



Family Dinner

By
John Cheever

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

He was early; she was on time and at a quarter to one he saw her coming down the escalator. They had not seen each other for a month

A lot went on at table the host and hostess didn't know about

HE WAS there first, a thing that was to be expected. The week-end crowds had gone and had not yet begun to return and there were only a few soldiers in that part of the railroad station that resembles the Baths of Caracalla. He was early; she was on time and at a quarter to one he saw her coming down the escalator. I have never seen her before—he thought—I am a stranger, a drummer waiting for a Baltimore train and is she worth watching or isn't she? They had not seen each other for a month but their meeting was no meeting. It seemed more like the resumption of a quarrel they had left off only a few minutes before.

"This is the last time," he said.

"Oh, all right, all right. Only if she finds out it will kill her. Frank, she'll drop down dead. They'll both drop down dead."

"You've got to tell her."

"I will. Only give me a chance to straighten things out first, will you?"

"Where are you living?"

"East Sixty-seventh Street," she said.

"Where are you living?"

"At the club," he said.

They walked down to the lower level and boarded the train. They did not speak again until the train was passing through the badlands outside Newark. Then he picked up her hand and examined a bracelet she was wearing. "You shouldn't wear such showy jewelry," he said; "it makes you look like a gypsy."

"You shouldn't wear gray," she said; "it makes you look bilious." Then she began to laugh. "I'll never forget the time you pretended to commit suicide," she said. "Every time I see you I think of that." She rested her forehead on one hand, laughing. "I'll never forget that, not if I live to be a hundred. I can still see you lying on the . . ." He got up and went to the platform to smoke a cigarette and remained there until the train pulled into Montclair.

She had not told them when she was coming so there was no one at the train. Morrissey, the old cab driver, came up. "Hello, Mrs. Minot, hello, Mr. Minot. Coming home for a change? Well, it's good to see you. I see your father nearly every morning. Mrs. Minot." He opened the cab door and they got in.

They stopped at the house and Frances waited while Frank paid the fare. "I want to go back on the six-thirty," she whispered when the cab had driven off, and then she took his arm for the walk up the path. Mr. Godfrey opened the door for them before they had time to ring. He embraced his daughter with deep affection and shook hands cordially with his son-in-law.

Mr. Godfrey was a straight, handsome man in his sixties, dressed for Sunday dinner in clothing that looked a shade too clean and too well pressed. "Well, how are things in New York?" he asked. He had come from Massachusetts many years ago but he still spoke with a sharp seaboard accent. While Frank was taking off his coat Jeannette—Frances' niece—came running into the hall and kissed her aunt. She shook hands with Frank, made a curtsy and thundered back into the living room.

Then Mrs. Godfrey came out of the kitchen and embraced them both. She was a comfortable, openhearted woman who tried to restrain her easy affections, but when she put her arms around Frances she began to cry. She forced her wet face into a smile and stepped back to admire the dress her daughter

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Funnyman of the Fairways

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and the others," he patiently explains, with the proper amount of admiration, "know only one way to hit a golf ball—the right way. They concentrate on it and win tournaments. I know so many different ways I'm unable to concentrate on any of them for long."

To intimates, however, Kirkwood is more explicit. "I'd be a sucker to try. One or two tournaments a year are enough for me. With the exception of Gene Sarazen, all the golfers who were playing tournament golf when I started twenty-two years ago are out of competition now, washed up. With my business, I'll probably go on forever."

Kirkwood's business, theoretically, is vaudeville golf. He astounds the customers, and there are thousands every year, with an apparently mystifying series of unbelievable trick shots. Reduced to the lowest common denominator, however, the Kirkwood routine is based on a succession of the kind of crazy-hopping, curving, jumping ball you and I—the average duffer—uncork every few holes. The difference is that jolting Joe can control them.

A Tricky Business

He can, for example, take a full cut at a ball and pop it straight up into the air in front of him and catch it on the way down. He can bury a ball under his heel in the middle of the fairway until only the top surface is showing—then belt it a mile with a wood. He can line up five balls in a row and hit one after the other without even looking at them. And he can hit two balls simultaneously with two irons, make one of them hook and the other slice, so that they cross each other in flight about fifty yards away.

As for business, Kirkwood's always been good. In all, he has traveled some 1,260,000 miles, an average of 60,000 a year. He has put on his act before paying customers in every country in the world except Russia and Alaska. He makes more money in one year than Hogan and Snead, the nation's top money-winning tournament pros combined. He once got \$45,000 for a five-months tour of his native Australia. An economical gent who neither smokes nor drinks, he still has some of it. Right now, he is doing his part by giving exhibitions gratis at the Army camps.

At 45, Kirkwood is much more the quietly collected businessman than you'd expect of a fellow who clowns his way through golf on the mistakes of the average duffer. On the course, he looks much like any other golf professional; his thin, rust-colored hair is parted at just the right angle and his neatly pressed slacks and shirts have the unmistakable mark of the club pro. Only a slightly expanding waistline and a touch of a bald spot suggest his age. Possessed of sparkling grayish-green eyes and a continually flickering smile, he is as personable as Hagen without the fanfare.

Unlike Joe Ezar, the Waco Wacko who is his only rival in the trick-shot business, Kirkwood refuses to play the part of the Clown Prince of Golf, either on or off the course. Where Ezar relies on trick clothes and gags to carry his act, our sports specialist has built his on the firm foundation of well-practiced fundamentals.

Though he naturally keeps up a running patter throughout his performance and carries as many as sixty or seventy gag clubs in a bag big enough to hold his caddie, there is nothing of the Buffoon of the Fairways in Kirkwood's nature.

His exhibition of the Sunday morning golfer with a hangover is one of the funniest bits in golf. It is bound to be; it's done in slow motion by a genius who, when he does enter an occasional tournament, concentrates mightily on trying to win it. Sometimes his favorite tricks help.

It has been said that Joe could win every tournament he enters if allowed to play every shot from behind trees, or in the rough, or standing on his head. Probably not, but he did take the Texas Open in 1924 with the help of one of the greatest golf shots ever made.

Leading the field in the final round, Joe needed only to shoot par golf to win. A stroke or two dropped anywhere along his final 18-hole route would cost him the crown. Then he played a tee shot directly to the edge of a large clump of trees off to the right of a par-four hole.

Joe's ball landed six inches from the biggest tree. It was an impossible lie. Most golfers, then and now, would have chipped back to the fairway and lost a stroke. It would take a magician—or a Joe Kirkwood—to do any different.

But the gallery failed to figure on the control Kirkwood has on the ball. Sometimes the fellow seems to hold it in the palm of his hand. A master at curving a ball anywhere he wants it to go, Joe stepped up, pulled out a No. 3 iron and clouted away for all he was worth. It looked as if it were going to carry over into the next county.

The ball, though, traveled across a creek and began to curve. It curved around the trees and back across the creek and landed on the green, three feet from the pin. It made a complete, 180-degree semicircle. The Brackenridge Club people got so excited that they erected a stone shaft on the spot from which the ball was hit.

"It's shots like those that keep me in competition," says Joe, who many times has played an impossible deep-clump lie from a sand trap by simply facing away from the green and blasting the ball so that it rises back over his head to the pin.

Kirkwood Draws the Crowds

In competition, Kirkwood always draws the biggest galleries. They troop along behind him, hoping he'll get into trouble so he can pull some unorthodox bit of the trickery that is his stock in trade. Bobby Jones, whom Joe beat, 5 and 4, when the old Grand Slammer was at the top of his game, says Kirkwood's recovery work is "magnificent."

Kirkwood can put ten feet of backspin on a ball, enough to hang on any green in the world. Once in 1928, when he led the qualifiers for the National Open at the Inwood Country Club on Long Island, his tee shot stuck in the wire mesh of a ten-foot fence bordering the course. A United States Golf Association official ruled the ball more in bounds than out.

So Joe, undaunted, climbed a tree, knelt on a big branch above the ball and smacked it with the heel of his club.

