

Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, had married Elizabeth after her first husband, Arthur Kittredge, had been reported killed in World War I. Elizabeth had been orphaned when a baby and raised by her aunt and uncle in Tulsa, where she met and married Arthur. Within a year after their marriage he enlisted, and soon afterwards was reported killed. Elizabeth moved to Los Angeles, where she met and married Spratt. He knew of her present feeling toward Arthur. Elizabeth one day overheard the children reading and laughing at the editorials and advertising matter appearing in print during World War I.

CHAPTER IX

Indoors the children came across some new monstrosity and broke into laughter again. Cherry finally gasped, "I tell you, my ribs hurt. I haven't had so much fun for ages."

"Oh boy," exclaimed Pudge, "here's another of these things. Today, filled with hope and trust, we proudly look upon our great army and our noble allies. Through their sacrifices we are moving toward the victory that will bring triumphant peace to all the world. Bring this glorious day nearer! Work for victory as you never worked before! America is destined to be—"

"—the prize sucker of all time," Dick finished the sentence for him, with sudden disgust. "Did you ever hear such tripe? Couldn't you throw up?"

"Well—we really ought not to laugh," Julia admitted. "The poor things, they took it so seriously." "If we don't laugh," said Dick, "we'll all sit down and cry. We've got the mess they made."

"Oh Dick," Julia admonished him, "but really, this war is different!" "Different? Tell that to the Marines. Sure, the Marines who got stuck on Wake Island with a lot of pogs because the Japs were such good customers and they might have got their feelings hurt if we'd fortified it."

"We're a swell bunch of suckers, aren't we?" said Cherry. "To get ourselves born in these times!" "Well, we couldn't help it," Dick remarked. "But I guess nobody who had anything to say about it would have picked out the twentieth century, any of it."

Cherry gave a low ironic chuckle. "They'll have an easy time remembering the twentieth century when they study it in the history books. A pre-war period, a war, an inter-war period, another war, a post-war period—"

"Don't say post-war too soon, you wishful thinker," Pudge admonished her lazily. "How do you know it won't be just the second inter-war period?"

There was a shuffling sound as they began to restack the magazines, evidently concluding that these had provided as much amusement as they could afford. "This is a fine way for two fellows to be talking," advised Julia, "who'll probably be in the army this time next year."

"No, you don't get it, Julia," said Dick. "I'm not as pessimistic as Pudge. I think the next inter-war period is going to be a lot longer than this last one, why it's got to; by the time the war is over everything will be blown to powder and there'll be nothing left to fight with. But we're a lot better off than those moony-faced laddies who went marching off full of molasses about the brotherhood of man and all that. We won't be disillusioned when it's over because we haven't got any illusions. We know it's all a bloody mess and we're in it because our elders didn't have sense enough to keep us out of it. We'll go into the army and they'll train us to be killers whose business it is to shoot other killers before they have a chance to shoot us first. And that's that."

"But gosh, Dick!" Julia exclaimed in a shocked voice. "We've got to fight! Don't you hate the Japs?"

"Of course I hate them. I'd like to wipe every one of their monkey faces off the earth. Oh, that's okay by me. I'll shoot 'em and be glad to do it. But that's not the idea. I meant the difference between this war and the last one is that this time we know what we're doing. We're fighting to stay alive, period. We don't expect any brand-new world."

"Lucky we don't expect it," observed Pudge, "because it's a cinch we're not going to get one."

"Mr. Wallace," Cherry said wisely, "thinks we're fighting to provide milk for the Chinese coolies."

Pudge chuckled at her. "Without even asking the coolies if they want any milk."

"You know," said Cherry, "it's really pathetic the way some of the propaganda leaders are trying to sell us on that idea of a brand-new world. Just get this over, and the Russians will love the Chinese and the Chinese will love the British and the British will love the Italians—"

Pudge interrupted, still chuckling, "Just picture anybody actually loving the Italians."

"Oh, but they will," Cherry assured him cynically. "Haven't you read some of these post-war planners? Everybody is going to get along with everybody else, even the Spaniards."

"The State Department," Dick reminded her, "gets along beautifully with the Spaniards."

