WORLD FIXER

Sirs:

I'd almost decided I didn't like the new ARGOSY, with its strange new mixture of sweat and . . . "midnight allure," its champs in tuxedoes, its moons which we suddenly discover have other purposes than to silhouette a trapper's cabin or a howling wolf. And then I read William Fay's "Beautiful Bum" and the world was all right again.

I've decided that it's perfectly useless to keep on worrying about Hitler's most recent secret weapon, which might turn the tide; or about the tremendous loss of life which might result when we finish with the outer fringes of Japan and start the real Battle of the Orient. I know, now, that an America which can produce a Nick James—even a fiction hero can't seem so real unless he is patterned after real Americans, you know—can take whatever comes and get up fighting. It can't lose the important fights.

HAROLD E. CHRISTIE

Indianapolis

FACT OR FICTION

Sirs:

I wish to state my strong objections to the appeal of one of your correspondents in October ARGOSY for "less articles and more stories."

At a time such as the present, readers need more facts, not more fiction, to help them understand the present-day issues and prepare them for the problems of the future. If it is escape from reality that readers want, the movies, the radio and hundreds of novels all give that to them. . . .

SIDNEY PRESSER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

• But do they measure up to ARGOSY fiction? Some think not. However, we shall continue to use a few really significant articles and several article vignettes each month. . . . To give a fair hearing to both sides in this Fiction vs. Fact debate, we print the following representative letter:

Sirs:

I have just finished reading my first copy of ARGOSY and feel that I must tell you how much I have enjoyed it. I have seen your magazine on the newsstands for years but never got

around to buying it. Today my boss brought a copy to the office and I stole a peek at it while he was gone. Believe me, you will have a loyal reader from now on.

I think you have a good variety except perhaps one or two too many articles. . . .

MRS. JULE E. ADAMS

Redondo Beach, Calif.

MORE THAN AN AMUSED GRUNT

Sirs:

MI GAWD! Don't you and the powers that be on ARGOSY know that today's cartoons are not supposed to be laughed at? Today's gags rate an amused grunt, a slight smile, or your Uncle Wilbur says, "That's pretty good, ain't it?"

Where have I been and how long has this been going on? Congratulations and more power to a sheet that says, "We run cartoons because we want our readers to laff at them."

DON ULSH

Chicago

SHORE LEAVE & RELIGION

Sirs:

I have long intended to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine, but I have little time for writing letters. I'm in Radio Technician's Training, which doesn't even leave me time to write to my girl.

What brought this on was something in your November issue which grated on every nautical nerve in my body. You published a short story entitled "Shore Leave." As a story it was swell, but Mr. Wilson apparently knows very little about the Navy. In this story he calls the fellow a Seaman Second Class, and then talks about his having two chevrons.

Well, I'm a Seaman First Class, but I'd gladly trade it for a crow and a couple of hooks. That would make me a Petty Officer Second Class, which is equivalent to a staff sergeant in the Army. A Seaman Second Class corresponds to a Pfc.

Before closing, I would like to comment on Dr. Bell's article in the September issue. I enjoyed it very much, but I stand with Mr. Wilkins of L. A. I have attended the services of many churches—partly from my desire to examine the different sects, and also in an attempt to find the one that suited my ideas of religion. I haven't as yet.

In closing, I'd like to thank you again for the variety and good taste of your magazine. . . . You have a steady customer in this Swabee.

R. J. BECKMAN, S1/c, RT.

College Station, Texas

Sirs:

ARGOSY is absolutely tops! Since I have been in the South Pacific, I have done a lot of reading during my spare time and I prefer ARGOSY to any other magazine.

I wish every American, especially those with sons and daughters in the services and those who are in the armed services who can get a copy of September ARGOSY, would read the short article "Let's Revitalize Religion."

I want to congratulate you on your judgment in the choice of such articles and in the production of such a finely balanced magazine.

Pfc. JOHN W. HUMPHREY

San Francisco

FRIEND OF THE NEGRO

Sirs:

It's good to find something worthy of app on the racial question!

For a Negro story, "Guest of Honor, C. P. Donnel, Jr., is the greatest I've ever . . . Those who are spreading hate-bree propaganda ought to read this story.

Mr. Donnel certainly knows his Negroes For those who harp upon racial equality the indignities suffered by Southern Neg this story, an all-Negro story where the w do not intrude, should prove highly educati Those of us who know Negroes know that regation is a blessing not only for the w but for the Negroes as well. A Negro . always happiest when surrounded by his kind.

That is a fundamental truth that the r agitators always choose to overlook, sin kills all their frothings and robs their ef of any possibility of effecting its deadly w

Obviously the agitators are not raising voices in any sincere effort to benefit the N but only to use him in their assaults upon form of government. The friend of the N will advise and counsel patience, tolera understanding and goodwill between the r

J. B. McMILLA

Garrison, Texas

Sirs:

. . . When I read "Guest of Honor" I jubilant that at least one popular magazine become "emancipated." . . .

I am a Negro . . . When I read "Gues Honor" I immediately bought a dozen or r copies and mailed them to my friends, som them so-called "radicals." with the staten that "at long last, here is a popular maga which is sensible enough to treat colored pe as normal folk in its stories.". . .

GEORGE C. ANDERSO

New York

SERIALS

Sirs:

Please don't eliminate serials entirely. been overseas thirty-one months and have no trouble following continued stories in various magazines I read. The Army Po Service does a swell job in getting them to The mags may be late but they get here.

I like your new mag, but I don't like so m articles. But as long as your complete no are as good as they have been and you k C. P. Donnel, Jr., William Fay and Joel Rogers, I won't kick.

Lt. DONALD ALLGUI

c/o Postmaster, New York

• A two-part serial by one of your f orites, Bill Fay, starts next month.

ADVERTISEMENT

Sirs:

I wish to extend my present subscription ARGOSY for two years. I have found ARGOSY only magazine which I can read from cove cover and still look forward to the next iss

LEONARD HORS

Lodi, Calif.

ARGOSY

FOUNDED 1882

AMERICA'S FOREMOST FICTION

Editor: Henry Steeger • *Managing Editor:* Rogers Terrill • *Article Editor:* Lillian G. Genn • *Associate Article Editor:* Vivian Richardson • *Fiction:* Willard Crosby, Margaret Mochrie, Vera Anderton, Michael Tilden, Irene Wissner • *Art Director:* Bernard White • *Associate Art Editor:* Art Pollak • *Production.* Lee Wilson

JACK KARNEY, whose story "In This Corner—" appears on page 12 of this issue, doesn't like prize fighting as a personal vocation. He should know. Says Jack: "Egged on by sadistic friends, I entered the Daily News Golden Gloves annual tournament in 1931, light-heavyweight sub-novice class. I won the first bout by a clean kayo in the first round." The paper shortage, he says, prevents him from discussing his other fights. But he insists that the punishment he absorbed around the head is what made him finally turn to writing as a career. The story in this issue is Mr. Karney's first. His first novel, "There Goes Shorty Higgins" (Wm. Morrow and Co.), is scheduled for publication next month.

Joel Reeve, who used to be an ice dealer, has the romantic notion that he travels around the country looking for story material. Actually he's dodging the many friends who, whenever he stays put long enough, crowd his living room and kitchen, overflow into his studio and sometimes even crowd him out of his bed. His favorite authors are Hemingway, McKinlay Kantor and Sherwood Anderson. Likes swing, roast beef and tall long-legged women.

His intimate friends on Broadway call him "Always-The-Bridesmaid-Never-A-Bride" Thomsen, Bob tells us. Reason? Although he's sold three plays on the Civil War and is almost able to live on play options, he's never had a play produced on the Main Stem. Between writing fiction stories, he acts as stage manager for somebody else's current play, "The Perfect Marriage." With very little formal schooling, Bob makes a claim to complete illiteracy, and to this attributes his success as a writer.

Mystery authors seem to go in for unusual hobbies. We knew one once whose chief passion was the collection of female garters, another who in his spare time was a flag-pole sitter. Margaret Manners ("Body In The Barn," page 16 of this issue) has made a lifelong study of reading people's hands. Not long ago she forecast that her agent would have a serious accident. Was as surprised and shocked as the victim when the accident came along on schedule. Agent, we're glad to report, is recuperating nicely!

NEXT ISSUE WILL BE PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 21

ARGONOTES

THE ARGOSY you hold in your hands is a bigger and better magazine than any of its predecessors, solely because you, the readers, have made possible the growth which comes with success. The additional sixteen pages are devoted almost entirely to the virile, robust, typically American fiction for which you have expressed so strong a preference.

These additional pages also make possible our first condensed book-length novel, "Crisis At Sundown Cay," by the gifted author, Whitman Chambers. Book-lengths, either in their original form or condensed, will henceforth be a monthly feature of your magazine.

There are fourteen fiction stories in this issue, four full-length articles. You'll find six boiled-down article vignettes among our fourteen features. And you'll find no less than fourteen ARGOSY-type cartoons! Next month, also in answer to your expressed desires, ARGOSY will return to the custom of printing serials. You'll find one starting and one ending in each issue beginning with April!

G. I. GENEROSITY—YANK SECRET WEAPON

IN THE breaking of Europe's chains, America's finest weapon of all has nothing to do with guns, vehicles or destruction. It is the weapon of generosity.

For almost two years now, in the two great theaters of the war, the Mediterranean and the European, I've been watching American G. I.'s throwing their K-rations upon the tide of human misery to see them return a thousandfold in good will. This paraphrase of scriptural admonition may sound silly or even corny to you, but not to an old jeep rider who has watched the faces of millions lighting up at the Americans' approach.

But such a thing as a return isn't in the doughboys' minds as they stand every day on trucks tossing packets of food, candy, gum or cigarettes to perfect strangers beside the highways, people whose language they don't even know but whose thanks are all the payment they ask.

"Merci, merci," one old girl says every evening on Avenue Ste. Honoré in Paris. "We waited a long time but now we can thank you." And the tears in her eyes make you forget even the income tax. But I will never forget those thousands along the highways of France often standing all day in the rain to wave at our troops or shout, *"Vive les Americains."* Nor will I forget the Frenchwoman who said, "Strange, that where the instinct of the Nazis is to take, the instinct of the Americans is to give, and even to risk their lives to do so."

No Yank can explain why he sits beside the road to mend a kid's bicycle or fix an old man's wheelbarrow. No soldier at Camp Huckstep, outside Cairo, could tell why he dug deep into his own Christmas packages to share with refugee children and give them a party—but party there was, complete with a G. I. Santa Claus.

Men of the 344th Engineers did the same thing for Jewish refugee children in Britain. But the Ranger company bivouacked outside one Italian town hadn't even the excuse of Christmas. They saw the whole town gaunt and hungry. They formed queues. They fed the whole town for two days—handed out their own rations. In some instances, officers have had to put a stop to such giving, so the men themselves won't go hungry.

Nobody will deny that the American soldiers are generally beloved by everyone in the British Isles because they are generous. They give a hand at any task, from repairing a windlass to pitching in in the garden. At least one small English town has taken a new lease on life and is planning many postwar developments, all because a Yank who had been a real estate man saw the opportunities. During the training in England, many an American was constantly going without, because he got more pleasure out of giving.

I don't know why, except that it's a (*Concluded on page* 107)

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COMPLETE NOVEL · NOVELETTE · 12 SHORT STORIES

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

Vol. 320, No. 2

NEXT MONTH

THERON MAGRUDER ran a saloon in his spare time. But his big job—his glamorous, fulltime, exciting job was running his city for the boys at City Hall.

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells Theron's story in "The Great Magruder," the ARGOSY novel of the month for March, and we'd like to give you a brief sample of the treat in store for you by quoting a typical passage from this truly memorable tale. It's Theron's birthday, and the boys at City Hall are at last, belatedly, expressing their appreciation for Theron's good work. The celebration occurs on the excursion steamboat *Queen Bee*. . . .

Mayor Sam McHenry, well lit up, pointed skyward toward the steel bulk of the new bridge. "There's your birthday present, Theron!" he said. "Reared in everlasting concrete and steel, she's all yours—"

"Shhh, Sam," said Governor Roney "not so goddam loud!"

"Loud or not, she's Theron Magruder's bridge," said Sam McHenry. "He *deserves* it, don't he?"

It was generally agreed that my Uncle Theron sure as hell did.

Well, sir, my Uncle Theron went solemnly around the circle, hugging each man. Then he sat down in a deck chair and cried like a baby.

"Goddamit, boys," said Uncle Theron, "I never expected nothin' like this. Where's my dear, favorite nephew Timmy Gilory?"

The Governor shoved me forward, whispering in my ear, "For God's sake, don't let him talk about it ir public. All details ain't arranged yet."

They all tiptoed off as daintily a drunks can tiptoe—and left me alone with my Uncle Theron. I said, "It's some birthday present."

Uncle Theron wavered. "By Joe I hadn't ought to take it from 'em *Timmy," he said, drying his eyes* "It's too much. . . ."

That's just a fair sample of this lusty, brawling, intensely human satire. Later, when, with books full of free toll passes, Theron Magruder insists on keeping his bridge against all opposition; when with the light of his love, he takes up residence i the city poorhouse; when the great Teddy Roosevelt himself finally intervenes, you'll be back yourself at the turn of the century, living with bated breath in the shadow of the great Magruder.

The Bill Fay story, "Dead Mar Blues," originally planned as a shor novel for this issue, turned out to b a book-length. You'll get the firs big, meaty half of it in the next issue as the beginning of a two-par novel—plus twelve other fiction stories, five articles and the usual lineup of entertaining features.

BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

NOVELETTE

SHORT STORIES

ARTICLES

FEATURES AND FEATURETTES

Cover Painting by Ernest F. Baumann

ARGOSY
FOUNDED 1882
NOVELETTE

PRELUDE to Battle

Martin, bound for battle, had to choose between the thing he wanted most in life and the sanity of the man who had been his boyhood friend

by Robert Thomsen

Illustrated by Sam Cherry

THE first thing he heard about it was a letter from his sister which came while he was in Italy, feeling very far removed from the things that had made up his life back home.

MARTIN DEAR:

The craziest thing happened this afternoon and before I turn in I want to tell you, to give you a warning. Not that anything is wrong really, but just in case. You know.

I was sitting here in my little hotel room, calm as could be—Bill was down in the ballroom going over some new numbers with the boys—when the phone rang and a veddy nice refined voice said she was Mrs. James Hill and could she see me. I said, "But of course," not being awful sure who it was. She said she'd meet me in the cocktail lounge in half an hour. I got dressed and was sitting down there waiting when out the window I caught this Cadillac drive up, complete with chauffeur, and Mrs. H. jump out and head straight for the bar. She was all done out in a little mink jacket up to here and looked—oh, well, you know what she looks like—but I will say that the Hepburn, high-cheek-bone, auburn-haired type is strictly for me, especially when it's in real mink.

She recognized me, and came right over and introduced herself. We had a couple of bourbons and water and she said she had known you a long time ago at that progressive school joint you went to up in Connecticut. Her husband had gone there too, she said, and then—wham!—it hit me. Little Jimmy Hillinsky, huh? I didn't say anything, but we ordered another quick round.

She wanted to know all about you and how long you'd been overseas. I told her what I could and gave her your APO number. That's what she wanted, she said. She'd seen the Siversky Family ad in the local paper (you know that dignified bit the hotels are putting in now—"The honor to present for your dancing enjoyment—") and she'd taken a long chance that we were related and given me a ring.

At first I thought she was just an old girl friend who wanted to be a pen-pal—you know, make with the morale-building department for one of our heroes over there. But when she was getting ready to go I asked, polite-like, how Mr. Hill was and, Martin, she went so funny. She said he hadn't been very well—and then I remembered! All those stories last year about Jim Hill having a nervous breakdown and he was out West all that time, Arizona or some place—remember? She said he was a little better now, but that was one of the reasons she wanted to get in touch with you. She thanked me very much and then she was out the door, into that Cadillac and gone.

Now, Martin, what is this? I'm dying. Where do you fit in? Did I do wrong to give her your APO?

Look, if you do hear from her, write me right away. Tell me everything.

We think about you all the time. The kids never let a day go by without bringing into the conversation the gentle reminder that one of the family, *Sergeant* Martin Siversky, is in Italy. We love you very much, baby, and are all mighty proud.

Devotedly, MINNA

The next day the first letter from Nancy Hill arrived.

DEAR MARTIN:

I hate V-mails, but everyone tells me they are the only sure way, and speed is the important thing.

As you may know, Jim hasn't been well for the past two years. At first we thought it was some form of nervous exhaustion after he'd been working so hard on that job down in Washington, but a complete change of scene and rest didn't improve his condition, and after several weeks it was necessary to put him in the hands of a good—I still loathe the word—psychiatrist. By March the situation had grown so bad that he was refusing to eat and we had to put him in a hospital. They tell me that he has some mad obsession that he is being poisoned. For eighteen months now we have been going from one institution to another, from one expert to another. And the ghastly thing is, Jim is no better. No one seems to be able to get at this thing. You'd never recognize him now.

At present we are in Baltimore. He is staying in a home out in the valley. A Dr. Myerman, an eminent German refugee who is regarded by everyone I trust as the best, is handling the case. I have, of course, spent days going over with him every minute detail I can recall of Jim's history in an attempt to find a clue. Your name naturally came up.

It is far too complex for me to be able to outline anything for you in a letter, but I am giving your address to

He sees you handing him the glass of poisoned wine.

Myerman and he will undoubtedly write you.

Martin, if in the midst of all that is going on around you you can in any way help us, please, please do.

What a comfort it is in a very mixed-up world to know that you go on being you.

NANCY HILL

HE read the letter over twice, and since it was Tuesday and that was the night for his French lesson at the ARC, and since he knew that he wouldn't be able to concentrate until he'd answered it, he sat at his desk and beat out the following:

DEAR NANCY:

I don't like V-mails either, but you are right—they are fast. Yours got to me just one week after you mailed it in Baltimore.

I was very sorry to hear about Jim. I guess over here we like to throw illusions around things at home. We get into the habit of remembering places and people under a rosy light, a little unreal, I guess—more the way we'd like them to be. Also you get so you begin to think the only things going wrong in the world are the things you see close by you here. The section of your own little outfit has a way of becoming the whole war, you know, and its tragedies seem like the only ones.

I can't think in what way I could help you from here, but if I can just let me know. If I could talk to your doctor I'd know what sort of thing he's looking for. Please tell him I'll answer any letters right away. It would help, though, if he could give me some indication of what he wants from me.

In a way, your letter made me happy. It made me happy that you could call to me over all this time and space. I hope somehow I can help you.

MARTIN

DEAR SERGEANT SIVERSKY:

Mrs. Hill has given me your most understanding letter of June 17th in reference to my patient James Hill. First, I should like to tell you how much I appreciate your offer to assist us at a time like this.

I, too, regret that we are unable to hold this interview in person, for then I should be able to ascertain how familiar you are with the technical phraseology of my profession and know the language best to use in forming my questions so that we clearly understand one another. Forgive me if, being unable to talk to you, I tend to simplify matters too much. I should prefer to err at the outset on the side of simplicity and directness rather than to create additional confusion by employing professional jargon on a subject which the average man usually regards as something shrouded in dark mysteries. You will, I am sure, understand.

Psychiatry is a very young, but a very misunderstood science. It is a very simple science, really. Let me put it this way:

The human mind is a place of many chambers. The healthy, balanced man dwells for a time in one and then, as is natural with growth, passes on into another, closing a door behind him. Occasionally, as we proceed through these chambers, memory will give us a look back into the room in which we once lived and we can see again the people, places and events of our history. If all is well with us we see these memory chambers as finished parts of our past, rooms which we have had to vacate in the business of growing.

At times, however, a door will be slammed and a man will be hurried into the next compartment before he feels his time is due, or voluntarily, perhaps, he will push on and determine never to look back. He wills the door shut and even ignores the existence of the closet behind, thinking himself safe from its hidden fears and torments. But we cannot force any of these doors to stay permanently closed, nor can we remove any of these chambers from the mind. Some day, despite all efforts, some chance remark, or sight, or smell will force us back through the entrance into the half-buried, half-forgotten section and we must look again despite all conscious efforts not to, at where we were, at what we had, or feel again the awful emptiness of what we did not have.

My patient James Hill is at present a sick and tortured man. Such a door as this was closed on him, or perhaps he tried to slam it himself in the face of natural change. Now he will not—he cannot, in fact—look back. Fantasies from some ancient early chamber have reached out to torment and destroy his life.

He cannot help himself. His present position, his present life and vision are so distorted by the winds from his past that he is unable to distinguish facts from fantasies. He imagines, he actually believes, that he is being persecuted by someone from the past. When he came under my care he was already so lost in his obsession, so lost in his own confused world that he feared everything, even food.

The only hope of clearing this up lies with someone such as you who knows the earlier rooms, who knows now what fitted there and what was its truth.

Often the analyst can do such a job alone by listening to his patient and then labeling the succession of events, throwing a little light and sending him out secure in his present and aware of his past. But with Hill we need some additional help.

If in any way you could illuminate the boyhood section, if you could look through the door into his room of, say, ten to sixteen years of age, you might find the answers there. Whom did he hate? Who feared him? Was something that you know of unfinished then? It is impossible for a mature man accurately to recall to what degree things were significant in youth, but we must ask you to try.

Write to me at the above address in as much detail as you feel you can about James Hill as you knew him, and be assured that whatever data you furnish will be regarded as completely confidential.

And be assured, too, that your cooperation and consideration are deeply appreciated by both Mrs. Hill and myself.

Most sincerely,

ALFRED MYERMAN, M.D., D.P.H.

Martin read the doctor's letter over many times. He read it over so many times that the section about the mind being a place of many chambers became like a song he knew by heart. It was neat and pat, he decided, an old psychiatrist's trick. How could you do that? How could you divide life up into chapters? And he was supposed to do it, to write the story of Jim from the age of ten to sixteen.

THE next day was his afternoon off. He didn't stay around the billet. He got a pass and took a walk down by the water. There were a few things he wanted to figure out before he answered the old boy's letter.

Why had Nancy brought him in on this? It was true that he probably knew some things nobody else knew, and maybe his information would throw illumination into the dark forgotten chambers. But he wasn't anyone to make a report on Jim, to tell his story scientifically, calmly and impersonally. Nancy knew that. What had she told already?

Then, as he sat on a great rock and looked out over the sea, he wondered how anyone could ever look back at what he had been, coldly, without remembering how it felt? And what good could it ever do for an outsider to look at a series of facts? And how could you tell, how could you be sure the outsider was on the beam, that he really knew what normal was?

Then he said, "To hell with it, anyway," picked up some little flat stones, tried to skip them across the water and walked back to town and to his billet.

That night he sat on his bed and started his first report to Dr. Myerman.

DEAR SIR:

A lot of these things may surprise you. I don't know what you already know, or what Mrs. Hill has told you, or exactly what sort of facts you are after. I'm a little thrown by this phraseology, so I guess the only thing is to give it straight as I remember it and let you figure as best you can.

Jim and I were born in a theatrical boarding house on West 39th Street, New York City, just three months apart. I guess we were what you might call "predestined best friends." Our fathers had been before us and our mothers had grown up as girls together in the old country. This family tie thing was so strong that both families had three sets of kids and in each case we were born the same year. And when you add to that the fact that they had a vaudeville act together for over thirty years and we all traveled everywhere with them you can see how we started off inseparable friends.

I guess we were second-generation Americans, though nobody thought much about that then. Our fathers had come over from Poland around 1905 and got

themselves set up in a hurry. After a couple of seasons on the old Orpheum circuit they were able to send back for their fiancées.

That was a good childhood. By the time Jim and I came along the act was a top headliner in any theater in the East. Our two families would move in and take over not only the whole backstage of the best two-a-day house in town, but the best theatrical hotel, too. Oh, there were a lot of laughs and we kept moving, that was the thing. Sleeper jumps and day coaches. We did all the New England circuit and down into the South. In the summer, when other acts were laying off, we'd head west. Twice we got all the way to the coast. You can imagine what that was for a couple of kids.

I guess there were all sorts of subtle influences in this being "different," being actors, show folks moving on, but I can't remember ever thinking about it. We were too busy. And it would be just guesswork to imagine anything else going on with Jim.

And one thing you must remember—as I said before—we weren't foreigners. We were just two big families of Americans jumping around and doing a fine and exciting job. The Hill name was Hillinsky then, but any stigma that uneuphonious collection of syllables might have been thought to carry later on was certainly never thought of by anybody then. That name meant something in the business, something big.

When we'd hit a town and go into the local drug store and the kids hanging around found out our names they knew right off who we were. They knew our old men were not only two of the strongest men in America, but two of the bravest, too. They knew they dared do things on the highest wires nobody else had ever done. And without any nets.

That was a good proud feeling to have.

These kids knew the families had talent, too. We were all beginning to work into the act—musical background stuff—and my sister Minna had been doing her famous bird imitations ever since she was nine.

There's discipline in the theater, the same as in the Army. Jim and I had to learn to do our job perfectly, every time. We had to get there for "half-hour," make ourselves up and get our clothes and props just right each and every night. But there were a lot of laughs there, too. We learned to make friends in a hurry. When we'd land up in a town for a week we'd find the stagehands' boys, or the types who hang around theater alleys. When we were in a spot for more than a week we'd really dig in and get things organized. We'd round up the ushers and the characters who sold orangeade and chocolate bars and the little sawed-off elevator boys. We became Friars and Elks and Lambs and I don't know what. We'd call meetings, hold elections, give out the rules and collect the dues. We'd really move in. Somehow I'd always manage to establish myself as Chief, or President or Most High Shepherd and Jim would always be right in there as second in command. It was the life. We loved it.

He was a good kid. He was strong, friendly to everybody and handsome as hell in his dark kind of way. But a funny thing about Jim was he never seemed to care too much about learning an instrument, or working his way into a definite spot in the act. After awhile he seemed to begin to prefer hanging around out front, around the box office and with the house managers. It was too bad because he had talent; he could have been a real actor, that guy. He had a way of picking up the talk right off of anybody he was with. After standing behind the window at a matinée you'd think he was the treasurer; he'd have the patter cold. And he liked doing that. It was something to him—getting in there so folks would think he was one of them.

Maybe you think I've spent too much time using the plural, talking about us and saying we. But that's the way it was. Everybody, ourselves included, know this—thought about us as a pair until we went away to boarding school. We grew up right together and shared all our problems as a team of two. And those problems were all right problems. They were the good healthy problems of two American kids growing up in this crazy world of the two-a-day. I liked that guy and I liked that life.

WHEN he had got that far he put the report away in his foot locker. He was tired and he figured he'd go on to the next chapter the following night.

When he came back to the billet after early chow there was a V-mail letter on his bed.

DEAR SERGEANT SIVERSKY:

Since I have decided on a policy of complete honesty with you in this case I feel compelled to pass along the following bit of information. It is something that I had suspected and had been searching for ever since I started to work with James Hill, but at the time of my first letter to you I had no definite proof that this was actually part of the core of his trouble.

You may remember that I told you that my patient's illness had taken the form of an obsession wherein he thought someone was trying to poison him.

That, unfortunately, is still true. This morning in a long conference with him he finally told me the name of the man he was afraid of. It was Martin Siversky.

When his food is served to him he frequently imagines himself in a restaurant or night club, and you are almost always there. In the illusion he often sees you handing him a glass of poisoned wine.

I pass this along to you in the hope that it will enable you to realize more fully the seriousness of my patient's condition. I urge you again to search through your memory for any small bit of the past which may have lain dormant in Hill's mind and has now suddenly reached out to upset him so.

I am waiting any word you may have to send us.

Respectfully yours, ALFRED MYERMAN

. . . a fine and exciting job. They dared do things nobody else had ever done. And without any nets.

Martin had a funny reaction when he read it. He knew he should have been sore, but he wasn't. He realized that, as sharp and cold as it looked typed out there on the V-mail form it was really no surprise. Somewhere way down, although he had never put it into words, he must have known it all along.

The only thing to do was to go on with the letters. Let them make from it all what meanings they could; that was their job. His was just to remember it clearly, almost as a story that had happened to some other guys, and tell it that way. He began to write:

What made our parents get the brainstorm of sending us away to a boarding school when we were thirteen I don't know. But I'll bet one thing. I'll bet it was decided jointly in a meeting between the two families—maybe over a lot of bootleg beer in some fancy hotel suite. Maybe it was because they were only playing top stellar spots then and the money was rolling in and somehow in a funny way the act itself seemed to be taking on a new dignity and prestige. Maybe with all of this they grew more socially ambitious for us boys, but whatever it was, a fashionable New England school for young gentlemen was selected and we were told it was preparatory to a college career.

That summer before we enrolled, the name of Hillinsky was legally changed to Hill in the courts of New York State. (However, you can be sure that with the old man it has never appeared on any program or out in front of any theater in America as anything except Hillinsky!)

Our tuition fees were paid and we were given a certain amount of money and told we were to take care of all the little details as well as getting up there ourselves. This all fitted in with their belief that theater kids should learn at the earliest possible age to be independent and (*Continued on page* 94)

In this corner—

You'll smell the resin and feel the sting of eight-ounce gloves in this graphic story of the prize ring. The author, who has himself fought professionally, makes his fiction debut on these pages

by Jack Karney

Illustrated by Glen Thomas

IN the fourth round the tempo is faster. It usually is. Two, three rounds, and the juice in your legs has warmed; you've done your scouting, planned your offense. You're ready for the blitz. Only in this case the other guy is ready too. And he's better equipped, faster, younger. Buzzy Williams hasn't lost his leer. It's part of him now. Like Big Joe, the Champ, with his poker face; you'd think you were seeing things if he smiled during a fight.

A reddish glove explodes in your eyes. Your legs go weak. The breath catches in your throat. You grab Buzzy, hold him close, tell him how his laces are loose. He laughs. You knew he would. The gag is as old as boxing itself. Stupid to pull it on a smart guy like Buzzy. He's thinking: "What's Johnny Elliott trying to do, talk me out of the fight?" Sure. And you want him to know it. You give him a blueprint of your plan of battle and ask him to concentrate on it.

"I'll beat you, Buzzy," you tell him. "I know how. You'll never get in the same ring with Big Joe. Never in a million years."

"Tin soldier," he mutters.

You roll under fast, catch him going away with a sharp left and a weak right. His hands don't stop moving; his feet shuffle in and out, in and out, steady, monotonous. He's a machine, well oiled, new. You want to break up this smoothness, throw a wrench in the cogwheels. You try hard to knock him off stride. He comes too close and you rip a short left to the head. Your right splashes on his velvet-smooth body. He laughs, his eyes hard, contemptuous, the disrespect of a student who thinks he has learned everything his teacher has to offer and can beat him at his own game.

The round ends in your corner. While he's returning to his handlers you're on your stool, relaxing. That's one trick he can never take away from you; it took you years of experience to learn the art of saving those extra few seconds. When a guy gets old that trick comes in handy. Time is precious between rounds.

You lean back on your stool and let the soft sponge play with your body. The cool water runs down your chest and belly. It feels good. You want that gong never to ring again. Then you think of Sheila, of Buzzy, of Big Joe and the million-dollar gate. You sit up straight and wait for the bell.

Yesterday I was news again. Hot news. The reporters and photogs met me at the station, the same bunch of scribblers that dogged my footsteps in the days before the big chocolate boy blasted me from my diadem. Big Joe, a stick of dynamite in each fist, exploding them one at a time, leaving me on the stained canvas looking up at a suddenly black sky, and strolling nonchalantly to a neutral corner. But that's ancient history. . . .

Kenny of the *Trib* yanked at my olive-drabs. "Johnny, what round? How long you figure Buzzy'll hang around?"

He meant how long before my legs would be requisitioned to relieve the rubber shortage. He figured I couldn't take Buzzy Williams. Not that I gave a hoot. Buzzy Williams, the boy I'd managed and trained before I threw the whole thing into the ashcan to join Uncle Sam's Army. Why beat the kid I had nursed toward the championship? Why not sit back and watch him go on to take the brightest diamond of them all?

If I beat him, I thought, it means another session with Big Joe. What kind of picnic is that? I'm in the Army now. I want to stay healthy long enough for a crack at them Jap monkeys. Guns, teeth, anything, so long as they don't pile on me more than three at a time. Besides, I'm thirty-one. The music in my legs has dropped from a fox-trot to a slow waltz. And Buzzy can fight. I ought to know. Wasn't I his teacher?

It was hot news, Johnny Elliott coming out of retirement for one fight, donating his entire purse to the Army Relief.

"Give us a Karloff look, Johnny." They propped me for pictures. I fixed my garrison cap. I smiled. Lieutenant Conroy, my handler and trainer, Chick and Teddy, my buddies, got around for another snap.

"Johnny," the *News* said, "after Williams you get matched with Private Joe, the Champ. A chance for you to be the only guy who's ever won back the title. Ain't that something to shoot at?"

"Sure," I laughed. "Only hara-kiri is patented by them Japs."

"You mean Buzzy?"

"I mean Joe."

"Johnny," the *Eagle* said, "Buzzy Williams has been saying how he's gonna put you out for the duration."

I shrugged. "Buzzy ain't no bum. But maybe I can get him to change his mind."

"If he wins, Buzzy'll fight the Chocolate Soldier. A million-buck gate, at least. Buzzy gives ten percent again, keeps a chunk for himself. If you win it'll be you and Joe, in September. A million bucks for the Army and Navy, nobody cutting in."

I laughed. "Sounds good. Only let's talk about it after tomorrow night's show. Fellers—"

I stopped short. My ticker began to pound like mad as I


I don't mind slugging guys. But fighting off crazy dames is something else.

saw her elbowing her way through the crowd. Six months since I'd seen her, on my last furlough. She was so beautiful she took my breath away as only she could do. She gave me a quick pecking sort of kiss.

I wanted to grab and hold her. But she didn't give me a chance. She took my arm and smiled for the pictures. But they had stopped flashing bulbs. The smile came off her face.

"C'mon, boys," I said.

"I'm out of bulbs," was the complaint.

Sheila said, "If I did a strip tease you'd find some."

"Maybe,"-one piped up. "Maybe not."

Lieutenant Conroy smiled. "Let's go, Johnny. Perhaps it's best that we skip pictures with dames. Might not look right, if you ask me."

"Who's asking you?" Sheila snapped. "Any picture with Sheila Trent is worth a million dollars in publicity."

"C'mon, guys," I said to the photogs. "A little action, please."

For me they did it. It wasn't Sheila's fault. It went back to the time Sheila Trent played the lead in "Sunny Side Up," the hit that ran for eighteen months on Broadway; before she went into her fan routine in any burlesque house that had the price. In the prosperity days of "Sunny Side Up," Sheila had refused to pose for pictures. Once she busted a camera. What could they expect from a great star who was on edge? She hadn't meant to go temperamental. She told me so herself, later, when the boys started to avoid her, refusing to publicize anything she did or said.

"How's this, boys?" She lifted her dress above her knees.

"Wrap it around your neck," somebody muttered. "See if I get excited."

THE bulbs exploded. The *Journal* photog snapped his fingers. "Why didn't somebody tell me to put in a plate?"

Chick and Teddy shifted from one foot to the other. Lieutenant Conroy said, "C'mon, Johnny, we got a date at Stillman's; just a light workout."

Then: "Hiyah, boys, Well, if it ain't the big parade." It was Buzzy. "Hiyah, teacher," he said to me. "Five and five is ten; you're out. Correct?"

We shook hands. He was big, bigger than I'd ever seen him. Handsome Buzzy. He and Sheila exchanged glances. Maybe I should have seen then. But guys in love can get pretty blind. All I saw was Buzzy Williams, the boy I was going to tangle with, looking like a picture out of a physical culture magazine.

"How y'feel, Buzzy?" I said.

He winked in the direction of the reporters. "You'll find out, Johnny," he said coolly. "And how!"

It gives a guy a funny feeling to have his pupil lord it over him.

I slapped his shoulder. "That's okay, Buzzy. I got some tricks I never got around to show you."

He guffawed. "You kill me, Johnny, you kill me. I got a date with Joe—after you retire again for the last time. I'm shooting for the big money that's begging for me to come and get it." He fingered my O.D.'s as if appraising the material. Almost whispering, he said, "No tin soldier is gonna stop me."

The reporters looked up from their notebooks. They were tense, waiting. What was I supposed to do, haul off and swing for his chin? Buzzy talked on. More hot news for the sports pages. He told how he would beat me. The pupil versus the teacher. The reporters wrote fast, stopping every once in a while to see how I was taking it. I grinned. What else was there to do?

Lieutenant Conroy said disgustedly, "Johnny, how long are we going to listen to these blank .75's?"

Buzzy stopped. His black button-eyes were full of scorn as they swept Lieutenant Conroy's trim figure.

"Soldier," he said, "you guys never learn. You know what superior forces are? You should. You been crying that every time a Jap busted into you. That's me—superior forces. Johnny Elliott's got the same chance you had in the Pacific."

He's right, I thought. Superior forces in his arms and legs, in his youth. There's no getting around it. It's been two years since I laced on the gloves. I'm no spring chicken. I'm Johnny Elliott, veteran of seventy-two fights.

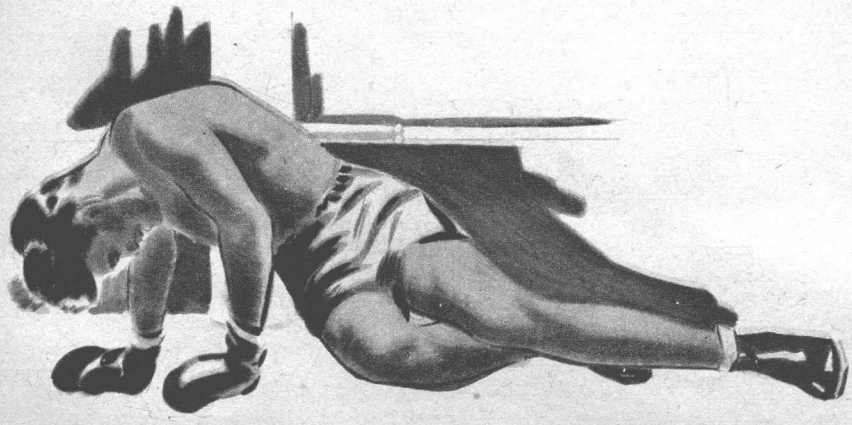
They looked at me, the reporters and Lieutenant Conroy. I was supposed to say or do something.

Lieutenant Conroy whispered, "Johnny, you look like you want to kiss both his cheeks before you hand him a medal."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Why get up in the air? He's just talking. Builds up the gate."

The reporters closed their books, wished me good luck.

"And a fifty-ton tank," Buzzy said. "You'll need it."



"You're in for a rude surprise," Lieutenant Conroy said.

I wish I had felt that way too. Not that I was scared, but I knew how the land lay. Buzzy Williams was as good as he thought he was, which was plenty.

Kenny of the *Trib* rested his hand on my shoulder. "You'll do okay, Johnny," he said. "Only don't let them pat your back. They might leave a knife sticking in it."

He looked at Sheila when he said it. She glared and a blotchy flush spread from her half-exposed breasts to her high cheekbones. That made two hints in the space of a few minutes, but my brains were dormant.

As we went up the ramp Lieutenant Conroy said, "Fresh individual, isn't he?"

"Buzzy? He's a kid."

Lieutenant Conroy stopped short and faced me. "Johnny, don't you want to win?"

"Sure, Ernie. But why worry? The main thing is that we'll make dough for the Emergency Relief. Why get all het up about incidentals?"

He snorted. "It wouldn't be a bad thing for Army morale, not to speak of the championship money the soldiers could use, if you made a successful comeback."

YOU think you're doing fine. Suddenly there is the dry taste of blood in your mouth and the back of your neck hurts. A left keeps jumping in your face. Every time Buzzy raises his hand you feel a sting. He moves like sweet music on his feet. Handsome Buzzy. Not a mark on his beautiful body. The sign of the clever boxer. Buzzy was always smart. But you're smarter. You've got to be.

You tie him in a clinch and punish him with tricks he never quite mastered. You talk to him, whisper in his ear. It's the seventh round now, twenty-one minutes of almost continuous taunting. He's stopped answering long ago.

You move inside, throw two quick bombs to the head. He dances away, his left stabbing. But he's hurt. You've hurt him. You follow up fast. You want to smash that beautiful pan, cut it into red ribbons. You want the claret to flow from his nose and ears to mix with the thin streams of sweat running down his hairless chest. But the machine doesn't falter. He doesn't lose his stride. He comes back, swinging, punching straight from the shoulder.

You realize that now the punches hurt more than they did a few years back. They sting and cut. You go berserk for a second and lash out wildly, but Buzzy glides away, light and easy, and the crowd laughs. You try to catch the leather on your arms and shoulders, but you are getting tired. Your right hand is beginning to throb with pain.

One, two, three. You count the blows. Then you can't count any more. Like you're looking at the mouth of a blasting cannon, funny dirty lights go past and there's a roar in your head. Then you remember this is a fight, the winner to meet Big Joe for the championship, and you're back in the ring, trying to catch up with Buzzy Williams.

You didn't see whether it was a left or

a right. You don't care. All you know is that you're on hands and knees, shaking the fog out of your head. The referee is standing over you, his hand waving in your face. For the second time in your life you've been knocked down. Something only Big Joe could do. You've got time to look around. For a second, anyway, a long second. You see Lieutenant Conroy frantically motioning for you to get up. You see hundreds of khaki-clad figures on their feet, yelling something. You see Private Joe, a sly look on his chocolate pan.

He knows you'll get up. Everybody knows that Johnny Elliott can take it. No punch can keep him down for ten seconds. You're tempted to stretch out on the canvas and call it a day, but you stagger erect. Your feet are so clumsy. All that training you put in, did it really help. You think of a lot of things, a million things all mixed into one blurred picture. Then the picture clears. . . .

THAT night I stayed out later than usual. It was legitimate; the night before a fight a fighter takes it easy, relaxes, sleeps late the next morning. I called up Sheila and dated her for the Banjo Club.

When I hung up, Lieutenant Conroy said, "Why not a bench in the park, where you can sit back and rest? A night club isn't exactly the proper atmosphere for a boxer."

I laughed. "Night club? Man, that's a sacrilege. Treason of the worst sort. This joint is a haven for jitterbugs. I just itch for a hunk of jive, nice and hot."

"You've done enough roadwork. Mister, no dancing."

"Who's dancing? We can sit and watch, can't we?"

"We?"

"We. Unless—well, what's the use of talking? Lieutenant Conroy, my pal, you couldn't—you just couldn't let me go alone with Sheila, just this once?"

"Brother soldier, you said a double mouthful. Chick and Teddy are sprucing up for a Broadway parade but Lieutenant Ernest Conroy has strict orders to keep you under surveillance; it'll be worth my stripes and a court-martial should you get a splintered finger."

It wasn't long after we were seated in the Banjo Club when Buzzy Williams, flanked by Jacobs, his manager, and one of his hangers-around, came in. My nostrils twitched. Trouble. I could smell it. Why, I don't know. It was the same kind of feeling I got that Sunday, December 7th, just before everything went blooey.

Sheila saw him first. "There's Buzzy."

Lieutenant Conroy played with his rough chin. "Johnny," he said, "why not invite Mr. Williams over to our table?"

I gave him a look. "Ernie, Buzzy is a sensitive kid, nice but hot-headed. He's jumpy, especially just before a fight. Being it's quiet and peaceful here, why turn this joint into another front?"

"Okay." He shrugged. "Sheila, let's dance."

They joined the jitterbugs, dancing to a waltz that had been pepped up to please the crowd. I hummed a couple of bars, my fingers played a tattoo on the checkered tablecloth. But I couldn't get rid of that funny feeling. Trouble with a capital T.

I lost track of Sheila and Lieutenant Conroy. When next they came within range, Buzzy was dancing with Sheila while Lieutenant Conroy was dodging elbows.

When he succeeded in reaching our table he said, "Johnny, that dame and Buzzy Williams are a little too friendly. Being he's in the enemy camp—"

"She's a spy," I said.

"Johnny, look at the way he holds her."

"Cut it, Ernie." I didn't like it, neither what he said nor the way Buzzy and Sheila had stopped in a corner to gab.

"Johnny," Lieutenant Conroy said, "sometimes our perspective is knocked akimbo. It takes a Pearl Harbor to set us right."

"I don't get it."

"You and that girl."

"Her name is Sheila."

He leaned back in his chair. He blew into his fist. I looked away. "Forget it, Johnny," he said quietly. "I was just making conversation."

When Buzzy brought Sheila back to us Lieutenant Conroy said, "Sit down, Mr. Williams."

Buzzy hesitated, then pulled a chair under him. "Sure."

Lieutenant Conroy said, "Mr. Williams, I invite you on the condition that you cut out the popping off, my ears being kind of sensitive."

Buzzy's grin disappeared. He said, "General, I wouldn't give a damn if those shutter ears were shot off." He turned his back to the lieutenant. "Johnny, how you think you're gonna do tomorrow night?"

Before I could answer Lieutenant Conroy said, "Mr. Williams, after the fight, when you come out of the ether, I'll explain how it happened."

I felt like an actor who had forgotten his cue. Buzzy said over his shoulder, "Johnny hasn't got a chance. You know it. Everybody knows it."

"But you don't. That's why you're here. You've still got a lot of respect for the old master."

"That's a lot of malarkey."

"Stop trembling when you say it, Mr. Williams."

Buzzy got to his feet, almost upsetting the table. He rocked from his heels to his toes and back again. His lips moved but made no sound. He was ready to bust.

I said quickly, "Fellers, maybe I ought to be let in on this. I feel like I'm stuck in a Bataan foxhole and can't get out."

"Me too," Sheila said, a little high. "Boys, behave."

SOME dancers had stopped to look at us. The bandleader glanced nervously over his shoulder. He jerked the baton sharply. The music got louder and louder, almost drowning out our voices. Buzzy's friends came pushing toward us.

His manager cried, "What you trying to pull, Elliott?"

"Me?" I laughed. "I'm only the doorman."

Jacobs said, "Buzzy, let's go. Time you hit the hay."

Lieutenant Conroy said, "Mr. Williams will need all the rest he can get. But it won't make much difference."

"Shut up," Buzzy said.

"Anything to oblige," Lieutenant Conroy said. "Come, Johnny, let's go to bed, not that we have to. It just isn't respectable to be seen out so late—with undesirables."

Buzzy said, "I'm dying from laughing, General."

Lieutenant Conroy said, "Would you mind breathing in the opposite direction? Your breath isn't exactly pleasant."

I stepped between them. Jacobs shoved me. Buzzy swung at Lieutenant Conroy. I pushed his shoulder, throwing away the punch. Buzzy turned on me, snarling. His left hand came up from the floor. My right landed first. Buzzy went back on his heels, crashed into the table and sat down hard. Sheila came at me like a wildcat. I don't mind slugging guys. But fighting off crazy dames is something else.

Then some woman screamed and everybody began milling around us. It was as if someone had dumped a bomb into the mob, and everybody was looking for the nearest shelter. Lieutenant Conroy grabbed my arm.

"Johnny, them M. P.'s have no respect for superiors. Let's get moving."

Outside we waited for Sheila, who, somehow, had got lost in the scuffle.

"Ernie," I said, "what's the big idea?"

"Come again?" he said blankly.

"You were looking for trouble. You deliberately got Buzzy to dance with Sheila. Then you picked a fight with him."

"Me?" He shrugged, sighed. "Okay, you win. I just don't like him, that's all."

I said, "It ain't enough."

Sheila came out. She glared at Lieutenant Conroy. "Wise guy," she said. "You almost caused a riot." She turned to me. "Buzzy is all right. I waited around to find out." She wasn't finished with Lieutenant Conroy. As the car hit into high, she said, "Mister, it couldn't be that you are trying to get Johnny all steamed up about Buzzy—"

FIGHTING mad is what you mean," Lieutenant Conroy said. "That's what I tried to do. I saw Buzzy Williams come in." He snapped his fingers. "I figured it out just like that. I'm a fast thinker."

"Stinker is the word," she said.

"Johnny," Lieutenant Conroy said, "what do I have to do to convince you that he can be taken. A little harder and that sock would have put Mr. Williams out for good."

"Maybe. It was a surprise punch that I'll have a helluva time springing in the ring. Buzzy'll be on his toes, sharp-eyed, waiting. Buzzy can box, the best there is. But he'll have to go plenty to beat me, you can bet on that."

"Skip the soft stuff," Lieutenant Conroy said. "I'm not a reporter. Anyway, there was nothing lost by my experiment."

I hoped not, but my right hand, the one that had landed on Buzzy's chin, didn't feel exactly comfortable.

At the hotel, Lieutenant Conroy went upstairs. I told him I'd be along in a few minutes. When he'd gone Sheila said, "Johnny, let's go for a ride. It's so beautiful out, a full (*Continued on page* 80)

Body IN THE BARN

It wasn't until two men had disappeared and they'd found a body, that the finger of guilt began to point unwaveringly down the road that was to bring a still more ghastly tragedy

by Margaret Manners

Illustrated by Roy Price

TOMORROW there is to be a wedding at High Hollow Farm. I shall not be there. Perhaps I shall not even *be*. I am an old woman and the disease that has made me suffer for so many years has put me in bed at last. But even if I could walk I would not go to the wedding. I turn my face to the wall and I pray that, though the wicked flourish, somewhere there must be an end to it!

If I could tell what I know! If I could make them believe me! But the town which believes impossible things about me could not bring itself to believe the truth! It seems that justice will not be done, unless I myself can become an instrument of justice. I am afraid that in life the guilty are not always punished, the good not always rewarded. I am an old woman and I lie here having lost the love of the people I have lived with all my life!

When the pain isn't too bad I fuss in bed with a great pile of recipes I have collected. I copy them carefully on sheets of onionskin paper. I shall put this account of evil somewhere in the middle, perhaps with the crêpes Suzette. No one in this town cares about crêpes Suzette. It will be a long time before anyone finds it.

I never liked the Raymonds from the beginning, when they bought High Hollow Farm from the bank and moved in. I liked her the least. She was a revolting mixture of hard bossiness and a cringing desire to be liked. Her hair was too yellow and her eyes too green, and there was too much envy in her. It was as if she wanted to possess everything to make up for all the things she obviously hadn't had.

As for him, I pitied and despised him. I suppose it's the fate of women, even old women, to have contempt for weak men. Bill Raymond was spineless. If she called him, he came. She owned the farm. Everything was in her name. It certainly didn't show much respect for him. They were a pitiful pair, always trying to prove to the other how important each was.

All this I gathered from meeting them a few times, and from being their neighbor. Over the months I watched them from Sunnyfield, which is my home. My niece Camilla is away most of the year teaching in a girls' school, and old ladies have only their curiosity for entertainment. It's wonderful what you can learn about people just by watching.

Almost at once after the Raymonds settled at High Hollow, there were small difficulties between us. There was the right of way which the Turnbulls had always used to the spring. I didn't intend to let people like the Raymonds go stalking about my place, so I made them go 'round the hill for their table water. Then there was the matter of the calf.

High Hollow, as its name indicates, is a fertile bowl above a rocky rise. One of their fields hangs over my lower pasture. I have always kept the fence up out of sheer good will, although the Turnbulls had never used the upper field because of the overhang and the danger. One night one of the Raymond calves got into it and fell over where my fence was broken. It broke its back and had to be shot. Bill Raymond was pretty mean about it. Though, as I pointed out, there never had been livestock in that field before. He muttered a good deal and made a big to-do of burying the beast and sprinkling quicklime on it and digging it up again, and burying it again, so's to be sure I didn't miss it.

Then we had the boundary dispute. I admit the Raymonds had a good deal of right on their side, and I wouldn't have lost more than a pesky cottonwood tree. I had to cut it down later, anyway, to accommodate Mrs. Lucas's asthma. All I can say is I didn't like the Raymonds and I didn't make it easy for them.

All one fall I built up a wall of ill feeling between the Raymonds and me. It's easy enough to do in East Huntley. I talked about them in the post office and at the market, and I admit that life was less dull for a while. My pains weren't as severe then, but even so, I

They brought her a metal matchbox they'd found beside the body.

was glad to have something to take my mind off them. I got to rather enjoy the whole thing, and after a time I didn't care a mite about the boundary. It was just the idea.

All through the winter it went on like that, and when Camilla came home for the Christmas vacation I wasn't speaking to the Raymonds. Bill Raymond had an eye for the girls that I didn't like. He'd smirk at Camilla like a fat little pussy cat, and though I told her not to, she always gave him a pleasant good-day. She thought then that I was a silly old woman. God knows what she thinks now!

THEN for a bit I forgot about the Raymonds because something happened that made me feel pretty bad.

In early spring, when the ice was breaking up and the flood was raging all over the county, Ephraim Judge fell from Indian Rock into the whirlpool and was lost in the river.

He and I had been having our usual spring quarrel about whether or not he ought to paint the house that summer. He came out late one afternoon to give me an estimate which was much too high, as usual, and I riled him by insisting that he ought to give me a special deduction because of some left-over paint of mine he had used last year on Tucker's barn.

Well, Ephraim got so mad he nearly burst a blood vessel, and I guess the whole village knew we were having a set-to because George Benson went by just as we were at it hot and heavy. George isn't one to keep things to himself. By sundown we quieted down, settled on a price, and Ephraim left for home. It's not far to walk on a nice day, but the weather was getting nasty. It had frozen again after a thaw and the roads were as slippery as polished floors. I told Ephraim to be careful.

He never got home. They found the place where he lost his footing. There was a pointed rock all bloody where he hit his head. He must have been unconscious when he fell down the high falls into the pool. The cold water did the rest. Nobody was surprised that the body wasn't found. It's happened before. The pool is a roiling mess in spring and deep underwater currents suck down and shoot anything that's in it out into a river that's rushing madly to the sea at flood stage.

I felt pretty bad about it. I was fond of Ephraim. I did what I could for his widow, which wasn't inconsiderable. I've always been a person of consequence in the community, and my father before me. That's what hurts me now, worse than the thing that's eating into my body. That they could all turn against me this way.

But to get back to the Raymonds, it was just about this time that they started making overtures about the boundary. There was a good deal of mealy-mouthed talk about neighbors living in harmony, but I could see that Bill Raymond was tired of fighting for a cottonwood tree and wanted to settle with me. We had several talks about it, at Sunnyfield and at High Hollow.

At last I thought I'd whittled him down enough. And, truth to tell, there wasn't much relish in it. He'd been so whittled down by his wife already that he wasn't fair game. He was one of those chubby, ridiculous little men who give in too much and then get stubborn too late and try to recapture their authority. He could be very nasty in a silly, childish way. I wondered how Evelyn Raymond could stand him.

I heard something of what she thought of him that last night when I went to High Hollow. Raymond had met me in the afternoon and asked me to come over and talk the boundary thing out over a cup of coffee.

They were having a pretty heated argument and I could hear them before I even got to the door of the house. He was blazing out like a calliope whistle. Her voice broke in low and cool, laughing at him.

"Don't dance around like that! You look like a child in a tantrum. I hate you when you're so ridiculous."

There was a pause in which he seemed to be fizzling down. Then he said quietly, "You know I don't have to take this, Evelyn!"

She jeered at him. "Don't you? What can you do about it?"

Then his voice, hurt and, I thought, frightened:

"There are times when you could kill me, aren't there, Evelyn?"

Cold as ice, her answer reached me. "Some day I *will* kill you, you fool." It sounded like a warning, the way she said it.

I KNOCKED on the screen door. He came out, embarrassed and flustered. "Oh!" he said, as if he suddenly remembered he'd asked me. "Oh, Evelyn! I forgot to tell you. Mrs. Carnby's here. I asked her to come and talk to us. Come in, Mrs. Carnby."

We talked about this and that over coffee. I could see they were both upset and wanted to get rid of me. But I couldn't resist one last dig at him. I started complaining about how I didn't know why I should be sitting there acting as if they were giving me something. The whole town knew that the fence and the tree and the mound were mine up to the north-meadow boundary. But I went too far. It brought out the ugly stubborn little boy in him.

"To hell with that!" he said rudely. "I've had enough! I've tried to be nice to you. Now get out of here, Mrs. Carnby! Good night!" He closed the door after me with a triumphant slam. I guessed his wife was going to come in for another of his tantrums.

The next day I didn't once see him around. I met her for a minute and she looked strange, almost elated. I didn't like it. It would be just like them to have cooked up some way of getting even with me. I waited a day or two to give him a chance to cool off, and then I went back.

She met me at the door, and the strangeness was still in her face. She was restless and nervous and seemed to be thinking of other things.

She told me her husband was away, that he wouldn't be back for some time.

"Kind of sudden for him to go off," I said meaningly.

She smiled kind of secretly and said, "Yes, kind of sudden, Mrs. Carnby. I'm sorry about the boundary. I guess he shouldn't have made such a fuss. We won't dispute anything further. It'll be the way you say." She seemed to want to get rid of me.

"Hadn't you better wait till he comes back?" I said. "He might not like it."

That struck sparks. She drew herself up and looked at me. "High Hollow is mine, bought with my money, Mrs. Carnby. My husband knows that."

"I think he does," I said. I thanked her and left. But, by heaven, I didn't like that woman!

ALL that week and the next I didn't see Bill Raymond. When I'd meet her and ask her, she'd say that she didn't expect to hear from him right away because he was so busy. She looked strained and her eyes were larger and greener in that milk-white face, and I was sure that he'd just walked off and left her. I asked Elvira Carter, the postmistress, and she said there never was a single letter from him.

Will Carter, Elvira's son, who is the East Huntley station master, came in one night when we were talking about it. He got pretty thoughtful. Then he told us that Bill Raymond hadn't taken a train out of town that night or any night since.

We sat there looking at each other. "Maybe you'd better tell her," Elvira said. "Maybe something happened to him!"

I made it my business to go to High Hollow right away. She was coming out of the barn as I crossed the field. There were dark shadows under her eyes. She looked as if she hadn't been sleeping nights, as if there was something on her mind. But when I told her as gently as I could she seemed more surprised than worried.

"Well!" I said. "Aren't you going to report him missing? Maybe he had an accident." I couldn't help thinking of what had happened to poor Ephraim Judge.

"I don't think anything could be wrong," she said slowly. "It *is* a little strange that he didn't take the train from here. Perhaps he left from the West Huntley station."

"Good land!" I was fairly stumped that anybody could be that dumb. "Why would he want to do that? He didn't take car nor horse. West Huntley's a big junction, but it's over fifteen miles to walk, and the town station's just a few minutes. Besides," I added, "you haven't heard from him. If he were all right, wouldn't he write to you?"

Her green eyes flashed. "You seem to concern yourself with my affairs, Mrs. Carnby. What business is it of yours? My husband expressly said he wouldn't be writing at first. That's why I'm not worried. And in the future I'll thank you to mind your own business!"

I got up to leave, thinking that was a mighty funny way for a wife to react to such news. Why should she flare up when I was being much more neighborly than she had any right to expect?

I went home and thought about it.

The next day it happened. I was sitting

at my window, sewing, when I saw the sheriff go up to High Hollow. He had a few men with him, and they were carrying spades!

Something inside me shuddered as if I already knew the dreadful thing that was to come. I put my sewing down and went right over.

The sheriff was more talkative than he usually is and considerably more polite. It was as if he wanted to draw me out. He showed me a letter in a dirt-stained envelope that wasn't stamped and hadn't been mailed. It was addressed with one word cut out of newsprint and pasted on: SHERIFF. The message inside was the same way, pasted from print that had been cut out of something. It said: "His body is buried on High Hollow Farm." There was no signature.

"Where'd you get that?" I asked. All the time I was thinking, "So that's it! She murdered him!" It explained everything that had puzzled me. No wonder she didn't want me to take an interest in her husband's whereabouts!

"You know, you might help me with this, Mrs. Carnby," the sheriff said slowly. "You've lived next to High Hollow all your life. It's right under your eye, so to speak. And, if you'll forgive me, there isn't much your eye misses. You could save us a lot of digging. Now *where* would *you* think a body would be buried at High Hollow if somebody didn't want it to be found?"

THERE was something in what he said. I knew every square foot of the farm.

"The orchard might be good," I said, "but your men would tire themselves out digging around there. I favor it's not being out where a person could see the ground had been disturbed." I was talking calmly, but I didn't really believe it yet. I didn't think they'd find anything.

"Fresh-ploughed field?" Sheriff Hodge suggested, wetting his lips.

I shook my head. "Might get turned up." I thought a minute. "There's the barn, with that silly old concrete tile floor," I said. "I told the Turnbulls the tiles would work loose in time, and they have. Two of those blocks could cover a fair-sized hole. Why don't you look under them?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Carnby," he said, as heartily as if this were a county election year.

I followed him and his men up to the barn. She came out to meet us, and I couldn't help feeling pretty mean about it. She made no objections, but stood there pale and scornful, waiting.

They lifted the loose tiles and started digging. After awhile they began to look kind of silly. The sheriff kept sending me angry looks, as if it was my fault. Then one of the spades hit something. They uncovered it carefully. Dark and horrible it lay there—a man's body! The clothes had completely disappeared, the flesh was eaten away in spots, and quicklime must have burned the face to the bone. For some reason I thought of the dead calf.

"It's the right build and size, all right," one of the men said.

Identification came from an unexpected source. Evelyn Raymond tottered to the edge of the hole. There was something in her eyes I hope I never see again. She looked down and I knew something snapped in her. "Bill!" she shrieked. "Bill!" She kept on yelling that one word, and they finally had to get Doctor Bailey to give her an injection to stop her. Afterward she was ugly and sullen and went around like a sleepwalker.

They brought her a metal matchbox they had found beside the body. It was stained and eroded, but the initials were quite plain, W. R. She sobbed and said it had belonged to her husband, but she thought he had lost it weeks before he went . . . before this. . . . It was hard for her to find words. I thought if she didn't watch herself she'd be saying it right out—"before I killed him," just like that.

THE real proof of her guilt was clutched in the dead man's hand. There must have been a struggle before the final blow fell. He had torn an odd metal button from the clothes of his murderer. The sheriff searched the house, and in her closet, stuffed away in the bottom of her ragbag, he found a bright cherry wool jacket with just such metal buttons. And one was missing! She yelled that she'd been looking for the jacket for weeks, that she didn't know how it got into the ragbag. And the button? The button had been torn off on a walk through the woods. She'd sent her husband back to look for it, but he couldn't find it. Her story was as thin as skim milk.

Her story of why she hadn't reported her husband's absence was even thinner, impossible as that may seem.

She admitted there had been tension between them. She had to after I told them about the quarrel I had overheard that night.

"It had been growing," she explained lamely. "It was because he was dependent on me. I didn't give him a chance." She flushed and hurried on as if she had learned it all by heart and had to say it right to the very end. "That night after Mrs. Carnby left we discussed it seriously. We didn't quarrel. My husband agreed that it was his sense of inadequacy that kept me from respecting him. We decided that we still loved each other enough to try and start again. But we knew we couldn't if the situation remained as before. He thought it over and outlined a plan. At first I thought it was crazy, then I decided it might be a good thing to try it. Lately I'd been too hard on his suggestions. I thought it would help him if I played up to him. His plan was to go off by himself, without any help from me. He wasn't to communicate with me till he had found something to do—or he was to come back and admit he was a failure.

"After all," she finished, with a flare-up of her old nastiness, "it wasn't much of a risk. God knows, there are enough jobs!"

Unfortunately for her story, Bill Raymond had left, (*Continued on page* 108)

Folks got to thinking that if it can happen once it can happen again.

Another was trying to get close enough. . . . Josephine was having none of that.

A DOG OF CHARACTER

by H. Vernor Dixon

Illustrated by Gail Phillips

Dogs, like people, are mostly unpredictable. You'll find black sheep and throwbacks in every breed. Then once in a lifetime—if you're lucky—you'll find a dog like Josephine

MAYBE it sounds funny for a kid to say he's afraid of his own dog, but that Clarence had me stymied. Of course, he had a much more beautiful name than that on his pedigree papers, but father always gave funny names to dogs and he picked Clarence for this one. Father has a peculiar sense of humor, anyway, and naming a dog Clarence seemed to amuse him. Mother failed to see anything funny about it. I guess that's the Swede in her.

This Clarence was an Afghan hound, a black one, long, lean, rangy and faster than anything on four feet in broken country. Father always said there was something poetic about the way he ran, like the rhythm of a mountain stream when the snows begin to melt. Father is a writer and he knows how to express himself that way. In fact, sometimes it's hard for a kid to understand him. Mother just said the way Clarence ran was beautiful and let it go at that.

On this day I have in mind, though, father was fed up to the teeth with Clarence, just like I was. He had it out with mother at the breakfast table. He said, "I'm sorry, but that animal has to go. He idolizes you and he likes the children and he tolerates me and—"

Mother whispered, not looking up from her plate, "He's a wonderful watchdog."

Father looked embarrassed and stared down at his own plate. "I know. But look, let's face the facts, dear."

That "dear" surprised me and I stopped eating. That is something he reserves for special occasions, like when he isn't feeling too good, or one of his stories gets rejected, or something like that, when he wants sympathy. So I knew he wasn't feeling too good about the dog.

He said, "You know he's getting dangerous. No fence could be built high enough to keep him in and he roams all over Brentwood. He chases other dogs out of their minds, he won't allow anyone near the house, he hates tradesmen, and he bites children who come in the yard to play with our little brats."

Mother nodded and said, so low you could hardly hear her, "He bit Jerry on the ankle yesterday. Jerry was wrestling with Tommy and Clarence went after him."

Father spread his hands. "Too protective," he said. "Afghans are too protective. They're kennel dogs, show dogs—" He turned to Amelia and asked her, "Did he ever bite you?"

Amelia nodded, her gold braids tumbling about her round little face. "Twice or a thousand times," she said.

Father scratched his chin to keep from smiling. He never smiled at Amelia. She was a sober-faced little kid of six with a dead pan and built like a little Svenska doll. Father liked her that way and always talked with her like she was older than me, like a grown-up.

"I see," he said. "And how about you, Tommy?"