Joe, however, can't putt. Old Elder, the famous caddie at St. Andrews, watched him in a British Open one year and explained our specialist as a tournament golfer in one or two Scotch dipped sentences.

"A gran' gawfer," old Elder proclaimed. "He might hae won, but he was aye fritterin' wi' his putter. If I'd put a ba' in his way and gi'en him a mashie, he'd 'a' holed it in a one."

Kirkwood began his golfing career as

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a cowpuncher. Born in Manly, near Sydney, Australia, he ran away at the age of twelve and got a job on a ranch in the interior. As a cowpuncher, he was a good caddie.

His employer, a rich old duffer who was crazy about golf, rigged up a three-hole course on the ranch. He took his young hand out to retrieve the balls he hit while practicing his drives. Young Joe got tired walking back with the balls, so he borrowed a club and returned them to his boss on the fly.

Soon Joe was hitting the ball so well his employer asked him how he did it. "I don't know," said Joe, who actually didn't.

But his employer took an interest in the lad, entered him in a local tournament, and Joe won it. After that, he became a professional at the River Golf Club in Melbourne. Then the war came along and Joe, too young to fight, began to wonder how he could help entertain returning wounded soldiers.

One day he discovered he could do funny things with a golf ball. He began to practice four and five hours a day on trick stuff and pretty soon he was ready to give exhibitions for the soldiers. They liked it and asked for more. Joe complied by figuring out a whole new routine.

"It was a lot of fun making those fellows forget, if only for a while, the horrors of the first World War," Joe tells you today. "That's why I decided to do my act for the soldiers of this war, too."

The Kirkwood act varies every time he performs it. Usually he starts out with what he calls an exhibition of "the ordinary golf shot." He lines up a dozen balls in a row, addresses one and swings lustily. Then he calmly waits for the wave of laughter that always comes when the gallery, astounded, realizes he has socked a different ball than the one he was aiming at. After that, anything can happen.

He makes quite a big thing, too, out of clubbing the pill from the face of a watch borrowed from some trusting onlooker. He's quite proud of the fact that he has driven off the face of more than 5,000 watches without cracking a crystal. Of the four holes-in-one he has sunk, one, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was off the face of a borrowed timepiece.

One of his favorite stunts is to tee up one ball on the toe of an assistant and another beneath the suspended foot. Addressing the top ball, he smacks the lower one 250 yards down the fairway. Then he calmly sends the toed ball whistling after it.

Jack Benny Plays Stogie

Once when Kirkwood played the Palace Theater in Los Angeles, Jack Benny, the radio star, had top billing. Joe convinced Benny he should join his golfing act for the week. He derived particular pleasure scaring the wits out of Benny by driving golf balls off his toes and even from a tee held between the teeth of the scared but game comic.

This latter stunt Joe has since discarded because he found that people involuntarily closed their eyes when he swung; they were afraid they might see a smashed set of bridgework float grotesquely over the horizon.

Kirkwood's multi-ball tricks include balancing one on top of the other, driving one straight down the fairway, the other straight up into his own hand. Sometimes he hits the middle of three balanced balls without touching the other two. His trick clubs are built around a rubber-shafted affair that wraps itself about his neck when he swings; he then straightens it out and proceeds to powder the golf ball, rubber shaft and all.

Only once did Kirkwood determine to

give tournament golf a good try. In 1933, he gave up his exhibition work and won the North and South and Canadian opens with record scores. He finished in the money in enough other championships to wind up the year with a 71.4 stroke average per round. That put him second behind dapper Paul Runyan.

"But I didn't win the big one," Kirkwood moans. "I'd still rather be known as the Open Champ than anything else. That year of competition convinced me of one thing: Tournament golf is a tough game. So I went back to the act."

Kirkwood first performed his act on American soil in 1921 at Pinehurst, N. C. After he won the Australian Open in 1919 and 1920, his home club decided to reward him with a trip to England for the British Open. On the way, he stopped off at Pinehurst for the North and South event, a title he since has won.

Some people just returned from Down Under remembered him as the fellow they had seen doing everything to a golf ball but make it talk. They insisted he give an exhibition. It went over with the crowd and, for a gag, Joe whipped off his cap and passed it around. He collected more than \$700.

"That did it," says Joe, who, up to then, didn't know there was that much money. Today, he operates from the swank Huntingdon Valley Country Club in Abington, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia. He and his wife live in a beautiful home close by the course and she accompanies him on all his trips. Two sons by a previous marriage are in the Army, but only intimates are aware of this.

Well, after that Pinehurst performance, Joe and Walter Hagen decided to go around giving exhibitions. Bob Harlow, who now edits a Pinehurst newspaper, introduced Kirkwood to The Haig and began to book the pair. Kirkwood would give his trick-shot exhibition, and he and Sir Walter would go out and play a round of golf against a pair of local pros. Under Harlow's direction, they developed the act into the most consistently successful attraction in golf.

Together with Hagen and Gene Sarazen or alone, Kirkwood has played more than 3,000 different golf courses in his globe-girdling tours. But the act never held together as well as it did when Hagen was along—Hagen, the playboy

whose favorite stunt was to appear on the first tee clad in evening clothes following a night-long party, and Kirkwood, the quietly efficient guy who thinks golf is a business—his business.

Only once, in Calcutta, India, did it bog down.

Hagen was ill with malaria when the pair hit town. They decided to go through with their exhibition anyway. As usual, Kirkwood went on first. He hadn't swung a golf club in several days. The first thing he did was hit a ball straight into the air and catch it.

Lunging for it, he ripped his shoulder muscles loose and strained the ligaments. It was very painful and after the exhibition a doctor put the shoulder in a cast. He put Hagen to bed. The two stayed there six weeks.

Golfing with Royalty

In England, a few years ago, Joe was invited by Sir Philip Sassoon to his estate at Trent to play with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. He was up early in the morning practicing. In a little while, a charming young woman, a stranger, came out and joined him.

"Do you mind," she asked hopefully, "if I watch you?"

"Not at all," replied Joe.

The young woman sat on the grass, and Joe clouted several straight down the middle. Then he began brushing up on his trick stuff.

"Do you play?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'm not very good but I like it very much."

Joe intentionally dubbed a couple. "Perhaps we can play together sometime," he ventured.

"I'd like to very much," said the young woman. "Perhaps when we get back to London..."

With that, the practice session broke up, and Joe and his visitor entered the old castle. They walked in, and there was the Duke of York just sitting down to breakfast. The young woman marched Joe over to him.

"George," she said, "I'd like you to meet my friend, Mr. Kirkwood, the golfer."

Joe is quite proud of this. He thinks it was the most pleasant experience in all his golfing tours. "She was, of course," he says simply, "the present queen of England."

THE END



Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 24

"What do you want to get there for?"
 "Does that matter? I have my wife down there."

"Just a minute. I'll get our lieutenant." The Australian stepped into the ditch and called someone. Quayle waited and another Australian came up.
 "Are you the lieutenant?" Quayle asked him.

"Yes."
 "I'm Quayle, flight lieutenant. I'm trying to get to the olive grove."

"You'll never get there. The Germans have it—or most of it."

"What happened to all those women that were there?"

"They were shifted away yesterday morning."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. Somewhere toward Retino along the coast."

"Can I get there?"

"No. It's all cut off," the lieutenant said to him.

"Are you sure?"

"You can walk along the road if you like. You'll last about two hundred yards."

"Is there any communication along there?" Quayle was getting desperate now.

"I don't think so. Not from here anyway. We've been sending out patrols to break through but it's impossible. We'll probably clear the way tomorrow if we don't get more parachutists around here."

Quayle knew then that he was up against a brick wall. It had all happened too quickly. He should have expected this. He should have got Helen out long ago.

He turned around and started walking back. He thanked the lieutenant as he moved away, and he could hear the two of them talking as he felt the vibration of his feet against the hard road. He caught a truck going through Suda Bay and then walked back to the airdrome. It was almost morning when he got there and he could hear the bombing behind him as he walked into the timber.

Arnold was sitting in the dark at the square table outside the tent. There was a guard near him. He challenged Quayle.

