

# Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you"

## IX

### The Story Thus Far:

AFTER a brief trip to the Sierras with the man she loves—Vere Holland, a young Yale law student—Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman returns to her dingy, overcrowded home in Railway Flats; and Holland goes back to Yale. A few weeks later, Dina discovers that she is going to become a mother!

Terrified, she writes to Vere, but he replies evasively and hints that he may soon be leaving for South America. Desperate, she calls on Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, tells him the story and asks his advice. After promising that he will write to Vere's mother, Mr. Holland asks Dina to do him a favor, for which he will pay her handsomely. He has recently been jilted by the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who has suddenly run off and married Andrew Havens, an artist. Will Dina attend a dinner party and try to arouse Aline's jealousy? Needing the money, Dina agrees. At the party, Aline Havens is furious with jealousy.

Vere's mother—a selfish snob (like Aline)—refuses to permit Vere to marry Dina.

Holland then astonishes Dina by asking her to become his wife, in name only. He wishes Dina's baby to have a legal father, and he knows that the marriage will infuriate Vere's mother and Aline. Dina accepts the offer and marries Rogers Holland. Aline Havens (whose husband has painted Dina's portrait) plots to get out of her present marriage and back into Rogers Holland's favor.

Dina is injured in an automobile crash and while she is in the hospital (with her leg in a plaster cast) her baby, a girl, is born. Dina is very happy and Rogers admits that he hasn't enjoyed such contentment in years.

At the gallery where Andy Havens' portraits are on exhibition, Dina encounters Vere—the father of her child. Dina, after a few minutes of conversation, leaves the gallery with Andy. They walk through Chinatown while Dina tries to gain mastery over her agitated senses. She thanks Andy for his kindness, saying, "I needed you terribly then." Andy answers in a tone suddenly strained and low, "I don't suppose you know exactly what it means to me to be needed by you."

DINA stopped short on the narrow Chinatown sidewalk, drew away and faced him, her color changing suddenly. For there was no mistaking his tone. She tried to laugh.

"Andy!" she stammered.

"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you, perhaps I oughtn't be telling you now. But what you say of Aline and Rogers, of their possibly planning to marry some day, makes me feel that sometime you might need me again, and that—that I'd be glad to be there."

"You mean—" Dina began, and was silent.

"I mean that you're the most wonderful woman in the world," Andy said.

"I mean that I've been living for months now on just the glimpses I've had of you, the little I've heard people say. At the Carter wedding and at the Musgroves' dinner and the day I came and painted you, when you were still in bed, everywhere, every time, it's been you."

She had backed up against a window filled with kimonos and small wooden toys and red and black chinaware. Her slender figure was enveloped in a brown coat with a brown fur collar; her blue eyes shone at him under a little brown hat.

"Dina, I'm flying south this afternoon; I may not see you again for a couple of weeks, but if you ever are free, if Rogers is still in love with Aline,

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**Spies, foreigners, Christians, English words and baseball are things the Mikado's subjects must remember to hate nowadays**

THE day after the signing of the alliance between Japan, Germany and Italy, Tokyo newspapers reported that Premier Konoye had spent a tearful, sleepless night. As well he might. Perhaps he foresaw that his new partners would shortly put him on the spot by leaping for Russia's throat, perhaps he even envisioned the downfall of his own cabinet which followed. In any event, he wept freely during the celebration of the signing of the pact that made Japan an Axis partner. He had managed to make his own statement calmly enough; it was the reading of the Imperial Rescript that undid him. One commentator ascribed this breakdown to the manner in which the emperor had been pleased to permit a change in foreign policy and the way in which His Majesty's interest in the affairs of government had been displayed.

In public the alliance was hailed as the dawn of a new world over which hope, promise, joy and happiness would sweep like a tide.

