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you've got your own job on top of that."

He was quiet for a time before he answered. "I've got to do something to feel worth while. The Army doesn't want me."

"But in this war everyone's in the Army, and no fooling."

That seemed to cheer him up. He sat straighter in the seat, and his voice brightened. "It would do your heart good to see them cooperating," he said. "The ones that work hardest at their regular jobs are most willing to take the tough tricks at the signal lights at night. Take Louise Laurie, for instance—works all day long studying for her Master's degree, and—"

"Did you say Miss Laurie? Louise Laurie?"

"Yes."

"Is she on duty at the report center?"

"Yes."

"So that's why she'll be late tonight."

"She'll be late, all right," Mr. Ayer said.

"She's on four hours—ten till two. You're not staying open for her, are you?"

"Oh, I don't mind hanging around."

We had stopped in front of his house. The motor was idling, and I could feel him looking at me. After a while he said,

"Well, Tuck, you're going into the Army, aren't you?"

"Sure. Tomorrow morning."

He was feeling blue again. He got out of his car and stood with one foot on the running board. He was a swell, quiet guy. He had tried half a dozen times to enlist; but every time they turned him down because of his heart.

"I'll miss you," he said. "It won't be the same. We'll all miss you."

He took his foot off the running board, then reached in and shook hands with me. "So long," he said and turned away up the walk to his house.

ON THE way back to the garage I felt proud and kind of lonely to know that Mr. Ayer would miss me. Doc Bennett had said he would miss me, too. Would Miss Laurie? I didn't know, but somehow I wanted her to. I thought of all the good people who came to the garage, and how most of them seemed to have a place in Miss Laurie's world. Doc Bennett knew her family, and all about her since she'd been born. Mr. Ayer worked with her at the report center. What was her world like, anyway? What did people talk about in places where she felt at home? I never figured I'd get even a glimpse of Miss Laurie's world; but I did, and it changed everything.

Professor Hartley's car was waiting when I drove up. I saw the twin taillights, and the headlights focused sharp on the elevator door. His motor was running, and white vapor was foaming out of the exhaust. I pulled up alongside and jumped out of Mr. Ayer's car.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Professor," I said.

He had a thin, wonderful face. He was wearing a fur cap like teamsters used to wear and a wool scarf around his neck. He seemed happy and eager about something. "I forgot to notify you I'd be a bit late," he said. "I've been out on the bridge spotting airplanes—ten to midnight shift."

"That's all right, Professor. There's one more car to come in, anyway. Was it cold out there?"

I parked Mr. Ayer's car in the garage, then came out and got into Professor Hartley's car to drive him home. We

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