"It's me," Quayle said.

"Did you find her?" Arnold asked him.

"No. Is HQ cut off?"

"You mean Field HQ?"

"Yes. The one down the coast."

"That's right," Arnold said. "Since about two o'clock yesterday."

"That's where Helen is. Down there somewhere."

"I'm sorry. Why don't you get some sleep? You've got a patrol in a couple of hours."

"The Blenheims are going up?"

"Yes."

QUAYLE walked to the tent and went in. He lay on the floor and pulled one of the coats near by over him. There were about five others already sleeping there.

He had hardly shut his eyes when it seemed he was awakened and there was dim light. Bombing was going on, and he could see the figures running out of the tent. He followed them and made for the ditch near the field. He could see the high Heinkels coming over as he ran. He fell in the ditch, as the first of the Heinkels peeled off and apparently came straight for him. He flattened out as he heard the machine gun and he did not know if it was the plane or the Bren gun in the ditch firing. He felt the impact of the bomb near by and heard the

high scream as the Heinkel skimmed over the ditch and started climbing to get over the mountain.

Quayle took a quick look up and saw one of the Blenheims on fire. He could see the other two Heinkels coming down in line. He ducked again as they started strafing, and there were the engine screams as they came over one by one and strafed, dropping small bombs at the same time. When it let up, he ran back to the timber. Arnold was talking on the phone.

"They just got all the Blenheims except one," he was saying.

Cox was there, too. He looked at Quayle. "This is the bloody end," he said. He was angry and quick.

"What happened?"

"That's HQ," Cox said. "They've got the wind up. I've got to take my crowd out of here to go defend them."

QUAYLE felt again that Cox was the man here who knew what he was doing.

"Is that Field HQ?"

"Yes. The silly fools! They're sending a muster of RASC drivers here to hold this bloody place. They haven't even fired a rifle before. Of all the stupid things to do! If this airdrome goes, the whole thing's gone. They'll get planes down and troops, and you can kiss goodbye to the whole place."

"When did they get through to HQ?" Quayle showed his feelings.

"About an hour ago."

"Is there a passage through?"

"Yes. The Australians broke through about an hour ago."

Quayle was thinking about going with Cox. Then he heard Arnold talking over the phone, "It's hopeless. We haven't got any protection for planes here. . . . They should have built a bridge over that ditch. . . . They just came over and picked them off. . . . You won't hold this place with RASC drivers. . . . All right, sir. Yes, sir. Just as you say. Here's Cox."

"This is Cox," the New Zealand captain said, when he took the phone.

"We'll be over in about three hours. . . . They got here. They got here an hour ago. They're taking over now. . . . You can kiss this place goodbye," Cox was speaking angrily now. . . . "That's too bad. All right, then, we'll be over."

Cox hung up viciously. "Those idiots! Get cut off now and they've got the wind up. If the Germans can land troops it's goodbye to this place. Oh, well. That's the way they want it."

"John," Arnold said to Quayle, "you've got to get out of here."

"Where to?"

"Take off. Report to Cairo."

"Leave? Now?"

"Yes. They think it's hopeless with planes here if they get strafed on the ground. It's their own bloody fault for not building a bridge over that ditch."

"But what about the rest of you?"

"We're to stick around. What a mess!"

"I'm going now," Cox was saying. A soldier had taken Cox's rolled army kit away, and Quayle could see the steel-helmeted New Zealanders walking through the timber and the trucks taking them away.

"S'long," Cox said to them.

"S'long, Cox," they said.

"I hope you hold out," he said as he turned away.

Quayle was thinking: They've cleared that road. I could get there. Now I've got to get out of here . . . back to Cairo. I can't walk out of here. How can I get down there? Why didn't they burn up that Gladiator?"

"You'd better start moving," Arnold said to him.

"Look. Can't someone else take it?"

Arnold shook his head. "Sorry. They said you. I know about your wife. I asked them. They said you. Sorry. I'll do what I can about your wife."

"What happened to Tap?"

"He went up to Candia last night. He's not back yet."

"Look. Will you do what you can?"

"What I can. Yes. I'm sorry, John."

"It can't be helped," Quayle said. He was thinking: This is it. This is everything. This is like crashing. This is everything. Getting out of here.

He was running vacantly toward the ditch where the Gladiator was when he heard the planes.

"Here they come again," someone was shouting. He looked up. He could see the mass of planes. It was the same grouping roughly as he had seen the first day. There were gliders and Junkers, hundreds of them in large squadrons. They were coming back for another try.

Ahead this time was a group of twin-engined Messerschmitts. They were peeling off already. He ran to the ditch and dived flat as the first one screamed over and he could hear them strafing the timber. He looked at the soldiers around him now. These were the RASC drivers. They were all flat. There were no machine guns firing at the Messerschmitts. There was only one Bren gun at the other end of the ditch. It fired at the second plane but he could see the tracers way behind it.

Then he could see the aircraftmen coming out from one end to get at the Gladiator. He ran back to the timber. They were all lying flat on the earth as the Messerschmitt came over again. He could see Tap as they got up.

"John," Tap said.

"Hullo, Tap."

"I hear you've got to get out."

"Yes. For that bloody Gladiator."

"I'll do what I can about Helen," Tap said.

"Thanks."

"John. Get that bloody plane off. It's ready," Arnold called to him.

"All right," Quayle shouted, as the next Messerschmitt came low.

HE COULD see it between the trees. He saw the fire as it came toward them and he heard the high scream of its engine. He didn't flatten out but stood there and followed it with his eyes and saw the tracers coming through the trees. There was death in the sky, in the trees, in the shadows, and he felt nothing.

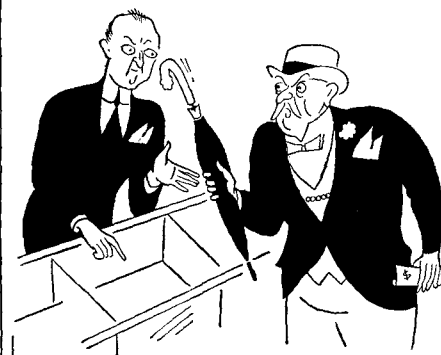
He was in a vacuum that was noisy and there was nothing around except the tracers. They were all around him. He could hear the biting and the shouting behind him as the Messerschmitt passed over screaming. He looked around. Tap was on the ground and did not get up. Quayle did not have to look farther. He could see the mess of blood and the hanging of Tap's legs and the attitude of his arms.

"He's hit," he shouted to Arnold.

Arnold was already beside Tap as Quayle got there. They pulled him over. Tap's face was squashed flat into the earth with blood and a mass of flesh.

Quayle could feel nothing any more. This was a greater peak in all lives than one life reaches and the noise meant nothing any more. There was only sight . . . and Tap there squashed into the earth. There was no shouting around him and no chaos and no men running and no Arnold shouting again, "Get that plane off. Here they come."

Quayle was not running to the ditch

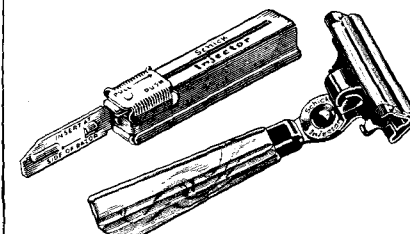


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SOOTHE IN SECONDS!



to get in the Gladiator. He could not feel anything until he saw the great splurge of planes coming down. Gliders, Junkers, parachutists were coming down in a mass and all together. He ran to the Gladiator and got in. He could see the last Blenheim on fire, as he ran. Already on the field were gliders and Junkers. There was practically no gun fire against them. He felt the engine shaking and pushed the throttle.

He did not try to pick a path across the field. He felt the bumps and all around him he could see the mass of gliders and parachutists—above him and on the earth. He had to rip the stick back and climb on nothing, as two Junkers came in to crash land. In the whole mess he kept his machine guns going and every time one of the Junkers or gliders got into his sights, he yelled and pushed the gun button. He had skimmed the edge of the field and climbed around. Below, he could see the field almost covered with parachutists, gliders, and crashed Junkers . . . and men running and machine-gun fire.

