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MARE ISLAND AND BACK

ARTHUR MILLER

CHARACTERS

DOCTOR KESSLER

HENRY

LOGAN

LUKE

MAJOR

INSTRUCTOR

Premiered June 19, 1945,
in the series “The Doctor Fights,”
on the Columbia Broadcasting System,
featuring Robert Montgomery (as Doctor Kessler),
Alan Hewitt (as Henry), Elliott Lewis (as Logan),
and Peter Leeds (as the Instructor)

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Mare Island and Back

KESSLER: Hear this! You blessed ones, you lucky ones sitting in your bedrooms with ten pink toenails to clip, and you in your kitchens opening a beer bottle with two living hands, hear this. And you especially who sit by the loudspeakers and smoke, having but recently learned how to open a pack of cigarettes with one hand . . . hear this.

(Music: Punctuate in flow . . . Brief. Into background.)

This is no tale designed to inspire you for twenty minutes and leave you staring through your tears at the trouser leg hanging empty from your hip. I have laced too many steel and leather forearms to your elbows to promise you'll play Chopin in ten easy lessons. But hear this and know what can be done, because this was done. This is Sam Logan's story, Captain Sam Logan, United States Marines.

(Music: Drop down quickly into . . .)

(Sound: Strong fighter plane sound in air. Hold in background.)

He was feeling good that morning. Plenty of sky over Guadalcanal and the smoke of the guns didn't come up this high. Might have been Florida below, it was so clean up here, and the clouds washed his wings as he banked left to circle the island. This was the life, this was the joy of it, this was Sam Logan's life, the beginning and the end of it. To wish for a cloud and be there, to yearn for higher air and climb it on the hot back of his engine. Levelling off now, he dipped a wing to the boys below to show them he was there with his big hand over them. And then he saw the sun, and saw the speck on it, and grinned like a boy; and the clouds moved under to make a floor that he could fight on. It came like a black stone, growing, sprouting wings now, firing now . . . The sun like a mirror shining in his eyes . . . something went past . . . he banked hard right, the strong right leg on the pedal. . . .

(Sound: Machine gun burst. Engine clanks . . . Stops . . . Wind on the wings as he goes down.)

The hatch opened hard with the wind sucking it. Horizon over his left ear now. The wind on his head like a hammer as

he stands on his seat and walks out and slides down the sky.
 . . . ONE, two, three . . .

(Sound: Wind sound suddenly finer as he falls without plane.)

. . . four, Sam Logan gripped the steel handle at his chest.
 Eight, nine. . .

(Sound: A whoosh as the chute opens.)

His shoulders jerked and he grinned again; far below he saw the sea between his legs like a great pillow. And then, then it came.

(Sound: Plane approaching.)

Zero turning back, nosing up toward him, the sun flashing like water on the prop. Angry, squirming upward like a snake. . . . Sam Logan hung from his parachute and the Japanese pilot, husbanding his Imperial cartridges, performed a successful but unnecessary amputation two thousand feet above the sea, and Sam Logan's right leg flew in a high and bloody arc and followed him down, while the Zero, propellor dripping, moved northward toward Japan.

(Music: Stab.)

(Sound: Let the Zero fade away. Hold an instant of silence.)

HENRY *(as though LOGAN had just told him the above story)*:

Well . . . that's tough, but consider yourself lucky Logan.

LOGAN: Yeh, heh?

HENRY: Sure. Take little Henry. I wasn't even supposed to be out here. I had too many independents. Wife and two kids. Had it all figured I'm safe. All right, so I'm in. I figure, well, I get myself in the band; no violins allowed. Quartermaster; I ain't fat enough. Air Corps; too fat. Landing barges; just right. We get back in the States, I'm gonna get up in the morning, my kids tie my shoes, my wife puts on my hat, and I go sell my apples. Toss you for the intersection of Forty-second and Broadway, Logan. Or are *you* going to corner the Mackintosh market?

LOGAN: That doctor said he'd put a hand on you, didn't he?

HENRY: You can't tie your shoes with a hook. What're you going to do? You give it any thought?

LOGAN: I don't know. I went to see that doctor. What's his name? Kessler?

LUKE (*southern*): He's nice, that doctor. But he can't grow you nothin' you can put a shoe on.

LOGAN: Well, at least we've only got one missing, Luke.

LUKE: Which just about puts me square flat behind the outhouse. Man, I heard the way you lost yours . . . that sure was. . . .

