

The Story: CAROL HILLARY is trying to escape from an emotional maze. Caught in a crossfire between her parents—ADAM, the novelist, and HELEN, a famous correspondent, who are dueling politely over ADAM's attachment for JENNY DAVIS, the singing star—CAROL's effort to lead a normal life is further complicated when she falls in love, unwillingly, with her mother's protégé, MAJOR MILES DUNCAN, a young flier. She breaks her engagement to DUDLEY LENNOX, for whom she works on the magazine, *For-sight*, but after she has finally led MILES into a proposal, she learns that her mother wants MILES herself. HELEN knows that LENNOX has not given CAROL up, and plans to break off CAROL's new romance by whatever means she can. Her first step is to get MILES to promise not to marry CAROL until after the war.

Conclusion

MILES telephoned every day. Carol had returned to work, and he called her in the evening. She was not always at home. When she was, she had one question to ask him. She would ask, "Have you changed your mind?" and when he said, "No, but I must talk to you. Carol, I must see you," she said, "Then it's of no use," and hung up.

For it seemed to her that things were singularly clear. He was not sure, or they would have been married by now. And if he were not sure what was the use of discussion? She had been an idiot to think that time made you sure. That's what she had thought, when she had said at the cottage that they would wait a little while.

What difference did a week, a month, a year, or a century make? Either you were sure, without reason, or you were not. It was like believing, it was like faith . . . it was like your belief in God, in the recurrence of spring, in the immortality of the human spirit. Either you believed or you didn't. Waiting didn't create belief, nor did telling yourself that you believed.

His letters came and she read them. They said the same thing, over and over, in as many ways as were possible to him. He was not very articulate on paper. They said that he loved her; he loved her enough not to wish her committed to constant anxiety and sorrow. He loved her enough to wait for her. Could she not say the same of him?

She did not answer the letters. She could not trust herself. She tried, she covered many sheets of note paper with her small, clear writing and destroyed them. Because her pen had a life and a volition and a goal of its own, it ran away from her, it said things she would not say. It was a passionate and a humble pen. It asked *why?* It implored. It said: We are wasting our time. . . .

You write at white heat, you seal and stamp the envelope and you go out and drop it in a letter box. And in due time it reaches the person for whom it is intended. His reading temperature is not as a rule, your writing temperature. He reads it in the morning, perhaps, after a bad night, too much to drink or too little sleep or anxiety over work. Or there's been an accident at the field. Or he's lost at poker. Any one of a hundred things. . . .

Or if, by a miracle, the reading temperature registers the same degree of fever, and he comes rushing to see you, as soon as it is possible. . . .

You don't want that. Temperatures, artificially induced, drop suddenly.

She thought: I'll talk to Father.

Adam was seldom at home these days but she did find him in his study after dinner, one night. He was going through his wall safe and his desk, destroying papers. His clearances had come, and he was taking his shots, doubling up on them looking and feeling wretchedly, in consequence. But things were breaking fast. Lennox wanted him in on the ground floor and he himself wanted to be there. He couldn't afford to spread the shots over a period of weeks.

His uniform had come, that worn by an accredited member of the press at the battle front; and his equipment. His light,

small typewriter, and the few things he would need.

"It's a clutter," he apologized, and grinned at Carol, "but find a place to sit down. Aunt Agatha was in a while ago. She wanted to help. I shooed her."

"Don't shoo me yet," said Carol. She found a place, and sat. She said, "I hate your going away."

"I hate it, too, in one way," he said. "I wanted to see you and Miles married. You could have been, you know. By the time I come back, you'll be a settled matron. Or rather, unsettled, a camp follower for the time being."

She said, leaning back in the big leather chair, "I don't think so."

Adam looked at her sharply. His head ached and his arm was very sore. Also, he had some degrees of fever. Things looked a little blurry to him. The room was very hot, as well, for he had been burning papers.

He said, "My poor old Perdon will faint when she sees this room. By the way, I'm keeping her on for a time. There's some stuff she can type and put in order for me. I've arranged to have her salary paid for as long as that takes, and as long thereafter until she gets another job."

His agent would look after Perdon. Oddly enough, she seemed the only person whom he must leave who needed looking after.

Carol said, "That's good," absently; and Adam asked, "Hey, what's on your mind?"

She said, "You spoke of my marrying Miles. I don't think I'm going to."

Adam sat down at his desk. He said, "I never heard of such shilly-shallying. First Lennox, now Miles. What's got into you?"

She looked at him, with misery but resolution. She said, "I wish I knew. You see, he came down and stayed at the cottage with me—"

Adam drew a deep breath. His face did not alter. He asked, "So what?"

She smiled faintly. She said, "It was all quite kosher. It might not have been. And in a way, I wish it hadn't." She paused and went on: "But it was. He wanted me to marry him as soon as possible. I thought we'd better wait, until, at least, he had his orders. I felt that he . . . might not be sure. . . ."

"You were sure?"

"Yes," said Carol.

"Then, what?"

"I came to town," she said, "and Miles came up. In between seeing him one time and the next, he had changed his mind. He said it was because of Pete—you know, his friend, who is missing. He said, we would wait until after the war."

Adam asked, "Does your mother know this?"

"I told her that night."

"Had she talked to him about it?"

Carol said, "I was in Brooklyn. . . . Miles got here just before I did."

Adam said, "Well?"

Carol made a small, weary gesture. She said, "I think he's trying—to get out of it. I certainly won't stand in his way."

THERE was a pile of books on the desk. Adam flung them to the floor. The noise made his head worse, and Carol jumped. He said irritably, "Sorry, Carol, I never thought you were in the least like you mother."

"Am I?" she asked.

"Or like me, for that matter," he went on. "I've always considered you something of a changeling and been glad of it. But now you're turning out like us both. It's a pity. We're as muddle headed a set of parents as you'll ever find. Your mother thinks around corners. Also, she analyzes and psychologizes. I do, too. Partly because my trade is that of the novelist, and I have lost any talent for simple, direct thinking I ever had,

She fell asleep waiting. When he came he stood beside her and experienced such a tenderness he felt that he must cry. "Carol . . ." he said urgently



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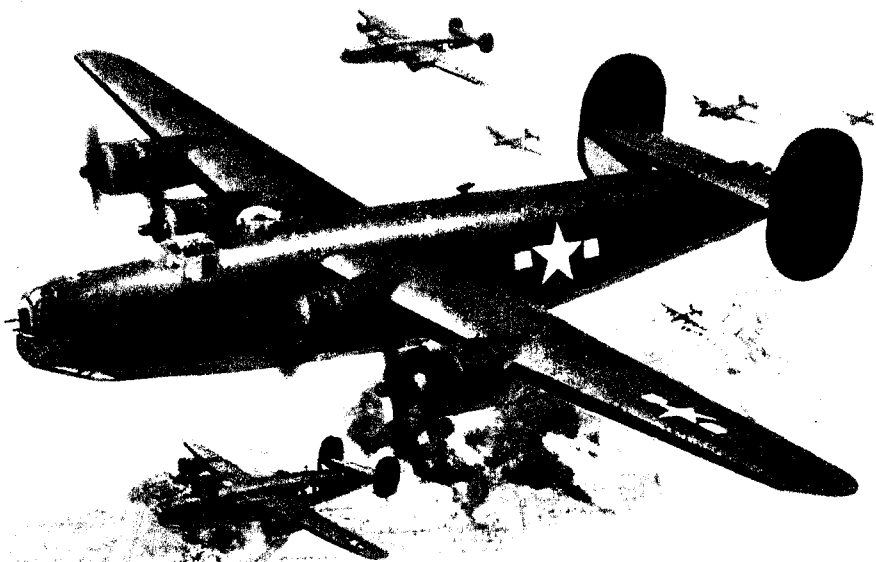
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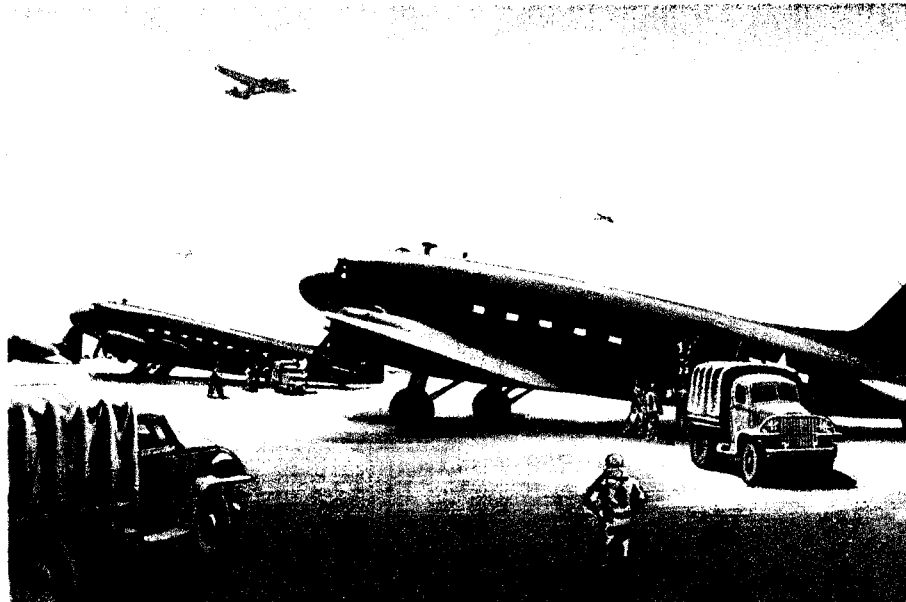
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through training for that trade. I stop to ask, why, when, how? I stop to wonder at your motives, question my own, doubt everyone else's. That's the way it is. It is a hindrance to living, not a help. Are you in love with this boy?"

"You know I am."

"You'd take your chances with him tomorrow?"

"Yes," she said, and for the first time her eyes spilled over, and her father looked away, angry and embarrassed.

He said, "And he's in love with you?"

"I thought so," Carol told him. "I don't know now if it's love or—"

He said, "If you start that 'just' business again, I'll forget you are twenty-three and put you over my knee and whale the tar out of you. There's nothing I can do about this. It's up to you—and to Miles. I'm getting out of here. Also, I have my own problems. You wouldn't think I'd have them at my age, but I have. And you're going to listen to me, for a change. I haven't told your mother yet, but I shall. I want her to divorce me. I want her to go to Reno. And I want to marry Jenny. I should have done so long ago. Your mother persuaded me, when you were small, that it was for your best interest that we remain, at least outwardly, together. I dare say you know that, by now. Later, when it seemed to me that you were sufficiently adult to take a parental divorce in your stride, she threatened to name Jenny as correspondent."

"Jenny was midway in her career. Granted that it isn't very important, as careers go, it meant a good deal to her. Granted, too, that scandal doesn't hurt an actress, it would have harmed her. Not as far as audiences and box offices go, but within herself, intimately."

