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# THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

\*\*\*\*\* BY LEONARD WIBBERLEY \*\*\*\*\*

**SPARKLING, MAD, IRRESISTIBLE,**  
**DELIGHTFUL, HILARIOUS, CHARMING,**  
**ENCHANTING, EFFERVESCENT...THE MOST**  
**FAMOUS BOOK EVER WRITTEN ABOUT GRAND FENWICK!**

# THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

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Bantam Books



New York

THE DUCHY OF GRAND FENWICK LIES IN A PRECIPITOUS FOLD of the northern Alps and embraces in its tumbling landscape portions of three valleys, a river, one complete mountain with an elevation of two thousand feet and a castle. There are, in the northern part of the duchy, where the slopes of the surrounding peaks provide both the right soil and exposure, four hundred acres of vineyards. These produce a small black grape of a particularly pleasant bouquet from which is obtained the Pinot Grand Fenwick, of which the possession of a small stock is the crowning achievement of any connoisseur of wines.

In six centuries the output of Pinot Grand Fenwick has never exceeded two thousand bottles a year. In bad years it has fallen off to as little as five hundred bottles, and there are still some alive who recall the disastrous year of 1913 when, due to late snows and unseasonable rains, no more than three hundred and fifty bottles were produced. That year has remained more sharply etched in the memories of the lovers of wine than the subsequent twelve months when the news of the outbreak of the Great War was softened for them by the knowledge that the vineyards of Grand Fenwick had produced a bumper crop of the small black grapes.

The duchy is no more than five miles long and three wide. Its sovereign lord has been for nearly six centuries either a duke or a duchess, and its national language, surprisingly, English. But to explain how all this came about, it is necessary to go back to the founding of the duchy in 1370 by the first duke, Roger Fenwick.

Roger Fenwick, of whom an indifferent but interesting portrait is to be found in the council chamber of the castle which dominates the duchy from the top of the two-thousand-foot mountain, had the misfortune to be born the seventh son of an English knight. Of his brothers only two

survived their fifth year, but even so his father's meager resources had long run out when the time came for Roger to be sent into the world. It was decided, therefore, that the boy should go to Oxford University where he might, by earnest application to his books, secure employment either in the church, as a chronicler, or in the train of some gentleman of means. But before he was fourteen, Roger left Oxford; not that he could not endure education, but that he was likely to have starved to death before his tutoring was complete.

In the few fragments that remain of his own story, he records that he learned but three things in two years at Oxford. The first, on which he placed the greatest value, was that "Yea" might be turned into "Nay" and vice versa if a sufficient quantity of wordage was applied to the matter. The second was that in any argument, the victor is always right, and the third that though the pen is mightier than the sword, the sword speaks louder and stronger at any given moment.

After leaving Oxford, Roger did not return to the home of his father, nor seek aid from his two surviving brothers. Instead, being accomplished in the use of the long bow, he joined the army of Edward III as a bowman at five shillings a day plus plunder, was promoted to mounted bowman, then man at arms, and finally, after the victory at Poitiers, knight.

At that time he was twenty-four and choose to remain in France with the garrison of the Black Prince. That he did so was not so much a matter of patriotism as of practicing his profession of arms. He followed the Black Prince into Spain in the campaign which briefly put Pedro the Cruel back on his throne of Castile, and then, leaving the English Army, formed a free company of his own.

The company was not a large one. It consisted of himself, his squire and forty bowmen. But what it lacked in numbers it made up in practical experience in warfare, and Sir Roger Fenwick was able to hire himself to Charles the Wise of France in his war with the Navarrese. Sir Roger had, and he was at no great pains to disguise the matter, no more loyalty to France than he had to England. Indeed, it is recorded that on the eve of one battle between a French host on one side and a mixed army of English and Navarrese on the other, he decided to fight with the French only on the promise of their commander, Bertrand du Guesclin, that he

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would supply him with a new suit of armor in addition to his regular hire.

