



POSTSCRIPT

By William O'Farrell

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

A couple of hours later, when she hadn't returned, he went out to look for her and found her behind a tree. A cow blocked the road, mooing at her savagely

THE first few times Julia burned her hand Tom was sympathetic. But when she kept on doing it at regular intervals, he became a little exasperated.

"You wanted a rustic cottage by the sea," he reminded her, "and we gave up a very comfortable house in town so you could have it. Now you've let yourself be stumped by a simple matter like a wood stove. You've been writing novels about helpless, pampered females for so long, Julia, that you're beginning to act like one of your own heroines."

Julia's reply was characteristically sweet. "There is one great difference," she said. "My heroines invariably marry gentlemen—not hack writers."

That is the way it began. It ended several days later with their collaboration on a letter to Bill Andrews. He was their friend—and their lawyer.

"Dear Bill," the letter read. "Does the invitation to use your guest room still stand? Julia and I have decided to call it quits, temporarily anyway, and she prefers to stay on here. So I'll need a place to live until I can get rid of the people who rented our house. Rush your answer, will you? You'll have this on Monday and I'll be looking for an answer in Friday's mail."

Julia typed the address on the envelope and insisted on taking it to the post office herself. "I'm not as helpless as all that," she said. "I'm as able to walk three miles as you are." Tom let her go, but a couple of hours later, when she hadn't returned, he went out to look for her and found her standing behind a tree. A cow blocked the road, mooing at her savagely.

He shooed the man-eater away and walked silently beside her the rest of the way home.

A week followed then, in which they did little but await Bill's answer. During this period Julia managed to twist her ankle, jab a fishhook into her fingers twice and get severely sunburned by falling asleep on the raft. On these occasions, Tom was studiously polite. But the more courteous he became, the more she bungled things. The second time she tangled with the fishhook he could have sworn to a speculative glitter in her eyes the instant before she jabbed it into her thumb.

The night before Bill's letter was due, Tom got his bags packed. Morning mail was distributed at the post office around nine so, at eight-fifteen, he left the house. But he stopped by the little pier to wait for Julia. "Aren't you coming with me?" he called.

She left the porch and walked toward him, carrying the oarlocks. "Not this morning," she said. "I'm going out in the boat."

"I'd rather you didn't do that by yourself, Julia." He looked at the overcast sky.

Julia shrugged and turned away. "I'll have to start doing things by myself sooner or later," she said. "Goodbye, Tom."

He started the stiff climb up the palisades which surrounded their private cove. When he reached the top he paused to get his breath and glance back. Julia was still standing where he had left her.

She looked very lovely down there on the beach. Her yellow dirndl was a

bright splotch of color against the gray sand, and her dark head was tilted at a reflective, memory-provoking angle.

From this high point, he could see that a squall was blowing in from the sea but it was still far off and Julia had made no further move toward the boat. "I'd be back before it could reach here anyway," he told himself.

And he strode off along the road toward the post office.

He knew there was something wrong as soon as he saw the envelope. It carried his own familiar letterhead, and he hardly needed to turn it over to see that it had been stamped, RETURN TO SENDER.

Julia had done it again. Ever so neatly, she had typed the wrong address!

It took a second or two before he calmed down enough to buy a fresh envelope. Then he went over to the writing shelf, ripped open the old letter and started to cram the contents into a new one. But something stopped him. Slowly he unfolded and started to re-read the sheet of paper.

There was a postscript under his signature which had not been there before. In Julia's angular handwriting, it read, "I guess this looks like the end, Bill. Take care of Tom for me. Goodbye." There was an untidy blot of ink over the last word, and the whole note looked as though it had been written hastily—or under stress of great emotion.

He stared at the erratic pen scratches, and suddenly the bottom seemed to drop out of things. He started in a rush for the door and, at that moment the squall which had been threatening all morning struck at last.

TOM'S chest ached with every labored breath, and his legs trembled with weakness, but he didn't stop running until he reached the path that zigzagged down from the palisades. He wiped the rain from his eyes then and forced himself to look.

There was the cottage and, beyond it, the little pier—empty. But fifty yards out in the choppy water was a white, rounded spot that could be nothing but the upturned keel of a boat. Somehow or other he scrambled down the palisades, raced across the beach and plunged headfirst into the bay.

As long as there was any chance at all he kept it up—diving, clinging to the

overturned boat while he got his breath, and then diving once more. But at last he was forced to stop. He held to the boat's stern until he was able to swim again, and then he moved slowly toward shore, pushing the boat ahead of him.

He heard her call when he was still several yards from the pier, but he didn't believe it at first. She had to shout his name several times before he peered around the stern and saw her, dry in her raincoat, standing on the pier and looking down at him anxiously.

"Are you all right, darling?" she called. "Did I forget to tie up the boat? Please don't be angry with me!"

She had to help him through the shallow water, and when he climbed up on the beach, his knees gave way and he sat down on the sand abruptly. Julia sat beside him and they waited there together for his strength to come back. As soon as he was able to lift his arms, he put them around her and pulled her head down on his shoulder.

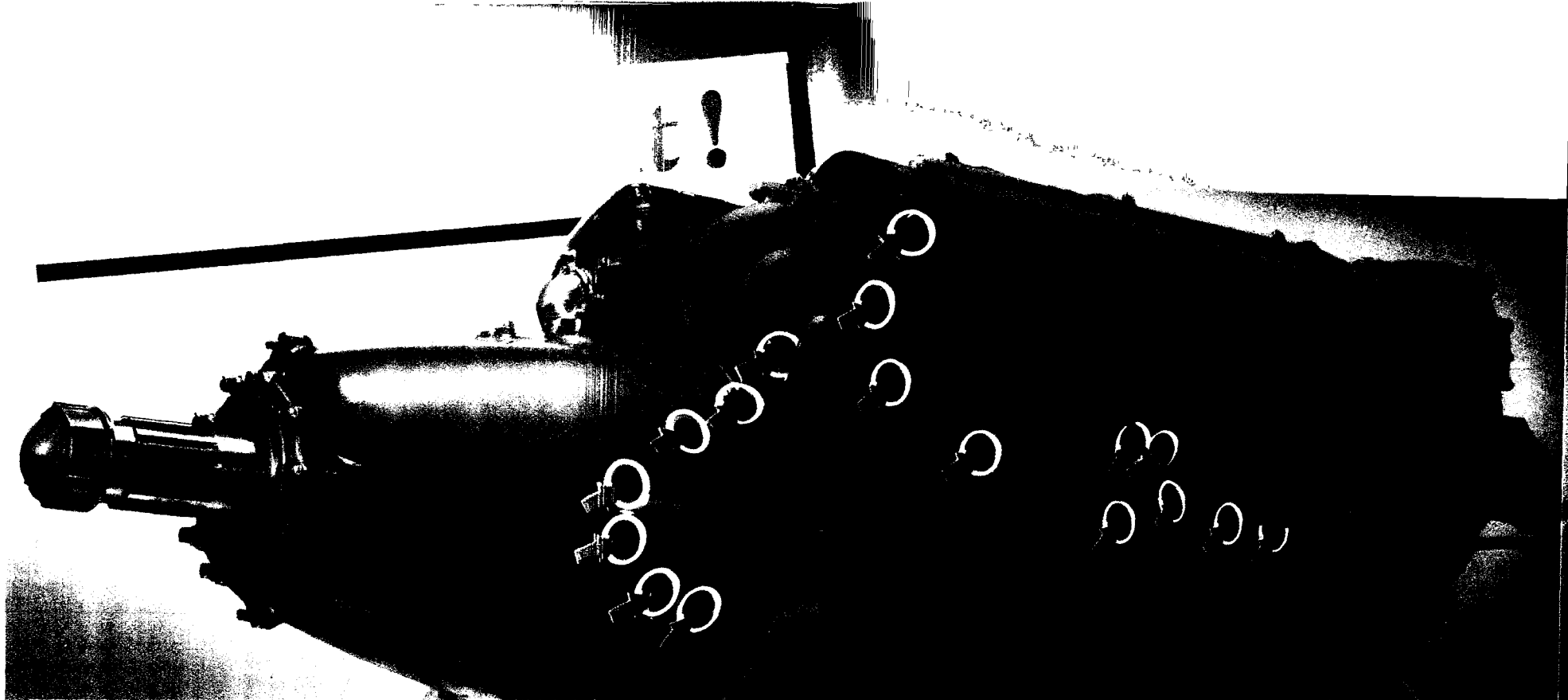
They talked for quite a while that way, but Tom summed up the whole conversation when he said, "You're an awful dope, Julia, but I've got used to you now. And it wouldn't be fair for me to turn you loose on an unsuspecting world."

Julia smiled a little mistily. "But won't Bill be expecting you?" she asked. "Did you get an answer to your letter?"

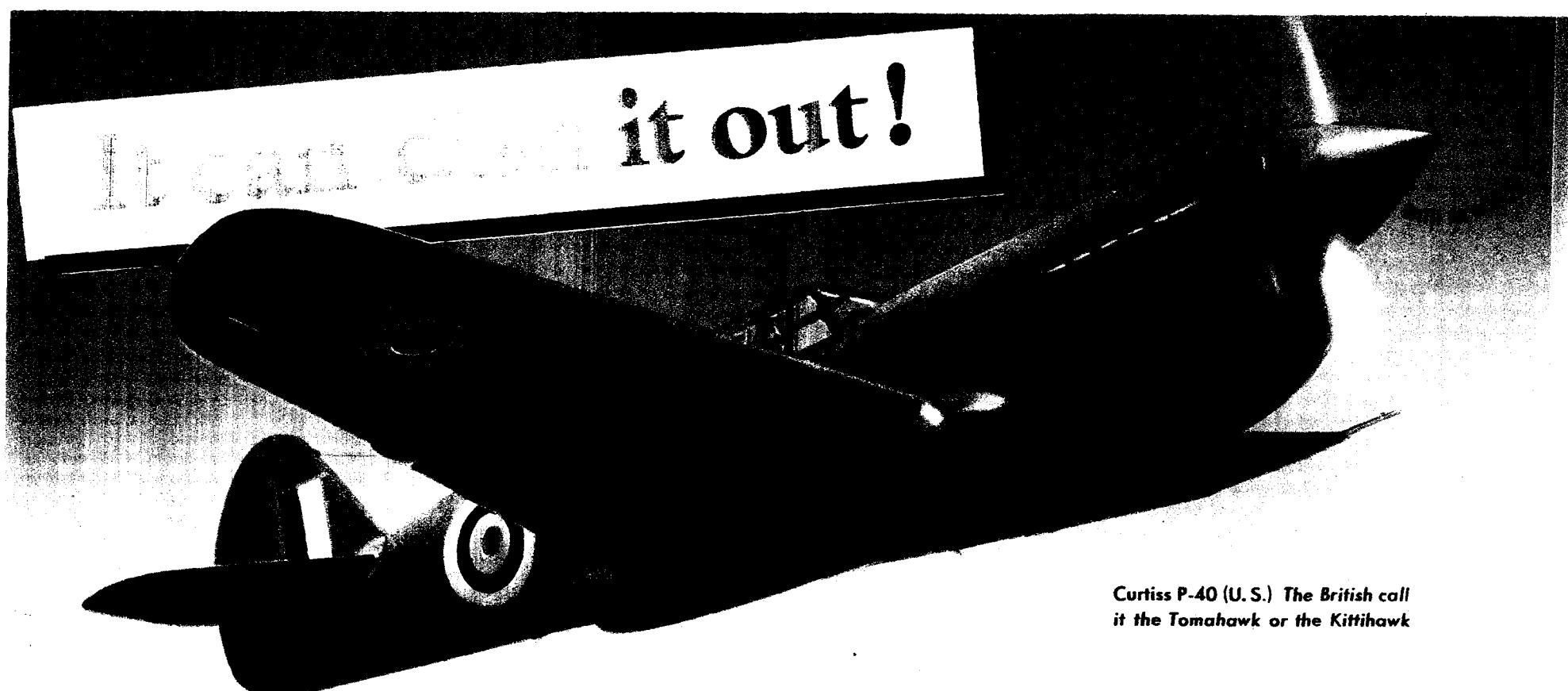
"Well, yes," he said, "and no. Let's leave it at that. What do you say we drop the entire subject?"

They were walking back to the cottage by that time, and Julia was so enthusiastic in her agreement that she tripped over a root, twisting her ankle all over again. And, of course, Tom cheerfully cooked the meals all the time she was laid up.

There was one bad moment later that fall, however, when Julia's new novel was published. The heroine solved a difficult marital problem by purposely sending a letter to the wrong address, thus making sure that her husband would read it. Tom was pretty suspicious for a while but they were back in town then and Julia took the car out and telescoped one of the fenders against a police car. When Tom went to bail her out, she looked so pitifully helpless that he dismissed his suspicions as absurd.



Here is positive evidence of the Allison engine's ability to survive an Axis dogfight — to take a hail of lead and keep flying. Punctured in seventeen places, this engine carried its plane and pilot back to safety at an R.A.F. air base in Libya. This engine, later returned to this country and now in the "Arms For Victory" Exhibit of General Motors in Detroit, gives dramatic proof that when the Nazis shoot up an Allison they can't count on shooting it down.



Curtiss P-40 (U.S.) The British call it the Tomahawk or the Kittihawk

Qualitative superiority counts! From Africa, the Middle East, the South Pacific, Russia, the communiques report that nothing in the Axis air armada can match the sharp-nosed fleetness of this liquid-cooled engine. It's a matter of record that predates Pearl Harbor, how Allison-powered planes can dish it out.

North American Mustang
U. S. and British designation



Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"



Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison



DIVISION OF

Bride brings grief to Miss Heddy



MISS HEDDY NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but her shop is sending her to adjust a bridal gown for a noon wedding.

"I'll wait," she tells her sister. "Can't be interrupted this morning."



MISS HEDDY'S FINGERS ARE ALL THUMBS, the bride is a bundle of nerves, and the bride's mother has hysterics.

"Deliver me from weddings," distracted Miss Heddy thinks.

"I love weddings," says Miss Collette



MISS COLLETTE NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She, too, must fit a wedding gown for a noon bride.

But "Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says she, taking gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour.



MISS COLLETTE is a guest at the church wedding.

Feeling more like herself—thanks to Sal Hepatica's speedy help—she beams as everyone says the bride looks lovely.

"I love weddings," says Miss Collette.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NO NEED TO PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you need this morning . . . not if you know about gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.



Millions depend upon this refreshing saline, because it acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract, with

neither discomfort nor griping.

Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too; helps counteract excess gastric acidity.

Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time you need a laxative!

TUNE IN "Those We Love," by Agnes Ridgway, starring Nan Grey and Donald Woods—Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EWT.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

Wing Talk

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give his ship the gun, recovering some of his dwindling speed. He either soars and circles his field again or, if there's enough field ahead of him, sets her down later and taxis back to the spot he missed.

EVERY combat-airplane manufacturer employs a staff of field-service representatives. They are mechanics, but through training and experience, plus qualifications approaching those of engineers and executives, they are given the heavy responsibility of going to far-off places to carry the flag for their company, to use their best judgment and to operate without the security of calling up the boss every day and asking him what to do.

The service representatives know the airplane from nose to tail. American planes can go through weeks and months of tests over here and be pronounced perfect, but not until actual war conditions are encountered will their true net worth stand revealed. Hence these service representatives, equipped as they are with detailed knowledge of the plane, often make changes on the spot and shoot the word back home for these to be incorporated in the new models coming off the assembly line.

So when reports of good performance of American combat planes come from abroad, and you're itemizing the credits, don't forget to give a prominent place to the field-service representatives.

WE'VE just been talking to an Army air base commander who is feeling much better. Until recently, tires and brakes were being consumed by his ships at a rate far in excess of other airdromes and he was hearing about it

from above. His airdrome is lucky in having a mile-long runway in the prevailing wind. The young pilots had a habit of putting their wheels down at the end of the runway, jamming on their brakes and, halfway down the runway, turning off and taxiing into the parking line. In the process, their brakes screeched and their tires smoked. The wear and tear on both was consequently prodigious. The colonel decided that the kids were making these short landings because they were plain lazy. Therefore he ruled that brakes must not be applied, but that the entire length of the runway should be used except in an emergency. The kids griped a bit but the Old Man was right. He has cut exactly in half his airdrome's replacements of tires and brakes.

Out on a practice flight in his performance fighter plane, a young officer found himself over the famous Mt. Wilson Observatory. In his college days he had frequently hiked up the long trail and from the mountaintop had looked down the jagged canyon to the city of Pasadena. Often he had dreamed of floating down in a sailplane. As he recalled those days, a thought was born and just as suddenly he rolled over, went into a dive and roared down the canyon. At the bottom he pulled up into a chandelle, yelled "Wheel!" and flew on his way, feeling fine.

A fortnight later he was back at Mt. Wilson, this time on the ground. As he stood on the brink of the canyon he turned white when he saw, for the first time, the heavy cables of a high-tension power line slung across from great steel towers on each ridge!

He can't remember whether he flew under them or over them. Would you?

F. R. N.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

spinsterhood and lives of loneliness and unhappiness because (1) the census shows several thousand fewer men than women of marriageable age between twenty-one and thirty-five years and (2) many thousand marriageable American men may be killed in the war and (3) while American-Australian marriages may bring the two continents closer together that is not as important as the happiness of American girls." We might not have mentioned this had we not had a letter from the brother of one of our soldiers in Australia. He wishes us to notify our W. B. Courtney in Australia to look up a family named (deleted) whose daughter, our correspondent hears, has recently been married to his warrior brother. "Please tell Mr. Courtney to tell this family that if my brother was only half as unreliable as a married man as he was single, their daughter is now the wife of a guy who's about as dependable as an arrested-development cuckoo. So okay. Let them sue the government."

IT IS only because this list comes from an officer who is censoring the outgoing mail of what he calls "an unnamed American institution which is growing by leaps and bounds" that we give a bit of space to the somewhat unusual names of many of our fellow citizens. The censoring l-e-t-t-e-r has jotted down the names of a variety of persons to whom the lads are writing. We shall let you in on a few: Miss Rushie Quick,

Miss Learie Longo, Miss Iwana Nation, Miss Tittle Underdunk, Miss Alto Rumph, Miss Dishie Dushman, Mrs. Goldie Queen, Mr. Polite Smith, Mr. Fortify Trimmings and Mr. Oncommon Mann. No, you're wrong. All but one of these letters was from and to a white.

WE'VE had some complaints about the lack of humor produced by this war. Even grim humor seems to be absent. And Congress, always the last stand of the relentless laugh hunters, is unproductive. Of course we've had a great many letters about the tribulations of Congress-pensions, X cards and five-cent restaurant tips but they leave us deep in our current dismals. Perhaps we shall have to take Mr. Ronald W. Rhodes' tip and go back to old American sources—Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward and Bill Nye. From Omaha, Nebraska, Mr. Rhodes informs us that he's an authority on Nasby, Ward and Nye and on Joe Miller, too, although that patron saint of radio comedians was English, not American. Anyway Mr. Rhodes urges us to lose no time because the ghosts of the American trio still walk. He offers as proof the written answer to the question Why Should We Study First Aid? turned in at his wife's Red Cross class. The writer is a Czech: "The first ait is very gut ding what hep peepl in anny kint excident the main ponts is bleeding wunds bresher punts and sumtime onkunchus yet so okay then." . . . W. D.

