

Collier's for February 22, 1930



Ten-forty-five. Five precious minutes wasted. With clenched teeth I set to work, swilling, scrubbing, disinfecting

## Stepdaughters of War

By  
Helen Z. Smith

*Continuing the frank, vivid story of an ambulance driver behind the front lines*

II  
"ROLL-CALL. Wake up!" Tosh's voice—but I was already awake. That whistle would rouse the dead—no chance of further sleep while it shrills forth the triumphant news that sleep is at an end. I spring from bed. How I envy Tosh her short hair. My own is full of knots. Our hot breath pants from us in little jets of steam. It is colder than ever. The snow is falling outside, but it has not warmed the atmosphere one degree. What is the time? Seven-twenty-six. Four minutes to go. "Where the hell is that cigarette?"

Tosh mutters—I pretend not to hear. Seven-twenty-seven. Three minutes. We are dressed. Fully. We give each other a short survey. Skinny has a wrinkled stocking and Tosh's tie is hanging out. My neck is dirty. Etta Potash is too late to remedy that. Etta Potash pulls my collar higher. That camouflages it excellently.

Commandant insists that we be carefully and neatly dressed for seven-thirty roll-call, white shirts, ties, smoothly dressed hair, brushed, uncrumpled uniforms, even though we may have been driving until five A. M. In that case we may return after roll-call and sleep until nine, but as this means missing breakfast altogether we can only do it when our private provisions permit. Woe betide a kind friend caught sneaking

a cup of tea from the messroom for a driver who has a headache and feels too ill to stay up for eight-o'clock breakfast.

We have tried not dressing fully for roll-call. For a whole glorious week our room roll-called in pajamas tucked cleverly beneath our uniforms, after which we returned to our flea-bags till nine and breakfasted comfortably on tea and potted meat, but we were discovered and made an example of. Commandant delights in making examples. Now we are severely inspected during roll-call to ensure that our morning toilet is complete.

"All ready!"

We arrive just in time. Commandant has been up since dawn, by all appearances. The room is packed with weary, puffy, pasty-faced girls with weary, drooping mouths and dejected expressions.

They are ill for want of sleep. Some of them look on the verge of collapse. A girl who arrived three days ago is coughing badly. She caught a chill on the boat, but Commandant will work her till she drops. I cast an experienced glance over her. Within three weeks she will be back in Blighty, marked unfit. Lucky devil. I envy her. I wish I weren't constitutionally strong. But although I get an occasional dose of food poisoning, my health is good, even being wet to the skin doesn't seem to harm me, and when the roof leaks and my canvas bag is soaked through, I wake up without anything worse than a sniffy nose.

The girl coughs so badly that Commandant has to wait till the paroxysm is over, but she is merely annoyed, not concerned, at the interruption. Like all efficient machines she has no humanity. There are no such things as coughs, colds, chills, headaches, or stomach-aches in this convoy. Commandant regards any illness not requiring actual hospital treatment as mere feminine affectation. Should one acquire a temp. the doctor is called in—it may be something infectious. Should he order you to bed Commandant obeys him—to the letter. The Bug was ordered to bed with a chill last week. "Stay in bed for the afternoon," said the doctor. And The Bug stayed. But Commandant

turned her out immediately the afternoon passed—the doctor had said nothing about the evening. So The Bug drove for five hours in the pouring rain and the next day went into hospital with a temp. of 103. She was there till last Monday. If she could have wangled it, she would still be there.

Roll-call is over. Having been in bed before five A. M. there is no going back till nine. We crowd round the fire. It is my day to do cook's room. There are many fatigues I detest, but cleaning cook's room gets my back up more than anything. Why should I clean it? Why cannot she clean her own as we all do? She has about a quarter the work we have. She is fat, common, lazy, impertinent and leaves little dusty rings of hair littered about for us to collect. She fills the chamber to overflowing with dirty slops, bits of torn letters, and any other rubbish she can find. Her room reeks, for she sleeps with the window hermetically sealed.