At the conclusion of the campaign Sir Roger had risen to such esteem as a fighting man that he was commissioned by Charles to take a company of men of his own raising and capture, for the king, a castle in the southern reaches of France, bordering the Alps, whose owner had sided consistently with the king's enemies. Had Charles been less concerned with other matters, he might have gained some inkling of what was going to happen from the men Sir Roger picked for the expedition.

He chose none but Englishmen, a robust, thieving, fighting horde whose lives were forfeit if they ever returned to their own country for crimes ranging from cutting purses to cutting throats. With these Sir Roger had no difficulty whatever in storming and taking the castle. And when this was done, far from turning the fortress over to Charles, he raised his own flag on the main keep, summoned the tenants from the adjacent lands and announced that he was their new duke and that they were from henceforth, liege men of the duchy of Grand Fenwick.

Some objected, demanding to see the patents of his nobility; whereupon Sir Roger flung his broadsword on the table before him and announced that that was patent enough.

"I have seen no king seated upon a throne by Almighty God," he said, "but many who mounted there over a pile of broken heads. What is good enough for kings is good enough for dukes." That was the end of the matter. He claimed the territory around for as many as ten arrow flights to the north and south of the castle and six to the east and west and so the duchy of Grand Fenwick came to be established.

Its early years were, it is true, tumultuous. Charles twice sent expeditions against Sir Roger and they were twice repulsed through the inability of the French to learn anything of the power of the English longbow. Successive sovereigns made successive attempts but with no more result. And in the end, with the passing of the years, the Fenwick claim became so strong, and the royal claim so remote, that the duchy was officially recognized as an independent and sovereign state and its national flag, a double-headed eagle saying "Yea" from one beak and "Nay" from another, accepted by the nations of the world.

The centuries rolled by without any expansion or contrac-

tion of the territory. By remarkable good fortune, Sir Roger had chosen to establish his duchy in a spot which lay on no great trade route, possessed no mines of precious metals or metals of any kind, had no harbors or great waterways and, indeed, nothing whatever to commend it to a conqueror. The portions of the three valleys which lay within its borders were reasonably but not overwhelmingly fertile. They produced enough food for its inhabitants and nothing but wine to export. The hillsides, where the ground was poorer, yet supported sufficient grass to graze flocks of sheep which provided meat and wool, and the duchy was, until the turn of the twentieth century, unsought, unknown, self-supporting and free.

It might well have remained in that happy state had it not been for the natural increase in its population and the equally natural decrease in the fertility of its soil. At the turn of the twentieth century the population was four thousand. By the commencement of World War I, it was four thousand five hundred. By World War II due to no small extent to the reduction in infant mortality, it had risen to six thousand. The need arose to import food and clothing, and for the first time in six hundred years Grand Fenwick, which had lustily maintained its independence from the outside world, was compelled to look around for some method of increasing its exports to earn the additional money essential to its expanding needs.

A proposal to augment the revenue obtained from the sale of the esteemed Pinot Grand Fenwick by watering the wine divided the duchy sharply into two bitterly opposed camps. One camp, the Dilutionists, insisted that the addition of as little as ten per cent water to the fermentation vats would make the duchy self-supporting again. The change in the quality of the product, they insisted, would not be noticed since eighty per cent of the vintage was bought by Americans who drank by label rather than by content.

"Wine into Water" became their slogan in the election year of 1956, it was supported by earnest statements of doctors and wine masters who asserted that the only beverage healthier than pure wine was wine mixed with water, which they pointed out, could be drunk without harm by little children.

The opposing party, the Anti-Dilutionists condemned the whole proposal as sacrilege. To water currency, as had become the practice in all the great nations of the world by the

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issuing of printing-press money, they maintained, was to cheat a man of his wealth. But to water wine was to cheat him of that for which he accumulated wealth. It was to discourage the struggle of every man towards a better standard of living by reducing the standard to the point where it was no longer worth struggling for.

