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MOSCOW SKETCHBOOK

By HOWARD BRODIE

For almost 20 years, Collier's combat artist-correspondent Howard Brodie has been covering wars and their aftermath — first in World War II for the Army magazine Yank, and later in Korea and World War III for Collier's. Now, in 1960, Brodie reports from Moscow. His assignment: to catch the indomitable, determined, hopeful spirit of the Russian people. The captions under the pictures are Brodie's own



"It is an old Russian proverb," said Father Nikolai, "that a river never flows backward. But now it will flow backward into God—and forward into a new sea of spiritual freedom"



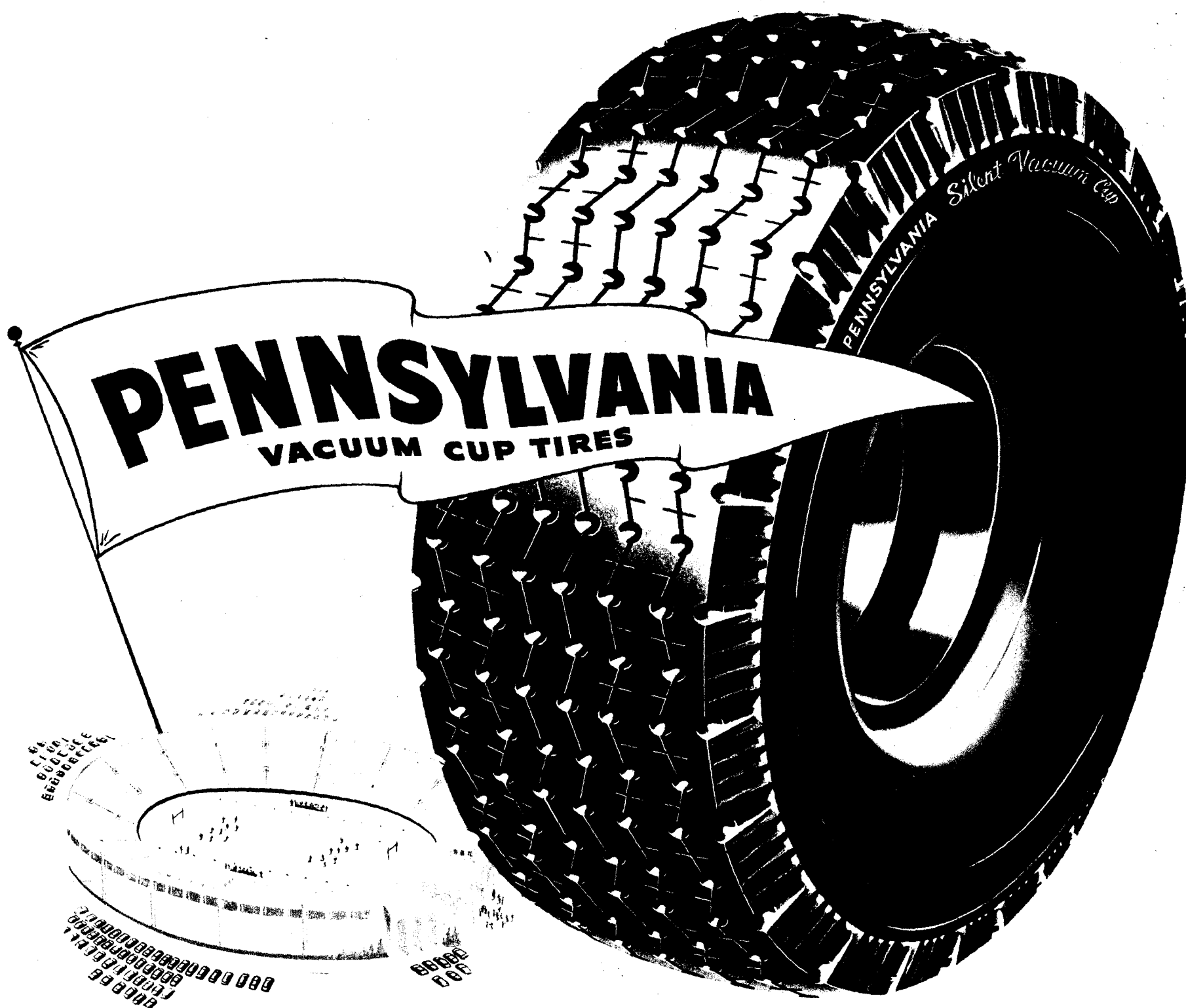
Grandma Anna Popoff stood patiently in a food queue a short way from Pushkin Square. "Ah, da," she told me cheerfully, "we wait in line still—but much shorter than before"



Cossack Taras Greegoryev and other warrior horsemen work at rebuilding Moscow. His future plans? He roared his joke: "Show Americanski movie cowboys how to ride!"



I sketched student Oleg Rodzi-anko between classes at the new Moscow Technical College. "I want to be an engineer," he said, "not just a cog in the engine, as we were in the old state"



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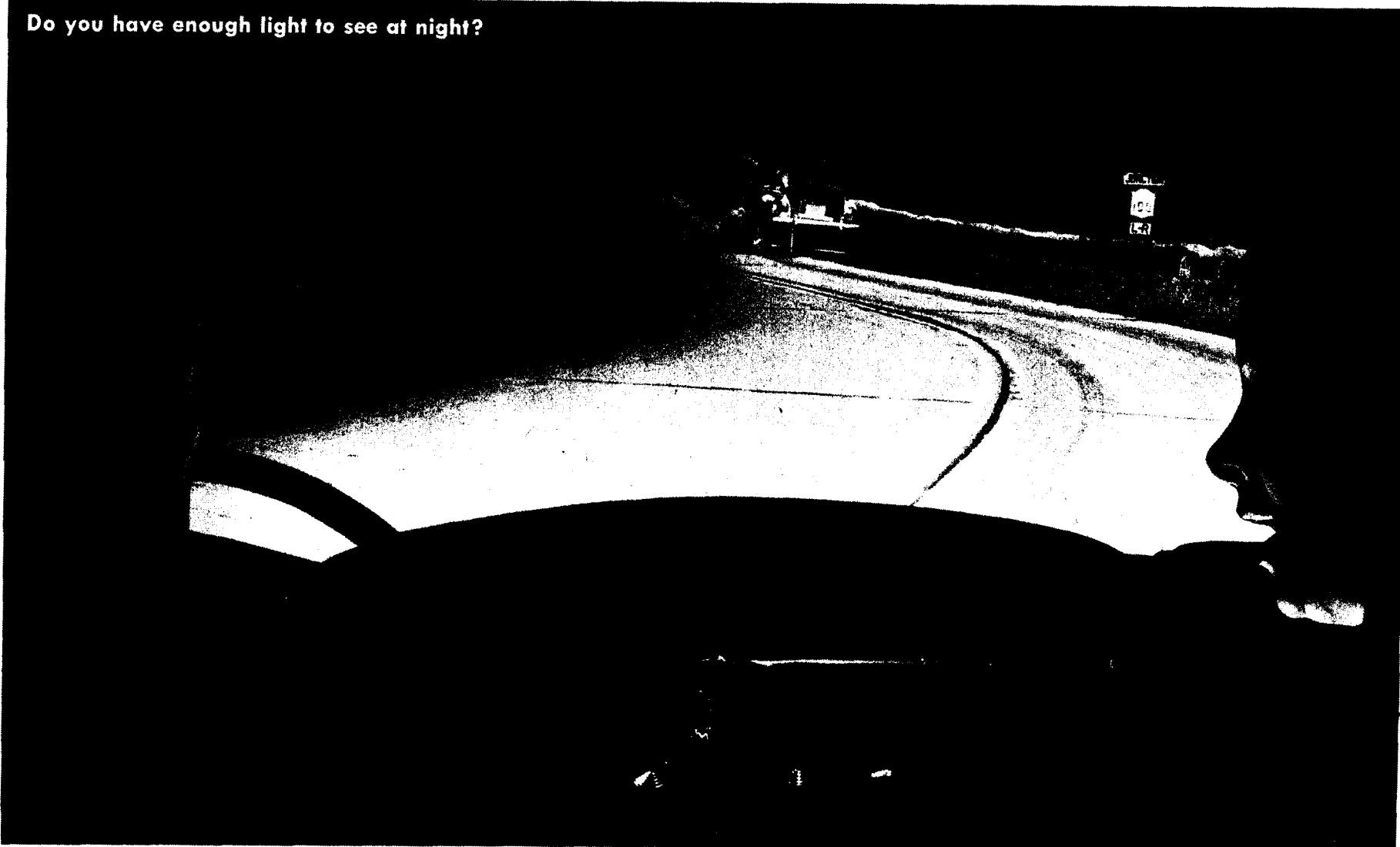
FREEZING due to clogged or leaky cooling system, lack of anti-freeze solution.

