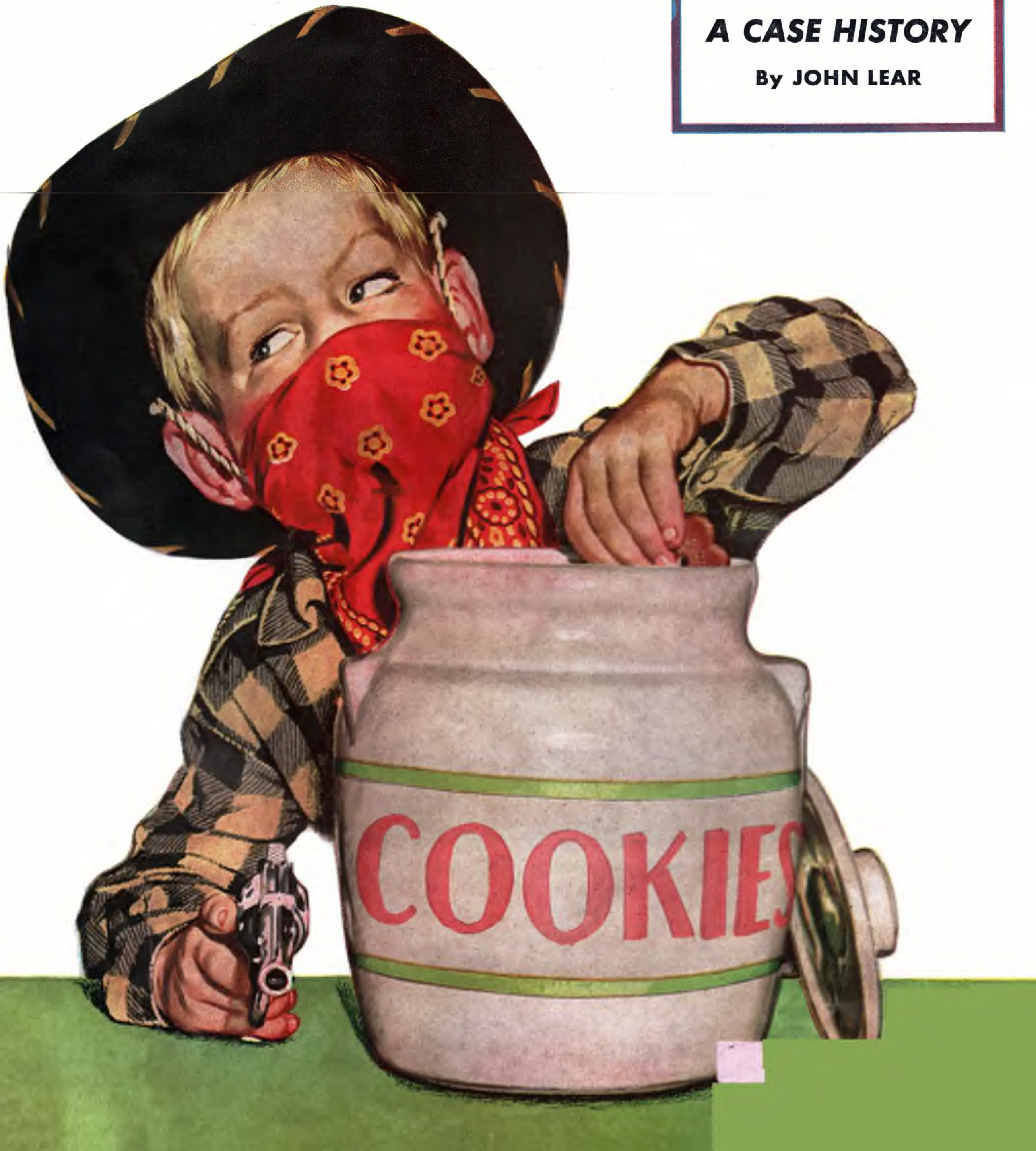
Collier's

OCTOBER 11, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

℞ ATOMS FOR CANCER

A CASE HISTORY

By JOHN LEAR



Morton Berger

Mr. Charles Revson—distinguished president of Revlon Products Corp. — started as a retail clerk, became a packer in the garment industry, then sold cosmetics. Mr. Revson was so impressed with the growing demand for nail enamel that, in 1932, with his brother and a chemist friend, he started his own firm—and developed a superior nail enamel, "Revlon". He has since marketed other products—and made Revlon nail enamel the world's largest seller.

It is for men like Mr. Revson who seek a finer whiskey that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended . . . to achieve an outstanding combination of rare taste and distinctive, satin-smooth lightness. So jealously is Lord Calvert's *Custom Distilled* quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. Tonight, discover how *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert, the "whiskey of distinction," can make *your* next drink a far, far *better* drink.

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CONFIDENTIAL QUESTIONNAIRE FOR

men and women looking forward to retirement

If you are 55, you should be making definite plans for retirement. If you are 60 or 65, the need for a decision is that much more urgent.

This year, employment will end for millions of people. A few will already have made their plans, but most will face for the first time the big decision that automatically comes when one phase of life ends and another begins—*where and how shall I spend the carefree years ahead?*

A big part of the answer—perhaps the most important part—is where and how you want to live?

A new idea—home development for people of retirement age—is being considered by one of the nation's leading home financing companies. The questionnaire below frankly seeks the answers to problems about which little is known—problems which have been troubling many people for a long time. We want to know what *you* would like, because *you* and *those like you* are the people we are interested in serving.

With *your* answers in mind we can make the idea become a reality.

We ask you to fill out this questionnaire and return it to us. Your answers will be *absolutely confidential*, and you will be under *no obligation whatsoever*.

PROPERTY RESEARCH DIVISION
Investors DIVERSIFIED SERVICES
ROANOKE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

YOUR REWARD—In return for your kindness and time in answering these questions we will send you, without charge, a 3-months' subscription to "Lifetime Living"—the new magazine especially edited for people about to retire.

QUESTIONNAIRE . . . Fill out and send to Property Research Division, Investors Diversified Services, Roanoke Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. Your answers and identity will be held strictly confidential.

1. What locality would you prefer to live in after you retire?

Florida ☐ California ☐ Arizona ☐ Gulf Coast ☐ Pacific Northwest ☐ Stay where you are ☐ Other ☐

2. Do you expect to be active in club, social, fraternal or like organizations?

Yes ☐ No ☐ Specify kind

3. Check whether you now own your home ☐ or rent ☐

4. Check the approximate accommodations you think you will need and prefer when you retire:
(Check one in each group)

(a) Separate house ☐ Double house ☐ Apartment ☐

(b) Bedrooms. One ☐ Two ☐ Three ☐ More ☐

(c) More than one floor. Yes ☐ No ☐

(d) Land. Small city lot size ☐ Large lot with garden space ☐ Acre or more ☐

5. Approximately what monthly income from all sources will you have when you retire? *(Check closest figure)*

$50 ☐ $100 ☐ $150 ☐ $200 ☐ $250 ☐ $300 ☐ $350 or more ☐

6. How much cash do you think you might have for a down payment on a dwelling?

$500 ☐ $1000 ☐ $2000 ☐ $3000 ☐ More ☐

7. Will you devote time to a hobby?

Yes ☐ No ☐ What hobby?

8. Do you expect to work for pay to supplement your income?

Yes ☐ No ☐ What kind of work?

9. What sort of *outside* recreation (such as golf, croquet, bathing, fishing, etc.) do you hope to pursue?

10. Approximately what type of work have you done mainly up to now?

Executive ☐ Farmer ☐ Factory ☐ Office ☐ Own Business ☐ Profession (lawyer, doctor, etc.) ☐ Salesman ☐ Transportation ☐ Other ☐

IF YOU WISH 3 MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO "LIFETIME LIVING" AS YOUR REWARD FOR FILLING IN THIS QUESTIONNAIRE, FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

Your name........................

Home address....................

....

I expect to retire in 19......

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October 11, 1952

ARTICLES

℞ *Atoms for Cancer* .... JOHN LEAR 13
Does Your City Suffer from Suburbanitis? .... THOMAS H. AND DORIS D. REED WITH MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM 18
Our Gibraltar in the Pacific .... PETER KALISCHER 22
The Gold Smuggling Racket .... MARTIN ABRAMSON 36
Adirondack Magic 44
Smoke-Eaters on the Railroad .... COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 50
There's a Knack to a Snack .... HARRY BOTSFORD 56
Shirley Temple's Favorite Role 60
Adlai's Lady .... HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE 70

FICTION

The Kidnaping .... WILLIAM FULLER 16
Love Me, Love My Cat .... RICHARD STERN 28
Double Solitaire .... JOHN CLARE 42
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Halfback Hoodoo .... WILLARD H. TEMPLE 46
I Own This Dream .... JOHN F. WALLACE 52

●

48 States of Mind .... WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Keep the Home Fires Churning .... E. C. K. READ 10
Old Army Buddy .... JERRY MARCUS 69
Editorials 74
Cover .... LEE BURKE

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Our cooky bandit is 3½-year-old Lee Burke, Jr., the artist's son. He was lured from his hide-out by the prospect of being on Collier's cover, but posing got tiresome and he yearned again for the life of a small-fry desperado. Confronted with a cap-loaded six-shooter, Pop surrendered and finished the painting on our cover from photographs.

Week's Mail

Those Antivivisectionists

EDITOR: Thank you very much for your wonderful article, Antivivisectionists—Are They Finished? (Aug. 16th). I hope they are finished.

I worked with Dr. Mary Kirkbride and the Albany County Medical Auxiliary under the title of Friends of Medical Research. What a job we had and did!

MRS. EMERSON CROSBY KELLY,
Albany, N.Y.

. . . Intelligent animal lovers understand the necessity of medical experiments on animals to conquer killing diseases, provided these experiments are in the hands of responsible people and that humane treatment of these animals is strongly observed.

It cannot be denied that in the laboratories of the past unbelievable abuses and cruelties were inflicted on helpless animals, and I am deeply grateful to the antivivisectionist and other protesting groups for their part in the establishment of laboratory supervision by members of humane societies to prevent cruelty to animals.

MARGUERITE CARLSEN, Oradell, N.J.

. . . We want to let you know that in our opinion your beautifully written and factual article on the antivivisectionists should do much to improve public understanding of a subject which the antivivisectionists have worked for many years to confuse and distort as much as possible. We have heard favorable comments not only from our own members but also from members of several animal-welfare agencies in addition to the A.S.P.C.A. in New York City.

In fact, we hope that your article may serve as a stimulus, and in one case I think it already has, to make the more rational people on the boards of directors of the various humane societies take a more active part in planning the policies of their organization.

CHARLES J. KENSLER, Ph.D., President,
Society for Medical Research, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

. . . I want to thank you for publishing Antivivisectionists—Are They Finished? And I want to express my appreciation to Bill Davidson for writing it.

I love pets, and my home has never been without at least one dog and several cats. But I love my children more and prefer that animals be used for experiments which might save my children.

JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS,
Birmingham, Ala.

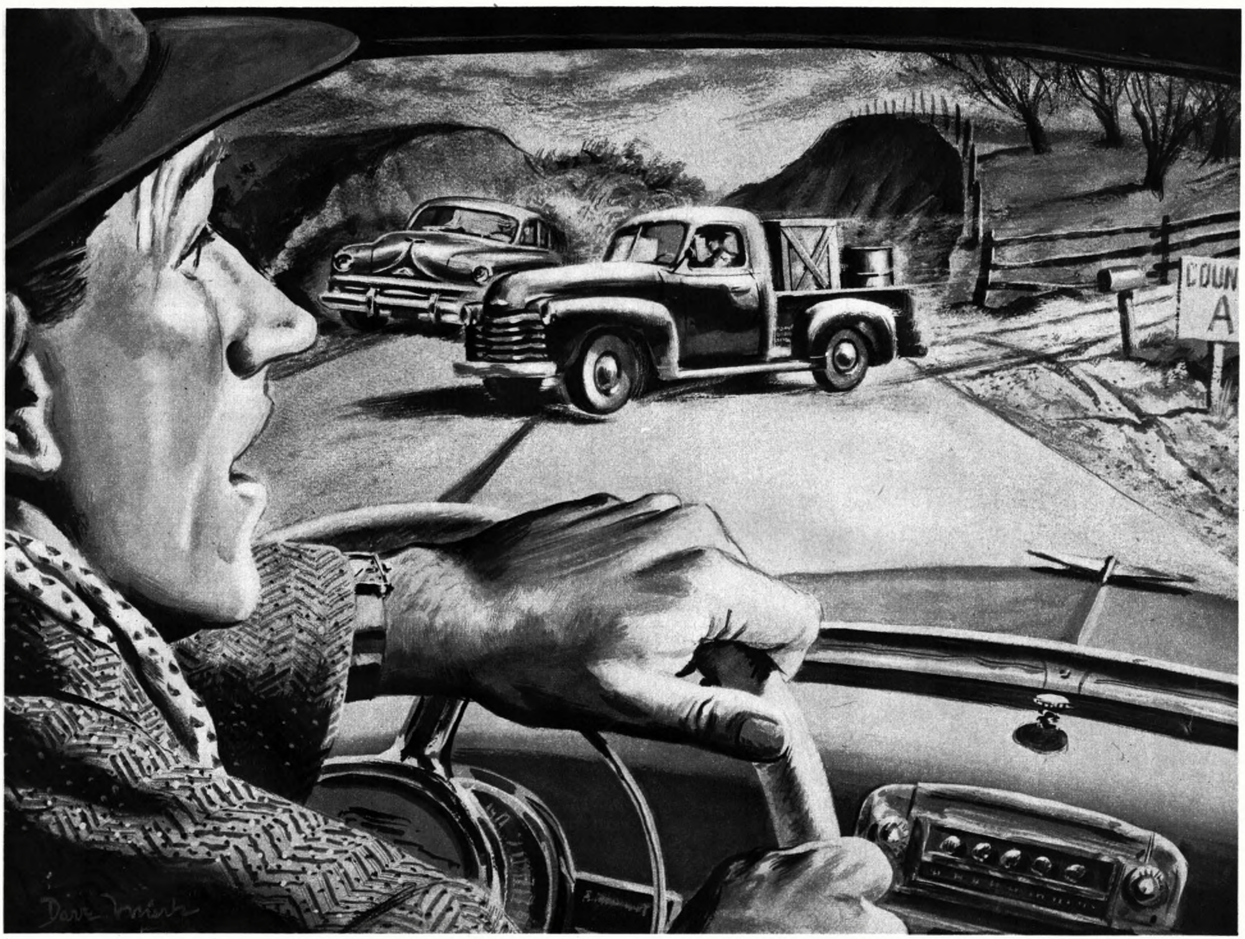
. . . Vivisection is wrong and is not necessary to the advancement of science. Vivisection is old-fashioned!

MRS. BERTIL CLASON, Flint, Mich.

Taxes for Highways

EDITOR: As an automobile dealer, I was attracted to the letter of Mr. Willoughby Albin appearing in your August 23d Week's Mail.

Mr. Albin propounds a question as to what becomes of the money collected,



Stop . . . look both ways . . . before backing or turning from your driveway onto a street or highway. *A moment's pause may save your life.*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

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from various sources, for highway construction and maintenance. It is a deplorable fact that much of it is diverted for other purposes, as set forth in a November 5, 1951, analysis by the National Highway Users Conference, based on Bureau of Public Works data. The compilation shows that diversions of Illinois highway user funds, alone, total $2,670,000 for the year 1950, bringing the nation-wide total to more than $3,000,000,000 since 1924.

In the meantime, automobile license fees, gasoline tax and other methods of collecting from the motorist have increased, while diversion has continued at an alarming degree.

HERMAN G. WANGELIN, Belleville, Ill.

The Unbeliever

EDITOR: I just want to tell you how much I enjoyed Miss Dorothy M. Johnson's story, The Unbeliever (Aug. 16th).

As one who spent most of his early life in a triangle between Colorado Springs, Billings, Montana, and Boise, Idaho, I retain many impressions both of what I saw and what I heard from old-timers 50 years ago. Miss Johnson's tale, laid as it was in the Crow country, struck a bell with me, and I am simply writing to say I am looking forward to reading others by the same author.

ERNEST N. MAY, Wilmington, Del.

. . . The Unbeliever: I am happy to see that despite certain historical liberties, Dorothy Johnson did do right by James P. Beckwourth, the historical source of her story.

Congratulations on publishing such a yarn that does not meet the popular demands of story line but does reflect a valid outlook by both the white and red characters portrayed.

W. H. HUTCHINSON, Chico, Calif.

The Cuff of Confiscation

EDITOR: Apropos of Eric Steffenson's letter (Week's Mail, Aug. 16th) concerning David Lilienthal's Big Business article, quote: "The majority of Americans are still harboring the great American dream and still looking for a big heap of living, of economic security, of peace of mind, of sufficient medical care."

Yea verily, life can be beautiful on the cuff of confiscation. But the burning question is: How can 150,000,000 mortgaged American tax-title tenants pay off their unpayable $300,000,000,000 national debt?

If 50 per cent of the American people can maintain 50 per cent of their present precarious standard of living, they will be luckier than four-leaf clovers, planted in hypothecated hope chests.

A. C. HARROVER, Scituate Harbor, Mass.

48 States of Mind

EDITOR: In 48 States of Mind, Aug. 16th issue, there was a little squib on the idea of licensing small boys to drive farm vehicles on the highways with which I am heartily in accord. No license is needed in Missouri, nor any other state that I know of. I think the gentleman who wrote the article, Mr. Walter Davenport, will find that a great many people are impressed by the same lack of responsibility.

We also noticed the same thing in England this summer, where ten-year-olds take huge tractors out on the highways and speed around with them, but all of the vehicles have to be licensed just as an automobile.

WILLIAM J. STEWART, M.D.,
Columbia, Missouri

. . . I have read Walter Davenport's 48 States of Mind for Aug. 16th, and I am sorry to say that the article he wrote about Berlin is wrong. It was about a note he received from Bill Stapleton who lived at No. 7 Argentinische Allee.

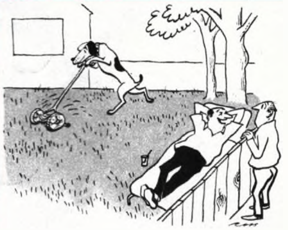
The purpose of the two telephone numbers is that there are two separate telephone circuits, one for civilians and one for the military.

So, if you have a military phone, you dial 160; if you have a civilian phone, you dial 74-160; the 74 gets you on the military circuit, and 160 gets you the same fire department.

The reason the grid co-ordinates are given is because Berlin is divided up into Bezirks, or small counties, and each Bezirk has the same street names. If a person just gave the street name, the fire department would maybe have to go to six or seven streets of the same name, but if you give the grid co-ordinates, they would be there in a very few minutes.

SGT. ANTHONY R. PARKINSON,
Berlin, Germany

The Real Thing



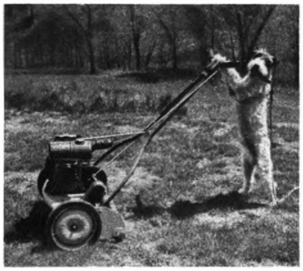
"Two things I used to hate to do—exercise the dog, and mow the lawn"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

EDITOR: A few weeks ago, this cartoon appeared in Collier's. Instead of a cartoon, I thought you might like to run a picture of the real thing, which I am attaching.

The dog is a registered wire-haired terrier by the name of Captain Van Duke and belongs to me.

RALPH L. SURFACE, East St. Louis, Ill.



The Labor Vote

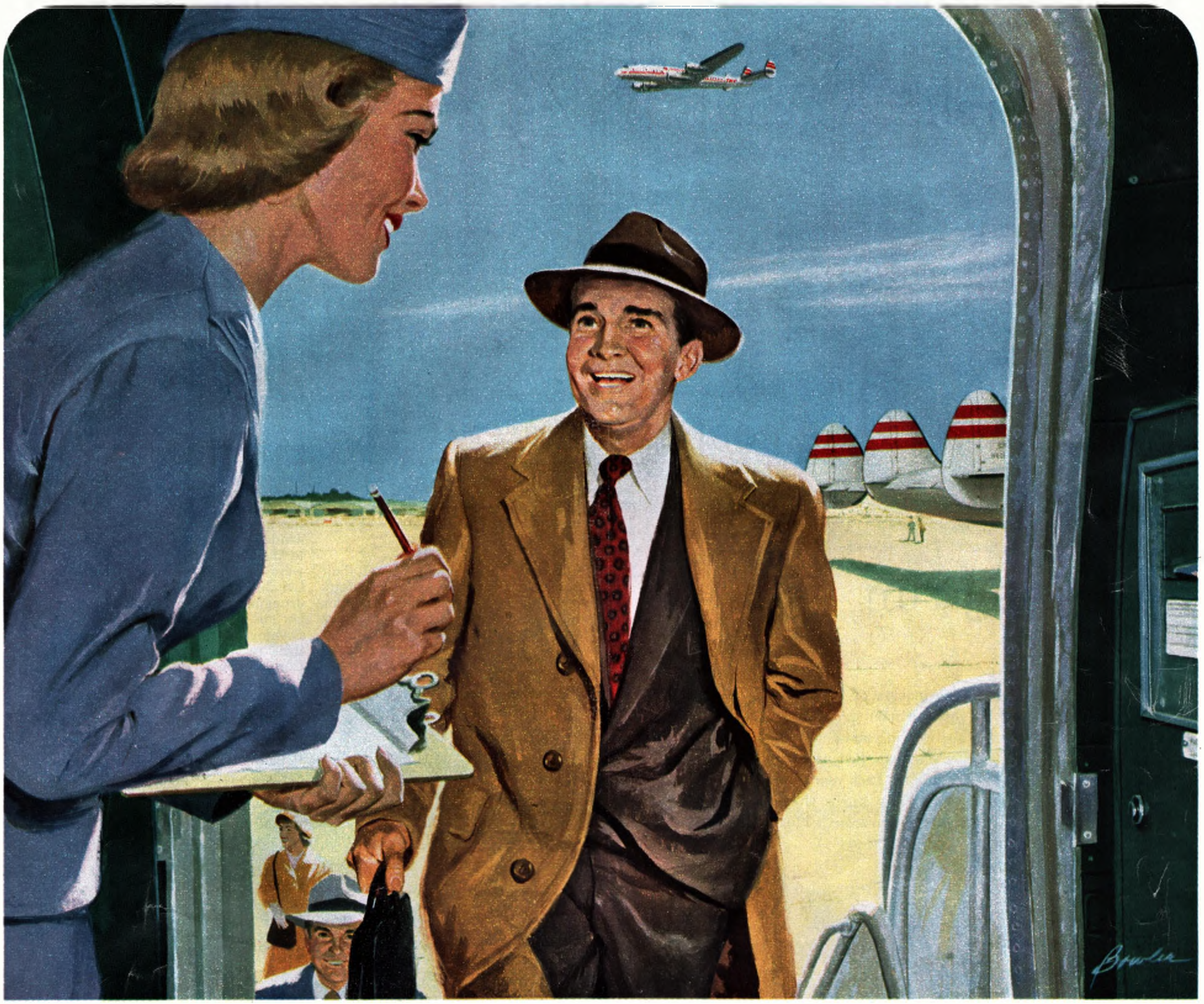
EDITOR: All of this talk about labor versus everyone else puzzles me, and the promise of labor leaders to deliver votes provokes me; hence this letter.

