

German women in one of Berlin's many home shelters. These home shelters, as distinguished from the public shelters, have become important centers of social life in wartime Germany; most Berliners make every effort to reach them when a raid threatens, in order to spend the night with friends and family

Berlin and other German cities are digging in for the expected heavy winter raids by R.A.F. bombers. Mr. Courtney, who watched last winter's raids from the heart of Berlin, describes the effect of a British bombing blitz on the Germans' morale



EUROPEAN

## Can Berlin Take It?

By W. B. Courtney

THE long nights have settled over northern Europe again, bringing their promised terror—huge American bombers, flying above naked eyesight, each carrying five tons, more or less, of high explosives. Amid sirens, the jar and rumble of aerial torpedoes, searchlights, anti-aircraft baying at the winged shadows on the moon, footfalls of unimportant people scurrying in the streets—all the resplendent tumult of the air raids that now give Europeans their nightmares when they're awake instead of when they are sleeping—answer is being sought to the most elusive, yet perhaps most important, question of the war.

Can the Germans take it—as well as they can give it?

Modern Germany's heart never before had to endure hostile fire. Now the R.A.F. carries it there. The British tonight have Berlin as well as every other important city and nook of the Reich under their bombsights.

Descriptions of life in London under air warfare have been plentiful in the United States, until even those of you who never have walked them are as familiar with the pattern of the Strand, Piccadilly and Whitehall as with our own Main streets. You know the people, too—the East End poor, unprotected by shelters, cheerily taking up life in the subways; the shopkeepers with their "business as usual" signs on rubble heaps; the unscaresd young folks in their night clubs.

Berlin—and Dresden and Leipzig—are not so familiar to you. Secrecy has not only covered Germany's air-raid measures and methods, but the reaction of her people as well. For military reasons, correspondents are not permitted to mention air raids until the official communiqués about them are issued, and they cannot add information or detail to those.

Berlin is the outstanding example of the inland, or unpublicized, raid targets in Germany. So come with me there

for a firsthand ground view of Germans under R.A.F. attack.

Experience plus "raid instinct"—a newly developed sensitivity, recognized by psychologists in Europe today—warn you, in late afternoon, whether there will be a raid. I have heard a group of German and American newsmen, on a night seemingly made for bombing—clear, moon-bright, flight conditions perfect—unanimously decide there would be no raid; and there wasn't. Conversely, on nights of poor raid weather I have seen Berliners generally hurrying to get home early to avoid being forced into public shelters.

Nobody can explain this raid instinct. But it counts in your social life.

### Early Night—Early Bombing

In summer it's not too important. In this high latitude—Berlin lies almost twelve degrees (800 miles) north of New York, on a line with Labrador. You can read without lights until ten o'clock, and again, after the brief, hennaed night, at three in the morning.

In winter, however, night comes much earlier than it does in the United States. The bombers follow suit. If you go to a dinner party, you are prepared either to leave with dessert or to spend the night. Shows begin at 7:30 p. m.; the last reeling of pictures at eight, in summer; earlier in the winter.

Foreign correspondents used to call the Propaganda Ministry to learn whether the British were "on the way in." Certain Balkan journalists quered that, when Dr. Goebbels' lads found out they had developed a racket. Air raids are a particular headache to restaurant owners. Absent-minded customers lope off to shelters, forgetting the "Rechnung." Moreover, those who went into the restaurant shelters would sort of look for complimentary snacks as the nights wore on. So the Balkan journalists made arrangements to secure free meals

(Continued on page 58)

A British bomb wrecked this apartment house in Berlin. Both London and Berlin are "morale objectives" in the war of bombs; real objectives are the industrial cities of each country. Cologne has been hit twice as hard as Berlin

EUROPEAN



# Alder Gulch

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

## The Story Thus Far:

SHANGHAIED in San Francisco, young Jeff Pierce (a veteran of the Civil War, which is still raging) is taken aboard a ship to Portland, Oregon. There, attacked by the captain of the vessel, he kills the fellow, in self-defense, leaps into the water, swims ashore.

On a dark Portland street, he is approached by a girl—Diana Castle—who, obviously in trouble of some sort, implores him to take her away with him, *anywhere!* Accompanied by the girl, who poses as his wife, he finally makes his way to Virginia City, in Alder Gulch, where gold has recently been struck. On the way, Pierce has a series of altercations—and two fist fights—with two rascals who are also en route to Alder Gulch: George Ives and his Man Friday, "Rube" Ketchum.