I said, "Well, he's all right with me unless I happen to hurt him or try to stop him from running. Then he'll snap at me, hard." I wanted to tell him I was really afraid of Clarence, but mother loved that dog so much and he was so crazy about mother that I didn't say anything. I said, "He's got sharp teeth."

Father said, "'Got' isn't necessary in that sentence." He shoved his coffee aside and looked at mother. You could tell his mind was made up. "I'm taking him away," he said. "God knows I don't like to do it, but if he ever really harmed a child—" Father paused, then said, "I would rather shoot him right now. No dog is worth that."

WHEN father makes up his mind to do something he does it, right now. He went out in the back yard to get Clarence and called him and Clarence bounded into the house. He ran straight for mother and put his head on her lap and looked up into her face. Those Afghans have beautiful eyes and Clarence sure loved mother. She turned her head away and patted his soft head a minute, then suddenly got to her feet and ran out of the room.

Father started swearing under his breath and stood in the middle of the room for a minute like he wasn't so sure about what he was doing. Then he swore some more and snapped the leash on Clarence and led him to the garage just off the kitchen. He backed the convertible out the driveway and bumped into one of the trees, which was another surprise because he's supposed to be a wonderful driver.

It wasn't long after he left when mother came back in and you could see she had been crying. Amelia looked at her and started crying, too. Mother dried her eyes and smiled, then, and got me ready for school. I had to wash all over again and stick in the back end of my shirt and put on a sweater because it was supposed to be cool outside. I took the sweater off as soon as I got around the corner and tied it to my belt.

I didn't pay much attention to what went on in school that day. I thought about dogs, and I thought about mother, and how she liked Clarence. I remembered her saying lots and lots of times that for years she had wanted an Afghan. It took father a long time to get himself set as a writer and I guess they never had the money before to afford a dog as expensive as an Afghan. Though we always had a dog of some kind around. And mother loved them all. She likes any

kind of an animal, or bird, or anything. That's the way mother is.

But Clarence was unusual. So when I got home from school that day I asked her about it. She was in the kitchen, preparing one of her special dishes for dinner. You wouldn't think it to look at her, but she's a terrific cook and likes it. She's pretty, blonde and young looking and most people think she's my older sister, but she doesn't seem to mind. She just smiles and winks at father. But, as far as that goes, people never take him for a writer, any more than they think my mother can cook. He's a big fellow and pretty easy-going, but nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof. Most people think he's a lawyer, or a test-pilot, or something like that. When strangers ask him pointblank what he does he always says he's in the plumbing business. Then, with a straight face, he tells them how times are tough for plumbers. They're a funny couple.

GETTING back to the dog, when I asked mother about Clarence, she leaned on the sink and stared out the window for a minute. Amelia was sitting on the edge of the sink, shelling some peas. When we started talking, Amelia would look from mother to me, back and forth, her big blue eyes shining and happy because she was in on grown-up talk.

After awhile mother said, "Yes, Tommy, he did mean something to me. Quite a bit. Your father and I have had bad luck with dogs. We have bought dogs for you to play with ever since you were a baby. Your father thinks something is wrong if a child doesn't have a dog around somewhere."

"He sure likes 'em."

Mother nodded. "Yes. When he was a boy he had a dog that must have been a marvelous animal. But your father's taste runs to mongrels. He doesn't care what kind of a dog it is as long as it's a dog with a tail to wag. I—I have insisted on thoroughbreds."

"Like Clarence?"

"Well, not quite so grand as Clarence, but they had to be thoroughbreds. We bought cheaper ones before. And something always happened. One was run over—"

Amelia said, "That was Bozo."

"Yes," mother nodded, "that was Bozo, the police dog. Another got distemper, another turned out to be a killer of other dogs and one, a gorgeous Scotch collie, had the meanest streak I've ever seen in a dog. Your father had him put away. It almost broke my heart, he was so beautiful. But he was mean. Something was wrong with him."

I said, "We've had bad luck, all right."

Mother said, "Very bad. It is more than I can bear. You raise a dog and you get to love him and then—" She shook her head and ran the back of her hand across her eyes. "Clarence," she said, "was my dog. The Afghan is such a beautiful breed, and Clarence was a true thoroughbred. He was just another dog to your father, but he meant much more than that to me."

"You sure liked him."

"He was a symbol, Tommy. And he did love me. Though your father is right, of course. Clarence would have hurt someone sooner or later, possibly a child. I could see it coming, too." She turned back to the sink and took the shelled peas from Amelia. Then she whispered, "I don't ever want another dog. Never."

That was all right with me, too. That Clarence had me buffaloed.

But Amelia blinked at the two of us like an owl and said, "I like dogs. I knew a dog once down on the other street there, with a great big head like a lion and a braided tail and—"

I snorted and went outside to kick a football around. I went back in about dinner time and father still was not home. But we heard him drive into the garage when mother was setting the table. He stayed in the garage for an awful long time and then he came in the kitchen and went into my bathroom to wash. When he came back to the kitchen he leaned against the wall near the stove and sniffed the air.

"Smells good," he said.

Mother went into the dining room with some dishes. Then she came back into the kitchen and stood by the sink with her back to father. She asked, "Did you sell Clarence?"

Father looked at her, very surprised. "Sell him?" he said. "I've never sold a a dog in my life. Dogs, to me, are pets."

Mother's shoulders stiffened and she asked, with a little gasp, "You—you didn't have him put away?"

FATHER laughed, but it was a forced one. "Lord, no," he said. "I told you before he was a kennel dog. He would be all right in a kennel. So that's where he is."

"In a kennel?"

"Sure. I met a fellow over in San Fernando Valley the other day who makes a business of raising show dogs. He has a beautiful place. You should have seen him when I brought Clarence over. Man, he thought he was really something! Claims he'll win a dozen prizes with him."

"I—I'm glad to hear he has a nice home."

Mother picked up the salad bowl and started toward the dining room. But she stopped at the door and looked back at father with a frown. He immediately lifted the lid from the big pot and sniffed at it.

Mother said, "George—" There was a lot of authority in her voice.

Father glanced at her and innocently raised his eyebrows. "Yes, my little dove?"

"George," she cried, "you just didn't give Clarence away. I know you better than that. You always said your grandfather was a horse trader and you inherited it from him." She came back to the stove and put down the salad bowl. "What did you trade him for? Now, tell me the truth."

"Well, I—" He grinned and said, "Wait a minute."

He went down into the garage and we heard him open and slam the car door. He came back into the kitchen with a dog in his arms. Mother almost fainted. Even I was rocked a little. This animal he had was sure a lot of dog. She was a honey-colored Great Dane puppy about five months old. She had flopping ears and big feet and black jowls and the saddest expression I've ever seen on a dog. You could see she was just a pup, but already she was nearly as big as the Afghan.

Father waved one of her paws and said, "Meet your new family, Josephine."

Then he put her down on the floor and right away she made a mistake. Father's face got kind of red and he said, "The man says it won't take long to break her."

Mother stood there and stared at him and cried, "Oh, George—"

FATHER talked fast. "It won't take long. She's a nice pooch. I just thought I'd try a female this time, considering the bad luck we have had. Everyone claims they're better for children. She comes from a good family. Her father's a champion. He weighs pretty close to a hundred and eighty pounds. Biggest beast I've ever seen." He paused for breath and looked down at Josephine, who was cowering against his legs. "Nice pooch," he said.

Mother looked at the dog and her face got almost white. Then she said, "Dinner is ready," and marched into the dining room. Boy, she was really mad.

At the dinner table she told father, "You'll have to take the dog back. I simply will not have another dog."

"But you like animals so well, I thought—"

"That's just the trouble," mother interrupted. "I like animals too well. And we've had nothing but bad luck. I know if that dog stays around here I'll fall in love with her and then— No, I won't tolerate it."

"Look," father said, "this dog is for the children. Danes are perfect for children, especially females. They just love little children."

"So do collies, and look what happened to the one we had. And this dog is going to be so much bigger. Why, just imagine if a dog that size should turn on one of the children the way—like Clarence was starting to do. Why—"

"Now, now, don't start stripping your gears. We'll keep her around on trial—"

"Oh, no we won't. She goes back first thing tomorrow."

Father leaned his elbows on the table and said very calmly, "She stays." And that finished that.

Father is that way, when he wants to be. The firmer he gets the calmer he gets. When he says something soft and easy-like even mother pays attention.

Mother froze up like a clam and dabbled at her food. She was boiling. We finished the dinner in silence.

I have never seen mother act with an animal the way she did with that dog. She fed her, she cleaned up after her, she made her a nice bed on the porch and she took real good care of her. But it was like the dog was made out of wood.

The dog took a shine to her right away, just like all animals did, but mother never petted her or played with her. Except for taking care of her, mother acted like she wasn't around.

Josephine didn't navigate very much during the first week. She was strange and timid and got frightened easily. That seemed funny in a big dog, but she was just a baby and I guess she was scared to death with her new home. Puppies scare easy, no matter how big they are, and I've noticed it takes them time to get used to a place.

It took Josephine longer than usual, about a week or more. But when our place suddenly became home to her—what a change! Her ears perked up, she investigated everything with her nose and she ran around our big back yard like a fool. She was so big and clumsy it was fun to watch her. She was always tripping over her own feet and going head over heels.

While I was at school, she played with Amelia, who thought she was really something. Josephine was bigger than Amelia, and heavier, but they got along fine. Lots of times when I got home from school I'd find the two of them out in the back yard sound asleep, with Amelia lying on Josephine. Or they would be having a tug-of-war with an old towel or a piece of wood. Amelia usually moped around the house while I was at school, but Josephine changed that. She had something to play with. She even had long conversations with the dog and Josephine would sit perfectly still, with her head cocked on one side, while Amelia talked. She acted like she really understood what Amelia was saying.

I started to like the dog, too. She followed me around and chased after sticks and old tennis balls and, when she lost her baby teeth, she enjoyed fighting with me. But best of all, when I went to play baseball with the other fellows and had to take Amelia along I could forget all about her and concentrate on the game. Amelia and Josephine would get in a corner of the field by themselves and play by the hour. They were no trouble at all.

Father did his writing at home and he could watch Amelia and Josephine out in the back yard. At first, he watched the dog very closely for any bad traits, but she didn't have one. She wrestled with Amelia and knocked her down sometimes, because she was so big, and she would get Amelia's arm in her teeth, but she never hurt her. It was just playing. Sometimes Amelia would hit her over the head with a stick, like little kids are always doing, but Josephine would just get away from her and in a minute be back playing again. Clarence would have slashed at her if he got hurt.

She didn't seem to be as good a watchdog as Clarence, because she was good-natured and liked everybody. She barked at people and she got nervous if anyone got too close to Amelia, but her tail was always wagging and she was ready to lick your face at the drop of a hat. Once, in the evening, father picked Amelia up in his arms and Josephine didn't like it at all. She growled and put her big paws on father's chest and, though her tail still wagged, she bared her teeth.

I HELD my breath for a minute, because by then Josephine was strictly our dog and I wondered how father would take it. He slowly put Amelia back down on the floor and stared at the dog. Then he smiled and patted Josephine and put his arms about her big head. He told her, "That's all right, pooch. You did exactly what I want you to do, even with me. Good dog."

Mother was sitting by the fireplace watching them, but she turned her head away and continued reading. Father looked at her uneasily for a minute, then picked up a book and started to read.

The next day when I was helping him clean out his hell-hole, which is what he called his workroom, he sat on the edge of the desk and said, "Tommy, I think you kids finally have a good dog."

I said, "I sure like her, and Amelia's crazy about her. She likes us, too."

Father nodded and stared off into space. "Dogs are funny," he said. "Contrary to general belief, not all dogs are good with children, even when they have been raised with them. When I was a boy I used to have a little old pooch that just idolized me. He almost wagged himself silly every time I got home from school. That was the kind of dog I wanted for you and your sister. He was just a mongrel."

He stopped talking and tapped a pencil on the edge of the desk and I could see he was turning something over in his mind. Then he said very seriously, "I don't claim to know much about dogs. Your mother does. She, herself, comes from a blue-blooded family that thought only in terms of thoroughbreds." He chuckled and said, "I was the mongrel. At least, that's the way her family regarded me when we eloped. Now, of course, they think differently and even look upon me with some slight affection. But I'll tell you, Tommy, I still resent their original attitude. Not because it was me, but because of the principle involved."

I understood what he meant, so I said, "I've noticed you and grandpa have been getting along better the last few years."

"Sure." He laughed, patting my head. "I like the old duffer and I think he's fond of me. But that resentment of mine carried me overboard for awhile and your mother knew it. I was just a little anti-social when it came to blue-bloods. Of course, I was half wrong. I knew that and I tried to make it up to your mother in the matter of dogs. I could have overridden her objections and bought mongrels for you kids. But she insisted on thoroughbreds."

"They didn't turn out so well, did they?"

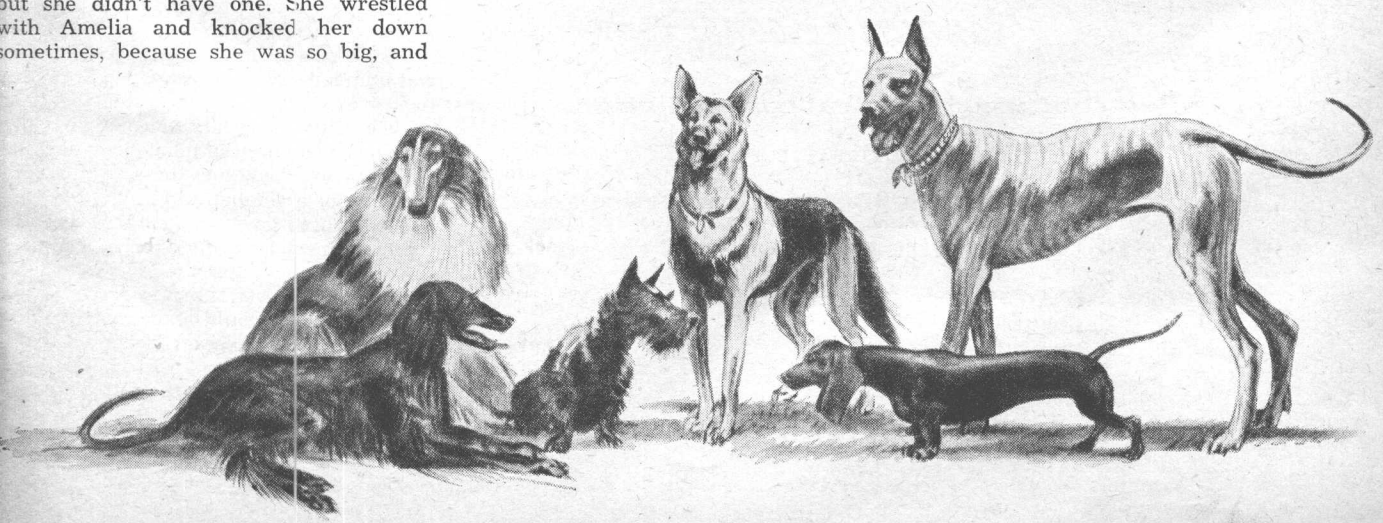
"No," he sighed. "It was unfortunate. Clarence was the last straw. That breed is one of the few pure-bloods in the world. The Afghans reach clear back into the old Egyptian days. Drawings have been found of them on the tombs of Pharaohs and some of them were even mummified. In other words, there is a real thoroughbred of the first water. And he turned out badly."

I began to see what he was getting to. Father has a knack of reasoning from cause to effect, as he calls it, that is even easy for a kid to follow. I said, "You mean mother thinks all this is some kind of reflection on her family."

He winked. "Good work, Tommy. Yes, that's about it. Each time we got a new dog I prayed he would turn out all right. I don't like her feeling that way. It's ridiculous. Josephine is the last one to go on trial. I know it and your mother knows it."

I asked, "So you made it a good trial by getting a Great Dane?"

Father threw (*Continued on page* 91)



ADMIRAL RAYMOND A. SPRUANCE, USN

ICE WATER ADMIRAL

by Lt. Hannibal Coons, USNR

Called that psychological contradiction, "an intellectual fighting man," Raymond Spruance has confounded his critics and confused the enemy to emerge as America's Number One admiral

★ ★ ★ ★

ADMIRAL RAYMOND AMES SPRUANCE, one of our biggest skewers in the yellow hide of the Jap, is no exception to a rather startling rule—the men who rise to the top in any line of endeavor are so often the men who seem least fitted for it.

Up to the time of this war Raymond Spruance had hardly given anyone any trouble at all. His almost complete lack of personal warlike characteristics or background is, in view of his present accomplishments, astounding. His high-school teachers, in the words of one of them, remember him chiefly as being "neat and tidy." Elderly former neighbors of the Spruances in Indianapolis remember little Raymond as being a sweet and gentle baby, "and so noncombative." And yet this is the man who, beginning with the Battle of Midway, has beaten the Japs back and forth and up and down and around the Pacific like a man drying a mop. After a couple of years of close-handed hurly-burly with Spruance, the bruised Japs consider him about as noncombative as a striking rattlesnake.

By now the public is beginning to realize that Spruance is one of our truly great naval commanders. They don't understand exactly why, because by and large the public doesn't understand very much about how you go about fighting a war with the things they think of as "boats." Yet a certain understanding of at least a few of Spruance's accomplishments in this war is necessary to get the proper effect of amazement.

The high points of Spruance's onslaught on the Jap are four: Midway, the Marshalls, Truk, and the Marianas.

The first test of a naval commander is the ability to make tough decisions, and make them fast. Modern naval warfare is a rough league. And a modern military commander must be a tough gent. He must have the cold guts to send himself, his grandmother or his own son into battle with a meat axe if he thinks it will help win that battle. If he hasn't got this, he might as well go home and get a job selling insurance.

When Vice Admiral Fletcher's flagship was immobilized at Midway, and Spruance took over and sailed out to stop the Japs, he was fifty-five years old and virtually unknown. During the next three days he was to prove whether he had the first attribute of a combat admiral. He proved it not in three days, but in three seconds.

Long-range Army and Navy bombers had found the Japs the day before at Midway and given them a taste of the reception they could expect. But they kept coming, two great fleets of them. Spruance, badly outnumbered, sailed to meet them, probing into the rotten weather with his planes to find them.

Torpedo Eight and Scouting Eight were

on the outer fringe of the search. Torpedo Eight, from which only one man was to ive, suddenly broke through a hole in the clouds and there below them was the main Jap invasion fleet. After hours of searching, Torpedo Eight had about enough gas left to fill a cigarette lighter.

The radio crackled on Spruance's flagship. It was Torpedo Eight's squadron ommander. "Have sighted Jap fleet. Short of gas. Request permission to return and refuel before attacking."

Men in planes can't go into combat vithout gas, and live. Spruance knew that. He also knew personally the men in those planes. His dive-bombers were already on the way to the attack. He could possibly rendezvous them till he could get he torpedo planes back and refuel them; ie could send the dive-bombers on in head, with the refueled torpedo planes batting in the cleanup position. At any ate the only thing to do, the only humane thing to do, was to bring Torpedo Eight back and refuel it—not send American airmen against the Jap with both rms tied behind them. With the world ooking over his shoulder, Spruance cribbled a message to those men sitting p there above the Japs on their empty as tanks. It ordered an immediate attack. Torpedo Eight took a good look at God, nd went in.

With their last drops of gas Torpedo ight fell upon the surprised Japs like vild animals. They messed up the Jap efenses, drew the startled Jap planes out f position, took a good part of the Japs' angs with them when they finally fell nto the sea. When our dive-bombers got here the Japs were already off balance, nd our dive-bombers creamed the whole ormation. Spruance had used a few American lives to save many American ves.

That, of course, is by no means the hole story of Midway. Midway was a our-day hell-for-leather battle, with oth sides chunking in everything they ad and praying that it would be enough. ut it is the story of the most decisive hree seconds in the battle that stopped ie Jap tide westward across the Pacific. wo Jap fleets had been broken and scatered, ten Jap ships sunk and fully that any more damaged, and 275 Jap planes nd 4,800 Japs destroyed. Our losses totaled ie destroyer, one carrier, and 370 men. merica began to hear of a man named pruance.

Following his victory at Midway, Spruance was awarded the Distinguished Serve Medal; Admiral Nimitz, proud as unch, made him his chief of staff; and ack in Washington they began talking of m for promotion to vice admiral (a romotion which was received and confirmed in May of 1943).

It was a sudden and dizzying round of earned honors. Spruance did not enjoy it. He is hardly the master-of-ceremony type; holding still for interviews and photographs is sheer torture for him, and besides, he suddenly found himself once more chained to a desk. Even a desk opposite Nimitz, the master, was still a desk. Spruance added about ten miles a day to his walking, talked even less than usual, if that's possible, and tore into the job of helping Nimitz get our Pacific battle plans sufficiently crystallized to allow him to stop planning and have another personal crack at the Japs. He walked and planned, and planned and walked. He literally walked himself out of a job that practically any other man in the Navy would have given his ears for.

SPRUANCE kept asking Nimitz for a tough job, and finally he was given one. One morning he found himself commander of the Central Pacific Area (now called the Fifth Fleet), and sole boss of the unenviable job of taking Tarawa.

Taking Tarawa was like taking a bank vault five miles long and two miles wide. We knew that Tarawa was going to be tough, but no American anywhere knew how tough it was actually to prove to be. It has been said that the Japs had one good engineer, and sent him to Tarawa. At any rate, in a little more than a year, and mostly with native labor, the job the Japs did in fortifying Tarawa —or, more correctly, the isle of Betio at the southwest tip of the Tarawa atoll—was simply phenomenal.

But we took Tarawa. You can't imagine a place so completely beaten to a pulp. Even months later, the end of the island that hadn't yet been scraped clean by the bulldozers still looked like a crate of eggs that had been dropped from the top of the Empire State Building. They can't even grow flowers or plants on the island now, because there are no birds left alive to pollinate them.

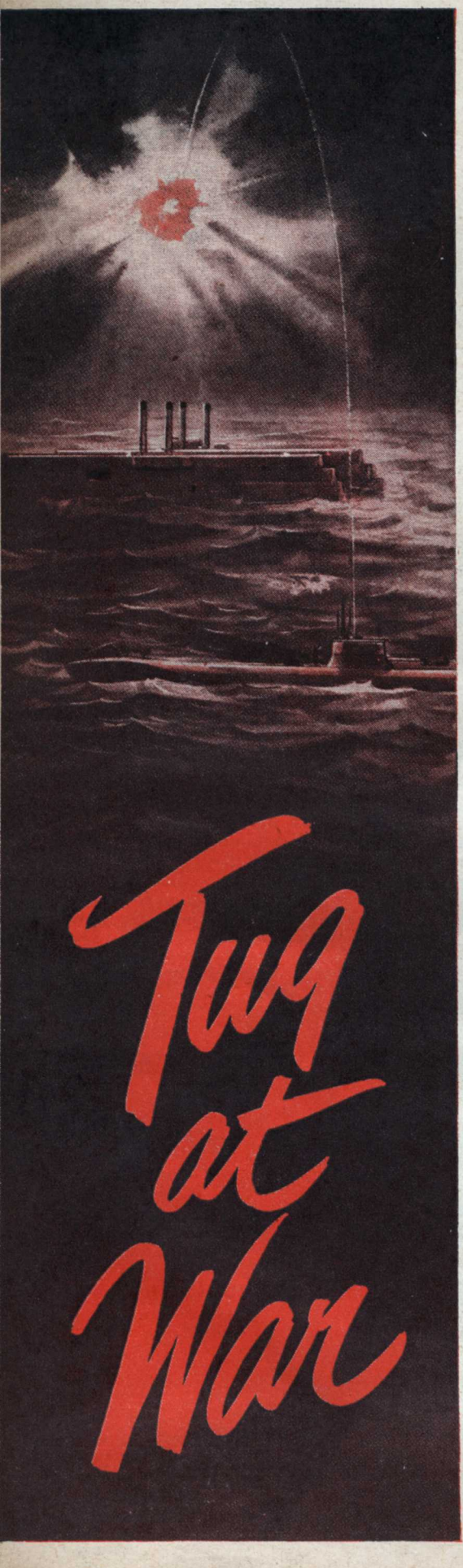
No one would ever again doubt Spruance's ability to finish what he starts.

Another requisite of a great naval commander is that he must be an opportunist. The unpredictable flow of modern battle can tear up the most carefully laid plans and toss them overboard, in a matter of minutes. In the invasion of the Marshalls, Spruance was to prove his mastery of opportunism by one of the most audacious moves in the history of naval warfare.

In the first place, after the grim lesson of Tarawa in the Gilberts, we went into the Marshalls with due caution, and loaded for bear. At Kwajalein we expected the worst, and the job turned out to be easy. In just four days, with very light losses, we had taken the heart of the Marshalls—the Japs' air base on Roi, their Namur supply depot, and their naval base at Kwajalein itself. This we did without the loss of a single ship—and Japan had been in possession of the Marshalls for twenty years! Spruance spent approximately a minute and a half rejoicing. Then his eyes began to glow with that "Why not?" look that the men on his staff have come both to love and to dread. They never have any idea what it's going to be this time, but they always know it will be something (*Continued on page* 84)

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS, PACIFIC FLEET

Admiral (then Vice Admiral) Spruance, shown at left, discusses the Marshalls operation with Lt. Gen. Robert C. Richardson. In the Marshalls invasion he proved his mastery in one of the most audacious moves in naval history.



Tug at War

by William C. Chambliss

Illustrated by Carl Setterberg

Mike McDonough, skipper of the Bluejay, may have been telling a tall tale, as old salts often do—but if he was, how did he happen to be wearing the Navy Cross?

WE were having a little trouble handling the carrier. Normally she's pretty nimble despite her 27,000-ton bulk, high freeboard and enormous flight deck. But a gaping hole in the port blister, where a Nip torpedo had made contact, gave her some peculiar steering characteristics at low speed. So, when we got inside Pearl Harbor and prepared to head for our berth alongside the Navy Yard pier, the skipper asked for a tug to help us.

The people at district headquarters certainly gave us towboat help befitting our size. When we rounded the northeast end of Ford Island a big fleet tug of the "bird" class stood out of Southeast Loch, crossed our bow, and smartly came about on our starboard side ready to take a line.

The berthing went smoothly. The towboat skipper knew his stuff. Once in awhile I heard a deep, booming voice shout an order from the tug's wheelhouse. The voice sounded familiar but I was too busy to speculate on the identity of its owner.

It was late afternoon when we finally secured. The tug moved off to berth just ahead of us. I had permission to leave the ship for a few hours, and started up the pier to hitch a ride to the Officers' Club. It had been a long time since the last drink.

As I was passing the tug I heard an ear-splitting bellow of greeting which brought me to with a round turn. Sticking out of a wheelhouse port was the shaggy head of old Mike McDonough, his face creased by a grin that seemed to enhance rather than diminish the forbidding aspect of his weather-beaten countenance. A salt-corroded warrant's cap, cocked at a belligerent angle, revealed a mass of tousled gray hair.

"Won't you come aboard, Commander?" Mike invited.

I accepted immediately. Mike and I had been shipmates years before. It was he who, without transgressing the bounds of naval etiquette, let me understand just how much a newly commissioned ensign had to learn before a veteran chief boatswain's mate could afford to take him seriously. In the succeeding year, during which we both served on the same cruiser, I guess I learned more from Mike than from any of my seniors about the business of being a seaman.

"How do you happen to be here Mike?" I asked him as we shook hands warmly. "You were due to retire in a couple of years, when we were in the scouting fleet."

"I did retire," he explained. "But they yanked me back off the farm, gave me warrant rank, and made me skipper of this thing."

As a matter of fact, Mike's command was no insignificant ship. Although she was employed as a fleet tug, many of her sister ships were classed as seaplane tenders and minesweepers. She measured 187 feet over all, displaced 84 tons, and mounted two three-inch dual purpose guns augmented by a one point-one quad and four fifty-caliber machine guns. Her triple-expansion engine could drive her along at fourteen knots when unencumbered by tow. Her complement totaled seventy-two officers and men.

I had seen quite a few of our former shipmates, but none had mentioned Mike's activities.

"Of course, they didn't," Mike agreed. "Who ever hears about what a tugboat does? The carriers, the battleships and all the rest get the publicity. But nobody gives a damn about the tugs."

I suggested that maybe that was because the other ships did more of the sort of stuff that would interest the newspapers, while the tugs' work, every bit as essential, didn't seem as exciting or dramatic.

"Nope," Mike said firmly. "It's just prejudice, that's all. Take the Pearl Harbor attack, for instance. Everybody knows that the *Oglala* was the name of the mine layer that was torpedoed. But who knows the name of the tug that pulled her, when she was on fire and ready to blow up, away from where she would cause harm?"

We had seated ourselves comfortably in Mike's neat sea cabin. Liquor, of course, is banned on Navy vessels of all types. So I guess the pleasant glow and somewhat rummy taste of the coke Mike produced must have just resulted from me being too long at sea or something.

Whether or not they had the peculiar capacity for stimulating the imagination of old time bosuns, I don't know. But Mike spun me a yarn which sounded quite exciting at the time. Later, when I tried to verify it through a friend

the Intelligence Division, the guy just gave me a funny look and said he didn't know anything about it. But that doesn't mean much. Intelligence makes a practice of gathering up information the way a squirrel gathers nuts, and stowing it away where nobody can make any use of it.

I'm telling you that right at the start to let you know I can't guarantee the accuracy of old Mike's statements. Here and there I've picked up odd bits of information and rumor that seem to tie in. But maybe that's just coincidence. Maybe, too, it's just coincidence that Mike's wearing a Navy Cross, the citation for which is still marked "Confidential" in the files of the Board of Awards.

THE *Bluejay,* for such was the name of Mike's command, had come back from the Canal Zone for major overhaul at Mare Island a month before the Pearl Harbor attack. She was in the drydock when the Jap raid took place. Her crew of old hands had hastily been detached and sent out to replace casualties of the raid.

Mike, summoned back to active duty from his small farm in the Imperial Valley, reported to the Commandant Twelfth Naval District, and was immediately spot-promoted to warrant and given command of the *Bluejay.*

"You should have seen what they gave me for a crew," he told me. "There wasn't one of them that knew the difference between a towing engine and a bollard."

Luckily for Mike, the *Bluejay's* early employment was towing and salvage work in the San Francisco area. Like most old Navy hands, he knew his way around. And in a short time he had cajoled the District Personnel Office into letting him have a few experienced petty officers to form the nucleus of his crew. Under their guidance the green hands learned rapidly.

Mike's two sons joined the Navy. His wife turned the farm over to a Mexican to run, and came on up to San Francisco.

"It was pretty good duty, what with being able to see the Missus every couple of weeks." Mike sighed a little wistfully. I knew how he felt. After the long absences incident to twenty years in the Navy, he had enjoyed the prospect of spending the rest of his days with his wife on their little farm.

But the comparatively happy wartime arrangement was rudely interrupted when someone reached into a hat back in Naval Operations at Washington and came out with the name *Bluejay* as the vessel to perform an arduous deep-sea towing chore. The Jap raid had made a mess of the floating drydock out at Pearl Harbor, and it was decided that another would have to be sent there.

In the star shell's dazzling radiance, the drydock was etched sharply against the sky. "Emergency full ahead!" Mike roared.

The *Bluejay* was picked to do the towing.

"I made sure all my allotments were in order, and the insurance premiums paid up when I got that news," Mike said. "I knew we wouldn't stand much chance if a Jap sub sighted us dragging that damned drydock along at five knots."

Mike prudently kept the word from all the crew except his trusted chiefs. He didn't want them to get scared right at the start. But when the *Bluejay* went alongside the drydock to perfect plans for the job, he found the crew of that craft wearing doleful faces that told they had got the news.

There was a lieutenant commander of the Construction Corps in charge of the floating drydock. He had spent all his time on duty either at Navy yards or back in the Bureau of Ships. To him, it looked like a hideous plot to throw him into the deep and briny without a chance to defend himself.

"I cheered him up," Mike chuckled, "by telling him he'd have plenty of chance to take to the boats since the Japs would surely sink the tug first."

MIKE paused to give me a refill of my funny-tasting coke, then went on with his story.

The *Bluejay* dragged her bulky tow out of the slip shortly after sundown two days later. A fresh wind was blowing, and the drydock's high freeboard presented an uncomfortable sail area to the breeze. Instead of lining up astern like a well-behaved mudscow, she lay downwind at an angle of about twenty degrees to the fore-and-aft axis of the *Bluejay*, causing both ships to make headway something after the manner of a lopsided crab.

For a time it looked as though they would get out of the harbor without serious incident. But as they were making the turn into the fairway from the anchorage area, the skipper of the drydock got alarmed at their close approach to an anchored ship. He let go his own anchor to prevent a collision. The towline snapped, and in a trice the *Bluejay's* propeller was fouled. Mike tried shifting from ahead to astern on the main engine in an effort to untangle the line from the propeller. But, as is almost invariably the case, it didn't do any good.

"So we anchored for the night," he related, "and radioed the Navy Yard to send out some divers."

It was noon the following day before they resumed their voyage. Mike heaved a sigh of relief when they had safely negotiated the Golden Gate entrance. The drydock rode balkily at the end of a thousand-foot length of three-inch wire. But the towing engine on the after deck of the *Bluejay* appeared able to handle the varying strain on the hawser sufficiently well to keep from snapping the wire or letting it tangle in the propeller.

Five hours after they cleared the entrance, night fell. Thus far, navigation had been a simple matter. They had made slightly over twenty-five miles, and a position fix could be obtained by looking back over the stern and taking bearings on any two of the numerous prominent peaks plainly visible in the setting sun. Even easier, Mike could take a squint at the lighthouse atop Southeast Farallon Island which lay broad on the starboard beam, five miles distant.

Old Mike was a fine seaman, but not very long on such theoretical matters as celestial navigation. Barring untoward incident, one might risk making the run to Pearl Harbor on dead reckoning alone, for the Hawaiian Islands constitute a target that would allow for lots of steering error. But a bucking, veering tow such as the floating drydock, might be classed as an untoward incident. Granting steering errors of considerable magnitude, and drift of widely varying direction and rate, she could make dead reckoning a dubious method of determining position.

Mike couldn't very well admit that he was a little hazy on the matter of celestial sights and their solution. But the canny old boy made sure that his chief quartermaster, who had served previously as assistant to the navigator of a carrier, had not forgotten what he had learned. Mike would ostentatiously take a check sight after the quartermaster had done his chore, put down some figures on a deftly screened piece of paper, and then gruffly agree that the quartermaster's calculations were close enough for practical purposes.

Nine days had passed when the plot showed they were half-way to their goal. In the morning watch, the dull monotony of empty sea was relieved by the appearance of a fast four-ship convoy which overhauled them easily and was soon out of sight. Mike stared enviously at their high-speed wakes, and even more enviously at the two destroyers that formed their anti-submarine screen.

Shortly after noon, Mike was preparing to take his usual short snooze when the buzzer sounded on the direct-wire phone to the engine room.

"Going to have to shut down, Mike," came the voice of Machinist Larry Bush, the *Bluejay's* engineer.

"What d'ya mean, shut down?" Mike asked. "Does this look like Pearl Harbor to you, you grease-coated wrench wrestler?"

"No, it don't," Larry agreed. "But unless you want to see a connecting rod go through the bilges, you'd better heave to. One of the crankpin bearings is runnin' hot."

"Okay, shut down and get to work fixin' it," Mike told him. "But reduce speed gradually so that damned drydock don't climb over our stern."

The difference between five knots and no knots at all is barely perceptible. They had been dead in the water fifteen minutes when a signalman on the drydock began to wave his semaphore flags at the *Bluejay*.

"Why have we stopped?" he spelled out.

"Tell him because we can't go ahead," Mike irately instructed his own flag waver, adding some well-flavored descriptive remarks which included engineers in charge of triple-expansion propulsion and engineers in charge of floating drydocks.

THE *Bluejay* wallowed sullenly in the moderate sea. Mike was thankful that only about fifteen knots of wind was blowing. But the overcast was taking on a darker cast to westward, and he knew they might soon be in for a blow. That would bring new problems, whether they were hove to or under way.

A radioman rushed into the wheelhouse and handed Mike a message form. It was an urgent priority rebroadcast from NPM, the naval radio station at Honolulu, of a message from the convoy which had passed the *Bluejay* that morning.

"Torpedo wakes sighted latitude thirty twenty-two north longitude one thirty-nine fifty-one west," it read. "Results of our depth-charging uncertain."

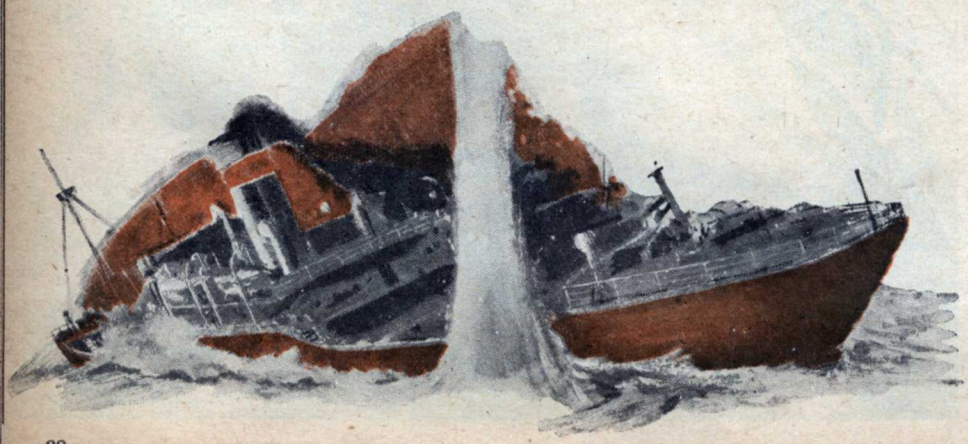
Mike's roaring order to call the crew to general quarters needed no repetition from the bosun's mate. When Mike bellowed, no one topside on the *Bluejay* could fail to hear. He doubled the lookouts, ordered additional ready ammunition brought up to the three-inch guns, and had the one-point-one manned and loaded. But he knew that they were a sitting shot for the sub if he came upon them. And with the drydock's high freeboard sticking up on the horizon, it was too much to hope they'd escape.

"Maybe the sub will think the damn thing's a carrier," Mike remarked without much conviction, "and waste his torpedoes on it."

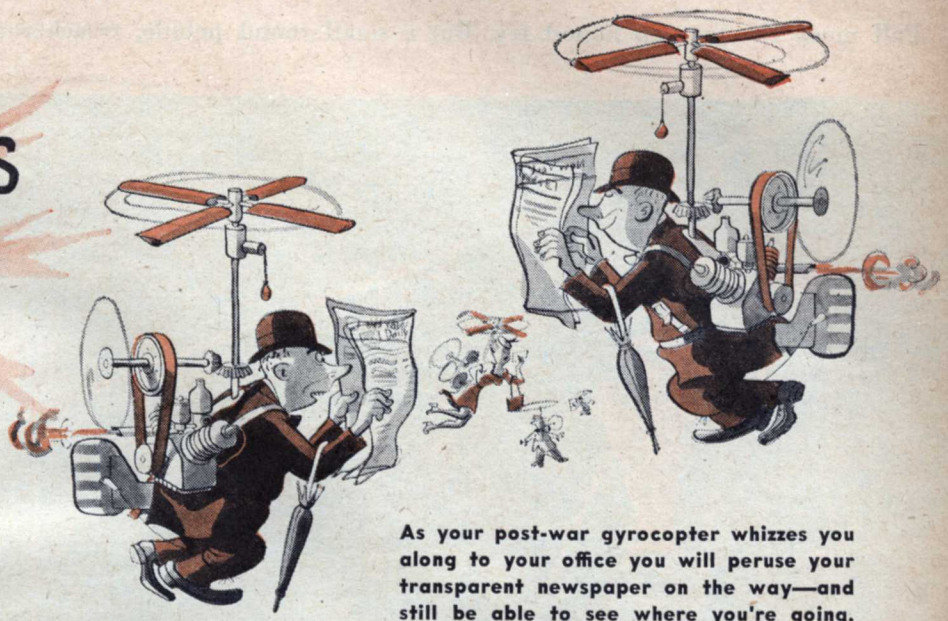
Then he went down the ladder to check personally on the progress being made in repairing the main engine.

"When d'ya think you'll have this teakettle percolatin' again?" Mike asked.

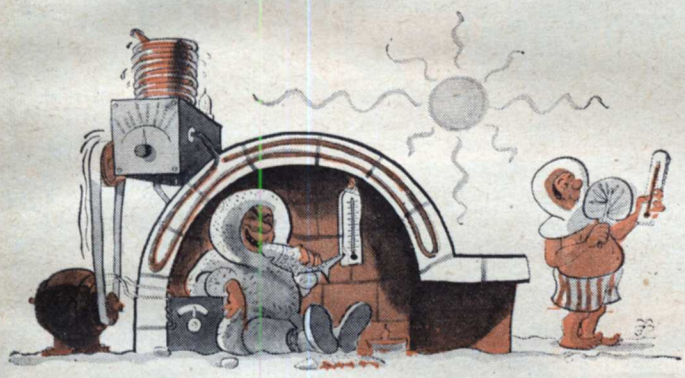
"Give us (*Continued on page* 87)



Tomorrow's Beautiful World



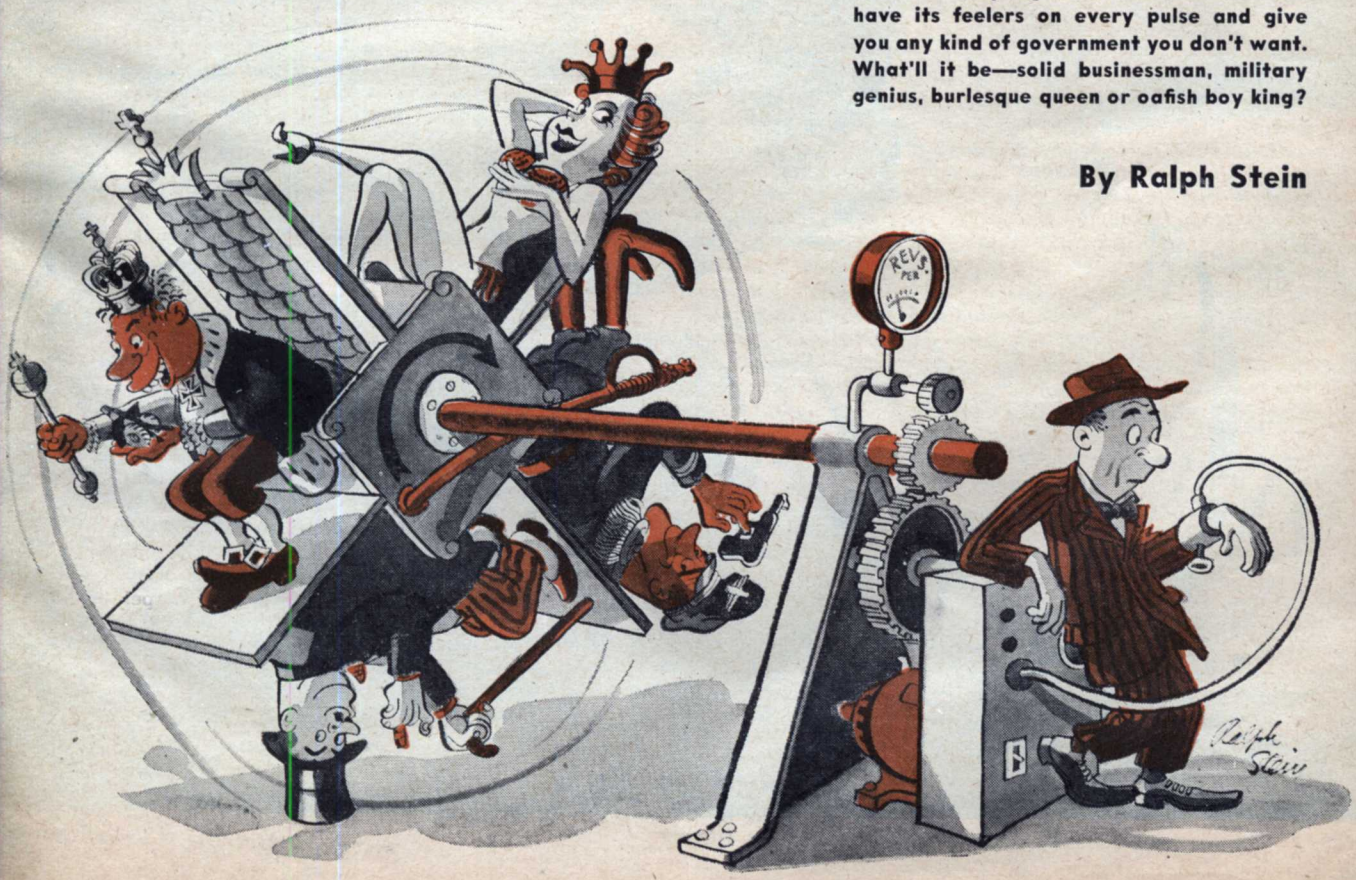
As your post-war gyrocopter whizzes you along to your office you will peruse your transparent newspaper on the way—and still be able to see where you're going.



Even the Eskimo will be able to enjoy his frozen raw fish in the cold comfort of his little home. "Iglootemp," the Arctic Air Conditioner, will keep our northern friend's nose pleasantly blue while the temperature outside passes the 100° mark.

The lazy citizen won't even have to vote. This devilishly ingenious little machine will have its feelers on every pulse and give you any kind of government you don't want. What'll it be—solid businessman, military genius, burlesque queen or oafish boy king?

By Ralph Stein



Late that afternoon Lieutenant Eaton, in a white linen suit that could not have felt more strange had it been a sarong, stood so long before the Western Union desk in the station that the girl, after speaking three times to this vacant-faced young man, gave it up as a bad job and flounced back to her typing. She saw him shake his head absently as he turned away, but she could not see the confusion and fear in his eyes.

It was a fugitive, a slinking fugitive, who boarded the five o'clock bus for Lake Lumana and stared unseeing at the flat Florida landscape rocking past. A fugitive who checked in at the big, white, sprawling frame hotel beside the glassy lake and felt only a nervous hostility toward two or three pretty, bare-limbed girls who glanced wistfully or provocatively at him as he crossed the lobby behind the boy with his bag. A fugitive intent on a hopeless flight from himself.

ONLY hunger drove him down to the great dining room when the gong sounded. The hostess, a bosomy young woman clinging to her thirties, said brightly as she took him in tow, "We'll just put you at John's table, Mr. Eaton. Mr. Dunkthaler left yesterday, but the Orvilles are nice, and Miss Burke and Mr. Walters . . ."

Mr. Eaton was passionately disinterested in John or Mr. Dunkthaler or the Orvilles or even the hostess, whose eye was far from chilly as it took in this lean young man with the good shoulders and nice, if obtuse, brown eyes. Pell nodded grimly into her chatter and followed her swaying hips between the tables. He was here for food only. Then he would retire to the monastery of his room and brood upon Alice and his parents and Guelph-Higginbotham and what a coward he was. Somewhere on the journey to the table the full extent of his cowardice smote him so violently as to induce a reaction. Tomorrow—tomorrow morning, by God! —he'd leave this place, and his shame, and head north and home.

The hostess stopped, was performing introductions. He bowed, flustered, to the blur of faces. He sat down, fumbled with a spoon.

Going home tomorrow morning!

In reaching this decision, he had reckoned without certain factors. One was John. Another was Peggy Burke. Another was Edward Walters. Then there was a tennis racquet. And himself. . . .

John—Pell Eaton never learned his last name, for no one used it—was the social director of the Lumana House, a stout, jovial-looking young man with a toothpaste-ad smile and a puppy-like friendliness overlaying an iron determination. He was paid to keep people busy, and he did. His first duty was to see that new guests got acquainted quickly, and he did. Pell forced a smile for the Orvilles. Mr. Orville looked like a myopic librarian. So did his wife. They nodded shyly and retired into their iced tea.

Peggy Burke was neither myopic nor shy. She was pretty. Under soft dark hair her forehead was broad and intelligent, her nose piquant—but not, Pell decided loyally, as well modeled as Alice's. Her full-lipped mouth looked as though it could laugh. Pell wondered why John rather lumped Miss Burke and Mr. Walters together in addressing them. He eyed Mr. Walters with a spark of interest. Walters' brown face was thin and intense, his eyes serious, humorless behind thick-lensed spectacles.

"Nice day, Eaton," said Walters, cordially enough. He was not unhandsome, Pell decided. "Sugar, dear?" Walters said to Peggy Burke. His faintly proprietary tone explained much.

Pell Eaton bowed his head over his fruit cocktail, not unpleasantly aware that Peggy Burke was inspecting him covertly. She said, "Are you staying long, Mr. Eaton?"

He glanced up at frank gray eyes which momentarily disarmed him. "Just the weekend," he said. Then he remembered his vow. "That is—"

But she cut in, "How nice! We're fearfully short of men for the dances. There's one tonight, you know, down at the boathouse."

Alarmed, he murmured something vague. A moment later John's voice penetrated his defenses. He looked up, annoyed, and saw from John's eyes that he was waiting for the answer to some question.

"I beg your pardon." Pell softened his voice. He remembered that these people meant well.

"I said, do you play tennis, Mr. Eaton?"

Pell stiffened. "I used to," he said, elaborately indifferent. He felt quite safe. A moment later he realized his error. John's nose pointed like that of a dog scenting birds. Edward Walters was leaning forward, too.

"Then you're our man," said John.

Pell recoiled. "What do you mean?" Some of his resentment—he felt trapped —crept into his tone.

"Our regular little weekend tournament," John said. "Only three have signed up. With you in it we'll be able to have a preliminary round, then the finals on Sunday." He sounded relieved. The matter was evidently settled. He explained "You see, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Walters is our champion." He waved a hand toward a far corner of the dining room. "Mr. Gallagher, over there, is the only person who can give Mr. Walters anything like a match, and Mr. Gallagher drew Mr. Jablonski for tomorrow, and it looked as if Mr. Walters was going to have to take a bye, which would be a pity, because the other guests were looking forward to seeing plenty of tennis. But if you'll play Mr. Walters, then—"

Pell Eaton opened his mouth.

WALTERS spoke up quickly. "I'll lend you a racquet." The light of the tennis fanatic flared in his light blue eyes. "Tell you what—if you're out of practice we can go out and stroke a few as soon as supper's over. And we'll take it easy during the match."

It dawned on Pell that Walters was anything but averse to performing before his fiancée and fellow guests.

"Perhaps Mr. Eaton's here for a rest." Something flickered behind Peggy Burke's fine eyes. "Besides, you mustn't wear him out before the dance tonight."

"I'm very much afraid—" began Pell, confused by the dual assault. No tennis No dancing.

"Nonsense." John's smile was radiant irresistible. "We'll go easy on you, Mr Eaton."

Pell Eaton shook his head grimly. But others besides Pell had underestimated John. That was why it was with some surprise that Pell found himself, an hour later, facing Edward Walters across a net.

It was a brief work-out, yet revealing. Walters played well. He covered plenty of ground, if not gracefully, yet with speed and determination. His backhand, although not strong, was effective. His forehand had a sting. He played with a concentration that did not exclude an occasional side glance at Peggy Burke, who sat perched on a grassy bank with the Orvilles.

Pell confined himself, for the first few minutes, to patting balls against Walters' backhand, dimly resenting the pressure which had rendered him up as a victim for this earnest young man. His shoulder, he found, was less of a handicap than he had feared.

They changed courts. At the net Walters said, "You know, Eaton, you've got the makings of a player. You should give some time to it. Now if you won't mind my showing you one little thing about your game . . ."

Pell Eaton suffered from a variety of emotions as Walters, all helpful friendliness and with a firm hand, readjusted his grip on the racquet. "There," said Walters. "Try it that way. And step into your forehand just a trifle more." And a minute later, encouragingly: "There. That's the way. You see, now?"

PELL found himself chasing an angled shot from Walters' forehand. He swung his own backhand, full and free, for the first time. The ball flew long, hard, true, to the far corner. Walters, caught flat-footed, could do no more than wave his racquet at it.

"By golly!" he cried in sportsmanlike wonder. But there was an undertone. "How about a game or two before we stop, Eaton?"

Pell, trudging to the net, wagged his head. The seriousness with which Walters took this business of walloping a ball was getting under his skin. Also, his legs felt heavy.

Peggy Burke joined them. Her slender, well-turned legs, her easy carriage, reminded Pell dimly of Alice.

"A little practice, Eaton, and you'd give me a real run for my money. Wouldn't he, Peggy?" Walters' proprietary air returned as he took the girl's hand. He was breathing easily, Pell noted enviously. Probably took setting-up exercises before breakfast. A whole-wheat-and-bran lad.

Her eyes oddly inscrutable, Peggy said, "I wouldn't be surprised, Ed." Pell noted, with surprise, the barest suggestion of hostility in her tone to Walters now. He wondered at the antagonism Walters engendered in him.

"I'll do my best tomorrow," he heard himself say. Instantly he damned himself for yielding to irritation. But there was a curious stirring within him, compounded of anger and emulation.

"And now," said Peggy firmly, "you

two gladiators run in and change. I'll go down to the boathouse with the Orvilles."

It was nearly dusk. In the boathouse an orchestra was tuning up. No dancing, he thought. He was tired. He opened his mouth.

"Don't be long," ordered Peggy. She was looking at him.

Pell beat Walters to the boathouse. He would not admit to himself that he had hurried. . . .

Peggy's welcoming smile, as he entered, did things to his pulses. His knees felt strangely weak as he asked her to dance. When she stood up and held out her arms, he was, for a moment, held immobile by a swift fear. He had not had his arm around a woman since . . . When had he last danced?

If she noticed his trembling, his awkwardness, she gave no sign. Vanity afflicted him with the desire to prove to her that he could dance and dance well. Unfortunately, he did not get the chance. Walters, arriving shortly afterward, commandeered his fiancée with the same efficiency he displayed along other lines He danced well, too, but without flair

Pell had one more dance with Peggy but lost her to Walters after a single turn around the floor. He danced one more time after that, with the self-effacing Mrs. Orville. Then he faded away. He wanted to think. About Alice, mainly. And his parents. And his job.

He was somewhat more than annoyed, in his room, when the thought of Ed Walters kept intruding. And the recollection of how Peggy Burke had felt in his arms. And Walters again. It was idiotic to think of competing seriously with Walters. No legs to speak of, no wind. Dismiss the idea. Yet his last waking thought was of Walters' weak backhand. Also, he suspected Walters of poor judgment in rushing the net so often. Now if he could keep luring Walters to the net . .

Daylight and an early awakening brought sanity. His knees and shoulder creaked, and common sense spoke. His legs would never carry him through two sets of a real match. He was damned if he was going to run himself ragged playing a fool game. He'd take a quick two-set beating, and husband what little energy and will he possessed against the journey home.

With this high resolve in mind, he stopped at the desk on his way to breakfast and put in a bid for a reservation on the late night train to New York. And instantly regretted it. He hung about the lobby trying to get up nerve to tell the clerk he had changed his mind. Perhaps if he put it off a day . . . Then he wondered miserably if tomorrow he would succumb again and once more postpone the fateful step. He fled from the clerk's eye to the dining room without taking action, but a bitter voice inside him told him he would not be on that night train.

HE lost the first set, but not as he had planned. Oddly enough, it took a bit of doing. Walters turned out to be a jumpy starter and gallery-shy—although their gallery consisted only of Peggy, in the umpire's chair, and the Orvilles. The Gallagher-Jablonski match was in progress on Number One Court, which had a small grandstand, and the crowd had gone there.

The worst of it was that Walters' shaky start led to a great deal of rallying that Pell had not anticipated. Shot after shot Walters played over-cautiously, so that the point was either handed to Pell on a platter or else the ball was kept interminably and fatiguingly in play. Too, Pell found the heat ironing kinks from his shoulder. His old, smashing serve was trying to return—so successfully that he awoke with a start to find the games three-all, and, almost in panic, began to backtrack. To take the set would be ghastly; it would mean two more to play. He turned cunning, fed ball after ball to Walters' forehand, balls that Walters could get set for. The strategy paid. Walters' confidence returned and he began responding with hard-driven, well-placed angle shots.

Pell was overjoyed. Between Walters' newly regained confidence and Pell's own tendency to buckle at the knees, this absurd contest—it seemed incredible that Walters could take a thing like tennis so seriously—would be concluded quickly and with a minimum of pain.

Pell's serve opened the second set. He banged the first ball into the net and

considered sending the second after it Then he cagily decided to save deliberate double-faulting as a last resort of physical distress, and patted the second ball over.

Walters pounced cat-like on it, slammed it to the far corner. Pell made the try—an honest try. That was when he trod on the pebble, a round pebble, treacherous as a ball-bearing.

He had counted on retaining, if not his integrity, at least his dignity. He was never sure, later, exactly what jabbed at his mind and nervous system here. Perhaps it was the spectacular confidence of that pounce of Walters; perhaps the suppressed laughter in Peggy's voice as she called the point. More likely it was mere childish pique at finding himself seated ignominiously on the baseline, his head reeling and his body numb from the impact of his fall.

Somehow he managed a fairly convincing grin as he rose slowly and waved away Walters' solicitous offer of a rest period. He took his time, however, as he recovered his racquet and went mechanically through the business of brushing himself off. But it was not stalling. Something was happening inside him, in his chest, around his heart, in his brain—something so strange and violent and unexpected that he had to seize it and control and examine it before he could go on.

His hand shut down hard on the racquet. He bit his lip. It was coming in queer, crystal-clear flashes of insight now. It couldn't be true. Yet it was. The bonds were loosening.

He glanced about him. A question was beating in his brain now: "What am I doing here?" Walters, Lake Lumana, Peggy Burke—they were all part of the nightmare from which he was awakening, the sick, shackling thing which had gathered about him in the hospital. Then the last shadows withdrew, and he knew.

HE wanted to win. This game with Walters—this was important. It was terribly important to measure himself honestly against the efficient Walters, as the first step in measuring himself against all the future Walterses, all the young men whose alertness and steadiness and efficiency had, in prospect, weighed so heavily on him.

The feeling was heady as wine now. He could hardly wait to serve. He had the satisfaction of seeing his second ball go through Walters. Then he settled down to work on Walters' backhand.

Walters attacked was a very different player from Walters confidently attacking. He turned cautious immediately. He began running around the shots to take them on his forehand. This maneuver cost lavishly in energy. But Walters had energy. He set himself—Pell could read it in his every move—to sell each point as dearly as possible. He made some remarkable gets, and Pell, for all the surging of his new strength, barely ran out the set at seven-five.

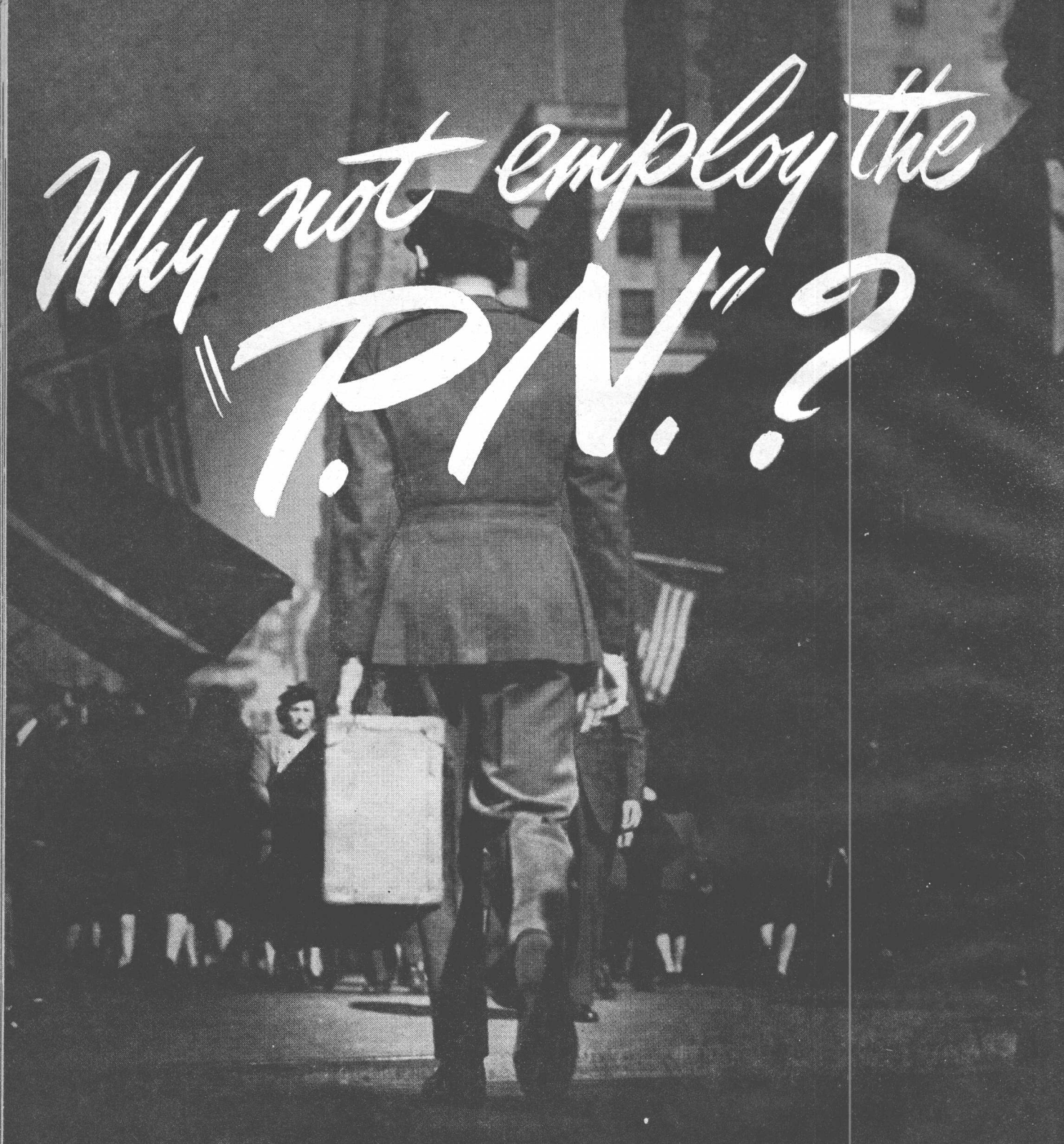
People began drifting over from the other match. Pell was cooler now. The first flush was over. But the urge to win was, if anything, stronger. He forced himself to take stock of his situation. One inescapable fact stood out. His legs were not good for much more. Somewhere in this set, with Walters doing the iron-man act, they were going to fold completely. Pell decided grimly to hold out to the last gasp, to gamble, to throw away occasional points only if in losing them, he could make Walters run the greatest possible distance.

The games were five-all when Walters cracked.

It was a small thing—a single gettable ball that Walters let pass. To the gallery it meant nothing. To Pell, nerves strung high, it meant everything. He had him. He could slaughter him now, he knew, and at almost no expense to himself. Walters was through. The signs were unmistakable.

Pell drew Walters to the net, lobbed a high-arching return. Walters, turning, hesitated, weighing his chance for a get against the cost to his legs.

That tiny hesi- (*Continued on page* 107)



Why not employ the "P.N."?

You've heard the grim stories of psychoneurosis among our fighters. You've worried, perhaps, that your loved one may suffer this strange new battle wound. If so, you'll find reassurance in this frank analysis of war neurosis

by Louis E. Bisch

Photos by Walter Engel and International News

IS A MAN unfit to milk a cow because he sometimes can't sleep at night? Is he incompetent to punch a time-clock because he is worrisome and full of anxieties? Should he be denied an office job or work as a mechanic because, now and then, he is moody and seclusive, or unduly dependent on his family, or gets the jitters frequently?

An army of such men is now undergoing bitter mental torment because the accident of war has pinned a frightening label upon their emotional makeup.

This label is "psychoneurosis." From it we get the initials P.N.—scarlet letters which sear themselves into a man's soul, make his friends and even his family look at him askance. Too many people think of a psychoneurotic as a man toppling on the brink of insanity—while hundreds of employers are frankly afraid to hire him. This is a cruel misunderstanding which can gravely sabotage the nation's manpower at a time of crisis.

Forty-five men out of every hundred discharged from the Army are dismissed for psychiatric reasons—a total of some 25,000 a month, including those rejected at induction. The case of one of my patients is typical. Stunned and bewildered by the P.N. stigma, this young man, after lighting a cigarette with fingers that trembled visibly, blurted out his story.

"Doctor, am I headed for the nuthouse? The army says I'm a P.N. and turned me down. It sure was tough breaking it to mother; we've always been pals. But my girl! Since then she's had a sly way of bringing up ugly little questions about my family 'queerness' and that sort of stuff. And *nobody wants to hire me!* They all seem eager enough until that matter of army status comes up. Then they freeze and give me the runaround." The rejected soldier ground out his cigarette and added bitterly, "I *can* do a job! I can help make planes and tanks and guns. But you'd think I was a leper or Gargantua with a hatchet. What the hell is this, anyway!"

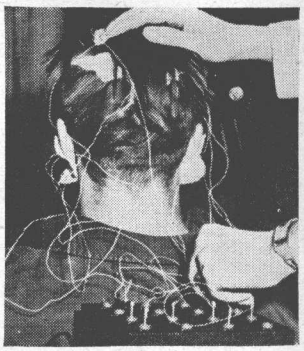
I was able to reassure this man. I convinced him that he wasn't heading for an asylum. But the way he was thinking of himself—and the way his family and his girl and prospective employers thought of him—was imposing a terrible handicap on a young fellow who could do a number of jobs perfectly well. *In civilian life today thousands of psychoneurotics are doing good, even brilliant work, without anyone being the slightest suspicious.* But my patient had the misfortune to be labeled a P.N. Already he found that people edged away from him, made strange remarks.

