

# In Any Language

BY ROBERT CARSON

"Why put it off?" Craig said. "And why try to put it in English? Here's how I feel in sign language"

When a girl schemes to batter down a man's ego, she plots with cool calculation. Raphaela unfortunately—or fortunately—had a hot head and a warm South American heart

LONG after the meeting at San Francisco, various groups were still in the city translating from innumerable languages, putting the agreements in proper form and cleaning up the odds and ends. Among those people was a gorgeous girl named Raphaela O'Brien, who lived in a nice hotel overlooking Union Square and dealt in Spanish with Inter-American affairs. Her boss, a man by the name of Francis Powel III, sat on the bench most of the time for the State Department, but the formation of another team for San Francisco had put him in the game. He was doing well and he thought he had a good secretary in Raphaela.

Although the affairs of the world were on the way to solution and in fairly good order, certain difficulties existed in the O'Brien-Powel III axis. Powel was thirty-six, unmarried and happy with international law; he had been to Harvard, his family owned a house on Beacon Street in Boston, and he had a magnificent collection of Royal Crown Derby which he had added to by casing San Francisco. But he was human; sometimes when he looked at Raphaela he didn't think exclusively of the Four Freedoms.

Raphaela was the kind of Irish that resulted from a faulty D-Day on the part of the Spanish Armada some centuries previously. The combination of bog-trotter and Castilian had come down to her entirely undiluted, resulting in an olive skin, blue eyes, and

hair as black as ebony. Her father had been a mining engineer in Central and South America where primitive living conditions and an undesirable diet had given her a perfect figure, teeth undefiled by a dentist's drill, eyelashes so long they were constantly mistaken for phonies, and a cameolike face.

There was, moreover, a certain largeness in her life that passed unnoticed in California but would have made her a marked woman in Boston; she laughed loudly, she cried easily, and her angers could be immense. Powel, who had hired her nearly two years before in Washington, hoped time would calm her down. But she wasn't a bit different at twenty-four than at twenty-two. He was beginning to wonder if he hadn't better make up his mind before it was too late.

Raphaela, on her part, often thought of Powel. She liked his accent, his courtesy and taste, and even the slightly too-small English clothes he wore. He was a nice man to have a Scotch-and-soda with at sundown, and afterward go to the theater. He never argued and he didn't try to wrestle with her.

Obviously there was no use waiting for him to ask her about marriage. He still had a girl in Boston named Cornelia with whom he carried on a bloodless correspondence, and besides, his family had never seen her. She could see herself sharing a bottle of beer with his mother and describing a bullfight. . . . If she decided to marry him, she'd just have to go ahead and do it.

When the Japanese surrender came, Raphaela had a strong urge to go out on Market Street and help the sailors wreck the town, or to get on a California Street cable car and start yelling. Instead, she stood in the sitting room of Powel's suite in a Nob Hill hotel, looking at the bay and the Oakland bridge. She held a glass of champagne, and Powel held a glass of champagne. They clinked (Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

# FOUR PLANKS FOR PEACE

BY ROBERT P. PATTERSON

SECRETARY OF WAR

ONLY four years ago the United States was on the eve of disasters that threatened our national existence. In a six-month period, the American flag disappeared from an area of eleven million square miles. In the same period, our two major allies lost every battle they fought. Only after three years and nine months of desperate effort did we and our allies win victory out of defeat.

Today the United States is admittedly the most powerful nation in the world. But our present triumph may hold the seeds of our future destruction. Reaction has already set in. Many of us are set to forget war and devote ourselves to the luxury of peace. If we succumb to that powerful urge, we shall repeat the tragic mistake of the first World War when future security was sacrificed for a fictitious normalcy.

The same mistake, repeated today, can be the swift and utter end of our country. Defeat, in the event of a third World War, will mean more than humiliation, reparations and territorial loss. It will mean *extinction*. A victorious United States has the resources and the forbearance to rebuild a defeated enemy. But no future aggressor will have either the

forbearance or the resources to reconstruct our economy if it is devastated by war. *The United States cannot afford to be a loser.* A sound system of national security is fundamental. We cannot gamble when the life of the republic and its people is at stake.

Admittedly, we have reason to hope for a long era of peace. First, we are engaged with the other United Nations in a world organization whose primary aim is the just settlement of disputes and frictions. Armed with power to enforce decisions, it is more likely to succeed than any previous effort.

Second, we have developed a weapon—the atomic bomb—powerful enough to prostrate an enemy in a matter of hours. The speed of Japanese surrender after its initial use is adequate testimony of its effectiveness.

We are still far from the day when we can be assured of universal and permanent peace. Until that day has arrived, the United States can take no chances. We must and will bend our efforts to assure the world organization's success, but our first concern must be our own national security. That is no selfish attitude.

Should the United States fall in a sudden and furious attack, a free world's security

would perish at the same time. This does not mean we must maintain a colossal military establishment on which our national life will be concentrated, draining our resources and straining our economy.

What we need is a nation, devoted to peace, whose energies in an emergency can be coordinated and focused to subdue any attack on the peace. The program, if it is to be adequate for national security, must rest on these four planks:

1. A single Department of the Armed Forces under unified command.

2. A democratic and scientific system of military training that will fit our youth both for citizenship and the nation's defense.

3. A plan for swift industrial mobilization that will permit complete and immediate conversion to a war footing, when attack becomes imminent.

4. Scientific research and engineering that will continue to give our forces the most effective weapons, offensive and defensive.

It is a program that will cost money, but in half a century it will not cost us the 284 billion dollars we have already spent on World War II. It will demand sacrifice, but no sacrifice comparable to the loss of a quarter mil-

lion of our young men since Pearl Harbor. It will mean inconveniences in our personal lives, but they will be petty measured against the inconvenience 12 million men and women and their families have sustained for the past four years.

Let us consider the program, plank by plank, and see what it means:

## UNIFIED COMMAND

War is the most costly and wasteful of human enterprises, but a military establishment in peacetime can run it a close second. The supporters of air power, sea power, land power, atomic power, press unremittingly for expansion of their particular interest. Complete security, however, will be dependent on a combination of all four. But, as of now, we have no national agency competent to decide in what measure each power will be developed into the over-all security structure, or to arbitrate between disputing claimants. In the immediate postwar years, the nation may very easily find itself in the position of the householder, harried by a horde of persuasive, salesmen into buying  
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Our Secretary of War was thinking of youngsters like these when he drew up his planks for peace. If we fail, and war comes again, they will have to pay for it



HAROLD M. LAMBERT