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## Honor Bound

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

FRANKIE WATANABE pulled his little roadster into the filling station, got out and raised the hood. The redheaded kid up by the pumps walked back to the car.

"Hi, Frankie."

"Hi, Red."

Frankie Watanabe fiddled with one of myriad unorthodox gadgets concealed under the hood, rubbed a speck of grease off one of the enormous carburetors. Red Davis watched him, his eyes narrow with envy. "Hot iron!" he said. "What'll she do with the new carburetor?"

Frankie Watanabe took off his leather jacket, and the hot California sun turned

his yellow skin to gold against his white tee shirt. "I clocked her a hundred eight," he said. "But that's all finished now. You can't ride like that on re-treads."

"Naw," Red agreed, "I guess not." He eyed the car contemplatively for a long moment. Finally he sighed. "But, boy, you're cookin' with gas when you're toolin' that tub."

"You ain't lyin'," Frankie Watanabe said.

Red Davis snapped the elastic of his leather bow tie idly against his Adam's apple. "Comin' out for track?" he asked.

"I guess so," Frankie Watanabe said. "They say North Hollywood's got a

ten-second man but you'll take him," Red said.

"Not if he's a ten-second man," Frankie Watanabe said.

"Aw, you know how them North Hollywood guys lie."

"Sure," Frankie said. He took a key out of his pocket, threw it to his friend. "Here's a key to the heap. Keep it for me. I like to have an extra one where I can get it if I lose mine."

"Okay, Frankie."

"And gimme a couple of gallons of ethyl. I gotta go into town."

Red Davis pumped two gallons of gasoline into the car, yelled amiably above the din of the two exhausts,

"Don't sell no war plans to Highrow Heeto."

Frankie Watanabe gunned his motor. "Wash the arsenic off your lettuce," he yelled back, grinning. He eased the car into first and rolled out onto the highway leading to Los Angeles.

In the downtown district he pulled into a parking station and, pocketing the ticket, made his way to a drugstore. He bought a stamp and an envelope, a package of chewing gum, put his leather jacket back on, walked over to the building opposite the drugstore and caught the elevator to the seventh floor. He opened the frosted door that was inscribed Naval Intelligence. After a few words with the sailor at the desk he was ushered into a private office.

To the man behind the desk he said bluntly, "I have something to report."

"Yes," the man said.

"I'M AN American," Frankie Watanabe said. "My father was an American. My father has been dead since I was eight. I live with my uncle. My uncle hasn't been over in this country so long. I am pretty sure he holds what we would call a reserve commission in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He has funny maps in his possession, and he also has a very powerful short-wave radio."

"Where is this uncle, now?" the man behind the desk asked softly.

"He's supposed to be a truck farmer out in the valley," Frankie Watanabe said slowly. "This is the address. The stuff is hidden in the barn." He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it across the desk.

The man picked up a phone, spoke briefly into it, put the receiver back on its hook. "The F.B.I. handles this sort of thing," he said. "You just remain here with me for a while."

Frankie Watanabe grinned nervously, settled his leather jacket around his neck.

"If this is true," the man across from Frankie said, "I consider you've performed an outstanding service for your country, and I'm proud of you."

"It's true all right," Frankie Watanabe said. "And do you know something?"

"Yes?"

"That uncle of mine's a pretty right Joe, other ways."

"That's a shame."

"Yeah," Frankie Watanabe took an envelope out of his hip pocket and put it on the desk. "I want to mail this when I go," he said, "don't let me forget, will you?"

He got up, stretched. "I'm not gonna try to run away," he said, "but could I go into the washroom a minute?"

"Sure, right through there."

Frankie Watanabe got up and walked toward the door. "Don't let me forget about that letter," he said and smiled.

"I won't."

The man Frankie Watanabe had talked to picked up the phone. "Yes," he said. "Yes, yes." There was a pause.

"Yes," the man said, "he's here. Second generation, seems to be completely Americanized, fine, clean-looking boy. You have the man, found the radio. Good. We'll do something nice for the boy."

The man hung up the phone and went to look for Frankie Watanabe.

He found him in the men's room. He had jammed the knife in the crack of the door and fallen hard against it and he was quite dead in the blood on the white tile.

And later when the man went back he didn't mail the letter right away, but opened it and puzzled a bit over the note written on the parking-lot ticket:

"I gave you the key, here's the parking ticket, Red. You're my best friend, lug, and I make you a present of the heap."