Small wonder the P.N. label is so devastating that the military services are now abandoning it in favor of simple 4F classification! It is high time that everybody learned what a psychoneurosis really is—more important, what it is *not.*

A psychoneurosis is *not* a psychosis. Under the latter heading fall those serious mental ailments which the layman calls "being nuts," in other words, insane. Psychosis is the medical term; insanity the legal one and the one generally heard. A psychoneurosis (also abbreviated to "neurosis") is a functional nervous disorder in which the primary trouble is emotional maladjustment of some kind, although the intellect (reasoning, etc.) is perfectly normal. Anxiety, fears, obsessions, compulsions, insomnia, headaches, palpitations of the heart—these are common symptoms. A neurosis, however, is curable. What's more, a neurosis *does not* lead to a psychosis.

In a psychosis the outstanding feature is one or more delusions. These are mistakes of judgment (thinking) that are manifestly absurd, that are entirely out of harmony with the patient's background and training—that is, he persists in his absurd beliefs (that his blood is being dried up, that people are working wireless on him, etc.) no matter how much evidence is brought to bear to prove that he is mistaken. Happily, due to modern psychiatric treatment, including the newest "shock therapy," even most psychoses are curable or at least improvable.

Army rejection for psychiatric reasons merely implies that a man is a misfit for the vocation of war—not necessarily for vocations of peace. In no sense is the P.N. diagnosis a stigma of cowardice—or, in fact, a stigma of any kind. The P.N. label merely says, in effect, "Your breaking point at the time you were drafted or began military training was low. You were a tautly drawn personality, likely to snap under the terrific strains of battle. Every human being has a breaking point. There are no exceptions. It's merely a matter of degree. In your particular case it's not the death of a loved one or financial failure, but war!"



A step in diagnosis. This electrical device helps rule out organic trouble.

In World War I, when psychiatry was hardly out of its swaddling clothes, thousands of cases were labeled "shell shock." Now we know that usually it wasn't shell concussion, but unbearable emotional strain which caused the trouble. Today psychiatry has advanced so far that usually we are able to weed out potential "shell shock" cases in advance. That's a benediction to the patient as well as a highly intelligent and efficient way to build up a tough, hard-hitting army and navy and defeat our enemies.

The important point is that the colossal strains of battle which make the P.N. a military liability do not exist on the home front. The P.N.'s symptoms may be many and complex and not so marked as indicated in the preceding paragraphs. The actual or incipient P.N. may be over-conscientious, constantly worried and involved in emotional stews; he may be finicky about food and pamper himself with pills; the sight of blood may sicken him. Yes, I have seen battling stevedores faint when faced by a hypodermic needle. The neurotic may be self-conscious. He finds it hard to make friends and resents crowding among strange people. He is sensitive and criticism may drive him into seclusion. He has moods. He can't take horseplay. His associates do not understand him and may consider him "queer."

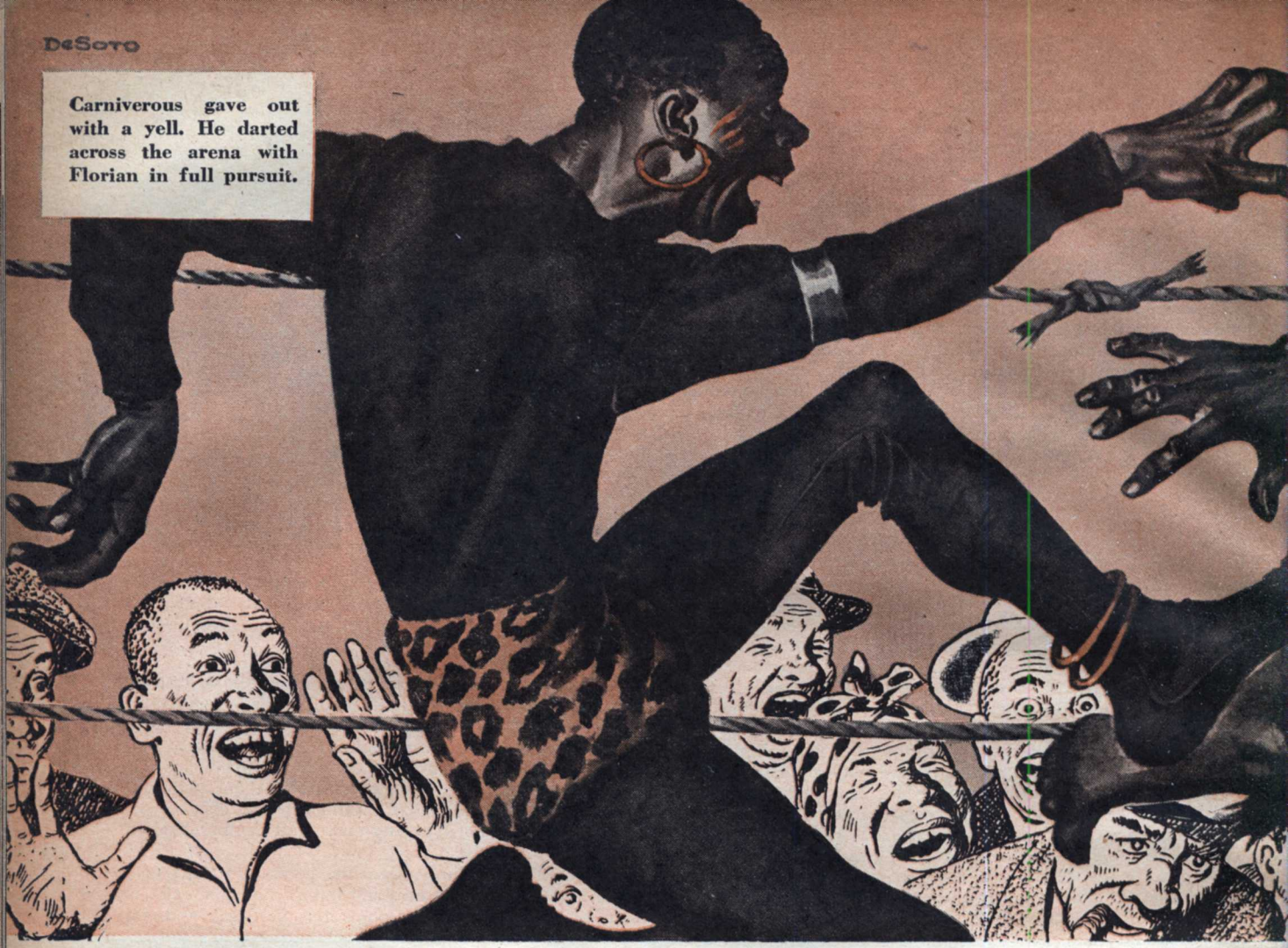
Army life does not cause such symptoms but it aggravates them when they are present, even if not pronounced. The neurotic temperament develops in childhood, not at the battle front. Although a neurosis is not hereditary, such persons are highly sensitized from earliest days.

The P.N. frequently may come from a broken home. A mother who has divorced her husband or has come to hate him showers too much love upon her son. He relies on his mother or his wife to make his decisions. She in turn may pile her worries onto him. A P.N. often finds it harder than most men to sever apron strings.

One soldier in the South Pacific told his medical officers, "I wasn't even thinking about Jap bullets when the attack began. I had just had a letter from mother. She told how tough things were for her and how much she missed me. I had a guilty feeling that if anything happened to me I'd be letting mother down, and I guess I forgot to duck."

Not all psychiatric conditions are, of course, based upon the famous "mother complex." Feelings of guilt engendered in childhood, shame over innocent sex transgressions, feelings of inadequacy and inferiority, over-conscientiousness, a sense of not being liked or of not "belonging," an oversevere parent or one who did not bring out the affection of the child, shocks and frights, faulty teaching on vital problems, too severe religious observance—in short, an inadequate training for the battle of life—lay the favorable soil for the sprouting of neuroses during adult years.

Such factors in the neurotic (*Continued on page* 112)



Carniverous gave out with a yell. He darted across the arena with Florian in full pursuit.

The Wild Man OF BIRMINGHAM

He looked real enough to frighten himself —that bone-gnawing carnival wild man. Yet his dusky audience only laughed as Florian Slappey, alias Rawmeat Sam, faced a cruel, untimely end

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Rafael DeSoto

FLORIAN SLAPPEY relaxed in an easy chair, puffed contentedly on a cigarette, and gazed approvingly at the sunshine which drenched the Birmingham landscape.

The month was October, but summer had not yet departed. The thermometer hovered around the eighty mark, and Mr. Slappey gave himself over wholeheartedly to the enjoyment of complete languor, wholly unaware that he was teetering on the brink of disaster.

Nor did any such apprehension smite him when Sis Callie Flukers, his acidulous landlady, trudged upstairs to tell him that he had a visitor.

"Who 'tis?" inquired Mr. Slappey.

"Magnesia Dunk."

"Never heard of such."

"You has, too. But not by that name. She calls herse'f the Princess Rajah an' she dances at the Castor Wonder Marvel Show."

Mr. Slappey said, "Hot ziggity damn! Her?"

The Castor Wonder Marvel Show was a tired carnival of, by and for colored folks, and, according to Mr. Castor Snipe, the proprietor, pickings had been definitely slender. The dusky citizens of Birmingham stayed away in droves.

One or two of the dilapidated attractions had fared moderately well. Most outstanding of these was the Princess Rajah, whose contribution to dramatic

art was a series of contortions known to the *cognoscenti* as torso-twisting.

As Sis Callie departed to show Miss Dunk upstairs, Florian slicked his hair down and shrugged into a flowered dressing gown calculated to knock one's eyes out.

There was a rap on the door and Miss Dunk entered. Confirmed misogynist though he was, Mr. Slappey was not entirely unresponsive to feminine pulchritude, and that was an attribute which Magnesia possessed in generous quantity. He smiled broadly.

She said, "Mawnin', Mistuh Slappey," tossed a large bundle on a chair and extended a set of brilliantly manicured fingers.

"Howdy, Princess."

"Oh! You know who I is?"

"Ain't no cullud man in Bumminham which don't."

Florian seated himself opposite her, proffered a cigarette and sat back. She said, "I heard a heap about you, too, Brother Slappey."

"How come?"

"Ever since our carnival come to Bumminham, I had a room down the street an' been eatin' right heah in this house."

"Well, fry me in deep fat an' call me Doughnut! Sis Callie's been holdin' out on me." He regarded her shrewdly. "Whaffo' you come to see me now?"

She said, "Ise askin' a favor." She opened the bundle she had brought in.

"Coat!" stated Mr. Slappey. "A fur coat."

"Uh-huh. Ginuwine feline Russian sable. It cost a hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money, an' it's wuth a heap mo' than that."

Florian spread his hands, palms upward. "So what?"

"Us still got summertime, Florian. It's too hot to wear a fur coat. Ise sharin' a room with two other gals. I git skeered ev'y time I leave my coat alone. So, knowing what a fine man you is, I figured you'd mebbe let me leave it in yo' care."

Mr. Slappey shook his head. "Sister, you is talkin' to the wrong feller. I ain't in the fur-storage business."

She said, "I was figurin' to pay you fo' yo' trouble."

To Mr. Slappey, the prospect of cash was appealing. "How much?" he inquired.

She opened a voluminous handbag and produced a crisp, new five-dollar bill. "This," she said, "fo' just until the weather gits cool, or either until the show exodusts fum Bumminham."

Florian's hesitation was no more than a gesture. He accepted the proposition and did not demur when she suggested delicately that he sign a receipt for the money and the coat. "'Tain't that I don't trus' you, Brother Slappey. But if you was to die or somethin' . . ."

Miss Dunk departed. Florian hung the fur coat in his closet and prepared to go downtown in search of a square meal. He did an unusual thing. He locked his door, a precaution he remembered to take for almost twenty-four hours afterward.

That evening he visited the carnival with a group of his cronies. They were properly impressed when he proved to them that he was personally acquainted with the Princess.

As a matter of fact, there was little about the Castor Wonder Marvel Show to excite enthusiasm. The midway was shabby. Miss Dunk, as the Princess Rajah, was the ace attraction. Next to her was the tent of Sapho, The Lady What Plays With Snakes, which Florian and one of his friends visited to see an elderly colored woman toy with snakes which were billed as boa constrictors.

There was a wheezy merry-go-round and various other so-called attractions. Brilliant lights struggled to make the scene gay, but nothing could hide the stark fact that business was poor.

During the next two days Mr. Slappey attempted to consolidate his friendship with the professionally exotic Miss Dunk. But he had the disturbing feeling that he wasn't getting very far.

On the morning of the third day, when

he went to his clothes closet to pick out a suit with a crease, he found that something was wrong. Terribly wrong. Magnesia Dunk's fur coat had vanished!

Florian leaped into his clothes and rushed downstairs to question Sis Callie. The wiry little landlady knew nothing about any coat.

A chill breeze was sweeping down from the crest of Red Mountain. Mr. Slappey did not appreciate it. Cool weather, he knew, might cause dancing ladies to desire fur coats.

His worst fears were confirmed less than two hours later. Friendly and smiling, Miss Dunk called upon him and chatted amiably about the pleasant change in the weather. She said, "I reckon I'll take my coat now, Florian."

In fear and trembling, he told her the coat had vanished.

There was one thing at which Miss Dunk was more expert than torso-twisting. That was talking. Vitriol dripped from her tongue. The more she talked the more violent she got, and the deeper Mr. Slappey settled into the slough of despond.

He had visions of himself in large loose-fitting striped clothes. He cursed the day he had accepted a cash fee from her and signed a receipt. He knew where that put him, which was right behind the eight ball. He had assumed an obligation. He was legally responsible.

"Castor Snipe gimme that coat!" she raved. "An' b'lieve me, Florian Slappey you is gwine heah fum him, but quick."

Castor Snipe, proprietor and general manager of the Wonder Marvel Show was neither much taller nor broader than Florian, but he enjoyed a reputation of extreme toughness.

MAGNESIA found Castor in the pay wagon. He looked up and said "Howdy, Sugarfoots." She dropped an affectionate arm around his neck. It was that way between them.

"Well," she smiled, "you got him."

"I got who?"

"Florian Slappey. I never seen a man so skeered."

Mr. Snipe wanted to be convinced. "Is you shuah Florian doesn't suspeck you tooken that coat yo'se'f, Magnesia?"

"Posolutely. I snuk it out of Sis Callie's las' night, an' I got it hid in my trunk. Nobody seen me take it. Fum now on, Castor, it's yo' show."

Mr. Snipe shoved some loose cash into his pocket and started up Avenue F. He found an abysmally unhappy Florian wrapped in a soggy mantle of despondency.

Castor stated that the Princess Rajah had told him of the loss of her elegant coat, and announced that it was his policy to protect those who worked for him. He demanded a hundred and fifty dollars, and when Mr. Slappey stated that he didn't possess even one-half of one percent of that sum Mr. Snipe said mildly, "Okay, then. Ise gwine take it out of yo' hide, an' afterwards you gits flang in the Big Rock."

Florian argued. He maintained that there must be some way out of the situation which would involve neither bodily hurt to himself nor financial loss to Miss Dunk. "Ain't nothin' I woul'n't do," he said.

Mr. Snipe pretended to think. He said "I got a job you might do. I'll sign a contrack to pay you thirty dollars a week. On'y you won't git it. Magnesia will."

"An' I don't git th'owed in jail?"

"Nope. But you ain't gwine like the job."

"What I got to do, Brother Snipe?"

"You," stated Castor placidly, "will become a wild man."

Florian said, "I don't think that would work, Mistuh Snipe."

"How come not?"

"Ise just nachelly tame."

Mr. Snipe launched into a vivid explanation. He told Florian that he still possessed the paraphernalia of the last wild man. "You wears that suit," he said, "an' you git yo' face painted up. Over yo' tights, you put on a leper skin, an' you howl at the folks outside yo' cage an' eat hunks of raw meat."

"Brother, you got the wrong wild man. Me an' raw meat just ain't friendly, tha's all."

Castor shrugged. "So us'll fry it a li'l. The main point is that you got to ack terrifyin'. You is s'posed to be fum the deepest jungles of darkest Africa. Befo' each show I esplain to the crowd what a hard time I had breakin' you fum bein' a cannibal."

"Look," she told Florian, "the most thing he is scared of is snakes."

"Feller, ev'ybody's gwine know you is prevaricatin'."

Mr. Slappey was immersed in misery. Out of the welter of his doubt and fear, pride emerged triumphant. He stood in front of Mr. Snipe.

"Start punchin', Castor," he said with magnificent dignity. "Ain't nothin' gwine make me git in no cage so all the cullud folks can poke fun at me."

Mr. Snipe smiled. "Shuh! Florian, you got it all wrong. Nobody ain't gwine know who you is. You wear them fancy clothes, an' yo' face is painted somethin' terrible."

This was a new idea. "Nobody won't reckernize me?"

"Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg."

"An' you gimme a contrack fo' thirty dollars a week that Magnesia signs also?"

"How come she's got to sign it?"

"So you an' her bofe cain't change yo' mind an' have me arrested fo' losin' that coat of her'n."

Castor was agreeable. Florian produced a pen and paper and they drew up a contract. Mr. Slappey said, "When does I commence bein' an actor?"

"Tonight. Be at my tent at six o'clock."

TEN minutes before the appointed hour, Florian showed up at Castor's tent. He disrobed and stepped into a pair of black tights. Black slippers were put on his feet and brass bands around his ankles. They applied curlicues of white paint to his face. The final touch was to throw a leopard skin over his shoulders. Florian was grateful for that because the air was chilly. He was grateful, too, for the pocket in the skin. He could, at worst, keep one hand warm.

They gave him a spear. They screwed huge earrings onto the lobes of his ears and subjected his nose to the same type of discomfort. Then they stood him in front of a mirror.

Florian experienced a brief moment of pride. He waggled his spear, did a few dance steps and produced a grimace. "Hot damn!" he exclaimed. "Ise really terrible, ain't I?"

Of one thing he was certain. His disguise could not be penetrated. He was about to play the role of Rawmeat Sam Who Eats 'Em Alive, which was all right now that he knew he could play it incognito. He began to perk up.

At seven-thirty they put Mr. Slappey in a cage. Soon afterward people started coming. Mr. Slappey experienced a feeling of surprise. For no reason that he could fathom, he appeared to be the center of interest.

Castor Snipe acted as barker. He blew a trumpet and clanged a brass gong. He proclaimed that Rawmeat Sam, The Terrible Man, was about to perform.

Castor described the African jungles so clearly that Florian could almost feel the heat. He went into details of a wild man's gastronomic habits, and tossed a bone to Florian. Mr. Slappey entered into his role with enthusiasm. He leaped to his feet and gnawed on the bone. It didn't taste very fresh, but the crowd applauded, so Florian kept on gnawing.

At the conclusion of Castor's pitch, Florian gave out with a piercing shriek and shook his spear at the spectators. Then a canvas was drawn across the front of the cage and the people were informed that for two bits they could see an exhibition of wild-manning such as never before had been viewed. Quarters showered down.

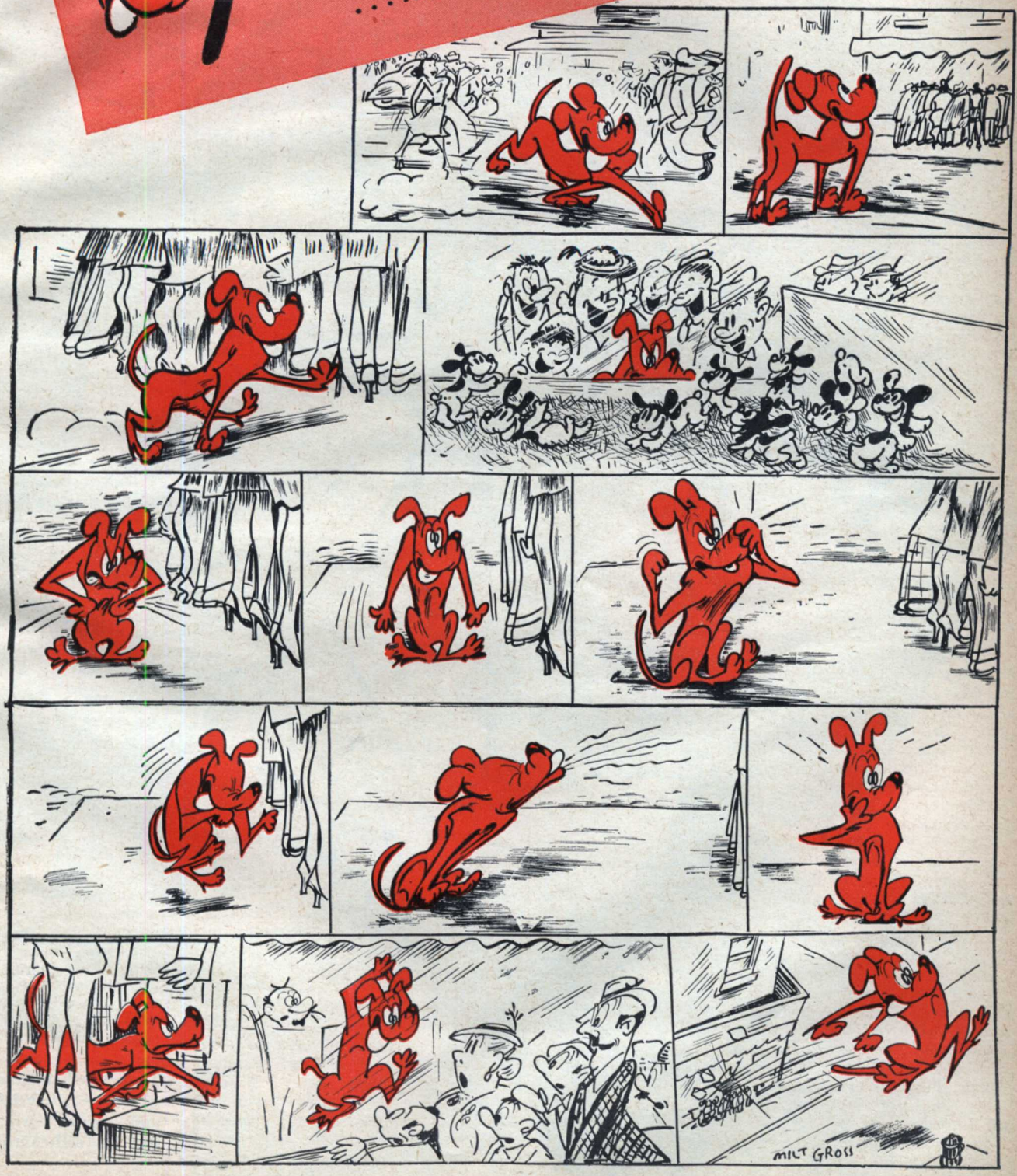
Florian gave a superlative performance. The spectators applauded generously, but at the same time they laughed.

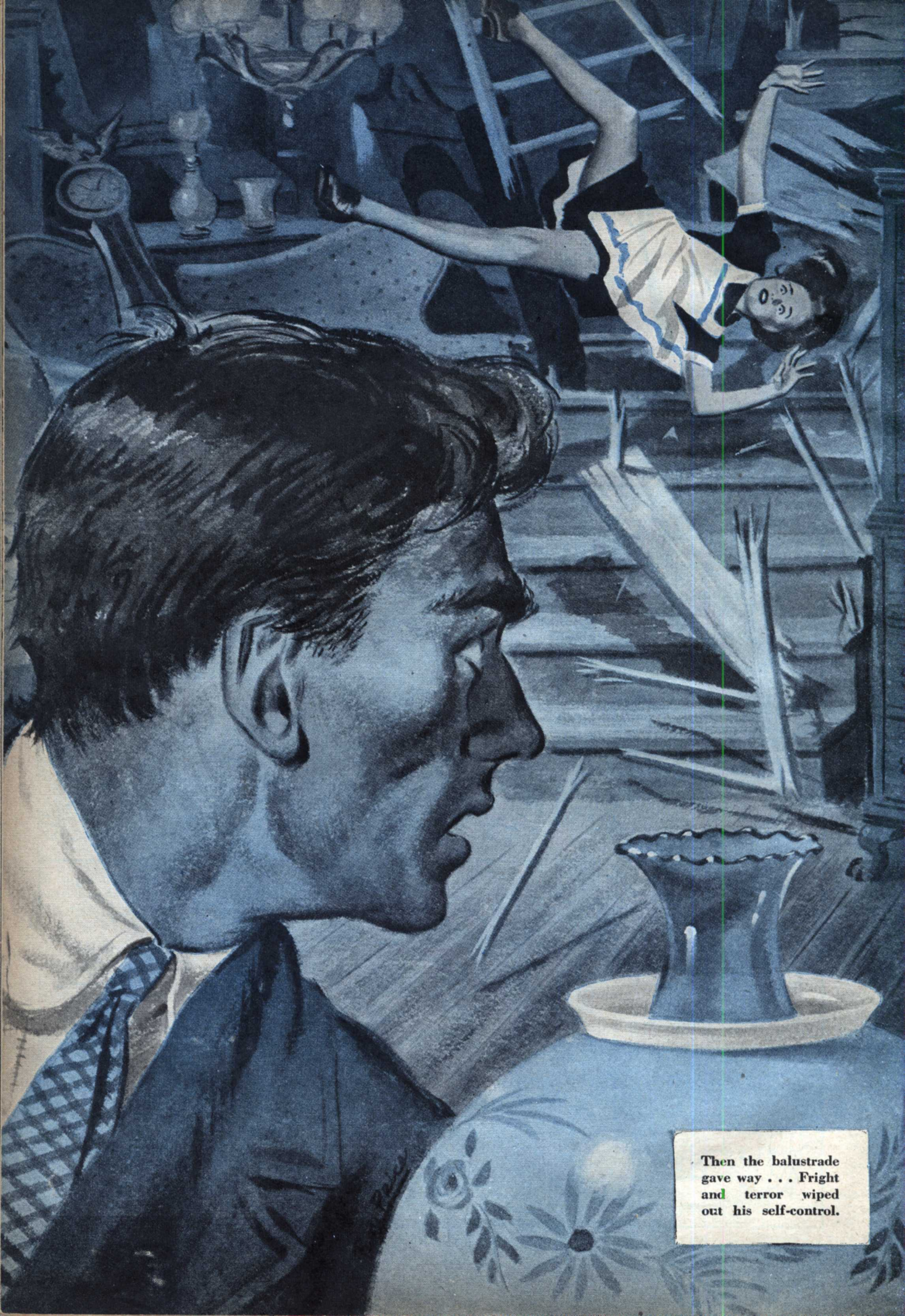
Florian didn't (*Continued on page* 82)

Milt Gross's

PETE THE POOCH

. . . learns that the spotlight can be painful





Then the balustrade gave way . . . Fright and terror wiped out his self-control.

Cast-off

by Margaret Cousins

Illustrated by Roy Price

As a man whose business was the discarded luxuries of others, Mr. Fragonard quite naturally assumed the responsibility for the human cast-off he found that rainy night beneath the El

A GOOD many people thought Mr. Fragonard was a fool simply because he was different from them. People like to catalogue other people, arrange them in convenient pigeonholes with proper labels above for future reference. If Mr. Fragonard presumed to run a business—and he certainly did—then why didn't he act like a business man and have a telephone and send out bills on the first of the month and get a delivery wagon instead of trying to lug chairs and sofas around in a taxicab or the automobile of a chance acquaintance? Or if Mr. Fragonard was an artist—which he probably was—then why didn't he stop trying to be a business man? They could go on for hours, but they were never able to stuff Mr. Fragonard into a pigeonhole. In fact, the only all-inclusive label they could think up for him was fool.

For Mr. Fragonard was really not like anybody else. He was a mass of conflicting temperament which bewildered everybody who knew him and occasionally bewildered him too. He was proud when he should have been humble, and humble when he should have been proud. He could be rude and insensitive and even stupid, and he could be so gentle and thoughtful and appealing that you didn't know what to make of him. Sometimes he was weak at the wrong time, and sometimes he was strong in the wrong places. But all this is no reason for thinking him a fool. For how can anybody know what goes on in the mind of such a man, what instincts drive him and what fears pursue? How can you know what shapes a life unless you have lived it?

As for Mr. Fragonard, he made no special effort to catalogue other people, but it often occurred to him that they did resemble furniture. This was certainly because he dealt in furniture and had a special understanding of it. He never thought of it as something to sit on or hold shirts or decorate a wall space, but rather as a kind of extension of its maker—the wish of some man's hands and heart to express themselves in usefulness and make a stab at beauty. He had respect for fine work and could detect the authentic design, the grain of good wood and the high principles of a cabinet-maker, through any amount of grime and decay and the ill-considered depredations of a vandal hand.

Mr. Fragonard would have liked to make furniture himself, but he had no real creative gift. He knew it and, since he disliked makeshift or flaws in anything, he did the best he could. He tried to look out for what other men had made.

"If the piece is right to start with," he said, "it's hard to ruin it."

He was scrubbing away at the legs of an old Hepplewhite chair which somebody had carelessly painted a bilious green. "See, this paint comes off and the wood's still good underneath. But if there's something wrong with it to start with, you can't do much."

Mr. Fragonard had said this so often it was no wonder he thought about it when he first saw Lily.

But long before he ever saw her, he had been associating people and furniture and trying to get the right ones together. That was one of the wellsprings of his reputation for foolishness. Sometimes it seemed as if Mr. Fragonard did everything he could think of to keep from selling something. When people picked a careful trail through the lush confusion of the Royale on Third Avenue, where Mr. Fragonard had his second-hand furniture and his being, he followed them fearfully.

"What about my chandelier, Louis?" Mrs. Durstine would inquire severely. "How many times do I have to tell you to send it over?"

Mr. Fragonard would gaze in muffled anguish at the splendid prisms suspended from the ceiling of the Royale by a dubious-looking wire. In Mrs. Durstine's overcrowded Park Avenue apartment, it would look as spurious as she did.

"I got a better one coming," he would lie laconically. "More prisms. You better wait and see. I had you in mind when I bought it yesterday."

Mr. Fragonard hadn't bought anything yesterday. He didn't have two dimes to rub together half the time, but something in him didn't want the brash and acquisitive Mrs. Durstine to own the chandelier. That was the kind of fool he was. Naturally this augured no good for the commercial success of the Royale, but then Mr. Fragonard never could learn to be wholly a business man.

One look at his so-called place of business convinced you of that. It was situated in one of those antediluvian houses on the east side of Third Avenue in the lacy shadow of the elevated tracks. The house had long since settled down on its elbows like an old crone, garnering the dust and grime of succeeding decades and staring out of blear-eyed windows at the activities of the dirty street. For company it had a couple of other second-hand furniture stores with high-sounding names, a pawnshop or two, a delicatessen smelling evilly of herring and strong cheese, and a questionable-looking hotel named The Elsie.

Mr. Fragonard never paid much attention to the surroundings because he was proud of the Royale and thought it looked fine. He was fond of saying, "Five years ago I started it with twenty-five dollars, and look at it now!"

Well, it depends on the way you look at it. Inside, the Royale always presented the wild disarray of a fruitful attic just after a cyclone had hit it. Every piece of furniture—after you got past the front window, where Mr. Fragonard put his best foot forward—was in some stage of acute disrepair.

There were chairs without legs and tables without tops and chests without drawers and beds without headboards. There were sofas with horsehair spewing out of rents in the upholstery and mirrors with the mercury peeling off the backs and picture frames which had lost their pictures and wall decorations of gilt and ormolu, from which the gilt had departed. There were clocks that didn't tick and Lowestoft cups without saucers and Battersea figures that had no relation to each other. There were Dresden shepherdesses and Meisen vases and a small bronze statue of Hercules mounted on an onyx pillar. There was a blackamoor and a Louis Quinze commode and a copy of Portrait of a Lady in alabaster, with a chip broken off her elegant nose. The walls were covered with moth-eaten tapestries and damask hangings which had seen far better days. There were mouldy books and cabinets full of the wildest oddments, and in the middle of the floor there was a marble mantel, looking unearthly and strange, because you could see daylight through the hole that was the grate, and a mantel has to be against a wall to make sense.

Mr. Fragonard had never catalogued his peculiar and bedraggled stock, and he had no more idea what the first floor contained than you do. When anybody came in and asked for something specific, he had to launch an exploratory expedition. Sometimes he found it and lots of times he didn't, even when it was there all the time, just hidden under something else. As for the second and third floors, only the brave ventured up the crumbling and tipsy staircase and made safaris into the jungle beyond—only the most determined. The stairs stopped them, although Mr. Fragonard bounded up and down them forty times a day.

HE WAS proud of the Royale with its flotsam and jetsam. He never thought of these things the way they were now, in the shabby squalor of Third Avenue, but always of the way they had been once or the way they would be again when he had fixed them up and somebody else had given them the proper environment.

He was susceptible to the bare bones of beauty and he loved his faded treasures and liked to think of the people who had owned them before him. He was really rather sentimental and romantic, a natural offshoot of loneliness, and he pondered about the women whose hands had lifted the Dresden teapot and poured the amber tea. He thought of the matches which had flamed up to the candles in the prismed chandeliers and the girls and men the prisms had reflected. He thought of a young girl who must have looked often into the little oval mirror with the brace of cupids holding a garland on top. He thought of her combing out her blond hair and pinching her cheeks and biting her lips to make them rosy for her lover. He thought of her often. Mr. Fragonard did not know any girls.

If people are like furniture, then he would have to be likened to the slender, too-tall highboy at the foot of the stairs on the first floor. It was a contradictory piece of no known lineage, with claw feet and a fragile broken pediment. He

"Hello." Her voice was low, husky.

was a gaunt young man, about thirty, with a face which might have been said to be either ugly or handsome. It had a kind of nobility of bone structure, but in certain lights the chin looked weak. He had dark, vigorous hair and eyes like a deer. It sounds silly but he did have a Chippendale feeling about him—a sort of charming delicacy which indicated that in other incarnations he might have been quite a fellow. He was like that highboy, all right. It was handsome but incongruous. There was a flaw in it which you couldn't exactly put your finger on. And in Mr. Fragonard there seemed to be some deep and wounding secret.

The highboy was one piece that Mr. Fragonard would have sold to any bidder, but nobody ever seemed to want it. He didn't like it himself and still he got to feel for its questionable grace some odd and morbid kinship. He used to keep a few of his things in it. Mr. Fragonard slept upstairs on a tumbledown sofa with the springs worming their way through the upholstery. He made coffee and breakfast on an eccentric gas jet beside a grimy sink. He did most of his cooking there, if you could call it that. It seemed to his customers that he subsisted largely on cheese sandwiches which he bit into dreamily while showing his wares.

But Mr. Fragonard was the captain of his soul. He did all his own work besides hieing himself on long subway rides to Brooklyn to inconspicuous estate sales. He would hang a sign on the door of the Royale which said OUT TO LUNCH and hitch-hike to Connecticut or Massachusetts when he heard of something good up there. Sometimes he would be out to lunch for five or six days. He often interrupted repair jobs to chase down a truck or a wagon he saw moseying along Third Avenue with a cargo of old furniture. For this he bargained shamelessly. He was a shrewd buyer and he picked up some of his best pieces right there on Third Avenue. It was there, too, that he picked up Lily Latimer.

Or rather, Lily picked him up. Left to himself, Mr. Fragonard would have charged right on across Third Avenue and lived happily ever after.

IT WAS a dismal rainy night around the first of November when he first saw Lily. Mr. Fragonard had just been to dinner with a friend. Julian Sherman was his friend because he had advanced Mr. Fragonard enough money, in addition to the twenty-five dollars he had saved up from itinerant repair jobs, to start the Royale five years ago. But there was more to it than that. Julian Sherman was really his friend because he was exactly the kind of man Mr. Fragonard would have chosen to be.

Although Mr. Sherman's family connections for generations had been piling up enough wherewithal to make it unnecessary for him to work, he still kept trying to find something to do. In spite of his wealth he was a lonely person with an unashamed interest in beauty and a deep distaste for the sort of things wealthy people usually do with their money. Mr. Sherman had no yearning for publicity or glamor or society or night life and did not care much for race horses. He liked furniture, so he got himself a glossy antique shop on Madison Avenue to while away his time. He liked Mr. Fragonard, because Mr. Fragonard knew from hard experience everything about furniture that Mr. Sherman didn't know. He didn't think of Mr. Fragonard once a month, but sometimes he invited him to dinner when he got tired of everything the people he knew talked about. Mr. Fragonard could be quite interesting on the subject of furniture and, besides, Julian Sherman, like many perceptive people, sensed something of the secret about him and used to amuse himself by trying to ferret it out.

Mr. Fragonard then had been to dinner in the old Sherman brownstone in the East Sixties and was feeling quite full of himself and the excellent provender from Mr. Sherman's table. He had been caressing the priceless Sherman mahogany with his long fingers and ruminating on why Mr. Sherman had never remarried after the tragic death of his young wife in childbirth ten years before. It made Mr. Fragonard feel important to be able to thus ruminate about the distinguished Mr. Sherman.

On the way home, he got to thinking what he would do if he were in Julian Sherman's shoes. When a signal light caught him in the middle of Third Avenue, he was quite engrossed in the fabulous shop he had conjured up for himself on Madison Avenue, not to mention the dream of a girl he would like to marry, so he didn't notice the wind-whipped figure of a real girl, standing in the shadow of the elevated support. She must

have spoken twice before he paid her any attention.

"Hello," said Lily, and edged toward him across the rough cobbles of the street.

Her voice was low and husky and a sickly beam of light from the street lamp picked out her white face and the little gold specks floating in her hazel eyes. Her light hair leaked out from under the brim of her black felt hat with its bedraggled cockade. Beneath the bold veneer of her manner, she was a pathetic figure.

Mr. Fragonard looked at her in surprise, partly because he was far away from Third Avenue and partly because the girls who washed their hair and their stockings on the fire escapes of the Hotel Elsie rarely bothered to speak to him. But the most important thing was that there was something unusual about her, even in her disheveled state, something reminiscent of the Portrait of a Lady. An elevated train rattled overhead and, in the ensuing din, he stared down at Lily, who stood there awkwardly in her sodden shoes, waiting for him to answer. Her false courage was beginning to slip.

"Hello," he muttered noncommitally.

"Do—doing anything this evening?" she stammered, her voice rising in a breathless way. He could see an involuntary out-thrust of her jaw and the shiver that ran around her shoulder blades.

"I've got no special plans," he admitted and continued to appraise her with something like disgust. He felt revolted because he had just come from a secure and hungerless world and such an encounter reflected many things. He had his own reasons for revulsion.

"Well—" Lily said tentatively and waited.

He took her arm roughly. "Come on," he said and propelled her to the door of the Royale. "In here."

MR. FRAGONARD'S store was conglomerate enough by day. Without benefit of lights it was terrifying, but in the confused pattern of her brain, Lily could no longer locate the emotion of fear. She had crossed the Rubicon right along with Third Avenue and the Royale looked better than the East River, which she had had vaguely in mind.

"This is the end," she thought. "This is what they write about in books. But how can this be me? Maybe dying would have been better. Because now I've started something and I have to finish it."

She felt like crying for the first time in weeks—like crying for the old days when she had been safe inside the white iron fence of Judge Latimer's yard in Greenwood. She remembered, for no reason, mama coming home from a party in her blue taffeta dress, and papa kissing mama when he got home from the courthouse and patting Lily's head and saying, "How are my two girls?" And papa putting his fond, protecting arm around mama when they went up the stairs. That was the way it ought to be between a man and a woman. Well, that was all over, and papa and mama were dead and the money was all gone and Lily was a failure.

Lily had to swallow all at once and it made a noise like a dry sob. The man, who had been holding her arm so tightly that it hurt, released her. His face, with the peak of wavy hair, looked Mephistophelean in the dimness, but it looked sad too. And disgusted.

"Sit down," he said wearily and switched on the lights. Lily was surprised to find that he was young and had eyes like a deer.

"What do you think you're doing?" Mr. Fragonard inquired.

A little color seeped up into Lily's pale face. "I know what I'm doing," she answered stoutly. "I ought to."

Mr. Fragonard regarded her carefully from the shoddy crown of her hat to her muddy, run-over shoes and twisted stockings. She looked the part all right, even to the cringing expression of her eyes, but he couldn't be wrong. Under the superficial shoddiness her character looked out. He thought fleetingly of his furniture. Under the paint and grime it was good, if it started life that way.

WELL, it's nothing for you to be doing," he announced with anger.

"What difference does it make to you?" Mr. Fragonard said, "You never did it before."

The probing earnestness of his gaze was almost harder to bear than his body would have been. It was like being face to face with your own conscience.

"Nobody cares what I do!" she blazed. "I'm alone. There isn't anybody in the world *to* care. You don't understand."

It was at this moment that his heart first went out to her, seeing they had much in common, but Lily didn't notice. She had started for the door.

"I guess I made a mistake," she said, trying to sound tough. "I'll go now."

He was quicker than she was. He got to the door first and stood in front of it. "You didn't make a mistake," he said. "Come on and I'll find you something to eat."

Lily stood there, looking at him uncertainly, and the silence became embarrassing.

"What's your name?" he asked, largely to break it.

"It's Latimer—Lily Latimer. What's yours?"

He pointed to the gold-leaf script on the door of the Royale. "Louis—Louis Fragonard."

"Fragonard—Fragonard," Lily echoed. "It sounds familiar but I can't place it. Anyhow"—shyly—"it's a beautiful name."

"Yeah," said Mr. Fragonard shortly. "I always liked it."

At the foot of the stairs Lily drew back She didn't want to stay now—not any more. She wanted to try to start over. Begin again somewhere.

"I think I'd better go," she told him. "Thank you, anyway."

"You have to eat," Mr. Fragonard countered with some asperity. "And you haven't got anywhere to go, so you could—could stay here tonight. I—you can see I've got quite a lot of extra beds. There are three floors. You could have one. I always sleep down here."

They began to climb the stairs. "Watch out for the steps," he said when she stumbled. "The stairs are kind of rickety. Here, I'll guide you." He put his arm out to steady her and they climbed slowly.

Even then Lily might have bolted if there hadn't been something touching about Mr. Fragonard's helpless courtesy, something so acutely lonely about the soiled sink and the cracked granite stewpot and the way Mr. Fragonard opened a can of soup by plunging a butcher knife into it at right angles.

"You can sleep here," he told her when she had eaten most of his grocery stock. He collected a few old chair cushions and covered the uncoiled springs and turned the blanket over delicately.

"But what about you? Isn't this your bed?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Fragonard assured her falsely. "I always sleep downstairs. I—I've got a friend occasionally spends the night here. He sleeps on this sofa."

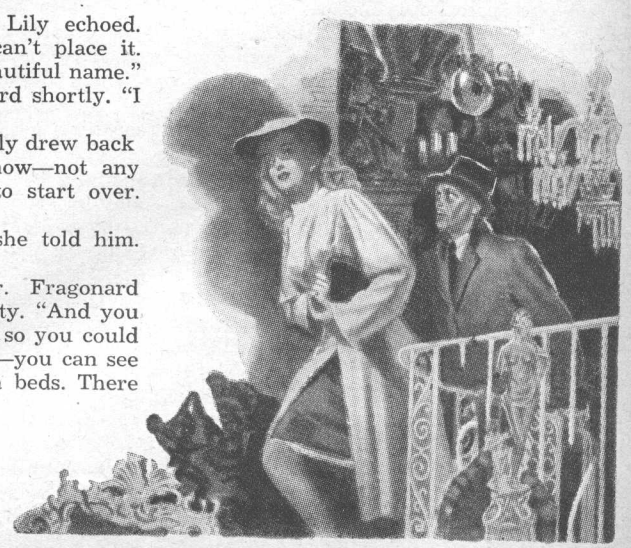
"Well—all right then," she said slowly, "if you're sure. . . ."

"Yeah, sure," Mr. Fragonard replied. "Well, I hope you get some sleep." He backed away, suddenly shy, and clattered down the stairs like a frightened buck. He put out the lights and lay down on a horsehair sofa but not much sleep came of it and he didn't have a blanket and, anyhow, this was the first time he had ever had a guest.

Lily looked around the high-ceiled room with its complex stock of junk. She picked up the blanket and shook it, whereat clouds of dust arose. Her nose wrinkled at this. She took off her shoes and lay down gingerly and stared at the cracks in the ceiling.

"Before I go in the morning," she told herself, "I'll clean this place for him."

The quiet of the winter night settled over Third Avenue. Intermittent trains rattled down the elevated tracks, but these intervals of sound grew farther and farther apart. A wind sprang up from the river to drive away the wispy rain clouds. By and by the peaceful grumble of the milk wagon sounded on the rough granite blocks of the street. The Royale (*Continued on page* 110)



"You haven't got anywhere to go," he said. "You could stay here."

Hollywood's first movie was a 1913 Lasky product starring Dustin Farnum. Later epic (right) featured Ronald Colman, gave Bill Powell a boost.

Star PROSPECTOR

by Donald C. Peattie

A pioneer who hit movie pay dirt.

EVERY week in the year, from the snows to the tropics, some ninety million of us pour through the doors of America's motion picture theaters. Yet less than forty years ago our great national habit of going to the movies was unheard of. Still unborn was the industry that has become the fourth biggest financial interest in the country, with a capital investment of more than two billion dollars. From California came not a hint of all that we mean by "Hollywood"—except the prophetic golden blast on his cornet blown by an incorrigible young believer in dreams, one Jesse Louis Lasky.

Today Lasky is an Aladdin who makes dreams come true before our eyes, the producer who founded Hollywood itself. Yet any glamor girl gets more fan mail than Jesse L. Lasky; he's the least thanked man in the whole giant business. The public thanks its stars. It may also recognize a debt to the director and all the other credited technicians, without realizing that the producer does any more than put up the money and reap a share of the profits. There may be producers who do little more than that. Not so Jesse Lasky who, after thirty years in the business, is still searching the world for "something that people will love."

True, if the public loves it, that something will turn to gold. But Lasky begins every enterprise with the intention, sincere as a child's, to delight you. His heartbeats and the public's genuinely thump in unison. And half the secret of his success is found right there.

Jesse was ten years old when he first caught the clarion note of his far-off career. It was Saturday night in San José, California, and the boy stood guarding the counter of shoes in front of his father's store when the town's band-leader strolled by and asked if the kid wouldn't join the Boys' Band.

"I will," Jesse said instantly, "If I can play the cornet."

He didn't know how, but he learned. Throughout his boyhood, and after his father died and Jesse quit school, his cornet was solace and support. And when, in 1900, Jesse caught the gold fever and went to Alaska with a couple of thousand of the remaining Lasky dollars as a stake, it was his far-sighted mother who suggested, "And don't forget to take your cornet, Jesse."

In six months he returned, bearded, heroic and stony broke, but sporting in his necktie a tiny gold nugget—bought with proceeds of his cornet-playing, which also had kept him from starvation. His art next carried him to Honolulu, and from the Royal Hawaiian Band he returned to discover that his energetic sister Blanche had learned to tootle better than he! Soon a vaudeville booking agent whisked the amateur duo east from San Francisco, on a tour featuring Hermann the Great, the magician.

The duets went well enough, but presently brother and sister paired off otherwise. Blanche married and retired; Jesse won a beautiful convent-bred Boston girl whom he

Photos: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART and ACME

Jesse L. Lasky, who founded Hollywood, is as fabulous a figure as any of the great Americans he is today dramatizing

rescued from a canoe accident in the Adirondacks. It is the same wife who graces his home today—their thirty-three years of marriage all but unique in the matrimonial merry-go-round of Hollywood.

And Lasky had discovered that his real gift was not for tooting his own horn but for trumpeting the talents of others. Slipping into the job of the magician's manager, he had put on other acts, and was by now a full-fledged vaudeville producer. That was the heyday of the two-a-day, but already Lasky was groping toward some new way to feed the human hunger for entertainment. So in 1911 he plunged all his gains into the lavishly produced "Folies Bergères," first cabaret of its kind ever brought to America. The innovation came too soon; the ink in the ledger ran red, and one Saturday night in New York, having paid off all concerned, Lasky closed the doors and stepped out on Broadway with empty pockets.

At home waited a wife and new-born son; ahead lay no castle in Spain. But Jesse Lasky produces his own Spanish castles, as magically as Hermann the Great lifted a rabbit out of his hat. There on the midnight Great White Way he suddenly saw before him a billboard bearing the legend, "Mission Coffee Tastes the Best," adorned with an illustration of romantic life in the days of the padres, and into young Jesse's resilient imagination sprang his next dream, full-blown. It was for an ambitious vaudeville operetta, to be called "California," and before he reached home the plot was complete in his mind.

A producer, not a playwright, he set out to look for a librettist, and presently found himself persuasively talking to a bald-headed young man named Cecil de Mille. In Lasky's ability to inspire others lies the other half of the secret of his success, and here he had found the perfect collaborator. "California" rang the bell, others like it followed, and the friendship between its two creators deepened into a bond that is still strong today.

So that when de Mille, restless for excitement, announced his intention of getting into a current revolution in Mexico, his crony was appalled. To hold his friend at all costs he seized upon another of his sudden inspirations, this time a desperate one.

"If you want adventure, Cecil," he suggested, "let's go into motion pictures."

"Fine!" cried de Mille. "How do you make a movie?"

"I don't know," Lasky admitted. "We'll go around to the Lambs Club and find out."

Up to this time no movie had been longer than one reel, and this, run at the end of a vaudeville show to get people out of the theater, was derisively called a "chaser." But when at the Lambs Club the two encountered Dustin Farnum, a current Broadway idol, Lasky determined on the instant to make the first feature picture ever made in America, with Farnum as star, and to film it among authentic scenes. Having obtained screen rights to the stage hit, "The Squaw Man," he chose for location Flagstaff, Arizona, because when playing the town with Hermann the Great, he had been impressed by its frontier atmosphere. Sam Goldwyn also joined in the scheme. De Mille, because of his experience with stage productions, became the new company's director. Soon Jesse and Sam saw Cecil off at Grand Central Station.

Weeks passed, of silence from Arizona, of tension for the two partners in New York. Then arrived a telegram from de Mille: "Flagstaff unsuitable for our purposes. Have proceeded to place called Hollywood. Want authority to rent barn for studio at $75 monthly."

"Okay rent barn on month-to-month basis," Lasky wired back, "but avoid long commitment."

Thus was the California motion-picture business born in a barn at the end of a country lane between pepper trees. That cradle of a great industry is still to be seen, now enshrined on the Paramount lot in the shadow of the giant sound stages.

"The Squaw Man" was but the cornerstone in the mighty edifice that started out as the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, became Famous-Players-Lasky, and emerged triumphant as Paramount, a vast industrial combine owning over a thousand theaters and doing a business of forty million dollars a year.

Lasky grew with the industry he founded and feature pictures flashed one after another across America's screens, heralded by the now familiar JESSE L. LASKY PRESENTS. "The Covered Wagon" was the first of the western epics; "Beau Geste" starred Ronald Colman and advanced the career of William Powell. "Wings" started Gary Cooper, in a bit part, on the road to fame. "Blood and Sand," starring Valentino, and "Old Ironsides" were titles in the glittering list of Lasky productions. He studded our skies with stars of his own making, bringing to the screen such personalities as Will Rogers, Charles Laughton, Eddie Cantor, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Fontaine, Carole Lombard, Walter Huston, Miriam Hopkins, the Marx Brothers, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, and Mary Astor. "Touch me," he says, crooking a friendly elbow toward a hopeful unknown, "I'm lucky for other people."

Lucky for himself for eighteen years, in 1929, Mr. Lasky sat atop the pyramided invest- (*Concluded on page* 86)

Lasky with his wife and son. He was flat broke the night the boy was born, same night got a million-dollar idea.

Hero Alvin York, one of World War I's greatest, arrives to view the film "Sergeant York," one of Lasky's greatest.

PIGSKIN Pagliacci

by Joel Reeve

Illustrated by William von Riegen

I NOTICED the girl because it was raining, and there seemed little reason for anyone to climb to the top of an open bus on a wet November afternoon. She stopped when she got to the top of the steps and looked down at the fat little man on the curb and stuck out her tongue. The fat little man waved his arms and shrieked. The girl laughed and looked around for a dry place.

I said, "It wasn't raining when I got on. Sit here."

She had blond hair and it was getting wet, because the hood of her slicker had fallen back across her shoulders. She adjusted it, and through the translucent green her hair looked strange, but still pretty.

She said, "Thank you. Isn't that the Empire State Building?"

She was dressed to the minute, and her makeup was semi-professional. She had dark eyes and a red mouth, not too large, not too small.

"That's it," I said. "I got on this bus because this is the only way you can really see it—unless you lie flat on your back on Fifth Avenue."

She said, "Oh! You've never seen it?"

"Yes, plenty times. But I like to look at it. Men built it, and to look at it makes me feel more confident that all is not as lousy as it seems."

She stared at me. "Do things seem—lousy—to you, too?"

"Very," said I.

We looked at the Empire State Building. I had been intending to get off at 44th, but the girl did not move. She talked, and I listened.

She said her name was Mary Carroll. She said she was from Ohio, but that she had been in New York almost a year.

"Without seeing the Empire State?"

She said, "You wouldn't know. I am a Voice."

"Oh?" I said. "I'm John Cole. I own the Mastodons."

"Mastodons? Are there any, nowadays?"

"A football team," I said. "They play the Behemoths next Sunday. If you like I will give you a pass."

"On Sunday, Signor Castellano is entertaining a man from the Met," said Mary Carroll. "Sunday is a very big day in my life. If I sing well enough, I may get a chance to join a company on the road somewhere, and some day I may

Without Don in there fighting, the Mastodons were just another ball club.

But Don—the dope—was more interested in broadcasts than touchdowns

even get into the Met itself. And that is very important, Mr. Cole."

"You sound like you hate it," I said. "You should meet Don Holden. He would love it to pieces."

"My mother loves it," said Mary Carroll. "My mother loves it dearly. My mother was almost a Voice herself."

"What is this Voice business?"

"That's the way they refer to you," she explained. "You're either a Voice or you are not a Voice. I'm a Voice."

I almost told her some other things about her I had inadvertently noticed, but it was no dice. She was a nice little girl, very bright and friendly, but nice.

She said, "What about Don Holden? They don't let me have any friends."

"Don Holden," I said bitterly, "is not my friend. He is the fullback of our club. He is a crooner. He's on the radio. We had to leave that in his contract when he signed with us. So now his interest in football is purely academic, except on pay days."

"Is that bad for you?" she asked sympathetically.

"Seeing as we have one crippled and one feeble fullback and only Holden to work our spinner," I said, "it comes under the head of major tragedy."

The bus passed 78th Street. She said, "I ran away today. Signor Castellano was fussing again. So I jumped on the bus. He can't jump. He's too fat."

I said, "I would gladly buy you lunch or something but I have to go up and see about the Mastodons. Here it is Thursday, and they are as ready for the Behemoths as they would be for Judgment Day."

Mary Carroll said brightly, "I'll go with you! I would like to meet this crooning football player. I have not seen a football game for years—since I was in high school. I have run away and I want to have an adventure."

So that is how Mary Carroll came to the office of the Mastodons, way uptown near the ball park.

"Holden will come in here first," I told her. "He gets his mail here."

Mary said, "Is he—is he handsome, Mr. Cole?"

"If you like the big blond animal type."

The hole was there. Holden snatched the ball, came ploughing and snorting through.

"They never let me see a boy," she said. "Singing is a most exacting career."

I said, "It does not sound like much fun. It sounds like the life of a canary."

She smiled at me. At that moment the door bounced open and in came Don.

He was good-looking, all right. He had shoulders like a Mack truck and curly hair. He said, "Any mail, John? There should be something from that agent. . . . Oh!"

He shucked his hat like greased lightning and bowed over her. Maybe Mary Carroll hadn't seen any boys in a long while, but she hadn't forgotten how to act. She gave him the eye like an old trouper, and they were off on a duet without music before you could say, "Mastodons versus Behemoths."

Being ignored never hurts me very much. I'm just a little guy who could never play football, so I spend my life promoting big guys into a winning club, if possible. I've lost and made fortunes out of it.

I sat and watched Don Holden make time with Mary Carroll and thought about Sunday and the Behemoths. They had Indian Charley Hogue, Buster Fortune and a line that would scare Broncho Nagurski. They would win the championship if they beat us. And this big blond hunk of meat and vocal cords was the key man in our hopes.

I watched them and wracked my brain. After a while in a feeble sort of way a wheel made a turn. I said, "We've got to get out to the field for a scrimmage. Miss Carroll will be watching, Don."

We went out to the field and I got hold of Joe Foley, our coach.

"Give Holden the works," I said. "He needs exercise."

I went into a box in back of the bench and sat with Mary Carroll. The boys all started to eye her, but most of our guys are either married, engaged, or broke. Holden came out, bulking in his pads, waving at us. Joe put him to work.

That was a scrimmage. Red Mahaffey kept giving the ball to Holden, using that tricky spinner, whenever possible. The big loogan tore our reserve line to pieces. On defense he could do nothing wrong.

Mary Carroll said, "Why, he's terrific."

"He was All America," I said. "But since he came with us, he has been All Epworth League."

"Maybe he needs an incentive."

I looked at her. I said, "Are you a Brain, too?"

She had dimples besides the other things. She said, "I never have any fun. But now that I have discovered how to elude Signor Castellano I expect to have more fun."

"But Sunday you have to sing for the man from the Met. And Sunday we must play the Behemoths."

"That," she said, "will be up to you, Mr. Cole. I am sure you are very, very clever."

I PULLED the car to the curb in the East Fifties and said to Don Holden, "All the way downtown you have been giving me radio. Music. Voice. How about football? How about that spinner which you have been muffing?"

"Football," said Don soulfully, "is to me a means to an end. I have often told you—"

I said, "Football is your living. That radio business would not keep you in singing lessons. I wonder if you realize what tomorrow's game means to the Mastodons?"

"Why," said he, "I suppose it means as much as meeting Mary Carroll has meant to me!"

There was no answer to that. We sat, waiting. Mary lived in one of those dismal brownstones, a duplex, which also housed Signor Castellano, she had told us. She had told us a lot of things, and last night she had gone dancing with Don Holden, and I never saw a guy quite so excited about a girl on such short acquaintance.

HE said, "You don't understand, of course, about Mary and her voice. She's the—"

She came along just then, in a green silk dress and a hat which defied description. She looked wonderful. I bounced out of the car, but Don already had her arm.

She said, "Hello, John Cole!"

I said, "Hello, Mary. I see you got away."

"Signor Castellano is not fast on his feet," she said. "I think, however, that he is pretty fast in the head. I think he has wired mother."

"O-o-oh!" I headed the car for the Tunnel. "That's bad."

"Yes," Mary said. "Mother will come and get me and that will be the end of fun. But for now—"

She sat cuddled between us in the front seat and chattered like a magpie all the way to Jersey. Don wanted to talk about music, but Mary was football-conscious. She kept asking about that spinner and Don kept brushing it off. I listened.

We pulled up at the radio station in Jersey. It was not an opulent station. It was housed on the top floor of an ordinary office building. We took a slow elevator and debouched into a reception room ornate with chromium, leather, and fluorescent lighting.

A man came up, a little squirt with eyeglasses and buck teeth. Don practically fawned on him, saying, "This is the program director, Mr. Silverstap. And this, Mr. Silverstap, is Mary Carroll!"

The little guy bowed and scraped to Mary. People came from other rooms and peeped at us. I began to get annoyed. There was no telling how that big screwball Holden had built this kid up. I wondered if she could sing well enough to get by.

We went into a little square room. Mr. Silverstap came in and sat at the piano and that was supposed to be iconoclastic; you could tell by the way everyone nodded and elbowed each other.

Don said, "Better take a balance, Mary," and I nearly feel out of my chair as his voice shattered the silence.

But it seemed we were not yet tuned in. Mary trotted up to a microphone and warbled once or twice. A guy at some controls beyond a panel of glass waved his arms, and everyone looked satisfied.

Don said, "The mix is all right, Mary."

I was just going to say, "Make mine a daiquiri," when a red light went on, the guy in the glass window dropped his arm, and Don broke into song, his face aiming vaguely at the dangling mike.

The big monkey could sing pretty good, at that. He opened with *Lord Jeffrey Amherst,* and finished with the Princeton *Cannon Song.* Then he went into the day's scores, fast, rattling off brief high spots of each college game.

Mary stared at me, her eyebrows arched in high crescents. I shrugged. Of course Don had neglected to tell her that his was really a sports program, that he had been hired to broadcast football, that he had taken a voluntary reduction in the pitiful pay so that they would let him sing.

About ten minutes went by. Don was giving his sports resumé a shave and a haircut. He snapped out the dope on Crawling-on-the-Hudson versus Spearfish Normal to wind it up, gulped for air, and said:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, as a special, unadvertised scoop for Station GLUB, I have the great privilege to introduce, in her debut over Eastern air waves, Miss Mary Carroll, of the Ohio Opera Company—one of the most famed young Voices in America."

IT was my turn to give out with a surprised stare, but Mary was swimming up to the microphone as if she had invented radio. Mr. Silverstap looked triumphant, crashing out chords. Then Don yapped, ". . . *Listen to the Mocking Bird,* with Mary Carroll, and yours truly, Don Holden, swinging the melody."

Mary cut loose with the high notes of the old familiar air.

I froze. The blood tingled up and down my spine. Don came in underneath with the melody, swinging it, nice and easy, but Mary stayed up there on top those high notes trilling in a way to make your skin crawl.

It was golden sound. It was angels singing on a pink cloud. It was as pretty as an eighty-yard run in a broken field.

I don't even remember it ending. I remember Mary coming back and smiling at me. I remember grabbing her hand and holding it while Don finished off the program. I just sat and stared at her as though she was a rookie halfback with two heads. . . .

I was dumb driving them back to New York. She and Don were very gay, and Don kept telling her how wonderful she was and what a privilege it had been for him to introduce her to the air in the East. To me, there was a fly in it. If she was that good—and even I knew how good she must be—Don had no right introducing her on a football broadcast.

I drove to the Roosevelt Hotel and managed to park.

Don said, "How about we'll go stepping?"

I said, "How about you go home to bed? We are, in case you forget, playing the Behemoths tomorrow."

He said, "Now wait, John. I can sleep late. Being with Mary is more important

to me than football is."

I said, "You got a contract to play fullback—"

Mary broke in gently, "But you must go home, Don. I'm coming to the game tomorrow."

"You can't," he said. "You've got to sing for—"

"I am coming to the game and I'm going to sing, too," she said. "If you are very good, and play very well, maybe you can come and hear me sing later."

He said, "But—"

"I have bet a considerable sum on the Mastodons," she said firmly. "I will expect you to play very well tomorrow."

He did not like it. In fact, he detested it and me too. He said stiffly, "I would like to talk to Mary alone for a minute, if you don't mind, John."

I said, "I'll be inside, near the stairs leading to the grill." At that moment it occurred to me that he was the only good football player I ever really disliked.

I went in, and pretty soon along came Mary.

"I hope he went home," I said.

"He went home. He'll go to bed, too."

"I hope you did not have to tell too many lies."

"Not too many," she said. "John—how are you going to get me away from Signor Castellano for the game?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "Let's go down here with Lombardo and see if there is really inspiration in music."

She said, "Oh, there is."

"I can believe it—now," I told her.

I wouldn't know about her voice. But she could dance like Betty Grable.

THE game was at two o'clock. At noon I was in the office. The phone rang and I jumped at least three feet into the air.

Mary's voice sounded scared. "Mother flew in. I'm calling from Signor Castellano's apartment. The man from the Met is coming early. Oh, John, how can I get away? I've *got* to. I promised Don faithfully. . . ."

"And if you are not here he will be no good in the game," I added. "I'll be right down."

I hung up and grabbed my coat.

The traffic lights took an awful beating, but I got down there in less than an hour. I ran up the steps and rang the bell quick, before I could lose my nerve

A little fat man opened the door. I recognized him at once as the man who had jumped up and down on the curb in the rain on Thursday. He had a triple chin and bushy eyebrows which kept leaping up into his hair. He wore a velveteen jacket which did not quite button across his paunch. He sputtered at me.

"Meester Cole, no?"

"Yes," I said. "I want to—"

The eyebrows did tricks. He shrieked, "Go! Go at once!" The eyebrows descended over the bridge of his nose. He whispered hoarsely, "To the corner. Wait!"

I retreated. I drove down to the corner and waited. Five minutes passed. I was just about to go back and once more assault the citadel when I heard running footsteps, very light.

I turned and there was Mary, out of breath. She said, "Hurry! Are we going to be late?"

"How ever did you manage it?" I asked, starting off.

"Signor Castellano is singing for mother. He has the loudest tenor voice in America," said Mary.

"But I thought Signor Castellano wired your mother. I don't get it."

"He thinks my voice will be improved by romance," said Mary. "He wired mother thinking she would be delighted. He did not mean to spoil things."

I said, "This is all very screwy."

"Signor believes in love," said Mary "He says a Voice must have loved to understand. It is very sweet, really. He believes it."

I said, "Oh!"

We got into a box near our bench just at the kickoff. We had won the toss, so the Behemoths booted to us. Red Mahaffey took the ball back to the thirty-five. Mary squealed with delight. She really knew very little about football and even less about the Behemoth line.

I said suddenly, "Say! How about the man from the Met?"

Mary said, "Look at Don run! . . . Oh, Signor Castellano will manage him. There are only two halves and a fifteen-minute intermission—an hour and a quarter altogether, aren't there? We can make it by four."

What was the use? With time-outs, any football game takes two hours. In traffic, it would be five o'clock at least before we got back downtown to face Mrs. Carroll and the man from the Met.

The Behemoths, as advertised, stopped us cold. Mahaffey kicked. The Behemoths started to move behind that terrific line, with Indian Charlie blocking and Buster Fortune plunging. They would rip through into our secondary, and Don Holden would charge into them and sometimes he would stop them.

Sometimes he did not. They came up to midfield without surrendering the ball. They had Don well sucked in by now, so they threw a little pass in the flat.

Buster Fortune grabbed it and was off like a greyhound. He got all the way to the Mastodon ten before Mahaffey caught him. I began to pray.

Mary said, "Don wasn't near him. Why didn't someone else stop him? Isn't it terrible?"