LOGAN: I didn't lose it, I gave it.

HENRY: Yeh, well whatever you did you ain't got it, bud. . . .

LOGAN: What'd you do, Luke, farmer?

LUKE: Yeh, that's all I ever did. And they ain't no corner to sell apples in Clay County.

LOGAN: I heard those artificial legs are pretty good the way they've got them down.

LUKE: Yeh, but I ain't pitchin' no artificial hay and I ain't plowin' no artificial ground. It was tough enough with two legs. I just hope to God they never let me out of this hospital, that's all I hope.

(*Sound: Footsteps approaching.*)

HENRY (*quietly*): Here's Doc Kessler, Logan.

KESSLER: Morning, boys. Hot in here, isn't it?

(*Sound: Window opening.*)

That's better. Some of that New Hebrides ozone. Why didn't you open the window next to your chair, Henry?

HENRY: I can't open that window. It needs two hands.

KESSLER: It'll open with one and a half. Try it.

(*Sound: Window slowly opening. HENRY'S effort.*)

Let's see it, Henry. . . .

HENRY: There it is . . . what there is of it.

KESSLER: . . . Looks nice.

HENRY: Yeh, pretty.

KESSLER: Could be worse, Henry.

HENRY: I know, every morning I thank God it wasn't my head.

KESSLER: What head? Henry, when you get back to the States they'll do a fancy operation on you. Fix you up with a hand that you can open and close just by thinking. You won't have to move your shoulders to operate it. Works right off your own muscles. Now all you've got to do is learn how to think.

HENRY: That's great, Doc.

KESSLER: Now look here. . . .

HENRY: I appreciate it, Doc, but you don't have to kid me. I'm

a truck driver. Ten-ton Macks. How'm I gonna drive a truck with a tin hand?

KESSLER: You can do it with a tin hand but you can't with a tin brain.

HENRY: I appreciate it, Doctor, but I ain't kiddin' myself.

KESSLER: Okay, it's your funeral. Luke, take the cover off. Let me see the leg.

LUKE: It don't hurt anymore, hardly.

KESSLER: No reason why it should. Yeh, looks fine. Cover up. Tell me, boy, you've got the farm waiting for you back home, haven't you?

LUKE: I can't go back to that farm, sir. They can't afford to feed me.

KESSLER: Why, you tired of working?

LUKE: No, sir, but I can't. . . .

KESSLER: Talk to you about it later.

(Sound: Two steps.)

Let's see it Logan.

LOGAN: Feels peculiar.

KESSLER: Raise it.

LOGAN: Feels funny . . . How's it look?

KESSLER: Cover up. Move over, let me sit on your bed.

LOGAN: How am I doing. Is it healing sir?

KESSLER: Yeh, coming together in great shape. I've been wanting to talk to you, Logan. What are your plans?

LOGAN: Plans for what?

KESSLER: They'll fit you with an artificial leg back in the States.

The thing I'm interested in is the kind of work you want to do. Maybe you can get started on it in the hospital, and by the time you're a civilian. . . .

LOGAN: Oh. Well, I'm going to fly, sir.

(Pause.)

KESSLER *(his pins knocked out)*: You're going to fly.

LOGAN: That's right.

KESSLER: Well. That's a pretty damn nice way of taking it, Logan. I'm glad you feel that way.

LOGAN: How long will it take for me to get a leg?

KESSLER: Oh, a few months. You'll have plenty of time to get used to it, and then . . . I don't know, maybe a commercial line will give you a chance.

LOGAN: Oh, I'm not interested in commercial flying. I'm going back into combat.

KESSLER (*quietly*): I see . . . Did you . . . you ever know anybody with an artificial leg?

LOGAN: No, but . . . I know what you mean, sir, but it doesn't apply to me. I'll be able to walk, won't I?

KESSLER: Definitely.

LOGAN: Well if I can walk I can fly. And if I can fly I can fly combat.

KESSLER (*laughs*): Well, all right! I don't think it's ever been done but who knows, maybe nobody tried. I'll see you later, Logan. See you later, boys.

(*Sound: Walking away.*)

HENRY: Hey. Hey, Logan.

LOGAN: Heh?

HENRY: What's the matter with you, you hypnotized or something?

LUKE: He ain't hypnotized. He's just naturally crazy.

(*Music: Up and under.*)

KESSLER: That was Sam Logan. Of course he'd never fly, certainly not for the Navy combat. In the beginning I berated myself for not telling him the truth. And every day I made up my mind to tell him, but it kept getting harder and harder. I'd come into the ward and he'd be smiling up at me with that kid grin on his face. And whenever we'd talk. . . .