Now that Chamberlain is dead," said Cherry, "somebody really ought to send the State Department a lot of umbrellas for Christmas. Oh, it really does make you tired, doesn't it? Ever since I can remember, people have been talking about the next war, and nobody did anything about it except to go on selling the Japs and Germans things to blow us up with. And now that we're in it they're trying to hand us that same old fluff."

"I guess you're right," Julia admitted. "It's—shivery, isn't it?"

Dick retorted, "It doesn't make sense except the way I said it the first time. The Japs and Germans say, 'We're going to kill you and take what you've got.' We say, 'Like hell you are.' So we get up and bang it out. We keep banging till they're so sluggnatty they have to let us alone."

"That's not the way it turned out last time," Julia reminded him. "No it didn't," Dick agreed, "because last time everybody was so



"Oh, what have I told him?"

full of phony ideals and doubletalk. Why, to read this stuff we've been reading, you'd think the army was a lot of social workers sent out to uplift the community. Those fellows didn't know what they were fighting for. No wonder they left everything in such a muddle. Nobody ever fought a war for any ideals."

"Why Dick, there are some ideals in this war!" Julia protested. "You know, the Four Freedoms and all that."

Dick was too polite to contradict her at once, but Cherry was not. "Oh Julia," she said, "don't be so sentimental. You don't really believe anybody in the United States cares whether the Croats and people like that have any Four Freedoms, any more than they care about us. Nobody fights for anything like that. They just pretend they do while it's going on."

"She's right, Julia," Dick argued. "What they really fight about is property and power. They always talk pretty while it's going on, and then when it's over they get realistic. But as soon as a new war starts they say, 'Oh yes, we know, all the other wars were fought for crass reasons, but this one's different, boys, this one's different.' He became vehement. "Well, this one's not different and I'm thankful we know it. I'm plenty tired of everybody pretending to believe what everybody knows isn't true."

"I wonder what your mother and father would say," Julia suggested, "if they could hear you talk like that?"

"Oh, they wouldn't mind," said Cherry. "They're very intelligent people, really."

"They've got some old-fashioned ideas," said Dick, "like everybody their age, but generally speaking they're very liberal for older people. They don't go around being always shocked about things."

Outside on the balcony, Elizabeth stood with her hands gripping the rail. She was thinking, "Every word she is saying is my fault, mine and Spratt's. They're our children and we taught them to think this way. Or at least, if we didn't teach them to be cynics, we didn't do anything to stop it. We ran away from the last war as fast as we could. In what Spratt called the world's hangover, we didn't say anything but 'never again.' And now there's another war, and Dick will have to fight it—and listen to him! Is that how they all feel? If it is, their children will have to do it again. Oh, what have I told him? What can I tell him now?"

Little as she liked to admit it, she knew she had been a coward and that she was still a coward. She had refused to face what was there, and she still lacked the courage to face it. Could she go into the house right now and say to Dick, "This war is a glorious crusade, and you must get into it now. Why wait

till next year? They will take you at seventeen. Oh yes, I know, thousands of men have already been killed, but go ahead. What are you waiting for? It's worth it."

No, she could not say it. If she believed this war was worth winning, that was what she ought to say, but the truth was that she simply did not believe it that much. That was what had held them all back during the accumulating horrors of the past twenty years. They knew what war was like, they could feel anything happen in the world if only they could keep out of another. She need not blame herself, Elizabeth thought, as though she was the only one. She stood there on the balcony, epitomizing her country.

Turning around, she walked into the house, entering through a hall so as to avoid meeting the children in the den. With the disappearance of the sun the air had grown chilly. A fire might be welcome. She stood by a window in the living room, looking at the darkness as it gathered swiftly over the lawn. A maid came in to turn on the lights.

"Don't you want me to draw those curtains too, Mrs. Herlong?" she asked.

Elizabeth turned. "Why yes, I'd forgotten them. I'll do this window." She pulled the cord that drew the curtains together, and as the maid went out she turned from the window. How well-ordered everything looked, and was. Nothing had happened this afternoon. Nothing had happened except within herself. Everything that had made her feel so strong and happy as she drove home through the canyon was still there. A voice in the doorway startled her.

