

Look for Bacall

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Here's that Hollywood story again: Beautiful girl, picture in paper, gifted director, star. The movie people predict she'll be the sensation of the year

ABOUT once every ten years a new female face appears on the screen, sundry free souls of a vulgar nature set up a shrill whistling, and a motion-picture career is born. It happened with Theda Bara and Clara Bow; it happened with Marlene Dietrich and Katy Hepburn and Hedy Lamarr. And now watch for Lauren Bacall, pronounced Bock-awl.

The young lady with the strange name appears with Humphrey Bogart in *To Have and To Have Not*. When she walks down the corridor of a rickety hotel in what purports to be Martinique and turns at the door to fix our hero with a long, arrogant stare, the audience sits up as if stabbed in the seat by a tarantula. When she follows this with three or four words that sound as if they have come up from her ankles, the shock is almost more than the delighted spectators can bear.

What this seems to prove is that the business of motion-picture acting is a joke. The Bacall girl is now nineteen and two years ago was a model in New York. Her previous

acting experience consisted of (a) a walk-on part in a Broadway show where she sat at a restaurant table and kept her pretty mouth shut, and (b) three weeks in another play that opened in Wilmington, Delaware, and closed in Washington, D. C. With this interesting preparation and eight months in Hollywood in which she was adjured to forget everything she had previously learned, she is now a screen personality. What she will amount to hereafter is a matter for history and the Warner Brothers.

The Svengali in this tableau is Howard Hawks, producer and director of the picture. For a long time he had kept himself bemused with the notion that he might make a film play of one of Ernest Hemingway's lesser efforts, the aforementioned *To Have and To Have Not*. Whether he took a hint from Hemingway in those periods when the two were actively wiping out the wild life of great stretches of Western United States is not known, but it is scarcely likely. Hemingway may be amiable with movie directors on hunting trips, but his views on what Sam Wood did with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* verge so closely on the unutterable that it is not possible he would crave more sacrilege with his works. In any event, he had sold *To Have and To Have Not* to Howard Hughes for \$10,000. Hawks rebought it from Hughes for \$80,000, no part of which Hemingway could possibly fasten upon.

This accomplished, Hawks looked around for a possible cast. Bogart was already set for it, but the one young lady Hawks had in mind for the girl was a very pert thing who had caused him previous agonies. He was grousing around home one night about the miseries of a producer, when his wife, known as "Slim," interrupted him sharply.

The Better Half Wises Him Up

"If you don't like her," she said, "why don't you throw her out on her ear?"

"Oh, very good," said Hawks sardonically. "And then what do I do?"

"Get somebody else," said she sensibly. "For goodness' sake—" She picked up a fashion magazine and started paging through it rapidly.

"Here," she said. "Here's one for you."

Hawks looked at it, turned his head one way and then the other.

"H'mm," he said. He went to the telephone, called his business manager, gave him the name of the magazine and the page, and asked him to get information from New York about this girl. "What sort of a background has she? Can she read and write? Does she stutter? You know . . ."

A week passed and one morning the business manager called up. "She's here," he said.

"Who's here?"

"Why, that girl in the magazine you asked me about. Her name's Betty Bacall and she's here."

This was most certainly not what Hawks had wanted, but there was no harm in seeing her, which he did, and that's when the lovely fairy tale began to evolve. He liked her, signed her and started to train her.

The Bacall girl was a long, slim, gawky individual who possessed a sort of oblique charm and had a very malleable, even spongelike, type of mind. When she hinted that perhaps she had something more to learn about acting, Hawks brought her up sharply.

"What you have to learn is nonacting," he said coldly, and began to work on it.

From the first he had noted that she had a sort of instinctive balance that always found her looking correct even when taken by surprise.

"Great athletes have it," says Hawks. "She has it."

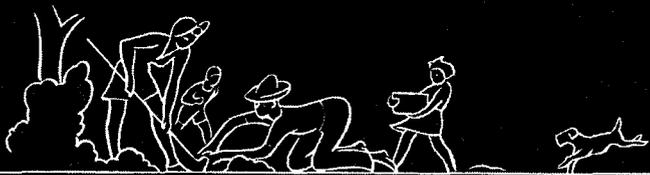
He next found that she was photogenic from every angle. Her face is such that she would photograph well even if standing on

The critics have come galloping out of projection rooms and scared startled citizens almost to death with cries that Lauren Bacall is the most sizzling character the screen has seen in years

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



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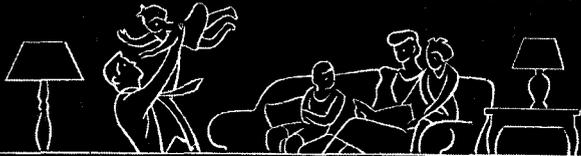
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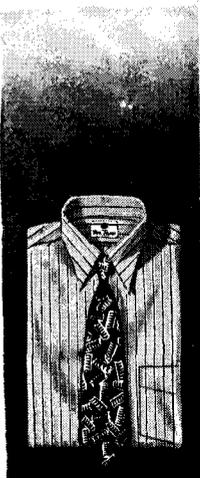
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her head. What he worked on primarily was her voice, which he wanted to deepen.

"It's exciting to men," says Hawks, "but it's the women who really love it."

He had her read aloud for hours at a time, and at intervals she would scream at the top of her voice. After a few months of that, she was talking like somebody in a barrel.

She is a New York girl and, as usual, belongs to a divided family. Her mother is still quite young and now works as a secretary at an airport near Los Angeles. About her father she either knows very little or says very little. Betty, as she was known before Hollywood changed her, went to public schools in New York and eventually to Julia Richman High School, an institution for young ladies that has thousands of them. It was at that time she started her career in modeling, going down on Saturdays and getting jobs.

"Kid's play suits and stuff like that," she says. "Did you ever see those ads where the girls had skinny legs about nine feet long? I was one of *them*."

She wasn't particularly interested in the theater, but it looked like soft work, and when she was about sixteen she got the walk-on part in *Johnny 2 x 4*. They fixed her up with some pretty slick clothes in that one and she attracted the attention of the art editor of the fashion magazine heretofore mentioned. That was quite a break for her, because the work was steady, she had no agent's commission to pay and she began meeting the right people. She could make up to \$250 on a good week but the average was around \$100. She had lunches at "21" and an occasional date at The Stork, which is why she now possesses a fondly inscribed photograph from Cole Porter and can allude to other similar gentry without seeming affected.

She got her second acting job by buttonholing George Kaufman in the lobby of the theater where Franklin Street was being rehearsed.

"Mr. Kaufman . . . Gimme a job, won't you?" she said, looking up—or perhaps down—at him with those eyes.

Kaufman promised nothing, but later he said to Arthur Sheekman, co-author of the play: "There's a nice little kid out there; see what you think of her."

Sheekman thought she looked all right, and although the reading she gave was something less than sensational, they decided that, after all, it wouldn't hurt to have a little allure on the premises.

Two Weeks of Suspense

In Hollywood now she is known as one who not only has aplomb but perhaps possesses some of the dark secrets of womanhood. At that time, she was scared pie-eyed for fear they were going to heave her out into the night. According to Equity rules, there is a preliminary tryout period in which the management can fire an actor if he isn't liked. After that, he's hired and can only be discharged on two weeks' notice. One night during the torture period, Sheekman knocked on the door of her dressing room.

"Betty, can you come out for a minute?" he asked.

There was a strange rumble from within. She knew this was it. It took her ten minutes to collect herself. She finally came out, looking green.

"That line, Betty . . . you do it all right. But would you mind just inflecting it a little at the end?"

If she practically fainted with relief then, she has since made great strides. When the Hawks invited Clark Gable to dinner to meet the new lady, he went away shaking his head in admiration. He may have felt that a new race of women had arisen since he was away at the wars, but he merely said that she was certainly a fine girl.

When Hawks felt that it was time to shoot the picture, there was some apprehension about the reactions of Mr. Bogart to this new flower, but these were quickly resolved in action. She was not aggressive with him and not afraid of him. He, always being a kindly man at heart, helped her get started and, after that, found himself fighting for his

cinematic life. From the first it was apparent that in a scene between the two, the audience was not centering its attention exclusively on Mr. Bogart.

"Not only does she soak up everything you tell her," comments Mr. Hawks, "but she absorbs things just by walking through a room."

Her character in the picture is that of a sultry, sexy, rather tarnished young lady. By some legerdemain of direction or metamorphosis of thought, she creates a complete illusion of one who has lived life almost a bit more than necessary. One would have thought it a feat quite beyond the capabilities of even a precocious child—which she happens to be—but she makes it seem easy.

Mr. Hawks' direction is based on the simplicity of action. He wants people to be natural and he found Bacall perfect in that respect.

"If I told her to walk into a room and confront Bogart and say a few words, she did them absolutely naturally. She's like a young colt around the studio, but on the set she never turns left when she should turn right; she's a bloody wonder at that balance I was telling you about."

Not Just a Beautiful Robot

From this one might assume that Bacall is a sort of junior robot, but that wouldn't be right. Hawks may be a great man but he could direct until he was hoarse if he had nothing there to work on. She may be a malleable kid but she is intelligent, and she grows in intelligence by the minute. If there is any knowledge around to be picked up easily, she'll get it.

So far she is not in the big money. She lives with her mother in a small apartment on the wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. She has a dog and a car. She has the careless and expensive-looking clothes that smart models in New York learn to pick up at sales. She swims, but so far she has no other athletic hobbies and possibly never will have.

The Hollywood experience has made her rather cocky in a pleasant way and she batters on any slightest word of approbation. She hasn't the faintest idea of what is going to happen to her when the picture is released and she finds herself a celebrity. She thinks it's going to be too wonderful for words and doesn't know that it is also going to be overwhelming. People will consider her another Dietrich, a continental woman of great sophistication; she'll be under the necessity either of playing up to that or admitting the truth.

As this is written, she is almost entirely unknown even in Hollywood. Hawks said nothing much about her while making the picture, and the Warners regarded her as another of the young ladies they pick up fresh and hurl into leading parts.

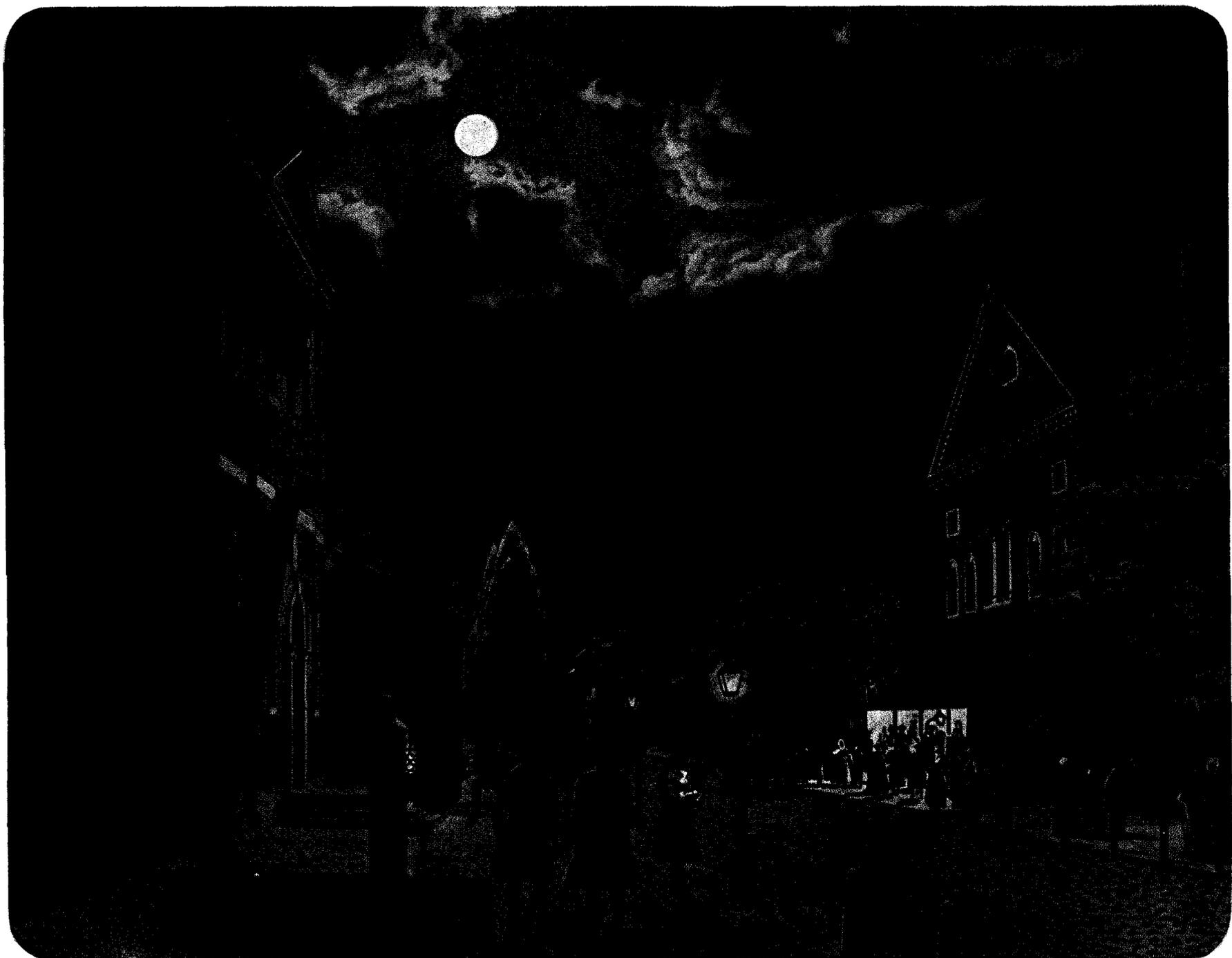
The picture was scheduled to come out as an ordinary release. Then the usual weary group of studio executives drove down to Huntington Beach for the sneak preview. When it was over, Jack Warner came running out of the theater like one possessed. Behind him still rang a chorus of wolf calls, whistles and womanly sighs.

