

IT WAS a wide bright day when the nephew of Ignatius Yaka arrived from the city. There were no clouds in the open sky and the earth breathed a gentle and sustained goodness. The nephew of Ignatius Yaka had a huge, sparkling gold tooth in front and he wore a flowing tie upon which, hand-painted, there was a lovely waterfall and a naked woman.

"Well, Yaka!" the nephew said, thrusting out his gold tooth and running his thumb wisely underneath the tie and down the length of it. "And Pinka!" he said, staring at his uncle's wife. "You are much younger than I expected you to be. . . ." He winked at her, then looked up severely at the man, and in the next second began to laugh and had thrown his arms about both of them.

Yaka, of course, was too overcome at first to speak at all. He was a simple man, used to simple things, and the glittering tooth and the gorgeous neckpiece made him slightly dizzy. He wanted to say something, and had, in fact, prepared a little speech in his mind for the occasion, but everything was swept away at the sight of the nephew's dress and expansive manner.

There was no longer any doubt in Yaka's mind that his day of triumph had come. For weeks now he had been telling the men at the Polska tavern about the impending visit of his nephew who lived in the city, and although he remembered this nephew as a thin, poorly colored and often sickly youth, he gave them no such description of him. He told them his nephew was handsome; he said

that he was wealthy; and as for wisdom—why, did he not live in the city where there were all sorts of advantages for the mind to seize? This nephew, Yaka promised, would be an event they would always remember.

He can scarcely be blamed for having outgrown the truth so swiftly. He was held in low esteem by the other villagers and was a frequent butt of their jokes, partly because

that he was wealthy; and as for wisdom—why, did he not live in the city where there were all sorts of advantages for the mind to seize? This nephew, Yaka promised, would be an event they would always remember. He can scarcely be blamed for having outgrown the truth so swiftly. He was held in low esteem by the other villagers and was a frequent butt of their jokes, partly because

But, to the village aristocrats, he remained

"Yaka," they seemed to say, "we will give you this one chance. We will see. But God help you, Yaka, if everything is not as you make it appear!"

And now the glorious necktie, and the tooth—why, the tooth alone was enough!—and the perfume and pomade and flashing eyes. Above all, the easy confidence and the effortless laughter.

In the cottage at last, Yaka was able to say, "Welcome, Nephew. You are welcome here."

The nephew examined the house critically. He looked at the ceiling and at the floors and he even peered in the cupboards.

"It is clean," he said. "It is nice and clean." He smiled at Pinka and, going up to her, rubbed her under the chin with his forefinger. "I like clean houses," he said in a meaty voice.

Then he took from his pocket a cigar of large dimensions and bit the end off neatly with one sharp bite.

"I like cigars," he said to Yaka. "Do you?"

"Cigars?" Yaka said. "I . . ."

"He does not smoke," Pinka said. "And as for chewing, he chews only straw. Do they chew straw in the city?" Her voice was innocent but she looked at the nephew out of the corners of her eyes and moved her shoulders in a way he would notice.

The nephew gave a snort of laughter and sat down. "Uncle," he said, blowing smoke in that direction. "You have a nice wife. And

(Continued on page 34)

THE NEPHEW

BY ELI WALDRON

Proving that a woman's eyes are more discriminating than a man's when it comes to recognizing evil forces

of his inordinately great size and because, partly, of his slow-working mind which handled their clever ideas awkwardly. For Yaka was a simple peasant, simple in taste and manner, who had known nothing but hard work all his life. It was a strange matter how he had gotten a wife as young as Pinka; it was stranger still what she saw in his great bulk except the fact that he was an expert woodcutter.

It was rumored that his uncles had ar-

a symbol of worthlessness, of absolute, unforgivable nihilism. They had no respect for a man who could not begin to compete with them in matters of wit and elegance of manners. A man who would do anything asked of him, and who seemed not to have sense enough to be angry when abused or scorned.