His look was quick as he dodged between the Junkers and let them have all his ammunition. It was exhausted before the whole scene below him was out of sight. He automatically set the course for Mersa Matruh on the Egyptian coast. He climbed and put the throttle wide open. He could think of absolutely nothing except that it was all over. The whole world might as well stop now. There was nothing more . . . nothing.

QUAYLE had tried everything. While he was in Cairo he had sat in the square office at the American Legation and tried to have them find Helen. They had tried but they always said the same thing! That they had heard nothing, but that something might come in soon. He had sat in the long room at the British Consulate and heard the native boys outside shouting to one another as he waited. And the British Consulate said they could do nothing. Helen had no British passport, they said, therefore they could do nothing official to trace her, particularly in what was now enemy territory.

Every time the groups that had been evacuated from Crete came in from Alexandria, he went out to the camps. He wandered through them and looked hard at the women, but he never found her. And he was getting so that he never expected to find her, because she was tangled up with the Crete battle, and that had left him with complicated thoughts.

Much as he had distrusted the army hierarchy before, he mistrusted them more now. He mistrusted them completely. He did not look upon them as individuals any more but as a group who were incapable and inefficient as a whole. Crete had solidified the thing in his mind.

He was physically afraid, with the tangle going on inside him. He had lived so completely within the squadron that now, when they were all gone, he knew nobody, and he did not want to. He lived at the barracks at Heliopolis just outside Cairo. He was training in Hurricane because now he was to go into Hurricane squadron work. And all the time he was thinking of Helen . . . trying to find her.

HE HAD been in Cairo for the heat of June. His face was normal again and his hair had grown where the doctor had shaved it away to put in the stitches. He knew that his Hurricane training was finished, that he was just waiting around now to be posted to another squadron for combat duty. He did not like this feeling of unsureness that never left him. He wanted Helen; or he wanted the whole thing cleared.

Quayle had been told to report to headquarters at one o'clock that afternoon. He had come in on the Metro from Heliopolis and gone to the American Legation, but there was nothing there for him. Neither was there anything at the British Consulate. He walked slowly down Shareh Soliman Pasha and around the square and followed the warm throng of people as they moved along the street. He went vaguely toward the Café Parisiana and walked in and sat down at one of the tables near the open front facing the street.

HE SAW two khaki-clad figures walk into the open entrance. Both were small and very alike in features, dark, keen and with straight noses. He half stood up as he recognized Cox, the New Zealand captain who had been defending the Candia airdrome and then gone

to ask Cox straight away if he had seen Helen, but he waited.

"Where did you meet Lawson?" Cox asked him.

"In Greece. Were you in Greece?"

"No. I was in Spain for a London paper," Cox replied. "I met him there. We were in Finland together, too."

"You were a correspondent?" Quayle asked Cox. He was understanding now.

"Yes."

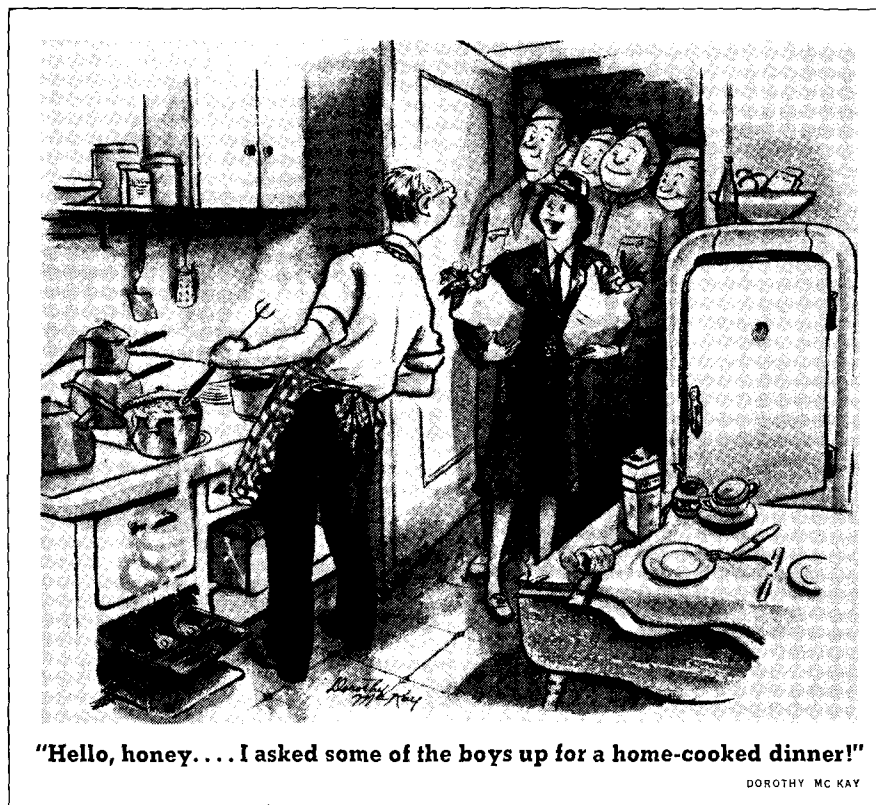
"How did you get in the army then?"

"Oh . . . Dunkirk. I was in England. It's good experience."

"You fellows get around," Quayle said. Cox only nodded.

"I wanted to ask you about my wife," Quayle said to him. "She was down near headquarters somewhere in a women's camp. I wondered if you knew what happened to them."

Cox shook his head. "No," he said. "I knew there was a camp somewhere



"Hello, honey . . . I asked some of the boys up for a home-cooked dinner!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

to defend headquarters. That's where Helen had been. Quayle knew the other one, too. It was the American whom Lawson had been with at Ioannina. Quayle couldn't remember his name. He called to them.

"Cox," he said. "Cox. Can you spare a minute?"

He saw Cox look at him without recognition. Quayle stood up. Neither of them recognized him. He vaguely thought of his face being normal.

"I'm Quayle," he said.

"Say," Cox said to him. "So it is. Your face."

"Yes," Quayle said. "It's cleared up." The two of them had come to his table. They were all standing up. He shook hands with Cox and then with the other one.

"Do you know Milton Woll?" Cox asked.

"Yes," Quayle said. "We met at Ioannina."

"He's a friend of Lawson's," Woll said to Cox.

"Do you know Lawson?" Quayle asked Cox.

"Sure. I was in Spain with him," Cox said.

Quayle let it pass, though he did not understand it yet.

"Are you going to have dinner?" he asked. He used the English form of dinner for luncheon.

"Sure. Can we sit down?" Cox said. Quayle said he would be glad. They got chairs and sat down and they ordered when Quayle did. Quayle wanted

there, but I think they were all left behind."

Quayle nodded slowly.

"Did you have a wife there?" Cox asked.

"Yes."

They were silent and the waiter brought the bowl of salad and the pot of tea that Quayle had ordered. He poured some of the tea out for Cox. Woll refused and asked for coffee.

"How did you get out?" Cox asked Quayle as they ate.

"I was ordered to fly a plane out. They just took the airdrome as I left."

"**T**HAT was a mess," Cox said. He spoke quickly and with short words that came with certainty. He leaned forward, and even that was a vigorous motion. "You know," he said, "if they'd left us there, the Germans would never have taken that airdrome."

"Things happened when you left," Quayle said.

"All it needed was those machine guns," Cox said. "The moment we went, it was inevitable. Fancy putting untrained men to hold the one thing the Germans wanted. If I needed convincing, this would convince me."

"Convince you of what?" Woll said. "That this war's being run by incompetents. Good soldiers are fighting it and the Command's balling it up."

"Yes?" Woll said.

"Yes."

"It had a lot to do with equipment," Woll said.

Cox shook his head. "They sent us enough equipment to hold off the Germans. All we needed was machine guns. But what did they do? They sent the guns in one ship and the ammunition in another. One ship goes down. So we have ammunition but no machine guns."

"Whose fault was that?" Woll goaded. "That's the accident of war."