"Howard," said Jack, his eyes bugging out, his breath coming in gasps. "Ye gods—!"

It was then decided to delay the release of the picture until November to give it the build-up of a major production. Hawks, who had thought to let Bacall (the Lauren is a family name) be taken over by another director for a second picture, immediately reversed his field and is now working on a new script which will pair Bogart and Bacall again. This is predicated on getting Bogart off suspension, where he has been lingering for months rather than do a picture he objected to. Hawks is confident that good old Bogey will be willing to take a chance on another as successful as *To Have and To Have Not*.

Bacall has nothing to do with it. She sits on her fleecy cloud and whirls lustily ahead—a very lucky girl who may at the same time become a sensation. The people who have spoken of Hollywood as the modern setting for another *Arabian Nights* may have underestimated the case.

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Over the Top of the World

Continued from page 20

troubled him; he was fond of Angutjuk. But he could see nothing wrong in it. That was what a young seal would do, attack an aging bull for the possession of his female who sat by, watching with patient eye; whichever lost, she won.

Angutjuk's sled finally appeared as a little pin point on the great expanse, and Kellitjuk urged his team on with whip and shouts. After an hour the pin point grew to a line, then the sled became visible, then Angutjuk and his dogs. The dogs were in an uproar, pulling furiously at their leashes.

KELLITJUK fastened his huskies, slipped the whip under the lashings of the sled and gripped his harpoon. His broadly oval face was sober and composed with an expression of concentrated purpose as he walked over the ice. Angutjuk, kneeling on the ground, had his back toward him. He turned his head quickly, recognized Kellitjuk and returned to his occupation.

Hovering over him, a bit to one side, Kellitjuk saw his slightly yellow face, the little friendly wrinkles around the temples appearing, because of his age, through the coating of grease and smoke; the little eyes, obliquely set, black and bright; the coarse

Cautionary Poem For the Mental Type

Overthinking may injure brain tissue,
says specialist.

—News Item.

Don't overwork your little brain.
It knows no panacea
To ease the pain, the baneful
strain

Of just one Bright Idea.
Take no swig at Wisdom's fountain.
Don't cry, "This here one won't
count!"

"Just a coupla quick ones?" Nay!
Schizophrenia lies that way!

Thinking causes headaches, fits;
It's habit-forming, tricky.
It'll blitz your wits to itsy bits—
A sort of mental Mickey.
Rashly stirring up your mind,
There's no telling what you'll find!
Is it worth the risk, *cheri*? . . .
Better play it safe, like me.

Ethel Jacobson

inky hair, loose and unkempt behind, clipped in front, dangling out of the jacket hood. He planned to drive the harpoon through Angutjuk's neck and then throw the body into one of the seal holes. The murder would not be discovered; he would be spared the disapproval of the community—the only penalty where there were no chiefs, police or prisons, and yet a punishment as bad as death.

But Angutjuk wasn't watching, spear in hand, over one of the holes that the seals keep open in the ice. There was no opening where he knelt, and he was busy with his knife. That aroused Kellitjuk's curiosity and, looking around, he discovered the object of Angutjuk's interest and the fury of the dogs: a bear.

And the bear was hungry. Months of hard living had whittled down the flesh accumulated during the summer, and his big winter pelt hung loosely around his fatless haunches. This bear, partly by chance and partly by scent, had just come upon and devoured a rabbit. Now, with whetted hunger, he regarded the two men. Likely as not they were the first men he had seen, and the first sleds and dogs, for he studied them uneasily and with suspicion.

"We must get him," said Angutjuk.

"We must," Kellitjuk assented, feverishly. Bear was rare and difficult game.

Shaking a little with the lust of the hunt, he came down at Angutjuk's side and said, "Let us send the dogs at him."

Angutjuk shook his head. "They would chase him away. And he would kill many dogs. No Kellitjuk. You watch and learn."

They knelt as if in a low fortress, barricaded by sleds and the raging dogs. The bear was slowly coming closer, now circling and sniffing.

With his knife Angutjuk had detached a long splint from his whale-rib bow and carefully sharpened the ends. Now he bent the thin strip of whalebone in his hand, releasing it suddenly to see if it sprang straight. Then he took out a chunk of blubber that he had been warming within his clothes against his stomach, kneaded it to a ball, and into it he pressed the whalebone, doubled up and wrapped with sinew. The blubber hardened instantly on the ice. Angutjuk proceeded rapidly and with skill, wasting neither movement nor time. He weighed the ball in his hand. "When the blubber melts, the blade springs open."

He began moving on his knees and elbows toward the bear, and as he advanced the bear withdrew growling, with little agile jumps, throwing up his shaggy and yellowed hind-quarters, casting leery glances over his shoulders.

Angutjuk stopped and called to the bear with motions and strange cooing sounds, and the bear returned circling tentatively. Angutjuk's sparse mustache trembled as he rolled the yellow ball forcefully over the thin blanket of snow.

A few paces from the bear the ball came to a halt. Intrigued, the beast approached it cautiously, sniffed at it and whimpered a little in uncertainty. His stomach told him to eat; another instinct, deeper and mysterious, told him to distrust whatever came from man.

Angutjuk remained flat and motionless in expectancy, arms and legs spread like a frog. A few paces behind him Kellitjuk knelt, staring breathlessly. The bear put out a blue tongue and licked the ball, retired, licked again, and stanchly retired again. But he was unable to resist temptation forever. With a sudden willowy movement of his neck, his pointed snout shot forward and engulfed the ball, and in a single gulp it dropped into the big black pit of his hungry belly.

Simultaneously Angutjuk and Kellitjuk leaped up with shouts of joy. Then they laughed, for the bear was theirs.

Almost.

THE beast moved away at the men's sudden outburst, then made a half-circle around them, puzzled. Perhaps they were not so dangerous as he had feared. He sat on his haunches and studied them for a while. Then he began closing in.

Suddenly he jumped up and moaned a long anguished moan that ran unchecked over the great sea. The moan was answered by the barking of the dogs, and now the bear bucked and growled savagely. Brusquely he turned his back on the men and made off, yammering.

It was already dusk by this time, but without a word Angutjuk and Kellitjuk started after their big game, glancing at each other and laughing, laughing with the glee of the hunt, everything else forgotten.

Stumbling and wailing, the bear drifted rapidly toward the coast.

Night had entirely fallen when they reached the first bluffs, and the stars were big and near and almost within reach. The bear began to stop frequently and look around to see if he was still pursued, threads of spittle dangling on his chest. His lair must be near by, but he would not lead the hunters there. Reluctantly he moved on again, up the frozen hillsides.

The soles of his feet, covered with close-set hairs, enabled him to walk securely on the ice, while the men's boots, worn smooth, found no grip on the slippery slopes. They had to be careful not to work themselves

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into a sweat, ever—for it would mean freezing in a mold of ice. But the bear was showing less purpose than they, and his course was erratic; in order to keep up with him they needed to walk only half the distance that he had covered.

It grew much colder in the heart of the night, fifty or sixty below, and the beloved gale blew, and Angutjuk and Kellitjuk were happy because they hunted. It did not occur to them to worry about having left all their provisions behind, and the dogs and the woman. They themselves were not hungry at the moment... the dogs were always hungry anyhow, whether fed or not... and the woman would manage somehow; women always did. This was the hunt. This was the very essence of life.

Only when the slow morning came and with it the hour for breakfast did hunger begin knocking at the walls of their stomachs. Kellitjuk stopped.

"I am hungry." These were the first words spoken since the pursuit had started.

"I am hungry, too," said Angutjuk.

But never for a moment did they think of returning to their sleds.

AT NOON a blizzard, racing in from the glacial ocean, churned up the shallow snow, powdering the pallid day an even opaque gray. For a while they lost sight of their prey in the weather and lunged forward in sudden alarm.

They were led back to the bear by his laments and almost crashed into him. A snarl of rage rose up from a big fumbling shadow standing upright in the snow mist and died away again in the wind; and from then on they kept close to the bear's heels.

A few times he wheeled about in rage and charged them, growling; hurriedly they waddled off, chanting in terror, stumbling and slipping, until the beast sat down on its haunches shaking its head from side to side; and the instant danger was over the men laughed.

The second night was the worst. The blizzard increased, forcing them to keep ever closer to the quarry, while the pangs of hunger hammered with mounting intensity, weakening their knees, and increasing the danger of sudden perspiration. And the bear, who seemed to have a hundred lives, pressed incessantly onward in his furious trek, up and down the forbidding slopes...

Once they came within a few hours' march of a cache of food which they had made earlier, some miles inland.

"Perhaps he goes off that way," Angutjuk said, "then one of us can get provisions."

They tried to drive him in the right direction. But without success. The bear knew nothing about the cache and stubbornly persisted along the shore line.

When this hope failed, it had been four days since they had last had sleep and food, and their wills had to make up for the dwindling forces of their bodies. The thought of giving up the hunt never for an instant crossed their minds; their lives were linked irrevocably to the capture of the bear, and with the frenzy of the chase was suddenly coupled the animal fear of doom.

They lost all notion of time until the blizzard abated, revealing that a new day had long since risen. They were high up on the bluffs, dominating the frozen sea. In the south the sky was luminous, and the silent earth seemed mellow and soft with the distant promise of spring.

By this time the bear was obviously failing. In his lumbering fashion he dragged himself on; his head, that had grown too heavy, barely clearing the ground. Sometimes stepping false and falling to their knees the men followed stonily, their laughter gone, the lines of will marking deeply their shiny faces, their cold-reddened eyes rimmed with rime. Hunger had departed. Sensibility had been exhausted. Their stomachs had gone to sleep. They did not even scoop up handfuls of snow any longer. Their mouths were set, their stomachs forgotten, and all thoughts and memories had perished in their minds. Between skin and flesh, fat had been burning away incessantly, unreplaced, and now they were shivering a little, and for the first time the cold knifed noticeably down their throats with every breath. And still, there was nothing better

than this—chasing the great bear over the top of the world.

Abruptly the end came. Suddenly the bear gave up. He knew that he was doomed, and it was as though he had decided that if he had to die he would die in dignity. He squatted on his hindquarters, forepaws in his lap, and waited. No longer did he cry. Only the clouds of respiration came fast and his little reddened eyes moved helplessly. There was a napkin of frozen froth around his neck.

The two men closed in slowly, ready to jump if he struck, Kellitjuk from the front and Angutjuk from the side. The bear grabbed and broke Kellitjuk's harpoon like a straw, but Angutjuk speared him cleanly through the throat, below the jaw, where the pelt was thinnest.

They barely ate after the kill, their hunger still asleep, and they too eager to show off the whole trophy at home. They only sucked the blood, for strength, though it badly burned their lips, and removed the entrails in a hurry before the flesh froze. Then they dragged their kill down the slopes onto the ocean, cached it in the ice and went off to get their sleds. Traveling now in a straight line, laughing uproariously on the way and slapping each other's big padded backs, it took them less than two days to arrive at their starting point.

