

MEMORIAL DAY  
HOW I LOST THE  
SECOND WORLD WAR  
AND HELPED TURN BACK  
THE GERMAN INVASION

1 April, 1938

Dear Editor:

As a subscriber of some years standing—ever since taking up residence in Britain, in point of fact—I have often noted with pleasure that in addition to dealing with the details of the various *All New and Logical, Original Games* designed by your readers, you have sometimes welcomed to your columns vignettes of city and rural life, and especially those having to do with games. Thus I hope that an account of a gamesing adventure which lately befell me, and which enabled me to rub elbows (as it were) not only with Mr. W. L. S. Churchill—the man who, as you will doubtless know, was dismissed from the position of First Lord of the Admiralty during the Great War for his sponsorship of the ill-fated Dardanelles Expedition, and is thus a person of particular interest to all those of us who (like myself) are concerned with Military Boardgames—but also with no less a celebrity than the present *Reichschancellor* of Germany, Herr Adolf Hitler.

All this, as you will already have guessed, took place in connection with the great Bath Exposition; but before I begin my account of the extraordinary events there (events observed—or so I flatter myself—by few from as advantageous a position as was mine), I must explain, at least in generalities (for the details are exceedingly complex) the game of *World War*, as conceived by my friend Lansbury and myself. Like many others we employ a large world map as our board; we have found it convenient to mount this with wallpaper paste upon a sheet of deal four feet by six, and to shellac the surface; laid flat upon a commodious table in my study this serves us admirably. The nations siding with each combatant are determined by the casting of lots; and naval, land, and air units of all sorts are represented symbolically by tacks with heads of various colors; but in determining the *nature* of these units we have introduced a new principle—one not found, or so we believe, in any other game. It is that either contestant may at any time propose a new form of ship, firearm, or other weapon; if he shall urge its probability (not necessarily its utility, please note—if it prove not useful the loss is his only) with sufficient force to convince his opponent, he is allowed to convert such of his units as he desires to the new mode, and to have the exclusive use of it for three moves, after which his opponent may convert as well if he so chooses. Thus a player of *World War*, as we conceive it, must excel not only in the strategic faculty, but in inventive and argumentative facility as well.

As it happened, Lansbury and I had spent most of the winter now past in setting up the game and settling the rules for the movement of units. Both of us have had considerable experience with games of this sort, and knowing the confusion and ill feeling often bred by a rule-book treating inadequately of (what may once have appeared to be) obscure contingencies, we wrote ours with great thoroughness. On February 17 (Lansbury and I caucus weekly) we held the drawing; it allotted Germany, Italy, Austria,

Bulgaria, and Japan to me, Britain, France, China, and the Low Countries to Lansbury. I confess that these alignments appear improbable—the literal-minded man might well object that Japan and Italy, having sided with Britain in the Great War, would be unlikely to change their coats in a second conflict. But a close scrutiny of history will reveal even less probable reversals (as when France, during the sixteenth century, sided with Turkey in what has been called the Unholy Alliance), and Lansbury and I decided to abide by the luck of the draw. On the twenty-fourth we were to make our first moves.

On the twentieth, as it happened, I was pondering my strategy when, paging casually through the *Guardian*, my eye was drawn to an announcement of the opening of the Exposition; and it at once occurred to me that among the representatives of the many nations exhibiting I might find someone whose ideas would be of value to me. In any event I had nothing better to do, and so—little knowing that I was to become a witness to history—I thrust a small memorandum book in my pocket and I was off to the fair!

I suppose I need not describe the spacious grounds to the readers of this magazine. Suffice it to say that they were, as everyone has heard, surrounded by an oval hippodrome nearly seven miles in length, and dominated by the Dirigible Tower that formed a most impressive part of the German exhibit, and by the vast silver bulk of the airship *Graf Spee*, which, having brought the chief functionary of the German Reich to Britain, now waited, a slave of the lamp of *Kultur* (save the Mark!) to bear him away again. This was, in fact, the very day that Reichschancellor Hitler—for whom the Exposition itself had opened early—was to unveil the "People's Car" exhibit. Banners stretched from poles and even across the main entry carried such legends as:

WHICH PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE A "PEOPLE'S CAR"

?????