### Hand-Picked Scullery Maids

It astounds me why the powers-that-be at the London headquarters stipulate that refined women of decent education are essential for this ambulance work. Why should they want this class to do the work of strong navvies on the cars, in addition to the work of scullery maids





Illustrated by  
Herbert  
Morton  
Stoops

"What do you expect me to say? *Thank you so much?*" She has been egging me on to answer back

under conditions no professional scullery maid would tolerate for a day? Possibly it is because this is the only class that suffers in silence, that scorns to carry tales. We are such cowards. We dare not face being called "cowards" and "slackers," which we certainly shall be if we complain. Poor fools, we deserve all we get.

#### The Canteen

We would, perhaps, feel less badly about cook if she were a good cook. But she is not. She is the worst cook it is possible to imagine in one's worst nightmare moments. Not only is the food badly cooked but it is actually dirty. One is liable to find hair-combings in the greasy gravy, bits of plate-leavings from the day before, and an odd hairpin. The principal dinner dish is a sort of disgusting soup-stew made of meat that hangs over a drain until it is cut up—sinister-looking joints of some strange animal—what, we cannot decide. It is certainly not beef or mutton.

No wonder we have all had food poisoning. No wonder we have so many dysentery cases. No wonder our smallest cuts fester and have to be treated in hospital. I grazed my thumb cleaning the fireplace the other day and went septic immediately. The hospital order-

lies say they would never stand our rations; they have army rations, of course.

The canteen is, like the rest of the quarters, a bare-boarded room with no floor covering. It is the duty of the drivers to keep the fire going all day. The drivers clean the messroom; in fact, they do the housework of the whole headquarters, in addition to driving doctors and sisters to and from the station, doing "evacuations," funerals and convoys. The ambulance drivers have no fixed hours. They can be called out any one of the twenty-four. As each driver comes in she writes her name on a list on the notice-board and when the names preceding hers have been crossed out her turn for duty comes again. This is during the day, of course. At night we all turn out *en masse* for convoy work. We have no fixed rest times after driving all night, and consider ourselves lucky to get two consecutive hours' sleep during the afternoon. We are supposed to have an afternoon off weekly—I have never had mine once. For, apart from our set duties, there are Commandant's punishment duties.

"If only I could go back to bed!"

Tosh stirs the fire with her toe and watches the kitchen door gloomily. Breakfast is a minute late.

"You got Thirteen last night, didn't you?"

"And spotted fever *twice*," I add firmly, not to be cheated of my full share of woe.

There is a concerted murmur of sympathy and I immediately feel better. It is amazing what a little sympathy can effect. The story of Mrs. B——'s bullying draws forth another murmur. "Poor old Smithy. What a rotten shame—" Really, life isn't so bad. I feel almost human by the time breakfast arrives.

#### Everything's Wrong with That Picture

We gather round the canteen table, chattering, our tongues loosened by the hot tea. The table is a long, American-cloth-covered affair supported on trestles. One can buy postcards of the canteen in which smiling, white-capped V. A. D.'s stand by waiting on the drivers, but we think they must have been photographers' models hired for the occasion. We have never seen them in our time. Also, the bowl of flowers that graces the center—that must have been hired, too. There have been no flowers in the memory of the "oldest habitant"—a driver called "Chutney." Against the wall stands a piano, which we each get soaked "one-shilling-weekly-for-the-use-of," and which we have never yet seen opened, much less heard played. A lot of time we have for playing pianos.

Breakfast is worse than ever. The bread is hard—what there is of it—and the margarine smells of—I hesitate for a comparison, and Tosh supplies it unhesitatingly. It is carried unanimously. Still, the tea is wet and hot and, for a wonder, plentiful. It will run to a cup and a quarter each. We cheer up. After all, we are young and easily cheered up.

And there may be a mail today. We tell one another there is sure to be. We have all written home for supplies. Tosh for Bovril and short bread and potted meat. I for Bovril and ginger biscuits.

Edwards is engaged. We give her a cheer for giving us a thrill. We implore details. Is it the Aussie? The one who sends her those chocolate biscuits every mail? It is. We approve. We like the Aussie's chocolate biscuits. After the war they will live in Sydney. The Aussie doesn't know he is engaged yet. He proposed last mail, but Edwards only wrote yesterday and accepted him. He has lost a leg in the war, but Edwards is glad because the trenches won't get him again.

"No man of mine will ever go to any war again," says Edwards. "I know too much. Let the people who make the wars fight them. I would rather see a child of mine dead than see it a soldier."

