



Newsboys unwittingly aid Axis indoctrination by vigorous pushing of pro-Nazi El Pampero. They get this paper free

COPLAN INTERNATIONAL



Invaluable aid to hemisphere defense would be Argentina's navy, now in effect immobilized by her dubious neutrality. Fleet includes 2 battleships, 3 cruisers and 16 destroyers



Radical Raul Taborda leads middle-class businessmen, bulk of opposition to Castillo's pro-Axis conservatives

INTERNATIONAL EUROPEAN

This, the second of two articles on enemy influence in Argentina, where Nationalism plus Axis pressure and profiteers' greed add up to neutrality. The first of these articles appeared, under the same title, in Collier's for April 18th

OF THE twenty-two nations in this half of the world, only two are isolationist. One of these, Chile, may yet enter the war on the side of the Allies, or she may come part way eventually by divorcing the Axis. The other, Argentina, doesn't believe in divorce. She'll stay tied to the Axis and call it neutrality and she'll cling to that policy as long as it continues profitable and safe and otherwise expedient. That's the Argentine way.

You can lay this to the influence of Axis money and propaganda and the presence in Argentina of the most powerful fifth column in South America. You can attribute Argentina's neutrality to her blood bonds to Madrid and Rome. More than two thirds of Argentina's 13 million people are of Italo-Spanish stock.

But the real reasons for Argentina's isolationism go beyond all the obvious ones to a cause as old as Argentina herself. The policy of neutrality proclaimed by the congenitally pro-Axis government of Conservative Ram6n Castillo is rooted in nationalism. Argentina hasn't a corner on this superpatroitic commodity. Nationalism flourishes in most South American countries.

In Argentina, however, you have the only country in this hemisphere where nationalism and the conditions that breed it and feed it exist simultaneously. It's the only South American country where it's almost impossible to distinguish nationalism from the politics of the party in power. Nationalists pack the cabinet, the civil service, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies and the provincial and city administrations. Nationalists dominate the army, navy and air forces.

Nowhere else on this continent is it as difficult to tell a Nationalist from a Nazi. Their opponents, the enfeebled Radicals, call them Nazinalistas instead of Nacionalistas. Not all of the Conservatives are Nationalists, but nearly all Nationalists are Conservatives, and unanimously the Nazis, Fascists and Fa-

langists who flourish in Argentina are Nationalists. They number approximately 250,000 and represent an enormous bloc in a country where the total vote cast at a national election seldom exceeds a million and a half.

The Nationalist party line is as familiar as a speech by Adolf Hitler, an oration by Benito Mussolini or the editorials of Goebbels and Gayda. It preaches hatred of Americans and Britons. It advocates anti-Semitism and provokes persecution of Communists, and in Argentina, where social legislation is in the Middle Ages, anybody's a Communist who asks for a peso a week more than he's getting.

The Nationalists teach that democracy is decadent and that government of and for and by the people is a perished political philosophy. Plank for plank, the platform of Argentine Nationalism is identical with those of Nazi-Socialism, Italian Fascism and Spanish Falangism. It's complete down to advocacy of the Nazi-Fascist dogma of racial superiority. It's the boast of all Argentines, whether Nationalists or not, that they are the only uncontaminated race in the Western Hemisphere. The pride and arrogance of the conquistadors flow in their veins.

Axis agents have stirred in the Argentines latent appetites for empire. "Our rightful place in the sun" has become the battle cry of the Nationalists of Argentina as it was the war theme of Italian Fascism and German Nazism. Their demands range from return of the British-held Falklands to more ambitious projects. Some demand the reconquest of those portions of neighboring countries which constituted the Argentina of more than a century ago when, however, she wasn't really Argentina but a Spanish vassal.

It is this Axis-inspired campaign for empire which, at this critical moment in the life of the Western Hemisphere, is the most dangerous of the Nationalist activities to (1) peace in Latin America (2) hemisphere unity (3) defense of the New World and (4) the offensive Allied war effort. The Axis fifth column keeps it alive through newspapers like the Nazi-subsidized *El Pampero*, a daily with a circulation of about 75,000, edited by Enrique Os6s, the ablest journalist in South America and a leading Nationalist. At least twenty dailies, weeklies and monthlies supplement *El Pampero's* work.

Experienced Allied military observers with whom I talked in Rio de Janeiro, Santiago and Buenos Aires drew a blueprint of possible events in South America which challenge the High Command of the United Nations, but particularly the armed forces and the State Department of the United States. They reasoned that the Axis has not overlooked the opportunities that the situation in South America offers for destroying hemisphere unity and reducing Allied war power.

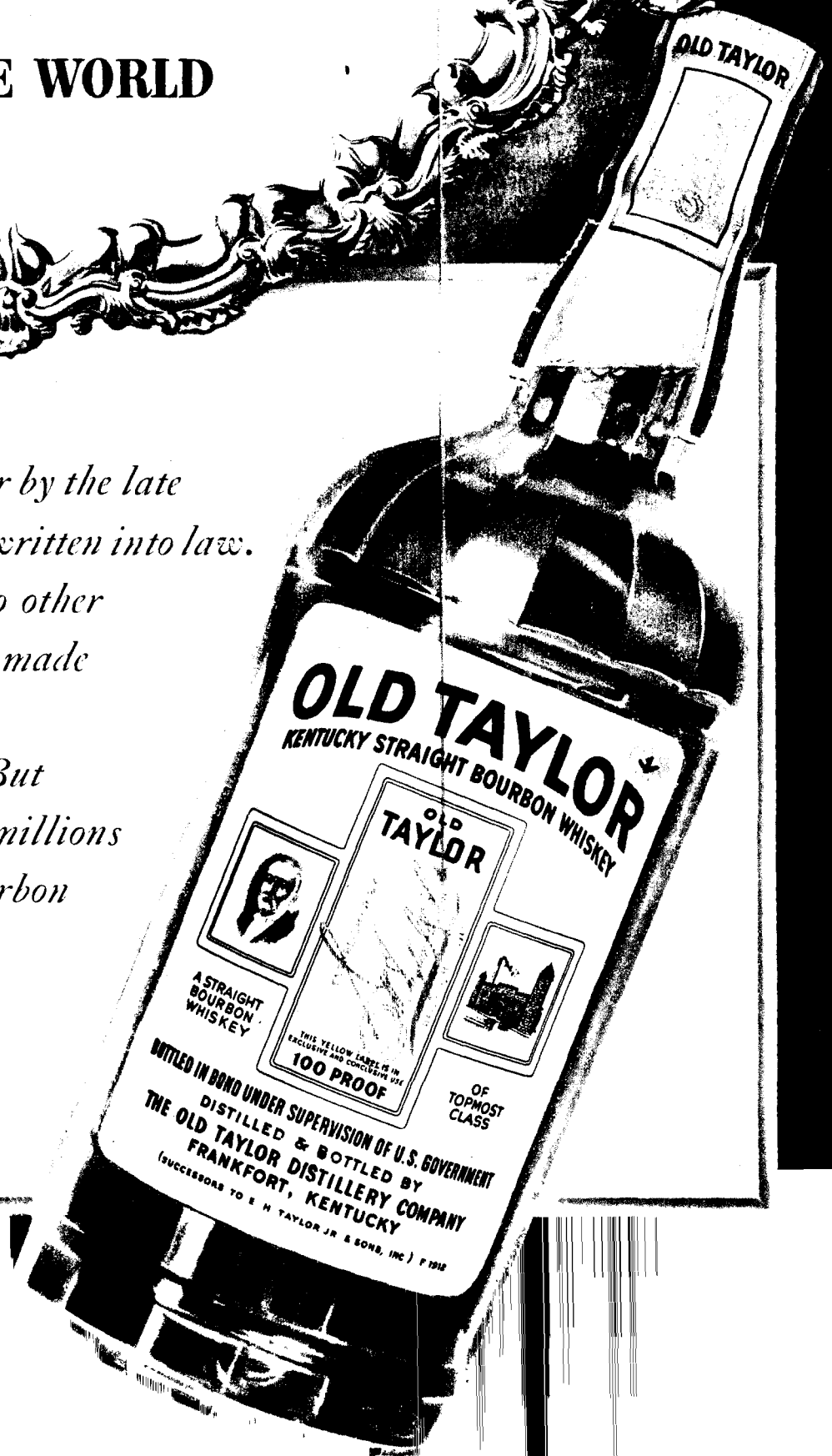
Deprived of quantities of rubber, tin, teak, bauxite and of considerable oil by events in the Pacific and



Ablest journalist in South America—as well as leading Nationalist—is Enrique Os6s, who edits the violently pro-Nazi El Pampero

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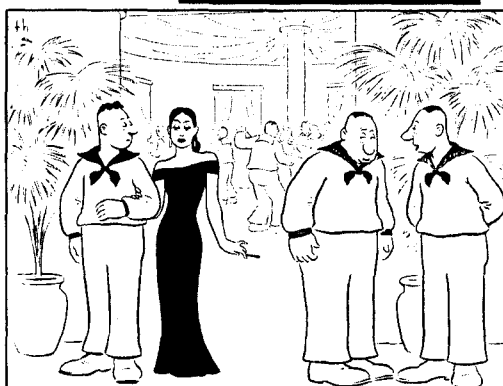
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Asia, America and Great Britain need every pound of these raw materials which can be obtained from Latin America. It is part of the Axis strategy, our observers believe, to deprive us of these commodities. British intelligence officers, schooled in Norway and Denmark, France and the Balkans, who've had about two years' or more advantage in observing at gun-point the technique of Axis warfare, are particularly concerned with the drift of events in Argentina and, less seriously, Chile.