LOGAN (*off mike perspective*): You know, when I get a plane, Doc, I'm going to take you up and turn you over so many times you'll think you drank a gallon of high octane. (*Fade.*) I'll show you a power dive like you never saw in . . . (*Out.*)

KESSLER: And another time, when we were alone. . . .

LOGAN (*off-mike perspective*): I was just reading about these jet-propulsion jobs. Man, that's for me. . . . (*Fade.*) They'll never touch us in those babies. Seven hundred miles per . . . (*Out.*)

KESSLER: One day I went out to the field that was a few miles from the hospital. I knew a Major there. We were old friends. (*Music: Out.*)

MAJOR: That's right, Captain, this is the kind of fighter he was flying.

KESSLER: I'd like to look in the cockpit.

MAJOR: Here, step right up. . . . There you are. Hoist in.
What's up?

KESSLER: I just wanted to get the feel of these pedals. How far does this pedal go?

MAJOR: Go ahead, press it.

KESSLER: Uh huh. Major, I want your opinion. What would you say to a man flying one of these in combat . . . with one artificial leg. . . .

MAJOR: Impossible.

KESSLER: Wait a minute now. He's got the action of his knee. It's just from the knee down.

MAJOR: Couldn't do it. I doubt that he'll fly, and he'd certainly never make combat.

KESSLER: He's a remarkable kid, Major, he's all g——

MAJOR: Wouldn't help. I'm not a doctor, I'm a flyer. But I don't believe that a man is ever going to time the use of an artificial leg so that he could go into combat and come out alive. That leg's got to *respond*, Captain, a man's got to act on a split tail of a second. . . .

KESSLER: Is there any rule against it that you know of?

MAJOR: Well there isn't any rule against a blind man flying either, but we don't give them airplanes.

KESSLER: But there's no rule.

MAJOR: No, but it's just out of this world. I wouldn't let him kid himself, Captain, he's got all the flying medals he's ever going to get.

(Music: Bridge.)

HENRY: Heeyah, get your Mackintoshes, all red, all ripe, five a piece, help the veteran, heeyah! How's that, better, Logan?

LOGAN: Great. Henry, why don't you shut up?

HENRY: What do you mean? Doc Kessler says you would practice up on what you're going to be in life. I'm doin' my occupational therapy.

LOGAN: We're going back to the States today! Buck up old boy. Free ocean voyage.

HENRY: You know, Luke, I think his mother must've been thinking of a boy scout.

(Sound: Footsteps coming closer.)

LUKE: I sure hope they don't put me out of the hospital, that's all I hope.

LOGAN: Hello, Doctor, when are we leaving?

KESSLER: About an hour. Move away, will you boys? I want to talk to Logan. Go ahead, Henry, give Luke a push.

HENRY: Yeh, don't you think we make a great pair, Doc? He could carry the pencils and the tin cup and I push him.

KESSLER: You're breaking my heart. Get outa here. You're going to Mare Island Hospital, Logan, California.

LOGAN: Swell. I heard about that place.

KESSLER: I won't be with you, so I want to tell you a few things. First of all . . . I'm not sure that you'll ever fly again.

LOGAN: No, sir, I've got to fly. . . .

KESSLER: Wait a minute now. You see Luke and Henry here . . . they've made up their minds that they can't do anything. That's a bad attitude. Obviously. But it's just as bad for a man to think that he can do everything and. . . .

LOGAN: If I can't fly I might as well be dead.

KESSLER: Now you cut that out. . . .

LOGAN: No sir, that's the way I feel. I was just getting hot, I was just getting good.

KESSLER: Tell me this. Before you ever started to think about flying what were you interested in?

LOGAN: Nothing.

KESSLER: Oh come on now.

LOGAN: When I was six or seven years old my dad drove us out to the flying field. You know where they took you up for a dollar? Well when I saw one of those planes go up that's when I knew. And I never changed, not for five minutes.

KESSLER: Good enough. Now listen to me. Supposing I were God. God of the Navy and the Marines.

LOGAN (*laughs*): Would you have trouble.

KESSLER (*laughs*): You said it. But just supposing . . . supposing I had the power to put you in a plane and send you into combat. And you get in and take off. And after five minutes in the air you realize that you can't make it. You come down and. . . . (*Breaks off.*) You see what I mean? I want you to have something to fall back on, an ace in the hole.