If the rank and file of labor, of which I am one, have become so lethargic and stupid that they haven't any personal political convictions, then our franchise of democracy is dissipated.

I am an electrician, and a voter, and would short-circuit anybody who assumed the right to deliver my vote.

So, with the God-given franchise to think, let's use the franchise to vote individually.

ROBERT G. POWERS, Albany, Ore.



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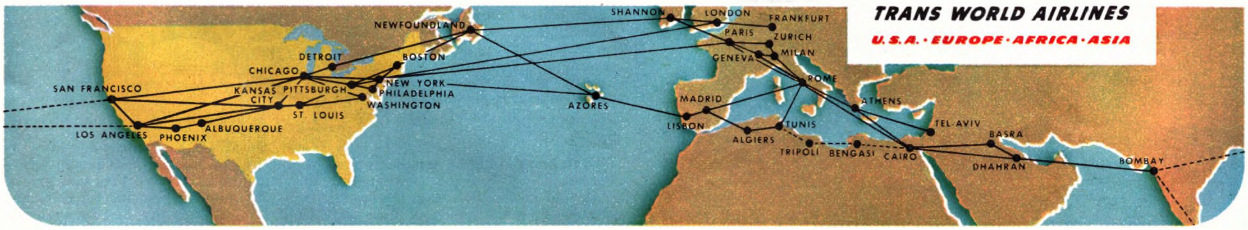
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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just been informed that a meat packer has discovered a method of imparting to his products any flavor you want. Aiming to be helpful, we took a poll in this office. Imagine our astonishment to find that the preferred meat flavor here is meat.

★ ★ ★

Among our souvenirs we're tucking away a cunningly complicated diagram of our military and economic setup in Europe. Nice to have in an emergency. Shows us the way through SHAPE, CINCEUR, EUCOM, NATO, MSA, DUFRIP, SACEUR, WASKOP, JOP and GISH. All armed with this guide, it's no trouble to wind up at SNAFU.

★ ★ ★

Where our customers pick up all their entrancing information keeps us pretty well mystified. For example, Mr. Alex Brandish discovers that most snakes are able to swallow their victims whole because they have expandable lower jaws. "But," says Mr. Brandish, "it never occurred to me that the income-tax people were that way too."

INTERNAL REVENUE

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Got a letter from Mr. L. S. McCandless of the Craig (Colorado) Empire-Courier: "Just read your 48 States of Mind for August 16. Don't worry. We all have weeks like that."

★ ★ ★

With the assistance of Mr. Don May, of Amarillo, Texas, we shall do our best to straighten out the nation-wide misunderstanding of what went on in that town during the recent water shortage. Let's see. Occupants of houses with even numbers were permitted to water lawns and flowers on uneven days except between 7:00 P.M. and 9:00 P.M. on even days. Clear so far? If your house had an uneven number you were forbidden to use water on even days between those hours except on uneven days. Understand? There were a few people in Amarillo who persisted in saying they were confused. Thereat City Hall explained that if you were uneven you could water your flowers on even days except between seven and nine on uneven . . . Anyway there was a fine of $200 for switching your even house number on uneven days except . . . Well there you have it, thanks to Mr. May.

★ ★ ★

A little boy was questioned by his new schoolteacher in Spokane, Washington. "Does your mother believe in the newer methods of child training or does she stick to the old-fashioned?" asked the teacher. Said the lad: "My mother prefers a combination of psychiatry and conventional discipline." Teacher asked what he meant. "She makes me lie on a couch while she spanks me," said he.

★ ★ ★

In spite of our eternal vigilance, an occasional dismal note manages somehow to insinuate itself into this department. For example, this account of the frustration of a man in Portland, Oregon, who suffered a blow from which recovery will be long and painful. For more than a year he had been making home brew in the attic of his house—gallons of the stuff. He brewed at night, the lights low, the curtains drawn, the windows hard shut lest fumes betray him to the revenue boys who, he was sure, were ever lurking nearby with nostrils twitching. The fumes filled the house, drugging this gentleman's family into chronic vapors. But he had his beer—sloshings of it, cases of it, kegs of it. And then, recently, the Oregon State Liquor Commission let it be known that there was no objection whatever to home brewing, provided the brewer didn't sell any of the stuff. Never had been.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Abington, Connecticut, wrote to the Social Security office in Willimantic. Got a reply, too. Reply didn't have much to do with the information she sought, but along with it she received a couple of pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. She seeks a bit of advice. Should she return the pieces, thus coming to the rescue of a government employee who is doubtless distracted by his inability to get his jigsaw worked out? Or should she keep writing until the government sends her the rest of the puzzle piecemeal?

★ ★ ★

We wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Dave Wellfridge were right about Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury. From San Francisco, Mr. Wellfridge protests that too much attention has been paid the aging British cleric. "After all," goes on Mr. Wellfridge, "it was of such dodderers that Oscar Wilde said, 'Men are only young twice.' "

★ ★ ★

We may go to Russia one of these days. Perfectly simple. No passport trouble. No FBI fellows viewing us with suspicion. And when we get there, no secret police tromping on our heels. No forbidden areas. No propaganda to befuddle us. In fact no natives will pay any attention to us. We shall now stop being cute and tell you that it's Russia, Ohio, in Shelby County, and Russia has just celebrated its centennial. ▲▲▲

ENTERING
RUSSIA
WELCOME

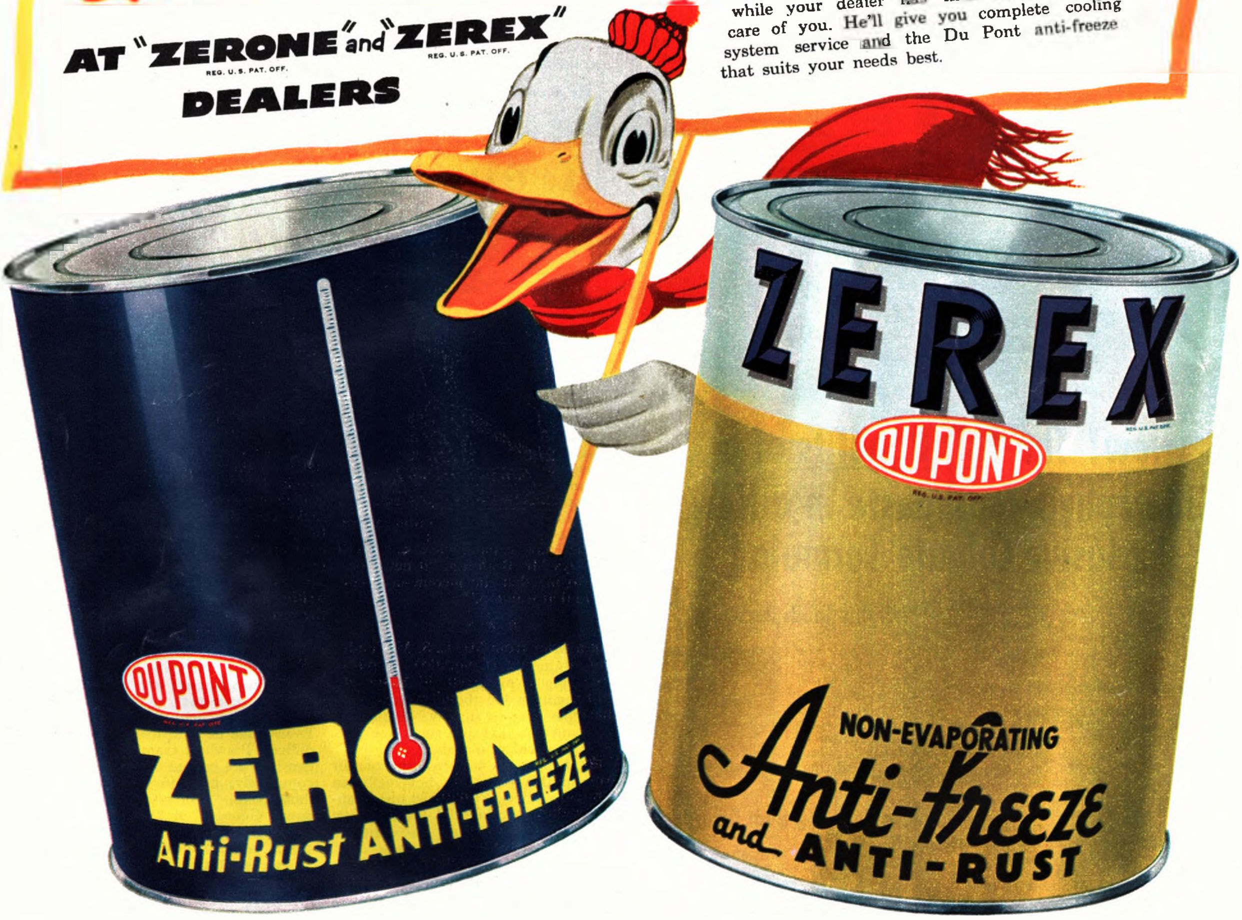
DU PONT ANNOUNCES

anti-freeze week

AT "ZERONE" and "ZEREX" DEALERS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's time to get your anti-freeze and have your car prepared for cold weather. Don't wait until freezing weather strikes and your dealer's station is jammed. Do this now—while your dealer has time to take better care of you. He'll give you complete cooling system service and the Du Pont anti-freeze that suits your needs best.



DU PONT "ZERONE"

America's great money-saving anti-freeze value

$1.50 A GALLON (TYPE B)

O.P.S. Retail Ceiling Price.

So efficient that three quarts do the work of four quarts of most other brands of anti-freeze. Hence you buy less. The special chemical rust inhibitor in Du Pont "Zerone" gives your cooling system long-lasting protection against rust and corrosion.

DU PONT "ZEREX"

The outstanding non-evaporating anti-freeze

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O.P.S. Retail Ceiling Price.

One filling of "Zerex" lasts all winter in a properly operating cooling system. "Zerex" helps keep cooling systems clean and operating efficiently . . . protected against rust and corrosion. There is no finer anti-freeze made than Du Pont "Zerex."

DU PONT

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150th Anniversary

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

New! COLGATE
Chlorophyll Toothpaste
DESTROYS BAD BREATH
Originating in the Mouth.

COLGATE
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTH PASTE

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

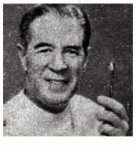
That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

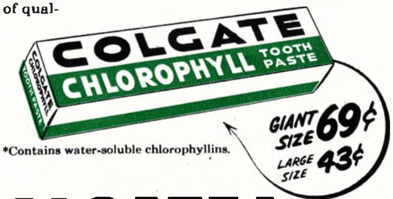
Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

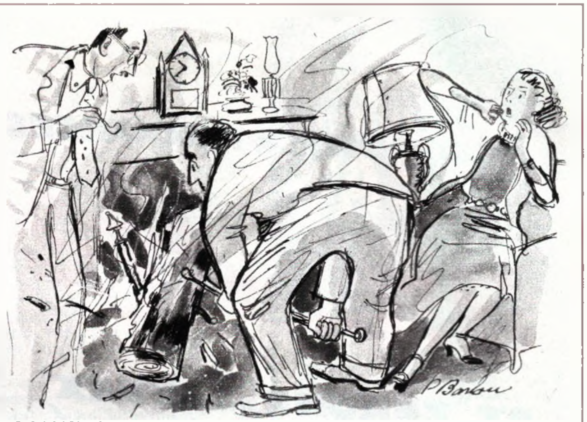
COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!



PERRY BARLOW

He is constantly on the go—jockeying a log, tweaking the damper

Keep the Home Fires Churning

By E. C. K. READ

IT WAS a tough summer for our little group. Nothing to do but stare at the andirons, a wearyin' for Jack Frost. Some summers you get a little nip in the air at night and you can light a fire. But this last season has been hot as an owl in an eight-inch oven. No chance to use the fireplace at all—and, of course, that's meant complete inactivity for our group, the Loyal Order of Log Botherers.

The L.O.L.B. is a loosely organized fraternity with a common interest in the continuous poking of fires. A good Log Botherer never lets a fire burn without assistance, even if it's going fine. Endowed with the instinctive belief that a little tampering will greatly improve the quality of the blaze, he is constantly on the go—nudging a piece of kindling here, jockeying a log there, tweaking the damper ever so slightly. The aim is to worry the fire as a small dog worries a succulent overshoe.

I happen to be president of our group this year. It's not really an elective office. You're just sort of appointed by acclaim. I think a little job I pulled off early last spring is largely responsible.

It happened at Bertie Philbin's place. We were all sitting around the living room, bemused by a peachy fire in the hearth and too many helpings of stuffed duck. Gladys Philbin was getting off the usual guff about how fires always bring back a lot of memories and how you seem to see faces in the flames and all that.

While this was going on, I could easily see that there was a rich reserve of unburned bark on the top of the rear log. If it could be turned through half a revolution and moved possibly an inch to the left, the draft would be better and the entire conflagration vastly enhanced. The prospect of effecting this adjustment made me itchy in the worst way. But I didn't know the Philbins very well. Could I fracture Gladys' reveries by thrashing around with the poker and tongs? Nerves taut and calf muscles tensed to spring, I sweated out the dilemma.

Then everything went black. The Log Botherer in me was out of control. I was on my feet, whirling timber like crazy with every available tool. Several hot faggots rolled out onto the rug, and I damn' near extinguished the fire. But I felt great.

I don't see much of the Philbins any more, of course, but that's a price we Log Botherers sometimes have to pay.

Now this Philbin episode was in the finest tradition of devil-may-care hearth prodding, but I don't mean to imply that the impulse can be given full rein under every circumstance. One of our fraternity members, for example, is married to a woman who becomes extremely irritable during prolonged sessions of log jostling. Even while he is in the midst of the difficult Pinwheel Gambit, by which two logs are caused to change places completely, his wife is apt to say things like, "In Heaven's name, sit down, George!" or "Just keep horsing with that fire if you want me to snatch you bald-headed."

As a result, George has had to hold himself down to one or two minor forays with the poker per evening. The frustration of it would drive him nuts, except that our secret chapter, Log Botherers Anonymous, is always on call. When the pressure gets too bad, they show him how to let off steam by fiddling with the television knobs or trying to make the pictures hang exactly straight on the wall. There's no real substitute for pestering a wood fire, but these things help.

Well, as I say, we don't go much for formal organization in the Loyal Order of Log Botherers. But when the snow flies and a merry blaze flickers in the chimney corner, watch for the restless kid with nostrils aquiver and poker at the ready. He's one of our boys. ▲▲▲

THE WORLD'S FINEST INSTRUMENT FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT

THE INCOMPARABLE *New* Capehart

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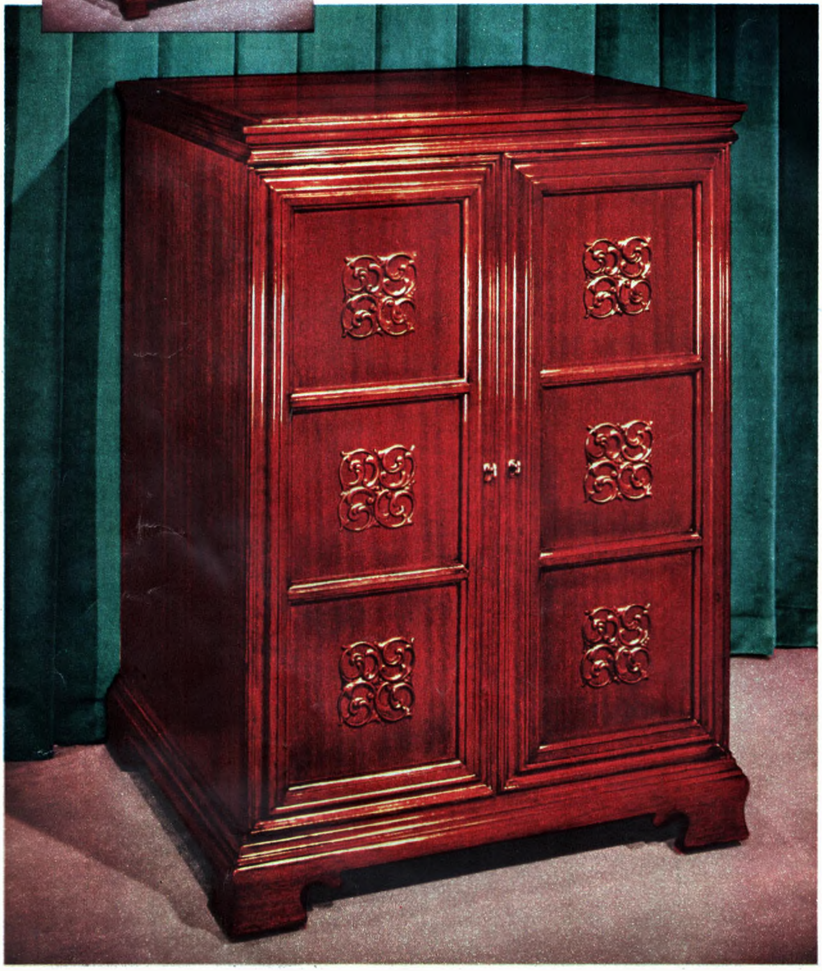

The CAPEHART "William Penn." Unequalled tone and picture reception. 21-inch tube for Crystal-Clear Picture. Power-packed chassis with R.S.V.P.* Traditional 18th century cabinet in mahogany. Designed by Lee Stone.

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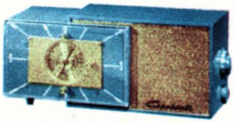

The CAPEHART Clock Radio (Model TC-100). A unique new design for your bedside. Wakens you to music . . . an accurate timepiece. Plastic cabinet in choice of colors.

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178.497 M.P.H. ON WATER

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"Flying on water" describes the new world's speed record set by Stanley S. Sayres in his Slo-mo-shun IV.

Mr. Sayres wired . . . "*Slo-mo-shun IV still retains her health and continues to be the world's fastest boat . . . set new world's record of 178.497 miles per hour . . . 24 Champion Spark Plugs performed perfectly in her Allison engine . . . thanks for everything and congratulations.*"

This sensational and extreme test of spark plug performance clearly points the way to the best spark plugs for your car. For it is from such an exceptional test as this that our engineers gain experience and knowledge that can be obtained in no other way. We constantly use such findings—to improve the quality and dependability of *all* Champion Spark Plugs. So, if you want a better performing engine in *your* car, DEMAND CHAMPIONS!

Owner and pilot, Stanley S. Sayres, set the above new world's speed record on Lake Washington, Seattle, on July 7th, hitting 185 m. p. h. on one run!

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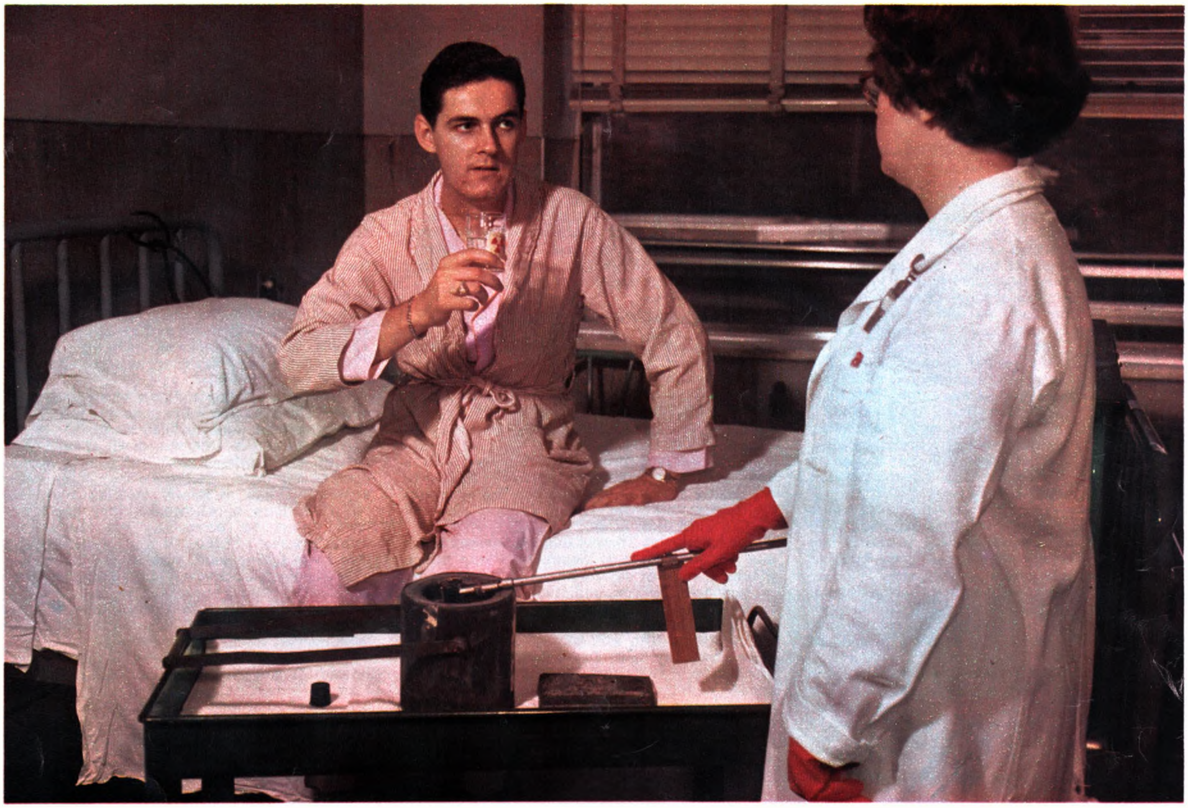
FOLLOW THE EXPERTS *Demand* **CHAMPIONS** FOR YOUR CAR!



Cancer patient Tommy Gilmore prepares to swallow a glassful of atomic medicine so powerful the technician has to handle the dose with tongs

℞ ATOMS FOR CANCER

By JOHN LEAR

Nuclear explosions occur inside your body. You're so radioactive the Geiger counter goes "whoosh" as it passes over. Terrifying? Listen to Tom Gilmore, who took the atomic cure

WHAT is it like to take atomic medicine? Do you feel explosions going off inside you? Does the radioactivity burn you? Does the energy the medicine throws off give you a fever?

Those questions may be important to you or to someone in your family any day of this Atomic Age. But if you ask them at nuclear research institutions, you will learn only how secrecy is discouraging wider use of atomic disintegration to save life. One of the few people who can and will give you the answers is Thomas Gilmore, twenty-two, youngest son of the organist at St. Patrick's Church in Troy, New York.