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE!!

and

GERMAN CRAFTSMANSHIP  
BRITISH LOVE OF FINE MACHINES

and even

IN SPIRIT THEY ARE AS BRITISH  
AS THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Recollecting that Germany was the most powerful of the nations that had fallen to my lot in our game, I made for the German exhibit.

There the crowd grew dense; there was a holiday atmosphere, but within it a note of sober calculation—one heard workmen discussing the mechanical merits (real and supposed) of the German machines, and their extreme cheapness and the interest-free loans available from the *Reichshauptkasse*. Vendors sold pretzels, *Lebkuchen*, and Bavarian creams in paper cups, shouting their wares in raucous Cockney voices. Around the great showroom where, within the hour, the Reichschancellor himself was to begin the "People's Car's" invasion of Britain by demonstrating the vehicle to a chosen circle of celebrities, the crowd was now ten deep, though the building (as I learned subsequently) had long been full, and no more spectators were being admitted.

The Germans did not have the field entirely to themselves, however. Dodging through the crowd were driverless model cars only slightly smaller (or at least so it seemed) than the German "People's Cars." These "toys," if I may so style something so elaborate and yet inherently frivolous, flew the rising-sun banner of the Japanese Empire from their aerials, and recited through speakers, in ceremonious hisses, the virtues of that industrious nation's produce, particularly the gramophones, wirelesses, and so

on, employing those recently invented wonders, "transistors."

Like others, I spent a few minutes sightseeing—or rather, as I should say, craning myself upon my toes in an attempt to sightsee. But my business was no more with the "People's Car" and the German Reichschancellor than with the Japanese marionette motorcar, and I soon turned my attention to searching for someone who might aid me in the coming struggle with Lansbury. Here I was fortunate indeed, for I had no sooner looked around than I beheld a portly man in the uniform of an officer of the *Flugzeugmeisterei* buying a handful of Germanic confections from a hawker. I crossed to him at once, bowed, and after apologizing for having ventured to address him without an introduction, made bold to congratulate him upon the great airship floating above us.

"Ah!" he said. "You like dot fat sailor up there? Veil, he iss a fine ship, und no mistake." He puffed himself up in the good-natured German way as he said this, and popped a sweet into his mouth, and I could see that he was pleased. I was about to ask him if he had ever given any consideration to the military aspects of aviation, when I noticed the decorations on his uniform jacket; seeing the direction of my gaze he asked, "You know vat dose are?"

"I certainly do," I replied. "I was never in combat myself, but I would have given anything to have been a flyer. I was about to ask you, Herr—"

"Goering."

"Herr Goering, how you feel the employment of aircraft would differ if—I realize this may sound absurd—the Great War were to take place now."

I saw from a certain light in his eyes that I had found a kindred soul. "Dot iss a good question," he said, and for a moment he stood staring at me, looking for all the world like a Dutch schoolmaster about to give his star pupil's inquiry the deep consideration it deserved. "Und I vill tell you dis—vat ve had den vas nothing. Kites ve had, vith guns. If vor vas to come again now . . ." He paused.

"It is unthinkable, of course."

"*Ja*. Today *der Vaterland*, dot could not conquer Europe vith bayonets in dot vor, conquers all der world vith money und our liddle cars. Vith those things our leader has brought down die enemies of der party, und all der industry of Poland, of Austria, iss ours. Der people, they say, 'Our company, our bank.' But die shares are in Berlin."

I knew all this, of course, as every well-informed person does; and I was about to steer the conversation back toward new military techniques, but it was unnecessary. "But you," he said, his mood suddenly lightening, "und I, vot do ve care? Dot iss for der financial people. Do you know vat I" (he thumped himself on the chest) "vould do ven the vor comes? I would build *Stutzkampfbombers*."

"Stutzkampfbombers?"

"Each to carry vun bomb! Only vun, but a big vun. Fast planes—" He stooped and made a diving motion with his right hand, at the last moment "pulling out" and releasing a Bavarian cream in such a way that it struck my shoe. "Fast planes. I vould put my tanks—you know tanks?"

I nodded and said, "A little."

"—in columns. The *Stutzkampfbombers* ahead of the tanks, the storm troops behind. Fast tanks too—not so much armor, but fast, vith big guns."

"Brilliant," I said. "A lightning war."