"I don't think that's very patriotic, dear," says The B. F.

"You wouldn't," replied Edwards. "You're the type that loses her son in the war and erects a tablet in the village church—'A mother's proud memory.' Proud? Because her son has been murdered after murdering some other mothers' sons?"

"It isn't murder to kill your enemies in war time, darling," protests The B. F. complacently.

"Enemies? Our enemies aren't the Germans. Our enemies are the politicians we pay to keep us out of war, and who are too damned inefficient to do their jobs properly."

"War is dirty. There's no glory in it. Vomit and blood. Look at us. We came out here puffed out with patriotism—there isn't one of us who wouldn't go back tomorrow. The glory of the war—my God!"

#### Punishments

At ten A. M. I report to Commandant for punishment. I listen to her harangue in silence. Once I used to argue with her, but it only means more punishment. I am to take tea-orderly today and clean Commandant's car in addition to my own.

I wonder what she would do if I suddenly sprang at her and dug my fingers into her throat, her strong, red, thick throat that is never sore, that laughs scornfully at germs, that needs no wrapping up even when the snow is whirling, blinding and smothering—

I go without reply. She calls me back. "Have you nothing to say, Smith?"

"I don't understand, Commandant. What do you expect me to say? *Thank you so much?*" I retort unguardedly. Fool, fool. I could kick myself. She has been egging me on to answer back. Fool. Fool.

"Insolence?" Her cold gray eyes narrow. She compresses her thin lips—"You had better clean the W. C. as well. Perhaps that will teach you discipline. Stand to attention while I am addressing you, please."

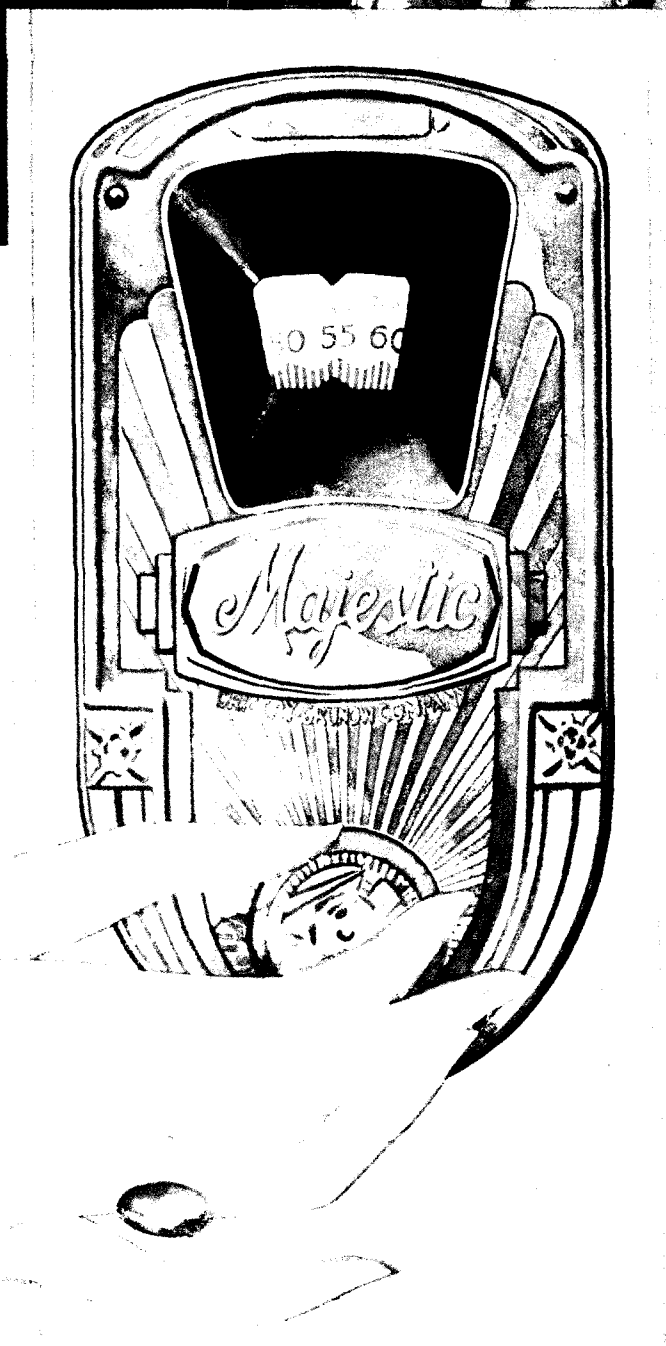
One of these days I shall lose control.