As yet the famished dogs had not devoured one another, but they were close to it and had been battling furiously; some were licking the frozen gore of their wounds, wild-eyed with hunger and frustration.

There was fish and musk-ox meat on Angutjuk's sled, and they went at it with the ax, picking up the chips and defrosting them in their mouths and tossing bits at the howling huskies. With food the men's appetites slowly came back, and they kept munching all the way to the bear and all the way back home.

During their absence a second igloo had mushroomed, and now there were unknown puppies playing before the tunnel. Utukuluk emerged and Pedersuak, Angutjuk's brother, with his wife and two daughters and two small children. It was a loud arrival—nine Eskimos made quite a crowd.

At first they all greeted one another with great ceremony, grinning and bowing, Eskimo fashion. That done, they effusively admired the catch and then crawled into Angutjuk's igloo, to eat and laugh.

ALL night they ate, starting and working their way through all the more tender parts of the bear, while the toughest cuts were flung on the charnel heap to rot and mellow, and the tongue was set out to dry.

They alternated the freshly killed game with musk-ox and caribou meat and frozen fish, gulping tea in between. Angutjuk and Kellitjuk ate and ate, and the more they ate the hungrier they became. They stood about, stripped to the waist, radiant with glee and warmth, eating until, unable to move, they had to lie down on their backs, while the women kept dropping tidbits of blubber and flesh into their mouths and pouring tea down their throats.

This was life! With eyes that were tearful with merriment Kellitjuk looked from one of Pedersuak's daughters to the other as they hovered over him with food and laughter. These were women who knew how to treat a man and certainly knew also how to scrape hides and sew boots and do other little things for him. Only which one to choose, he couldn't decide. One was prettier, but the other's laughter was warmer.

He felt utterly contented, Kellitjuk, and friendly toward the world. He closed eyes and mouth, and the laughter around him came only faintly to his ears. He would give the food time to settle and, after a while, he would be ready for more. He stretched out his hand to make sure that Angutjuk was by his side. Angutjuk was there, already snoring like a family of walrus. Vaguely Kellitjuk thought there was something he wanted to tell him. Probably that he had intended to kill him, a few days ago—for Kellitjuk belonged to those Eskimos who knew not how to lie to a friend or keep their thoughts to themselves for any length of time. But Kellitjuk strained his memory in vain. The thought was dead and buried and forgotten. He slept.

THE END

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They'll Fight Again

Continued from page 17

is devoting time, energy and research to continuing improvement in these centers. General Grant's concept of treatment. "We are treating the whole man," has permeated every medical facility of the AAF. The wounded soldier has become an individual and not Army serial 34753215.

Convalescence in the Army used to mean sitting around counting the hours and listening to the billing and cooing of visitors who with misty-eyed pity would murmur, "You poor boy! Oh, you poor boy!" It was only natural that some patients got to thinking of themselves as "you poor boy" and soon became so sorry for themselves that they developed a mental atrophy from which nothing seemed to arouse them.

The story of the new treatment emanates from St. Louis, though the doctor who worked it out insists that it's not new but simple common sense. From private practice in St. Louis, back in 1942, Howard A. Rusk was commissioned a major in the Medical Corps and placed in charge of Medical Services at Jefferson Barracks, then one of the Air Forces' basic training centers. The hospital was loaded to the rafters with sick soldiers. Those who were convalescing were doing a fine job of marking time and letting nature take its course. The doctors were busy with the sick. The convalescent soldiers were completely bored, unhappy, and in varying stages of self-pity. Why, thought Rusk, should the men be drifting around aimlessly when the loafing wasn't doing them any good? When they got back to duty, the idleness would undoubtedly leave its mark on them and make them poorer soldiers. Why not employ this time in making them better soldiers? Rusk went to work.

Convalescence was traditionally the step-child of medicine. Sporadic attempts had been made to do something about it, but not too much ever came of it. Doctors were almost invariably overworked. Treating the disease kept them busy enough. The patient was on his own when he began to get well. Rusk worked on the theory that convalescent training should begin before the disease was cured.

Patients began exercises while they were still in bed. As soon as the ward surgeon declared the soldier was physically able, he began the rehabilitative process. In many instances it started forty-eight hours after an operation.

Training in those days was proceeding at a very rapid pace. We were building a huge air force overnight. So, said Rusk, let's bring some of that training right into the hospital.

It's a G.I. tradition to hate military hospitals, and there's some sense to the feeling. You stay in a military hospital longer than you would in the average civilian hospital for the same wound or disease. The reason

is, of course, that when a patient is discharged from a civilian hospital, he can go home and take it easy for a while.

When men are sent out of a military hospital they go back to full duty. There is no in-between period. They go back to training and, in some cases, back to combat. Sometimes it involves heavy work, long marches, and bivouacs. But the average G.I. doesn't figure this out. He only knows he doesn't like Army hospitals.

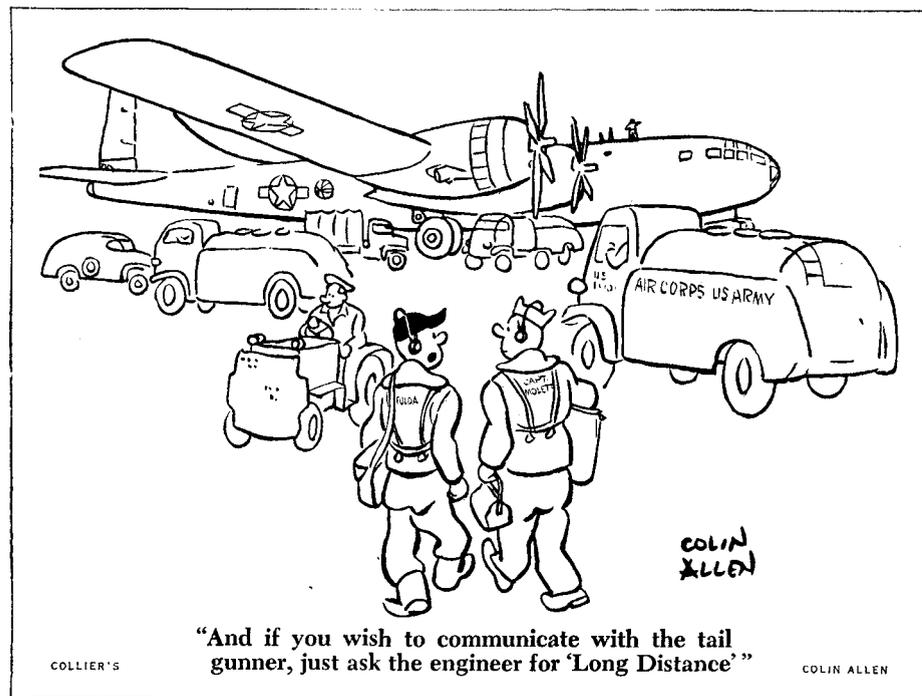
The patients at Jefferson Barracks were introduced to the idea of activity, both physical and mental. It clicked. Boredom lifted. Men got out of the hospital faster and in better physical condition. Fewer came back. And they went back to duty up to snuff in their training. The idea didn't stop at rebuilding the soldiers' bodies; their minds must also be treated. So, in addition to physical reconditioning, courses were started in radio theory and practice, navigation, map reading, languages, tactics, chemistry, photography, journalism and dozens of other subjects. The courses were all voluntary, the soldier could choose which he wanted to attend. Anything was better than boredom, and the boys didn't have to be persuaded to attend classes. Their attitude was, "What can we lose?"

The experiment begun, Rusk got the green light from his superior at Jefferson Barracks, Colonel James R. McDowell. Soon General Grant, the Air Surgeon, had him in Washington in charge of a new division to do the same job in all AAF hospitals.

Science Approves New Methods

That was the beginning of the Air Forces Convalescent Training Program. Today it operates in all AAF hospitals and in eight Convalescent Centers, devoted entirely to the rehabilitation of battle casualties. The medical profession has put its stamp of approval on it. Numerous scientific research projects have proved the efficacy of the program. But more important is that thing which research can't put the finger on: the morale of the patients. Disciplinary problems have been practically nil where an efficient convalescent program is in operation. In the Army, that's a sure test. The morale is high.

General Grant won't admit that his Air Forces patients begin exercising their way up the road to rehabilitation even before they are out of the ether, but it begins pretty soon thereafter. They start working at it before they are able to sit up. If the patient can't come to the classroom, the classroom is brought to him—right in the ward, almost to his bed. In one ward, a 16-mm. training film may be on the screen; in another, propped up in bed may be making camouflage nets; in another, the patients may be listening to a lecturer on current events. Pa-



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tients do about 75 per cent of the instructing.

Here is a soldier patient who was a former professor of political economy. He is asked to hold classes in his specialty and take over daily discussion groups in current events. Another is a wiz at radio theory. He was elected instructor immediately. And so it goes. It's good therapy for the teacher as well as the student. When a patient leaves the hospital and returns to duty, he takes a diploma with him, telling just how many hours of instruction he has had.

General Grant has watched many of the patients, battle casualties, coming into the Convalescent Centers. The patient's attitude is usually skeptical. He has a "show me" attitude, or worse, and the general doesn't blame him. His history may show he has been pretty well shot up or worn out by combat. He's spent weeks, maybe months, in crowded combat-zone hospitals. He's a little fed up on hospital life. He's no longer sure of his future, if any, and he's certainly good invalid-breeding material.

Not Just Another "Case"

The battle-wounded Air Forces man comes into the AAF Convalescent Center—Pawling, for example—and is given a very thorough examination. "And I really mean thorough," says the general. Every muscle in the soldier's body is tested in terms of how much use he now has of it and how much can be restored. The doctors hold a conference over every individual patient. He isn't just another "case." He's an individual now, and a very important one because he has given so much to his country.

An analysis is first made as to whether or not the soldier can possibly be rehabilitated sufficiently to be returned to duty. Soldiers, upon being told that they will be back in service within a month, have been known to blurt out, "You're nuts, Doc," forgetting military courtesy. "Why, I can't even walk!"

"If you want to make a small bet on it," says the doctor, "you can name your own odds."

In practically every instance, the "doc" is right. The soldier gets expert guidance, and everyone is there to help him along, but the secret of the AAF convalescent program is that he is on his own. He works out his own destiny.

If it is determined that the soldier can return to duty, his whole history is analyzed. When he goes back will he be fitted for the same job he held? Perhaps he was a gunner. With his disability he may not be an active gunner again, but he may be the instructor type. Now while attending to his physical rehabilitation he brushes up on his gunnery. He takes a course in teaching methods, so that he can pass on his knowledge and combat experience in the most effective manner. Thus when he leaves the center he is more valuable to the AAF than when he came.

But suppose it is decided that he cannot go back to the service. We posed that question to General Grant. He came up with the quick answer, "What did the soldier do before the war? Did he enjoy it? Was he a success at it? Sometimes the vocational guidance experts at each AAF Convalescent Center find that the soldier has outgrown his old job. The war has opened new vistas to him; his horizon has broadened; his new experiences have made their contribution. Possibly he used to be quite happy working as a filling-station attendant. But now he has flown forty missions as a radio operator. He has excellent schooling. He can never be happy feeding gasoline to hungry automobiles. So we put him into classes that give advanced radio instruction, pointing toward training him for some civilian job in the field of radio.

"Perhaps he was a farm boy and he wants to go back to his father's farm. That's easy. At Pawling we have a 550-acre farm, run almost entirely by patients. The work method and classes in agriculture add to his knowledge. He'll bring back the latest dope on farming. Usually even boys who have lived all of their lives on farms find something new here; something to hurry a potato along and to grow more of them on the same plot of ground. They get a practical course in hydroponics (growing vegetables with chemi-

cals), learn to grow a better stalk of corn or a larger tomato. These soldiers will go home much better farmers than before they entered the Air Forces."

In that other war when a man lost a leg or an arm, he got an awful lot of sympathy. The AAF gives him everything but. Medical officers working in the Convalescent Center are especially trained to give the soldier the benefit of every technique known to medical science. Many officers, nurses and enlisted men have been sent to the famous Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York City where they learn the latest training and therapeutic methods.

The first thing the staff does is knock out of the soldier's head that he is a cripple. The average soldier doesn't have much patience with the gold bricks—those who purposely evade responsibility. The AAF instructors convince the wounded soldier that he is gold-bricking against himself if he ever gives up to his disability. The almost universal anxiety among men who have lost arms or legs is: Can I handle my old job? Can I handle a job? First the AAF finds out what the old job was. Maybe the soldier used to be a truck driver.