EXCESSIVE OIL CONSUMPTION. Have compression checked—and new piston rings installed, if needed.

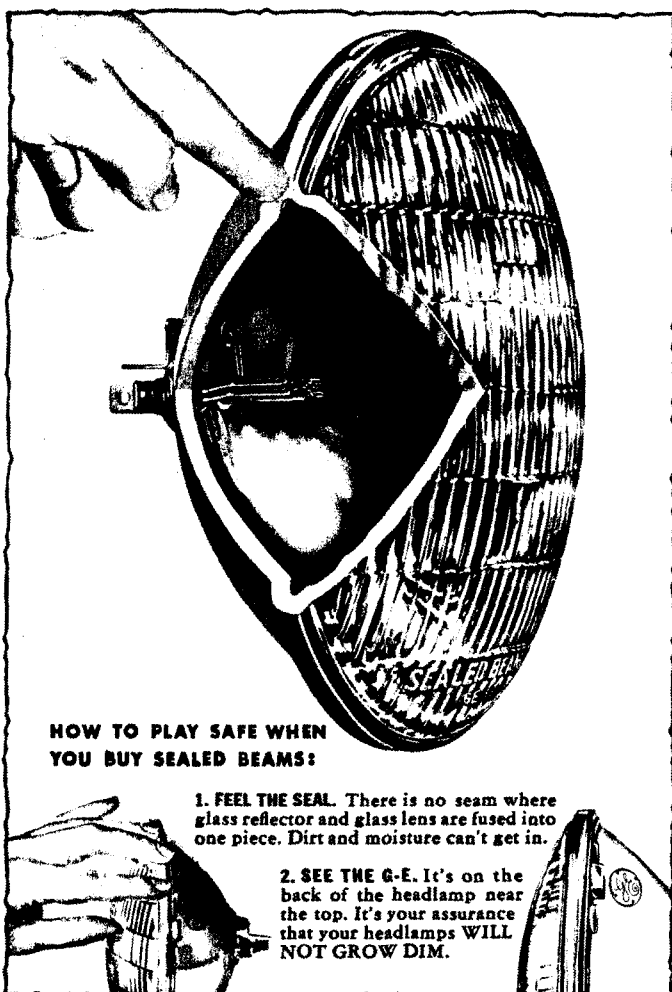
AND OF COURSE you will want to change to winter oil. If your oil filter is dirty have it replaced.

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Moscow Olympics

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

raising all national lines. It was urged that the athletes be grouped according to their events, without regard to nationality—that the sprinters, swimmers, distance runners, weight lifters and so on of all countries march by groups under the massed flags of all competing nations.

General Omar Bradley, who retired from his defense post in 1956, and who is now resident of the International Olympic Committee, knocked that proposal on the head. "In our enthusiasm for internationalism," he said, reporting the committee's decision, "we must not make love of country shameful thing."

So the athletes will be marshaled on the field under their own flags—although one innovation is a standardized Olympic uniform bearing the five-ringed symbol and the name of the nation the athlete represents. And when their ranks are formed, the Olympic torch will arrive. A week ago an olive-wood brand was lighted by the rays of the sun in the Temple of Zeus at Olympia in Greece. Relays of Boy Scouts are lugging the sacred fire across the Continent as this is written.

When the holy fire arrived in London in 1948, it was borne into Wembley Stadium by one John Mark, a Cambridge blue, chosen for the role because he was tall and blond and handsome, the superb English version of a Greek god. The guy picked to haul the torch into Dynamo Stadium is a tall, swart, wiry, tough, young man of fifteen, named Nikolai Sayanov.

* * *

Nikolai is an alumnus of the *Bezprizorov*, the horde of lawless youngsters who ran wild in postwar Russia until the United States was able to effect rehabilitation by shipping them abroad. Young Sayanov was sent to Australia, learned much about sheep ranching there, and has come back here to help produce wool for Russia.

He was selected as the Olympic torchbearer not because of any athletic prowess, but because he epitomizes the new Russia—tough of spirit and hard of sinew, small of stature but great in promise. Introduced to the press yesterday, he sat on a park bench in the headquarters of the Russian Organizing Committee and gabbed away cheerily in the splendid Cockney speech which some Australians manage so much better than any Limehouse spiv. The informality of the interview delighted newsmen who remembered the 1948 Olympics, when they had to have an appointment to meet the press agent for the games.

If Nikolai Sayanov is a symbol of the new Russia, so is the man who will take the historic Olympic oath after Nikolai has circled the track and climbed to the peristyle and lit his torch into the big concrete birdhouse where the Olympic flame is to burn throughout the games.

Customarily, the oath has been taken by the over-age athlete who represented the nation in an earlier Olympic competition. Russia, however, has no athletes with Olympic experience, for the Communists were willing to play with other nations and run the risk of defeat. So Russia asked Yugoslavia to send the father of Vukobratovic—the eight-year-old child who, riding near Tito, became the first victim of World War III—to take the oath.

This is pure symbolism, meant to dramatize Russia's break with the past and her determination to let bygones be bygones. That's about all there'll be to the first Olympic ceremonies. The Russians aren't going for the fancy trimmings that have adorned other openings. They will not, for instance, commandeer half the pigeons in the country and turn 'em loose over the stadium, as London did in 1948. After the two years of famine, Russia has a betwixt use for squab.

Food has been a matter of concern to the Organizing Committee since the plan for the Olympics was announced. It was first broached to bring the games here.

Like many English in 1948, many Russians felt it was foolish for a nation that had been hungry so long to take on the responsibility of feeding 7,000 athletes and 100,000 tourists from abroad. To the Russian people as a whole, however, this opportunity to play host to the world means that Russia has at long last taken her rightful place in the world community. If it also has meant making sacrifices, they have made them cheerfully.

To the visitor, living conditions here seem surprisingly good. True, he eats fish instead of sirloin, takes herring instead of eggs at breakfast and does not ask for cream in his coffee because Russia's milk supply belongs to Russia's children. Prices are high, as they are everywhere, but there is no evidence of an active black market. A few posh restaurants and dining clubs, serving a limited clientele because their supplies are limited, manage on occasion to produce such special items as *kavkazki shashlyk*, morsels of broiled lamb packed on spits. Bread is plentiful and so is vodka.

For the visiting athletes, Moscow will not be able to produce the exotic dishes of their native lands. There will be substantial vittles for all, though. Probably the United States representatives will fare best. Charley Ornstein, the old Olympic miler on the American committee, has done the same great job he did in 1948, when he shipped our team in London supplies of American meats, fruits and frozen vegetables.

