

don herold
examines:

hitler

The thing I dislike most about Hitler is that he is an ugly ornament in our little world. I don't know that his morals are much worse than those of any other national leader, but his mien and manners are rude, coarse, and uncouth. He is not a beautiful thing to look upon, nor yet a sweet thing to listen to. He grates.

These cracks go, too, for Mussolini. He, also, is piglike in manners and mien, and his humorless and bloated posturings are one of the sad sights of our present-day world. Hitler and Mussolini are just not nice people to have around.

I'd like to like Germany. I like German cleanliness and order and recognition of facts. In a trip through Europe several years ago, I enjoyed the efficiency of German hotels and the intelligence of their hotel help, the immaculateness of their streets, the mellow voices of German women. But their statues and their public buildings were ugly. The Germans have yet to learn grace in art and they have yet to learn humor. A people with a real love of beauty and a sense of humor would never tolerate Hitler.

Whatever we may think of our own Mr. Roosevelt, we can at least be thankful that he is a pleasant person. He may be ruining us, but I believe we're better off ruined by Roosevelt than we would be redeemed by a Hitler.

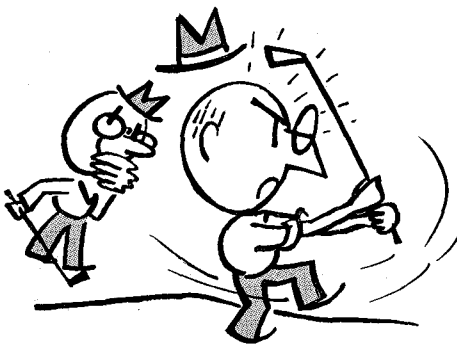
I just hate to see vulgarians in the saddle. I am glad that the influence of Mr. Hearst is about over, because he has been a vulgar note in American life. I shall be glad when the days of



Hitler and Mussolini are over and I shall never have to look again upon their ugly mugs in the newsreels or in the papers. Thank God for Ronald Colman and Mickey Mouse!

fourth flight

I am still practically the worst golfer at our little Echo Lake Club. (Even Westbrook Pegler could beat me if he were a member.) I did beat Dr. Turner in our little season-end tournament, but only because the doctor was still feeling the stitches of his last-winter's operation. Then Dr. Richards beat me and



that made me runner-up in the humiliated fours of the fourth flight, or something like that. I got a letter opener as a prize.

I rather liked our fourth flight. Some of the best people at Echo Lake were in the fourth flight, and some of the best (as well as, I must admit, some of the worst) minds. We were at least a comfortable set down there—under very little nervous strain, with no blood in our eyes, and in no danger of getting one of the larger atrocities which go to the big winners, such as a Gargantuan silver cup or a gorgeous parlor lamp.

I never spent a pleasanter day at golf in my life than that I had with Dr. Turner, a professor of philosophy in an Eastern university. Our struggle was a contest of indifference, relieved by modest elation if the gods sent us any fair-to-middlin' shots. To passers-by I said that it was a battle of Titans and explained that "we tighten up on every shot." We spoke of ourselves as fighting for the championship of Macy's Basement. It was sheer carelessness on my part that I won from the doctor. I shall be sad when my golf improves and I rise to the upper flights and grow grim about my score. I have a disquieting suspicion that I wouldn't like the people as well, up there on the higher planes.

I rather hate to see the youngsters of Echo Lake imbued with the idea that the top flights in any of our sports there are a whale of a lot better than the bottom flights. You don't, for one thing, get any Dr. John Turners in your top flights. You get some good athletes, but good athletes are pretty apt to be dull company.

and commuters

I don't like commuters.

They're always looking at their watches. They're always breaking up parties, and rushing through engagements, and spoiling third acts with their frantic departures.

They come to your house for dinner and, before the soup course is over, they start to worry about trains. They have timetable indigestion.

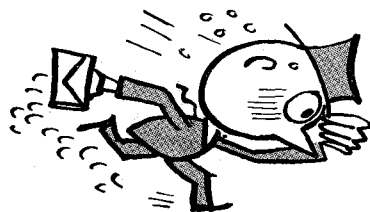
They ruin life for everybody in New York City. They arrive at their offices at 10 A.M., go to lunch from 12 to 3, and spend the next two hours standing up at their desks, trying to figure how to catch the 5:15. This shortens the New York business day to about two hours.

I have water on both knees, caused by injuries by commuters leaving theaters in the middle of third acts.

They bring the winter gloom of the country into the neon sparkle of city life.

They have settled down to raise babies and pay off mortgages and miss trains. I prefer the unscheduled relaxation and irresponsibility of city life.

Not that I like the city. I hate it.



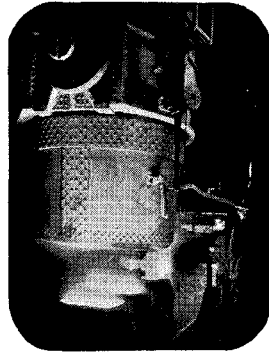
But I prefer city life to the strained, artificial life of the suburbs. I even prefer to raise my babies in the city. City babies are *aired*; suburban babies are *exposed*.

A suburbanite has neither the courage to stay in the city nor to move to the real country. He is an in-betweenner, a compromiser, a geographical hermaphrodite.

I wouldn't care what he was, if he didn't keep watching the clock in my presence—if he didn't keep going home. I don't believe in ever going home.

And I don't like commuters.

SCRIBNER'S



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Once again Bethlehem Steel Company sets down ten simple questions contrived to quiz your knowledge of steel, steel-makers and steel-making. No inside information on the subject is necessary, since the majority of the alternatives to the correct answer are taken from your general fund of facts.

Score 10 for each correct answer—40 is a good average, 70 should earn you the respect of all and sundry and, if you score 100, you may blandly let your astounded audience assume that the intricacies of steel manufacture are abecedarian to you.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Quiz will be found on page 59.