F. W."



# Norfolk Night

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



Movie-title signs on trailers in the boom-time camps proclaim the attractions within

Dry-land Davenport was shooting the breeze with a bilge rat from a bird-boat when a deck ape with a Shanghai stare dropped anchor at China Solly's Stars and Stripes Forever and—for the code key to this jargon see below. It seems a bunch of the Navy boys on liberty were whooping it up

WE PAUSED for refreshment at The Stars and Stripes Forever. Somebody had added Inc. to the name on the sign—probably one of the Navy Reservists. The reservists are sailors who are in the Navy for the duration only. Maybe we're wrong, but they seem to have more humor than the regulars. Not only more humor but much less professionalism. When the war's over they'll go back to their civvie jobs. That sort of sets them apart.

Anyway, we stopped at The Stars and Stripes Forever, which is a speak-easy and girie camp outside the city of Norfolk, Virginia, where, as everybody including Hitler knows, one of our greatest naval bases is located. At The Stars and Stripes Forever you can get a drink of hard liquor, a girl, a dance, an argument and almost anything else you think, mistakenly or not, you need at the moment. You can also have a nice salty talk with China Solly and his wife, who jointly own the joint.

Solly's an ex-sailor, an old China hand, a veteran of the old gob days. Sailors aren't called gobs any more, just sailors. Officially the Navy wants them called bluejackets, but that's too prissy and it won't stick. Mrs. Solly was a Sea Gull, a woman who followed the fleet, swooping from Newport and Boston to Brooklyn, Norfolk and Charleston on to Guantánamo, Balboa, San Diego and

Bremerton in the wake of her man. She had even seen duty in the Philippines and China. She married Solly in Kobe and has the lines to show it—lines all signed and notarized by a parson whom Solly calls Dee Dee and will talk of by the hour.

We needed a drink because nothing will wear you out faster than surveying the housing, or lack of housing, situation in a war-boom town. That's what we'd been doing all afternoon and you can take it from us without reservation that it's awful in Norfolk and just as bad in Portsmouth and Newport News. But we'll touch on that later. Solly's shooting the scuttlebutt, which is sailorese for gossip. We may not pass it on because that sort of thing is poo-chow, or forbidden, in wartime. It's all about what a swabbie from a birdboat—a sailor from an airplane carrier—had been saying that afternoon about a Limey carrier that was back for repairs for the third time in a year. Somehow, said Solly, you couldn't keep that Britisher buttoned up at all.

## The Trailer Saves the Day

This girie camp, The Stars and Stripes Forever, started about six or eight months ago as one of the Hampton Roads trailer camps. Nobody seems to know how many trailer camps there are, at least authorities can't agree. The figures we have tell us that from 3,000 to 5,000 families, an average of four to the family, are living in trailers. Anyway, the shipbuilding boom blew Norfolk all out of shape, crowding nearly 225,000 people into a city which normally housed 144,000. Every road and ferry was swamped with industrial workers and their families, in trailers, coming in for long-time big-pay jobs building ships, docks, warehouses, naval base extensions and all the rest of the things that war on the oceans cries for.

Beyond the formal limits of the city, people with lots and plots to spare, farmers with dead acres, hung out their signs: Trailer Camp. If you didn't come in a trailer, foolishly thinking to find lodgings for self and family, you could buy one. Or you could, until their man-

"Evenin', m'gel, evenin'," said His Lordship. "Yer lookin' hex-tro-dinary fine." And that broke the spell. The Yanks let out a resounding roar of approval

ufacture and sale was ruled out for the duration. You bought them for three or four hundred dollars down and so much a month. What the space owners charged for parking depended upon the conveniences they had to offer—water, sanitation, proximity to the work, things like that—and what you proposed to do on the premises. If it was just honest family life, parking space cost three or four dollars a week. If it was commercial skylarking, the fee might be ten dollars every Monday morning. There was neither order nor tight supervision over it. And that wasn't Norfolk's fault. The city met the invasion as best it could.

When it happened, The Stars and Stripes Forever was just Solly's Place—a beer and barbecue stop in Norfolk County, Virginia. Now it's a hot spot with a bar, a dance floor, a juke box, six slot machines, fire-belching battleships painted on the walls and waitresses in yellow slacks. Behind it there's a parking lot enclosed in a high wooden stockade painted red, white and blue. And within the stockade, parked neatly in a hollow square along the stockade walls, are the girie trailers. They have trim curtains at their windows, and their lamps are dim and demure. Solly's place is dinghow—okay. If a girie gets tough, she's shown the gate. If a customer blows his top and wants to make something out of it—gets rough, you know, and wants to fight—something swift and completely understandable is made out of it. Moreover, such guys never get in again, because The Stars and Stripes Forever is a club and you have to have a membership card to get in. Of course, it doesn't take a gent long to get a card if he's dinghow. If he presents himself at the gate, or if one of the guries fetches him from town in a

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