Berlin built two Olympic villages in 1936 to house the men and women athletes. Helsinki was doing the same in 1940. London in 1948 lacked time for new construction and had to quarter competitors over a wide area, from Wimbledon to Henley and the military academy at Sandhurst. With the prefabricated materials flown in by UN-HOPE, Moscow has erected model villages for all the performers.

Nonathletic tourists are, of course, on their own. Those who cannot find or do not wish to pay for limited hotel accommodations will discover unlimited invitations to lodge in private homes at modest prices. Already the advance guard of visitors is in town. They walk the streets and gawk at the leveled places—now neatly cleared—where buildings stood before the A-bomb fell.

Russians stare at the visitors with the same frank curiosity the visitors show. These people never really saw tourists before this summer. The Iron Curtain kept strangers out before the war. Since then, foreigners have been numerous, but always uniformed.

Moscow has been wearing party dress for weeks. Everywhere the eye turns are the flags of all nations, topped by the Russian tricolor of white, blue and red which has replaced the hammer and sickle, and by the five-ringed Olympic banner.

* * *

The papers concede that the big team from the United States probably will carry off a major share of honors, as usual. American supremacy is acknowledged in her home-grown game of basketball, in the flat races from 100 to 800 meters, in the hurdles and pole vault, and in women's swimming competition.

There has been wide speculation concerning the chances of George Robinson, young cousin of the Brooklyn Dodgers' veteran manager, Jackie Robinson, becoming the first American to sweep the sprints and broad jump since Jesse Owens won the 100-meter, the 200-meter and the jump in Berlin. Young Robinson, although he has yet to set foot on Russian soil, already is considered almost a demigod here.

Russians are confident that they will have their first Olympic champions in good proportion. They were going to compete for the first time in Helsinki and they expected to win some events; indeed, Stalin had given direct orders to his representatives—to win, or else. Some of the men who might have won in 1952 are dead, as are so many of our finest. But Russia has a formidable array of weight throwers, wrestlers and weight lifters, and the world's most famous soccer team.

Also, the brawny Russian girls are considered the class of the ladies' track-and-field detachment. Not since Holland's strapping *Hausfrau*, Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen, won three medals in London has there been a woman champion to compare with Maroosya Klyachko, Kiev machinist.

Russia expects to score heavily in the equestrian events and it is considered a foregone conclusion that the walking competition at 10,000 and 50,000 meters will go to Moscow's Pyotr Gromyko. He would be the first heel-and-toe specialist to score a double since Ugo Frigerio, of Italy, won at 3,000 meters and 10,000 meters in 1920.

Japanese swimmers, Scandinavian distance runners, Czech gymnasts, British, German and American oarsmen are rated tops.

Only by incantation and sorcery could one predict what records will be broken. Some surely must go in this greatest sports production of world history. It seems impossible that Earle Meadows' twenty-four-year-old pole-vault mark of 14 feet 3 3/4 inches could survive. Last time Olympians gathered, only one man in the world had cleared 15 feet. A dozen or more have done it since.

In 1948, the four-minute mile was a dream. In the last three years, the magic figure has been surpassed three times, by a Finn, by a Swede, by a Belgian. The Olympic record of 3 minutes 47 3/10 seconds for the 1,500 (the metric mile) is almost certainly a dead duck.

Inevitably, there will be disputes and debates, wrangling and bickering, protests and disqualifications. It wouldn't be the Olympics without such. But maybe that sort of furor is a healthy thing. It is the voice of a friendly world at play. And it has been so long since there was time for play.

THE END



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Trouble at Tuaviti

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

She smiled when she saw what he was carrying. "Hooked you again, I see," she said.

"Yeah."

"You should have been a high-steeple preacher." She yawned. "In Seattle you wouldn't have had such problems."

Matthew grinned and kissed her good morning. "You know how I feel about this island." He stepped into the kitchen and put his fish in the screened cooler, with the three that were left from last time. No, sir, Tuaviti was where he belonged. Back home, Janet had had war jitters; she liked it here, in their own private, inviolable world. His whole duty lay here. If he had disturbing little doubts about that, once in a while, he'd better just forget them, in the interests of everybody.

"We have eggs for breakfast again?" he called.

"No. Hot cakes."

"Good." Matthew paused, listening. Somebody was playing the little pump organ in the chapel beside the house. Must be Tia. But the music was something he'd never heard before.

"Tia's getting good," Janet said. "I've taught her more music in three years than I could have taught anyone else in ten."

"What's that piece she's playing?" Matthew asked. The music had a sweet peacefulness to it that seemed exactly to fit Tuaviti.

"*Schafe Können Sicher Weiden*. It's from a Bach cantata. In English it's called *Sheep May Safely Graze*."

"Oh," Matthew said. "Well, I like it." He strolled over to his desk and glanced absently at his notes for tomorrow's sermon, but he was still listening to *Sheep May Safely Graze*. It seemed just about the most serene and noble melody he'd ever heard—even mixed up as it was with the wheeze of the organ's bellows. He was surprised that anybody could have composed such a piece of music without ever having seen Tuaviti and its gentle people. "I'll ask her to play it in church," he said, as he sat down to his hot cakes.

After breakfast, he and Janet strolled outside, past the row of plantains and croton bushes, to the beach. They could still hear Tia's music. She was repeating the Bach thing. Matthew noticed now that there was a little phrase in the treble that sounded like part of *Yankee Doodle*, of all things. For Matthew, as he gazed out over the lagoon and the sea, the whole piece had a most touching poignancy, even the *Yankee Doodle* part. Perhaps especially the *Yankee Doodle* part. Matthew was a long way from his own country.

Suddenly he gasped and shouted, "Look!"

The moving fin he had seen earlier in the morning had appeared again, just beyond the reef, but it was rising now. A gleaming cylinder pushed up under it out of the sea, and an immense knife of steel broke water thirty yards beyond. Swiftly the submarine brought her whole length to the surface, streaming water from her sides, and then lay silent and motionless in the deep blue water beyond the reef.

Janet grasped Matthew's arm. Somewhere down the beach a native shouted. Soon the islanders were running toward Matthew from all directions, pressing close to him, staring at the magical craft.

For a moment the submarine lay dead. Then Matthew saw a hatch open on the deck, and three men stepped out. They threw something shapeless and gray into the sea. It inflated and became a rubber boat. They stepped into the boat, and one of them began rowing it toward shore. Behind them, other men issued from the hatch and walked out along the wet deck of the submarine, stretching their legs, waving their arms, and punching one another playfully. Their voices carried clearly enough

over the water, but Matthew couldn't understand the words. They seemed to be in a foreign language.

"I think you'd all better go inside your houses," he said to the islanders. "Take children. Go home. I'll talk to them."

The rubber boat was making directly for where he stood, and he could see now that one of the uniformed men in it held a pistol in his hand. By the time the boat hit the beach, Matthew and Janet stood alone to meet it. A large man stepped out and saluted them, then gave Janet a brief glance and removed his naval officer's cap. "*Est-ce que vous parlez français, Monsieur?*" His French was fast but guttural.

"I speak English," Matthew said.

The big officer looked annoyed for a moment, then ran his hand over his heavy jowls and put on an unconvincing smile. "It is good," he announced. "Let us speak English. I am Commander Ilya Trubetskoy." He stopped.

"Matthew Lincoln," the missionary said. "My wife."

The commander bowed. "We come to ask for hospitality," he said abruptly. He was careful to smile again.