"Listen, mine friend. I must go und vait upon our *Führer*, but there iss somevun here you should meet. You like tanks—this man iss their father—he vas in your Navy in der vor, und ven der army vould not do it he did it from der Navy, und they told everybody they vas building vater tanks. You use dot silly name yet, and ven you stand on der outside talk about decks because uf him. He iss in there—" He jerked a finger at the huge pavilion where the Reichschancellor was shortly to demonstrate the "People's Car" to a delighted British public.

I told him I could not possibly get in there—the place was packed already, and the crowd twenty deep outside now.

"You vatch. Hermann vill get you in. You come vith me, und look like you might be from der newspaper."

Docilely I followed the big, blond German as he bulled his way—as much by his bulk and loud voice as by his imposing uniform—through the crowd. At the door the guard (in *Lederhosen*) saluted him and made no effort to prevent my entering at all.

In a moment I found myself in an immense hall, the work of the same Germanic engineering genius that had recently stunned the world with the *Autobahn*. A vaulted metallic ceiling as bright as a mirror reflected with lustrous distortion every detail below. In it one saw the tiled floor, and the tiles, each nearly a foot on a side, formed an enormous image of the small car that had made German industry preeminent over half the world. By an artistry hardly less impressive than the wealth and power which had caused this great building to be erected on the exposition grounds in a matter of weeks, the face of the driver of this car could be seen through the windshield—not plainly, but dimly, as one might actually see the features of a driver about to run down the observer; it was, of course, the face of Herr Hitler.

At one side of this building, on a dais, sat the "customers," those carefully selected social and political notables whose good fortune it would be to have the "People's Car" demonstrated personally to them by no less a person than the German nation's leader. To the right of this, upon a much lower dais, sat the representatives of the press, identifiable by their cameras and notepads, and their jaunty, sometimes slightly shabby, clothing. It was toward this group that Herr Goering boldly conducted me, and I soon identified (I believe I might truthfully say, "before we were halfway there") the man he had mentioned when we were outside.

He sat in the last row, and somehow seemed to sit higher than the rest; his chin rested upon his hands, which in turn rested upon the handle of a stick. His remarkable face, broad and rubicund, seemed to suggest both the infant and the bulldog. One sensed here an innocence, an unspoiled delight in life, coupled with that courage to which surrender is not, in the ordinary conversational sense "unthinkable," but is actually never thought. His clothes were expensive and worn, so that I would have thought him a valet save that they fit him perfectly, and that something about him forbade his ever having been anyone's servant save, perhaps, the King's.

"Herr Churchill," said Goering, "I have brought you a friend."

His head lifted from his stick and he regarded me with keen blue eyes. "Yours," he asked, "or mine?"

"He iss big enough to share," Goering answered easily. "But for now I leave him vith you."

The man on Churchill's left moved to one side and I sat down.

"You are neither a journalist nor a panderer," Churchill rumbled. "Not a journalist because I know them all, and the panderers all seem to know me—or say they do. But since I have never known that man to like anyone who wasn't one of the second or be civil to anyone except one of the first, I am forced to ask how the devil you did it."

I began to describe our game, but I was interrupted after five minutes or so by the man sitting in front of me, who without looking around nudged me with his elbow and said, "Here he comes."

The Reichschancellor had entered the building, and, between rows of *Sturmsachbearbeiter* (as the elite sales force was known), was walking stiffly and briskly toward the center of the room; from a balcony fifty feet above our heads a band launched into "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles" with enough verve to bring the place down, while an American announcer near me screamed to his compatriots on the far side of the Atlantic that Herr Hitler was *here*, that he was even now, with commendable German punctuality, nearing the place where he was supposed to be.

Unexpectedly a thin, hooting sound cut through the music—and as it did the music halted as abruptly as though a bell jar had been dropped over the band. The hooting sounded again, and the crowd of onlookers began to part like tall grass through which an approaching animal, still unseen, was making its way. Another hoot, and the last of the crowd, the lucky persons who stood at the very edge of the cordoned-off area in which the Reichschancellor would make his demonstrations, parted, and we could see that the "animal" was a small, canary-yellow "People's Car," as the Reichschancellor approached the appointed spot from one side, so did this car approach him from the other, its slow, straight course and bright color combining to give the impression of a personality at once docile and pert,

a pleasing and fundamentally obedient insouciance.