They know that the Axis will, in the next few months, feel increasingly the pressure of Anglo-American offensive warfare from the west and Russo-Chinese attacks from the east. Therefore, they reason, the Axis will strike in South America where they have in the last six years carefully laid their plans for such a strategic assault.

In nearly every country in South America there have been and there are political "outs" who want to be "ins," jobless young intellectuals abubble with misguided patriotism who want to overthrow existing governments in favor of regimes which will guarantee jobs. Everywhere there are third-rate Huey Longs and men of bad faith and persons who erroneously believe that democracy can't work.

In such an atmosphere, similar to the situation which prevailed in Italy immediately before Fascism took over and in Germany before Naziism came to power, the Axis thrives. In Brazil where, in 1936 and 1937, President Getulio Vargas began suppressing subversive agencies, the danger of Axis success has been reduced, although the country is still far from safe. But in Argentina the Axis reaches the apex of its power in South America.

Chile's Hope for the Future

It is strong too in Chile, but there the workers' parties, the Socialists and the Communists, allied with the Radicals in the Popular Front government of Juan Antonio Rios, keep the Nationalist-Fascist followers of defeated presidential candidate General Carlos Ibañez del Campo in check.

In Chile, when the showdown comes, there will be, as there were in England, miners and factory workers who will want to fight to keep the rights of free men they've won in years of struggle through their trade unions. They'll fight too if they receive any aid from outside. But in Argentina there is no organized citizenry to prevent the country from being handed over to the Nazis.

Only the middle-class businessmen who constitute the bulk of the Radical opposition to Conservative Castillo's policies are willing to oppose the imminent Axis upsurge. Their leader is young Raul Damonte Taborda but he, like the Liberals in Chile, can't fight alone. He hasn't even the full support of the aging former president General Justo, spiritual leader of the Radical party.

I saw Justo in his villa at Mar del Plata, near Buenos Aires. Maybe he was playing doggo but he gave me the impression of being a tired old warrior who's lived too softly to be willing to risk his skin in leading a revolt against the Conservatives. Revolution or Allied intervention, Castillo opponents said, alone can save Argentina now.

Axis plans to throw South America into an organized chaos which would seriously affect—maybe the word is cripple—the Allied war effort are seen by English and American military men as a challenge to our State Department to put an economic hammer lock on Argentina. Because Argentina's exports have always profitably exceeded her imports, she has seldom known a depression, and it is likely that she can be

brought into line with a complete embargo on automobiles, tires, manufactured goods and gasoline.

Great Britain has already cracked down on Argentina. Despite Axis propaganda to the contrary, she sells little or nothing in Argentina and buys Argentina's beef largely because there's none available elsewhere.

I tracked down three stories of British competition with American firms in South America and found all three to be false. One concerned the sale of British-made airplanes in Brazil and Argentina. Another said that British machinery made with Lend-Lease materials was being marketed in Argentina. A third accused the British of whispering to Argentine merchants that they shouldn't forget Argentina's real friends were the English and that the Americans were interlopers who wanted to grab the Argentine market for themselves. I talked with scores of American and British businessmen and none could produce proof of Anglo-American commercial competition in that country. There was such competition in the early stages of the war when it was still the phony war, before it became the people's war. It ended with Dunkirk



and with the purge of the appeasers in Churchill's cabinet.

Small British ships put into Buenos Aires once every four to six weeks. These occasional five- and six-thousand tonners couldn't possibly carry enough goods into that country to offer the United States anything like serious competition. But the anti-Allied propaganda persists despite the efforts of American Ambassador Norman Armour in Buenos Aires and British Ambassador Sir Noel Charles in Rio de Janeiro to kill it. The propaganda stems from sources like *El Pampero*.

Both business and military men say that brutal as a policy of economic sanctions against the country may seem, it is the only language Argentines will understand at this point.

The hardships which sanctions would entail for hundreds of thousands of Argentine workers would bring pressure on the Castillo government and cause it either to modify its policy in respect to the Allies or to quit. Despite Nationalism and Castillo's political machine, the average man of Argentina—including even the peons and pamperos and gauchos who live and work on the big ranches but must vote as their bosses demand—is pro-democratic.

The editor of a leading afternoon newspaper in Buenos Aires told me that the Argentines buy newspapers only when the Allies are winning. Circulation falls off when the news is bad—i. e. when the Axis is winning. The editor interpreted this to mean that the average man is on our side. He, like Ambassador Armour and several prominent members of Castillo's government, also declared that only a hard-boiled cracking-down policy by the United States can prevent Argentina from going completely over to the Axis side.

They recognized that severe measures against Argentina might hasten the swing over to the enemy's side. But, they argued, what has the United States to lose? Delay in the application of economic sanctions against Argentina will only delay the inevitable date of a show of hands all around, and meanwhile Castillo will strengthen his position with the Axis and with those people in Argentina who believe the Allies are fighting a losing war.

Appeasement Won't Work

As in the case of Vichy France and Spain, the tendency of the State Department has been to "go slow" with Argentina in the vain hope of winning Castillo over. President Roosevelt, however, appears to recognize the urgency of the Argentine problem. Immediately after Argentina became one of the holdouts of the Rio de Janeiro Conference he reportedly cabled Castillo that Argentina would receive Lend-Lease aid and the supplies of munitions and airplanes she demanded, only when the needs of the Allies and loyal friends in South America had been filled. At the present rate of production and allocation, that means never. Castillo, nevertheless, went about Buenos Aires bragging he'd made Roosevelt knuckle down.

Whatever hopes the State Department might have entertained about the possibility of winning over Castillo must have received a rude wallop the other day. In Madrid, Foreign Minister Serrano Suñer, stooge for the Axis, announced completion of a Hispano-Argentine trade agreement calling for exchange of \$40,000,000 worth of Argentine food products for "Spanish manufactured goods."

In the first place, Spain is not a manufacturing nation. Secondly, her factories are still mere wrecks from the civil war. Her "manufactured goods" will very obviously come from Germany and Italy, and just as obviously the food Argentina sends to Spain will go largely to Germany and Italy. Italy is almost as close to starvation as are Poland and Greece.

The pact also called for establishment of a Madrid-to-Buenos Aires air line and the increase of shipping facilities between Argentine and Spanish ports. If these terms are fulfilled, existing channels for the transfer of Axis agents from Europe to this continent, the interchange of goods, the importation of weapons and a general betterment of communications between the enemy and this hemisphere will be not merely doubled or tripled but squared. Proportionately, the dangers to Argentina (already the potential Norway of South America), to the American continent and to us will increase. And perhaps some of that tungsten which Argentina produces and has promised us will find its way, along with nitrates from Chile, into the factories of the arms makers of the Axis.

Politically the Hispano-Argentine trade pact establishes at least one fact: Castillo is thinking in terms of making a deal with the Axis and not with the United Nations. He must be sure the Axis will win the war. He's taken a step

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which will cause Nationalists and Conservatives to cheer. The Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, the Minister for Public Works and the Chief of Police of Buenos Aires are all Nationalists. Here, perhaps, is the first concrete evidence of direct Nationalist influence in Argentine foreign relations. The negotiations began eight months ago, which means that Castillo, despite occasional lip service to Pan-Americanism and *solidaridad* and to the memories of San Martín and Simon Bolívar, has had it in his heart and mind for a long time to do business with Hitler rather than with Roosevelt.

It doesn't occur to the Nationalist followers that they might be betraying their country by embarking upon an imperial adventure. I asked two representative Nationalists what they would do if it suddenly became clear to them that they were being used by the Axis to further the ends of Germany and Italy rather than those of Argentina. "Ah," they replied vaguely, "in that event, we shall know how to die." Undoubtedly some few Nationalists are fervently, sincerely patriotic, but their leaders are not. They see in the present state of world affairs a wonderful opportunity for self-gain and power and glory.

The trouble Argentina could cause in South America is considerable. Argentina has a good navy. It includes two battleships, two heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, sixteen destroyers, three submarines, ten mine sweepers and four auxiliary vessels. Its army is the largest and best trained in South America and comprises 48,100 active troops with 281,000 trained reserves. The air force has 470 planes, about 100 of which are first-line light bombers of our Martin type. This might not seem like much of an army compared to the modern fighting machines of the Allies and the Axis today but against, say, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay it would have a power comparable to that which the Japs threw against Luzon.

The Approaching Storm

Realistic observers are convinced that the Axis will instigate a Nationalist uprising in Argentina at the proper psychological moment. This moment, they believe, is rapidly approaching with the coming weeks. The Axis isn't concerned with Argentina's imperial ambitions; it seeks only to set in motion the forces necessary to obstruct an effective Allied offensive.

The Axis has plenty of friends in the Nationalist movement. One of these is retired General Juan Bautista Molina. He's the granddaddy of the Nationalists. He's been a Conservative, a Radical and is now a Conservative again. He heads the biggest Nationalist organization, the Alianza de la Juventud Nacionalista and commands the biggest block of votes for Castillo in the Nationalist camp. Mesmerized by German military power and efficiency, he's a pro-Nazi. Comes *der Tag*, he'll be in there swinging. In 1940, when Argentina was popularly anti-German and pro-American, he gave a de luxe luncheon party for German Ambassador von Thermann. At that particular time, France had fallen and Britain appeared to be on the verge of collapse. Molina is a pleasant-looking man in his early sixties, with a genial smile, horn-rimmed eyeglasses and a pair of cold, black, piercing eyes.

