



This is the first successful full-color picture ever made of the President addressing both houses of Congress. It was taken on January 6, 1943, by Bob Leavitt, with a Speed Graphic camera and Kodachrome film. Because of poor lighting conditions, Leavitt made about thirty exposures at various speeds. Only this one was good



# THE MARINE WHO HATED TO SIT DOWN

By Frank X. Tolbert

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PEE WEE put a nickel in the juke box. He didn't understand juke boxes like this one. There was a little microphone on the front. From inside the box a girl's voice said, "Hello, darling. What shall we play?"

The girl had a lovely voice. Her voice made Pee Wee feel good inside. For a moment he was tongue-tied. Then he said, "I Had the Craziest Dream."

"Don't you want to sit down, Marine?" said the bartender. "There'll be no cover for a couple of hours and the beer's on me. I was lonesome."

"No, sir," replied Pee Wee. "I don't want to sit down." He took a deep drink of beer and it felt good going down his throat. It was the first beer he'd had since he'd left Guadalcanal.

"Go on and sit down, kid," said the bartender, "take the weight off your feet. You look a little peaked."

"I sure thank you," said Pee Wee, "but I'd rather stand here, if you don't mind."

Pee Wee didn't tell the bartender that he hadn't been doing any sitting down lately—not for the last two months—not since the .25-caliber bullets hit him on the hip pockets.

The platoon was creeping through a coconut grove down the coast from Henderson Field. A sniper opened up on them. Gunny Sergeant Spear was hit in the neck. The Gunny yelled, while blood sprayed from his mouth, "Get behind a tree, Pee Wee."

But every time Pee Wee tried to get behind a tree there was an officer already behind it. So he hit the deck. Pee Wee was a big boy (his nickname was just a joke) and not all of him was hidden when he flopped in the grass. And three slugs raked across the seat of his pants. Pee Wee hardly knew he was hit, at first. He threw his '03 to his shoulder and squeezed two off and a Jap came tumbling out of a tree fifty yards away.

Pee Wee started to get up. His pants were soaked with blood. Gunny Sergeant Spear (he was wrapping his throat with a dungaree strip) laughed, spraying blood specks, and said, "Ain't you house-broke, kid?" Pee Wee laughed, too. But he wasn't laughing ten days later when Colonel Edson had him sent back to the States.

IN THE Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., the big Marine lay on his stomach for weeks and recovered slowly. His back side was still stinging when he was released and given a ten-day furlough. He didn't have any folks. So he decided to spend his furlough in New York.

He stood up all the way on the train. He got a room at the Sloan House. Then he wandered gloomily around town. The gay crowds seemed remote to Pee Wee, somehow.

He stopped and, in the dim-out, made out a sign which said that he was on 52d Street. Pee Wee went into a place called Jimmy Dooley's. And he put the nickel in the juke box and the bartender gave him the big glass of beer.

Pee Wee drank three beers and he made the bartender take money for the last two. Then he left the bar and went on down the street. He was standing in front of a place called 21 Club. A big, gray-haired man and two girls got out of a taxi.

"Come on in with us, Marine, and have a drink," said the gray-haired man. He was a little drunk, but he looked all right, and the girls looked better than all right. So Pee Wee went into 21 Club with them.

Inside, softened lights reflected on dark walls, and there were some good murals. And Pee Wee saw that one of the girls had red hair and one was a blonde. He liked the place, but he was

sorry there was no place to dance. They headed for a table in the corner. "Couldn't we just stand at the bar, sir?" asked Pee Wee.

The gray-haired man laughed and said, "There's no sense in standing, kid. We've got a reservation. You look as if you could use a steak."

Pee Wee stood behind the red-haired girl's chair while she sat down. Then he moved over to his chair and slowly lowered himself.

PEE WEE'S hips came in contact with the wood and he felt as if someone had rammed him with a bayonet. The red-haired girl was talking to him: "You didn't say what you wanted to drink, honey. So I ordered you a bourbon-and-soda."

"Thank you," said Pee Wee. The big man was talking with the blond girl. The red-haired girl leaned close to Pee Wee and she said in a low voice, "Let's leave after this drink. Sonny Boy here," and she nodded at the gray-haired man, "is getting pretty tight."

Pee Wee's seat was hurting him so, he didn't hear a word she said.

"Excuse me, please," said Pee Wee. He hoisted himself from the chair. He moved toward the checkroom and he felt as if his trousers were on fire and all the people in the room could see the blaze.

He was still stinging, fearfully, when he reached the sidewalk. He stood very straight and looked at the night sky. Then the red-haired girl came out of the club, alone, and she stood there, too, looking at him and laughing.

"I didn't mean for us to leave in such a hurry. But it's all right," she said. "You certainly take a hint. Let's go around the corner to the Stork Club."

"Is there a bar at the Stork Club where we can stand up?" Pee Wee asked.

"We don't need to stand up," she said. "I've some money. Don't worry."

"I wasn't thinking of money," said Pee Wee, "I haven't spent hardly any money in six months."

"Have you been on guard duty?" said the red-haired girl. And she put her arm lightly around his waist.

"There was some guard duty," said Pee Wee. He walked a little faster so that her arm was no longer touching him.

"Really, I'm not trying to grab you," said the girl. She seemed a little angry.

"Well, I would like to go to the Stork Club," said Pee Wee, "if we can just dance and dance. I don't want to sit down a minute."

"We'll have to have a table before we can dance. And I don't feel like dancing. I dance for a living. I'm tired—very tired, really. And I think you are, too." She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "I don't believe you like me."

"Yes, I do," said Pee Wee. And he thought what a beautiful fi-fi she was. And he tried to think of something good to say. But he was aching around the hip pockets so much that he could not say any more.

The red-haired girl had a hurt look on her face when she got into a cab.

So Pee Wee turned around and he walked back up 52d Street until he came to the place called Jimmy Dooley's. He ordered a beer and stood at the bar for a long time. Then he put a nickel in the juke box. And the girl's voice from inside the box said, "Hello, darling. . ."

"Excuse me, please," said Pee Wee. He hoisted himself from the chair. He moved toward the checkroom; he felt as if his trousers were on fire



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