Skirmish at Dry Fork

Continued from page 22

before him. "Fresh from a farm in Ohio and burnin' for adventures. He's still got the plow walk on him. Once I was like that, but it would have been better had I stayed with the farm."

"A woman?" said Jem Chatto.

"It was," grimly agreed O'Boyle.

Young Bob McIntyre moved with his companions along the road to Dry Fork. He blushed a little at the talk of the men around him, which was the hungriest kind of talk, and he remembered what everybody had said of this town's danger and wickedness and sharp needles weaved excitement all through him. Not that he was afraid; a little fun and maybe one drink and the sight of something new would be all right.

THE town was one long street beside the river, backed by dark alleys. They came upon the street and went forward until somebody called out with a voice as smooth as butter, "One minute, soldiers." The group stopped, O'Boyle and Jem Chatto immediately advancing to the front. A man stood beside a water barrel, underneath the overhanging gallery of a building; he was half in the shadows, lean like a cat and with a set of great tawny mustaches and a long face with big cheekbones and eyes that had a soft yellow glow in them. A star hung loosely on his shirt.

"Boys," he said, "you got any guns?"

"No guns," said O'Boyle.

"That's fine," said the night marshal.

"I'm rememberin' last time. Have your fun and let it go like that." He moved on at a soft, prowling step.

O'Boyle said, "We'll try The Bucket first," and moved on to the next building and to the next door. Out of The Bucket came the warm and lively racket of men talking, of women's high voices, of the plunk of a piano and a guitar. The smell of whisky and tobacco and dust and heat all rode together and the smell was good but the thought of the women in The Bucket embarrassed Bob McIntyre and he blushed and would as soon have gone on to a straight saloon. There was no chance of that. O'Boyle and Chatto were to either side of him, grinning. O'Boyle said, "Now, my lad, we'll show you the tiger." D Troop moved solidly into The Bucket.

It was as big a room as he had ever seen; half of it was a dance floor—on

which couples swung like dervishes to fast music—and the other half was the saloon proper, with a bar maybe eighty feet long, a string of pool tables and poker tables and other gambling rigs, all in full go. He counted six barkeeps standing against the flash and glitter of the back bar and smoke hung through the place like a prairie fog and the racket was something tremendous. D Troop made a solid rank at the bar, shoulder to shoulder, crowding the other customers somewhat and producing the first spark of untimely feeling. Bob McIntyre was still between O'Boyle and Chatto, and the sergeant was greatly amused, but young McIntyre saw an expression reach the sergeant's face—thirsty and struggling—as the bottle came before him. "We will all have one," said the sergeant in a hurried voice, "and then we will be about our sight-seein'. Nothin' like this in Ohio, hey, Bob?"

There was not, young Bob agreed, and shuddered from shoulder to instep as the liquor went its scalding route down his throat.

The music stopped and the girls promenaded their partners to the bar. D Troop had somewhat scattered, so that one girl brought her man to the space beside Bob McIntyre and suddenly close upon him and around about him was a fragrance like nothing else. She wore a black dress with a gold crust along its low front and her skin was an ivory shade and her body round and full and strong. He looked up to very black hair puffed out on her forehead, into a pair of eyes that casually came to him and then looked at him with interest; he saw light dancing in them, and she smiled and her teeth were white against the redness of her lips.

She had ginger beer while her partner drank a whisky. The music began again, the announcer bawling, "Choose your partners!" She turned away, fragrance moving with her. A cowpuncher came across the floor toward her, his spurs jingling and scraping and at the same moment O'Boyle murmured, "Now, lad, could you be spendin' four bits a better way than with Ed Taggart's girl?"

Maybe it was the lift in the sergeant's voice and maybe it was the fragrance that turned a key in him; but he did

EXTRA Wartime Walking increases danger of

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Hot, perspiring feet breed Athlete's Foot fungi



THE MORE YOU WALK—and everyone must walk more in wartime—the more your feet perspire. This excessive, hot perspiration does two things. First, it *speeds* the growth of the Athlete's Foot fungi—causing them to multiply. Second, it irritates the tender skin between the toes, cracks it open. Then, the Athlete's Foot fungi take root in the raw flesh and spread. Inflamed itching toes, flaking skin and pain in walking tell you Athlete's Foot has struck!

CRACKED TOES WARN YOU—SOAK THEM TONIGHT!

Look for cracks between your toes tonight. At the first sign of broken skin, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. *full strength*. Repeat daily—night and morning!

1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. It's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot. At all drugstores, \$1.25 a bottle. If free sample is desired address W. F. Young, Inc., 201-L Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.



Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.



Fungi growing fast—Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead—Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow and cause you pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles



"Just be careful how yuh land, that's all"

JAY IRVING

this on the turn of the moment, moving to her and reaching her at the same moment the cowpuncher arrived. "If you're dancin'," he said, "I'd be obliged for this one."

The puncher said, "Ride on, dragoon. I threw my rope first."

"Maybe," said young Bob McIntyre, "you missed your throw." The girl was standing close to him and that made him feel strong. He heard the puncher say, "I won't miss this one," and he saw the flash and explosion of the puncher's temper. He put up his palm just as the puncher struck; he pushed the blow aside and he delivered a young mule kick straight upon the puncher's face and saw him fall back and down.

He felt wonderful. He took the girl's arm, and he was smiling, and he led her toward the dance floor. She wasn't smiling. She said in a hurried whisper, "Watch out—he has friends," and behind him was Sergeant O'Boyle's calm growl: "That was the lad's private fight and don't nobody pile on him unless they expect fun."

The cowpuncher rolled on the floor and he gave a whoop as he rose; it was a war cry that lifted through the house and made its impelling demand upon all men from Texas, and at once Texans rose from the poker tables and piled off the dance floor and rushed from the outside. D Troop, under the command of Sergeant O'Boyle, dressed ranks and received the attack frontally.

Bob McIntyre bore down upon his first antagonist who had risen from the floor; the puncher had a blind way of fighting that did him no good. Young Bob sidestepped two wild charges and moved into action before the third one started. He took a pair of light blows on the chest, cracked the puncher in the side of the neck in about the same manner he would have jolted a horse out of its desire to buck and watched the puncher settle like a tired man.

HE THOUGHT this was all and was mistaken, for somebody reached him with a stunning whack on the back of his head, throwing him a yard forward. He stumbled around, saw his man and felt unjustly used. "That wasn't right," he said, and anger made him righteous and he went at the second rider without bothering to duck or sidestep. He simply whaled into the fellow, his chunky fists shaking the other one substantially, driving him toward the saloon wall.

It looked as if half of Texas had immigrated to The Bucket. D Troop was a thin blue line against which the Texas tide broke; a rebel yell went harrying through the place and the fight split into pairs of men circling and parrying and ramming home quick punches, and circling again. Chatto went down under a sudden drive by two Texas men, but as he fell he swept one man with him, rolled and kicked him in the head with both heavy shoes, rolled again and went roaring at the second puncher and drove him against the bar. A file of A Troop came quickly into the saloon and deployed to study the scene. O'Boyle's voice halted them where they were: "Keep out of this! We're doin' all right!"

Young Bob's new antagonist was a stout one and got at young Bob's face. Young Bob's anger became a white heat in him. He marched ahead, driving the other one backward; he hammered him full on the jaw, left hand and right, and watched him sink away.

There wasn't as much noise in the place. Turning, he saw that everything had quit. The punchers had simply sworn off, having had enough, and D Troop stood by, somewhat worse for the wear but still in command of the field. O'Boyle said, "Right dress on the bar, boys, and we'll take the sting out of this."

The music came on, reminding young

Bob of something he had started. He walked over to the girl, smiling again. "I guess I got initiated."

She was entirely serious: "You're new, aren't you? Never did this before?"

The way she said it—as from an experience and a maturity he could not reach—caused him to blush and feel his youth. She was as young as he was, but she made him feel younger. "Dancin'," he said, "ain't so much my line. I'd like to sit and talk." He saw a door standing open at the back end of the saloon, and beyond it a private poker room. The elation of the fight continued in him, the feeling of confidence still stretched his chest. He smiled and he took her arm, leading her toward the room. As they passed into it she gave him a darkly troubled glance and lifted

"Twenty-three," said young Bob. "You ain't quite that, are you?"

"Twenty-one," she said, and now she gave him a full survey. He was a heavy-legged boy, square on his feet, with a big chest and dark short hair and his face had that bright ruddiness which reminded her of a frosty winter morning. His eyes were a youthful blue and innocent, and yet he saw her as a woman and was very pleased.

"YOU married to him?" he asked.

She said, briefly, "No," and added: "Maybe we'd better go out and dance."

"I don't want to dance," he said. "I want to stand here and watch you." He was quiet about it and in his quietness was a grown man's certainty. He walked around the table until he was by her chair, and his presence made her



"I imagine the cows must find it hard to get accustomed to giving milk every other day"

A. JOHN KAURUS

her eyes across the room to a poker table and to one man there—to a long and pale and inexpressive gambler who now watched this.

O'Boyle and Chatto both witnessed the closing of that door upon the girl and young Bob. Chatto said, "He picked Ed Taggart's girl. We better get ready for trouble."

YOUNG Bob stood in the backroom, watching her. She circled the room, she came to the table and sat down, her eyes shining in the lamp's light. She wasn't smiling; she was grave and her glance held trouble. She was a pretty woman, her skin smooth, and her shoulders trim and strong.

She said, "You are new, or you wouldn't have closed that door. Likely you'll be shot for it."

"I heard O'Boyle make mention of you and Ed Taggart. Who's he?"

"The tall gambler at the end poker table."

"I had one look at him," said young Bob. "Gamblin' ain't a healthy trade. I could snap him in two with my hands."

"You would never reach him with your hands," she said. "Don't you know his kind? How old are you?"

rise and face him. The quietness left him and he was smiling and he felt reckless and bigger than anything in the world and his heart was in his eyes. He looked at her as many men had looked at her, but back of the look was something that made her want to cry and run away, because it was nicer and deeper than the way other men looked. He lifted his arms to her and brought her shoulders forward and he kissed her and for a moment she was motionless, letting him have his kiss but giving him nothing back. He stepped away, showing his disappointment.

"Why," he said, "I didn't mean it cheap. Outside of my mother and sisters, you're the first woman I have ever touched. That's the way I meant it."

"It won't be the last," she said. "Now you're another trooper, like your friends. You'll be coming here, or some place, every pay night."

He said, "I guess I didn't make you understand."

"You ought to have a nice girl," she said. "A nice girl somewhere in the East. You ought to marry."

"Maybe so," he said. "But first I'm goin' on west until I find a place I can stand and look a hundred miles any di-

rection. There's where I stop and build my log house and start my cattle. And they'll just grow until they crowd over the edge of the distance."

"Write all this to some girl in the East," she said. "Some nice girl." She heard a scuffling beyond the door; she heard voices rising, and concern darkened her expression. She turned down the lamp and beckoned young Bob toward the room's back door. She opened it and led him to the street. They walked along it, past The Bucket's front and past the sign in the window of the stage office. He stopped her here. "If I had a wife I'd go to Rainwater station. That's west—that's gettin' closer to where I'm goin'."

She pulled him on and turned the corner, into an alley. They came to a building huddled in the dark, to an outside stairway rising to a second floor. He looked at it and he looked at her. "You live here?"

"You get back to the fort," she said. "You don't know these gamblers and townspeople. They stick together. Taggart will have them all looking for you."

"You like him well enough to stick with him?" he asked.

She went upward three steps and turned to look down. "Don't be so young," she whispered.

"What good would a nice girl do me?" he asked. "She'd never leave the East. If she did she'd cry for carpets and curtains. The dust would make her miserable and she'd always be wantin' to go back home. I like the dust, I like everything here. The kind of a woman I want is one who ain't goin' to cry where I take her, who'll like it where I am, who'll sleep where I sleep. Niceness and neatness ain't for this country."

SHE sat down on the steps, long watching him, closely listening. "You're very practical," she said.

"Maybe I am," he said. He pointed at the darkness westward. "I want to go out there. I want to see it all—and take the best of what I see. But I don't want to go alone and I want somebody like I am."

She put her cheeks in her hands, silent and studying. Her glance remained with him, dark and strange and absorbed. Suddenly she rose and stood above him on the steps. She lifted her shoulders and let them fall and her voice was small. "Go back to the fort before Taggart finds you," she said, and walked up the stairs.

He watched her pause at the landing, look at him once again, and go through the doorway.

He turned through the alley to the street, nothing settled in him, everything churning around. He had never felt like this before. It was like being hungry and seeing food but not being able to eat it. He turned toward The Bucket, deep in thought. The girl had said, "You are very practical." He studied that and he wasn't sure how she had meant it. Maybe it was approval; maybe it wasn't.

The sound in The Bucket grew louder. D Troop came out of the place, O'Boyle and Chatto holding Taggart between them, with Taggart twisting against their grip, his hat fallen away and his lank black hair dropped down across his eyes. He was breathing from the bottom of his shallow lungs and when he saw Bob McIntyre he stood still.

"You," he said, sighing out the words, "get away from here or I'll kill you!"

"Where you been?" said O'Boyle to young Bob. "We waited half an hour and opened the door. You wasn't there."

Young Bob said, "Let him go and we'll see about the killin'."

O'Boyle drew his arms away from Ed Taggart. The gambler took two steps forward. "Get out of here," he said.

"You got no gun," observed young



Wanted: Future Faradays and Curies

ALL OVER AMERICA there are high school seniors . . . boys and girls . . . who have potential scientific ability and budding creative genius of a high order. These talents are latent . . . awaiting the opportunity for further development through higher education.

To provide this opportunity, Science Clubs of America, sponsored by Science Service, conducts an *Annual Science Talent Search* . . . made financially possible by Westinghouse. This Talent Search has three major objectives:

- 1. To discover and foster the education of boys and girls who possess exceptional scientific skill and ability.**
- 2. To focus the attention of large numbers of gifted youth on the need for perfecting**

their creative and research skill . . . as future contributions to winning the war and the peace to follow.

- 3. To help make the American public aware of the role of science in war and in the post-war reconstruction.**

High school seniors, who enter the Science Talent Search competition, take special examinations in their local schools and submit essays on "How Science Can Help Win the War."

Each year, forty winning contestants are given all-expense trips to Washington, D. C., where they meet some of the country's foremost scientists, visit scientific institutions, and take part in interesting scientific programs. While at the Nation's Capital, these embryo scientists are

given additional written and oral examinations.

The first year's competition was completed this July, when the 40 winners of trips to Washington were chosen from 10,000 entrants, of whom 3,200 completed science-aptitude examinations and submitted essays.

Judges then selected the two most talented youngsters . . . a boy and a girl . . . who were awarded Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarships of \$2400 each. Additional Westinghouse Science Scholarships . . . each valued at \$200 . . . were given to eighteen contestants.

By aiding the education of these gifted boys and girls today, we hope to help develop the scientists of tomorrow who will lead the way in the advancement of research and engineering.



Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Bob. "Maybe you could try your hands."

Townsmen came from The Bucket and they had drifted forward from other parts of the street, gamblers and hangers-on from the saloons and dance halls, all noisy up and down the street. O'Boyle saw that, and murmured to D Troop, "Spread a bit and pick your pigeon."

"Kid," said Taggart, "if you ever come back here again you're a dead one."

The night marshal moved softly and casually out of the alley; he stopped and saw the scene and said, "I warned you, soldiers. Pull out of town . . . and do it now."

"Your friends here," said O'Boyle coolly, "are a scummy lot."

"They pay my wages," said the marshal, almost lazy with his words.

O'Boyle was the coolest of men in time of trouble; and he knew the odds were not good. The marshal was armed and so were the townsmen, and no D trooper carried a gun. It was time to retreat. He made a motion with his arm, he grinned at the marshal. "Sure," he said. "But maybe we'll come back."

O'BOYLE gave the forward signal and moved down the street with his crowd. He took young Bob's arm and led him along, and he was still grinning as they marched out of the street's light into the darkness of the prairie. "Lad," he said, "you saw the town, did you not? You'll be seein' towns like that all the rest of your soldierin' days. There's none of 'em different for a soldier. You did well. You have got an eye for the girls and we'll have some fine fights as paydays come and go. But don't ever go back there alone. They mean what they say. Chatto, it is a lovely night and I did not get drunk."

"You never had a chance," said Chatto, "or you would've."

All along the low horizon the eyes of trail-herd fires winked a bloodshot red, and now and then, camp-bound punchers raced past, lifting a yell. Young Bob said, "A married man can always buy his way out of the Army, can't he, sergeant?"

"It is the regulation," said the sergeant. "But why should a man want to buy himself out of a good life into marriage?"

Young Bob made no comment. He lagged a little as he thought of the girl, until at last he was at the tail of the straggling procession. She had said, "You are a very practical man," and then she had moved up the stairs. The sound of it was like a compliment, but the meaning didn't seem that way. He came to a full stop, hearing the shuffle of feet and the murmuring of talk grow dim as the D troopers moved on toward Fort Sumner. And then he blushed and a warmly embarrassed feeling went through him. He had not made her understand what he meant. He turned immediately around and headed for the lights of town.

Before he got to the street he angled off through the shadows, passed along the edges of dark houses and so came to the alley and to the rooming house with the outside stairway. He stood off from it and he studied the alley carefully and saw a pair of shapes not far from the foot of the stairway; he saw the butt of a cigar glow. She had called him a practical man and now he guessed it was not praise.

He catfooted through a deep, soft dust, making no sound at all, and he came within a yard of the two men before they heard him or saw him. It was his shadow that drew a grunt out of one of them. "What's up?"

A couple of townsmen, he figured, posted here by Taggart just to keep him from coming back. He wasted no time

on answering the question. He hit the man with the cigar one full-sized blow in the pit of the stomach and heard his mortal gasp of agony; that one dropped down and sprawled on his knees. The other reached for his gun and tried to back away for a shot. Young Bob caught him by the neck and spun him and clamped a strangle grip upon him, reaching down and seizing the gun before it was fired. He got the gun and he hit the fellow over the head with it and went up the outside stairs, two at a time.

THE upper doorway opened on a long hall; and from the loose edge of another door down the hall he saw a light shining. He went softly to it, touched the knob and flung the door open. When he raised his gun it pointed straight at Ed Taggart standing in the middle of the room. The girl was at the window.

and the landing. He gave him a full-armed pitch and flung him at the railing of the landing. The railing gave way and the gambler went plunging fifteen feet down. Young Bob heard him strike and heard the dull out-pour of wind. He didn't hear the gambler get up. He went back to the room, feeling bad because of the blow in his crotch. He stood still, a little bit sick, and looked at her.