Matthew glanced uneasily at the two men in the boat. Each of them was playing with a heavy automatic, as if examining something that had been offered for sale. "Tuaviti is British," Matthew said to Trubetskoy. "I'm afraid I can't deal with your request one way or the other. Perhaps if you applied to the authorities at Suva or at Ocean Island—"

"You are very kind, but it is impossible for us to do as you suggest. We have had a mechanical failure. We must remain."

"How long will your repairs take?"

The Russian gave Matthew a bland look. "It will not be possible to make repairs."

"You won't be permitted to stay," Matthew said stiffly. "The British—"

Trubetskoy held up his hand. "It will not be known that we are here."

Matthew was about to explain that the monthly mail boat was due in two days, but he caught himself in time. That little surprise might come in handy later on.

Trubetskoy turned to the men in the rubber boat and fired off a volley of orders in Russian. The two sailors pulled the boat up on the dry sand, left it, and crossed the beach to Matthew's house. Trubetskoy smiled at Matthew. "My men will search most politely. If they find no radio transmitter, they will disturb nothing."

Matthew watched the two strangers enter his house, and—although he was a slow man to anger—he could feel the blood rising to his cheeks. "What's your real business here?" he said.

"This is a case of mechanical breakdown," the Russian said imperturbably. "It is quite without other meanings. We will live with you in harmony for an indefinite time. That is all."

"I see." Matthew was pretty sure he knew how much of a "shipwreck" it was. But why were they doing it? What use could the Soviets have for this little lopsided ring of coral in the middle of nowhere? And how could they expect to hold it? Tuaviti was thousands of miles from any Red sphere of influence. The Great Powers had been on the edge of open conflict for months, but Matthew and Janet had heard a news broadcast on their own little battery-powered radio last night; the world was still at an uneasy peace. The Reds would have to keep their tiny conquest a secret, if they were to keep it at all.

That fact gave Matthew hope. He held one ace: he hadn't told them about the mail boat.

"Today," Trubetskoy said, "we will set up a tent on the top of your mountain, if you do not mind."

Fat lot of good it would do if I did

He knows
Fish is delicious
with



Sauce—the dash
that makes the dish

Ask for A.I.
when dining out, too.



When your engine
needs attention
take it where
you see
this sign

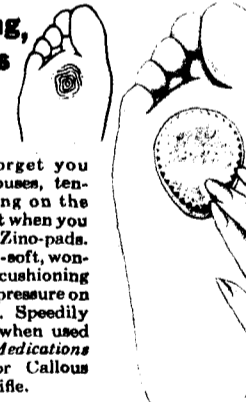


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Lubricate bikes, trains, skates and
wagons with 3-IN-ONE O

Collier's for October 27, 19

mind, thought Matthew. He watched the two sailors return from their search and re-launch the rubber boat. All three Russians climbed in, but before they rowed away toward the submarine, the commander gently trumped Matthew's ace. "I will speak to you tomorrow, Mr. Lincoln," he called, "about what to do on Monday, when the mail boat comes."

By the middle of the afternoon, the rubber boat had made several trips from the submarine to the shore, bringing wooden packing cases of peculiar shapes and various sizes. Sailors carried all the boxes up the mountain to a tent they had set up on the summit. Matthew, feeling angry and helpless, watched the work from the veranda of his house. After all the crates had been landed, the boat made another trip, bringing two passengers who were not in uniform.

There were several odd things about these two. They were both middle-aged, and both wore glasses. One of them had on a very baggy and cheap-looking tweed suit. The other was in shiny blue serge. As the two men started up the beach toward the mountain, Matthew heard them talking, and got a surprise. The language they spoke was not Russian but German.

Matthew's curiosity about the whole thing grew as the afternoon passed. Apparently the Soviets needed a Pacific island, but why had they chosen Tuaviti? Was it because Tuaviti was surrounded by an immense area of empty, unpatrolled ocean? So were plenty of other islands. Why hadn't the Reds avoided trouble by choosing one that was uninhabited?

Matthew scratched his chin. Maybe they had purposely selected an island with people on it, so that things wouldn't go so badly if they got caught. The presence of unharmed witnesses would prove that the Russians had meant nothing wrong. It would make their excuse of mechanical trouble more plausible.

But still, why Tuaviti? There were plenty

of other spots, far from shipping lanes and land. What did Tuaviti have that most small atolls didn't?

A mountain?

Matthew raised his eyes to the place where he had prayed a few hours ago. A mountain. Was that what they needed?

Early in the evening, he made a decision and started up the beach toward the mountain. He intended to climb to the top and find out what was going on. At the foot of the trail, he was stopped by a sailor armed with a carbine. The sentry apparently could speak no English, but his gestures with the carbine were eloquent enough. Matthew scowled at him and then turned around and went home.

"What did you find out?" Janet asked, looking worried.

"Nothing." He wished he could tell her more. He loved Janet so much that her anxiety was like a knife in his chest.

"What do you suppose they're here for?"

"I don't know. I—" Abruptly Matthew held up his hand and said, "Listen!" A land crab was clattering across the coral under their window, but the sound Matthew had heard was something else. Somewhere in the distance a gasoline engine had started, coughed, died, then started again and settled down to a steady drone.

"Airplane?" Janet asked uncertainly.

"No. It's something on the mountain. Might be a generator."

"What would that mean?"

"Maybe nothing." Matthew fought down his misgivings. "Maybe they just want electric lights to eat their supper by."

Janet stepped to the window and looked up at the mountaintop. "I don't see any lights," she said.

Matthew slept little that night. He kept wondering about those two Germans in civilian clothes. Hadn't he read somewhere that some of the Reds' work on rockets and guided missiles was being done by captured German scientists?

Matthew lay quietly and tried to decide

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How do their parties sparkle?
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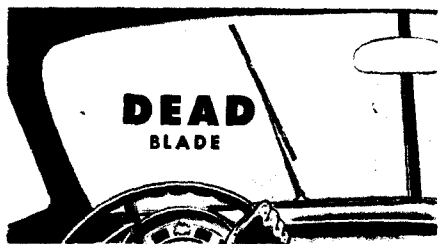
COLLIER'S

"Guys like you sap my fightin' spirit"

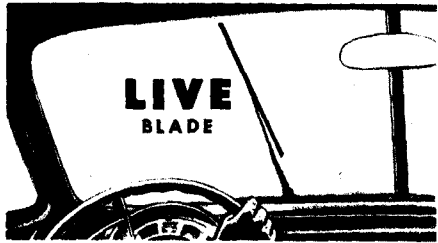
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Collier's for October 27, 1951

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what to do. Surely his first responsibility was for the safety of his own flock. But was the safety of Tuaviti all he ought to think about? Didn't he have some responsibility for the rest of the world? That question brought back the secret doubt that had been chewing at him ever since he came here. Had he been right to refuse the Seattle job and devote all his energy to this little handful of islanders? After all, these people were a small group, and so simple and isolated that they were scarcely a part of the great world at all.

Even before breakfast, Janet noticed his eyes. "Matt, you haven't slept!"

He smiled and said, "Not much, I guess. It doesn't matter."

After breakfast he felt much better. It was Sunday morning, the only time he ever got a chance to see all the islanders under one roof, and he always enjoyed it.

Tia was already in the chapel, seated at the midget organ, when he got there. She was a slim, golden-skinned girl of eighteen, in a lava-lava of red cotton. Matthew said, "When the others start coming in, I wish you'd play Sheep May Safely Graze."

"You like it too, then?" asked Tia.

"I like it very much," said Matthew. "And you play it like an angel."

Tia giggled. Giggling was an unfortunate habit of the islanders, and something you had to get used to, church or no church. Matthew believed it was a sign of a clear conscience and a whole heart, and therefore should not be discouraged, especially in God's house.

