

So Small a World

By Paul Ernst

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

It was later than they knew, and unhappiness was a luxury in which neither one could afford to indulge

Vin said evenly, "Why, hello, Linda." . . . "Hello," she said, as evenly, as brightly impersonal. She was with a man whose appearance proclaimed him someone pretty eligible



THIS cocktail lounge was new within the year, which was why Naval Lieutenant Vincent Maller headed for it. No memories, no associations with the past. The doorman, all aglitter with braid, gave him a grin like white keys on an ebony piano. "Hi, Admiral," said Vin.

The lounge was crowded and at the bar only a few stools were vacant. Vin saw Tazey Williams at the bar, stolid as a slab of beef, and started toward him; and then Vin saw Linda at a table dead ahead and he stopped again, wheels sliding, brakes grinding, and with a nasty piercing stab making itself felt in the region of the left shoulder blade.

There she was, full red lips impatient, impulsive and imperious: brown hair sleek and with mahogany tints; gray eyes wide and self-possessed—but not right now. They held confusion in them now, for just a second, and Vin was glad to see this. He wanted Linda to be jolted when she looked at him, just as he was jolted when he looked at her.

He said evenly, "Why, hello, Linda."

"Hello," she said, as evenly, as brightly impersonal.

She was with a youngish man whose appearance proclaimed him someone pretty eligible.

"Down early this year, aren't you?" Vin asked politely.

"A little," Linda replied. "We opened the house yesterday. Stop in, if you have a minute."

"Oh, sure," said Vin. "Oh, certainly."

He went on to the bar and saw that Tazey Williams had watched the little encounter with Linda and each step he took after it. The Navy world was small, even in war, with Annapolis regulars scattered like drops in a bucket. Again and again you ran into people. You couldn't miss, it seemed.

"Martini?" asked Taze. Vin nodded. Taze knew him pretty well. They were both s.g.'s, same class, same ships until a year ago.

Vin climbed onto the next stool, not needing to bend his legs much for he was tall. He was almost too lean, with a triangular look to his dark face, and with a harshness of line under his officer's uniform which made you feel that if you hit his body anywhere the sole result would be bruised knuckles.

"You might have tipped me a wink," he said to Taze. "You saw me come in, and you knew she was here."

"You two darn' fools!" said Taze.

Vin didn't bother to reply to that. He took the glass the bartender put before him.

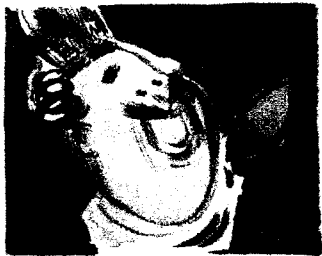
"You going to spend the rest of your life running out back doors to get away from her, Vin?"

Vin didn't answer that one either.

"It isn't as if you were getting over it. You're not."

"All right," said Vin. "Set another course, will you?"

Tazey shrugged and did so. A hundred and ninety pounds of pseudo innocence, he rambled along about the Yard, work on his boat, the Byrd, and the destroyer Holmes, of which Vin was second in command; about the no-doubt unintended benevolence that had berthed the Holmes and the Byrd at mild (Continued on page 47)



I'M FLAVOR — once try me,
you'll never pass by me!



I'M SMOOTHNESS — with Light-
ness, I give "5" politeness!

TOUGHNESS GETS THE "FREEZE" —SAY THE 5 CROWNS

Here's the way to treat TOUGHNESS, we think —
Keep away from the pest—Let him sink!

That's why we have grown,
And our FINER "5's" known
As a smoother, much mellower drink!

And the bottle called HOST (see below)
Is designed to make quality show! . . .

When your callers are faced
With this blend of good taste,
You'll be classed as a man "in the know"!



I'M BODY — I tether
fine whiskies together!



I'M LIGHTNESS — vivacious,
well-mannered and gracious!



In the FAMOUS
Host BOTTLE

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

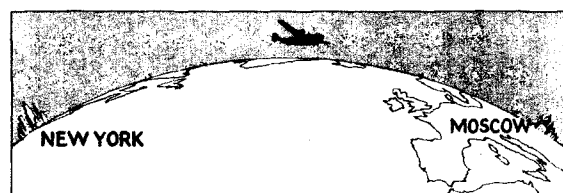
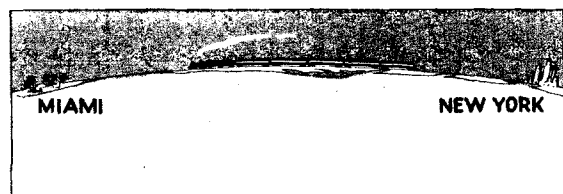


CONSOLIDATED

YOUR CHILD CAN SHOW YOU A NEW WORLD

MANY a time, when the going got tough, you've probably given your child a helping hand with his homework in geography.