Except for aspirin tablets and sleeping pills, the only medicine Tommy has taken in the last four years has been atomic. All the fears that people have about atoms he has experienced. He feels that what he knows belongs to you—because it was from your pockets and the pockets of your friends and neighbors that the money came to save his life.

"The doctors say my treatment cost about $50,000," Tommy told me the day he asked me to publish his case history. "I didn't pay a penny of that." (As a scientific pioneer, he was a guest of private hospital donors and the taxpayers.) "But it isn't only the money I want to account for. I have another obligation.

"Maybe I'm wrong to feel that it was intended for me to tell people about atomic medicine. That's how I do feel, though. What other explanation is there for the fact that my neck swelled up when I was eight years old and the doctors didn't find out it was cancer until ten years later—after the A-bomb had made atomic surgery possible?"

Discovery of the true nature of Tommy's illness ultimately was made on an X-ray plate. The plate revealed that both his lungs were riddled with knots of cancer cells. The surgeon who read it told Tommy's mother her boy would be dead within three months.

Although it was possible to cut the cancer from Tommy's neck, there was no reasonably promising way then known to get at the growths in his lungs. But the Gilmore family physician, Dr. Peter B. Riley, knew of two hospitals that were experimenting with radioactive isotopes. He tried both. One, at Buffalo, rejected Tommy's case as "too far gone." The other, the Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Disease in New York City, gave Tommy a bed in the ward financed by the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

Tommy didn't know he had cancer. So far as he was aware, the glands in his neck were tubercular, and his infection had spread to his chest.

"They told me they were experimenting with isotopes to learn about infections that might cause cancer, and I believed them," he explained. "I got my first tracer dose of radioactive iodine in September, 1948, from a laboratory technician named Jane.

"Tracer doses are small amounts of isotopes that give off just enough radioactivity for the doctors

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

“I started feeling churny. I sat down but I didn’t want to sit down. I walked around

to catch with a Geiger counter. By the number of clicks the counter makes, they tell where the atomic medicine goes in your body.

“I know this now. But I didn’t know it then. And I must have been scared. Because Jane said, ‘Don’t be afraid. It’s the same as taking aspirin.’

“She stood in front of what looked like an old-fashioned candy case in a store, with glass doors that slid back and forth. Below the glass were leaden doors, about an inch thick. The lead came up almost to Jane’s shoulders. She reached over the top of the lead doors and poured some stuff into a glass with a pair of tongs. Then she slid one of the lead doors back and stood behind it. Inside the case was a glass half full of water. ‘Reach in and drink it,’ she said.

“The glass was a regular drinking glass. The stuff in it was clear, just like water. It tasted just like water. When the glass was empty, Jane filled it with water two or three times, and I sloshed it around and drank it each time, as if I was trying to get the last chocolate out of a chocolate milk.

“I had heard a lot about radioactivity, and I was surprised and disappointed that there wasn’t more to it. I didn’t feel anything at all.”

Being iodine, the isotope went first to Tommy’s thyroid gland, because the thyroid needs iodine to make thyroxine, a powerful drug it squirts into the blood to control the many different kinds of growing that go on inside us every day.

Most of the isotope stayed in Tommy’s thyroid. But a little of it went to his lungs. When it stopped there, the doctors were sure that the cancers they had seen on the X-ray plate were truant children of the sick gland in his neck.

It was known that such runaway children cause most cancer deaths because they are so difficult to catch once they get loose. The trick was to tempt them into eating enough radioactivity to poison themselves and die. Since their appetites were smaller than the appetite of their parent-cancer, the trick wasn’t likely to work until their parent was put out of the way. So Tommy’s thyroid gland was removed in three long operations.

As Tommy already was 6 feet 3 inches tall, his stature couldn’t be affected by the loss of his thyroxine growth juice. His pituitary—the boss gland at the base of his brain—didn’t know this, and it rushed out TSH, the thyroid stimulating hormone, to order more thyroxine. Not finding the thyroid gland itself, the TSH went on to the thyroid cancers in Tommy’s lungs and told them to get busy.

Drug Called Thiouracil Goes to Work

The cancers tried to make thyroxine with the tracer doses of iodine Tommy was taking once a month. Just as they got rightly started, the doctors crossed them up with a drug called thiouracil. Thiouracil heightened the cancer cells’ hunger for iodine while frustrating their efforts to make thyroxine from it.

“I had to take twenty-four thiouracil pills a day,” Tommy remembered. “Twelve in the morning, twelve at night. They were as big as aspirin tablets, and very bitter. It took a couple glasses of milk to wash them down.”

For ten months Tommy shuttled between home and hospital. Once a month, he’d stop taking thiouracil for two days, take another tracer dose of radioactive iodine, and, two days after that, stretch himself out on a bed to be “counted.”

“They went over me as though they were hunting something with a flashlight,” he said. “Only there wasn’t any light. Just a shiny metal cylinder attached to a cable that reached to a big black cabinet standing on the floor. When they held the cylinder over my arms and legs, it would click only now and then. When they held it over my chest, it chattered real fast, and rows of little lights on the cabinet blinked on and off, and a counter like a car’s speedometer kept rolling up numbers.

“The doctors made maps of me, like I was a uranium mine. Every time they ‘counted’ me they put dots on the map and wrote numbers from the speedometer beside the dots. They ‘counted’ my urine, too, in half-gallon jugs. Then they added up all the numbers and from that they could tell how much of the radioactivity stayed in my chest.”

Only if 70 per cent or more of the harmless tracers stopped in his chest month after month would it be worth while to try a big killer-dose.

By spring of 1949, the numbers on the doctors’ maps of Tommy were running so high that he was able to cut his daily quota of thiouracil from 20 to 15 pills. In spite of this slowdown, the count was 79 per cent in July. The time had come. At eleven o’clock one morning:

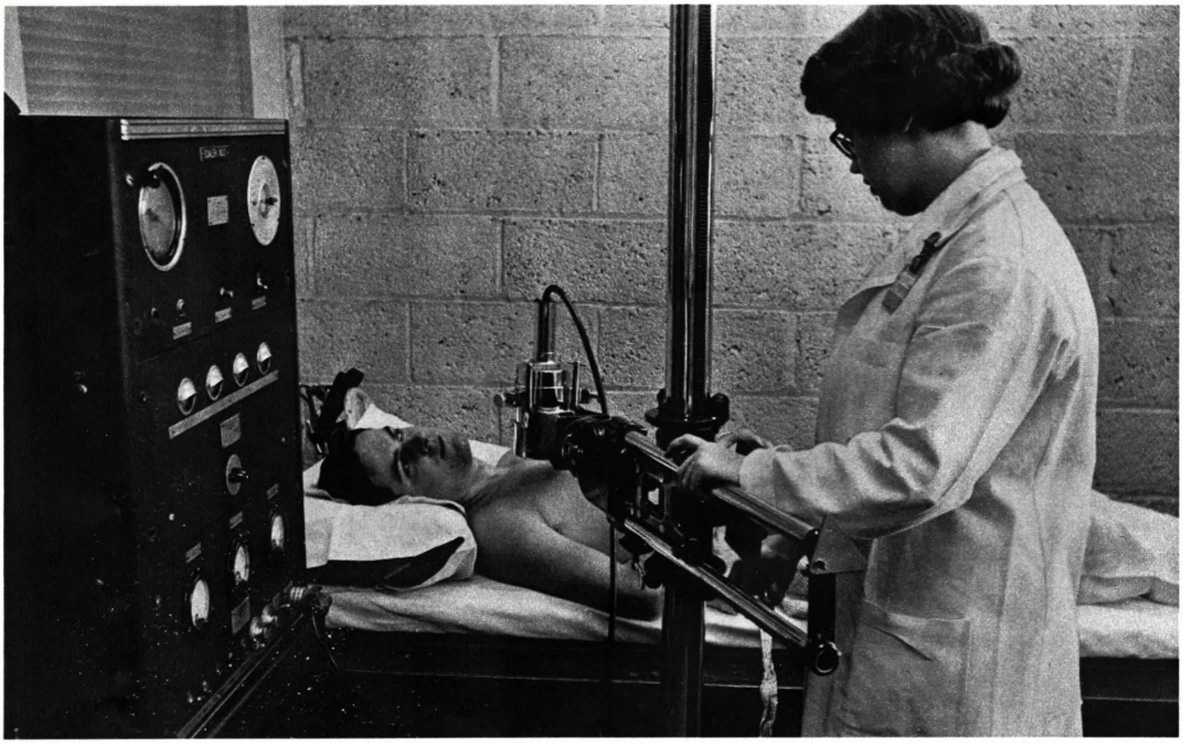
“Jane slid back the lead door in the candy case again. This time, the water glass was full. It had a slight metallic taste. It filled me up.”

As soon as the dose was down, Tommy was hustled into a private room, with strict instructions to stay there. Except for the doctors—who approached him at hourly intervals only long enough to draw blood samples, their hands protected by rubber gloves—no one was allowed within five feet of him. “It was lonely,” he said, “but I was feeling good, darn’ good.”

About nine o’clock that night, Tommy began experiencing reactions remarkably comparable to the agitation and excitement that occur within the nucleus of an atom newly bombarded by particles from another disintegrating atom.

“I started feeling sorta churny in the stomach,” he said. “I sat down, but I didn’t want to sit down. I lay on the bed, but I didn’t want to lie on the bed. I walked around the room, but I didn’t want to walk around the room.

“The churning got worse. Should I try to hold



Laboratory technician Jane Heslin, who gave Tommy his first atomic cocktail, tests him with a Geiger counter at New York’s Memorial Center

but I didn't want to walk around. All of a sudden everything would seem to tear at me"

it down or try to get it up? I called the nurse and asked her. She called the doctor and asked him. He said to hold it down if I could. I was getting gulpy. The nurse ran out and ran right back with a hypo. I didn't want a hypo, but she gave it to me anyhow. I fell asleep sitting up. When I woke, it was morning.

"I was hungry, and ordered breakfast. But as soon as I saw it I got churny again. I couldn't eat. Orange juice and ginger ale were the only things that didn't make me feel I'd have to throw up. And the doctors said I couldn't throw up for at least three days if the atomic medicine was going to do me any good.

"I never knew which way I was going those three days. All of a sudden everything would seem to tear at me. That would keep up maybe a half hour. Then I'd be tired and go to sleep. I'd sleep for an hour or so and wake up rested. I'd feel good for a couple hours. Then another wave would hit, with no warning at all. Everything would tear at me until I was worn out and I'd go to sleep."

It was like that for five or six days.

All this time Tommy was too hot—radioactively speaking—to have company. During the hours when he felt good, he amused himself by sitting at his fifth-story window and gazing at the metropolis through a pair of binoculars.

At the end of eight days, it was considered safe for Tommy to leave his room, roam about the corridors and go up to the solarium to watch TV. But he still wasn't allowed to sit long in any one place, for fear of contaminating the furniture. And if anyone stopped to talk, Tommy had to excuse himself and walk away.

Some time after Tommy's condition was discovered, the Atomic Energy Commission had started building the world's first hospital devoted exclusively to atomic medicine: the research institution of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, at Upton, Long Island. It provided more space for atomic patients than was available at any other hospital at the time, and midway in his treatment Tommy began to live there.

He had gone to Memorial for the "big dose." Ten days later, an ambulance took Tommy back to Brookhaven, where he ate his first solid meal since swallowing the radioactive iodine.

The Geiger Counter Was Kept Busy

At the end of the thirteenth day, he had cooled off enough to be "counted" again. His whole body was discharging radioactivity in short-lived clouds. His arms and legs, which had given off only an occasional click after a tracer dose, now gave off a steady ticking, and when the counter passed over his chest it whooshed.

Sometime before this, Tommy had learned the truth about his condition. Upon walking into his doctor's office unannounced, he had heard his mother being told: "You know how it is with cancer. We simply can't predict." The news had left him cold and depressed. "I thought my time was running out," he told me, "and I kept hoping it was a bad dream."

Now it was not a dream but a nightmare. Days and weeks passed at Brookhaven with no word about whether the "big dose" had succeeded. Tommy would wake in the middle of the night, sweating and shaking. In the morning, he would shiver with chills. During the day, small noises vexed him. The motion of people passing made him dizzy. He snapped at the nurses over trifles. TV bored him. He refused to play cards. "Let me alone!" he would growl and huff off to bed.

The bathroom mirror did nothing to sweeten his disposition. He was not a pleasant sight. The long deprivation of thyroxine had depressed his basal metabolism phenomenally; as a result, his skin had dried out and grown scaly. His hair fell out in tufts. His eyes puffed almost shut; he had to soak them open each morning. His weight had risen to 190 pounds. All his clothes were too small.

"There didn't seem to be a reason for anything any more," he recalled.

Then a member of the Brookhaven medical staff gave him the news: the "big dose" had been remarkably successful. The cancers in his lungs were not totally destroyed, but they had withered. He could now go home to recuperate for another bout with the atom.

"I don't have to tell you to do things in moderation because you won't have the energy to do anything else," was the doctor's farewell. It was an understatement. Tommy took a long time just to get up in the morning. He'd sit on the edge of the bed and stare into space, gathering strength to brush his teeth and bathe. The days passed in a haze of absent-mindedness. His conversation was halting, the sentences ending in mid-air. He ate well at mealtime, only because it was time to eat. His brother Owen almost had to pull him out of the house. When he went to the juke-box joint on a nearby corner, he'd sit by the hour, looking at nothing, buying nothing, saying nothing.

Despite this lethargy, the release from thiouracil's powerful influence gradually dissipated his puffiness. His weight fell from 190 to 178 pounds. And within three months he was taking radioactive tracers again.

Collier's John Lear is one of the country's top writers on atomic subjects. He won last year's Westinghouse Award for distinguished science writing in magazines with an exclusive article on the first explosion of an atom inside of a human. In 1950, his atomic defense article Hiroshima, U.S.A. won the Sigma Delta Chi Award for public service and the Headliner Award for the best feature story

The doses, previously taken once a month, were now spaced at three-month intervals. They continued from December, 1949, to the end of January, 1952. The thiouracil pills were resumed, too, and Tommy divided his time almost equally between home and Brookhaven.

"I got logy and puffy again," he said. "But I was strong enough to go out and sell automobiles while I was home. That made me feel I could earn my way in life instead of slowly dying as a cripple. Instead of being afraid, as I had been the first time, I was anxious to take my second 'big dose.' "

When the big day came, a doctor wheeled a hand truck into the "counting" room. On it was the isotope, in a tiny vial surrounded by small leaden bricks. Lifting the top brick, he picked out the vial with tongs a yard long and poured the stuff into a glass. Tommy drank it in one long draught, observing that it tasted "like suckin' pennies."

The "whammies" he had suffered after the first "big dose" returned, but now he knew that in due time they would pass. That eased the ordeal. He prepared himself against the recurrent waves of nausea by drinking glassfuls of ginger ale and water in advance, and then going light on food at the first two "copperish" meals. Instead of starving for a week, as he had before, Tommy soon was able to enjoy soft-boiled eggs, hamburgers, toast and tea.

The tea was flavored with soft-boiled egg for the first three days because Tommy dunked his knife, fork and spoon in the tea water. That was the only way he could wash them. If the water hadn't gone right back into Tommy, it might have carried away some radioactivity the silver picked up from his saliva.

For similar reasons, Tommy was not permitted to brush his teeth or shave or bathe or even wash his face until the third day after the "big dose." His pajamas had to be destroyed. And the big wicker chair he lounged in was swathed in a blanket topped by a sheet, to catch his perspiration.

Tommy knew better than to write letters. He had a ward mate who had taken a "big dose" before him, and, in the course of recuperation, had licked a postage stamp. The letter was withheld from the mails by the nurses because the Geiger counter recorded the stamp as radioactive!

On the third day after he had taken the giant slug of isotope, Tommy was assailed by a hacking cough, which, he said, "gave me the feeling my lungs were coming up." Sharp pains tore his chest and back. Severe cramps gripped his stomach. His feet got colder and colder until he couldn't bear to hold one against the other. His arms and legs fell asleep with disconcerting regularity. The hair on his head grew faster than usual, his legs bloomed black with heavy mats of hair, and he made bad jokes to himself about being turned into an ape.

For twelve days, Tommy was confined to his room. The rooms on either side of his were kept empty until he left. Three or four times a day the doctors came with the Geiger counters. Attendant nurses wore three different radiation-exposure meters on their uniforms, and visitors throughout the ward not only were required to wear these same protective devices but also had to register by name and address.

A Man Who Lived Strictly Alone

Throughout that time, Tommy's bath water, bed linen and body waste were all stored in the room in containers marked with the danger symbol of the Atomic Age: a stylized flower in yellow and magenta. And when he was allowed to venture into the ward beyond his own door, he had to walk and sit alone for a week and a half longer, avoiding cards or other games, eating at his bed instead of in the dining room, eating with the same utensils over and over and carrying his personal drinking glass to and from the water fountains.

"At last, at the end of a month, I was free again," Tommy recalled, "and I lit out for the occupational therapy room. I had been hammering designs into copper sheets before I took the 'big dose,' and I got a real kick out of doing it. Sometimes I had spent as long as two and three hours at a stretch there. Now I was itching to go.

"I started off walking fast, but before I got there I was tired and had to sit down to rest. When I did try to work, there was no power in my hands. My joints ached. I was pooped out at the end of a half hour. When you've had an operation, you expect something like that. But I had just taken a drink of something. I couldn't figure out why I couldn't get up and go like always."

That, however, was how atomic medicine worked.

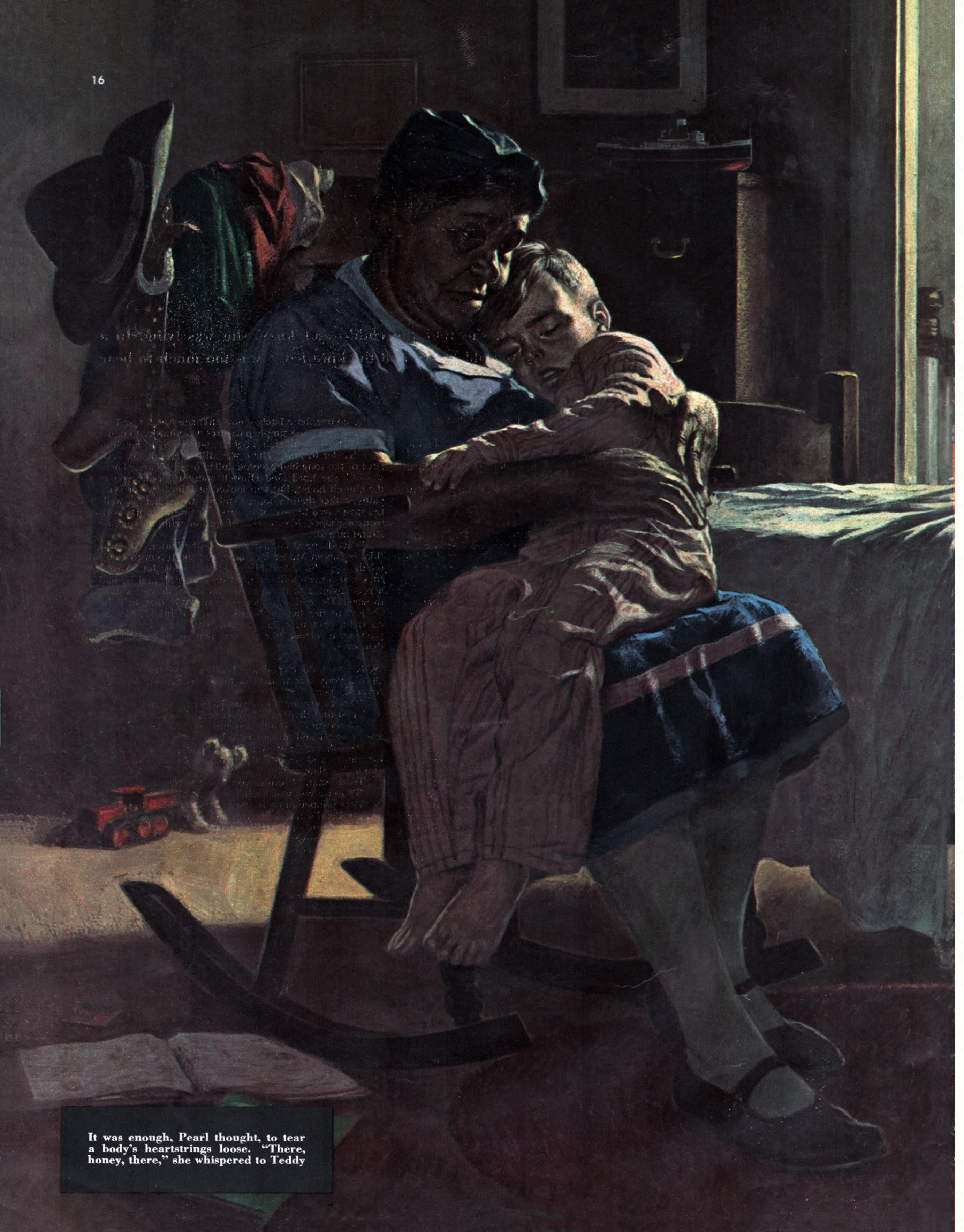
And Tommy completely forgot the aches and the pains and the hair on his legs after the doctors told him, last June, that if there is any cancer left in his body it is not enough to absorb and send out radioactive signals. All the rest of his life he will have to back to the hospital now and again to be "counted." But what's that to a young fellow who four years ago was given three months to live?

"All the medicine I need to feel good now is one thyroid pill a day," Tommy disclosed. "Of course I'm nuts about atomic medicine. The doctors say I must be careful not to encourage people to think that isotopes can be used against any kind of disease, or even against any kind of cancer. They say they haven't learned very much yet about radioactive elements other than iodine, phosphorus, sodium and gold.

"I certainly don't want to give anyone false hope. But I have seen people come to Brookhaven in wheel chairs and go home walking on their own feet. I have seen people come in with their eyes bulging and their hands shaking, and go away looking and acting normal. I have seen one man with a brain tumor come back week after week to have atomic explosions set off in his head.

"If what I read is right, at least 35 radioactive isotopes are safe for human treatment if ways can be found to use them. When the time comes to try the new ones, the real test will be whether people are afraid to take them.

"After my four years with the atom, I can say that there is no reason to be afraid. My own treatment was not always pleasant, but it kept me here. Just being able to live is fun."



It was enough, Pearl thought, to tear a body's heartstrings loose. "There, honey, there," she whispered to Teddy

The KIDNAPING

By WILLIAM FULLER

They'd always be friends, she told the child—and knew she was lying. In a month he'd have forgotten old Pearl, and the knowledge was too much to bear

REACH for the sky!" Teddy Townsend shouted.