I started to tell her that the pass was in Don's territory and that he was playing out of position and that I would like to have Don's neck in my hands, but I let it go. The Behemoths whacked away at our line.

They scored on a quick lateral, Hogue to Fortune, with Buster ploughing right through Don Holden.

Joe Foley was out walking the sidelines, grim-faced. I motioned to him to leave Holden in and he threw out his hands, meaning he couldn't do anything else.

Mary said, "We'll show them now! Don can do the spinner now, can't he?"

"Any time he gets ready," I told her, "we would be very happy."

Our guards split the center of the Behemoth line on the first play. There was a hole for a team of mules. Don spun and lunged. The hole closed. There was no gain. That Behemoth secondary was hot.

We kicked. After awhile they kicked. Our line was getting tough, too. The quarter ran out. They made substitutions, but he left Holden in there to take it.

Mary said, "Don's doing all right, isn't he?"

"Wonderful," I said.

The Behemoths were content to hold us. Their touchdown looked big, with that line they had. The half ended.

I said, "I'm going down to the dressing room. I always go down there between the halves."

"I want to go, too!" said Mary. "Can't I stay somewhere and hear you give them a pep talk? Oh, John, I've always wanted to hear a between-the-halves pep talk, like Knute Rockne used to give."

I flinched. I said, "I would as soon give a pep talk to a panzer division. But come on. Maybe the sight of you will make something with Holden."

"I thought Don did very well," she said. "He spun!"

"Yeah," I said. "He spun, but he didn't delve!"

DON was waiting at the dressing room door. His face was battered, but he beamed upon us.

"Mary!" he said. "I knew you'd make it!"

Mary said, "Oh, Don! We're losing!"

He held out his arms, as if he was going to grab her right up against his sweaty uniform. She was wearing a little fur jacket and a yellow wool dress and I was going to stop him, but there was a great clatter behind me, our doorman yelled, "Mr. Cole! Look out!" and I ducked.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Monster IN HORSE'S CLOTHING

Liking Wilb as he did, Ed felt sorry for him in his new predicament --but there are some things even a talking horse shouldn't be called on to do!

by Walter Brooks

Illustrated by William von Riegen

OH, Wilbur," Mrs. Pope said, "do you know who has moved into the Jessups'?"

Mr. Pope glanced across the hedge which separated his garden from that of the Jessup house. "Party with a French name. Forgotten what it was. Why?"

"It's Delisier. Mr. Johannes told us. Remember? But I didn't know it was *Eve* Delisier! And she's there now. Moved in this afternoon."

"Well, well," said Mr. Pope vaguely.

"Oh, darling, don't be dumb! Eve Delisier."

"Of course. Gosh, I wonder—"

"What do gosh you wonder?" Mrs. Pope asked.

"I was just thinking—if I could get her to do some sketches, I bet I could nail that Marian Volney account I've been after for five years. Probably doesn't do any commercial work, though. But I might talk to Lamson about it. He's still mulling over the idea of letting me in for a partnership, and the Volney account would knock him endways." Mr. Lamson was head of the advertising agency where Mr. Pope was an account executive.

"Well, anyway," Mrs. Pope said, "I've been over and talked to her, and I asked her in for cocktails Sunday afternoon. And even if she won't do your sketches, you be nice to her, Wilbur."

Mr. Pope hadn't intended to stay home Sunday, for it was his custom on weekends, when the clan began to gather and the roar of polite conversation could be heard a mile down the road, to saddle his horse, Ed, and go for a long ride, with beer and conversation, and occasional naps in the shade of wayside trees. But with such a distinguished guest in prospect, Mrs. Pope had sent around the fiery cross in earnest, and several people had even come up from Philadelphia. So Mr. Pope stayed home.

But he didn't find it at all hard to be nice to Eve Delisier. She was dark and very smart, and beautiful, in a French sort of way. Mrs. Pope was dark and beautiful, too, but she was more the languorous Spanish type. The beauty of Eve Delisier's face was in movement, whereas Mrs. Pope's was in the features themselves. But anyway, Eve was pretty attractive.

She spoke English well but with the conventional French accent which makes every remark sound twice as interesting. And of course it sounded twice as flattering when she asked Mr. Pope's advice about the Jessup water pump, which had stopped last night and wouldn't start again. Neither Victorine nor Paul, the couple who looked after her, seemed to understand it. Mr. Pope said he would be glad to explain it to Paul, but it appeared that Paul did not understand English.

"*Je crois que je parle assez bien le Français pour lui intruire, votre Paul,*" Mr. Pope said.

"You speak French? But zat is marvelous!" She jumped up. "Oh, would you come wit' me now? Mrs. Pope, you won't mind—"

"Of course not," Mrs. Pope said. "Go along, Wilbur."

Mr. Pope did not know quite how it happened that although it took only ten minutes to show Paul what was the matter, they were nearly two hours getting back to the party. After Paul and the pump, there had been Victorine and the hot-water heater, and then, as repayment of his kindness, some remarkable old Spanish brandy in the studio, where he was shown a portfolio of sketches—just the sort of thing Marian Volney would be crazy to get, he thought. And then a great deal of mixed French and English conversation. And on the way back through the garden there had been Ed, eyeing them sardonically from the stable door, and Eve—they were at Eve and Wilbur by this time—must make his acquaintance.

Mr. Pope led Ed out, and as she got a good look at the horse, Eve's volubility for the first time deserted her. "*Mon dieu!*" she said under her breath. Then, "*Mais qu'il est surrealiste! Tout a fait!* 'Ow wonderful, Wilbur! But—'ow can one ride a surrealist 'orse? 'E is too subjective—somezing one dreams of. 'Ow does one saddle a dream?"

Indeed, Ed was no thoroughbred. He looked rather like a child's drawing of a horse, a horse reduced to the lowest common denominator—four legs, head, body, mane and tail. But Mr. Pope loved Ed. He said, "I guess he *is* a bit heavy for a saddle horse. But you should see him in action."

Eve said, "I shall hope to."

"And boy, she will!" Ed murmured in Mr. Pope's ear as he was led back into the stable. "Subjective, am I?"

"She said you were a dream," said Mr. Pope.

"There's dreams and dreams," Ed replied. "And the only dream horses I ever heard tell of are nightmares. She'd better watch herself. I got a long memory for insults, Wilb."

Although Mrs. Pope smiled at him approvingly when he at last brought Eve back to the terrace, Mr. Pope was uneasy. Somehow he felt that by staying away with her so long he had committed himself—in just what way, he didn't know. Eve was fascinating, but there was something brittle and hard under her charm. He told Mrs. Pope later that he really didn't like her.


"There is nothing to fear, my love!" . . . Eve turned — and let out a screech.

But Mrs. Pope just laughed. "It's merely your natural resistance to doing anything you ought to, darling. If being nice to her hadn't been advantageous to you—good heavens!"

"I see." Mr. Pope grinned at her. "You suspected I might fall for her, so you're throwing me at her head to put me off her."

"Nothing so subtle, my pet. It's just that --well, she's an addition, she has something to offer—"

"If she'll only offer it," said Mr. Pope. "But she's told me what she thinks of commercial work. I haven't dared mention Volney yet."

"Make her your best offer. I never knew a Frenchwoman yet who didn't think of money first."

"You never knew any Frenchwomen," said Mr. Pope.

Ed, however, when Mr. Pope's idea was explained to him, was indignant. He said he had no words to express what he felt about that kind of low scheming, and then he went on to indicate how many words he didn't have. This was a week or so later, when several of their rides together had been nipped in the bud by Eve's appearance just as they were starting out. There had been a sketch to look at, or an urgent need for advice, and Mr. Pope had followed her into the house, leaving Ed all saddled and bridled and with no place to go.

"You're a good one to talk," Mr. Pope said.

"Maybe so," said Ed. "I ain't above a little dirty work in a good cause. And Wilb—I ain't sayin' anything about your standing me up time after time to tag off after this babe, but why do you always talk with her in front of me in the French language? Let alone that it ain't very polite, what's so private about what you got to say to her?"

Mr. Pope said there was nothing private, it was just good practice he was getting, polishing up his French.

"Yeah?" said Ed. "Well, I know something about the French language. You can say things in it you'd get your face slapped for in English. Besides which, it's all full of words like *amour* and such. They say that if you want to make a proposition sound real poetic, all you got to do is say it in French."

"Look, Ed," said Mr. Pope. "I don't like being held up every time we start for a ride any more than you do. But what can I do? I've got to be polite to her. I want those sketches. Frankly, I don't like Eve very well—"

"Eve!" Ed snorted. "You ain't no Adam, Wilb, but you can be just as much of a sucker as he was. You keep away from the apple trees."

FRIENDSHIPS, like apples, ripen. Eve came to the Popes' parties and asked them to hers. Mr. Pope made frequent solo visits to her studio to inspect her work. It was during one of these visits that she brought out a sketch and handed it to him.

"I made zis for you," she said.

It was done in red chalk, a few broad lines, swept in boldly. Mr. Pope looked at it doubtfully. An animal? No, by gosh, it was Ed. It certainly was not recognizable as a horse, and yet it was Ed. There was no question about it. Somehow his essential characteristics were there, though how—

He looked at Eve respectfully. "It's wonderful," he said.

And then, with the sketch in his hands, it seemed to him that the time had come to bring up the Volney account. "Eve," he said, "there's something I want to ask you. I—I've been wanting to for a long time, but I hardly dared. It's—well, I know it's a question of ethics with you, but it means such a lot to me—my whole future—" He stopped, for she had put her hand over his mouth.

"Oh, Wilbur, *je t'en prie!* Do not speak yet! Oh yes, I know—I am not blind. But I beg you—wait. Wait until I know. I am not sure yet, Wilbur, and I must be sure—"

It was highly dramatic and it was also highly embarrassing to Mr. Pope, who began to burble faintly. "But Eve, I didn't mean—I mean—"

"*Non, non, non!* You must not, Wilbur. *Je t'en défends.* See!" She grabbed his arm and pulled him toward the model stand. "You wished to ask me—yes, yes somezing important, no?" She talked very fast to keep him from interrupting. "To paint your portrait—was not zat it? But of course I will paint it. Come!" She pushed him into the chair and snatched up a block of paper and a stick of charcoal. "*Voila,* I make a first sketch now. And you must not move—not even ze mouse, not even zose blue eyes." She began sketching. Mr. Pope posed, rigid and blushing.

LATER that day he took a short ride with Ed to calm his nerves. But they didn't calm worth a cent, for it appeared that Ed had heard the whole conversation through the studio windows, which overlooked the Pope garden.

"I don't get it, Wilb," Ed said. "She pours the sugar over you, and you sit there like a cake being frosted. A dame like that—either you go for her or you give her the boot."

"Don't be vulgar," Mr. Pope said.

"Okay," said Ed. "But you're ridin' for a busted wedding ring, pal, and without getting any of the old *quid pro quo.*" He went on at some length.

To change the trend, when they got home Mr. Pope showed him the sketch. It changed it all right.

"What's that?" he said. "The Hound of the Baskervilles?" Then, "Me?" he shouted angrily. "That thing is *me?* Why, that's an outrage! I wouldn't mind a caricature, but Judas, Wilb—that thing's defamation of character! Yeah, go on, laugh! If you was any kind of a friend you'd have tore the thing up and thrown it in her face!"

"But she's offered to paint my portrait, Ed."

"Yeah," said Ed. "Boy, oh boy, are you sticking your neck out! And with tha' face on the end of it! When you see what she's done to me—" he eyed Mr. Pope's features maliciously "—what do you think she'll make of that bunch of junk?"

Mr. Pope essayed a simper. "She said I had an interesting head."

"That's why you was trying to get a look at yourself in all those plate-glass windows when we rode through the village, hey?" said Ed. "Oh, go away. I got to think this out. . . . Hey, wait. Is there anything left in that bottle in the harness closet? This thing has kind of upset my stummick."

THE sittings were to begin the next Saturday. And then Mr. Pope balked. Perhaps if he had told Mrs. Pope just what had happened, she would have let him off. But he couldn't bring himself to it. And so she wheedled. She was a swell wheedler. And by and by Mr. Pope said, 'Oh hell,' and she knew she'd won.

"But you're just sacrificing me to your social ambitions—to impress the Kimshaws and the other local gentry with a Delisier portrait in some show next winter."

"How right you are, darling," she said. "And not only the portrait. Don't you think it's impressive to have a husband who's being made passes at by a famous portrait painter? Oh, don't cast down your eyes and twist the corner of your apron! She doesn't make any bones about it. She'll do that Volney job for you, just for the sake of your bright blue eyes." She touched his cheek. "You're blushing, pet. She did mention the eyes, didn't she? Of course. All dark girls go for the bright blue eyes. Why, look at me!" She kissed him.

So Mr. Pope sat. He sat with the sword of Eve's decision suspended above his interesting head. The sittings became cozy tête-à-têtes, with Eve taking Mr. Pope's undying passion very much for granted, and making a great pretense of holding him at arm's length.

The painting moved slowly. "But one studies one's subject!" Eve said. "One does not t'row ze sitter into ze chair and just start painting him. One arranges him." Her smile flashed. "I am arranging you." Then her eyes grew serious. "I arrange everysing. Be patient, *cheri.*"

Eve merely laughed when he mentioned the Volney sketches.

"I can hear her," said Mrs. Pope when he told her that. She narrowed her eyes wickedly at him and gave a hard little rippling laugh. "*Ah, mon dieu, mon ami,* wiz you it ees always business, business." Then she half turned from him, put her head back upon his shoulder and one arm around his neck. "You speak always to ze *artiste.* Have you nossing to say to ze woman?"

Mr. Pope seized her and kissed her wolfishly. "You see how I respond. Aren't you worried?"

"As long as you prefer the company of that old horse to Eve's—no," said Mrs. Pope.

But Ed was worried. And he began to chaperone Mr. Pope. If Eve and Mr. Pope walked in the garden, Ed's head would pop up from behind a hedge. If they were in the studio, Ed would be discovered just outside the window. One afternoon Mr. Pope was sitting stiffly in the model's chair while Eve painted. She had been telling him about her childhood, and the old Breton nurse who had scared her half to death with stories of werewolves. "Marie said zat old Jules, the gardener, was one of zese 'orrors. At (*Continued on page* 100)

"When Day's Work Is Done" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Home

Peace. Privacy. Your own domain, where you are "boss." Where you can do as you please, when you please and how you please.

It won't be long now—that's what we're working and fighting for.

And when the work *is* done, there are plenty of things you'll find unchanged at home—one of them is Kaywoodie, the pipe most men have adopted as the best in the world. It'll be the same mild, cool, flavorful smoke, made of the same fine Mediterranean briar, as before the war, or long ago.

Kaywoodie briar is a natural product. Time, and the sun and soil and wind produce it, and they're not in a hurry. Our seasoning of it isn't hurried, either. It takes years to make a Kaywoodie.

These stout pipes are tempered with special curing-agents, so that they transform tobacco into the most delicious, fragrant, satisfactory smoke you ever tasted. We promise you thoroughly agreeable enjoyment, and we believe you'll find Kaywoodie-smoking one of the best, most satisfactory experiences in life.

War Bonds come first

Many Kaywoodies go direct to our fighting men — please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you. Illustrated here is Flame Grain Kaywoodie "Bulldog" Shape, No. 12B — $10.

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue

Last Edition

by Don Phillips

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriacka

Hardboiled and practical, Managing Editor Gid Cole dictated the *Globe-Herald's* policy from obits to exposés until the night when, with death striking at his staff, he called for a showdown in seventy-two point type

THE late-afternoon rush was on, and only two persons looked up when Peter Reynolds entered the *Globe-Herald* newsroom. One was Gid Cole, the managing editor, who was filling in on the city desk during one of Charlie Dougherty's monumental forty-eight-hour hangovers. The other was Isabel McKee.

Isabel's quick eyes, sharpened by interest, saw two things. Across Gid Cole's forehead passed the inevitable shadow of impatience and wary hostility. And Peter, pausing in the doorway, adjusted his mask. His chin came up, his back became rigid, and his eyes and mouth turned set and humorless, as they always did when he was about to face Gid. Advancing on the city desk, he was very much the serious young man of affairs, taking life hard and a little too strenuously.

Isabel rose and drifted over as Peter reached the desk.

Peter addressed his chief coldly. "I covered the OPA, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Port Authority. Also, headquarters."

"Got anything?" Gid asked.

"Two OPA violations." Peter took four sheets of neatly folded copy paper from an inside pocket. "I wrote them up at headquarters."

Gid ran an expert eye down the first page, shuffled the second uppermost, pushed the carbon copies aside. He said, in a bleak voice, "This is nickel-and-dime stuff."

"I thought," said Peter, with a frigid patience that maddened Isabel, "that we were using the ax on OPA violators."

"We are." Gid's even tone hinted of self-restraint. "But not sixteen-inch guns on sparrows. You've got nearly six hundred words here—half a column. This Manny Friedman has a two-by-four hole-in-the-wall, and the charge is based on two cartons of cigarettes. I know Gus Papodocles; chances are, somebody's been gouging Gus on the wholesale end. Did you talk to either of them?"

"No. Why? Skimmer at the OPA has a clear case against both." Peter's eyes were severe as a judge's. "I thought the principle was the same in small cases as in big ones."

Isabel heard Gid Cole draw breath, and nerved herself for the softly phrased, acetylene-torch sarcasm which was Gid's style and which you never forgot. Any other member of the staff, herself included, would have been eligible for a full blast, for it was an inexcusable crime in Gid's eyes to ignore the defendant's case in any matter more important than intoxication or petty theft.

But all Gid said was, "Oh." One might have thought Peter's explanation quite acceptable.

Peter, momentarily off guard, said more equably, "I ran into Gordette, the assistant chief, at police headquarters. There's a rumor—" He stopped dead. Gid's broad hands were dealing swiftly and mercilessly with the clean-typed pages. The carbon copies went on the hook. The second page of the original, balled up, made the wastebasket. Half a dozen pencil slashes reduced the first page to a single emaciated paragraph. Gid scribbled a black-cap-and-lower head over it and impaled the sheet on the outgoing-copy hook. He looked up. "Yes?"

Peter recovered his composure. Only the dime-sized patches of red on his cheekbones bore testimony of the incident. Two strange dogs with their hackles up, Isabel thought miserably: Gid Cole shaggy, shrewd, cynical, hard; Peter Reynolds sleek, hard, too, but with a different hardness—the uncompromising hardness of the very young.

Peter said, "There's a rumor around headquarters that the Silver Slipper will have its license returned at a quick and private hearing."

"When?" Gid sounded bored, incredulous. He lounged back.

Isabel tingled. Gid was not bored. The Silver Slipper was Gid's dead pigeon. The biggest café on the east side, a come-on joint for sailors where hard-voiced hostesses pushed ten-cent beer at forty cents a bottle, the Silver Slipper had flouted the decalogue of the State Liquor Commission almost from the day of its opening, and many smaller places were forced, in self-defense, to fall in line. Then Gid, with the backing of Major Furness, owner and publisher of the *Globe-Herald*, had cracked down. In the white light of publicity, Albert J. Blaine, hatchet-man for the State organization and chairman of the Liquor Commission, had had to hurry down from the capital to preside at the hearing at which the Silver Slipper's license was revoked. Vince Kauffman, owner of the Slipper, had faded into the background, and the place was now run as a restaurant, with a minimum of success, by a shadowy personage named Tosti. And Major Furness, with this scalp under his belt and bathing luxuriously in local adulation, had begun to nurse ambitions for Congress.

"Gordette didn't know," said Peter indifferently. "If you'd like me to check with Tosti on my way back to headquarters—"

"No." Gid, frowning, chin on chest, spoke harshly. Isabel stole a glance at Peter. The concentrated, inexplicable scorn in his eyes as he watched Gid shocked her. Gid said suddenly, "We'll talk about it after supper, Reynolds." He swung around. "Let's go eat, Isabel."

"Do you think you can kill a story like that?" cried Peter. "Damn you! You've got to print news!"

The unexpectedness of the invitation flustered her. She could have sworn that Gid intercepted her brief glance at Peter. Gid's mouth twitched at the corners. "Reynolds," he said calmly, "will not be going out for awhile yet." He produced a sizable sheaf of undertakers' notices, thrust them at Peter. "Here," he said, "touch these up. Now. The composing room's hollering for copy. And that one on top marked 'Special Request'—follow copy on that one. Well, Isabel?"

She would have been furious at Gid's flagrant misuse of authority had it not been for the little core of her irritation with Peter. Divided between anger and amusement, she began, "Really, Gid—"

Peter had been scanning the top notice critically. He said, "You mean I'm to write this thing the absurd way they have it here? 'James P. Bartlett, beloved brother of Susan Bartlett, passed to eternal and peaceful rest this morning at the first light of dawn.' "

Gid adjusted his wrinkled tie. "Yes, Reynolds."

"May I ask why we deviate from style in this particular case?"

"You may," Gid answered, silky. "You see, Reynolds, Miss Bartlett is a wealthy old woman with stock in this paper. Her wish, accordingly, is my command. My command to you is to write that damn thing"—his patience was cracking—"the way I told you. Follow copy. Get it?"

PETER flushed. He stalked away. He had not looked at Isabel.

"I happen to know," murmured Isabel, "that Miss Barlett is neither wealthy, nor does she own stock in this rag. May I ask why you deliberately concocted that yarn?"

Gid shrugged his shoulders into a frayed tweed coat. His grin was not entirely composed of humor. "I'm keeping his youthful illusions intact," he said. "He's got me tabbed for a scheming, boot-licking, news-killing, mercenary, politicking son-of-a-so-and-so, and, by God, I'll play in character if it kills me!"

She said, "I don't know whether I'll eat with you or not."

"You'll eat with me." Something paternal and amused in his eyes and tone made her feel the difference in their ages. Gid was nearing forty. She was twenty-three—and felt, she reflected, about fifteen. "Because," he went on, "you've got some indignation to work off, and some curiosity. You want to give me hell about my heartless treatment of young Galahad. It's been coming on you for weeks. You're going to ask some awkward questions and get some plain, unpalatable answers."

"That's not very tempting." She spoke shortly. He was right. That little scene with Peter had, somehow, produced a crisis in their relationship. But it annoyed her to have Gid tramping about, heavy-footed, in the recesses of her mind. "I'll go," she said, still shortly, and went back to her desk for her coat and bag.

Beside her, Hellie Sloan folded her own desk with a crash that shook the newsroom. Isabel winced. There were squawks, and from the city desk Gid said, "You are resigning, I hope?"

"Relax, Gideon." Hellie, lipstick in hand, grimaced at a hand mirror. "I am merely about to take off the two days allotted me each week by law—and bitterly begrudged me by you."

Gid's large head turned slowly. His gray eyes smiled at Isabel as he said to Hellie, "I suppose, in case of need, we can reach you at the Public Library?"

He was about to embroider this irony when an office boy hurried up with an envelope, shrilling, "Memo from Major Furness, Mr. Cole."

Gid said, "Blast, damn! And thanks, Willie," and ripped it open. He frowned thunderously and forgot Hellie.

"Two lovely days of freedom," murmured Hellie, drawing on her gloves. She was not a pretty girl, and she knew it; but she knew also that her good legs and full-bosomed figure, her vitality and apparently inexhaustible good humor, scored in her favor. Her frank interest in any presentable male was frequently returned. There had been something between Hellie and Gid once; Isabel was sure of that.

Isabel said, "Planning anything special?"

"I shall loaf and amuse myself." Hellie's eyes glowed. Isabel reflected how little you ever got out of Hellie, despite her chatter.

"Maybe visit my aunt," said Hellie.

The aunt had been mentioned many times before, yet where she lived, or whether Hellie really visited her, were questions to which Hellie studiously avoided giving definitive answers. Hellie nodded toward Peter Reynolds. "Don't cut me out entirely with the Efficiency Kid while I'm off the reservation, dearie. I was doing pretty well with him—two movies and a soda—until he lit out after you."

Isabel, reddening, tried to sound offhand. "It's just my mother instinct, dear. Peter's a child among wolves."

"It's the wolves I'm afraid for," said Hellie. "Bye-bye." She took herself off, hips swaying.

"Ready?" Gid called to Isabel.

"In a moment."

"I'll step ahead and buzz the elevator."

Peter looked up, a minute later, as Isabel followed Gid. She waved at him. His set expression had returned, but behind it she could see he was miserable and not a little jealous.

IN a back booth at Mario's, Gid ordered a double steak, hash-browned potatoes, salad, and double Martinis. When the Martinis came, he drank half of his at a swallow, shuddered pitiably, reached for his cigarette, and said, "First of all, you want to ask me why—"

"—why you haven't done anything definite about Peter Reynolds, Gid?"

"You mean, why haven't I plucked out his shining ideals and crammed them down his throat with my fist?"

"Please don't be airy, Gid. You know what I mean. I came to the paper because you have a reputation for being the best handler of green material in the East. I was told that if Gid Cole put me through the mill, I could land a good job anywhere, any time. You did. And I can. I've seen you do it for Joe Tierney, who couldn't even spell, and Bill, and Archie Saxon. All raw material. Very raw. But when Peter Reynolds comes along—" She shook her head. "I don't get it."

"Thar wuz a feud, gal. His paw shot my paw."

She ignored this. "He's got looks, a good groundwork in journalism school, some brains, and he can definitely write. You start him in like the others, and at the end of a couple of weeks you drop him like a hot potato and let him mark time for three solid months." She felt her color heightening. "I swear, Gid, you've had me wondering if you could be small enough to—to—"

"You mean, am I jealous?"

"Yes." The word was a small explosion.

"Perhaps I am. But that's not the reason."

SHE plunged on. "And tonight, Gid—that Silver Slipper business. You've had him on the dreariest sort of routine stuff for weeks. Then, when he finally turns up a hot tip—you needn't look vague; I saw you perk up—you cut the ground out from under him."

"Old Simon Legree Cole."

She flared. "You think the boy's got no feelings. He's got 'em."

Gid drawled, "Name one, outside of his hearty dislike for me."

She hesitated, furious at herself for being unable to answer promptly and categorically. She sought a diversion. "He's told me about himself, Gid. His father was a drifter, a drunkard, a down-at-heels cynic. Peter's been clutching for security all his life. He feels, I suppose, that the only way is to be as unlike his father as possible."

"That's sound psychology."

"When the war came, he got in early and worked like grim death for a commission. Then, just before he got his bars, he flunked his final physical—some obscure heart thing. So he went to Tech and worked his way through journalism and came out with that awful determination to get ahead and get ahead fast. And he brought a good, strong set of ideals along with him."

"I know. Newspaper an impersonal public servant. Print the works, the hell with the people who get hurt. Justice with her gleaming sword. And every lad in the newsroom toting a shiny dagger in her image. Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that weapons should be entrusted only to persons of mature judgment?"

She gaped, knocked off stride by the unexpected passion behind the irony. She faltered, "It's not play with Peter. It's work. It infuriates him to see us play in the office and kid about things he takes seriously."

Gid looked at her a moment, then fired: "Answer quickly now, without thinking. Do you love this lad Reynolds?"

"I—I don't know. He's in love with me. And he's—"

"Here's an easier one." He smiled. "Do you love me?"

"I fell hard for you when I first came, Gid. Now—I don't know. I couldn't be fonder of you. I admire you. I—"

"Peter has mentioned marriage?"

"Yes, he has. (*Continued on page* 104)

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MIRACLES

by Major George Fielding Eliot

The dramatic, behind-the-front story of a battle the experts said we couldn't win. It's still being fought in this critical hour as our forces draw near to Tokyo

WHAT'S war like, Sergeant? How would you add it all up?"

The circle of faces inched forward a little. Every one of the recruits wanted to hear the answer to that one. The old gunnery sergeant grinned—a grin that spread across his weather-tanned face like a sudden crack appearing in well-seasoned saddle leather.

"Well, son," he said, "if you want me to put it in a sentence, it's like this: War's about five percent fightin', and maybe five percent fun, and it's ninety percent damn' hard work."

He might have added that the proportion of hard work tends to vary with the distance of the fighting and the fun from the home base—the source of power. A nation at war must first produce the immense and vastly complicated machinery of warfare, and train men to use it; then the men and their weapons and supplies *must be transported to the area where the enemy is to be found;* and only when this has been done can the fighting start.

The major reason that the war in Europe has gone, as far as we are concerned, more rapidly than that in the Pacific is because the distance from our east coast to Africa and Great Britain is only about half the distance from our west coast to Australia, our "foundation base" against Japan.

The task before us, as we turn from the breaking of the German war machine to the breaking of the war machine of Japan, is still an enormous one, and by far the greatest part of that task is still due to this factor of distance. It is still more than 6,000 miles from San Francisco to Sydney or to Manila; it is still more than 8,000 miles from Liverpool to Singapore. The men and the weapons which are to defeat Japan must come chiefly from the United States and the British Isles; they can be sent forward to advance bases like Pearl Harbor and Guam and Ceylon, but these bases have no great resources of their own. We are fortunate in having two continental reservoirs of supply in the Far East—India and Australia—but even these do not have huge industrial plants, and their resources in available fighting manpower are limited for different reasons.

This transportation problem for a modern army is far more onerous and complicated than it was in the time of the Caesars, or indeed than ever before in history. The flow of supplies must be continuous and enormous. The weights involved are almost beyond belief. Thus our standard rifle ammunition is packed in boxes containing 1,200 rounds. Each such box weighs 101 pounds. But the entire contents of one box can be fired by a single rifle platoon of forty men in just one minute, presuming that all the men are armed with the M-1 rifle.

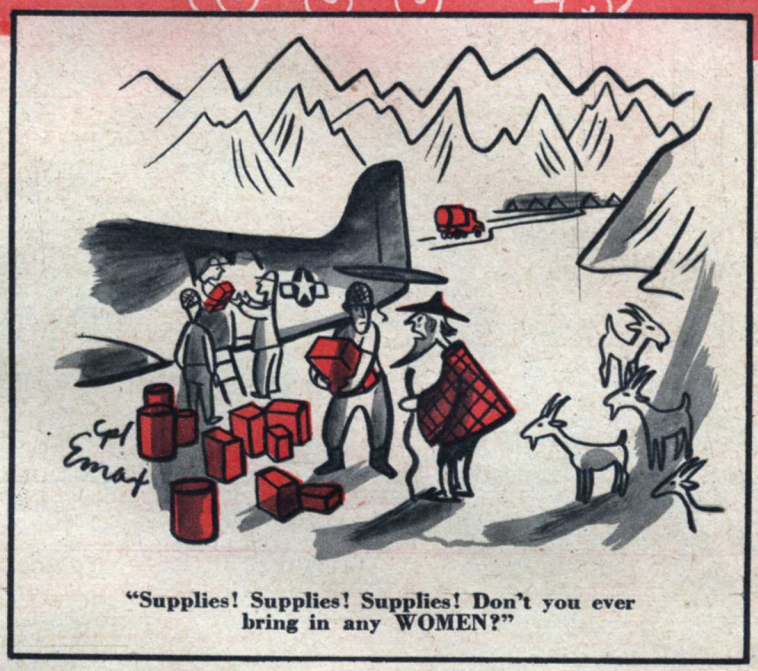
Or let us look at a rifle company of armored infantry—the infantry component of the splendid armored divisions which have been racing across the face of Europe. The weapons of such a company are as follows:

Seventy-eight carbines
One hundred and forty-five M-1 rifles
Three M1903 rifles with grenade dischargers
Twenty-five sub-machine guns (tommy-guns)
Six light machine guns
Ten heavy machine guns (caliber .30)
Ten heavy machine guns (caliber .50)
Three 57-mm. cannon
Three 60-mm. mortars
Eighteen rocket launchers (bazookas)

In one minute's sustained firing at normal (not maximum) rates of fire, all these weapons together (exclusive of the bazookas, particulars about which are not available) will get rid of 2,090 pounds of ammunition—just over a ton. The total capacity of the motor transport organically assigned to the company (exclusive of its armored personnel carriers) is eight and three-quarters tons; the company's share of the battalion transport has a capacity of thirteen tons. So, after about twenty-two minutes of sustained firing by all its weapons, it needs more ammunition from the division train. That is, of course, a highly conditioned statement—because, first, rarely would all the weapons be firing at once; second, very much lower rates of fire are frequently used in battle; third, days may go by, even in the zone of combat, without a particular company firing a shot. But you will readily see that when there is hard fighting going on, the ammunition supply problem, even for a company, means that everyone connected must be on his toes all the time.

Now let's take a look at the artillery. As a good rule of thumb, you can say that in a large force of all arms, the expenditure of artillery ammunition in heavy fighting will be about three times in weight the expenditure of small-arms ammunition. Our standard divisional field gun is the 105-mm. howitzer. Its ammunition comes packed in containers holding two rounds, and each such container weighs 127 pounds. Its rate of fire is normally from two to four rounds a minute—let us say an average of three. Therefore a battery of six such howitzers would take just about four minutes to dispose of the full load of a two-and-a-half ton truck and might do it much more quickly than that! As for our most important long-range supporting weapon, the 155-mm. gun, the projectile and propelling charge weigh 137 pounds, packed. It can fire about two rounds a minute.

Take a little longer



"Supplies! Supplies! Supplies! Don't you ever bring in any WOMEN?"

Cartoon by courtesy of YANK

That means about three-quarters of a ton of ammunition for each minute of firing. Remember that artillery, unlike infantry weapons, often does keep up steady firing for long periods of time. Its ammunition allowance is calculated by a yardstick called "a day of fire," and a day of fire for a single battalion (three batteries) of 105-mm. howitzers is about 115 tons.

When you look at an infantry division, which has nine battalions of infantry and four battalions of field artillery, or when you think of a corps of three or four divisions—you may get a little dizzy trying to imagine the weight of each day's supply of ammunition alone. Visualize an army of two or three corps, and you will get even dizzier!

But ammunition isn't all—soldiers may not fight every day, but they have to eat every day. They may not have to move every day, but something has to move to them every day, which means that gas and oil have to arrive, too. An army consumes enormous weights of engineer stores, without which it cannot cross rivers, it cannot overcome obstacles, it cannot clear or lay mine fields, it cannot lay or repair roads and bridges. It has recently been officially calculated that the total weight of ammunition and supplies needed to supply an overseas ground force of 250,000 men for thirty days is 332,000 tons. The thirty-day maintenance of 332,000 tons means forty-five to fifty shiploads (including fifteen tanker loads) of average type modern ships. If moved by rail, it would take 350 average American-type trains to haul it, and it would take seventeen and a half days to move it five hundred miles on a single-track railroad, without allowing time for loading and unloading.

Now just stop and think that there are between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 American soldiers on the Western front, and almost as many British and Canadians, to say nothing of the French—and you may begin to get some faint idea of what the maintenance of this army has meant in terms of supply. When you turn around to look at the size of the job facing us in the Pacific, what has already been done in Europe—with many advantages that the Pacific does not have, and much shorter distances—affords a useful yardstick.

Conceive, if you will, the task of transporting a huge army across 6,000 miles of ocean, landing it at advance bases, building up at those bases enough supplies to keep it going for a campaign that may last months, then sorting all these men and weapons and supplies out into ships which must be "combat loaded"—that is, so loaded that the first things needed come out first, which does not always make for economy of space—and all the time fighting the enemy in his distant outposts, guarding your convoys against attack and protecting your bases by land, sea and air. Well, when you have made all these calculations you will begin to wonder, not that the war against Japan has gone so slowly, but that we are actually out in the western Pacific doing any fighting at all!

But the great surprise of this war, both to the Germans and to the Japanese, has been the efficient manner in which American engineering and technical skills, American ingenuity, and the resources of American industry have overcome these difficulties and performed tasks which must have seemed impossible at the outset, and whose successful accomplishment has been little short of miraculous.

Indeed, it is said that in the office of the Commanding General of our Army Service Forces there hangs a sign reading: *We Do the Impossible Every Day; Miracles Take a Little Longer.*

To use an example from another theater of war, there can be no doubt that the most tremendous defeat ever inflicted on a German army in the field—the Second Battle of France, in July and August, 1944—was the result of a surprise unique in military history: surprise by supply. The Germans would never have left their army in the exposed position which it occupied if they had imagined that we could build up within the constricted Normandy beachhead so overwhelmingly superior a force as that which burst out upon them, and continue to supply it in a battle of movement which hurled the Germans clear back to their own western frontier without a pause. Such a thing had never before been done without the use of a single major seaport. We did it over open beaches. And when the full story can be told, the world will stand even more amazed at the miracles of engineering and transportation which were achieved.

So also, it has been, and will be, with the Pacific war; but with one very great, perhaps fundamental difference. The German was a foe whose own accomplishments in the engineering and technical fields we had to respect. He was quite capable of springing little surprises of that character himself, as the robot bomb (*Concluded on page* 103)

Maybe the jockey lost his head. He twisted around with his crop half raised.

$70,000 to Win!

by J. J. Flynn

Illustrated by Glen Thomas

On that simple deal in horseflesh rested the pride of two famous stables and the future happiness of ex-war-flyer Danny Walsh

SPEAKING of marrying the boss's daughter, it looked as though Danny Walsh had hit the jackpot. He got himself engaged to the Kelly Construction Corporation, Kelly Aircraft, the Kelly racing stable, plus Liesel Kelly, the bomb-burst of the social pages, at one and the same time.

Danny's service ribbons couldn't explain all that. Danny himself was the golden key, I guess. And that's perfectly understandable.

He was a hunk of man, even after a few Jap planes and his own high-test gas flames had worked him over, and assorted Pacific sharks had nosed around and inspected him.

I hit the water just ahead of Danny and got to his life jacket and hung on for company. A Navy PBY would squat right down and pick us up, I promised, and take us to chow and gorgeous nurses.

Funny, one did, like in fairy tales. And when Danny went home first, and was welcomed with everything but a brass band, he sent back word that a job was waiting in Chicago when I arrived.

"How did it happen?" I asked after I signed up with Kelly Aviation and was unpacking in the neat little apartment Danny had waiting for the two of us.

"Liesel," said Danny.

"Who else? Don't stall."

Danny was balancing on the back legs of his chair, nursing a briar. He was tall and dark, with a look about him of slow fire and power. He sucked on the pipe and grinned at me.

"Love at first sight, pal. Boom! Madness. It's wonderful! It's terrific."

"Hmmm. No shaking voice. No glitter in the eye. Naturally she's wonderful."

Danny stared at the pipe. "I know what you're thinking, Pete, you louse. The Kelly money hasn't got anything to do with it. You'll see what I mean when you meet Liesel tonight."

I saw. Danny was right. Liesel Kelly had everything, including brains and looks. Blonde, slim, vigorous, sure of her looks and of herself, she was also sure of Danny Walsh. Mighty sure. And why not, seeing who and what she was?

What a soft landing, I thought. Pete, old son, why not get smart? This would be very easy to take. If she only had a sister!

Danny looked slightly punch-drunk when he was close to Liesel. We had dinner in the Pump Room, which was mighty rich fare for old Pete, but ordinary victuals for Liesel. Anyway, she didn't have her mind on food.

"I've got to buy a horse," she said abruptly to Danny.

"The streets are full of them," I said.

"I mean a race horse," Liesel said. "A thoroughbred. One particular horse." She frowned. "My trainer telephoned this afternoon and said Guy Gant has strained a tendon and must be scratched from the Traskell Handicap." Her voice sharpened. "Our stable simply *has* to win that race."

"Why?" I asked.

Danny grinned. "Fifty thousand dollars added purse money. Biggest event of the summer racing, pal."

Liesel said, "'Pal' sounds slightly vulgar, doesn't it, Danny? And it isn't the money. But everyone expects my stable to win that race. So—naturally, I've simply got to."

"Why?" I still wanted to know.

"You don't understand," said Liesel. "Danny does. I'm expected to win. And there's one horse that I think can win if Guy Gant is scratched. Danny's going to buy him. I don't want the Kelly Stable connected with the sale until I surprise everyone at the last minute."

"The horse is already bought," Danny said airily.

"At least," Liesel said, "we should have the last word. You can offer as high as seventy thousand."

I choked on the burgundy. Danny laughed at me. "Race horses come high, pal."

"I still think 'pal' is slightly vulgar," said Liesel. "Tomorrow is Sunday. You can go to Washington Park and talk with the woman who owns Jackolie. She's stubborn and opinionated, so don't be offended by any remarks she makes. Just look at her horse and bargain with her, and then we'll see what must be done. And remember, you never heard of me or of Guy Gant."

"Sounds easy," said Danny. "Pete, we'll see what an opinionated female does when she's offered seventy thousand."

"I wouldn't miss it, pal," I said.

Craps are my sport, but Washington Park track, far out in Chicago's south countryside, had its points. The dignified old grandstand and clubhouse faced a great green infield that was landscaped with hedges, flowers and ponds dotted with white ducks.

Danny and I walked among the lines of long, low,

green-painted stables. The clean-lined horses were like royalty. A comfortable feeling of care and attention hung in the air, spiced with the tang of straw and feed, liniment, leather and manure.

A swipe directed us to the barn we wanted, and we found a little girl in faded slacks, with a gaudy silk handkerchief tied carelessly around her hair. She was kneeling in the straw of a box stall, examining the bandages on a horse's front leg.

"Your name wouldn't be Broland, would it, young lady?" Danny inquired from the stall doorway.

"That's me," the girl said over her shoulder, hands and eyes still on the bandages.

"IS YOUR mother around?" Danny asked. "Lark Broland is who I want."

The girl turned and gave Danny a long, level look.

"I'm Lark Broland, mister. And I'm of age. Don't be bashful." She came out of the stall.

"Little girls terrify him," I told her.

Danny grinned as he introduced himself and me. "We wanted to look at Jackolie," he explained.

"Second stall over. Help yourselves."

She walked with us and stood silently while Danny regarded the bay horse inside. Jackolie nickered and breasted the strap in the doorway, nuzzling out toward Lark Broland.

She patted his head. "No sugar this early. You know that."

"Some horse," Danny said. But he was looking at Lark Broland. So was I.

She was only a handful, and her cheek was smudged. I thought she was pretty. But she was more than that. She was like the horses, the stables, the tang in the air. She seemed to belong here.

She smiled and rubbed Jackolie's muzzle. "He's pretty good," she said.

"I'd like to own him," Danny told her.

"I like to own him," Lark Broland replied, smiling.

"Seriously, I'd like to buy him."

"Seriously, you're talking through your hat, Mr. Walsh. Jackolie's entered in the Traskell Handicap a week from next Saturday."

"Forty thousand," Danny offered, as if he tossed money like that around every day.

"No."

"Fifty thousand? . . . Sixty . . . seventy thousand?"

The Broland girl's blue eyes grew darker as she regarded Danny. "Who are you, Mr. Walsh? I haven't heard your name in racing. Why do you want Jackolie so badly?"

"I'm new to racing," he said easily. "But I like your horse."

"So do I," said Lark Broland. "I held the lantern when he was born. I was the first person who touched him when he stood up. I've sat up night after night with him when he was sick."

"Granted all that. But business is business."

"The hell it is. Not with horses, mister. You have a lot to learn."

Danny swallowed. His smile was a trifle uncertain. "You can't be sure of winning the Traskell Handicap. My money is certain."

"Jackolie probably won't win," Lark admitted. "Guy Gant is entered. He's a great horse."

"You might change your mind," Danny suggested. "And I'm beginning to see I should learn some of the things you know about horses."

"Drop around at daybreak any morning," Lark said with a shrug that disposed of the matter.

As we walked away I said, "She doesn't know Guy Gant is out of the race."

"Naturally Liesel's trainer is keeping it quiet," said Danny. He was thoughtful. "I'll have to start early to get here by daybreak."

"Are you kidding?"

"Stubborn and opinionated is right," he said. "If it takes daybreak talks to stay with her about the horse, I'm game. I'll buy her horse yet. Just watch me."

"No thanks. Not at daybreak, this far out of town. Not even for Liesel," I told him firmly."

"He forgot his money!" exclaimed the cashier, waving frantically.

Danny staggered out before daybreak and away to the race track. Not one morning, but four in a row. He went out with Liesel every night.

"Listen, you sap. Love is love, but enough is enough," I finally said when loss of sleep was beginning to bring out the circles under Danny's eyes. "Forget that horse and get some sleep."

Danny yawned as he dressed for a fast evening with Liesel. "I'm making progress, Pete."

That was the evening I ran short of handkerchiefs, and got one from Danny's drawer and found the newspaper clippings. Society notes. Miss Liesel Kelly this and that. Miss Liesel Kelly and her fiancé dined here, danced there, were seen at such and such a swank spot. Miss Liesel Kelly announces future plans for herself and fiancé, ditto, ditto.

Marrying Liesel was evidently a career. Danny seemed proud of it, from the way he was saving his publicity. I looked over the clippings slowly, and didn't feel so good when I went out. Somehow, I couldn't help thinking of Danny hunting Japs at ten thousand feet over the islands. He hadn't been interested in his publicity then.

But Danny was right about the race track, and Liesel knew what she was doing. The next evening Danny and I were in the apartment when Lark Broland telephoned from downstairs and came up.

I never would have known her. She was a handful of slim, trim royalty, like one of her thoroughbreds. Her head was up and she was smiling as she walked in.

"I've decided to sell Jackolie at your price," she said without wasting words.

Danny kept his elation hidden. "Are you certain you want to sell?"

"I find I need the money."

"Sudden, isn't it?"

"I still need the money," said Lark, smiling. "I'd rather sell Jackolie to you than anyone else, the way you feel about him."

"That makes me feel swell," Danny said slowly.

"I brought the papers. That is, if you still want to write the check." Lark's bright smile stayed on her thin face. "I'll need the check tomorrow."

"The money will be in the bank," Danny assured her as he opened his checkbook.

She left with the same bright smile and Danny's check, which Liesel's money would cover.

"She's hurt like the devil," Danny said, staring at the door.

"Hid it nicely," I said. "Well, that's over."

"I hope so," Danny muttered. "She's been decent to me. I wonder what happened."

When Danny came in late that night, he had found out.

"Liesel had everything timed nicely," he said, and stopped to light a cigarette. "While I was keeping the cash offer ready, Liesel's lawyers were buying up some demand notes that the Brolands had with their bank in Kentucky. Lark's father is at home, sick, and they're short of ready cash. When the Kelly lawyers presented the demand notes, and offered to buy Jackolie, Lark sold Jackolie to me, instead. Lark and Liesel have had words at the track and don't like each other. It worked out exactly as Liesel planned."

LIESEL is smart," I said. "Always gets what she wants, doesn't she?"

"Usually," Danny agreed. "But what am I going to say to Lark Broland when she finds Jackolie running under the Kelly silks?"

"Ask Liesel." I yawned, pulling the pillow over my head. "She'll have the answer."

Sunday morning, after I had finished my shower, Danny was still in bed, smoking, staring at the ceiling.

"You've stopped going to the track," I said.

"No more point in it, is there?"

"You own Jackolie," I reminded him. "You're expected (*Continued on page 98*)

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

by Kurt Steel

A short, short story complete on this page

WHEN the car ran out of gasoline, George scrambled up the bank beside the road and trotted hastily on across country in the sunrise.

His wrinkled face was covered with a week's growth of white stubble. His small figure was swamped in the flashily checked jacket and trousers. But there was a gleam in his old blue eyes, and there was about him the jauntiness of a man who has taken fate into his own hands.

Eventually he'd come to the Santa Fe railroad this way. He'd catch a freight, and next morning he'd have a job in the railroad shops where men were needed so badly. He might be too old to fight, but he wasn't too old to work.

It had come to him yesterday, this idea, and he was still a little shaken with the novelty of it. To be sure, there were one or two details to clear up yet, but a man with his wits about him could manage those all right. Then, for once in his life, he would be doing something he could be proud of.

George chuckled. Then, as he was about to climb up out of a gully, he saw the Prussian officer.

George knew at once the man was a Prussian officer, because he had seen the uniform in movies. The uniform was not as spruce as the movie kind, and its wearer was unshaven, like himself, but George knew. The Prussian was slipping through a clump of scrub pine. He didn't see George.

George dropped down in the gully. He was panting. His wind wasn't as good as it used to be. Only it wasn't his wind. A man couldn't fool himself that way. He was scared. That was it. He was a scared old man.

For a long time he lay in the gully, listening, hoping the Prussian wouldn't discover him. He felt ashamed of himself for letting the man get away. He looked down at his battered shoes, at the turned-up bottoms of his wrinkled pants. He moved a hand over the stubble on his chin, and slowly confidence went out of him.

What good was he to anybody? An old man who'd spent half his life in county jails. An old man who fell down in a sweat when he saw his first Nazi and hadn't the gumption to capture him and bring him in.

By this time the Prussian must be gone. Old and useless, that's what he was. Too old to fight. Too old even to work. He might as well go back.

Dispirited, he squirmed around and began to crawl down the gully.

Behind him a voice said, "Wait."

George jumped up.

The Prussian had slipped into the gully and was crouching there. He was gray-haired, taller and heavier than George. He carried no weapon, but if it came to a fight he would need none.

His English was stiff and strongly accented. He said, "Which way is your auto road Sixty-six?"

George backed away. "Suppose I won't tell you."

"You will tell me," the Prussian said. His eyes were contemptuous.

"What do you want to get to Route Sixty-six for?" George asked.

"I wish to find a town, Elk Hill." The Prussian moved toward George, keeping low in the shallow gully.

"Wait a minute. I ain't said I wouldn't tell you." George backed away, stopped when the Prussian stopped. "If I was ten years younger," he said hotly, "I'd take you in myself."

"But you are an old man. You will do as I say."

"Elk Hill?" George asked. All at once the idea was there in his mind, full formed. "Why, that's the county seat. It's down this way." He pointed. Then he grinned, and his own eyes grew contemptuous. "You walk down there about a mile—only how you figure to get by, wearing that uniform?"

The Prussian said, "Ach." He looked at George's wrinkled suit. The gaudy coat and pants had once been worn by a larger man. He stared with disgust at the turned-up trousers and shapeless jacket.

"I have heard of your zoot suits," he said. "On an old man like you that pattern is too *jugendlich*. It will better become me, perhaps."

"No you don't." George turned to run. He tripped and fell as the Prussian strode toward him.

After a time, George rolled over, exhausted. Blood was smeared at the corner of his mouth, and his wrists and ankles were looped up behind his back with the Prussian's belt. He watched the Prussian take off his uniform and step into the wrinkled trousers.

"What'll I wear?" George whined. "Now you got my clothes, what'll I wear?"

"You can wear the uniform of the *Reichswehr*, old man." The Prussian kicked his military breeches toward George.

"I'll get in trouble. Folks'll want to know where it come from."

"You can say from a prison train it dropped." The Prussian put on George's jacket. "And that will be the truth, old man."

"Maybe they'll get you after all," George said.

"Doubtless you will arrange my capture, yes?"

"Maybe I will."

The Prussian said, "In another hour I will be in Elk Hill. In two hours I will be thirty miles away. It will take you two hours to make loose that belt."

"Maybe you'll be picked up anyway."

"To wear a silly American suit like this," the Prussian said, "gives me shame." He stood up. "And you would have captured me! A useless old man like you."

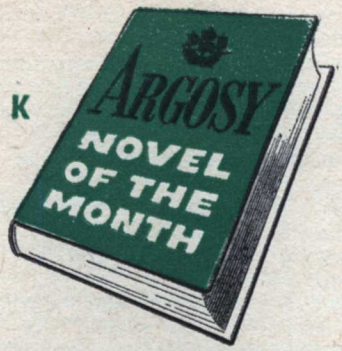
GEORGE watched the Prussian go down the slope, strike boldly off across open country.

George grinned. "Useless?" he muttered. "Now I wouldn't exactly say that." He set to work on the belt. From time to time he stopped so he could watch the Prussian striding on across the plain, and every time he looked George's spirits rose higher.

He wasn't tired now. Old? Useless? No good to his country? George chuckled.

He could still see the Prussian hurrying on across the plain half a mile away. It was meant to be seen half a mile away, that yellow-and-orange denim suit of the county prison farm. . . .

The squall struck. Patricia fought it, trying to follow the fierce, shifting gusts.

BOOK 

LENGTH

CRISIS AT SUNDOWN CAY

by Whitman Chambers

Illustrated by Rafael De Soto

What was the mystery of Sundown Cay that would make Pat Kane prefer the fury of a Caribbean hurricane to finding safety in its tiny landlocked harbor? A vigorous novel of wartime intrigue in today's most dangerous trade

THE wooden fans hanging from the ceiling of the gloomy barroom turned sluggishly, rustling the fronds of the sad potted palms, stirring up the inevitable odors of beer and crushed limes and tropical dampness. It was a hot day, even for Nassau.

Phipps, the chunky little bartender, snapped his soiled cloth at a cluster of flies which had gathered near the end of the marred mahogany bar. He was about sixty, with red cheeks, a big British nose and a pink bald spot surrounded by yellow fuzz.

"'Ave yer noticed 'ow the blawsted flies 're swarmin' indoors, miss?" he asked, watching the lone girl at the table in the corner with wise, pale blue eyes. "Sure sign of a 'urricane, wot?"

"It's too late for hurricanes," Patricia Kane replied. "In November, yes. Even in December. But not in January. I'll have another limeade, please."

Phipps shuffled around the end of the bar and came over to her table. She looked up at him with a smile. Her eyes were a deep Gulf Stream blue. Her nose was small, shapely, just a bit saucy.

Nervous under his scrutiny, she asked, "How is business, Phipps?"

"There ayn't none, miss," Phipps declared heavily. "There ayn't nobody in Nassau but these refugees, and they ayn't got no money. 'Ow is business with you?"

Patricia's smile froze. "My limeade, please," she ordered tartly.

Phipps picked up her glass and went back to the bar. He cut the limes and squeezed them.

"And 'ow is the *Typhoon,* miss?" he asked, as he stirred the mixture.

"The *Typhoon* is all right."

"Such a sweet boat. It must near break yer 'eart, gettin' 'er in commission and winnin' only one race before the bloody war clamped down on ocean racin'. . . . Startin' back to Miami tonight, miss?"

Did everybody in Nassau, Patricia wondered irascibly, know her business?

"Tonight or tomorrow," she replied.

"Ayn't you afraid?"

"Of what?"

He shrugged. "The Coast Guard, mybe?"

A scorching reply was on the tip of her tongue. Then, warning herself that she dared not antagonize Phipps, or for that matter anybody in Nassau, she declared tautly, "The only thing I'm afraid of is the new spinnaker I brought along this trip. It doesn't draw

properly and I don't know what to do with it."

"Did you ever consider," Phipps asked slowly, "cuttin' the bloomin' thing up into strips fer bandages?"

He put the drink down in front of her. He turned smartly on his heel—like an old soldier—and marched back to his bar.

Patricia sipped her drink. Her eyes were so misty with sudden tears that she did not see the two people who came in just then: the tall young man in neat tropical whites and the yellow-haired girl who hung on his arm.

But Patricia did recognize the booming voice that rang out in a fair imitation of Phipps' cockney drawl: "'Ello, Phipps, you blawsted old Limey! 'Ow's the bloomin' world been treatin' you?"

Patricia felt a slowly mounting anger which was not, she told herself virtuously, provoked by jealousy.

The tall, slim, rather stooped young man stepped up to the bar with the drab little blonde.

"Captain LeBaron," Patricia demanded cuttingly, "why aren't you aboard the *Typhoon?*"

Fresh out of the fierce white sunlight of the street, LeBaron stood blinking as he stared across the room. Recognizing her, he smiled and raised a forefinger to the visor of his cocked, faded old yachting cap. The crow's feet at the corners of his bleak gray eyes sprang into relief.

"It's too good a day," he said, with that irritating grin still on his face. "Had to come ashore and stretch my legs."

"I ordered you to stay aboard."

He tugged for a moment, impishly, at the lobe of his right ear. It was a big ear. It was as disproportionately large as his nose. And, like his nose, it had integrity. His face, while neither handsome nor homely, was ruggedly forthright, as honest as a Grand Banks schooner.

"Surely, Miss Kane, you wouldn't deny me the pleasure of having a drink or two with this lovely little lass?"

The lovely little lass giggled, and LeBaron put his long arm around her and gave her a warm squeeze.

"But the stores!" Patricia cried desperately. "The water and the gas!"

"All has been entrusted to the capable hands of our crew—to wit, Mr. Greenwood O'Brien, colored."

Patricia snapped, "Did you get our clearance papers?"

ALL in due time, Miss Kane," he replied. He turned to the bartender. "Phipps, I promised my girl friend here a sloe gin rickey. Make mine a double Scotch."

Patricia was on her feet. "Vic!" she cried. *"Did you get our clearance?"*

LeBaron smiled. Again, gallantly and disarmingly friendly, he touched the visor of his shabby cap.

"That's better, Pat," he said cheerfully. "It always bores me when you call me 'Captain'. . . . No, I didn't get our clearance. What's all the rush?"

"You know very well the Customs House closes at four o'clock."

LeBaron whistled. "Holy mackerel!" he groaned. "These British. Three minutes to go. Can do!"

He turned, crossed the room in two five-foot strides, and disappeared.

The little blonde, staring after him with fire in her eyes, exclaimed, "These damned Yankees! They certainly 'ave a crust, wot?" With a toss of her head she stalked out.

Patricia sat down again, conscious she was trembling, and thinking she should have learned, by this time, to keep her nerves under a tighter rein.

"'E tykes a lot of handling, that one," Phipps remarked, finally. When this brought no rise from the girl, he added, "Funny 'e ayn't in the Army. 'E's young enough, I should guess. And 'e's 'usky enough ter—"

He broke off as two men walked into the room from the street. They were dressed in tan tropicals and sun helmets. Both were about forty. One was thick, blond, florid; he'd have passed for a Middle Western business man, a good golfer, a leading citizen. The other was swarthy, slight, fragilely slender, handsome in an effeminate way. He looked like an artist or a minor poet.

PATRICIA'S pulse speeded up as the two men peered for a moment around the dim room and then walked toward her across the unevenly tiled floor. The florid man bowed.

"Miss Kane, I presume," he said in clipped, perfect English.

"Yes?"

He leaned over the table. His lips formed words barely audible to Patricia.

"Cunningham sent us." And then, still whispering, but loudly enough to reach Phipps' ears: "I understand, Miss Kane, you are in the market for pearls. Would you care to come over to my hotel? I have some very nice ones."

"I'd be glad to."

Patricia rose, picked up her bag, walked to the bar. She gave Phipps a ten-shilling note.

"Thank you, miss," he said sourly.

"Goodbye, Phipps. See you again sometime."

Followed by the two men, Patricia walked out through the musty-smelling corridor to the sidewalk. Here she paused, as little needles of apprehension pricked her skin.

Within the last hour a pale orange cirrus haze had spread over the cloudless sky. The sun, hanging low above the fort at the western end of Bay Street, was a fiery copper ball. According to the weather vane on the white Customs House, the wind had hauled into the north.

She stood reading the signs and not liking what she read. Then, telling herself stubbornly that it was two months too late for hurricanes, she turned to her companions.

"Shall we window-shop?" she suggested brightly.

The small, immaculate, swarthy fellow smiled. "It would be fun. Come along, Otto. Let's see what we should like to buy to take to our friends back in New York."

The men fell in on either side of Patricia. Strolling along under the awnings, the three of them might have passed for tourists, casually admiring the depleted stocks of French perfumes, the arrays of bright new Sheffield cutlery, the English woolens and the Irish linens.

The street was almost deserted. Occasionally a carriage, drawn by a sweating, raw-boned horse, rolled slowly past, the black driver too discouraged by lack of business to do more than raise his head inquiringly.

Now and then a tattered Negro boy approached with a whining, "Shillin' fo' the bishop, sah?" And Otto or the swarthy fellow would shake his head.

At last Patricia said quietly, "Please tell me about yourselves."

"My name is Otto Staatz," the blond, stocky one told her. "I am an Austrian. I lived in New York City, where I was an importer of optical instruments, from 1924 until 1939. In that year I was foolish enough to go home, where certain letters I had written to my parents—my mother is Jewish—caught up with me. I spent seventeen months in a concentration camp, finally escaped and got out of Europe through the Balkans. For the past three years I have been kicked around from one South American country to another. I came to Nassau a month ago."

"Why?" Patricia asked.

"Because I heard it was possible to get from here into the States without—ah, the usual formalities."

Patricia pointed to some perfume bottles in the next window. "The green one is charming, isn't it? . . . I suppose the Austrian quota is filled for years to come?"

FOR years, yes—unless you are a doctor or a scientist. I am only a business man. And—" he shrugged impatiently "—I do not want to wait for years. I have many friends in New York. Once there, I will be safe. And for the first time in many long months I will be happy." He took out a folded handkerchief, pushed back his helmet and carefully mopped the beads of perspiration which stood out on his sunburned forehead. "There is, you see—"

"A woman," Patricia put in smiling. "Your wife?"

"Not yet," he said, "but very soon, I hope."

Patricia turned to the slim, swarthy man. "And you?"

"I am Spanish," he said, pointing to a window full of paper-bound British novels. "My name is Ignacio Cabrera. Like Otto, I was on the wrong side. I was a machine-gunner with the Loyalists until I was wounded in the second battle of the Ebro. When our cause collapsed I escaped to Morocco and finally to South America."

"Your English is very good," Patricia commented.

"It should be. I was associate professor of Spanish at Yale for nine years."

"And you, too, want to get back to God's country."

"Spain," he said simply, "is God's country. But it has been taken from God, and until it is returned to Him, I wish to live in America."

"And are you in love, too?"

"Only with freedom," he replied.

They walked half a block in silence. And then Patricia declared, "The boat is a sixty-foot yawl designed for ocean racing. I have only a captain and a Negro seaman, but the three of us can handle her in anything up to a hurricane. I will land you twenty-five miles north of Miami, where I have a beach cottage. My chauffeur will drive you to New York and deliver you at any address you name. We will leave at eight sharp tonight from the pier at the foot of B Street. You may bring a suitcase apiece and no more. The price is five thousand dollars each—payable before we shove off."

Otto Staatz, sweating, said, "Your price is high. However, we will pay it without haggling."

Patricia smiled. "Excellent. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to the *Typhoon* and check our stores."

CHAPTER TWO

WHEN Patricia stepped from the dock onto the deck of the sleek, blue-hulled *Typhoon*, she found Captain LeBaron lounging in the shade of the companionway. He wore only a pair of shabby tan trunks and his yachting cap. He had a bottle of beer in his hand.

"Did you get our papers?" she asked.

LeBaron nodded, squinting in the bright light as he looked up at her. Her slacks and blouse were tight in the wind, revealing the curves of her small, neat figure. The sun, reflected by her scarlet blouse, cast a glowing radiance over her lightly tanned features. Her short black curls danced enticingly in the fresh breeze.

Striving to put her loveliness out of his mind, he asked, "How much of a cut do you give that Limey customs officer? The last two times I've been up there, he's given me a very funny look. And if he isn't wise—if the whole town isn't wise—"

"The whole town," Patricia interrupted, sighing, "evidently *is* wise. Or at least suspicious. Phipps, over at the King Henry, is not at all the kindly old codger he used to be. He gave me a couple of mean digs this afternoon. Still—I don't quite see what we can do about it."

LeBaron shook his head soberly. "Neither do I. We couldn't just chuck the whole business. Or could we?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think we'll go our merry way until a Coast Guard cutter flags us down some dark night. Then—the works! You know, baby, somehow I don't believe I'll be completely happy, locked up in Leavenworth."

"Oh, Vic! Stop being sarcastic. Where is Woodie?"

"He went over to the sponge dock to give his Nassau friends another lesson in crap shooting. How do you like the weather?"

"It seems fine to me," she said. "We'll have a beat all the way to Great Stirrup and a broad reach to Little Isaac."

LeBaron chuckled hollowly. "My guess would be a beat to Great Stirrup and a hurricane off Sundown Cay. And won't that be just ducky!"

She looked at him hard. "You haven't picked up an advisory, have you?"

"No, I'm only guessing." He took a long noisy pull at the bottle. "Who are our guests this trip?"

"An Austrian by the name of Otto Staatz and a Spaniard called Ignacio Cabrera."

"A Spaniard!" LeBaron's face brightened. He flipped the empty bottle neatly over the outboard rail. It landed with a *plop* in the jade-green, pellucid water. "If he's a Spanish refugee, he is a Loyalist. Maybe he was in the army. I might even *know* the guy!"

"Stop dreaming, Vic! This man is not the type who would ever do any fighting. He—he—" She floundered an instant. "He hasn't the physique. . . . Now why did you suggest a hurricane a moment ago?"

He raised his long arms in a lazy stretch that revealed the rippling muscles of his hard, leather-brown torso. He yawned and said, "I smell it in the air. However, why worry? If things get bad when we're up around Great Stirrup, we'll put into Sundown Cay. According to the charts, there's a safe harbor there and a creek we could run into for shelter."

Color flowed into Patricia Kane's smooth cheeks and fire came into her wide blue eyes. She was tired and worried and irritable, LeBaron knew, but he couldn't understand the sudden change that came over her.

"We will *not*," she vowed, "put into Sundown Cay!"

"Not even to dodge a hurricane?"

"Not even to dodge a hurricane."

"Well!" LeBaron slapped his bare brown knee. "So there was a reason why you refused to put in there for water when Woodie forgot to fill the tanks that time. What's the angle, Pat?"

She said nothing.

"From all I've heard," LeBaron continued, "there's nothing on Sundown but a sharking station. Oh, yes! And a Bahaman aristocrat they call the King of Sundown Cay."

As Patricia still kept silent, LeBaron cocked his head to one side and drawled, "Now you wouldn't, by any chance, be avoiding *him!*" He grinned at her. "Ah, love! It must be wonderful! How about it, baby?"

Ducking his head, he backed into the galley and pulled another bottle of beer out of the ice box. When he stepped out to the companionway again, Patricia had turned her back to him. And, though she wasn't making a sound, LeBaron knew she was sobbing.

In the eight trying, reckless, sometimes desperate months of their association, this was the first time he had ever seen her cry. He had got the idea, somehow, that she was above tears, that she was too stubborn, too certain of her own infallible destiny, ever to give way to any normal womanly emotion.