The people of the island began filing in. They sat down on the benches, their Sunday dignity interrupted by awed whispering about the intruders. A few of the men wore trousers and shirts, and a few of the women wore cotton dresses, but most of the members of both sexes were in native dress. Even the children wore something, because it was Sunday.

The tension among the people relaxed when Tia began to play. Matthew listened, marveling at how intensely the island girl brought out the meaning of the music. By the time she had finished playing, the chapel was full. After several hymns—sung badly, but lustily by everyone—Matthew told the story of Cain and Abel. The line, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was what particularly interested him this morning, because he'd thought so much the night before about his own responsibilities.

He was approaching the end of his sermon when he saw someone standing in the chapel doorway, behind the backs of the congregation. Trubetskoy. The Russian waited in silence until the sermon ended; then he walked up the aisle.

"I will say a few words, if you don't mind." Without waiting for permission, Trubetskoy turned toward the islanders. "For your own good, I must tell you something," he said, shouting like a man who is unused to public speaking. "My people and I are guests of you. But this must not be known. You know it, but you must not tell it. Not when the mail boat comes. Not when other strangers come, if they should come. You must not tell it. You must live exactly as before." He paused. Then he said deliberately, "If one of you tells it, all will be killed."

Trubetskoy stopped. Matthew was thunderstruck at the baldness of the threat, or bluff, or whatever it was. He saw that the islanders were looking at him now, waiting for his words—all the islanders except one. The thoughtful eyes of John-Enoch had not left the Russian.

Matthew considered for a moment and then said, "That's right. Do not tell."

When he got home, he found Janet feeling nervous and trying to hide the fact. "Do you think they mean to do anything to us?" she asked casually.

"That depends on who you mean by 'us.'" Matthew frowned, because he was nearing the core of his problem. "If 'us' means you and me and the people of this island, then the answer is no. The com-

mander and his comrades want us to go right on as usual."

"Then maybe everything will be all right." Janet started setting the table for lunch.

Matthew nodded. "Maybe it will. But if 'us' includes your mother in Seattle and somebody's Uncle Oscar in Charleston—then I'm not so sure about how safe we are." He stepped to the window and looked up at the mountaintop. He could make out the figures of two men, working on a platform that was lashed to the crown of the highest coconut tree. They seemed to be setting up some kind of antenna—an odd rig that looked like a couple of shiny bicycle wheels, standing on edge, one above the other. "I'm not so sure," he said again.

He and Janet listened to their radio as they ate. The news of the world was as unsettling as ever. "And I thought we'd got away from all that," said Janet, wistfully, as the grim recital ended.

While they were having their coffee, they heard the Russians' generator start up again. Soon after that, something suddenly ruined their radio reception. A pulsating, crackling static was all they could hear. Then, gradually, the static died away. Matthew thought of the generator on the mountaintop. Something ominous was beginning, and he didn't like it.

Half an hour after lunch, there was a knock on the door. The visitor was Trubetskoy, and he was alone. He came in and stood opposite Janet and Matthew, his finger tips on the table. "You will wish to send letters on the mail boat," he said.

"Naturally," said Matthew.

"Very well. But I am afraid that I must be permitted to read them first."

Matthew swallowed his anger and tried to think clearly. If he was going to rebel, tomorrow would be the day for it—not today. "All right," he said. "We can have our letters ready for you by ten o'clock tomorrow morning. The mail boat usually gets here around noon."

"It happens to be about two hours behind schedule this time," Trubetskoy said with a smile. Then he answered Matthew's unspoken question. "The radio transmitter on the mail boat is quite talkative. The submarine listens."

Matthew said, "All right. Then twelve o'clock should be soon enough for you to see our letters."

"Very good," said Trubetskoy.

After the commander had gone, Matthew spent two hours writing letters. Harmless ones. When he had finished, he took a stroll outside. He walked alone, since Janet was busy in John-Enoch's house, teaching her class in English.

Thinking hard, Matthew wandered past the chapel and down the beach, away from the mountain. What a simple thing it would be, tomorrow, to tell Jim McBride the whole story! Jim was captain of the mail boat, and Matthew often paddled a proa out beyond the reef to talk to him for a few minutes while the mail boat stood outside Tuaviti's lagoon. It would be the easiest thing in the world to paddle out there tomorrow and tell Jim.

If one of you tells it, all will be killed. Trubetskoy had almost certainly been bluffing when he said those words. The murder of the islanders wouldn't help the Russians any, once the secret was out. And it would ruin their fiction about a mechanical breakdown.

Still, he couldn't be sure. If he told the secret, he'd be risking the lives of forty-three people who loved and trusted him. Not to mention risking his wife's life, and his own. The Reds might only be using Tuaviti as a radio outpost anyway.

Matthew had been walking slowly, approaching the western tip of the island. When the noise began, he stopped walking instantly, stopped thinking, stopped breathing. He stopped everything and listened to the screaming in the sky.

Something like an immense bullet had passed over him, high in the air, and was



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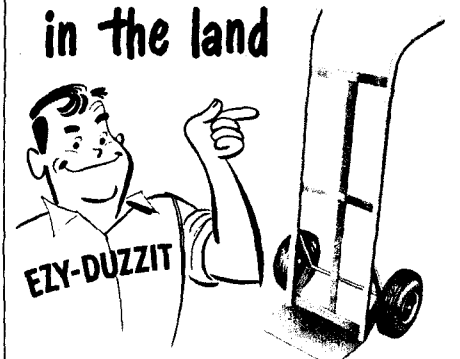


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ow disappearing toward the south, moving so fast he could scarcely get his eyes on it. It had made no sound as it approached, but now—although it was miles away—the air was heavy with its whistling shriek.

As he watched, it went into a long, weeping turn. Within seconds, although its noise was dying out, the thing itself began growing larger again, coming toward him at fantastic speed. It flashed past the top of the island at a distance that might have been a mile or two, and Matthew saw that it had wings, of a sort. They were small, almost like fins, and they were swept back sharply. As it passed him it began turning again, and only then did the terrible sound of its passing strike his ears.

A half-formed suspicion made him turn his head and look at the top of Tuaviti's mountain. The shiny loops of the antenna were turning! The screaming bullet was circling in a great curve around the island now, and the antenna turned lazily, constantly presenting the same side to the missile, carefully following its flight.

No, not following! *Guiding!* The gleaming missile circled the island over times and then straightened out, going north, gaining altitude rapidly. It was still moving when it disappeared in the distance. Its course was straight now, and the antenna on the mountaintop stood still.

it were used. "We can't permit Tuaviti to be the home of such things, even if we die. Do you see that?"

"I see it," John-Enoch said. "Let tomorrow be as you say."

Matthew went home. He hated to tell Janet his decision, but she had to know.

She listened very calmly, controlling her fear so well that he was filled with admiration. "That Red Navy commander is a bag of wind, and I know it," she said. "But I'm very proud of you, Matt."

Tia was playing the organ again in the chapel beside the house. Matthew smiled ruefully. Sheep May Safely Graze.

* * *

He got an ironic enjoyment, the next morning, out of seeing how much trouble the Soviets went to, in preparation for the coming of the mail boat. They removed their control antenna and its platform, and they even dismantled their tent, because the top of it would be visible from the sea. By eleven o'clock the mountaintop looked just as it always had, although all the equipment was still there, hidden among the trees. The submarine, lying off the reef, ready to submerge, was the only visible sign that Tuaviti was in Russian hands.

At twelve thirty, the Soviet commander presented himself at Matthew's house. "Are

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Matthew made for John-Enoch's house. He hated the thought of what he had to do. John-Enoch was at home, although the glish class was over and everyone else left. He was sitting in his doorway, stood up as Matthew approached.

Matthew said, "I must tell you something very bad, John-Enoch."

