



Callie Mae pulled out a roll of bank notes. "I'd thank you so kindly!" she said, "an' I'd give y'all nice sailor boys every las' penny of this!"

## Boots, Boots, Boots!

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The defense effort of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan (Force & Brains, Inc.) leads to their turning down dough—not a miracle, just an instance of purity of heart

SINCE God loves U. S. sailors (if their hearts are pure) and since the spirit of the U. S. Navy is bound to prevail over all enemies ("Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just") Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were happy sailors.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Didja really mean it when we promussed the skipper not to pull no more fast ones on the boots till the war is over?"

"Right!"

"We don't use ferce an' brains no more, Benny?"

"Only against Hitler, Tim!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. Always a bit slow on the up-take, the sudden patriotic reformation of Dunnevan & Linn, Force and Brains, Inc., had found him emotionally prepared but intellectually bewildered.

"Yerse—but, Benny—did we mean it

when you said we would treat *all* the new boots in Dago like they were our litterl brothers?"

This question brought Seaman Linn to a halt in the strange defense-drive bedlam that was San Diego's Broadway. Soldiers, sailors, marines, aircraft workers, their womenfolk and children jam-packed both sides of the wide street. It was a chamber of commerce secretary's wildest dream come true; and local wags already were blaming traffic congestion on the alleged fact that so many San Diego real-estate men spent their spare moments turning handsprings in the streets.

But Seaman Linn, chewing a toothpick, surveyed the scene with magnificent detachment. Although there were boots, boots, boots everywhere—more numerous than sea gulls and more innocent than doves—Seaman Linn's prominent Adam's apple did not even quiver. His bright blue eyes glowed with a noble

fervor and his thoughts were far from sordid connivings.

"These boots is differnt, Tim," said he. "They volunteered to join the U. S. Navy in a time of national crisis, so on an' so forth. No guy that's got the best interests of the U. S. Navy at heart would try to take advantage of 'em. Right?"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped guiltily. "They's orful green though, Benny," he said. "If I an' you was to have a 48 liberty, we could—"

"Tim! Ju-das Priest, you talk like a pro-German at heart!"

"Me? Pro-German? Why, Benny—"

Fireman Dunnevan exclaimed. "Then pipe down on 'at line of thinkin'!"

"But I only said—"

"Okay, okay. Go out an' destroy our morale. Undermine us so Hitler can come over here an' bomb Brooklyn."

These words left Fireman Dunnevan speechless and breathing with noisy snorts.

"Snap outa it, Tim," Seaman Linn continued briskly. "That So-and-so ain't gonna get nowheres near Brooklyn or any place elst over here. C'mon—we shove off!"

"Where to, Benny?"

"Balboa Park."

"But I seen them lyruns—"

Seaman Linn made an obscene sound.

"It so happens, dumbhead, that Chief Mulcahy didn't send us ashore to waste taxpayers' dough lookin' at lions. We got a mission."

"Yersee?"

"Yeah. We gotta round up half a dozen boots for the chief to look at. Davis an' Skeverski is transferred to a pigboat, so we take on two boots. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head. "Why don't we jest go over to the trainin' station an' pick out six boots from the pool, Benny?"

"No brains, no brains! The chief hand-picks his boots, an' he wants nothin' but country boys, see? He wants

'em all to look like they jest fell out the hind end of a farm wagon. Get it?"

"Yersee, but why Balboa Park, why, Benny?"

Seaman Linn spat to leeward and got under way. "The hickiest boots in Dago will be at the zoo in front of the monkey cages, Stupid!" he said.

This remark brought an admiring chuckle from Fireman Dunnevan. "You sure got geenus, Benny. Yersee!"

Nevertheless, it was Fireman Dunnevan who spotted the first likely-looking prospects for the U. S. Destroyer Trimble's crew in Balboa Park.

"Lookit, Benny!" he said. "Over by the polar bairse! Right off'n a farm!"