"She's a good kid," he said gently, and seemed to forget that Carol was in the room. "She made a mistake when I came along but she's stood by it. There have been plenty of rumors, of course, and they have foundation in fact. But no open scandal as long as your mother and Jenny appeared to be friends. Now it doesn't matter. She's going to tour the camps, she hopes to get overseas, and she isn't going back on the stage. As soon as I am free, we'll be married. And if your mother refuses," he added, "I shall divorce her, upon my return."

Carol said, after a moment, "It should have happened long ago."

"Thanks," he said. He added, "It's better now, perhaps. It won't hurt you. You have other things to think about. . . . What happens to me or your mother or Jenny won't mean very much to you, Carol. Just what happens to you and to Miles."

He stooped to pick up the books and was dizzy. He said, "Ring for Ole, will you? He can give me a hand. I feel like the devil. I'm going to bed."

She rang, and he straightened himself with an effort and walked to the door with her, his big hand on her shoulder. He said, "If I were you, I wouldn't throw away something you believe is worth keeping until I were sure I didn't want it."

She tried to smile, and Adam bent and kissed her cheek. He watched the door close behind her. He waited for Ole, feeling ill and lonely. He wished Jenny were here. She could be very quiet, her small hands were cool and kind. She was the kindest woman he had ever known, the merriest, the most loving.

He tried to think about Carol. There was something very screwy there, he told himself, something which didn't add up, which didn't make sense. He thought: And I bet it's Helen.

But how? he wondered, and was back again in the old pattern of puzzling things out, wondering what made people tick. How, and when, and why?

ADAM HILLARY'S affairs were in order. If anything happened to him overseas, Carol would have a legacy. He was not a rich man. Like most writers he had no capital but he had enjoyed a large income for some years. He had been very successful. He earned excellent lecture fees, and his novels had gone to Hollywood. He was also extravagant and generous. He was always good for a loan—rarely repaid—or a check to charity. The rising income taxes took the lion's share of his earnings, but such investments as he had made were sound, and there was cash in the bank.

Helen wouldn't suffer. She earned as much as he and would go on earning it. The house was in her name, and the cottage. She had

invested more than he. One of her most devoted friends in the old days was a well-known banker. Agatha Stuart had her own income. And Jenny's earning capacity was superior to Adam's.

He had made a new will, leaving small annuities to Miss Perdon, Ole and Marta. Everything else went to Carol. His daughter could earn her own living. To be sure, she made her home with her parents, and her salary went for personal needs and spending money. Helen bestowed fur coats, jewelry, fripperies upon her with a lavish hand. But if she did not marry, if she wished to pull away from the Hillary household, Adam's money would insure her bed, board, medical care—and emancipate her from Helen's tendency to what Adam mentally termed lagniappe.

If she married—well, the money would augment a major's pay, assuming that she married Miles. He thought: I'd like to have a talk with the boy. Then he dismissed the idea. Even were it possible, it would be foolish. There was nothing he could say; or, rather, no matter what he said, it would make no difference in the long run. Whatever was right or wrong between them was their affair.

He thought: I've been a failure as a parent . . . too absorbed in my own situation to give her more than a corner of my mind. You couldn't go along for twenty-three years on a live-and-let-live basis, easy and undemanding, and then suddenly come, all over, the heavy father, the guide, philosopher and friend. Carol's infancy belonged to trained nurses, her childhood to Aunt Agatha. Helen had been like a bright sunbeam, a shower of gold in the nursery, darting in, disappearing, leaving in her wake Teddy bears, dolls with real hair, miniature pianos and beautiful hand-made clothes.

WHEN Carol grew into awkward coltish girlhood, touching and lovely, her schools had taken her away, her interests had been friends, teachers and boys. During this period her character had been forming; it was a chisel which, with slow, almost imperceptible strokes, revealed the woman she was to become. And, he reflected, from the time she had entered her teens the antagonism between her and her mother had been made apparent. Helen could not brook a will as strong, or stronger, than her own.

Helen was making preparations to go to the coast. One of the major studios was going to film the story of her adventures. Fictionized, of course, the facts taken from the story which Foresight was to print and Frank Whitney to publish, in book form. Helen was amusing about it. The film would include her earlier travels, the torpedoing, the blitz, and then the Chinese journey.

The girl who would play her part was, at the most, twenty-five. But one of the conditions to her acceptance of a stupendous sum for the motion-picture rights was that she was to be consulted on the writing of the script and, when the picture went into production, upon the actual shooting. She couldn't, she said, afford too many mistakes.

On the afternoon before his departure, Adam knocked on her study door. When he entered, she was dictating to one of her secretaries; the other was typing furiously. Through the open door to the bedroom, he could see Cresson sorting what looked like heaps of pastel clouds for packing. A small pert manicurist was assembling her tools preparatory to departure. Cresson had no time for manicures today.

Adam said, "I'd like to talk to you if I may."

Helen raised an eyebrow. She looked at the devoted secretaries resignedly. They vanished. The manicurist scuttled out, not without a lingering glance at Adam, who was in her estimation a beautiful hunk of man if a little on the elderly side.

Helen's study was air-conditioned. The books glowed on the shelves, flowers were bright and fragrant. The photographs of the great looked down from the walls in approval. The fireplace was filled with white birch logs.

Adam sat down opposite his wife. He said, "As you know, I am leaving very early tomorrow morning. I don't believe in farewells at dawn. Too demoralizing, with the departing voyager anxious to be off and the collective family making the usual drowsy gestures. So I thought we'd say goodbye now. I shan't be in for dinner, and if I understood you correctly this morning, you won't be, either. I'll say goodbye to Carol and Agatha tonight."

Helen said, "Well, good luck. I still think you're being unnecessarily dramatic."

He said, "Possibly. But it doesn't seem so to me. I want to be in on this. I could have had a desk job in Washington. But I didn't want it. I can't fight, but I can get closer to it than Washington. But before I go, there are a few things we must discuss . . . under the head of unfinished business. I've made my will. Frank's been made my literary executor and everything's in order. As soon as I have an address you'll be notified. Also of my safe arrival." He smiled faintly. "If anything happens to me—"

"It won't," she said.

"I dare say you are right. Although war correspondents have taken something of a beating in this fracas," he reminded her. "Personally, I hope nothing does, as I have made plans."

"Would they interest me?" she asked.

"Anything is possible," he said. "Helen, can you be direct and truthful with me, for once? Have you any affection for me at all?"

"None," she said.

"Good," Adam said, and she felt a stab, not of astonishment but of anger. "That makes it simpler. I didn't think you had, but I had to be sure." He shook his head. He added, "When I think back, when I remember how much in love we were . . ."

"You got over it quickly," she reminded him.

"No. I came back from the war and did my best to adjust to the routine life of a university town. I thought it was what you wanted. We had a home, and then a child. But it wasn't what you wanted—"

She said, "May I remind you that it was you who left me, to tear around Europe, with the usual results?"

He said, "You wouldn't go with me. And when I returned I found you had made definite plans—"

"How could I go—with a small child?"

"You could have. Other children have survived their parents' peregrinations. Carol was a healthy child. I earned enough money at all times to provide you and her with a home wherever we were, with nurses, schooling—I think Carol would have enjoyed it. She has a capacity for enjoyment. But you couldn't bear to be Adam Hillary's wife. You had to be Helen Hillary."

"It's rather late," she said, "to reproach me. Also you did so thoroughly, years ago."

He said, "One reason why you didn't want to leave America was Robert Howson."

Helen laughed. "Poor Bob," she said: "I haven't thought of him in years."

"Nevertheless," said Adam, "he was a factor. The first rung of the ladder."

She said, "You are being absurd. Robert was twice my age and more. He was simply the first person who believed in me, and my potentialities."

"He was my senior," said Adam, "the best professor of English in the country. Also one of my closest friends, a man I admired tremendously."

He paused, thinking of Robert Howson. Well, that got him nowhere. Few women—certainly not Helen—were worth the rupture of that friendship, the loss of the young, lusty hero worship.

He said, "When on my return we patched things up—"

"For Carol's sake," she said swiftly, "and because I thought that we might still make a success of our marriage. But the habit of infidelity was too well rooted in you, Adam."

HE SAID sadly, "A man goes where he is wanted. Curiously enough, I have never considered you unfaithful to me. To be unfaithful connotes a certain amount of prior fidelity. Also, infidelity is usually expressed in physical terms. You were never faithful to anyone but yourself. And as for physical infidelity—he moved his heavy shoulders impatiently—"I don't know, and I care less. Sometimes, I have wondered. You are essentially a frigid woman. Your only passions are of the mind . . . cold flesh and a burning mentality. It's a wicked combination."

"If you have surrendered to any man, it was with malice aforethought and because you could not get what you wanted any other way. But I doubt even that. You are almost inhumanly clever. I would stake my last dollar that you'd—welsh. You'd have excellent excuses, the sort which would send the average man reeling from your presence filled with the unhappy guilt of the remorseful, swearing he wasn't fit to breathe the air."

"I don't know what the excuses have been, but I can guess. Loneliness and an unhappy married life had brought you to this temptation, perhaps, and something you could only term real love. But for your child's sake, you must make the supreme renunciation. Wonderful," he commented, "and unholy. Which brings us—"

She said, "I shall not sit here and listen to this. When I think of you and your—your women."

He said, "You flatter me. There were not so many. They were nice women for the most part, and kind and gay. They had warmth and reality and delightful flaws. Most of all they were, as you say, *women*. But I'm afraid you must listen. I want to talk about Carol."

"What about her?"

"Just this. I think you have interfered

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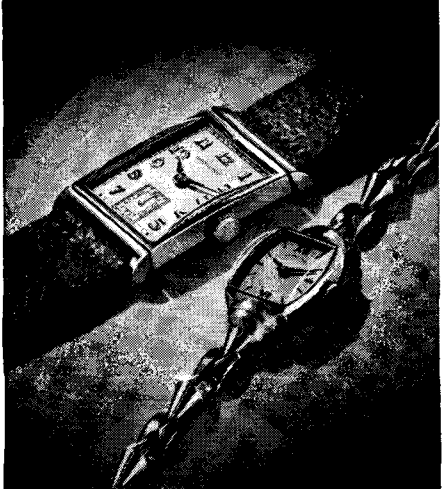


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between her and Miles. I think it due to you that they appear to have reached an impasse. I cannot believe," he said, "that you care very deeply for Carol. But if you do, you will regret this, Helen. Because if she ever finds out—"

She said, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen Miles. And I never interfere. Carol's of age. She can do as she pleases!"