But now the picture is reversed. Today your child can help *you* with *your* geography.



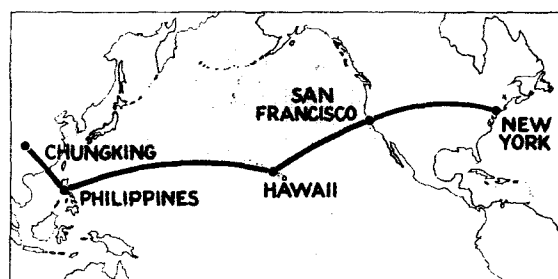
Today it takes less time to travel from New York to Moscow by plane than from New York to Miami by train.

His modern geography book is unfolding to him a world that didn't exist when you went to school. A world, for example, in which planes are spanning the Atlantic in a matter of 400 minutes—and a man can travel from New York to Moscow by plane in less time than he can go from New York to Miami by train—and the route from New York to Bombay is not a 3-week voyage past Gibraltar and Suez, but a 40-hour flight where the way stations are Iceland, Oslo, and Moscow.

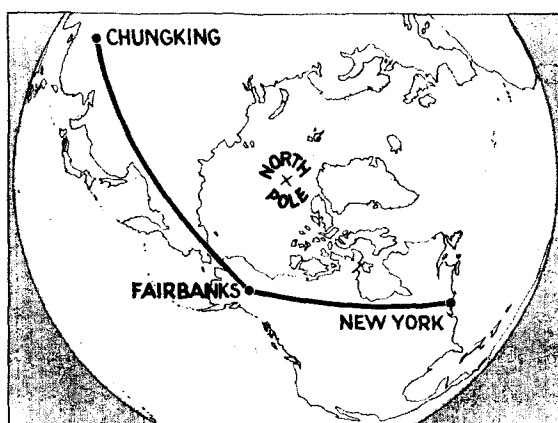
In this new world, the "rowboat" geography you studied as a child has been supplemented by today's "aviation" geography. The earth, and all the people on it, have become a global

community. And rather a small one, at that.

Barriers have been leveled off. Oceans are small bodies of water separating nations which



From New York to Chungking, China, by train and ship, is about 11,300 miles—at least a month-long voyage.



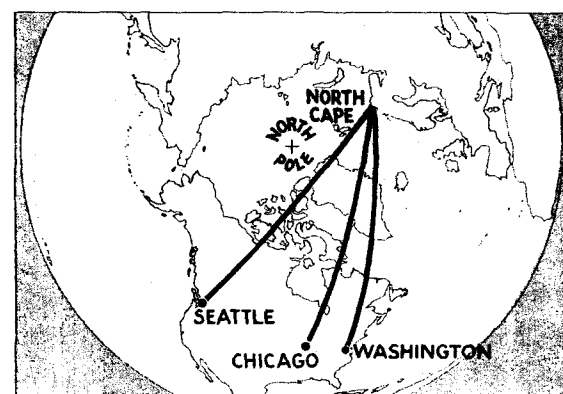
By swift long-range plane — via Fairbanks, Alaska—Chungking lies only 7500 miles, or 38 hours, from New York.

must now become either friendly neighbors or close enemies. No spot on the globe is more than 60 hours distant from your local airport!

This is the world your child is being taught at school. And it is *our* world, as it really is.

We must quickly learn to understand it. For only then can we look beyond the horizons of the present toward the future and its promise.

One thing is already as clear as though written in mile-high letters in the sky. Our growing air power is today becoming a mighty weapon in our hands for Victory. Tomorrow it will be one of the implements with which freedom-loving nations can help build and enforce an enduring peace.



A German bomber squadron based in Norway could, by flying approximately the same distance, bomb Washington, D. C., Chicago, or Seattle.

It is this vision which today inspires the tens of thousands of American men and women whose life and job it is to build the finest aircraft in the world, faster than they have ever been built before.

Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas
Tucson, Arizona • New Orleans, Louisiana
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

There are 2 American four-engine bombers flying on today's world battle fronts. One is the Flying Fortress (B-17), designed by Boeing. The other is the Liberator (B-24), designed by Consolidated.

Consolidated has been a big-plane builder for more than 15 years. The company is 20 years old. Today, in addition to the Liberator (B-24), Consolidated also builds the Catalina (PB2Y) Navy patrol bomber, the Coronado (PB2Y) Navy patrol

bomber, and the Liberator Express (C-87), transport version of the Liberator bomber.