Cleaning an ambulance is the foulest and most disgusting job it is possible to imagine. We are unanimous on this point. Even yet we hardened old-timers cannot manage it without "catting" on exceptionally bad mornings. We do not mind cleaning the engines, doing repairs and keeping the outsides presentable—

(Continued on page 53)



End *11 days* filled with routine



Let *Voice of Colorful Tone*  
bring you *... new thrills ...*  
*new friends ... new interests*

A SIMPLE turn of the dial—and you're in the midst of what's happening everywhere.

Smart bits from the latest dramatic success on Broadway... clever dance numbers from musical shows and supper clubs... brilliant reviews of the newest books... Paris hints on fashion... a concert at Carnegie Hall... a dainty recipe... a new touch in table decoration! All yours with a Majestic—each new day a new adventure into a *new and colorful world*.

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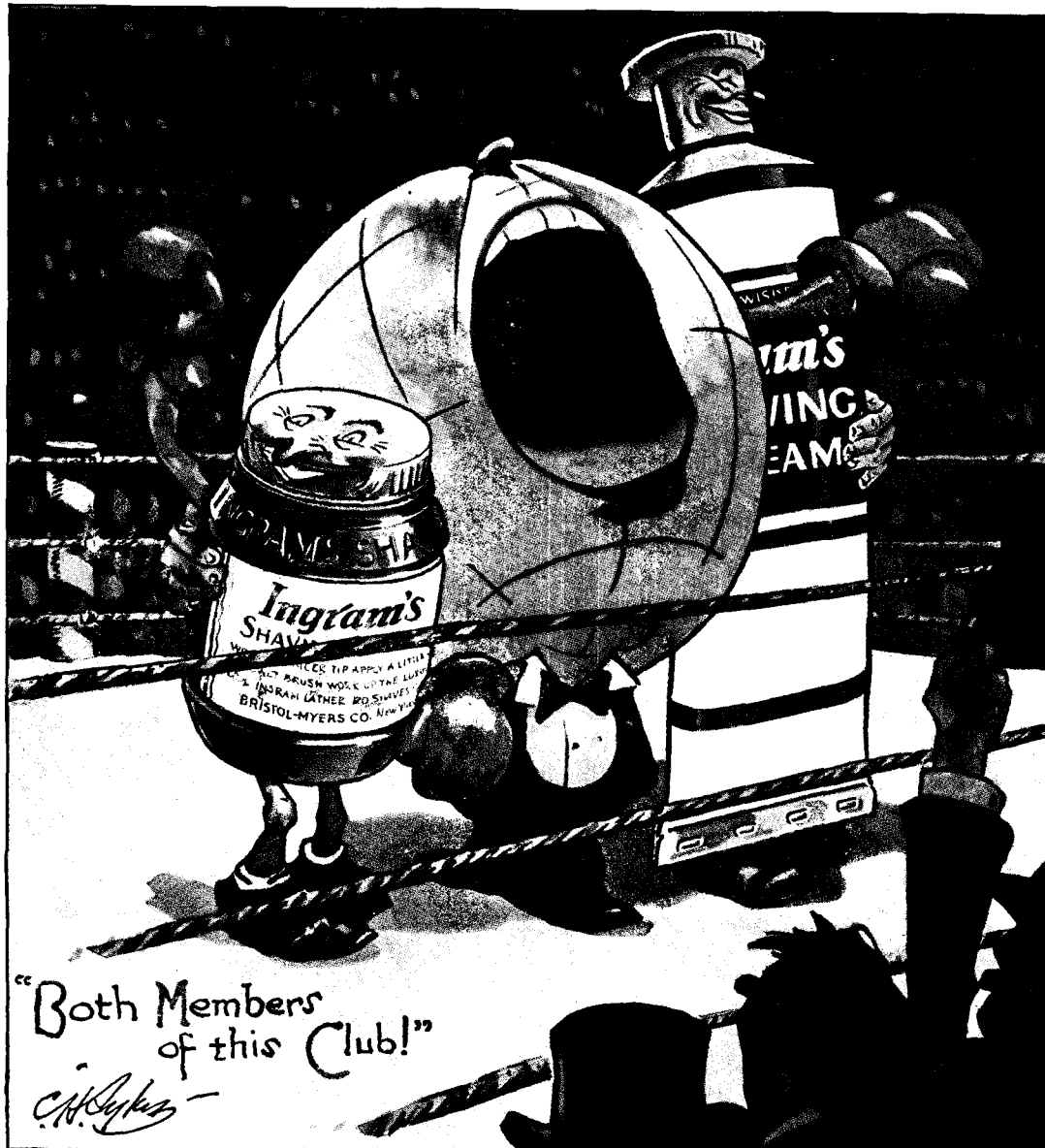
# It's a Contest now between the Ingram Jar *and* Tube!