He said, "I hope she does. And one more thing. Years ago I asked you for a divorce. You refused it because of Carol. Or so you said. I have asked you since, after Carol was old enough not to be hurt. As a matter of fact, growing up in this hostile household has probably done her more harm than good. Certainly she has never had a sense of security. And I was too concerned with my own affairs to try to give it to her until too late. Any security she has from now on must come out of herself and from her own decisions. I have already told her, Helen, that I am going to ask you again... and that I intend to marry Jenny. She did not seem in the least shocked... on the contrary. The situation can't have been pleasant for her—"

Helen broke in. She said, "I didn't make the situation!"

"No? I think you did. Because you wanted the picture of yourself intact. Charming wife, devoted mother... and a career. You wouldn't admit any failure openly, and a divorce meant failure in at least one department of your life. You liked being Mrs. Adam Hillary as well as Helen Hillary. But you had to be both. I haven't done too badly myself. So we became a legend. Fabulous, almost unique in our fields. Distort the picture, ever so little, and the legend becomes commonplace."

Helen's face was drawn, almost ugly with anger. She said, "The only terms on which I will divorce you would be an action in New York State, naming Jenny."

Adam waited a moment. Then he said, carefully, "We expected that. Helen. Jenny's willing... more willing than I. I suppose I dislike discarding the ego-warming cloak we call chivalry. Jenny's leaving the stage pretty soon... for good."

He rose. He said, "Think it over. There's another side to the picture. For the legend of the devoted mother can be marred by an action for divorce which readers of the tabloids would assume unpleasant for Carol. They'll ask, 'Why didn't she go to Reno?' That's what most women do who wish to spare their children public laundering of family linen."

The door closed after him. Helen stared at it, her mouth taut. Then she rang for her secretaries. Before they came in, she managed to look herself, a little wan, a little misty. After all, she had just said goodbye to her husband.

Only they hadn't said goodbye.

ADAM spent the early part of the evening with Jenny. He told her of his conversation with Helen. "Monologue, really," he added with a rueful grin. He added, "I don't know what she'll do. I admit I put the screws on. It makes sense. A lot of people would wonder why, after maintaining a fiction all these years, she comes out with facts." He touched Jenny's dark hair with his big hand. He said, "Try not to worry."

"I shall worry," she said, and the tears raced down her cheeks. "Not about her. I don't care what she does. If only you'll come back, darling, and we can be together."

"I shall," he remarked. "I'll make it up to you, Jenny."

Later that night he said goodbye to Agatha, who patted his shoulder with her gnarled hand and said, "I don't like goodbys. We'll not say it."

He agreed, smiling, and then said abruptly, "I've asked Helen for a divorce, which she refuses unless the conditions are her own. A New York State action. I don't know what she'll do. I don't want you upset. You've been a tower of strength, and I'm deeply grateful to you. Also I'm fond of you. I think you know that."

She said, with some difficulty, "I understand, Adam. Don't fret about me. Poor Helen..." She looked up at his slight exclamation and said, sharply, "I don't mean that in the usual sense. But she has so little. She doesn't know it, of course. I believe I am the only person in the world who is truly fond of her. You were in love with her, then for years you hated her. Carol began with the natural, unthinking affection of a child for a parent. It rarely stays at that level. It

has to be earned as the child grows older. Helen didn't earn it. She tried to buy, or force it, and didn't succeed, Carol being what she is. But I have nothing to gain or to lose, from my niece. I have had her with me since she was a child. I haven't been able to do anything for her, since she married you. Or even before. I run her house, relieve her of responsibility but that's all. But the habit of loving dies hard. I do not admire Helen," she said, "and I do not condone her. She is not an admirable woman. But I love her because I cannot help it."

Adam went from Agatha's room to Carol's. She was in bed, reading, waiting for him. He sat down on the edge of the bed. He said lightly, "This is it... If you hear stirrings around the house in another few hours, I forbid you to do anything about it."

"I won't," she said shakily.

He said, "I'll be back. There's just one thing..." he hesitated.

"What?"

"If anything unlikely should happen to me, will you tell Jenny yourself?" he asked. "I don't want her to read it in the papers, and that's what would happen. There's still a lot of formality about the next-of-kin business."

"Don't say it," said Carol. She added, "All right, Father."

"Thanks." He rose and looked down at her. "I'll expect a lot of letters when I've an address. Also a cable if and when you decide to change your status and residence." He watched her face harden. He said, "And, a suggestion: If I were you I'd check with Ole on the time Miles came to the house the day you were in Brooklyn. Ole has a retentive memory."

He bent and kissed her and stood up. "Good luck," he said. "I wish you'd say goodbye to Miles for me. Maybe I'll be seeing him. Stranger things have happened. I don't pretend I'm sorry to go, except for you..." He added, silently: And Jenny. Better leave it unsaid. Carol would know, anyway.

She said, "Wait a moment. Did you—speak to Mother?"

"No dice," said Adam; "or rather she thinks she's loaded them. I'm not astonished. I didn't expect her to take the first train to Nevada." He went to the door, turned and waved and was gone.

Carol brushed the tears from her cheeks. There was so much she might have said and had not. During the last few weeks they had been closer than they had ever been. And now he was leaving her. She felt forlorn and sorry for herself. Then she shook herself, mentally. It was just as well. She might have grown to depend on him. It was silly to de-

pend on anyone. In the last analysis, you have only yourself.

If she asked Ole, and Ole said Miles had been in the house for some time before Carol's return, what would that prove? Nothing except that Helen had lied. But if she had lied, she had a reason.

CAROL was at the hospital a few nights later when Miles telephoned. Helen, sitting in the drawing room with Aunt Agatha and Frank Whitney, heard Ole taking the call. She rose swiftly, went into the hall and stood at the open door of the telephone room. She said, "I'll speak to Major Duncan, Ole."

She went in and closed the door. "Miles?" she said. "It's Helen. Carol's at the hospital..."

Miles said, his voice heavy with disappointment, "I'm shoving off in the morning."

"Where?"

"Texas," he told her briefly. "I can get to town tonight for an hour. If I could see her? Can I phone the hospital?"

"My dear," said Helen, "she's not permitted calls." She didn't know if that was true or not, but it didn't matter.

He said doggedly, "She gets home about ten, doesn't she?"

"As a rule," said Helen. "But not tonight. She's going out... she hasn't told me where... but it seems that she and Dudley are going on to a party of sorts."

He asked, "You're trying to tell me that she doesn't want to see me?"

"I'm sorry," said Helen.

"She's seeing Lennox again," he said flatly. "Well, that tears it. You might tell her I called."

She said, again, "I'm so sorry, Miles."

But he had hung up. Helen sat a moment at the little telephone table and then she went back to the drawing room. She said lightly, in answer to an inquiring look from Agatha, "That was Miles."

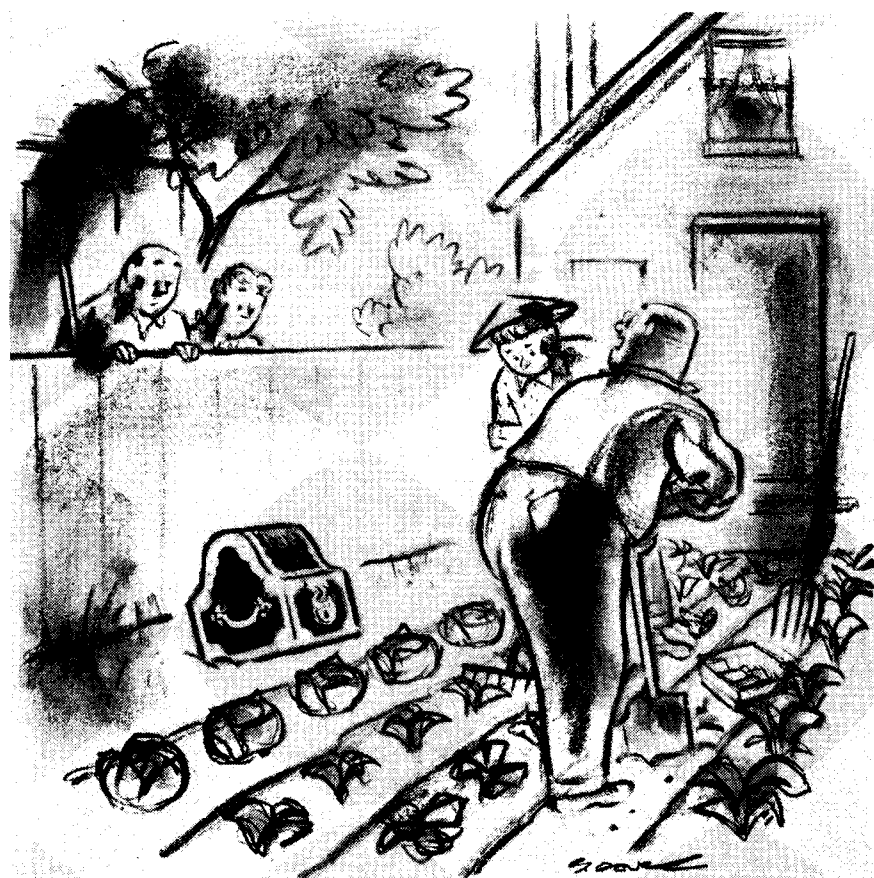
Better, in case Agatha's ears were as sharp as her own and had heard Ole say, "Major Duncan?"

She turned back to Frank Whitney. Frank was saying, "So you're off tomorrow."

"Priority and all," she said, "though I dare say they'll set me down at a whistle stop and I can cool my heels waiting for a train."

He said, "I hope not. Well, phone me when you get there." He looked at Agatha and smiled. He said, "I am always anxious until she does. Nothing must happen to her. We've got a book on our hands. It has everything. You know," he told Helen, "I've been plenty worried. The Duncan manuscript for instance. I thought you were slipping."