LOGAN (*shaken*): I realize what you're saying, sir. . . .

KESSLER: I don't want you to think that it's completely out.

LOGAN: I know what you want me to think. I'd just like to tell you something, sir. You deal with hundreds of crippled men every week, and maybe after a while you begin to look at them as though they felt crippled.

KESSLER: What do you mean?

LOGAN: I sit here looking out this window, and I see the sky and I see the planes going over and I feel like Sam Logan that's all. The same way I ever felt when I saw planes flying. I look different but I feel the same. And I hope to God they're going to treat me in the States the way I feel and not the way I look.

KESSLER: You think I've treated you that way?

LOGAN: You've been all right, Doctor, but I still don't think you realize what a man can do if he's got to do it.

KESSLER: It's funny. Ever since I became a surgeon I've been trying to make patients understand just that.

LOGAN (*eagerly*): Then you . . . you believe that I can fly combat again. You do don't you?

KESSLER: Officially no. Medically no. But . . . (*Breaks off.*) Well I'm official and I'm a medic so . . . good luck to you Sam.

LOGAN: I'll be back and when I fly over here I'll buzz you at fifty feet!

KESSLER: Do that boy. Goodbye.

(*Music: In and under for.*)

It doesn't happen this way very often. But it did this time. Sam Logan left the Hebrides with Henry and Luke and a little while later I followed; on the boat going home there were many boys with arms missing and legs. They were the normal the usual boy not so dedicated to any kind of life that they could not give it up without being destroyed. But Sam Logan. . . . I knew he was that rare man found among priests and artists and yes doctors, that man who knows he was born for one purpose only. And when I saw the lovely coast and the boys crowding the rail I caught the longing in their eyes and I remembered Sam Logan's eyes and as we docked I felt and I knew that I must either do something that was impossible for Logan was going to have

to do it. And that's how it was when I sat with him and the boys in the warm Mare Island sun.

(*Music: Out.*)

LOGAN: Am I glad to see you, Doc. They've got me marked nuts around here.

KESSLER: Good judges of character. Let me see the leg.

LOGAN: I bumped into a Captain I knew in the Pacific and he says anytime I want I can come out to the field and he'll give me a plane to take up.

KESSLER: Don't say.

LOGAN: Yeh. I got Henry and Luke working for me too. Henry's —Here he comes now. Hey Henry come over here! There's Luke, come here!

HENRY: Hullo Doc. How's he doin'? (*Sotto.*) Hey Doc I was just talking' to a nurse. . . .

LUKE: Hullo Doc.

KESSLER: Pull up Luke.

HENRY: This nurse is got an uncle who worked in the Admiral's office. And she's goin' to tell him to put in a word for Sammy here to get a plane when he's ready.

LUKE: Only thing, she says you gotta put the okay on him first. When's he going to be ready to take off Doc?

KESSLER: What are you paying these fellows, Logan?

LOGAN: I promised to name my plane Henry and Luke.

HENRY: And when I get a Mack again I'm going to paint "Sammy" over the radiator.

KESSLER: When did you change your mind about truck driving?

HENRY: I didn't change my mind, I just figured if this jerk can fly an air-o-plane with one leg I can drive a truck with a tin hand anyhow. I mean, he ain't that good.

LUKE: They both crazy, Doc. Whyn't you tell 'em what's goin' on?

KESSLER: How about you, Luke? You make any arrangements at home?

LUKE: My old man keeps writing when I'm comin', but I discourage him. Man that eats and don't work, people ain't goin' to like him after a while and I ain't gonna get myself into none of that.

HENRY: How about it, Doc? We get another operation, don't we?

KESSLER: Here's the story. You've got a lot of work on your arm, Henry, and we'll start right away. There's just one more surgery for you, Sam, and another session for you, Luke. When I get you all fitted up, we'll start walking. Up and down stairs, climb some ladders, put you in a car, Henry, and start you driving. Maybe some horseback riding. So on. And while this is all going on, Sam, I want you to do some thinking about your future. I understand there's a lot of good jobs in the local aircraft plant. . . .

LOGAN: No, sir, I'm. . . .

KESSLER: I'll do the best job I know how to do, Sam, you'll be able to do anything you want to do in civilian life, and there'll be plenty of jobs in the Marines for you. . . .

LOGAN: Sharpening pencils, you mean. . . .

KESSLER: I mean there'll be plenty of jobs. Think about it.