"Speak, Shepherd." The fear of the huge flying missile he had just seen was in the Kanaka's eyes.

Sit down, John-Enoch, and I'll sit down. I have a lot to say."

* * *

They sat facing each other, just inside Kanaka's doorway, and Matthew said. He told of his own country and how he loved it, and how for some years it had been in the shadow of a great power. He told of coming to Tuaviti with the ship, and of the house and chapel he had built. He told of the nursing and teaching he had done. He described, as well as he could, his love for the island and its people. He did his best to make John-Enoch understand how he felt. Then he said, "I have come here to you that tomorrow I must tell Jim Bride about the Reds."

The expression of the Kanaka's face showed that he hadn't forgotten Trubetskoy's threat. "We will then be killed, won't we?" he asked.

I doubt it. But we must put our trust in God. My radio says my country is not at war with their country. Not yet."

Let it be as you say, Shepherd. But what was the flying thing?"

Matthew explained what little he knew about the weapon they had just seen. He admitted that this flight had probably been a test, and that the missile might never be used for killing, so long as there was no war. But he told John-Enoch about thousands of lives it would destroy, if

the letters ready for inspection?" he asked. Matthew handed Trubetskoy the sheaf of unsealed mail—his own and Janet's.

The commander sat at the table and read carefully for almost an hour. When he had finished, he said, "Very well," and leaned back in his chair. It was at that moment that things began going wrong.

Matthew waited impatiently for the man to say good-by and go aboard the submarine, but Trubetskoy made no move to go. Instead he asked, "Which is the best of the natives?"

"Their leader is a man named John-Enoch," Matthew said, sealing the last of his envelopes.

"Will you call him, please?" Matthew stepped out on the veranda, saw John-Enoch sitting in his doorway, and called to him.

As soon as the Kanaka got inside Matthew's house, Trubetskoy stood up and picked up the stack of mail. "You will remain here," he said to Matthew and Janet. Then he said, "Come," to John-Enoch and led him out to the beach.

A moment later, Matthew and Janet could hear the Russian's voice, shouting a long and menacing harangue at the Kanaka. After a few minutes, Trubetskoy returned, still red in the face from his oratory, but looking pleased. He sat down again. The time was one forty-five.

Janet stared at him. "Aren't—aren't you going to the submarine?"

"But of course not," Trubetskoy smiled, took his automatic from its holster, and put it on the table. "I shall wait here until the mail boat has gone. I must be certain that you make no communication with it."

Matthew looked out the window. The submarine had disappeared. He felt as if the ground had dropped away under his feet. "Then John-Enoch will be the one to meet the mail boat?" he asked.

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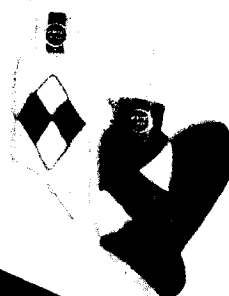
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"Yes." Trubetskoy smiled. "He is sufficiently frightened. I have described to him what I would do if he betrayed us."

Matthew sat down and put his head in his hands. How he despised the use of fear to rule men! And how ashamed he was at having been tricked by such a man!

Five minutes later, when the mail boat finally wallowed into view around the end of the island, sounding her siren, Matthew was watching from the window. He saw John-Enoch waiting in his proa. He saw Jim McBride throttle down, take the packet of letters from the Kanaka and hand him a packet in return. There was a space of a minute or so when the two men might have been talking. Then the mail boat moved on.

"Very good," said Trubetskoy, when the mail boat was half a mile away. He put his automatic in its holster and left the house.

Janet put her hand on Matthew's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Matt," she said. "You did all you could."

Matthew shrugged. "Maybe it's better this way. At least they've lost their reason to kill anybody." He tried to smile, and made a dismal failure of it.

He and Janet walked out on the veranda. The submarine had surfaced and launched her rubber boat. Trubetskoy was waiting for it at the water's edge.

John-Enoch, looking very sober and full of dignity, came up from the beach and delivered the packet of letters without a word. He and Matthew and Janet watched as the two German civilians came ashore and walked up the mountain with the commander. The antenna was being hoisted back into place when John-Enoch spoke at last. "I told it," he said.

"You what?"

"I told it. To Jim McBride."

"No!"

John-Enoch nodded. "Truth."

Matthew glanced at the submarine and saw that someone was standing on her deck, wigwagging frantically at the mountaintop. The submarine's radio must already have picked up Jim McBride's message to the authorities at Suva.

Matthew turned to John-Enoch. "You'd better go home. You may be safer there. Then he put his hand on the Kanaka's shoulder. "You've done well, my brother—whatever happens."

For just one moment, brief and solemn Matthew forgot all about the Reds and what they might do. The question that had been gnawing at him for three years had suddenly found its answer. As he watched John-Enoch turn and start for home, he knew beyond a doubt that these island people were a part of the great world, as much as anybody. Tuaviti was where Matt Lincoln belonged, and he could be proud of it—if he lived.

The Soviet commander came hurrying down the mountain to the beach. He was met there by an excited radioman from the submarine. Matthew, watching the two Russians yell at each other, felt a curious mixture of fear and exultation. Judging by the radioman's excitement, Jim McBride must have managed to couch his radio message very effectively. Perhaps he had hinted that the nearest warships were nearer than they really were.

As soon as Trubetskoy understood the situation, he shouted a long string of oath orders, or both, and then directed a look at the missionary's house. Even at that distance Matthew could see the vengeful fury in his face. But apparently the Russian had no time to deal with Matthew and the islanders at the moment. He turned and hurried back up the mountain.

The Soviet sailors set to work feverishly. They carried all the equipment down from the mountaintop, without even bothering to crate it, and ferried it out to the submarine in three rubber boats.

As he was watching this frantic activity Matthew heard Janet ask: "What will happen when Trubetskoy gets around to us?"

"I've been thinking about that," Matthew did his best to sound reassuring. "As I think there's a fair chance he won't do anything. He knows there'll be British and American warships here before long. Unless the U.S.S.R. is ready for war, the



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ships had better find everybody in good health."

Janet was silent a moment. Then she said, "He looked awfully angry, a while ago—maybe too angry to care how much trouble he starts in the world."

"Maybe so," Matthew admitted. "But look at the trouble he'd be starting for himself. He already has plenty of music to face, back in the Soviet Union. Tuaviti can't be the place where the war starts." He paused. "Trubetskoy will have to tell the high command that he let himself get caught after only two days, just because he came up against a Kanaka he couldn't scare. He's probably been worried about something like that all along. I can't believe he'll stick his neck out any farther by ordering a massacre."

"You think he was bluffing when he made the threat?"

"I just don't know," Matthew said honestly. "But there's a chance."

* * *

Janet was silent for a long time. She and Matthew watched the Soviet sailors on the beach, loading a rubber boat. The load was very light this time; it must be the last one. Slowly and thoughtfully, Janet said, "Maybe John-Enoch knows."

Matthew looked at her in astonishment, and then he realized what she meant: not that John-Enoch would know anything about a Soviet officer's relation with the high command, but simply that he might have seen something that betrayed the bluff. It could be true. John-Enoch's mind was something like Tia's. It got at the essence of a problem, just as Tia's playing got at the essence of Bach.

Matthew said, "You may be right. I'm going over to talk to John-Enoch." But at that moment he saw Trubetskoy approaching from the beach. The Soviet commander strode angrily up the path to the house and stepped onto the veranda, his teeth clenched and his face red. He was obviously in a towering rage, and that was at least half the reason why the speech he proceeded to make was so extraordinary.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, biting off the words furiously, one by one, "I am pleased to inform you that the mechanical difficulty with our submarine has now been repaired. I wish to thank you for your hospitality. I trust you will report no inconvenience from our involuntary visit. I assure you that I, personally, am to blame for any bad thing which may have been done. Good-by." He saluted, walked to the rubber boat, and climbed in. Two sailors rowed him toward the submarine.