Another prominent Nationalist is General Domingo J. Martínez. He's young for a general, and ambitious. As a young officer he switched his loyalties from Radical President Irigoyen to Conservative Uriburu and then to the liberal Radical General Justo. He advanced a grade with each switch. He

dropped Justo for General Molina. He sees Molina aging and slipping from leadership. Martínez, a handsome man in an arrogant, pomaded way, hopes to pick it up. Castillo recently appointed Martínez chief of police of the federal capital, which is more important than it sounds. More than 2,500,000 of Argentina's 13 million live there.

A third top Nationalist is Manuel A. Fresco. He calls himself *Adalid*, meaning literally "wild tribal leader." He first commanded the attention of Axis scouts by organizing provincial employees of the province of Buenos Aires, while he was governor, into an imitation storm-trooper division. The boys paid for their uniforms out of their salaries, drilled in their spare time. Finally, last year, he organized the PATRIA, one of the largest of the Nationalist groups. He's said to have a million-dollar war chest.

The Nationalists' Doctrinaire

The smartest and reputedly the most dangerous of the Nationalists, however, is Enrique Osés, of *El Pampero*. He calls himself *El Primer Camarada*, The First Comrade; but he's very definitely not the kind of Comrade who could get into the Kremlin. He began his Nationalist career as editor of a then obscure little paper called *Crisol*, which is now one of the many Nationalist periodicals. Osés saw the profit possibilities of cashing in on Nazi penetration and organized *El Pampero* with some of his own and much of other people's money. The Taborda Committee says *El Pampero* costs the German embassy about \$25,000 every month.

A prolific writer—emotional and obsessed with a martyr complex—Osés is the Nationalists' doctrinaire, the Goebels or the Gayda of the movement. His books are Nationalist catechisms. He used to go to jail often for The Cause. Now they leave him alone, although Castillo, to keep up appearances, orders *El Pampero* closed now and then. But *El Pampero* reappears on the news-stands long before the suppression order expires. If the sentence is for two days *El Pampero* closes down for one. If it's ordered closed for a week you can buy the paper two days after the order became effective.

You can best judge the Argentine Nationalist movement not by the men who lead it today but by the man whose memory the Nazionalistas honor. He is Juan Manuel de Rosas, the first dictator of Argentina and one of the bloodiest dictators in history.

Rosas ruled for seventeen years. He organized his own Gestapo, called the *Mazorca*, meaning "an ear of corn" and symbolizing the tight, regimented unity of the regime. He exterminated every political opponent. In one mass execution alone he publicly had the throats of 1,500 men cut. In the years between 1835 and 1852, he killed 35,000 men and women who dared oppose him. To Argentine Nationalists he symbolizes the power and greatness of Argentina. They clothe him with the romantic trappings of the gaucho and the Strong Man. There hasn't been a Strong Man in Argentina since Rosas.

But the Nationalists don't tell the story of what happened to Rosas. The dictator—as all dictators inevitably must—came to a dishonorable end. In a book called *Facundo*, a documentation of the tortures and terrors of the Rosas regime, the Liberal Sarmiento crucified the great gaucho. The book stirred longings for freedom in the hearts of men, and finally, in 1852, Rosas was overthrown by his neighbors and a cabal of generals who believed in democracy. Rosas died, in poverty, in an English garret.

THE END

There's Someone for You

Continued from page 20

coughed again, wiped his forehead off with a large handkerchief and spoke.

"I am interested to see you reading," he said. "It isn't often you see a girl trying to improve herself, for I can see this is not a novel which you are reading."

Tulsa spoke over the thick beating of her heart. Something gave her courage to answer this impressive person with the deep voice.

"It is a nonfiction work," she said gravely. Molly Daniels chose her books by counting along, seven at a time (seven was a lucky number) until she had chosen any three books (three was also a lucky number). Tulsa was glad Everett didn't laugh! Whenever she took courage to say something, it seemed she got laughed at, and since she hardly ever laughed herself, it worried her.

"I am quite a reader myself, read, read, read, that's all I do, it seems, except that, of course, I have various duties to perform during the day because I am in the Army, as you may have guessed."

Everett Smith flushed deeper because he could hear for himself the knock-down stream of words pouring on the defenseless girl, as if from a fire hose. She would soon get that stiff, tired look on her face that the other person always did when he talked. He knew it and there was nothing he could do about it, but keep talking desperately about the raising of silver foxes—this seventh book happened to be called "The Silver Fox: How to Raise It for Profit"—and hoping she wouldn't go.

Because Everett Smith knew he was a bore. He had tired people when he was just learning to talk at eighteen months and now that he was grown to six feet four, he bored people into a kind of trance. Even the aunt and uncle he hired to run his place listened surreptitiously to the radio while he talked. But he hadn't been home for six months and he was lonely.

"One dollar forty-two," said the postmistress, and Tulsa flushed to see plainly written on the fat red face that the postmistress thought, "Old maid after anything in pants!" and that she was laughing at the thought.

"Where do you live?" Everett Smith asked nervously. It made him more than nervous to see how quickly the girl

moved to get away from his talk, and yet he had to try, desperately, not to let her go right out of his life. "My name is Everett Smith, from Texas. May I come to see you some time? Do you live near here?"

"No," Tulsa said flatly. "A long way off."

"Please!" said Everett Smith, but Tulsa didn't want to be laughed at. She walked right by Everett and all the way home told herself she had a right to cry if she felt like it and had a headache from the sun.

"Keep yourself to yourself," she warned her heart. "At least then nobody can laugh at you, on top of everything else. He's probably laughing at you right this minute."

But somehow she knew he wasn't and Everett Smith was the name she fastened to all the confused dreams of her lonely, hungry life. It was a wonderful name.

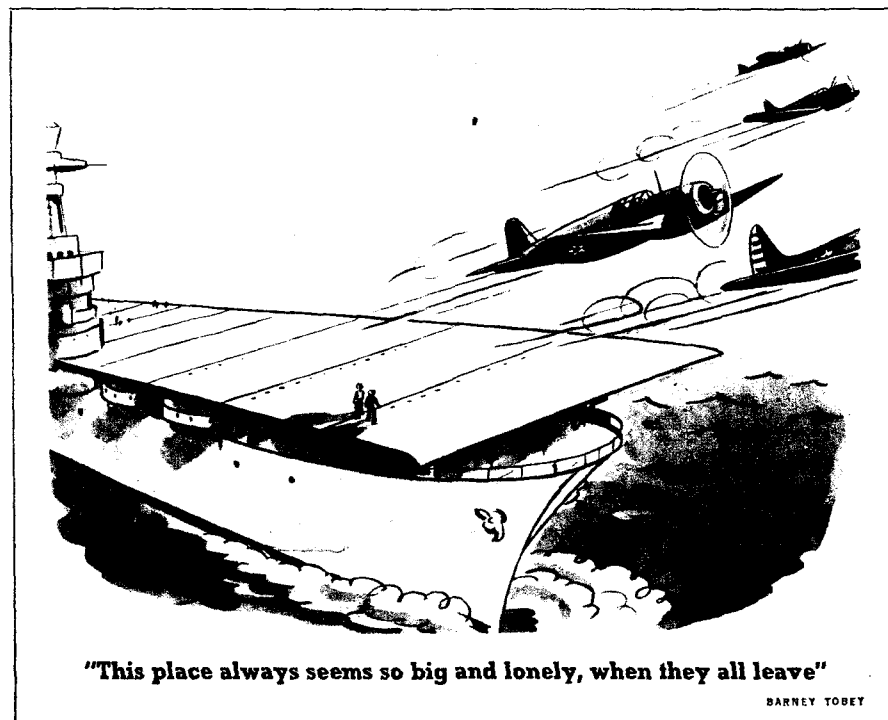
"This is Saturday night," Tulsa reminded herself, looking down at her book. "Everybody but you has a date and if he comes here, he'll have a date, too."

One reason she had been glad to work for the Danielses on their remote ranch was that she was a long way from town and wouldn't have to face these shamming, blank, Saturday nights, but tonight Molly had made her come along.

She said, "There's no reason for you to stay home when we're taking the kids. There must be things you want to do."

MOLLY DANIELS was a brisk, brown little woman, not unlike the prize turkeys she and her husband raised. She wasn't too brisk for tact, however, and she was careful not to say, "Or people you'd like to see." Sometimes it worried her, the way Tulsa tried to hide when somebody new came to the ranch, huddling down like a scared bird inside her feathers until they left. But, since the Danielses had someone who worked like two and was glad to do it because they were all Tulsa had to care about in the world, they didn't try to change her. She was easy with them and talked along in a low voice about the turkeys and the feed and the eggs, or talked softly to the children as she put them to bed.

That was how they knew even as much about Tulsa Brann as they did,



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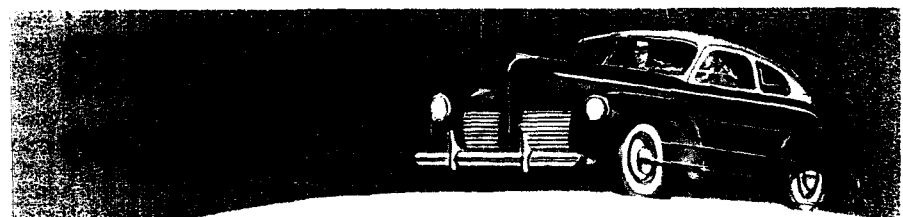
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That Dog Book's important equipment for every dog! All about training, feeding, illnesses. We use it to check symptoms, then give Sergeant's SURE SHOT Worm Capsules, Condition Pills, or whatever is needed.