"Those who would add water to Pinot Grand Fenwick," thundered the Count of Mountjoy, silver-haired leader of the Anti-Dilutionists, "would cheapen every work of art in the world so that there would be no such thing as a masterpiece but only a hundred million imitations of what was once a unique work. They would put the Mona Lisa on a postage stamp, and use the sublime words of our immortal bard Roger Bentshield to sell cigarettes. The wine is the blood of our grapes. It cannot and must not be diluted. This monstrous proposal," he continued, "is the result of the influence of foreign ideologies. It is traceable to the cant of the Communists in their cramped Kremlin caves, on the one hand, and the wiles of the capitalists in their scintillating American skyscrapers, on the other. The freedom, the honor, the future, and the intrinsic worth of Grand Fenwick depends on a resounding 'NO' to this monstrous plot at the polls next March."

The polls did resound in March, when all ten delegates to the Council of Freedom, the parliament of Grand Fenwick, were to be elected. But when the ballots had been counted it was found that Dilutionists and Anti-Dilutionists were tied with five delegates each. In more prosperous days, the parliament would have tendered its resignation and another election been held, for it was the belief of the duchy that no nation can be governed well unless there is a majority which can impose its will upon a minority. A complete balance of pros and antis could produce nothing but deadlock.

However, with spring planting in progress, with every hand needed to till and to sow or tend to the lambing, the duchy could not afford a second election. And so the matter was referred to the sovereign lady, the Duchess Gloriana XII, a pretty girl of twenty-two, and a direct descendant of the doughty Sir Roger who had founded the state.

The meeting at which the crisis was laid before the duchess was a historic one, which, though ignored by the outside world, nonetheless warranted a two-column headline

on the front page of the *Fenwick Freeman*, the only newspaper published in the tiny nation. The delegates, clad in their medieval costumes, filed into the council chamber of the castle in which the parliament assembled, escorted by the sergeant at arms, carrying the mace.

The sergeant at arms laid the mace upon the ancient Table of State behind which the duchess was seated, herself clad in the high-bodiced gown of the Middle Ages and wearing a ducal coronet prettily upon her head. The delegates then bowed solemnly to her and respectfully seated themselves to hear her opening address.

They were all of them middle-aged men, quite old enough to be her father. Each could recall her as a tiny girl who had at one time or another taken a ride in their carts (for they were all, except the Count of Mountjoy, farmers), coaxed pears or grapes from them, gone to school with their children and later taken part in the annual longbow contests. Then, but a year ago, her father the duke had died, leaving her to take over as ruler, and with that appalling suddenness which is the cross of nobility, she had had to change from neighbor to leader, from young girl to ruling lady, from fellow human to the symbol and strength of the nation.

This was the first parliament Gloriana had been called upon to open and despite the composure of her bearing she was somewhat nervous about it. She had spent much of the night before preparing her address from the throne, careful to skirt the political issues which had so recently reft the country, and dealing only with those topics which were non-controversial.

Unfortunately, the only noncontroversial topic she could find was the weather, and even that, she discovered, was not completely neutral ground. For the kind of weather that would suit the winegrowers of the north, would not suit the wheat and barley raisers of the south. And so she limited herself to hoping that the duchy would be blessed with weather acceptable to all and that by continuing with that industry and self-reliance which had in the past been characteristic of the nation, Grand Fenwick would pull through the difficult times which lay ahead to continued peace and prosperity.

Her address was greeted with a robust round of applause, for all the delegates present looked upon their duchess as part daughter, and part ruler for whom they would willingly



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lay down their lives at any moment. There were cries of "Long live Duchess Gloriana the Twelfth" and then the time came for the majority leader to reply to the throne.

Since the crux of the crisis lay in the fact that there was no majority leader, it had been agreed at a bipartisan caucus that the leaders of the two parties should each make an address, presenting his side of the question for decision by the duchess.