"You called me practical," he said. "Maybe that was the way it sounded when I said I wanted a woman who wasn't afraid of a little dust. Maybe you figured I just wanted somebody to help me work."

"Ed's got a couple men watching. They'll have the marshal here in a minute. He's a friend of Ed's."

He smiled. "You think I'm practical now?"

She stepped forward until she was directly before him, looking up; he saw

didn't have. "The truth is I love you—and there is nothin' in the world to stop it."

He noticed strange things in her eyes, a heaviness and a wetness there—and that was a puzzle to him. He saw how her eyes seemed to open and let him in where he had not been before. He said quietly, "A man can buy his way out of the Army if he's married. Would you mind Rainwater Station?"

"If there's nothing I can do to stop it," she said, "you can take me anywhere you want, whenever you want. I will be what you want, if that is enough for you—if you won't remember where you got me."

The answer went like liquor through him even as he heard the light run of steps along the alley—one man's quick, easy steps. She made him big, she made him feel sharp, great, fine things. She made him smile simply because he could not help it. "Maybe," he said, very gently, "you could smile."

She smiled and he saw what he wished to see—the strange thing which had drawn him from the bar in The Bucket to claim her. He didn't know what it was, but he knew the wanting of it would never leave him. He would always be coming back to her and expecting to see it, wherever he was. Nothing else made any difference at all; she did this to him and therefore it was enough.

"WE WILL go to the fort," he said. "I think the major can do the marryin'. If he can't I'll find somebody who can. We can be out of the Army in a month, on the way to Rainwater. You can come back for your things later."

"There's nothing here I want to take. I won't come back."

"That's it," he said. "Never go back. That ain't our direction."

"Bob," she whispered. "Give me your gun. I hear Taggart on the stairs. He's too fast for you, but I can take him by surprise when he comes in."

She was alive, she was a fighter, straight and pretty and defiant in the room. That was what he liked—and maybe that was what he had seen; the life in her, the good, common depth that had nothing to do with being nice or ladylike or genteel. He smiled and moved softly into the hall. He heard steps come up the stairs and he reached the doorway and placed himself in a dark corner and stood still with his gun poised overhead. The marshal paused outside—if it was the marshal—and then the marshal stepped softly inside and young Bob's gun cracked down across his hat and drove all light out of him. The marshal made no sound except when he hit the floor.

The girl ran down the hall. "Bob!" she said.

"He figured I was green and he wasn't careful," he said and took her arm and went down the stairs. There wasn't anything in the alley that he could hear or see; and he cut beside the houses and went straight into the prairie's darkness. Here he stopped. He said, "What is your name?"

"Louisa."

"Louisa," he said, "I'm takin' you to a hard place. Maybe you'll regret this. Maybe I'll be makin' you cry."

"We can't always laugh, can we? I could cry now."

"Why, I'm mighty sorry if I'm makin' you sad."

"It is not that—not that at all. Everything will be so good!"

"That's it," he said, and was quietly laughing in the dark. "The good of just bein' alive. That's why we're alike and that's what I saw in you, standin' in The Bucket. Everything's good, even the worst of it," and he felt the round-shaped print of her lips, and their heat.

THE END



"I'll bet she is, Alfred! I'll bet my girl is every bit as pretty as yours is, probably"

"I don't blame you guardin' somethin' you hate to lose," said young Bob. "I know how that is. But you got me figured a little too green. When I'm on a huntin' trip I never give myself away by crackin' a lot of sticks or makin' a lot of noise." He saw that the gambler had not yet possessed himself of another gun; and so he tucked his own into his trousers. The girl was behind the gambler and her glance came to young Bob, bitter-black with fear. She made a motion, pointing through the window at the alley—and maybe she was trying to warn him of the men down there, not knowing he had taken care of them. The gambler suddenly ran for him and hit him with both fists.

The man was light and didn't much know what to do with his hands. Young Bob batted them down and landed a punch and felt pretty confident; the next minute all the wind went out of him as the gambler's knee drove right into his crotch. He saw the gambler's face as a pale blur for a moment, and he stood paralyzed and could not move. The gambler yelled aloud, "Foxye, come up here!" Then he hit young Bob hard with his fists and grasped him at the throat.

Young Bob took him around the waist and hung on until some desire to fight came back to him. He flung the man around, caught him at the shoulders and ran him down the hall to the doorway

the color of her eyes, he saw things moving in her eyes, and the fragrance came around him again. "When I saw you," he said, "I wanted you. It's never been that way before."

"You're mistaken about me," she said gently. "Your people would never let me inside their house. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"My people are a long way off, at home in bed, thinkin' of nothin' we think. They live one kind of a way in one kind of a land. It may be I'll never see my people again, for this is my country and I mean to see it all and find what I want. I'd figured to travel alone, but then I saw you and I didn't want to travel alone any more."

"You're older than I thought," she said.

HE WATCHED the turning of her shoulders, the soft, ample sweep of her breasts. He took hold of her and drew her forward and watched her lips stir as they lifted. "Don't make dreams about girls like me," she said in a swift, warning, desperate voice. She had been still in his arms, in the saloon, when he had kissed her. She was not still now. He felt her resistance leave. Her kiss burned him and shocked and roused him and when he drew his head back he saw the fire-glow of her eyes.

"There is no mistake at all," he said. He drew a breath, wishing for words he



Know your neighbor

IN THIS WARTIME, you have a lot of problems in common with those folks who live around you . . . and sharing your recreation hours with them pays dividends to you—and to Uncle Sam.

You get the recreation you need . . . recharging your strength for the tasks of VICTORY . . . and your country benefits by the savings you make.

That's why it's such a pleasure to

see America turning back to the fundamental recreation—having a good time at home, and enjoying it with the neighbors. Saving tires and gas—and money for War Bonds—they're a natural part of this trend.

AND WE ARE GLAD that playing cards are having a share in this return to fundamentals. Over four-fifths of your fellow Americans play cards.

Recreation is precious now

"Recreation," says Mr. Webster, "is a refreshment of strength and spirits after toil."

And in these days a lot of us are finding that recreation doesn't need to be expensive—nor do you have to look far for it.

The pleasures that we used to drive around for have been right at home all the time!

**83% OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS
NATION TURN TO CARD PLAYING
FOR INEXPENSIVE RECREATION**

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Makers of BICYCLE and CONGRESS playing cards

Nectar, Unrationed

Continued from page 19

you're afraid of being stung. Bees, like horses, can sense your fear. Swat at a bee, or run away from it and it will sting you just for that. But move slowly and deliberately, know when to open a hive and when to leave it alone, and bees may settle chummily on you, but they won't sting.

If ducking is still your instinct when you meet a bee, it's reassuring to watch young Ernie Graner handle bees. He treats them with all the caution and respect your timid soul could wish.

Ernie grew up with his father's bees in the Graner back yard in Hempstead, Long Island. Ernest Graner, Sr., true to beekeeper form, is also a student of bee history and secretary of the Long Island Beekeepers' Association. Exposed so intimately, his son caught an interest in bees. Such an interest that he is now the family beekeeper, and has earned enough money from the sale of his honey to pay part of his pre-medical school fees. He has won blue ribbons with his honey and beeswax and shown his scientific bent by raising his own queen bees. But in spite of this familiarity, he wears a bee veil and gloves when he handles his bees.

Danger: Bees at Work!

He picks the middle of a warm, sunny, preferably windless day to open a hive—that is when bees are happiest. On cold, rainy days, or when little nectar is flowing, bees are cross and you leave them alone. With smoker in one hand and a flat tool in the other, he approaches the hive (which looks like a wooden box with a lid on it) from the rear. Approach from the front, and you're apt to collide with a bee making a beeline out of the hive. He puffs a little smoke into the entrance. Smoke, for some complicated reason, makes bees eat honey. Eating honey makes them quiet. He pries up the lid of the hive, puffs in a little smoke, lifts off the lid. The hive is full of vertical and removable frames containing honeycomb covered with bees. A puff of smoke over the frames. Careful not to squash a bee, he lifts the frames out and puts them back, one at a time. And that's how you inspect a beehive. No commotion, no stinging, no trouble.

Selecting an extra busy frame, glinting with honey, Ernie stuck it into a glass observation case, and gave us a close-up of bees at work. They make a golden brown mat on the comb, these Italian bees, which are among the best for honey making. There are hundreds of squat worker bees, an occasional lusty drone, and in the thick of the mat, with her attendants in a worshipful circle around her, the bigger, long-bodied queen, on holiday from the brood she has left on other frames in the hive, for nurse bees to tend and feed.

Some of the bees settle back to comb building—an almost motionless process of building up cells with the wax that is handily exuded onto a bee's abdomen in the processes of digestion. Other bees discover the sugar syrup provided for them in a drip arrangement at the side of the case, and rush greedily in and out of the supply chamber.

Bees can get tipsy on sugar syrup. Bees can also starve to death. That's why you have to watch their honey stores and feed them sugar syrup when honey is low—sometimes in the spring before blossom time, and again in the fall to make sure they have enough food laid in for the winter. Feed your scanty sugar store to bees? Don't worry. Honey

bees rate their own ration card—thirty to forty pounds per hive per year.

A bee's first obsession, the minute she's hatched, is housekeeping. She bustles around, polishing out cells for the queen to lay eggs in, picking up bits of debris and carting them out of the hive, even serving as pallbearer for deceased members and depositing their carcasses in the open. She makes bee gruel out of pollen and feeds it to the young; she concocts a royal jelly for the queen's delectation. Since there are no windows to throw open, she airs the place instead, and keeps it cool by fanning her wings—thousands of bee wings, fanning. She takes her turn as sentinel at

they'll cut down on the family by feeding the queen less so that she'll lay fewer eggs. If, on the other hand, there is plenty of nectar for the taking and the queen isn't providing enough helpers (she may be aging—past two years), then the workers will turn to and raise themselves a new queen, which they can do by feeding a larva the right food and building a larger cell around it. Comes a split in the family. The old queen flies out, with most of the colony following, to found a new household, leaving the rest of the bees to carry on with the young upstart queen.

This flight is called swarming, and it is the bees' way of increasing their

Then she's no longer a busy model bee. So she bums her way from hive to hive, trying to sneak in and steal a bite. Hence the sentinels at every hive entrance.

There are other little services you can do your bees. You can build up a weak colony by adding more bees to it. You buy them, as you generally buy all your bees, by the pound. They are shipped to you by express in a wire cage.

You cannot only see that your bees have plenty of honey left in the hive to winter on, but you can wrap the hive warmly for the winter, with tar paper and a stuffing of wood shavings, and protect it from the wind, so that your bees won't freeze and won't burn up their energy struggling to keep warm.

When you first start honey raising, begin with only one hive to try it out. A wise way especially at this time of year will be to buy this hive, a going concern, from a near-by commercial beekeeper. Then your bees won't have missed the spring blossoms, and so will be well on their way to a good season's honey supply. (Ask him for a certificate of health with the hive. Commercial hives are state inspected, and bees do have diseases.) Also, you can pester him with questions, and he'll show you the workings on the spot, to supplement your book learning. Maybe he'll extract your first crop of honey for you, or you can do it yourself by squeezing the comb and letting the honey strain through cheesecloth.

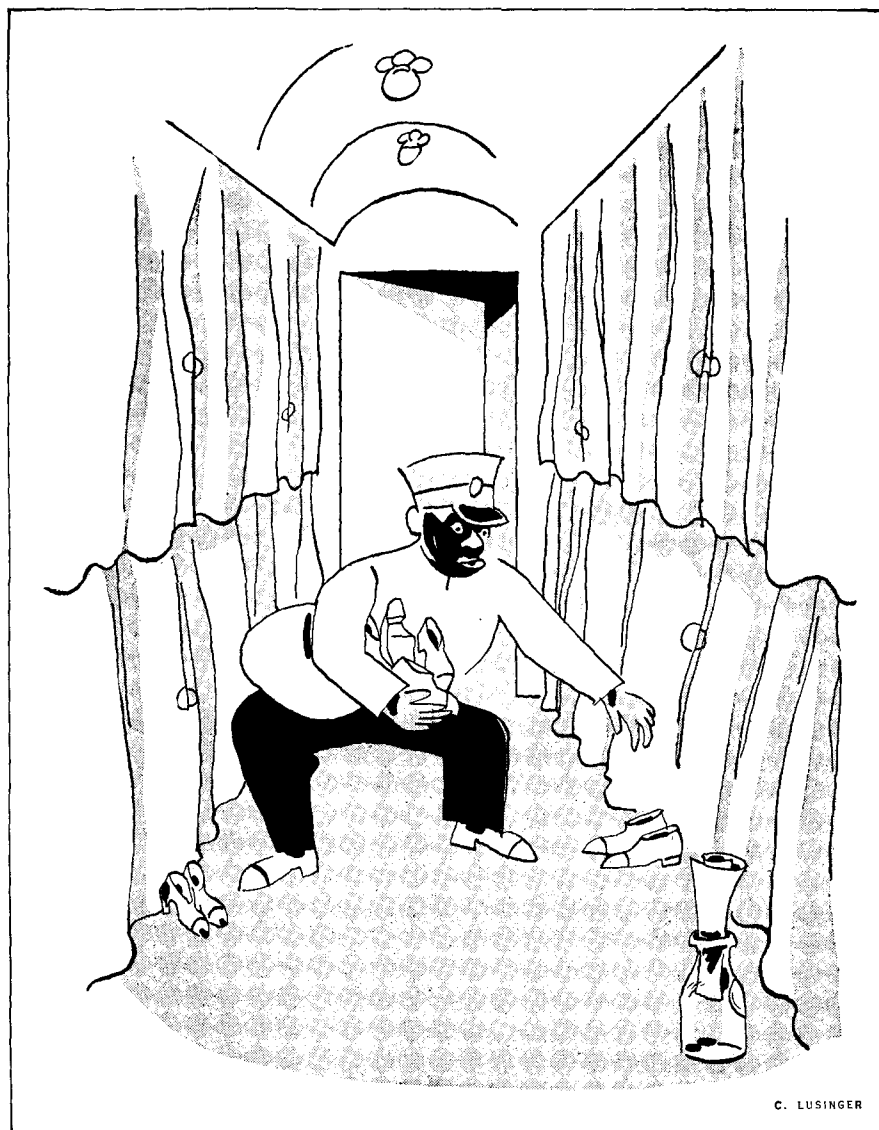
Wax for Your Country

But once your honey factory is a going concern, the most economical way is to have an extractor of your own. An extractor is a small machine that works on the principle of a cream separator, whirling the honey out of the comb by centrifugal force. You can slice the caps off your filled honey combs, spin the honey out, and give the comb back to the bees to fill again. Saves them time and energy building comb. And you soon collect enough cappings and extra comb anyway to be a help to the country's beeswax supply.

You can get from thirty to a hundred or even two hundred pounds of honey from a hive, depending on the season's bloom and the vigor of your bees. Most honeys are mixed and vary from year to year because the bees take whatever nectar comes easiest, and that varies with the weather. Chances are yours will be a mixed floral honey. Though if you live where much sumac grows you can get a sumac honey, and there's goldenrod honey the eating of which, superstition says, will cure your hay fever. If there's a buckwheat field anywhere around, your honey is going to take on some of its dark color and smoky flavor. But whatever the flavor, you're bound to like it. You raised it. Store it in jars in a warm, dry place, and it'll keep forever so long as no moisture gets in to turn it sour. Don't fret if your honey thickens and crystallizes in the jar. It's easier to spoon out this way, and many people prefer it; though you can liquefy it by setting the jar neck-deep in warm water.

You may start like the Graners, who years ago decided to raise bees because they liked to use more honey than they were willing to buy. You may end up like them, too, deep in a hobby . . . and with more and better flowers and fruits in your garden, thanks to bees mixing up pollens. That's a dividend honey factories pay.

THE END



the hive entrance, to ward off any robber bees that may be after her honey. For her final, life-long obsession is food.

Worked to Death

Graduated to field work at the age of ten days, she'll lug in nectar and pollen till she drops. A bee, unlike a human, has no powers of recuperation. She becomes more frayed and frazzled till she dies, which may be in six weeks at the height of the honey season. The drone, fed and pampered all summer on the chance he may be needed to mate with a new queen, has a longer life. But he meets a sudden violent end in the fall when the workers, unwilling to support him all winter, give him the bum's rush out of the hive and leave him to starve to death. No family sentiment here.

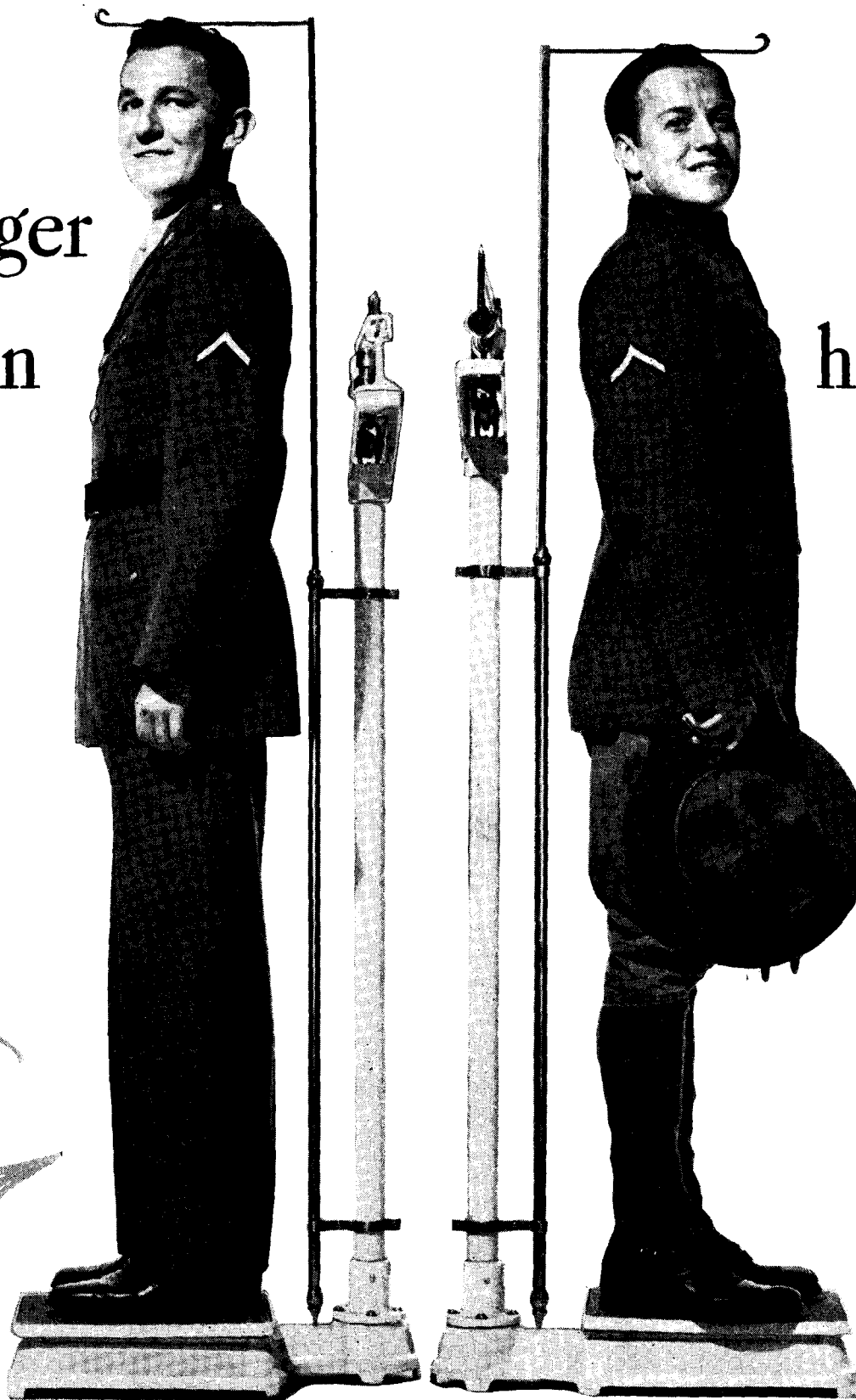
A hive may have a population of anywhere from 30,000 to 75,000. But if it's a poor honey season, and the workers are worried about the food supply,

holdings. Beekeepers don't like it much. Though it's generally possible to capture a swarm and coax it to take up housekeeping in another hive, neither colony is strong. Beekeepers try to prevent swarms by destroying new queen cells as they appear, and substituting a new, young queen if the old one isn't doing so well. If the trouble is lack of space, instead of lack of a vigorous queen, the beekeeper provides more space by adding upper stories, called supers, onto his hive.