1. Only one of the following sentences is correct. Can you spot it?

- (a) *George Pocock, the famous boat-designer, was the first to use streamlining on the superstructure of a large ocean-liner.*
- (b) *Two men, Tyrus Cobb and George H. Sisler, first developed a zinc roofing material with a steel base.*
- (c) *The rivet heater heated the rivet and tossed it, with tongs, to the riveter above him.*
- (d) *The steel sheets were first pickled in vinegar, then plated with tin.*

2. One of these cities is *not* a steel center.

- (a) *Baltimore* (b) *Buffalo* (c) *Birmingham*
- (d) *Indianapolis* (e) *San Francisco*

3. A Reinforcing Bar may sound like a place to get a refreshing drink after a day spent Christmas shopping, but it is really a long rod used by the building trade for one of the following purposes:

- (a) *As an anchor between parallel brick walls to prevent bulging.*
- (b) *Set between angles of a gable roof to relieve stress.*
- (c) *To support a stairway and eliminate sagging.*
- (d) *Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it.*

4. Which one of these simple steel contrivances is an important outlet for wire?

- (a) *eggbeater* (b) *dishpan* (c) *double-boiler*
- (d) *paper clip* (e) *doorknob*

5. You may not realize how inexpensive standard grades of steel are. Actually, they cost less than half as much per pound as all but one of these:

- (a) *aluminum* (c) *milk* (e) *shoes*
- (b) *butter* (d) *book paper* (f) *cotton*

6. In Bethlehem Steel Company's new rod mill, the red-hot rods, being rolled to size, pass through the rollers at a maximum speed of:

- (a) *3 miles per hour* (c) *27 miles per hour*
- (b) *12 miles per hour* (d) *46 miles per hour*

7. "Dardelet" is the name of:

- (a) *The latest French coiffure.*
- (b) *A new type of lastex infants' wear.*
- (c) *The swing-anthem of Middlewestern jitterbugs.*
- (d) *A self-locking threaded fastening, used where vibration is likely to occur.*

8. While "work-hardness" has nothing to do with excessive labor, it is a term used to describe:

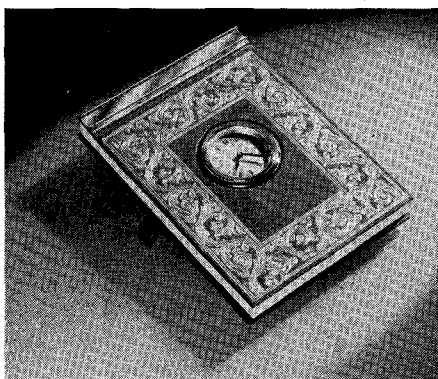
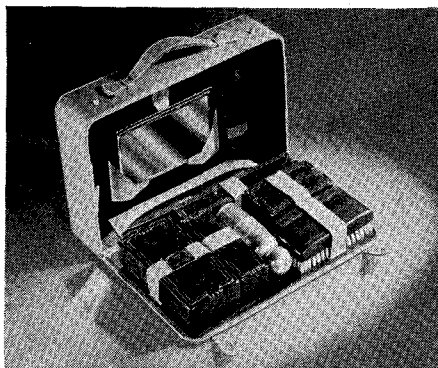
- (a) *The effect of exercise on the muscles of an over-trained athlete.*
- (b) *A method of rapidly setting concrete.*
- (c) *Hardness developed in metal resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold working.*
- (d) *Epidermal friction which results in callouses.*

9. Iron ore, commonly brick-red in color, which is mined and used in making iron and steel, is similar in its composition to one of the following substances:

- (a) *lignite* (b) *coal* (c) *iron rust* (d) *shale*

10. What large steel producer has been making alloy steels longer than any other American company?

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Edward R. Murrow

(continued from page 11)

Churchill on the telephone. That was not the way it was done; Mr. Murrow should drop Mr. Churchill a polite note and suggest an appointment to discuss the matter. Murrow brushed her well-bred remonstrances aside, put through the call, had Churchill on the phone almost immediately, and closed the matter there and then.

Perhaps Murrow's most spectacular arrangement was with Premier Daladier last April. Going to the very top, he secured permission to broadcast the Maginot Line. Apparently no newspaperman had ever been allowed down into the cement-and-steel monster which is twelve stories deep. Murrow was warned not to mention the town nearest his point of entrance, the number or identity of regiments, and a few other military prohibitions, but otherwise he said what he wanted and described what he saw.

VI

JUST before the Maginot-Line broadcast Murrow was testing his connection with Columbia in New York. A French colonel watched in fascination as Murrow talked freely with the master control panel on Madison Avenue. Finally, a French-speaking Columbia engineer was put on the line, and the colonel had a two-way conversation with him. The French officer was absolutely delighted. He brightened and remarked: "Ah, if war comes, I can sit in New York and command my regiment by radio!"

Murrow's broadcast from the Maginot Line was of questionable wisdom, in the opinion of NBC. It was, they admit, showmanship—but at the risk of antagonizing one country by glorifying the military might of another. A radio network must be cautious. Murrow wasn't making an entente between Columbia and Berlin any more likely by publicizing the subway system of the French Army.

"Now our way of doing things is better," an NBC spokesman declared. "We arranged a salute between West Point and the French military college at St. Cyr. Nobody could object to this."

"Did you think of doing a broadcast from the Maginot Line?"

"No, but . . ."

There was also the Columbia broadcast by Murrow's assistant, Bill Shirer,

of Czechoslovakian army maneuvers at Milovice, on July 31. This was likewise typical of a brand of enterprise which NBC professes to deplore as a case of leading with the chin.