"Accident nothing! Look at the people in GHQ. To be a good staff officer in GHQ, all you need to be is a good clerk. A good shipping clerk would have had more sense than to put that stuff separately. But all the clerks are out fighting, and men who have never had to count anything in their lives are doing the job in HQ." Cox shook his head again.

"Well?" Woll said.

Quayle was slightly suspicious of Cox's outburst. But he knew that Cox felt this thing and was saying what he himself was wanting Cox to say.

"I suppose it will go on here," he said to Cox.

Cox nodded his head vigorously and gulped some of the tea down.

"It'll keep going to . . ." he stopped, then, "until they all get bumped off or something happens in England."

"What will happen in England?" Quayle was feeling this now, too.

"Anything. It takes time, though. After Dunkirk, they really started to get fed up in England. They're a little quieter now, but other things will happen. It's just a matter of survival until they do. Then this bunch will go out."

THIS is it. This is it. Quayle could hear the confirmation of his own ideas in what Cox was saying. But he was still groping for the whole solid picture.

"Are you talking revolution?" Woll asked. He was goading Cox again.

"All I know is that it's a matter of survival until this bunch goes out and then we'll start getting something done the right way."

"Pipe dreams," Woll said. "We thought that in Spain."

"I know," Cox agreed. "But this is getting too big. Wait until it gets more acute; then we can do something. As it is, we just go on like this. We're not quite sure what we're fighting or what we're fighting for. It's just a matter of survival until we start doing something. The only trouble is that the ones who will be needed will get it now."

Woll shook his head but Quayle could see this now. He had not got it clearly but he knew that this was the confirmation he wanted for his own thoughts about it. He did not have this as clean cut as Cox, but there were many things about Cox and what he thought that he did not understand yet. He wanted to hear more.

Cox said to him, "I envy you your flying experience."

"Why?" Quayle was looking keenly at Cox's dark animated face.

"Because the air force is going to be everything."

Quayle suddenly remembered he had to be at GHQ at one o'clock. He looked at his watch and saw that he had ten minutes to get there. He called for a bill and stood up.

"I've got to be at HQ at one o'clock," he said to them.

"Are you working there?" Woll asked him.

"No. I think I'm being posted to a squadron. Look," he said to Cox, "I'd like to see you again. Is it possible?"

"I'll be around," Cox answered. "I'm out at Maadi. How about having lunch with me on Wednesday?"

"All right," Quayle agreed. "I'll meet you here."

"See you then," Cox said.

"S'long," Quayle said to both of them and went out to catch a taxi. . . .

At Mersa Matruh there was a station wagon waiting for him. He threw his two small suitcases in the back, and the driver put in the heavy bedroll and the green canvas bed. It was new because he had replaced all his kit while in Cairo. They went out along the coast road, over the asphalt road, then up the escarpment and to the south, to Bir Kenayia. The station wagon took him up to the square wooden hut. The driver said this was the operations room, that the squadron leader was in there, and that he, the driver, would take the flight lieutenant's things to the tent. He pointed out the tent at the other end of the field. There were ten to fifteen Hurricanes on the field and a small motor refueling tank.

Quayle walked into the operations room. There were the clerks and the officer with the three stripes on his sleeve and a DFC ribbon on his shirt, and Quayle smiled at that.

"I'm Quayle," he said. He handed over his movement order to the squadron leader.

"Hullo, Quayle," the squadron leader said and they shook hands. "I'm Scott." "How're you?" Quayle said stiffly.

The squadron leader was standing up and unfolding the paper. He put it in one of the wire baskets and walked around the rough table.

"I'll take you over to the Mess. Most of the boys are there now," he said.

AS THEY walked to the other square wooden building that had been painted the same color as the rusty desert, Scott asked Quayle about Crete, and Quayle answered him noncommittally. They stepped into the square building with a linoleum floor, and the nine or ten pilots who were sitting around reading or drinking at the rough bar looked up.

"This is Quayle," Scott said to them.

He took Quayle to each of them and introduced them by their surnames, which Quayle forgot the moment he heard them because this was like going to school for the first time. They all crowded him to the bar and asked him what he wanted to drink. Quayle had to conform and he said whisky and soda, so the aircraftsman behind the bar poured it out. They all drank to Quayle and he drank back, alone, to them.

He got away from them an hour later and went to the tent to get his kit laid out. It had already been done. He was re-sorting it to where he wanted it when the tent flap was pushed back and someone walked in. It was evening and Quayle could not see who it was.

"Quayle?" the voice said.

"Yes."

"John. It's me. Gorell." It was young Gorell who had been wounded that day in Larissa and shifted back to Egypt.

"Gorell! How are you? Are you in this squadron?"

"Yes. I thought it must be you." They shook hands.

Quayle fumbled around and lighted a lantern. He saw the clear face with little or no expression and the blond hair.

"How's your neck?" he asked the boy. Gorell fingered the slight scar and half turned to show it to Quayle.

"It's gone now," he said. "It was too bad about Hickey and Tap and the others."

"Yes."

"Did you know Finn never got to Crete?"

"No, I didn't."

"Yes. I asked for him. He just didn't arrive."

"What happened to South?" He was the other one left from Eighty Squadron.

"You're taking his place. He got it about a week ago," young Gorell said.

Quayle shook his head and sat on the camp bed but it threatened to cave in, so he stood up again. He did not know

what to say to young Gorell. He knew how to talk to him when the others were around and he did not have to be careful, as he had to be now because they were strangers.

"I heard you got the DFC," young Gorell said to him.

"Yes." Quayle nodded.

"That was pretty good," young Gorell said. "The others too."

They talked for a while about Hickey and Tap and the others. Then they went over to the Mess, for dinner. They were late, and the others were already eating. Quayle sat down in the vacant chair next to Scott, the squadron leader, and he was introduced to the others who had not been in the Mess building when Quayle was there before.

When they had finished, the squadron leader told them they'd better get to bed early, as there was a patrol in the morning. He looked at Quayle.

"Do you want to go?" he asked.

"Sure," Quayle said. He knew he might as well start.

"They'll call you," Scott said. "Good night."

"Good night," they said as Scott went out. . . .

It was four o'clock when the corporal woke him. He got up in the cold dimness and lighted the lamp. He shaved in the cold water and pulled on the old shorts and khaki shirt and the new sheepskin-lined boots over his long stockings. He hunched his shoulders in the cold and put his hands in his pockets as he walked across the dry airdrome. The sun was lighting its way before coming up, and Quayle could hear the engines of the Hurricanes crawling into warmth as he went into the Mess building.

Young Gorell and four others were there. They greeted him casually, and he sat down and ate the bacon and eggs and drank the thick tea. Then they got up together and went across to the operations room. Scott was there with his greatcoat on over his pajamas. He told them to make for Mersa Matruh, patrol at fifteen thousand in the given area for an hour, and come back. They all went out, pulling on their helmets. Quayle was shown the plane he was to fly and he took one of the parachute harnesses in the operations room and walked into the morning light toward the Hurricane.

They took off with Quayle leading the boxed V flight. Sometimes he thought he saw other planes, but it never developed. For an hour it was just patrolling and keeping the formation and keeping his eyes strained around and feeling the cold and wishing he had put a jacket on; then heading back to the airdrome and putting down into the high morning, and drinking tea to get warm again and then sitting in the Mess, reading or wondering about Helen or Cox.

IT WAS like that for that whole week. They did not run into anything. He was getting the feel of things back again now, but he still heard Cox. It's a matter of survival. And that's what it was to him now. He knew that. Before, you survived if you could. Now, it was a deliberate matter. He mistrusted everything around him and what he was doing. He was careful with the others and quieter. He seldom smiled or relaxed the puckering in his forehead. The others left him more or less alone. Even Gorell gave up the attempt after a while.

One day he was watching the three Hurricanes take off in the midday sun, when a station wagon came up and a khaki-clad figure got out and walked toward him.

"Hullo, Quayle!" It was Lawson.

"Well, Lawson!" Quayle said. "You're always turning up somewhere."

"Yes."

"How're you?" Quayle asked. "Will



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you come on over to the Mess with me?"