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

from her talking in the evenings to the children, who slept in a big room off the kitchen. Tulsa sat in a high-backed old rocker, with the two-year-old done up into a bundle of blanket on her lap, and creaked the chair while she told the children that she was named Tulsa because her grandfather had pioneered to Oklahoma and how she had chosen the name of Victory on the map, and how she had nobody in the world to care about, only the Danielses.

"It was a fortunate day your mother found me," she began the story. "Otherwise I do not know what would have happened to me. Indeed I do not."

TULSA had a formal way of talking because she talked as though she were reading. She read all the time she wasn't working; she read everything.

"I was so lonely," Tulsa said, "from being ugly. And a girl had been very mean to me that day, until I wanted to run away, far out on the desert, until I was lost."

"Are you the ugly duckling?" little Molly would ask and Tulsa always said, "Yes, I am the ugly duckling, only I can't turn into a swan."

As a matter of fact, Tulsa wasn't ugly, which is something striking and sometimes even attractive; what she was was plain and nondescript.

Danny always said, "When I grow up and have children, I'll name them all cities, like you, Tulsa. Tulsa is a lovely name."

"Thank you," Tulsa answered.

"Tell about your mother," little Molly always asked, though here the story was sad and the happy ending only started after grandma and the Danielses got into the story.

"My mother was beautiful," Tulsa said dreamily, creaking back and forth in the rocker and patting little Cora. "Very beautiful. My father loved her and they were happy when I was born—my grandmother always reminded me of that so I would not worry. But I am a serious and worrying kind of person. When I was only a little older than Cora here—"

Her arms would fold tighter and Molly, listening from the kitchen as she darned stockings, could tell the children were listening, too. "We moved to Halifax, which is a great seaport, because my father built ships and there was that other war. One day there was an explosion and a lot of things were blown up, including our house. My father never came home to find out."

"It worried me that my mother who was beautiful died and that I lived. But my grandmother, who raised me, was very kind to me and covered apples with red candy and knitted me sweaters. She used to say—" And here Tulsa's voice would fall until it sounded like a sleepy wind, and the children would be very still. "She used to say, 'There's someone for everyone, Tulsa, and there's someone in the world for you, never fear. You just go about your business and be a good girl and they'll surely find you.'"

AFTER the grandma died, there were bad times and hard jobs and finally a job in the Victory cement plant.

"One sad evening," Tulsa said, her voice quickening for the end of the story, "a lady named Daniels came by and said, 'Maybe you're not so pretty but you look nice and good to me, so come and work on my turkey ranch.'"

"So you came," the children chorused, "and you liked all the Danielses, every one of them, and they liked you, so your grandma was right and you'll stay here forever and ever, amen."

"Amen is for prayers," Tulsa said, getting up to put Cora into her crib by the window. "Not for stories."

Molly went on darning but she wondered if Tulsa's grandma had only meant the Danielses for her. How must it be for Tulsa to have only a home and

children that weren't her own and only work for other people? And yet what would the Danielses do without her?

"Time to worry when it happens," Molly thought. She called, "Come on, Tulsa, have some coffee with me now the young ones are asleep." Because it wasn't going to happen to Tulsa, even though her dropped spoon meant company coming.

There was a noise at the door of the Green Spot and Tulsa looked to see if this was the Danielses but it was a group of soldiers tanned deeper than their uniforms by the desert sun that had made little lines around their eyes and sweated them lean. One leaner than the rest. He stopped beside Tulsa's table, while the rest went on to the tableful of waiting girls at the end, one of whom was Tulsa's enemy, Eileen.

Everett Smith said, "I've looked everywhere to find you."

Tulsa could see Eileen watching them, laughing and making a joke out of it. "Look at the old maid trying to get herself a man," she'd say, and she might tell an old story about Tulsa. Tulsa couldn't look at Everett Smith, who might even be in on the joke. How did she know?

"What is your book's name?" Everett asked urgently.

Still she wouldn't answer.

In a lower voice Everett said with sudden sad urgency, "Talk to me, Miss Brann! Please!" He paused a second before he went on as he had been told to do. "A fellow I know said no girl could stand me more than an hour, on account of the way I talk so much. I've bet two months' pay I could get a date this Saturday night and make it last until eleven o'clock. The fellow goes with a girl named Eileen Fornoy. Why, they're practically spending my money right now, they're so sure nobody'd talk to me that long."

"Eileen Fornoy?" Tulsa said. She said it with such quiet fierceness Everett was surprised. "Sit down," Tulsa said, "if you want to." She smiled at him timidly. "It is just a book on Inca civilization I happen to be reading," she said.

Everett said eagerly, "I have read a little about Inca civilization myself, as it happens." Everett had, and he absorbed other facts and figures like a willing blotter; the trouble was, nobody else cared. Nobody ever seemed to care about the total volume of water in Lake Mead, or what happened to the target when a rifle sight was one one-thousandth off. Except Tulsa was interested. It warmed him to see her sitting there quietly listening, not clicking her nails

together, or breaking up matches, in her restlessness.

"Laughing!" Tulsa said suddenly, later. "People are always laughing and I never know what's so funny."

Everett had been talking for an hour, in long, instructive sentences a girl could listen to forever and they had done no more than smile occasionally. It made Tulsa feel easy with him.

"People very seldom laugh when I talk," Everett said in a puzzled voice.

"Maybe you have to learn to laugh early, when you're little," Tulsa said. "Otherwise you don't know how. I'm not speaking of mean laughter, like some people have."

That was Eileen, down at the crowded, noisy table, shrieking her laugh over the room in wiry lengths. Somebody was being talked against when Eileen laughed like that. Maybe me, Tulsa thought. Maybe me, Everett thought.

Everett said slowly, "I ran away from the aunt and uncle who raised me—they are not the same ones who run my fig ranch for me while I am away. I went to Texas—I was fourteen then—and worked hard and saved money and now I own this fig ranch that does very well. It goes right on producing while I'm away in the Army, and when I go back I will still have a fine, clean life, growing figs and packing and selling them. But still I might be lonely." He looked at her.

"You own a ranch?" Tulsa asked.

"Why, yes," said Everett, a little hope quickening his voice as he looked at Tulsa. "And you know how many fig trees I have on it? Well—"

HE HARDLY got well started on a fig-by-fig description of his ranch in the next hour and Tulsa listened, fascinated. Her eyes shone and her hands lay idle in her lap, her mouth relaxed into warm eagerness because this was better than a book, even better than a dream.

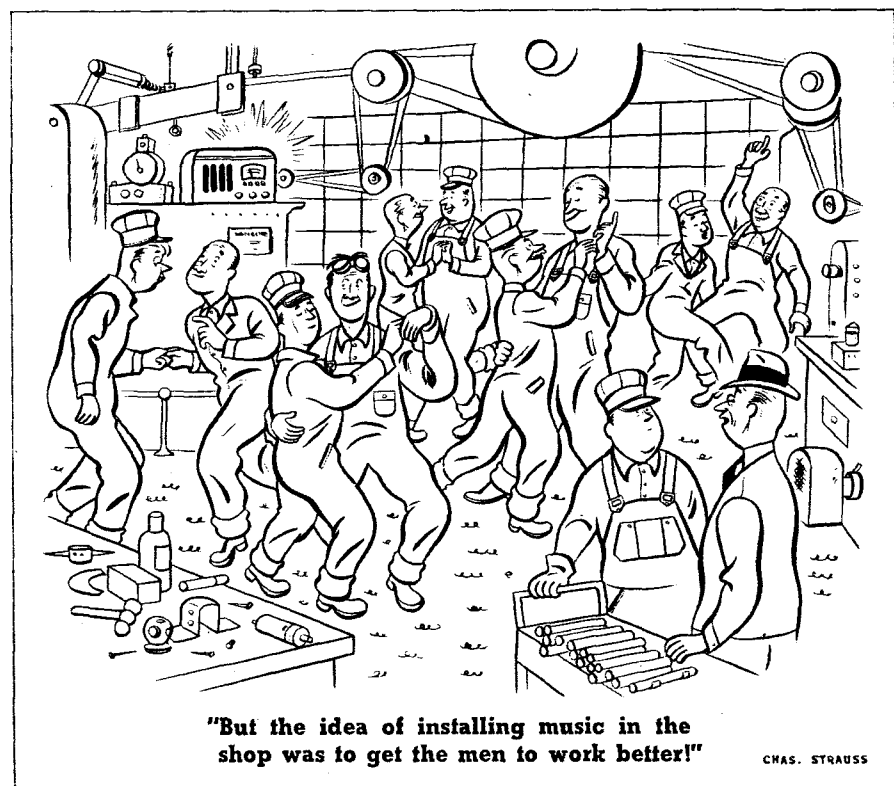
When she looked up, she saw that Molly and the family had come in. Molly looked cross and was cross.

"What's the matter with you, hon?" her husband asked. "My dogs are killing me, and we've bought us all new shoes, and walked the town—and still you don't want to come in here and sit down. I can't figure it out."

"That's plain," said Molly, and there were introductions.

Everett Smith would go now. It wasn't eleven. And Eileen would get his good money to spend on her fancy trash. It wasn't right! Everett Smith stood up.

"Please," Tulsa said, "would you dance with me?"



CHAS. STRAUSS

It was worth ridicule to do something for as wonderful a fellow as Everett Smith, even though she had to shame herself to do it, and Molly was poking her husband with her elbow. It was worth ridicule to spite Eileen because a fellow like Everett was worth a thousand girls like that!