"Good evening, Shepherd." It was John-Enoch again. "Are the Russians going away?"

"I think so," Matthew said. He wasn't quite sure yet; two sailors were standing by the submarine's deck gun. The gun, however, still had its waterproof jacket on.

Janet said, "We want to ask you a question, John-Enoch."

"Yes," said Matthew. "Why didn't you obey the Soviet commander when he told you to keep his secret? He went to a lot of trouble to scare you into it."

John-Enoch smiled and spoke, using gestures that were like a solemn dance. "He asked me fiercely, and I thought I would obey. He asked me fiercely, and I thought I would not obey. He asked me fiercely"—the brown man shrugged—"and I saw his heart in my hand."

The two sailors were leaving the deck gun now and following their commander in through the hatch. Matthew grinned, and put his arm around Janet's waist. "You saw his heart in your hand," he said, feeling much better, but still puzzled. "What does that mean, John-Enoch?"

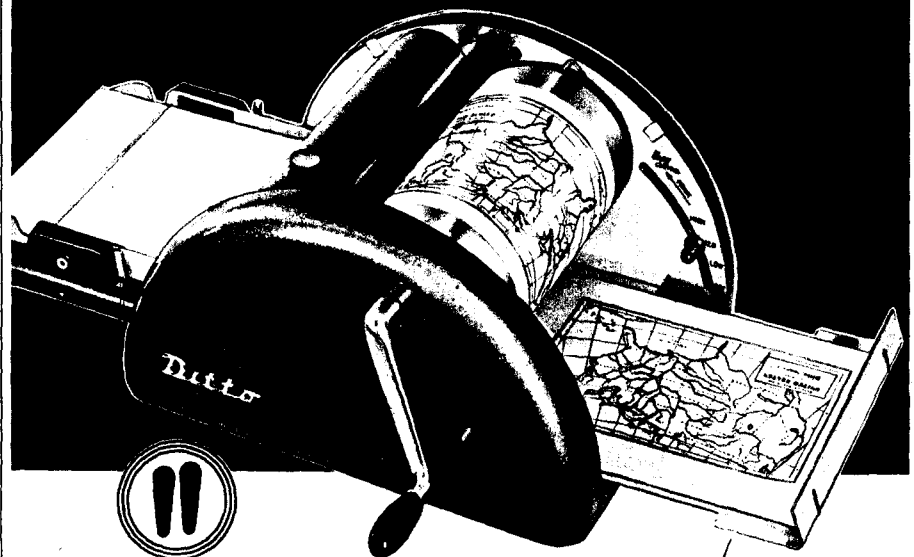
The submarine had begun to move and to submerge. The Kanaka watched it until the only thing that showed above the water was what looked like the protruding fin of a very large fish, disappearing toward the north.

"I saw that he was afraid," said John-Enoch.

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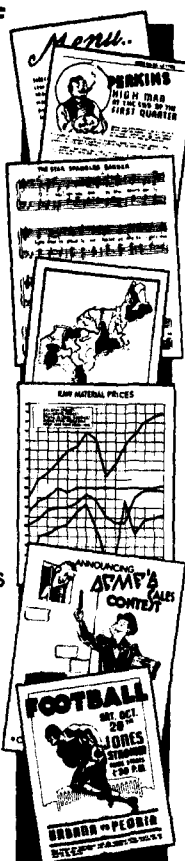
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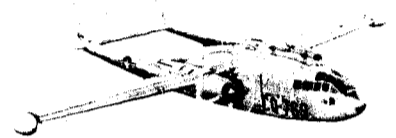
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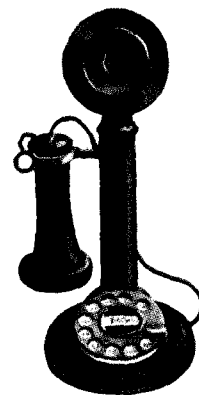
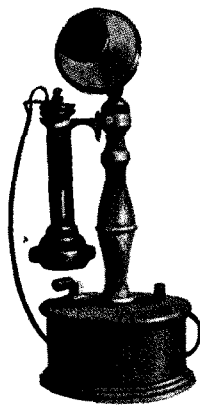
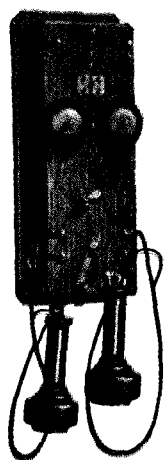
That's why Kaiser value is better value!

Drive it—see for yourself! When you add up all the many extra advantages Kaiser gives you, you'll realize what a smart investment it is for the years ahead!

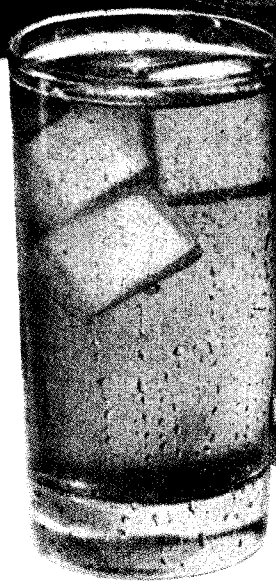
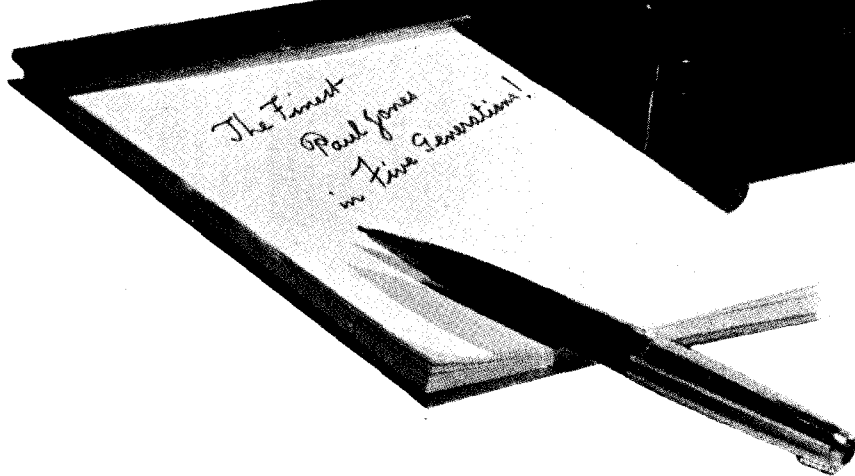
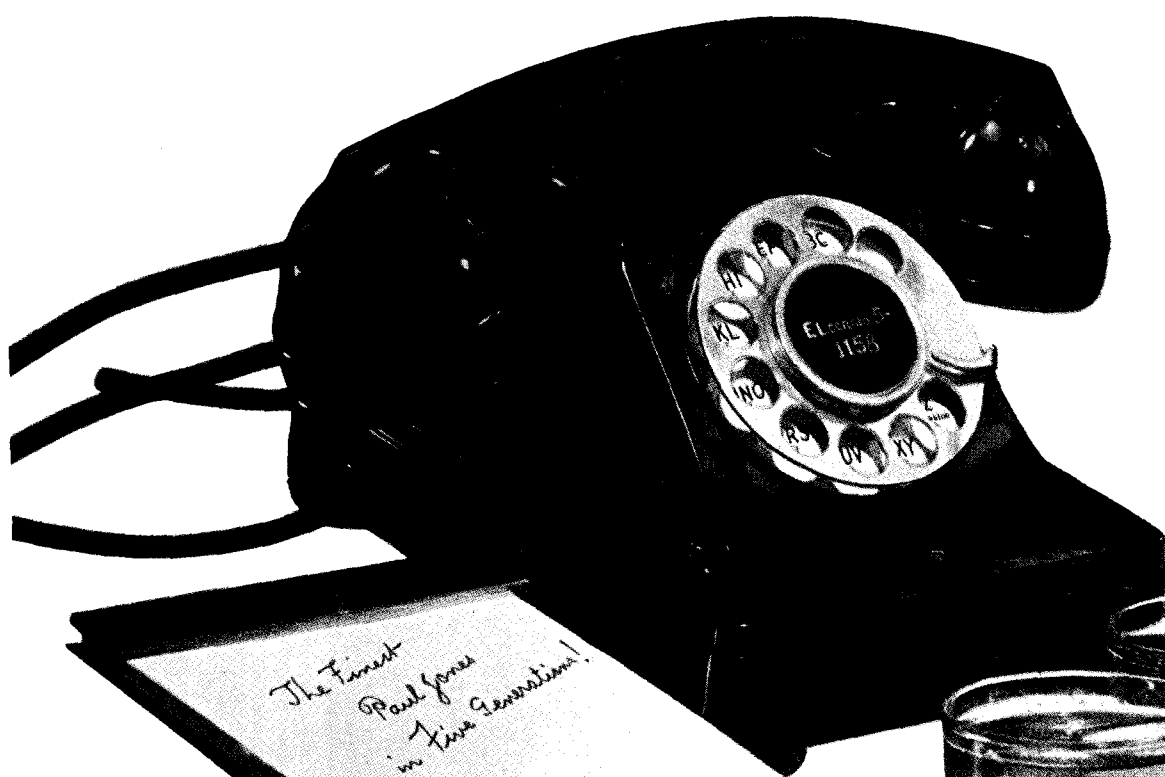
Take off the blinders  see the difference in the Kaiser