"Thanks," Lawson said as they walked. "I see you're in Hurricanes now."

"Yes," Quayle said.

"I hear you got the DFC," Lawson said politely.

"That was a long time ago. In Crete. When did you get out of Crete?" he asked, as they walked.

"I didn't. Not with the British."

"Helen didn't either," Quayle said.

"I know. That's why I came out to see you," Lawson said.

Quayle stopped walking and puckered his forehead. "Is she all right?" he asked quickly.

"Yes. She's all right. She's with her mother in Athens."

"Look," Quayle said. "We'll go over to my tent. It's better there."

They walked the other way across the hard airdrome in the hot sun.

"I've been moving heaven and earth to find her," Quayle said. He was slightly buoyant now that he knew about her. "She's all right?"

"Sure," Lawson said. "I went from Crete to Athens with her."

"What happened?" Quayle asked, as they went into the tent.

LAWSON turned the chair backward and sat down with his arms leaning on the back of it. "She was caught in that house. The Germans took her to the camp behind Candia after the British left. That's where I was caught. Do you remember the little Greek officer in that house?"

"The owner?"

"Yes. He told the Germans that Helen was the wife of an English officer, so they kept an eye on her all the time."

"They didn't do anything to her?"

"No. They annoyed her some. But they only kept her for a while. When we got back to Athens, they let her go out to her mother."

"I'm glad of that," Quayle said. "Did you know if they took Stangou?"

"Sure," Lawson said. "They had him chalked up. They took him about the second day after the Germans took over. They don't know where he is."

"That's tough," Quayle said. "Did Helen give you a letter or something?"

"No. They watched her too much. She just said to tell you that she was all right and that it didn't look as if the Germans would let her out."

"Is there any chance of her getting out?"

Lawson shook his head. "They won't let her out."

Quayle was excited now and he stood up and walked up and down as Lawson continued speaking.

"She said you'd both have to wait until all this is over. She said she'd get out if she could, but she'd live with her mother until it was all over if she couldn't get out."

"How was she taking it?"

"Pretty badly at first. But when she saw how her mother felt when Stangou was taken away, she pulled up a bit. She's all right, though. They haven't much food but they're all right."

Quayle could think of nothing to say. "She gave me this for you," Lawson held out a small, thin silver ring.

"Thanks."

"She still had that big silver one you gave her."

Quayle pushed the small ring onto his little finger and looked up as young Gorell walked in.

"We've got to go," young Gorell said. "Hullo," he greeted Lawson.

"What's up?" Quayle asked him.

"Something's heading for Mersa Matruh. We're in a hurry. The C.O. wants you."

Quayle looked around for his helmet,

sat down and pulled on the sheepskin boots.

"Look," he said to Lawson. "I've got a job to do. Can you wait till I come back? They'll look after you over at the Mess. Come on over with me."

"Sure," Lawson said. "I'd like to stay around here tonight anyway."

"Fine. You can put up in my tent."

They hurried across the airdrome to the operations room. Quayle got the orders and told Scott about Lawson, and Scott said it would be all right. Then he came out again and hurried to where the five Hurricanes were warming up. Lawson walked over with him.

"Helen said something about you going to England," Lawson said.

"I was thinking about it. It's different now," Quayle said.

"Is it because of Helen? She said don't stay for her," Lawson hesitated. "And say—she told me to tell you the baby will come about September."

Quayle looked around quickly at Lawson . . . baby . . . Helen . . . baby . . . Helen . . . with a baby . . . survival . . .

Lawson saw it all in his look. "I thought you knew," he said.

Quayle shook his head. "Thanks anyway," he said vacantly, as he turned and climbed onto the wing of the Hurricane, lowered himself into the cockpit and pulled up the door. He revved the engine automatically and buckled the harness. He unlocked the chassis. He looked around at the others, plugged in the phones then.

"Let's go," he said and pushed the throttle with his left hand until the plane moved and gathered speed.

Lawson waved a hand to him, but he didn't see it. He automatically watched the other planes behind him as he lifted the plane off the ground.

He pushed the undercarriage lever to up, and by the time he had it up, he had trimmed the tail and set the climb. He looked behind him at the steady flight of the four planes with young Gorell directly behind him at the right. They were climbing rapidly. He twisted the gun-button catch on the control column to "fire" and half relaxed to think as he kept his head turning. It was all confusing. Everything was confusion.

But he was too tense to give it much thought now. They were to intercept an enemy formation heading for Mersa Matruh. It ought to be almost over Mersa Matruh by the time they could catch it, Quayle was thinking. Then—Helen . . . baby . . . me . . . matter of survival . . .

THEY came over Mersa Matruh at fifteen thousand. It was clear, and the rust of the desert was below. They were all straining around to see where the bombers were. Young Gorell saw them first. He shouted into the phones.

"Right underneath us, John," he said.

Quayle pulled the flight around in a steep bank and saw the group of bombers with the fighter escort a little behind and above them.

"Messerschmitts. Look at their wing tips," young Gorell said into the phones.

Quayle could see the square wing tips and he shouted, "Head on!" into the phones, as he came around in a turn. He had a rough count of them. There were about ten or fifteen. He was tense now and he was opening the throttle to get the speed in level flight before winging over.

"Here we go!" he said into the phones. He pulled the stick over and pushed hard with his left foot.

The plane whipped into a slip and over on its back, losing height rapidly until he was in glide shape again and heeling toward earth with the Messerschmitts suddenly before him and breaking up. A Messerschmitt suddenly got in his sights, and he pressed the

small button and felt the jerk of the machine as he pulled out and tried to break the dive. He whipped past the Messerschmitt and he swung his head around to see it as he roared by. He could only see another Hurricane, probably young Gorell, coming down and flattening out behind a Messerschmitt.

Quayle cursed the fact that he couldn't tight-loop and come straight back into it. Instead, he came around in a wide climbing turn and looked for any of the Messerschmitts that had broken formation. He caught a glimpse of the bombers way ahead. He was easing over to go after them when he saw the Messerschmitt coming up below him. He saw the mass of white and yellow tracers all around him, and he winged over and rolled off his level flight and came onto the tail of the Messerschmitt.

THE Messerschmitt was giving everything it had, and it put its nose down in a climb. But Quayle came quickly across in a beam attack and held his finger on the button as the Messerschmitt went into a glide. Quayle went after it until it was far enough and he was certain he had it. Then he climbed again in a wide loop, looking around as he went up.

He could see a Hurricane with a Messerschmitt on its tail just behind him and he climbed high enough to meet it as it came along. He got its white belly in his sights and sprayed the cone of white metal into it. It broke away before his eyes and he saw the pieces flying from it and the whole thing bursting in black smoke. He automatically ducked his head as the black smoke came straight toward him in a rush. He pulled his head up again. But it was too late.

It was all an accident. The split-second, when his head had been down, mattered. A Messerschmitt suddenly lurched straight in front of him.

He knew he couldn't stop it. The two planes screamed together. He knew he couldn't stop it but he pulled the stick back hard and yelled. He was ripping toward the Messerschmitt. They were two powerful engines on the same track speeding toward each other, cars on a race track, thunderbolts clashing, great atoms meeting head-on at a million miles an hour. He could feel it. Oh, look at me now! Look! Helen . . . baby . . . matter of survival . . . Get up on the seat! Jump! This is everything . . . baby . . . Helen . . . matter of survival. Get up, quick . . . quick! This is it! Get up! Matter of survival . . . this is it . . . this is it . . . this is it . . .

They were hurtling toward each other. Young Gorell looked below and saw it. He saw the inevitable. He saw the great ripping, tearing, scream, and he felt it all himself. He saw the pieces, the blot in the sky.

Quayle saw the immediate blackness of the thing as it hit him. His thoughts were high in a spiral that was not singular any more but in great complication at an apex. There was the great rushing, the physical strain, speed . . . inevitable . . . matter of survival . . . Helen . . . survival . . . and the quick jerk of his head and terrific rushing and himself screaming.