"I would be glad to," Everett said and when they were on the floor, crowded with Victory's finest assortment, Tulsa told him, "I've never danced in my life. I just wanted to try."

She had just one conscious wish and that was that a cyclone would sweep through the town, as one had done long before, and would pick up the Green Spot in its vortex.

"I taught myself," Everett said gravely, with his thin face against her smooth brown hair that smelled of open air and tar soap. "From a special circular sent out free for a dollar mailing charge by a prominent New York dancing school. I am quite a good dancer, however."

Surprisingly, he was. He was graceful and sure of himself and he made Tulsa follow him. A sort of pushing happiness kept coming up in her throat like water in a geyser, but it sank down as regularly when she caught sight of Eileen, or the Danielses, or the clock, and was reminded of herself. Everett had an anxious look that made her think, "But just as soon as it's eleven I'll let him go—right in the middle of a dance, even. And he needn't think I'm doing this for him. I'm doing it against Eileen."

Against the enemy to whom a trusting new girl at the cement plant had given two dollars as her share of a party one Saturday night. A party that had never come by to pick up Tulsa, waiting in a new green plaid cotton dress and red sandals on the rooming-house porch, though a car had driven by, slowly enough. So Tulsa, still there waiting, while everyone knew this was the first time she had had even this much of a date, could hear the talk and laughter partly paid for by her own two dollars.

Eileen's voice had said, "Oh, what of it, for heaven's sake? It's worth two dollars to that poor hen just to think she *might* get a date, but if we drag her along, it'll only spoil the party!"

MOLLY DANIELS had come by while tears were still flooding over Tulsa's helpless, stiff face and a few hours later she was on her way to the turkey ranch with her few belongings in a suitcase and her few hopes discarded.

Now she was getting back at Eileen, who would do anything for money.

Everett Smith said, "You're going to be a swell dancer. Down home they have dances on Saturday nights, too. They're good fun."

He wanted them to sound so, but he didn't know if they were or not. He had only been at the edge of things all his life.

"Will you go back, afterward?" Tulsa asked.

"Sure," said Everett Smith holding her a little tighter. "This aunt and uncle of mine want to retire, and there's a big old ranch house. I suppose a girl wouldn't want to move into an old place like that, nine, ten rooms, and fig trees all around, and a garden at the side. But I figure to get a decorator from Dallas to fix it up."

Of course there was a girl in Texas! How could a fellow like Everett not have a girl waiting? And was that any reason not to take a sociable interest?

But her voice trembled as she said considering, "Some girls might like to move into it and see how the man lived before, I guess. They might like to see the torn old curtains and feel good because they put up the new ones and he liked them."

Her voice had a warmth she didn't

know about, and she moved softly and easily now that she had stopped thinking about Eileen. Her eyes had the smoothness of green water, her hair the soft shine of pine needles.

"Some girls, who always lived with other people's things, well, they'd cherish everything that had belonged to him or his family for a long time back. It would make them feel good just to touch those things with their fingers."

Everett Smith said, "Do you guess that's really right, Tulsa?"

"Yes," she said absently, but Eileen, dancing near, shouted to her partner, "Come on, let's go some place else! This dump's dead and it's way past eleven!" Tulsa's coach turned into a pumpkin and she stopped dancing abruptly, though she had almost forgotten.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Smith," she said, in a loud, clear voice, so that Eileen would hear and take notice. "I've enjoyed it, but since it is after eleven, I must hurry and go."

WHEN she walked back to the table, Molly saw that the light had gone out behind Tulsa's face and she thought maybe her idea had been a bad one after all. Maybe she had given Everett too much credit for sense. Maybe he didn't appreciate Tulsa.

"Come along, Tulsa," she said kindly. "Time to be getting home."

Her husband, just beginning his second beer, stared at her in astonishment.

"Why, we just got here!" he bellowed, and even Everett, following Tulsa, jumped at the sound. "What's got into you tonight, Mamma?"

Everett turned wretchedly to Tulsa, who stood a little away from the family-crowded table with nowhere to hide. "You have a kind heart, as Mrs. Daniels told me," he said miserably. "You talked with me and danced with me to save me losing some money—so you thought—"

"It was to spite Eileen," said Tulsa flatly.

"But you got so tired of me you wouldn't go one minute overtime, would you?" Everett asked. "I thought maybe—"

Molly suddenly had her inexplicable impatience again. "Go on outside and talk, you two," she said. "After all, why should we be interested?"

Tulsa walked out into the street, blindly, because if Molly wouldn't help her, nobody would. She climbed up into the back of the truck, and Everett stood beside it.

"There wasn't any bet," he told her. "I found out you worked for the Danielses, and Mrs. Daniels said you were kind, you would talk to me, but you were shy, so she advised me to make up a reason. She said she would occupy the others buying shoes—but it didn't do any good. You didn't want to stay with me one minute longer than you had to, and I don't blame you, a wonderful girl like you, with a mind and all."

There he was, he knew dimly. Talking, talking, when any other fellow would take a girl in his arms and it would all work out.

But there was Tulsa looking at him, as if a hand had suddenly hung out the sun in front of her eyes and she was dazzled trying to see through the sudden strong light that was shining in Victory at half past eleven at night.

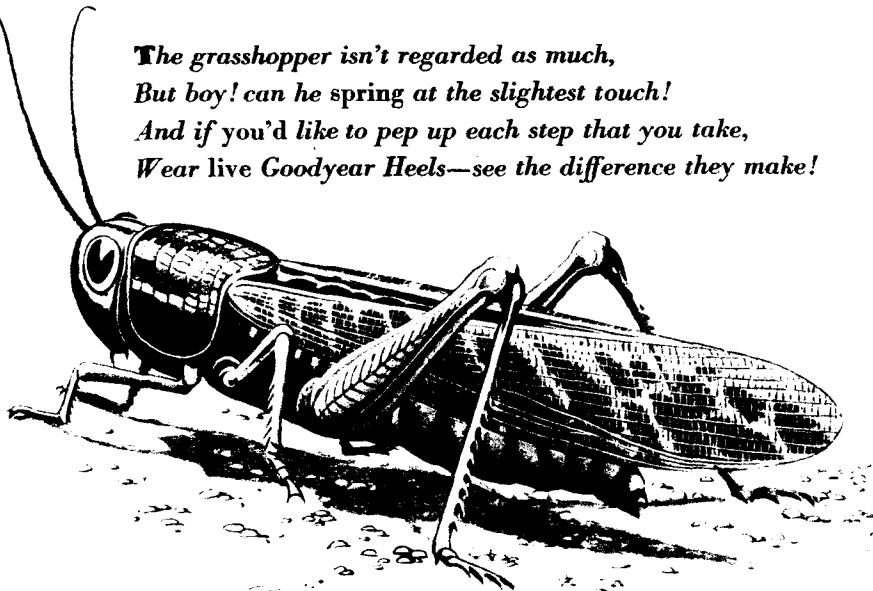
"There wasn't any bet?" she said. "You just wanted to talk to me on purpose?"

"Why, yes," said Everett Smith. "Anybody'd be proud to!"

"Then my grandma was right," said Tulsa. There were tears in her eyes as Everett climbed up beside her and valiantly put his hand over hers, but a chime of bright words sang inside her: "Tulsa, there's someone for you, never fear."

THE END

*The grasshopper isn't regarded as much,
But boy! can he spring at the slightest touch!
And if you'd like to pep up each step that you take,
Wear live Goodyear Heels—see the difference they make!*



Look at YOUR heels!

Have no fear when you wear Goodyear Heels that you are using any of the nation's precious supply of crude rubber. For Goodyear Heels are now made entirely from *Regenerated Rubber* by a special formula resulting from Goodyear's vast resources and matchless skill. They are live, springy, long-wearing. And they wear down evenly. Get a pair today!



*America's Largest-Selling
Rubber Heels*

*Is it true what they say about
FALSE TEETH?*

**(OR) HOW BUSINESS GIRLS
GET RAISES**

*Kate McCarthy, sad to state,
Was about to "get the gate".*

*Why? Her FALSE TEETH were a "sight",
Scrub and rub them as she might;*

*"Denture Breath" also assailed her;
Poise and pleasant manner failed her.*



Said her dentist: "Polident
Spare you this embarrassment.

"In its no-brush, no scrub action,
You'll find instant satisfaction."



Kate tried POLIDENT . . . and, lo!
TEETH and SMILE now gleam and glow.

In return, what did she get?
Fired? Oh, no! A raise? You bet!

MORAL: If your plate's distressin',
Profit by this object lesson!



Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing!
Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.



**CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT**
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

A Candle at Night

Continued from page 17

was about to be married to, come January."

"Oh! I'm sorry." She continued to blink faster than ever until Mary, feeling somehow responsible, began to feel sorry for her. "But I dare say it's quite for the best. How old are you, Mary," "Going on thirty, miss."

"Ah! Well, it's hard to settle into a new walk in life at thirty. Marry young if you marry at all. That's my motto, and I may say I've followed it. I'm bold to think that time will prove I'm right."

"I dare say, miss. Thank you, miss."

"And maybe, if things go right—mind you, I promise nothing!—maybe you might stay on here at the Castle. I shan't lay off everybody, even after Christmas."

Mary felt her heart beat an excited tattoo in her side and then jump into her throat, where it beat even faster. Reprove herself as she would with the simultaneous thought of Jared still and dead, she could not deny her sudden happiness.

"Thank you, miss. There's nothing I'd like so much."

"Then work for it!" said the manageress sharply. "A girl that's slack can go and pack. That's my motto. Bess Jago dealing out humbugs to Boots, and Doris coloring her own face! I won't stick such goings-on, and there's an end to it! And openings aren't plentiful these days in England like the black currants."