"Sure you can handle that job when we're through with you," he is told. "But, man, you'd be a sucker to go back to it. While you're here, look around. Maybe you'll find something you'd like better. We'll start you on the road to it. Want to be a mechanic? Want to be a photographer? Name it, soldier, and we'll help you."

That's the spirit of Pawling and the other AAF Convalescent Centers.

Colonel Rusk told me of the time when he was showing some of his Army colleagues through the center. The atmosphere of the place puzzled them. It was somewhere between military courtesy and discipline and informality. The book didn't quite cover it. It was difficult to tell the difference between a colonel and just plain G.I. Joe. And everyone likes it that way.

Rusk's Army friends saw a dozen men fishing in the lake; another dozen were swimming in the pool; a group of patients trotted by on saddle horses; a foursome with golf clubs were leaving for the Pawling Country Club just across the road; others were working out their stiff or atrophied muscles in the gym; others were being rubbed down by expert physiotherapists; still others were playing tennis and badminton. The visiting officers had a steak dinner that night, including soup, three vegetables and ice cream.

Understanding Plus Treatment

"What the hell is this?" one of the officers exploded to Colonel Rusk. "A hospital or a country club?"

"It's as near to both as we can make it," Colonel Rusk admitted cheerfully.

"Aren't you pampering these men a bit?" one of the officers queried.

"Not by a long shot," answered Colonel Rusk, "unless you want to say that giving these men the best we have in the way of understanding, treatment and medical service is pampering."

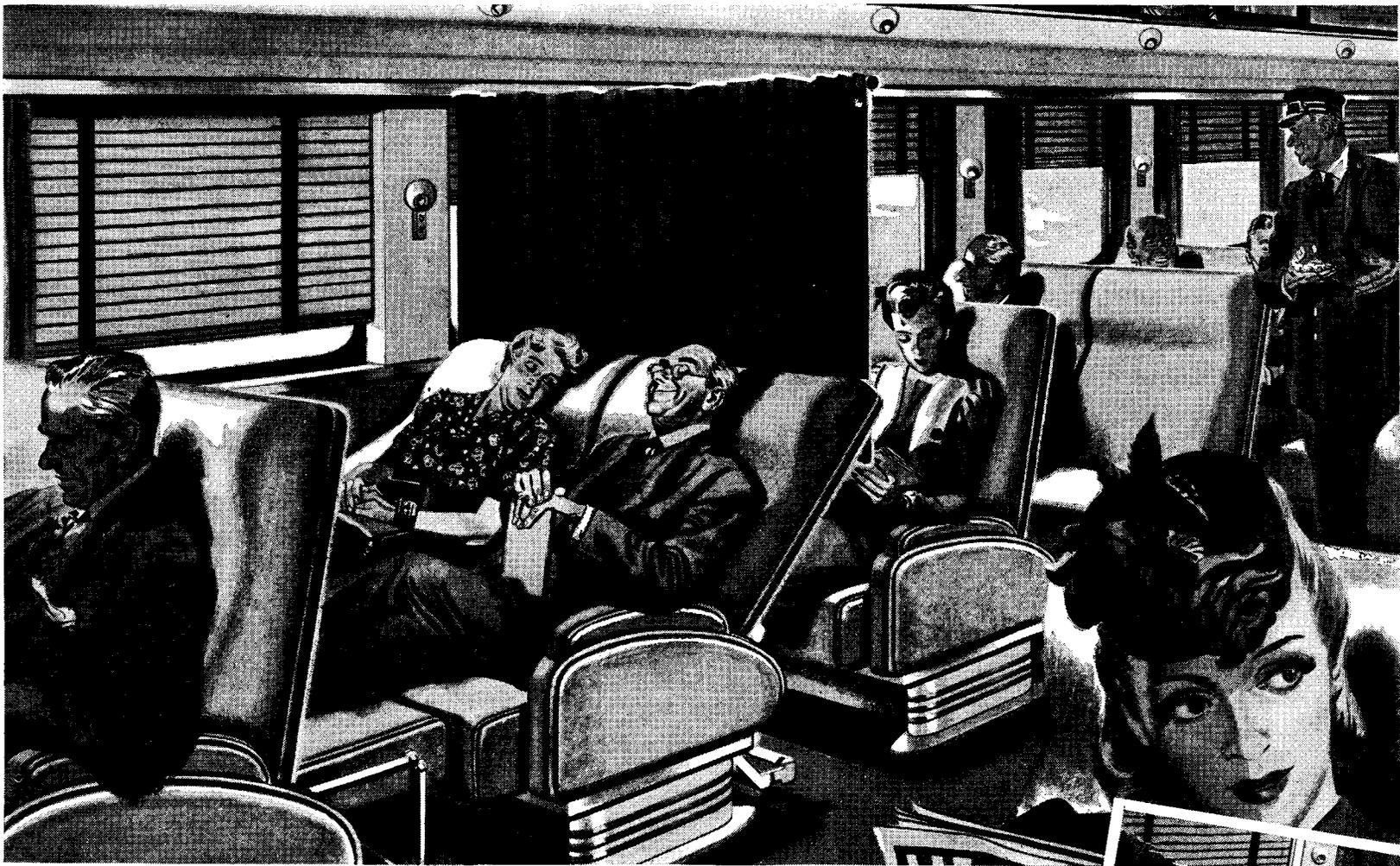
The officer wasn't satisfied. "But they'll never go back to duty or combat," he said.

"Go and ask them," said Rusk. "Sit around and listen, then look at our records, you'll find that 90 per cent of the officers and enlisted men who have been through this center have returned to duty."

Wounded soldiers of the AAF are being paid off in the currency of opportunity. It was Colonel Rusk's axiom, "The debt of all disability shall be paid in the currency of opportunity," that caught on among the Air Forces personnel working in the Convalescent Center programs. No soldier patient wants or gets sympathy. He is not patronized. He wants a chance to work at his old trade or a better one if possible. The AAF feel that they are giving him just that in the Convalescent Training Program.

The aim of General Arnold, General Grant, Colonel Rusk and all of those working in the Convalescent Program is simple: Return the soldier to duty a better soldier. Return him to civilian life a better citizen. That's nice for us ordinary civilians to know.

THE END



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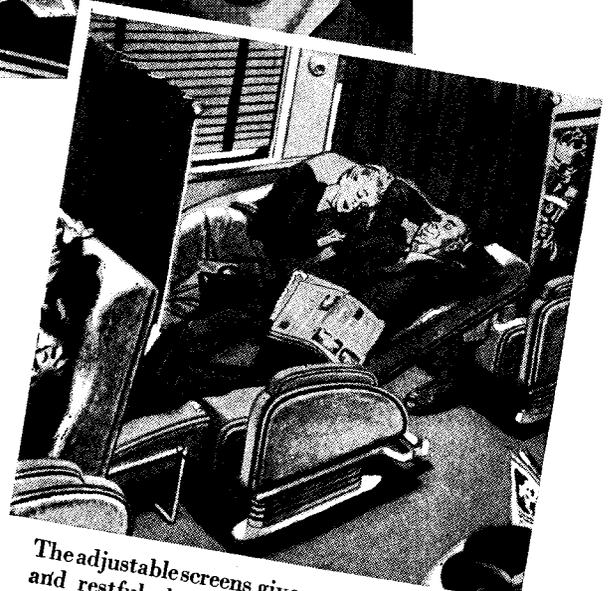
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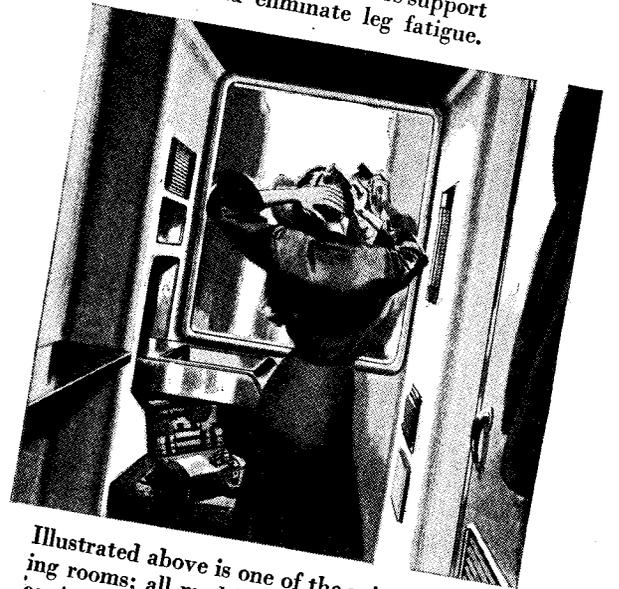
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The Knight of Pentagon

Continued from page 16

down. Why, what's a uniform? Lots of people have no uniform. Look at the President!"

His eyes thanked her but he shook his head. "No dice, baby. The Armed Forces are the guys that matter."

"But you've tried . . ."

"I tried them all. The Army, the Navy and the Marines. They all treated me fine. They were gentlemen; they made me feel I was a gentleman. But they wouldn't take me."

"But you're in the War Department?"

"I write documentary movies for the War Department, to improve morale."

"But that's wonderful," she said. She looked beyond the immediate diapers and floor managers, out into the blue. She saw another day, brilliant with the clash of arms.

"Why, you carry the banner," she went on. "That's better than a gun. In all the battles of the world—way back in the Crusades, when humanity first went to war for an ideal—the knight who carried the banner came first."

THE trumpets faded. He looked into her face. "You've got an angle," he said at last. He grinned. "The Knight of Pentagon. But what about you? Where do you fit in the big crusade? When the store closes, do you ride out on a white palfrey? Do you keep bright the sacred shield of some enlisted personnel?"

Her face drooped over the vests like a flower. "No," she said. "I'm shy of men. Especially in uniform."

"You see? It's the costume, baby. It's the insigne on the sleeve. All I've got is a pair of garters to keep my shirt cuffs out of my typewriter."

He snapped them disparagingly through his coat sleeve.

She tried to keep the envy out of her eyes. She wished to appear no less than noble before him.

"I'm not afraid of anything else," she said stoutly.

"What? Nothing?" He laughed. "Not mice?"

"There's a mouse in my room. I watch it play."

"Not spiders?"

"I like spiders. Daddy longlegs I love."

"Well, snakes, then?"

"Snakes are dragons. Dragons are beautiful."

He whistled. "A girl that's not afraid of mice or spiders or snakes is out of this world."

"We're both out of this world."

It was said before she could stop it. Their eyes met in a cerulean clash. Far off, the trumpets gave a final peal. A misty battlement opened and from its casement leaned a damsel's face. Then into the silence between them came a whir and clatter; the pneumatic tube, contemptuous of romantic eyewash, had spat out a practical gray carrier.

She heard herself saying, "That must be your change." Her stiff fingers twisted the felt top, and the change rolled out upon the counter.

He cleared his throat. He stared at the cylinder and his voice took on a twinge of respect. "That's a neat gadget. When it comes down, how do you know it's for you and not for somebody else?"

"The sales slip has my number." She showed him. "Thirteen."

"How does it know where to find you?"

"The tube number is on the slip. And all the tubes meet up on the eighth floor. That's where the cashiers sit and open the carriers and make change."

"It must look like an octopus up there."

"I guess it does. I like to think the cylinders are carrier pigeons and I send them off with messages into the blue."

What if the buyer should hear her? She added up her sales sternly. But he was nodding.

"Yes. Yes, that's nice. Carrier pigeons . . . colored doves. With messages. I sent a message to my love." He sighed and picked

up the bundle. "You went to a lot of trouble for me. Thanks a lot."

"Oh, come back," she said. "I mean, come back tomorrow. We're almost sure to have stork pants tomorrow; they've been ordered for two months."

"All right," he said. "I certainly hope you do. It'll be very nice."

He mashed on his hat and started for the nearest opening which happened to be the stockroom.

"No, no . . ." began Bennie, but Tweets was inside with a pile of boxes and set him right. He fled into an elevator and was gone.

"Nice going," said Tweets. "I was taking care of six while you was taking care of him. What do you mean, man-shy?"

"That boy?" said Bennie. "Why—he's married. He must be married. He's got two children."

"H'mm. I notice he's got an eye for other places besides the play pen."

A wolf?

"Next time come out a little from behind the counter. There's nothing the matter with your legs."

Bennie departed to consult the buyer on the subject of stork pants. It was fifteen minutes later that her ears reddened to the summons from the wrapping desk. Someone had opened a carrier for her.