Murrow knows as well as anyone that discretion is a necessity in broadcasting from Europe. He recognized that a network must keep itself *persona grata* with the chancelleries if it is to avoid being hamstrung and helpless in emergencies. Murrow and Columbia are as realistic as NBC. But the promptings of enterprise are presumably stronger and they are tempted more frequently in the direction of the spectacular. Fred Bate, for example, definitely soft-pedaled the whole Czechoslovakian crisis until Chamberlain's first visit to Hitler was actually announced and the fireworks were beginning.

Great and grave responsibility rests upon Murrow. At thirty-three he must deal with the nations of a tense and hate-pocked continent, retaining his freedom of action and speech without forgetting there will be other days and new needs for co-operation. For his years he has an imposing front, his manner is nonabrasive. If he's no favorite in Germany, that's not his fault.

The democracies are more polite about what they will not tolerate, but Murrow knows, as all his contemporaries also know, that each nation has its own points of sensitivity. To prod a nation clumsily on a sore spot would bring unwelcome reactions. The British were very sensitive about the abdication of their king and not at all sure that Americans should enjoy unlimited liberty. It was felt then that American journalism and American radio might well behave in a way that national dignity could not overlook. When Cæsar Saerchinger made his first talk to America, the British Government placed an observer in the broadcasting studio. This was unprecedented. The observer said nothing, made no effort to influence Saerchinger, never came again for subsequent broadcasts. But he served as an eloquent reminder, and his presence as an eavesdropper was presumed thereafter.

When the rebel Church of England cleric, Jardine, came to America for a lecture tour (that was a terrific flop),

SCRIBNER'S



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MAGAZINE

51

How a famous Women's Club Scored 100

on a Scribner Quiz

It wasn't the regular Quiz . . . it was one submitted to us by a couple of smart Scribner subscribers in search of a place to live . . . and they searched our very soul in the process. This is what they asked us . . . and what we answered:

WILL OUR ROOMS be comfortable, colorful, airy . . . the kind we'd like to see at the end of a tiring day? Have they a private bath? . . . **YES INDEED!**

WILL OUR SURROUNDINGS be attractive so that we can take pride in entertaining our friends? . . . **INDEED YES!**

WILL WE HAVE A CHOICE of restaurants, so we can eat well but simply when we're short, and on the grand scale when we're flush? . . . **YES INDEED!**

HOW ABOUT CONVENIENCE? Are transportation facilities right at our door? Can we walk to theatres, museums, smart shops? . . . **INDEED YES!**

PHYSICAL WELL-BEING is important to us. Do you have a gym and a swimming pool? A roof garden where we can get sun and exercise? . . . **YES INDEED!**

WE WANT RELAXATION too . . . have you a library, a place where we can practice our music? Will we meet new and interesting people? . . . **INDEED YES!**

AND IS ALL THIS WITHIN OUR BUDGET? . . . **YES INDEED!**

MUST WE BE MEMBERS in order to live at the Club? . . . **INDEED NO!**

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sensibilities over the Duke of Windsor's marriage were still raw in Great Britain. Discreet inquiries were made. Did the American networks propose to invite the marrying parson to speak? There was no request actually made, but the very asking of the question was hint enough. He didn't get on either network.

Anecdota about Murrow personally is not yet abundant. His chaste academic associations have produced practically no legends. Professors and colleagues summarize him as a stout chap but never seem to have heard about him doing anything flamboyant, picturesque, or silly. His adventures have all been serious ones. He has never been moved to help hoist a hay wagon to the steeple of the college chapel.

Linguistically, Murrow is not dazzling. His French is capable of digesting Pertinax and the Parisian press. His German and Italian suffice for telephone operators, customs inspectors, and head waiters. He knows enough Spanish to ask for an interpreter.

After repeatedly coming in and go-

ing out of Croydon Airport near London, and always having the punctilious British immigration and revenue gentry hold him up for hours, Murrow forgot to be academic and got hopping mad. A burning letter to the British Home Secretary finally produced diplomatic credentials that now allow him to pass in and out of the United Kingdom without repetitious conversations with suspicious inspectors. The latter formerly demanded that he produce receipts proving he wasn't importing neckties illegally.

When one of Europe's periodic emotional benders is finally over, Murrow carries his airplane case and heads for his comfortable London flat where he has a den decorated with Navajo Indian blankets, tokens, tomahawks, and squaw-warmers, and a huge high-powered radio receiver to give him a motor-man's holiday in Leipzig, Normandy, Luxemburg, Moscow, and good old Schenectady.

As he turns the key in the lock the maid cries out, "Mrs. Murrow, that man's here again."

Debut in Texas

(continued from page 14)

cial functions with parents or the chauffeur. But a Texas socialite, from her high-school days, is escorted perennially by her boy friends and would remain at home rather than appear at the simplest party without a man in tow.

This custom is observed even on the occasion of her formal presentation and places the girl in the singular position of having to be "dated" for her own debut. Such a practice, like cut-in dancing, is relished by some, but it is a trial for those of doubtful popularity.

When individuals entertain at the smaller affairs of the season, they concern themselves, not only with inviting their guests, but with arranging for their arrival as well. If a girl is not in great demand or is unacquainted in town, the hostess finds her an escort. Each man is notified which of the feminine guests he is expected to bring. This partner he may know well, slightly, or not at all. But the men are obliging and will taxi to the suburbs to call for and return home girls never seen before.

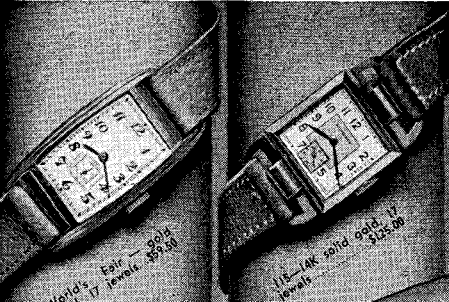
Theoretically, the clubmen, as hosts at the great balls, are similarly considerate of their guests' arrival, but actually they are concerned but little beyond

their own individual dates. Less-popular girls must strive for bids to their own debuts as they do to college proms.