LOGAN (*angering*): You didn't say this in the Hebrides.

KESSLER: I hoped you'd come to realize it yourself. I can only make you walk. I can't think for you, Sam, and you're not thinking.

HENRY: Oh no, he thinks all the time, Doc. . . .

LOGAN: They're working over Tokyo day and night, it'll be over soon. I didn't finish what I was suppose to do. I've got to finish. . . . I want to finish it!

KESSLER (*slight pause*): Don't you see how impossible it is? Even with bad teeth a man can't get into the air force, how in the world. . . .

LOGAN (*bursting out*): I don't care, I gotta do it!

HENRY (*quietly*): He's got very good teeth, Doc.

KESSLER (*slight pause*): I'll operate this afternoon. Be ready at four o'clock.

(*Music: Up and under.*)

In time Sam Logan was walking, and so was Luke. And Henry was picking up magazines with his new hand. It's no good to put romance into this. It's not right to forget the sadness in this. But they *were* walking, and Henry was tying his shoes. In fact, he was going around tying everybody's shoes who would let him, and I noticed he forgot about the apple business. And then the thing happened. The thing that always happens. . . .

(*Music: Out.*)

(*Sound: A man falling with the clatter of a cane.*)

HENRY: Hey, Sam, give me a hand here. Hey, Luke, come on, get up. . . .

LOGAN (*laughing*): Come on, buttermothes, get up. What're you, lazy again?

LUKE: I can't. I can't do it.

LOGAN: Oh, baloney. You're just lazy again. Up, up. . . .

HENRY: Sit him here. . . . That's it, sit down, Luke. What're you tryin' to pick up cigarette butts for?

LUKE (*heaving*): Cut it out. Let me alone.

LOGAN (*shaken*): Come on, Luke, we're going for a walk.

LUKE: I ain't walking no more. I'm stayin' here. I ain't gettin' up again. Let me alone.

LOGAN: We're going horseback riding next week. You gotta get in trim.

LUKE: I ain't gettin' in no trim. They ain't gonna make no damn fool outa me. I'm sittin' here and I'm goin' to sit here.

HENRY (*quietly as though close to LUKE'S ear*): You know what you're goin' to do? You'll go and disgrace Doc Kessler. Look at the nice work he did on you. You want to go an' disgrace the Doctor? Luke, open your eyes. Open your eyes and get on your feet. Sam . . . tell him . . . Sam. Where'd he go now?

(*Music: Bridge.*)

LOGAN: I saw you waving to me Doc, you want me?

KESSLER: I was planning on some horseback for you boys next week. You feel up to it today?

LOGAN: Well . . . yeh, sure.

KESSLER: You sound doubtful.

LOGAN: He just shook me up a little, that's all.

KESSLER: You sure now, because I want Luke to see you.

LOGAN: Oh, I'll be all right, Doc.

KESSLER: Then I'll see about some horses.

(*Music: Bridge.*)

(*Sound: Shifting of horses' hooves.*)

HENRY: Tally ho! Let me get on, Doc!

KESSLER: One at a time. All right, Sam, get up on this block.

LOGAN: Get that smile off your face, Luke.

LUKE (*off-mike*): Better hitch a basket under that horse, aviator.

KESSLER: Grab onto the pommel, Sam. Okay, now. Get up.

LOGAN (*effort*): Give me a little push, just a little push!

KESSLER: Do it yourself. Go on, go on. . . . There you are.

All right, here are the reins. You got both feet in the stirrups?

LOGAN: I don't know, I can't feel. . . . Yeh, they're both in.

LUKE (*off mike*): What're you sweatin' about, Sam?

KESSLER: No remarks from the gallery. All right, Henry, let's see you now.

HENRY: Doc, you are lookin' at the man who won the 1936 Kentucky Stetson. That's a soft derby. Ha! Big joke. Which end do I climb?

KESSLER: Go ahead, you're doing all right. Up! There you are. Clamp your knees, now, there are no doors on this thing to hold you in. Open your hand. All right, take the reins. Pull now. Harder. Hurt you?

HENRY: Me! Ask the horse. I could pull his head off. How about a threesome, Luke?

KESSLER: Get up, boy, let's see what you learned on the farm.

LUKE (*off mike*): I think I'll just sit it out today, sir, if you don't mind.

KESSLER: Up to you. (*Intimately.*) You comfortable, Sam? Don't try anything you can't do. Tell me if you feel anything wrong in any way.