"But I haven't sent anything up. I can't have done anything wrong," she said in dismay.

She put out her hand for a white paper that had just descended the tube. The note was blank; all that showed was her number. She turned the carrier upside down, and from its depths rolled, incredible as a talisman, a tiny chocolate mouse.

"Coming along, aren't you?" asked Tweets.

"Yes," sang Bennie, "I am." And slipping the gift into her pocket she circled the desk, legs and all, and pranced straight up to wait on a terrible general who was frowning through the counter at a teething ring.

All day the assault continued in the Infants' Department, and the mouse in Bennie's pocket began to lose his crisp contours. She ate him.

He was good, but there was no time for reminiscence, sentimental or gastronomic, for the rush went on.

AND now Bennie discovered that fathers were not the only ones who purchased infants' wear. Grandmothers arrived; then sisters and unmarried aunts and friends, all inquiring vaguely for binders, strollers, safety pins. There were also the nearly-mothers, and these were by far the worst, the more expectant, the more irritable.

Her last customer was a nearly-mother. Bennie privately named her "Lady Snarling."

"My bassinet has been ordered for six months." She gesticulated. "How can I have a baby without a bassinet?"

Bennie, trapped and ignorant, summoned the buyer, a perpetual casualty of the OPA, who wanly replied that the bassinets had arrived but were still packed and in the basement.

A friend of Lady Snarling's, in nervous attendance, now suggested a prudent return home.

"The salesperson can send it out, dear. It's only to Chevy Chase."

Bennie piously promised that the bassinet should leave Arbuckle's practically with tomorrow's dawn.

"And stay home and wait for it," implored the friend. She added darkly, "Remember my cousin."

Lady Snarling reluctantly allowed herself to be elbowed toward Chevy Chase.

The next day was a Wednesday, a flat and undistinguished weekday on anybody's calendar, but Tweets was in fine fettle; at the first contact she had captured a large Marine without a struggle.

Bennie's morning was spent administering to the needs of a submarine machinist's mate who had incautiously surfaced one morning

to find himself the father of twins. When he finally departed, Bennie realized that it was noon, and the civilian who had been waiting his turn in patience was the Knight of Pentagon.

She turned the color of the pink appliqué crib sets—\$10.95—and in swift defense wished him good morning in a voice from Labrador.

He was confused. Humbly he asked for christening slips. Coldly they were displayed. The chocolate mouse hung between them, suspended in silence.

"This one is sweet," said Bennie, holding up a six months' size.

But the Knight of Pentagon made his own selection. "Too big. This one is better. For a little new attraction, just released."

"Oh! When?"

"Night before last."

She dropped her sales book but he had already moved on to the case of toys. "Something for a girl of three. Maybe the Teddy bears."

She followed him to where the bears were arranged. "Which do you like? Couchant or rampant?"

"The rampant, with ribbon gules. Say, you can talk heraldic talk. That's pretty."

So then she broke down and told him about the coats of arms and then about the oculist. "And perhaps I'll never paint again."

He cracked his knuckles in sorrow. "I know. I used to write plays, myself. Nobody produced them; they weren't box office. Romantic stuff—the Tudors and Plantagenets."

"Really? I'm named for a Plantagenet. Bennie—it's short for Berengaria."

"Why, sure, the wife of Richard . . ."

"The Lionhearted."

"What a guy!" He shook his head admiringly. "What a crusader!"

"To far-off lands."

He picked up the Teddy bear uncertainly. "I'd like something from far-off lands."

"Well—we have some Chinese things. Sixth floor. Department of paper toys."

"Look. How about the panda?"

It was the last panda left, black and white and handsome. She reached into the case but stopped short at a leather voice behind her.

"Hey, that's for my nephew. Grab it, sweetheart, grab it for the Marines." It was Tweets' Marine, pointing.

Tweets' hand reached into the case, too, but the Knight of Pentagon had seen the panda first, and Bennie was no Milquetoast. She snatched it.

The Marine stood between them. Turning, Bennie saw him in all his might. She read his chest. He was from foreign lands, all right. From the magnitude of his quests and hemispheres, he peered down upon the untraveled Knight of Pentagon.

The knight paled and cracked his knuckles, and then—Oh, shame! Oh, drooping plume!—he took the panda from Bennie's hands and yielded it to the adversary.

And Tweets laughed.

As she wrote up the christening slip, Bennie's lips were stiff with scorn. The knight had the exact change, so that made it worse. There was nothing to wait for, nothing to say.

She handed him his package, her face frozen, then stalked into the stockroom and slammed the door.

"He ought to be in here, too," she sobbed. "With the pantywaists."

IT WAS the floor manager who found her. The floor manager was too busy to observe the tears, but she carried a fragile package addressed "Department Eleven, Number Thirteen."

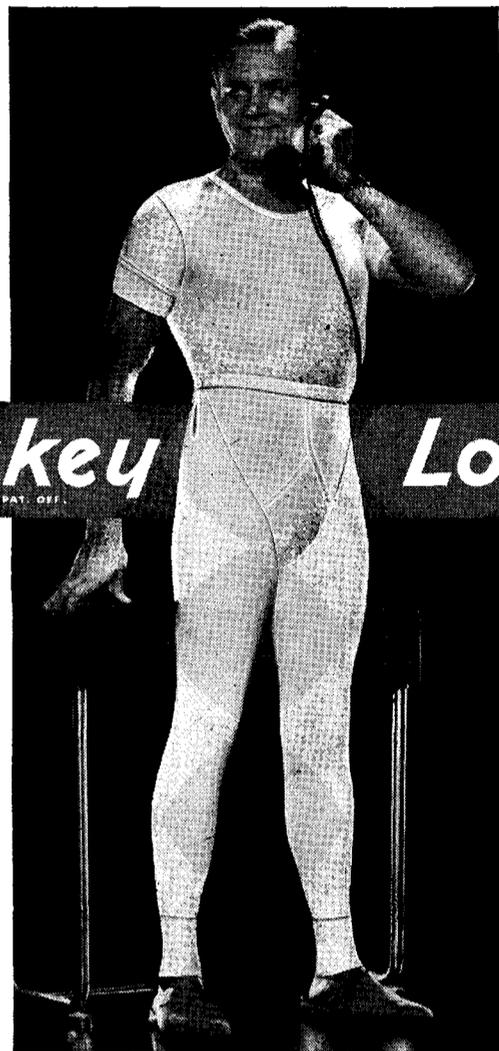
"This came down the tube early this morning," she said crisply. "I wanted to speak to you about it before, but you had customers. The carriers must not be used privately, and unusual transactions are handled by Personal Service." She was gone as quickly as she had come.

Bennie untied the tissue. It contained, of all things, a spider; but what a spider! A poem, not an insect. A spider of ice and glitter. A jewel for a lady's shoulder, a fancy for a lady's hair.

"And he's gone," wept Bennie. "And I have no date to wear it for." After all, who wanted the intellectual type? Only one, and perhaps a wolf, at that. And she had let him go.

Then came Thursday, the shoppers' paradise. Thursday, the salespersons' pain. Every Thursday at twelve-thirty the doors bulged open; at nine-thirty at night, they were forcibly shut, and the last customers went out by knee action. By nine-twenty-five this Thursday night, the shelves were finally bare, and Bennie wondered if she were still

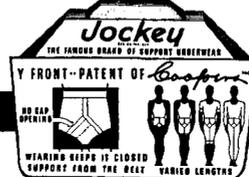
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NO WONDER Billy wanted *me* to try a spoonful! That awful-tasting laxative I used to give him was enough to sicken a person. And I didn't discover how upsetting it was until I had taken some, myself!

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Some laxatives are too mild!



THANK GOODNESS, Billy's gym teacher guessed what his trouble was . . . and told him to tell me about Ex-Lax! I got some for Billy. He just loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to find a laxative that's so effective, yet so gentle. Not too strong, not too mild . . .

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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

alive. Only Tweets still fluttered, undismayed, for Tweets' Marine had come back, and had drawn Tweets into a corner by the perambulators, where they were lost in conversation.

There was a leaden sensation in the arches of Bennie's feet, but a more leaden sensation in the vicinity of her heart. The elevator halted to drool out a last passenger, and her heart halted with it, then beat forlornly again. It was not the Knight of Pentagon, it was a nearly-mother. Oh, horror! It was Lady Snarling!

"The bassinets!" Torn by emotions and customers Bennie had forgotten it, of course. "Yes, it's here. In the stockroom. But you shouldn't carry it . . . I mean, wouldn't it be better to Charge Send?"

"I'll pay for it now. I'll take it now. In a taxi." Lady Snarling flung down a bill. Bennie wrote out a Cash Take with trembling hands. The wrapping girl had departed, so she tied up the bassinets herself, and with interference, since two paratroopers had dropped in, no doubt from the sky, and were claiming her attention over so earthly an object as a baby carriage.

So she took care of them. Their Charge Send followed Lady Snarling's Cash Take into the tube.

"Where's my change?" said Lady Snarling. One of the paratroopers was having a qualm. "Suppose the carriage is too short! We never measured the baby."

"Men shoppers," Bennie groaned. "You never can make up your minds." Once more she demonstrated the carriages.

While she was working the brake, a carrier came down with a thump. It was blue!

FAR away, trumpets and nightingales began to sing. Bennie raced for the wrapping desk but Lady Snarling was already there.

"That's my change," she snapped, and yanked off the top of the carrier; then she screamed, her voice cutting through the department like a bazooka.

Carrier covers are tight, they open with a jerk. This cover acted like the lid of a jack-in-the-box, and out sprang a dragon; an accordion-pleated Chinese dragon from the department of paper toys.

The paratroopers jumped, the buyer swung around, a clothes dummy was knocked over and fell on its face.

"A-a-a-ah!" screamed Lady Snarling. Then she clutched the counter and said surprisedly, "Ow!"

"Get her out of here," ordered the buyer. "Get her home."

"Get the nurse," shouted Tweets, and ran for the telephone.

"Get her to a hospital!" The paratroopers huddled together.

Bennie looked at Lady Snarling. "It's too late. Get her to bed."

The elevator door opened, and out stepped the Knight of Pentagon.

"The nurse has gone home," shuddered Tweets from the telephone.

"Never mind," cried Bennie, "he'll help. He knows all about babies. He's got some."

"Who, me?" the knight halted. "I'm a bachelor."

"Nonsense. He's got all kinds. Big ones, little ones, girls of three, boys of two. He's got some six months apart."

"Those are the neighbors' . . ."

"He buys slips, vests, stork plates, hot pants. . . ."

The knight shook her. "Listen. Those were errands."

"Errands?"

"I live in Buckingham. It's full of babies. Upstairs, downstairs, across the hall, across the court. I never heard such a racket."

"But . . ."

"I feel sorry for the mothers where the fathers are at war. So I buy things for them, baby things." He stared at Lady Snarling.

"What gives here?"

"She's . . . she's finding out there isn't any stork," Bennie said frantically. "Do something. It's all your fault."

"Mine?"

"You scared her. You scared her with that thing you sent down the tube. Don't just pace the floor and crack your knuckles. She's in terrible distress."

"Distress?" The word came rolling to him down the centuries. The brave, beautiful word, the challenge to the heart. He took off his glasses, the click as he snapped shut the case was as the snapping of a visor; the pencil he leveled was the lifting of a lance.

"You two," he pointed to the paratroopers, "carry her into the stockroom. Lay her on something soft. You," to Bennie, "bring a pillow from a crib. And you," he fixed the Marine, "help me. We'll start production."

"Me?" cried the hero of the South Pacific. He recoiled to the bonnet rack. "You've already got three to help."

"We'll need them. Maybe she'll have three. Everything in Washington is filed in triplicate."

"I'm no midwife." The Marine indicated Tweets. "She's getting an ambulance as fast as she can."

"I'm no midwife, either. But I've read it in a book."

"So I read it in a book. Okay, feather-weight, it stays in the book."

It was only one punch but it served. Behind it leaped the thwarted power the Knight of Pentagon had hoped to thrust against the Japs, and against the Germans he had meant to slay. It might not have penetrated that granite jaw, but without his glasses the knight missed the jaw and hit the solar plexus. The solar plexus is the center of strategic planning.

The veteran sat down.

He looked at the Knight of Pentagon, wheezed, and unexpectedly began to laugh.

"Why, not bad, chum," he said. "Not bad at all. Next time, watch your footwork. All right, since you feel so tough about it, I'll help."