"Say, mother, we're getting famished. Isn't the boss home yet?"

"Not yet, Dick. He's very busy these days, you know, on the new picture."

"I know, but I'm starving." "If the boss isn't here by seven-thirty, we'll sit down without him," she promised. "It's getting cold, Dick, will you light the fire?"

"Sure will," Dick knelt down and applied a match to the gas rod under the logs. He glanced at the cocktail tray. "Want me to mix the Martinis?"

"I wish you would."

"Okay." He went first to the door and called the others. "Want to come in here? Fire going."

"In a minute," Cherry called back. "Got to wash our hands first—those magazines were so awfully dusty. Is the boss in?"

"Not yet, but mother says we can have dinner at seven-thirty anyway. So hurry up."

The gas flame sparked up to ignite the logs piled in the grate. Dick swished the gin and vermouth. Though he was not allowed to drink cocktails himself, he enjoyed the feeling of adulthood it gave him to play bartender. What a nice boy he was, Elizabeth thought as she watched him. Dick asked,

"Like a drink now?"

"I believe I would. I'm a bit tired."

He poured it out for her, and watched while she tasted it. "How's that?"

"Very good. You could get a job."

"I'll be needing one if that physics guy gets much tougher. Oh hello there," he said as Cherry and the two others came in. They greeted Elizabeth, and Julia said,

"That fire looks wonderful. I wish we had those gas lighters at our house, they start the fire with no trouble at all. You have just everything here, Mrs. Herlong."

"Why thank you, Julia."

"This is the most comfortable house I've ever in. We've been having such fun all afternoon."

"I'm getting weak in the middle," said Dick. "I wish you'd ordered some crackers or something."

"I'll have hors d'oeuvres tomorrow night. We're having a guest for dinner—I mean an older guest, from the studio."

"We were all going to ride down to the beach tomorrow night," said Dick. "It'll be all right if Cherry and I leave right after dinner, won't it?"

"For Cherry, but I'm afraid there's another prospect for you."

"For me? What?" he asked in alarm.



IT WAS in the latter part of summer, 31 years ago, when the Boston Braves began to warm up and get wings in their famous flight from the bottom to the top, leading to a four straight world series victory over Connie Mack's Athletics, rated then the best team in baseball.

We began thinking of the Braves' miracle when George Stallings worked Rudolph, Tyler and James in this successive order for three months, because most managers today have deep trouble in getting by one game with three pitchers.

Day after day back in 1914 it was Rudolph—Tyler—James—Rudolph—Tyler—James—on through July—on through August—on through September until the same trio—working in this order—cleaned up the Mackmen in four sunny October afternoons. Here was one of the most remarkable combinations in pitching history. Dick Rudolph won 27 games that season, and he was ably supported by Tyler and James.

In talking with Rudolph after the series he had an interesting angle to offer—

"I'll tell you why we did so well," Dick said. "Working every third day, we had a much better chance to keep better control, to keep our arms in pitching condition, and to build up our confidence. I can see no reason why any able-bodied pitcher can't work every third or fourth game. Why, Ed Walsh worked in 66 games back in 1908 or 1909 and won 40 of them, saving 10 or 12 others. I've seen strong pitching staffs pulled back because their best men worked every fifth or sixth day. That isn't enough work to strengthen a pitcher's arm or to keep his control."

"As you know, control is a lot more than a matter of bases on balls. It is also a matter of putting the ball where you want it to go, high or low, over the outside or the inside corner. You can't get that sort of control working every fifth or sixth day. Even after pitching most of the Braves games for three months we were still in top shape for the world series. It has always been my belief that pitchers should be worked in something well over 300 innings each season to keep them in shape and to keep them geared up for their best work. I know that's why and how we won the pennant and the big series. We had enough work in the box to keep right."

Rudolph Was Right
Practically every fact you can pick up proves that Dick Rudolph had the answer. We have seen most of the great pitchers of baseball. In this list you'd have to include Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Grover Alexander, Carl Hubbell and Bob Feller.