He had never dreamed, even when he had been very busy hating her, that she could be hurt. But now, knowing he had hurt her, knowing she could be hurt by as casual a thing as mention of a man on Sundown Cay, he was bewildered and remorseful.

Stepping back into the galley, he leaned for a moment against the ice box, the cold bottle of beer forgotten. His mouth was as bleak and bitter as his eyes.

"Oh, God!" he muttered miserably. "Will I ever learn to keep my big mouth shut?"

He heard Patricia come down the ladder and go forward through the main cabin. He heard her go to her stateroom and close the door.

With a tired sigh, he emptied the bottle of beer in the sink. Liquor never, any more, lifted his spirits.

HE waited for a minute or two, listening to the hum of the wind through the rigging. Deciding its pitch was higher, he crossed the narrow passageway and stepped into his own small stateroom. The barometer was down to 29.84. That was low but not alarmingly low.

Ignoring the whine of the wind, forcing himself to stop thinking about Pat, he

The ceiling fans stirred up odors of beer, limes and tropical dampness.

flung himself on his bunk. He slept soundly for an hour and awoke at 5:30.

He got up and shaved, put on a shirt and his best tie, and got into a fresh suit just back from the laundry. The barometer was still at 29.84 and the pitch of the wind had not changed. Going forward, he knocked lightly on Patricia's door.

"Just a moment," she called.

When the door opened, LeBaron saw she was wearing her sea clothes: denim jacket, blue jeans and rope-soled sneakers. His spirits, still low, went down another notch.

"Going ashore?" Patricia asked. "Well, don't forget we sail at eight sharp—just in case you run into your little blonde."

He stood diffidently for a moment, looking into her restless blue eyes. He felt his heart turning over. He felt, too, the same old irritation he always experienced when he found her in this unapproachable mood.

Fairly sure she would decline, he asked her to have dinner with him ashore. As expected, she said no; she said she had a splitting headache and wanted to lie down for an hour or so.

He turned and made his way aft. On deck, the wind was steady in the north. That was a bad sign; he wished it would haul into the east.

THE sun was near the horizon and the sky was an ominous, deep burnt orange. The long narrow harbor, empty now except for an anchored Canadian corvette in her war coat of soot black, was like an agitated pool of molten brass.

Woodie O'Brien, their Negro seaman, had not returned from his crap-shooting expedition. LeBaron slacked off the bow and stern lines, for the tide was rising fast. Then he walked down the dock and into the town.

It was still hot and the streets were deserted. At the Blue Boar Café he had a solitary dinner. It was past seven o'clock, and full dark, when he went back aboard the *Typhoon*. He found Woodie sprawled on the foredeck, his special domain in good weather. He was eating a banana.

"We're sailing at eight, Woodie."

"Yassuh, Cap'n," said the husky, homely, coal-black sailor. "We all set, suh."

LeBaron went below and changed into jeans. Patricia was still sleeping, apparently, and there was work to be done in the galley. He made two dozen sandwiches and brewed a full gallon of coffee. He wrapped the sandwiches in oil paper and stowed them in the bread locker; he poured the coffee into a thermos jug.

He had just finished slicking up the galley when he heard voices topside. He went up the ladder into the cockpit. In the feeble glow of the light on the end of the pier shed he saw Mr. Staatz and Señor Cabrera standing on the dock.

"Hello," he called cheerfully. "Come aboard."

Staatz stepped over the rail. "Your boat looks small," he commented dubiously.

"Small? I hadn't thought about it. Yes, I guess she is. But don't worry about her. She's twice as long as the average lifeboat—and just as seaworthy."

With his swarthy skin, he looked as sinister as a Marseilles apache.

Señor Cabrera crossed the deck and joined his companion in the cockpit. LeBaron looked him over, said tentatively, *"Como 'sta, comarada?"*

Cabrera froze. "Why—I am very well, thank you," he replied, staring at LeBaron. "Have we met before?"

"Search me, *amigo*. Might have. I was at Teruel and both battles of the Ebro and—"

"I see," Cabrera interrupted in an icy voice. "No, my friend, I am afraid we have never met."

"Our cabins, please," Staatz said.

"Keep it in the singular, brother." If these men wanted to high-hat him, okay. "You guys bunk together in the forward stateroom portside. Take your bags and get down there, and don't poke your heads above deck till we're at sea."

Staatz and Cabrera picked up their bags and started awkwardly down the companionway. LeBaron leaned over the hatch and yelled, "Port means left, in case you don't know. If you get the wrong door, you'll come out on your ear."

He heard them tramping through the main cabin. His eyes were narrowed; his face was thoughtful, worried.

He was not worried about the weather, though that was threatening enough. Nor was he worried about the unfriendly attitude of the two men.

He was worried because tonight, for the first time, he felt no stir of elation at the prospect of putting to sea on the *Typhoon*. Sooner or later, he had known from the beginning, he and Pat and Woodie and the *Typhoon* would come to grief. Was this the time?

Wearily, with no ring in his voice, he called to the Negro hand, "All right, boy! Let's get some sail on this packet."

CHAPTER THREE

WORKING in the dim light from the pier shed, it took Captain LeBaron and Woodie only a few minutes to hoist the storm jib and the mizzen, to get the mainsail up and to roll a deep reef into it on the roller reefing gear.

With the canvas rippling and snapping in the wind, LeBaron stepped to the wheel. "Cast off, Woodie."

The lines came snaking aboard and Woodie followed them smartly. The yawl's bow fell off. Her jib bellied with a sharp report as LeBaron sheeted it in.

"Now your main sheet, Woodie. . . . Not too much, boy. We'll have a broad reach down the harbor."

The *Typhoon* heeled as the mainsail filled. With the small white-capped waves murmuring against her bow, she glided out into the stream, picking up speed and heeling more sharply. LeBaron held her off, got his bearings on the lighthouse and set his sheets.

He had just sat down at the wheel when Patricia appeared in the companionway.

"A sweet get-away, Vic," she said.

"Thanks, Pat. Such praise is praise indeed. Is your headache better?"

"It's gone, thanks."

"Just met our guests. They're a frosty pair."

"They don't seem very friendly."

A powerful searchlight cracked the darkness, its blinding beam full in their faces. Patricia started, involuntarily ducked below the shelter of the cabin trunk.

"Easy, Pat," LeBaron said. "It's only the Canuck corvette, checking up on us."

They passed so close to the man-of-war that her black hull loomed as big as a battleship. The watch officer called, "Ahoy! What ship?"

"*Typhoon* for Miami."

"Very well. Cheerio!"

"Thumbs up, Limey!"

The corvette's searchlight flicked off and soon the ship was lost against the blue-black sky astern.

"Thumbs up!" LeBaron commented dismally. "*Me* telling *them!* That's pretty good. Have you ever wondered, Pat, why I'm not in this thing?"

"I know you were hurt in Spain and I supposed you couldn't pass the physical."

"Couldn't pass *what* physical!" he snorted. "I could pass a *Marine* physical, sister, and that takes a lot of passing."

"Then why aren't you in it?"

He stood up, one hand on the wheel,

searching in the almost inky darkness for a channel buoy. He spotted it after awhile and sat down again.

"I volunteered once, Pat," he said quietly. "I paid my way to Le Havre and walked across the Pyrenees in the snow and joined the International Brigade.

"I've always wondered why. You aren't a Communist?"

"Certainly I'm not a Communist. I'm not even a pale pink. I went over there because I hated Fascism. And what did I get out of it? A backful of shrapnel in Spain. A kick in the face when I got home. When you gave me this job I'd been on the beach for two years. Why? Because I was branded a radical, and the Green Funnel Line I'd worked for wouldn't give me a ship. They were afraid I'd louse up the crew. Me, louse up a crew! Just because I'd fought with the Lincoln Brigade!"

"Don't shave that buoy so close!" Patricia screamed.

"Sorry, baby. . . . You want to know why I'm not in this. Well, I've been in 1A all along. Exactly nine months ago the draft board called me in for a physical and told me to stand by. Nine months ago!"

"And you haven't heard from them since?"

"Not a peep. And I don't get it. I have no dependents and I'm as fit as Heifetz's fiddle. What's the answer? Have I still got that Red label pinned on me? Am I supposed to be too poisonous even for the Army?"

"Well, Vic," Patricia said, "I can't help hoping your draft board doesn't call you. Now if I'm taking the mid-watch I should get some more sleep. I'll see you at midnight."

She stepped back off the ladder, unhooked the split doors and closed them, and pulled the hatch shut.

LE BARON swore quietly. Talking too much again! After all these months he should have learned there was no use trying to bridge the gap between owner and master. Yet, somehow, it wasn't her position as owner and his as master that formed the barrier between them. Under his breath he muttered, "I'd like to meet that guy on Sundown Cay!"

They were at the harbor entrance, and LeBaron called, "Stand by to come about, Woodie."

"Ready, Cap'n," Woodie shouted from the bow.

Like all racing boats, the *Typhoon* came about smartly, falling off on the new tack without losing appreciable weigh. LeBaron held her up, and the breakwater light slid past, and all at once her bow pitched high under the first mountainous sea. She slid over the foaming crest and picked up speed to meet the next great wave.

They were outside.

The wind here was no stronger, but the seas were running high and broken. The *Typhoon* was tender—she'd put her lee rail under at the wind's slightest urging. And she was wet—even under shortened canvas, she had a headstrong way of slicing through a wave instead of riding it. Tonight, running close-hauled on a long starboard tack, the going was particularly mean and wet.

Around ten o'clock that night the wind, which had been up around Force 6, freshened. The whistling in the rigging rose half an octave. Every sense alert, LeBaron waited as long as he dared. Then he prodded Woodie, who was curled up like a 'possum in the weather corner of the cockpit.

"Get the mains'l off her, boy. And watch yourself."

Woodie scrambled forward in the darkness. LeBaron slacked off the sheet, eased her up into the wind. The mainsail came down with a rush. By the time Woodie had thrown a furl on it and stopped it down, the *Typhoon* was pounding through the waves, doing nearly as well under jib and mizzen alone as she had done under all three sails.

The stars were yellow and weak in the high cirrus haze. Off to eastward they were blotted out by a low cloud as black as India ink. The wind, shrill in the rigging, was hauling slowly into the northwest—exactly where LeBaron did not want it.

The first rain squall struck around 10:30. It came without warning. The gusty wind, in a matter of seconds, shifted all over the northwest quadrant. The rain came in solid sheets. Blinded, LeBaron steered by the feel of the wheel and the motion of the boat.

Luffing and yet keeping weigh on her, his heart up in his throat lest a shift in the wind too fast to follow should knock her down, he fought it out for a full ten minutes. Then, as abruptly as it had struck, the squall passed. The wind steadied at northwest, the weak yellow stars came out again.

During the next hour they had a second and a third squall, each a bit more violent than the first. At 11:45 LeBaron gave the wheel to Woodie, read the log and went below.

Dripping wet, worried, tired, with the night not half over, he read the barometer. It was down to 29.76. His face was grave as he figured out his midnight position and marked it on the chart with a small circled cross.

He stood staring at the cross for a long time. Finally he turned again to the barometer. He tapped it, just to make sure—and the needle dropped another hundredth of an inch. That forced his decision.

Lining up his parallel rulers on the circled cross and on Sundown Cay, he found the course was northeast.

He wasn't thinking, now, of that guy on Sundown Cay. He was thinking of his own life, and the lives of Patricia and Woodie—and, however vaguely, of the lives of the two passengers.

CHAPTER FOUR

TOPSIDE again, he took the wheel from Woodie. "I'm going to change course and make a fast run to Sundown Cay. Stand by to come about."

"Hurricane, Cap'n?" Woodie's wet face was as emotionless as a mask of carved obsidian.

"Right."

After he had steadied her away on her new course, he gave the wheel to Woodie and went below to call Patricia.

And now he did think of that guy on Sundown Cay. He wondered what Patricia would say when he told her he had changed their course and was running for Sundown. . . .

A sliver of light showed under the door of the portside stateroom. Staatz and Cabrera, LeBaron reflected, were probably seasick. Common decency impelled him to open the door and ask if everything was all right.

Staatz was stretched out on the lower bunk. His face was gray-green; he did not move nor open his eyes. Cabrera, however, was propped comfortably against two pillows in the upper bunk. He looked annoyed.

"We are very ill," he declared.

LeBaron tried again. "If you feel like coming up on deck, it's okay now. These staterooms get pretty stuffy with the portholes battened."

"We are both *very ill*," Cabrera retorted sternly. "Please leave us alone. Thank you."

"Okay, pal. Have it your way."

SHUTTING the door, he stood in the passageway, thinking.

He lies like hell! He's no more sick than I am! Why should he lie to me?

Boiling mad, LeBaron rapped hard on Patricia's door.

"Coming!" she called.

He backed out into the main cabin and eased onto the settee. Patricia, wearing yellow oilskins, came out of her stateroom. She looked charming and rested as she pulled a sou'wester over her black curls and buttoned the strap under her chin.

LeBaron drew her down beside him.

"Pat, Cabrera isn't seasick!"

"Isn't he lucky!"

"When I told him he could come up on deck, he said he was very ill. Now why did he say that?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Okay. I'll tell you. He told me he was sick because he doesn't want to talk to me. Why doesn't he want to talk to me?" LeBaron's voice rose. "I'll tell you that, too. When he came aboard I told him I'd been at Teruel and on the Ebro."

Patricia smiled at him. "Vic, why don't you forget Cabrera? Now it's my trick at the wheel. What's our course?"

"Our course, damn it, is northeast!" he snapped. "Listen to me, will you? That guy won't talk to me because he's afraid I'll trip him up. He's not a Loyalist, Pat. I'll lay you even money he isn't even a Spaniard! He's a black German, a Bavarian! *By God, Pat, he's a Nazi!*"

The color drained out of Patricia's face. And LeBaron, in the excitement of his great idea, so far forgot his position that he put his arm around her.

"Now take it easy, Pat," he urged.

The *Typhoon* rolled violently. Rain pattered on the deck over their heads.

"We're cornered, honey," LeBaron said. "But don't worry, we'll get out of this. We can't take those two Nazis into the States and turn them over to the authorities. If we did, we'd be in a jam for hav-

ing them aboard in the first place. However, we can cut around to Bimini and kick them ashore and—"

It dawned upon him with a shock that Patricia was not listening to him. Though they were in one of the tightest spots of their lives, she was thinking of something else!

"Why," she demanded, "have you changed our course to northeast?"

Bewildered, he took his arm from her waist. "Did you hear what I said about Cabrera?"

"I don't *care* what you said about Cabrera."

"I see."

"You don't see at all! You've just jumped, as usual, to an unwarranted conclusion. Mr. Cabrera probably doesn't feel up to re-hashing the Spanish Civil War, so he brushed you off. And that, in your mind, makes him a Nazi!"

LEBARON was more confused, really than angry. "Perhaps you're right, Pat," he said

"I'm sure I'm right. Now tell me why you've changed our course?"

"Because, my dear, a hurricane is due to sweep these seas in about twelve hours and I want no part of it. I'm dealing myself out of it. We can make Sundown Harbor shortly after daybreak. That should give us plenty of time to get inside and work the boat up a creek where she will be safe. Either that, my sweet, or we turn tail back to Nassau."

She looked at him and he thought, with his heart sinking, that he saw terror in her eyes. Terror—when he knew that no storm, no hurricane, could ever frighten her.

"We can't go back to Nassau," she said helplessly. "We don't dare! With the whole town knowing we have two refugees aboard, I tell you we *don't dare!*"

LeBaron's gray eyes were puzzled, but he shrugged and said quietly, "That should settle it, then, I suppose."

"What time shall I call you?" Patricia asked.

"You're not calling me, Pat. I'm staying up. Good God, girl! Don't you know anything at all about hurricanes? If we're going to lick this storm, and come out of it without foundering, we'll have to pull together." He rose and drew her to her feet. "Now let's raid the galley and then get topside."

They went into the galley, bracing themselves against the wild pitching, and LeBaron got out the sandwiches he had made.

"Sorry I went overboard on size," he apologized. "I know you like 'em dainty."

"They're grand, Vic. Just what I need. I hadn't realized I was so hungry."

When they finally went up into the cockpit, they found themselves in another world, a noisy world of cutting wind and stinging spray. In the light that came from below, the sail looked snow white against the black, towering seas. Woodie, at the wheel, grinned at them, his ebony face shining.

Patricia buttoned her oilskin tightly around her neck and stepped to the wheel. "I'll take it, Woodie."

"Yassum."

She settled herself, with a quick survey of sea and sail and compass.

LeBaron said, "Woodie, you'll find coffee and sandwiches in the galley. Eat what you want and then go forward and try to get some sleep. We'll rout you out when we need you."

Woodie scrambled down the companionway and disappeared into the galley. LeBaron closed the doors behind him. In darkness, relieved only by the dim glow of the binnacle lamp, he sat down beside Patricia.

The bank of coal-black clouds in the east had lifted somewhat. A waning moon, half full, shone above the tumbling waves which formed the horizon, burnishing their crests with a weird orange light. It hung there, bobbing up and down as the *Typhoon* rose on the seas and slid off sickeningly into the troughs.

Save for the motion, which kept them braced and taut, the going was not uncomfortable. The spray was warm. The wind, though it seemed hard as a board was warm too. It might have been fun, if there hadn't been so much to think about so much to worry about.

It might have been fun—if they could have forgotten they were in headlong flight.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE *Typhoon* pounded along toward Sundown Cay in the black night. Patricia had the wheel. She was steering by a star.

LeBaron had had enough of brooding. "Pat, why don't you give up this racket?"

As the spokes of the wheel moved under her fingers, Patricia's eyes did not shift from the blinking dot of yellow light in the northeast sky.

"Getting cold feet, Captain?" she asked lightly.

"No, I'm not getting cold feet, and you damned well know it. If I were allergic to cold feet, I'd have quit after our first trip when I discovered what kind of a business you were in."

Her voice was impersonal. "Why didn't you?"

"You know the answer to that one too Pat. But I suppose, being a woman, you'd like to hear it again. Okay, baby. I fell in love with you."

There was enough light from the binnacle lamp to see the twinkle in her eyes. "Was that my fault?" she inquired.

"It doesn't matter. I fell. And having fallen, I've never been able to get up the moral courage to leave you to your own devices."

"Oh?"

"If you hired somebody to take my place and you got in a jam, I'd never forgive myself."

"I appreciate your loyalty."

"Do you? I wonder. I wonder if you haven't taken me for a sucker—like you've taken the Coast Guard at Miami and the Immigration and the Nassau Customs."

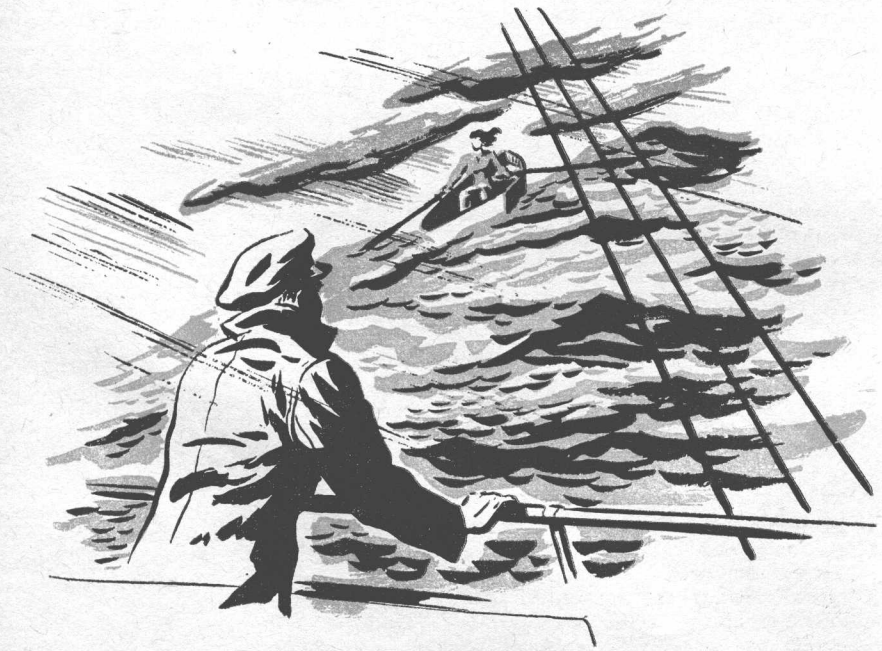
"Now, Vic," she chided gently. "After a couple of years on the beach, didn't two hundred dollars a month look pretty good to you?"

"Hardly good enough to warrant the risk of ten years in a Federal pen. You can't keep this up forever, Pat. One of these days you'll drop anchor in the clink. And how will your family like that? How will they feel when you're caught smuggling aliens—for dough you don't really need!"

Another squall struck them with a solid sheet of rain that stung like birdshot. Patricia fought it, luffing to spill the wind out of the two small sails and yet keeping enough steerage way to follow the fierce gusts as they shifted, this time, nearly half around the compass.

Pawing the rain and the spray out of his eyes, LeBaron watched the boat like a hawk, watched the seas, and the sails, and Patricia.

Watching her, he felt very close to her.



She rowed away into the shrieking wind and the driving rain.

He felt almost a part of her, for she was doing, in ordered sequence, the very things he himself would have done had he been at the wheel. She was handling that dangerously tender brute with all the skill of a racing master.

Then the squall passed. The moon came out.

"That," she cried happily, "was glorious!"

"It sure was, Pat," LeBaron agreed. "You know," he mused, "when you're at the wheel in a tight spot like that, you're really yourself. And I really love you."

"The rest of the time you hate me?"

"Darling, I don't hate you. At least, not very often. I only get exasperated with you—because of the part you're playing."

When she did not reply, LeBaron asked compassionately, "Darling, why are you acting? Why, after all these months, do you still think you have to act with me? Is it because you're afraid of yourself? Is it because you're afraid to give in—give in and *marry* me—knowing it would be the end of this racket?"

"You may have something there."

"No, I haven't," LeBaron denied bitterly. "I've only been fishing. Hoping. I know what I'm really fighting. I'd be pretty dumb if I didn't. I'm fighting the glorified memory of a guy on Sundown Cay."

Before Patricia could reply, a big Bahaman schooner, running fast under jib and double-reefed foresail, loomed suddenly out of the flying spray on their leeward bow. Headed south, toward Nassau, she charged by in a welter of spray, so close they could have tossed a line aboard her.

The man at the helm jammed his knees against the spokes of his wheel and cupped his hands. They caught only one word of his hail: ". . . 'Urricane!"

They watched the big schooner bowling down the wind. They lost her as the moon was blotted out by a scudding cloud. A few minutes later they saw her again, flying like a banshee across a moonglade. Then she was gone for good.

Patricia looked at LeBaron. She seemed sobered by the awful urgency of the schooner's flight.

"I hope they make it," she said in a small voice.

"They should. They're making more knots than we are, and they haven't as far to go."

Looking at her hard, he remarked, "I still don't see what's driving you, Pat. Is it the love of money?"

Her profile was clean against the sky. "Don't be silly."

"The lust for adventure?"

"I could find adventure in more comfortable ways than this."

"What is it then?"

PATRICIA'S only reply was a quiet, enigmatic shrug.

"He must," LeBaron remarked, "have been a pretty swell guy, Pat. I mean—to take so much forgetting."

Patricia did not speak.

"Sundown Cay," LeBaron mused. "It's an odd place for a man to live unless he's a hermit."

"His family," Patricia replied, "has owned the island for more than a hundred years."

"A hundred years on Sundown Cay. Good God! How have they made a living?"

"In sugar, first. Then in sisal. Recently, I hear, he has built up a fine business in vitamins."

"I don't get it."

"Shark livers." And with a sardonic laugh, "Romantic, isn't it?"

"Could be," LeBaron admitted. "Provided he caught the sharks himself."

"Well, he doesn't. The natives catch them and bring in the iced livers. Working with a young pharmaceutical chemist from Miami—a boy by the name of Bob Hayward—he renders the oil in the old sugar factory. However, all this is a new development. He was only talking about it when I saw him last—talking about it, and trying to raise the money, and trying to induce this young chemist to come in with him and set up the plant."

"How long since you saw him?"

"A year."

"And now you're going to see him again. . . . Well, how do you feel about it?"

All at once there was more frankness in her voice than he had heard in a long time. She was almost like the old Patricia; the honest, charming, gaily reckless woman she had been before their lives, under constant stress, had grown so hectic.

"Vic," she said, "now that I'm going to see him again—I'm frightened."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe I do," LeBaron said slowly. "For months you've been carrying the torch, making yourself miserable thinking of blighted romance. Now, maybe you're afraid you'll discover you're not in love with him."

Patricia's fingers tensed on the wheel, but she did not speak.

LeBaron sighed gloomily. "More likely, you're afraid you'll discover you can't live without him. . . . I'll take the wheel, Pat. You're tired."

CHAPTER SIX

DURING the balance of the night there was little time for talk. The *Typhoon* plowed on toward Sundown, sometimes in darkness, sometimes in the eerie light of the waning moon. She battled squalls and mounting seas.

Dawn broke gray and late. The squalls were coming faster now, one right on the tail of another. The hurricane could not be far away.

Tired to the bone by the long night's buffeting, worried because they were not sure of their position, they ran northeast until eight o'clock in the morning. Then, almost imperceptibly, the sea began to moderate.

"Sundown Cay is making a lee for us," LeBaron remarked. "We're close—maybe dangerously close."

Patricia shielded her face and tried to pierce the driving rain ahead. She could not see beyond the stubby bowsprit.

"I don't hear the surf," she said.

"You wouldn't. With an off-shore wind like this, the surf would be beaten flat."

Then, like an answer to a prayer, they ran out of the squall and saw a white beach and green palm trees bending low in the wind. The shore was half a mile away. A small settlement of weathered wood and thatch shacks nestled about a solid-looking church of white coral blocks.

"Is that the sharking station?" LeBaron asked.

"No, it's an old sponge village. It was abandoned when the blight hit the sponge beds. We're three miles east of the harbor. Everything considered, it was darned good navigation."

LeBaron grinned. "It was more luck than navigation, Pat. Three miles yet to go. Well, from the feel of this wind we'll barely come in under the gun."

They brought the *Typhoon* onto the starboard tack and began the three-mile beat to westward. Now that they were in the lee of the island, the going was steadier, almost comfortable.

"I'd better go below and check the chart for reefs," LeBaron said. "Take the wheel, Pat. Woodie, you go forward and keep a sharp lookout for coral heads."

WHEN LeBaron came topside again, he announced cheerfully, "The coral is bad inshore. But if we keep off half a mile we'll have twenty to thirty fathoms all the way to the inlet. Now, baby, could you use some breakfast? You look dead."

"I am, almost." She laughed unsteadily. Now that the long night had ended, the reaction was setting in. "But I should be able to work through one of those sandwiches and a cup of coffee."

"I'll see what I can do," LeBaron said. "Do you want Woodie to take over?"

"No, I'm all right. Really. He should stay forward and watch for coral."

"Okay."

LeBaron turned. Señor Cabrera was standing in the companionway. He wore a turtle-necked sweater and a cap. With his swarthy skin and his sharp dark eyes with their drooping lids, he looked as sinister as a Marseilles apache.

"How're you feeling?" LeBaron asked dispassionately.

"Better, thank you. I would like some breakfast."

"Keep your shirt on, pal. It's on its way. How is Staatz?"

"Mr. Staatz is very ill." He came up the ladder into the cockpit. "Land! Well! . . . It can't be the mainland. Are we off our course?"

"We're heading for an inlet—to take shelter," Patricia told him. "We're expecting a hurricane."

"Good God!" Cabrera gasped.

The girl started to explain blandly that there was nothing, really, to worry about. LeBaron slid down the companionway and ducked into the galley.

He passed the thermos jug up to the cockpit, followed it with mugs. He found five sandwiches left, and handed them up.

"You can start on that," he called, "until I dig up something more."

Then Woodie yelled, "Coral! Coral! Hold her off! Off! *Off!*"

As LeBaron leaped for the companion-

way, the *Typhoon* struck. She struck hard, with a sickening, grinding shock that heeled her sharply and flung him against the starboard settee.

He felt the boat shudder as a wave struck her broadside. In a sudden cold sweat, he heard the awful sound of water pouring into the bilges.

Like a mortally wounded animal which keeps running until its heart stops beating, the *Typhoon* was working, grinding, onto the reef. There was a sick emptiness in the pit of LeBaron's stomach as he pulled himself into the cockpit.

Patricia was calmly casting off the jib and mizzen sheets. The sails swung free, snapping in the fierce wind like exploding firecrackers. The *Typhoon* came onto an even keel and hung there. Señor Cabrera, who had been thrown to his knees, was holding onto the weather rail for dear life.

LeBaron leaped aft. He threw his arms around the mizzen mast just as a comber thumped against the yawl. It spilled two feet of solid green wave over the deck and into the cockpit.

Cabrera pulled himself to his feet, spitting sea water. He looked no more sinister than a half-drowned kid. His voice rose above the hiss and thump of the sea: "I can't swim!"

LeBaron cast off the mizzen halyard. The sail jammed in the mast rack, and he struggled with it, bracing himself as another wave poured over the deck. He shot a quick glance forward, saw that Woodie was fighting the jib. The mizzen came down at a run.

LEBARON hurriedly lashed the sheet around the sail. Shielding his face from the stinging spray, he stepped into the cockpit.

"Go below, Cabrera," he ordered. "Get out of our way."

Cabrera took one look at the next wave. Then he leaped for the sliding cover of the hatch, pulled it back, dove below.

LeBaron closed the hatch and turned to Patricia. The large drops on her cheeks may have been spray, but he suspected they were tears.

"Cheer up, baby. It wasn't your fault."

The sound of crumpling coral came from the bow. LeBaron slid forward along the weather deck, brought up against the mainmast. Woodie had the jib down and lay on his stomach across the foredeck, peering over the side.

"How does it look, boy?"

"Can't see nothin', Cap'n. De water all milked up wit' marl."

LeBaron knelt beside him, clinging to the lee stay. The water was so cloudy that he couldn't see more than six inches below the surface. He worked his way back to the cockpit. He put his arm around Patricia and they leaned there, braced against the cabin trunk, their backs to the shrieking wind and the pelting rain.

"I heard water pouring in, but I think it was coming through the stuffing box," LeBaron said. "I don't believe we're badly damaged."

"Maybe we could kedge her off."

"No chance. There isn't time. But if we could get a tow—"

Shielding his face from the spray, he tried to make out the beach, but the rain was coming down too hard.

"Any idea how far off shore we are?" he asked.

"About half a mile the last time I saw land. But we're closer now. A current must have set us in before we struck."

LeBaron took a deep breath and plunged. "Has your friend at Sundown got a boat that can take these seas?"

"Yes. A fifty-foot express cruiser with twin V-12's."

"Good. You can row ashore in the dinghy and go after him."

Patricia was silent. The little nine-foot dinghy was as light as a cork, and she knew that, with only one person, it would stay afloat in almost any sea. But she also knew that the *Typhoon* might grind to pieces on the sharp coral long before she could make her way to the settlement and get back with help.

"Woodie!" LeBaron shouted. "Come aft and help me get the dink overside. Miss Kane is going ashore."

"Miss Kane is *not* going ashore," Patricia contradicted.

He took her arm, grew suddenly confidential. "Baby, you can make it easy in that light dinghy. I wouldn't send you if I wasn't sure you could make it."

"I know I could make it. But I'm staying here and taking my chances with you. Let Woodie row ashore for help."

"You're going if I have to throw you into the dink and cast it adrift. Now—do you want to take anything with you?"

That question, more than the howling wind and the rolling seas, seemed to frighten her. "Why should I?"

LeBaron shrugged, turned to give Woodie a hand with the dinghy.

"Be game and face it, Pat. Have you got your money? That ten grand our passengers gave you?"

"It's in a wallet in my pocket."

"Okay. Anchors aweigh."

The dinghy was bobbing, light as a paper cup, in the lee of the yawl. LeBaron turned to Pat, and his gray eyes were bleak in his lined, tired face. He took her hand, pressed it so hard she winced.

"You won't have any trouble, Pat. Just keep the wind on your starboard cheek and keep plugging along. Easy at first—don't wear yourself out. . . . Good luck!"

Patricia looked at him and her eyes were full of tears. "Please, Vic! I want to stay with you. Don't make me go!"

"Scram, baby!" he ordered gruffly. "Tell your friend to get out here in a hurry." And realizing there was no way to get her off the boat except to make her mad, he added, "Or hasn't he guts enough to put to sea one jump ahead of a hurricane?"

Abruptly furious, Pat tore away from him, threw off her slicker and went to the rail. The little dinghy bobbed up, hung there an instant. She stepped in lightly, sat down, slipped the oars in the locks.

She took a deep, hard stroke, weighed her oars an instant while she got her bearings by the wind. Then, her eyes averted from the two men on the deck, she rowed away, with deep, choppy strokes, into the shrieking wind.

Within a minute she was swallowed up by the driving rain. LeBaron felt that his heart had gone with her.

He faced the black sailor, and managed a wry smile. "Well, Woodie. How do you stand with God?"

Woodie's homely face, shining with rain and sweat, was long and lugubrious. "Ah went to church in Miami las' Sunday."

"Good. You'd better start praying. Because it's going to take a miracle to keep this ship together until Miss Kane gets back with help. If she ever does!"

The house seemed the only solid thing in the whole threatening world.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE great house on Sundown Cay was a square, two-story building, weathered to a deep gray, set on a low knoll overlooking the inlet. The house was ugly and yet it had the dignity, the air of solid permanence, which houses acquire in a hundred years.

With the wind howling around its eaves, the rain driving against it in solid sheets, surrounded by the threshing cocoa palms and poinciana trees, it was to Patricia the only solid thing in the whole noisy threatening world.

Contrary to LeBaron's advice, spurred on by the urgency of her mission, Patricia had put everything she had into rowing ashore. She had little strength left when she started the mile-long walk, against the mounting wind and the driving rain, to the settlement. Now, hurrying up the muddy path to the house, she was near collapse.

Breathless, half blinded by the deluge, she raced up the steps. She fell against the door and thumped it with the toe of her sneakered foot. It was opened after a few moments by a stringy little man with a beak-like nose. He stared at her goggled-eyed as she staggered past him into the gloomy hallway.

"Blawst me 'ide, mum!" he exclaimed. "Where'd *you* come from?"

"Where is Mr. Rutherford?"

"'E's in the kitchen, 'avin' a spot o' coffee fer hisself. Cayn't I 'elp you, mum?" He puffed up a bit. "I'm Ludlow Cates. Resident Commissioner fer Sundown Cay."

"Will you please call Mr. Rutherford? I am Patricia Kane."

He left and Patricia waited, listening to the wind howling around the house, to the rattling palm fronds and the rumble of distant breakers. The noise was terrifying, though she knew the storm was far from its peak.

Waiting, she began to feel an awesome emptiness as she thought of Vic LeBaron and Woodie and the *Typhoon*, even of Otto Staatz, who was seasick, and of Señor Cabrera, who could not swim. There *must* be time, she prayed, to save them!

THEN Leslie Rutherford was hurrying down the hall toward her. Leslie was thirty-five, two inches over six feet tall and muscular in a trim way that smacked more of the gymnasium than of hard work. His black mustache was narrow and neat. His square jaw was almost too square, the cleft in his chin too deep.

He was, Patricia realized immediately even handsomer than her memory of him

"Patricia! Good heavens, girl!" he exclaimed, in that deep voice which once had thrilled her.

His surprise—for certainly Cates had told him she was there—was false. He gave her a fatherly pat on the shoulder.

Before she could speak, he was booming heartily, "It's grand seeing you again, Patricia. What have you done? Sailed the *Typhoon* into the harbor to ride out the storm? Good girl!"

Just as his surprise had been false, so was his beaming smile. Patricia knew instinctively—and, oddly, without caring—that she was the last person in the world Leslie Rutherford wanted to see.

"The *Typhoon* is on a reef a mile up the beach." She mustered the last of her failing strength, knowing she was going to need every bit of it. "She's not much damaged, but we can't possibly get her off without help."

Leslie made a clucking sound. And Patricia saw they had been joined, not only by Commissioner Cates, but by a tall woman in chartreuse slacks and yellow blouse, a woman with white hair and large dark eyes. She had come from the rear of the house, silently.

"Anyone left aboard?" Leslie asked.

"Four people. The *Typhoon* may pound to pieces any minute."

Leslie was pulling at his mustache. He must have known the white-haired woman had joined them, but he ignored her.

"Four people, eh?" he remarked at last. "Who are they?"

Patricia took a deep, shaking breath. Weakness, in one nauseating wave after another, swept over her.

"My crew and two passengers. You'll go out, won't you?"

"Who," Leslie asked suspiciously, "are your two passengers?"

His face swam out of focus for an instant. When the dizziness passed, Patricia forced herself to speak slowly and carefully. "Does it matter who they are? They are human beings, Leslie. They will drown if we don't rescue them before the hurricane strikes."

He was quietly, maddeningly, insistent. "Who are they, Patricia?"

"Two refugees!" she challenged.

"Refugees," he said. "Well! . . . I've heard you were engaged in some nefarious enterprise, Patricia. Are you smuggling aliens?"

Patricia screamed, "Are we going to let those people drown?"

"I'm sorry, Patricia. The hurricane may hit us any minute and I wouldn't dare venture out there in a native craft."

"You have the *Petrel!*"

"But I haven't. It was stolen today by a young chemist who has been working with me. Bob Hayward. You met him in Palm Beach last year. Remember?"

"I remember Bob Hayward."

"He and I had an argument and about an hour ago he stole the boat and started out for Miami."

"No person in his right mind would start for Miami today!"

"The boy's a headstrong young fool and—"

FOR the first time the tall, white-haired woman spoke. Gently, mildly she reproved, "My brother isn't a fool, Leslie. He didn't want to go. You made things so unpleasant."

"Quiet, Dora!" Leslie interrupted. "I'll handle this."

Seeing the stern, self-righteous look that came over his face, Patricia could no longer restrain herself. She grasped his coat lapels. She shook him furiously.

"You could get a native boat!" she cried. "If you weren't so cowardly, so rotten yellow, so—"

"Stop it, Patricia!" Leslie ordered calmly, pulling out of her grasp. "Buck up and be sensible. You may be able to hire one of the natives to take a boat out there. Come on. I'll see. If necessary, Cates can order one of the men to go."

Patricia allowed him to take her arm and turn her toward the door. All at once, above the ceaseless drumming of the rain and the angry howling of the wind, she heard a new and ominous rumble. Mounting in volume, it swept toward Sundown Cay like a rolling barrage.

The tall woman's face turned as white as her hair. Commissioner Cates cowered back against the door, his slack jaw dropping.

Leslie released Patricia's arm. He peered around the gloomy hall. "You needn't worry," he said. "This house has stood a dozen hurricanes."

The building trembled, then steadied as though bracing itself.

With a deafening din and a fury beyond belief, the hurricane screamed upon them. Gust after gust, with trip-hammer speed, exploded against the shaking house like bursting shells.

Patricia thought: *Now it is too late!*

Then exhaustion, too long forestalled, finally took its toll. Blackness blotted out the faces around her. Her knees buckled. She crumpled in a heap on the floor.

WHEN Patricia regained consciousness she realized immediately, by the racket of the rain directly overhead, that she had been moved to a room on the upper floor. Her wet clothes had been taken off and she had been put to bed in damp linen sheets, under damp blankets.

The hurricane still roared. Whether it had diminished or had grown in volume she could not tell. She only knew that Vic LeBaron, if he still lived, was in it. And she was too weak, too stunned, too heart-broken even to raise her hand or open her eyes.

Someone, reaching under the blankets, was rubbing her legs. Patricia knew it was the tall, sweet-faced woman with the white hair.

"I'll want some dry blankets, Leslie," she heard the woman say. "You'll find them in the chest under the stairs. And bring hot coffee. This poor girl is in bad shape."

"Oh, she'll be all right, Dora. She's strong."

"Will you please, for a change, do as I ask?"

"Very well, Dora."

A door banged. Patricia lay there for several minutes, summoning her strength. Finally she opened her eyes.

The room was dimly lighted by a lamp on an old walnut dresser. Though the windows were tightly shuttered, water streamed in around them, testimony to the appalling force of the wind.

"So Leslie wouldn't go," Patricia said feebly

Dora bent over her, explained gently, "He couldn't, dear. The hurricane struck too soon. . . . Does your head ache?"

"Not particularly. I'm just—so weak."

"I know. Leslie has gone for coffee." The bed stirred as Dora rose. "Oh, here you are. Put the coffee on the dresser, Leslie."

"Is she conscious?" Rutherford asked.

"Yes. But very tired."

Turning her head, Patricia saw Leslie standing by the bed. She stared back at him with hollow, accusing eyes.

"Please go now, Leslie," Dora said quietly. "I want to change the bedding."

Leslie shrugged irritably, turned and walked out.

As they came nearer, Pat was gripped with an insane desire to run.

Dora ripped off the bedclothes. Patricia saw that her muddy jeans had been replaced by green silk pajamas.

"You're awfully kind," she said gratefully.

"Nonsense."

Dora bundled her into dry quilts. She poured her a cup of coffee and held it while she drank it. The coffee was hot and black, and Patricia felt it coursing through her veins, warming and relaxing her.

At last she lay back in the bed and Dora drew the quilts up under her chin, tucked her in like a child.

"Now you rest," she ordered pleasantly. "Maybe you could even sleep a little."

Patricia closed her eyes, listening to the storm, wondering how long before she would have the strength to put on her clothes, and get out and up the beach.

She lay still for half an hour, not sleeping, afraid to sleep. For each time she dozed she could see the *Typhoon* on the reef, grinding to pieces in the storm. She could see Woodie and the two passengers. She could see Vic LeBaron. She could see them struggling in tumultuous seas breaking white over sharp coral.

She lay, during this time, with her eyes closed. When she opened them she saw tears on Dora's cheeks.

"Why, you're crying!" Patricia exclaimed.

"Oh! I'm sorry. I'm worried about my brother."

"You shouldn't be. The *Petrel* is a sturdy boat."

"It isn't that so much. If anybody can make Miami with the *Petrel*, Bob can do it. But he shouldn't have gone. He shouldn't have left the business."

"Is the business so important?"

"No. Perhaps not. But I put every cent I had into it—for Bob." Dora dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief. "I guess I've spoiled him. There's so much difference in our ages—nineteeen years—that I've always felt more like a mother to him than a sister. You see, our parents passed away when he was a baby."

The woman, Patricia reflected sympathetically, couldn't have been more eager to talk if she had been marooned for months on a desert island.

"Last night," Dora went on nervously "Bob and Leslie had it out. I know they've made a great deal of money, but Leslie has refused to give Bob an accounting. They argued about it nearly all night—and Bob said he was going to chuck the whole thing and go to Miami. Now the *Petrel* is gone—and Bob is gone . . ."

Dora checked herself. She forced a friendly smile.

"I know you're Patricia Kane," she said. "Leslie has often mentioned you. I suppose you're wondering who I am."

"Why, I know who you are, Dora." Patricia smiled up at the other woman. "I met Bob in Palm Beach a year ago. He told me about you, how you had put him through college—"

At that instant the door swung open and Leslie came into the room. Vic LeBaron was at his heels.

LeBaron wore his most abbreviated shorts and his sneakers. His battered yachting cap was cocked over one ear His bare torso, lean and fit, was shining with rain.

"Pat, darling!" he cried as he plopped onto the bed and gathered her roughly into his arms. "You poor kid!"

A burning wave of relief swept over Patricia. "Oh, Vic, Vic! You're safe!"

Then her breath was gone and tears of happiness filled her eyes. She felt Vic release her, hold her off.

"Say!" he exclaimed exuberantly. "Some pajamas! Don't tell me they belong to Mr. Rutherford!"

Patricia felt the blood rushing into her face. The pajamas were sheer silk and very decolleté.

"Oh, Vic! Do you have to clown?" And hastily, "Where is the *Typhoon?*"

"The *Typhoon*, my child, rode out the hurricane on a mooring in the harbor. A young fellow by the name of Bob Hayward saved her. He sighted us from the beach just after we went aground. He couldn't signal. The rain closed in right after he spotted us. But he ran all the way back to the inlet, got Mr. Rutherford's big cruiser and came snorting out."

Dora exclaimed, "Then Bob didn't start for Miami at all!"

LeBaron noticed Dora for the first time. He doffed his shapeless cap, bowed, jammed the cap on the other side of his head.

"Howdy, ma'am. . . . Bob start for Miami? Nope. That's not the way I heard it." LeBaron turned to Leslie. "That's a powerful cruiser you have, old man. It pulled us off that reef like nobody's business."

"Were we badly damaged?" Patricia asked.

"We lost our propeller and shaft—that's the water I heard pouring in. Otherwise, the old girl's as sound as a dollar. She and the *Petrel* rode out the hurricane like ducks on a mill pond. Some fun, huh, kid?"

"Vic! You've been drinking!" Patricia admonished.

"Sure. Why not?"

Grinning, he glanced around the room as though for confirmation that he had a perfect right to drink. His shrewd eyes fixed on Rutherford. They swept him up and down.

Then Vic leaned over the bed, drew Patricia to him. He meant, probably, to whisper. But at that instant there was a lull in the moan of the wind and his words carried to every corner of the room.

"Tell me, Pat. Are his eyelashes real—or does he glue 'em on?"

In the dead silence that followed, Leslie said, "Come, Dora. We'll go—before Captain LeBaron thinks up any more insults."

LEBARON relaxed on the edge of the bed. His shoulders slumped.

"Okay, baby. Let's have it."

"Why did you have to get drunk at a time like this?"

She knew, really, that he wasn't drunk. She knew she was only being perverse and childish. But she was proud.

LeBaron said, "I'm not drunk, Pat. You never saw me drunk. I'm just tired and excited. Sure, I had a few drinks. Woodie and I killed a quart of brandy while we were waiting out the hurricane." He paused and went on stubbornly, "Pat, I wasn't sure you'd made shore. For all I knew, you'd drowned."

He swallowed, got the lump out of his throat, and then deliberately changed the subject. "Who's the woman?"

"She's Bob Hayward's sister. Her name is Dora and she's been very kind to me."

"Oh? Funny. I pegged her for Leslie's wife."

"No. Leslie already has a wife. They're separated, but she won't give him a divorce."

"I see."

He smiled at her. He probably meant his smile to be understanding and tolerant, but to Pat it was only irritating.

"Poor kid," he went on, "you sure had it bad, didn't you? And I can understand why, too. Seeing him here on his own island, he's an arrogant jerk. But put him ashore in Palm Beach, in swank surroundings—" He sighed. "That explains

why you've carried the torch for the past year. I'm only wondering, Pat—is the flame out now?"

When she merely glared at him, he rose and stood looking at her. His smile was tired.

"You and I don't seem to be getting on today, baby. It might be a good idea if I started back to the boat right now."

"For another drink?" It was the first thing that came into her head.

"Not primarily. I should be riding herd on our passengers."

"Are they liable to stray?"

Suddenly LeBaron seemed cold sober, and extremely worried. "Pat, we're in trouble. I was right about those guys we have aboard. They're Nazis."

PATRICIA'S blue eyes began to blaze. "Are you off on that again?"

"Now listen to me. Cabrera came up on deck just after you left, and he was scared stiff. It gave me a chance to slip down to their stateroom. Staatz was passed out in the lower bunk. I dipped into one of their suitcases and found two loaded Lugers and a lot of papers. And a long list of German residents of the U.S."

"What does that prove?"

"Look, Pat. In this war the Nazis made one big mistake, and it lost the war for them. They over-estimated the power of the propagandists and saboteurs and spies they had planted in the United States. Okay! Next time—and they're convinced there'll be a next time—they won't make that mistake. The Nazis are going underground in Germany right now. And if you think they're not sending over agents to go underground in America, to work with our native Fascist crack-pots—"

"But why," Patricia impatiently interrupted, "should you think these men are Nazis?"

He looked her in the eye, and then quickly looked away.

"I'll be trotting along, Pat," he said soberly. "Don't worry about those two rats. I'll whittle 'em down."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. I made a contract with Staatz and Cabrera, and I intend to keep it."

He stared at her, appalled, then started toward the door.

And because Patricia was so deadly weary, so wrought up by all that had happened—and so impatient with him—she knew she could say nothing.

He reached the door, opened it, turned. The pain written on his tanned face wrung her heart. She tried to speak, to call him back. But before she could say a word he flung at her:

"Pat, you *knew!* You knew all the time they were Nazis. The others too. All the slimy little fifth columnists we've smuggled into our country. And you've done it for excitement. You've done it hoping to forget, in the excitement, a man like Leslie Rutherford!"

He stood there watching her with such burning scorn that she felt robbed of the power to speak reasonably, to defend herself, to do anything but glare right back at him.

"You knew," he said. And shouted: "*Didn't you!*"

"*All right!*" she screamed hysterically. "I *knew!*"

Swiftly and yet quietly, he went out and closed the door. . . .

Patricia was sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to unscramble her soggy jeans, when Dora came in with a tray.

"You're not leaving!" she exclaimed.

"We should be able to get away by nightfall. The wind is dying fast."

Dora walked over to the dresser and put down the tray. "You must eat first. Won't you try while I find something for you to wear? You can't put on those wet clothes."

Sighing, Patricia tossed the jeans aside. "If you do have something . . ."

Dora went out, and when she came back with a pair of huaraches, a blue sweater and a pair of bright red slacks, Patricia had finished the plateful of eggs and toast and two cups of coffee. She put the slacks on. They were too long and Dora bent over to roll up the cuffs.

After a moment she asked quietly, "You were once in love with Leslie, weren't you?"

Startled, yet seeing no reason why she shouldn't be frank, Patricia said, "Why, yes. I was in love with Leslie. I met him at a party in Nassau a year ago. It was my first winter in the tropics. The soft wind and the bright sun and the big yellow moon—and Leslie—completely bowled me over. For two solid months I was floating around in the clouds, with the world's worst crush. Then I learned he was married, and that was that. After a very emotional parting, I didn't see him again until today." Patricia's laugh was rueful, harsh. "If we hadn't been forced in here by the hurricane, I might have gone on forever dreaming about him."

Dora's hands were trembling as she pushed the white hair out of her eyes. She said, "Leslie has never mentioned having a wife. Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. Some Miami friends of mine met her recently. She's in California."

"The joke, then, seems to be on me."

"Joke?"

"Leslie and I were married eight months ago." She laughed. It was as bitter a laugh as Patricia had ever heard. "I had some money—about ten thousand dollars. He tried to borrow it. When that didn't work, he asked me to marry him. He—well, he swept me off my feet. He can be so utterly charming when he wants to be."

Patricia sighed. "Yes—I know."

"When Bob hears about this—"

"Oh, but Dora! You mustn't tell him. He'd kill Leslie."

"I ought to kill him myself!"

"No. There are other ways to handle Leslie." Patricia smiled reassuringly. "Suppose you pack your things and come to Miami with me on the *Typhoon*. I know a good lawyer there and he'll see that your marriage is annulled."

They heard a sharp rap on the door. Patricia ordered in a crisp undertone, "Quiet now. Let me handle him." She called, "Come in, Leslie."

But it was not Leslie who came in. It was a tall, brown, clean-cut young man who looked enough like Dora to be her son.

He flipped the switch and sat waiting for the set to warm up.

"Hello, Sis." And seeing the tears in Dora's eyes: "What's wrong?"

Patricia said quickly, "She just got upset during the hurricane. How are you, Bob? I understand you saved my people—not to mention my boat."

"Hello, Miss Kane," he said diffidently. "It wasn't anything. It was fun, really. . . . Look, Miss Kane. Captain LeBaron said I could go to Miami with him on the *Typhoon* and—"

"You're really quitting?" Dora asked, drying her eyes, trying to compose herself.

"Sis, I've *got* to quit! I can't stand him any longer. The guy is your husband, and you probably love him. But so far as I'm concerned he's a cheap crook and if I stay here another day I'll kill him."

"But Miss Kane is taking me to Miami on the *Typhoon,*" Dora said.

"What!"

"I'm leaving Leslie."

"You are!" He took a long breath and smiled at her. "Gee, Sis, that's fine. That changes everything. I'll stay. I'll fight it out with him right here on his own ground." He turned impetuously to Patricia. "Miss Kane, I don't know what you two have been talking about, but if you knew how happy I am to see Dora moving off this island, away from Leslie—" He checked himself. "Sis, have you had it out with him?"

Dora was sobbing again, very quietly

"It won't be necessary to have it out with Leslie," Patricia spoke up. "Dora will pack her clothes and come out to the *Typhoon*. That's all there'll be to it. And if Leslie tries to stop her—" Patricia smiled "—don't kill him, Bob. Just clip him once—for me."

Bob began to laugh. "I've already done that, Miss Kane. He tried to tell me I couldn't come up to say goodbye to Sis. If you want me to do it again, I'd be glad to oblige. He's a sucker for a left hook."

"I guess, Bob, once was enough. Now I must get back to my boat. Have Bob bring you out as soon as you're ready Dora. And as for Leslie, just ignore him."

WALKING down the stairs, Patricia realized that, though she had rested and eaten and should be in good shape, her knees were wobbly and her step was none too sure. A feeling of frantic urgency had come over her the instant she stepped out of the guest room, as though all at once there were too much to do and too little time in which to do it.

Why, she asked herself, had she foolishly waited to eat, to talk to Dora? Why hadn't she flown out of the house on Vic LeBaron's heels?

Because you had on nothing but Dora's foolish green pajamas? Nonsense! Be honest with yourself. You were mad at Vic, stupidly mad at him over nothing of any real importance. And you let him go, knowing how hot-headed and impetuous he is, because you were too proud to chase him.

Now, she reflected, with a twinge of fear that was like a knife in her breast, she might be too late.

Leslie was waiting for her in the arched doorway of the parlor. He was holding a bloody handkerchief over his lips and there was blood on his white suit. His eyes, watching her come down the stairs, blazed with resentment.

"Dora is going with me to Miami," Patricia announced. "I advise you not to try to stop her. This morning, Leslie, I asked you to help me. I *pleaded* with you to help me save those people I thought were drowning. And you turned me down cold. Very well. This is my answer."

She stepped to the door. She opened it and sunlight splashed in on the muddy hallway floor. Catching a glimpse of cool blue sky and scudding white clouds, she took a deep lungful of fresh clean air—and tried to tell herself she was not afraid of Leslie, of anyone.

She ran down the front stairs onto what had once been a garden patch. Now the row of stilted pandanus trees on either side of it had been knocked flat. The cocoa palms down on the shore had been beheaded. Their fronds, pounded into the sandy, gray-white marl, rustled under her hurrying feet.

Splashing through the ankle-deep mud, she stopped laughing. Blood-red poinciana blossoms were scattered everywhere, beaten flat into the mud. The scene was like a desolated battlefield fought over many times, from which the dead and wounded had been removed. Patricia shuddered and hurried on.

Then, through the trunks of the palm trees which looked like giant toothpicks thrust at crazy angles in the sand, she saw the *Typhoon* riding snugly at her mooring behind the *Petrel*.

The tight little harbor was a murky gray-brown and littered with the storm's débris. But beyond the harbor, beyond the two tongues of white sand which formed it, the ocean was a deep blue. The tufted crests of the waves were snow white. The sea was moderating fast under a whistling, almost playful, southeast wind that was chasing a distant bank of gray cloud over the northwest horizon.

Thinking for a moment of the sleek boat waiting for her, of the fine blue sea and the fresh clean air, she felt all at once that life was good, and everything would come out all right and there was nothing, really, to worry about.

Then, coming toward her around a storm-tangled clump of mangrove on the shore, she saw Otto Staatz and Señor Cabrera. They had, she sensed, been waiting for her.

As they strode toward her, no more than fifty feet away now, she was gripped by an insane desire to turn and run. Instead, she checked her step and stood waiting. She saw, with ice water trickling down her spine, that Cabrera carried his right hand in the pocket of his coat, and the pocket bunched lumpily with a gun. The two men came closer, and she saw that Otto Staatz' blue eyes were grim and merciless in his haggard face.

She saw these things and recognized the men for what they were: Two desperate renegades who would kill her without a qualm if they deemed it expedient.

Waiting, outwardly cool but actually weak with foreboding, Patricia knew that she was trapped.

CHAPTER NINE

PATRICIA stood in the fresh, singing wind, waiting—a small, calm-faced girl in turned-up red slacks and a blue turtle-neck sweater, her eyes cool with assurance.

"Why have you come ashore?" she asked when they were within hearing.

"Your captain forced us off the boat at the point of a pistol," Ignacio Cabrera replied. "He put us in the *Petrel's* dinghy and told us to start rowing."

"You allowed him to push you around when you were armed, too?"

"First, we wanted to know the score."

She smiled. "Forget it. LeBaron can be handled."

"There is only one way to handle LeBaron," Cabrera stated, the lids drooping lower over his sinister black eyes. "We learned that he searched our belongings and unloaded our guns. Fortunately, we had extra cartridges. We loaded them again. But the harm has been done. He discovered—ah, certain documents in our luggage."

Patricia nodded calmly. "He found, in other words, that you are Nazi agents, two of the hundreds that are trickling into America to start softening us up for the next war."

Staatz' ice-blue eyes popped as she said that, but Cabrera took it smoothly. "So you knew all the time." The dark man chuckled.

"You see, Ignacio?" Staatz blurted. "I told you!"

A hundred yards off shore the *Typhoon* pitched rhythmically at her mooring behind the *Petrel*. There was no sign of life aboard her. Where was Vic LeBaron? What was he doing? Finishing up the brandy?

Patricia asked, with a cool crisp scorn, "Did you think I was foolish enough to swallow your corny stories?"

"And yet," Cabrera returned levelly, "you took our ten thousand dollars. You agreed to send us to New York in your personal car. Knowing we were Nazis, you agreed to do this. Please explain yourself, Miss Kane."

"I believe the ten thousand dollars is explanation enough."

"How do we know you will not turn us over to your Coast Guard?"

"Señor Cabrera, do you know the Nazi agent who masquerades as a Hungarian under the name of Hugo Feltz?"

OTTO STAATZ blinked and looked at Cabrera. "That would be Ludolph Folker."

"What about him, Miss Kane?" Cabrera demanded sharply.

"I took him across."

Cabrera nodded. "We knew that."

"He was taken to New York in my car and left at an address in the West Fifties. Correct?"

"Go on, please."

"Has Hugo Feltz been picked up by Federal agents?"

"No."

"All right. That was two months ago. Now tell me—do you know a professed anti-Fascist Italian going under the name of Antonio Albarini?"

"We know Albarini."

"I took him across," Patricia declared, "and sent him to New York. That was four months ago." She paused. "Well? Is Albarini at liberty still?" And when neither man answered: "Do you want some more? Do you want me to name every Nazi agent I have taken across? So far as I know, and I follow the New York papers very closely, only three of them have been arrested?"

"Five," Cabrera contradicted quietly.

"Five? I only heard of three. But what if the F.B.I. *has* picked up five? Five out of eighteen. Is that a good record? Or isn't it? I'm waiting, gentlemen."

Otto Staatz groaned and wiped the sweat off his face with an impatient hand. "*Gott*, what a woman! She knows the

answer before you ask the question. What do you say, Ignacio?"

"We'll have to trust her. But her captain—" his lips curled "—must be taken care of."

"Captain LeBaron," Patricia returned calmly, "is now taking care of himself. If I know him, he has gone to his cabin with a bottle of brandy. He will go to sleep and he will sleep for a long time."

"But, *mein Gott!*" Staatz exclaimed. "In that damned boat it takes a long time to the mainland. You think he sleeps forever?"

"We'll get another boat," Patricia replied. "A fast boat that will take you across and land you before daylight tomorrow morning. You will have breakfast in Palm Beach, lunch in Daytona and about this time day after tomorrow you will be rolling through the Holland Tunnel into New York. Is that service, my friends?"

CABRERA was scowling now. "Where will you get the boat? The one that pulled us off the reef?"

"Yes."

"How will you explain us to its owner?"

Patricia laughed. "You're just bubbling over with suspicions, aren't you? Well, suppose you leave that to me."

They looked at each other, hesitating. She stopped smiling.

"See here, you two! From here on in, you play this my way. Do you want to come with me, or do you want to stand here in the mud and mull it over?"

The lean, dark Cabrera laughed. "How else can we play it but your way? Come, Otto." He took Patricia's arm, his fingers hard and emphatic. "I know it sounds melodramatic, Miss Kane, but let me tell you something: At the first sign of a double-cross I am going to kill you."

And Patricia did not doubt that he would keep his word. . . .

Leslie, still holding the bloody handkerchief and occasionally applying it to his mouth, stood leaning against the piled, tarpaulin-covered table in the parlor of the great house on Sundown Cay. With cold disdain, he watched his three guests —Patricia, Staatz and Cabrera.

"Would you care to sit down?" he asked.

"No, thank you, Leslie," Patricia said. "We'll stand. . . . Where is Mr. Cates?"

"He has gone to the village."

"Bob and Dora?"

"They are in the kitchen, eating." Aggrievedly, Leslie added, "I think my jaw is broken."

Close to hysteria, Patricia wanted to laugh. "Leslie," she said, surprised at how crisply the words were coming, "I want to buy the *Petrel*."

"The *Petrel*," he retorted stiffly, "is not for sale."

"I am going to buy her, Leslie," Patricia went on implacably, "and I am going to pay you five pounds, which happens to be all the British money I have. Will you write out a bill of sale?"

"Are you insane?"

"It was very stupid of you, Leslie, to commit bigamy to get hold of a few thousand dollars."

"So I says, 'Nobody is goin' to tell me how much the girls in my show must wear!' "

"So what?" he jeered. "I cannot be deported on any such stupid charge as bigamy."

"No? Look, Leslie. I have some pretty good connections with officials in both Nassau and Miami. If I turn on the heat, my friend, you'll stand trial in Fort Lauderdale and you'll draw a nice stretch in Raiford Penitentiary. . . . Do I get the boat?"

Cabrera pulled speculatively at his nose, as though to hide the smile that kept twitching his lips. He asked cheerfully, "Couldn't we merely—ah—*take* the boat, Miss Kane?"

"And have Mr. Rutherford sail over to Nassau in a native sloop and swear out a warrant charging me with piracy? Not today, Señor Cabrera." She looked again at Leslie. "The bill of sale, please."

Leslie's handsome face had grown livid. "You cheap little—"

Cabrera took a step forward. His hand went into his pocket, closed on his gun. "No, Mr. Rutherford! You do as Miss Kane says."

She smiled her thanks—fully aware, though, that the dark little man would turn his gun against her just as readily if the occasion suited.

Rutherford, cursing under his breath, marched stiffly toward the door that led to the hall.

"Leslie!" she called after him. "Tell Bob Hayward I want to see him."

Cabrera drew out a limp pack of cigarettes, passed one to Patricia, and lighted it for her with a pocket lighter.

"See here, Miss Kane. Suppose Rutherford *should* sail over to Nassau and tip off the authorities?"

"Even if he had the courage to put to sea in a native boat, it would take him until tomorrow noon to get there. Long before that, you and Mr. Staatz will be safely on your way north."

Cabrera studied her through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "I hope, for your sake, as well as our own, that you are right. Because, if you are wrong, if the Coast Guard should be waiting for us—" He patted the flat gun in his coat pocket. "Do you understand me, Miss Kane?"

Patricia smiled pleasantly. "Quite," she said.

Bob Hayward appeared in the doorway. "Well!" he exclaimed, and then grinned. "Hello! You gentlemen seem in a little better shape now than when I saw you last."

Patricia said, "Bob, I want you to take us to Miami in the *Petrel*. And you'd bet-

ter pack your things. I doubt if you'll ever care to return to Sundown."

Bob looked at her hard, his grin fading "I'll be glad to take you to Miami, Miss Kane. But I've got to come back here."

"Why? Dora told me she had put ten thousand dollars into the vitamin business. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars for making this trip. Fair enough?"

He stared in amazement.

"Please, Bob!" she pleaded. "Please—no questions. Now will you hurry?"

He took a deep, audible breath. "Very well, Miss Kane."

Turning, he raced out and they heard him calling excitedly, "Sis! Oh, Sis!"

Cabrera asked, "How about our luggage on the *Typhoon?*"

"I'll have Woodie transfer it to the *Petrel.*"

Cabrera's voice was sour. "With Captain LeBaron's blessing, I suppose?"

"Captain LeBaron, as I pointed out before, is now dead to the world. With your permission, we'll leave him that way."

An hour later Leslie Rutherford stood in the open front doorway of his house watching the *Petrel,* his beloved *Petrel,* pitching sweetly to the high swells as she headed out between the two tongues of white sand which formed the inlet.

As the cruiser rounded the bobbing sea buoy in the harbor entrance and squared away on a westerly course, Leslie turned and slammed the door.

He marched to his little den behind the dining room, took the cover off the radio telephone and flipped the switch. While he waited for the set to warm, he clamped the headphones over his ears and sat drumming his fingers on the table.

Finally he began saying sharply, "Hello, Miami. . . . Hello, Miami. . . ."

At last he heard the voice of the Miami operator, thin and reedy above the crackle of static: "This is Miami. This is Miami. Who are you calling, please?"

Leslie settled into his chair. Gripping the table with both hands, he spoke slowly and distinctly: "This is Rutherford on Sundown Cay. Give me the Coast Guard. Then give me the Miami office of the F.B.I."

CHAPTER TEN

WARM, ayn't it, Captain?" Chunky little Phipps, the bartender of Nassau's King Henry Hotel, snapped his soiled cloth at a cluster of flies on the bar. "Notice 'ow the flies are swarmin indoors? They always do after a 'urricane."

"Very interesting, Phipps. Fill this, will you?"

Captain LeBaron, seated alone in the far corner of the gloomy room, shoved his empty glass across the table. Phipps came around the bar, the wind from the overhead fans lightly stirring the yellow fuzz around his bald spot.