LOGAN: I'm . . . I'm fine. . . . I'm really all right. I just want to be sure I don't lose that right stirrup.

KESSLER: All right, around the circle now. Give him a kick.

LOGAN (*clucks*): Giddap. Come on!

LUKE (*off mike*): That horse is daid.

KESSLER: Give him your heel, Sam!

LOGAN: Come on! Giddap!

(*Sound: Horse starting to walk.*)

KESSLER: Get moving, Henry! Follow behind him!

HENRY (*off mike*): Giddap! Tally ho, boy, tally ho! Hey, Luke, looka me!

(*Sound: Hold the horse in background.*)

KESSLER (*on mike*): I want you to try it, Luke. Come on.

LUKE: Sam going to fly a plane?

KESSLER: What's that got to do with it?

SAM (*off mike*): Hey, Henry! I'm trotting!

LUKE: I'd like to know. Is he?

KESSLER: If he doesn't get scared he will.

HENRY (*off mike*): Tally ho, boy. Tally ho!

LUKE: No kiddin'.

KESSLER: You'll keep that under your hat.

LUKE: Why should he get scared?

(*Sound: Plane overhead.*)

LOGAN (*off mike*): Doc! Hey, Doc! That's the same plane I was flying! (*Closer.*) Look at her tear! Look at her!

(*Sound: For an instant just the plane passing over as they watch.*)

(*Excited.*) Heading west, too. When am I going to do it, Doc?

LUKE: You want to get yourself killed? Sam, you crazy, you can't. . . .

LOGAN: Doc, please. Give me a chance, one chance. Get me into a training plane, anything. I'll tell you if I can't do it. I swear. I'll tell you.

KESSLER: All right, Sam. . . .

LOGAN: Doctor, you're not kidding now!

KESSLER: I have a light plastic leg I want to fit you with first. Then you'll get used to that and we'll see what we can do. I'm not guaranteeing the Navy is going to give you a plane, now.

LOGAN: But you'll tell them I can fly.

KESSLER: I can only tell them what I know, boy. I know that you want to fly, and I don't know any reason why you shouldn't. The rest is up to them. Get those horses going now.

HENRY: And when do I get a car to drive? This horse is got no gears to shift, you know.

KESSLER: I'll let you know when you're ready, Henry.

LOGAN (*off-mike*): Let's go, Susy, gaddap!

(*Sound: Horses' hooves again.*)

KESSLER: What do you say, Luke?

LUKE: I . . . I'll wait, Doctor. I'll just wait.

(*Music: Bridge.*)

(*Sound: Plane engine idling.*)

INSTRUCTOR: He's all set, sir, sorry you can't come along.

KESSLER: I'd just like to stick my head in for a minute, Lieutenant.

INSTRUCTOR: Get right up on the wing, sir.

KESSLER: Thanks, I got it. It's all yours now, Sam. How's the leg feel?

LOGAN: Just like my own. Don't worry about anything, Doc, I'll be all right. And say, Doc?

KESSLER: Yeh?

LOGAN: I never thanked you for everything. I'd like to thank you.

KESSLER: One look at that puss of yours now is enough for me. Let's see you fly, Sam.

LOGAN: Step aside, Mister!

KESSLER: And remember, fly over the hospital. The boys will all be out watching for you!

LOGAN: I'll be there in five minutes! Make way!

(Sound: Engine up. . . . Taking off and away . . . into . . .)

(Music: Into background . . .)

KESSLER: I have three letters now. One is from New York. Part of it says, "I knew I'd get mixed up with apples one way or another. I'm delivering them from upstate in a ten-ton Mack. The hand steers fine; you were right . . . all I gotta do is think and it opens and closes. And I know how to think now. Any news from Sam the Flying Man. Henry." The second is from Clay County. "My Son Luke," it says, "is out hoeing now, so I'm taking this opportunity to say that he still feels embarrassed about the trouble he was to you, but is fine and works good. Keeps wondering about a boy name of Logan, and his mother and myself are wondering how he made out finally. Our thanks to you for Luke." And the third letter has an APO number. "Just a quick one," it says, "to let you know I am now Major Logan. Hope you're still at Mare Island when I get back because you're not getting out of that ride I promised you. Button up, Doc, I'm coming, and the way it looks out here, it'll be soon. P.S. I wrote your name on the leg. Just in case I start forgetting who put me back in the clouds." It's signed, Sam.

(Music: Up to finish.)