Old Cy was always good for better than 300 innings. Walter Johnson in his best years averaged around 370 innings. Alexander and Mathewson averaged around 360 innings. In his two best years, 1915 and 1916, Alexander worked 376 and 389 innings.

This amount of pitching turned their arms into steel. It helped them to keep the ball where they wanted it to go. It kept them conditioned, and also was a big factor in keeping them confident.

In comparison with these brilliant records from former years, take a look at the modern breed. Last year there were only two pitchers in the American league who worked over 300 innings and they were Hal Newhouse and Dizzy Trout. What happened? Together they won 56 ball games. Not another pitcher in the American League worked over 270 innings. None of the others drew much more than a warm up, doing about two-thirds of a season's job.

What about the National league? Bill Voiselle of the Giants with 313 was the only pitcher in this circuit to pass the 300 inning mark. None of the others reached 290. Most of them fell below 250 innings. This can't be helped where a pitcher has a sore arm, but hard working pitchers rarely have sore arms.

John Siddall, one of our best pitchers, once wrote—"There is no substitute for work." This goes for pitchers also.

"I'd like to have a pitcher who could work over 300 innings," a manager recently said when he brought up the argument that most pitchers were far underworked.

"The trouble most of us are having now is getting a pitcher who can last five innings." This is true, but no pitcher working only 180 or 200 innings from April to October is going to have any chance to develop, to strengthen his arm, to build up his control—or amount to much. It would be much better for modern pitchers to work more in batting practice or at least find some method of throwing the ball oftener. They need stronger, tougher arms. They need better control. And they can get this in no other way.



JAPANESE WARLORDS CONFER

First Warlord.—Here are some American terms of surrender. Let us reject them at once.

Second Warlord.—Why so fast? Wouldn't it be well to think them over?

First Warlord.—If we start thinking at this point all is lost.

Third Warlord.—Are the terms really bad?

First Warlord.—I never realized Japan's position was so terrible until I read them.

Fourth Warlord.—Just what is the ultimatum?

First Warlord.—If we don't give up now we will get into trouble!

Second Warlord.—That is the understatement of the war.

Third Warlord.—Does it not mean that by rejecting the terms we will be leaping from the frying pan into the fire?

Fourth Warlord (emphatically).—What Halsey is using on us is no frying pan! How did we ever permit him to bring his feet in so close?

First Warlord.—It was easy!

Fifth Warlord (entering with paper).—Here's another one!

Third Warlord.—Another what?

Fifth Warlord.—Another daily communication from the Yankee air force announcing the batteries, the team signals and the program for the day, play by play.

Fourth Warlord.—Where is our air force?

First Warlord.—It is busy in its suicide campaign.

Second Warlord.—How is the suicide campaign going?

First Warlord.—Excellent. It is terrorizing everybody but the enemy.

Fourth Warlord.—Is it perhaps about time the honorable Japanese faced facts, took stock and considered the prospect of losing the honorable Japanese shirt?

First Warlord.—Honorable Japanese can get along without a shirt.

Fourth Warlord.—We may get a chance to prove it.

Third Warlord.—Let us be of brave hearts. Remember we have the Japanese honorable ancestors with us.

Fifth Warlord.—I had a dream about honorable ancestors last night. I dreamed they were so overworked backing us up that they had inaugurated a night shift.

ALL.—MAYBE THAT WAS NO DREAM!

Help Wanted Ads For War Time

RESTAURANT CHEF: One who excels in making the worst of a bad situation preferred; must lack any desire to satisfy the customer and be a slave to the belief that any dish is appealing, provided it has a little succotash, string beans and creamed cheese on it.

LAUNDRY WORKERS: Bring own acids, tongs, sickles, hole-punchers, ripping devices and button busters; good money and lots of fun.

SALESMEN: No conception of salesmanship required; preference given to men and women who are not interested in selling anything anyhow; we provide most comfortable chairs in town, also Racing Form.

OFFICE BOY: One willing to start at \$75 a week; \$100 to \$125 as soon as you remember to fill the paste pots; use of the boss's office for crap games provided. Three hours for lunch.