IT NEEDED only a glance for Seaman Linn to verify Tim's discovery. The two boots by the bear pits were a cinch to gladden the heart of Chief Bosun's Mate Mulcahy. They had even assumed the classic poses—the tall, thin one leaning against a concrete light post and the short, tubby one in a chicken-crate squat on the curbstone. They looked mopey, homesick and forlorn.

"Pipe down an' let me do the talkin'," Seaman Linn said out of the corner of his mouth.

He sauntered casually across the road, Fireman Dunnevan lumbering one pace behind.

"Hi-yah, sailors!"

"Yersee . . . hi-yah?"

The boots looked at Tim and Benny, then they looked at each other.

"Howdy," the post-leaner said. "Is what we're doin' against the regs?"

Seaman Linn, grinning genially, assured these country boys in big-brother fashion that the U. S. Navy had no objection to boots looking at bears in Balboa Park.

"I'm Linn, seaman first, an' this is

Dunnevan, fireman secont," he went on. "We're from the Trimble. You guys assigned to a ship yet?"

"No sech luck!"

"Been settin' araound the station two weeks come Sattiday."

"I tells Gerald they ain't figurin' to put us on no ship nohow."

"Oh, I dunno as we should give up hope yit, Robert. 'Scuse me, Mistah Linn. My name's Gerald McCudden an' his'n's Robert Treadway. Howdy! Mighty pleased to meet you an' Mistah Dunnevan, ain't we, Robert?"

"Yessir, we sho are. Howdy!"

Mr. Treadway was the tubby lad. He had a round, red face and bland, innocent eyes. Mr. McCudden showed a corn-tassel topknot under his sailor hat and a thin, gaunt smile spiked with a gold tooth in front.

"I bet you guys is from somewhere in the farm district," said Fireman Dunnevan.

The boots chuckled.

"Arkansas's our state, Mistah," said Gerald, "an' we come f'm so far back in the hills a hoss can't make it an' a mule don't want to!"

"Yayyy tell!" agreed Robert. "A hawg-trot is a wide road where we come f'm!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged glances.

"The chief'll love 'em, Benny—ow—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Uh . . . Tim was referrin' to Chief Mulcahy, boys. You oughta meet the chief sometime. What a character! Been with the Trimble two an' a half hitches. A big, upstanding Irisher with a heart of gold. Right, Tim?"

"Yersee! An' he loves country—"

Mr. Treadway jumped up from the curbstone. "Would he take us, Mistah?" he asked, eagerly, and Mr. McCudden

stopped leaning against the lamppost.

"Hold on, Robert," Mr. McCudden said. "Don't go rushin' Mistah Dunnevan thataway. Maybe they ain't no vacancies. Shucks, I bet that's it."

Fireman Dunnevan waited for Seaman Linn to speak. But Seaman Linn appeared to be lost in deep thought.

"I an' Benny might be able to fix it up. We got a good drag with Chief Mulcahy. If we was to rec—"

Boots Treadway reacted with astonishing promptness, jerking an old leather wallet from beneath his blouse. The gesture stunned Fireman Dunnevan. He turned to the brains of Force and Brains, Inc., appealing for decisive action.

"What'd be worth to y'all boys to git me an' Gerald jobs on your ship?" Mr. Treadway asked.

"Benny—they'll pay us! You hear that?"

"We sho will, Mistah Linn!"

SEAMAN LINN shook his head. "Put 'at dough away, kid," he said. "I an' Tim don't sell jobs in the U. S. Navy."

"But, Benny—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Now, then, so far as putting you guys up with a recommend to the chief—okay. You look like the right kinda material. But I hope they ain't any reason you guys got for wantin' assignment to ship right away, essept to do your duty?"

"No, suh, Mistah Linn!"

"Layin' araound that station an' drillin' like fo' the Ahmy was jest gittin' us daown, Mistah Linn."

Seaman Linn appeared to be satisfied. "Okay," he said. "You guys meet us at the landing at one o'clock sharp."

"Won't y'all let us give you a little present—"

"Yersee!"