Pearl muttered, "Go 'way, boy."

"I'm Roy Rogers!" Pearl felt cold steel in the small of her broad and heavily padded back. She moaned softly and raised fat, brown arms toward the kitchen ceiling.

"Where'd you cache the loot?" Roy Rogers wanted to know.

"I got work to do," Pearl said.

"You want to die with your boots on?"

"Under the mulberry tree, then. Now shush!"

"Don't let the sun set on you in this town, stranger," Roy Rogers said. "Giddap, Trigger!" He spurred Trigger to a full gallop and thundered away, leaving clods of mud on Pearl's clean kitchen floor.

"That boy!" Pearl complained. He was enough to fret a body to a frazzle—and Pearl loved every bone in his small body. She cracked another egg and dropped it into the mixing bowl. Then she tore another paper match from the folder beside her mixing bowl and added it to the other four matches grouped together on the sink. Pearl was not too long on remembering. It was necessary for her to keep an accurate count of the number of eggs she put into her cake batter, and it had never occurred to her that she might simply count the eggshells. The new Missis Townsend was a mighty particular young woman.

When Pearl had been keeping house for Mister Jack and Teddy, things had been real simple. Then, for instance, she hadn't had to count the eggs she dropped into her batter. The new Missis Townsend—she had been married to Mister Jack for more than a year now, but Pearl always thought of her as the *new* Missis Townsend—insisted on exactly six eggs in her cake batter. She was that way about almost everything. Pearl did her level best to please her and do as she said—counting up with matches and things like that—but she was always forgetting. The new Missis Townsend got mighty annoyed with her when she forgot.

The cookbook was open before her on the sink. She had opened it to the picture of cakes and had put it there on the sink just in case the new Missis Townsend came home early and found her making a cake. Pearl could neither read nor write. Not really. She could recognize certain words important to her everyday existence, such as "self-rising" on bags of flour, and "signature here" on the contracts she made from time to time with the personal-loan company in town. She could read her name, and sign it, too, if nobody was rushing her. And it was her fond hope that no one knew for certain how ignorant she was.

She had tried to learn reading and writing. Lately she had even been puzzling secretly over Teddy's first-grade reader and speller. But the letters always became a meaningless jumble after a short spell of trying, and they gave her a headache. And before, when she was much younger and might have learned, it had always seemed to her that there were more important things in life: things like rich laughter; and the lovely sound of voices raised together in song; and the great good feeling of the Lord God Himself standing beside you there in the church house; and a strong, happy, well-fed man to love and be loved by—things like that.

Of course, here lately—now that she was fat and no longer young—the simple pleasures were harder to come by. There was still rich laughter, but things to laugh at were harder to find. There was still song, but the keen edge of the song had become dulled by the years. There was still the Lord God Himself standing beside you in the church house, but you looked at Him now for sympathy, rather than in hope. And no strong, happy, well-fed man cared to love or be loved by an old, work-worn woman shaped like a bale of cotton with the middle strand busted.

Pearl dropped another egg into the batter. She was thinking about Mister Jack now, and she forgot to count off the egg. She liked Mister Jack a whole lot. Mister Jack was a neat-built man, set up real nice, and he had a good twinkle to his eye. He could lay down the law, though. He had told her several times that he'd be obliged to fire her if she didn't try a little harder to do right. But here lately, what with her forgetfulness growing, it seemed like she was making more mistakes than ever.

THE back door creaked. Teddy's wiry little six-year-old body was framed in the doorway. He had her covered again.

"Don't move or I'll let you have it!" he said.

"You and them guns! You want a cooky, honey?"

"Chocolate?" Teddy was no longer a cowboy. He was an eager and hungry little boy.

"Whichever kind you favor, honey." She went to the pantry and reached down the cooky jar. She gave him a chocolate cooky.

Teddy said, "Promise you won't tell?"

"Promise *you* won't tell."

They grinned at each other. Teddy rubbed his cheek against Pearl's fat, bare arm. His mouth was full of cooky. "I sure do love you, Pearl. I love you a whole lot. Better'n anybody."

Quick tears—always close to the surface—made Pearl's eyes smart. It wasn't right for the child to say things like that. The trouble was, the new Missis Townsend and Mister Jack seemed to be so tied up in each other, so busy with one thing and another, that they couldn't hardly spare the child the time of day. Pearl had often wished she had the courage to tell Mister Jack how she felt. Teddy's real mother had died when he was a baby. The child was lonesome. He was starved for affection. Pearl knew how he felt. It had often seemed to her that she and Teddy were lots alike on the inside—just a couple of lonesome, nobody kind of human things, stumbling around amongst the toes of God. She reckoned that was why they loved each other so much.

"You mustn't say you love me better'n anybody, honey." Pearl choked on the falseness of the words; she wanted desperately for Teddy to love her more than anybody else. "You love your mama and your daddy most. There's any love left over, well, I'll put in for it."

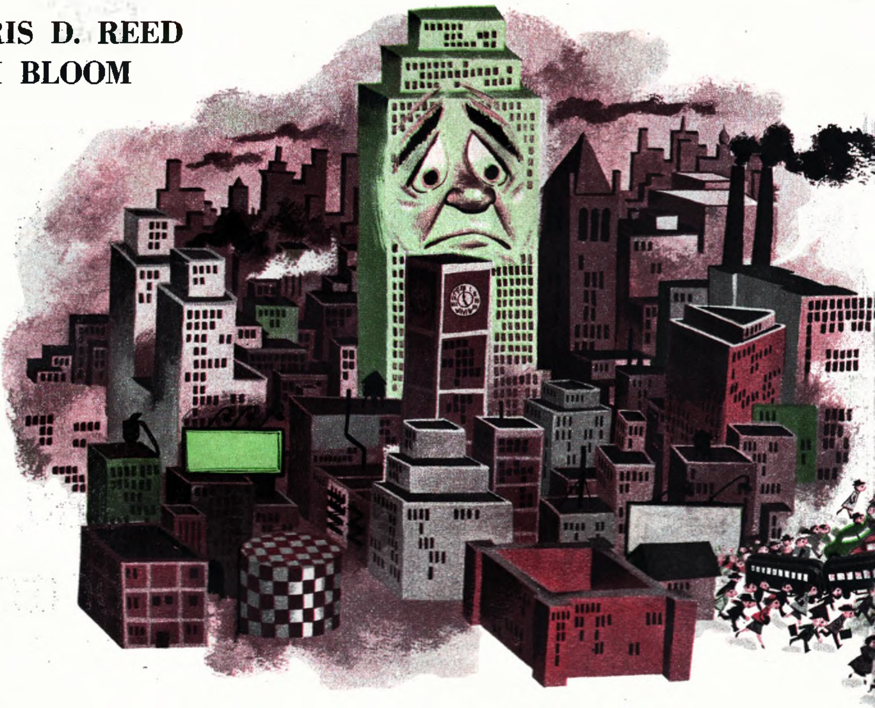
"But I—"

The new Missis Townsend came into the kitchen from the dining room. She was beautifully groomed and dressed—as befitted the wife of one of the most prominent young men in the small Southern town. She was a lovely young woman, with dark, *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

Does Your City Suffer from

By THOMAS H. and DORIS D. REED
With MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM



As ROVING doctors to sick cities and ailing counties, we've been called in on more than 50 cases of hardening of the tax arteries, flabbiness of administrative muscle, apathy of the body politic and a great variety of municipal neuroses. Most of the patients are doing well.

Yet the toughest and most widespread city disease we've encountered is one that two people couldn't begin to cope with. It has already infected hundreds of cities and thousands of suburbs and involves some 85,000,000 Americans. If something isn't done about it soon, it could destroy billions of dollars in city realty, bankrupt entire suburban communities and greatly reduce the value of millions of small homes.

The disease is suburbanitis. It kills cities by choking them off from further growth; by selectively thinning out the city's population—its lifeblood; and by bringing on a host of parasitical communities to feed on the already weakened city.

You know the disease has struck at your community when the suburbs outside the city line suddenly double or triple in population; when your city adopts a wage tax or starts considering one; when you hear city officials talk about "suburban leeches, free-loaders and parasites."

Between 1940 and 1950, the nation's population increased by nearly 19,000,000. About half that growth was in the suburbs of our 168 largest cities; today, 35,000,000 Americans live in those suburbs. That is, they live there evenings and week ends. During the day, many of them work in the city.

Nearly 500,000 suburban commuters pour into Manhattan every weekday. They spend comparatively little there, but they use expensive city facilities, such as the streets and the subsidized transit system, and they depend on the city's police and fire protection. At night, the commuters flood back to the suburbs—and that's where the bulk of their money is spent.

Cities can't reduce the cost of government proportionately for every family that moves to the suburbs; it's just about as expensive to provide services for a 20-family block as it was for the same block when it had 30 families. In fact, it's often more expensive. In the older sections of the city, landlords trying to maintain income from vacated apartments often lease single flats to several low-income families. When that happens in whole areas, the overcrowding is incredible and health conditions are appalling, and the cost of police, health and fire services balloons to many times that of the normal residential or business area.

With fewer profitable properties to tax and more revenue needed for a multitude of services, the city has to raise real-estate taxes, causing landlords to grumble even louder. Sales taxes are increased, too. That drives a lot of city people out to the suburbs to do their shopping, and soon the merchants follow them there to get the business. Nor does the hapless city stop with the sales and real-estate taxes. Why not a tax on cars? On restaurant meals? On cigarettes?

Many of our cities are scraping the bottom of the revenue barrel. Yet cities are the greatest sources of tax revenue for any state. Almost every city gives far more to its state treasury in taxes than it receives back in the form of state aid. States are practically always controlled by rural legislators and they tend, naturally, to vote less money for urban areas.

Made poor by their suburbs and kept poor by their states, the cities have to raise money somehow. They tax their citizens as hard as they can—and then they look to the suburbanites.

Today, there's a payroll tax on everyone who lives or *works* in Philadelphia, Toledo, Columbus, Youngstown, Dayton, Scranton, Louisville and St. Louis. How successful is it? In 1949, Philadelphia got $30,000,000 from this source, more than a fourth of the city's entire income.

But for every city taxing its suburbanites this way, there are many actually helping to *pay* the taxes of parasite suburbs.

In Los Angeles County, for example, there is a huge suburban unincorporated area—that is, one not doing business as a city—called Belvedere. About 90,000 people live in Belvedere, more than in such going cities as Amarillo, Texas, or Manchester, New Hampshire. It costs a lot of money to provide essential services for a community that size. But Belvedere gets along fine; it gets such city services as fire and police protection from the county. Where does the county get the money? From *city* taxpayers, who pay from 80 to 90 per cent of the county general tax fund.

Anti-Free-Loading Bill Defeated

California has a number of unincorporated suburban areas like Belvedere. A state bill to end their free-loading was narrowly defeated in 1951, but the obviously unfair situation is generating considerable heat in city-suburb relationships.

Cities are also faced with another frustrating dilemma; perimeter "bedroom towns" are frequently indifferent to health and crime-prevention programs which cannot succeed without suburban co-operation.

St. Louis, for example, recently had a big smoke-control campaign. It was pretty successful—in St. Louis. But smoke still drifted across the Mississippi River from suburban East St. Louis, Illinois. New York City has a similar problem with suburbs in New Jersey.

As for crime prevention, crooks have always known the value of the relatively poorly policed suburbs as hide-outs. When mobs found Kansas City getting too hot during a cleanup, they merely moved out of the city into Jackson County. Gambling was wiped out in Cincinnati, but it exists across the Ohio River, in Newport, Kentucky. And who can forget the way Al Capone's thugs took over the Chicago suburb of Cicero?

But the worst havoc wrought on the cities by their suburbs may yet prove to be the draining off of young, alert citizens who might otherwise become the civic leaders of tomorrow.

One day while lunching at the Hartford Club, the Connecticut capital's leading civic center, we made an informal count and found that 80 per cent of the members eating there lived in the suburbs and thus couldn't take part in Hartford's own political life.

Cities are going to be faced with these problems for a long time. After all, there's a lot to be said for life in the suburbs—even for those of us who don't have atomic jitters. The grass seems greener, the air is often cleaner, sometimes the schools are better. As a matter of fact, we live in Wethersfield, a quiet, green suburb of Hartford. We can appreciate the advantages of suburban living.

For some people, one of the big advantages is that the suburb is a wonderful place to forget city troubles and taxes.

"We're happy by the river and see no reason to assume St. Paul's troubles," the mayor of Newport, Minnesota, a St. Paul suburb, announced not long ago. That pretty well summed up the reactions of thousands of suburban officials to city troubles. It's a form of self-deception that could easily be fatal, for suburbanitis cuts two ways, and the younger, smaller, less resistant communities could succumb long before the tough old cities do.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

SUBURBANITIS?

Here's a disease infecting hundreds of cities and thousands of suburbs. It's spread by commuters. Some 85,000,000 Americans are troubled by it. But there is a cure

Is suburban living all it's cracked up to be? Let's see.

Everybody knows that suburban taxes are supposed to be much lower than city taxes. After all, suburbs have no slums, graft, huge relief budgets or armies of politicians on the payroll. Yet some suburbs have *higher* taxes than the nearby cities. For example, comparison between two groups of identical one-family homes, built by the same contractor within Milwaukee's city limits and in the suburb of Granville, revealed that the suburbanites were paying more taxes than their city neighbors—and getting far fewer services. True, that's not common; the high costs of suburban living aren't always so obvious. But they exist. In most cases, you have only to look for them.

Septic tanks, for instance, are all right as a substitute for a sanitary sewer system when houses are far apart. But in the average small-lot suburban development, the septic tank is a makeshift; before long, city-type sanitary sewers will be needed and the cost, perhaps millions, will have to be borne by the homeowners.

The brand-new suburbanite loves to visit the volunteer firehouse, which costs him practically nothing. At least that's what he believes. He forgets that his fire insurance rate is higher than if he were still living in the city. And he doesn't stop to think that most "free" volunteer companies have built-in costs: they often go hog-wild on too much of the very latest and best equipment and there are generally too many volunteer companies in a community. They make fine political centers, too, which brings up another point.

"There's certainly no graft in my suburb," the newcomer says smugly. Some friends of ours in a wealthy Eastern suburb had that attitude until a recent mayoralty campaign. Then it turned out that the old-timers who had been running the village for years had borrowed many sharp tricks from the big, wicked city. All village contracts over $2,000 were supposed to be bid for on a competitive basis. In order to favor a paving company with a good "in," the village fathers broke down an ordinary $13,000 street-paving contract into seven units, each just under $2,000—so that no competitive bids were needed.

Police protection, too, is almost always inadequate in the average suburb. In Wethersfield, we have nine regular cops and they have to depend on the Hartford police radio network. If we have any burglaries, the chances are the Hartford police pawnshop detail will have to search for the loot.

There are some minor virtues of big-city life that are almost invariably denied the suburbs. A department of weights and measures, for one. Can the suburban housewife always tell if she's being cheated by her butcher or grocer? Even if only

one merchant in the village is getting away with short weights, there's a big, invisible tax right there.

But the schools—ah, the schools. We've all heard the paeans sung about the fine new suburban schools, so let's take a closer look at them. A suburban home selling for $12,000 to $18,000 today is often assessed at, say $6,000 to $7,000. Figuring on a tax basis of about 3 per cent of assessed valuation, the homeowner pays $180 to $210 in tax for all local services.

But even the lower-middle-class suburbs spend about $200 per year per child in school and some of the better ones go as high as $600 a year. With two children of school age in the family, our average suburbanite is subsidized by other elements of the community—the large estates, families with grown children, businesses and big industrial plants. The huge Sperry plant in Lake Success, New York, carries the highest single school tax load for the well-to-do suburbanites of Lake Success and Great Neck.

But many of our newer suburbs are built on former farm land, where there are no estates or industries to help bear the tax load. In those suburbs, the school burden will be shouldered largely by the average homeowner, with a little state help. Big bond issues for new schools have to be paid off —with interest. They can be a paralyzing burden; several hard-pressed New Jersey suburbs are trying to limit home-building permits, so that fewer school children will join the community.

From the aches and pains afflicting our suburbs it's clear that they, too, are suffering from suburbanitis, even if their symptoms aren't as marked as those of the city patients.

There is a cure for both city and suburb. The word for it is "annexation," and it works.

Until 1900, annexation was a fairly common method of adding breathing space to a growing city. Then the rurally dominated legislatures got a little worried. Maybe they were letting the cities become too big, politically. Soon onerous restrictions were written into the annexation laws. Later, the suburbs grew to enjoy their independence and the subject became controversial. Today, "annexation" is a shoot-on-sight word in many embattled communities.

"We'll have to pay higher city taxes," protest its opponents. "We'll inherit a corrupt municipal government. Our charming suburban identity will disappear. We'll be lost in the huge city."

Besides these often legitimate objections, county politicians who age perceptibly at the merest whisper of annexation have frequently carried on their campaigns against it with rumors, whispers and downright lies.

Pressures Bring About Annexation

On the other hand, cities have countered with strong pressure to get suburbs to agree to annexation. Several suburbs of Long Beach, California, were persuaded to join the city when they were warned that Long Beach would not extend sewerage service to outside areas. Other cities, such as St. Paul, have stopped extending water and fire-protection services to suburbs. Cincinnati, learning that a number of suburbs were planning to incorporate—thus making them infinitely more difficult to annex—warned that the city reserved the right to stop selling water to those suburbs.

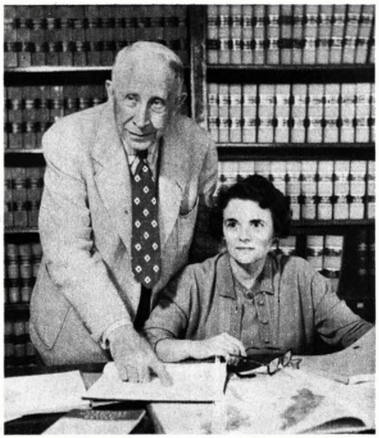
Toledo, after instituting a payroll tax on everyone working in the city, suddenly found itself besieged with petitions from 14 nearby suburbs to please annex them, and quickly. The commuters decided that if they were going to leave tax money in Toledo anyway, they might as well get the benefits of city services. With new revenue from the tax, Toledo has been able to improve its services to all citizens and to undertake many community improvements. Yet its property tax rate is *below* that of many unannexed suburbs.

Milwaukee appeals to sweet reason through its Department of Community Development, hammering away at the theme that the suburbanites are getting a "minimum of municipal services for high taxes." But convincing the commuters is merely the first step; before annexation can be achieved, the state constitution will have to be altered, old laws repealed and new ones enacted.

The long fight that lies ahead of Milwaukee faces many of our other large cities. But, some critics say, why fight for annexation when it isn't even logical? What sense is there in putting one very sick patient, the city, and one slightly ill patient, the suburb, in the same room in order to cure both?

It's a fair question. For the answer, let's look at the clinical record of Richmond, Virginia, which in 1941 was a very sick city. In that year, after extensive court hearings, in which we appeared as experts for the city, Richmond won permission to annex several prosperous areas from Henrico and Chesterfield counties.

The suburbanites fought annexation doggedly, and with good reason. In 1934 they had won political control of Henrico County. They installed a county manager, cleaned up the cobwebby governmental structure, improved services greatly and hacked away at costs. Richmond, on the other hand, had an archaic, inefficient form of government. Worse still, its citizens were incredibly apathetic. In a city of more than 200,000, barely 3,000 would turn out for municipal elections.


RALPH ROYLE

Tom and Doris Reed, suburbanitis experts, specialize in diagnosing cities' economic ills

On the surface, it certainly looked like the worst kind of mismatching. Why, asked opponents of annexation, should the well-run suburbs have to sacrifice so the lazy, bumbling city could expand?

The court saw it this way:

"It is established that 80 per cent of the suburbanites earn a living . . . in the city. Even a larger percentage of them market and shop there, use its streets and facilities furnished by its public utilities; that the city is the center of commercial, civic and social life of these people cannot be questioned."

The court also dealt with the commuters' insistence that they didn't want or need any of the city conveniences promised through annexation:

"A county resident may be willing to take a chance on police, fire and health protection and even tolerate the inadequacy of sewerage, water and garbage service . . . As long as he lives in isolated situation his desire for lesser services and cheaper government may be acquiesced in with complacency, but when the movement of population has made him a part of an urban compact community his individual preference can no longer be permitted to prevail. It is not so much that he needs city government as it is that the area in which he lives needs it."

Recently we went back to Richmond to see how the city and suburbs had fared after annexation. Among others, we talked to Dean Raymond Pinchbeck of the University of Richmond. He had been one of the leaders in cleaning up Henrico County and had been in the forefront of the fight against annexation. "As soon as we heard the court verdict against us," he recalled, "some of us began thinking about cleaning up Richmond, now that we were a part of it. The Richmond Citizens Association was formed with strong backing of the annexed areas. We worked hard and by 1948 a new city charter was voted, providing for a city manager and a new, smaller city council."

The cleanup enabled the city to have three successive surpluses instead of the usual deficits. Yet no increase in the city's tax rate was necessary.

Four Years Under the New Regime

In the newly enlarged city, more schools have been built in the last four years than in the previous 25 years. More streets have been repaved in the last four years than in the previous 10. And the number of voters has increased tenfold.

In the annexed suburbs, the city put in a $3,500,000 storm-sewer system, extended sanitary sewers, laid down gas mains, added fire and police stations, provided street lighting. In all, the city spent nearly $8,000,000—a fourth of its total capital improvements—in the annexed territory, which has only 10 per cent of the city's people.

Of course, taxes did go up considerably for the absorbed commuters—from three to four times what they had been paying. Even so, Richmond's tax rate is far below that of most other cities its size today.

There have been a number of other successful annexations in the past few years. Three of the biggest have, naturally, been in Texas: Dallas, Fort Worth and Houston. Memphis, Annapolis and Albuquerque have also had large annexations.

But the most significant of all has been the recent annexation of 83 square miles and nearly 100,000 people to the city of Atlanta. This was accompanied by a redistribution of functions which removes all duplications between Atlanta and Fulton County. The county is now forbidden to provide any of the usual city services, such as police and fire protection, except through contract with the city of Atlanta, thus discouraging the growth of fringe communities around the enlarged city.

Admittedly, making big cities even bigger poses special problems. Cities do become vast and impersonal and their citizens become too removed from their elected local representatives. "Go fight City Hall" becomes the ultimate in hopelessness. Perhaps a stronger form of the New York borough plan, with certain activities allotted to city subdivisions instead of the central city government, might be the answer.

Los Angeles is working out a solution of its own; it has branch civic centers in different parts of the huge metropolis, and is now considering a borough system of government as well, so that community councils could consider minor matters such as local improvements and rubbish collection.

Obviously, every city confronts special problems as its boundaries become uncomfortably tight; annexation certainly isn't the answer in every case. Buffalo cannot annex nearby parts of Canada, even though they are in its metropolitan area, nor can New York City easily annex parts of adjacent New Jersey and Connecticut.