And yet he had a nephew and this nephew lived in the city. Well, not everyone has a relative who lives in a city, that much is true. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

The nephew acted his part with great delicacy and judgment—just the right amount of condescension in his manner and contemptuous in the exact degree required of him





Why are hypodermic needles
made of STEEL?

Because you can't beat
STEEL for safety!



When it comes to safety, strength, long life, all-round usefulness . . . you can't beat steel. This is truer today than ever. War research has produced improved steels, many of them developed in United States Steel laboratories. These better steels will serve you well in peacetime products. In cooking utensils, vacuum cleaners, stoves, automobiles, refrigerators. When you buy such things, be sure to look for the U.S.S. Label. It's the sign of good steel.

UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY
CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL,
IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY
UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY
COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

Iwo Jima

Continued from page 17

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?



*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1 It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger-nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

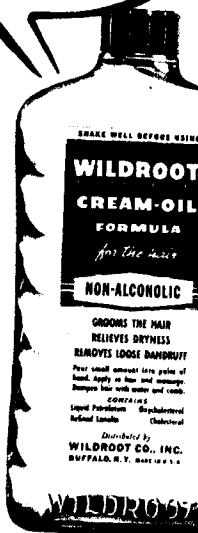
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



2 Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

3 Refined L.A.N.O.LIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.



SPECIAL NOTE
TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

easy. They'll tell you from three to twelve men on the ground can keep a plane in the air, depending on the size of the ship. They'll dismiss the whole story just like that, bid you sit down and reduce your fever with a bottle of beer and listen to the latest and ruggedest verses of the No. 1 song hit in the Marianas, Three Cheers for the Jones Junior High.

So we drink our beer and listen to the latest social activities of the best Junior High in Toledo, which sound very enjoyable indeed. But being a prosaic sort of guy, we keep thinking what a shame it is that they have given no credit at all to a wispy young Pfc. at an uninspiring pine table far down the requisition line in the Air Force depot where nearly nine hundred men who have never fired a shot at a Jap and who probably never will struggle daily with forms and rubber stamps and pens and computing machines to send a hero, potential or actual, into the air and on to Tokyo. The kid is called "Sharpie." It wasn't so long ago that he was in some city junior high, and we'll identify him no closer because he's only one of thousands of such.

Of course, Sharpie is pretty far outside the aura of our hero, but it is the objective of those who run the Army Air Forces to keep as many planes in the air as possible at all times. They will tell you that a plane—say a B-29—should do ten missions a month, one every three days. Let Sharpie and his buddies at their poor pine tables make a requisitional error, and some plane may not make its ten sorties or even five. Maybe none.

Okay, we'll have another beer. But how about those two thousand seagoing Joes—soldiers, not sailors—who man Colonel Matthew Thompson's Air Force maintenance unit with their 500-ton FSs (freight smalls), which plod from island to island—Guam, Saipan and Tinian? With their FSs and their 1,200-ton barges, their LCMs and their LCVs, they fetch air supplies to the repair and maintenance base from Liberty ships and other freighters just arrived in Saipan's harbor or anchored outside the Guam reef. They are the lads who, when our hero's shattered plane just managed to make the airfield on Tinian—just that and no more—picked it up, lashed the wounded thing to the deck of a barge and brought it down to the repair base, where in five days it was back in our hero's hands as good as ever.