Directly in front of the notables' dais they met and halted. The "People's Car" sounded its horn again, three measured notes, and the Reichschancellor leaned forward, smiled (almost a charming smile because it was so unexpected), and patted its hood; the door opened and a blond German girl in a pretty peasant costume emerged; she was quite tall, yet—as everyone had seen—she had been comfortably seated in the car a moment before. She blew a kiss to the notables, curtsied to Hitler, and withdrew; the show proper was about to begin.

I will not bore the readers of this magazine by rehearsing yet again those details they have already read so often, not only in the society pages of the *Times* and other papers but in several national magazines as well. That Lady Woolberry was cheered for her skill in backing completely around the demonstration area is a fact already, perhaps, too well known. That it was discovered that Sir Henry Braithwaite could not drive only after he had taken the wheel is a fact hardly less famous. Suffice it to say that things went well for Germany; the notables were impressed, and the press and the crowd attentive. Little did anyone present realize that only after the last of the scheduled demonstrations was History herself to wrest the pen from Tattle. It was then that Herr Hitler, in one of the unexpected and indeed utterly unforeseeable intuitive decisions for which he is famous (the order, issued from Berchtesgaden at a time when nothing of the kind was in the least expected, and, indeed, when every commentator believed that Germany would be content, at least for a time, to exploit the economic suzerainty she had already gained in Eastern Europe and elsewhere, by which every "People's Car" sold during May, June, and July would be equipped with Nordic Sidewalls at no extra cost comes at once to mind) having exhausted the numbers, if not the interest, of the nobility, turned toward the press dais and offered a demonstration to any journalist who would step forward.

The offer, as I have said, was made to the dais at large; but there was no doubt—there could be no doubt—for whom it was actually intended; those eyes, bright with fanatic energy and the pride natural to one who commands a mighty industrial organization, were locked upon a single placid countenance. That man rose and slowly, without speaking a word until he was face to face with the most powerful man in Europe, went to accept the challenge; I shall always remember the way in which he exhaled the smoke of his cigar as he said: "I believe this is an automobile?"

Herr Hitler nodded. "And you," he said, "I think once were of the high command of this country. You are Herr Churchill?"

Churchill nodded. "During the Great War," he said softly, "I had the honor—for a time—of filling a post in the Admiralty."

"During that time," said the German leader, "I myself was a corporal in the Kaiser's army. I would not have expected to find you working now at a newspaper."

"I was a journalist before I ever commenced politician," Churchill informed him calmly. "In fact, I covered the Boer War as a correspondent with a roving commission. Now I have returned to my old trade, as a politician out of office should."

"But you do not like my car?"

"I fear," Churchill said imperturbably, "that I am hopelessly prejudiced in favor of democratically produced products—at least, for the people of the democracies. We British manufacture a miniature car ourselves, you know—the Centurion."

"I have heard of it. You put water in it."

By this time the daises were empty. We were, to the last man and woman, and not only the journalists but the notables as well, clustered about the two (I say, intentionally, *two*, for greatness remains greatness even when stripped of power) giants. It was a nervous moment, and might have become more so had not the tension been broken by an unexpected interruption. Before Churchill could reply we heard the sibilant syllables of a Japanese voice, and one of the toy automobiles from Imperial Nippon came scooting across the floor, made as though to go under the yellow "People's Car" (which it was much too large to do), then veered to the left and vanished in the crowd of onlookers again. Whether it was madness that seized me at the sight of the speeding little car, or inspiration, I do not

know—but I shouted, "Why not have a race?"

And Churchill, without an instant's delay, seconded me: "Yes, what's this we hear about this German machine? Don't you call it the race master?"

Hitler nodded. "Ja, it is very fast, for so small and economical a one. Yes, we will race with you, if you wish." It was said with what seemed to be perfect poise; but I noted, as I believe many others did, that he had nearly lapsed into German.

There was an excited murmur of comment at the Reichschancellor's reply, but Churchill silenced it by raising his cigar. "I have a thought," he said. "Our cars, after all, were not constructed for racing."

"You withdraw?" Hitler asked. He smiled, and at that moment I hated him.