The Count of Mountjoy, looking quite splendid in his multicolored trunk hose, jerkin, and cape with flowing sleeves, made the first speech. With the election over, he was now prepared to be less fanatical on the subject of Anti-Dilutionism and put the matter crisply, saying that while the watering of Grand Pinot might in the first instance produce some gain, in the end it must result in the discrediting of the wine and the total loss of all revenues from its export.

Mr. David Benter, a dogged, stocky man, slow of speech and thought, who lead the Dilutionists, then put his side of the case.

It was not proposed to add more than ten per cent of water by volume to the wine, he stated. This would certainly not destroy its bouquet, but, on the other hand, it would greatly increase the output and the additional revenue if budgeted with practicality, and would ensure that the duchy would be able to import the goods and foodstuffs needed. What plans had the Anti-Dilutionists to offer which would achieve the same results?

Mountjoy did not reply directly to that question, preferring to return to his attack on the Dilutionist program. Even if it might be held—and certainly no gentleman could countenance such a belief—that the addition of ten per cent of water to the famous Pinot would not harm its bouquet and its reputation, what guarantee was there that the amount added would be restricted to ten per cent as the Dilutionists were now maintaining?

A ten per cent increase in revenue from wine exports might be sufficient for present needs. But there was no surety that those needs would not increase. Prices of food and wool were rising on the world market. More revenue would be needed next year; probably more still the year after. Did the Dilutionists believe that they could just continue adding more and more water until the famous Pinot was no better than some of the cheap wines produced by France, consumed by

Frenchmen, and undoubtedly responsible for the loss of national pride and martial spirit among the men of that once proud country?

The program of the Dilutionists was fraught with danger for the whole of Grand Fenwick, and far from ensuring its survival must, in the long run, bring about its downfall.

After some more discussion, much of it heated, but no progress toward the solution of the vital problem, the two sides turned to the throne for a ruling in the matter, and the duchess faced the first crisis of her reign.

"Bobo," she said to Mountjoy, forgetting the formality of the occasion and calling him by his pet name, "what do other nations do when they are short of money? I don't mean big nations, but little ones like ours?"

"They issue a new but limited series of stamps which are bought at high prices by stamp collectors all over the world."

"We have already issued so many series of stamps," said Benter, "that they are not worth the money printed on the face of them. It has got to the point where it actually costs us more to issue the stamps than we can expect to receive in return."

"I read the other day," said the duchess, "that the Americans are giving away millions to lots of countries and not even asking for the money back. Can't we arrange to get a loan of some kind from the United States?"

"They are only giving the money away to countries they are afraid might become Communist, your Grace," replied Benter. "Nobody in Grand Fenwick would ever become a Communist. We all work our own lands. We know how hard it is to make a little profit. Nobody can call himself oppressed. Unless a man suspects that others are getting more than their fair share, there is no reason for him to become a Communist."

"Couldn't we organize a Communist party here—just for the purpose of obtaining a loan?" Gloriana asked. "I don't really mean that we want a true Communist party—just someone who would stand up and tell the people to unite against oppression and throw off their shackles and all those other things. Then we could arrange for the matter to be reported in the American newspapers. An American senator could be invited over and could see some mass meetings. They'd have to be held on Sundays because everybody is

busy during the week. But we could get a dispensation from the bishop for holding a political meeting on Sunday. Then the American senator could report to Washington and we could persuade him to recommend a loan to save the duchy from Communism."

To her surprise it was David Benter, Dilutionist leader and acknowledged spokesman of the working class, who raised the strongest objection to the plan which took the rest of the delegates completely by surprise. He came of sturdy yeoman stock, and one of his ancestors had accompanied Sir Roger Fenwick when the castle in which they were now sitting was stormed and the duchy founded.