"No! Pipe down, Tim. You guys shove off!"

Boots Treadway and McCudden, with jubilant protestations of gratitude, shoved off. Fireman Dunnevan grunted his anguish.

(Continued on page 42)

Callie Mae turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Now we are through, you rat!" she yelled. "I tear up the contract!"







Fifty-two military attachés in 40 countries keep Uncle Sam informed on new developments from Africa to Russia

## G-2 MEN

By Kenneth Downs

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

**A military attaché, the Army's foreign correspondent, must do a spy's work without being a spy. He works day and night, gulps gallons of pink tea and cocktails, risks bombs and bullets—all this to save future doughboys' lives and billions of your dollars**

**I** DO not believe the Axis powers are going to win this war. I base that on the latest and best information."—President Roosevelt's Fireside Chat, December 29, 1940.

One of the most important sources of this "latest and best information" was G-2, the military intelligence division of the War Department general staff. And G-2 gets its war information from its staff correspondents—the military attachés; the pink-tea boys, their irreverent Army colleagues called them in the salad days of peace. Sassy soldiers. Coffee coolers. But these char-

acterizations were not true then any more than they are today when the "coffee coolers" are dodging bombs in Europe and Asia.

The United States Army officers who serve as our military attachés abroad are an extraordinary lot—good-looking, highly educated, multilingual, clever, tireless.

They are the eyes and ears of the Army outside the United States, keeping the general staff minutely informed of the progress of wars abroad, of developments in arms and armaments in foreign countries. The information they furnish plays an important part in shaping our foreign policy. It is of vital importance in our rearmament program.

For the work they have done in observing trends in armaments and weapons, the military attachés are proving they are worth their weight in ten-thousand-dollar bills. Our defense spending is shooting up into astronomical figures, and were it not for the diligent work of our military attachés during the last few years, a large part of these dollars might be wasted on obsolete or obsolescent weapons.

At the Ebro and Teruel in Spain, at reviews and maneuvers in Germany, on the plains of Poland, in the snows of Finland and the mountains of Norway,

at the forts of Belgium, the rivers of Holland, at Eben Emael, the Meuse, Sedan, Flanders and Dunkirk, in the air over Britain and the Channel, in Albania and Greece and in the deserts of Libya and in Russia, our observers have learned about blitzkrieg.

### We Learn Through Others' Errors

By cable, wireless and mail they have reported the progress of combat and new tactics, new weapons, new use of weapons. They have detailed the terrible lessons the French learned about the futility of rigid defenses. They reported the combined tactics of all arms including co-ordination of aviation with ground forces. They have advised expertly of the development of heavier armor on tanks; that antitank guns smaller than 37 mm. are out; that no new bombers should be put in production without power turrets; that fighter planes should carry at least eight wing machine guns and aim at the 400-mile-an-hour mark.

Thanks to their reports we are starting from scratch, building our enormous new Army along lines proved most effective and arming it with weapons that the test of battle has shown to be the best. We are profiting by trial and error

on the battlefields of three continents, saving lives of future doughboys, saving literally billions of dollars.

Brigadier General Sherman Miles appoints and directs military attachés and it is to him they report. He is chief of G-2. His first name is for a great-uncle, William Tecumseh Sherman, who was something of a general himself during the Civil War and who is credited with the nifty, "War is hell."

Sherman Miles, a tall man of fifty-eight, has friendly blue eyes and thin lips. He looks like a man who knows a lot and is keeping it to himself. His Washington office is big and bare of furniture except for a desk and some chairs—neat, but about as elegant as a warehouse.

It is across General Miles' battered desk that the "latest and best" information flows in from his fifty-two attachés and their assistants and the special missions who collaborate with them. General Miles is like an editor receiving dispatches from fifty-two crack correspondents, but he keeps his information hush-hush instead of publishing it. Any editor would give a year's pay to sit in at General Miles' desk for a short while.

Miles appreciates the work and the problems of his men because he has had

(Continued on page 47)