"I warn you to bet on the jar," says Lee H. Bristol, Advertising Director

"The little jar that started Ingram's Shaving Cream on the road to fame and popularity may be no beauty, but the point is that a million grateful men are used to it. They associate it with the coolest shaves a man ever had! The jar has its advantages besides; I count on it to outsell the new tube by a good percentage!"

*Lee H. Bristol*



"My tip is that the tube is coming strong," says E. A. Means, General Sales Manager

"I've been working for a long time to see Ingram's presented in a modern tube! Even with the old blue jar, it climbed to fifth place among all shaving creams. That's a striking testimonial to a shaving cream so cool it's revolutionary! Don't underestimate the new tube—it's going over big!"

*Earl A. Means*

OUR contest is a sporting one. No tricks, no slogans, no red tape! It's as simple and easy to enter as A-B-C.

Yet it's a practical test of how well you can size up a business situation! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's Shaving Cream made its appearance in a new tube. Of course it's the same cool shaving cream that was introduced, five years ago, in the famous blue jar. And the new tube sells for the same price.

We want your opinion of how well the new tube will sell this year. If you make a prize-winning prediction, this contest will mean the easiest money you've ever earned!



## Here's the History of Ingram's to Date

For four years, with very little advertising, Ingram's has climbed steadily. It was the pioneer cool shaving cream. Originally placed on the market in the little blue jar, it was a success from the first!

For Ingram's is the silky, velvety cream that brings a new, stingless delight to the faces of shaving men everywhere. It has three special cooling and soothing ingredients that tighten and tone the skin *while you shave*.

The minute you lather up with Ingram's, you'll know it's unique. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic all in one! With it you

can shave closer. And above all, without those fiery little pin-pricks that most men bemoan!

Men like Ingram's so well that today it ranks as one of the largest-selling shaving creams in the world! Here are its sales for the last four years:

1926 . . . . .	751,392 Jars
1927 . . . . .	1,148,628 Jars
1928 . . . . .	1,560,828 Jars
1929 (last quarter estimated)	2,141,964 Jars

# INGRAM'S





# \$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes



**Easy, Fascinating Contest! Test your Business Judgment!**  
**Open to Everybody! 328 Chances for you to Win!**

IT'S the little blue jar that built the Ingram business. Some men like the jar. But others prefer a tube. So to offer Ingram's in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube as well.

Prior to this year, Ingram's Shaving Cream was packed only in jars! But now, Ingram users have their choice of tube or jar. The difference is only in the package—the cream and the price are the same.

We don't know, ourselves, how big a success the tube will make. Your opinion is as good as ours! So here's your chance to share in \$5,000.00 by predicting how well the new tube will sell its first year on the market! See the column to the right for details of the contest!

Note the sales of Ingram's in jars on the opposite page. See how they have grown. Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize . . . . .	\$1,000.00
Second prize . . . . .	\$500.00
Third prize . . . . .	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes . . . . .	each \$10.00

Clip the coupon in the column on the right. It will bring you a week's supply of the most cooling and bracing shaves your face has ever felt.



## CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

If you'd like to try Ingram's, you can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon below.

But whether you use Ingram's or not, the important point is for you to enter the contest! Don't delay! Submit your answer today!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM  
Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Coupon has nothing to do with the contest. Use it only if you want a free sample of Ingram's.