There is seldom any inter-hive trouble. Half a dozen hives in one back yard are half a dozen separate communities. They mind their own business and even divide up the forage territory. Occasionally a bee will drift from one hive to another. If she comes toting nectar, she's welcome. Anything for more food. But occasionally a bee turns robber. She gets a taste of honey spilled on the ground, or somehow comes by a meal she hasn't worked for.

Bill's a bigger
man than

his dad
was in '17



1 INCH TALLER -
10 LBS. HEAVIER!

WAR DEPARTMENT figures show that today's average soldier is nearly an inch taller and ten pounds heavier than in 1917.

That's a great gain for one generation — and a real tribute to the men of science and the men of industry who helped build Bill's husky frame. We're glad the electric industry had a hand in it.

While food experts were discovering new vitamins and better balanced diets for Bill, electric research was working out ways to refrigerate his food so it would be fresher, safer, cheaper — and more varied.

While doctors were developing new serums, new drugs and new healing techniques, electric laboratories were improving X-rays, diathermy lamps, electric knives, and a long list of other devices.

Even before Bill was born, electric servants freed his mother from much of the work of washing, cleaning, cooking, sewing and *seeing* — so that she and her children could all be healthier and happier.

Actually, these advances can be credited to the American Way at work — free men creating and producing the things that other men want and need — for *everybody's* benefit. The electric industry — all industry — grew that way. A few men organized a company. Many men and women invested their savings. Good business management, under government regulation, multiplied jobs, extended service, lowered rates.

Today, the average American home pays only 10¢ a day for *all* electric service — and gets about twice as much electricity for that dime as it did 10 or 15

years ago. More important still, thanks to business management, America's war industries have the world's greatest electric power supply on tap — power to produce the planes, tanks and ships that will take two-fisted fighting men like Bill to Tokio and Berlin — and bring 'em back victorious!

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**ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER
AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT**

*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.

Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

Here's Where You Come In

Continued from page 20

established "for the purpose of the most effective mobilization and utilization of the national manpower." Boys and girls, now we're at war too!

President Roosevelt knows how to manage a ball team. He is quick to learn from the mistakes of others and, like any good baseball manager, he is quick to pick up any new dodges his opponents are using successfully. During the past two years he has kept a weather eye on Britain's defense measures. He knew that during the first several months of the war the manpower of Britain was not utilized to its maximum. This was through no lack of enthusiasm or willingness on the part of Britain's civil population; it was entirely the fault of too many overlapping organizations, none of which had supreme power to harness the manpower of the country. At one time there was a great scarcity of dock workers in Hull while Bristol and Liverpool had so many long-shoremen that all of them couldn't be used. Factories in Southampton were shorthanded while men stood in line waiting for jobs in Manchester. Thousands of adaptable, intelligent men were frittering their time away in nonessential jobs while industry cried for skilled machine labor.

Then Churchill settled everything by making Minister of Labor Ernest Bevin a virtual czar over the civilians of Britain. One could be technical about it and say that this amounted to an abrogation of all the civil liberties which the Magna Charta had given the people of Britain back in 1215. The people of Britain laughed when some meddlesome troublemaker reminded them of this; they laughed and cheerfully looked toward Bevin to tell them how best they could be used in the war effort.

Direction, Not Dictation

On the day Bevin was appointed, I had dinner with him at the hotel in the Strand, where he lives. I asked him just how far his powers went under his appointment. Bevin, a smiling man at heart, looked grim for a moment.

"It means this," he said. "If I found that we needed men in a Spitfire factory up north I could walk into the Dorchester or the Savoy bar, ask every man there what he was doing and if I wasn't satisfied that he was helping to win the war I could grab him by the back of the neck and send him up to that Spitfire factory. I could go into a bank and grab as many cashiers and tellers as I wished, send them to a technical school a few weeks, teach them how to run a drill press or lathe, and then send them into factories. I could do the same with the women of Britain. However," he added, with a smile, "I don't think it will come to that. Our people don't have to be driven. All they want is direction."

From 3,000 miles away, President Roosevelt kept a watchful eye on the experiment. His observers in London told him how the manpower of Britain had fallen in line behind Ernest Bevin. Bevin hadn't been forced to use his executive club. Then we were faced with the same situation which confronted Britain. Our huge but ungainly and unevenly distributed manpower had to be harnessed and utilized. Roosevelt acted quickly. He appointed McNutt and an advisory commission of nine and turned them loose. At the moment, McNutt has not quite the broad compulsory powers granted Bevin. It would take legislation to make him the absolute czar of manpower. He has everything that Bevin has except the

legislative club. But McNutt insists that he needs no club.

"We are proceeding on the basis that civilians and industry are anxious to co-operate voluntarily," McNutt says. "Our whole program is based on that—not on any compulsory measures. Our people don't need any club over them—we're not that kind of people."

Washington, doubtful at first, is now convinced that the people of America are fighting mad and are behind the war effort a hundred per cent. Washington also believes that it is merely a question of telling us how we may best help, of directing our efforts into proper and useful channels. McNutt smiles when

they have responded magnificently. Chairman McNutt certainly has the right idea of voluntary co-operation."

McNutt's complex problem can be summed up in twelve simple words. He must see that there are men available for all essential jobs. That is all, and yet the ramifications and collateral issues involved are enormous and so far-reaching that eventually every village, every hamlet in America will be affected by them. So will every factory and mill that is concerned in the war effort. Let's take a look at some of the potential problems—"potential" because, although few of them have as yet arisen, continuing expansion of war production will in-

of about 1,200. (Substitute any town you wish for Carrizozo.) This plant we're dreaming up needs 10,000 men, about half of them skilled workers.

The state of New Mexico can't furnish them. All of her available labor is already being used. Now the plant is finished. All the lathes and drill presses and cranes and cradles are ready. The material for the making of the big beautiful bombs is all there. All we need now are those 10,000 workers. This same situation has come up many times during the past eighteen months. The concern making the bombs (or guns or aircraft) solved it very simply—by piracy. It was easy enough to pass word around to all the other bomb factories in the United States that higher wages for the same jobs would be paid at the new plant. Thousands of workmen have chortled, "How long has this been going on?" and bundled their families into the old jalopy and headed for the greener pastures, leaving their old jobs unfilled. This procedure is in fact going on today. A very recent case aroused the ire of McNutt. A West Coast manufacturer sent labor scouts all the way to Michigan, hired skilled workers away from a plant that was manufacturing parts for his own shop and then found his production line stalled because those parts were unobtainable.

"That," McNutt says sadly, "does not make sense."

No More Labor Pirating

There will be no more of it. It is McNutt's first problem and it is on the way toward solution with, McNutt adds emphatically, the co-operation of all labor organizations and that of most employers. The practice of piracy will be stopped—or else. There's plenty of iron under the suave smiling surface of Paul V. McNutt.

There is in this country an organization called the United States Employment Service. This now comes under the control of the Manpower Commission. When the Carrizozo plant is all set to operate, the men in charge will tell McNutt just what type workers they need. McNutt will go to the 4,400 branches of the Employment Service scattered all over the country to see how many applications there are on file for the kind of jobs to be filled in Carrizozo. Workers in communities where there is an overabundance of labor will be urged to hurry to Carrizozo. This won't be pleasant for them, but it wasn't much fun at Bataan either, and even Lt. O'Hare admitted that he didn't actually yell with joy when he saw those six Zero planes coming at him. Mind you, under the present setup there is no compulsion. There is no law which makes the workers go, but McNutt has great faith in the patriotism of labor and he says stoutly that no compulsion will be needed.

Now let's assume that there are only 5,000 available workers listed with the Employment Service. What we used to call "labor problems" enter the picture. Questions of wages and seniority inevitably crop up. These will be tossed into the lap of Madame Perkins and the War Labor Board. This board has been smoothly and efficiently settling one problem after another right along, giving satisfaction to all parties concerned. McNutt's face lights up when he talks of the co-operation he is getting from labor.

Well, now we've got half of our workers all set in our dream bomb factory. Where will we get the other half? Briga-



you ask him about the "power" that has been conferred on him.

"We live in a democracy," he reminds you. "This is a chance for democracy to demonstrate that it can do a better job voluntarily than Fascism does by compulsion. We of the commission don't have to have a slogan such as Work, Fight, or Go to Jail. The people of our country have voluntarily adopted that slogan for themselves; in spirit, if not in so many words."

A Success in Canada

The voluntary method of harnessing and directing manpower is working out fine in Canada. There the problem comes under the Ministry of Labor. Elliott Little, director of the Canadian National Selective Service, is McNutt's opposite number. Like McNutt, he has supreme faith that people only want to know how they can best serve.

"It would be easy to pass a law," Little says, "giving us the power to put anyone we wanted in factories. You can put a man in a factory but you can't make him work and a non-working man in a factory is no help to war production. So we just put it up to our people and

eventually give birth to them. Mind you, farsighted Chairman McNutt and his commission are taking a long-range view of things. If the war ends within a year, as some lighthearted optimists believe, there may be very few drastic changes in the present industrial and civilian setup. However, betting that the war will be over in a year is like betting that rain will stop next Saturday's ball game in the fifth inning. It could be, but the President, the Army, the Navy, the War Production Board and Chairman McNutt are all training for a nine-inning game which may well go into extra innings. And already McNutt is preparing for problems that are sure to arise in those extra innings.

Let us say, for instance, that a huge bomb factory is to be built just outside of Carrizozo, New Mexico. Why Carrizozo, New Mexico? For no reason at all, but it takes no economic genius to realize that the larger cities will soon reach the saturation point as far as the building of new plants is concerned, and it may well be that emergency plants will have to be thrown up anywhere, where land is available and railroad transportation handy. Now Carrizozo, New Mexico, is a small town with a population

dier General Lewis B. Hershey, in charge of our Selective Service system, is also a member of the Manpower Commission. His primary job is to select men for the service. He has supreme power over deferment, and he is quite conscious of the importance and necessity of utilizing manpower where it can do the most good, be that in Army or factory. If he wills it—and in an emergency he will have no other alternative—General Hershey can select men about to be inducted into military service and divert them into war industry. At present, there is no indication that there will be a "labor draft" in the near future; we are talking of those extra innings during which the Manpower Commission will be forced to do things not immediately contemplated.

Let's suppose that General Hershey finds 2,500 men whose civilian training would fit them for work in our bomb factory. We still need another 2,500, and they must be skilled workers. McNutt has been urging the installation of "vestibule" training. That is, he is asking industry to train skilled workers from men already at work in factories or from recruits whose intelligence and aptitude would make it likely that their training would be successful. This vestibule training would take place in the factories. McNutt could undoubtedly find a thousand such trained men who would fit into our bomb factory—but we still need 1,500 more. Well, how about women?

Women Make Excellent Workers

Dozens of war production plants have already hired women, and the consensus of opinion as to their worth is that, up to the limit of their physical capacity, they are every bit as good as men. This has been demonstrated in Britain. Virtually all parachutes and barrage balloons in Britain are made by women. There is one parachute factory that employs 900 women. I visited that factory and was amazed to see a small group of women workers at sewing machines making a tiny article of clothing which seemed far afield from parachutes.

"In cutting the silk for the parachutes," the manager laughed, "we always had some waste—small bits left over. Our men workers just threw the bits of silk away. When, out of neces-

sity, we started our policy of having only women work here, they were horrified at the wasted silk. So they conceived the bright idea of making silk brassières out of the small bits. We sell them and the money goes to the Spitfire Fund. Women are fine workers and great enemies of waste."

McNutt has power to enlist women and, in our hypothetical case, he undoubtedly would. He is already beginning a system of training women for skilled jobs, and within a year there will be thousands of women available. When he puts them into our Carrizozo plant, another problem will arise. Should women be paid the same wages as men are paid? Labor says yes; some employers say no. Once more the Labor Board will go into a huddle to decide the question. The chances are that, for skilled work, women will receive the same wages as men.

Now we have our bomb factory all set. Ten thousand men and women have been moved from widely separated areas of the country, and they're all gathered in Carrizozo, New Mexico. Housing facilities have been provided for them. They've all made sacrifices but, to date, the public response would indicate that people don't mind making sacrifices if they are convinced that the sacrifices are necessary.

In a nutshell, that is the job of McNutt and his commission. All he has to do is to see that every essential job in war industry is filled. From now on, the headaches will belong to McNutt, his brilliant deputy, Fowler Harper, and the Manpower Commission. McNutt admits cheerfully that he has bought himself a large supply of headache powders. He knows he's bound to make some enemies.

Yeah, man, it's a tough job that Paul McNutt has taken over and it is one that may make him or break him. If he gets it done capably the country will owe him a great debt of gratitude. Out there on the campus of the University of Indiana they erected a statue of Paul McNutt a few years ago. On the pedestal is engraved a list of the honors which have come to him. At the base they left a wide space in the hope that some day they could engrave the words "President of the United States."

Well, I don't know.

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 21

I are taking you from the mine to the hospital at Santa Rosa."

Herr Bauer sat there, icy and imperturbable, observing the effect of his words, and his tonelessness and his accent had a peculiarly grating effect. Although Winslow considered the speech as carefully as he could, he still could not grasp its implication.

"What—what time is it?" he asked. Herr Bauer smiled.

"Mr. Greene," he said, "that is a sensible question." He raised his hand and looked at a watch on his wrist.

"You Americans and English are good fellows. Yes, I will tell you what time it is, Mr. Greene. It is about one half after three in the afternoon, one day after I struck you on the head. I am sorry I struck so hard." But Herr Bauer did not look sorry. "It was necessary. You have been unconscious for nearly a day—concussion and morphia, Mr. Greene. I myself administered the morphia. It was important that you should be very sick."

If it were important, Winslow told himself, then Herr Bauer had done a first-rate job, and Herr Bauer seemed to read his thoughts.

"Accept my apologies," he said, "but it was necessary. It was an idea of mine—dangerous, but the best I could think of. I unfortunately had no transportation on the river. When Miss Simpson and I brought you to the boat, it was simple to explain that we had hurried ahead of the rest of them—with the gold, of course—because you had been taken ill. Mr. Greene, it was a good story." Herr Bauer's smile grew broad and became quite engaging. "Behind us there must be confusion, but not here."

HERR BAUER paused again, and Winslow gradually began to see that it was possible. If they had brought him unconscious to the river, the crew might have believed that he was ill.

"Yes, my friend," Herr Bauer continued, "your luggage was brought along so that it would look natural—even those poison darts of yours. That blow-gun, I regret to say, was broken, as I should have liked it as a souvenir, but I am keeping the little head, with your compliments. I beg you, do not look bewildered, Mr. Greene. The captain and the crew have been anxious about your health. The orders are that you are not to be disturbed. You are locked in, Mr. Greene."

Winslow moved his head slowly from side to side.

"I don't suppose you brought my glasses," he asked. "I could see better if I had them." He had intended his remark to be ironical, and only as an interjection while he tried to get things straight about Herr Bauer.

Herr Bauer laughed.

"I like a good fellow, Mr. Greene," he said, "who can hold up through all things. When I saw you at Villa Schwarz, I remarked to myself, 'Bauer, there is an American who is a very good fellow, someone whom you would enjoy to have a beer with.' Yes, your glasses are right here. They popped off you, but I picked them up. In work like this it is well to think of everything. It would not be like my poor sick friend, Herr Greene, to be without his glasses when he came to the boat. Give them to him, Fräulein. One of the lenses is cracked, but they are clean."

She handed him his glasses and Winslow took them without a word. His hands were steadier when he put them on his nose. Now that his sight was clearer, his dizziness decreased.

"What happened to the rest of them?" he asked. "Pedro—and the men?"

Herr Bauer raised one eyebrow and lowered one corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Greene," Herr Bauer said, and he spoke gravely, like a doctor who brings bad news, "understand first that this is not what you Americans call a monkey business. I had help, of course—some good fellows from Pinas. Two of your mule boys were killed and two soldiers. The rest are back in the bush now, where it will be hard to find them. Give him some more tea, Fräulein."

Herr Bauer lighted another cigarette and Winslow drank the lukewarm tea slowly. To think that he had told Henrietta that most of life was very dull. Here was one of those moments which had come out of nowhere, sickening and terrible. When he thought of Pedro and those other boys, courteous and kind and simple, he wished that he

Perhaps you have heard of us—no?"

Herr Bauer paused as though he expected Winslow to be surprised, but Winslow was not surprised, for everything that had happened since he had first set foot in the Villa Schwarz, was beginning to explain itself.

"I thought you were a sailor," Winslow said.