Apparently, few countries were considered to come under that heading, for immediately the antiforeign campaign begun at the start of the China Incident was renewed with increased vigor and still continues with unabated ferocity. The spy phobia possesses all inhabitants of Nippon. No one believes a foreigner

can possibly be living in or visiting Japan for any simple reason such as business or pleasure. He must be in the pay of a foreign government. This entails a counterespionage system in which every Japanese joins with enthusiasm.

One reason why service is so bad in the Imperial Hotel is that the room boys and waiters are too busy keeping an eye on "spies" to have time for their regular duties. Even school children are offered rewards for turning in suspicious characters. One tattletale tot at a summer resort rushed to the police with the report that he had seen two Europeans photographing a fortified zone. The guilty pair—a German couple—were promptly taken into custody and held until the films were developed. It turned out that the "fortified zone" was themselves romping over the beach. They were released, but the officious child was given ten yen, a pat on the head and the admonition to keep on with the good work.

The military-secrets law makes it a crime to take pictures from any height above twenty yards. The penalty is a year's imprisonment or a 1,000-yen fine. If the pictures are shown to the public or published, it means two years' imprisonment and a 2,000-yen fine. Exportation of the films brings on seven years' imprisonment or a 3,000-yen fine. It's wise never to produce a camera in Japan. Even staying on the ground and training a lens on Aunt Minnie may incur difficulties with the police. They might admit that Minnie is no fortified zone, but they are sure to insist that the background—whether bank, department store or wind-swept beach—is one. In total warfare, it seems everything must be kept a secret from the enemy.

To keep the public awake to the spy

menace, posters have been put up warning against foreign agents. Most of them show a man in evening dress peeping furtively through the illuminated window of a Japanese dwelling. Match boxes bear such slogans as "Beware of Spies," "Let No Spy Escape," and some have reproductions of the posters. The national broadcasting system puts on a program to teach listeners the words and music of an antispy march with innumerable verses repeating that there are spies everywhere and that friendly smiles are dangerous.

**Moral: Don't Trust Anybody**

Villagers are warned against fishermen who arrive with rod and reel and ask the depth of the ocean. They are not interested in fishing; what they really want to know is whether the water is sufficiently deep for an attacking submarine or battleship.

A short keeps reappearing in all movies, giving a graphic picture of how foreigners go about their dastardly designs. The sequences are interspersed with terrifying pictures of a rolling eye, a hand with clawlike fingers, and blood-curdling cries of "Supy! Supy!" All the deceitful methods used by spies are illustrated: dictaphones, invisible ink, hollow heels, cameras strapped around ankles, the purchase of wastepaper from the garbage man making collections in factories and shipyards. In the final sequence, a Russian is seen sitting in a train compartment, reading a newspaper. He gets a Japanese lady into conversation and asks her the distance between Kobe and Nagasaki. When in her innocence she tells him he promptly jots it down in a notebook. Then he points to an island in the dis-

tance and asks what that is. She replies that she doesn't know but she thinks it's a fortified zone. That also goes down. Finally, he draws a map of the coastline as the train proceeds. It seems Russians don't have access to maps.

A great point is made that the agent got his information from a woman. The Japanese lady is amiable and far too willing to be helpful. Therefore every effort is made to prevent her meeting strangers. The authorities prefer foreigners to talk with men. But even that isn't encouraged. The result is that Japanese are afraid to be seen with foreigners, particularly diplomats, and ask their Occidental friends never to write or telephone them.

A foreigner in Japan does well not to have too much to do with his embassy or legation. That is considered suspicious. A young American studying pottery-making in Kyoto had to leave because he made life difficult for his teacher, who was accused of harboring a spy. By chance, the American was able to see his police dossier and found charges on three counts: He had been seen walking on the main street in his undershirt (actually, it was a sports shirt with short sleeves); he had lunched with American tourists; he was on too-good terms with one of the secretaries at the embassy in Tokyo.

This sort of thing makes life unpleasant for foreigners. They never know

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**Japanese are convinced that every foreigner is a spy, so they've built up a counterespionage system in which everyone joins with enthusiasm**