"Quite so, miss."

"Oh, and one thing more, Mary."

FROM the shelf beneath her desk she drew a large red book, the sight of which made Mary's beating heart still suddenly with fear. Now that her decision to go to Jared's burying had cut away all hope of enjoying an identical book—a hope which she had cherished since Easter—could it be that she was to find herself deprived of her greatest joy?

"I take it you read this book."

"Yes, miss, but only at night after all the guests have gone to bed. And I'm that careful of it I cover it with an apron, miss. I like the stories in it, and I bring it down early. And the candles I burn for reading I bought myself, miss."

"Well, I'm not saying as how you shouldn't, am I?" snapped the manageress. "Better read than run to cinemas, I say, as though sixpences were sea-pinks. Only take care no one's wanting it, and more care that you don't go about leaving things in it."

As she spoke, she drew from between two of the pages a thin envelope and handed it to Mary, whose cheeks flushed with sudden recognition. It was her last letter from Jared Treknow. She had placed it quite in the midst of the story of Sir Tristan and the Fair Iseult in the hope that somehow it might take upon itself something of the splendor of their love. But even as she looked upon its cramped address, even as she realized that Jared would write no more, she knew that within and without it remained as stodgy and as inarticulate as ever.

"That's all," said the manageress. "Just keep a quicker eye to things. That's all."

That night after the hotel was still, after Mary's pound and half-pound notes, folded in a clean handkerchief, were sewed securely in her bosom with much redoubling of threads, she tiptoed down the four flights of stairs for the red book. Her need and desire for it just now were greater than they had ever been. She did not want to go to

Land's End for Jared Treknow's burying; she did not want to see his mother, querulous and alone, nor to follow his body as it was borne along that somber highland path through the bracken to the churchyard. Above all, now that a larger perspective had magically opened before her eyes, she did not want to be plunged even for a few hours into the drab, nagging perplexities of the village in which she had lived for the past six years.

Nevertheless, though she had never wanted Jared as he had wanted her, she had given her word to marry him, and her sense of duty toward him was strong. Lastly, from Susan Glover's card it was evident that she wished her to come; and Susan was the one person in the world whom Mary really loved, toward whom her sense of loyalty was tenacious and secure.

The red book did not fail her. Wrapping its covers carefully in an old apron, she sat hunched in her one chair, and read for hours beneath her candle. From

the red book and the storied Tintagel cliffs where all these loftier deeds had once taken place, she had suddenly become a different person, with other and far different demands and satisfactions.

Before she took off her shoes and dress for a brief nap until the morning came, she placed her lighted candle in her one narrow window. Thus, she reflected as she stood behind its flickering and listened to the thunder of the seas meeting at high tide in Merlin's Cave—thus had done the fair Iseult for the sake of Sir Tristan, the Lady Guinevere for Lancelot of the Lake.

DURING the long journey down the coast she chose to sit with the driver, whom she knew a bit, rather than among the tourists, with whom she felt shy and out of place. As the great, lumbering car hurtled along the black roads, she watched the Cornish country change, the late foxgloves and campion grow more sparse in the hedges, the hedges themselves give place to solid

instead of Jared, she who had not been able to love him as she loved her new thoughts, she who had hated the relentless moving of the days on toward January?

"They say, too, that 'e was to be married at Michaelmas, only not to the girl 'e always wanted," the driver said.

"Oh," said Mary.

Now she was moving in a horrid labyrinth of perplexities, confusing and confused, and her new world was out of sight.

"I'd call 'im a fool meself," continued the boy with the jaded wisdom of twenty-one. "It's my opinion no girl's worth all that."

It was long past noon when she left the charabanc at the entrance to a lane leading between stone walls toward the Treknow cottage. Already the neighborhood had gathered for the burial procession. Their black clothes made more somber the grayness of the land under a heavy sky. A cold wind blew from the sea beyond the walled, highland fields and billowed the sheets and blankets spread upon the garden shrubs to dry.

WHEN Mary saw Jared's mother and Susan Glover come from the cottage to take their places next behind Jared's black coffin, she crossed the tiny garden and stood beside them. Neither spoke, though Susan by a gesture insisted that Mary walk between them. The vicar in his black cassock and white surplice walked before Jared, the four pallbearers on either side of him and straining a bit beneath his weight. Behind his mother, Susan and Mary, marched the neighbors. There had been a question as to what hymn they should sing. It seldom happened that someone did not know a favorite of the dead. But Jared had attended neither church nor chapel, had never, so far as anyone knew, been heard to sing.

Because, therefore, of the lack of knowledge regarding Jared's taste and of the fact that the tune and words went best if familiar, the vicar had made a wise choice:

*O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home.*

This they sang, verse following verse, as they followed the narrow lane, passed through the gate, and, crossing the main road, took a moorland path toward the churchyard.

Mary could not sing. She tried, but the words stuck in her throat. Not that she was crying, like Susan, who alternately sobbed and stumbled. She did not feel like crying at all. The staggering shoulders of the great Penwith Hills towering above them, the bracken stirring in the wind, the vast stretches of the sea—these took her voice before it was born. Here and there upon the gaunt heights, which the clumps of heather were beginning to purple, stood great shafts of stone, which, she had heard, had been placed there by an ancient people long since past and gone.

*Time like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away.
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.*

Once they had reached the churchyard, matters moved more hastily, to Mary's intense relief. The usual prayers were said, sudden gusts of wind deadening the thin voice of the vicar so



"Air raids won't interrupt our routine—we've been living in a blackout since you bought that camera!"

FRED BALK

five months of daily absorption she knew the stories by heart, but there was always the charm, the atmosphere, the transcending truth to be recaptured and made again her own. For these great passions, these high old loves and noble hatreds, this scorn and carelessness of death, this readiness to sacrifice, had pushed far into the background the dull world of Mary Penrose and created for her another, unbelievably satisfying in its romance, its dignity. What wonder that she feared the necessary interchange, even for a day, of this new life for the old! In the negative patience of the thwarted lives she had known, there had been at best only pathos. And pathos, though it might and often did break one's heart, could not command one's respect, fire one's imagination, leave one satisfied with the ultimate fitness of things, tragic though they were.

NOT that Mary Penrose in her Castle tower for one moment analyzed the gray narrowness of the world from which she had come or the glamorous largeness of the world in which she now moved. She only knew that because of

walls of stone. Gone were the purple veronica, the rose and white valerian of sunnier Tintagel; gone were the high, many-colored little fields of corn and grass. Gorse and bracken began to usurp the hart's-tongue and osmunda of the glades, the moors to usurp the meadows. Only the cliffs, now near at hand, now farther as the road curved inland, remained substantially the same. And the sea, ever hurling itself against them, partook of their permanence, even in its changefulness, now purple in the white-sanded harbor of St. Ives, now green as the coast descended in its precipitous tumble toward the end of England.

The driver turned to Mary: "Yesterday at Land's End they tol' me as 'ow a fellow drowned 'isself. They couldn't talk of nothin' else down there."

With this added news thus supplementing Susan's laconic message Mary felt her hair rise. She heard Jared's tired, half-sulky voice begging her to marry him at Michaelmas; she heard her own refusal. Was she, then, to hold herself responsible for this unexpected wicked act? Was she perhaps the wrongdoer

COUNT *THIS* ARMY IN!

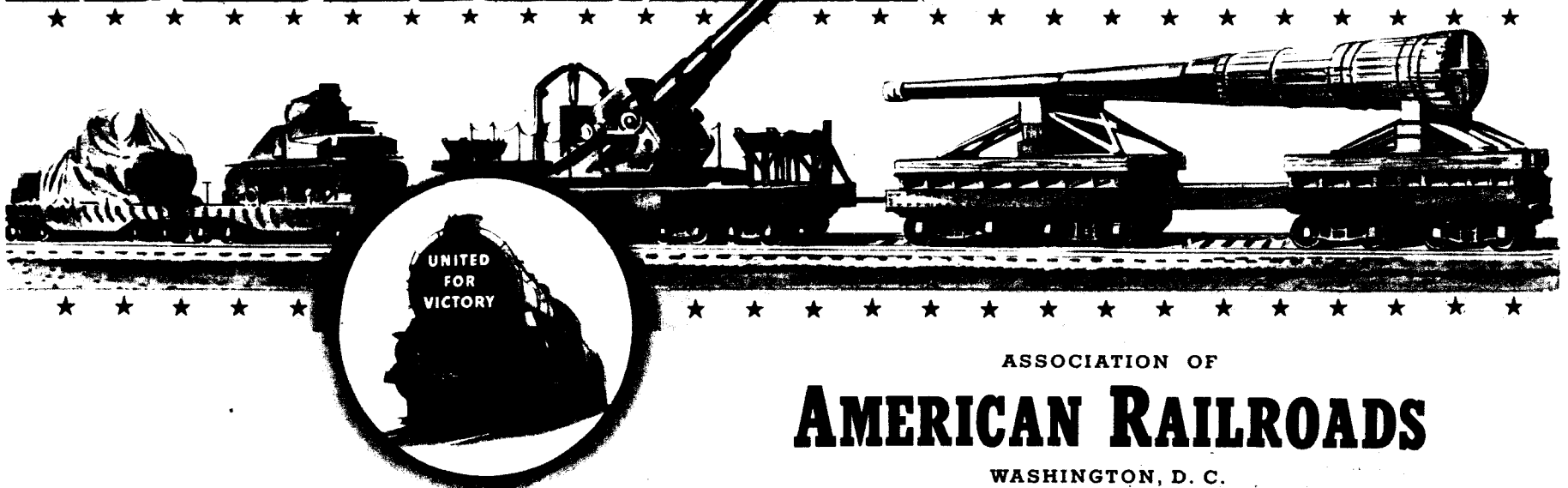
THERE'S a trained army more than a million strong working to back up the men in uniform.