"I know," she said remorsefully, "but I



"Yes, we dug it up last week sometime—haven't had time to open it yet"

COLLIER'S

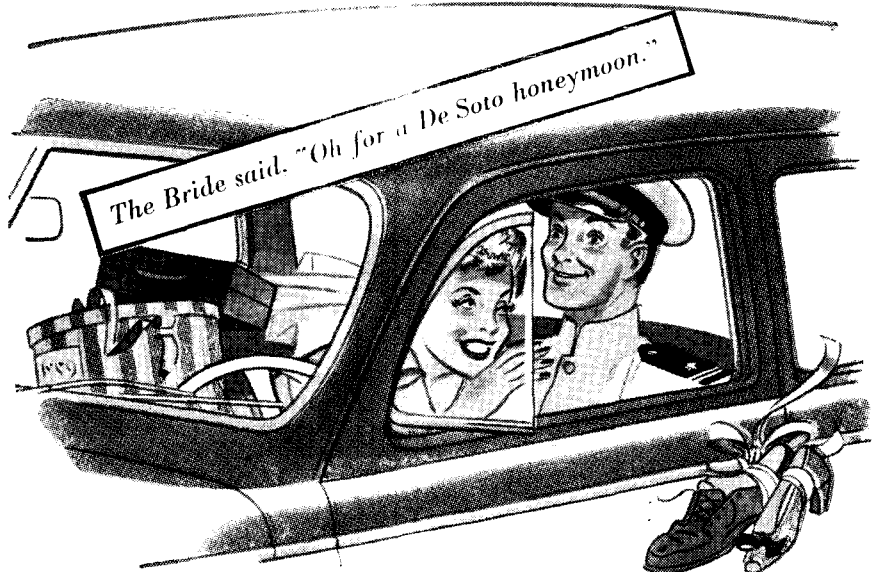
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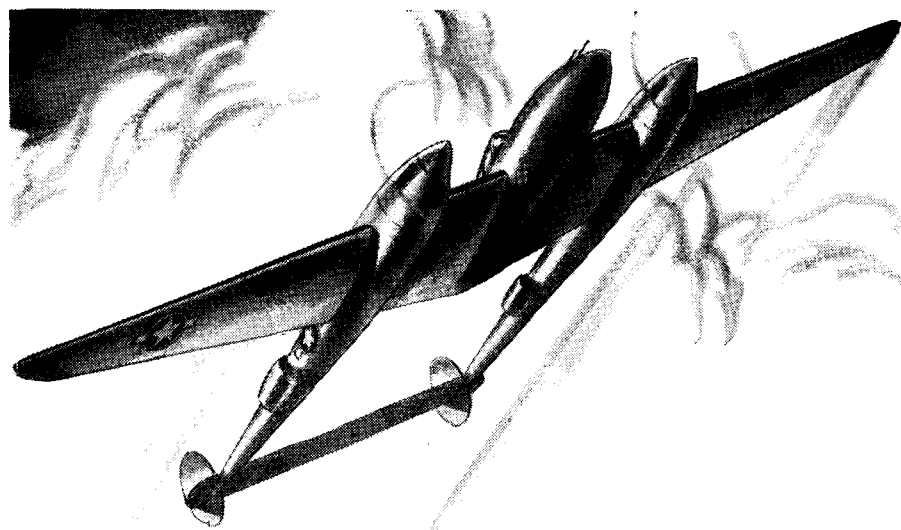
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A four-part serial by the mistress of suspense

Mignon G. Eberhart

Death reaches out a finger toward Monica Blane—and she runs away. Somewhere she'll find safety; somewhere she'll find the man who took her heart and vanished into silence. But somewhere behind her, death follows in pursuit—and here you may watch a duel as taut and merciless as that of a Lightning and a Messerschmitt flashing through the sky. Buckle your safety-belt and begin

WINGS OF FEAR

did the best I could, Frank. Miles is a darling but so very inarticulate. It was a case of injecting as much life as possible into cut-and-dried facts. He's very reticent. He tells what he's seen and what he's done, but you learn nothing of his inner experience, his mental and emotional processes. When I tried to use my imagination he stopped me. He said it embarrassed him," Helen concluded, using her imagination freely.

"Well," said Frank comfortably, "I can understand it. But you've got the whole business, the feeling of flight, the feeling of combat, in your own book. Now if Duncan's had that . . ."

She said, ruefully, "That's what I tried to put in it, out of my own experience, my talks with other fighter pilots, but he wouldn't have it. So"—she shrugged—"it's a composite picture."

"It's a damn' good one," Whitney told her. "Lennox will make a killing, and so will we."

THEY were still talking when Carol came in. Ole admitted her and said, "Major Duncan called, Miss Carol. Mrs. Hillary talked with him."

Carol glanced in the living room. Agatha was no longer there. She saw Frank Whitney, a highball glass in his hands, sitting alone by the fireplace. She asked, "Where is Mother, Ole?"

"She went upstairs. Someone called on her private wire."

Carol asked, "Ole. Can you remember the last time Major Duncan was here? I was in Brooklyn and came in later. Do you remember if he came in just before I did or much earlier?"

Ole said, "I remember because when I let him in he said, 'I'm very early.' Mrs. Hillary was in the drawing room." He stopped and considered. If he were curious he did not show it. He added, "It must have been nearly an hour before you returned, Miss Carol."

"Thanks," said Carol and went into the drawing room, and Whitney rose to meet her. "Drink?" he asked. "Helen said she'd be right down."

Carol took the drink he offered. She said, "Lord, it's hot. What a summer!"

"Why aren't you week-ending at the cottage?"

"Oh," she said, "it doesn't seem worth while . . . just for week ends." She waited impatiently until Helen came downstairs and when she was in the room said, "Ole tells me Miles called."

"Yes," said her mother, "he was sorry to miss you. He said he'd call again tomorrow night."

Carol thought, If he does, I'll ask him to come to see me as soon as he can. I'll ask him, point-blank, if Mother said anything. . . .

But he did not call. The slow, hot days

went by. Helen was in Hollywood and Adam had cabled of his safe arrival. Carol saw Jenny Davis. The show was closing after Labor Day, and Jenny would be off to the camps. After that, if everything went as she hoped, overseas. They did not talk intimately—it was too difficult.

They lunched together twice, and once Carol taking an out-of-town school friend to the play went backstage to see the star and found Dudley Lennox there with one of his bigger advertisers. The suggestion was made that they go out to supper. Jenny begged off. She was tired she said, the heat had gotten her down. She was very thin, her face was worn to a triangle by anxiety.

Carol's school friend was all for supper, and a couple of attractive men, although the advertiser hardly came in that category. Short of making a scene, Carol could not refuse. They made the rounds, ended up at the Stork. Afterward Dudley and she dropped the girl and the fat, pleasant gentleman—"Paunch and Judy," murmured Dudley—at their respective hotels.

Driving toward the house, "Like old times," said Dudley cheerfully. "And you needn't push yourself through the side of the cab. I'm not going to make love to you. What do you hear from Duncan?"

"Nothing," said Carol.

"Is it out of order if I ask why?"

She said, "I'd rather not discuss it with you, Dudley."

"Okay," he said amiably. "How do you like your father's cables?"

She said, "They're fine."

"We think so, too." He added, "Have you seen Helen's story?"

"No."

"I'll send a proof down to your desk," he promised. "I think it's the best thing she's done."

When they reached the house, he went up the steps with her. He asked, at the door, "Is there any reason why we can't lunch together now and then?"

"None," she said, "except that I don't want to, specially. Good night, Dudley."

He said thoughtfully, "I could fire you, you know."

"I wish you would," said Carol, "as I haven't the energy to fire myself. And I can always get another job."

"That's what keeps you on the pay roll," he said. "Anyway, it's nice to know that you breathe the same air-conditioning."

THE proof was on her desk the next morning. Carol laid it aside until the lunch hour. She was not particularly interested. Helen had written several short readable books since the fall of France—and prior to that. She had always been politically and internationally minded. She had a great deal of information, because the best brains were at her disposal. The best brains are usually those of men; and many men, despite their

brains, are susceptible. Helen had collected political economists, foreign correspondents, prophets and historians for years.

Carol lunched alone, away from the Foresight Building. She was in no mood for companionship. Waiting for her ham on rye and a pot of tea, she withdrew the proof from its large envelope and glanced at it.

The sandwich came and she did not eat it. The tea turned to lye and cooled in the pot.

This was Helen's story. It was neoned with great names, it glittered with excitement, a breathless headlong quality, it made light of hardship or discomfort, it even made a little fun of the writer.

It said, in effect: Look at me, a foolish, middle-aged woman tearing around the world and loving it, yet worrying over lipstick and astringent when the bombs are falling all around me. It was such a pretty picture of such a pretty woman washing out lingerie in strange places, spraining her ankle at the wrong time, getting into jams and out again. A valiant woman, who took things as they came; who leaned out of windows and watched the bright fingers of searchlights until someone yanked her back into the room again; who heard bombs fall and shells whistle; who went walking with history; who sat in gardens and talked of war and peace with people who fought one in order to attain the other.

BUT it was more than Helen's story. It was the story of the men she had met, most of them anonymous . . . bomber pilots, pursuit pilots, fighter pilots, men of the infantry, the artillery, the engineers. Helen got around. Suddenly she had become their interpreter. Especially that of the pilots. She knew how they felt when the Zeros came all around the clock. She knew how they felt when they were alerted when they sat in the Ready Room, the Briefing Room. She knew how they felt when they were afraid and when they were furious with avenging anger. She knew how they felt when a man they loved died, when a plane did not return. She knew—and she set it down.

Carol got up, paid her check and went back to the office. She picked up the telephone on her desk and asked if Mr. Lennox were in the building. He was not. She left her name. She said, "Will you ask him to call me here or at home?" She did not care what his secretary thought and she knew that his secretary was thinking plenty.

For this was Miles' book. All of the book which mattered belonged to Miles. For she had heard him say these things—not perhaps as prettied up by rhetoric but substantially the same. The night at the cottage when they had talked so long and so late . . . for she had forgotten nothing. She had forgotten no word, no gesture since the night they had danced together, and she had fallen in love.

These were things he had told her, and which he had also told Helen. But Helen had not put them in the book which would be published under Miles' name—"As told to Helen Hillary." Helen had saved them for her own book.

Carol took the proof home. She put through a call to Miles at the field and continued reading while she waited. The call came, and after an interval she learned that Major Duncan was no longer there. He had been transferred.

She was unable to obtain further information.

She hung up, finally. She thought: If I write, it will be forwarded.

She thought: He did call. He called to say he was leaving. Mother talked to him. When I came in from the hospital, she knew.

The black anger which filled her was bitter and heavy . . . the anger of the betrayed. There was no other word for it. Helen had betrayed them both for her own purposes.

The telephone rang. The pages of what was literally proof scattered over the floor of her bedroom. She picked up the instrument, her heart hammering. It could be Miles. It must be Miles. But it was not long distance, it was a local call.

It was Dudley Lennox. He asked, "You called me, Carol?"

She said, "Yes. I want to see you. Could you come here, tonight, after dinner?"

He said that he could come. He had an engagement but he would break it.

"Thanks," said Carol and hung up.

Agatha was out. It was her night at Red Cross. Carol dined alone, and Ole clucked despairingly. The beautiful jellied Madrilene, the chicken aspic, the green salad, the raspberry sherbet went back to Marta almost untouched. Carol drank three glasses of iced coffee and smoked half a dozen cigarettes. She thought: If my father were here—

Pull yourself together. You've never asked his help and, rarely, his opinion. You can get along without him. You can get along without anyone, even Miles, if that has to be. Learn your lesson the hard way. Everyone stands alone. The leaners try to shift the weight to someone else's shoulders and they succeed, in a measure. You weren't permitted to be a leaner. Maybe it's as well.

It was pretty bleak, getting along without Miles. She had been learning that for some weeks now. But whether he wanted or did not want her, whether his alteration had been due to Helen or to some compulsion of his own, something had to be done about Helen's book.