Gorell saw the green-and-yellow flame as the pieces ripped. The high black explosion boiling in the sky. He saw the blackness of it and the entire nothingness. He looked around desperately for the white burst of parachutes. They all did. The pilots of the Messerschmitts and the Hurricanes were one. They were waiting for it . . . the white burst of parachutes. They waited.

But there was none . . . none . . . none . . .

There was only the white cloud in the blue sky.

THE END

Family Dinner

Continued from page 62

was wearing, and although it needed no adjustment she gave several touches to the neckline as though Frances were still a child. With her arms around their waists she led them into the living room where her other, plainer daughter, Priscilla, and her husband, Ralph, were drinking sherry. "I have all my children now," Mrs. Godfrey said. "Nothing makes me so happy. This is what I live for." She poured Frances and Frank a glass of sherry and forced some crackers on them.

RALPH greeted Frank heartily and began to tell him about his affairs. "We didn't get started until after twelve because we slept late this morning," he said. "My partner called me up last night from Houston, Texas. On the telephone."

"His voice was as clear as a bell," Ralph said. "We're going to meet him in Miami in February. Priscilla and I are going down. We're going to leave Jeannette with her grandmother."

"I want to go to Florida," Jeannette said.

"You can't go, sugar," Ralph said, and he roughed her yellow hair with his hand. "Maybe next year."

"I think everything's on the table," Mrs. Godfrey said. "I'll go and see." She called to them from the dining room and asked Ralph to bring in the chair and the sofa cushions for Jeannette to sit on. Frank carried the chair and Ralph brought along the cushions and they made the child comfortable between her mother and Frank. Mrs. Godfrey lighted the four candles on the table with a kitchen match. Mr. Godfrey carved a few slices off the roast beef and put them onto a plate with vegetables. The maid carried this out into the kitchen for herself. Then Priscilla noticed the bracelet Frances was wearing.

"Frank gave it to me for my birthday," Frances explained. She unclasped the bracelet and passed it across the table to her sister.

"Oh, I think it's beautiful," Priscilla said. "Do you mind if I try it on? If you ever think of marrying again, Frank, I wish you'd put me on your list. Ralph never gives me jewelry."

"We can't have everything, dear," Ralph said.

"It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Mrs. Godfrey said quietly, when the bracelet was passed to her and she fastened it on Frances' wrist again.

"Have you seen any of the new plays?" Priscilla asked her sister.

"We haven't gone to the theater much this year," Frances said. "We went to the Stork Club the night before last. We sat beside Luise Rainer."

"What does she look like?" Priscilla asked Frank.

"I didn't see her," Frank said. By that time everyone had been served. The Godfreys ate industriously and without much talk, and a silence, broken only by the noise of china and silver, continued until Mr. Godfrey stood again before the roast, brandishing the carving set.

"You'll have another piece of meat, Frances. A little of the gold edge?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Dad. I couldn't eat another thing."

"You'll have another piece of meat, Frank? Mother? . . ."

They went quickly through their dessert and when they had extinguished their cigarettes in their coffee cups they started back for the living room. Ralph returned the sofa cushions his daughter had been sitting on and Mr. Godfrey replaced the chair. Mrs. Godfrey took Frank's arm as he was leaving the room and held him back a little.

"How are you, dear?" she asked.

"Fine."

"You look a little troubled."

"I can't imagine why."

"Frances is looking awfully well. You take such good care of her, Frank." As she came into the living room she said, "Now let's have some music, Priscilla."

As a result of those afternoons Frank would associate Chopin with indigestion for the rest of his life; but the music then seemed pleasant to him and a sudden relief. Mrs. Godfrey watched Priscilla with a half-smile on her face. Mr. Godfrey also smiled at the evidence of the advantages he had been able to give his daughter. Ralph listened carefully, looking now and then in Jeannette's direction to make sure that she was quiet. Frances watched the carpet and the clock.

Surfeited with food, with work, with the burdens of their lives they sat stiffly in their uncomfortable chairs as though the music were a kind of imprisonment. In the heaviness of the atmosphere, the steam heat and the smells of cooking, the arpeggios seemed incredibly light and ascendent and because Frank supposed that Chopin was French he remembered then an early

summer morning, five years ago, when he and Frances had bicycled into Avignon and some soldiers called after her: "Hé, la blonde, hé la blonde. . ."

The music ended suddenly. They clapped and Priscilla began to play the Moonlight Sonata. Frank noticed Mr. Godfrey signaling to him. The two men got up stealthily and left the living room for the dining room where Mr. Godfrey poured out two small drinks of brandy. Ralph's exclusion from these meetings was a rudeness Frank had never understood. They could hear the music distinctly from where they sat. Outside it was growing dark.

"Good to have you with us," Mr. Godfrey whispered.

"Good to be here."

"Happy days."

"Happy days."

"Priscilla plays very well, don't you think?"

"Very well."

"I wonder how far she would have gone if she had taken it up seriously."

"There are so many good pianists."

"Yes, that's what they say. . ."

They had gone over that dialogue more times than he could remember and the tenderness Frank felt for the other man still kept it from seeming ridiculous. There was the harsh rattle of applause again, a sudden silence and then Jeannette's unpleasant voice.

"How lovely is the evening," she sang.

"When all the bells are ringing."

"Ding-dong, ding-dong. . ."

THERE was more applause and then another piece. Frank and Mr. Godfrey finished their brandies. When they returned to the living room everyone was standing around the piano looking at a photograph album. "You'll want to see this, Frank," Mrs. Godfrey called. "Come and stand by me. This is a photograph we took of Frances in 1926. Would you know her?"

"I think I would," Frank said.

"This is one we took at the Blaisdells' picnic. She was only fourteen years old then. Her hair was so light. That Wiley boy was sparking her. He's the one on the left beside Aunt Louise. Doesn't he look funny in that bathing suit? That's the costume she wore when she was in the Cradle Song."

"You know, Mother dear," Frances said softly, "we've got to go back. It's six o'clock." She slipped one arm around her mother's waist.

"Oh, but you can't go yet," Mrs. Godfrey cried. The forced, empty smile on her face looked like fright.

"Maybe they have to go, Mother," Mr. Godfrey said.

"We have to be in town at seven," Frances said.

"Are you sure you don't want something to eat before you go?"

"Of course not, dear. We just had our dinner."

"Do you want to take some roast beef back with you?"

"No, thanks."

"Some of that cake?"

"No, thank you, no."

They made their farewells on the porch, looking like one of those pathetic and bewildered groups you sometimes see at country railroad stations or in the waiting rooms of city hospitals. Ralph drove them to the train. The train was crowded and they took seats in different coaches. Frank went up to the platform to smoke and standing there he could see her hat and her shoulders, but he left the train as soon as the doors were opened and he did not see her again.