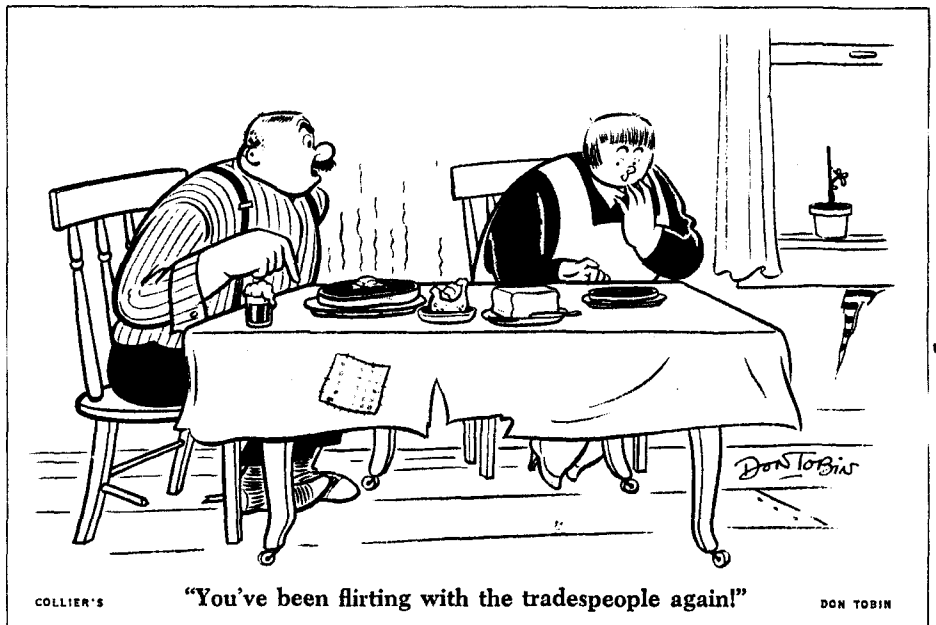
A Mighty Supply Line

After you've pursued this particular aspect of the apparently limitless story of supply in the Pacific, you inevitably come to a few conclusions, some of which are reasonably accurate and worth talking about. For example, it becomes more than a theory that if Guam in 1941 had been the massive military base it is now, there would have been no Pearl Harbor attack.

At this moment the supply and maintenance depots on this geographical accident can do about everything about a warplane but manufacture one; and it may not be long before they can do that. Assembly is simple here. Here, too, are men who can dismantle, repair and rebuild anything from a Norden bomb sight to a telephone. Here are warehouses containing more than 200,000 separate and distinct items to refit a plane.

The further you dig into the subject, the more you begin to realize that the old formula that it takes nine men in the rear to maintain one combat soldier or Marine on the line is doomed to the camphor chest along with a lot more of the ideas with which we started this war. As our supply lines lengthen from 5,000 to 7,000 to 10,000 miles, so do our transport and maintenance problems become more complicated, calling for innovations, conversions, new mechanized contrivances.

Thus (and this is quite unofficial) for every one man assigned to kill Japs. on the ground, on the sea, in the air, there will soon be fifteen men armed with pens, hammers, typewriters, rivet punches, slide rules and multi-



gan pots to see that he has at least his chance to become a hero. There's only one other of the several conclusions we have reached that we will annoy you with here. It is that we'd like to know just what the scattered Jap soldiers hiding out in the hilltops yonder think when they see these hills of supplies and this expanding industrial establishment. Not that we didn't try to find out.

Down from the hills one day came a Jap who must have a yearning similar to ours: to know what we Yanks were thinking about. Nobody had to ask him any question; he just started talking. Up there, he said, the chief topic was American might, American wealth, American mechanical power. He is a graduate of Columbia University and speaks English so well that it was hard to believe he'd learned it in New York.

We asked him who, in view of all repeated praise of American might, wealth and power, was going to win the war.

He smiled gently and said, "Very few of my countrymen have had the advantage that I have enjoyed of having lived in New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh."

We repeated our simple question, thinking, of course, that he hadn't understood. He repeated his answer. And that was that.

We tried also to get a bit of information from a refugee Jap civilian, using the tongue and ears of a Nisei, a young American soldier from Oakland, California, whose parents are Japanese. But this time we got nowhere at all until we told Abe (the Nisei) to ask the fellow what he thought of democracy as a form of government.