WHEN Dudley came, she was waiting for him. He came into the drawing room, looked at her and smiled. "Special dispensation," he said, "or royal summons?"

Carol did not smile. Her face was almost austere. She indicated the chair opposite. She said, "Sit down, Dudley . . ."

"Listen is obey." He sat down, offered her his cigarette case. She shook her head. Her mouth was dry and parched from smoking. She said, "Drinks, at your elbow."

"Short snort," he murmured. He poured it, set it down without drinking and glanced at the proof lying, neatly stacked, on the table. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

IT'S HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

... when you're a

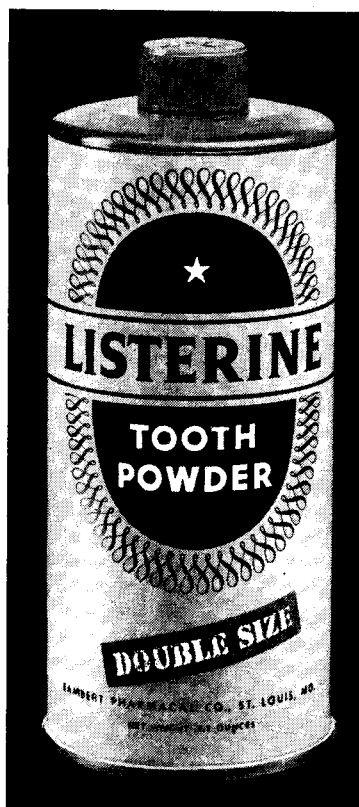
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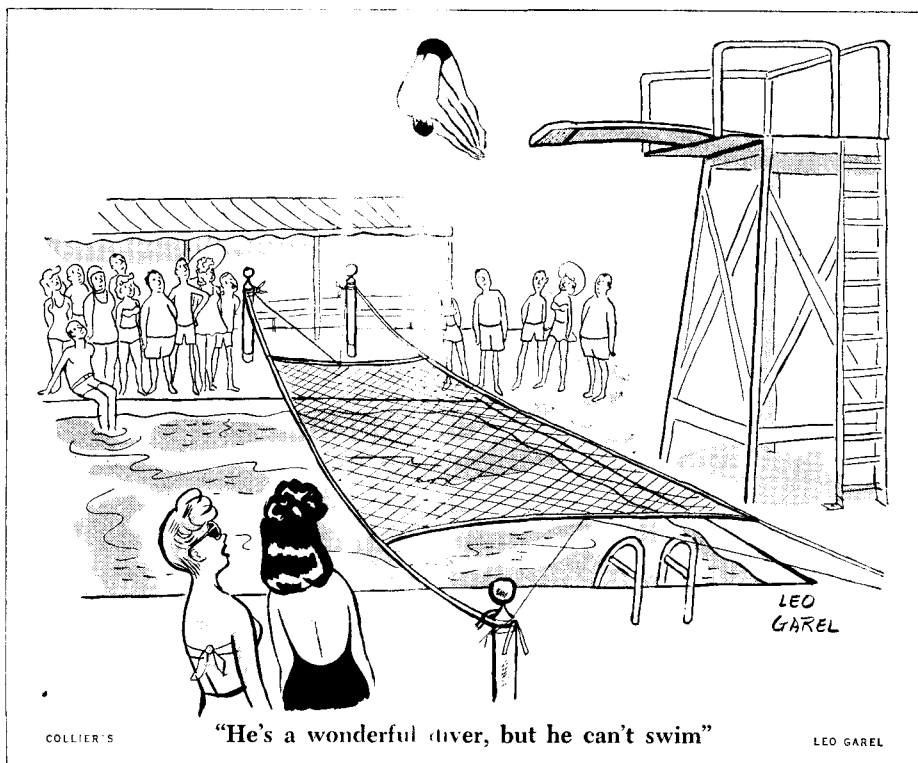
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The Week's Work

Hickman Powell



HICKMAN POWELL, who writes of Thomas E. Dewey, p. 12, knows the New York governor more intimately than most men, and is his avowed friend. He first met Dewey when he was assigned by the New York Herald Tribune to cover the spectacular Dewey crime prosecution in New York. He took a leave of absence to write *Ninety Times Guilty*, the story of Lucky Luciano's vice racket, and the association with Dewey which began then has continued. Powell serves as a consultant to Dewey on state problems.

He was born in Duluth, Minnesota, and attended Swarthmore Preparatory School and the University of Wisconsin. During a youthful junket around the world, he stopped off at the island of Bali—and wrote *The Last Paradise*, the book that started the rush of tourists to that spot. His subsequent magazine articles and books have dealt with a variety of subjects—the Coast Guard, politics, the part the Rolls-Royce engine played in the Battle of Britain, farm problems. Powell spent several months last winter in England, gathering article material. Between trips to Albany, Powell and his wife live on their Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm.

SINCE Harrison Forman (*A Million Starve*, p. 14), is in Chungking, far from New York, we asked his wife for personal data. She replied: "I know Mr. Forman feels deeply that when men understand one another, they will cease to fear one another, and when they cease fearing one another we will have fewer wars."

That feeling, it seems to us, is the best possible foundation for the journalistic career Forman chose. Through articles and books, he has contributed greatly to America's understanding of the people of other nations, particularly China.

"He believes that improved transportation is perhaps more important than diplomacy for peace," Mrs. Forman continues, "and that when a clerk from Moscow can spend his two weeks' vacation in New York and the New York bus driver can in turn go to Moscow, London, Paris or Vienna, we will better understand one another. Perhaps I do not put it as he would, but it has a big thought in it."

"Harrison has always been an adventurer—from boyhood days when he stowed away on a Lake Michigan steamer, to the days of hunting Pancho Villa's treasure in Mexico, to sailing for China and making the trek into the little-known land of Tibet. He has been a reporter all his adult years, though he also has been well known as a photographer, newsreel man, lecturer and broadcaster. He has carried the red ribbon of this war in the Pacific from the islands of Wake, Guam, Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong. He went to the Pacific a year before Pearl Harbor and has not been home since. He was on the spot for the outbreak of war both in Asia and in Europe—at Shanghai and at Warsaw. He has traveled the countries he writes about. He knows them and their people, their customs and their leaders. . . ."

Thank you, Mrs. Forman. We now know one more thing about Mr. Forman—that he has an appreciative and understanding wife.

THE authentic ranch flavor you find in Raoul Schumacher's story, *The Whip Hand*, p. 17, comes from the author's long experience on ranches in New Mexico and California. He bought a ranch in New Mexico when he was only twenty, and made enough money raising horses and assorted livestock to go to Europe for a year. Returning to New York, he wrote mystery and adventure stories under the name "Ivan Kell," but, in spite of reasonable success, he decided that city life was not for him. He used his story proceeds to buy another New Mexico ranch. Since then he has combined ranching with writing in what is for him an ideal way of living. In 1943 he was married to Beryl Markham, another author whose work has appeared in *Collier's*, and now, out on their California ranch, they are collaborating on a novel.

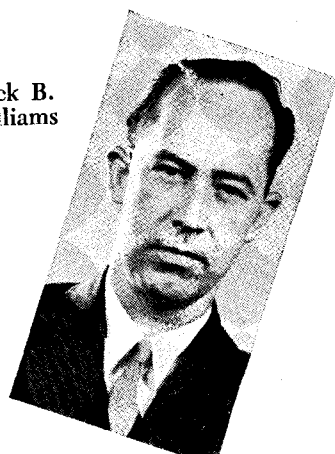
MAYBE parents are right when they save the creative writings of their six- and seven- and eight-year-olds. Nick Boddie Williams' story, *Kentucky Code*, p. 11, survived through just such a circumstance. Williams first wrote about his dog Naylor when he was seven years old, and it took him until now to rediscover it and revise it for publication. "Nothing has been added," he says. "It is the same story. But for a long time, it seemed too much like exposing family secrets to strip Naylor's soul bare that way. Had he lived, he certainly wouldn't have done that to me. A sequel to the story, which at first I included but then cut out because it was depressing—it depressed me, anyway—is that Naylor died of ground glass soon after the time of the story—and we always suspected 'the man with the whip,' who was much more of an ogre in my memory than any escaped convict."

Williams, a native of Virginia and a sojourner in Alabama, New York, Texas and Tennessee, now lives in Pasadena, California, "where I can see the Pacific if it's a clear day and if I get up before dusk, which I rarely do."

"Aside from a few months' yen in 1929 (remember?) to be a millionaire," Williams adds, "I've been a newspaperman, and nothing except cancellation of the Bill of Rights can save me now."

A. P.

Nick B. Williams



She said, "I think a lot of and about it. This isn't Mother's book. It's Miles'!"

He asked, "What do you mean by that?"

She explained briefly, and he listened. He said, after a while, "Aren't you permitting your—interest in Duncan to influence you?" He shrugged. "He couldn't have written one line of that."

"No," said Carol, "but he is the source material. He doesn't know it. Perhaps he will never know it unless it is drawn to his attention. You haven't seen his book, Dudley. It's a nice, pedestrian job. Everything which could make it important has been left out. But it's turned up—here."

He said, "My dear child, what do you expect me to do?"

"You could talk to Mother," she said, "in Hollywood and suggest that she make acknowledgment, if only in a foreword."

"Impossible," he said, "as it's gone to press."

"Then, later."

"You think she'd agree?" he asked, amused. "And besides, what have you to go on? I have no doubt that Helen can produce her notes for the Duncan book and that they'll check with the book itself."

She said quietly, "I might have known you wouldn't help me." She looked at him very directly. "Miles and I were to be married," she said, "when he got his transfer. He wanted it to be before, but I thought it best to wait. Not very long ago, he suddenly agreed with me, even to the point of suggesting that we wait until after the war. I don't believe that it was his idea, any more than this book is Mother's." She waited a moment. She said, "Miles has been transferred. He called to tell me so, but I wasn't home. I did not learn of the transfer until tonight."

"Where is he?" asked Dudley.

"I don't know," Carol said, "but I'll find out." She stood up. She said, "You could find out for me."

He did not move. He said, "Sure. I have plenty of contacts and in any case it would not be difficult. But I don't intend to try."

"I didn't think you would," she said.

HER ROSE and looked at her. He said, "The more you fight the better I like it. You have plenty of spirit. It would be wasted on the hero. Heroes are a dime a dozen. You have implied that your mother has had a hand in recent events. Have you considered how it became possible? Do you remember Duncan's emotional plight when he first came to New York? Anything may have happened. You may have been a detour, a diversion. Or he may be suffering from an emotional hang-over. I won't ask you what took place during your interrupted idyll on the Island . . ."

She had her hand on the bell rope. When Ole came, she said quietly, "Mr. Lennox is leaving."

But he wasn't, not yet. He waited until Ole had gone, to stand by the door, and then he said, "All right. I like it better this way. I never pretended friendship, Carol. That's not what I feel nor what I want. I've done everything I could to prevent you from making a fool of yourself—and me. You and your father," he murmured, "are, after all, oddly alike . . . reckless, stubborn, quixotic . . ."