It's the army of railroad men, on duty day and night in every state in the Union.

For more than twenty years—ever since the last war ended—this army has been supplied with better and better equipment. And railroads, military authorities and shippers have worked out plans to get more service out of each piece of equipment—to get the most use out of every facility of the world's greatest transportation system.

That's why this railroad army is meeting emergency demands—why, for every minute of the day and night, it is moving *a million tons of freight a mile*—an all-time record for this or any other transportation system in the world.

All this veteran army needs, to meet future challenges, is a flow of new equipment great enough to match the rising tide of America's war production.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Your fleet may be only ONE CAR!

TO MANY OF US, the question of picking the right oil for a car is a new question. It has seemed so important only since prolonging the life of a car is so vital.

But there are men who devote their business lives to keeping fleets of trucks and cars continuously on the road. It is not a new problem to them—and their very jobs depend on reducing cost of wear and repairs, saving on gasoline, and preventing the replacement of parts.

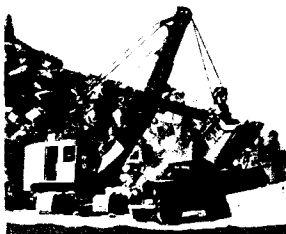


For instance, the Nevins Drug Company of Philadelphia operates 5 tractors and 25 salesmen's cars. In nine months "it was not necessary to do a carbon or valve job. Our oil consumption is less than with other oils. Gas consumption has dropped 10.9%," they write us.



When the Supreme Baking Company of Los Angeles, operating from 40 to 55 trucks and automobiles, kept actual records using RING-FREE exclusively for five years, they found they saved money on gasoline consumption, mechanical repairs and keeping their fleet on the road continuously.

When Shannahan Brothers, general contractors of Huntington Park, California, report that a Diesel-powered shovel has operated for nearly four years "without an overhaul job of any nature," it means something to know that RING-FREE has been used exclusively.



IN letter after letter, we are told by fleet owners, contractors, and other users of gasoline and Diesel equipment that savings in fuel consumption as high as 10% are not uncommon; that the repairs and overhauling bills are decidedly lower.

Company after company, on a straight business basis, has adopted Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil for all of its equip-

ment after the most exhaustive competitive tests on equipment in actual use.

You may not be an expert on lubrication. The maintenance engineers of these companies are experts. You can rely on their findings for your car which is just as important to you as their fleets are to them.

Now is the time for you to investigate Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil!

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try one fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
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A QUART IN U.S.A.

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that only single words and phrases were now and then audible: "Man that is born of a woman . . . he fleeth as it were a shadow . . . earth to earth . . . blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" The wind swept the unkempt grass of the grave mounds and smote the granite crosses standing here and there, placed deep in the earth against the fury of the open Atlantic. It even stirred the dry brown soil of Jared's grave and caused little brown swirls of dust to rise and float away.

Then Mary, Susan and Jared's mother walked silently back to the cottage for a cup of tea. They had scones and Cornish cream that some neighbor had left behind for them. Susan sobbed as she drank and ate. It seemed to Mary, herself still tearless, that she could never stop crying. Jared's mother was the only one who spoke, and Mary wondered in the dimness of the kitchen if she knew what she was saying to them.

"'E might ha' married either of you. I'd not ha' minded, not I. 'E never brought me much cheer since 'e come back from the war, you might say. I'm not for staying 'ere by meself. Once things are settled up, I'm goin' along o' me sister near St. Ives. With all these strangers passin' to and fro on the roads there's a livin' to be 'ad by bed and breakfast at six shillings the night. I'll not be homesick, not I."

Mary was glad when she and Susan could take their way in the wind along the black road toward the Red Lion. She longed to be of help to Susan. She longed more to be through with it all and on her way back to the Castle Hotel and the red book. That evening she helped in the public room, drawing beer and ale from sticky wooden casks into tall, ungainly mugs and carrying them to the men who talked in low tones of Jared at the tables and in the corners. It seemed an endless succession of hours before she and Susan were in Susan's bed beneath the eaves of her sloping room.

LYING there in the windy darkness, she put her arms around Susan, holding her shaking shoulders close against her own breast. She loved Susan. She wanted desperately to say something; but she did not know what to say. Until today she had not realized that Susan had so loved Jared, even perhaps as Jared had loved her, Mary Penrose. At last she found some words:

"I'm sorry, Susan. I never loved him like that, even though I said I'd marry him. I'm sorry he didn't love you instead of me. That would have been better, and I'd have told him—straight out, I would—if I'd known your feelings. I would, and that's a fact."

Susan suddenly tore herself free from Mary's encircling arms and stopped crying. Mary felt the tiny room grow tense and heavy with whatever was in Susan's mind. In those pregnant moments even the thought of the red book and those ancient, more gracious Tintagel loves, lurking as they always were in her consciousness, were swept into the background. She knew that something was coming and waited for it as one waits, half-suspiciously, for an event which will change one's life.

Susan began to speak in a dry, quite tearless voice: "It's not for 'im I'm crying. That I'll do by and by, when I'm straight with you. There's time enough—days and weeks and years. It's what I've done to you, Mary, that's killing me. You're my best friend, and I've not been fair to you. Jared did love me. 'E wouldn't have, but I made 'im. I kept telling 'im—all the spring I did—that 'e could have all of me 'e wanted. I kept telling 'im in little ways—something taught me how—and by and by 'e understood. That's what's killing me. And that's what killed 'im, too."

Mary lay quite still. Her body seemed to be dead. She had no feeling in it at all. From Susan's bed through the tiny, casement window she could see a light flashing from some beacon on a faraway reef or cliff like a candle in a high tower.

"I'm a great sinner, Mary, and to you, my best friend. And I'm a greater sinner because, except for your feelings, I'm not sorry for what I did. I've never known what it was to be happy before, what it felt like to be loved. Like as not I'll suffer all my life long for my sin—suffer from Jared's dying and your leaving me. Like as not I'll be punished in the next world. But leastwise I've got things to remember."

MARY'S body was still dead, but her mind began to awake. Words from the red book crept into her ears, separated themselves there, and sounded clearly one by one:

Then the Lady Iseult suffered sore, a grievous double pain. The understanding that she was faithless to her liege lord tormented her and with that torment she suffered a still deeper anguish because of her love for Sir Tristan. For thus strangely do the very joys of love itself cause the lover and the beloved alike to suffer.

And again:

Much had Guinevere, that fair Lady Queen, to remember as she walked among the primroses in the enameled meadows of Camelot and thought of Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

It was not jealousy that prompted the question which Mary Penrose asked then. An eager curiosity gave it birth, a hope, almost a desire, born of the stories within the red book. There was intensity in her tone as she asked it: "What things, Susan? What have you got to remember?"

Susan still lay upon her back. She did not move at all, and her voice seemed to come from a great distance: "Lots of things. Jared's changing of himself, not being silent any more and all shut up. 'E woke up, Mary. 'E was different. Like a person in a story-book—not like people 'ere."

Mary held her breath and watched the light far out at sea. "Please, Susan. Don't you worry. I never saw Jared wake up. I'm glad he did. How did he?"

"'E began to say things—like in books—after I'd done wrong in asking 'im to love me. And 'e brought me things. Once at night in the spring he brought me primroses that he'd gathered himself. And when we walked in the fields, 'e noticed things—flowers and such. 'Twas queer in a big man like 'im."

"'Twas a fine spring," said Mary, "for walking out."

"'Twas that that made me do such wrong, Mary. 'Twould likely have been different in winter. I couldn't stay right in the spring and when the summer started coming on. Some wicked thing got hold o' me when we walked in the fields and Jared loved me. That field above the little cove—I'll never go there again, but I can't get the primroses out o' my mind. They're always in my 'ead. I see them when I wash the mugs, and I dream about them at night."

"I'm glad," said Mary.

The honesty in her voice was passionate, unmistakable. Now that her mind and heart were satisfied, the consciousness of her body came back to her. She felt alive with new life. The sloping walls of Susan's dingy room fell back. Dreaming, Mary could live in another age. She saw Jared and Susan there, embracing in the wide spring fields of Camelot. They were not clothed in corduroy and gingham; they were not inarticulate and stupid. They walked ankle-deep in primroses, laughed in the

sunshine, kissed and clung. The stories in the red book had come at last to earth—not for her, indeed, but for the one whom she loved. She did not for a moment think how she herself might have felt toward this new, more splendid Jared. Instead she turned suddenly and took Susan in her arms.

Susan struggled to free herself from the embrace. "You've got to get it straight, Mary. Then you can't be glad. You don't seem to understand."

"Yes, I do," said Mary. "I've got it all quite straight in my mind, Susan. I'm sorry you didn't marry Jared, once he'd woke up like that. I'm sorry he couldn't stay to make you happy. But sometimes folks don't stay happy in places like this—leastways not as I've seen them."

"Then you're not saying goodbye to me once and for all, Mary? Remember I'd never blame you. I'd expect it as my right. I'd say as 'ow you'd 'ave to do that very thing."