Abe and the civilian spent the next five minutes screaming at each other, and presently Abe said, "He says it won't work, and

that anybody, even the crazy Americans, would be fools to try it."

This is not getting so far off the track as you'd think. It still would be nice to know what the abandoned Japs down yonder and what the doomed Japs in the marked islands to the north are thinking of as they behold the distance between our hero's winged guns and Hirohito's palace diminish day by day.

While we're watching our hero listening to the citation, surrounded by his flying crew, his ground crew, the maintenance crews and the men from the supply base, that distance has suddenly been shortened by 750 miles, to the island of Iwo, which in turn is only 750 miles from Tokyo. While they're pinning on the cross, let's fly to Iwo Jima.

A Ring Around an Island

The battle wagons are hulking off the island when we arrive, so close that their huge guns are scarcely elevated—a mile or two away, perhaps. Within the ring they've drawn around the island, which looks like an enormous otter headed southward, the cruisers and the destroyers, their guns braying baritone, blast the middle and north of the island into clouds of flying rubble and steel, until the bombers above and the diving torpedo planes beg them profanely to ease up for a moment and give them a chance.

Inside this double ring of warships are the troopships, the supply ships—huge carriers with ten thousand tons aboard, smaller and smaller craft bearing a great array of alphabetical designations taking men and things off the big boys and scooting for the shore in crazy courses. They wriggle in like the heads of serpents. They do it in ever-widen-



"Dear Doctor: Just a line of cheer to you and to tell you how we all miss you. Met Mrs. Cathie Wiggins yesterday and she's having trouble with her back again which you said was her kidneys. I stopped taking my nerve tonic while I had a cold and that thumping has started in my head again..."

REANER KELLER



Copyright 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 Fine Brews

Blended

into One Great Beer



WRITE ON A TYPEWRITER WITH ONE KEY?

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just one brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended* from at least 33 fine brews...to insure depth of *flavor*, even *goodness*, superb *quality*. Order it with confidence, serve it with pride—for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



DAVID KATZ ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY 8 PM. EST. 6 PM.
WITH HARRY JAMES AND THE AMERICAN MARKET



7 A.M....You're dim and hazy

HOW SAD A FACE! That's how you look when that logy feeling starts your day all wrong. Maybe it's a laxative you need. Then's when a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica can do the trick! Right away—before breakfast!



9 A.M....Fresh as a daisy

YOU'RE IN THE RACE! Going along like sixty! Say—Sal Hepatica sure does make a difference! Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour . . . brings speedy, easy relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too—and helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Next time you need a laxative, try this sparkling, refreshing saline. Remember—3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a survey, advised Sal Hepatica.

**Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA**

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 p. m., E.W.T.—
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 p. m., E.W.T.

ing circles. They do it at wild angles, all but crashing into one another. From the air it looks like Sunday traffic of the old prewar days when everybody had a tankful.

Beyond the beaches, men are fighting one another with gun and fire. On the beaches in ever-lengthening rows, food and ammunition are being piled up. Already a platoon of hungry bulldozers are chewing great hunks out of the wilderness, places for more and more supplies. The Japs are much too busy holding back the armed Yanks to give these supplies, these emergency dumps, the attention they merit. The Jap is fighting for his life, but our life is pouring onto his island in endless streams, and the Jap can do nothing about it. It doesn't matter what the Jap's philosophy is, or what his religion may exact of him, he can't look down from Suribachi, he can't look up from that limestone and coral quarry to the north and see this torrent of men and material land, and still be the same Jap.

There is no Jap navy here to stop us; no Jap air force, either. We're looking down on what is known as D-plus-one—one day after the attack was launched. Art Primm, the radio news broadcaster, is with us, and we scream at him that it all looks so easy there on the beaches, this supply thing, that it looks like New York Bay. We're only 900 feet above the island, 400 feet above the hollow crest of Suribachi. We don't hear what Primm replies, because the Japs yonder have decided that we've been there long enough, and they open up with their ack-ack.