# SHAVING CREAM

## Just a Horse of Mine

Continued from page 16

and Kit had to receive Roddy, in some fashion. She kept the screen door hooked between herself and Tip, until he could get the idea that all was not as he thought.

"My uncle will see you in a few minutes," she told him frostily.

"You're joking me," he grinned.

"Am I?" she said bitterly.

His face went blank. "Why, Kit—what on earth—my name's Tip Roddy. You seem to have forgotten me; but last night—"

"I never knew you," she said. "I thought I did, for a little while; but it seems I was wrong."

"I don't know what this is about," said Tip, "but something seems to need talking over. Don't I get in any more, even?"

"Oh, come in if you want to."

When she had let him in they stood looking at each other in the lamplight.

"Now what's the matter, Kit?"

"I guess I took a lot for granted, Tip, that's all." Tears suddenly sprang to her eyes. "Oh, why couldn't you have told me yourself?"

"Told you what, honey?"

"Did you think I wasn't even interested in whom you killed, or where? Do you think it's just nothing?"

"I don't know what you mean. Unless—if you're talking about that Slade Tucker foolishness—"

"If you call killing a man—any man—just foolishness—"

He hesitated. For a moment Kit was swept by an impulse to tell him that it didn't matter, that whatever he had done was all right—he looked so lost, disillusioned and uncomprehending, standing there with his hat in his hands. But that was before his mouth hardened.

He said slowly, "I thought—I would have thought that you'd know if I did something out of the way, why, I had a reason for it."

"Then you admit—"

"No; I never killed Slade Tucker, if that's of any interest to you."

SHE studied his face for a long moment; and she knew that she was wavering.

"But what's the use of that," he said wearily, "or anything else we say, if you're going to start off by doubting me, right from the beginning?"

"Tip, that isn't fair."

"I guess maybe I don't know what's fair and what isn't. Thought—"

The rear door of the room crashed open, and High Wind stood, solid and malignant, surveying them both. He

was wearing his heavy gun-belt, the holster sagging low on his right thigh.

High Wind looked Roddy up and down, deliberately. Then Kit cried out, "He never killed Slade Tucker—he says he didn't!"

"No; I reckon he never did," said High Wind. "And I reckon nobody else did, either. I got the dope on him now. I thought it was kind of funny, all along, nobody ever having collected the reward, and all. But I see through it, now. I've been talking to Lem Wilkinson. He recognizes him. Tip Roddy, huh? There's no such name, and never was!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Kit, he didn't kill Slade Tucker, because he is Slade Tucker—Slade Tucker himself!"

THERE was a silence before Kit said, "But you told me you knew Slade Tucker, Uncle—that you were one of his best friends—"

High Wind's face darkened above the bristly beard, but he did not answer.

"That part's simple enough, Kit," said Roddy, without shifting his eyes from High Wind's; "you've maybe met folks before that claimed to know people that never heard of 'em. He thought it sounded big, I guess, since everybody bragged up Slade Tucker as being so bad. So Lem Wilkinson identified me, did he?"

"Lem Wilkinson doesn't have the truth in him," said Kit contemptuously.

"Maybe I was fooled for a little while," said High Wind, beginning to raise steam; "maybe it's so that I only saw Slade Tucker once, and that time at a distance, and didn't remember him exact. But, by cat, I don't forget the horse! And the description of Tucker fits in: tall, sorrel hair, hazel eyes, salty way of doing business—it's him all right!"

"Let him say for himself if he is," said Kit.

Tip Roddy smiled on one side of his face. "And what of it?" he said directly to High Wind, his voice hard.

"If you think," rumbled High Wind, "that a damned murdering outlaw with a price on his head can come here and make free with my niece—"

"Now just a minute," said Roddy.

"Seems to me last night you had a whole lot to say about the name of Slade Tucker. He was a good man, according to you, then. Square-shooting, you said, and white as they come, and a lot more apricot butter, right along the same lines, about this Slade Tucker that you knew so well. Seems to me you're kind of flighty, Mr. MacDowell."