She said, "My father believes in me and Miles . . ." She broke off and stared at him, saw his faint smile. She said, "You sent him overseas deliberately . . . not because you needed or wanted him but to get him out of the way!"

He said, "As a matter of fact, he's sending in better copy than I thought. I'm losing nothing. But it was, if you must know, your mother's suggestion."

He walked into the hall where Ole waited woodenly. He said pleasantly, "Good night, Ole," and the door closed after him.

Carol ran upstairs. She burst into Agatha's room without preliminaries. Agatha leaned over and turned the twitch of the electric phonograph and put down her novel. She asked, sitting erect in bed, her white hair in two short thin braids, "What's happened? Have you heard from your father?"

Carol sat down. She said, "No."

"Well, tell me," said Agatha impatiently. Carol told her, from the beginning. She told her about Miles at the cottage, and of their plans. She told her what had happened, and what she believed had happened. She put the proof of the book on the bed. She said, "Perhaps you won't believe it, as you haven't heard him talk. . . ."

Agatha listened. Telling took a long time. Then she asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm resigning my job, tomorrow morning. I'll find out where Miles is. Then, I'll wire him I'm on my way. But I'll go via Hollywood."

"Your mother won't like that," said Agatha. "Yet if what you tell me is true, she may be more or less prepared. I dare say Dudley is calling her now."

"I didn't think of that," said Carol, looking stricken. She rallied quickly. "I'll think of something," she said.

"No doubt," said Agatha. "Want me to go along?"

"No, thanks, darling. . . ."

"Have you enough money?"

"Yes."

"If not, wire me. And if you're married," said Agatha, "perhaps I can get there in time. If not"—she put out her bony hand—"you have my blessing."

CAROL telephoned Washington. Her mother had a friend there, a gentleman ranking high in the Air Corps, whose duties kept him at the capital. It was largely through him that her mother's various trips had been arranged. He was very grateful to Helen Hillary. He had not forgotten the time, years ago, when she came to visit on the post. She could have easily brought his career to an abrupt conclusion. But she hadn't.

He was uneasily astonished to hear from Carol, whom he recalled as a gangling little girl. He asked, once she had got past the secretaries on the magic of her name, "What can I do for you?"

Carol said, "It's for Mother, really. You may recall that she returned home at the same time as Major Miles Duncan and that they collaborated on a book? It appears that the major has been transferred suddenly from Mitchel Field and Mother wants to know where he is stationed. She has to reach him. The book is going to press."

"I read," said the great man, "that she was in Hollywood."

"Yes. She left a number of unfinished things, this being one," said Carol. "I tried to find out myself, in order not to bother you . . . and she's so rushed. So I thought . . ."

He said briskly, "I'll call you back. Or shall I wire her?"

"If you'd call me?" asked Carol hastily. "She will telephone here later in the day. And then I can tell her."

They hung up with expressions of mutual esteem, and Carol went about her urgent affairs. Transportation was hard to obtain. She went to the travel agency often used by her mother. There would be Pullman space on the Century for her. But getting to Los Angeles was another matter. Perhaps, if she wouldn't mind a lower berth?

She wouldn't.

The call came through from Washington. The great man's secretary had been able to locate Major Duncan in Texas and gave Carol the name of the field. . . .

"Well," said Agatha, after this was reported to her, "are you going to wire Miles?"

"Not until after I've seen Mother," said Carol. "I've thought it over. I have to be sure."

Agatha reflected that was what living in an insecure household did to you . . . more than anyone else you had to be sure. Carol's passion for the bare bones of truth, for absolute certainty, was an integral part of her life pattern. She could take nothing for granted. Most youngsters did. They took parental devotion and protection for granted. They fell in love and they took that for granted, too. Everything would be all right. The happy ending. Not Carol. Nothing in her past experience had convinced her that you could take anything for granted.

CAROL went to Los Angeles. The travel agency hadn't been able to reserve hotel accommodations there but it couldn't matter, said the clerk, as her mother had an ample suite. He advised her to take box lunches from Chicago, wished her luck and turned to the violent ringing of his telephone.

Carol had been to Hollywood before, in a drawing room on the Superchief. This was no drawing room. This was a lower berth. This wasn't the Superchief or the Chief. This was a long, long train filled with soldiers, sailors, Marines. People sat up in day coaches. Babies cried.

If anything could teach you not to follow your man half across the continent it should

Handie-Talkie signals the **attack!**



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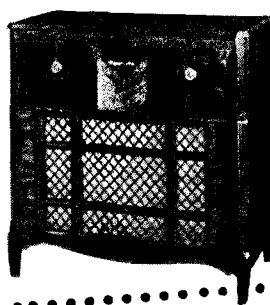
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If there is glory at all in war, *all of it* goes without question to the men who do the fighting. We who on the production front turn out the weapons for Victory find ample satisfaction in the knowledge that our product *delivers* when needed.

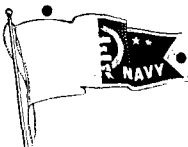
Our fighting men feel stronger and safer because of the Handie-Talkie... the "house telephone" of the infantry company. With it, our side knows where the enemy is and what he's doing. This knowledge is often the margin of Victory—and Victory is our goal!

The Handie-Talkie is a battery powered radio receiver and transmitter no larger than a cracker box. The operator talks, giving information, and listens, receiving instructions. Officers and men in the infantry call it the "fightingest" radio set in the army! The "Handie-Talkie" was pioneered and developed exclusively by Motorola Electronics Engineers. It is a Motorola habit to be first!


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**WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S
FOOT
FIGHT
TO KILL
ALL 5
FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED**

**DON'T UNDERESTIMATE
ATHLETE'S FOOT**

- Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.
- Fungi are hardy, persistent, hard to reach.
- **SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.**
- Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.

SORETONE

**POWERFUL HELP
—TONIGHT**

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for \$1—so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

MONEY BACK
—If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues. *McKesson makes it.*



SORETONE

**POWERFUL HELP
—TONIGHT**

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FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

be this trip, thought Carol. Only it didn't. Discomfort mattered only to the vacationers; not to women who were concerned with war only as it affected those they most loved, whose entire beings were concentrated upon obtaining the outward consolations of loving . . . touch and nearness and embrace, no matter how brief the time. It was heart-breaking, it was insane, it had its special beauty.

And she was part of it. She was going to Miles. He had not asked her to, but she was going.

GETTING out of the taxi, walking into the big hotel set in its lush, green, landscaped grounds . . . flowers and shrubs, palm trees, vines, cottages, swimming pool—she looked like a carbon copy of herself. You didn't get out of a train like that, hours late, and appear as if fashioned from moonlight and dew. You hadn't stepped out of a fashion magazine. You'd stepped out of something which was just short of a cattle car, yet with the most profound admiration for the railroads of the United States, which were doing a job three times bigger than any public utility can be expected to do, and doing it as well—or better—than possible.

The desk clerk slid his eyes around at her, when her turn came and asked automatically, "Have you a reservation?"

She said, "No, but—"

"I'm sorry," he said wearily and wished he were home—at least, he had a home—with his feet in hot water, and a Scotch and soda in his hand. "There isn't a—"

She said, imperiously, "I am Mrs. Adam Hillary's daughter. Will you tell her that I have arrived?"

His manner changed. Helen Hillary's daughter? He hadn't thought she had one as old as this. He said cautiously, "Mrs. Hillary hasn't mentioned to us that she was expecting you."

You had to be cautious. People did the darnedest things just trying to find a place to sleep.

Carol opened her purse. She always carried identification. Aunt Agatha insisted on it. "Suppose you were run over?" she'd ask. She put the wallet on the desk and he glanced at it. He said, "Sorry, Miss Hillary, but you have to be so careful. The boy will take you right up. . . ."

The boy took her up. They rang but there was no answer. The boy unlocked the door with a passkey. It was a pretty suite—a duplex, with living and dining rooms downstairs and two bedrooms and baths above. It was filled with flowers. Helen's typewriter stood on a desk. She did not travel with secretaries these days. She was very patriotic.

"Guess Mrs. Hillary ain't here," said the boy sadly. He'd liked seeing Mrs. Hillary. Also she was generous.

Carol tipped him. She called room service and found that it was possible to have tea. She went upstairs, where the boy had taken her bag. One room was unoccupied, the other showed traces of Helen—cosmetic case, more flowers, clothes hanging in the closets.

Carol took off her dusty frock and put on a robe. After tea she would bathe and rest.

HELEN came in an hour or so later. Carol heard her key in the lock, her feet on the short flight of stairs, her voice calling. She could not have moved if it had meant her life.

Helen came in. She wore a new frock, a printed linen, a big hat, and short gloves. She looked animated, a little tanned, and very well. She cried, "Carol—I couldn't believe it when the clerk told me. Why are you here? What has happened? Why didn't you let me know?"

When Dudley had phoned her, he had said nothing about the possibility of Carol's coming to Hollywood. He hadn't guessed. He should have, she thought, fretfully.

Carol said, "If I had let you know, you would have had a sudden urge to go to Palm Springs or Mexico City." She sat up and swung her long legs to the floor. She said, "I'm on my way to Texas. I stopped off to see you."

"Texas?" repeated Helen. She sat down, and found that she was shaking. She thought, for once directly: This is the showdown. She had never expected it to come.

"Texas," said Carol. "Miles is there."

"Really?" said Helen. "I didn't know."

"I think you did," said Carol. "I think he called and when he found I was out he told you."

Helen said, "Aren't you being a little dramatic? Of course he called. I told you so. He said he would call you back."

"He said," corrected Carol, "that he was going to Texas."

Helen thought: She's following him; he'll tell her. She smiled. She said, "All right. So he told me he was being transferred. He didn't," she added sweetly, "demand that I tell you. If he had wanted you to know, he would have called the hospital or managed to get to town or, at least, wired you or called again. But he didn't. He wanted it this way. The easier way for you both."

It sounded plausible. Carol said stubbornly, "I will not believe it." She added, "I've read your book, in proof."

Helen was silent and wary. This much, she knew, Dudley had told her. She waited.

Carol said in a tight, frozen voice, "It isn't your book—that is, the part of it which matters, the part which will get the good press, and the acclaim, the part which will sell it. The rest doesn't matter. You've written all that before—how brave you are under fire, and what fun you have talking to generals. But the new part belongs to Miles. It belongs in his book, not in yours. But you wanted it for yours. If you had written his book as it should have been written, you would have been only the mouthpiece, the dictating machine—"

Helen said, "You are being absurd. I have my notes for Miles' book. Also my own notes, made before his was ever written."

"No doubt," said Carol. "Are you going to write a foreword to the book before Frank publishes it, acknowledging your debt—and your co-author?"