Of the many tens of thousands of aircraft workers at the Consolidated plants in Fort Worth and San Diego, almost 40% are women.

Consolidated was the first to build long-range bombers and huge transport planes by mass-production methods, on a moving assembly line.

Liberator bombers and transport planes have broken all records for both trans-Atlantic and trans-

Pacific flight. One Liberator flew to London in 400 minutes. Another flew from Australia to the U.S. in 35 hours, 53 minutes.

The globe-girdling Consolidated Liberator, dubbed "Gulliver," which carried Wendell Willkie on his 31,000-mile round-the-world flight, was the first plane ever to span Siberia and cut across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, the first to fly from China to the U.S. via Alaska.

The Consolidated Aircraft plants at Fort Worth and San Diego cover so much space that company messengers are equipped with bicycles and motor scooters.

Through the use of wood plastics, Consolidated is now saving 200 pounds of precious aluminum in the construction of each Liberator bomber.

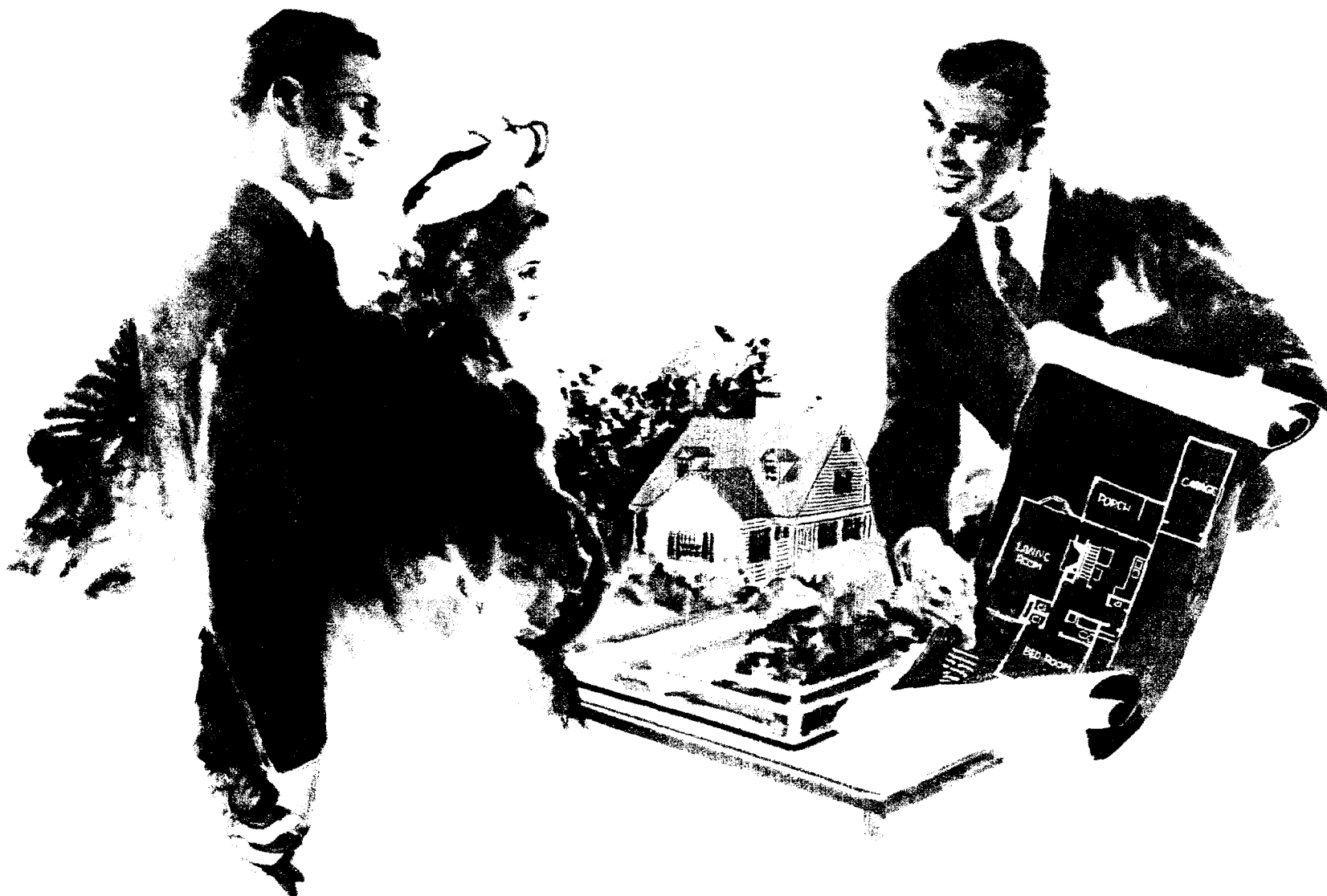
How fast will the planes of tomorrow fly? A new wind tunnel is now nearing completion on the West Coast which will enable aircraft manufacturers to test planes flying at speeds approaching that of sound itself—741 m.p.h.!