"I'll take no slack in my house!" roared High Wind. "Now you clear out! Git, and stay git, or by the great almighty—"

"Yeah, I will," said Roddy, not moving. "But first I'll tell you this: you were a good man, once, to all accounts. But right now—"

"Shut your damned—"

"No, I won't. The waddies around here aren't men enough to tell you this, and maybe you'll never hear it again. But I'll tell you, and, by God, you'll remember it. You're an old bag of wind, and a nuisance to the range, and not even fit to be hung as a cattle thief any more. Now you've got it—and you know it for the truth."

High Wind's face was purple. His hand whipped to the holster, where it fumbled once, for it was long since he had gone for the rod; but in another second the gun came up.

What happened then was confusing to the eye, and Tip Roddy did not understand the significance of it until a moment later, when the exploding gun had followed its own bullet to the floor. Roddy had turned to go out; but as the crash of the gun arrested him he saw that High Wind was nursing his knuckles, and that Kit was holding a candlestick of Spanish brass.

That candlestick had come into Kit's hand as if of its own volition as High Wind went for his gun; and as the gun had whipped upward she had struck out blindly—but the blow had fallen true, and High Wind's broken hand let go.

Kit was weeping. "You might have killed him!"

"Why, Kit—" MacDowell's voice was queer, as if all the wind was out of him at last—"why, Kit—you turn on me, Kit—" It was the old tyrant of the Redregon that was the pathetic figure now, with all the iron tradition stripped off of him, leaving nothing but a humiliated old man.

"I'm ashamed of myself and ashamed of you," Kit stormed at him. "I don't care who he is, or what he did—he's the best man that ever stood up, and I had him, and I've lost him, and all on account of you—you old balloon!"

High Wind MacDowell rallied. His voice was low and gentle, as it had been once, when he had known how to clean out a tribe, or a range; but it was the gentleness of rattlers. "Get out," he said. "Both of you! Get out, and stay out, and if ever you set foot—"

Roddy laughed. "Come on, Kit. We understand each other, I guess."

THEY rode slowly, their horses close together. Ahead winked the lights of Redregon.

"But you should have told me," said Kit.

"Told you what, honey?"

"That your name was Slade."

"Child, it never occurred to me."

"Never occurred to you? But didn't you suppose—"

"Of course, I've heard of Slade Tucker; but seeing that I've never actually been in the same county with him, so far as I know—"

"But the horse—"

"I bought him from the Indian, just as I said."

"But you let poor old Uncle think—Tip Roddy, you might at least have told him the facts."

"What would have been the use, honey, when he had his mind set to something else?"

"Tip, that's no reason."

"Well—you see—Kit, I figure it doesn't matter what a man did, for that might mean anything. What he is, is all that counts. I couldn't bring myself to lift a finger to defend myself to anyone, in a case like that; not even to you."

"Just the same," said Kit—"not that it makes any difference; but it is kind of nice to know what's my new name. . . ."

THE rumor about High Wind's statue of himself has been spiked at the source. "The trouble with this county," High Wind told Hep Blades, the concrete man, "is they ain't got any appreciation of art."

"Art? Art who? I thought this was going to be a likeness of your—"

"Go to hell," said MacDowell. "Anyway, I can't afford it. Didn't I have to drive off a thousand head of blooded stock, as a wedding present for my darned niece?"

## The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS GETS CAUGHT IN A REVOLVING DOOR AND BECOMES DIZZY ENOUGH TO DOPE OUT AN IDEA TO KEEP YOU FROM FORGETTING TO MAIL YOUR WIFE'S LETTER.

AS YOU WALK PAST COBBLER SHOP, HOOK (A) STRIKES SUSPENDED BOOT (B) CAUSING IT TO KICK FOOTBALL (C) THROUGH GOAL POSTS (D). FOOTBALL DROPS INTO BASKET (E) AND STRING (F) TILTS SPRINKLING CAN (G) CAUSING WATER TO SOAK COAT TAILS (H). AS COAT SHRINKS CORD (I) OPENS DOOR (J) OF CAGE ALLOWING BIRD (K) TO WALK OUT ON PERCH (L) AND GRAB WORM (M) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO STRING (N). THIS PULLS DOWN WINDOW SHADE (O) ON WHICH IS WRITTEN, "YOU SAP, MAIL THAT LETTER." A SIMPLE WAY TO AVOID ALL THIS TROUBLE IS TO MARRY A WIFE WHO CAN'T WRITE.