"Leaving you, Susan? Saying goodbye once and for all? Not I, my dear. We that have been friends since we went to school in St. Ives, and then cleaned fish at the same vat, and then lived here no farther apart than a stone's throw! Not I! I'll tell you what, Susan. It's come to me suddenlike what we'll do. You're giving notice here, and then you're coming to me in Tintagel. There's a stone cottage on the Camelford Road, and I've saved some money. We'll have it with roses over the door and French beans in the yard."

Susan was crying again, but her sobs were those of relief. "You're good, Mary," she faltered. "You're no sinner like me. You're quite too good."

"No," said Mary. "I'm not good. There's new things inside me, Susan, that make me not mind you and Jared. But it's no goodness, and that's a fact. When you come to Tintagel and I show you things there, you'll see."

"I thought Tintagel an old place," said Susan, "where history happened

and such like. I never thought it new." Mary reflected a long moment in the still, musty darkness. "It is old," she said. "That's quite right, Susan. But new things happen there to folks—at least to me. You'll see."

She lay awake after Susan slept, reviewing again the stories in the red book, picturing Jared and Susan among the primroses. Although the glowing pages between which Jared's letter had lain, pages which chronicled the love of Sir Tristan for Iseult the Fair, had worked no miracle for her, they had for Susan and for Jared. Their love, which had killed Jared and which lay so weightily as a sweet sin upon Susan's heart, was for Mary shorn of wrong by its very glamor, by its pervasive and transcending power, transforming the dullness of their lives into something ancient, magical, satisfying. Susan, whom she loved, had for a brief moment lived an old romance, which had in some strange way brought back to somber Cornwall the enchantment of its earlier, higher days. Even Jared himself by his terrible act had taken upon himself a dignity which in life he had never possessed.

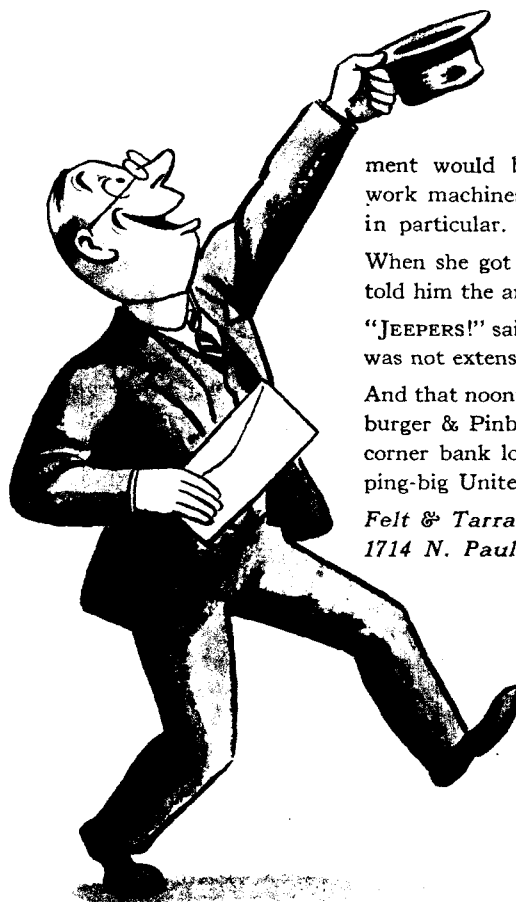
WHEN the early light came, turning the gleam of the faraway beacon from gold to blue, Susan awakened.

"I've just dreamed, Mary, as 'ow we offered bed and breakfast in our cottage like Jared's mother said. It might be I could make some shillings for us that way."

"I dare say," said Mary. "Folks do race that fast along the roads these days." The sun came up over the gray Atlantic and the beacon ceased to glow. "And I was just thinking, Susan. Maybe when the dark comes early, you'd place a candle in the upper window against my coming home."

"I dare say," said Susan in her turn. "A candle now and then at night is nought so dear!"

THE END



MR. MFGTCH

helps to keep 'em flying

Once upon a time there was a man named Mfgtch. One morning he came down to breakfast and saw by the papers that the world was coming unglued.

"What a mess," muttered Mr. Mfgtch.

When Mr. Mfgtch got to the office, where he was a Little Shot, he called Miss McZqrty over to his desk.

"Miss McZ.,," he said, "how many people are there in the United States?"

So Miss McZ., who was good at vital statistics, told him.

"And how much," continued Mr. Mfgtch, "is it going to cost us to larrup the living day-lights out of the Nazis and the Nips?"

So Miss McZ., she told him.

"Jeepers!" observed Mr. Mfgtch. "Now then! How much is the cost of doing the larruping divided by the number of us folks who have got to do it?"

"Just a minute, sir," said Miss McZqrty, who was employed by the firm as a Comptometer operator. And so saying, she went to her desk, and in a jiffy worked out the problem on her trusty Model M Comptometer.

Even as she whisked through the problem, she thought what a marvelous adding-calculating machine the Comptometer is, and how speedily, accurately and economically it handles all sorts of figure work.

And as she hurried back to Mr. Mfgtch's desk, she considered what a dreadful jam Management would be in if it were not for figure-work machines in general, and Comptometers in particular.

When she got back to Mr. Mfgtch's desk, she told him the answer.

"JEEPERS!" said Mr. Mfgtch, whose vocabulary was not extensive.

And that noontime, on his way to Hank's Hamburger & Pinball Emporium, he paused at the corner bank long enough to purchase a whopping-big United States Defense Savings Bond.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.



IN ONE American town, a Civilian Defense leader recently fell prey to what seems to us to have been a peculiar worry. Maybe the same sort of thing has happened in 3,000 American towns; we don't know.

All householders in this particular Civilian Defense unit's area had been duly told how to go about blacking out, and what to do in case of air raid alarms or actual air raids. The common sense which most people, believe it or not, possess, might have been trusted to carry on from that point.

But the gentleman who figures in this story felt that not enough had been done. It was discovered that only a handful of these people had made preparations for having innocent, frolicsome fun for themselves and families during blackouts. Even fewer had equipped cellar or sheltered rumpus rooms with the checkers, cards, ping-pong outfits and wholesome reading matter supposed to be necessary at such times.

So this Civilian Defense leader proposed that all these people be more or less forced into making these provisions, whether they wanted to or not . . .

In another American town, two ambitious and managing ladies, who hated each other socially and personally long before Pearl Harbor, and haven't sunk quite all their differences since, have contrived to split their town's Civilian Defense organization cleanly up the middle into two warring factions.

This, too, may be taking place in 3,000 other American towns; again we don't know. But it is too bad that it is taking place anywhere in the country . . .

The WPB recently ordered the cuffs off all the trousers in retail stores when the order took effect, and banned manufacture of trousers with cuffs till further notice. Some busy mind at Washington then conceived a supposed improvement on this order. This mind worked it out that if you bought cuffless trousers and had a tailor decorate them with false cuffs,

usually called French cuffs, you were breaking some kind of sacred law.

This, though the French cuffs are made without using extra cloth. It was not the saving of the cloth that mattered to this mastermind; it was the pure, unadulterated cufflessness of American pants. We haven't heard as yet of any order directing men to get the cuffs off pants purchased before the cuffless order came down, so that we shall become a uniformly trouser-cuffless nation, but such an order would not be surprising . . .

We go into these seemingly petty instances because they seem to us to be symptoms of an upsurge of intolerance in this country.

It is an intolerance bred by the war, of course. And in some of the people who are practicing it, and will practice more of it unless sat upon or kicked in the teeth by public opinion, it has praiseworthy motives behind it. It springs in many cases from excessive and misguided but perfectly sincere zeal to do something to help win the war.

But it is excessive and misguided, nevertheless. Far from contributing anything toward winning the war, it can only stir up rancor, malice and resentment among some Americans toward other Americans. To repeat something which you may be tired of hearing, but which can hardly be repeated too often just now, that is precisely what our Axis enemies want—that we shall do more and more bickering and faultfinding and back stabbing among ourselves, until at last we shall cripple our own war effort.

What's the reason for it? Something inborn in democracy, as claimed by Mr. Hitler?

Partly, we'd say, yes. We had the same kind of goings-on during the federal prohibition era. Once that law attempting to regulate private conduct was on the books, we turned out to have a lot of citizens who were burningly anxious to regulate and regiment their fellow citizens. Many of those born Nosy Parkers see a glorious comeback materializing for them in

this war emergency and are making the most of their opportunities.

But we think the Administration at Washington will be wise to discourage this disrupting and divisive intolerance and concentrate public attention on fighting the enemy instead of ourselves.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, struck exactly the right note when he insisted that all purchases of War Stamps and Bonds be wholly voluntary. Secretary Morgenthau explicitly forbade compulsion of any sort, direct or indirect, in the sales of War loans. He was wise enough to know that the American people without compulsion are eager and ready to make every sacrifice required for victory in this war.

The tone of some of the rationing and freezing decrees, necessary in themselves, on the other hand, has been unfortunate, we believe. Instead of being phrased as if addressed to intelligent people who well know that war means sacrifices, some of these have sounded as if issued by a new member of the Hitler-Hirohito-Mussolini club to a passel of ignorant oafs who must be ordered and booted around if they are to deliver any results at all.

We think especially in this connection of the sudden, autocratic freezing of bicycle sales, and of the whimsical, contradictory Washington alarms and excursions regarding safety razor blades.

This kind of stuff not only makes many Americans mad at the government, but it also encourages the little neighborhood Hitlers and the born zealots to hector and bully their fellow citizens.

It had better be called off, pronto, and from the bottom up. Happily it does not start at the top. We are supposed to be fighting Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini. It is mathematical—bloodily and deathly mathematical—that the more energy we squander in fighting one another, the less energy we shall have to fight our enemies.