On one occasion a girl, richer in bank account than in personal charm, was announced on the debutante list. As the hour of the ball approached and no member had called to invite her as his personal guest, it appeared she was stranded and must postpone her debut until the following year. She telephoned the club president, outlining the situation in a few well-chosen words embroidered with invective to rival Calamity Jane. The president promised a quick solution and dashed off to scout for a stag willing to rescue a damsel in distress. The stag rallied gallantly, telephoned the girl, formally requested a date, ran her downtown in a taxi, and rushed into the ballroom a split second before the announcer reached her name on his prepared list.

Women harassed by the problem of inducing male participation in their entertainments may well ask the secret of engaging such co-operation. It dates back many years and lies, simply enough, in the tact and clinging-vine qualities of Southern women who know

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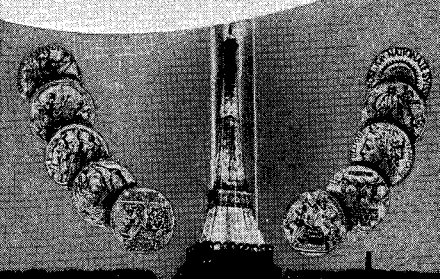
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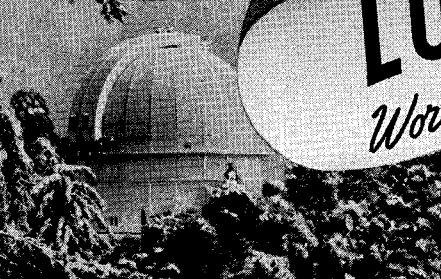
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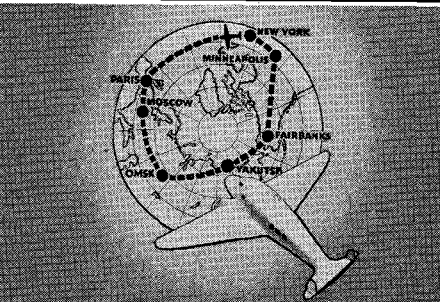
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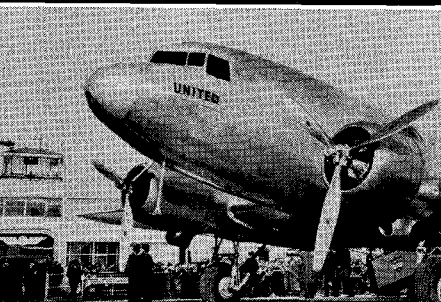
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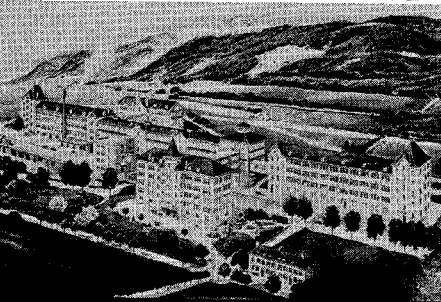
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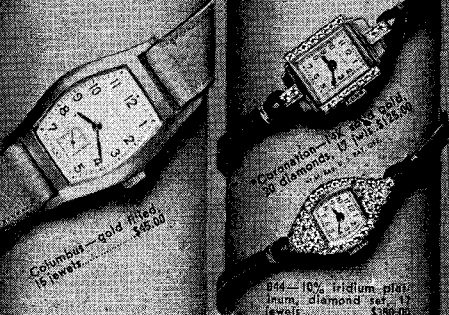
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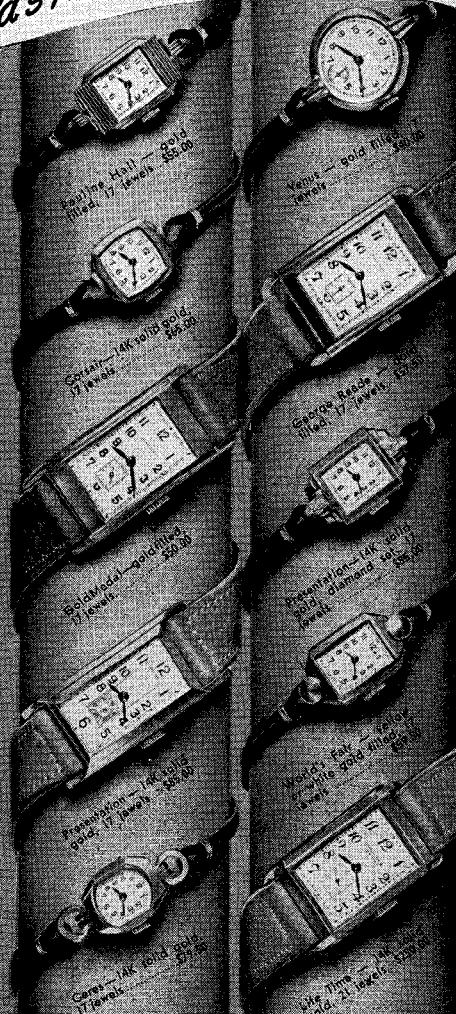
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when to leave well enough alone and to look no gift horses in the mouth.

When trading posts, later to develop into cities, were springing up over this frontier country, the more frivolous aspects of life came in for consideration. Finding unaccustomed leisure on their hands and unfamiliar wealth in their pockets, these rugged pioneers aspired to a social life patterned after the upper classes in the colonies they had abandoned. So the men formed social clubs to sponsor community entertainment.