Things were under control by the time the ambulance arrived. It was a fine baby, and right away he hollered like a stagehand. They put him in his bassinets and carried him off to the hospital, in the ambulance with Lady Snarling.

"I'm sorry I scared her," said the knight, rolling down his shirt sleeves and snapping the elastic bands. The paratroopers helped him on with his coat.

Bennie picked up the paper dragon. "It's sweet," she said. "I'll keep it all my life—and the spider, too. I ate the mouse."

"I'm glad you liked them. They'll be easy to pack."

"Pack!"

"I was going to tell you. I'm transferred. The unit is transferred to New York. I'm out of the Pentagon."

"That's wonderful."

"You'll like New York, won't you?"

"Of course, but . . ."

"I'll show you how you could paint again, and it wouldn't hurt your eyes. You could paint stage scenery."

"Scenery!"

"Sure. When you made coats of arms and maps, everything had to be little; a lion was a flea, a mountain was a tack. But if you paint a stage set, the guy in the back row has to be able to see it. A mountain is a mountain, and a lion is as big as the Pentagon Building."

TWEETS rustled forward. "Break it up," she advised. "We're all going out to celebrate. We're going to do a little private christening. And you!" she rattled her bracelets at the knight admiringly. "How come those pretties in the pneumatic tube? Which one of the cashiers is in your little black book? 'Personal Service,' he says, and it makes with Personal Service the whole eighth floor!"

But Bennie put her finger tips across the knight's mouth. "It wasn't the eighth floor," she explained to Tweets. "They came from farther up than the eighth floor."

"Where?" demanded the paratroopers, taking a professional interest.

"A far country. A fair and magic land."

The Knight of Pentagon knew where it was. "What a place!" he hailed it with enthusiasm. He gave it his accolade, "A production!"

And undoubtedly he was right. For those with ordinary vision behold only the mortal expedient, but the nearsighted and the farsighted can see the things out of this world.

THE END

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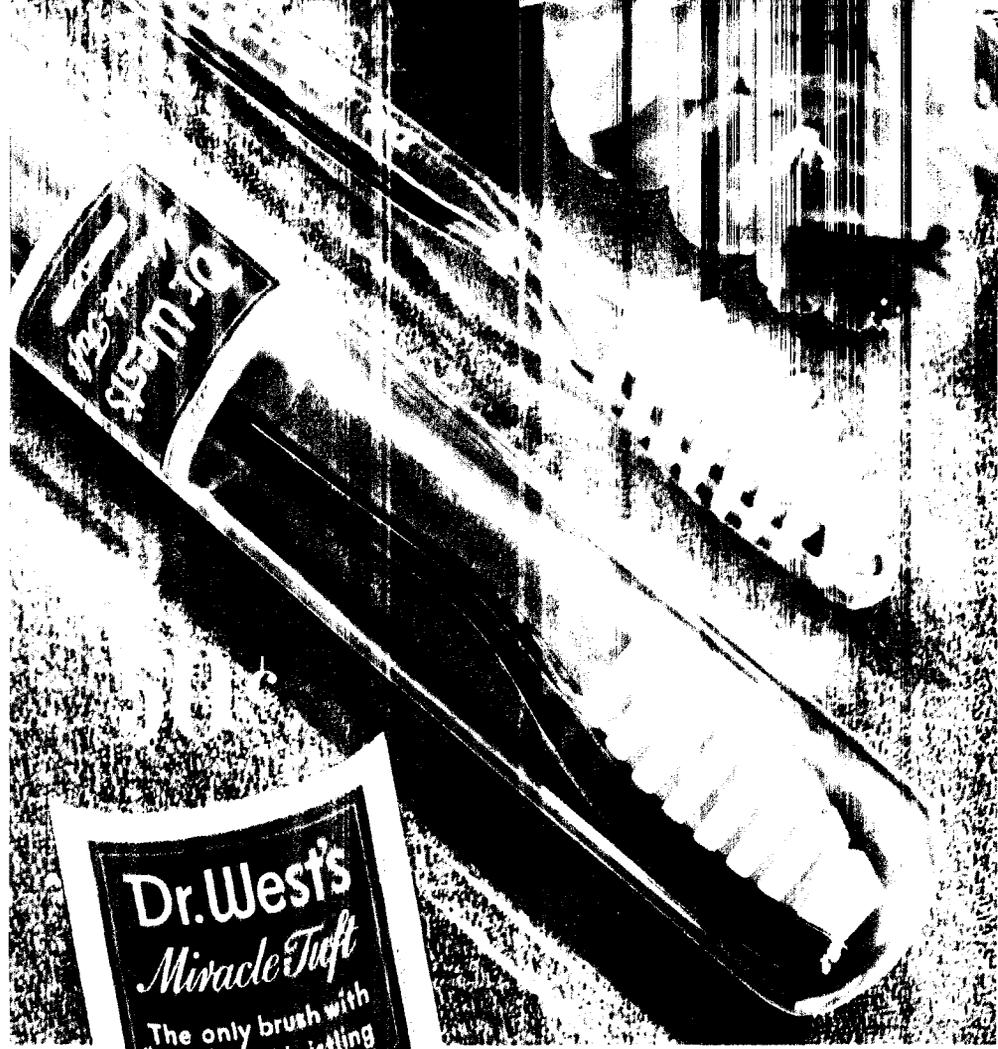
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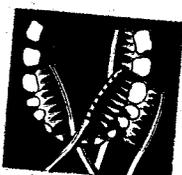
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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY
Commander Bruce McCandless is awarded the Medal of Honor by Admiral E. J. King

For Spike's Sake!

Continued from page 37

a memorable six-round battle underground with Lieutenant Charles Ledoux, the great little French boxer who then held the European featherweight title.

With the big guns engaged in an artillery duel overhead, Spike and Charley, forgetting their differences in rank and the fact that they were comrades in arms, fought a bloody six-round battle in a dank, dark concrete canteen underground, just behind the front lines at Verdun with cheering poilus and doughboys crowding them for elbow room. Both boxers mopped up some of the cold, muddy seepage with the seat of their trunks before the referee held up their right hands by way of proclaiming the bout a draw.

Selected as coach of the A.E.F. boxing team after the armistice, Spike prepared Gene Tunney, Bob Martin and other good American fighters for their bouts. Then he returned to America, and, in September, 1919, was appointed boxing coach at the U. S. Naval Academy, and that's been his lifework ever since. Spike's pioneering at Annapolis blazed the trail for boxing in American colleges. Most of them have since adopted the sport. Between 1919 and 1941, Annapolis lost 14 boxing meets out of 114. Until 1931, Navy's supremacy in the ring was unchallenged, the Middies being undefeated for eleven years in succession. Spike has coached four American Olympic boxing teams, three of which brought back the championship. Among the outstanding boxers developed on his Olympic squads were Frankie Genaro, and Fidel La Barba, both of whom later held the world's flyweight title; Lou Salica, who became bantamweight champion, and Petey Sarron, who won the featherweight crown.

Devoid of eloquence before a crowd, Spike becomes the most convincing talker in the world when he gets a Navy boxer's ear just before an important bout and sobs out a story of what will happen to the Atlantic Fleet, U. S. Naval supremacy and the Magna Charta if the bloke blows his match.

Even though Spike's boys have won two Congressional Medals of Honor, two Distinguished Service Medals, twelve Navy Crosses, three Legion of Merit Medals, three Distinguished Flying Crosses, two Gold Stars, one Navy and Marine Corps Medal, one Air Medal, three Silver Stars, five Purple Hearts and enough other decorations to plug up the business end of the bass horn in the Annapolis Band, he still thinks of the Navy boxing heroes in terms of left hooks, good footwork and right crosses, rather than ships sunk or planes downed by them.

The name of Lieutenant John J. Powers, posthumous winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, was mentioned to Spike. Johnny, in his Navy fighter, helped sink two Jap carriers, damaged another, sent a gunboat to the bottom, crippled another, and beached a 20,000-ton transport in the Battle

of the Coral Sea before his crippled plane was seen to disappear into the Pacific. The President singled out Lieutenant Powers for a citation in his radio address to the nation on September 7, 1942.

"There was a fighter after my own heart," was Spike's comment. "Skinny, but could hit like a sixteen-inch shell! Jimmie Johnston, the fight manager, was his uncle and asked me to look after the kid. When I spoke to Johnny about it, he liked to take my block off—and me the coach, mind you! He just let me know bluntly he didn't want favors from anybody."

A bystander remarked that Lieutenant Powers comes close to being the Navy's No. 1 hero of the war to date.

"He's more than that," asserted Spike vehemently. "He's the best middleweight I ever had at Annapolis." Spike's cerulean optics were focused on an object that might have been in another world, so far away was the look on his face. Startled out of his reverie, he apologized, "It's that rope hangin' from the ceiling of the gym there. Every time I look at it, I get to thinkin' how close it came to robbing us of the second best heavyweight we ever had at the Academy. Ever heard of 'Moon' Chapple?"

The Man Everybody Knows

That question, of course, was asked for rhetorical effect. Everyone in America has heard of Chapple either by his Academy nickname "Moon" or his official title, Commander Wreford Goss Chapple. Two-time winner of the Navy Cross for sinking Japanese shipping of telephone-number tonnage with his submarine, Moon is one of the nation's current pin-up boys.

"Yep, he almost hung his boxing career on that very rope," said Spike, reminiscing. "You know, every midshipman must climb that hunk of hemp, hand over hand, twenty feet to the ceiling, from a crouching start or he's out. Chapple's no skinnymarink, you know. Stands a good six feet two and weighs twenty. But there's the rub, as Longfellow said. The heavier a guy is, the harder the rope trick is for him. The skinny guys eat it up because, like those Japanese victory claims, they don't carry much weight. It's the guys with the beef that fall down on this one."

"The first time Moon tried it—this was back in January, 1929, when Admiral Halsey, then a captain, was the faculty boxing representative—he got to within two feet of the top, then slid down and burned the palms right off'n his hands. It hurt me and Captain Halsey more than it did Moon, though, because we were countin' on using him in a meet with M.I.T. the next day."

"Anyone else but Moon would have taken a month's rest and let his rope burns heal before tackling it again, but not Chapple. Just seven days later he was back, this time with



Commander Jimmie Dempsey was a bantam; now he's a submarine skipper

Lt. Comm. Slade Cutter is another of Spike's boys now a hero on submarines



half the Academy packed into the gym to root him in. Up he went, this time slowly, like Old Glory at a ball-park flag-raising. You've often seen the flag stuck up near the top because the ropes get all twisted and have to be unsnarled? Well, that was the way Moon looked. He came to a dead stop at the very point where he was stymied before, and you could have heard a flake of dandruff drop. When Moon started to quiver again like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake, we didn't have the heart to look up and see which way he was moving. Then we heard a thud as Moon banged against the rafter with his right hand and we knew he'd done it! And just to think, we might have missed his services on the boxing team that year when we had no other good heavyweights."

Another Annapolis heavyweight who has been landing heavy blows to the Japs' mid-section from a submarine is Lieutenant Commander Slade Cutter, winner of the Silver Star Medal.

"To think a great heavyweight like Slade is wasted on them puny Japs when he could be making a million as a professional fighter," sighs Spike. "He knocked out Fred Cramer of the Virginia team in thirty-eight seconds and kicked the field goal that gave us a 3-0 victory over Army in 1934." When Spike says "us" he means the Navy football team. He didn't play on it, but, for that matter, neither did Tecumseh.

Navy Juniors Learn the Manly Art

One of Spike's pet projects at Annapolis, the Navy Junior Boxing Class, is a familiar subject to all rotogravure-section readers and newsreel fans. Annually, the young sons of Navy officers put on the gloves and stage a show for Annapolis society. It seemed like exhibitionism until it produced a Congressional Medal of Honor winner not long ago. He's Commander Bruce McCandless, the young officer, who, though badly wounded, took over command of Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callahan's task force off Guadalcanal one night when a Jap shell blew away the bridge of the cruiser San Francisco and sent Admiral Callahan and Captain Cassin Young into eternity, with all the senior officers.

Young McCandless, regaining consciousness after the shell hit, realized he was now the senior officer and with the resourcefulness he had first developed in Spike's Junior Boxing Class when his dad, Commodore Byron McCandless, was athletic officer at Annapolis, he barked out orders that led to the sinking of one Jap battleship and the routing of the rest of the task force.

"I could never make Bruce hold his left high enough," sighed Spike.