"No," said Helen. Her eyes were brilliant with anger. She added, "You are making a fool of yourself, over a stupid, unimaginative boy who doesn't care enough for you to let you know where he's going. And if you go to Texas he'll tell you so!"

Carol said, "I'll take my chances on that. I'll also take him the Foresight proof."

"And what will that get you?" asked Helen.

"Nothing, probably," said Carol. "I didn't expect you'd make the acknowledgment. And I doubt if Miles would want it. It would only embarrass him. But I thought I'd give you your chance, too."

Her mother asked, "Where is he, exactly?"

Carol laughed. She said, "I have no intention of telling you. You'd wire or telephone, you'd manage something, somehow."

Helen said, "It doesn't matter. I can find out."

"If you call Washington," said Carol casually, "you'll be in an awkward position. Because that's how I found out. I said I was calling for you. And so got the information."

Helen commented, with a spark of admiration, "That was quite clever of you, Carol."

Carol said, "I thought so. I don't like being clever. I don't like using—hereditary methods."

Helen rose. She said, "This has been a very interesting conversation. But I am dining out. We'll continue it in the morning."

Carol shook her head. She said, "I shan't be here. I stopped in the station and bought my ticket, before I came to the hotel. I'll be gone before you get back. It's a slow train but it will serve." She rose and walked over to her mother. She said, "I don't know why you've done this, Mother. . . . I don't know why you have been so opposed to my marriage or why you have used very curious methods to prevent it."

Helen still had the card which she had played one evening not so long ago. It had taken a trick once, it might again. This was a different game but it was a good card. She said, quietly, "I opposed your marriage, at first, because I felt it was not suitable and that you wouldn't be happy. I knew Miles before you did." She smiled. "And, I think, better." She let that sink in. "Later, I opposed it because I felt that after your absurd behavior in permitting Miles to come to the cottage when you were there alone, you had created a situation. Men of Miles' type," she said carelessly, "are apt to cling to a code which is somewhat outmoded. I tried to persuade him that you were adult, that you knew what you were doing. . . ." She broke off. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

"You meant it," said Carol, who was perfectly white. "But I don't believe you. You've never given me any reason to believe you. When I see Miles, I'll believe him."

"Don't you think," asked Helen softly, "that you are recreating the same situation by pursuing him—unasked?"

"Possibly," said Carol, "but I don't care."

SHE waited a moment. Then she said, "I'll have some dinner downstairs and I've already asked for sandwiches and fruit to take with me. And for my bill. . . ."

"Your bill?" repeated Helen, startled.

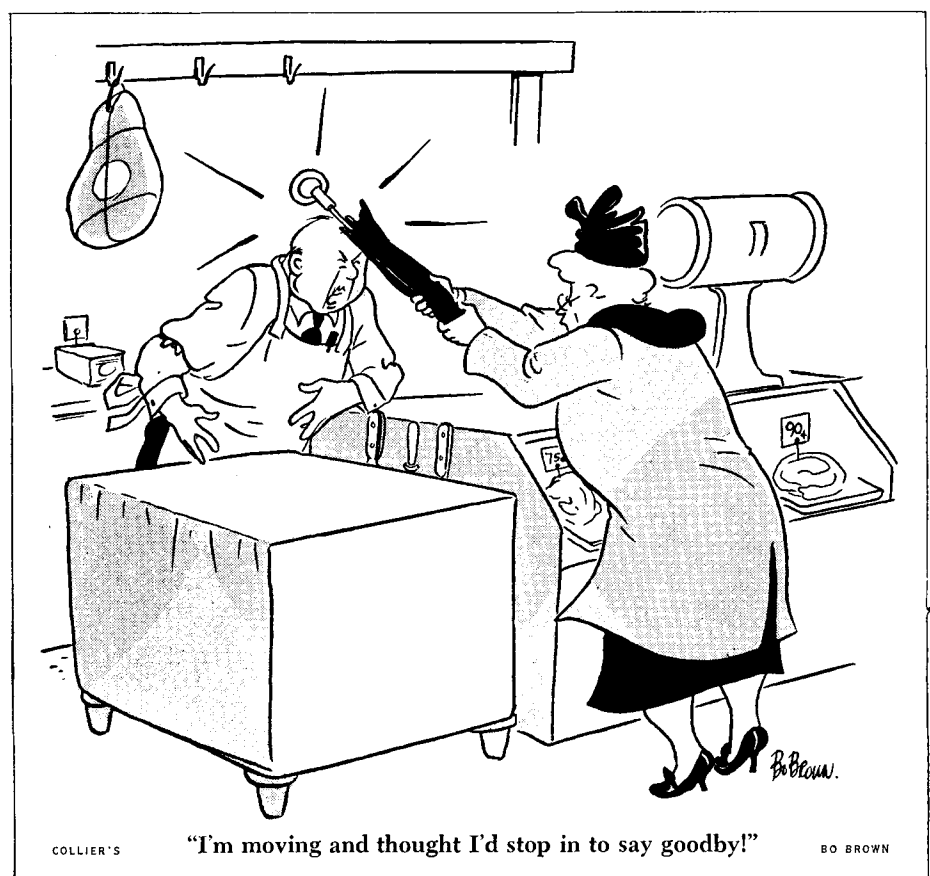
"Tea," said Carol, very matter of fact. "The sandwiches. I'll pay for dinner."

Helen's eyes filled, suddenly. She said, "Carol, aren't you carrying your—enmity too far?"

"You mean, what will the hotel people think?" asked Carol brutally. "They haven't time to think and it doesn't matter to me if they find time."

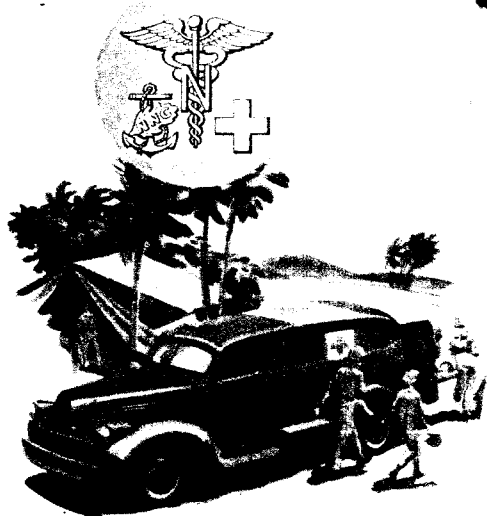
She watched Helen sit down again. She watched her cry. She remembered the night she had seen her cry in Miles' arms. Helen spoke, after a while, brokenly, "I—I have always acted in your best interests. . . . Darling," she said, "if I have hurt you—"

"It's too late," said Carol. She said it sadly. She felt her sorrow. It was sorrow



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And the miracles of mercy and acts of bravery which inspired this tribute are being duplicated in desert, mountain and jungle . . . on hospital plane, train and ship.

Since those Civil War days when Clara Barton defied public convention and overcame official

objection to minister to the sick, the maimed and the dying *under fire*, the nurses of our Army and Navy have maintained unbroken, the highest traditions of courage and unselfish devotion to duty.

Here at Pontiac, where we are serving to the best of our ability by providing our Fighting Forces with a wide variety of the implements of Victory, we should like to add our tribute to the Angels of Mercy who are serving their Nation so loyally, so faithfully, so unselfishly.

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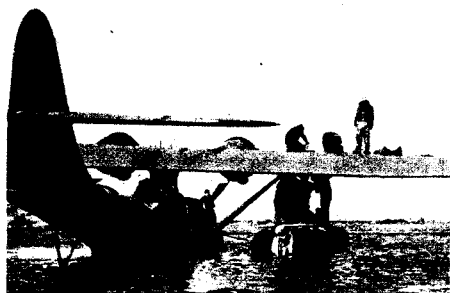
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Coming Up!

...TWO TIN FISH FOR TOJO!



UNTIL it is slammed straight for the belly of a frantically twisting, dodging Jap ship, a Navy aerial torpedo should be handled with care! And that is the way this deadly pair, cradled one over the other in a rubber barge, is being transported. In rearmament service these big rubber boats provide their lethal loads with a "safety zone" . . . a plump cushion of air that completely surrounds the cargo, safeguarding it against the danger of shock or collision. Many Evinrudes are used in such service, providing capable driving power and high maneuverability.



1 Servicing Seaplanes is another job for which rubber boats are ideally adapted. For powering big rubber boats, Evinrude now produces a special model of its famed Lightfour, built with deep shaft, high-ratio reduction gear, and 360-degree steering that permits the boat to be maneuvered in any direction and instantly reversed.

2 Up she comes, the day's work done! This photo shows the type of bracket widely used for mounting an Evinrude on a large rubber boat. Evinrude has developed many special mounting brackets to meet the varied needs of the scores of different types of small craft used by the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. An Evinrude is the most adaptable of marine power plants!



3 The Japs use outboards too, as is shown by this photo of a Jap outboard captured somewhere in New Guinea, and patched up by our boys to serve in ferrying supplies to the beach. Perhaps, by this time, it has been replaced by a sparkling Evinrude Speeditwin, a "popular number" in the islands of the far Pacific!



Free!

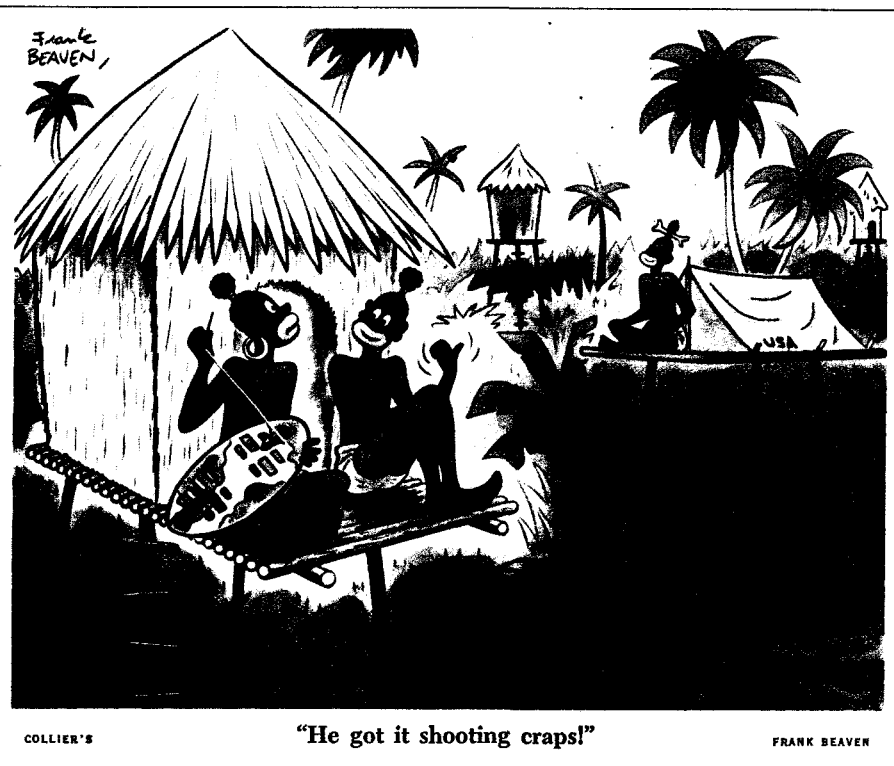
Send for copy of 1944 "Owners' Edition" of the Evinrude News. A pictorial magazine that covers outboards in war and peace — profusely illustrated with photos showing Evinrudes serving the Army and Navy, and pictures of happy peacetime uses to follow! Write for your copy!