In Texas the adoption of this custom was ideal to meet a peculiar local need. These frontier homes were too small for large gatherings, and the habit of joint enterprise toward common aims was strong in their lives. The people acted in community spirit for their entertainment as they had banded together to fight Indians and conquer the wilderness. In the town hall or over somebody's general store, they gathered for parties which grew more elaborate with the prosperity of the region.

It was sheer luck that—some years later—young blades of the community had a fanciful notion which was carefully nurtured into permanence. Hear-

ing that in the East there was a custom of presenting young ladies to society as debutantes, a group of Dallas men determined to inject more color into their native social life. They organized the Idlewild Club and planned a grand affair. From their recent inspiration, they named not one, but half a dozen girls just out of a ladies' seminary as their guests of honor and dubbed them debutantes, these to make their appearance in a spectacular climax at midnight.

Soon these imaginative youths had so far outdistanced their contemporaries in feminine favor that rival clubs were speedily organized.

The women were quick to foresee the possibilities. With the diplomacy of their kind, they gave their men a free rein. Better a social life, they reasoned, like a music-hall show with the men avoiding boredom, than formal parties to which the men must be ensnared.

So, appealing to Southern chivalry and Western independence of the sex, the women inveigle the men to fête the girls, planning and executing their parties with whatever dash of theatricalism their taste dictates—and, incidentally, footing the bills.

There Is Still the Night

(continued from page 31)

out, stepped back a little, and brought the back of his hand smack across the guy's mouth. I'm ashamed to tell you how much I liked it. It went *ping*, very satisfyingly, in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't help for the moment identifying that red, pompous face with those Junkers bombers and the dead kids and a lot of other things that Germany has begun to stand for in the world. Bad business, that. I know. Dead wrong. Thomas Mann's a German too. And Einstein. And I didn't know where this guy stood. But I'm not telling you what I'd liked to have felt. I don't suppose anyone really likes those things about himself that keep him chained, forever apparently, to hatred and war. But I'm not telling you what I'd *liked* to have felt. I'm simply telling you what happened.

I was enjoying it so much in fact that I almost didn't move fast enough to catch the big guy's lumbering swing at Ramon on my left and let him have a right, short but good, on the chin. He went down but I didn't care for the way it felt very much. There was concrete

under that padding. I saw the other guy jump off his stool and head toward us on the double and I saw myself lying on the floor next and began to wish that either Ramon or I had missed that boat. Well, it was rather confused there for the next few minutes. I know I swung a couple of times and didn't fall down myself. Then a number of people were crowding around me, there was a lot of gabbling and general agitation. Both Germans were on their feet again and there were a couple of sailors standing in front of them. There was a ship's officer there too, talking alternately to the Germans and Ramon. The kid stood there, quiet, formal and unregenerate. He kept smiling at the officer. "But there was no trouble, sir, I assure you," I heard him say. Both Germans were purple and bluster with rage. But curiously enough their wrath seemed to be directed mostly at Ramon; they appeared to have overlooked the minor detail that it was I who'd knocked them down.

"You *crook*," one of them spluttered at Ramon, "you will answer for this."

SCRIBNER'S

The kid snapped at that like a cat making a pass at a rubber ball.

"With pleasure," he said. He turned to me. "You will act for me, Steve. Any arrangements you make will be satisfactory. We dock at Balboa tomorrow."

I saw the heavy-set guy's face change color. I don't think that was the kind of answering for he'd reckoned with. It had both of them worried, I could see that. The sailors began herding them gently toward the door and they let themselves be pushed. Finally we were standing there alone again.

"This is where we came in, isn't it?" I said.

He laughed, then his face grew sober and he took my hand in both of his. "You are my friend, Steve," he said. "I will not forget it."

"Oh, yes you will," I said hastily. "You're going to forget the whole thing, right now."

He drew back a little. "You mean you will not act for me, Steve?"

"Listen," I said. "A joke's a joke. I acted for you once and I'm damn glad to have got away with it. That big guy's got a jaw like a granite slab. Come on now, will you? Be a good boy, and forget about it. Haven't you had enough?"

His face had set in a certain kind of expression I'd seen before; he looked as reasonable as a post. "You heard what that fat pig said. He wishes satisfaction. I will give it to him."

"Zounds!" I couldn't forego the luxury. "Spoken like a true daughter of Spain."

He began to get that polite faraway look on his face again. He was drawing himself up for another speech when Kay walked in. That stopped him. She wanted to know what all the excitement was about, and we took her over to a table and told her—as much as we thought she ought to know. Then we told about a dozen other people who kept trooping over, wanting to know what all the rumpus had been about. Ramon kept jumping up every time anyone came up, bowing and smiling, distilling that aura of indefinably harrowed reserve that gave me a wrench inside, every time I let it get to me. Kay kept looking at him with a kind of worried, maternal look, as if she was wondering if she ought to get him a cold compress or something. And I began to feel very fed up. All of a sudden.

"Look," I said to Ramon when we were alone for a minute, "will you do me a favor and quit jumping up and down like a trained flea? You know all these people and they know you. Sit still. You're making me seasick."

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He flushed slightly at that but he didn't say anything, just sat looking at his glass, moving it around a little. But I couldn't let it rest there. I was feeling very lousy all at once.

“As if it really means anything—all that bowing and scraping,” I said. “Just let one of these people you're being so damn polite and charming to say *boo* to you in the wrong key and you'll be all for pulling out your tin sword and defending the honor of your illustrious and murderous ancestors.”

He jumped up. “Listen, Steve. I appreciate what you have done for me tonight. I am in your debt. Please don't make me forget it.”

I slumped down in my chair and waved my hand at him, tiredly. “Go ahead and forget it,” I said. “I'd have done the same for a Turk.”

“Steve,” Kay said. “Please.”

“Sure,” I said. “Why not? We might as well fight a duel too. We'll find a reason easy enough, I don't doubt.” He was looking at me with cold fire in his eyes. I yawned. “The only thing I'm worried about,” I said, “is what we are going to do for sand.”