"I 'eard the 'urricane ran inter one of them barometric 'ighs up near Daytona Beach and sheered off ter sea," Phipps remarked, leaning on LeBaron's table "Did yer 'ave much trouble, sir?"

"Trouble? Not a bit."

Phipps shook his head, clucking. "I 'eard yer come back alone with yer colored 'and. I 'ope the little laidy is all right, sir."

"Make that drink, will you?" LeBaron said sharply.

"Aye, sir."

Phipps picked up the empty glass and trudged back to the bar. He was cracking ice when Patricia, looking cool and fresh in white sharkskin slacks and a vivid green blouse, walked in from the street. She was with a tall, sad-looking man of about sixty, bulgy in a badly tailored white duck suit.

Phipps' jaw dropped. But if Patricia observed his surprise, or if she saw LeBaron sitting in his gloomy corner, she did not show it.

"Of course, you feel silly, but let's be practical."

Her eyes twinkled. " 'Ello, Phipps, 'ow' the bloomin' world been treatin' you?"

LeBaron half rose to his feet. Then he hastily eased back into his chair.

Phipps said, blinking, "I'm fine, miss. And you?"

"Right in the pink, old fellow," she smiled. "Phipps, have you any of that Savoldini sherry left?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then go out back and get me a bottle. And please take your time about it."

Phipps shuffled off, and LeBaron heard Patricia talking fast to her companion.

". . . Sixty-foot yawl. . . . captain and Negro seaman. . . . twenty-five miles north of Miami. . . . drive you straight to New York. . . . ten thousand dollars. . . ."

The man in the shapeless suit finally nodded, made some remark which LeBaron did not hear, and walked out. Patricia strolled over to LeBaron's table.

"Well!" she greeted him brightly, "Imagine finding you here."

"You imagine it," he growled. "How did you get back to Nassau?"

"On the morning plane from Miami."

He did not rise. His gray eyes were bleakly hostile as she sat down on the other side of the table.

"Did Woodie give you my message?" she asked, her husky voice still gay.

"If he hadn't, would I be here?"

"Did you see Leslie again?"

"Yes."

"How is he?"

"Terrible. All his natives pulled out on him and he tried to hire me to bring him to Nassau to see a doctor. It seems he walked into a door and broke his jaw."

"How pathetic! You brought him, of course?"

"I told him if he wanted to get to Nassau he could swim."

"Tch-tch! I didn't realize you could be so hard. What else did Leslie say?"

"He told me he radioed the Coast Guard and the F.B.I. that you were bringing two aliens over on the *Petrel.*" LeBaron suddenly exploded. "How the hell did you dodge 'em?"

PATRICIA smiled. "I didn't. A patrol boat intercepted us ten miles off the mainland. She pulled across our bow and ordered us to stop."

"Oh, yes? And then what?"

"Why, the skipper, who happened to be an old friend of mine, called, 'Hi, Pat! How you doing, sugar?' "

"Do I have to swallow that?"

"It's true, Vic. Then I went on about my business. And so did the patrol boat."

"What a line you have!"

"No, not a line. Just a drag."

"With the United States Coast Guard? Tell me another."

"For instance?"

"Where are your two Nazis?"

Patricia looked at her wrist watch. "About this time, I should say, they are rolling up Fifth Avenue."

She glanced up as Phipps came in from the rear with a dusty, cobwebby bottle.

"Phipps, old fellow," she said, "would you mind stepping out to the street and taking a look at the weather for me? I may have to sail for Miami tonight."

Phipps stood the bottle on the bar. "Very well, miss." Dubious, he went out.

Patricia reached over the table and put a hand on LeBaron's arm. All at once her eyes were moist and there was a new warmth in her voice as she said gently, "You poor, patient darling."

LeBaron's tired heart turned over.

"I haven't been very kind, have I?" she went on tenderly. "However, we're still in a war. Orders are orders. And you did establish a reputation for drinking too much and talking too loud when you were on the beach in Miami. The powers decided that the less you knew, the less chance you'd give us away."

LeBaron merely stared at her.

"You see," she explained, smiling at him, her eyes big and bright, "when a fellow thinks he's engaged in something dangerously illegal, he doesn't do much talking about it around the bars. But if he knows he is working for the F.B.I., he might get drunk and—"

"I haven't been drunk," LeBaron muttered, "since I met you."

"I know you haven't, darling. I was

all for telling you months ago. But I was ordered not to. And even though I'm only a private citizen, doing a job of work, I can still obey orders. I suppose if it hadn't been for the hurricane, and that mess at Sundown, I might have been forced to go on indefinitely."

"Then the F.B.I. *wants* these agents in the U. S.?" LeBaron asked.

"It's the most satisfactory way they've found to locate the Nazi sympathizers. When I turn our refugees over to my chauffeur—"

"That punch-drunk ex-pug?"

"He isn't punch-drunk, darling."

"He talks like a Brooklyn truck driver."

"But he is actually F.B.I. out of Princeton and Harvard Law School. Anyway, he drives the Nazis to New York and passes them along to other operatives. These men shadow our Nazis day and night, search their apartments, copy their records when they have the chance. They run down all their connections, all their contacts, all the nasty little crackpot Fascists they put to work."

"Don't they ever pick them up?"

"Of course they pick them up. When the time is ripe and everything seems to be going sweetly, the F.B.I. seems to blunder on them by accident. . . . Slick, isn't it?"

LeBaron took a deep breath. "Not nearly so slick," he said wearily, "as the way I've been taken in by a pair of blue eyes. And the sweet turn of a calf. And the red curve of a pair of lips. You hire me to captain your boat because I'm the best damned man in sail you can find in Miami. Then you turn on the glamor. You charm me until I can't call my soul my own. And you play me for a dope."

IF he could tear his eyes away from hers, he reflected, perhaps his heart would stop that stupid thumping.

"I'll plead guilty, Vic," she said. "But there is one little detail that should be added. You see, darling—" and now an honest humility softened her voice "—it took a hurricane and one look at an old flame to make me realize it—but during these past months I've fallen desperately in love with you."

LeBaron rose so impetuously he almost tipped over the table. He lifted her from her chair and folded her in his arms. Their kiss was long and hard.

When at last she drew back her head, that exasperating, bewitching twinkle was in her eyes as she asked, "Have you any orders, Captain?"

"What order—" he kissed her again "—would you suggest?"

"I suggest—" she was breathless now "—that you order me to haul anchor—"

"Right. The course to the nearest minister is nor'-nor'east. Set your sails, Pat. And no reefs this time."

LeBaron took her arm, turned.

Phipps was standing impassively behind the bar. He ran a big red hand over his face, wiping off the perspiration.

"Yer awsked me abaht the weather, miss." Grinning, he looked straight over their heads. "Blimey, miss, it's warm. Shall Hi set up the drinks on the 'ouse?"

THE END

OUR NEW MAGIC EYE

By Harold Ammons

IT would probably give you a jolt to glance at the ash trays and glasses some dark night, and find them lit up like a juke box. Yet if your eye were "fast" enough, that is exactly what you might see. Scientists call such normally unseen gleams and glows "fluorescent" effects, and have put them to work for us.

As a result, we have a real "magic ray" called black light—and by its aid, a whole new army of helps that are fighting along with our bazookas and half-tracks, saving lives and detecting criminals.

It is thick, pitchy night, yet between a G.I. in a foxhole and a scout detail on a mountain, messages flash. The enemy sees nothing, hears nothing. Because our G.I.'s field glasses are coated with a transparent and fluorescent film through which he, and he alone, can see the black-light signal in dots and dashes from our scout on the mountain.

Back in a village just taken, a medical corpsman bends over an apparently lifeless private. Injecting a drop of fluorescent liquid back of the "dead" man's ear, the doctor beams his black-light torch on the face. Suddenly the victim's lips and eyes glow brightly green. He is alive!

High above in the dark zooms a fighter pilot who reads his instrument panel by black light; while slogging along below a weary patrol trains a black-light beam on the roadside—and literally reads from the rocks "invisible" messages painted there and left behind by infiltrating comrades.

On the home front, black light found needed ore for war materials; its rays quickly pick out the vein of metal in rock.

Police find it invaluable. Recently a murder case was solved when black light detected an imprint in glue left by initials on a suitcase. To prevent forgeries, checks are treated with fluorescent ink. Any erasure breaks up the fluorescent pattern, and a black-light lamp detects the fact. A kidnaper, paid off in similarly treated bills, was caught by a bank cashier.

Some day, the walls and ceilings of our homes, our carpets, draperies and clothing will, when excited by black-light lamps, burst into an array of surprising color combinations—and from fluorescent lighting set in panels we'll read the evening paper!

Mysterious as it sounds, this new magic ray is in reality only a light too fast in vibration for the human eye to see. Scientists tell us that it is an ultraviolet radiation, making no light of its own as we think of light; but when trained upon certain objects, it reveals their whole bag of glowing tricks.

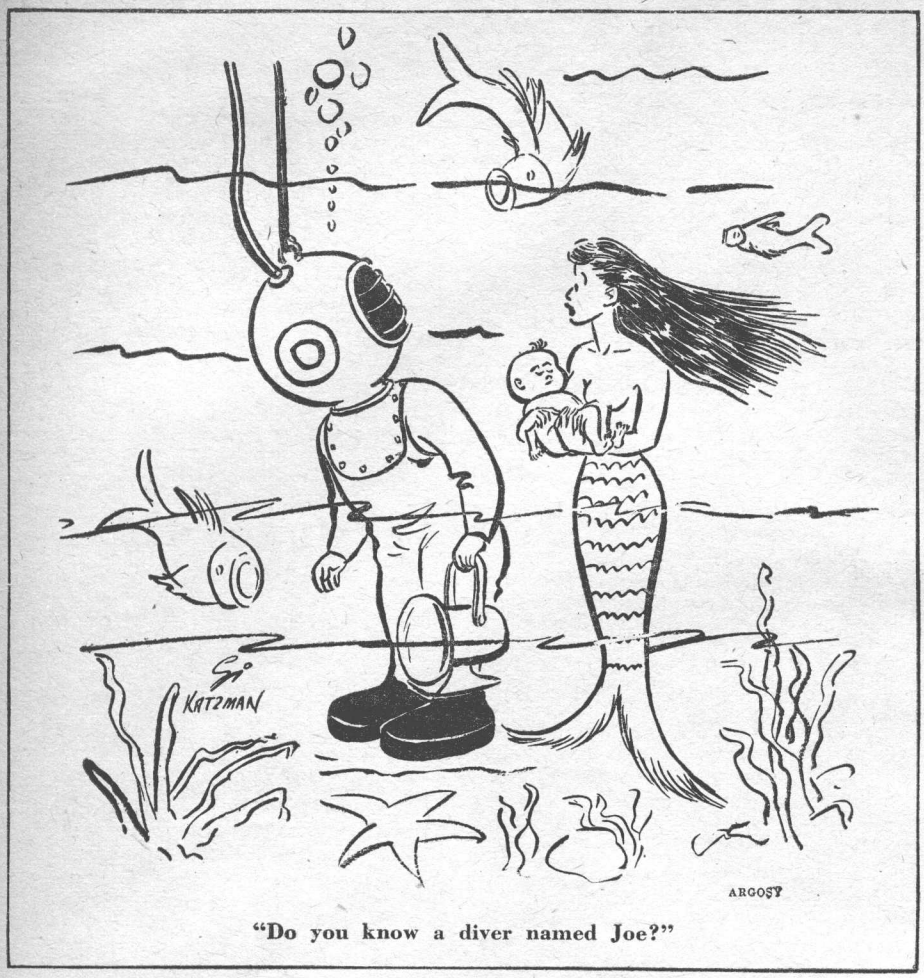
Many materials, such as the glass objects mentioned, foods, plastics, paints and pigments, fluoresce naturally under black-light lamps. Because this is true, frauds in foods are now detected in speedy minutes as compared to old-fashioned chemical analysis. For example, supposedly pure olive oil, which appears green under black light, was exposed as plain cottonseed oil—which fluoresces blue.

Once having discovered the naturally glowing properties of such materials, scientists and engineers began painting and dyeing others. Thus we have carpets which glow softly and guide us more easily to our seat in darkened theaters. On the blacked-out stage we see a ballet in brilliant colors, the result of these fluorescent dyes coupled with black light. Dance bands have used the same dramatic effects.

Has the laundry ever sent you somebody else's shirt? In the future the chances of that happening may be practically nil, for already more than 150 laundries are using a large, new-style marker in fluorescent ink. You can't see it—but with the new "magic eye" it's easier and quicker for the laundry worker to read than the old-style mark.

Another dramatic use is in detecting fake "old masters"—modern pigments or tampering show up plainly. Eyeglass people also employ it to determine the degree of tint in a lens. Discovering frauds in jewels by the same method is another possibility.

As for the future, black light's usefulness has only been tapped. And decoratively alone, man's imagination seems the only limit.



"Do you know a diver named Joe?"

In This Corner

(*Continued from page* 15) moon with an escort of a million stars. I want to talk to you, Johnny."

"It's late, Sheila. I should be in bed."

"A half hour won't make much difference."

"No, Sheila."

But I did. I'd been away so long. I wanted to hold her soft hand against my face. I wanted to get close and smell the sweet, tantalizing perfume. I wanted to talk, between kisses. Like she said, a half hour wouldn't make much difference; I could sleep later in the morning.

FIFTEEN rounds is a long pull for an old war horse. Tenth round, well past the halfway mark. Bore in, take two to land one. Keep boring. Get close so you can talk to him. "Buzzy, you're a bum. You smell. No steam in your punches. You're getting weaker every second. What'll you do when you run out of powder puffs?" You say that to him and you know you're lying.

You're hurt, blinded, the ring lights are sheets of shimmering gold dancing before your eyes. You bite into the rubber mouthpiece to keep back the sobs that come up from your insides as his gloves sink deep. "Buzzy, you can't hit. Put some oomph behind your punch."

Gloves burst all around you. Buzzy leans on the punch; he's trying hard to prove you're wrong. The sweat gleams on his powerful shoulders.

The hard gloves thud into your body. God, how they hurt! You try to hurt him back, but he's got that extra juice in his smart legs, enough to take him out of range. Your right hand feels like it's swollen to the size of a balloon. But you keep heaving leather.

Suddenly everything is a black pit. Your hands hang at your sides, two heavy weights that threaten to pull you down to the canvas. You can't move your feet. There's a pain in your hip and you're paralyzed. It's all over. Buzzy comes in. Then you remember tricks. You raise your head high and laugh loud, crazy.

Buzzy stops short. He glances at the referee. He doesn't know what to do. He's lost, bewildered for a second or two When he realizes, and comes in snarling, his jaw sticking out, he's a second too late. That pain in your side is gone. You can move. Buzzy has lost his big chance

"You're a bum, Buzzy. Whatsa matter, didn't I teach you anything? I must be a lousy teacher. Or maybe it's you, Buzzy? Where did you pack them brains, Buzzy?'

He growls louder. He doesn't like it. His gleaming forehead is creased in fine wet lines. He's mad as a taunted bull. He wants to hit me through the floor. He forgets about precision; the machine doesn't work so smoothly now. He wants to trade punches. I oblige him, though with every punch my right hand feels like it's coming off at the wrist.

WE parked the car on a side road in the park. We talked for a minute, saying nothing. I took her in my arms. Her lips were soft and wet. I forgot everything; I forgot the world with its troubles; I forgot tomorrow night. I was on a different planet, a sweet paradise.

She whispered, "Be careful, Johnny. Tomorrow night, I mean."

"I'm always careful."

It felt good having somebody worry about me. Especially Sheila, whose dancing eyes could make your insides do tricks. Sweet Sheila, soft and tempting, with lips that kissed with all the fire of a love whetted by six months' absence.

"Johnny," she said, "Buzzy can fight."

"I'm no cripple."

"His gloves can cut a man's face into a bloody mask. I've seen him do it."

"Maybe he'll make me beautiful," I laughed. "It's only a fight, Sheila. I've had lots of 'em and came out okay. All I got is a touch of potato ear. So what? We'll give the crowd a run for their dough."

"Johnny, that's just it. It's only another fight. Why take punishment when you don't have to? Why get your ears knocked off when you don't get a dime for it?"

It was something in her voice, I guess. Or in her black velvet eyes. Or maybe things were working in back of my head. Suddenly I was back in this world, a crazy fighting world with its Pearl Harbors. . . .

"Sheila," I said, "I don't get it. It's those Hawaiian ack-ack guns. They can make a guy awfully deaf even after he's away from them awhile."

"Don't act dumb, Johnny." There's anger in her sharp tone. "You know what I'm talking about."

"You want me to take a dive?"

"I just don't want you to get hurt. Is that asking too much?"

"Sheila, I never threw a fight in my life."

"For what you're getting out of this one, it won't hurt you."

"That crowd will expect me to give them the best."

"And what's that, Johnny? You're no youngster. You're not expected to be the Johnny Elliott who was champ."

Sheila, sweet Sheila, with lips that can twist in scorn, who can slap you down gently, with eyes that caress you one moment, only to turn to glassy strangeness the next.

"Let's forget fights," I said. "It's just you and I, here, alone, with only the old man in the moon keeping tabs."

"Promise me you won't be a fool. Box a few rounds—"

"I'm a puncher, not a dancer."

Those things in back of my head were piecing together. Everything added up to an even number. Sheila and Buzzy.

I said, "It isn't me you're worried about." A guy's voice can change so that he hardly recognizes it as his own. It gives you a funny sensation, like you're

hearing yourself talk through a telephone.

I could feel her jump. "Who else, Johnny? Somebody been telling you silly things? Who else I got to worry about?"

"Buzzy Williams."

"Buzzy? You're crazy, Johnny."

"I'm remembering things . . . you and Buzzy. I must've been blind. They tried to tell me—Kenny of the *Trib*, Ernie. God, Sheila, all those reporters at the station, they must have known and were laughing their heads off."

Funny, how despite your insides being all tied in a hard knot and a pounding in your head, you can still pay attention to the wind whistling through the trees. Like I wasn't part of the scene. I counted the notches in the steering wheel. I looked out the car window. The moon was still there, the stars. Nice and peaceful.

"All right, Johnny," she said. She didn't have to pretend any more, she didn't have to drip sugar. "Johnny, I'm just saving you punishment, for old times' sake. I don't want you to get a bad beating. At the same time, you can make yourself a piece of change."

I was sick at heart. Sheila, whom I had dreamed of these last six months. Every night I had thought: What's she doing? Does she miss me? What a laugh!

She said, "Buzzy will cut you in on the championship fight, if you don't make him extend himself tomorrow night. He can afford to slip you a small fortune. He'll get plenty himself, of course."

"Sheila—why? You and Buzzy, I mean. I had dopey ideas about you and me getting together long enough to go down to City Hall. Why, Sheila?"

Quietly she said, "Buzzy and I were married two months ago, Johnny. We've kept it on the q.t. up to now. Guess we were always stuck on each other."

It was hard to take. She was married. She was Buzzy's. I was out in the cold.

"Tell me, Sheila," I said. "All this acting, at the station, in this car—Buzzy knew what you were trying to do? He sent you?"

OF course, How else—" She stopped short. "No, Johnny, no, I—"

"Baby, that's all I want to know. Buzzy sent you to perform your strip-tease specialty for me. Lieutenant Conroy was right. Buzzy's worried, isn't he?"

"Don't be a fool!" She squirmed in her seat. "You can't beat him."

"Can't?" A mad joy came up inside me. I couldn't control it. It kept singing, "Another shot at Big Joe! A chance to do what no man ever did before, win back the title! A chance to get a million bucks for the boys in the service!"

I snapped open the door. I got out on the road. "Sheila," I said, "Buzzy is scared of the old master. He should be. Go back and tell him that for me."

I slammed the door. Her eyes were on fire in the half-light. She jerked the car into action and was off like a frightened animal. I walked up the road, thinking. I didn't care if I spent the rest of my life in a bughouse showing off my yellow newspaper clippings, shaking fog from inside my head. I didn't care what happened just as long as I sent Buzzy back to her arms on a stretcher . . .

It's the thirteenth round. Your chest is tight, busting at the seams. Your arms are ready to drop off. You don't feel punches now; your body is one big ache. But you don't care. Buzzy is on the go. You keep talking. The words are not only for Buzzy, but for yourself. It helps to keep your morale up. You see the blood moving about his lips, the white patch on the red background that is his face, and it's good.

"A million bucks, Buzzy. Johnny Elliott and the Champ. Not you, Buzzy. A million bucks and you're not cutting in on it. After tonight you'll come back to me for more lessons, won't you, Buzzy?"

He stops short. He's complaining to the referee. "Foul! He hit me low," he yells. The referee laughs. Everybody laughs.

You know you've got him now. He's wild, crazy wild. He's forgot how to block punches. You hook him once, twice, and he grabs the rope to keep from falling. Talk, talk, fast and snappy. It's been done before. Benny Leonard could talk a guy out of it. So could a dozen others. Now, Johnny Elliott . . .

BUZZY is howling. Stop talking and fight, he says. He's pleading to the referee, to the crowd. Buzzy is in a rage. He's forgot everything his teacher taught him. He's right-hand crazy, throwing punches from the floor. You got him, you got him! Because you've the best left hand in the business. Buzzy sways and clutches atmosphere like a blind man. He backs up but you're on him, feeding him soiled leather. He grabs and holds with desperate strength. You shrug him off. He starts his right again but your left blazes in a short arc. You breathe deep as you go to a neutral corner on wobbly legs.

You look out at the crowd but you see nothing. You're listening to the referee's count. You're praying that Buzzy won't get up. If he does you'll never be able to leave the corner.

He gets up. And you find the extra strength to go out to meet him. You think: Careful, save your strength for the haymaker, set him up first. The next second you've forgot. You send him rocking on his feet from a wild bombardment. You stop short. You have to, you're so tired.

You got one more punch. Make it a good one.

You time it, then you step in with a hook that has a million bucks riding on it. His eyes go flat and dull. He slops over and crumples up in his own corner and you know you've given him back to his handlers and Sheila.

Lieutenant Conroy comes through the ropes. He's full of happy laughter. The whole arena is a madhouse. Lieutenant Conroy throws a robe around your bowed shoulders. He hugs you tight. He's crying. You want to tell him to cut it out, but you're afraid if you open your mouth you'll join him. You flop down on your stool. You begin to wonder if your bad hand will get healed in time to meet Big Joe. You begin thinking: I've got a trick Joe never saw. I know how to beat him . . . win back the title. . . .

THE END

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PRESIDENTS?

1. Name the only President born west of the Mississippi.
2. "The tongue, the pen, and the sword of the Revolution" referred to Patrick Henry, to Thomas Jefferson and to whom else?
3. George Washington is the only President who was inaugurated in two cities, neither of which was Washington. Name one.
4. Which President never rode in a Pullman until he was nominated for the vice-presidency, and never owned an automobile until he went to Washington? He first achieved national prominence in a police strike.
5. Identify three of the following: (a) The Great Emancipator (b) The Father of the Constitution (c) Old Rough and Ready (d) Old Hickory.
6. Which Chief Executive bought Louisiana from Napoleon?
7. What Presidents do you connect with the following? Get all but one. (a) Rough riding (b) Remember the Maine (c) Teapot Dome scandal (d) With malice toward none (e) The capital of Wisconsin (f) A chicken in every pot (g) Make the world safe for Democracy.
8. From 1840 to 1920, a jinx pursued all Presidents elected at twenty-year intervals. Name and tell the fate of three of the five.
9. The first President elected on the Republican ticket wrote his most famous speech on the back of an old envelope. He was once a storekeeper. Identify him.
10. He was accused of packing the Supreme Court and of wanting to become a dictator. Lincoln once said of him: "I must find out what brand of whiskey he drinks so I can send a barrel apiece to the other generals." Who was he?

Answers may be found on Page 100.

John H. Cutler

Wild Man of Birmingham

(*Continued from page* 38) like the laughter. It was an affront to his acting ability They were supposed to be frightened not amused. He redoubled his efforts, and still they laughed. But no one asked for his money back, and the half-dozen shows which followed were jammed.

When the carnival closed at midnight Mr. Slappey was a completely exhausted wild man. He left the cage, slipped into the canvas annex which was the dressing room and removed makeup and costume He walked around to the front of his cage and regarded it with a proprietary —almost affectionate—air. Then he saw something which made him feel considerably less affectionate.

Beneath the iron bars, clearly visible to spectators but invisible to the occupant of the cage, was a crudely lettered sign:

COME ONE
COME ALL
The Greatest Attraction
of the Greatest Midway
See
FLORIAN SLAPPEY
Make like a Wild Man
Admission 25 cents
THE LAFF OF A LIFETIME

Mr. Slappey stared. It couldn't be—but it was. He observed rectangles of flimsy pink paper scattered about. He picked one up, and his anger mounted. The paper was a hastily printed throwaway that virtually duplicated the sign hanging in front of his cage. He knew without asking that thousands of them must have been scattered throughout Darktown that evening.

No wonder he had been the feature attraction. No wonder people had laughed He, Florian Slappey, had been held up to public ridicule. He had been severely and scientifically double-crossed by Castor Snipe.

He started down the midway. He encountered Mr. Snipe in front of the tent which housed Madame Sapho Jones snake-charming act.

Florian started to tell Mr. Snipe what he thought of him. He started but he didn't finish. Mr. Snipe had once been a professional pugilist.

There was a flurry of action. When it ended, Florian was lying prone on the midway and Castor was sitting on top of him. With Madame Jones as a sympathetic audience of one, Florian stated his grievance as soon as he was permitted to rise.

This time he used moderate language and Castor listened. He said, "What you yellin' about, Florian? You tooken the job an' signed a contrack. Us done the best business since we gotten to Bumminham."

"Ise resignin'," stated Mr. Slappey. "As of immedjitly."

"Oh no, you ain't. You keep on wildmannin' so long as us remains heah. An' if you try to run out on me, I'll not on'y exterminate you, but I'll have you arrested. Yo' contrack admits in yo' own handwritin' that you deliberately los Magnesia's fur coat."

Beaten, battered and bewildered, Florian would have started another conflict had he not been restrained by the elderly snake-charmer. She led him into her tent. So miserable was he that he didn't even notice the squirming reptiles in the screened boxes: domestic snakes of every known variety from innocent little grass snakes on up.

Sapho Jones said, "Look, Brother Slappey. I don't like Castor Snipe no better'n you do. But he's got you where he wants an' you ain't got no choice essept to grin an' bear it."

Mr. Slappey shook his head sadly. "I'll bear it," he agreed. "But there ain't nobody can make me grin."

Madame Jones picked a jar of ointment from the tray of her trunk and commenced to smear it over Mr. Slappey's bruises.

"Use yo' haid, Brother Slappey," she counseled sagely. "As a wild man, you is the wust I ever seen. All the folks is gwine pay fo' is to laugh at you. So all right, what you should do is turn the tables."

"Ain't got no table."

"You found out that ev'ybody knows who you is. All right. Fum now on you pretem like you enjoy it. Make them think you is doin' this on account you want to. So instead of them laughin' at you . . . you start laughin' at them."

Florian said, "Maybe you got somethin', Sister. The mo' I think about it . . ."

THE following night Mr. Slappey sat grimly in his cage until the barker had completed the fearsome announcement Then he rose, tossed his spear around, emitted a few first-class roars and came to the front of the cage. He grabbed the bars and peered out.

"Howdy, folks," he said. "This is Florian Slappey performin' as Rawmeat Sam You is one an' all invited to be suckers an' spend yo' quarters to see the unwildest wild man in captivity. Step right this way, folks, an' prove how much sense you ain't got."

Despite his derision, they crowded in But instead of their laughing at Florian he laughed at them. He danced and howled and went through all the wildman motions, but he overdid it. He was clowning. Obviously, he was having a much better time than they were.

Business dropped off immediately and alarmingly. Mr. Snipe cornered Florian after the show and threatened mayhem.

The dapper little gentleman didn't budge an inch. "You lay one finger on me, Castor Snipe," he said grimly, "an' you gits a hunk of the jailhouse yo'self. Ise keepin' up my end of the contrack, an' you ain't got no choice but to do likewise."

The next night business was virtually nil. Florian indulged in a little self-satisfied strutting.

Unfortunately, though, he had reckoned without his host. Castor was a gent who knew the score at all times, and when it was against him he usually did something about it.

Florian's first warning came early in the second and final week of his wildmanning. Sapho Jones met him after the lights had gone out on the midway, and sadly handed him a throwaway. It was loaded with catastrophe.

BLOODTHIRSTY BATTLE
To a Finish
Wild Man against Wild Man
RAWMEAT SAM
(alias Florian Slappey)
—vs—
CARNIVEROUS CHARLEY
Of the Epic Shows
Next Sattidy Night
Adm.—$1.00
GUARANTEE: This Is On The Levvel

Just when Florian had thought his troubles were at an end, Mr. Snipe had pulled this out of his hat. Nor did Madam Jones' words help matters.

"I used to vuk with the Epic Shows once," she told Florian. "This heah Carniverous ain't no real wild man, but he's mean enough to be."

"He could lick me, Sapho?"

"He could tear you limb from limb, Brother Slappey."

Mr. Slappey was sunk. He held a conference with Castor and made it clear that it wouldn't be much of a fight.

Mr. Snipe became generous. "Tell you what I'll do, Florian. I'll write a new contrack with you. Does you lick Carniverous, I cancel off all the rest of the money you owe me fo' Magnesia's coat."

Florian said, "I'll sign anything. Contracks ain't gwine hurt no dead man."

But after signing the new agreement, Mr. Slappey started thinking desperately. He consulted with Sapho and learned that Castor Snipe was probably not personally acquainted with Carniverous Charley, since the routes of the two carnivals never crossed. Florian stared at her while an idea burst in his brain. He said, "Wow!" and departed in a cloud of dust.

He went straight to the home of one Bubber Ransom. Bubber had once been a wrestler. He now worked as a puddler in the Ensley steel mills. He was proud to consider himself a friend of Florian Slappey.

Florian's scheme was simple. Through Sapho Jones, he would find out when Carniverous Charley was expected to arrive in Birmingham. Bubber Ransom would meet the gent. He would lure Carniverous to a secluded spot and exert a persuasive amount of physical force. "Then," finished Florian triumphantly, "you show up at the carnival. You tell Castor Snipe you is Carniverous. You dress up like a wild man, an' me an' you battle."

"Shuh! Florian, I wouldn't never fight with you."

"That's just the point, Bubber. We

make like it's a fight. We do a lot of screamin' an' yellin'. Then you pretend you is licked an' you run away."

Mr. Ransom was agreeable. He became even more so when Florian confided in him that he intended to form a syndicate of trustworthy friends. "I'll git them to bet on me. Castor will give odds. These fellers will know the troof, an' they'll cut me in fo' half of their winnin's. How much I git, I divvies with you."

"Tha's kind of tough on Mistuh Snipe, ain't it?"

"Brother, you said it. But after what that feller done to me, it ain't half tough enough."

Saturday morning Bubber Ransom went to the Terminal Station with Madame Jones. Florian watched the proceedings from the waiting room. He saw a very unpleasant looking, flashily dressed gentleman come through the exit, saw Madame Jones point him out, and then saw Bubber Ransom speak to the stranger for a moment and then walk off with him.

This was Florian's day. He visited certain friends, who had money and the ability to keep valuable information to themselves. This group raised a purse of one hundred dollars, which was later wagered on Florian at odds of one to two.

At eight-thirty, in black tights and shirt plus the moth-eaten leopard skin, Florian strolled by the back route to the big tent which had been selected as the battle ground.

Every seat was occupied and scores of disappointed folks were clamoring to get in. A three-piece band was valiantly dispensing discord. Mr. Slappey was feeling great. His hour of triumph was at hand his period of bondage about to end in a blaze of glory. He drew aside the canvas flap and inspected the crowd. What he saw pleased him. But then he saw something which plummeted him from the zenith of beatitude to the nadir of dank despair.

Sitting forlornly near the ringside was a man swathed in bandages. He looked futile and unhappy.

The man was Bubber Ransom!

Bubber in civilian clothes. Bubber battered to a crisp. It could have happened only one way. Carniverous Charley must have done it. That being the case, Mr. Slappey realized that he himself wasn't far away from a slow ride in a black vehicle.

FLORIAN dragged heavy, hopeless steps to the dressing room of Madame Jones. Into her sympathetic ears he poured his tale of woe. " 'Tain't yo' fault, Sapho. You been my only friend. So Ise askin' you to be chief mourner fo' me at the graveyard."

Sapho was miserable. But she got an inspiration. She lifted the screen which covered a box of small harmless grass snakes. She picked up one and wrapped him in a piece of brown paper.

She said, "Look, Florian, the most thing Carniverous is scared of is snakes. Put this heah one in the pocket of yo' leopard skin. The fust chance you get, you put that snake under his leopard skin, right close to him."

When Florian arrived at the arena, Carniverous Charley was already there, giving a blood-curdling exhibition of wild-manning. Castor Snipe grabbed Florian and hustled him into full view of the crowd.

In a flowery and frightening speech, Mr. Snipe explained the conditions of battle; catch-as-catch-can, no holds barred, and definitely to a finish. While he talked, Carniverous Charley jumped up and down in his leopard skin and made loud and dreadful noises like a man-eater. Mr. Slappey stood moodily in his corner gazing far, far away. That one little grass snake in his pocket wasn't going to save his hide. He could see golden clouds and little pink angels and hear the music of harps. He was feeling awful.

Then came the clang of a gong. Somebody yelled, "Go git him, Carniverous," and that gentleman hopped toward his opponent.

"Heah comes doom," reflected Mr. Slappey. "But he's got to catch me fust."

Whereupon, Florian commenced to circle the arena at great speed. He looked neither wild nor belligerent. The spectators howled disapproval. Someone started to laugh, and the merriment became general. Carniverous Charley, a professional showman, was enjoying this.

For perhaps five minutes Florian succeeded in avoiding his Nemesis. Then he felt the embrace of a pair of muscular arms, and he crashed to the dirt with Carniverous on top of him.

Desperation gripped Florian. His brain was suddenly clear. He realized that Carniverous intended prolonging the agony, and that gave him his chance.

He took his punishment, for now it was punishment with a purpose. He managed to get a hand into the pocket of his leopard skin and he tore open the paper which held the little green snake. He hated snakes, and this one seemed more wriggly than most. But Florian clenched his teeth and held tight.

He threw both arms around Carniverous Charley. He pulled the leopard skin away from where it fitted snugly around Charley's ebony middle, and dropped the indignant snake inside.

"Snakes!" His voice exploded in Charley's ear. "The snakes is loose!"

For two or three seconds nothing happened. Then Charley's grip relaxed. From his ignominious position on the ground, Florian looked up and saw an expression of consternation appear on the face of the Carniverous character. Charley staggered to his feet and started slapping at his anatomy.

Terror gripped the man. He gave out with a blood-chilling yell which shook the tent.

Florian was an opportunist. He leaped to his feet and commenced making pugilistic motions. He started toward Carniverous, but never reached him. Charley had forgotten Florian, forgotten the crowd, forgotten everything save what was going on inside the leopard skin.

He darted across the arena with Florian in full pursuit. He leaped over the fence and vanished into the rear.

Mr. Slappey paused. He turned slowly and with great dignity. He smiled at the crowd. Then he clasped his hands and held them over his head as a thunder of astounded applause broke loose.

Meanwhile, the defeated wild man had sought the nearest sanctuary, which happened to be the dressing tent belonging to Miss Magnesia Dunk. The place was deserted.

Carniverous ripped at his costume and flung it away.

A harmless little green snake wriggled happily across the floor of the tent and vanished into the night.

Utterly nude, Carniverous looked about for some garment to cover him. He saw plenty of dresses, but they wouldn't do. He spotted Magnesia's trunk and opened the lid.

Inside he found a fur coat. He wrapped the genuine feline Russian sable around his nakedness and started back for the arena with the idea of completing his work on Florian Slappey.

He reached the tent just in time to see Castor Snipe protestingly paying out the two hundred dollars he had lost to Florian's betting syndicate.

Carniverous let out a roar and started for Mr. Slappey. But before he had moved three steps he was grabbed by half a dozen strong men. He had no choice but to stand there as a witness to Florian's triumph.

Mr. Slappey was riding high, wide and handsome. His eye lighted on the fur coat Carniverous was wearing. He stepped forward and asked grimly, "Where at did you git that coat?"

"Out of Magnesia Dunk's tent," said Carniverous.

For an instant Florian didn't comprehend. Then, as the full significance smote him, all the pieces of the puzzle fitted together. He faced the crowd and asked for silence.

He told his story from the beginning. He explained what was now clear to him for the first time: that he had been the victim of a foul conspiracy hatched by Castor Snipe and Magnesia Dunk.

"But Ise callin' on you-all to witness," he orated, "that I is hereby returnin' Magnesia's coat. So that much is square. On the other hand, I got a contrack which says Castor Snipe was payin' me thirty dollars a week. I worked heah two weeks. Also he promised to cancel the remainin' ninety dollars if I was to lick Carniverous Charley. That ninety dollars was to apply against the value of the fur coat. But I has a'ready returned the coat. So Ise claimin' that Brother Snipe now owes me ezactly one hundred and fifty dollars in cash."

CASTOR screamed a protest. Lawyer Evans Chew appointed himself chairman of the vigilante committee and stated that Florian's claim was just and reasonable.

They took a hundred and fifty dollars from Castor and gave it to Florian. They gave him a hundred dollars additional, which was half of their winnings. Deducting the fifty dollars which he intended to pay his friend Bubber Ransom, Florian was now two hundred dollars to the good.

What was more, he was a heroic figure. His friends were showering him with congratulations.

"How did you do it, Florian?" they inquired.

Mr. Slappey smiled. "When Ise excited," he confessed, "my ferociousness gits aroused. This time it sort of snaked up on me."

Ice Water Admiral

(*Continued from page* 25) new and different and hard on the nerves.

They didn't have long to wait. Spruance gathered his fleet and started for Pearl Harbor. He went a few miles, and then calmly turned in at our newly won harbor of Majuro—he took his fleet into a landlocked harbor that had been ours for about five minutes, and within spitting distance of half a dozen strong points still held by the Japs! His officers gasped, and reached hurriedly for their insurance papers.

They needn't have. Spruance, after months of close study under Nimitz, who can outfigure a hawk, was confident that he and his fleet were perfectly safe. In answer to a crackling flurry of radiograms, a vast assortment of supply ships from various ports came steaming into the harbor, and our real secret weapon in the Pacific had been born—refueling, re-supplying and re-arming our warships wherever it's fastest and handiest, rather than going all the way back to an established base and back out again. It's akin to waving a wand over a battleship, and turning it into two battleships. It's making the most of what you have with a vengeance.

In less time than it would have taken Spruance to get to Pearl Harbor, part of his refueled and re-armed fleet was pouncing upon Eniwetok, seven hundred miles west of Kwajalein and now one of our most important staging points for batting down the Japs, and Spruance himself was leading the rest of his ships in an assault on the fearsome bastion of Truk!

SPRUANCE'S leading of his ships against Truk marked the first time in naval history that a four-star admiral had taken part in a sea engagement aboard one of the combat ships involved. Six days before, on February 10, 1944, President Roosevelt had nominated Spruance to be a full admiral, a nomination seconded unanimously "by the Senate and the Country."

Not content with sailing in and blasting Truk, Spruance led one group of the Truk task force in a stirring cowboy-and-Indian chase of a flock of Jap ships that tried to get away.

In the whole daring Truk attack, nineteen Japanese ships were sunk, sever more were "probables," over two hundred Jap planes were destroyed and the Truk harbor and shore installations thoroughly doused with bombs and strafing! We lost seventeen planes. Spruance had thoroughly punctured Truk's bubble of invulnerability, and once the Truk Goliath was downed we could then sail beyond it to break the back of the Japs' resistance at Rabaul. The attack on Truk paid off like the daily double at Churchill Downs.

After Truk and Eniwetok came the strike on Palau and the support of Army landings at Hollandia, with a second raid on Truk. Then came Task Force 58—probably the greatest naval striking force ever assembled—the taking of the Marianas, and the utter rout of our first visit from the Jap fleet since Midway. Those who saw Task Force 58 that day out west of the Marianas, gathered into one mighty unit and steaming in battle formation, will never forget it. The number or names of the ships in that awesome armada cannot of course be told. One fact, however, will give you some idea of how far we've come since Pearl Harbor. On the day when we shot down nearly four hundred Jap aerial attackers, one of our newest and biggest carriers, a part of the formation and a prime target for the Japs, never even fired an anti-aircraft gun—none of the Jap planes got close enough!

AFTER the Marianas, Spruance turned south and hit the Palau Islands, the southern end of the giant pincers we were readying for the Philippines. When our flag was raised on Palau it meant that for all practical purposes the entire Central Pacific area had been mopped clean of the muddy tracks of the Jap. Admiral Halsey and Vice Admiral Kinkaid could now move confidently into the Philippines, plaster Formosa, hand the Jap fleet its long-delayed licking, and give Tokyo itself a good view of the war coming down the road. Spruance, by cleaning out the Central Pacific, built the springboard that made possible our present Pacific action.

That's the Superman end of the Spruance saga. The earlier, or "non-combative" period, is even more interesting. Because up to the time he entered Annapolis, Raymond Spruance seemed to be doing an excellent job of preparing himself to be a professor of botany, or possibly national head of the YMCA. That this could possibly be part of the life-preparation of a future gimlet-eyed sea dog never occurred to anyone.

Except, in a sort of reverse way, to his father. The elder Spruance felt that the boy had had more than his share of "female" raising. This was due to the sad fact that during Raymond's early years the Spruance household was a little short of folding money. Raymond was born in Baltimore on July 3rd, 1886, and the Spruance family shortly moved to Indianapolis. But things were still so tight that when Raymond's baby brother was born young Raymond, in order to insure a steady flow of vitamins into his lean little frame, was packed off to New Jersey to live with his grandmother and a covey of maiden aunts. The late O. O. McIntyre was possibly right when he stated that being raised entirely or in part by a grandmother is the finest start in life a boy can possibly have. It is a shame that Odd didn't live long enough to add Admiral Spruance to his endless list of famous "grandma's boys."

The family fortunes had taken an upturn, and Raymond was returned to the Indianapolis family fold for high school. His father shortly began laying quiet plans of his own to bring out the virile side in his studious son. The opportunity

came during a visit to the East. The elder Spruance took his son to West Point on a day when the cadets were staging one of their impressive dress parades. He carefully watched the lad for any visible signs of an inner tingling, but none came. On the way home Raymond suddenly announced that the reason he hadn't enjoyed the "soldiers" more was because he didn't want to be a general—he wanted to go to Annapolis and be an admiral!

The following year Raymond received his appointment to the Naval Academy. Just to be sure, he did some special cramming at the Stevens Preparatory School in Hoboken, New Jersey, and then went to Annapolis and passed the tough entrance exams with flying colors.

His official date of entry into the service was July 2, 1903. Raymond Spruance was one day away from his seventeenth birthday. He was thirty-nine years away from the Battle of Midway.

During his four years at Annapolis Spruance studied hard, following a singularly straight-line course that he continued through life. He considered that his country had sent him there to assimilate certain knowledge, and this he proceeded to do. He did, however, have certain personal troubles of his own. He got seasick on the summer cruises!

IN THE unusually large 1907 graduating class, Spruance stood twenty-sixth, a high position scholastically. He had won no athletic laurels, had caused no feminine hearts to flutter, had dropped no bags of water on his instructors. He had, however, learned quite a bit about the Navy and naval warfare.

And for the next thirty-five years Spruance concentrated with religious intensity on mastering the complex and elusive details of successful naval warfare. And here again we have something that the public finds hard to understand. They figure that a Navy or Army career man is actually working only while he's getting shot at. During the years when we're not at war a cozy group of taxpayers will pass a naval laboratory a-buzz with activity long after nightfall, and their first thought is usually, "Holy gosh, imagine wasting all that dough! What do we need a new gunsight for? Who's mad at *us?*"

Everyone in the Navy prays daily that this will forever be known as our pre-Pearl-Harbor, or *formerly* short-sighted policy. One sixteen-inch gun, or one bombing or torpedo plane, with its intricate sighting and firing controls, costs the taxpayers a small fortune. True brother, true; and that gun, once made may do absolutely nothing for ten years But if at the end of those ten years that gun fires one decisive shot at an enemy driving toward our shores, the time and expense of its construction and maintenance has been a bargain. The one important thing in a war is to win.

As with military weapons, so with military men. There is room here only to sketch in a few of the countless signposts on Spruance's road to Midway, but it will give you some idea of what it takes to become an admiral. Clear back in 1907 and '08 Spruance was making his world cruise in the battleship *Minnesota*. On the basis of his scholastic record, he was sent to Schenectady for post-graduate courses in electrical engineering. He was a junior officer in China; he served on destroyers. During World War I, at the comparatively tender age of thirty-one, he was made electrical superintendent of the huge Brooklyn Navy Yard. In 1918 and 1919 he sandwiched in a little sea duty on he battleship *Pennsylvania* and the transport *Agamemnon*, and a short stay in the British Isles making a study of foreign methods of fire control.

After the war he commanded destroyers, then from 1921 to 1924 was brought into the Navy's Bureau of Engineering in Washington; here he helped formulate new fleet doctrine on fire control pertaining to the new science of naval aircraft.

More sea duty, then two years back at the Naval War College, this time as a member of the staff. Then, in 1938—Spruance had been made a captain six years before—he went to sea as skipper of the battleship *Mississippi*, his first full-sized command. In February of 1940 Spruance, by then a new and shiny rear admiral, was made commander of the Tenth Naval District, in the Caribbean. In 1941 he was sent to the Pacific to take over a division of cruisers under Admiral Nimitz. He was at this job when the history book came along and tapped him on the shoulder at Midway. The team of Nimitz, Spruance, Halsey, Turner and Mitscher, to name only a few members of the Pacific naval team to whom we owe so much, has since worked out right well.

When Spruance is ashore at Pearl Harbor he lives with Admiral Nimitz in a somewhat rarefied-atmosphere bachelor household at Makalapa, looking out over the harbor. Spruance and Nimitz take swims together, and hikes together when Nimitz can get Spruance to turn back after the first hundred miles or so, Admiral Nimitz being of the opinion that vehicles should be used for any extended journeys. Spruance doesn't smoke, and his drinking, if that's what you call it, consists of mixing up special whizzers for dinner guests, and then tasting the nearest one to see if he's forgotten the lemon juice or anything. For relaxation he often goes to his quarters alone, leans back in a comfortable chair, and listens to symphony records. That is, when he doesn' feel like walking, which is infrequent

SPRUANCE'S own family consists of his boyhood sweetheart, whom he married in 1914, the former Margaret Dean of Indianapolis, and their two children—Edward, twenty-eight, an Annapolis graduate who is now a lieutenant commander skippering a Pacific submarine, and Margaret, twenty-four, who lives with her mother in Monrovia, California. Monrovia is close enough to Pearl Harbor for the admiral to make it home occasionally Spruance, as any member of his staff will tell you, "thinks of everything."

The fact that Admiral Spruance was born on July 3rd shows no lack of respect for our national Independence Day. Spruance has just always believed in getting up a little early in order to be ready.

THE END

THE CHEMISTS WILL CLOTHE YOU

THERE will be a revolution in clothing when peace comes. The war is the reason. With troops fighting in steaming jungles and in the sub-zero Arctic, the Army prodded the chemists and new fibers were created.

First of all, the laboratories found that our notions of "warm" and "cool" fabrics are wrong. Like brick, stone or metal, one fabric is no "warmer" or "cooler" than another. Wool is like a hollow tile; it has air cells, and it is the air within the cells that makes a wool suit seem warm—just as a house with air spaces in its walls is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than one of solid brick or stone. Some of our troops are now wearing uniforms designed on this principle—uniforms which are made in layers, with air between. Prepare yourself for a cotton overcoat even lighter than one of camel's hair!

After the war, a linen, cotton or wool suit will not wrinkle. Roll it up and throw it into a suitcase, and when you take it out it will look as if it had just come from the tailor. Cloth that is shrink-proof or waterproof, cloth that will turn a moth's or a beetle's stomach, cloth on which mildew will not grow—all these have come out of the laboratory in response to Army demands.

Suits have been made out of milk, soy beans, even fish. Chemists are talking of a cloth made from gases of the air and coal. A liquid as sticky as mucilage will be pushed through a slit and will harden at once. No spinning or weaving. Clothing shops will carry the sheets in stock, cut up into properly shaped pieces. You will make a selection and a fitter will paste the pieces together with waterproof cement. Out you will walk, the glass of fashion. Price? About two dollars and a half. After wearing the suit for two or three weeks you throw it away and buy another.

You won't get all these things immediately after the war. But they are on their way.

Waldemar Kaempffert

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PRISON MASTER

As told to Ed Bodin

YOU may not believe the word of an ex-convict even under affidavit—but I must tell you my story and swear to it.

I was a happily married man, living with my wife and my twelve-year-old son Johnny, in Middleville; and I was employed by the town's main factory. Things were going along pretty well But a desire for extra money the easy way ended with my arrest for selling stolen material. I was sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary, ten miles from Middleville.

My wife and son wouldn't visit me in prison, and the only friend who didn't spurn me was Peter Gordon, an engineer employed by the prison who lived in Middleville and commuted daily by bus.

In prison I got friendly with Gregory Rowan, a lifer. They called him "The Old Master," but few convicts talked to him because they considered him "stir-simple." He was a mystic, and there were rumors that while asleep, he could force his spirit from his body so that his spirit could travel and see what was going on. Gregory seemed to like me and we talked a lot.

About Christmas time, I began to think about how we used to trim the tree. I would have given everything and anything I ever possessed to be with my wife and son on that Christmas Eve.

I told Gregory of my longing. "Maybe you *can* see them," he said. He told me how to do it, but doubted that I had enough will-power and strength of concentration.

I went to bed early that Christmas Eve. It took hours to get the hypnotic force working, but finally I fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly I was in our living room. Four people were there—my wife, my son, my sister-in-law and her child. They were trimming the tree. I could see my wife take out my picture and there were tears in her eyes.

Then something seemed to attract my attention outside to the yard; and the moment I thought of the yard, I was there. Then I recognized Banker Tuttle's son, Leopold. He was carrying a bicycle but the front wheel was broken. Carefully he placed the bicycle on the front porch and darted away. If the boy and Johnny had been friends, it might have made sense. But they never had been.

Then I felt myself getting weak, and the next thing I knew I was awakening in my cell.

I told Gregory what had happened. He smiled—but warned me, "Don't try it again for at least six months or you will crack. It takes years to master your body to stand the strain. Meanwhile keep your mind and body clean. Have faith and pray."

I realized I was a new man. Even the guards noticed it.

THEN, during the following week Peter Gordon came to see me He said, "John—I have bad news. Your son has been arrested for stealing a broken bicycle belonging to Banker Tuttle's son. Johnny claims someone left it on his porch Christmas Eve. He thought some friend had given it to him for Christmas, so he repaired the wheel, and was riding it when arrested."

I didn't dare tell Peter my experience. So I said, "On my oath, Peter, I know Johnny didn't steal it. I had a dream that night. I saw Leopold Tuttle himself put that bike on the porch. But why did he want to frame Johnny?"

I begged Peter to go to see Banker Tuttle: "Tell him you saw Leopold put the bicycle on the porch. Tuttle will get a confession out of his son, I'm sure."

Because of my sincerity, Peter finally consented. Later he told me what happened. Banker Tuttle called Leopold and asked, "Did you take that bicycle out on Christmas Eve?"

The boy shook his head. The father questioned him further: "Then how did it happen that Mr. Gordon here saw you put the broken bicycle on Johnny's porch?"

The boy began to cry. He confessed that he had taken the bicycle against his father's orders. He had wrecked the front wheel and was frightened. He figured that if it looked as if the bicycle were stolen, his father would buy him a new one. He thought about Johnny—"Johnny would have stolen it anyhow. Wasn't his father a crook?"

So that's my story. Johnny was saved. *I* had done it through the power of mind and spirit. Soon my own reformation brought me an early parole. My family took me back. Today my son is in the Army and I am still a student of the occult. I hope that some day the whole world will understand the astonishing powers of the mind when used for righteous purposes.

Star Prospector

(*Continued from page* 45) ments that were Paramount. He heard the rumblings of the coming crash; when the stock market collapsed, Jesse L. Lasky could have retired safely with a splendid fortune. But because he believed in the motion picture industry, he refused to sell his heavy stock holdings in the company. Only when he could do no more to aid it did he leave it, cleaned out, but the best-loved man in the industry.

Back almost to the beginning, he joined the Fox company, where he produced some of his finest pictures, among them "Berkeley Square," "Zoo in Budapest" and "The Power and Glory." For a brief period he was associated with Mary Pickford in the Pickford-Lasky Company. But these were the years when America was stirring from its twenty-year dream of security. Lasky's ear caught again a prophetic trumpet call. A nation at war, he foresaw, would crave stories of its own greatness, true and reassuring stories of the success of its free and democratic way of life.

IT was then that Lasky remembered a day some twenty years before when, leaning from his window on Fifth Avenue, he had heard the cheers of the throng below for the young man named Alvin York. He had turned from the window and sent a messenger post-haste to offer the sergeant any money within reason for the screen rights to his story. Back came York's steady answer: "Uncle Sam's uniform is not for sale."

Now, Lasky saw York's story was the story of 1940 America, the struggle between the pacifist and the patriot in us. He again asked York for the screen rights—and again met refusal. Twice he flew to Tennessee to persuade the retired hero, vainly. Lasky despaired, but his wife sent him back a third time, and this time he managed to hit upon the one unanswerable plea.

"Sergeant," he said, "you offered your life once to your country. I'm asking you to offer it again--and this time it will do an even greater good."

When "Sergeant York" blazed onto the screen, to the applause of a nation, all Hollywood hailed its beloved Jesse Lasky as "the man who came back." Lasky himself, at Warner Brothers, was busy with plans for the work in which he feels he has found himself—bringing to the screen the lives of great Americans.

When Scheherezade told one thousand and one consecutive bedtime stories to the Caliph of Bagdad, she set a record in the entertainment field. Jesse L. Lasky, in three decades, has equaled her record and is about to surpass it. "Sergeant York" brought up the score of his productions to an even thousand, "The Adventures of Mark Twain" made it one thousand and one, and with the release of "Rhapsody in Blue," the life of George Gershwin, Lasky will have taken away the title from the lovely Arab champ.

"'The man who came back!'" he quotes, smiling. "I'm a man who is just beginning!"

Tug at War

(*Continued from page 28*) about four hours and we'd be on our way," Larry Bush said.

"You may be on your way somewhere sooner than that," Mike grimly informed him. "A Jap sub has been working on that convoy that passed us this morning. He missed them, but I don't think he'll miss us if we just sit here and wait for him."

Back on the bridge, Mike instructed his signalman to inform the drydock that a submarine was reported in their vicinity.

The news must have caused a stir aboard the drydock, and particularly with the constructor in charge of it. The signalman on that ungainly craft was at work a few minutes after receiving Mike's message, semaphoring a rejoinder.

"Have you radioed for assistance?"

"Mother in heaven!" Mike shouted when his signal detail relayed him the message. "All this and a desk-sailing engineer to boot! Does he think for one minute anybody gives a damn about what happens to his silly drydock?"

He was apparently going to ignore the matter. But his signal chief tactfully pointed out that the drydock skipper was a lieutenant commander, even though a Naval constructor, and that maybe Mike ought to answer him.

Mike grabbed his stub of a pencil, scratched out a reply on a scrap of paper, and handed it to the signalman.

"Radio silence mandatory except in emergency," it read.

The drydock came back promptly on that one.

"Consider this is emergency justifying radio transmission," it informed Mike.

"Well, I don't," Mike sent back. "And I've got the radio."

Apparently the drydock's skipper realized the futility of trying to exercise prerogatives of rank while tossing at the end of a thousand-foot hawser. There were no more signals.

THE darkening sky to the westward took on a more threatening mien. Already, the sea was appreciably rougher, and occasional spatters of rain fell on the crippled *Bluejay*. Mike knew there was dirty weather ahead, and he was more worried than he cared to let on. He knew that at some point in the period of the storm there would be a rapid shift in the wind direction. The drydock would weathercock, drag both herself and the tug into the trough of the sea, and there was no telling what would happen then. If it came to a matter of saving his own ship, Mike would be justified in cutting the drydock adrift to hold with a sea anchor of its own. But he knew he would never be able to bring himself to do it.

Characteristically, he translated mounting uneasiness into increasing rage. Seeking a likely target for his spleen, he decided upon the engineer gang who, after all, were responsible for their present plight. At least it seemed so to Mike. Did the incompetent wretches have to let the thigamabob in their wheezing steam engine get too hot?

He picked up the engine-room phone and punched an irate finger on the buzzer button.

"Engine room aye aye," a voice answered.

"Don't aye-aye me, ye pot-boilin' scum," Mike yelled at the unfortunate water tender who had answered the phone. "Tell that no-good boss of yours that there's a storm headin' this way. If he don't have that mechanical atrocity turnin' over in an hour, ye'll all be workin' in a fireroom hotter than any ye'll find in this life."

HAVING delivered himself, Mike banged the phone on the hook and strode out on the weather deck to stare futilely at the drydock burying its blunt nose in green water astern. His gaze shifted to the stern of the *Bluejay*. The towing wire, alternately taut and slack as the two vessels pitched in the mounting sea, was slapping hard on the after guard rail every time the *Bluejay's* stern rose.

"Bosun's mate!" Mike roared. "Are you just goin' to sit on yer duff and let that hawser fray itself through? Lay aft with some of those idlers and bend on chafing gear while ye've got something to bend it onto."

Just as Mike returned to the wheelhouse, the engine-room phone buzzer sounded.

"Everything's well in hand, Mike," Larry Bush reported cheerily. "A stoppage in the forced-feed lubrication connection had cut off the oil to the crankpin bearing We've got it clear and the burring dressed off the bearing, and we're tightening up the cap now."

"Stow that school-book chatter," Mike told him impatiently. "All I want out of you is turns on the propeller."

"That's what I'm getting at," Larry told him. "We can give you slow ahead in about five minutes."

"Well, why didn't ye say so in the first place?" Mike retorted. "Let me know as soon as ye can kick her ahead."

Mike ordered the signalman to notify the drydock to stand by for getting weigh on.

Within the promised five minutes, the engine room reported itself ready to go ahead. Mike ordered turns for one knot. When he saw that the hawser was straining as steadily as the condition of the sea would permit, he increased speed to three knots.

In his delight at getting weigh on, Mike had almost forgotten the lurking peril of the Jap submarine. But it was brought sharply back to mind by the sharp, staccato bark of the one-point-one quad. Dashing out of the wheelhouse, Mike saw tracers streaming into the sea off the port quarter. The two three-inch guns trained around, but did not fire. Their squinting gunners were obviously unable to see whatever the one-point-one crew was firing at.

As suddenly as it had started, the firing ceased.

"What did you guys see?" Mike yelled at the gun crew.

"Thought we spotted a periscope," the gunner's mate explained. "Couldn't be sure in this sea. It's gone now."

Mike stared through his binoculars. But all he could make out was an endless procession of soiled whitecaps marching across dark, tumbling water. A sudden downpour blotted out everything. Even the drydock was invisible astern, only the strain on the hawser proving that she was still with them.

Mike ducked back into the dry interior of the wheelhouse. For once, he welcomed dirty weather. There was no chance in the world that a submarine could see them through that impenetrable wall of slashing rain. He secured all hands in exposed places except the lookout and hawser watch stationed aft at the towing engine.

Nightfall was signalled by the slight variation from little visibility to no visibility at all. Wind screeched through the rigging. The *Bluejay* drove her snub nose down the steep incline of following seas, and then slammed her squat stern on the water as each wave crest reached the bow. The lubber's line yawed wildly across the gyro-repeated card despite the helmsman's desperate efforts to keep on course.

MIKE had lost most of the religious fervor of his strictly supervised childhood. But standing there in the darkness of the tiny wheelhouse, with the dazzling lightning making the rain-laden air seem like a cauldron of supernatural fire threatening to consume the struggling tug, he offered a silent prayer that they might be spared that night from further trouble with the *Bluejay's* aged reciprocating engine. Somewhat diffidently, because it was asking a lot, he also silently implored that the submarine would not elect to follow the easy sonic track of their clanking engine, waiting clearer visibility which would permit periscope sighting for a torpedo shot that couldn't miss.

The wind-shift line passed at two bells in the night watch. The rapidity with which the direction of the gale veered around bespoke not only the violence of the storm but also the speed with which its center was moving. With three hours to go before midnight, Mike felt confident that the situation would be comparatively calm by morning. That is, so far as the weather was concerned.

But good weather and daylight would heighten the menace of the submarine. They were playing a grim game of blind man's bluff, with all the odds favoring the enemy. The *Bluejay* carried no listening gear, hence her skipper had no way of telling if the submarine were in the vicinity. But the skulking menace that might be stalking their trail was equipped with every device to facilitate keeping track of their tortuous progress.

By four bells, the wind was blowing almost dead ahead, the rain had noticeably slackened, and the height of the waves had lowered.

With the situation beginning to ease a bit, Mike felt physical evidence of the fact that he wasn't as young as in days gone by. He was fagged out. He knew he would have to turn out not later than the beginning of the morning watch at four o'clock. So he left the wheelhouse for his sea cabin.

Two hours later he woke up of his own volition with a feeling that something had gone wrong. The tug was riding easily, and he could feel the thump of the engine turning over steadily. But he had a vague remembrance of a lurching sensation that was not part of the pitching motion of the seas.

AS he struggled to clear his sleep-sodden brain, someone pounded on his door, and at the same time he felt the engine stop.

"You're wanted on the bridge right away," the messenger shouted, and was gone before Mike could ask what had gone wrong.

As he raced to the wheelhouse, he felt the *Bluejay* rolling heavily as though she had changed course to parallel the trough of the sea.

"We've lost the drydock!" his second-in-command yelled when he saw Mike.

Further explanation revealed that the towing engine had jammed, and the sudden strain had snapped the hawser. A prompt turn had swung the propeller clear of the cable before it could foul, and they were now lying dead in the water while the bosun's gang was struggling either to haul in the cable or cut it away.

Mike knew there was little chance of finding the drifting drydock in the dark. And he knew it would be suicidal for either the *Bluejay* or the drydock to show a light with a Jap submarine in the vicinity. So he decided to lie to across the wind in the hope that the tug's leeway would be comparable to that of the drydock and that in the morning light they'd be able to locate the craft.

He turned out [illegible] situation and ordered [illegible] all directions.

At two bells in the morning wa[illegible] rain ceased. Shortly afterward the mo[illegible] showed pale through a thinning overcast. After the inevitable outburst of false-alarm sightings that followed the first dim illumination by the moon, the *Bluejay's* crew settled down in silence to discover their elusive tow.

It was an hour before dawn when the semi-darkness was blindingly shattered by the explosion of a star shell some ten thousand yards on the *Bluejay's* port quarter. In its dazzling radiance, the motionless drydock was sharply etched against the dark sky. Almost immediately the flash of a medium-caliber gun low on the water was sighted about four thousand yards closer to the *Bluejay*. Tracer shells screamed toward the helpless drydock.

"Emergency full ahead!" Mike roared. "Full left rudder!"

The *Bluejay* trembled under the beat of her straining engine, heeled over sharply in answer to the rudder.

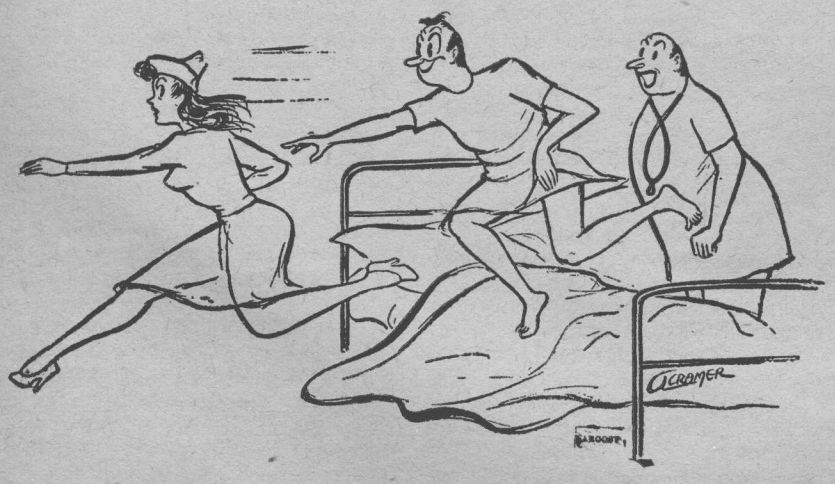
"All guns stand by to commence firing!" Mike yelled as the *Bluejay* straightened out on a course directly toward the source of the gun flashes.

Although no one on the tug had seen a shell hit the drydock, it was apparent that she had been holed, because she was settling rapidly, albeit on an even keel.

Clearly silhouetted in the diminishing glow of the star shell and the glare of its own gunflashes was the source of the firing, a fleet submarine of the Kaigun type, over three hundred feet long and mounting one four-inch gun forward of the conning tower. The Japs' preoccupation in their destructive work, plus the fact that the *Bluejay* was down-moon from the submarine, permitted the tug to approach undetected.

With the range down to twenty-five hundred yards, Mike swung the *Bluejay* broadside to the submarine so that all guns could be brought to bear.

"Commence firing!" he shouted as the *Bluejay* steadied down.



"Now, now—the patient must not attempt too much the first day!"

[illegible] the direct[illegible] of the Jap. It was almost impossible to miss.

Explosion flashes of the *Bluejay's* three-inch shells lividly lit the submarine's conning tower and the forward part of the hull. The one-point-one crew concentrated on the enemy's single gun mount. The submarine's main battery fire halted abruptly. Her single machine gun sent a brief, futile burst toward the tug, and then was snuffed out when a three-inch shell blasted the upper part of the conning tower into oblivion.

A shattering eruption at the submarine's forward-gun station settled the issue of further artillery action on her part. The *Bluejay's* number two main battery gun had scored a direct hit.