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"He got it shooting craps!"

for loss, the loss of something she had never had.

It mustn't be this way, thought Helen frantically. The legend was fading, the beautiful picture dissolving. You couldn't prevent it. "Where is your charming daughter?" they would ask. What did you reply? "I haven't the faintest idea, as she hasn't chosen to tell me . . ."

She said, "All right. I—I did know Miles was going to Texas. He asked me to tell you. He wanted to come to town, at once. I said you . . . were out . . . with Dudley Lennox."

Sometimes honesty turns the trick, clears the atmosphere.

"I see," said Carol. "And what else?"

Helen said, "That day you were in Brooklyn, he came to the house. Early. I tried to convince him that it would be better if you waited until after the war."

"How?" asked Carol, evenly.

She answered evasively, "The usual arguments, all of them sound."

Now, Carol was dressing, rapidly. Her mother watched her—watched her comb and brush her hair, watched her powder, watched her use her lipstick. And then, saw her turn.

"Are you going to give father his divorce?" she asked.

Helen said, "So he told you? Of course not. Unless he consents to a New York State divorce, naming his mistress."

Carol said, "I don't think your public would like that. It seems so—unsportsmanlike."

Her mother said furiously, "If, when he comes home, he goes to Reno, I shall contest it, Carol."

"I don't know much about the law," Carol said, "but there must be a way in which I could help." She looked at her mother, thoughtfully. She said, "Even if it weren't a help legally, it wouldn't hurt him if I testified for him."

"You wouldn't dare!"

"I'd dare," said Carol unemotionally. "You don't want him, Mother. You haven't for a very long time. You never wanted me. We—Father and I—we were just part of the picture. We made such a—rounded portrait. But we're out of the picture now, no matter what you do or don't do."

She put her things in her suitcase, locked it. She said, "I'm going now. . . ." She looked at her mother. She added, "I'll let you know, of course, what . . . we decide. Goodby . . . I wish it could have been different. But things don't alter, in ten minutes, after twenty-three years."

She was gone, walking down the stairs, carrying her suitcase, her head very high. Helen could not see that her chin shook and her mouth was twisted and her eyes were wet because it was so miserable an ending, and so inevitable. She ran to the stairs, she looked down, she called, "Carol, Carol. . . !" but a door closed and there was no answer.

Helen went into her bedroom. She stood for a long time and looked in the mirror. She was still lovely, and she was not yet fifty. But she would be.

She was alone.

Carol had tied her hands. There was nothing she could do and preserve face. There was only one thing possible: To go to Reno, when the arrangements had been made and Adam been notified, and to get her divorce with as much dignity as possible. Because any scandal would react, not on Jenny, not on Adam, but on her. . . . People would talk, at the Stork, at Ciro's, at Victor's; people would talk at beach clubs, in Newport, at the Ritz, at the Algonquin; people would say, "But even if everyone knew that he and Jenny Davis lived together . . . there must have been something very fishy in that household if Helen Hillary's own daughter would—"

She shuddered, thinking of that.

WELL, there were ways out. A quiet divorce, a gallant stand for the press. The wronged, but never the avenger. She'd been through blitzes before. There wasn't an ounce of physical fear in her. That much was true. She'd take this other kind of blitz, too. She could turn it to her own advantage. She had always been an opportunist.

She thought with anger and unwilling admiration: Carol's like me, after all.

So she was. She had something of them both: Adam's stubbornness, his logic, his reckless emotional compulsions. She had an echo of her mother's wit and fluidity and determination. She possessed her mother's weapons also, because most women have them, if few know how to use them, with reason. But what she had from her parents she had made her own, and her integrity shone through.

Helen thought: I'm not beaten!

She wasn't. There were years ahead of her. There was more success, adulation, flattery. There were wonderful dressmakers and plastic surgeons. There were other men. There were lots of men.

She sat down at her dressing table and looked in the mirror. What she saw frightened her, and she put her face in her hands and wept. These were real tears. It was a pity that Carol was not there to see them.

Carol wired Miles from the station. She said, "I am on my way." She added the time her train might be expected and the name of the hotel to which she was going. She had asked for a list of the hotels at the Travelers Aid desk. She had wired the hotel they recommended.

She did not sleep that night. She did not rest during the dusty trip, the many stops, the repetitive pattern—soldiers, wives, mothers and babies. She was thinking ahead, she was running, fleetly, in advance of the train. She thought: If Miles and I have children, I shall love them so much, for his sake and for my own but most of all for theirs. And perhaps they will love me in return. She was humble, thinking that. She thought: If they know they are safe with us, if they understand that they can count on us, if they feel themselves secure . . .

There is no other security. Money does not buy it; anything can happen to money. Environment does not assure it; environment

can alter overnight. But the warm, wide selfless loving—this is all the security any child needs, or any adult, for that matter, to take him safely through the difficult and exciting, the heartbreaking and wonderful moment called living. . . .

No one met her at the crowded, echoing station. It was terribly hot, it was windy. Dust choked her and seeped into her pores. She waited a long time for a taxi and finally shared one, which took her to the hotel. It was a big place and it was crowded. They had had her wire, but they were unable to accommodate her. Perhaps, by late tonight, if she cared to wait?

She would wait. This was where she had told Miles she would be and where he would find her. She did not dare risk going out and searching for another place. The clerks were so busy, so haggard, they might forget to tell him where she was . . . even if she found a place and could telephone.

She would not call the field. He had her wire; eventually, he would come.

She waited in the lobby. She had something to eat in the coffee-shop cafeteria, she went back to the lobby and waited. She wired Aunt Agatha. She bought a paper. She watched people. Hundreds of people: Chinese, Mexican, American. Uniforms with wings. She looked at shoulder bars. She looked at faces. She saw cattlemen and cowboys. She saw pretty women. She saw school-girls. She saw prostitutes.

It was dark before he came. She was still sitting there patiently. But a moment before he pushed through the revolving doors she had dropped off to sleep. She sat in a big, dusty plush chair, her suitcase beside her, her hat on her suitcase. Her dark, disheveled head was against the back of the chair. Her face was white and quiet, and her heavy lids were folded down secretly over her eyes. Her mouth was very red and young.

He stood beside her and experienced a tenderness so nearly unbearable that he felt that he must weep.

He said urgently, "Carol . . ."

She sighed, opened her eyes and looked at him. She did not stir. She looked and looked and presently she smiled.

He said, "You crazy little . . ." He stopped and went on, "I came as soon as I could," he told her. "I've been away from the field. Otherwise I would have met you, if possible, or sent someone, or wired . . . but I got back less than an hour ago and found your wire."

"It doesn't matter," she said; "you're here now."

He picked up her suitcase. "Come on," he said.

Carol rose. She was giddy with fatigue. She said, dizzily, "They said I might have a room here, late tonight, if I waited."

"The hell with that," he told her. "You're coming with me. Jim O'Conner's my C O. I knew him way back when. I talked with his wife before I came into town. You're

going there. They live off post and there's plenty of room . . ."

He had her arm. How thin she was! He took her out and put her in an Army car.

She said, shakily, as they made their way through traffic, "I don't know, Miles, I have so much to say and somehow I can't say it. I feel funny," she said, like a child, "all sort of gone and queer inside."

"It will keep," he told her. "Here, lean back, close your eyes."

When they reached the pleasant house of the O'Connors he had to lift her from the car. She was nearly asleep again; she dragged against him as he half carried her up the walk. Mrs. O'Conner met them at the door. She was, Carol saw dimly, a pretty woman in her forties. She looked at Miles and at Carol. She said, "Here, give her to me."

Between them they got her upstairs and into a small guest room. And Miles said anxiously, as if Carol could not hear, "I don't know what's the matter with her. It can't be just because she's tired."

Mrs. O'Conner had been a trained nurse. She said, "I don't know, either, but it looks like some sort of shock, or emotional reaction. Clear out," she ordered, "I've work to do."

Carol remembered very little afterward. She knew she was somewhere, and that Miles was not far away. She knew she was in bed, with fresh sweet linen under and over her, and a clean nightgown on her tired body. She knew that she had been washed and her hair brushed and given something that fizzed, in a glass. She knew that it was an effort to move or to speak, and that the woman who was in the room with her told her she need not try to do either. She was very grateful. She said, "Miles?" and went to sleep.

SHE woke to sunlight and a blue sky, and to see the dusty green of cottonwoods beyond her windows. She heard a child's laughter, and an older child saying "Hush." Her door opened quietly, and Mrs. O'Conner stood there with a tray in her hands. She asked, "Are you awake and hungry?"

Carol sat up. "I'm starved!" she said. "I—what happened to me last night?" She looked, flushing, at the older woman. "What must you think of me?"

Mary O'Conner said briskly, "I think you've had a hard trip and a shock somewhere along the way. I think you're very pretty now that you're rested, and almost good enough to be Miles' girl."

Carol's color deepened. She said, eating bacon and eggs and drinking the strong fragrant coffee, "I can never thank you."

"You passed out," said Mrs. O'Conner cheerfully. "I believe you've been on a bender. I'm not talking about alcohol," she added, smiling.

Carol said, "The trip wasn't too bad. I stopped off for a few hours in Hollywood. Things have been happening pretty fast."

"They always do, these days."

"What time is it?" asked Carol.

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 13

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 47.

1. She felt quite like a Parisienne when she could order café au lait, café noir and café nature.
2. After the honeymoon, they established their ménage in a chalet near Lausanne, free from the mélange of the city.
3. The chauvinistic sycophant continued to kowtow to the leader of the safari.
4. Before the commando raid on Bougainville, a reconnaissance sortie was made in a Boeing plane.
5. A replica of the Palisades was made of papier mâché for the Newark Geological Society.
6. His library proved to be a repertory of Wagnerian scores, and this accounted for his unusual repertoire.
7. By some strange necromancy he poured Chianti and Sauterne from the same carafe.
8. On his trip to Barbados and the Bahamas, his reading ranged from Du Barry to Curie.
9. At Port Said the children were enraptured by the Arab sheik who told them the tales of Ali Baba and Fatima.
10. At the pageant, a trained pachyderm played a mammoth ocarina and a xylophone.

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

Charles H. Hall