He stared at me.

“You know. For the blood,” I said. “You can't fight a duel without sand. It's not cricket. Too gummy.”

I saw the color mount darkly in his cheeks. “There will be plenty of sand in Balboa,” he said. He looked at me steadily for a moment with those cold-fire eyes, then turned to Kay. “I'm sorry, Kay. I did not wish to trouble you with this . . .” He bowed and walked off.

“Just like a book,” I said. “The kind that sells for a dime.”

“Steve! He's not really going to fight a duel?”

“Oh yes he is, if I know my Latin. Vindictive bastards. Unless that German guy backs down. . . . I'd like to see it anyway. Probably have to be with meat axes or something like that. The German's got choice of weapons, if I remember my Montesquieu.”

“But, Steve. This is no joke. He mustn't. We mustn't let him.”

I shrugged. “All right. Stop him. You're the only one who can.”

She looked after him with that “poor child” look in her eyes. I looked at my glass. “It was a little unnecessary, wasn't it, Steve?” she said in a moment. “Your going for him that way?”

I gave my glass a shove. “Maybe. But I'm entitled to blow off steam sometime too. Unfortunately, I can't do it by going around and glowering at people and challenging them to duels. It's my cursed ancestors, I suppose.

They were Quakers.” I got up. “I'm going to get closer to the bar,” I said. “No point putting an unnecessary gulf between yourself and salvation. Coming along?”

She looked at me with some indefinable expression in those strange, green eyes of hers. Then she shook her head. “I'm going to bed. And I think you ought to too, Steve. We could all do with more rest, I'm thinking. Seems to me we've been acting pretty jangled, lately.”

VI

I COULDN'T sleep, thinking about that fool kid. Finally, about one thirty, I got dressed again and went around to his cabin. He answered my knock right away, almost as if he'd been hoping someone might knock. He was still dressed and looked pretty ruffled. There was a bottle of that more-than-a-hundred-years brandy on the dresser, alongside the little Madonna. The thought popped absurdly into my head: *Adversity maketh strange bedfellows.*

“Sorry about the way I jumped on you, kid,” I said. “It was pretty uncalled for, I guess.” It gave me a wrench to see how grateful he looked.

“It was my fault, Steve,” he said in a low tone. Alphonse and Gaston now. I began to feel kind of foolish. “Then we can forget about dueling that pork packer?”

“Yes, Steve,” he said solemnly, “I will not fight him.”

“Good,” I said. “No more duels at dawn.”

He smiled and then his face went serious. “It will not happen again,” he said. “I have made a vow. No more quarrels save with the true enemies of my people.”

I stared at him. No more quarrels save with the true enemies of his people! It didn't seem possible. He'd pulled some lulus on me before, but this was almost too good to be true. Still, there he stood, pale and serious as a deacon. Something struck me all at once.

“Hey,” I said. “Are you going to Spain, Ramon? Is that what—” I didn't have to ask any more. I could tell from the expression on his face. I went over and sat on the bed and bounced a little. So that's what those eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we-die invocations had been about.

“Well,” I said. “Here we are with another occasion on our hands.”

He caught on and his face broke into that swell kid's grin. “Si. And fortunately there is some of the brandy left.” He turned to get the bottle from the dresser. I looked at the little Madonna. She

SCRIBNER'S

looked very sweet in the half-light. And a shade prim, I thought, alongside the bottle and glasses.

I stood up when he handed me my drink. "To us, Ramon. To our birthdays," I remembered. "May we both reach them."

He looked at me.

"Uh huh," I said. "Me too."

The grin faded from his face and he took half a step backward. "With—?"

I couldn't help laughing. "With the Madrilenos, you rummy. Who do you think an American would fight for? Franco? Hitler?"

"*Hermano*," he said. It was very solemn. He raised his glass after a moment. "To Spain," he said. "And victory for the Spanish people. And to you, *hermano*. *Con Dios*."

"*Con Dios*," I echoed. *Great and small*, I thought. He counteth them, every one . . . But I looked at the dresser and tipped up my glass to the little Lady who sheds the tears while the Lord just counteth, as they fall.

VII

WE docked in Balboa next morning. I was just stepping onto the gangplank when I heard Kay call. I turned around. She came up in a white sport dress and a green handkerchief tied around her hair. She looked like an overgrown kid. "Weren't you planning on taking me ashore, Steve?"

"I thought you might be kind of fed up with me after last night," I said.

"But why, Steve? You were lovely. So . . . angry with the world." She laughed suddenly.

"What's funny?"

"I was thinking about what you said. About the sand . . ." Her eyes changed their expression. "You *were* a bit rough on him though, weren't you, Steve?"

"I suppose so. I wasn't feeling very sweet and tender."

"I know. It's too bad, sort of. He admires you so much."

"Sure."

"He does," she insisted. "He thinks you're quite wonderful. Really."

It's ridiculous how it made me feel. I tried not to let it, but I saw from the way she looked at me that it had showed in my face for a moment.

"You're always fighting *something*, inside, aren't you, Steve?"

I looked at her. "Uh huh. Acidosis. How is the young Señor anyway? Still bellicose?" I knew, but I didn't know how much he wanted her to know.

She shook her head. "Very much chastened," she said. "He's promised to behave."

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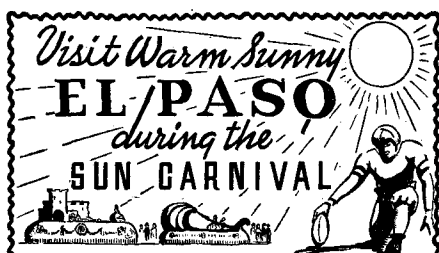


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"Good. Shall we ask him to come
along?" It was my good deed for the
day. But she'd anticipated me. "He's
going to stay aboard."