MAN TO MOW LAWN: \$5 an hour and no criticism from employer; will give \$2 an hour extra if you trim around the mintbed; only those who never remove a rock from path of lawn mower need apply.

MISCELLANEOUS: Jobs of all kinds. Do you want big money? Do you wish to get ahead? Write today, stating your lack of experience, giving details concerning your general lack of ability and naming the last three places where you exasperated the customers.

Eighteen Billion Tax Cut Possible!—Headline. Wanna bet?

EATING OUT
Remember when the waiter used to come around, smile tolerantly and inquire if everything was okay? Now he stomps to the table in the manner of a Nazi with an ultimatum, slaps down a dinner check that looks like a federal budget estimate and almost demands "What's delaying your exit? Doncha know you're holding up new business?"

Canary Designs Will Enliven Your Kitchen



A BRIGHT little canary enlivens any kitchen. Use these 6 by 6 transfer designs on tea towels, on cottage curtains, on the corners of a breakfast or luncheon cloth. Besides yellow for the canary, red, green and blue are the other colors needed.

To obtain six transfer designs for the Canary Towels (Pattern No. 5244), color chart for working, illustrations of stitches used, send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
530 South Wells St. Chicago, Ill.
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern.
No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Tree Gets Right of Way

A very independent tree is a pine growing between Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyo. It's a tree that has moved a railroad, for when the Union Pacific laid their tracks through the section in 1867 the roadbed was placed around the tree.

The pioneers hated to cut down the only tree for miles around.

SNAPPY FACTS about RUBBER

1,417,000 airplane tires were built in 1944—733% more than were produced in 1941.

Carbon black is a pigment which, when mixed with rubber, reinforces the molecules of rubber—similar to the way slag or pebbles are used in reinforcing concrete. It is the third most important material that goes into a tire.

Shortages of carbon black, textiles and wire are largely responsible for the present critical shortage of tires. Over 125 feet of steel wire are used in the construction of an average-size passenger car tire.

Don Marney

In war or peace B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER



Olivia de HAVILLAND
star of the Warner Bros. picture, "Strawberry Blonde," recommends Calox Tooth Powder for teeth that shine.

Buy War Bonds



What are the two most important words we have learned in this war?

NOT long ago, Russian armies were lined up on the Oder, facing desperate Nazi resistance before Berlin. On the 14th of February, nearly 4,000 bombers and fighters, part British, part American, flew to that vital sector and smashed at enemy strong points and concentrations. Some planes actually unloaded their bombs only 12 miles in advance of the Russian spearhead!

That was *Combined Operations*.

In Burma, a British Admiral led tough U. S. Rangers, Tommies from all parts of the Empire, Indian Gurkhas and Sikhs, Chinese foot soldiers, carrying weapons made in Bridgeport. All wore different uniforms. But all shared in their hearts a single determination—to destroy the arch-destroyers, to conquer the common enemy.

That is *Combined Operations*—two words that affect the future of mankind.

We have learned the lesson that to win this war we had to fight side by side with our allies, regardless of race, religion or politics.

And now, with durable peace within our grasp, we cannot abandon that lesson. Unity, efficiency, fellowship, international cooperation *must be continued*.

Every American citizen, every man and woman in the nation, has a definite contribution to make toward seeing that a permanent international body to maintain peace be a *going concern*.

We must add our strength to the surging movement toward unity among all men of good-will in every part of the globe. We must pledge our unswerving support to that movement, give our statesmen and legislators the support they need to make it effective. We must determine to *make the necessary start*, even though the first step is not as altogether perfect as we might wish.

Will you play your part in this greatest of all *Combined Operations*? Will you take your place in the ranks with your fellow men in the striving toward permanent peace?

First, get and *keep yourself informed* about the *specific proposals* for peace and international cooperation which are now before us. Read and listen to the discussions of them. Ask your Public Library for material on them.

Second, interest your friends in these questions. Get them discussed in any social, labor, business, religious or other groups to which you belong.

Third, say what you think—for or against—in writing, to your Congressman and Senators, to your newspaper. Declare yourself. Speak up.

Work today for peace, that your children may live tomorrow.

(PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL)

(TO BE CONTINUED)