"My lady," he said, shaking his big head solemnly, "it will not do. Even if we obtained the loan, we could not pay back the money and so would forfeit some of our independence by being in the debt of another nation. Your ancestors and mine, your Highness, fought to make this an independent country. It is not a big one. But it is as free as any in the world, and has been free longer than most. It would not be right to lose any of that freedom now. Our forefathers passed liberty on to us with the land we were born in, and it is the part of free men to pass the same liberty on to their children, though we all must live in rags to do it."

"But Americans never take over any of the lands of the nations they lend money to, nor do they insist upon getting the money back," said Mountjoy. "They are quite different from any other people in the world in this respect. For some reason, which I don't understand, they are content with their own country and don't want anybody else's. So we would be in no danger if we borrowed a large sum from them to save Grand Fenwick from Communism. I move that we accept the suggestion from the throne and organize a Communist party for the purpose of obtaining money from the United States of America."

There was an hour more of debate before Mountjoy could get the matter put to a vote. The division found six in favor of the proposal and four against it and the motion was carried.

"Now," said the duchess, pleased at the success of her first test in the position of leader of her people, "who shall we get to be chief of the Communists?"

"It must be someone from Grand Fenwick," said Benter

solemnly. "You can't trust those foreign Communists at all. They have no patriotism even for the place that they come from."

"We could ask Tully Bascomb," said Mountjoy. "He is always against everything, and might be persuaded to be for Communism and against Grand Fenwick if we convinced him that he was really for Grand Fenwick and against Communism. I humbly submit that the leader of the Dilutionist party and myself form a bipartisan delegation of two to persuade him that he can show no higher patriotism to Grand Fenwick than becoming a Communist and advocating the overthrow of the nation."

The Duchess Gloriana XII put a pretty finger to her pretty cheek in deep thought.

"No," she said. "On so delicate a mission as this, I believe I should go myself. You and Mr. Benter might be too successful and make a real Communist out of Mr. Bascomb."

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TULLY BASCOMB LIVED IN A SMALL AND SECLUDED COTTAGE on the outskirts of Fenwick Forest. It was two miles from the City of Fenwick which clustered around the castle and in which most of the duchy's subjects lived.

The forest was a national preserve. Perhaps it is really too much to call it a forest, for it comprised no more than five hundred acres, so that anyone who was not from Grand Fenwick would call it a wood, or perhaps even a copse.

But Grand Fenwick was as proud of its five hundred wooded acres as if it were as large and as varied as the redwood forests of California. The forest had indeed all the features of far more imposing preserves. It counted fifty different varieties of trees, a waterfall twenty feet high, a haunted oak where a mad huntsman had hanged himself, and three miles of walks and paths which were really the

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same walk and path winding around within a few feet of itself, each portion carefully concealed from the rest by trees and bushes.

Tully Bascomb was the chief forest ranger of Grand Fenwick. The title suggests a staff of forest rangers of lower degree, and, indeed, he had a staff of one—his father, Pierce Bascomb. The two had lived together on the outskirts of the forest for the whole of Tully's twenty-eight years, the father resigning the post of chief forest ranger in favor of his son, both to provide him with employment and to insure the preservation of the forest when he died.

The elder Bascomb, bespectacled, tall, and lean, with eyebrows so bushy that they more than compensated for the lack of a vestige of hair on his pate, was among Grand Fenwick's most distinguished citizens. He was the only living author in the whole duchy, which boasted but two authors in all its history. His *Migratory Birds of Grand Fenwick* was held to be a work of the greatest learning, and had been published by popular subscription, while his *Grand Fenwick Birds of Prey* and *Fenwickian Songbirds* were reckoned works the equal of anything published in Europe.

Some quibble had once been raised by an American ornithologist that a nation no more than five miles long and three wide could hardly claim to have any native birds. All, he had been bold enough to assert, must be birds which came from other countries, stopping in Grand Fenwick only for a short while on their way to other places. To this Pierce Bascomb had replied, in a paper addressed to the Audubon Society and published by them, that the only being who could claim to pass with authority on the nationality of a bird was the bird itself. On the same basis it might be argued that there were no British birds and no American birds, although innumerable books had been written, published and generally accepted which assigned the nationality of these two countries to the bird life to be found in them.