We streak for the open sea, which means plenty of streaking. For five miles, there is no open sea, just American warships, supply ships, ring after ring of them. A hundred thousand tons of rations, shoes, medicines, blood plasma, pants, rations, rations, rations; a hundred thousand tons of shells, cartridges, dynamite—and weapons to throw them from—all being ferried inshore by small craft that look like waterbugs from the Liberator we're in, and more are arriving.

All the Jap has to do is to look at the beach and see (as we see) that scarcely any Yankee supply carriers have failed to make the shore. Two big cargo bruisers, both hit by the Jap artillery from the volcano, are lying wearily on their sides, a sharp list, nothing more. But their bows are deep in the sand. Their decks are empty save for a few crushed crates. The trucks have cleaned them out. Let them lie. If what's happened in the Marianas happens in however small a way on Iwo, there'll be ships on that beach in a few weeks—ships and piers and hundreds of men to man them. Those two clumsy luggers will be back at sea again before May.

We swooped low over the island. The Japs are being blasted by the torpedo bombers. One of the bombs hits the line of foxholes they occupy over on the west shore, and instantly those foxholes become a long, straggling, loosely earthed grave. A couple of hundred feet inside the east shore of Iwo lie the wrecks of half a dozen Alligators—our amphibians. But what the hell! They've de-

livered their cargoes. That's all we care about: Get it ashore! Get it ashore! Get it to those guys on the line!

It's hard to believe what you see. It must be harder for the Jap. But there's one crazy bulldozer chewing out the beginning of a road. Habit, probably. Every time one of those bulldozers hits the ground, it begins to rip a road through the nearest available jungle. Orders? The hell with orders! Let's make a road! Up here over Iwo, we can't find out what this bulldozer is gouging out a road for. But the forward gunner, the guy at the machine guns in the nose turret, a guy named Gibbons, from Chicago, bawls out that it's for the ambulances, the Medical Corps. Maybe.

Anyway, the hospital ship is lying out there surrounded by destroyers, and the only craft carrying anything away from the shore are streaking for the hospital ship. We peer through our field glasses and—sure, that's it. They're carrying wounded men out through a trail right next to where this kid in the bulldozer is hacking out a roadway.

We're Moving in on You, Jap!

So you see, Jap? On our way up here to Iwo we flew over more supply ships, more cargo carriers. They're bringing food and clothing and medical things, too. But their decks are crazy with machinery—more bulldozers, trucks, traveling cranes, machine ships on wheels, a whole industrial town moving in on poisonous little Iwo. Those decks carry concrete mixers, Diesel-powered road crushers and rollers. There aren't many cliffs on Iwo to hide out in, Jap! You can't live for weeks in the crevices and the tunnels and caves of Suribachi. You can't grow gardens on that rock. So while you can still see, look down at what we're seeing: An American city, a harsh, womanless city is moving in on you.