"I was about to say," Churchill continued, "that vehicles of this size are intended as practical urban and suburban transportation. By which I mean for parking and driving in traffic—the gallant, unheralded effort by which the average Englishman earns his bread. I propose that upon the circular track which surrounds these exposition grounds we erect a course which will duplicate the actual driving conditions the British citizen faces—and that in the race the competing drivers be required to park every hundred yards or so. Half the course might duplicate central London's normal traffic snarl, while the other half simulated a residential neighborhood; I believe we might persuade the Japanese to supply us with the traffic using their driverless cars."

"Agreed!" Hitler said immediately. "But you have made all the rules. Now we Germans will make a rule. Driving is on the right."

"Here in Britain," Churchill said, "we drive on the left. Surely you know that."

"My Germans drive on the right and would be at a disadvantage driving on the left."

"Actually," Churchill said slowly, "I had given that some consideration before I spoke. Here is what I propose. One side of the course must, for verisimilitude, be lined with shops and parked lorries and charabancs. Let the other remain unencumbered for spectators. Your Germans, driving on the right, will go clockwise around the track, while the British drivers, on the left—"

"Go the other direction," Hitler exclaimed. "And in the middle— *ZERSTOREND GEWALT!*" "Traffic jam," Churchill interpreted coolly. "You are not afraid?"

The date was soon set—precisely a fortnight from the day upon which the challenge was given and accepted. The Japanese consented to supply the traffic with their drone cars, and the exposition officials to cooperate in setting up an artificial street on the course surrounding the grounds. I need not say that excitement was intense; an American firm, Movietone News, sent not less than three crews to film the race, and there were several British newsreel companies as well. On the appointed day excitement was at a fever pitch, and it was estimated that more than three million pounds were laid with the bookmakers, who were giving three to two on the Germans.

Since the regulations (written, largely, by Mr. Churchill) governing the race and the operation of the unmanned Japanese cars were of importance, and will, in any event, be of interest to those concerned with logical games, allow me to give them in summary before proceeding further. It was explained to the Japanese operators that their task would be to simulate actual traffic. Ten radio-controlled cars were assigned (initially) to the "suburban" half of the course (the start for the Germans, the home stretch for the British team), while fifty were to operate in the "urban" section. Eighty parking positions were distributed at random along the track, and the operators—who could see the entire course from a vantage point on one of the observation decks of the dirigible tower—were instructed to park their cars in these for fifteen seconds, then move onto the course once more and proceed to the nearest unoccupied position according to the following formula: if a parking space were in the urban sector it was to be assigned a "distance value" equal to its actual distance from the operator's machine, as determined by counting the green "distance lines" with which the course was striped at five-yard intervals—but if a parking position were in the suburban section of the track, its distance value was to be the counted distance plus two. Thus the "traffic" was biased—if I may use the expression—toward the urban sector. The participating German and English drivers, unlike the Japanese, were required to park in every position along the route,

but could leave each as soon as they had entered it. The spaces between positions were filled with immobile vehicles loaned for the occasion by dealers and the public, and a number of London concerns had erected mock buildings similar to stage flats along the *parking* side of the course.

I am afraid I must tell you that I did not scruple to make use of my slight acquaintance with Mr. Churchill to gain admission to the paddock (as it were) on the day of the race. It was a brilliant day, one of those fine early spring days of which the west of England justly boasts, and I was feeling remarkably fit, and pleased with myself as well. The truth is that my game with Lansbury was going very satisfactorily indeed; putting into operation the suggestions I had received from Herr Goering I had overrun one of Lansbury's most powerful domains (France) in just four moves, and I felt that only stubbornness was preventing him from conceding the match. It will be understood then that when I beheld Mr. Churchill hurrying in my direction, his cigar clamped between his teeth and his old Homburg pulled almost about his ears, I gave him a broad smile.

He pulled up short, and said: "You're Goering's friend, aren't you—I see you've heard about our drivers."

I told him that I had heard nothing.

"I brought five drivers with me—racing chaps who had volunteered. But the Jerries have protested them. They said their own drivers were going to have to be *Sturmsachbearbeiters* and it wasn't sporting of us to run professionals against them; the exposition committee has sided with them, and now I'm going to have to get up a scratch team to drive for England, and those blasted SS are nearly professional caliber. I've got three men but I'm still one short even if I drive myself . . ."