That being so, Grand Fenwick could claim to have a native bird life with the same amount of justice as any other nation, however large it might be. The discussion was thereupon dropped and Pierce Bascomb's books on the bird life of Grand Fenwick accepted.

Nor was this the sum total of the achievements of the great literary man of the duchy. He had also published three books dealing with the flora of the nation, and although the

total circulation of all his works was less than five thousand copies, he was, next to the Duchess Gloriana XII, Grand Fenwick's most revered and beloved citizen.

His son, Tully, however, though widely quoted and regarded as the philosopher and wit of the country, was not held in the same esteem as his father. Partially this was due to the fact he had no respect for anyone's opinion, not even his own. He had but to hear a statement to deny it, or if not deny it, at least demand that it be examined scrupulously to see whether it was true or false. Also he was of a roving nature. He had not only been to France and to Switzerland, but even to Italy and England and twice to the United States of America. And all this journeying, far beyond the means of the richest of citizens, he had accomplished without a penny in his pocket.

He would turn the charge of the national forest over to his father and, with no more credit in the world than a quick tongue and a suit of clothes, leave for some distant part for a month, six months or even a year or two.

Anyone who left Grand Fenwick to live abroad even for a short while was suspected of lacking loyalty to his homeland, although he might achieve some esteem as a traveler, and there had at one time been a movement to exclude Tully altogether from the country as unworthy to be a citizen. Only the eminence of his father prevented the movement from succeeding, but his position was still one of half citizen and half alien.

All these things the Duchess Gloriana XII thought of as she rode her ducal bicycle from the castle to Tully's cottage on the fringes of the forest. She herself could not make up her mind whether she liked Tully or she didn't. Partially, she had to admit, this was the reason why she had elected to see him about the Communist proposal instead of entrusting the matter to the Count of Mountjoy and Benter. It would be a good opportunity for finding out exactly what she did feel about him.

He was not physically her ideal of a man, she told herself. He had his father's bushy eyebrows and a rather prominent nose. He was tall and tended to stoop and his limbs seemed to be at odds with each other, as if his frame had been constructed of assorted joints not one of which was the mate to the other. Also he had a most impolite way of

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looking you straight in the eyes as if searching for a hidden motive in even the most innocent conversation. And thinking of this, the duchess decided that she would come straight to the point in her interview with Tully.

She found him in the kitchen of the cottage, a leather apron around his waist, soling a pair of stout boots at a cobbler's last. He rose as she entered, beckoned her to a chair with his hammer, and then took a handful of nails out of his mouth.

"I was expecting you, your Grace," he said when she was seated. "What can I do for you?"

"What do you mean you were expecting me?" Gloriana demanded, coloring a little with pique. "Did somebody tell you I was coming?"

"No. But the last election was a draw between the Dilutionists and the Anti-Dilutionists. It is quite impossible for a democracy to work without one side imposing its will on the other. So although you have popular representation, in its truest form, you haven't got a government. In such circumstances it is usual for someone to form a third party, drawing on voters from both sides. The thing has been going on in France for so long that nobody can say what any particular party stands for. The next step is usually a dictatorship. I presume you want me to form a third party."

Gloriana was so taken aback and indeed hurt at being anticipated in this manner that for a minute she couldn't say anything. She felt cheated. She had wanted to surprise Tully with the plan to form a third party and he had taken the whole *éclat* of the thing away by telling her of it himself. She decided there and then that she was sure she didn't like him.

"Well," she said at last, "that's perfectly true. I do want you to form a third party. But I don't want it to be a successful party. At least, I don't want it to be really successful, but only to appear successful. You see, we're short of money."

"Who isn't," said Tully. "As you see, I was mending my own shoes when you called, though it's so interesting a job, now I know how, that I don't know why anybody should pay someone else to do the work. If your Grace is in need of the services of a cobbler, I will be completely happy to place myself at your disposal as perhaps cobbler extraordinary to the duchy of Grand Fenwick."