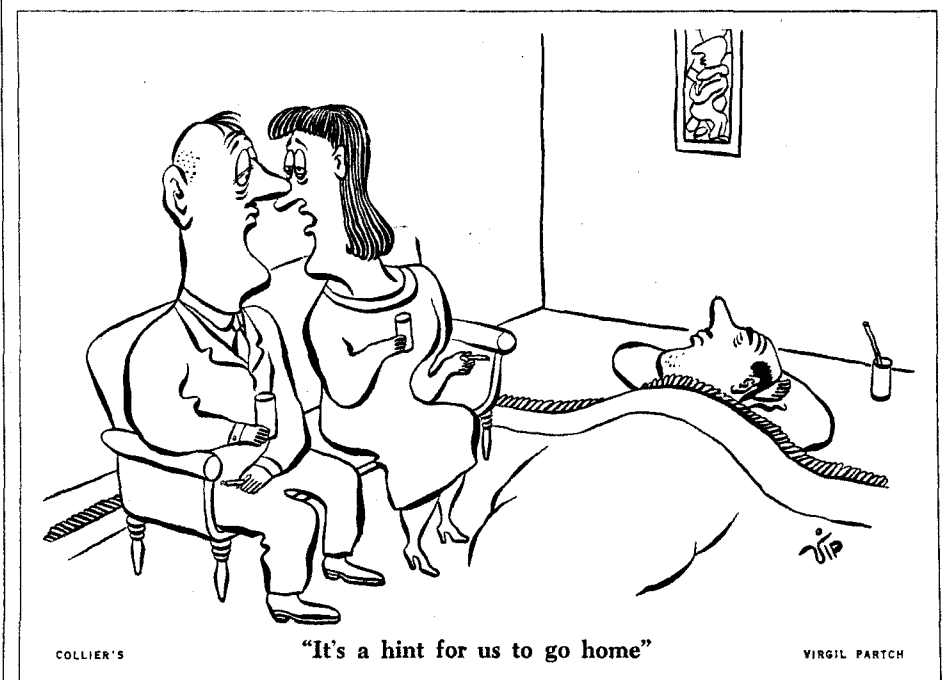
Back on Guam, this ceremony of making a hero is over and forgotten. He asks the chief of his own ground crew how long it will be before his ship will be ready for another mission. His ground-crew boss, a guy named McCrorey, of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, asks Master Sergeant Pete Munch, the man mountain, how long his ship will be in the shops.

"My ship!" roars Munch. "Maybe five days. Maybe eight. She's all shot to hell. Your ship!"

A hundred men—all very young—yonder in the supply warehouses are requisitioning a hundred items which will go to heal the wounds of *their* ship. The same gallant bomber with a hundred and fifty guys each calling her his ship. The hero? Oh, that's all over. There'll be a dozen more heroes standing on the concrete in the next few days, all looking gaspingly tired, slightly cynical, somewhat bored.

But nobody talks about them. Nobody here says, "My hero." They leave that for you people at home. Let's have a beer.

THE END



Frigidaire repeats its wartime suggestions on **HOW TO KEEP MEAT**



IN these days of smaller civilian supplies, *save* all of meat's goodness, and *use* all of it, too!

Here are helpful hints based on Frigidaire's 25 years' experience in the food-keeping field. All of these meat-keeping facts have been checked and verified by other eminent authorities. Keep them handy!

54 Suggestions for Leftovers

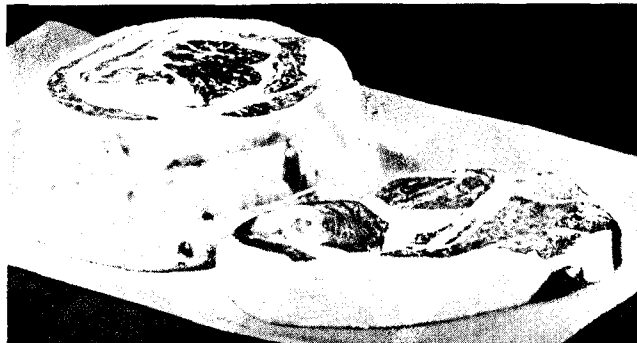
USE IN	BEEF	LAMB	HAM	VEAL	POOK	POULTRY	FISH
Hash							
Meat Pie							
Sliced							
Soup							
Stuffed Pepper							
Stew							
Chili							
Croquettes							
Creamed							
Meat Loaf							
Scalloped							
Sandwich Filling							
Salads							

General Rules of Meat-Keeping

After purchase, remove meat from market paper. Don't wash or wipe with a damp cloth. Don't cut or chop it until just before using. If your refrigerator has a covered meat compartment, the meat can be stored without wrapping. Otherwise, wrap lightly in waxed paper, leave ends open for free air circulation, and store in defrosting tray or as near freezing unit as possible.