THE END



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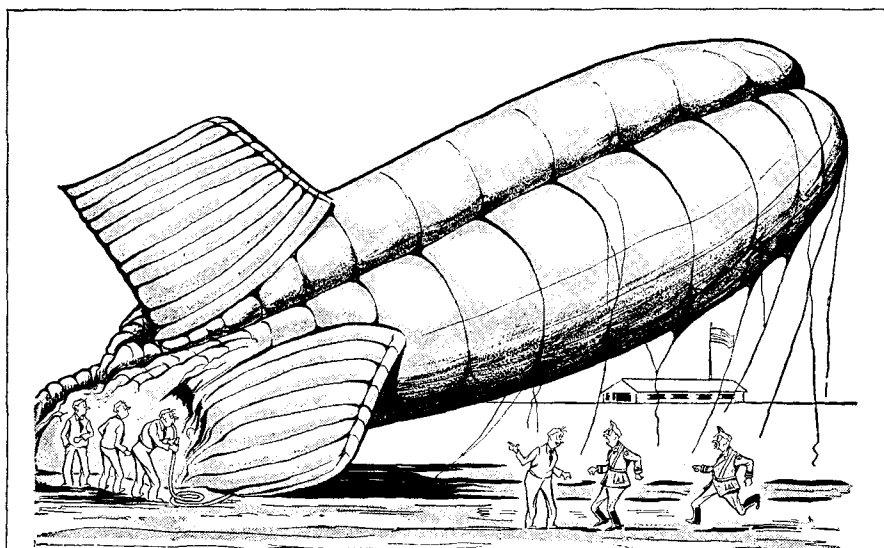
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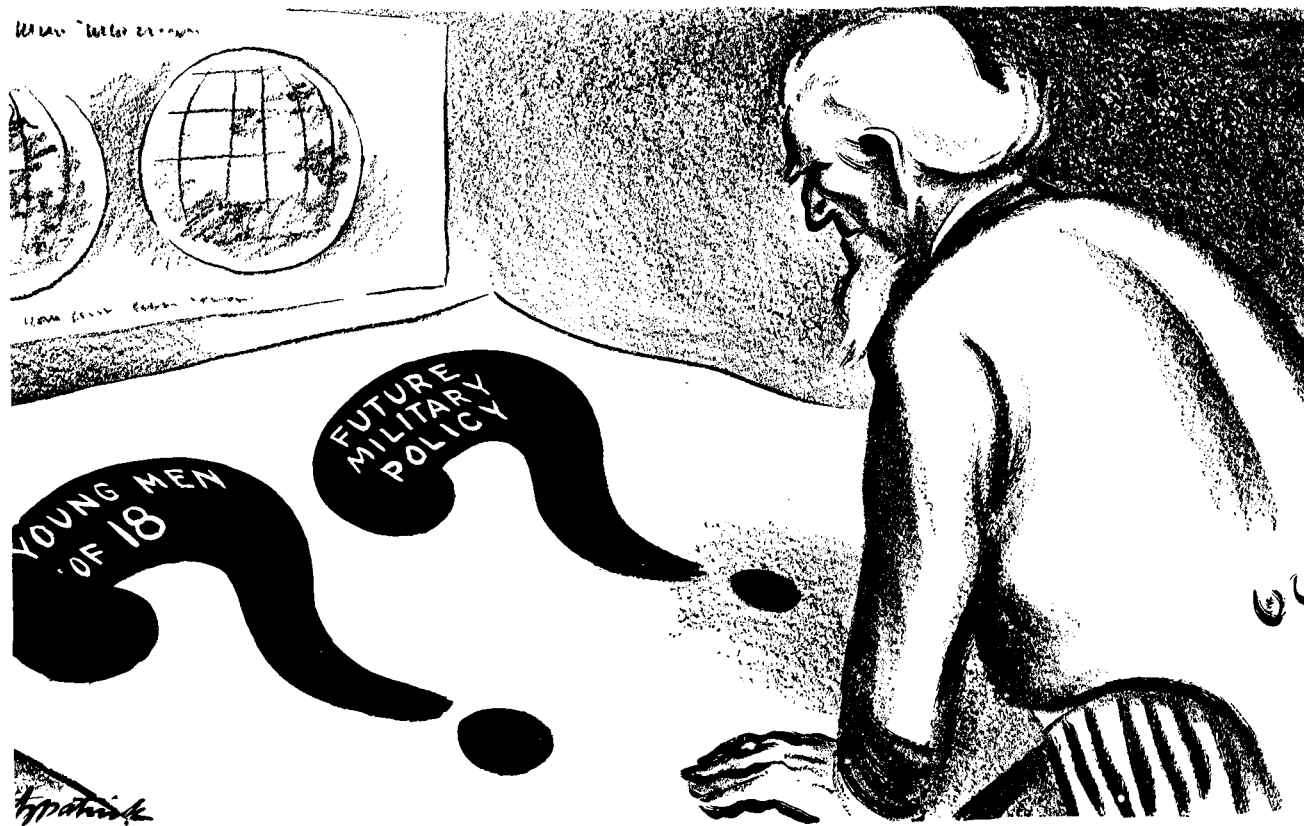
Present Position.....

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"One of the guys bet him two bucks he couldn't do it"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



Problems of the Draft

CONGRESS is generally believed to be just waiting till after the November elections to lower the draft age to a minimum of 18. Our feeling: Eventually; why not now?

As far as we can make out, the present generation of young men is as adventurous as its forebears were, and as anxious to be off to the big adventure of these times. Certainly the Army wants these younger men, whereas it is now taking older and less physically fit men, or married men whose plans have been disrupted and morale consequently lowered.

Another question that remains undecided in the excitement of the war is: How about after the war? We live in a warlike age, in which the unprepared nation suffers Dunkirks, Pearl Harbors, etc. After we win this war, are we to sag back into unpreparedness?

If we have learned anything in the last 25 years, we won't. We'll maintain a reasonably big standing army, a large navy, a powerful air force—and this whether we undertake with England and Russia to police the postwar world or try to pull back into a shell of isolationism. It's hard to tell, indeed, which of these two postwar courses would compel us to maintain the larger armed forces.

Yet the draft law is only a 5-year law as now written, and it will have run two of those years next October.

Hadn't we better settle this matter now, by making the draft law permanent, and by laying the groundwork for a system of universal military training?

Love in Wartime

TO GET married before he goes to war, or to wait till he comes back—we suppose that question is now tormenting more young Americans than any other. Certainly it is calling

forth more advice than any other from our numerous guides and counselors to the love-lorn. Some of it is pretty sane advice, too, while some of it is as mawkish and misleading drivel as we've seen in print since the same question arose in World War I.

We think the sanest possible advice on the subject is this: Think the matter through for yourselves and decide it on your own independent judgment. Read and listen to all the advice that comes your way, of course; but then work out your own answer. No general rule can cover all cases.

That, incidentally, is the best way we know of to make all the more important decisions of your life.

Campus Scandal

THE New York Times, after a nationwide survey, comes up with the news that 82% of U. S. colleges and universities do not require study of U. S. history for the undergraduate degree. Further, 72% of these institutions require no high-school study of U. S. history for admission.

To put it bluntly, we think this is a scandal.

Law schools, preparing students to become lawyers, give them at least a general idea of the history of law and the legal profession. Medical, engineering and scientific schools give their students a historical background for their professional studies. How otherwise could these schools hope to turn out graduates having any conception of what their chosen professions were all about?

Academic institutions of higher learning are supposed to give young men and women a broad outlook on life; to round them out into adults ready to take their places in the world. Yet 82% of these institutions in the United States do not insist that the students learn at

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least the broad outlines of the story of the country they live in.

This looks to us like an occasion for a big reform in American colleges and universities, and a speedy one. We're for making United States history, and plenty of it, a required subject in all these institutions, with exemptions only on a bona fide showing that the student has already learned a lot of U. S. history in high school.

The other side of the picture, of course, is that many a U. S. history textbook is insufferably cut and dried, and so is many a teacher of U. S. history. But that can usually be cured; in cases where it can't, it should be endured. The main thing is to teach our young people what kind of country they live in and how it got this way. Give Americanism at least an even break with the other isms in presenting its reasons for existing to the young people who will soon be running this country.

Guidebook to the Peace

ALREADY there is a flood of books on how we should engineer the peace to follow this war. As of this writing, we feel that one can profitably pass up all of them except one—and that this one is indispensable to anybody who hopes to think intelligently about postwar problems.

The book is *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Ex-President Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson (Doubleday, Doran, New York; 295 pages, \$2). Out of the wealth of their experience and study of both war and peace, these two statesmen have distilled a short, illuminating and most readable book, which points out the major mistakes of past peacemakers and suggests ways of avoiding those mistakes in future.

We hope that many people will read this book and that many more will discuss it. If that happens, we'll have higher hopes of a lasting peace after this war than, frankly, we have right now.

Luck to Elmer Davis

THE President's appointment of Elmer Davis as chief of the Office of War Information was the best thing that has happened yet, we believe, in the highly important war-news field. Mr. Davis is notoriously a fine fellow, a brilliant news analyst and appraiser, a courageous facer of facts and saver of time—altogether, a Hoosier hot shot in the best sense of the term. We think he will do the best work of his distinguished career in this new job, and that the American people will benefit greatly thereby; and we wish him a world of luck.