

looked like you'd just come from a workshop and wore slacks and a sport and white shoes. She kiddin' me or not?"

"Herself," Steve said. "Didn't you Fleming?"

"For him me. He said a Russian make something of my typing, he couldn't. You have many?"

"I've had never dictated a letter in my life. 'None if I can help it,' he said. 'It's orders for stuff going through, running 'em down, riding 'em pushers in the office. You been through the yards?'"

"I thrust out a foot. The leg and hand had as fine lines as the Caroline, thought, a full midsection and a clean run.

"The pay ain't enough to wreck in that mud and gravel for," she said.

"You stay here," Steve said. "Those in the yards find enough excuses to stop work. You'd stop even the big ones?"

"I smiled for the first time. 'We'll be along,' she said.

"Sure," he said. "I'll draw you a plan of the yards. There'll be a lot of men here asking for me, and you tell 'em where I was headed for."

"Just 'Blondie' all right?"

"For you," she said. "My name's Phyllis—Phyllis Dorsey."

"Take! Here's that tool order. Tell the purchasing department if those aren't here by morning they can't get their time." He started out the door.

"Come back. 'And tell Fleming I want to know when that steel's coming out the sound. No more maybes. Set a date, and he'd better keep it. Can't run another week."

"You mean," she asked, "that I can't rough with Fleming?"

"Rough as you please," he said.

"Steve grinned as he went out, thinking how sore Lou must have been to see someone like that to his office. Fifty feet away he'd forgotten Phyllis Dorsey. The foreman of the metal shop stopped him, and told him that it was the outside burner man. Steve never had time for anything but the yards while he was in the office.

"And he had to see Dan Hughes before the whistle blew. Steve didn't think of it as seeing Dan. He thought that he needed a night angle with the foreman. He'd need a lot more men when they got started on the C ships. Dan saw Steve coming and stood still. Not a muscle moved in his face. His gaze didn't flicker from Steve's eyes.

"Who's the best man you've got?" Steve asked.

Dan's color darkened and his fists clenched. "Pick him yourself," he said. "When I'm gone."

"You leaving?"

"I'm not letting a kid fire me."

"When I fire you," Steve said, "it'll be the last you won't have time to quit."

"I want is a night anglesmith tomorrow."

Dan relaxed and his eyes began to twinkle. "I didn't figure I'd last long with you the boss," he said.

"The lasting's up to you. Got any?"

Suddenly Dan was himself again. He grinned his superior grin. "You're running down," he said. "Or haven't you seen that big mirror in the tavern at the end of the street?"

clenched. Then the four-thirty whistle blew, and no one could talk against it. Men rushed past. The night shift was coming across the yards and drew Steve's mind to new problems he must face with the second crew.

"Fellow named Dowden," Dan said. "Worked here for years. Just came back from across the sound. He's good."

The tension had broken, and Steve knew Dan had broken it.

"I'll see him tomorrow," Steve said, and at once Dan drifted away with the day crew, headed for the gate.

Steve didn't feel so good about the way that had turned out. Later, when he ate supper, he had a feeling Dan had put something over on him, but he couldn't figure what it was.

Dan was a good anglesmith. Steve had watched him work. No two frames in a ship are exactly alike, no two reverse-frame angle irons or intercostal plates. Steve was not a ship-fitter, but there was little about the trade he didn't know. Nothing is square in a ship. No shape can continue through the ever-changing mold of a ship's form. Ships are made of steel, not rubber, and their parts cannot be twisted or pulled into place. Steve knew how essential it was for every bent piece of metal to fit perfectly, and Dan Hughes was a wizard with a template on the bending slab or with the dies in the big press. Steve knew all that, and how big yards had gobbled up the good anglesmiths. He had to keep Dan and forget him. The forgetting was easy. Steve was in the yards sixteen hours a day. No lathe turned, no punch clanked, no rivet gun rattled, but he knew how and why and when. He didn't have enough sleep or enough to eat. The lush beauty of his new secretary was only a blob of color against the dingy walls of his office. He was being swallowed by details of building five tugs. He was even forgetting ships.

The night after he talked to Dan, Steve found Ted Greer and Buzz Finley in the machine shop. Ted quickly covered a sheet of paper.

"Ted's got an idea," Buzz said. "A trolling rig."

"Next time I snag the granddaddy of all the springs, he won't get away from me," Ted said. "Show it to you when it's done."

"To hell with it," Steve said. . . .

"Get another diver, Buzz?"

"Every diver on the sound's working. Maybe in two months."

"The last tug'll be ready to launch by then."

Steve turned away. Buzz might be a good dockmaster, but he didn't have enough drive. Ted Greer had been an efficient repair-crew foreman and Steve had thought of making him department head. But all they cared about after the whistle blew was catching salmon.

He saw Buzz again next morning. A tug was bringing a scowload of steel across the sound and Steve went to the fitting-out wharf and found the dockmaster waiting for it.

"Nature was good to the Kings, putting an inlet here," Buzz said.

"Maybe a King was smart and put the yards here because of the inlet," Steve said.

"Same thing. No yards got a basin like it. The wharf's just under a quarter of a mile long. Piling's on land where teredos can't touch it. And she'll

IS YOUR WIFE COOKING 30% OF YOUR PAY CHECK?



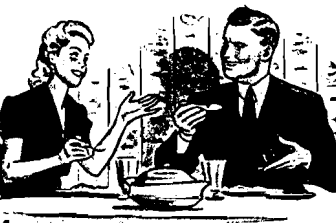
"Could be! Take our case. I found that about one-third of my hard earnings was going just for food! So I said to Janie... 'Look, honey, maybe there's a way we can save 5, 10 or 15% on our food bills!'"



2. "Sure," says Janie, "stop eating so much!" I let this pass, and suggest how about investigating A&P Super Markets? The Adamases say they save plenty at A&P... and they set a swell table. "All right", grumbles Janie. "You come along, too... if you think low-cost eating's so easy!"



3. "Well, I'm dumbfounded", confesses Janie, when she discovers she can lop dollars off the grocery budget. The manager explains that A&P has a famously low storekeeping expense... can mark its prices way down. For extra economy, he suggests A&P's own brands...



4. "...like the 33 quality-famous Ann Page Foods!" "Boy, there's real eating," I tell Janie. "Real savings, too", she chimes. "From now on, my pet, your paycheck is going to stretch a lot farther, every week, at the A&P Super Market!"

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