For a moment we looked at one another; then I said: "I have never raced, but my friends all tell me I drive too fast, and I have survived a number of accidents; I hope you don't think my acquaintance with Herr Goering would tempt me to abandon fair play if I were enlisted for Britain."

"Of course not." Churchill puffed out his cheeks. "So you drive, do you? May I ask what marque?"

I told him I owned a Centurion, the model the British team would field; something in the way he looked at me and drew on his cigar told me that he knew I was lying—and that he approved.

I wish that my stumbling pen could do justice to the race itself, but it cannot. With four others—one of whom was Mr. Churchill—I waited with throbbing engine at the British starting line. Behind us, their backs toward us, were the five German *Sturmsachbearbeiters* in their "People's Cars." Ahead of us stretched a weirdly accurate imitation of a London street, in which the miniature Japanese cars already dodged back and forth in increasing disorder.

The starting gun sounded and every car shot forward; as I jockeyed my little vehicle into its first park I was acutely aware that the Germans, having entered at the suburban end of the course, would be making two or three positions to our one. Fenders crumpled and tempers flared, and I—all of us—drove and parked, drove and parked, until it seemed that we had been doing it forever. Sweat had long since wilted my shirt collar, and I could feel the blisters growing on my hands; then I saw, about thirty yards in front of me, a tree in a tub—and a flat painted to resemble, not a city shop, but a suburban villa. It dawned on me then—it was as though I had been handed a glass of cold champagne—that *we had not yet met the Germans*. We had not yet met them, and the demarcation was just ahead, the halfway point. I knew then that we had won.

Of the rest of the race, what is there to say? We were two hundred yards into the suburban sector before we saw the slanted muzzle of the first "People's Car." My own car finished dead last—among the British team—but fifth in the race when the field was taken as a whole, which is only to say that the British entries ran away with everything. We were lionized (even I); and when Reichschancellor Hitler himself ran out onto the course to berate one of his drivers and was knocked off his feet by a Japanese toy, there was simply no hope for the German "People's Car" in the English-speaking world. Individuals who had already taken dealerships filed suits to have their money returned, and the first ships carrying "People's Cars" to reach London (Hitler had ordered them to sail well in advance of the race, hoping to exploit the success he expected with such confidence) simply never unloaded. (I understand their cargo

was later sold cheaply in Morocco.)

All this, I realize, is already well known to the public; but I believe I am in a position to add a postscript which will be of special interest to those whose hobby is games.

I had, as I have mentioned, explained the game Lansbury and I had developed to Mr. Churchill while we were waiting for the demonstrations of the "People's Car" to begin, and had even promised to show him how we played if he cared to come to my rooms; and come he did, though it was several weeks after the race. I showed him our board (the map shellacked over) and regretted that I could not also show him a game in progress, explaining that we had just completed our first, which (because we counted the Great War as *one*) we called World War Two.

"I take it you Were victorious," he said.

"No, I lost—but since I was Germany that won't discomfort you, and anyway I would rather have won that race against the real Germans than all the games Lansbury and I may ever play."

"Yes," he said.

Something in his smile raised my suspicions; I remembered having seen a similar expression on Lansbury's face (which I really only noticed afterward) when he persuaded me that he intended to make his invasion of Europe by way of Greece; and at last I blurted out: "Was that race really fair? I mean to say—we did surprisingly well."

"Even you," Churchill remarked, "beat the best of the German drivers." , "I know," I said. "That's what bothers me."

He seated himself in my most comfortable armchair and lit a fresh cigar. "The idea struck me," he said, "when that devilish Japanese machine came scooting out while I was talking to Hitler. Do you remember that?"

"Certainly. You mean the idea of using the Japanese cars as traffic?"

"Not only that. A recent invention, the transistor, makes those things possible. Are you by any chance familiar with the operating principle of the transistor?"

I said that I had read that in its simplest form it was merely a small chip or flake of material which was conductive in one direction only.

"Precisely so." Churchill puffed his cigar. "Which is only to say that electrons can move through the stuff more readily in one direction than in another. Doesn't that seem remarkable? Do you know how it is done?"

I admitted that I did not.