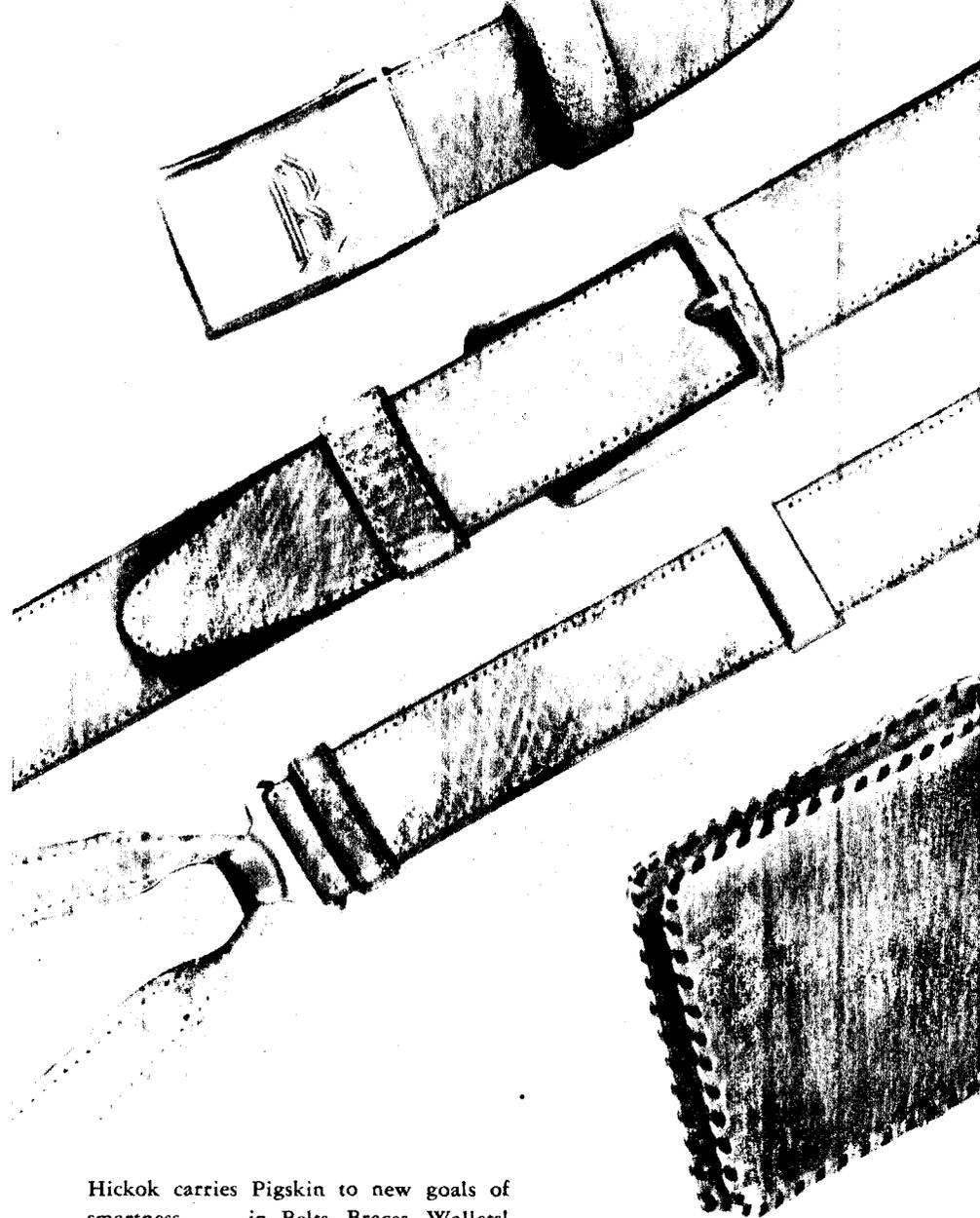
To Spike, Commander Jimmie Dempsey isn't the daring skipper whose feats with an antiquated 800-ton submarine won him the Navy Cross and Gold Star. He's still the crack bantamweight who was called "Little Jack Dempsey" in his boxing days because of the wallop he packed.

Then there is Commander Jim Flatley, winner of the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal, for shooting down Jap planes and strafing Jap shipping. To the rest of the country he's a hero, but in Spike's book he's still a featherweight who punches accurately with either hand.

The list seems interminable as Spike rattles it off—Lieutenant Commander Gus Lentz, a heavyweight, who went down with the Wasp; Captain Edgar A. "Bat" Cruise, a cruiser-weight, who won the Navy Cross at Guadalcanal; Lieutenant Commander Roger Woodhull, who managed the Navy boxing team in 1937 and managed to help sink a Jap carrier and eight other enemy ships at Tulagi; Lieutenant Commander Richard S. Bull, a good heavyweight at the Academy, who lost his life in the Coral Sea; Lieutenant Commander Jack Blicht, the 1933 boxing captain, who won the D.F.C. for leading his bombing squadron on operations against the Marshalls, and dozens of others.

Among them, they've acquired enough decorations to sink many more Jap warships by sheer weight. They want to lay them at the union-encrusted feet of good old Spike Webb, so that the old impostor Tecumseh won't beat him out as a collector of tributes.

THE END



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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

G.I. Divorce Dangers

Continued from page 13

state where one of our soldiers obtained his freedom *pro tem* discloses the pattern of a typical service divorce. Take the case of the girl who didn't know she was divorced. Her husband's action, like most doughboy divorces, was undefended and won by default. (Nevada's records, for instance, show that 50 per cent of that state's divorces are decided in this manner.) Either as a result of his military training or the romantic impact of the cute hash-slinger in the diner just outside the portals of his military encampment, he has apparently suffered an attack of amnesia. He just can't remember his wife's Brooklyn address, or the last time he heard from her and or his children, and the summons must be served by publication.

Service by publication is the court's way of giving the wife in Brooklyn "fair" warning that Johnny is starting a divorce, so she can come before the court and defend. Service by publication is a little two-by-two-inch notice in the Cherokee Gazette or whatever newspaper is in the area where the soldier is stationed. Usually, though, the first notice that the wife receives will arrive when the War Department, Office of Dependency Benefits, in answer to her frantic inquiry, advises that, "Family allowance has been discontinued. Reason: soldier divorced." The Office of Dependency Benefits sends out hundreds of such notices a year.

There may be any number of reasons why the soldier decides to get a divorce. One is a new, fast-growing racket. F. A. fever, or the quest for a family allowance, has made the newly-inducted or about-to-be-inducted youngster fair game for small-scale fortune huntresses. Thousands, with more youth than foresight, on the eve of induction or home on furlough, have been talked or drunk into hasty marriages.

The most avid huntress is often a divorcee or a woman with children. These mothers have learned that under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act their children from previous unions become stepchildren of the serviceman upon marriage and eligible for an allowance from the brand-new stepdaddy. For a huntress with three children, \$120 per month, tax free, may seem big game. Actually, a particularly ambitious young huntress married not one but thirteen servicemen and filed for a family allowance from each—without benefit of a single divorce.

With wisdom born of advancing age or increasing sobriety, our young, impulsive sol-

dier has a rude awakening and a divorce dilemma. Getting a divorce in his home state, he discovers, is much more difficult than getting married.

While all states agree that marriage is the backbone of the nation and impose almost identical prerequisites, they can't seem to agree on grounds for divorce. None are permitted in South Carolina. Washington, on the other hand, recognizes twenty-seven separate grounds. Other states range all the way between the two extremes, New York recognizing only adultery, and Arizona twenty-six grounds, including abandonment, public defamation, willful neglect, violent temper or behavior, drunkenness, cruelty, or the refusal of a wife to move to a new residence.

Court costs in divorce actions vary almost as widely as do grounds for the divorce. Exclusive of attorney fees, they range from \$2 in Minnesota to more than \$240 in certain parts of Pennsylvania.

Bargains in Legal Aid

But for the soldier, even lawyers' fees are now cut-rate. Many attorneys throughout the country, with purely unselfish motives, unwittingly encourage the moneyless serviceman seeking divorce. As a patriotic gesture, many members of the American Bar Association, through the Army's Legal Assistance offices, primarily concerned with keeping up soldier morale, have agreed to render free legal services to the Armed Forces in matters arising from their military service.

Where the facts seem to warrant—and of course, the Legal Assistance officer and the attorney hear only one side of the controversy—this free service may be extended to marital matters. In some states, attorneys will handle a soldier's divorce for fifty per cent of the normal fee, with occasional fees as low as \$10. Other states have fixed their maximum soldier divorce fee at \$50.

When Uncle Sam breaks tottering home ties and moves the soldier to an easy, cheap divorce state, and divorce becomes desirable, the consequences may seem unimportant to him at the time. But the consequences are going to be innumerable marital mix-ups and legal headaches when he comes marching home.

Such "foreign" divorces (those brought in states other than the true legal residence of the parties) will be the cause of will contests, disinheritances and confused property rights.



Alfred is an ad man—
Knows it's wise to buy the best.
Merton is a merchant—
Puts value to the test.
When buying socks, they both agree—
"Westminsters are the socks for me!"



Robert's on the radio
Announcing for your pleasure.
He wears tweeds and casual clothes
For work as well as leisure.
This tip from Bob is worth your while—
Westminster Socks have fit and style.



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



COLLIER'S

FRED LUNDY

Collier's for October 21, 1944

Women who remarry following such divorces may (like one young lady who took her case to an appellate court) find themselves in the absurd position of possessing two husbands but no dower rights in either estate in the event of their deaths. Results may be tragic. Children born of apparently legal unions may acquire the stigma of illegitimacy. Take, for example, an actual case:

Margaret and Richard lived in the District of Columbia. She left him to live with an attorney. Acting on the advice of this attorney, Margaret went across the line to Virginia and obtained a divorce. She and the attorney were married but some years later she sued him for a divorce. He, being a clever fellow, brought countersuit for an annulment on the theory that the Virginia divorce had been invalid.

Richard, in the meantime, remarried and had two innocent children certain to be affected by the ruling, since if Margaret's second marriage was void, so was his.

The court was concerned for the sake of Richard's children but could not sidestep the fact that Margaret had not been a true resident of Virginia. The Virginia court, therefore, was without jurisdiction or power to grant a valid divorce. Consequently, the ensuing marriages were void. On appeal, the decision was upheld on the jurisdictional ground.

Some states, recognizing the normal difficulty for a soldier to acquire a domicile, have passed laws designed to help or encourage servicemen to get divorces. Georgia has a statute permitting any servicemen within the state for twelve months to bring a divorce action. The home state may recognize the permission but not the divorce decree. Besides, twelve months is a long time to wait, and some doughboys have resorted to false affidavits as to the length of their time in the state in order to speed justice and shed an unwanted mate. Some divorces obtained by this fraudulent device have already been set aside.

Still more flagrant cases have been reported in Arkansas. Soldiers stationed across the border in Tennessee have spent five dollars to have their names listed in an Arkansas city directory. After the listing has been carried for two months, which is the state's residence requirement, the divorce action is started. Certainly few such divorces will stand up under judicial probing.

After demobilization, most of the boys in service are sure to make a beeline back to their homes, friends, jobs or businesses. Very few, if any, who obtained divorces will return to the states which granted their divorces. This will tend to prove that the divorce residence was not bona fide and the divorce, therefore, invalid.

Despite the highly debatable validity of these divorce decrees, many soldiers who got them have parlayed a quick second marriage. In many cases children born of these

second marriages will be the innocent victims of marital problems similar to the case of Margaret and Richard.

Some few servicemen have acquired new domiciles and valid divorces. A California decision was based on the following facts to prove the soldier's true intent to remain: an application to the State Medical Board for a license to practice; conferences with other physicians looking to the future formation of a partnership; repeated declarations, verbal and written, of an intent to remain; and registration to vote.

An Ohio court also held true domicile acquired when the soldier purchased property within the state, established a home there and continued to maintain the home after he was ordered to another state.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court appeared at first glance to eliminate all doubts as to the validity of "foreign" divorces. The decision resulted from an effort of North Carolina to prosecute a defendant for bigamy. He had married after a Reno divorce, and the second marriage would be bigamous only if the Nevada decree were invalid. The Supreme Court held that the prosecuting state "was bound to give full faith and credit to a decree of a court of the State of Nevada granting to a person domiciled in that state a divorce from his absent spouse."

The Question of Domicile

This decision momentarily relieved many a worried divorcee and undoubtedly induced many a doughboy to gamble on a comparatively painless unhitching. Very quickly, however, several state courts served notice that they considered the important words in the decision, "a person domiciled in that state." These seemingly innocuous words tossed the whole divorce dilemma right back into its age-old uncertainty.