"And commune some more with the
little Madonna, I suppose."

"Possibly." She looked at me and
shook her head. "You oughtn't fight
what you feel about that kind of . . .
purity, Steve. That's one thing you
oughtn't fight."

"No?"

"No. You ought to accept it . . . as
a kind of responsibility. To yourself
too."

I looked away from those strange
colored eyes. "How much do you know
about me, Kay?"

"Almost everything, I think."

"Everything?"

"Mm hm."

"And how much of it do you like?"

"Everything."

It sure looked like my big day, all at
once. "Come on," I said. I took her
arm. She held back. "Will you make it
up with him?" she said. "He's just a boy,
Steve. And he admires you so much and
. . . he's rather mixed up right now
. . . You know . . ."

"I know," I said. "But I'm a little
ahead of you. I made it up with him
last night."

She stared at me for a minute, then
gave her head a shake. "You're wonder-
ful, Steve."

"You're telling me," I said. "Come
on." I almost ran with her down the
gangplank.

We stopped for a bite somewhere. I
forgot where. I forgot what we ate. I
forgot what we talked about. Nothing
important, you can be sure; nothing of
what I was feeling—and maybe she too.
Funny. You can always find so many
words when you're feeling mean and
lousy about the world. But when the
wonder comes up in you, you're dumb.
You just sit and look at it—almost as if
you were afraid to say anything and
spoil it. Or else you wisecrack, for fear
somebody's liable to think you're really
being moved by something. . . .

I think I talked about myself some,
after a while. I know I showed her the
picture of Rex that I've carried around
in my wallet for I don't know how many
years. I'm in the picture too—what there
was of me in those days; I was about
nine—and there's a view of the ances-
tral hovel in the background. Kay kept
looking at the picture, held on to it
when I wanted to put it back in my
wallet. She didn't say anything about it
though, and I was glad.

There was a view of the sea, I re-

member, very blue and quiet and limit-
less. I can still feel something of that
now, of us sitting there, our few words
somehow catching the sense of gleaming
and quiet out there on the water, and
what we were feeling about being alive
there, together, talking. Even now I can
close my eyes and feel time dissolve
about me as it did that day; I can almost
believe that there is no ship waiting to
take us toward those separate destina-
tions for which we'd started years be-
fore; that soon, soon, I will turn to her
and say, "Look Kay, why don't we go
to Paris this summer, or Bali?"

It was long after midnight when we
got back to the ship, but we were both
wide awake. We went up on deck for a
smoke. Those crystal stars and that pre-
posterous yellow moon were still there,
a stone's throw off the bow.

I gave Kay a cigarette and held the
lighter, and for a moment there was that
face of hers, narrow and shadowed, bent
over it. She leaned over the rail. I
heard her draw in her breath.

"It's been such a marvelous day,
Steve. Hasn't it?"

I didn't look at her. I was having
enough trouble, suddenly, staying this
side of that yellow moon and that sea
of satin and silver going out to meet
the stars.

"What are you thinking about?" she
said.

I was thinking that somewhere in
New York there was a smug bastard
who'd had this for seven years, who was
used to it, or so sure of it, that he
could let her go away from him for
months at a time.

"Wondering," I said, after a minute.

"What?"

"What I was doing seven years ago."

I could feel her eyes on me and I
wanted to turn and look at them. I had
a feeling there might just possibly be
something there I'd want to see. But
I didn't turn. I kept looking out over
the rail. . . . After a moment I heard
her say, "You're going to Spain, aren't
you, Steve?"

I turned around at that, all the way,
and looked at her.

"I'm sorry if it was supposed to be a
secret," she said.

"It's not a secret. Just a little oofy
megoofty for the authorities. Nobody
really gives a damn." I turned back to
the rail. "Anyway, if it *were* a secret, it
wouldn't be for you." I kept my eyes
out there, away from her face. "How'd
you find out?" I asked.

"You're not specially careful. You've
some papers in your wallet and they
were all over the table this afternoon

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when you were showing me that picture of you and Rex. You were such a little boy then, standing there with your dog. And now you're going off to fight . . ."

All my life, I was thinking idiotically. All my life I've been wanting to show that picture to someone and say, "Here. This boy, this dog . . . and you. They belong together. All the rest is rubbish, see . . ." I kept my eyes glued overboard, trying to find something out there that would keep me from falling on my face in another minute.

"Why are you going, Steve?" she said.

"To shoot Fascists," I said.

I saw the sharp movement she made, turning away.

"Why'd you do that?" I asked.

"Because it isn't any good, that way."

"What isn't any good? Fire and blood? They're the only good things left. Maybe when they've gone over and everything's bare and clean, it'll all come up again, different, straighter next time."

She was shaking her head. "Why haven't you the courage to say you're going to fight because you believe in something so hard that you're ready to die for it? Are you afraid somebody may suspect you capable of some real feeling? Why must you make war something even worse, more stupid than it is? If you said at least that you were going to fight for democracy—"

"You've got your dates mixed," I said. "They died for democracy twenty years ago. Ten million of them. Not me. I'm still going to shoot Fascists."

"Steve, Steve," she said.

"Sure. 'Steve' . . . Are they any less dead, those others, because they died for democracy?"

"I don't know. But it's not *they*. It's you. Don't you see? You—of all people. You don't hate people. You're all knotted up with love and pity and anger for them. Because you want them to be better than they are, and life to be better for them than it is. Why must you pull that down in yourself? Why, Steve?"

There wasn't any fast comeback for that "why." I felt kind of funny just then, listening to her. I don't know quite how to describe it. Panicky, almost.

"Going to shoot Fascists!" she said. "You know you don't mean that, Steve."