"Well, neither did I before I read an article in *Nature* about it, a week or two before I met Herr Hitler. What the sharp lads who make these things do is to take a material called germanium—or silicon will do as well, though the transistor ends up acting somewhat differently—in a very pure state, and then add some impurities to it. They are very careful about what they put in, of course. For example, if they add a little bit of antimony the stuff they get has more electrons in it than there are places for them to go, so that some are wandering about loose all the time. Then there's other kinds of rubbish—boron is one of them—that makes the material have more spots for electrons than electrons to occupy them. The experts call the spots "holes," but I would call them "parking places," and the way you make your transistor is to put the two sorts of stuff up against each other."

"Do you mean that our track . . ."

Churchill nodded. "Barring a little terminological inexactitude, yes I do. It was a large transistor—primitive, if you like, but big. Take a real transistor now. What happens at the junction point where the two sorts of material come together? Well, a lot of electrons from the side that has them move over into the side that doesn't—there's so much more space there for them, you see."

"You mean that if a car—I mean an electron—tries to go the other way, from the side where there are a great many parking places—"

"It has a difficult time. Don't ask me why, I'm not an electrical engineer, but some aspects of the thing can't be missed by anyone, even a simple political journalist like myself. One is that the electron you just mentioned is swimming upstream, as it were."



"And we were driving downstream," I said. "That is, if you don't mind my no longer talking about electrons."

"Not at all. I pass with relief from the tossing sea of cause and theory to the firm ground of result and fact. Yes, we were driving with the current, so to speak; perhaps it has also occurred to you that our coming in at the urban end, where most of the Japanese cars were, set up a wave that went ahead of us; we were taking up the spaces, and so they were drawn toward the Germans when they tried to find some, and of course a wave of that sort travels much faster than the individuals in it. I suppose a transistor expert would say that by having like charges we repelled them."

"But eventually they would pile up between the teams—I remember that the traffic did get awfully thick just about when we passed through the Germans."

"Correct. And when that happened there was no further reason for them to keep running ahead of us—the Jerries were repelling them too by then, if you want to put it that way—and then the rules (my famous distance formula, if you recall) pulled them back into the urban area, where the poor Huns had to struggle with them some more while we breezed home."

We sat silent for a time; then I said, "I don't suppose it was particularly honest; but I'm glad you did it."

"Dishonesty," Churchill said easily, "consists in violating rules to which one has—at least by implication—agreed. I simply proposed rules I felt would be advantageous, which is diplomacy. Don't you do that when you set up your game?" He looked down at the world map on the table. "By the way, you've burnt your board."

"Oh, there," I said. "Some coals fell from Lansbury's pipe toward the end of the game—they cost us a pair of cities in south Japan, I'm afraid."

"You'd better be careful you don't burn up the whole board next time. But speaking of the Japanese, have you heard that they are bringing out an automobile of their own? They received so much attention in the press in connection with the race that they're giving it a name the public will associate with the toy motorcars they had here."

I asked if he thought that that would mean Britain would have to beat off a Japanese invasion eventually, and he said that he supposed it did, but that we Americans would have to deal with them first—he had heard that the first Japanese-made cars were already being unloaded in Pearl Harbor. He left shortly after that, and I doubt that I will ever have the pleasure of his company again, much though I should like it.

But my story is not yet finished. Readers of this magazine will be glad to learn that Lansbury and I are about to begin another game, necessarily to be prosecuted by mail, since I will soon be leaving England. In our new struggle, the United States, Britain, and China will oppose the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Poland, Romania, and a number of other Eastern European states. Since Germany should have a part in any proper war, and Lansbury would not agree to my having her again, we have divided her between us. I shall try to keep Mr. Churchill's warning in mind, but my opponent and I are both heavy smokers.

Sincerely,

"Unknown Soldier"

*Editor's Note.* While we have no desire to tear aside the veil of the *nom de guerre* with which "Unknown Soldier" concluded his agreeable communication, we feel we are yet keeping faith when we disclose that he is an American officer, of Germanic descent, no longer young (quite) and yet too young to have seen action in the Great War, though we are told he came very near. At present "Unknown Soldier" is attached to the American Embassy in London, but we understand that, as he feels it unlikely

his country will ever again have need of military force within his lifetime, he intends to give up his commission and return to his native Kansas, where he will operate an agency for Buick motorcars. Best of luck, Dwight.