The star shell had by this time been extinguished, and the cessation of gunfire from the Jap left the *Bluejay's* target in darkness. Mike ordered the two searchlights, mounted on the tug's foremast and mainmast, trained on the submarine. Their beams picked up a scene of desolation. Only some tangled iron remained of the conning tower. The gunmount was represented by a few lengths of grotesquely bent uprights.

The *Bluejay* changed course to close the distance. As she drew near, it was evident that the submarine lay dead in the water. A gaping hole just abaft the conning tower explained her lack of propulsion. The motor room had been blasted by a shell which had pierced the thin hull before exploding.

JAPANESE and parts of Japanese littered the deck. A few, injured or shocked into immobility, stood dazedly along the narrow catwalk.

Satisfied that the sub would cause no more annoyance, Mike rounded to under her stern and stood at top speed for the place where the drydock had last been seen.

The *Bluejay's* forward searchlight probed the darkness and at last a shout from the bow lookout brought its beam to its objective. The drydock lay wallowing in the sea, scarcely three feet of its usually generous freeboard still above water.

"Stand by with a bowline!" Mike directed. "Rig fending gear! We're going alongside to take those people off."

The *Bluejay* stood for the drydock at high speed. At the last minute Mike, handling the wheel himself, kicked her stern around and called for full backing power. The tug checked her weigh in a smother of foam and lay snugly against the partly submerged drydock. Swiftly, a bowline was secured.

With admirable calm, the drydock crew watched with seeming indifference Mike's frenzied approach to their rescue.

"Nice work on that submarine, McDonough," the drydock skipper called over.

"No compliments now," Mike answered. "Save yourself and your crew! Jump aboard."

"What for?" the lieutenant commander asked.

"Mary and Joseph!" Mike exploded. "Does a constructor have to be up to his stern sheets in water before he realizes he's sinking? Jump, man, jump!"

"We're not sinking, McDonough." The other grinned. "The Jap tried to torpedo us, and of course the things went under. Set too deep. Thought we were a carrier in the dark, I guess. I knew he'd surface to shell when he realized his mistake. So I just submerged the dock to reduce the target area."

MIKE was stricken to momentary silence. But if his tongue was immobilized, his keen old brain certainly wasn't.

"Can ye stay that way for a little while longer?" he asked after a pause.

"Sure," the drydock skipper answered. "Why?"

"I'll explain in a few minutes," Mike told him.

Then he roared at the deck crew to cast off the line, and rang up full speed on the *Bluejay's* engines. In a few minutes, the tug was alongside the sodden wreck of the submarine, searchlights and guns trained alertly at the hulk.

"Bosun's mate!" Mike yelled. "Take a detail of men and board that murderous wreck. If any of them Japs lifts a hand, shoot him! Make sure there's none of them below decks!"

One of the Jap crewmen stared back at Mike in the glare of the searchlight.

"No need to shoot," he said in perfect English. "We're all that are left alive. And I, for one, want nothing more than to get back safely to Los Angeles."

"It's back to hell ye should go, ye traitorous dog!" Mike growled at him. "And that's where ye *will* go if you give us any trouble."

The chief in Mike's boarding party reported that the submarine was due to go under in about half an hour at the rate she was taking water.

"That's long enough for us," Mike said. "I want to rig a breast line around what's left of the conning tower, and run a spring line to their forward towing bitt."

Five minutes later the *Bluejay* was under weigh, dragging the sinking submarine in the manner of a harbor towboat handling a carfloat. The surviving Japs were huddled on the tug's after deck under the muzzle of a tommy gun in the hands of a watchful seaman.

The *Bluejay* came about in line with the stern of the drydock now dimly visible in the gray morning twilight. Cautiously the tug dragged her burdensome tow forward. The dock still lay practically awash as Mike had requested.

"What are you doing now?" the drydock skipper asked when the *Bluejay* came within hail.

"Open up yer overgrown bait tank," Mike yelled. "I've got a fish to put in it."

Of course, there was no time to place keel blocks, so the submarine lay strangely askew when she finally settled in the drydock. The dock's main discharge pipes shot cascades of water over the side, and the submarine was easily lifted clear of the water. Because exact centering was impossible, the dock rode with a slight list to starboard. But that was a minor detail after what both she and the *Bluejay* had already been through.

TEN plodding days later the *Bluejay* and her tow rounded the western end of Molokai and stood down Kaiwi Channel on the last short lap of their journey to Pearl Harbor. Far ahead, on the starboard bow, lay Mokapuu Point, and on the beam stretched the flawlessly beautiful eastern side of Oahu, its gleaming beaches framed by the lofty Koolau Mountains.

Mike anticipated a good deal of excitement when they arrived. The previous day a PBY flying the eastern search sector from Pearl Harbor had circled low over the tow, and Mike had passed by searchlight a brief report of the capture for delivery to Cincpac.

Opposite Kaneohe Bay about midmorning, they were intercepted by an old four-stacker destroyer flying a signal directing them to heave to. When their weigh was checked, the destroyer lay alongside the drydock. Looking aft, Mike saw a sizeable party of officer visitors scrambling up the accommodation ladder with not a few brass hats among their number.

While the boarding party lined the upper works of the drydock, studying the strange cargo in its well, a gang of men began transferring rolls of tarpaulin from the destroyer. Speedily the drydock crew rigged a concealing canopy over the submarine.

The visitors re-embarked on the destroyer, and it drew abreast of the *Bluejay*. From its bull-horn came shouted orders for Mike to take his tow into West Loch at Pearl Harbor instead of going to the Navy Yard in compliance with his original orders.

It was close to sunset when the *Bluejay* entered West Loch. A harbor patrol boat guarded the entrance, and no other vessel was within its limits. As the *Bluejay* drew near, the patrol boat passed the word on their exact anchorage berth, and added that the tug was to tie up alongside the drydock after it had dropped the hook.

A speedboat bearing a four-striper attached to the staff of Commander Submarines, Pacific Fleet, came alongside as the anchoring was completed. In terse sentences, he ordered that the entire crews of the tug and the drydock were to remain aboard their vessels until further notice. They were taking no chances on word of the submarine's capture leaking out.

Their period of confinement lasted three weeks. Three busy weeks they were. Aided by all hands on both the tug and the drydock, a picked crew of technicians from the submarine base worked to repair the submarine. All day and all night, welding torches flared and riveters hammered on the hulk beneath the canopy.

When their work was completed, the drydock was submerged to test the water-tight integrity of the submarine, and it was pronounced fit for sea. That night a full submarine crew boarded the drydock, and the *Bluejay* proceeded stealthily to sea under an escort of two destroyers.

Ten miles from the harbor entrance, the *Bluejay* hove to and the drydock was again submerged. Under its own power, the submarine backed clear. Straightening out on a westerly course, it was swallowed up in the dark.

A JAPANESE submarine manned by an American crew operating in the enemy's waters could make clear a lot of things. It could explain how. . . . Well, never mind! They've become so tough on this security business these days that they might even court-martial a guy for guessing!

THE END

THE UPSHOT OF THE UPSHOOT

I knew that the scientists, medics and those
Who study the progress of Man
Had written in books—multi-syllabled prose—
That seemingly by Nature's plan
Our sons, growing up, ever larger become—
The race, as a whole, shoots aloft.
I thought, "They must know," but I murmured, "Ho, hum,"
And turned to "The Murderer Coughed."
Today, though, I learned the researchers were right!
The Pride, who is only sixteen,
Said, "Pop, here's a coat that is getting too tight.
"It's yours if you want it, old bean!"

Oh, Time! It was yesterday he rode my knee
And now he's presenting his old clothes to me!

By Bud Cornish

CAN YOU NAME THEM?

Giving nicknames to famous people is just another wholesome expression of American democracy and our dislike of formality. How many famous names of the past and present in American sports, entertainment, history and public affairs can you identify from the nicknames below?

If you score above 90, counting four for each one right, we'll be a mite suspicious that you looked at the answers on page 107. A score in the 80's is excellent and one in the 70's is very good. The 60's rate you as average, and the 50's only so-so. Below 50, tsk, tsk!

Sports

1. The Galloping Ghost
2. Big Bill
3. Big Poison
4. Joltin' Joe
5. Gentleman Jim
6. Big Train
7. The Brown Bomber
8. Kid Zero
9. Iron Man
10. The Father of American Football

Entertainment

11. The Sentimental Gentleman
12. The Perfect Fool
13. The Old Maestro
14. Satchelmouth
15. Banjo Eyes
16. The March King
17. The King of Swing
18. Schnozzle
19. The Great Lover
20. Bojangles

History and Public Affairs

21. Old Hickory
22. Black Jack
23. Cactus Jack
24. The Little Flower
25. The Cowboy Philosopher

By Kennison and Elizabeth Bosquet

Pigskin Pagliacci

(*Continued from page* 49) A smallish woman, determined, with a feather in her hat, went by me like a shot. She landed between Mary and Don on both feet, like a cat. She arched her back and said, "Mary Carroll! Out here in that little coat and the weather . . . Mary Carroll! Your Voice!"

Signor Castellano was having trouble. The doorman never had to cope with women before, but he knew the answer to little fat guys. I went back to rescue the Signor. Mrs. Carroll read the riot act.

Castellano must have been a pretty good actor in his day. He waddled up and took Mrs. Carroll's arm. He said, "You are making a meestake! All the way up here I keep telling you—it is a meestake!"

I said, "Where is the guy from the Met?"

The doorman was having trouble again. I went back and rescued a thin, elderly gent with pince nez on a black ribbon.

He said, "What's the matter with that spinner? Why can't our men get going? Cole, if the Behemoths win this game, I shall never forgive you!"

I said, "How long you been here?"

"We—er—caught the second period," said the man from the Met. "You should beat those guys, Cole!"

I said, "Look, if you will do something for me right now, maybe we can."

I told him about Holden's voice. I told him about Mary Carroll and Holden and Signor Castellano.

The man from the Met said, "I see I must back up Castellano's line!"

He went forward into the fray. Mrs. Carroll was at Don, now. The man from the Met moved in and took over.

He said, "Signor, please escort Mrs. Carroll back to our seats. I wish to ask Mr. Holden to sing for us, after the game. I am interested in Mr. Holden's voice."

Mrs. Carroll reeled under that one. She said, "Him! A Voice?"

"Of course. Radio, you know," said the man from the Met. "We're very interested."

Mrs. Carroll succumbed. The Signor, bowing and popping his eyebrows, led her away. The man from the Met said in a low voice to Don, "If you don't execute that spinner with agility, I will throw you to the jitterbugs, you big bum!"

WHAT a guy! I held tight to Mary. I said, "Mary! Let's not wait around here. Let's go back and keep our fingers crossed."

We went back and sat in the box.

Mary said, "But Don hasn't a Voice. He can sing popular stuff, but he's no Voice!"

I said, "He thinks he is."

"But that man from the Met was deceiving him!"

I said, "It's a football game I'm interested in."

She looked at me sternly. "I believe you are made of footballs. I believe you have a hide like a football."

I said, "Sure. Here they come. Pay attention, will you?"

The Behemoths were strong in the third quarter. They held us fine. We exchanged kicks with them, and our line stopped Indian Charley and Buster Fortune dead.

We started the last period with the ball on our thirty, first and ten. Red Mahaffey went back in and called his signals. The guards buckled into it. The hole was there.

Don Holden spun. He snatched the ball and whirled in perfect two-four time. He got into the hole. He came ploughing and snorting into the secondary. He made eleven yards.

Mahaffey shot one at the tackles for luck. Then he called the spinner again. It was wonderful to see Don work it. He had deception, speed, and the last-minute jump to take it through. He made eighteen yards.

WE were on their twenty. They were up from the territory to help the line and the secondary, now. Mahaffey threw a pass to set them back. It was incomplete. It was Holden again. And again. The Behemoths knelt in the dirt and held. Holden was stopped. It was fourth down on their fifteen, with five to go.

Mary Carroll stood up. Fifty thousand other people stood up. Then one of those strange hushes fell on the ball park. Don Holden was yelling something.

His big voice bellowed, "The hell with the signals. Gimme that damn ball!"

Red Mahaffey was a psychologist. He snapped, "Take it, you big loogan!"

The ball came back. Our boys grunted and went to work. Don took the leather and bent double. Without spinning, without deception, he slung at their center.

Our huskies dug up something they didn't know they had. They split the Behemoth middle wide open. Don went kiting through there like a lark on the wing, and skidded over the goal.

Mary was beside herself with excitement. She said, "All by himself! He's wonderful, John! Marvelous!"

I said, "Yeah. The score is now tied."

They received. Mullen, our kid end, went down so fast he was under the kick. He hit Indian Charley and the explosion rocked the neighborhood over to the Washington Bridge. Indian Charley lost the ball.

I swear Don was loafing under the kick, resting. He was somewhere behind Mullen, anyway. The ball took an erratic bounce away from Buster Fortune. It plopped into Don Holden's hands.

He could have walked over. He ran around, untouched, and dramatically grounded the ball under the posts, which is strictly a college trick. The fifty thousand began tearing down the stands.

For a moment I did not know whether to be glad or sorry. We won the ball game, all right. It meant dough in the pocket of every one of us. It meant a hell of a lot to the Mastodons. I decided I better be glad, in spite of Holden.

Mary said, "He did it! He won the game!"

"He did," I said. There were about

twenty other guys who saw service in there. I made a mental note to give a bonus to the guards who had opened that hole for Don's touchdown plunge. I said, "He is terrific. Let's go and surrender to your mother."

The man from the Met came saying, "What a finish! I haven't seen such a finish since 1908, when Siwash played Periwinkle. I was playing left end on Periwinkle. They had the ball on our twenty . . ."

I said, "Holden is going to sing."

Holden gave forth. Signor Castellano was playing the piano. The piece was something by somebody from an opera called "Lammermoor something." Holden sounded good, at that—even with a swollen nose. I was amazed.

When Holden was through, the man from the Met said, "Young fella, you have quality. You have tone, and much lung power."

Don said, "Yes. . . . Yes?"

"It might take years," he went on. "It means slaving and driving yourself and doing without things. I couldn't even promise you success at the end."

Don said, "Who asks for promises? You think I've got a chance?"

"Definitely," said the man from the Met.

Don said, "I'll starve in an attic! I'll—I'll even play football to earn money for lessons!"

Signor Castellano was beaming. Mrs. Carroll was looking bewildered, as though things had got out of hand.

I SAID, "You going to hear Mary now?"

The man from the Met said, "Mary? But I caught her on Holden's program last night! I always listen to the football scores! I have a contract for Mary, right here in my pocket. Of course we know her work—she is one of the best in the world, for her age. With a little more of life, a little more experience . . ."

Signor Castellano breathed, "Romance!" and goggled at Don, then Mary.

The conversation became very general, with the man from the Met going on about football, coaching Don on the T formation, which he claimed was exactly what they had used in Oughty-eight. Mrs. Carroll and Signor Castellano exchanged congratulations. I sat in a corner and looked out of my element, which I was.

Mary had disappeared. Suddenly, from the hall, I heard a soft hiss. There was Mary, in hat and coat.

I tiptoed out. We slipped out of the door and down to Fifth Avenue, ignoring my car. A bus came along.

Mary said, "I want to look at the Empire State Building!"

"There it is," I said. "Bright and shiny in a sunset. Why do you want to look at the Empire State Building?"

"It reminds me of you!" she said. She leaned her head on my shoulder.

I said, "Now wait a minute! What about Holden?"

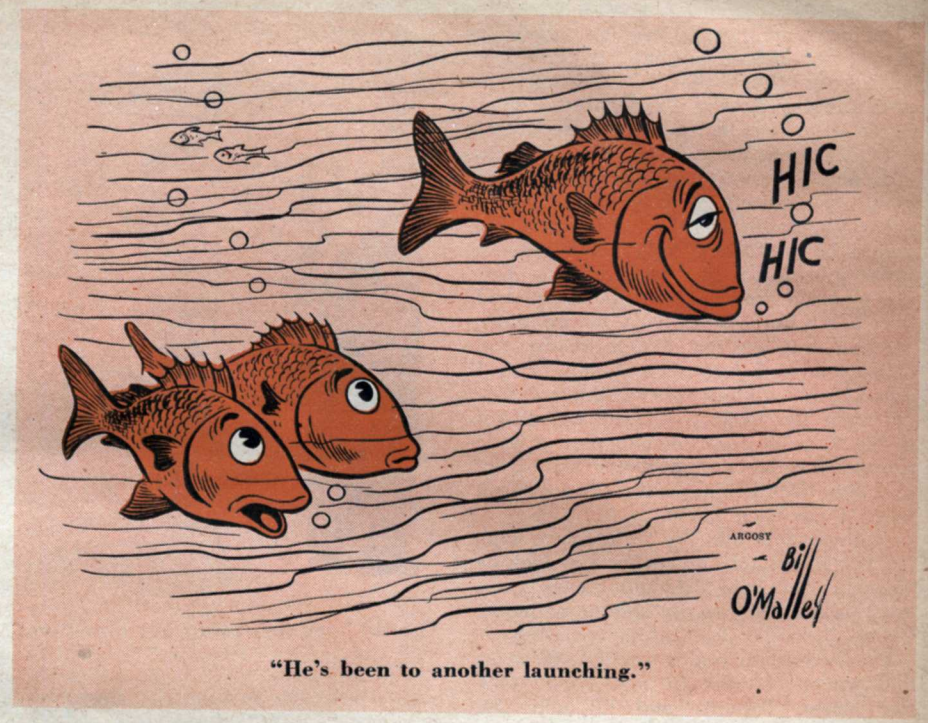
"He is a Voice," she whispered. "I am a Voice. You are a man!"

I said, "Well."

I said, "Huh!"

I said, "Okay, if that's the way you feel about it."

I said, "Yes, I love you. *I love you!*"



"He's been to another launching."

A Dog of Character

(*Continued from page* 23) his head back and laughed. "Tommy," he said, very pleased, "you're a smart guy. You've hit the nail on the head. The big thing about thoroughbreds, you see, is that they're supposed to be predictable. Now, what better trial could you have than to put a Dane with children? That breed is supposed to be one of the best in the world for children. The so-called predictable nature of the Dane is that there is no meanness in the dog. It will be very sensitive, in spite of its great size, it will not engage in ordinary street brawls, it will do its best to avoid dog fights, but, if cornered, God help the other dog. The main thing, though, is that the dog will grow to be a child's guardian. That is supposed to be inherent in all Danes. I can see it in Josephine already. Let's hope she turns out exactly as she is supposed to. It will certainly be a relief to me."

During the following weeks I thought a lot of what he had had to say. I hadn't thought very much about dogs before, but now I began to watch them and see how they differed. I even got some books on different breeds out of father's library and studied their predictable natures. Sure enough, most of the ones I knew acted like they were supposed to. I realized, then, that we had just had bad luck with our dogs. But I also began to realize how a thing like that would affect mother.

Father seemed to have forgotten all about our little talk, but I didn't forget it and I watched mother and the dog. Josephine was growing fast and almost before we knew it she weighed over a hundred pounds. But the bigger she got the more gentle she became. Danes are real awkward and always knocking things over with their tails and their hind ends, but Josephine was never awkward around Amelia. She was very careful not to knock Amelia down when she played with her and no matter what Amelia did to her it was okay with Josephine. She just bared her long fangs in kind of a grin and wagged her tail. As far as she was concerned, the world began and ended with Amelia. The two of them were never more than a few feet apart.

I caught mother watching the dog a lot, with an odd look in her eyes, but she still didn't make any move to be friendly with her. After that talk with father I knew why. She was afraid to let herself really like the dog. I guess you might say she was kind of holding her breath.

JOSEPHINE grew up just like the books said she would. Even before she was full grown she started becoming more dignified and aloof and cool toward strangers. They could pet her, but she didn't seem to care about it one way or the other. She was indifferent toward everyone but Amelia and me, and other children, when we were playing with them. Children could roll all over her and pull her ears and tail and she really seemed to like it. I don't know what kind of watchdog she was because at night she slept like a log, but I don't think it would have been healthy for anyone to try to get in our house.

Father was crazy about her and particularly about the way she was with Amelia, but I could see that mother worried him. For awhile he used to talk with her about the dog and kid her, but he finally gave that up. I caught him a couple of times watching the dog with a sad look in his eyes and then narrowly

glancing at mother. It wasn't natural for her not to like an animal.

Anyway, that's the way things were until the day Amelia disappeared. I don't think I said so before, but Amelia had a lot of friends around the neighborhood, kids and grown-ups, and sometimes she would go visiting. When she got home she could never eat dinner because she would be so full of candy and cookies.

On this day I had been playing ball down on a lot we had fixed up and didn't get home until just before dark. Mother was getting dinner ready and asked me if I had seen Amelia and I said I hadn't. Father was reading a newspaper in the front room and called out to me to go out and look for her. I went around the block and down the street and didn't see her anywhere. It was dark when I got back home.

Mother came into the front room, wiping her hands on her apron, and looking worried. She said, "Amelia never stays out this late. She really should be home, George."

Father got up and stretched his arms and winked at me. He said, "You take one street, Tommy, and I'll take the other. She's undoubtedly in someone's home stuffing herself with chocolates. You'll probably see the dog sitting out front waiting for her."

He went down one street and I went down the other, from end to end. I asked at all the homes where Amelia went and some others, but no one had seen her. And I didn't see the dog anywhere.

I went back to our house and mother was standing on the front porch with the light on. She just looked at me and her face got kind of drawn. Then father came walking up the driveway and stopped before the steps. He looked at the two of us and didn't say anything.

Mother said, "I've called everyone on the telephone. George, didn't you even see the dog anywhere?"

FATHER shook his head. "No. Look—there's nothing to get excited about. You know how Amelia is. She makes friends everywhere. Hard telling where she is. I'll just take the car and cruise around for awhile."

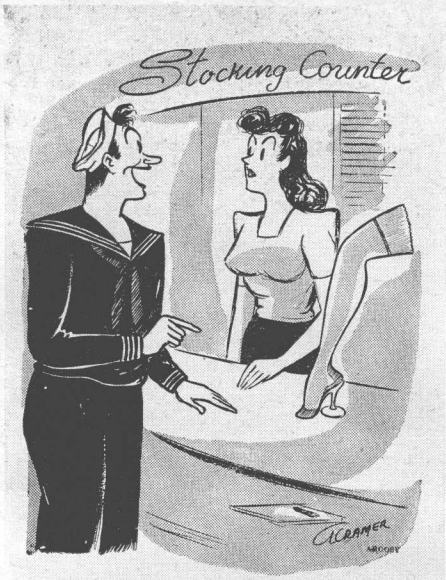
Mother cried, "Wait. I'll go with you."

"Suppose she wanders in while we're gone?"

"Oh. Then I—I'd better stay here."

I got in the car with father. I was beginning to get worried, too. It was almost eight o'clock. We drove up one street and down the other and covered the whole Brentwood district. Once we saw a dog something like Josephine and father slammed on the brakes so hard I hit my head against the windshield. But this dog was a male and darker than ours. He growled at us and walked off in the dark. Father swore under his breath and shifted gears and we went on.

It was after nine o'clock when we returned home. Mother was sitting in the front room and I have never seen her look that way before. It almost frightened me, the way she looked. She sat in one of the big chairs and her hands were so tight on the arms her knuckles were white. Father walked back and forth before her and looked almost as bad as she did. Then he stopped and said, "Well, there's only one thing to do—"



"Could I see the rest of her sometime?"

Mother cried, "George, you don't think—"

"Now, now," he said. "Of course not. We're not millionaires."

"George, the hospitals—It could be an accident and—"

He nodded and went into the other room. He called all the hospitals, then came back to the front room. His face was just as white as mother's. He said, "Well, I'll have to call the police."

I could see he didn't want to, for some reason, like he was stalling. But he went into the other room and we heard him talking on the telephone and then he came back to the front room. There was a funny smile on his face, but a peculiar look, too.

Mother stared at him and got to her feet like a shot. He put his arms around her and hugged her and patted her shoulders. He kissed her and said, "Amelia's all right."

Mother gasped, "The police knew—"

"Yes. They know where she is. In fact, they said I had better come and get her before someone gets killed."

"Oh, George—"

"Now, now. She's okay, I tell you. She went for a walk with the pooch and she got lost, that's all. She's on a street corner clear over on the other side of the golf links. I guess she's a little frightened, because the police couldn't find out her name, so they didn't know who to call. They told me—"

Mother didn't care what they told him. She was already running out to the automobile. Father chuckled and nodded at me and we went out to the car and got in. He drove around the golf links pretty fast and turned down the street on the other side. About two blocks ahead we saw lights and a large crowd. Father stepped on the gas a little, then put on the brakes when we got to the edge of the crowd. We jumped out of the car and shoved our way through the people.

Most of the people were standing in the street and the women looked worried and the men were smiling. There was a police car, too, and four policemen were standing in front of its lights. One of them had a badly torn uniform. They were all looking at the corner sidewalk, where a fifth policeman was trying to get close enough to catch Josephine by the collar. Josephine was having none of that. She let out a roar and she must have leaped at him, because he jumped back suddenly.

WHEN we got through the crowd I saw Amelia sitting on the curb holding Josephine's leash. Her face was dirty and she had been crying, but now she was just staring at everyone with her big eyes. You could see she was scared to death.

Josephine was standing at her side, but at first I almost thought it was another dog. She wasn't the sweet Josephine we knew at all. She looked like a wild animal out of a jungle picture. Her four legs were stiff, the hackles along her spine were straight up, her eyes were flaming red and her lips were pulled back so far her long fangs were like small white daggers. There was a low rumble deep in her chest, one of the meanest, nastiest growls I've ever heard.

Mother started for Amelia when we got through the crowd and one of the policemen yelled, "Hey, for God's sake, don't go near that dog!"

But I don't think mother heard him. She ran to Amelia with her arms out and Josephine roared and sprang straight at her. She knocked mother down and the next second straddled her with her teeth an inch from her throat. I saw one of the policemen tugging at a pistol just as father shouted, like the crack of a whip, "Josephine! Now, now, Josephine!"

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Argosy, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1944. State of New York, county of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold S. Goldsmith, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Argosy, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Popular Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editor, Henry Steeger, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Managing Editor, Rogers Terrill, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Business Manager, Harold S. Goldsmith, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: Popular Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Henry Steeger, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Harold S. Goldsmith, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Harold S. Goldsmith, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of October 1944. Eva M. Walker, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 16, Register's No. 363-W-6. (My commission expires March 30, 1946.) [Seal]—Form 3526—Ed. 1933.

Josephine's shoulders were trembling, but she slowly raised her head and looked around at father, who was walking toward her with his hand out. He kept saying, "Josephine," and she watched him and then she looked down at mother and suddenly her trembling stopped and her lips gradually went back to cover her teeth.

Well, the next minute she jumped all over father and licked mother's face and would hardly let her up from the ground, she was so happy and relieved. She even knocked me down when I tried to pet her. She was a little embarrassed, too, for not recognizing us right away. You could tell from the way she acted.

Everybody in the crowd started to laugh and the men couldn't get enough of petting Josephine and saying, "What an animal!"

THE policeman with the torn coat was smiling and telling father, "I'd give my right arm to have an animal like that for my kids. She wouldn't let us, or anyone else, get anywhere near the little girl. You can see what happened to me for even trying. I was lucky to get away from her in one piece."

Father's chest swelled out and he said, "Send me the bill, officer. And thanks for not trying to use force on the dog."

The policeman said, "Why should we? The dog was doing exactly what you'd want her to do. She was protecting her little mistress, that's all. We knew someone would call in sooner or later and we'd find out who the little girl was." He shook his head. "Man, what an animal!"

Father's chest swelled out a little more. He said, "Wait till she grows up."

We all got back in the automobile and mother held Amelia on her lap and Josephine sat with me in the back seat and every minute she turned around to lick my face. Mother just sort of crooned to Amelia all the way home.

But when we got in the front room mother finally broke down. She started to cry and dropped to her knees and held one arm around Amelia and with the other pulled Josephine's head against her cheek. Josephine wagged her tail and licked mother's face and mother just let her. Father watched them and rubbed a hand over his eyes. But he was smiling.

Mother looked up at him and her eyes were shining through the tears. "George," she said, "she's a grand animal. I always told you—didn't I always tell you—a good breed—"

Father nodded and said, "Sure you did. She has the stuff, all right. Strictly a child's guardian. You always said good breeds were predictable."

"She turned out right, didn't she?"

"Right on the nose."

Mother turned back to hug Amelia and Josephine and father sort of sighed. He looked down at me and whispered, "Well, Tommy, I guess we got us a dog."

I knew he wouldn't mind, the way he was feeling, so I said, "That sentence of yours wasn't very good English."

"No," he said with a grin, "but it makes a lot of good sense."

THE END

FINDERS KEEPERS

by Lawrence Watkin and Barney Livingstone

DURING the assault on Eniwetok, the plaintive query, "Where the hell is the infantry?" was intercepted on the Marines' inter-tank radio communications wave band. The reply was prompt and laconic: "Oh, they're quite a ways back . . . interested in souvenirs!"

The foregoing is proof positive of the great American pastime of collecting souvenirs. It has spread to the odd corners of the Pacific, where it is unrestrained, as well as to the European continent, where it often means death by booby trap.

You have heard about the Yank soldier crawling from fox-hole to fox-hole in Italy with a hall-size Italian Renaissance mirror strapped to his back? You probably have not heard that a kind of poetic justice is meted out to the curio-minded paragraph trooper who quits his desk to have a quick look at the war. The Seabees will sell him a Japanese flag for seventy-five dollars — even if they have to manufacture it themselves. They will even supply authentic Japanese characters, as one officer discovered. These foreign symbols could only have been copied from a meat tin. Translated, they read, "Packed in Yokohama."

Just how serious the business can become may be seen from the account of Sergeant Barrett McGurn, *Yank* staff correspondent, telling of the Second Battle of Bougainville: "As I rode up to the front, I was confronted with the bold sign, *All sightseers forward of this area will be arrested.* Somebody explained that kibitzers from outfits not currently in the line had been scooping up all the best souvenirs and the fighting infantrymen were pretty bitter about it.

"The matter came to a head when a marine darted forward under fire to relieve a fresh-killed Jap officer of his saber and pistol. A rifle poked out of a fox-hole and covered the marine. 'I killed that Jap to get those souvenirs,' said the soldier in the hole, 'and I'll kill you if I have to, to keep them.' The marine retreated.

"While the infantrymen were still too busy to hunt souvenirs, one fearless G.I. business man trotted back and forth, bringing out Jap rifles and selling them for thirty dollars apiece."

Actually, Army, Navy and Marine commanders are in sympathy with the souvenir-collecting proclivities of their men. Any hobby that takes a man's mind off the war is good for his morale. It is when hunting reaches the proportions of vandalism that stern penalties are meted out. Vandalism costs lives.

One desperate souvenir hunter toted off an aircraft battery—although there remains considerable puzzlement as to what use he put it to. During the Kiska campaign, it was necessary to repair a truck six or seven times because different persons were collecting Jap spark plugs, coils or some other piece of Jap equipment converted for American use. One ingenious fellow was caught cutting the Jap trademark out of a perfectly good tire.

All of this must have given the Germans an idea, for they have gone out of their way to booby-trap all gimcracks that a souvenir-loving American might want to collect. Booby traps worked so well that the Nazis extended the principle into a full-fledged delaying action.

The reason that the Pacific is the paradise of the souvenir hunter is that the booby trap is placed in territory which the enemy expects to evacuate. The Japs expected to hold on. This undoubtedly explains why the military authorities there have not cracked down. Generally, the rule is "finders keepers" for such souvenirs as money, small firearms, swords, knives and the like, which have no intelligence value. In the case of guns, intelligence inspection is mandatory as a precaution against overlooking new ideas from the Jap arsenal.

One of the most successful steps in the Marshalls has been the creation by some intelligence officers of a trading stock-pile. If the trinket is of importance to Intelligence, a swap is made; as a result, the man who had to give up his souvenir is satisfied with another of equivalent value.

It is this small and transportable stuff that will become increasingly dangerous to handle as the war gets nearer to Japan itself, and deeper inside Germany, for that matter. The more stubborn the retreat, the more likelihood that the souvenirs will be lethal. Here is where you as a civilian come in.

Tell your man in service that you don't want any Jap or German souvenirs. Encourage him to confine his souvenir-hunting to such harmless bagatelles as foreign coins and native arrows and grass skirts. They're just as useful to show you've been places as a sword or a firearm, which may cost a leg or an arm.

Tell him you don't want a smoked head from Tokyo, nor even a piece of a Messerschmitt. All you want back is him—and in one piece!

Prelude to Battle

(*Continued from page* 11) assume their own responsibilities.

It was a good enough school, I guess. It was a pretty place, too, if you're the sort who likes scenery, all the hell-and-gone up in those little mountains near Hartford, Connecticut. It was built antique, you know, but they were always going on and making a lot of noise about progressive education and how we should learn to express ourselves. That was a little tough for Jim and me. We didn't exactly know what they meant and then too, we were something called "freshies" then. That meant that we were members of an unorganized group of new guys who were always being put in our place by "older men." These older men lived off in clubs and had all sorts of fancy privileges befitting their maturity, I guess. But the two of us were used to making our own fun and all of our vast experience in secret fraternities came in handy. We did all right that year.

Jim got himself elected manager of several things and he was our one reporter on the school paper. I was our representative on student council. It was a different set of boys from any we'd run into backstage, sons of some of the country's wealthiest families. But somehow as underling freshies it didn't make much difference. There wasn't a lot of chance for anybody to get in there and express himself too much. Nobody was able to stand out really above the sad sameness of us all. And in a way there was almost a feeling of unity with us that year. We felt at home with the rest.

ONE funny thing did happen that I guess maybe was important and I should tell about it. We met a girl that year. Nancy White. She was the daughter of the headmaster and just our age. But she was a girl and seemed older.

She was the most beautiful person I'd ever seen. She lived at the school and on cold winter afternoons she'd go with me to a pond we knew and ice-skate. I was very good and I taught her a lot.

Well, one afternoon we were walking back to her house for some cocoa and she started talking about Jim. She said she thought it was so wonderful for a boy his age to be able to manage his affairs so well and wasn't it sad and terrible for him not to have any parents.

This orphan routine knocked me over but I thought if he was pulling it that way, he must have a reason. I wasn't going to talk.

That night I asked him what went on with the new billing and he said it was all right, he knew what he was doing and for me to forget about it. He was mysterious and I felt left out on something, but it didn't bother me. It seemed to be taking the independent act too far, but I didn't really care.

That summer Jim visited a lot of the boys from school. He was all over the place. But my mother hadn't been very well and the old man thought it would be a good idea if I jumped west with them and stuck around with the act. So I did and I didn't see much of Jim until school reopened.

As soon as we got back you could sense that things were going to be pretty different. You see, we were no longer one great big family of freshies. As one old boy told us in chapel one morning, we were now "individual gentlemen with the responsibility of selecting our friends and seeking out our true social levels." That was okay. I didn't know what he meant, but it was all right. And it certainly was with most of the other boys. It was easy for them, too. This club setup took care of that. There wasn't even much responsibility of choice for them either, since lots of their fathers and older brothers had gone to the school, and their names were already automatically put down for one of the clubs.

Oh, they were bad days back there in that October. Everybody went around and seemed so suspicious. I guess we had such hopes and fears and little fourteen-year-old ambitions which meant so much, that we didn't even want to talk about them to each other. We began to worry so much about what the men were saying about us in their secret nightly meetings that it was impossible to think about anything else.

Jim and I didn't see too much of each other right then. We shared a room but most of Jim's time was spent with the boys he'd been with that summer.

Just before Thanksgiving they had what they called interviews. I remember I was invited into several of the club rooms and over a cool glass of cider and in front of an open fire they started popping questions at me.

The damnedest thing, though, was that most of these questions, I began to notice, didn't have anything to do with me. They all seemed to want to know about my folks, and about the act.

FINALLY this interest in my folks began to get me. I don't know why, but for some reason I resented it. They weren't looking at me and judging me. Instead, they cared about some standing the act might have in their little group. That's what they were weighing and examining. And one night I began to wonder just where the Siverskys really did fit in with this club life. And right away, as soon as I realized what had happened, what in hell I was doing, I reacted pretty strongly. I was all against the whole setup. I was against all the individuals in it. What had happened to me that a couple of little jerks could for one minute make me question the act? I said to-hell-with-'em to their faces. I remember I told one group who'd expressed a slight surprise that the old man hadn't attended a university, exactly where they could place their club.

Maybe again I'm going on too much about myself, giving you too many details of my reactions and not enough about Jim. But in a way it's important, because it was here for the first time that the split thing started and we could see the differences. I don't know how he really reacted to those cosy club chats or what exactly he told them, but I do know that during the Thanksgiving holidays bids were sent out and Jim was invited to become a member of any one of the three best clubs at the school. I received no bids.

When we got back from the holiday I discovered I was living in the dormitory alone with the present batch of "freshies" and three or four fairly eccentric types. Jim moved into the Something-or-other Club.

MY intimate friendship with Jim came to a stop. I retired into myself and I'm afraid I built up some very obvious little high-school boy's defenses against a system I didn't understand and certainly didn't want to have any part of. They were long days and longer nights and even over here now it's not much fun to think back to that time.

For some reason I started to write. I poured my soul out into a piece I called "How To Become An American."

That was a hot little numero by anybody's standard. But the surprising thing to me still is that it wasn't half bad. It had a definite form to it. It was brief and pointed. As I used to sit up there alone at night, I could hear through the window the singing from various clubs and I beat my brains out over this story of my old man. I made him quite a character, and told about how he had come to the new land and got set and worked all his life for the privilege of sending his next generation to be educated in New England. Oh, it was fine stuff, all of it. The sketches of the boy's school, "the hard-earned goal of the immigrant's struggle," were dished up with an irony and bitterness that came strictly from the heart.

I worked over it all winter, and by spring I was finally satisfied that it said compactly exactly what I felt. I submitted it to the school paper.

The next night Jim Hill came around to my room. He was assistant editor of the paper then and we had our last long bull session. He had the manuscript with him and he told me he wanted me to destroy it. He admitted it was clever, all right, but he said it could never be printed. Then, as he rambled on, I saw something I had never seen on one of our faces before. Jim was scared.

He said that if his little paper rejected it, he knew I'd send it along to an outside magazine and because of the way it was handled it might get a publisher. I told him he was nuts, and said it was strictly a personal matter. I pointed out that the clever little orphan boy who could handle his own affairs had in no way been brought into the story. But he said he was afraid somebody might suspect something since lots of them knew we'd met before.

Well, to try to keep it brief, his paper did reject it and then a crazy thing happened. A fourteen-year-old author had the rare experience of seeing his manuscript published in a national magazine.

The stink and furor which my little piece was able to kick up is, I guess, a telling comment about the state of our country in that year 1927. It was read, attacked, and defended. Americanism and True Democracy were defined by every lady columnist across the nation. One organization wanted me to give talks in schools, to establish clubs for just such second generation cases as my own. All that, I thought, was from hunger and it sounded to me like a complete defeat of my original notion.

Well, as was the way with the Twenties, I guess, the concentration on my peculiar little problem shifted as quickly as it had started up. That is, it shifted everywhere except at school. And there I have to admit I was pretty bad. I played the boy hoofer with a vengeance—such Broadway clothes as you never imagined, padded shoulders and heel taps on every shoe. I never went anywhere without copies of *Variety* and *Billboard* under my arm. They interviewed me and discussed and pondered the case and in the end a learned old character man told me in a pompous but cultured voice that if I didn't like it here, maybe I'd better go back where I came from.

And that's exactly what I did. I joined the act in Pittsburgh.

It would have been a lonely exit, I guess, with all my trunks and overplayed bravado, except for one thing. When I was standing alone on the platform waiting for the train Nancy White came up.

She sat there on my suitcase and looked right up at me. She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. She had her hair brushed straight back and caught with a little ribbon. She looked decent and swell. She said that she was going to miss me.

She said some other things too. I haven't forgotten any of them. She gave me a snapshot of herself, taken with three setter dogs who used to go down to the pond with us. I have it with me now.

After that I only saw Jim Hill at great big family gatherings during school holidays. Those times were a touch strained and they became less frequent. By the time he was a college student I was a key man in the act (it was almost all band by then, very little aerial work) and Jim was spending all of his vacations away from us.

THE following part of the report I don't know whether to give you or not. Maybe you already know it. Maybe by your standards I am a heel even to remember it now. But then—you have promised me that this is confidential.

One night in the late spring of 1936 the band was playing in Boston—the act had become just the younger generation by then and we were spotted around in all the best hotels. A note was sent back to me. It was from Nancy and soon she followed it back. We sat in one of the dressing rooms and talked. She said she wanted to ditch her party and have me drive her back to where she stayed.

"These new revenooers are sure an improvement!"

She was the same wonderful little girl from Hartford. The same honesty, the same looks. She'd grown up, but she was all the same—all Nancy. And she'd come back. But in a way it was as though I'd come to her, as though I'd been away for a long time and had come back, and as though I'd always known I would.

She was the finest person I'd ever met. She had a greatness about her, for me she did. And sometimes I think it was just that she was completely real. You know, it's a funny thing, but as I think about Nancy I still think of her as "show folks." You may not understand that. The popular idea is that people in the theater are artificial, and in lots of little ways I guess they are. But no other people in any line of work have this same quality Nancy had so much as the really big ones in our business. You talk to a great singer, or a really good actress and you can say anything. You know they aren't afraid of anything, that they'll give it out straight and that they are really interested in things the way they honestly are. All the other stuff, all the other fancy parts of life—that's for laughs.

Nancy and I went down on the Cape and spent a week together. It was just before the season opened. It was deserted and beautiful and completely ours.

I won't talk to you about that. I haven't any words for it, even yet. There wasn't any right or wrong. We were two kids. We loved each other. I loved her with all my heart and I guess I never loved anyone else.

There were two things that bothered Nancy then and she talked about them perfectly frankly. One night we were sitting out in her roadster up over some rocks, watching the fog roll in. There wasn't anything shy about her. She talked clearly and unashamedly. The two things that troubled her were money and family. Since her father had died she and her mother had been living on in the headmaster's house, sort of out of courtesy. They were going to have to get out and they hadn't much money.

I told her how the band was doing and what sort of money big-name bands could make and how everything I had was hers. I guess maybe I even asked her to marry me, because I remember she talked about her mother and how she was an old snob and how the name Siversky wouldn't set very well with her.

Maybe when that is written out it sounds wrong. Maybe you think I should have resented it and kicked her out of the car. But she was Nancy and that was that. That was her problem. And in a crazy way that I could never explain, it meant she liked me. She knew she could play it straight. There never were any undercurrents, or shadowy subtleties. And I completely understood.

There was never any question of my telling her how good the Siverskys were or how strong. She knew that. There was never any question to us of where they rated beside the Whites. We'd gone a beat beyond that. We knew what we were, the two of us up there on the Cape.

were the best. We were young. We loved each other. We owned everything. We could look at the world and talk about the setup and how things fitted in. I guess we were two kids with a lot of pride in ourselves and in each other.

After that week there were letters all the time. She was back in Boston and we opened our summer spot. Then once more she joined me, for a long, long weekend. We went down to the bend of the Cape. Everything was wonderful.

Then, when she went back, the band started moving around and she was busy and, well—there weren't many letters. She was in her life. I was in mine. The letters stopped.

My story ends here. There are just a few more points. In the winter of 1937 my father came to my brothers and me and told us he had no money. He wanted to know if he could work back into the act. He was almost sixty then. It seemed he'd lent everything he had to his old partner Mr. Hillinsky. He'd been led to believe it was for some theatrical venture and those two old boys trusted each other's theater sense implicitly. Later, when not a cent of it was returned, he'd discovered it all had been used as a settlement on young Jim Hill.

DR. MYERMAN, I'm not sitting in judgment on anybody. Honest to God I'm just trying to give you a report. To hell with what I thought then, or what I think now. It's over and done. This is '44. I don't want to think about all this any more. There's a little job I have to do over here, a sort of important one. I don't want to spend any more time with this.

There's just one more point I ought to tell you, then you can count me out.

On November 19th, 1937, someone had the sweetness to forward to me in Detroit an announcement of the wedding of Nancy White to James Hill.

But those details you'll have to get from them. That's their story. This is mine.

I hope somewhere in it you can find something that may help cure the man who means so much to Nancy.

MARTIN SIVERSKY

The day after Martin mailed the letter orders arrived from headquarters for his outfit to prepare to move. He decided it was a good thing. There was no time to think back now.

Within three weeks, however, another letter caught up with him. It was from Myerman in Baltimore.

DEAR SERGEANT SIVERSKY:

I shall try to be brief.

For the first time since I have been on the case I can honestly say I am encouraged. Definite progress has been made and it is due almost completely to your magnificent cooperation, to your report which gave us the details we so desperately needed to focus our work on the root of the malady.

There is no space here for an account of the analysis as we see it now. Much of it you can probably surmise, knowing as you now do that his phobia is directed at you personally. It is in no way surprising to us that, if at the impressionable age of fourteen Jim Hill received a shock such as the one you outlined, its effects could reach out into his later life.

James Hill feels that he betrayed you at a time when he should have stayed by your side, and in so doing he subconsciously believes he denied his family, his heritage and his natural place in the pattern of society.

This perhaps would appear as a small matter to a mature mind. But he was fourteen. A door was slammed and he has never been able to look back at the incident honestly. Now phantoms crowd that part of his mind and he is afraid the injustice which he feels he once did you causes you to seek revenge.

My plan for the cure may surprise you, but I can only ask you to trust me and to believe that I have arrived at this decision only after much thought.

At first I regretted that I could not bring you and Hill together, but now I am sure that would have accomplished little. His fear of you is so all-consuming that you could never have reached his rational mind. He would have become violent with you.

My plan is to continue our work by mail. I should like you to send me at one-week intervals a series of five short notes in your own handwriting. His mind is so abnormally sharpened on this one subject that I do not trust faking letters.

These notes should be addressed to either Mrs. Hill or to your sister. I will take care of the business of how my patient is to intercept them. In the first I want you to state a complete confirmation of his obsession. The second is to be much along the same lines, but weaker. In the third I want you to say that you have considered someone's suggestion to withdraw your plan. In the fourth, because of pressure which has been brought to bear upon you, you have almost decided to abandon the idea. And in the last you are to announce that all your plans against James Hill are forgotten.

Perhaps this appears a desperate, melodramatic measure to you. But in my opinion, Sergeant Siversky, the case warrants it.

For you to follow the above instructions is, I firmly believe, our only hope.

ALFRED MYERMAN.

Sailor's Choice

I like my girls
Modest and shy,
Not the saucy kind
With the brazen eyes;

I like my girls
Demure and nice—
The kind you have to
Whistle at twice!

By May Richstone

Martin wrote the first note that night. He addressed it to Nancy. The only laugh he ever got out of the whole business was the suggestion of sending them to Minna. He could picture her sitting in some hot little hotel room, all unsuspecting, and getting a series of notes teeming with plots of murder. He could picture the old vaudeville "takes" she'd do, and the worry, the knitted brows as she hid or destroyed these bits of dynamite.

The note was brief:

DEAR NANCY:

I have thought over your letters but I cannot agree. The world is not big enough for Jim and me. And I want to live. I am determined to go on with my plans. I am sorry but that is my only course.

MARTIN.

He read it over and felt self-conscious and silly. Those words jumping up at him in his own handwriting.

He knew censors often put their stamp on letters without reading them, especially if the writer hadn't ever given them any trouble, but if some officer should read it, what would he think?

He worried about this for a few minutes, then threw the letter into the outgoing basket. He put Myerman's letter away and decided to forget it all for a week. He made a check mark in pencil for the following Monday on the calendar pad up over his bed.

When Monday came he decided the only thing to do was to write all the notes that night, then he could forget the whole thing. All he'd have to do would be mail them, one each week.

He read the instructions and followed them out, four letters more. When he'd finished he reread letter Number Two.

DEAR NANCY:

I am afraid it is still useless. If you could point out to me some way to remove Jim from my life I would consider holding off, but I can see none.

Believe me I do not like this business and wish I could get out of it, but I can't. Jim must go.

MARTIN.

THAT'S what Myerman had asked for. He read it again, and felt embarrassed, silly inside. You didn't use words like that. Nobody did. It was all from some radio soap opera. "Jim must go—" "To remove him from my life—" It was ham, corn, it was cheap, bad theater, the whole thing. It didn't have anything to do with him. What was he doing writing words like that? And what did they have to do with Nancy? With the one good, clear part of his life. He had always taken care of that. And now it was this. It was silly. It was unreal, cheap. She had written to him and then some eminent German refugee had taken over. He hadn't felt or thought like himself since the whole business began. Somebody else had moved in and was doing the dialogue. He had no right putting his story in words and mailing it off. It was no longer him. And now it had all grown into a parody, into a grotesque Disney nightmare thing.

But he was using real names. Nancy. That letter was to Nancy. Somewhere she must be getting them. She was real. He could see her.

He read the letters over. They were the corn the doctor ordered. He should not feel embarrassed at the way they sounded. They had told him to do this. He was a cog in something that had started in Baltimore. He hated himself and the whole crazy, false routine, but there was no pulling out now. Some stage manager had rung up the curtain.

Anyway he was finished. He had written them. He wouldn't have to read them again, or think about them, just mail them one every week for three weeks. Then exit Martin. Out!

He mailed the second letter, and made three more marks on the calendar to remind him of the others each Monday.

On the sixth day, in the evening, a cable was handed to him.

MYERMAN VERY ENCOURAGED CONDITION GREATLY IMPROVED ASSURED JIM BELIEVES UTTERLY IN SINCERITY OF LETTERS CONTINUE AS OUTLINED MY HEARTFELT THANKS TO YOU MARTIN OUR HAPPINESS IS IN YOUR HANDS YOU KNOW THAT NANCY

HE went into the billet and took the three remaining letters from where he had hidden them under some books.

"In your hands. . . ." This was really taking the script to a new height, the lovely end. Jim Hill's sanity was in his hands, in those little pieces of paper. If he mailed them, Jim's cure was assured. He'd be back in his normal life. The same Jim Hill, doing the same things. And this was in his power. The happy ending.

He stuck the letters in the pocket of his field jacket. What would happen if he didn't mail them now?

He opened the door and stepped out into the night. It was a quiet little Italian town. The sun had just fallen out of sight behind the hills. He walked down a street he knew, down by the water.

"In your hands—in your hands." That's what it was, a number that had become popular since he left home. He'd heard it on the radio. "In your arms, in your arms—" Jim Hill's sanity was in his hands.

At the end of the street he turned and walked up by the rocks.

The radio script feeling was still with him. "Scalpel, Dr. Kildare. You can save a life." He wondered if anybody would ever see this scene the way he did, if anybody else could ever know how he hated it and how ridiculous he felt.

He found his old place on the rocks and squatted down. He looked out over the sea.

As she wrote that letter did she know? When she sent off the cable and chose those words did she know how it would hit him? Was she the same? Did she know how all this would sound to him over here? Could he believe they were seeing it together, the same way, over all this space of time? Was she seeing through it with him, through Myerman and the words, the stuff they had to use? Was she looking at him when she wrote it? With her hair brushed back?

Maybe it was possible they had a gag nobody ever knew about. She would have to be standing the same. She'd have that same look. She'd be strong, clear. Nobody, nothing could hurt that in Nancy.

The Cape was there, the nights, the fog coming in, the sea. He sat on a rock on the coast of Italy and he knew, as certainly as if she were there, that they shared something. Nobody had ever touched this.

He got up and started to walk back to the town. He kept looking out over the sea. He felt strong and alive. The waves beat in, leaped up on the rocks and fell back again. He remembered the way she had walked beside him then.

As he approached the first silent houses of the little town, he took the three letters from his pocket and held them in his hand. It was as though another voice spoke to him. It was clear, the arguments were all summed up. He listened to the words something inside him formed. "If you destroyed these it would be all right. Throw them in the water. Nobody'd know. When you go back, when the war's over, you can have your life. Nancy will be there. There's nothing really wrong. And he'd be all right. He'd be taken care of, kept away somewhere. She'd be free. There'd be no arguments. There weren't any before. It would be honest and straight. You don't mail three letters. And you have this. It should have been yours all along. You both know that."

It was good to walk and listen to the words. It was clear and true, he knew it. It had something to do with the old feeling he had when he walked and talked with her. Together they could have looked at the whole situation, talk it over in just such words.

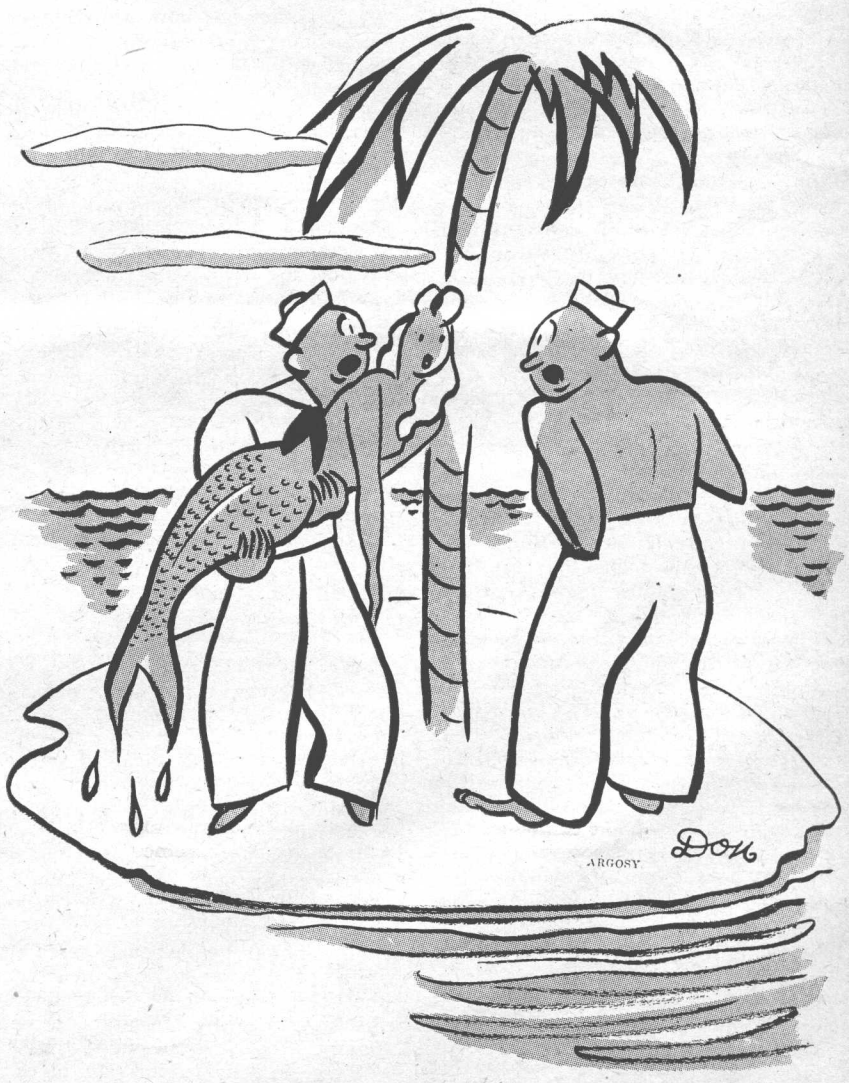
When he reached the main street of the town and started to turn up to his billet he stopped. It was quiet and empty. He stopped and he said out loud, "I love you. I love you with all my heart."

The next answer didn't come in words. It came in the memory of a face. As he went on down the street and into his billet, into the room that belonged to the corporal on the first floor, he saw the face of a girl without a hat on a station platform in Hartford, Connecticut. He saw her sitting on a suitcase and looking up at him. And he knew the answer.

He knew what he was going to say to the corporal.

"You'll think I'm nuts. But I want to get you to do something for me."

"Okay. Let's have it."



"I'll toss you for her. What do you want—heads or tails?"

"You see these?" He put two of the letters on the newspaper the corporal was reading, held the other in his hand. "This one I'm mailing right now. These others I want you to mail for me. One next Monday and one the following Monday. You're not to read 'em. Just mail 'em, see? I may be moving on. Something may happen."

"Yeah. Sure, but why—"

"Well, just see that you do."

"Okay. I will."

"Thanks, kid," he said and he went out and mailed the one he had in his hand. The face was clear; the hair pulled straight back and tied with a little ribbon. He liked it that way.

HE did move on. For almost two months there was no mail, then one day there was a letter from his sister.

DEAR MARTIN:

Still here at the same old stand.

But now look. Come on, I'm serious, Martin. Really. What are you pulling? You *are* the mysterious one.

Your Mrs. Hill came around again this afternoon and, well, I'd never have known her, so easy and relaxed, and she looked ten years younger. She said she had heard you had a new APO and did I know it. Martin, I don't know why, but I didn't think I should give it to her. I was scared about last time, I guess. And you never told me if I did right or not.

Anyway, she said she guessed it didn't matter because she couldn't write it anyway. She could never say all she had to say in a letter. But she wanted to be sure that I would give you a message. It was very important. And I took notes about just exactly what I was to say. And I promised her as soon as I found your address I'd relay this to you.

First, she wants you to go and see a doctor when you get back. He apparently has a wonderful story to tell you.

She wants you to know that Jim is really getting well. They have proof now that he will be perfectly well. It is just a question of his getting back his physical strength. He understands everything and it is all right, but this doctor doesn't feel that anything could be gained by you and Jim meeting again.

And now the important thing. (And this is what she made me take notes about, so you would get it absolutely straight.)

She wanted me to tell you that you've done this thing and she always knew somehow—'way down deep inside—that you would, because you two know something that not everybody knows.

"And we both know now," she said.

She said, "The Cape was beautiful that summer. Tell him that. And tell him when this is over and he comes back, I'll be there. I'll be there on the Cape—alone. I'll be waiting. He'll understand."

Now *what is this?* She looked wonderful and she kept saying you'd understand. Well, you may. But I'm going crazy.

Hurry up, please, and win this war and come right back here and tell me what it's all about. Please!

MINNA

$70,000—to Win!

(*Continued from page* 62) to show some interest, give orders, take the horse away, or something. At least drop around."

"I suppose so. How about going along today?" Which was all right with me.

Lark Broland was beaming when we ran into her at the track barn. I saw now why they designed sports clothes.

They designed them for girls like Lark Broland, with a bit of the sun in their faces, breeze in their hair, the love of sport, horses, open spaces, in their eyes. Lark looked as if she'd expected Danny and dressed for him. She acted as if everything was all right, now that Danny was here.

"I've wonderful news," she burst out. She lowered her voice. "I hear that Guy Gant will be scratched in the Traskell."

"Is that so?" Danny muttered.

"Show some enthusiasm," she said happily. "Don't you see what it means? Jackolie can win now. I'm sure he can. You'll probably get most of your money back on the one race."

Not a sign of regret that she wasn't getting the fifty thousand added purse money.

"But I warn you my Sunkee will give Jackolie a race," Lark went on, smiling. "No one suspects how well Sunkee has come along. He's almost in top form. Just think, you and I may take first and second money. Isn't it great?"

Danny looked like he thought it was ghastly. We stepped over to look at the horses in their stalls, and Lark noticed that Danny wasn't sparking.

"What's wrong with him today?" Lark laughed at me.

"Too much night life," I told her. "Danny can't take as much poison as he thought he could."

"He should spend a week at our Kentucky farm when I take the horse back," Lark said airily. "He'd be a new man."

"He could use it."

"When you two finish with my health, I'll take you to lunch," Danny said, finding a smile somewhere.

ON the way back to Chicago, Danny drove silently. His profile was glum.

"Why didn't you tell her?" I finally asked.

"How could I?"

"She's fallen for you, pal."

"Nuts to that! But I feel like a heel. Lark's a sweet kid."

"Stubborn and opinionated," I reminded him.

Danny lighted a cigarette. "Pete, I don't know what to do."

I almost told him to ask Liesel.

"Sit tight," I suggested. "And, pal, if you need something to cure the gal of her sunrise glow over you, wait until she finds out who's really racing Jackolie."

Danny dropped me at the apartment and went on to pick up Liesel at the yacht club. I was to join them later at the Volga for cocktails. Just before I left the apartment, a telegram came for Danny. I took it to the Volga.

Liesel, in delicate ivory silk piped with green, cool-looking, gay, was easily the most stunning sight in the Volga.

I ordered a sling, then remembered the telegram and gave it to Danny. He excused himself to Liesel and read it. He reddened and handed it to me.

Lark Broland had sent it:

YOU COULD HAVE TOLD ME TODAY YOU WERE MOVING YOUR HORSE TO ANOTHER STABLE THIS AFTERNOON. I WOULD HAVE TRAINED HIM LIKE HE WAS STILL MINE. NOW LOOK OUT. I STILL HAVE A CHANCE AT THAT RACE.

DANNY spoke carefully to Liesel. "You seem to have sent orders in my name to move Jackolie this afternoon."

"Is that what the telegram is about?" Liesel was amused. "You didn't think I'd leave the horse with that woman, did you? Darling, why don't you leave racing decisions to me?"

Danny drained his cocktail glass. His face was still red. "Pete, how much money can you raise?"

"I might get six grand together," I said. "I banked most of my pay, and what I did with C. I. dice shouldn't be told."

"I've got a little inheritance I've never touched," Danny said. "Gilt-edged stock that's ballooned on war contracts. I think we can make it together. Pete, we own a race horse."

"I don't understand what you're talking about," said Liesel.

Danny grinned at her as though a big load was off his mind.

"Since you moved Jackolie in my name, then he's obviously still mine, darling," Danny said. "You'll get your money back tomorrow."

"If this is your idea of humor, Danny, I don't like it. What would you do with Jackolie?"

"I think I'm going to scratch him from the Traskell," said Danny.

Our little cocktail party ended three minutes later. Liesel left us flat.

Danny looked at me. I looked at him. "Drive back to the track with me," Danny said. He was not red now. He was pale. His jaw had a stubborn set.

Lark Broland was sitting on a bale of straw by the tackroom. She looked small and very much alone as she stood up in the dusk and watched us approach.

Danny hadn't said ten words on the long drive out. He sounded stiff as he spoke to Lark.

"I didn't order Jackolie moved. I know you won't want him back, but I thought I'd tell you."

Lark wrinkled her brow, studying Danny through the dusk. "Who did order him moved?"

"I've been pretty much of a louse, I guess," Danny said in the same stiff manner. Only I knew the lug wasn't stiff inside. Liesel had tossed her ring at him in the Volga and said it was all off unless he came to his senses. All off, those Kelly millions, that lovely feathered future, because Danny had to be regular

with this girl who was watching him through the dusk.

"It seemed all right at first," Danny said to Lark Broland. "You see, I was buying Jackolie for Miss Liesel Kelly. With her money. She didn't want to appear in the deal until later."

"Oh," Lark said. And then, slowly: "She's a friend of yours then."

"I work for her father. Liesel and I were engaged."

"Oh!" Lark said again. All at once she looked smaller, lonelier.

Danny cleared his throat. "Pete and I own Jackolie now. We've arranged to give Liesel back the money she advanced. We're going to scratch Jackolie from the Traskell."

Lark's chin lifted. "Why?"

"That way you'll have a good chance to win. You won't feel that you've been tricked."

"Does Miss Kelly know it?"

"Naturally. She thinks I'm an idiot."

Lark nodded. "Worse than an idiot, if you scratch Jackolie," she said huskily. "I raised him to be a champion. He has the right to prove it. At least Miss Kelly meant to win with him." Her voice shook. "You can trick me, but I won't have you tricking Jackolie."

"If that's the way you feel about it, Liesel can have the horse and run him," Danny said angrily.

"I hope she does. And," Lark added coldly, "you might tell her that Jackolie is nervous and races best with blinkers."

She turned and left us, walking fast.

Liesel got title to Jackolie that night, plus the warning to use blinkers. I went to the Kelly mansion with Danny, and I stood behind him and winked broadly at Liesel when Danny spoke about the blinkers.

LIESEL got it, and she was sweeter than a lollipop with Danny. "How nice of the girl to warn us about the blinkers," she said. "Now you can give me back the ring, Danny."

I'd seen Danny look like this when he climbed into a cockpit out there in the Pacific. "I threw the ring away," he said coolly. "You want a horse, not a man, Liesel. And you're getting a horse. Best of the breed. I hope you win with him."

"Don't worry, I will!" She was furious.

So Liesel got Jackolie, and sprang her surprise about owning him. She made the society notes, sports pages, and the racing papers.

Friday, the day before the race, I told Danny, "I think I'll put a hundred bucks on Lark Broland's horse in the Traskell tomorrow."

Danny shrugged. "You'll lose."

"Seen Lark?" I asked.

"No. I'll probably never see her again. But Liesel always wins."

"Have you bought another ring for Liesel?"

"I'm through with women," Danny said. "Never again."

We left it there, and the next day at the track I bet my hundred on Lark Broland's Sunkee.

Flags on top of the clubhouse and grandstand were whipping in the breeze. All boxes and seats were filled. Thousands of spectators were milling about, talking and laughing, marking programs and studying scratch sheets and gathering in lines at the mutuel windows.

"Look, Mom!"

But when the clear, stirring bugle notes brought the horses for the sixth race filing slowly out on the track, one could see and sense the surge of interest that gripped the waiting thousands.

I looked at the horses, and the fever got in my blood too. I went back and bet another hundred on Sunkee for luck, and then I wandered up in the clubhouse to the Kelly box.

Six people were in the box. Liesel was something out of the picture books, as usual. She stepped out of the box when she saw me.

"Are we going to win?" I asked her.

"Where's Danny?" she demanded.

"He said he might be out. I haven't seen him."

"He's got to stop sulking," Liesel said. "Everyone thinks we're still engaged. I want him here with me when Jackolie wins."

"Sure he'll win?"

"I usually know what I'm doing," she said impatiently. "Find Danny for me, please."

Danny could have been in Alaska, for all I cared. I walked down in front of the clubhouse and watched the horses slowly parading down the track, paced by red-coated out-riders and topped by the bright and gay jockey silks.