How to Freeze Meats

Wrap well in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together.) To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Never refreeze meat after thawing. Frozen meat may be thawed before cooking, or cooked directly from the frozen state, but when this is done, more time must be allowed for cooking.



STEAKS, CHOPS AND ROASTS may be kept up to three days in meat tray or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If you buy for later use, wrap and freeze. See how on this page.



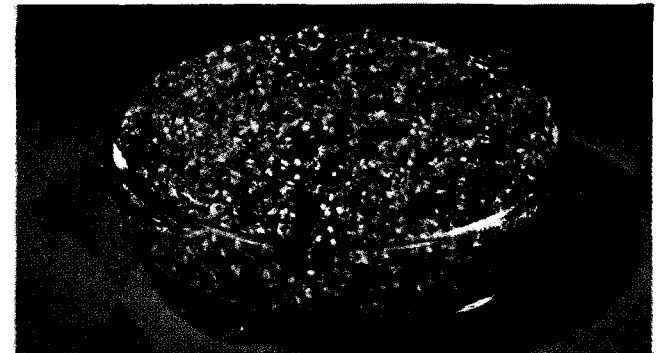
FROZEN MEATS will keep for long periods in the freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat should be cooked as soon as possible. Caution: Never refreeze meat after it has thawed.



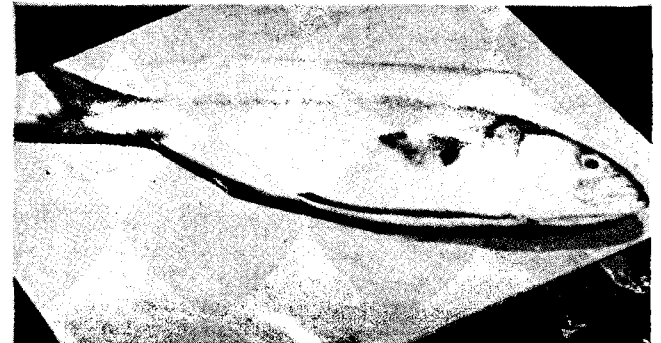
POULTRY, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed *before* refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.



LEFTOVER COOKED MEATS should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.



GROUND MEAT should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase or frozen when you get home. For convenience, separate ground meats into individual portions before freezing.



FISH should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer, freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions given in the first column at left.

Free! Get WARTIME SUGGESTIONS from your Frigidaire Dealer



36 pages of helpful, practical ideas like those on this page. Look for your dealer's Frigidaire store sign, or find name in your classified directory under **REFRIGERATORS**. Or write Frigidaire, 351 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

For Excellence
ARMY & NAVY
in War Production

FRIGIDAIRE

Division of

GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime builders of Electric Refrigerators,
Ranges, Water Heaters, Home Freezers,
Commercial Refrigeration, and Air Conditioners

Food Fights for Freedom!

Store foods properly as soon as you get them home. *Prepare* foods carefully. Cook and serve no more than is needed. *Use* all of your leftovers. Throw nothing away!

★

Choice of a lifetime...

★



Today there's new enjoyment in the grand old name Golden Wedding,
a lighter, finer flavor to sip slowly...something to remember with pleasure.

Golden Wedding

*Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years*

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • COPR. 1945 JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

FANNIE HURST

HELEN HAYES

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

LILY PONS

MISCHA
ELMAN

ALBERT EINSTEIN

FINGER EXERCISES

BY NANCY DAVIDS

A long time ago, Ray Shaw was a little girl who sat on her hands because she thought they were ugly. It seems poetic justice that she is now a sculptor of beautiful hands

PERHAPS somewhere there is a psychiatrist who can explain Ray Shaw's obsession with hands. If there is, Miss Shaw will not be interested. Because her maniphilia is paying off—in folding money—and the reasons leading up to it are of secondary importance. Ray is now the leader in her field—sculpturing hands.