"This is nothing to joke about," said Gloriana sharply. "It's serious. Grand Fenwick needs money. There are too many people here now to be supported by our own products. So we have to import food and clothing. And we have to have money to do that. Mr. Benter believes we can make enough by adding water to the Pinot to increase our exports of wine. But Count Mountjoy says that would spoil the market for the wine and be disastrous in the long run.

"That's why we want you to form a third party. We want you to form a Communist party. Hold a meeting next Sunday—we can get permission from Bishop Alvin—and tell people that the government must be overthrown, and so on. Then we will tell the Americans that the government is threatened by Communist infiltration and they will lend us all the money we need."

Tully had been lighting his pipe during this explanation, for outside of official meetings in the castle formality was dropped in Grand Fenwick in the presence of the duchess. This was not through lack of respect, but because if formalities were insisted upon half a day's work might be lost if she decided to take a tour of the country. And she couldn't be expected to remain locked up in the castle all day in the interests of maintaining production.

Tully's match went out in his hand, he was so interested in what Gloriana was saying.

"Communist party!" he exclaimed. "But Communism wouldn't work here. It's a philosophy completely unsuited to agricultural areas. You can force poor beggars in factories to produce more products, but a farmer can't force the land to produce. He can't preach Marx to the weather so that it rains at the right time. And in the whole of Russia the sun has never been known for as much as one day to listen to the economics of the late Joseph Stalin. Communism could never make any headway in Grand Fenwick."

"I'm very glad to hear it," retorted Gloriana smugly, "because as I said, I don't want it to be successful. We just want it to appear successful so that the Americans will lend us the money we need."

"Besides," continued Tully as if he had not heard her last remark, "I don't like Communism. I don't like to think that anyone's my equal. Nobody is. I'm superior to a great number of people and inferior to others, and for that reason I'm not at all sure that I'm in favor of democracy either. It's



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nonsense to have the vote of someone who only after enormous struggle achieves the ability to read be the equal of the vote of another who can read in twenty-four languages, though reading is no criterion. I merely cite it as an example.”

By this time the duchess had completely lost sight of the main topic. “Just what kind of a government do you favor?” she asked.

“I’m not sure,” said Tully. “I toyed with anarchy once, but on reading into the subject found that there were as many kinds of anarchy as there are of democracy. There are plain anarchists and syndicalist anarchists, and deviationist anarchists and, for all I know, syndicalist deviationist anarchists. There’s as much anarchy in anarchy as there is in any political philosophy. But I’m still looking around.”

“Well, while you’re looking around, wouldn’t you like trying to be a Communist for a while? Even if you don’t like it, remember that it’s for your country. It’s an act of patriotism to help us survive. We have as much right to survive as bigger nations have. We have been a free nation for about six hundred years and hundreds of thousands of people have been born and grown up and died happily in Grand Fenwick. Just because we are a little nation doesn’t mean that we should surrender our own liberty and our own pride and all our traditions and heritages and unite with some other country in order to live. It’s not our fault that we haven’t got any money. We’ve lived courageously and honorably for six centuries, but times have changed against us.” She was not too far from tears when she finished.

Tully looked at her softly, almost with devotion, which was something he extended to no one but his father. “You really love Grand Fenwick, don’t you?” he asked gently.

“Yes,” replied the duchess, “and so does everyone here. It is our earth and our air. You do too, don’t you?”

Tully walked over to the window. “Sometimes,” he said slowly, “in places like Seattle or London or the Black Forest in Germany when I have supposed myself happy, I have thought suddenly of this valley and those mountains, which hold their own blue mist in the evening, and my heart has become so hungry that I had to come back. It is a madness really, for all mountains have their mists and the evening voices in all valleys are the same.”

“Would you love the mountains if they were part of France or Switzerland?”