But while the problems may vary, all of our cities have this in common: they must be permitted to grow. If they don't, they will die. And that could be catastrophic for the nation.

We're going to have to learn a wholly new concept of a city—a great sprawling community covering hundreds of square miles, in which farms and pastures mingle with intense residential developments, factories and shopping centers, with the entire area run purposefully for the common good, instead of consisting of hundreds of tiny, wasteful, duplicating governmental units working jealously in opposition to one another.

Those wonderful new cities aren't as far in the future as they may sound. We forecast that within the next 10 or 15 years several cities will have successfully taken this drastic cure for suburbanitis. And it's our prediction that they'll live happily ever after.

Worth holding up. We're referring to the highball, not the stage coach. For we're certain you'll truly enjoy holding a Four Roses highball to your lips and savoring that superbly flavored whiskey. You'll know why people buy more Four Roses than any other whiskey at or above its price—more than most whiskies at any price.

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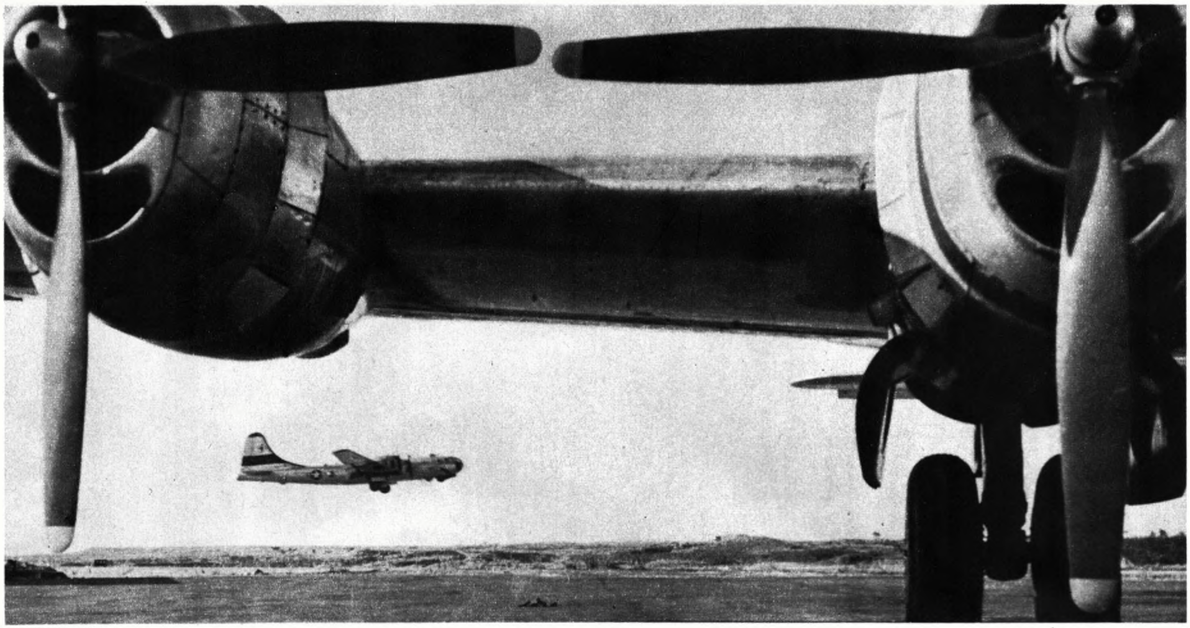


U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

B-29 takes off from Okinawa for Korean bombing mission. U.S. is rushing huge construction job to outfit island as permanent operating base

OUR GIBRALTAR IN THE PACIFIC

For strategic location in the Far East, Okinawa is in a class by itself—and the U.S. has a permanent lease. We are gearing the island to dish it out. But the question remains: Will it be able to take it?

By PETER KALISCHER

IF THERE is a showdown with Communism, our blue chips in Asia will be on Okinawa—a skinny, 67-mile-long island, two to 18 miles wide, lying in the Ryukyus chain midway between Japan and the Philippines. It cost the United States nearly 50,000 dead and wounded to take the island from the Japanese in World War II, and the price of making it into a permanent base will be half a billion dollars when the present construction program is completed in 1956.

What makes Okinawa so expensive—and so worth while? The answer lies partly in the island's usefulness as a staging area for amphibious or airborne operations. But its greater value becomes apparent if you draw a semicircle on the map of Asia, with a radius of 2,300 miles from Okinawa's airfields. The entire area can be bombed by a B-29 carrying an A-bomb from Okinawa. The arc takes in all of southeast Asia, China, Manchuria and Soviet Siberia from Lake Baikal to the southern tip of Kamchatka.

From nowhere else in the Pacific can these bombers cover so much troubled territory. From bases in Japan they can fly deeper into Siberia, but they cannot reach southeast Asia; from the Philippines they are closer to southeast Asia, but cannot get to Siberia. Flying time from Okinawa to North Korea's Yalu River boundary and back is less than eight hours, and since the third day of the Korean war, Okinawa-based B-29s have dumped 100,000 tons of bombs on the enemy.

Heavy bombers such as the B-36 could start from the continental United States, Hawaii or Guam, refuel at Okinawa and shuttle-run clear across Eurasia to land at an air base in North Africa.

"That," says Major General Ralph F. Stearley, commander of Okinawa's 20th Air Force, "is one of the charming things about Okinawa."

Another is the Japanese peace treaty, which gives us the right to stay on Okinawa until we choose to ask for a United Nations mandate or trusteeship—in other words, indefinitely. No such guarantee goes with our bases in Japan or the Philippines. Already Okinawa is being referred to as our Gibraltar of the Far East.

What are we doing to make it a Gibraltar? As late as mid-1949, the prevailing Washington opinion was that Okinawa might do as a temporary base but wasn't worth a permanent investment. Its strategic position was recognized, but so was the fact that it lay in the path of at least four damaging typhoons a year. The State Department, anxious for a Russian signature on the Japanese peace treaty, had not made up its mind whether we should claim Okinawa.

Then two disasters struck: the Communists took all of China, threatening Formosa, and two tremendous typhoons wrecked $100,000,000 worth of "temporary" Army and Air Force installations on the island—undoing nearly all postwar reconstruction.

The then Undersecretary of the Army, Tracy S. Voorhees, came to inspect the damage and found what everyone in the Far East Command had known all along—that Okinawa was a hard-luck assignment for troops and airmen, and a dumping ground for all the discarded military equipment from the Solomons to Attu. Two hundred thousand tons of it, from snowshoes to tanks, lay rusting and unsorted in a 60-acre junk yard on the west side of the island.

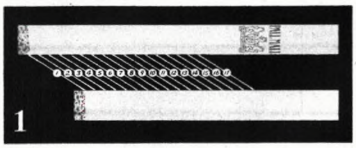
An embittered garrison, whose Quonsets and tents had been getting knocked flat with monotonous regularity, was once again camping in makeshift shelters. The men had been pounded by gusts reaching 175-mile-an-hour velocity and from the few typhoonproof structures on the island had watched corrugated-iron roofs sail by like playing cards. Many servicemen's families had gone back to the United States or Japan, because there was no place for them to live.

Nevertheless, we *had* to keep Okinawa. Voorhees went home and sent out a joint Army-, Air Force-

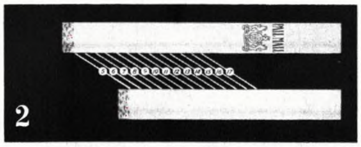
Guard Against Throat-Scratch

...enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

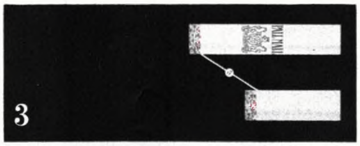
See how **PALL MALL's** greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's traditionally fine tobaccos is filtered further. Moreover, after 10 puffs of each cigarette . . .



. . . or 17 puffs, **Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further —filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Outstanding... and they are mild!

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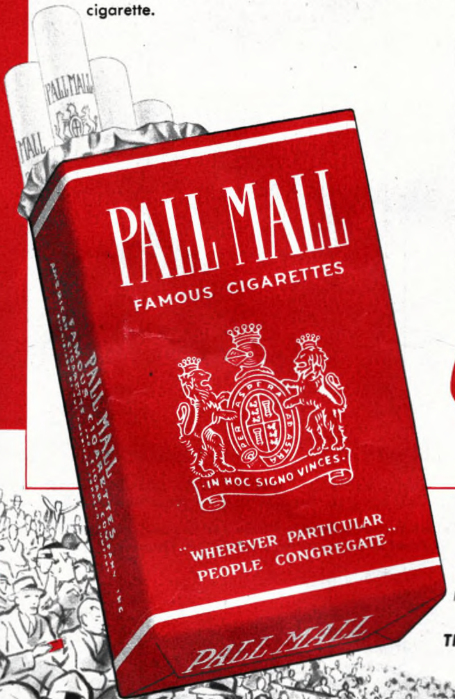

Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL in the distinguished red package.

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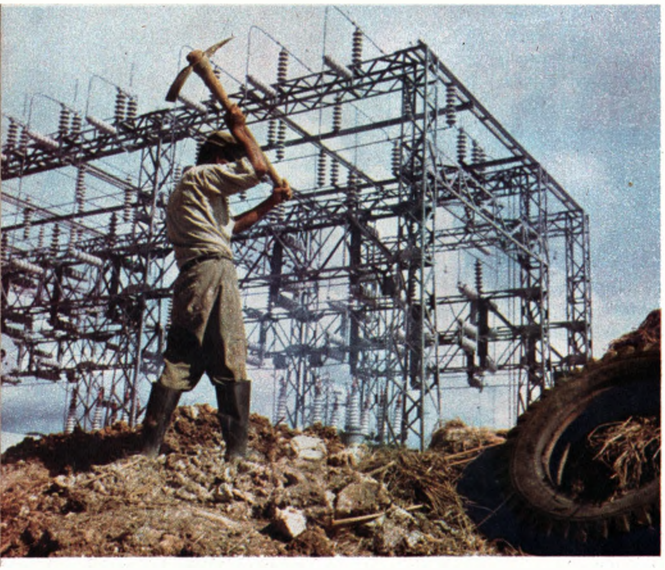
COMMAND DECISION
5
20

Maj. Donald Covic and crew of B-29 "Command Decision" have downed five MIGs in bomb runs from Okinawa over Korean targets

Gen. Robert Beightler, in charge of creating permanent base, shows plan to Gen. Mark Clark and Robert Murphy, U.S. Ambassador to Japan

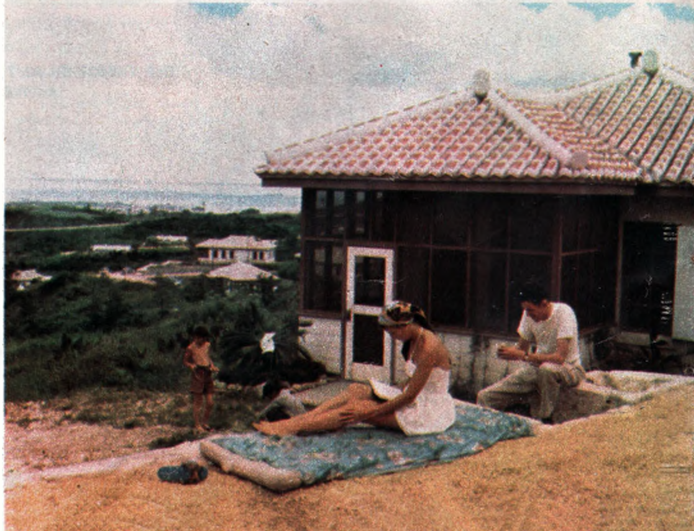


Six-year construction program includes everything from housing to electric plants like this huge 46,000-kilowatt steam turbine unit

Good administration has prevented waste in huge building program, but costs remain high. To lay pipe for gas and oil lines costs $12 a foot

Sgt. David Schmidt, Paducah, Ky., Sgt. Bernard Metz, Phillipsburg, N.J., and Cpl. Furlong Travis, Glasgow, Ky., relax at rest center

New building, typified by three-bedroom home for dependents, is made of reinforced concrete, a great improvement over flimsy Quonset huts of past



The $500,000,000 Okinawa appropriation is earmarked, "For purposes of attack only"

and civilian-engineers mission headed by Major General George J. Nold to draw up a stay-put plan for Okinawa. The Nold mission recommended a typhoon-resistant construction program using the surplus equipment and materials at hand. The Joint Chiefs of Staff approved it. The program launched the six-year plan now in effect which will cost $500,000,000 to complete.

The plan was primarily conceived to make Okinawa habitable—to permit servicemen and their families to live a Stateside existence on a war-devastated, semitropical island among 580,000 impoverished Orientals. The program called for building everything from airy homes made of reinforced concrete and concrete blocks (they cost $16,000 to $22,000) to enlarging airfields. There are now two main fields and six emergency strips, including one at nearby Ie Shima island, where Ernie Pyle was killed.

The program also called for supporting the Okinawans—$32,000,000 in outright relief by the end of 1952's final installment—with some sort of subsidy to go on indefinitely. Okinawa's 2,000-year history had been a succession of compromises with her two big neighbors, China and Japan, until Japan took over toward the end of the last century. While about 60 per cent of the Okinawans would like to be placed under Japanese jurisdiction for cultural reasons, they agree their impoverished mother country could not make up their chronic shortages. Faced with the inevitable, they are once more relaxing, but not enjoying it.

A Wide Divergence of Viewpoints

In two and a half years, $245,000,000 has been spent or allocated on the island. Most of the work has been done under the present commander of the Ryukyus Islands, Major General Robert S. Beightler, who took over in December, 1950. At that time Okinawa could still qualify for the title of Beightler's Battered Bastion. Today enough civilians and officers are imbued with the chamber-of-commerce spirit to advertise it as "the Bermuda of the Pacific," although most GIs call it "the Rock," and profess an overwhelming desire to be anywhere else.

Beightler, sixty, is a rare combination for the job—a first-rate line general with a civil engineering background. Between the two World Wars he served as Ohio's state highway director and was a partner in his own contracting firm. He took command of Ohio's 37th "Buckeye" Division in 1940 and fought it for 43 months from New Georgia to Balete Pass in the Philippines.

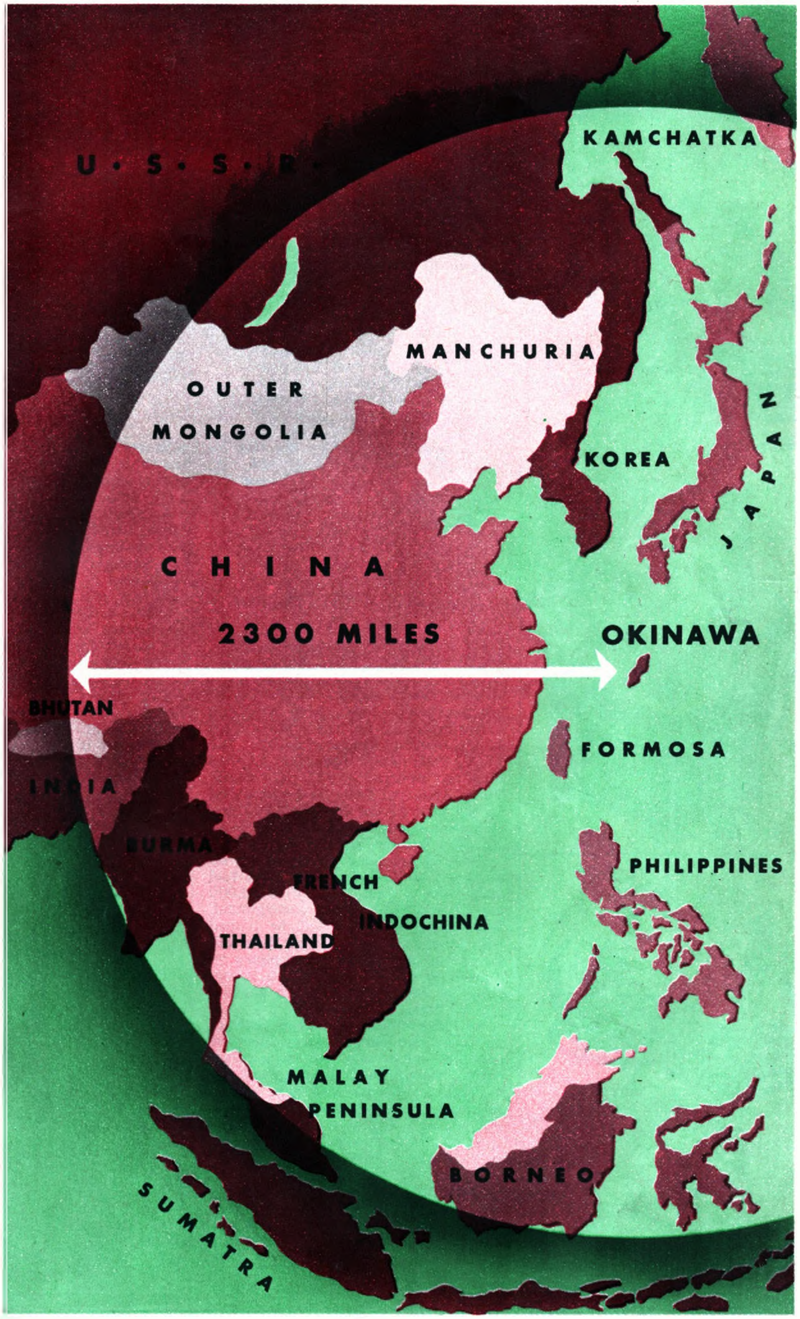
Although all contracts are let and supervised by an Army section called the Okinawa District Engineers, Beightler keeps close tabs on the entire operation and feels no day well spent in which he doesn't needle the Okinawa District Engineers on something he thinks they might have done better or cheaper.

The ODE has been under several officers, but the project's guiding light since he first came to Okinawa with the Nold mission is Carl Lovitt, a crack civilian engineer from San Rafael, California. Between Lovitt's patience and professional skill and Beightler's fierce suspicion that nobody knows anything about fixed-cost contracting, there have been few instances of waste or padding.

Because the northern part of Okinawa is a scenically beautiful but mountainous country, sparsely settled, everything is being built on the lower third of the island. Ninety per cent of all new construction lies on both sides of a 15-mile "boom-town" strip from the port of Naha to Kadena Air Base.

The ruined capital city of Naha, once perched on the hills, has been rebuilt on the paddy fields. The old Japanese Naha airstrip is now an international airport servicing six international air lines and basing jet interceptors, including all-weather F-94 Starfires. The port itself is being dredged and enlarged to unload 10 big ships at once.

Going north on Route 1 from Naha you get the boom-town feeling. On either side, road scrapers and huge macadam layers grunt over raw earth that will be smoothed into 20 miles of four-lane



LEO RACKOW

With Okinawa as its axis, a 2,300-mile semicircle—the bombing range of a B-29 carrying an A-bomb—takes in China, Manchuria, all of southeast Asia and Soviet Siberia up to the southern tip of Kamchatka. Okinawa's location, therefore, provides an orbit of dominance that is unexcelled: the Philippines, for example, are too far south to serve, as an operating base to Siberia: from Japan, southeast Asia is out of range. Okinawa also is ideally situated as a base for fueling B-36s flying from the U.S. to the Near East across the Pacific. Our best military minds feel that these factors outweigh Okinawa's disadvantages—vulnerability to attack and a geographic location that is directly in the path of typhoons every year

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

Okinawa has a curious atmosphere: a boom town fighting a war

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and 40 miles of two-lane highways. Where the Japanese Machinato line wound over Kakazu and Hacksaw Ridges of bloody memory, terraced rows of tile-roofed homes dot the hillsides; a five-million-dollar, 46,000-kilowatt power plant that will feed electricity over an island-wide transmission system is nearing completion. (Five Diesel plants scattered over the island will remain on a stand-by basis.) The entire Machinato area is being transformed into a warehouse and repair-shop district and an unloading point for limestone shipped 40 miles by water from a quarry on Motobu Peninsula.

A few miles farther north is one of the most amazing troop areas in the U.S. Army—a cluster of two-story, concrete barracks housing 165 men each, complete with fluorescent lighting, mess facilities and dayrooms. Billeted here are headquarters troops and WACs, and soon almost the entire ground-forces garrison, the 29th Infantry Regiment, will join them. At Kadena Air Base, the Air Force has similar but slightly larger buildings they choose to call "dorms." About 50 of these $250,000 to $300,000 barracks have been built and contracts for 50 more have been placed.

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Japanese Contractors Bid Low

By a curious flipflop of history the Japanese, who lost 110,000 men in the battle that wrecked Okinawa, have been awarded 85 per cent of all contracts to rebuild it. They work with American heavy equipment, from American blueprints—and by their lower bids save millions of American dollars. The 17,000 Okinawan construction laborers earn an average of $21 per month. Three American firms do a specialized 10 per cent of the entire project, and Okinawan contractors and one Chinese company the remainder.

One all-American job is going on northeast of Kadena, where steel fuel tanks with a total capacity of 53,000 barrels are being sunk underground. When completed they will be topped with concrete and dirt. From them will lead 35 miles of underground piping on a two-way pumping system to supply points at nearby White Beach and the port of Naha.

To these rather formidable statistics must be added what the Americans have done privately to make life more attractive for themselves. From carnivals and self-taxing slot machines have sprung swimming pools, theaters, rest camps, a nine-hole golf course and plush officers and noncom clubs. Filipino dance bands drawing $1,000 a week are imported on year-long contracts.

Sitting in the Stateside Club listening to a rumba band and watching GIs and WACs dancing in civvies (now permitted during off-duty hours), one finds it hard to believe Okinawa is actually in a war—until the motors of a B-29 taking off for a night bombing mission over North Korea drown out the music.

The war is very real to Major Donald M. Covic, of Chadron, Nebraska, operations officer of one of the bomb squadrons of the 19th Bomb Group, one of the two B-29 combat groups based on Kadena. (There used to be three.) Twenty-nine-year-old Covic has flown 65 missions in the Korean war and has twice brought home his bullet-riddled plane, Command Decision, after being jumped by MIGs. The second time, in October, 1951—one of the last daylight raids made by the Superforts in Korea—his gunners downed five Red jets. The ancient Command Decision, built in 1944, is still flying missions, and so is Covic.

As Covic and every other airman knows, bombers can fly two ways. All the radiating lines that illustrate Okinawa's strategic importance are potential avenues for an enemy assault. That assault, the military experts agree, will not come until the Communists are prepared to risk World War III. And then, if it comes, it will not be made by the North Koreans and the Chinese alone, but by the Russians from China bases, two to three flying hours away. Can Okinawa take it as well as dish it out? On that point, opinion is divided.