There was a pageant-like, unreal quality about it, spiced with fantastic sums of money, and generations of breeding fine horseflesh for love and sport.

I thought of Lark Broland, desperately needing money, and yet insisting that Jackolie have his chance to win. I thought of Liesel Kelly, who had everything, and yet needed more publicity. And I fingered the mutuel tickets in my pocket and hoped for the impossible.

The odds board didn't give me much hope. Jackolie was a heavy favorite. Sunkee trailed in the betting at eight to one. The Traskell was run at a mile and a furlong, starting in front of the grandstand, and when the starting bell rang sharply, I crossed my fingers.

The thunder of nine horses whirled in dust to the turn, with Jackolie cutting in toward the rail and the field stringing out behind.

The race swept through the back stretch, with Jackolie leading by a head. I began to sweat. Sunkee was fourth. A horse named Rom West was second. He must have been some horse. At the far turn Rom West rushed past Jackolie and took the lead.

I couldn't see exactly what was happening. The horses were far away and tiny as they shifted positions on the turn. The announcing horns blared that Jackolie was second, and then third, and then fourth as the field raced into the stretch. Sunkee was third now. Jackolie had just seemed to fade out on the turn.

A horse named Go-Lightly took the lead in the stretch. I was reaching to throw away my worthless mutuel tickets when Sunkee flashed forward. Maybe the jockey on Go-Lightly lost his head. He twisted around with his crop half raised. But if he'd really meant to foul the Broland entry, he was too late. Sunkee swept past under the wire. At nine to one, his closing odds. Over twenty dollars for each two dollars.

I forgot everything but that two hundred dollars' worth of tickets in my pocket. Who was rich now?

There was more pageantry. A blanket of flowers across Sunkee's neck. Pictures taken of horse and jockey, and Lark Broland.

There were brief speeches over the loudspeaker system. Lark said a few graceful words. I thought she didn't look too happy for a girl who had won well over sixty thousand dollars. I looked up, and Danny was beside me, craning to see Lark. He was smiling.

"Pal," I said, "meet Mr. Giltbucks!" I waved the tickets under Danny's nose.

Danny matched me, two tickets for one.

"You louse," I said. "And telling me not to bet."

"It wasn't a good bet," said Danny. "And Liesel's smart."

"Too smart," I said. "They're paying cash money for these pasteboards. Let's hurry."

They really were paying it. I had mine and Danny was getting his, in crisp hundred dollar bills, when Lark Broland joined us. Lark stepped to the window beside Danny.

"You Judas!" Lark said angrily. "Couldn't you even play fair once? Do you have to trick people all the time?"

"Exactly what do you mean?" Danny said, trying to look at Lark and watch the money being counted out.

"You know what I mean!" Lark flashed. "I told you to run Jackolie with blinkers. He started without them, and when Rom West passed him on the turn, Jackolie shied out. He always does, unless he has blinkers. He lost so much ground he couldn't make it up."

"Don't blame me," Danny said. "You won the race, didn't you?"

"I don't care. You double-crossed me again."

Danny gathered up his money, while the cashier watched with interest. "I told Liesel Kelly exactly what you told me to say about the blinkers," Danny told Lark.

"I heard him," I said. "Sugar, if you want the truth, I double-crossed you. I stood behind Danny and gave Liesel the wink when Danny told her you said to use blinkers. The rest was up to Liesel. She's smart, you know."

"Oh!" Lark said.

"Furthermore," said Danny, "I love you, honey. So how could I double-cross you?"

"Oh!" Lark gulped.

"Lady," said the cashier through the window bars, "if you just won this race, and the boy friend comes through like this, with a fistful of cash to help out, take everything and be glad."

"I can't tell a lie," said Danny. "I loved you so much, honey, that I winked at Liesel, too, when I told her about the blinkers. I knew she was smart, too."

"You crook," Lark said faintly.

Lark was looking up at Danny, and Danny put his money on the ledge and kissed her right there in public. They walked away, holding hands and just looking at each other.

"He forgot his money!" the cashier exclaimed, waving frantically.

"Pal, they're both rich enough right now," I said. "Don't bother them."

Monster in Horse's Clothing

(*Continued from page* 52) night 'e change, and run on all fours, howling. He climbed through open windows and pulled children from zeir beds and ran off wit' zem." She shuddered. "Zose are just stories. But two children did disappear."

Mr. Pope said there were certainly certain cases of a sort of Jekyll-Hyde double personality, in which humans did change into something pretty horrible. And he was saying this when Ed's head appeared at the open window behind Eve.

Without breaking the pose, Mr. Pope tried to order Ed away by glaring at him. The horse just mimicked him, throwing back his head and regarding him with contemptuous hauteur. Mr. Pope frowned —and then became aware that Eve was staring at him.

"Wilbur! You look so strange!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Pope. "Oh, I just thought —I saw Ed. At the window."

Eve glanced around. Ed was visible, but with no apparent interest in art. She shrugged and went on talking about lycanthropy and other curious hobbies of the Breton witches. "Oh yes, I know ze scientific explanations. But ze sings are not less 'orrible. And I can tell you of a case—ze 'usband of my own [illegible]nt Sophie. It began wit' his walking in his sleep—" She stopped, for Mr. Pope had burst into a loud and inexplicable laugh.

I guess you can't blame him. As soon as Eve's back was turned Ed had stuck his head in the window again and began making faces at Mr. Pope. It was very plain that he was mocking Mr. Pope as a sitter, and suggesting expressions in which he would like Mr. Pope to be painted. First he opened his mouth a little and looked wide-eyed and innocent, and then he laid back his ears and bared his teeth and looked ferocious, and then he drooped one eyelid and glared down his nose in a sort of half-wittedly noble expression. That was when Mr. Pope laughed.

Eve threw down her brush. "Really, Wilbur!"

"I'm sorry," Mr. Pope said. "It was just —well, I used to walk in my sleep myself." He seized upon the first thing that came into his mind. "I guess I inherited it from my Grandfather Case. Everyone in our family remembers Grandfather Case's yelping nightmares."

Eve laughed. She came and stood beside him. "I do not sink you are a werewolf, *cheri*. Not wit' ze name of Wilbur." She stopped and put her cheek next to his. "Why are you so unresponsive, my great wolf?" I tell you I make a decision soon, but you—since zat first day you say nossing. And you mean so much to me!" With a lithe movement she dropped into his lap.

"Oh—ouch!" Mr. Pope jumped up. "Sorry, Eve. Leg's asleep. Sitting so long."

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 81

1. Hoover
2. Washington
3. New York; Philadelphia
4. Coolidge
5. (a) Lincoln (b) Madison (c) Taylor (d) Jackson
6. Jefferson
7. (a) Teddy Roosevelt (b) McKinley (c) Harding (d) Lincoln (e) Madison (f) Hoover (g) Wilson
8. 1840, Harrison: died in office. 1860, Lincoln: assassinated. 1880, Garfield: assassinated. 1900, McKinley: assassinated. 1920, Harding: died in office
9. Lincoln
10. Grant

He stamped up and down. "Oh, by the way," he said, ignoring the exasperated flash of her eyes, "I forgot to tell you—I've been authorized to offer you a thousand dollars for the six sketches for Marian Volney I told you about. Of course, I know it's commercial, but nowadays—"

"How much?" she interrupted sharply. He repeated.

"Ah, *cheri*," she said, "it means a lot to you, does it not? But to me, too. Yes, I know zey all do it. But not Delisier. Not unless—" She stopped, then smiled. "But for you I would do it. Oh yes, and for ze sousand dollars. I do not despise money, Wilbur. Yes, some of zose sketches I showed you would do—I would not make new ones. Ze subject does not matter, in zose advertisements." She smiled. "We talk about zat anozzer time. No, no—go along now, *mon gros loup!*"

Mr. Pope was pretty downcast at not getting the thing settled then and there. As he pushed through the hedge into his own garden he ran into Ed.

"Mon doo!" Ed said. "It's Wilbur the Wolf!" His teeth chattered and he staggered back with terrified eyes.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Mr. Pope. "You've done enough clowning."

"Okay, Wilb, I guess you got more wolf in you than I thought, at that." He chuckled. "Wilbur the Wolf and Eve the Moocher."

"What do you mean—Eve the Moocher?"

"'You mean so mooch to me,'" Ed quoted. He tittered in a ladylike manner. "It quite made me blush, master. . . . Hey, hold on!' he said as Mr. Pope turned away. "You got this babe all wrong, Wilb. Oh sure, she's making a play for you. Maybe she wants you. Women ain't got much judgment. But she knows darn well you ain't got any intentions, honorable or otherwise. Trouble with you, you're hangin' on to try to get them sketches, and at the same time you're too much of a

gentleman to come right out and tell her she ain't your sweetie pie and ain't going to be. Now I ain't a gentleman, thank God, and I'd handle it different. . . ." But Mr. Pope had gone.

When he got home he wished he hadn't. For all at once Mrs. Pope was fed up with Eve. "I wanted you to be nice to her," she said, "but good heavens, you don't have to go live there! Oh, I'm not jealous. Not very, anyway. But there's too much talk." She paused. "See here, Wilbur. We should have had sense enough to find out something about Eve. Mrs. Kimshaw was here today and she tells me Eve has a pretty unsavory reputation. Mr. Kimshaw knows her second husband—she's had half a dozen, official and unofficial. The Kimshaws say she deliberately courts notoriety—it's good for business. Every scandal adds five hundred dollars to the price of the next portrait. And she gives her conquests plenty of publicity. Mrs. Kimshaw was—well, she said she thought I ought to do something about it."

Mr. Pope said, "I see." He did indeed see that it wouldn't suit Mrs. Pope to disregard Mrs. Kimshaw's advice, for the Kimshaws were not only the last glorious remnants of the old Westchester *haute noblesse*, but also friends of the Lamsons. "Well, Lord knows," he said, "Eve means nothing to me. But we can't just drop her—"

"I can."

"No doubt. But I can't. For one thing, because I want those sketches."

"And for another?" Mrs. Pope's eyes began to emit sparks.

"Damn it, Carlotta," Mr. Pope said, "what can I do? You—" He stopped.

She smiled angrily. "You were going to say, 'You got me into this, and now you can get me out.' Well, I will. I'm going over to talk to Eve."

PEOPLE seldom groan in real life, but Mr. Pope did. It was all he could do, for there was no use trying to stop her.

It was a good hour before she came back.

"Well?" Mr. Pope said.

"You may well say well!" she snapped. "Really, Wilbur! Do you know what she told me? You are such a sweet boy! You made love to her so nicely! Oh, it was the glamor of the artist that captivated you, no doubt. She understood that. But I was not to worry. She knew how to handle these things. Just let it alone—don't press matters. She would see that you got over it. Good heavens, Wilbur, what have you been saying to her?"

Mr. Pope said, "Do you believe all this?"

Mrs. Pope thought a minute. "No. It doesn't sound like you. A nice boy—no."

"And what did you tell her?" he asked.

"I told her," said Mrs. Pope primly, "that if she didn't let you alone I'd beat her teeth in."

"Just the same," said Mr. Pope doggedly, "I'm going to get those sketches."

Ed, however, who had heard none of this, was worried. "Wilbur the Wolf!" he snorted. "Wilbur the Lamb's more like it. I got to save him." So that night there were strange noises in the Jessup garden —rustlings and thumpings, and under Eve's window, which was on the ground floor, terrifying sniffings. And later, on the side away from the Popes', a low, long, ululating howl.

Mr. Pope heard the howl. He sat up, and saw a light flicker across his ceiling. He went to the window. Somebody with a flashlight was moving about in the Jessup shrubbery. He pondered a moment, then without waking Mrs. Pope, put on slippers and robe and went out.

He slid up along the hedge and through the opening into the Jessup garden, thinking to find out what the marauder was up to. He had to creep past the house to reach the spot where he had last seen the light. The house was dark. Eve's window was open, but no light was burning. As he went past he heard voices inside, and he stopped.

"But no, Madame," Paul was saying. "I have searched thoroughly. There is no one there now. But by the door of the studio I found this."

"A knife!" Eve exclaimed.

"Yes, Madame. And see here." A light glimmered for a moment. "Here on the handle. These initials—W. P. The initials of Monsieur Pope."

Mr. Pope had intended to call out to Eve. But there was something funny going on here.

"But my good Paul," Eve said, "you don't suggest that Mr. Pope has been prowling about the house, howling, with a knife in his hands?" She laughed, then stopped abruptly. "*Tiens*, the werewolf! Could he be trying to frighten me by pretending? But why should he? Oh no, it is too ridiculous!" And she laughed again.

Mr. Pope put the knife and the howl together and they spelled Ed to him. The knife, he was sure, was an old hunting knife that hung in the stable. Ed didn't like Eve. He had been playing werewolf. Here was the kind of silly trick he would play to frighten her away.

Paul said, "How if it were not Monsieur but Madame who dropped the knife? Victorine heard her threaten you today, Madame."

"*Ciel!*" Eve seemed startled, but then she laughed again. "Oh no. That, too, is ridiculous. No, no, Paul. You go back to bed now. Tomorrow we will see."

ALTHOUGH Eve thought it ridiculous, Mr. Pope reflected, she'd be put to it to find any other logical explanation. And it certainly wasn't the kind of story he cared to have get around about Carlotta. Well, there wasn't much hope of getting those sketches now, anyway; he had better provide Eve with a logical explanation. If he himself had been sleepwalking. . . .

He held his arms stiffly out in front of him in the manner adopted by sleepwalkers in the funny papers, and moved slowly past the window, muttering unintelligibly.

A figure appeared at the window, and Eve said in a low voice, "Wilbur! What are you doing?"

Mr. Pope continued to mutter. He debated whether he should try a howl, and decided against it. The werewolf stuff was beyond him. Anyway, Eve wouldn't believe it. It would be better to wake up. He gave a start, a gurgle, then gasped unconvincingly, "My God! Where—where am I?"

"It's all right, Wilbur." Eve's voice was low and soothing. "You've been walking in your sleep. *Have* you been walking in

"And bless Mommy, who's a Wave, Aunty, who's a Spar, Sister, who's a Wac, and my new governess, who's a Wow!"

your sleep?" she said suspiciously. "Come here."

He went over to the window. "Good lord, Eve! I've been doing it again! I'm sorry I disturbed you. But I must get back. If Carlotta finds me gone—"

"Oh yes, Carlotta," said Eve in a hard voice. "Look here, Wilbur, you were no more asleep zan I am. Sleepwalkers do not act like zat. It was you zat found Carlotta gone, was it not? And you miss your knife perhaps, *hein?* So you come—" She broke off, Oh, *mon dieu!"* she cried. "So *zat* is it! Wilbur, you must come wiz me—to ze studio. Wait!"

She vanished, and came out a moment later through the porch with a flashlight in her hand. "Come!" and she started to run toward the studio, but after a few steps she stopped short. "No," she said coldly. "If what I sink is true—no, I do not want you wit' me. Go home, Wilbur."

"But, Eve—"

"Oh, go *home!"* She stamped her foot. "And stay zere! I do not ever want to see you again. And you can tell your Carlotta zat I am leaving here tomorrow." She turned and left him, and Mr. Pope, wondering what it was all about, started homeward.

AS HE pushed through the hedge a large form loomed up and a cautious voice said, "Hi, Wilb!"

"Oh, it's you," said Mr. Pope dispiritedly. "Well, I hope you're satisfied, Ed."

"No," said Ed thoughtfully. "No, I ain't. I thought she'd fall for that werewolf stuff —bein' brought up with all them witches and such. Maybe the knife was a mistake. I expect werewolves don't cut folks, they chaw 'em. Too bad. I was plannin' some extry special sound effects for tomorrow night." He paused, but Mr. Pope was silent. "Hey, lookit, Wilb," he said in an injured tone. "What's the beef? You didn't want this chick, but you was too noble to tell her so. Okay, so I told her. So everything's rosy. We go on our rides again, and your wife—nobody'll think she was really goin' to stick it into Eve, and if they did they'd respect her for it."

"Of course they wouldn't think it," Mr. Pope said. "But it's too good a story not to pass on. You certainly made a sweet mess of things. You'd better go to bed before you do any more damage."

But Ed didn't go to bed. For one thing, he was curious to know why Eve had run out to the studio. So when Mr. Pope had gone, he went back and peered in the studio window.

What he saw amazed him. Eve had not switched on the overhead lights. She had Mr. Pope's knife in her hand, and by the beam of a small flashlight she was methodically cutting to ribbons the nearly completed portrait of Mr. Pope. Methodically, rather than furiously—and this puzzled Ed. Then she turned from that and began slashing up another portrait—one which Ed had heard her tell Mr. Pope she didn't like, and Ed suddenly realized what she was up to. Mrs. Pope had threatened her; there was evidence that Mrs. Pope had dropped a knife by the studio door that night. . . . If Eve destroyed a few of her more unsuccessful canvases and then put her evidence in the hands of the police, Mrs. Pope would be in a pretty unpleasant position.

Now Ed did not especially like Mrs. Pope. But he was a just horse. He left the window and went around to the door. He took the brass knocker in his teeth and tapped lightly.

After a moment Eve's voice said, "Who is it?"

"It's me—Wilbur," Ed whispered. "I had to come back—I had to tell you something, Eve. It was not I that followed Carlotta tonight, Eve—it was she that followed me. Because she knew I was coming for you, coming to take you far away—"

I DO not know what you are saying," Eve interrupted. "But come in—let me show you what your sweet Carlotta has done." And she opened the door.

She did not at once see Ed, for as she opened it, she turned and walked before him down the long studio, holding the beam of her flashlight on the wrecked portrait. "Look at that!"

"Ah, my sweet," said Ed in a mawkish whisper, "what does that matter to us?" He followed, walking as quietly as he could, and that was pretty quietly for anybody in iron shoes. "You have laughed at the werewolf stories. You were not afraid, my Eve. And you were right. There is nothing to fear." His head was at her shoulder, and now he stopped whispering and spoke in his natural harsh voice. "Turn and look at me, my love."

With his mane shaken forward over wildly rolling eyes, and lips drawn back from the great teeth that gnashed at her, Ed was a pretty terrible sight. Eve turned, swung the flashlight toward him, then, with a screech, whirled and fought her way madly through the cluttered studio toward the little storeroom in the back corner. Ed heard the easel go over. A chair clattered, then a door slammed and was bolted.

There was no way out of the storeroom except through the studio. Ed giggled faintly and wished that Mr. Pope was there. It was so darned easy!

He clumped noisily over to the storeroom door. "Eve, my beloved," he said in a syrupy voice which he imagined to resemble Mr. Pope's, "I did not mean to frighten you. I forgot that I had changed again from my human form. I will not harm you. It is only on nights of the full moon that we kill. Come out to your Wilbur. Let him embrace you." And he gave an affectionate snarl and clicked his teeth several times.

Eve moaned and then said something in a chattering voice.

Ed thought: I mustn't overdo it—and then realized that that would be a little difficult. Eve might not take much stock in the werewolf theory, but she would have hard work finding any other explanation. The evidence of her own eyes. . . . He said, "You wish me to go?"

"Oh, yes!" she whimpered. "Go! Oh, go quickly!"

"I will go," said Ed. "But first you must write something for me. Have you a light in there? And paper and pencil?" He had to snarl twice and give a pianissimo wolf howl before he at last saw light appear at the crack of the door.

"Now write as I dictate," he said. "Mr. Wilbur Pope, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Dear Sir—oh yeah, put the date. Dear Sir. Got that? I have just destroyed with my own hands the portrait of you which I had started. I did not like it. Paragraph. I enclose herewith the sketches to be used in the Marian Volney advertising, said hereinbefore mentioned sketches being hereby irrevocably transferred to you, to remain your sole and undisputed property with all rights including that of reproduction. . . . There, I guess that will stand up. Though I didn't get in the 'heirs and assigns forever.' Now just write 'Yours truly,' and sign it and push it under the door."

Ed was pretty proud of this document. He turned on the overhead lights and examined it. "All I know about law," he said to nobody in particular, "I picked up in a livery stable, but I guess that's as good a school as any." Then he picked it up and slipped it into the big portfolio of sketches that leaned against the wall. And with the portfolio in his mouth he trotted off home.

MR. POPE never saw Eve Delisier again. He never found out either how Ed had obtained the letter and the sketches. He selected six sketches for the Volney account and sent the rest back to Eve, with a check for a thousand dollars.

Ed was sore when he learned that the sketches to be used included the one Eve had made of him. "It's a hell of a way to treat a friend," he said. "I keep you from being made a monkey of, and you turn around and try to make a monkey of me before the whole reading public."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pope. He pulled a sheaf of papers out of his pocket. "Look, here are the proofs. Here's the one of you. Pretty nice, eh? Anyway, nobody knows it's a picture of you."

Ed looked at it. "Yeah. I don't know anything about art, Wilb, but I know a lousy trick when I see one. Hey, what's this—*Vogue,* here in the corner? They going to use it in *Vogue?"*

"Why, sure."

"Vogue!" Ed grinned delightedly. "Judas Priest, Wilb, my picture's going to be in *Vogue!* How that would have tickled my old mother! Ain't that America for you? Her drawing a milk wagon all her life, and her son. . . . Say, ain't there any way you could get my name in there somewhere—on the edge, like?"

Mr. Pope grinned. "Volney's trying to sell perfumes with these ads, Ed. So—wouldn't you rather have a nice cold bottle of beer?"

Ed sighed. "Well . . . yeah. I guess there's more satisfaction in it, at that."

Your Copy May Be Late

Because of the exigencies of wartime transportation your ARGOSY may be late in reaching you. If it does not arrive in time, please do not write complaining of the delay. This delay occurs after the magazine leaves our offices and is caused by conditions beyond our control.

Miracles Take a Little Longer

(*Continued from page 59*) has proved. It is true that he lacked imagination, or rather, that he was far too inclined to say that a given enterprise was impossible if the book said so. Nevertheless, the general level of German education was a high one, despite Nazi monkey-business, and Germany had a great reserve of brainpower and of aptitude to draw upon in the graduates of the very thorough German technical schools and colleges.

It is not so with the Japanese. They have a certain number of highly trained people, but the general level of education in Japan is far lower than in Germany, and the Japanese as a whole are not a mechanically minded folk. In a Japanese crew, manning, let us say, an anti-aircraft firing director, each man has been taught painstakingly the duties of his particular function. But when casualties occur, it is not easy for one man to step into the shoes of another; whereas with an American crew that firing director will continue to function as long as any of the crew are left alive. The American lad assigned to such a crew does not content himself with doing just his own job in the way he has been taught; he never rests until he finds out all about the complicated gadget he is working on, all its whys and wherefores.

An outstanding example of this sort of thing is found in our famous "Seabees," or naval construction battalions, which are so largely to be credited with the swift American drive across the Pacific. They literally bridged that ocean with the bases, the airfields, the docks which they built. They went right in and did things with what they had at hand. They did not wait to be told individually, "You dig here, and you drive that post there, and you carry up that sack of cement." But that is what has to be done with Japanese labor outfits, and even more so with the Korean laborers which the Japanese use in some of their Pacific outposts. Every Seabee, when he goes at a job, knows just what is being done, and why it is being done.

THEN there is the matter of equipment. Our planes, our guns, our ammunition, our torpedoes, our mines, our fire-control apparatus, everything we have continues to be improved all the time, eliminating faults and trying out new ideas. The Japanese are still fighting, in most respects, with the same sort of weapons and equipment with which they began the war. This is due not only to a technical inferiority, but also to the fact that their industrial output is so limited that even when they work out an improvement they do not have time to shut down a factory and re-tool it to turn out the improved product.

Without trying to illustrate further, the fact is that the Japanese, as an engineer, as a technician, as a skilled workman, is just not the equal of the American in any respect. That makes a tremendous difference in a war of amphibious character, a war in which distance is such a great factor and in which the handicaps of distance are to be overcome only by engineering skill.

The Japanese have never before tried to fight a war at any great distance from their home bases. Now they are spread out from Singapore to New Guinea, and from Manchuria to Burma. They are doing just what the Germans did—weakening their ability to defend their vital central position in a vain attempt to hold distant outposts which cannot, separately, be defended against our terrific concentrations of mobile striking power. In consequence, they are suffering defeat everywhere save on the continent of Asia, where they are fighting only the ill-equipped Chinese, who have to make up in numbers what they lack in modern fighting gear.

One of our greatest immediate tasks, therefore, is to get more help to the Chinese. It may well turn out that the decisive battles of the war against Japan will be fought on Chinese soil, and it becomes a major responsibility of the western allies of China to see to it that as much Chinese soil as possible is preserved as a springboard for these future operations.

Here again distance is the burden of our troubles: distance and the extraordinary difficulties of the approaches to China—a vast desert stretching on the north, toward Soviet Russia, and the highest mountains in the world, the Himalayas, on the south.

So far, we have achieved in this respect only two minor miracles, the organization of the air transport command in the China-Burma-India theater and the building of the Ledo Road. Taken together, and operating at the fullest possible capacity, these will provide only a trickle of supplies where the Chinese need a full-scale flood. But when the collapse of Germany enables all the resources and all the skills of Britain and America to turn to the Far East, then will come the day when the trickle will increase toward flood proportions.

IN THE end, of course, the only way that China can receive real help is by sea. One tanker-load of gasoline pumped ashore at a Chinese port will be equal to the full capacity of the old Burma Road for a month. And the Japanese Navy has already shown that it cannot stop our westward progress.

So we can say with confidence to our Chinese allies, weary and war-worn though they be: "Hold the fort, for we are coming."

THE END

HOOFBEATS THAT ECHO DRAMA

By Rip Newborn

MANY a horseflesh fancier who can afford it has planked down a breathtaking price for an untried colt that might never earn a dime on any race track. For such men a yearling horse is like a child to whose nebulous future career they can devote their recreational enthusiasm and share the successes and disappointments, and the exciting drama on which their purchase raises the curtain.

Sometimes this drama behind the bright silks and the gay glamor of the turf reaches the headlines, but often, oddly enough, it escapes the eyes of even those closest to it, as happened in the case of Humorist, the colt that won England's famed Epsom Derby in 1921.

Humorist possessed a grand burst of early speed in his races, but almost invariably he would falter sharply toward the end. His owner and trainer were puzzled. The public labeled the colt with the stigma of "quitter."

On Derby Day the great Steve Donoghue, Humorist's rider, decided to tuck his mount in behind the pace-setter until the very last few strides and then make him move. He knew Humorist would fight as long as another horse showed in front. The strategy worked. Humorist won the Derby.

As Humorist was led back he swayed and tottered, but managed to keep his feet. Less than a month afterward he was found dead in his stall. Only then was it discovered that the game, gallant Humorist had gone through life with but one lung!

On the American scene, one of the most dramatic episodes in many years occurred during the winter of 1940-41 and involved two of the best known jockeys of their time.

When several thousand spectators saw Jockey Walter Taylor fall off a mare named Town Miss during the fourth race at Tropical Park in Florida on December 31, 1940, they had no idea they were witnessing the first act in a tragedy that would have its ending on the opposite side of the continent little more than four weeks later.

Taylor luckily escaped fatal injury in his spill, but he had to forego the remainder of his day's engagements on horses which included one or two seemingly certain winners.

It cost him the national jockey championship. When that final day of 1940 had dawned, Taylor was tied with Earl Dew with 286 winners apiece. And while Taylor ruefully nursed his bruises that afternoon, Dew splashed through the muddy stretch aboard a filly named Subdeb on far-off California's Santa Anita track to score his 287th triumph and gain the title.

Honors now began coming to the new champion. On February 2, 1941, Dew—one of the finest and most intelligent little gentlemen ever to sport silks in this land—flew down to Agua Caliente, Mexico, to be presented with a gold watch by the track management.

In one of the events he was riding a cheap mare named Bosca. Suddenly the crowd of twenty thousand saw the mare stumble and fall, hurling her rider into the dust beneath the hoofs of two other horses. Dew died enroute to a hospital.

Death, in this drama, had spared one boy to snatch another.

IN a less tragic vein, that bluegrass classic, the Kentucky Derby, has many backstage dramas shrouded in its past and one of the best involves old Colonel E. R. Bradley, who is to the turf what crackers are to soup. Bradley had won the Derby four times, but in 1921 occurred the paradoxical situation in which it was a bitter disappointment to him when his horse Behave Yourself, won most coveted turf prize.

Having two horses as his stable entry that year, Bradley declared publicly beforehand, as is permissible, to try to win with one of them—in this case Black Servant, which was regarded as the better horse. Thompson, the jockey on Behave Yourself, the other Bradley horse, was instructed to try to win with Behave Yourself *only* if an outside horse threatened to steal the victory.

An eighth of a mile from the finish, the two Bradley horses were out in the lead by themselves. But to the Colonel's astonishment, it was Behave Yourself that kept flying out in front, ridden to the limit, and won by a head.

The Bradley entry thus finished one-two, but was the Colonel happy? Alas, no! He had wagered liberally at big odds in the winter books on Black Servant and he stood to win a tidy fortune if Black Servant came in first. Instead, the Colonel won the Derby but lost his money!

Last Edition

(*Continued from page* 56) "And I haven't." Gid finished his Martini. "You know, Isabel, you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen—and I've been around. I warned myself against that at first. Lately I've discovered that, although I admire to look at you, I could love you just as hard if—" He broke off. His voice had been unusually restrained.

With a sudden pang. "As in the case of Hellie, Gid?"

"Knowing Hellie, Isabel, can you understand that we were lovers without being in love? It was over before you came. Amicable break. Hellie found another boy. When you came, I found another girl." He paused to let her speak. She found she couldn't. Her eyes were filling up. He said quickly, "And now about Reynolds—what have you and Archie and Bill and Joe Tierney got that Reynolds hasn't shown yet?"

She looked puzzled.

He reddened. "A heart. Forgive me if that sounds sloppy. An understanding heart. A liking for people. Sympathy. Willingness to ease to someone's weakness." He snorted. "The other stuff I can teach you."

"Yes, but—" She couldn't find anything to add to that "but."

"Lots of kids start out hard and tough. It's a pose. But if they've got a heart, it shows through. I strung along with Reynolds at first. Then I decided to sit back and wait." He shook his head. "Damn it, Isabel, you can't play Lord High Executioner in our racket. Look at him! Friedman and Papodocles—little people. And he's done things like that before. Old Miss Bartlett. All she's had for years has been that screwy brother. She just can't bear to think of him as dead. That obit will sound foolish, I admit—'passed to eternal and peaceful rest.' But if it makes the old girl feel better when she sees the paper—"

Their steaks arrived. Gid said, "Shall we stop talking?"

She smiled feebly. "Let's. I'd like to eat. And think." It had come to her, accompanied by a chilly apprehension, that she was, before long, going to have to make an important decision.

ISABEL got her Sunday copy up on Thursday nights. It was a laborious proposition—yards of meetings, re-writes, squibs, items for her Sunday woman's section. Mats. Cuts. Captions. Trips to the composing room to dig for missing set heads. Conferences on layouts with McNeal, the make-up man. Tonight she was glad to be occupied.

Gid was busy, too, with an early-night rush of copy. She was glad when he sent Peter out, around nine, to take over the police beat until midnight. He had added a rather curious assignment. She heard him say, "Keep checking the hotels in case Blaine should blow in from the capital."

Peter, his face blank, almost sullen, had said, "And if he gets here, what do I ask him?"

"Nothing. Understand?" Gid told him.

"Don't approach him. Just report to me."

Peter had left without further talk.

The clock was close on to midnight when Isabel returned from her next-to-last trip to the composing room. She was tired. She was not sure whether it was her feet or her emotions that were dragging. Joe Tierney was leaving for home as she entered. That left only Gid. Peter had not returned from police headquarters.

Gid, elbow-deep in his own Sunday copy, held up an AP message. "If you've got a minute, Isabel, will you check on this?"

The message was from the capital bureau. It read: "Can you locate family of girl named Fleet, first name Virginia, believed to be of your city. Girl and married man killed here instantly 11 p.m. when auto hit pole."

She checked the directory and telephone book. No Virginia Fleet was listed. She said, "No luck, Gid. But there are two families named Fleet. Shall I call them?"

The sound of the elevator door interrupted Gid's reply. There were hurried footsteps. Gid pushed back his chair. Isabel's pulses began to pound as the office, dead for two hours, came alive.

PETER ran past her without seeing her. She saw he had been in a fight. He had a purple streak under one eye, a bruise over the other.

Gid said, "Get your breath."

Peter's eyes burned in a dead-white face. He panted, "Blaine checked in at the National Hotel tonight. Kauffman's back. He was up there with Blaine. Tosti was there. And Thorgerson." Thorgerson was the local member of the Liquor Commission.

Isabel looked for elation from Gid. Instead, he took the news so calmly that she wondered. He said, "Yes?"

Peter thrust out his jaw. "They're going to have a quick hearing tomorrow at nine and return the license. Tosti's just a blind for Kauffman."

"I knew that. But are you sure about the hearing?"

"I heard them. I got the next room and listened. It's all fixed up. Only they're afraid of Furness—of us."

"Afraid of Furness!" Gid's astonishment was patently genuine.

"Certainly." Suspicion was darkening Peter's face. "I heard Thorgerson say, 'What about Furness? If this thing busts in the paper before the hearing, every preacher in town'll have his whole congregation outside at eight. We'd never get away with it.' And then Blaine said something I couldn't hear, and then—"

"And then you popped in and told them they couldn't get away with it." Gid sat down heavily, rubbed his eyes.

"Maybe it wasn't smart. But I got so sore. Anyhow, they threw me out—Kauffman and Tosti. They told me to try to print it."

Gid looked up. Peter was wriggling out of his topcoat. Isabel lent a hand. Peter smiled grimly at her. A queer little flash of insight told her that he was not entirely unaware of the dramatic content of the situation.

Gid said, "Well, you've got one kind of intestinal fortitude. Now you're going to need another kind. You're going to have to forget it."

"Forget it!" The topcoat slid to the floor.

Isabel cried, "Gid!"

Peter began to tremble. "Do you think you can kill a story like that? I'll call Major Furness. . . . Why, damn you! you've got to print news. I don't care what Kauffman is paying you to—"

"Oh, hell." Gid sounded, not angry, but bored, like a critic at a bad play.

Isabel stared, amazed. There was a tightness, almost a pain, in her chest, that she could not explain.

Peter, wild-eyed, cried again, "You've got to print news." He reached for the telephone on Gid's desk. "I'll go over your head. I'll call Furness myself. I'll—"

"Go ahead. Call."

Something in Gid's tone checked Peter. He hesitated, phone in hand.

Gid said wearily, "Oh, put it down. Why bother?" Wearily he dug into his desk, took Furness' memo from its envelope, let it flutter to the desk before Peter.

Isabel leaned over Peter's shoulder. She read: "Effective today, The *Globe-Herald* will carry no more advance stories on State Liquor Commission hearings until further notice. Furness."

Peter glanced up, stricken.

"I am very much afraid," said Gil drily, "that Major Furness' political ambitions have outrun his sense of duty to the public. No doubt Blaine and Kauffman have convinced him, between them, that without the distinguished assistance of the State organization he won't have a chance in—But what's the use of talking?" He dropped the memo into the wastebasket, picked up the AP message. "Here, Reynolds, check on this unfortunate Fleet girl. Then we can go home."

Peter took the message numbly and went to the telephone table.

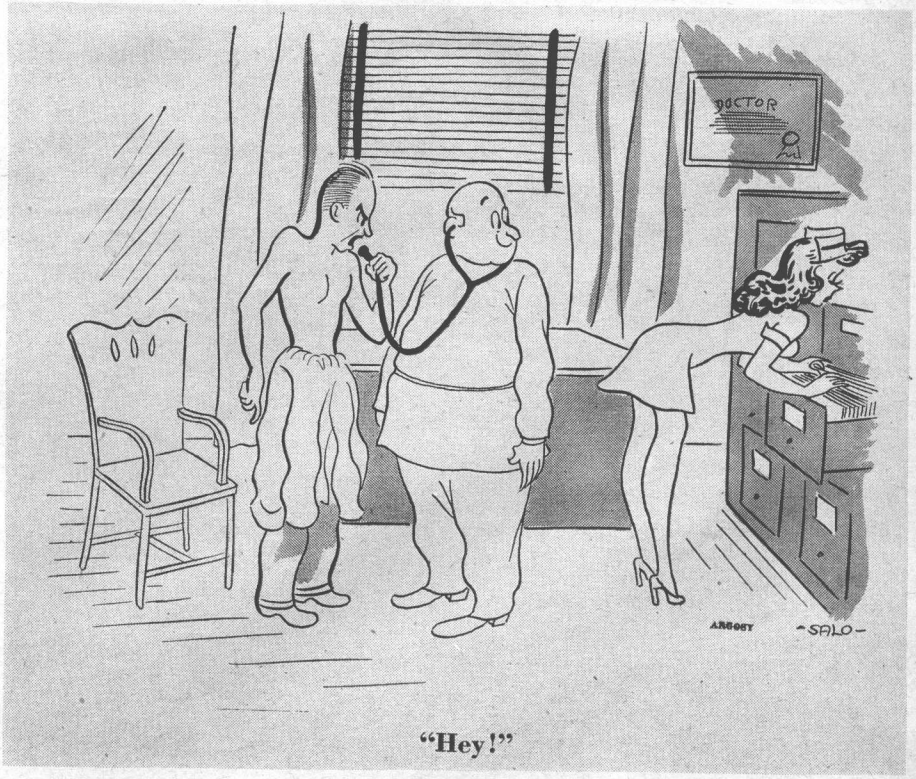
Isabel's heart was pounding. Gid avoided her eye. He said, "Do you know, my pet, there's just one little thing that makes me put up with stuff like that memo?"

SHE said coldly, "It can't be so little, Gid." She was trembling, herself. There was shame in Gid's face. She was about to give him a fuller opinion on the subject when McNeal summoned her. She returned from the composing room in time to hear Peter saying into the phone, "Thank you. I'm sorry to have bothered you so late." He called to Gid, "I've tried both Fleets. Neither has a daughter named Virginia." He looked at the phone book. "There's one Sleet listed. Shall I try them?"

Gid said, "Wait a minute," and took up his own phone. There was a peculiar tension in his face. Isabel seated herself on the desk beside him. He dialed long distance, got the State Police headquarters at the State capital. Then, "This is Cole on the *Globe-Herald* in Clinton. What kind of car was that in the double fatality tonight? . . . I see. Do you know the man's name yet? . . . Hargraves? You're sure the girl wasn't his wife?"

Isabel could hear the metallic reply. "We've talked to his wife, Mr. Cole. They're separated. He and this Fleet girl were registered at the Olney Inn as man and wife. Okay. You're welcome."

Gid sat back, looked up at Isabel. His face was drawn. "It occurred to me a minute ago," he said tonelessly, "that Hellie's middle name is Virginia. She has an aunt at the capital named Fleet."



"Hey!"

He started to pick up the receiver again, but his hand fell to the desk. He called, "Peter, call Hellie Sloan's house. Ask if she's home."

Isabel's hand closed on Gid's arm. There was a silence. Peter, staring, did not move immediately. Gid said hoarsely, "If you'd rather not—"

"I'll call." Peter answered with a touch of his old assurance.

Gid said, "The car was a red Buick convertible."

Isabel pulled Gid's phone to her. Gid flicked the switch that cut her in on the line Peter was using. She held her breath as the Sloans' phone rang. Finally there was a click, and Mrs. Sloan's voice said sleepily, "Yes?"

Peter's voice sounded hollow. "This is Peter Reynolds, Mrs. Sloan. May I speak to Hellie?" He was looking at Gid and Isabel as he talked.

"Why, Peter, Hellie's out of town." Isabel clutched the receiver. She could see Mrs. Sloan—white-haired, plump, innocent as a babe unborn. "A young man called for Hellie after supper to drive her up to her aunt's house at the capital. Is something wrong, Peter?"

"No. Did you notice what kind of car he was driving, Mrs. Sloan?" Peter's voice was faint. Isabel saw him breathing heavily.

"Oh, a lovely red car, Peter. With one of those tops you can put up or down. . . . Why?"

Peter's face went slack as his color drained away.

"Why?" repeated Mrs. Sloan, on a rising note.

Isabel saw Peter try to speak. There was no sound.

"Oh, Peter," cried Mrs. Sloan, an edge of panic in her tone, "why do you ask about the car?"

Peter stared at Gid.

Gid took the receiver from Isabel's hand and said evenly, "This is Gid Cole Mrs. Sloan. Please let me speak to Mr Sloan." He looked across at Peter. "Always try to get the man. Women sometimes faint."

Peter set his receiver down very carefully and stared blankly at Gid. He did not rise and come over to the city desk until Gid was saying, "They were on their way back from the movies to her aunt's house, Mr. Sloan." He was making notes as he talked. When he hung up, he leaned back and looked at his notes.

A lump in Isabel's throat made it physically impossible for her to say a word. She could only wait, frozen.

Peter looked down at the notes on Gid's desk and asked, "Are you going to print that?"

Gid glanced up. "We've got to print the news. You told me that yourself."

Peter's trembling had become violent. "But—Hellie's mother—I've met her. She's—"

"I've met her too," said Gid slowly. "On the other hand, I could call her aunt and tip her off to give the right answers when Hellie's father calls her. She could tell him that Hellie had been staying with her. I could get hold of Stickney at the AP bureau and get him to lay off the married-man angle—or kill it somehow. It's quite possible that Hellie's mother need never know. This business will half kill her as it is. But that would not be printing the news."

Peter did not answer directly. Instead, he began to sob.

"Hmmm," said Gid. Then, "Pete!"

The impact of his voice stiffened Peter. The sobs ceased. He looked at Isabel, then back at Gid. "I'm a fine newspaperman," he said.

"You'll do," said Gid gently. Peter stared. "Go write this thing about Hellie the way you think it ought to be written. And after that I've got another job for you."

Peter took the notes, walked uncertainly to his desk.

Isabel said, "It's a funny time and place to be saying this, Gid, but I love you. It's just become very plain. I thought I'd better say it now. I love you. If you want to marry me."

He looked incredulously at her. "That's on the level, Isabel? You won't change your mind?"

"Oh, Gid!" She didn't dare laugh. Hysteria was too close to the surface. "It's just that—well, I guess Peter can look after himself now. He doesn't need a mother any more—and that's all it was."

"But I do?"

"Maybe. Anyhow, you need me. And I've just discovered that if I were to lose you, Gid . . ."

FROM his expression, she thought he was going to jump up and take her in his arms. Instead, he called, "Pete!"

Peter came over.

"Listen," said Gid tensely. "You're going to be fired tomorrow. You know that, don't you? When Blaine and Kauffman talk to Furness. But for the love of Mike, don't let it worry you. You'll get a better job. I'll give you a letter. And now"—he glanced at the clock—"finish up with Hellie as soon as you can. And then turn me out a nice, powerful little piece about that business at the hotel. Throw the hooks in deep. Don't stand there. Get going!"

Peter's eyes glistened. He said, "Listen, Mr. Cole, isn't this going to get you in dutch with Major Fur—"

"It's quitting time," Gid said solemnly. "Now get going. Step on it!" And, when Peter hurried away, "Isabel, do you like to travel?"

"With you, I'd like to travel. But Gid—"

"You're going to. I've been wanting to ditch Furness and this dump for months. I've had a swell offer from Ackerman in New York. England for awhile, then into Europe to do feature stuff on the reconstruction. I've been stalling Ackerman."

"For heaven's sake, Gid, why?"

Gid smiled. "Because I couldn't make myself leave you. I thought you loved me. But it was no good until you found it out. Now listen, Isabel. You get the stuff from Peter in 'takes' and read copy on it. I'll step out and tell McNeal to hold everything. You can start doping out a four-thirty-six head, and I'll be back in time to give you a hand with it. We're going to wrap up a little present for Major Furness and get the paper boy to leave it on his doorstep in the morning. And have our resignations ready." He took a step toward the composing room, stopped, frowned. "I've got a feeling I've forgotten something—"

"You have," said Isabel. "Me. But I'll be here when you get back. Now step on it, Gid."

"Beginner's Luck?"

Detour for Courage

(*Continued from page* 33) tation struck deep at Pell. He felt suddenly weak, curiously sorry for the earnest, beaten man across the net. His anger at Walters expired. He knew he had only been trying to prove something to himself. Well, it was proved. The desire to win—that was a flame that would keep burning. Why take it out on Walters? He would never see these people again. Tonight he would be on his way home. Free at last! Free to go home!

He double-faulted twice, then, to keep it from looking bad, used what strength he had left in reaching and stroking—very badly—Walters' feeble returns. Match point was settled when, after a particularly weak volley by Walters, Pell flogged the ball into the net.

Pell walked to the net. His feet dragged but his head was in the clouds. Walters, aglow with victory, trotted up and held out his hand.

WALTERS went to bed early that night to save himself for the morrow's final with Gallagher. Pell escorted Peggy to the dance. His train did not leave until midnight. After the first dance they walked down the path beside the lake silvered with moonlight.

Her nearness troubled him. The night cried aloud for something more than casual talk. When they stopped, he was suddenly afraid. His whole body tightened as he wondered if that wonderful experience during his match with Walters had been only a temporary thing, a flash that was dying already. He was not with Peggy now; he was with Alice. And he was frozen with fear, with a feeling that he could never reach her.

Peggy said, "Pell, you've been in the Army, haven't you? My guess is the Air Force. Just discharged. Medical."

"Yes. How did you know?" But he was not really interested. He was conscious only that he wanted to get away from her.

"Oh, everything about you. I was overseas, too. Nursing. Invalided home from Italy. I don't talk about it much. It makes Ed Walters feel—well, he's 4-F, you know. Eyes. He tried to get in. Several times."

Pell was silent.

"In North Africa," she mused, "a French colonel wanted me to marry him. In Cairo it was a British major, with a title."

She was not boasting; she was just thinking aloud, confident that he understood.

"And now," she said, "I'm going to marry Ed. You know, when I first got home, I thought I couldn't. I'd had too much excitement and glamor, for all the muck and mud and sorrow. Keyed up. But now—it's a good life at home, Pell, when you get it in perspective." She looked up at him, her eyes large and shining in the darkness.

Oddly, then she said, "Have you got a girl, Pell?"

He drew a deep breath. He could only nod.

And even more oddly: "Do you want to kiss me?"

It was a full thirty seconds before he could say, "Yes."

This was it. This girl was Alice. Soft. Understanding.

But he could not move, could not raise his arms. He had built too much on a moment like this. It meant more than life and death. He could not risk it. Suppose the embrace, the kiss, were empty. . . .

"Kiss me," she urged softly. He did not move.

Her white hands came up to his shoulders. He barely checked himself in the act of pulling away.

Peggy's hands drew him down, gently. To his amazement, he found his arms unlocked and weak with a curious tenderness, and when his hands met around her waist they tingled as though a numbness were going.

Kissing her was like remembering, bar by bar, a melody that had eluded him for a long while.

Moments later she said, "Now, once more, my dear." Then: "That's goodbye to glamor and excitement. I love Ed Walters. But if I stay here much longer, I may forget it. . . . You have a train to catch. . . ."

He caught it. And on the long journey home, when the tension mounted again, it was no longer the tension of fear.

At Penn Station, after he had kissed his mother and wrung his father's hand nearly off, he turned to Alice.

She was waiting. She was all he had remembered—even lovelier. There was no hesitancy in him, only a desperate eagerness, as he held out his arms to her.

The first kiss was all he had dreamed it would be, and more.

Later, when they were alone, he was tempted to tell her about Peggy. Alice might have understood. She might, perhaps, even have been grateful to Peggy. Then again—

Besides, Peggy was just part of the dream now. Alice was the reality.

THE END

Can You Name Them?

(*Answers to quiz on page* 90)

(1) Harold "Red" Grange, football star of the Twenties. (2) Bill Tilden, tennis champion of the Twenties. (3) Paul Waner, of the Pirate's famous outfield brother combination. (4) Joe DiMaggio. (5) James J. Corbett. (6) Walter Johnson, famous speed-ball pitcher. (7) Joe Louis. (8) Frankie Brimsek, famous Boston Bruin goalie. (9) Lou Gehrig. (10) Walter Camp. (11) Tommy Dorsey. (12) Ed Wynn. (13) Ben Bernie. (14) Louis Armstrong. (15) Eddie Cantor. (16) John Philip Sousa. (17) Benny Goodman. (18) Jimmy Durante. (19) Rudolph Valentino. (20) Bill Robinson. (21) Andrew Jackson. (22) General John J. Pershing. (23) John Nance Garner. (24) Fiorello LaGuardia. (25) Will Rogers.

Argonotes

(*Continued from page* 6) national trait.

Now that spirit is spreading over Europe, where there isn't even time to get acquainted. One day I followed a pair of medics in a jeep from the Normandy town of Gorron to a press camp miles away. Every time they passed kids beside the road—and there were plenty of kids that day—they tossed out K-rations, chocolates, and so on, like Santa Clauses on a binge.

When we drew up at a bridge, they gave us a bundle to distribute, saying, "Help us get rid of this. These people need it more than we do."

LATER I saw the spirit's effect again when word came that the poor on the Isle of St. Louis were desperately in need of food. Far away in the Retz Forest our troops had captured great German stores. My friend went to see the divisional commander.

"Look," he said, "how about lending us a couple of trucks for one day? Let's take some of this wonderful grub and run it down to Paris. There's an island of hungry people who could use it."

The major smiled. "I'll get the two trucks for you, but they've put a guard on the German food train." Then he grinned at us. "Happily, our G. I.'s are doing the guarding."

That night three tons of German-officer rations sped down the Soissons highway to Paris and the next day a weary but contented major, a lieutenant and a sergeant were back on duty, nobody the wiser. And the people of St. Louis won't forget.

Neither will an ancient, wrinkled couple in Normandy whose bombed-out cottage was suddenly, miraculously, re-built, it must have seemed to them by gremlins.

I could mention scores of such instances from my own experiences—how engineers cleared a town square for Bastille Day; how a couple of weary G. I.'s took time out to give a waif a bath and fit him with a clean little uniform they themselves had made; what we did the first days at Cherbourg, the way the First Division chaplains helped in the restoration of the church at Mayenne.

I don't know what the peace planners have up their sleeves for redeeming Europe and forcing it to live decently. But I do know that the American G. I. is the best ambassador of good will this war will ever have. He is shooting hell out of Europe's worst gangsters but between rounds he spreads generosity and unlimited kindness—something these people need a lot.

Nobody has seen the equal of it in years. In lands where greed, selfishness and cutthroat practice has been the rule, the open-handed American soldier is, as he was in Algiers, Tunisia, Sicily and Great Britain, a walking standard of what these people would like to be—a man with giving hands.

So when the peacemakers gather, I hope they don't blunder again and undo the gentle spade-work of the soldier.

Ivan H. Peterman

Cast-Off

(*Continued from page* 43) looked just the same. Nobody could have told that anything new had been added to its motley array of discard.

Lily awakened early and could not imagine where she was. She had a feeling she had dreamed the whole thing, but the springs in the sofa, uncoiling in the small of her back, were pretty finite and so were the overhanging cliffs of broken furniture.

She got up gingerly and tiptoed over to the improvised kitchen, which was much dirtier in the wan light of day than she had remembered. She went to work on it and scrubbed it as it had not been scrubbed during the tenancy of the Royale and then she made breakfast out of everything she had overlooked the night before.

Mr. Fragonard was obviously grateful for the coffee, but he was taciturn at breakfast. He was faced up for the first time in his life with the responsibility of another human being besides himself and he didn't quite know what to do. He only knew he couldn't let Lily walk out with no destination.

The average man would probably have thought immediately of turning over a female waif to the YWCA, the Traveler's Aid or some other welfare agency and going on about his business, but Mr. Fragonard was not average. He had been meeting personal emergencies so long that he never thought of depending on any outside agency. It seemed that Lily was simply his lot and he would have to dispose of her the best he could. She couldn't just stay there without a plausible reason—it wouldn't be right—but suppose he hired her as his assistant? It took Mr. Fragonard about one minute to assure himself that this was just what his business needed—somebody to look after details and send out bills at the first of the month. He could put in a phone and Lily could answer it.

It developed that Lily had not had any training which would be of value to an assistant in a second-hand furniture store. She had been highly educated in music, dancing and foreign languages and the last job she had had was a minor lead in a musical comedy, but this did not stop Mr. Fragonard. He convinced Lily that he had just been on the point of putting an advertisement in the paper for a young lady with a pleasant speaking voice to answer the telephone, do light clerical work and wait on customers.

HE brought the subject up after breakfast when Lily said, "Well, I'll go now —thank you for everything."

"Where are you going?" Mr. Fragonard inquired bluntly.

"I don't know," Lily answered, "but I can take care of myself."

Mr. Fragonard looked dubious but forbore to mention the circumstances of the previous evening. "How would you like a job?" he asked. "I need an assistant here —been trying to find somebody to look after the shop when I'm away."

Lily's jaw dropped. "A job," she reiterated.

"Of course I can't pay much," he rushed on, "but I thought you could stay here—I mean, of course, I would move over to the wareroom next door—it wouldn't be as if—you wouldn't have to worry about . . ."

This halting gallantry made her cry. Mr. Fragonard wanted to rush over and comfort her but if he had rushed over he wouldn't have known how, so he picked up a bureau-drawer handle and began to look around for the bureau it went with.

"I guess it's too late for me to worry about things like that," she said. "It's just that nobody has been good to me in a long time and there's no reason why you should be. I guess I'm not really good for anything—"

"This is a bona fide job," Mr. Fragonard announced sternly. "Take it or leave it. Ten dollars a week." He didn't have the vaguest idea where he was going to get ten dollars every week, but the important thing was to keep her from walking out and ending up God knows where —a lady like her.

"All right," Lily said. "You asked for it."

That was the beginning of the rehabilitation of Lily. It took a lot of time. Right off she came down with a cold and, in her starved state, it all but made an end of her. By the time he had brought her somewhat clumsily through this crisis, Mr. Fragonard, experiencing for the first time the heady emotion of having somebody need him, somebody follow his progress around the room with grateful eyes, began to forget what life had been like before he had Lily on his mind.

Then there was her mental attitude. Lily had seen a lot of trouble in her short life—death and the dwindling of the money, the big house in Greenwood gone, the hard struggle in New York—casting offices, sitting around waiting for a call, shows folding, rent overdue, kicks, cuffs, no money, no hope. Lily did not have a very high opinion of her fellow man. But Mr. Fragonard, without knowing it, changed all that. He was kind. He was gentle. He was imperturbable. It was easy to see why she loved him.

Mr. Fragonard told himself every day that Lily was no more to him than a piece of furniture, but he lied to himself. Lily was everything he ever dreamed about. She was a cultured, well-born lady, temporarily out of her element, not for Mr. Fragonard to keep.

With a cold logic, totally unfamiliar, Mr. Fragonard reminded himself of this, but his logic had little effect on his heart. He loved her with all the stifled yearning of his loveless life. He loved her blond hair and the golden specks in her eyes and the music of her voice. He loved her light step on the rickety stairs and her stubborn streak and her turbulent spirit. Mr. Fragonard had had practically no experience with love, but he diagnosed it quickly and he steeled himself.

He went out often. He was gruff and surly when he wanted most to be tender and fond. He never gave Lily the slightest encouragement. He never spoke about such things to her. As time went on and Lily, from some deep sense of being cherished, blossomed, he began to cast around desperately for some answer to his problem. It was patent that things could not go on like this.

LILY, like all women in love, believed that some day he would break down and then they would live happily ever after. She busied herself learning the business so as to be a real help to him. She learned to take the stain and paint off furniture and to wax and polish it and bring out the patina of the wood. She learned to mend delicate china and to string prisms for the dilapidated chandeliers. She straightened out the stock until it was possible to find almost anything, and found a man with a truck to deliver the orders.

She took out her emotion in a fierce maternalism and she looked after Mr. Fragonard until he was a wreck. But there was always some kind of anguished silence between them which asked for speech. Mr. Fragonard never said anything. Lily chattered about her childhood and her father and mother and home, but

he never once said, "My mother" or "When I was a little boy" or "Back home."

He did not trust himself to speak. Always in the back of his eyes was the dark secret. What had he to offer Lily Latimer?

Nobody knows what would have happened if the staircase had not lived up to many prophecies about it. Mr. Fragonard had taken himself off, ostensibly to a private sale, and stayed two days. Lily was on the second floor going about dinner, when she heard him come in. She was so glad, she left the stew bubbling on the gas jet and came running lightly down the stairs. On the third step the balustrade gave way and crashed to the floor below, shattering everything in its path. The steps sagged and Lily plunged down the long, steep incline.

Mr. Fragonard's fright and terror wiped out his self-control. When he got to her, he could not remember anything except that he loved her and that now it must be too late to say it. He picked up her limp body and cradled it in his arms. He did not know how badly she was hurt, but he knew that she was breathing. His tears fell on her face.

"Lily, Lily!" he whispered. "Don't die. Please don't die."

HE kissed her then. Lily would have been glad if she had known. Then he carried her out in the street and asked a policeman to get an ambulance.

It hardly seems possible but Lily wasn't badly hurt. She came to at the hospital with a large goose-egg knot on her forehead where her head had hit the claw foot of Mr. Fragonard's highboy. She was stiff and bruised and shaken up, of course, but that was all. Mr. Fragonard was the one who never recovered from that fall.

The next day he said to her, "Lily, I've got a better job for you—at Sherman House on Madison Avenue. Mr. Sherman is my friend. He needs an assistant very much, somebody who knows the business. He's willing to pay you thirty-five dollars a week. I wouldn't want to stand in your way."

"But, Louis," Lily cried, "I've got a job—here, with you! I don't want any other job."

Mr. Fragonard was picking up some of the débris left by the collapse of the stairway. "This place is not safe for you," he said shortly.

"But, Louis, I thought—" she came toward him slowly, her great hazel eyes swimming "—I've been feeling that maybe you and I—" She put her hand out and touched his sleeve with a frightened, helpless little gesture.

Mr. Fragonard's face contracted in a terrible grimace. He squeezed his eyes together tightly. God, he was worse than a woman, always crying! He shook her hand off, turned his back.

"I may go away," he said. "I may sell the shop. I wouldn't want you to pass up this chance. He wants you to start tomorrow. You better pack up." His voice was hard and ungiving.

"Louis," she cried, "you blind fool! Can't you see—can't you tell—"

Even Lily thought he was a fool.

"No," he said. "I can't." He was standing beside the claw-footed highboy. He kicked it savagely. He hated it for being some stupid symbol of himself—a valueless thing which might have been of value. A careless thing, put together by careless people.

"No," he said.

Nobody saw Mr. Fragonard for a long time after that—two years maybe. Not for a long time after Miss Lily Latimer, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Adam Latimer of The Pines, Greenwood, Alabama, was married to Julian Sherman, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Sherman of East 66th Street, New

York City, and Locust Valley, Long Island, in a simple home ceremony. Then he was back at his old haunts—the private sales and the auctions and the second-hand stores along Third Avenue—older and thinner and more melancholy, with the beginnings of gray in his hair—but with a difference, with some kind of inner peace and not so much inner turmoil. A kind of pride about him that set him apart.

The people who knew him said Louis Fragonard was a fool, that he should have married Lily himself. But Mr. Fragonard never questioned that he had been right. What had he had to offer Lily? Not even a name. Because, you see, Mr. Fragonard didn't even know who he was. He was just Louis, named for the policeman who found him wrapped up in an old newspaper when he was a week old in the hall of a deserted building and took him to the foundling home. After he got old enough to fend for himself he picked himself a name. He got it off a picture in the Metropolitan Museum.

If he was a fool—and that's a moot point—it was because he thought that would have made any difference to a real lady.

THE END

Why Not Employ the "P. N."?

(*Continued from page* 35) makeup rarely pile up to the breaking point at home. Indeed, many neurotic traits make for superiority. Because of his overconscientiousness, it is unthinkable for a neurotic to shirk on the job. He may worry more about your business than you do. And his feeling of inferiority is likely to give him a flaming desire to make good, through the psychological principle of "overcompensation."

Psychoneurosis is no bar to success or fame. Joseph Pulitzer, the publisher, was so sensitive to sound that the rasp of a fork against a dinner plate drove him to frenzy. Cardinal Newman had his fits of weeping and the conviction that his life was a failure. Poe had prolonged fits of despondency and leaned heavily upon his child-wife and her mother. These immortals would have been summarily rejected by a psychiatric screening test as gross misfits for army life.

If you are an employer who shies away from P.N.'s, consider the fact that you probably have been employing them for years. They may even now be key men in your organization. For that matter have *you* never had fits of the blues, and are you positive that an artillery barrage, or an air bombardment wouldn't shake you in the least?

You may have classified your employes with neurotic traits by such thoughts as "Jim goes to pieces when he's bawled out, but he's a whiz when I flatter him," or "Bert's always worried to death but he never misses a deadline." Why, then, be alarmed if Jim or Bert turn out to be P.N.'s? They are no more likely to run wild with an axe or set fire to the plant than they were before the frightening label was applied.

It isn't just patriotism to give P.N.'s a chance. It is practical self-interest. Such men may have *more* on the ball than stolid, unimaginative fellows whose nerves are made of vulcanized rubber but who plod through life at a snail's pace.

Naturally, not every P.N. is a prize package. A very few may actually be on the verge of serious illness that takes time to remedy. A common-sense employer will consider the man's previous work history. If he has skipped from job to job, been fired often, has a record of fights, institutional care, unreliability and rebelliousness, he is unlikely to change much. But the vast majority of P.N.'s are not like that. Actually, they can and do make your very best employes.

The kind of job is important, too. You would hardly give a man, discharged after battle service for psychiatric reasons, a job where a riveting gun bursts into action behind his back. Indeed, loud and continuous noise can cause nervous fatigue in those with the toughest nerves. If a P.N. asks for a job below his capabilities, give it to him. It is best that he accept responsibility gradually, a step at a time.

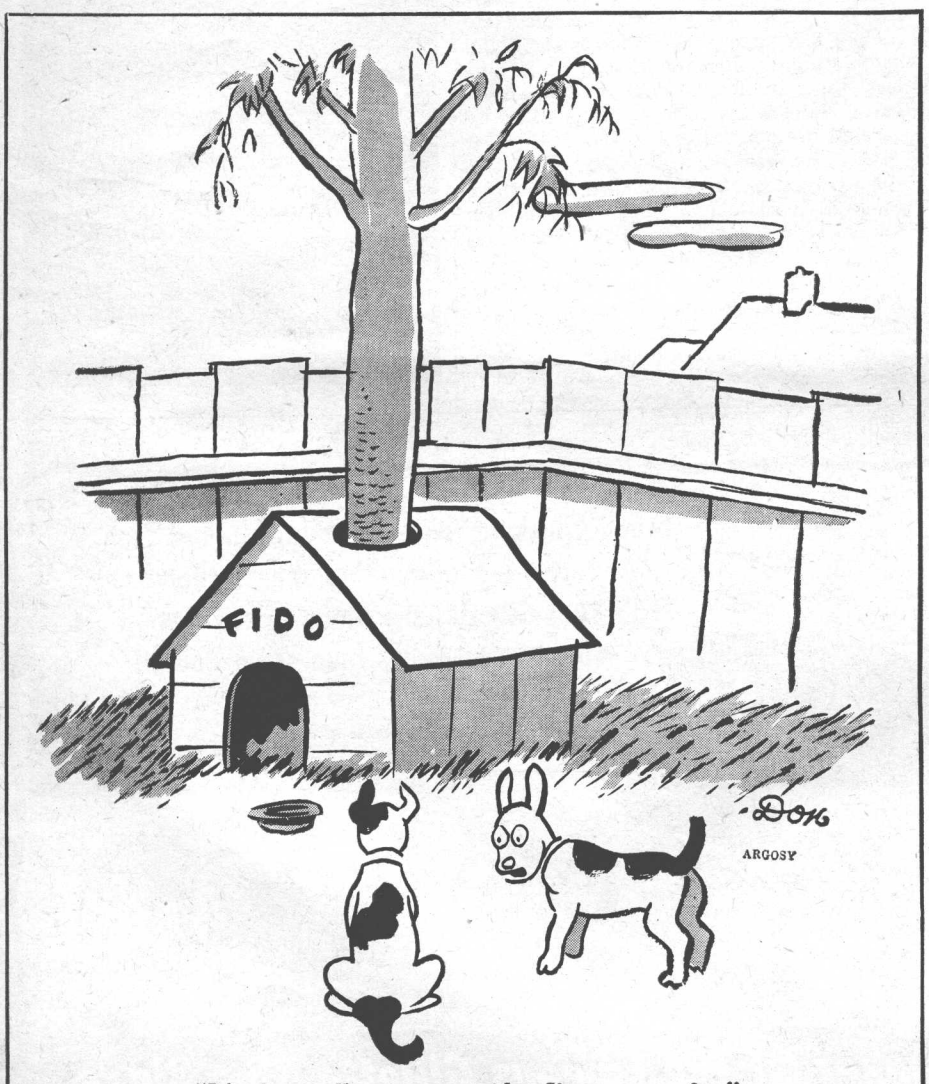
THE patient whom I mentioned earlier wanted to take a job as watchman at a factory gate. I advised against it.

"You'd have too much time to sit and think," I told him. "You'd start brooding. Keep active! Try something like truck-driving, or an assembly-line job where you have to move fast. How about farming? Walk all day behind a plow or potato digger and I wager your insomnia will disappear—physical fatigue will replace the nervous kind that keeps you awake."

If you have a P.N. in your home, don't boss or pamper him. Don't pile your worries on him. Encourage him to make his own decisions. "Lean and let lean" is one of the worst possible philosophies. Above all, no one should be guilty of acting as if the P.N. is one step from an institution. He is as sane as any of us, and may go a whole lot farther!

Finally, the employer has it in his power to administer the most curative medicine of all: work. The feeling that one is doing an important job is marvelously healing to the ego. Let the P.N. fight home-front battles if he can't be on the war front. At least give him a chance.

Don't be afraid to employ him. As a psychiatrist, I promise it will pay!



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