See it at your Kaiser★Frazer dealer's today!

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Folks have been calling for
Paul Jones for five generations!



*So smooth, so mild,
so rich and mellow—
You just can't buy
a better drink!*

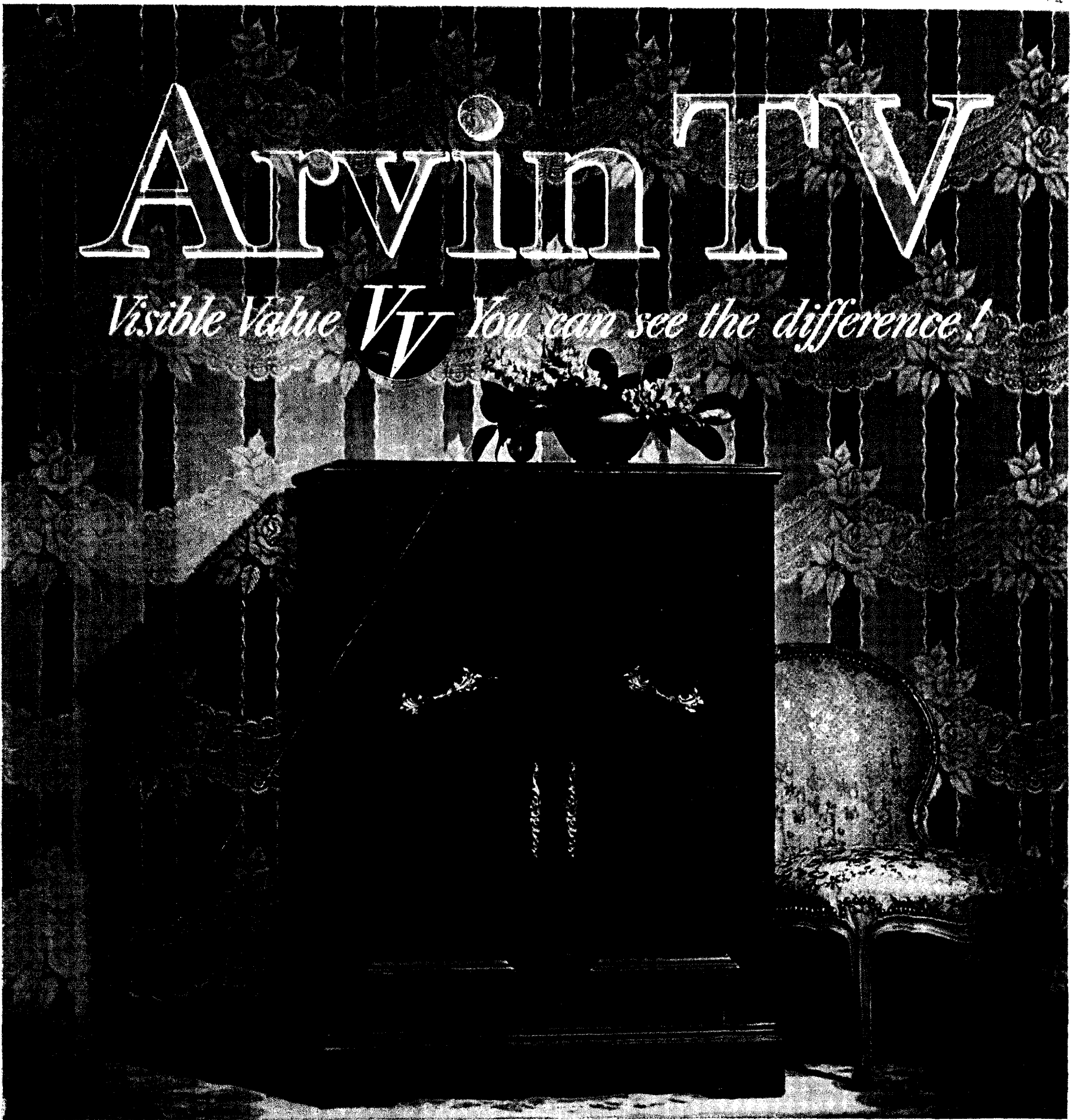
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Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Arvin TV

*Visible Value **VV** You can see the difference!*



Brings every station closer -makes every picture clearer

ADVANCE to Arvin TV now! Big 17, 20 or 21-inch pictures! Mighty Dual Power Chassis with 26 tubes including rectifiers and picture tube. So powerful that a special control is provided to reduce signals of nearby stations. Wide choice of expertly crafted cabinets in beau-

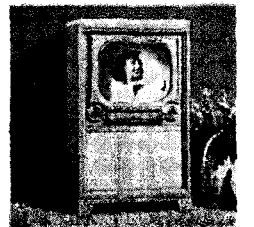
tiful selected woods. Arvin is *first* to offer TV sets with UHF tuner built-in; easily converted to color, too. Screen sizes from 8½ to 21 inches. Prices from \$129.95, plus tax and warranty. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana, (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

Also makers of Arvin Radios, Electric Housewares, Car Heaters, Metal Furniture and Ironing Tables.

Superb in its regal beauty, authentic in its French Provincial styling, a source of deep pride and superlative entertainment for years! 21-inch Perma-Focus picture, with brightness and contrast controls that automatically hold from station to station. True-to-life Velvet Voice tone. Truly the TV of your dream! (Model 5212CFP, shown open below)



Tops in table model TV, with 17-inch Perma-Focus Picture; mighty Dual Power chassis; mahogany or blond cabinet. Table to match, extra. (Model 5171TB or 5171TB)



Blond or mahogany console of outstanding beauty, with 17-inch Perma-Focus picture and Arvin's famous Dual Power Chassis. (Model 5170CB or 5170CM)