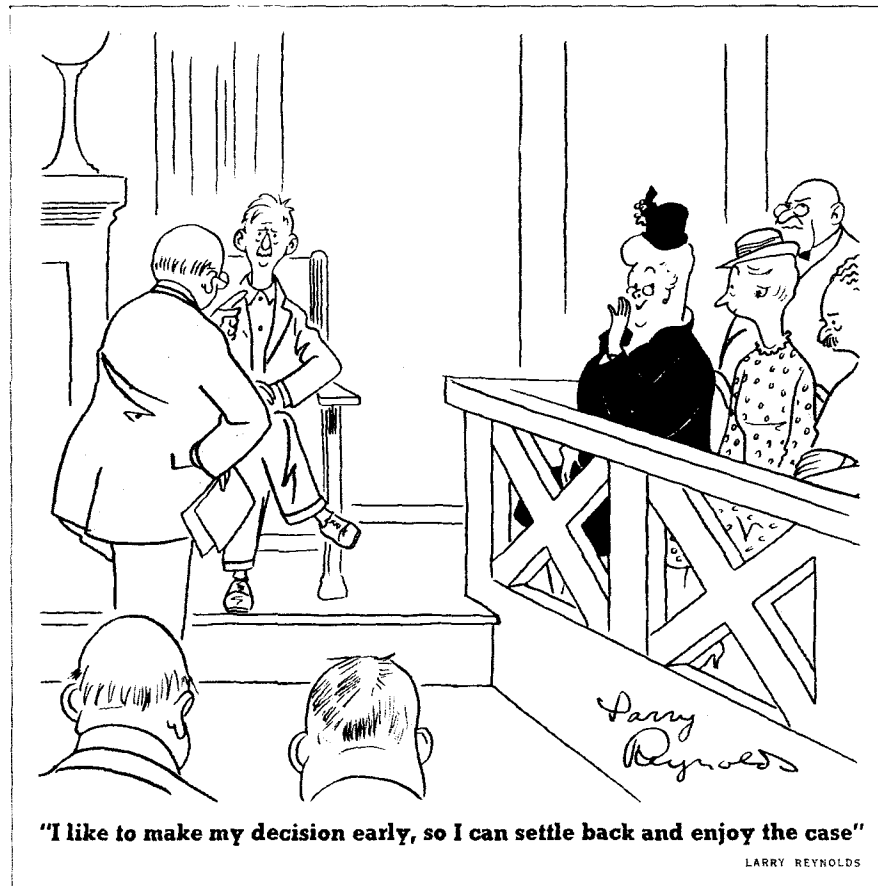
HERR BAUER'S forehead wrinkled in a quick sharp frown.

"What?" he asked. "Why did you think that?" Winslow's voice was clearer, but it was still weak. "At the Villa Schwarz," he answered, "there was a sea bag on the bed."

"Ach," said Herr Bauer.

Winslow turned his head slowly from side to side, fighting against his giddiness.

"When we went to our room that night, you were in there, weren't you?"



might have been killed with them.

"I should like to make this clear," Herr Bauer said, "so that you and I can understand each other, Mr. Greene. I think you are a gentle sort of fellow. Am I right about you, Mr. Greene?"

"Yes," Winslow said; "I guess you're right, Herr Bauer."

"So understand me, please," Herr Bauer went on. "There is only one thing I want—" Herr Bauer flicked his thumb carelessly toward the boxes on the bench. "It is those gold bars, Mr. Greene."

WINSLOW could hear the steady throbbing of the engine. He could even hear the soft splash of the river water off the bow. There was no reason not to answer Herr Bauer politely. There was no reason for any display of temper or for any more animosity than Herr Bauer himself was showing.

"Would you mind telling me who you are?" Winslow asked.

"But truly, I do not mind," Herr Bauer said, "I am a naval man—an officer in our Fuehrer's navy, at present attached to the raider, the Sieglinde, which is now somewhere off this coast.

You were the one who broke open the box, Herr Bauer."

"Exactly," Herr Bauer said, "check, as you Americans say. But do I fatigue you? I see Fräulein looking worried. If you wish to rest—"

Winslow had closed his eyes, but he opened them again.

"No," he said, "go on." And Herr Bauer went on carefully.

"We have been told," he said, "—we have friends here, many friends—that gold would be shipped from your mine, Mr. Greene. Since there was an attempt to steal it at Pinas, it would surely not go out that way, but down the river—I think I am a type of someone you have never seen, not so?"

"Yes," Winslow said, "that's true."

Herr Bauer dropped his cigarette on the deck, stepped on it carefully and looked thoughtfully at his feet.

"Yes, my friend, I come out of a different world from yours. My generation was born in despair, brought up in starvation and hopelessness, caused by your people, Mr. Greene. It makes us very hard. I have been trained in a school of espionage and sabotage. I know how to organize a revolution or

blow up a factory. I shall tell you about the Sieglinde, since it makes no possible difference. We are off-shore, crippled because of shortness of motor fuel. Our supply ship had trouble and it did not meet us at the rendezvous. It is necessary for us to buy a load of oil and German currency is not welcome on the coast.

"I was sent ashore, Mr. Greene, to find the sum of money from our friends. I went to Pinas for the money. My people couldn't raise it, but assure yourself, Mr. Greene, we have ways of knowing everything. There was the gold at the Boca Grande mine, see? We can buy oil for gold in certain quarters. You see, there is no personal animus, Mr. Greene. I do what I can for my country, that is all."

"Yes," Winslow said. "I see." And he closed his eyes.

Although Herr Bauer had stopped speaking, Winslow could not get away from the dry preciseness of his voice. He could see the Sieglinde, one of those gray German merchantmen with streaks of rust running down her sides, rolling on the blue waters of the Pacific, somewhere out of sight of land. He could see the deck awnings, rigged to keep off the pitiless sun. He could see Herr Bauer in the captain's cabin off the bridge, and he could see Herr Bauer climbing down a ladder to a boat.

THERE were some things which Herr Bauer had not told, but Winslow could fill in the blanks. Like everyone else he had heard about Nazi cells in South America, of their propaganda, their subsidized airways, their maps and their radios. He had read like everyone else of German espionage, and now he saw the reality in Herr Bauer, precise, scientific and ruthless. No human considerations would affect a man like Herr Bauer. When Winslow thought of his own position, he realized that he was completely finished. He was responsible for the Boca Grande gold, and he had lost it. He had not obeyed his better judgment, and he had not listened to advice. He opened his eyes and stared at Herr Bauer.

"All right," he said; "you've done pretty well, but I don't see how you're going to get away with it, Mr. Bauer."

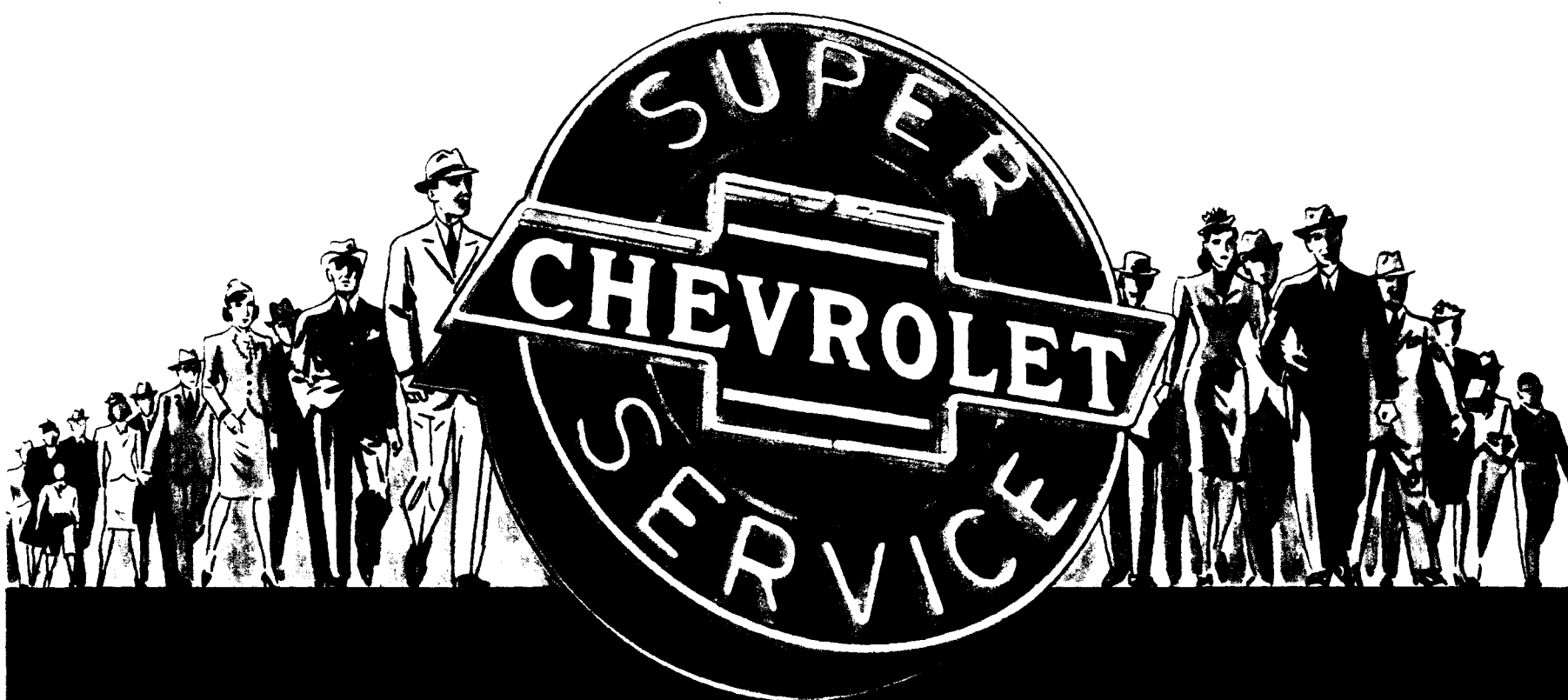
Herr Bauer thrust his hands into the pockets of his riding coat and glanced first at Henrietta, who had been standing all the while without speaking, and then at the closed door of the cabin, and finally back at Winslow Greene.

"It is odd," Herr Bauer said thoughtfully, "that is what your people always say—we cannot get away with it. When we marched into Norway, the British said we had missed—what was the word?—the bus. When we went into France, we could not get away with it. Believe me, we know what we do. Mr. Greene. Why can I not get away with it? I have done this much already. Why can I not? Suppose you tell me, Mr. Greene."

Winslow thought for a moment.

"Why should I? Suppose you work it out yourself."

"Do you think that is nice," Herr Bauer asked, "when I have been so kind to be so frank, Mr. Greene? But I know what you are thinking, my dear friend. Back in that wilderness where your mine is they have radio communications. They will have heard of all this trouble, will they not, from the boys who escaped? And they will bellow over their radio transmitter down to Santa Rosa that you have been robbed. Am I such a fool that I don't see it? My good



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friend, I am not going to Santa Rosa."

For a moment Herr Bauer's attention seemed distracted from what he was saying. He appeared to be listening for some sound outside, although Winslow could hear nothing out of the ordinary. Then Herr Bauer's gaze turned back again.

"You look somewhat doubtful, do you not?" Herr Bauer asked. "My friend, I wish I might take you for a day to the Bureau where I have studied for two years. Intellectual and physical fitness most complete were demanded. What we learned most thoroughly were courses in ways of killing and in ways of extracting information. There were the foreign languages, the sciences of street fighting and sabotage. Set one of our scholars down anywhere with a few notes and a compass and he will get along. Recollect that we use the radio, too. The Sieglinde is in communication with shore points—wait, and I shall show you where we are, if you should care to glance through the window."

Herr Bauer rose and jerked down the shutters from the cabin window, and Winslow blinked through his glasses at the light. He could see a wide stretch of yellow water with small clusters of water hyacinth floating upon it. The shore line was a long way off, a low stretch of mangrove and brackish swamp. Winslow only had a glimpse of it before Herr Bauer closed the shutter quickly.

"You see where?" Herr Bauer inquired. "We are not far from the ocean. We shall be in the bay by five o'clock. The Sieglinde's cutter is waiting for us in one of those inlets. She should sight us soon now, and she will come alongside at dusk with a few good fellows, and off I step with what I want. Later we can make purchases on shore through friends." Herr Bauer moved his hands, palms upward, in a quick conclusive gesture.

IT WAS as simple as the solution of an engineering problem. As Winslow watched Herr Bauer, he was sure that there was no bluster about it.

"It's nice of you to tell me this," Winslow said. "You seem to be very good at your job, Herr Bauer."

Herr Bauer nodded in grim agreement.

"You take it in the right way, my friend," Herr Bauer said. "Now, listen carefully." Herr Bauer took a quick stride and stood leaning over Winslow Greene. "You are very lucky, Mr. Greene, as Fräulein Simpson, if she likes, can explain and give the reason." All at once his manner changed. His hand shot out and he struck Winslow Greene a blow across the cheek. "Get up—let's see you stand up, you swine!"

The blow and Herr Bauer's voice, Winslow realized later, had exactly the effect on him that Herr Bauer had intended. He pulled himself to a sitting position, but when he tried to stand, his knees buckled under him and he sank back on the berth, seized with a spasm of retching while he tried to catch his breath.

"That is all right," Herr Bauer said. "You were not deceiving then, were you, Mr. Greene? You are only good for the hospital, and that is very lucky. You can lie there now and please to make no trouble. It will not pay you to try. I am leaving you for a while now, because I am otherwise busy. I am locking the door, and Fräulein Simpson will stay with you. If you raise your voice, if you try to call, I am only a few feet forward in the pilothouse, and I shall come back at once. Do you understand me, Mr. Greene?"

Winslow struggled through the faintness which had seized him, and found his voice.

"Yes," he said; "I understand you."

If he could have got to his feet, he knew that he would certainly have tried to kill Herr Bauer. That blow across the cheek had filled him with a rage of which he did not know he was capable, and yet at the same time his weakness had brought tears to his eyes. He hated to think of the humiliating sight he made as he lay there with Herr Bauer staring at him, smiling. Herr Bauer rubbed the palms of his hands carefully on his riding coat.

"Good," Herr Bauer said, "then it is quite clear with both of us."

WINSLOW found his voice again. "If I could get up," he said, "I'd kill you, Herr Bauer."

Herr Bauer's hand was on the knob of the stateroom door, but he turned when Winslow spoke, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"It is better not to talk rubbish with

darts, and he had never observed the effect of curare poisoning upon a human being. He had seen the natives shoot at monkeys with their blowguns, sending the darts through long distances with great accuracy. They were notched near their points so that if the monkey snatched one from his body, the point would remain. He had heard it said that if the whole dart were snatched out quickly, the poison would have no effect, yet he had seen a larger animal than a monkey fall in a matter of minutes. There would have been no way of hurting Herr Bauer with one, for Herr Bauer would have been like the monkeys—he would have snatched it out.

He was mildly surprised that Herr Bauer had not heard of this. It must have been that curare was not in the curriculum of that school which Herr Bauer had attended.



me, Mr. Greene," he said. He pulled aside his coat, and Winslow saw a pistol in a holster on his right hip. "I have something here that speaks much better." His glance traveled about the room and came to rest on the quiver of poison darts. "You may hand me those, Miss Simpson," Herr Bauer said. "You see, my friend, I might not have given them thought if you did not have a loud mouth. Stay quiet and have thanks it is no worse for you, Mr. Greene."

Herr Bauer closed the cabin door behind him softly and Winslow heard the key turn in the lock. Then he heard Herr Bauer's voice in the entry outside, speaking Spanish. He was speaking to Winslow's old friend Captain Garcias, of the river boat. Winslow could imagine Captain Garcias outside, a heavy perspiring man in an undershirt and with a drooping black mustache.

"Señor Greene is a little better, Captain," he heard Herr Bauer say. "But he is very low."

Winslow closed his eyes.

Herr Bauer had been needlessly careful. Winslow had not thought of those

"Winslow." It was Henrietta's voice.

Her voice sent the blood back to his face. He had forgotten she was there. She was standing near him, bending over him. She reached for his hand, and he pulled his hand away.

"If you have to watch me," he said, "get as far away from me as you can."

"I couldn't help it—I swear I couldn't—give me a chance to explain—I know what you think," she said.

WINSLOW raised himself on one elbow. "No, you don't," he answered. "You don't know half of what I think."

"Don't," she said, and her voice choked in a sob. "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Not much," Winslow said, "that you haven't done already." And then he thought of something. "If you haven't stolen it, you'll find a flask of brandy in my bedding roll. Even from you I'd take a little brandy." He thought she was going to answer him but instead she turned obediently and dropped to her knees and pulled the bedding roll from under the bench while he lay motionless watching her. The brandy was in a cheap metal flask, and he did not thank her when she gave it to him.

"Don't bother," he said. "I can take the top off." He unscrewed the top very carefully, took three deliberate swallows and screwed the top on again. The brandy made him feel better, almost grateful to her. He thought of other times when he had been ill, of the time Jim Walters had spoken of, when they had been half delirious from malaria. That was an occasion when no matter how ill you were you had to go ahead. He was used to fatigue and hardship, and he had always been proud of his powers of resilience; already he was feeling better. His mind was growing clearer and that ringing sound was leaving his ears.

"Well," he said, "I guess you've got me where you want me."

Then he saw that she was crying, and he recalled how her crying had upset him once. "Don't speak so loud," she said. "He—she may be listening."

Winslow looked at her curiously. There was no need to conceal the distaste he felt for her.

"That was a nice game you played," he said, "back there on the trail. Do you remember that I said I loved you? That shows what a fool I am."

"Winslow," she cried, "don't." Winslow unscrewed the top of his flask again and took another careful swallow of brandy.

HIS curiosity partly overcame his resentment, and he tried for a second to analyze her motives. "I can't understand it," he said slowly, and almost dispassionately. "I can't understand hating anyone as much as that. You never struck me as vindictive. No matter how much you disliked me—I don't see how you could have taken part in that business."

"Winslow," she sobbed, "don't. if you had seen the faces around the fire when we stopped the night to wait for you. If you had heard what he told me all day while we waited. If I hadn't called to you that way—He means all he says. Please be careful."

"He told you to get me away from the rest of them, of course. I might have managed something if I'd been back there with the boys. That is, if I hadn't been killed." He was able to treat it all impersonally. "I wish I had been killed."

He was not bothered by her distress. His full attention was centered on himself and on his physical condition. He propped himself up on both elbows and shook his head. He was still feeling groggy, but he was undoubtedly feeling better. The sickness and dizziness were leaving him. He pulled himself to a sitting position and swung his legs to the floor. His head began to swim again, and he rested his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands.

"I wish I could understand you," he said, and he found himself speaking when he thought he was only thinking. "I suppose you feel ashamed now. I would. I suppose you wanted to get even, maybe without thinking much—Well, I was never any good with people."

He pushed himself up to his feet and stood swaying for a moment. He saw that he was still dressed in his mud-smeared shirt and riding breeches. "Winslow," he heard her say, "you mustn't try. Don't get up. What are you going to do?"

"Shut up," he told her, and his rudeness did not seem out of place. "I'm going to get some tea, and I guess it will taste better if you don't give it to me."

He took two uncertain steps to the washstand in the corner and poured himself half a cup from the thermos bottle, and drank it slowly.

"Well," he said, "I wonder if you've

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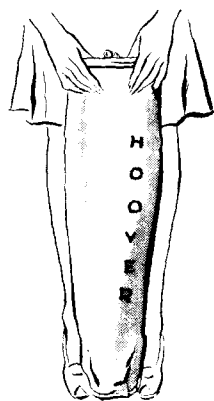
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But there are times when all of us must be interested in the other fellow, too; when we want to spread our blessings and give the lifts in our power to give. The woman who wants clean clothes for her family can't get the washing machine she needs. Her next door neighbor has a washing machine

and uses it only once a week. Other appliances, other needs, other friends. Why not share?