"Okinawa is a better base and easier to defend than Formosa," says Air Force General Stearley. "An amphibious invasion of Formosa could cross the straits from the mainland under the cover of darkness. We've got 500 miles of East China Sea and the Seventh Fleet between us and China. An airborne assault on Okinawa would take at least a division of paratroopers to be more than a suicide mission—and I don't think they've got the stuff to mount or supply one."

Foxhole Warfare Vetoed

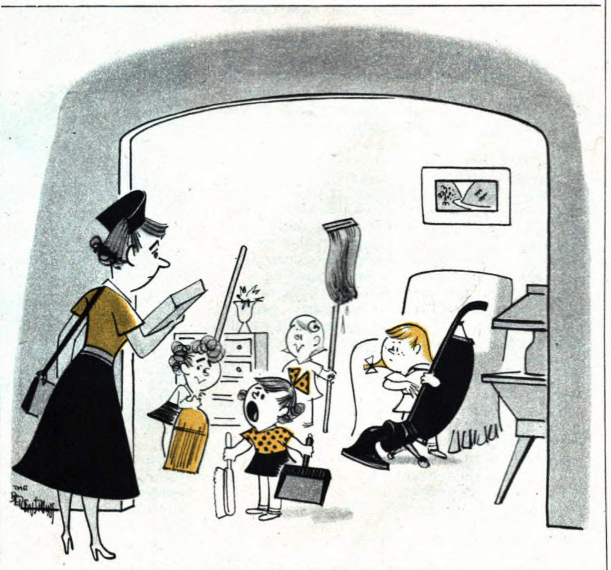
Stearley—right now—does not believe in revetments for his bombers or extraordinary dispersal for his fighters. He trusts an excellent radar network to give warning in time. "It's a calculated risk," he said, "but if you go in for revetments you sacrifice speed. I don't like slit trenches or foxholes either—it's psychologically bad for the men. If anybody tries to take this island, I want them to get out and fight, not sit in their holes and wait."

A gloomier appraisal makes note that scarcely anything on Okinawa is underground except the communications system and the oil stores. There isn't a bomb shelter on the island, except the caves the Japanese once used. An atom bomb or two on the "boom-town" strip would knock out the entire supply, warehouse and repair systems.

General Beightler and General Mark Clark, the new Far East Commander who visited Okinawa last July, are aware that "dispersion" is an embarrassing word. But as Beightler pointed out, "There isn't enough money to make every base impregnable. It would cost twice $500,000,000 to disperse Okinawa's defenses tactically. Do you think Congress would appropriate that much?"

Meanwhile, Okinawa bustles with activity and basks in the recognition of its importance—a recognition shared on both friendly and hostile shores of the Pacific. ▲▲▲

SISTER



COLLIER'S "We cleaned up real good, Mom. You'd never know that anything was smashed" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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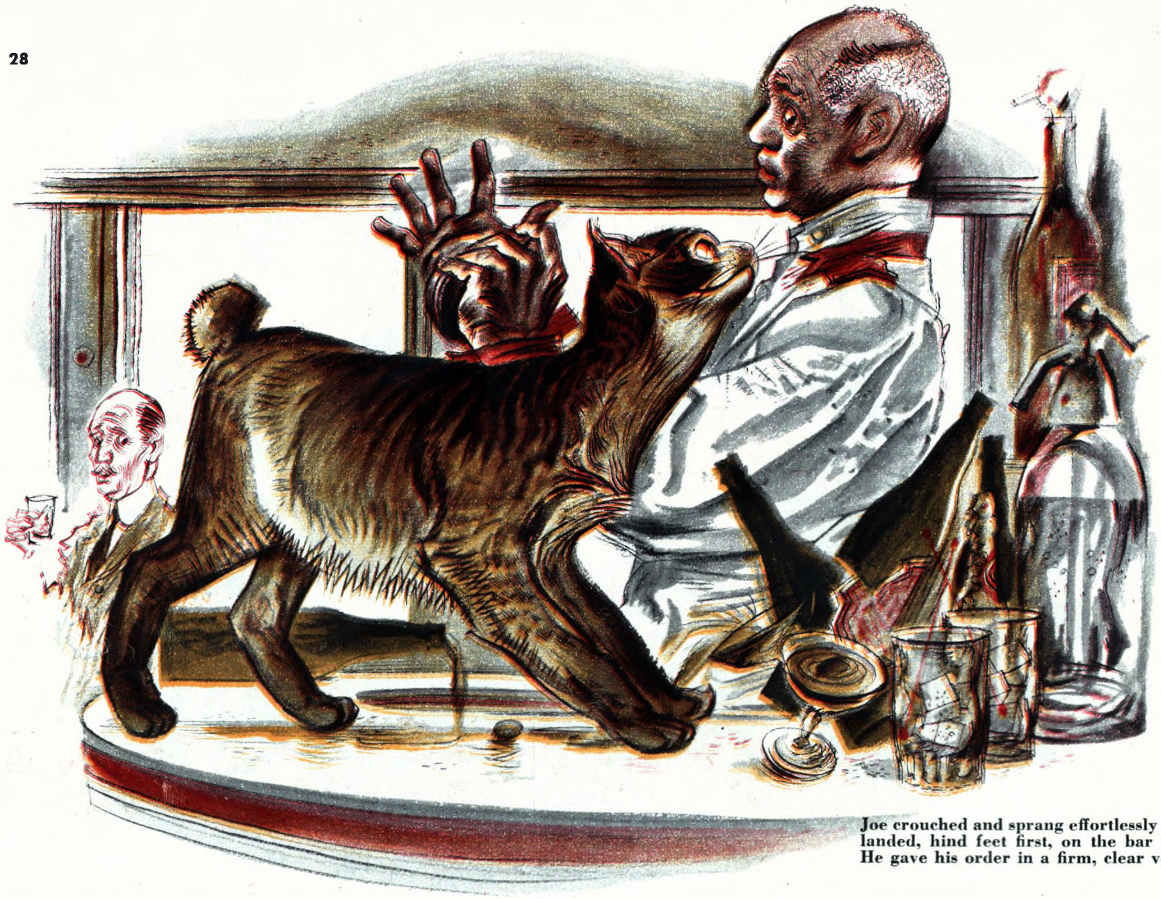

Joe crouched and sprang effortlessly and landed, hind feet first, on the bar top. He gave his order in a firm, clear voice

Love Me, Love My Cat

By RICHARD STERN

In this corner, wearing an air of contempt, Joe the cat—the hard-drinking, hard-fighting, undefeated champion. And in this corner, wearing a snarl of defiance, the ferocious Attila

LUCAS McCOY was combing her hair in front of the compartment mirror. "G. F.," she said, "is a character." The train wheels clicked monotonously. "Tim. Did you hear me?"

"I heard." He grinned at her. He was sitting by the window. Joe, the McCoy cat, was crouched on the seat beside him, working his great forepaws in a dance of ecstasy beneath Tim's digging fingers. Joe's purr throbbed and rumbled deep in his chest. "On the other hand," Tim said, "G. F. owns a few little things like manufacturing plants and a string of outlets and an advertising budget that stretches from here to there." He rolled the size of the advertising budget around in his mind. "And if he decides he likes me—us—he can make life very pleasant." He studied Lucas. "I like your hair that way."

"And he's rather sweet, too," Lucas said, "but he's still a character. I haven't changed it; not much, anyway." She smiled into the mirror. "If you see what I mean." Tim nodded gravely.

"More or less." He watched her put down the comb and make the final, essential adjustments with her fingers. He stood up. "Here we go." He looked down at Joe. "Wish us luck."

Joe said nothing. Lucas said, "You're not going to leave him out of his carrier? The man said that whenever we left the compartment—" She looked down at Joe. His purr had stopped; he regarded her thoughtfully. "Well," Lucas said. "I wouldn't like to be shut up in a box, either."

"We'll lock the door," Tim said. "And he has no key."

"Tim, I'm not sure. If he got loose in the train—Maybe if we left him some rum—"

"Later," Tim said. He kissed her briefly. He had the door open now. "Let's not keep our character waiting."

Lucas was smiling. "G. F." she said. "Why does he have to use initials?"

"How else would you know he's an executive?" Tim said. He closed the door.

"I hadn't thought of that," said Lucas. . . .

Joe watched the door close. He heard the latch click. He yawned. He stretched himself fore and aft. He settled down on the seat again, his chin on his forepaws, his eyes half closed. He waited, dozing. It was already late afternoon. Presently there would be rum, which he loved—dark rum added to warm milk. This was routine, and despite the new surroundings he saw no reason for change.

G. F. was in the lounge, one car back. He was a large man, wearing a high, stiff collar and what Lucas had once heard called the habit of command. He exercised the habit now. "Sit down, Mrs. McCoy. No, not there, here." He indicated the seat at his side. He pointed out a chair for Tim. He raised his finger, and a waiter popped up through the floor. "You're comfortable, I hope?" he said.

"Fine, thanks," Tim said.

"Good." He told the waiter what to fetch. He smiled at Lucas. "We won't talk business, Mrs. McCoy."

"I don't mind," Lucas said. She was thinking again of Joe.

"No." G. F. was definite. I have curious, old-

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

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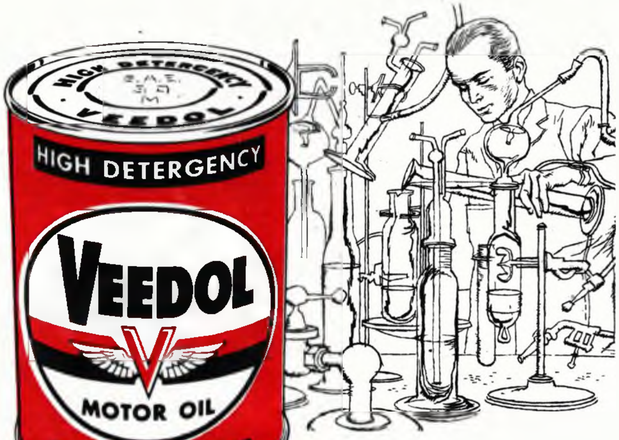

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fashioned ideas, as your husband may have told you. I want to know the people I am thinking of working with, know what their personalities are, how they behave, how they think."

"I see," Lucas said. She wondered if she did.

G. F. nodded. "That was why I asked you to come to the ranch, so we could get acquainted." He paused. "That was also why I suggested that you bring your cat."

"I—I've been wondering about that," Lucas said.

G. F. smiled. "Another of my theories, Mrs. McCoy. I believe that children and pets are great character revealers. A spoiled child, a spoiled dog—you see what I mean, perhaps?"

Tim's foot was touching hers. "I—I think I do," Lucas said.

"Exactly." G. F. nodded. He watched the waiter set down the drinks. He picked up his glass. "I don't know about cats. I'm a dog man myself. I have one in the baggage car, a new watchdog for the ranch. You saw him, McCoy?"

"I did indeed," Tim said. He thought of the dog glowering in his crate. He thought of Joe. "He seemed a little—ah—savage."

"Forthright," G. F. said. "Dogs don't sneak." He raised his glass. "I don't know about cats. I'll be interested to see."

Lucas coughed. Tim's foot pressed hers warningly.

"Drink up, you young people," G. F. said.

THE watchdog, whose name was Attila, looked out through the slats of the crate, in the baggage car forward. He watched the baggageman and he watched the two brightly colored birds in the large cage across the car; they sat on their trapeze, side by side, talking incessantly to each other. Attila stirred uneasily.

The baggageman watched the dog. The baggageman disliked animals; he liked boxes and crates and trunks, things that behaved the way he wanted them to. He wished that the birds would shut up. He wished that the dog were not there. He was a mean-looking brute, the dog, the baggageman thought; and that crate looked none too sturdy. It would bear watching. He wished that the dog would bark. Barking dogs, he had heard, rarely bite. "Bark, damn you," he said. And then, to the birds: "And you shut up."

The birds chattered on. Attila lifted his upper lip but made no sound.

IN THE compartment, Joe opened his eyes. He listened to the gentle knock at the door. He waited. It was time, and past, for the rum and the warm milk. He thrust out his tongue and licked his nose in pleasant anticipation. His whiskers curled briskly. The knock was repeated, and then there was silence. Joe waited.

He watched the latch turn, watched the door open. He saw the strange man in the white coat. He sniffed and stood up, and his stub tail rose like a flag. He spoke once in a peremptory fashion. He dropped to the floor and advanced and spoke again, requesting his due. The white coat began to shake. "Go on, get away," the porter said. "Don't you come near me." He flapped both hands in a gesture of repudiation. "Get away." His voice rose.

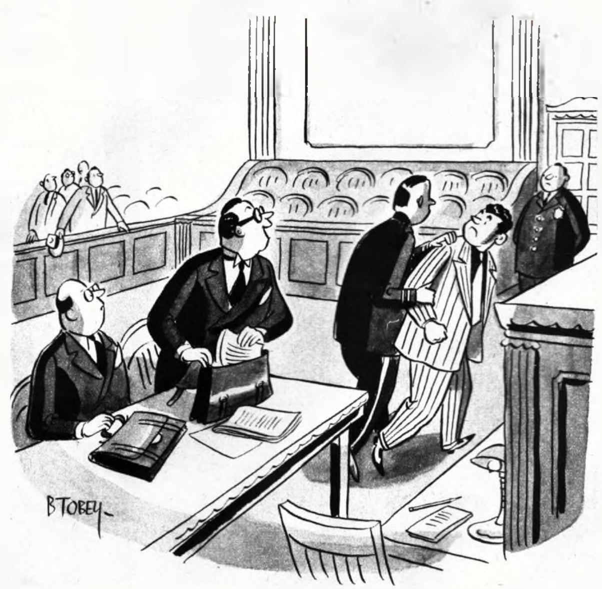
Joe stopped where he was. The tone of voice was plainly unfriendly. Joe's whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks. His big head lowered. The muscles of his shoulders bunched. Deep in his chest a rumbling growl began, like summer thunder high in the mountains. The stub tail twitched. He moved forward. It was too much. The porter turned and fled in search of reinforcements. . . .

G. F. was saying, "It is the man himself who counts, not necessarily his abilities, although those too, of course, are important." He paused, "You follow me, McCoy? I think of my organization as a family, and I like to think that each new member, as it were, will reflect credit on the family as a whole. You can appreciate that, of course."

"Of course," Tim said. He avoided Lucas' eyes.

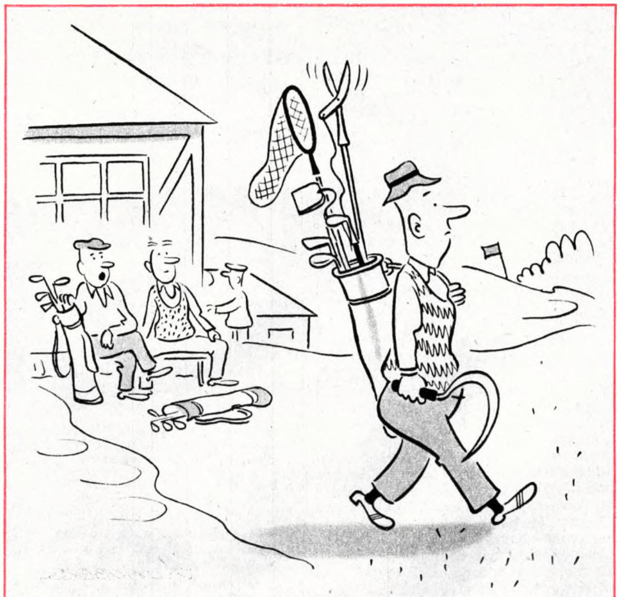
"Brothers and sisters," Lucas said. She was frowning in concentration, trying hard to help.

G. F. nodded. "Exactly." He smiled. "And I flatter myself that I am a sound



"Don't forget to mention my name. Everybody knows me up there . . ."

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



COLLIER'S "I've always heard it's an extremely difficult course!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

judge of character, Mrs. McCoy. I try not to be hasty in my decisions, but there are times when the facts speak out immediately. You and your husband, I believe I can safely say, are precisely the type of people I like to have associated with me."

"Well," Tim said. "We're flattered, G. F." The old boy *was* a character, he was thinking—high collar, strange ideas and all. But he would be a good man to work with; no nonsense, no beating around the bush. Tim felt a small glow of satisfaction, and he rolled around in his mind again the size of the advertising appropriation he would have to work with. "I'm delighted, of course, that—" He stopped there, seeing Lucas' face, which was set and staring.

G. F. saw it too. "Something wrong, Mrs. McCoy?"

"No," Lucas said. "I mean, yes." She was looking accusingly at Tim. "You—you said Joe had no key, and—and there he is."

There he was indeed, marching purposefully down the aisle, his stub tail high, his whiskers twinking pleasurably. Passengers moving to and from the club car had kindly opened the necessary doors, and now here he was in front of the small bar; his nose worked in solemn investigation. He ignored the silence around him. Here, obviously, was the source of the rum fragrance that had drifted into the next car each time the doors opened. He crouched and sprang effortlessly and landed, hind feet first, on the bar top. He looked the bartender in the eye and gave his order in a firm, clear voice.

Lucas said, "Oh, Tim!"

G. F. said nothing.

Tim was already on his feet. He headed for Joe. He arrived in a dead heat with the porter and the conductor, who came through the door almost at a run.

IT WAS later, in the compartment again. Lucas said, "I won't say that I warned you."

Tim nodded. "Of course not."

Lucas sat down. "Brothers and sisters," she said, "reflecting credit on one another . . . Tim, I was trying so hard to help."

There was silence.

Lucas said, "Say something. Say anything."

He searched for a distraction, a false lure to drag across the path of the conversation. "I still like your hair," he said.

"Tim!"

"Well," Tim said, "I hope he enjoys the baggage car."

JOE was not enjoying the baggage car. It had, for one thing, a peculiar odor compounded of generations of crates and trunks and oddments, and the odor offended him. Then, too, it was drafty and noisy, and the carrier provided little room for movement. And, added to all of this, there was the ignominy of incarceration. He crouched and stared through the wire mesh of his window. He watched the baggageman. He said nothing. He watched the dog, Attila, whose nose was quivering and whose hackles were lifted. He glanced once at the birds, strangely silent now, huddled against each other, their heads pulled down into their shoulders. Joe disliked birds; they were, by and large, noisy, unpredictable and covered with feathers. He concentrated on the dog. Dogs he understood.

The baggageman watched them both. There was, he decided, not much to choose between them. The dog, of course, was the larger, the more patently vicious. On the other hand, a cat like this one—the baggageman had never seen a cat the size of this one, and it occurred to him that he had been most content in his ignorance. He thought of the next scheduled stop, which would be—he consulted his watch—in two hours and forty-three minutes. In the meantime, he was on his own, and he believed in preparedness. He began to shuffle crates and boxes. Neither Joe nor Attila paid him heed.

It was Attila who opened the festivities. He lifted his lips and flattened his ears. He made a small lunge. His crate shook. He snarled, flinging his defiance across the car.

The birds pulled their heads down even farther, making themselves into small, brightly colored feather balls.

The baggageman speeded up his shuffling.

Joe listened to the snarl with the air

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of a connoisseur. He had heard better, much better. He yawned, showing long cat teeth. He lifted one large forepaw and flexed it, and the five hooked knives slid in and out of their sheaths. He regarded the dog almost with indifference, and then, lest his attitude be misunderstood, he allowed a growl to form deep in his chest, a sound blending defiance and contempt in almost equal parts. And he yawned again, and that, like the pulling of a trigger, really did it.

Attila's snarl was no longer tentative. It was full-throated and filled with vigor. He lunged against the side of the crate, slamming into it with his shoulder, rocking it on its base, bulging its slats. He paused to watch. Joe appeared unimpressed. Attila set to work. . . .

Tim and Lucas headed for the dining car. "We'll just pretend that nothing happened," Tim said.

"Of course," Lucas said. "Cats come into lounge cars and order drinks every day. G. F. must know that."

Tim paused to wrestle with a door handle.

"Damn it," he said, "it was his idea, not mine, that we bring Joe in the first place."

"Your logic—" Lucas said, and she left it there, unfinished.

"All right," Tim said. And then suddenly, unaccountably, he began to smile. "It does, doesn't it? Sound like yours, I mean." They were in the vestibule now, standing in front of the dining-car door. Tim's smile began to fade. "I guess I'm just worried. It—it means so damn' much to make a good impression on him."

"I know," Lucas said. She took a deep breath. "It'll be all right. I know it will."

"I hope," Tim said, and he opened the door.

G. F. was already seated at a table for four. He rose and made a small, courtly bow to Lucas. He nodded to Tim and sat down again. The silence was heavy.

"I'm sorry about Joe," Tim said. "It was my fault. I thought he'd be all right in the compartment, but the porter opened the door."

"Yes," G. F. said.

"He only wanted his rum," Lucas said.

G. F.'s eyebrows rose.

"I mean," Lucas said, "he has it every day. He—he likes it, but usually in warm milk."

G. F. nodded. His eyes seemed to be focused in the far distance. Tim grasped the conversation firmly. His manner was that of a man explaining the obvious. "It's strange, too, because some cats don't like milk."

"Indeed?"

Lucas backed up the play. "And some don't even care for liver."

Tim nodded. "So you see," he said, "Joe is—"

"What would you like for dinner?" G. F. said.

THE time had come, the baggageman decided, to bolster his defenses. He grabbed a handy carton and pushed it against the side of the crate that seemed to be suffering most from Attila's lunges. He leaned against the end of the carton, holding it firmly in position. He got out his watch. The crate had held up longer than he had anticipated. There remained now only one hour and fifty-seven minutes until the next stop. He looked longingly at the emergency cord. The temptation was strong, but habit was stronger; emergency cords were to be pulled only in dire emergencies; there were rules and regulations concerning this. He leaned hard against the end of the case. He looked at the birds, whose heads by now had almost disappeared. "You started it all with your damn' chatter." He looked at Joe, who was peering in an interested fashion through the mesh of his carrier. "And you! You had to make him mad."

Joe said nothing. His whiskers twinkled pleasurably.

The baggageman listened to Attila's snarls, which were quieter now, more determined, subordinated to the effort of banging and chewing his way to freedom. "Fifteen years to retirement age," the baggageman said.

WHEN G. F. had finished his salad, he put down his fork and peered out of the window at the darkened countryside. He leaned back in his chair. "Do you have any other—ah—pets, Mrs. McCoy?"

Lucas nodded brightly. "Yes. A monkey. His name is Vincent."

G. F.'s expression was that of a man incapable of further astonishment. "And he and the cat—"

"They're great friends," Tim said. "They get on beautifully."

Lucas said, "They drink out of the same bowl."

"Rum," G. F. said.

There was silence.

"Vincent was a gift," Tim said. "He just arrived one day."

"My aunt," Lucas said. "Aunt Lucy." She paused, searching for words to explain Aunt Lucy. "She's a dear old lady. She has—ah—strange ideas sometimes. She used to raise Pekingese. And then she studied occultism, and—well, she thought we'd like a monkey. That was all."