How she got there is an incredible story. She was born in Lithuania; came to America when she was ten. At which point some bright adult impressed upon her that all newcomers to this country managed to be letter-perfect in the English language at the end of one week—seven days. At the end of her first week, she was agonized to find that she still spoke and thought in Lithuanian. But there was a certain Miss Maloney who made life bearable. She was the redheaded teacher of Ray's class. Miss Maloney, of course, spoke no Lithuanian, but managed to convey sympathy by affectionate pats.

"The class was torment for me," Miss

Shaw recalls. "The sympathetic touch of Miss Maloney's hands was the only communication I had with a strange country."

The first word Ray ever learned was "empty." She learned it the hard way. It was during her second week at school. One of her classmates had been sent to the supply closet for chalk. Ray followed his movements with her eyes in the desperate hope that she might tie action and word together. The wondering little girl watched while he pulled down a carton, shook it and turned it upside down. He looked at the teacher and bellowed "Empty!" Ray repeated it and she knew what it meant!

In addition to Miss Maloney's, someone else's hands were important to Ray—hands she never knew. She heard people say things about the "touch of a mother's hands." Her own mother had died when Ray was born, and this phrase took on a special meaning. She thought for many years that a mother's hands must have special magic.

The most significant thing about hands and Miss Shaw is her feelings about her own. When she was a child she sat on them. She envied the hands of others—particularly slender, long-fingered hands. She thought her own were square, ugly and awkward. She still doesn't like them. Ray talks pensively about the stories of Russian aristocrats who tried to disguise themselves during the revolution. They passed for peasants as far as ragged clothing was concerned, but they were always recognized by their dainty white hands.

After Ray learned English, she graduated

from Girls' High in Brooklyn and then from a business school. She got a medal for excellence in typing but almost cracked up on the rocks of bookkeeping. Medal or no medal, jobs were hard to get. It was 1933. She thought Chicago might be better. At least there was a Fair in Chicago. She landed a job as a typist and visited the Fair frequently.

But 1933 is memorable to Miss Shaw for another reason. It was the year she fell and severely injured her spine. She was immobilized in a plaster cast for months and she had plenty of time to analyze her life.

Time on Her Hands

Bookkeeping was definitely out. Typing was beginning to pall. Hands, as usual, fascinated her. Now she was getting acquainted—like it or not—with the hands of several assorted doctors and nurses.

One day, light dawned, and she said grimly, "If I ever get out of this damned plaster and adhesive, I'll make hands."

Three months later she was out of the hospital, although it was another two years before she had completely recovered. Her savings were perilously close to zero. To the determined Miss Shaw, such things were at the moment unimportant. She chased around from sculptor to sculptor and from art school to art school—first in Chicago and then in New York. There was what seemed to be universal laughter. The story was always "But, my dear girl," or variations such as "You've never had any art training. . . .

Hands are the most difficult thing in the world to do. . . . Michelangelo spent years—" and so on.

"Well," Ray said, "the hell with all of them!"

She dug into the study of hands and the modeling of hands in precisely the same determined way she had forced herself to learn English. Because of her injury she was still unable to sit on a soft chair or to lie flat on a bed. She decided to make good use of her inability. Since she couldn't sleep well, she would work partly by day and partly by night. For over a year she spent from sixteen to eighteen hours a day working with Plasticine and clay, gradually acquiring tremendous knowledge and great facility. She claims an eighteen-hour work day is a neat way to forget intense pain.

In those days she lived in a small hotel on the upper West Side of New York. The manager gave her space in the basement for a workroom. She used to bring some of the things she had modeled up to her room at night to dry. There were quite a few complaints about fingers and hands sticking out of her window. One woman threatened to move out. She told the manager it was too gruesome to live next to "that girl."

But Miss Shaw ignored all complaints. Having little money, she often "ignored" meals. Sometimes she read palms for a living.

The first hands she sculptured were those of a bootblack named Tony. Tony had two thumbs on his left hand, and at one time had

(Continued on page 76)