Some relative of yours, some near-by neighbor or some close friend down the street or across the hall may have been unable to get a cleaner. Your Hoover Cleaner is husky enough to clean for you and her too. Why not share? Incidentally, she may have some household appliance that you have been unable to get.

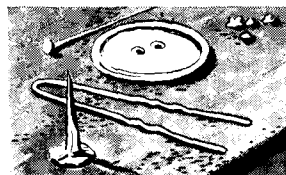
You can help her, she can help you. That's how sharing works. That's how America is looking at things these days—one for all—and all for our country!



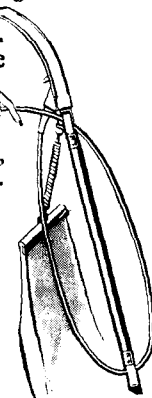
HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOOVER SERVE LONGER

Empty bag after each cleaning. A clean bag will help keep your cleaner operating at top efficiency and prolong its life.

Do not wind the cord tightly. Coil it loosely around the cord clips. **Pull out plug—never jerk cord**—to disconnect cleaner. When using cleaner, avoid running over the cord.



Do not try to pick up pins, hairpins, tacks, pebbles or other hard objects with cleaner. These may damage belt or other moving parts.

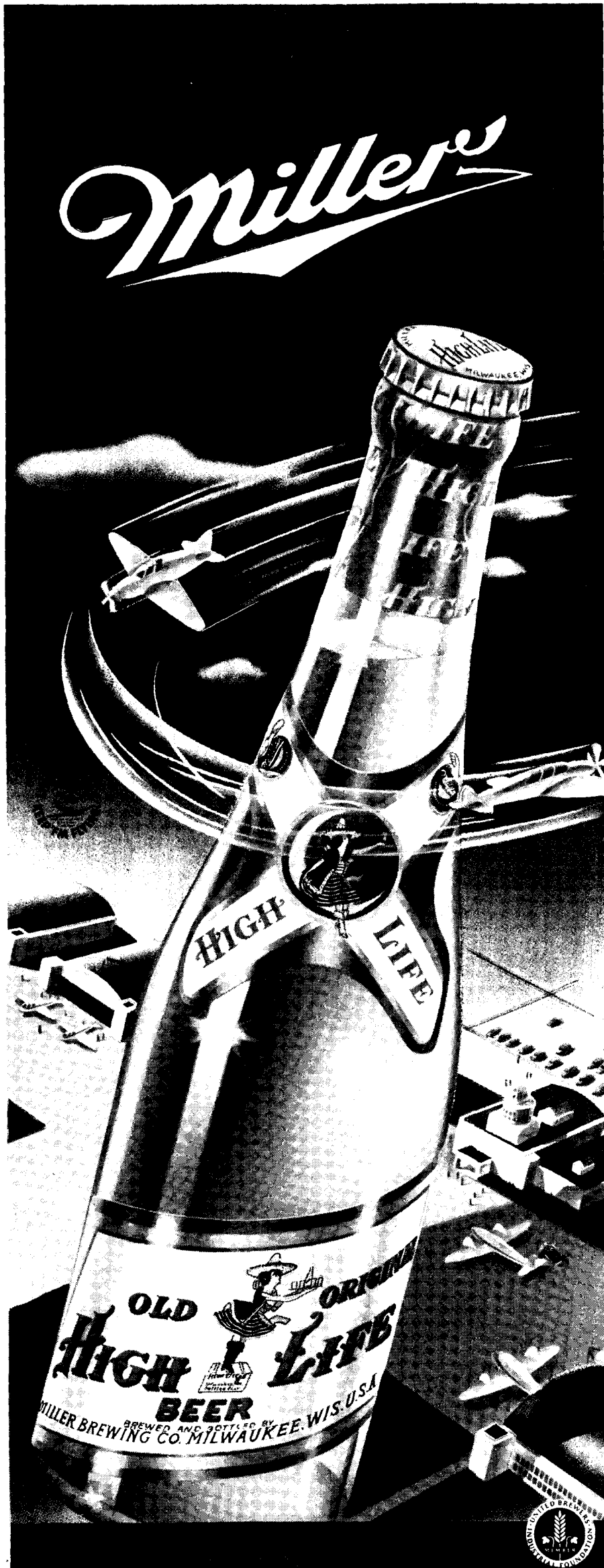


Have your Hoover inspected once a year. To be sure of obtaining genuine Hoover parts and service, register your cleaner with your Hoover Factory Branch Service Station (*consult classified telephone directory*) or dealer. If you cannot locate either, write: The Hoover Company, North Canton, Ohio.

Remember, do not discard any worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to secure replacements.

THE HOOVER

IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS



thought what you're going to do? Is he going to take you off with him to that ship?"

She nodded, but she did not speak.

Winslow walked slowly back to his bunk and sat down heavily and held his head in his hands again.

"Lord," he said. "I'm feeling rotten." He was speaking to himself rather than to her, but he was thinking that he was not so badly off as he might have been. Those few steps he had taken in the cabin had started his circulation going. His head was aching but his stomach was more settled.

Then he riveted his attention again on the girl in front of him.

"So you've thrown over your past and your future," he said. "You must be a little sorry about it. It's funny, I thought quite a lot of you."

SHE looked as though he had struck her.

"Can't you believe me?" she asked him. "I had to call to you. There wasn't any other way."

Winslow shook his head.

"And then you came right down to the company wharf," he told her; "and down to the boat with him. He was holding me on my mule, I suppose."

She nodded. Winslow could picture the scene in his imagination. Herr Bauer would have been very solicitous and very careful.

"And all you had to do was to cry out once for help, but you didn't—out of spite. Yes, you wanted to get back at me, I suppose."

The look of hurt surprise had not left her. She even seemed surprised at the explanation he had given her.

"Well," he went on when she did not answer. "You've got me dead to rights so I won't be able to show my face anywhere again. Yes, you're better off where you're going."

Henrietta Simpson did not move, and her look of surprise was gone.

"So that's what you think," she said. "Don't you see why I'm leaving with him?"

"No," Winslow answered, wearily; "physical attraction, I suppose."

Henrietta Simpson started to speak, and then he saw her small white teeth bite on her lower lip. Her face had grown bright red.

"You're right, there," she answered slowly; "if you're referring to Herr Bauer. I seem to have bowled him over, and it's lucky for you I have."

She tried to speak lightly, but the attempt was a pathetic failure.

"Why should it be lucky for me?" he asked. He sat up straight studying her face.

"Oh, never mind," she said. Winslow shrugged his shoulders with elaborate indifference.

"I don't blame you for wanting to change the subject."

Her voice when she answered had the same burning intensity as her eyes.

"So you don't know why I'm going on that ship with Herr Bauer?" she asked. "All right, I'll tell you," and she went on before he had time to answer:

"Why do you think you're alive now? Why didn't he kill you long ago? Because I promised I'd go along with him if he didn't. He was ready to kill you, if I called for help. He's ready now. How do you like that, Mr. Greene?"

Even in the height of his incredulity, he saw that she was not joking.

"Good Lord," Winslow said; "of course you can't do that."

She looked as she might have if something fragile had slipped through her fingers and had dropped at her feet. Fear had broken through the mask of her anger.

"Why did you make me so mad?" she sobbed. "I didn't mean to tell you."

Her face was turned up to his, and

she started to say something more, but stopped. A second later his arms were about her, and she was sobbing against his shoulder. Moreover, it seemed perfectly natural for her to be there.

"Of course," he said almost briskly. "we've got to think of something. Don't cry. Stop it, for heaven's sake. I've got to think." And then the enormity of the problem they were facing drove everything else out of his mind. He pushed her gently away from him.

"Stop," he said again. "don't cry."

That revelation about Herr Bauer's plans had done him more good than the brandy. The pain in his head was entirely gone, and with it much of his physical weakness.

"You can't do that, of course," he said.

And for no particular reason a fragment of an earlier thought of his came back to him—the monkeys always pull them out.

"I suppose you'd rather have him kill you," he heard her say, "just because I want him to save your life."

She had interrupted his line of thought, and it made him very impatient.

"Please be quiet," he said. "Monkeys always pull them out."

"What?" she asked him, and he realized that he had spoken his last thought aloud.

"Never mind," Winslow answered. "What happened to my coat? I had a penknife in one of the side pockets."

The coat was hanging on a hook near the wash basin, and the little knife was where he had left it. He opened one of its blades.

"Winslow," he heard her ask, "what are you going to do?" He glanced up at her disapprovingly.

"I'm going to try to get us out of this," he said. "We've certainly got to try."

"But you can't," she began. Winslow did not answer. He was on his hands and knees cutting a long sliver of wood from the bare planking. He whittled it down to a slender, pointed dart and tested its strength and sharpness with his thumb.

"Now," Winslow said, "never mind whether I can or can't. It won't help any, talking, and it won't do any good to think. Just do your best not to think. Just stand there and when he comes in, please don't move. Don't speak—don't do anything."

IT DID no good to consider risks. He glanced at the space between the cabin door and the berth. The space itself was not more than three feet in width. The door by the foot of the berth opened inward, and thus prevented anyone entering the cabin from seeing the occupant of the berth until the door was closed again. Winslow moved so that he would be behind the door when it opened, and held the wooden sliver between his thumb and the first two fingers of his right hand.

"Please don't argue," he said. "All you have to do is what I tell you. When I knock, I want you to call. Call as loud as you can. Are you ready?"

"What do you mean?" Henrietta asked. "What shall I call?"

"To Herr Bauer, of course," Winslow answered her patiently. "Go ahead—call out to Mr. Bauer." And Winslow knocked on the panel of the door. The noise made her start, but she called. She sounded convincingly frightened when she called to Mr. Bauer.

Winslow did not need to pound on the door a second time. There was a quick footfall in the passageway. The key turned in the lock, and the door opened, shutting out Winslow and the berth.

"Well," he heard Herr Bauer say; "so, what is it?"

(To be concluded next week)

First Stop Crewe

Continued from page 12

In the foyer at Grosvenor House there was a dense crowd round the desk where tables were allotted, but before she had time to decide which queue to join, a hand was upon her elbow.

"It's all right," he said. "I've got your ticket. I've found your table. I've put myself at it."

"That all sounds very efficient."

"I can be efficient when I choose."

There was a great boyish grin across his face. He was not handsome. He was scarcely good-looking even, but there was a glow about him—a glow of vitality and health—a sense of adventure—of being the kind of person to whom things happened. She gave him a quick appraising look. Fancy her not having noticed it before.

And fancy, she was to think ten minutes later, her not having realized what good company he was. For he was good company, excellently so. From the very start he kept her interested and amused. Talked to her about himself—of how this was his first visit to what he described as "the old country." He was an engineer. He had crossed to Europe for his trip there, just before war broke out. When the war began he had felt that the quickest way to get into the war was to enlist in England instead of going home.

"And the business I had getting into your army too," he said. "Three months it took me. And then I was sent on a course to learn stuff in which I could have instructed any one of the instructors."

AN ENGLISHMAN talking like that would have seemed conceited but Clem Howard seemed to be doing no more than express a natural and proper confidence in his own capacities.

On it went, a varied and amusing narrative, till the taxicab was within two minutes of her father's flat. Then suddenly his manner changed.

"It's no good," he said. "I've lost my nerve. There's no use my pretending that I haven't."

"Whatever about?"

"Meeting your family."

"You're not meeting my family. There'll be only my father there."

"That's quite enough for anyone as shy as me."

"Shy! You! I shouldn't have thought you knew what the word meant."

"That's all you know. I'm the shyest person in the world."

"You conceal it very well."

"That's just technique." He hesitated. "If one has a weakness, one makes an armor for it."

But he could not have been an easier guest. He got on with her father from the start. Her father had been attached to a Canadian division during the last war. They soon found that they had friends in common. The talk went so easily that they were still sitting over the table when Clem announced that he must be leaving. "So soon?" her father said.

"Last trains are last trains, sir."

"I know, my boy, I know. You must come earlier another time. Come to lunch first. Now see that he does that, Julia."

"I will, Daddy."

She followed him into the hall to say goodby.

"It's been my happiest day since I landed here," he said. "I can't begin to tell you what it's meant to me."

His voice had dropped a tone. His thumb moved its pressure gently against her hand. "He's going to kiss me," she thought. With one part of herself she

hoped he would, with another—the larger part—she hoped he wouldn't. It was so very much the obvious thing to do that it could not mean much to him if he did.

He didn't.

"Listen," he said. "These last two times I've just been up on the Sunday for the day, but I'm due for forty-eight hours' leave soon. Couldn't we make a real Saturday night of it?"

He came up a fortnight later. On the Saturday afternoon a spray of orchids accompanied a card across which was scrawled: "Have been counting hours for the last 300 hours."

sophisticated men who had squired her round such places before the war: young men for whom boredom was the fashion. Her eyes rested on him in a self-questioning glance. "Yes," she thought. "Yes, I think I could fall in love with you."

"And I don't think," she was to add to herself half an hour later, "that I should find it so very difficult."

He was talking about the war.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," he was saying, "the way the government treats us as though we were a lot of children. They never tell us anything till it's two months old and we've guessed it all al-



"Let me know just before you reach the limit of your patience, will you, Ma?"

GARRETT PRICE

He took her to Quaglino's. He was in the highest spirits. He had booked one of the raised tables beside the band. "So that we can get a good view," he said.

They arrived so early that there were only two other couples in the cocktail lounge. "Fine," he said. "Now we can order our dinner quietly and we can eat it quietly while the rest are ordering theirs. Then we'll have an empty floor to dance on."

IN DAYS of rationing there was not a great choice of dishes, but he could not have taken more trouble over the selection of his dinner if a pre-war menu had been set before him.

"You must be patient with me," he said. "You must remember how long it is since I've been able to order myself a meal."

He had the enthusiasm of a small boy. His eyes kept wandering round the room as though he were seeing a London restaurant for the first time. He made amusing comments on the other people there: comments that showed interest and perspicacity. She remembered the

ready. Why can't they treat us like adult people?"

There was an indignation in his voice that she had not met before in a man of his age. Men of thirty who were successful or were on their way to success were for the most part cynically or complacently careerists. She had not before met anyone of thirty who had retained his boyhood capacity for indignation, his impatience to remold the world nearer to his heart's desire. Clem Howard had not lost his youth in manhood.

"No, it wouldn't be so very difficult," she thought, as she stood at his side at the evening's close, as the band played. He was so vital. He was such a man—and such a boy.

"It's been the loveliest evening," she began.

"But it's not over yet!"

"No?"

"Of course it isn't. We are going to have a bottle of bubbly first."

"Are we?"

"You bet we are. Don't bother to put your coat on. We can go upstairs."

"Upstairs?"

"To my suite. This is a hotel as well as a restaurant, you know."

"I know, but..."

She checked, puzzled. The idea of drinking champagne in a hotel suite was so unusual that for the moment she could not answer him.

At the sight of her surprise the smile left his face.

"Oh, very well then, if you'd rather go to a night club, we can go to one."

"It isn't that, it's..."

"Never mind what it is. I thought it would be rather nice to sit and talk quietly for an hour. But if you'd rather be shouted at in a smoky night club, then let's shout."

She tried to remonstrate but he overbore her. "No, no," he said, "we'll go. You run along and fix yourself."

In the powder room she stared ruefully at her reflection. He was angry and hurt. He was so touchy; so absurdly touchy, so easily put off. But it wasn't her fault, it really wasn't. To be asked to drink champagne in a hotel suite. It was something that had never been suggested to her before. In Canada it was no doubt different. Yes, now she came to think of it, of course it was. In films and novels Americans and Canadians were always taking hotel suites when they came into town. No doubt to ask a girl up to one's suite was for a Canadian the equivalent of a Londoner's taking a girl back to his flat for a final drink.

She smiled ruefully at her reflection. It was a typical international misunderstanding, she supposed. In that case it was up to her to put it right.

On his face as she came into the lounge, however, there was a look that made rapprochement difficult.

"We'll go to the 600," he said. "I'm told that that's the place."

At the head of the stairs looking down into the crowded room he shrugged.

"What a place," he said, "and golly but what people!"

BEFORE the war it had been at places like the 600 where late in the evening the escorts who had grumbled about the food and company at restaurants like Quaglino's began to take some interest in their surroundings. With Clem Howard the procedure was reversed. From the vantage point of a bad and center table, he glared angrily about him. What food, what wine and what a place—the heat, the smoke, the band, the price.

"And this," he said, "is London's idea of a big night. Look at it. I ask you. Look at it. So English too. The English don't mind breaking the law, providing they break it in a certain way: provided a formula to preserve the conventions can be found, you may serve drinks in a night club after two o'clock. But if you can call a night club a bottle party, the conventions have been prescribed and that's all that matters, even if the result is a hole like this."

Before the war it was at places like the 600 that Julia early in the morning had found herself relenting toward the escorts whom she had vowed earlier in the evening never to meet again. Now that process was reversed. As his temper rose, hers rose to meet it. He was angry, she knew, not with the 600 but with her. He was attributing to the English regard for the proprieties her reluctance to go up to his suite. She knew that he was making that reluctance the focus for everything that he had found exasperating in the English temperament during his two and a half years here. He was as touchy as he was

tough. At another time, this trait in him might have made her feel pityingly protective toward him, but she was angry with him for spoiling her evening. It was his fault, seventy-five per cent of it. If he chose to be absurd then let him be. If he chose to think of her as a timid, convention-ridden Victorian miss let him go on thinking it. If he couldn't make the attempt to place himself in her position, to understand why she had reacted in that way, she wasn't going to help him out. She wasn't going to make things easy for him.

Impatiently, resentfully, she listened. If he chose to talk that kind of nonsense, she wasn't stopping him.

They drove back from the 600 in very opposite corners of the taxi.

And that was three months ago and there had been no letter during the following week, and though she had gone twice, thinking herself a fool for going to a Grosvenor House Thé Dansant, there had been no sign of him. The weeks had passed and now it was from her father that she had learned that he had been ordered overseas; and overseas in the autumn of '41 could mean one thing only—somewhere a long way off.

In all human probability they had met for the last time, and it would have been ridiculous, of course, for her to talk about a broken heart. Her heart wasn't broken. The thing hadn't had time to go that deep. . . . It could have, though. It could so easily. It would have, had chance willed otherwise, and with Clem Howard, it wouldn't have been just falling in love with him. It would have been loving him as well. He would have touched deep things in her. He needed somebody like her, just as she needed somebody like him. He was so strong in some ways, so weak in others. They were the complements of each other. It could have been the real thing so easily.

Yet there he was going all those miles away, thinking of her as of a timid convention-ridden miss, thinking of her because she was that, as being typically English. It was a pity, rather more than a pity.

SO SHE brooded as she drove the heavy car through the soft November sunlight, through the red-brown lanes; as on her return she washed the car down in the garage; as she made her way to the office, to ring up regional, to report that the car had been kept waiting at Lambeth for an hour, to make her entries in the logbook, before she settled down before the fire to a late cup of tea, to gossip with the other girls, to listen to the radio, to play pontoon or "Vingty" for an hour before supper.