G. F. said, "Your actual aunt, Mrs. McCoy? Not just a relation by marriage?"

"She was my mother's oldest sister," Lucas said.

Tim looked down at his hands. He said nothing.

"And you have a son, I understand," G. F. said.

Tim looked up. "Yes." His voice had altered. It was still respectful, but its tone was firm. "His name is Thomas. And he has only one head, if that's what you mean, G. F."

Lucas said, "I think I'd like some coffee." . . .

The air in the car was chilly, but the baggageman was sweating. He leaned hard with one knee against the first carton and, stretching, managed to reach another and pull it toward him. Joe watched with deep interest. The sounds of Attila's rage were somewhat muffled, now emerging through multiple layers of fiberboard and excelsior and broken wood. He had gone through the side of his own crate. He had struck this new barrier. He had hesitated for a moment, and the baggageman had breathed deeply, like a man coming into sunlight at the end of a long, dark tunnel.

It was then that Joe, adding color to the proceedings, had opened his mouth and made his first real statement, a sound unlike anything the baggageman had heard before, a wailing, high-pitched yowl of defiance, a clarion call to battle. The effect was instantaneous and remarkable. Attila hesitated no longer. He lunged and tore, fighting his way onward through the side of the carton, and Joe, listening, uttered yet a third sound, a small chirrup of glee.

"Shut up, damn you," the baggageman said, and his voice climbed in near hysteria.

One of the birds lifted his head. He made a single noise, a small, frightened peep.

"And you too!" the baggageman shouted.

The bird's head disappeared.

The baggageman slammed the second carton into position. He leaned hard against it and pulled another one close. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved silently.

AT THE table for four, the atmosphere was a trifle strained. G. F. dabbed at his mouth with his napkin. He looked at Tim. He spoke in the voice one used to unruly boards of directors. "I am not quite sure that I understand you, McCoy."

"I think—" Tim began.

Lucas said, "I don't believe I want any coffee, after all." She looked quickly at her watch. "Heavens! I hadn't realized it was so late. We're due in in twenty minutes, and—"

"Perhaps I was wrong in my judgment," G. F. said. "It is beginning to appear—"

"You? Wrong?" Tim said.

G. F.'s eyebrows lowered in a straight line. "A man who keeps a cat and a monkey—"

"I do really think we should get ready," Lucas said. She touched Tim's arm. "It *is* late. And you're finished, aren't you?"

Tim looked at G. F. Slowly he nodded. "Yes," he said. "I guess I am." He looked at Lucas.

She was unsmiling, but her eyes were bright and her chin was firm. She put her hand on Tim's arm; it rested there lightly, reassuringly. She looked at G.F.,

Next Week

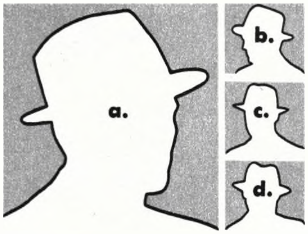
Collier's
MAN ON THE MOON
Scientists Tell How We Can Land There In Our Lifetime

MAN ON THE MOON

Scientists Tell How We Can Land There In Our Lifetime

How to make sure your hat is right for you . . .

Different faces call for different hats. Here's how to choose the hat that's been specially designed for *your* face. See the diagram below to identify the proper hat for you on the opposite page.



a. If you have a deep, full face, you need a medium height, full-crown hat. Wear the brim snapped full across.

b. If you have a top-heavy face, you need a tapered-crown, narrow brimmed hat. Wear it slightly forward.

c. For the man with a short, full face, the ideal hat has a medium crown and slight taper.

d. A square face should be set off with a rounded medium crown, full snap brim hat. You can wear it with a full snap . . . or with the brim up.

crown
taper
brim

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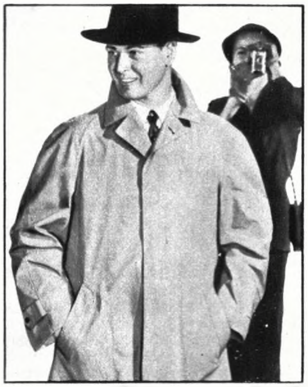

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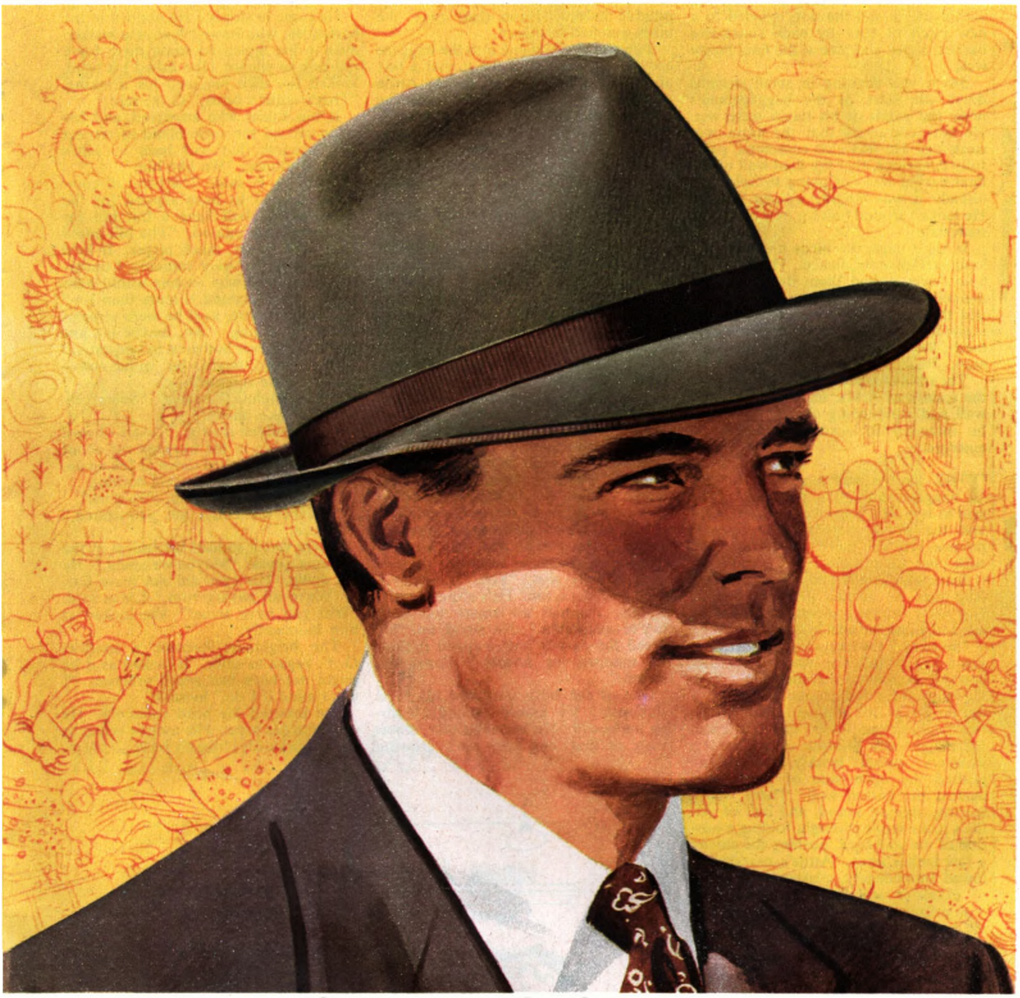

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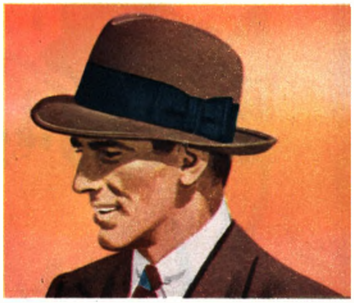

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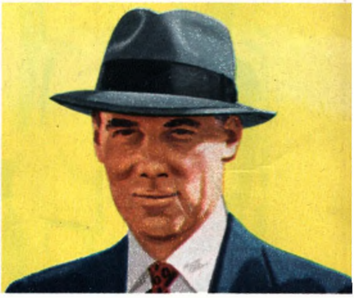

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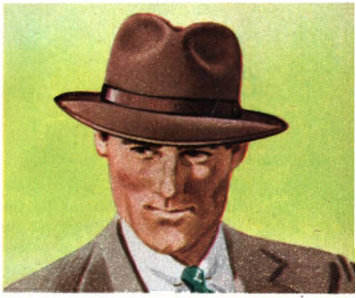

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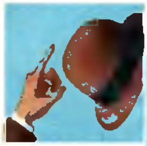
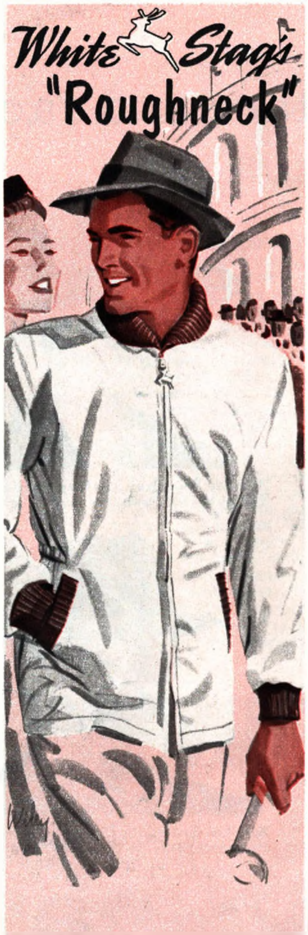


one quick flick does the trick!



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and her head was high. "You'll excuse us, won't you?"

G. F. nodded. "A pleasure." . . .

"All right," the baggageman said. He spoke aloud for the gods to hear and bear witness that he had done his utmost. The cartons—there were now four of them, hollow, gutted shells—extended in a straight line across the car, forming a tunnel from Attila's original crate; and within the tunnel the dog, goaded to a new pitch of fury by each successive barrier, raged and tore at the final flimsy wall.

Sweat was running in small streams down the sides of the baggageman's nose; the palms of his hands were wet. He was conscious that the train was stopping. He was also conscious, painfully conscious, that the final wall of the final carton was not going to hold out; already it was bulging against his leg. He looked around him for new barricade material.

In their cage, the birds maintained a loud, self-effacing silence. The baggageman's eyes passed them by. There remained within reach only Joe's carrier, and the baggageman looked at it longingly; and Joe, peering through the wire mesh, looked hopefully at the baggageman. Neither spoke.

The train stopped and there were only the sounds of Attila, tearing at the final wall and announcing clearly the things he intended to accomplish when he emerged.

THE tension was too much for the baggageman. "It's your fault," he said to Joe. His voice was high and tight and the words were difficult to pronounce. "If you hadn't made him mad with your squalling—"

Joe spoke briefly and with contempt. And then he opened his mouth wide, and his yowl rang clearly through the car and along the silent train.

"So okay," the baggageman said. "So you asked for it." The words were easier now; his conscience was suddenly at rest. He reached far and caught the corner of the carrier, pulled it close, unhooked the two latches, and folded the side back. He caught one glimpse of Joe's face, whiskers curled briskly, before he pushed the open side of the carrier against the carton wall. There was a tearing, ripping sound, and one of Attila's paws broke through, folding a portion of the wall back, pushing the carrier a few inches away. Attila's muzzle followed immediately, plastered with bits of excelsior and torn fiberboard, but with purpose undimmed. "There he is!" the baggageman shouted. "Say it again, right to his face!" And he jumped for the car door and flung it open.

Joe made no answer. Joe was busy, at work he knew and understood and loved. Here before him was the dog's nose, the dog's lips lifted in a snarl—an opportunity not to be ignored. Joe set himself on three legs. With his right forepaw, he slashed three times; he changed paws to adjust to the slightly altered range and slashed four times more. And then, with the enemy temporarily out of reach, he paused, his big head lowered and his whiskers laid flat, the muscles of his shoulders bunched ominously. He yowled his defiance into the tunnel mouth and launched his attack.

It was then that Tim, Lucas, G. F. and two conductors, attracted by the capering and shouting of the baggageman, arrived on the scene.

Attila was not through. He was more than a little bewildered, but some of his fury remained. He had only retreated to regroup his forces. He licked his nose and tasted his own blood. Clearly, something was amiss. Cats, in Attila's experience, were supposed to turn tail, to run, squalling, for the nearest tree—easy prey, pleasant sport. He snarled, working himself up to proper fighting pitch. He was still at it when the roof fell in.

The tunnel, not really large enough for proper maneuvering, seemed suddenly filled with cats. Attila retreated a few steps, seeking suitable holding ground. But the cats followed, and there was no respite, and the retreat became a mad, backward scrambling, a rout, anything to escape this punishment. The sounds emerging from the tunnel were pitiable indeed. From their cage, the birds watched in silence.

Tim was the first one into the baggage car. He disconnected the tunnel a box at a time. The strife had ended. Attila was back in his original crate, peering out through the broken slats at his adversary, who now, unaccountably, appeared to have lost all interest and sat calmly on the floor of the car, one forepaw raised, pink tongue working busily, pausing now and again to make a small, chirruping sound of satisfaction. It was confusing.

Tim said, "It was a good job, champ." He pitched his voice to carry clearly through the open door. He hunkered down and dug at Joe's shoulders, and the purr began, rumbling deep in Joe's big chest. "I guess you just hadn't heard that dogs are superior animals, that people who live with cats are supposed to be ashamed."

Joe paused in his washing. He looked up, catching the bitter note in Tim's voice. He spoke once, peremptorily, requesting elaboration.

"Well," Tim said, "it's a little hard to explain." He hoped that G. F. was listening. "Some people have ideas of behavior. They expect that everybody else will conform right down to the ground." He looked at Attila, who was silent in his crate, licking his wounds, his eyes never leaving Joe. "Your friend over there had ideas, too. He's already revising his. Animals are smart that way; they're adaptable." He stood up. He closed the carrier and snapped it shut. He snapped his fingers. "Come on, champ."

One of the birds extended his head cautiously. He looked around. Nothing happened. He began to talk, tentatively at first, and then with growing confidence, explaining to his partner that the riot was over.

IT WAS later, in the small bar across the street from the station. Tim and Lucas sat across from each other at a table. On a third chair Joe was crouched, lapping steadily at a bowl of warm milk and dark rum. The barman watched warily, keeping his distance. It was there that G. F. found them.

He came in slowly. He nodded to the bartender, who bowed low. He walked over to the table and stood there for a moment in silence. Joe raised his head, looked up, then resumed his drinking. "That's quite a beast," G. F. said.

It was Lucas who answered, and her voice carried the same blend of respect and firmness that had been in Tim's voice at dinner: "We like him."

"Ah," G. F. said. The habit of command seemed to have slipped for the moment. "I shall have a fair bill for damages." He paused. "The bill could have been larger, much larger. If he'd got those birds—very valuable, I understand, although why anyone would want to have birds around is more than I—" He stopped there, as if he were remembering something. "Ah, maybe it's just that I have never bothered to understand birds. They might be quite—ah—friendly little rascals."

"They might," Tim said. "Somebody probably likes them."

G. F. nodded slowly. "I—ah—heard what you said in the baggage car about theories." He looked down at Joe again. Joe raised his head. He said nothing.

"Sit down," Lucas said. "Join us."

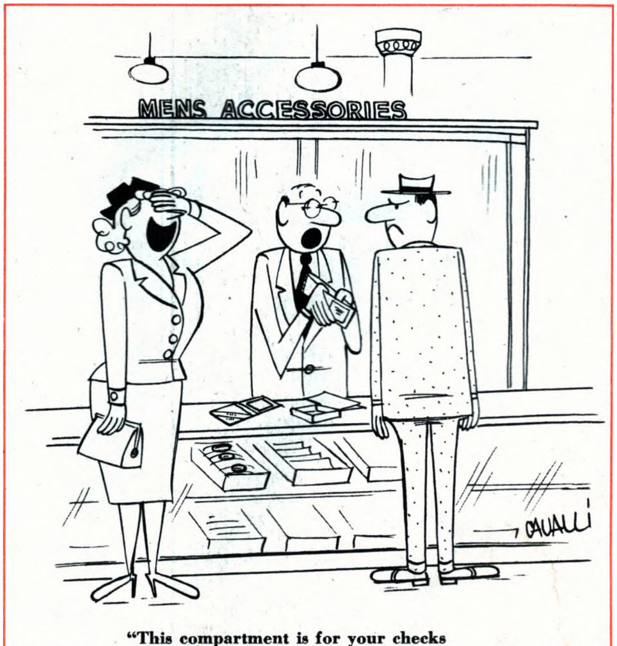
"Maybe we could get acquainted," Tim said.

There was a sudden brightness in the old man's eyes. "Maybe we could." He sat down. His eyes did not leave Joe.

"We're all having rum," Lucas said. "Will you have some?" She looked at him innocently.

The brightness became a sparkle. G. F. began to smile. It looked as if he might not have had much practice. "I don't mind if I do," he said.

Joe lowered his head solemnly. He sniffed at his brew. His tongue began to lap with a steady, friendly beat. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "This compartment is for your checks and bills of large denomination . . ." DICK CAVALLI

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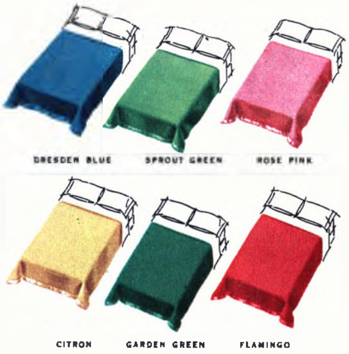

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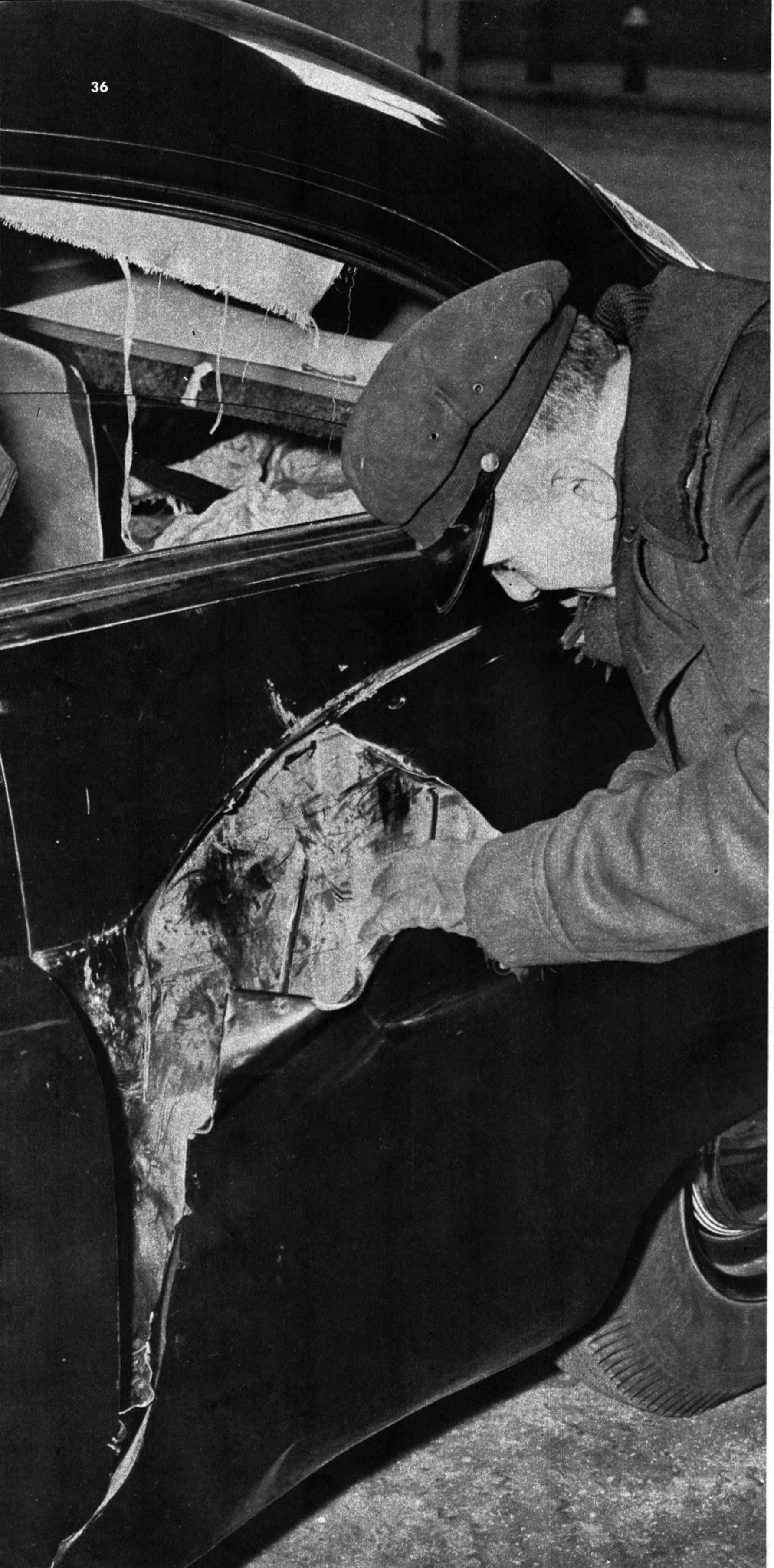


The Gold

Many Americans who should

DURING a recent train trip from New York to Washington, a Secret Service man made the chance acquaintance of a certified public accountant. The accountant talked extensively about his nephew, a junior in college. "The boy doesn't let any grass grow under his feet," he said. "During summer vacations, he takes a little gold abroad. Helps pay his school expenses."

The accountant naturally had no idea that his train companion was a government sleuth assigned to smoke out gold smugglers. Anyway, he did not think there was anything wrong in sneaking gold out of the country. But the random conversation started an investigation that led to the arrest of the schoolboy smuggler.

For 5,000 years, the world's most durable commodity has been the root of evil from mayhem to murder. Now, through the activities of such lawbreakers as the accountant's nephew, gold is on the rampage again. It has become the bright, new toy of a world-wide racket, involving an estimated $200,000,000 a year.

Lured by a flourishing black market abroad, American gold smugglers are sidetracking huge quantities of industrial gold, stuffing sheets, bars and strips of the precious metal into outlandish hiding places and bootlegging it overseas.

"In non-Soviet countries, particularly in Western Europe," says Assistant U.S. Attorney Louis Kaplan, one of the major government prosecutors of illegal gold activities, "an increasingly large number of people from financiers to farmers have lost faith in the currency of their own governments. They are buying black market—paying at least twice the U.S. market price of $35 an ounce—gold and are hiding it in caves, underground vaults, tree trunks and abandoned wells."

While most people think of international racketeers as tough-guy professionals led by the ruthless likes of a Luciano, today's gold smugglers are people most of us wouldn't normally regard as criminals. "They're intelligent men and women who abhor violence and invariably have no police records," prosecutor Kaplan points out.