Among those he meets who are more to his liking are: Will Temperton, a gambler, and his young daughter, Lily Beth (whom Diana takes under her wing); Lil Shannon, a free-and-easy woman who is very kind to Pierce; Ollie Rounds, an uncommunicative redhead, who is reticent concerning his past; and Ben Scoggins, who hopes to make a fortune as a trader

in Alder Gulch. Among those he sees, during the long, hazardous trip is *Sitgreaves, the dead captain's brother, who is following him!* Certain that Sitgreaves is pursuing him, and not wanting to kill another man, Pierce slips away; again, he is accompanied by the girl.

In Virginia City, Pierce and Diana part company. Diana is soon making a living by baking pies for a restaurant; and it is not long before Pierce has a claim staked out. . . . Dillingham, a deputy sheriff, is murdered by three toughs: Hayes Lyons, Buck Stinson and Charley Forbes. The killers are caught; but George Ives, who has just arrived, succeeds in obtaining their release!

By this time, Barney Morris—a prospector who has befriended Pierce—has reason to suspect that Ives, Ketchum and other crooks are plotting to kill him and take his gold—eight thousand dollars worth. He plans to slip away (if he can) and go to the town of Bannack. He asks Pierce if he will take the gold to Bannack.

Pierce is fond of Morris. He takes the gold to Bannack—unmolested. There he entrusts the gold to the clerk at the stage office. Then, following a brief, friendly talk with the sheriff—Sheriff Plummer—he leaves the office.

IV

PIERCE was on the dark side of Bannack's street. He moved through these shadows, leaving a wake of cigar smoke behind. Durand's saloon, directly across the way, was an eruption of light and confusion. Men came steadily into town. The sheriff was ahead of Pierce and now he crossed the street and came back, idly and with every mark of indolence; he stopped at the saloon and looked through the doorway a while and seemed to debate with himself, and at last entered. Pierce halted and leaned a shoulder to a wall. A woman and a small girl passed him and swung into a store; three riders entered town, rounded before Durand's, and dismounted. When they faced the light from the saloon's doorway, Pierce recognized Rube Ketchum and George Ives. He didn't know the third one.

He remembered that his horse was still standing by the stage office; and he had forgotten his slicker. He grunted to himself and moved back. When he stepped into the stage office the clerk pulled up his head and for that one slim interval Pierce saw fear unsteady the clerk.

A wagon came clacking into the street. Pierce picked up the slicker and turned out with it; when he reached the sidewalk he noticed the wagon had stopped near by. Two men got off the seat and came to the tail gate and other men moved forward from the night. Somebody said, "What you got, George?"

"Dead man."

"Where'd you find him?"

"Four, five miles out in the brush, short-cutting over from the Rattlesnake."

The two lifted the dead man from the wagon and brought him to the walk. Pierce found himself on the outer edge of the crowd, and used his shoulders to push through; looking down, he saw Barney Morris lying there, a bullet hole passing through his head, temple to temple.

One of the men said, "Better call Plummer."

"Why," said one of the men who had brought Barney Morris in, "a dead man's just a dead man. You call Plummer."

Another figure pushed into the circle. "Hell, that's Barney Morris. He used to work a claim next to mine, down Grasshopper."

Plummer was at this moment coming out of Durand's saloon. Pierce withdrew from the crowd and stood at the sidewalk's edge with his head pulled down by his quick and angered thoughts. He moved to his horse, got to the saddle, and rode to the street's end, here pausing.

Plummer had come into the circle. Pierce heard him say, "That's Barney Morris. He was one of my best friends!" The crowd grew. Looking beyond it, Pierce noticed Ketchum and Ives and the third man paused at the doorway of Durand's. He touched his spurs to the horse and went on out of Bannack at a trot. The horse was stiff with his day's work and had little run left in him and kept falling back to a walk, and had to be spurred. He passed Bunton's and near midnight came to the Beaverhead. Here he made a dry camp well away from the road.

IVES patronized Durand's bar with Steve Marshland and Ketchum until the crowd came back. Some miner said, "Old Barney had a lot of money and never spent any. He had a good claim on Alder. I heard once he had fifty thousand buried."

"Not a dime on him now."

Ives looked wryly at his empty glass and put it aside. He said to Marshland and Ketchum, "Come on."

The three of them left the saloon and walked as far as the corner of the hotel. They turned down a side street, saying nothing. Half a dozen houses fronted this side street; beyond that was a corral and a shed and the slope of a bold hill. The (Continued on page 38)

He saw Diana Castle leaving the restaurant with Lily Beth. He drew a smile from her and fell into step beside Diana. "That was good apple pie I had today," he told her



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