So she brooded.

Weary, relaxed, too weary to be unhappy she walked into the office.

The girl by the telephone looked up. "Oh, hello, Julia. A telephone message has just come through from a Captain Howard. He's leaving Friday. He wants you to come to a cocktail party and stay on to dinner afterward."

The party was in a private room at Fleming's. She arrived late purposely. She did not want to have to make conversation with him during that first awkward ten minutes when the first guests were arriving. By the time that she arrived the room was full. At the sight of her in the doorway a great boyish grin lit up his face.

He hurried over to her. "This is grand. I was so terrified lest you might not be able to come," he said.

The pressure of his thumb, as it had on that evening in the hall of her father's flat, moved gently against her hand. It was all just as it had been before the quarrel.

"Let me see now," he hurried on, "who is there here that might amuse

you? Yes, of course there's Dr. Ferguson. First-class fellow, great authority on Chinese stamps."

Dr. Ferguson was short and scraggy and undistinguished, a general practitioner of no achievement who collected stamps as a hobby. At no other ordinary time could she have imagined herself deriving the faintest entertainment from Dr. Ferguson's conversation. There was, however, a contagious atmosphere about the party, and to her surprise she found herself actually enjoying it.

Over the heads of his guests she watched Clem as he moved from group to group. No. There was no one like him. Such confidence, such vivacity, such youth, with, underneath that confidence, something that was hurt so easily. Her thoughts grew tender. "Yes," she thought, "I could, I do."

He had asked her for dinner afterward. His train left just before eleven. The cocktail party, she supposed, would drag on until time to order up some buffet meal, then most of them would

son that matters to me personally in England."

It was that, that smile was saying. Warmly and gratefully she met his smile. It had not happened in the way that she had expected, but this way, his way, was the better way. The thing that had to be said between them had been said, silently, in shorthand.

"Thank you," her smile said, "thank you."

Cosily, happily, the hundred minutes of the dinner passed.

"THE bill, please, waiter."

It was close on ten. He had to collect his luggage from the cloakroom. There might be a dearth of porters.

"Yes, one taxi, please," he told the *chasseur*.

She rose to her feet. She was sad, yes, sad that he was going, but she was not unhappy. She was too certain of the future to be unhappy. It was all going to be all right now.

"Now let me see. You live in Port-

minutes together that he had laid these elaborate plans. Dismally she looked at him across the taxi.

They had been so at ease with each other at the party, at the dinner table when there had been other people there, when explanations were impossible. They were so un-at-ease now when they were alone in a planned aloneness.

There was a first moment of embarrassed silence into which they both broke simultaneously with irrelevant remarks that each at once abandoned, leaving the continuation of the subject to the other. There was another embarrassed pause, a longer pause. This is ghastly, she thought, quite ghastly, as she broke the pause with a firmly resolute inquiry into the length of time that his journey was likely to take.

Before he could answer, the taxicab had drawn up outside the station. An argument started between the porters about a barrow and one of those muddles about a wrongly registered piece of luggage that seem inseparable from the departure of night trains in wartime.

There was then some doubt as to whether the train was running in two sections.

It was after twenty of eleven before he was settled finally into his compartment. In eight minutes he would be gone, but instead of the gay crowd of friends thronged round him on the platform waving him good luck, there was just herself sitting on the edge of his bunk with himself standing at the door, a dark and angry frown upon his face. No, really he couldn't have planned it worse.

She wanted to be angry with him, but she couldn't be. His bad planning was so much a part of him. She knew so exactly how he was feeling, how furious he was with himself for having spoiled the evening. Refusing to admit though, that the fault was his, blaming it on her, in the same way that he had blamed on her the wretched end to their evening at Quaglino's.

THE minutes were ticking by. The frown on his face grew darker. They were making conversation about the amount of kit that he was taking and all that lovely coziness was lost—lost irrecoverably. If only something could break this barrier between them, but he constitutionally and emotionally was incapable of breaking it and she, what was there she could do?

Despondently she rose to her feet. She stretched out her hand.

"I must be going. The best of luck," she said.

For a half second he did not take her hand. He stared at her. The dark frown left his face, to be displaced by a puzzled, helpless look—the look of a child who realizes that something serious is happening but cannot realize how serious that something is. His hand closed over her fingers desperately.

"But listen, you can't go like this. I mean to say . . ."

He checked. He half opened his mouth, closed it, hesitated. "Julia," he began.

But he never got further than that "Julia." At that moment, the train began to move.

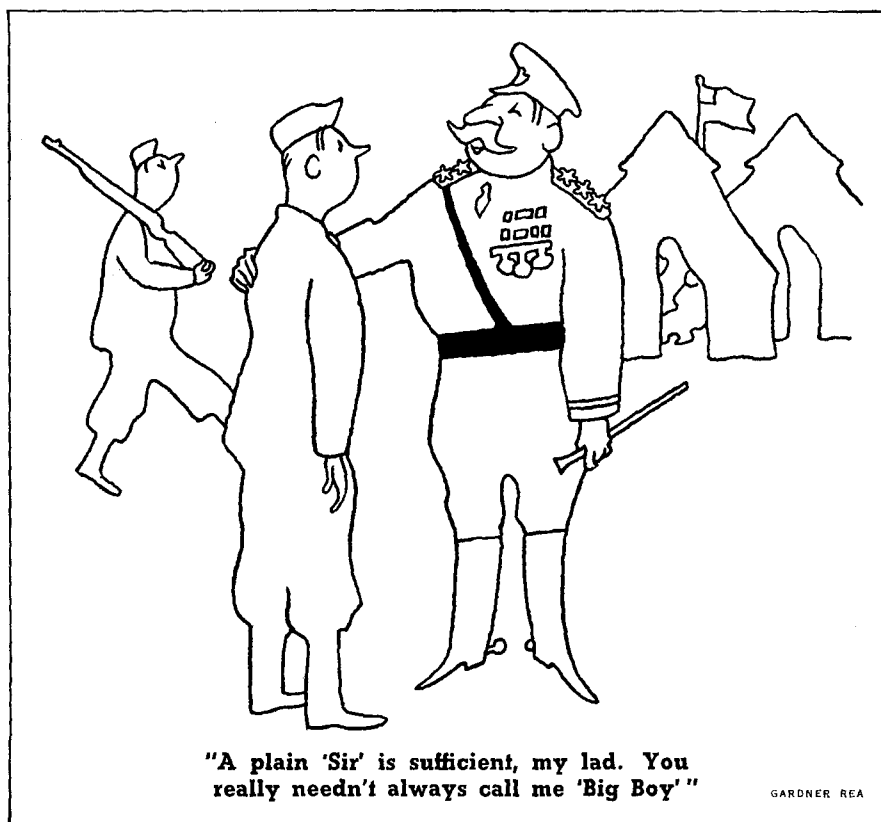
For a half second, they stared at each other, then simultaneously they bolted for the corridor.

"To the left!" he shouted.

The door was at the far end of the corridor. A large man standing in the doorway of one of the compartments was blocking it. By the time they had pushed past him, the train had begun to gather speed. The conductor barred their way.

"You're past the platform," he said. "You can't open that door now."

"But we must . . . after all . . ."



come on to the station to see him off.

To her surprise, however, she noticed that as eight o'clock approached, guest after guest was being taken leave of, that Clem was organizing their departure, taking each to the door in turn with a "Well, I can't tell you what a difference you've made to my time here."

By ten past eight there were only two left besides herself.

With a smile he came across to her for the first time since her arrival.

"And now," he said, "I can really start to enjoy my evening. Have you met the other two that are coming with us? Mr. and Mrs. Forrester. I was billeted on them my first two months here. I can't say how lucky I feel myself to have got the three people I really wanted for my last dinner."

HE SMILED down at her as he spoke with the slightly self-conscious smile of one who has cleverly stage-managed an effect.

There was no doubt in her mind of what that smile was saying.

"We had that row," it said, "that ridiculous, absurd misunderstanding. There's no time now to go into the whys and wherefores of it. It would take too long. And there isn't any need. By asking you alone, at this last dinner, to meet this middle-aged married couple, I'm showing you that you're the one per-

land Place, don't you?" he was saying to the Forresters. "I'm bound for Euston. I can drop you on the way. Then perhaps, Julia could come on to the station and see me off."

"But surely . . ." It was the husband who started to protest, but his wife cut him short.

"No, no," she interrupted, "it's getting late. It would be much simpler if Clem drops us first."

A quick glance of conspiracy passed between them.

"Of course," the husband said, "of course."

It happened so quickly that it had happened before Julia could realize that it had begun to happen. Incredulously with a sunken heart she stared at him. So it was to this point, this end that all his stage management had been directed. "Oh, darling," she thought, "you couldn't possibly have planned things worse."

No, not possibly, she decided, as the taxi rattled northward after it had deposited the Forresters outside their flat. It was twenty past ten. The station was less than ten minutes' drive away. There would then be the bustle with the luggage; the arguments with porters; the business of finding the carriage and the platform. By the time all that was over, there would be a bare ten minutes left. Twenty minutes in all, and it was so that they might have that interrupted twenty

Clem stopped. What was there he could say? What was there he could do? The train had started, was rushing them through the night, through the blacked-out suburbs.

"When's the first stop?" he asked.

"Crewe."

"But that's miles away. When on earth do we get there?"

"If we're lucky, about three o'clock."

"Three o'clock, but . . ."

He paused. An old music-hall song ran through his head. He turned to Julia. His eyes were twinkling.

"Do you know that song?" he asked.

She nodded, then burst out laughing. Together they chanted the words to each other:

"Oh, Mr. Porter, what shall I do?

I want to go to Birmingham

And they're taking me on to Crewe . . ."

On the bunk of the sleeping compartment, they spread out the store of their common wealth. She had to get back to London, and she had only four and threepence. He had a two months' trip ahead of him and by Army regulations he was only allowed to take twenty-five pounds in notes out of the country. He was trying to work out the least amount that she would require for her journey back. The conductor had looked up her fare, but there would be a number of extras. Tea on the train. A taxi at the other end. Clem was contesting the size of the tip that she need give the driver.

"Surely a shilling would be ample," he was arguing. He raised the palms of her hands, sideways and upward. They laughed together. They were gaily, cozily happy, just as they had been at their friendship's start. It seemed impossible that twenty minutes ago there could have been constraint between them.

"And now," he said as he transferred a pile of coins and notes into her handbag, "there's nothing to do but decide how best we're going to pass the four hours between here and Crewe."

But on that point she had her mind made up.

"I'm on duty tomorrow," she said. "I've got to get some sleep. You lend me some pajamas. Then while I undress you can find yourself a seat somewhere in the train. Then you can come back and talk to me over a final cigarette before I do go to sleep, only mind you see to it that I'm waked up at Crewe."

She undressed quickly, hanging her coat so that it shaded the hard light over the basin.

The pajama jacket fell loosely about her shoulders. It was striped against a

gray background in green and yellow. "Whenever he wears this," she thought, "for as long as ever he's away, he'll think of me."

She slipped into the narrow bunk, switched off the reading light behind her head, sat back among the pillows, her arms crossed behind her head.

On her lips there was a smile of triumph. So he had thought of the English as convention-ridden. He had thought of her as a prim Victorian miss. She had her answer ready: an answer that would write her memory upon his heart forever. Her heart beating with a happy confidence, she waited for the sound of his feet along the corridor, for the tap of his knuckles on the door.

IT WAS five to three. They had reached Crewe punctually. They were standing outside the carriage. A loud-speaker was announcing that the London express was due on platform 8 in seven minutes.

"It's lucky your train dovetailing like this," he said.

She nodded. Everything that had happened during these last four hours had been lucky.

"I must go and fix up about my ticket," she was saying.

"You'll be home, won't you, by half past seven?"

"In time for a real bath before my breakfast."

They were chatting lightly. They could afford to be casual now—now that they were so sure of each other.

"I must go," she said. "I really must."

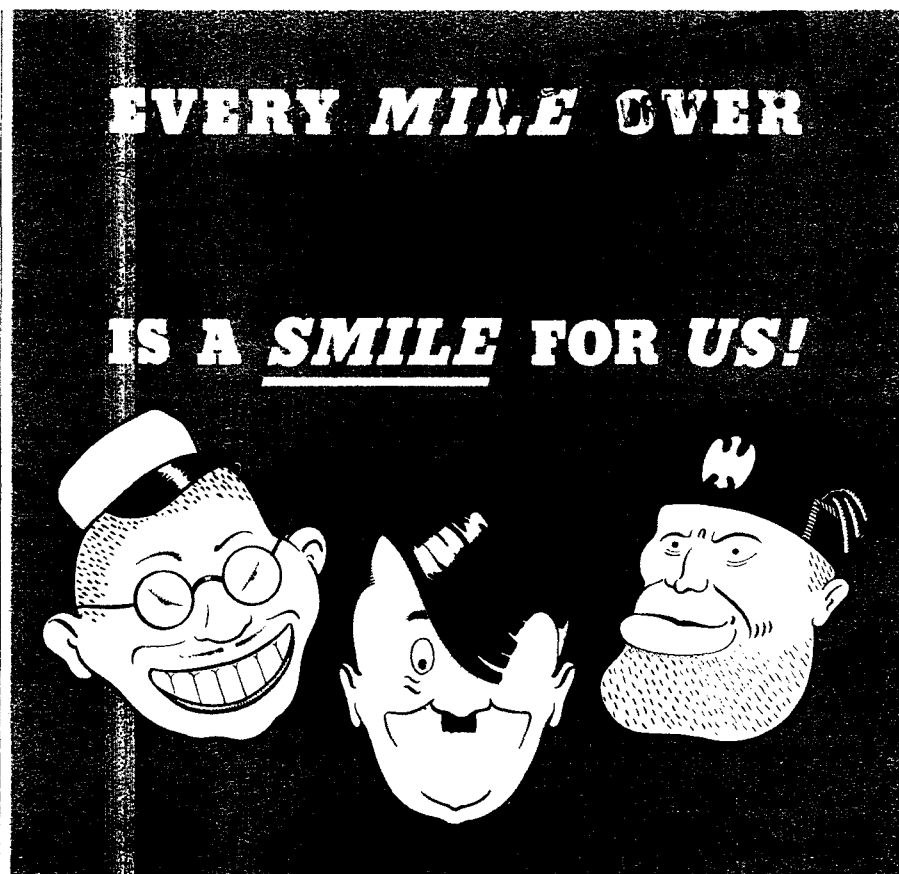
They did not kiss goodbye. They did not even shake hands. For a moment her hand rested on his elbow, pressed it, then she was gone.

From the other platform across two lines of tracks she watched his train steam out. He was going away; across the miles; across the months. He was going into danger, but it was with a glad, proud heart, a heart in which there was no room for doubt that she watched him go. One day he would come back and he would find her waiting. Nothing for either of them could efface the memory of those four hours, could destroy the links that those four hours had forged. One day he would come back. She was as sure of that, as she was sure of the ultimate outcome of that larger venture of which his sailing was a part. The miracle that had been vouchsafed them was the proof of that.

One day he would come back; come back to her.

No. There was no room for doubt.

THE END



YES, IT'S TOUGH TO CUT DOWN TO "40" BUT... IT'S TOUGHER TO WALK!

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So . . . help yourself . . . help your country by conserving rubber. You know what to do . . . reduce your speed, eliminate all but essential driving, keep your tires properly inflated . . . and most important . . . have your tires checked frequently for cuts, bruises, breaks, etc.

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Purity, Grade A

Continued from page 18

her eyes shut and her hands stretched out in front. The minute I saw this I figured out she was a sleepwalker and so I got ready to catch her in case she walked off of the terrace which is three or four feet above the ground like anybody in the same circumstances.

However instead of walking off of the terrace she came up to me in her sleep and put her arms around my neck and said, "My dream man!" After above she kissed me which I know you will find very distasteful but I could not push her away without dropping the bottles I was carrying which there is a very strict company rule against. After this she went back in and shut the window.

From the above you will see that what happened was not my fault whatsoever. I would have kept shut about it and no harm done if you had not found that lipstick on my face. That was one morning that Alfred pulled the wagon up on Miss Frommage's lawn while I was making my delivery and keeping her from walking off of the terrace and he ate a lot of those little green bananas off of one of those ornamental banana bushes and I forgot to wipe my face off on account of wondering if he would lay down and die or not which did not happen fortunately.

Now that I have explained everything and you can see it was not my fault whatsoever I will be expecting you home this morning. Must rush now and find Alfred and will see you at home this morning.

Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: I have been thinking this thing over in my mind and I can only get one answer which is that you do not believe about the lipstick. So as a last resort I am going to take things into my own hands and when I get up to Los Huevos this morning I am going to wake Ann Frommage up and tell her that she has got to write out a letter that everything she has done has been done in her sleep without her knowing it in her own handwriting.

If she will do the above which she had better because I am getting good and sick and tired of this I will leave it on your mother's back stoop tomorrow morning.

When you come home be sure and bring the twenty (\$20). I went to see them about the payment on the house and they got very nasty and said they are sorry but if I do not pay it inside of a week they will have to dispossess us. So I am looking forward to you coming home right after you read the letter from Ann Frommage tomorrow and telling me you believe me and still love me and have not spent the twenty (\$20).

Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: Well I woke her up yesterday and I did not get a letter but would say that you would not believe what happened. I would write it all out but Alfred would be in San Diego so I will expect you home this morning to hear all about it and will you be surprised at your handsome husband. Ha ha.

Would say it would be a nice gesture to give your mother that twenty (\$20) dollars for board before you leave if you want to. I will not need it now as I will have more money than I know what to do with when I sign the contract.

I know you will want to know what contract and will rush home right this morning so I will leave just one quart

milk today. Will you be surprised.
Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: You tell your mother if she thought she was going to do me dirt by phoning the company and raising H about me just leaving one quart she is a wrong woman. I do not care what the company says now as this is my last trip on the route.

Would say however that I am sorry you did not come home and find out what happened. If you are going to play stubborn I will make an effort and help things out and write down just what happened and then I know you will come. I have tied Alfred to a palm tree for the purpose which there is a strict company rule about but I can spit in their eye now.

Well I took things into my own hands

gifted woman and for her to have those kind of dreams is very possible and also absolutely true. What you probably think is wrong.

Anyway it seems like all the time Ann has been having this dream and waking up afterwards and finding out there was nobody there she has felt that some day the knight would come along in the flesh and he would be the leading man she has always hoped for. So you can see how surprised I was when she said, "You are my new leading man. I will not stand that Robert Gladdings one more picture."

So I said I was sorry but I could not accept on account of I was not an actor and she said, "What do you think Robert Gladdings is?" So I said what I thought he was was something I would not want to say to a perfect stranger and she said she could see I was a man's man and

Dear wife: Well I am sorry you were not waiting for me at home last night with my supper ready because I needed you to take care of a black eye and also needed that twenty (\$20) dollars now and if you want to know what I mean by that I have just one thing to say which is that Ann Frommage is something I would not stoop to put down on a piece of paper.