On Consolidated's assembly lines there will soon be gigantic planes which will literally dwarf even the huge Liberator.

AIRCRAFT

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR,
CORONADO, CATALINA, LIBERATOR EXPRESS

How American it is... to want something better!



THE HOME YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT—the colors you're going to have in the kitchen and what is going to grow in place of the weeds in that flower bed—maybe the war has made you *postpone* it, but how *American* it is to plan, to search for, to *want* “something better,” all our lives. It keeps us young, perhaps, and certainly keeps us awake and alert, this constant *habit* of wanting better things!

WHEN IT CAME TO PICKING AN *ALE*, America followed its “something better” habit. And the ale that turned out to have this “something better”—to live up to the “Purity,” “Body,” “Flavor” of its now-famous 3-ring trade mark quite *naturally* became...



America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more “better things” buy war bonds and stamps

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



Lingering death for those who submit, sudden death for those who do not—that was the choice left for Warsaw's once-flourishing population of six hundred thousand Jews as the New Order moved in and took over

II

THROUGHOUT 1941, we ran a race against frightful odds. Whatever obstacles we overcame, the Germans erected more. Whenever we managed to adjust ourselves to conditions, they tightened the screw.

They took every conceivable step to halt the black market that kept us alive. Our enemy, the wall, was never still. It grew higher, and its top was strewn with broken glass. Where a gap showed, it became thicker and stronger. Gangs of men worked on it every day, at some points making it bulge out, at others bringing it farther in. These contortions were called "corrective" and were directed against any possible illegal outlet.

All these corrections in the wall took something away from our living space, swallowed up houses, and forced the Jews who were dwelling there to move on to find another lodging, thereby increasing the congestion still further. Many families found themselves in that plight not once but several times, with no chance to take their possessions with them, and were forced to wander around, sometimes for days, before they could find shelter.

The Germans began to hunt our men in the streets. They were caught like animals and carried away to slave at back-breaking jobs in the outside town. Late at night they were brought back and dumped inside the gates, drained of all strength. The less hardy never did return. We did not let our men go out on the streets unless it was absolutely necessary, and then they were preceded by a woman who would scan the surroundings and give a warning whenever she sighted the Gestapo.

One day we woke up to find a number of Jews lying on the sidewalk on Kupiecka Street. They had been caught by the Gestapo. The Germans had shot them down and then thrown the bodies away. We never knew what business they had been engaged on or whether they had passes or not. The Germans were not troubled by little technicalities like that; they shot first and didn't bother to ask questions after.

There is an old prison, ironically the only place where non-Jews were allowed to live in the ghetto and share the air polluted by the Jews. The German aptitude for thoroughness in everything had made that prison a sinister place not only inside but all around it. In all adjoining houses every window had to be kept closed and locked, every shade permanently drawn. The people living there were condemned to be without light or air. They were forced to burn candles all day, to breathe the same foul air day after day, and were in reality worse off than the prisoners themselves.

One afternoon a woman in one of those houses on Inozielna Street, opened the French windows that led to a balcony and stepped out into the open. She may have momentarily forgotten the order. The craving for a breath of fresh air may have suddenly become overpowering. Or perhaps she was suddenly taken ill and needed help. We never knew, and nobody ever will know, because the moment she appeared she was shot to death.

For our own sake and the sake of our families, we were terrified at any harm that might befall our jailers, because lightning reprisals would always strike at us. Day by day we saw friends and relatives murdered in retaliation for deeds in which they had no share, of which they had no knowledge. On one occasion a Polish policeman had been killed on duty. The Gestapo carried out an extensive search, in the course of which one building, at Nalewki 9, put up a stubborn resistance for several hours. When the defenders were finally overcome, fifty-three male inhabitants of that building were dragged out and summarily shot.

Another time—this happened later, on April 17,

the topic of ghetto street conversation is food, for which there is a never-ending search. Children like these are the worst sufferers under the starvation rationing system enforced by the Germans

A ghetto policeman on duty. The Gestapo set up a Jewish police force, gave it no arms, but did give it responsibility without authority. It does the best it can to maintain order among starving people