True residence of the parties remains the basic question, and the much publicized divorce battle between Mr. and Mrs. (the former Doris Duke) James H. R. Cromwell shows that courts of different states may not see eye to eye on this all-important question of domicile.

California, New York, Washington and West Virginia have already declared certain servicemen's divorces void.

Few of the many divorces have yet been subjected to court attack. Often the wife, when she discovers she has been made the unwilling recipient of a quickie divorce, finds that the soldier is out of reach or just hasn't the funds to hire a lawyer in the distant state. When Johnny comes home he may find the girl he left behind waiting with a welcoming gift in the form of a court summons, and despite foreign victory, he's sure to be the loser in his domestic battle—if two "wives" claim him in court.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

you what they really are. We know three of them personally, the —.

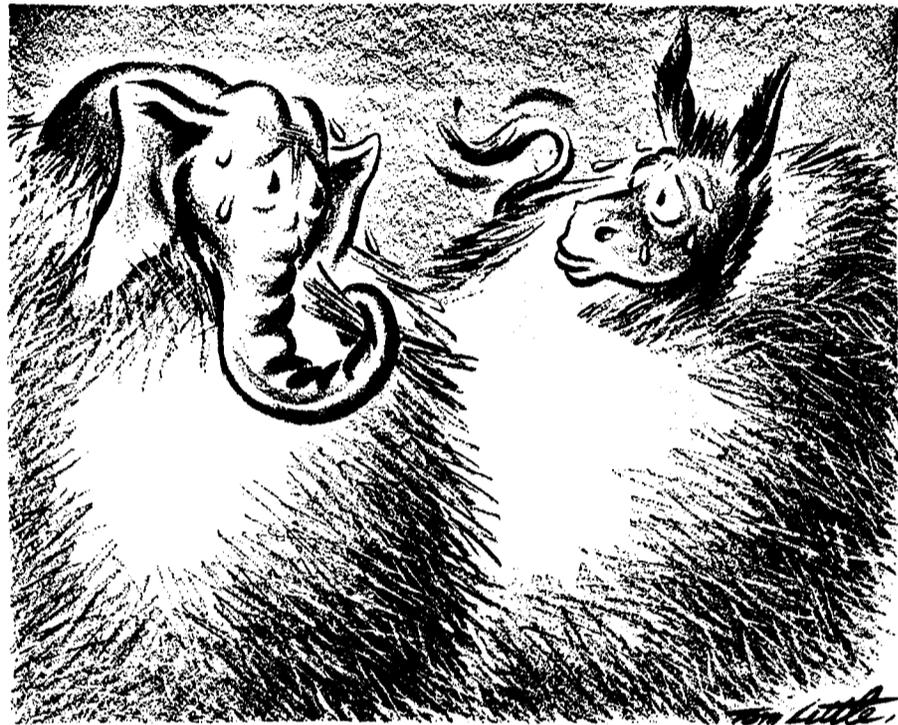
WITH becoming diffidence we report that we've been in a saloon. It was Connolly's Saloon on Third Avenue, New York City, and over the bar there is a sign saying that ladies will not be served at the bar. While we were having our beer and cheese on rye, three colored citizens came in, accompanied by three colored girls. The large Tipperary barkeep addressed the latter: "Do you see that?" pointing to the sign. They read, replied, "Yessir," and departed. Then said the barkeep to the men, "Now what is it you'll have, gents?" And all was serene and democratic as usual in Connolly's.

ALL this talk about jet propulsion bores Mr. Laurence M. Smith of Los Angeles, California. Away back in the middle twenties, while this country was being purified by the late eighteenth amendment, the cellar and attic of Mr. Smith's house produced buzz bombs that are still remembered by the entire commu-

nity. "Although," says he, "the rockets frequently exploded prematurely, many raced and twisted from wall to wall beyond control. Had I reduced the size of the vents, I might have developed a long-range projectile. The projectiles were glass, and the propellant a certain formula of water, sugar and malt with a few raisins thrown in to lend zest. The charge was known as Volsteadite. Remember?"

OTHERWISE, we're doing as well as the next, except that in a recent issue someone wrote in this magazine that a lady in Philadelphia was hit by a "tossed brick." With mild but righteous indignation, Mr. W. K. Harmon of Brookings, Oregon, remonstrates. Mr. Harmon assumes, and quite correctly, that the incident came in the course of public argument. No brick, says he, so introduced into combat is ever tossed. It is heaved, thrown or even trun. So employed, a brick is known as a dornick. Of course, Mr. Harmon is right. Many the time in our youth . . . But never mind. . . . W. D.

That
ain't
hay



• In the parlance of pollsters and politicians, each stalk of the stuff you see strewn about the opponents above represents a prospective vote.

• How many for which man, we don't know. Maybe the "yea" straws for one side are way ahead of the others. Maybe they're just about evenly matched.

• This much we do know, however. When Election Day rolls around, actual figures . . . not ephemeral straws—will determine the results.

• Americans, in deciding an issue, prefer to conduct their affairs that way. Their regard for sound, impartial figures is reflected in their business dealings, too.

• And their desire to have those figures in the least time, at the lowest cost, is reflected in their constant and increasing use of Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods.

• The Comptometer, made only by Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago 22, Illinois, is sold exclusively by the Comptometer Company.

COMPTOMETER

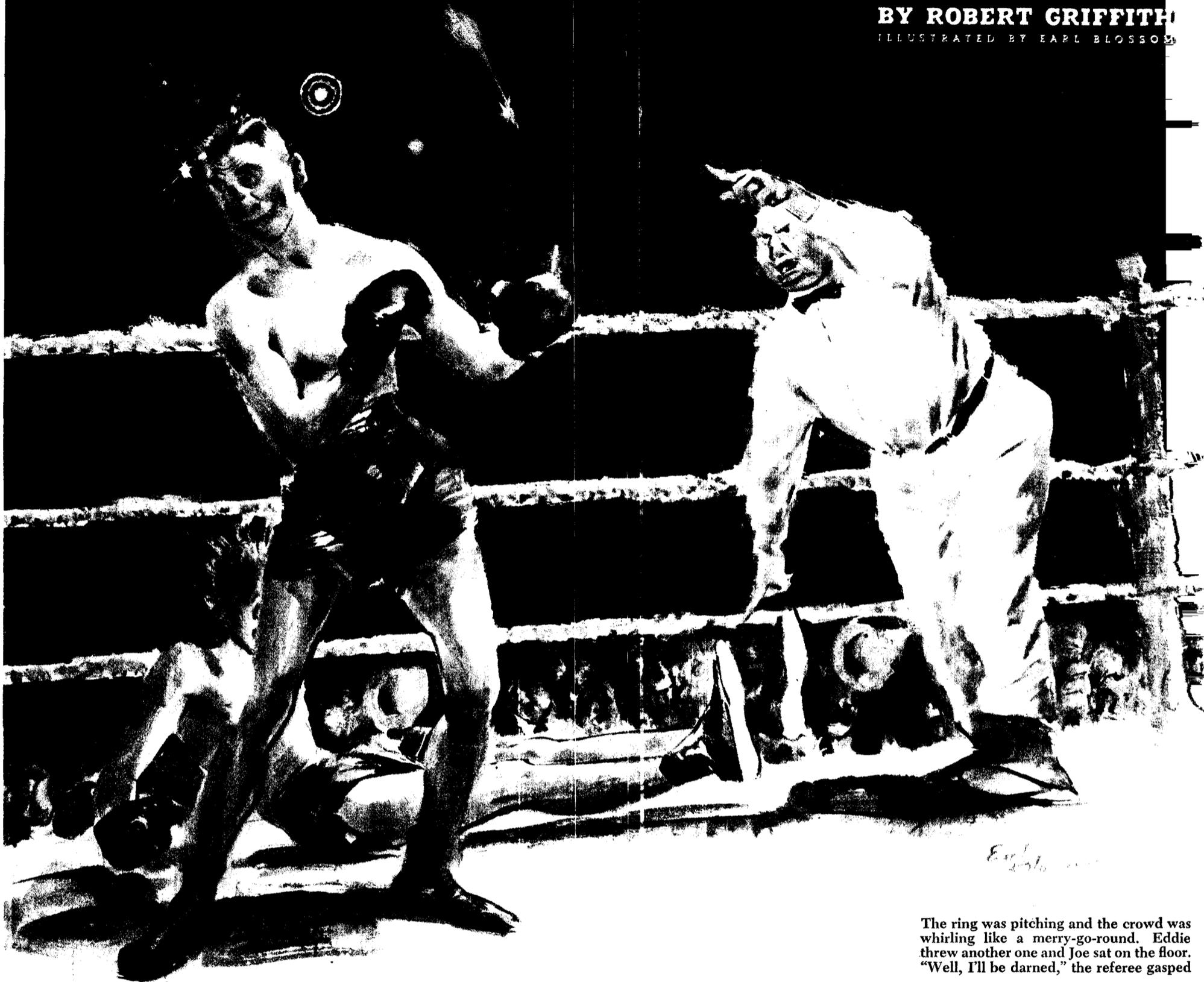
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES and METHODS

LIKE IN A DREAM

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The ring was pitching and the crowd was whirling like a merry-go-round. Eddie threw another one and Joe sat on the floor. "Well, I'll be darned," the referee gasped

Some men fight for money, some men fight for fame, but when Eddie went in there against tough Joe Tulip he thought he was Sir Galahad

EDDIE walked through the small lobby and went up the stairs and down the uncarpeted hallway to 108. He paused when he heard George and Alice talking. George was big and fat; his voice was usually easy but now it sounded sharp and nervous. "All right," he was saying; "all right, dear."

"I'm so sick of Florida," Alice said, "I could walk home."

"We'll go home, after, dear."

"People insulting you right in the papers."

"Wait'll I see him," George said, sounding mad.

"Living in this lousy hotel room. Like a darn' gypsy." Alice's voice changed sud-

denly. "George," she said, "*what are we going to do?*"

"Please, dear," George said, "don't get crying again."

Eddie knocked, and George said, "Come in, kid, come in. Family argument."

Alice was fixing the breakfast dishes on the trunk, when Eddie opened the door. She smiled and dabbed at her eyes and said, "Eddie, did you see the paper yet?"

George's fat face got red. He reached hastily for the paper, as if to hide it; then he pushed it over to Eddie, and put the doughnut box on top of it. "Pitch in, kid," he said. Eddie knew that George had eaten two doughnuts and Alice, one; there were three left. "Alice," George said, "pour Eddie's coffee."

Eddie watched Alice as she lifted the bright little pan to fill his cup. The sun had made Alice very tan and platinum blond. She showed up well in light-blue sweater and slacks, Eddie thought, but it was plain that she had put on weight since coming south. They had lived pretty high, before

George's main-bout fighter had left him cold. Eddie said, "What's in the paper?" and George's face began to look as it did when he was having one of his gas spells. "That Gallant," he said. "Insulting people."

EDDIE saw George's name beginning the daily column of Tom Gallant, and he started to read, frowning as he followed the lines with a slow forefinger: "Fat George Coon won't have to go back to cooking, after all. Not if he can get away with matching 17-year-old Eddie Povich to sub against smart Joe Tulip Friday night. Povich is the clumsy one who accidentally squiffed Kid Miff in last week's semi. . . . We're about fed up with these fly-by-night characters who come south to loaf through the winter, they and their lush babes, supported by kids who ought to be home in school."

Eddie looked up at Alice. Her face flushed, and she said, "Oh, isn't that awful? Lush!" And then, quickly, "Eddie, wouldn't you just as soon fight Joe Tulip?"

"Me?" Eddie said, looking hard at the

paper. Me in there with Joe Tulip, he thought. He felt himself for an instant facing the brown, slender, seriously smiling Joe Tulip, walking out to meet him. He could even feel the gritty canvas through the holes in his boxing shoes, and he was seized with the cramped awkwardness that always bothered him, the slow labor of getting over his haymaker and the empty anguish when it didn't land; getting hit and missing and getting hit again and again.

"George," he said, "you want I should fight Joe Tulip?"

"All it was," George said uneasily, avoiding Alice's eye, "Pop White asked me would you fight, and I said I'd see. Practically same as saying no."

Alice sat down abruptly. "I'm going home, if I got to earn the carfare myself." Her eyes were angry, and her lower lip drooped. "I guess I could earn it quick enough," she said, looking at George in a funny way.

George's mouth turned down, and his eyes looked gassy. He got up and took his hat from the bureau. "You want to come with