I will explain the above as brief as possible because I am breaking in a man who will take over the route as I have been fired and he is waiting in the wagon with Alfred.

Yesterday morning like I told you I was going to this Frommage person got into the wagon with me and we had our pictures taken by three or four newspapers that were there and after that we drove to the studio and if attention was what she wanted we got plenty.

When we got to the studio I parked Alfred outside of the producer's office and we went in and he is a man named Berger and the minute he saw me he yelled, "Another leading man! When are you going to stop dragging in bums?"

This was a surprise to me as the minute he said the above I figured out he was calling me a bum but I did not say anything as he was keeping on yelling, "A month ago it was some tramp you picked off a freight car down on Central Avenue and before that it was a hitch hiker and now it is a milkman you want for your leading man! Ann why not tell the truth and say you keep bringing in these palookas just to make Robert Gladdings get jealous?"

Then Ann Frommage sat down all at once in a chair and started to cry and said, "You are absolutely right Mr. Berger. I love him. And the only way I can think of to arouse his interest is to bring somebody else into the picture. Unless I can make Bob Gladdings care for me I am going to die."

She then started to cry very loud and Mr. Berger looked at me and kind of shrugged his shoulders and I started to see I had been played for a sucker. Not only that but the sleepwalking had just been a gag and so was the story about the knight and the milk white steed and if I had ever stopped to think I would have known it because nobody would go to bed with lipstick on and she had probably got up every morning and made herself up before I brought the milk just to make an impression on me.

After figuring out the above I got good and mad and I said, "Miss Frommage if I was not a gentleman I would sock you right in the puss." And I might have done it too only just then the door opened and you will never guess who came in. Robert Gladdings.

Would say at this point that I have always felt that Robert Gladdings was a creampuff but one of us was mistaken and it was me. He has got something and the minute he came in and heard what I said to the Frommage woman he started giving it to me.

I saw him coming and thought I would give him a straight left but he did not give me a chance on account of he let me have a stiff one on the eye and another on the chin and then he came back to my eye again and I figured out the best thing to do was to let him throw me out of the window which he did. He dropped me right into a bed of flowers which Alfred was eating out of and I was pretty surprised at him doing so. I mean Robert Gladdings not Alfred.

After picking myself up and finding no bones broken I looked up at the window and here the Frommage woman had her arms around him and was say-



like I said I would that morning and when Ann Frommage walked out through the window with her hands in front of her in a pink nightgown I woke her up by saying "Boo" in a soft tone as I did not want her to drop dead.

However would say that I was the one that almost dropped dead because the minute she woke up instead of being ashamed of herself she started to kiss me harder than ever and said, "My dream man! At last you have arrived!"

This was a puzzle to me and I tried to tell her all I wanted was a letter for you but she told me to come inside and she would tell me something which she did after she put on a robe.

It seems like Ann has been having a queer dream every night lately. It was like she was a beautiful princess in a castle somewhere from what she said and she was standing on the balcony of the castle and she would see a knight approaching on a milk white steed. He would say "Whoa" under her balcony and the horse would stop and she would lean down and kiss him. The knight, not the horse. After above he would gallop off on his milk white steed and that would be the end of the dream.

Would say at this point that I know this will sound like spinach to you. However you will have to remember that Ann is a great artist and a very

please accept the offer and she would make me a household word in every theater in America which I finally gave in.

So it is all set now and this morning when I get up to Los Huevos Ann is going to get up into the wagon with me and have our pictures taken by some newspapers that will be there as she says discovering her new leading man driving a milk wagon will make the front page all over the country. After this she is going to have me drive her to the studio in the wagon as she says a star like her riding down Hollywood Boulevard in a milk wagon will at least make page two all over the country.

Then when we get to the studio she will take me to the producer and have him give me a contract and we will start working on her next picture. So I will be home for supper tonight and it would be nice if you will be waiting there with it ready and I can tell you how much they will be paying me a week which will be up in the thousands and we can pay up for the house the first week and put the rest in War Bonds. So will see you tonight. Must rush now and gallop off on my milk white steed. Ha ha.

Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.



Shake hands with the Octopus

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forty-five times as fast as the machine which it replaced.

The "octopus" is one of the reasons why Boeing is building airplanes more quickly than ever before. It is another link in the lengthening chain of Boeing contributions to increased speed and efficiency in airplane production.

And production is steadily rising. . . . Since December 7, for example, Boeing engineers, production men and airplane workers have more

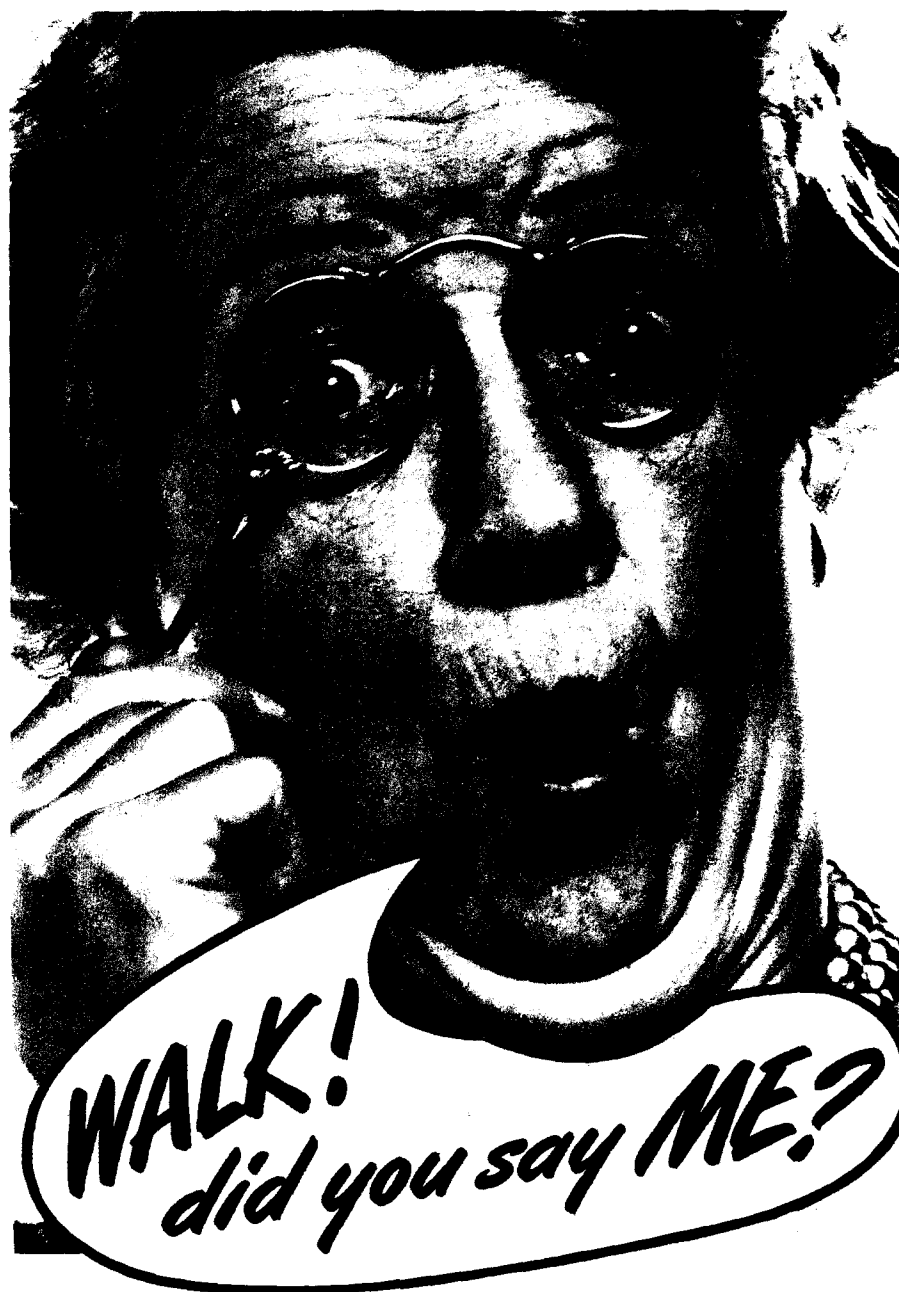
than doubled the output of Flying Fortresses. Today the Boeing hydro-punch, together with many other Boeing developments in quantity production, is being shared with other aircraft companies, helping them help the United Nations to do the job in hand.

The increase of speed and efficiency in manufacture . . . both for war and for peace . . . is only one of the many different projects that form a constant part of Boeing production engineering.

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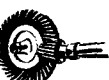









SORRY Lady, but you'll have to walk just like the rest of us when your car gives out.

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CARE FOR YOUR CAR — FOR YOUR COUNTRY

ing, "My dream man!" which was what she had always said to me. This made me so disgusted that I backed Alfred out of the flower bed and drove right out of the studio without saying another word.

The minute I got into the street who should I run into but the company route supervisor. He had been out looking for me on account of complaints that none of my customers after Ann Frommage had got any milk yet that morning. I could not deny this on account of it had slipped my mind so he fired me on the spot and I would not be working this morning only to break in the new man.

So now it is all over and you will see it was not my fault whatsoever and please come home and bring the twenty (\$20) as they will dispossess us unless I make the payment. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: Well I guess you will be surprised I am still working and if you had come home yesterday you would not only know why but you would have had the pleasure of meeting Robert Gladdings in person who I know you admire and so do I.

Last night I had figured out that you did not want anything more to do with me and would never come home so I was packing my clothes up and there was a knock at the door and Robert Gladdings walked in. I figured out that he wanted some more trouble and got the window open but he said, "Am I glad I located you old man! I want to thank you for what you did!"

So I came back in and asked him what he meant by that remark and from what he said it seems like my letting him beat me up was a great favor. Because he had never even suspected that he cared anything about Ann Frommage but when he found himself fighting for her he guessed he must have been in love with her all the time without knowing it and now they are going to get married.

I said that was fine and he said, "Wait a minute. That's not all." And then he went on and told me this was the first time the producer Mr. Berger had ever seen him sock anybody and he had the idea like me that Robert Gladdings was a creampuff and after the fight he raised his salary and is going to put him in more he-man parts now. So Robert Gladdings is very happy and grateful to me and wanted to know what he could do for me in return.

So I said, "I have just one thing to say which is that you can get my wife back but you can not do that. Nobody can."

So he gave me his handkerchief and I told him about you going home to your mother and the lipstick not being my fault whatsoever and he said he did not see any way to get you back but maybe he could help me out of my financial trouble and how much did I still owe them on the house.

So I told him I could not let him give me any money and he said, "I insist," and I said, "I can not let you," and he said, "I insist," and I said, "I can not let you," and the upshot was that he almost got away before I could let him.

After he went I was still looking at the check and the phone rang and it was the company route supervisor and he said, "I have been looking through the evening newspapers and there are pictures of you and Ann Frommage in every one of them on the wagon."

So I started to tell him how it happened and he said he did not care how it happened because the main thing was that the name of the company showed up very good in all the pictures and that was good advertising and he had been thinking it over and would I like to come back to work in the morning with a three (\$3) dollar raise and you know the answer.

So from the above you will see that everything has turned out for the best except you and I would like to talk to you about coming home again. If you would like to meet me at the corner of Hollywood and Vine at noon sharp today we can have a sandwich at the Brown Derby and go to the Chinese and I am sure you will see it my way. Until noon then. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: I have been thinking this thing over and I guess maybe you are still kind of jealous of Ann Frommage so I will tell you what I will do.

If you will meet me at the corner of Hollywood and Vine at noon sharp today instead of going to the Brown Derby you can get into the wagon with me and we will drive all the way along Hollywood Boulevard which there is a strict company rule against but I will take a chance anyway. You can bow and smile and everybody that saw the pictures of me and Ann Frommage in the paper will recognize me and Alfred and think you are a movie star which will make you very happy and you can wear a sweater. How about it? Until noon then. Henry.

Milkman: One quart.
THE END





Retreat from Tobruk

Continued from page 17

the familiar *whoom-whoom-whoom* of enemy aircraft which have a peculiarly dissyncronized harsh sound in flight.

The moon hadn't yet appeared and it was pitch-black night, which explained the enemy's flares, for they must have known by now where Tobruk lay. They'd bombed it often enough and, next to Malta, Tobruk was the most bomb-harrassed area in the world. North of us where the town lay, searchlights reached upward, their beams desperately scanning the sky to find the enemy. Directly over our heads ack-ack shells burst, hung momentarily like golden balls on a Christmas tree and died, and as they snuffed out, we could hear sharp corresponding reports of the guns that had fired them. The volume of ack-ack gradually increased. There was an aurora borealis of light over Tobruk so sharp it stung our eyes. Bofors guns and machine guns fired at flares to try to put them out. Yellow, red and green tracers streamed toward the yellow lamps the devils had hung in the black sky, and while Tobruk's defenders fired at these, other flares appeared just to the left of us or due south of the town.

We put on our tin hats. A few machine guns near by started shooting at the new flares and we cursed them for giving away their position. It was just what the enemy wanted. He wanted to ascertain where every gun had been relocated. He dropped few bombs on Tobruk. The planes that night were on a check survey flight; machine after machine rode over the town and defensive areas of Tobruk, flying high and beyond reach of those eager searchlights and the futile flak of the defenders to spot exactly where the guns were.

The earth under us shook with the impact of explosions from Tobruk, explosions that merged one into another so rapidly as to produce one prolonged quivering of earth and sky and air about us. The *whoom-whoom* of planes came lower and lower, and we knew they were headed in our direction. We jammed on tin hats, waited, and then they let us have it—two bombs, five hundred

pounders by the sound of them. They threw up two Gargantuan cones of red and yellow flame five hundred and one thousand yards from us on the perimeter defenses. The explosions were awfully, hideously beautiful. Spent fragments whistled distantly, and very suddenly the world was quiet. They came again just before daybreak but we paid little attention.

We wondered next day why the enemy had bombed so far from Tobruk. A few days later we knew. They bombed those points on the outer works of the citadel upon which they launched the final assault that conquered Tobruk—veteran of sieges, held once for two hundred and fifty days and destined to fall in less than five.

The Voices of the Guns

All day we trucked along toward the front. All day the sounds of firing from guns and antitank guns quivered on the horizon about us, often so close the voices of the guns throbbed in our brains and caused us to breathe deeply, rapidly. Late in the afternoon we came upon the elements of the Fourth Armored Brigade drawn up on the flat desert between the distant sea and one of the many ridges of this scarped and hateful land.

Beyond the ridge lay the enemy, seven hundred to a thousand yards away, maneuvering for position, seeking to outflank the Fourth. Mobile artillery sped along the ridge top to prevent the enemy maneuver, protected armored vehicles and Grant tanks of the Fourth on the left, center and right.

"We expect contact at about six-thirty tonight," the lead brigade commander said.

I asked him whether he intended to attack. He replied no; he wouldn't attack. He expected the enemy would shoot first. "But we're ready for him."

I wondered why it was that, since the general was ready to strike, he hadn't chosen to strike first instead of leaving the initiative to the enemy. But it was

(Continued on page 58)



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How France Lives

By Thérèse Bonney

In a desperate travesty on her once full life, France must turn to the substitutes she has always hated

THE French have a word for it and the word is *succédané*. This is the equivalent of the German *ersatz*, and the French have had to come to it, much as they have disdained substitutes. This spring French *couturiers* were showing wool-substitute creations made from milk, silk gowns made from glass. At dinner tomorrow, the people of fashion will be happy to have spruce steak.

When Marshal Pétain travels about the country, he goes in a charcoal-gas generator. Admiral Darlan uses an electric car. Georges Claude, the famous scientist, has been running his auto on a mixture of acetylene and ammonia. With a kilo of the combination, he gets the same mileage as with a quart of gasoline, but the scarcity of ammonia prevents the commercializing of this formula.

The sugar situation in France may be imagined. The most important source of sugar is the grape—the seeds rather than the grapes themselves. Grape sugar is available now in sirup and cake forms, and the people are gradually becoming accustomed to it.

Grape sugar is not a new thing. Parmentier in 1812 brought a vial of dirty brown sirup to Napoleon, who tried it in his coffee and then cried, "This is indeed a victory." It took a century, two blockades, three wars and a defeat for the French to learn the virtues of grape sugar. It is hardly likely that they will unlearn them quickly.

Another source of sugar is the root of the asphodel, a species of daffodil, obtained through a process perfected by Professor Cristo of the University of Montpellier. It is hoped that by 1950 daffodil sugar may become as popular as beet sugar, which in its day also started as a kind of *ersatz*.

Research is also being made to extract sugar from dates and honey, and to convert cellulose in wood and vine stalks into sugar. Sorgho, which for years has been used for brooms and as forage for cattle, is now being developed as a sugar source.

On my trip to France this year, I ate biscuits made of peanut flour and also casein. Heudebert, the national biscuit factory of France, has developed these. He ate *pâté* made from grapes, and a *pâté* made of peanut flour and vegetables. He often ate with salad an oil substitute made from lichen and bread crust. Margarin melted and mixed with vinegar is used to replace oil. Another curious oil substitute was a mixture of garlic, onion and tragacanth gum. Another oil substitute was a mixture of flaxseed, vinegar, clover, salt and cinnamon.

No Saturday Night Bath

Next to being hungry, there is nothing so bad as being without soap, and France has severely rationed that commodity. To day soap is made from the scraps clinging to slaughterhouse bones, treated with soda. Soap from skins is also being studied. The rationed soap called *savon national*, pretty bad at best, is made of candle grease, dry clay and washing soda. The peasants have gone back to the use of ashes and water for scrubbing floors and sinks.

There has been a growing scarcity of medicines and it is no novelty to turn on your radio and hear a desperate appeal for a single ampoule of insulin. Bismuth compounds, iodine, mustard and flax flour, lard from pork grease, vaseline from petroleum lanolin from sheep's wool, and cocoa butter are among the things most urgently needed. It is hoped to replace some of these by

F As in olden days, French villagers wear sabots, or wooden shoes, and local artisans cannot work fast enough to supply the demand. In cities, they wear shoes with ersatz leather tops and wooden soles

R In the Chantiers de Jeunesse, or Youth Camps, similar to our CCC camps, French youths of military-service age are busy burning copse-wood to produce the charcoal needed to run automobiles and trucks

A Stoking one of the busses on the regular run from Marseille to Aix-en-Provence. Normally an hour's drive, now that busses manufacture their gaseous fuel from charcoal it can take from four to six hours

N From five A. M. until late at night the French wait in line for their pitifully meager ration of tobacco. In desperation, smokers resort to cornstalks, chestnut, eucalyptus and even Jerusalem artichoke leaves

C Ersatz foods which are in use are a particular hardship for the French, so famous for good cuisine. Peanut flour has replaced regular flour in crackers and is substituted for goose liver in *pâté*

E One of the many models of Gazo-Bois trucks made by Berliet. It runs on wood gas. Below, the charcoal-gas generator attached to the rear of a car. Even Marshal Pétain's automobile is similarly equipped