Why do you say it? It's like a little boy talking, when you talk like that. And not a very bright little boy, or a good little boy—like that darling one in the picture. Just a silly, bitter little boy, doing his bit to keep alive the old terrible fiction of (continued on page 75)

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Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 49)

1. (c) The rivet heater formed the rivet and tossed it, with tongs, to the riveter above him.
2. (d) Indianapolis. Each of the other cities is an important steel producing center. Bethlehem Steel Company has plants at Lackawanna, just outside Buffalo and at South San Francisco. The largest Bethlehem Plant is at Sparrows Point, in the outskirts of Baltimore. This is the only major steel plant in this country which is located on tidewater and from which shipments can be made both by rail and by ocean-going vessels.
3. (d) Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it. Reinforcing bars are rolled with accurately-spaced deformations which increase the holding power of the bar and make for a more stable structure.
4. (d) Paper clip. Manufacturers of paper clips are important consumers of certain grades of steel wire.
5. (c) Milk. Selling at 10 or 11 cents a quart, milk costs less than 6 cents per pound. The base price for steel averages approximately 3 cents per pound.
6. (d) 46 miles per hour. When the rods enter the rolls, they travel at less than 1/4-mile an hour. From these first rolls the incandescent steel rapidly picks up speed until the maximum of 46 miles per hour is reached in the finishing rolls.
7. (d) A self-locking threaded fastening, used where vibration is likely to occur.
8. (c) Hardness developed in metal resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold-working.
9. (c) Iron rust. The chemical composition of iron rust is virtually identical with that of iron ore.
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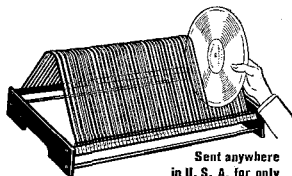
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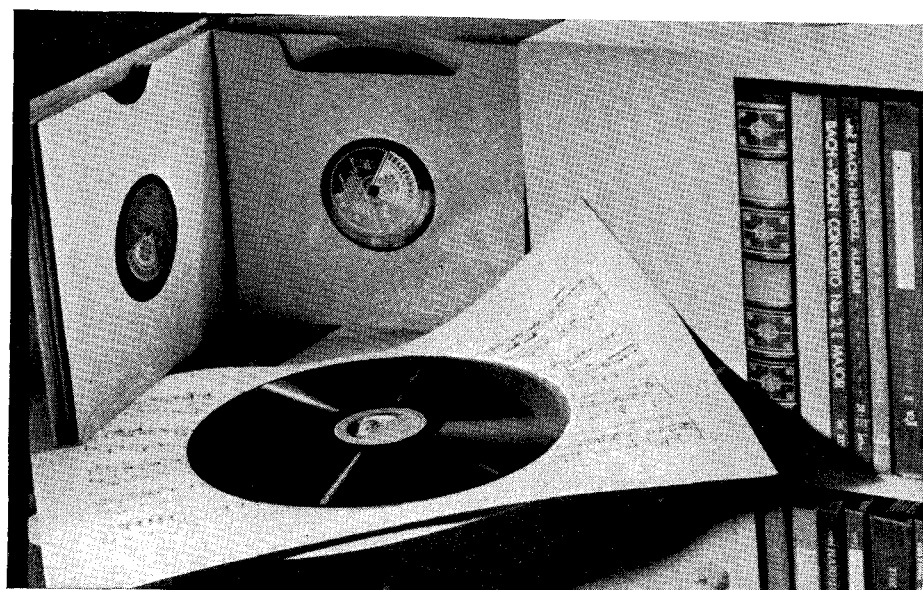
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OTTO HESS

Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

NEVER before in the history of the phonograph have the recorders been as prolific as during the past twelve months. The task of selecting the outstanding publications of 1938 is complicated not only by the unprecedented quantity, quality, and variety of twelve monthly releases from a half-dozen companies, but by a last-minute broadside from the most energetic of these, listing more than 270 discs—all of European derivation and featuring, in almost every instance, ideal interpreters of practically unassailable music.

This end-of-the-year survey will attempt to deal with only a very small fraction of the mileage of sound-track contained in thirty-three album sets and thirty-two single records constituting the "Connoisseur's List of Victor Records." The complete list is recommended as an excellent source for records that might happily be given for Christmas, especially to music lovers whose phonograph collections already embrace the more familiar items in the repertoire. It is a veritable outline of music history from songs of the Renaissance (with lute accompaniments), madrigals by Monteverdi, harpsichord pieces by the seventeenth-century masters Champion de Chambonnières, Pachelbel, and Lully, religious music—the great but rarely heard *Third Tenebrae Service for the Wednesday of Holy Week*—by Couperin le Grand;

through instrumental and vocal music by Bach and Handel, concertos and symphonies by Mozart and Haydn, string quartets by Boccherini, Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, Dvořák, quintets by Brahms, songs by Schumann, Schubert, Wolf, and Fauré, and piano works of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert; up to modern piano, vocal, and chamber-music compositions by Debussy, Ravel, Malipiero, Prokofieff, Bliss, and Francaix. Also in the list will be found such rare "connoisseur" items as Beethoven's fifth symphony and Dvořák's "From the New World."

The year's outstanding recordings of symphonies are: Mozart's unfailing G minor, vibrantly and unaffectedly interpreted by Sir Thomas Beecham with the London Philharmonic (Columbia set No. 316); Schubert's perennial B minor, "The Unfinished," played by the same conductor and orchestra (Columbia set No. 330); Haydn's *Symphony No. 88 in G*, deeply felt and meticulously read by Arturo Toscanini amid acoustic surroundings (NBC's studio 8H) which are far from perfect but, nevertheless, do not obscure the uncanny precision of the NBC Symphony Orchestra (Victor set No. M-454); also this conductor's incomparable gardening of Beethoven's "Pastorale" symphony, with the BBC Orchestra (Victor set No. M417); Schumann's *Symphony No. 2 in C*, op. 61, skill-

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