"Many of them are leaders of their communities, the kind who would balk at pocketing a dime from a telephone coin box." (More than 60 well-regarded businessmen were recently indicted by a federal grand jury in New York. One ring alone, composed of leading shippers and jewelry manufacturers, was charged with running a $20,000,000-a-year "bootleg gold" operation. More indictments are expected shortly.)

A large proportion of the smugglers are professional people. Many doctors have their fingers in the gold pie. There are lawyers in it as well as dentists, accountants, engineers, teachers, actors, journalists, theatrical producers, nurses, scientists, musicians, social workers, psychologists and college students. Whenever conventions of professional societies are held abroad, the flow of "bootleg gold" across the ocean has a flood tide.

How is it that people to whom we apply that old cliché—"*they* should know better"— allow themselves to become infected by gold madness? The smugglers themselves offer a glib rationalization.

"This isn't crime," one of them told me. "We buy the gold here at the legal rate and sell it abroad to people who for some reason want to pay fancy prices for it. It's business, that's all. We don't steal from anybody.

"Sure, we have to sneak the gold out of the country because there are some laws against it. But it's no worse than exceeding a highway speed

UNITED PRESS

Customs men spotted sag in rear end of auto being loaded aboard ship, found 350 pounds of gold worth $200,000 hidden under fenders

Smuggling Racket

By MARTIN ABRAMSON

know better buy gold and try to sneak it abroad for resale. What they do is a crime

limit on a clear road or padding your expenses a little on your income-tax statement."

What was the attitude of a woman doctor who was seized a few months ago in the Midwest? She had 300 ounces of "bootleg gold" stashed away in the false botton of her suitcase. But she indignantly resisted arrest and the federal officer had to pull a gun on her. "Take that gun away!" she shouted. "How dare you treat me like a criminal?"

"Gold smuggling is not a misdemeanor," says prosecutor Kaplan. "It's a felony punishable by a maximum of 10 years' imprisonment and a $10,000 fine. Yet whenever we collar a gold smuggler, he assumes the holier-than-thou bearing of a person who is being maliciously put upon." A well-known engineer who was mixed up in gold smuggling shouted to an enforcement officer: "I won't even let you insinuate that I could commit a crime against my country." He had a brilliant World War I record and had lost a son in World War II. He was also caught red-handed—but not red-faced—with about $50,000 worth of "bootleg gold."

Unlike professional racket gangs, the gold-smuggling rings are small, private, almost amateur groups, each working its own side of the street. As one ring is snuffed out, five or 10 others that are totally unrelated seem to spring up in its place.

Playing into the Communists' Hands

As a private crime, gold smuggling perhaps would be of no more general interest than any other financial racket. But gold smuggling has international repercussions that affect, and could endanger, us all. The smugglers, who have been too busy pursuing the illicit dollar to study the laws of finance, have become, in the process, the unwitting tools of the Communists. For capital that could be poured into productive industry for Western Europe is going into black market "bootleg gold," which is hoarded and which produces nothing.

"If large numbers of private European citizens were to pass up their own currency to buy and hoard black market gold, the result would be something like a run on the bank," says Dr. Leland Howard, assistant director of the U.S. Mint. And government experts agree that the paper currency of our allies could easily take the kind of dive that would be followed by wild inflation and financial collapse—with the Communists picking up the pieces.

It is only natural to expect the Soviet to exploit a situation which is apparently made to order for its strategic ambitions. "We now have information that Red agents have been infiltrating some of the black market rings abroad and are stimulating fresh rumors of economic panic every time gold buying shows signs of slacking off," a high U.S. government official told me. "We have also been told that the Chinese Reds, working through neutral agents, have begun to buy black market gold, apparently to bolster their economy and also to cut into the U.S. gold reserves."

The American smugglers who have been caught are anti-Communist. Their distaste for the professional crook is equally pronounced. Gamblers, bookmakers, narcotics peddlers, jewel robbers, rackets leaders and blackmailers seeking new horizons in crime have tried to crash the gold racket, only to find the smuggling rings were closed corporations.

"Those gold guys have a better racket than the bootleg-liquor boys and the narcotics smugglers, and they want to keep it to themselves," a veteran narcotics pusher told me bitterly. "When they heard I'd been in dope, they acted as if I was a leper and said I couldn't touch their gold if I lived to be a million. They're a bunch of snobs!"

The old pros in crime are sometimes amused by the efforts of the gold-smuggling "amateurs." There was, for instance, the Case of the Missing Smell. On a warm and muggy day last spring, a distinguished-looking plane passenger arrived in France on a trip from Boston to Italy. He told a customs inspector he represented a watchmaking firm. When the inspector decided to spot-check his luggage, he assumed the role of the understanding soul who takes such petty irritations in stride.

"I notice you're a salami lover," the inspector observed, pointing to four large salami wrappers in the man's suitcase.

The traveler replied: "Oh, they're for some friends who love American salami."

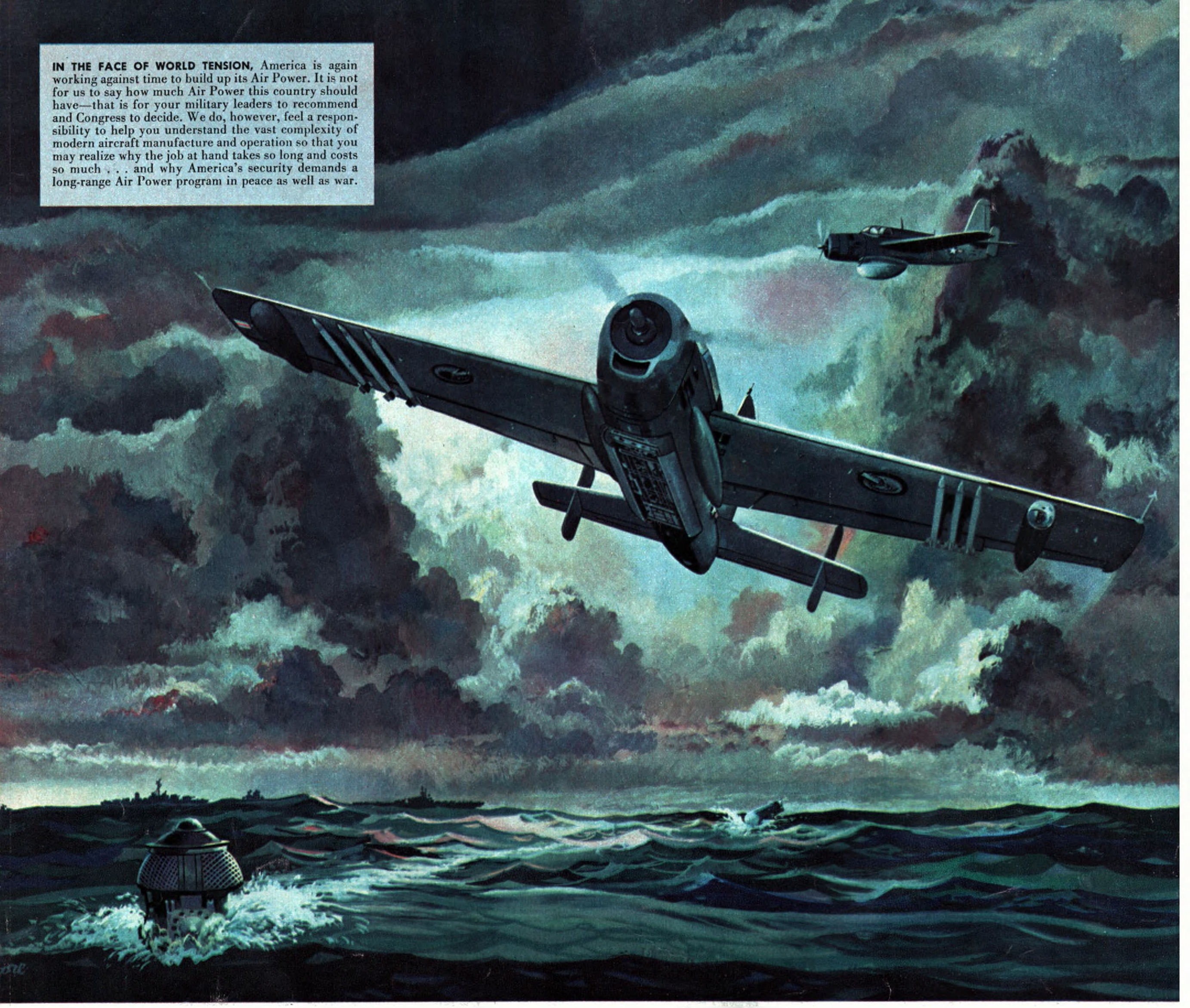
The customs man continued his check. Suddenly, he thought: If there were indeed salami in the salami wrappers, how was it there was no salami odor? On a muggy day, salami can be smelled at 50 feet. The customs man lifted the wrappers out of the suitcase. Their weight astounded him. The traveler's face sagged perceptibly as the inspector slit open the dark brown wrappers to reveal 35 pounds of American gold carefully rolled into sheets.

Smugglers have shown more ingenuity in

UNITED PRESS

Inspector Mario Cozzi (l.) of Customs, and Port Patrol Officer Timothy Driscoll examine bullion removed from car on opposite page. Smuggler was sentenced to 5 years in prison

IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power. It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have—that is for your military leaders to recommend and Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much . . . and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as war.



GRUMMAN GUARDIAN OF NAVY HUNTER-KILLER TEAM ATTACKS SNORKELING SUBMARINE WITH "HOMING" TORPEDO AS RADOME-EQUIPPED PARTNER STANDS BY.

YOUR NAVY IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB—

BUILDING AN AIR DEFENSE AGAINST SUBMARINES

Early in World War II, allied shipping—our lifeline to troops abroad—was virtually at the mercy of Axis submarines. During 1942, in the Atlantic alone, 219 ships were sunk. Yet two short years later this number had dropped to twenty! The Navy won this battle two ways: detection methods were radically improved and aircraft were teamed up with increased numbers of surface vessels.

Today, America faces an even greater potential menace, for a whole new breed of submarines has now come into being. Bigger, twice as fast, and equipped with "snorkel" breathing devices, they can operate for weeks without surfacing, thus avoiding one trap which doomed their predecessors.

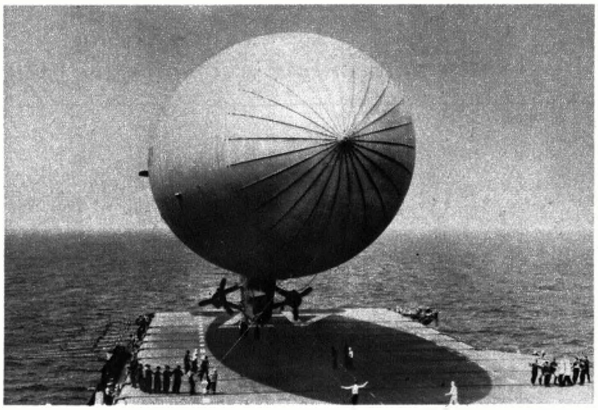
Not only are modern submarines more difficult to detect, but their role has increased enormously. Today's submarines are capable of launching atomic missiles destructive enough to severely damage a city.

Building a defense team against such elusive targets is a long, hard job. First it means endless research to develop super-sensitive detection gear—radar able to pin-point a submarine's snorkel; magnetic devices which locate metallic objects under water; and sonobuoys which "listen" for underseas noise.

Then to employ this complex equipment anywhere in the world, and to destroy submarines after they are located, the Navy and the aircraft industry have had to develop a variety of highly specialized aircraft, including huge, long-range patrol planes, new types of blimps, helicopters, and hunter-killer teams of both land and carrier-based aircraft.

Add to all this the need to train flight crews . . . detection gear technicians . . . ground crews and other highly skilled personnel, and you can see what a tremendously complicated job the Navy is tackling in just this one phase of Air Power.

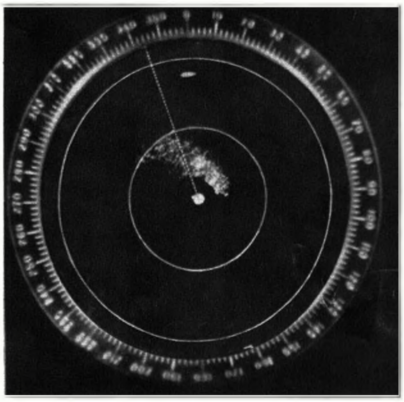
To succeed, the Navy must have public understanding of the time needed to expand Air Power . . . and a recognition of the hard fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained in peace if it is to be relied upon to help prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.



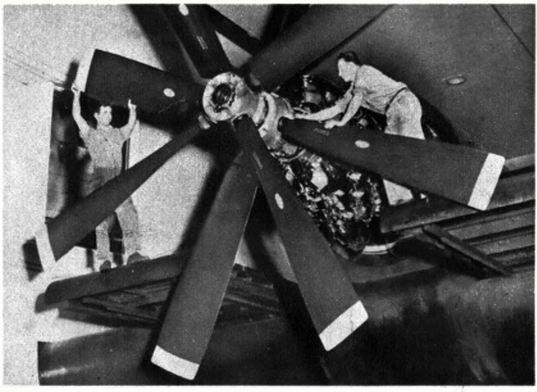
BLIMPS are vital to the Navy's air-sea anti-submarine team. They can remain airborne a week without refueling, fly at slow speeds for spotting and directing air and sea attacks, and have ample space for crew's quarters, bulky depth charges and electronic gear. They can cross oceans with convoys by refueling from carriers and tankers. But many more of the latest high-performance types would be needed for an all-out war.

TRAINING pilots and crews (above, anti-submarine crew at work) is complicated by the large variety of aircraft used, intricate detection equipment which must be operated and maintained, and precise tactical teamwork required for operating with air and sea units. Training has been stepped up, but expert pilots take over a year to train, plus months to season. Radar and sonar technicians need a year of special training.

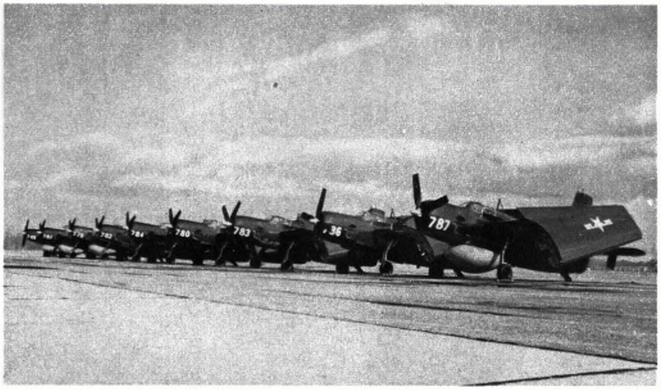
SUB-HUNTING from long-range, land-based patrol planes (above, Lockheed P2V) or from big flying boats, calls for covering vast distances and searching in any kind of weather. Such aircraft, equipped with more than two tons of electronic gear, can detect a surfaced submarine over a 20-mile radius, or the tip of a submarine's snorkel many miles away. Sufficient armament is carried aboard plane to completely destroy a submarine once it has been tracked down.



SURFACED SUBMARINE appears as a tiny "blip" on a patrol plane's radar screen (in photo above, spot at top). Only a skilled radar operator, after a long period of training, can correctly interpret the many images seen.



MODERN aircraft need quantities of complex equipment which take years to design and develop—more years to put into full production. To give you an idea of the great scope of this task, the 8-bladed Hamilton Standard propeller pictured above, being developed for gas turbine engines, is only now emerging from the experimental stage after more than 5 years of continuous work.



EVERY YEAR design and production of aircraft like the Navy's Grumman hunter-killer planes (above) grow more complex, time-consuming. What's more, rapid strides in almost every field of weapons make it urgent that development of advanced aircraft for the future go hand in hand with accelerated production of current types. Only a sound Air Power Policy—and elimination of "stop-and-go" planning—can assure America of the air strength to meet all emergencies.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING

. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

hiding gold on their persons. Canvas-backed vests worn around the abdomen, hatbands, girdles with inner linings, rubber sacks, compartmented underclothing, pillows for "pregnant" women have all been used as hiding places. An apparently hunchbacked newspaperman was arrested at the Belgian border last summer when it was discovered that the hump on his back was a sack containing bootleg gold.

Then there was the Case of the Walking Gold Mine. He was Manfred Fliegel, a businessman who was cleared for passage overseas at La Guardia Field, New York, and was almost inside his plane before customs agents Thomas Duncan and Robert Turner noted that he walked curiously. "He was cold sober and yet he teetered backward like a man who has had a few too many," Duncan said. The two agents took a close look at his shoes; the heels were the thickest they'd ever seen. Fliegel was using his elevator heels as a depository for 150 ounces of gold.

False bottoms of luggage are occasionally employed for larger shipments, but tourist automobiles are an even more popular prop. A sedan that was being loaded aboard the Queen Mary last May tilted so far over to one side as to excite suspicion. A search disclosed that 255 pounds of gold—worth nearly $300,000 on the black market—was tucked away in the gas tank.

The Mary's sister ship, the Queen Elizabeth, also produced an automobile with a grotesque tilt and a dazzling harvest of hidden gold. In this case, the hideaway turned out to be a couple of hollow chambers that had been artfully constructed underneath the rear fenders. The chambers were slashed open and nearly $200,000 in gold bars spewed out. Saul Chabot, owner of the car, got a five-year prison sentence.

Bootleg gold has also been secreted under floor boards of tourist cars, in the upholstery stuffing, in grease drums, in the transmission, and in wells spread around underneath the chassis so as to balance the car. Some smuggling rings prefer to ship their gold in refrigerators, where it replaces the motor. Gold strips and sheets have been inserted inside metal bedposts, food packages, hollowed-out books, typewriter rollers, violins and drum cases. Two members of a touring jazz band were caught by Secret Service men in Detroit with gold sheets in their instrument cases. A St. Louis physician was picked up in Zurich, Switzerland, with 100 ounces of the bootlegged metal in his doctor's bag. The Swiss police caught another smuggler, the same week, who had used an even stranger hiding place—a mahogany coffin supposedly containing a corpse.

Despite the resourcefulness of the Customs Service, customs officials believe that for every gold smuggler caught at a port of exit, from 50 to 100 get away. "There's no conceivable way of checking on *all* the people who go abroad, and particularly on those who have no past criminal records," says deputy commissioner Chester A. Emerick, in charge of customs investigation and enforcement. "Unless you have suspicious circumstances to go on, most of your arrests will be made on the basis of tips you get from informers." The most productive informers are business competitors, ex-wives, ex-employees, jealous neighbors and in-laws, maids, and employees of shipping lines. Informers are paid by the government when their tips pan out.

The obvious question is: "Where does bootleg gold come from?" For, since 1933, it has been illegal for any private citizen in this country to acquire or possess gold in coin or bullion. And although the U.S. owns 60 per cent of the world's supply of gold in bars, no raid on our vast stockpiles at Fort Knox has ever been attempted.

"Most of it is chiseled out of the licensing system the government has set up to supply gold to legitimate industrial, professional and artistic users," explains United States Attorney Myles J. Lane. The system was established long before anybody dreamed it might be perverted by smugglers, and it therefore has loopholes.

A Threat to Freedom

By Louis I. Kaplan

Assistant U.S. Attorney

International racketeers of the past who traded in such "hot items" as white slaves, human aliens, liquor and dope have now been dwarfed by the gold smugglers, whose racket runs into the hundreds of millions each year, and is one of the biggest in the world today. This is no ordinary criminal racket—the smuggling and hoarding of gold poses a very grave threat to the existence of free nations everywhere. The fact that so many of our "better citizens" are deeply involved in smuggling operations is a frightening commentary on our times. This article on the subject spotlights the fact that the gold racket may become a potent weapon in the hands of the Communists. It is a timely warning that if we fail to exercise the most careful vigilance, the Communists can use this weapon to destroy first our allies, and finally ourselves.

It is legal for manufacturers to use gold in jewelry- and watch-making, for factories to use it to plate and gild frames, or for dentists to fill teeth with it. The usual procedure they follow for obtaining gold is to buy it from government-licensed refineries which have bought fine gold from U.S. Assay offices or the mint and alloy it into the form of bars, sheets and strips for industrial purposes. The refineries pay the legal rate of $35 an ounce plus one fourth of one per cent for government profit. Buyers of more than 35 ounces of gold must have a license. For a quantity of less than 35 ounces, only an affidavit, stating how the gold will be used, is necessary. When the bootleg gold bug bites industrial consumers, they begin to divert their supply of gold to the smuggling trade. Why make jewelry for relatively small profits when you can amass lush bonanzas by selling to black market buyers abroad?

Approximately $100,000,000 in gold was supplied to industrial buyers during the past year and prosecutor Kaplan estimates that more than half of it was used in bootleg traffic. Some smuggling rings have forged licenses to obtain gold from refineries over and above their normal allotments. Others don't even bother to make jewelry, but run their establishments as fronts.

A Los Angeles company was found

to have equipment so inferior it couldn't have turned out a paste necklace. A watchcase firm in Rhode Island manufactured only a few cases, which it sold at rock-bottom prices. The prices proved its undoing because competitors began to wonder why the firm could sell so cheaply, got wind of its bootleg gold activities and blew the whistle. A Brooklyn bracelet factory which was doing a multimillion-dollar business was found to have equipment rusting from disuse.

Small manufacturers, dentists and artisans who buy no more than 35 ounces of gold at a time don't have to get licenses from the Treasury. Some smugglers buy 35 ounces from one refinery, 35 from another and so on. A dentist in San Diego was thus able to corral enough gold to fill every decayed tooth in the state of California. Instead, he made tremendous profits by sending his gold abroad. A patient learned of the fraud and turned him in.

Too Much Gold on Trinkets

Another ruse is to manufacture cigarette cases, tie clasps, bracelets, chokers, medals, compacts, wristbands and wedding rings so heavily encrusted with gold they obviously aren't intended for consumer use. The articles are sent overseas and the gold is melted down and sold in the black market.

The gold mines in Canada, and to a lesser extent in Colorado and Mexico, have become a secondary fount for the bootleg gold traffic. "High-grading"—i.e., thefts of high-grade ore—has been going on in Canada for generations. Because of the booming demand for black market gold, rich mines in northern Ontario and Quebec are now being looted of millions of dollars each year by the men who work there.

"Most of the miners have a funny idea about high-grading," says Inspector Charles W. Wood of the Ontario Provincial Police. "They figure their work is dangerous and that the gold is in the ground anyway. So long as people thousands of miles away are offering big money for gold, why not keep some nuggets for themselves instead of turning them all over to the company? These same miners would call you a dirty thief if they saw you stealing bread from a grocery store."

Obviously, Canada's amateur criminals are afflicted with the same blind spot about law and morality as our U.S. smugglers. They also exercise a comparable ingenuity in pursuit of their thievery. Raw nuggets are brought up from the underground in specially built false teeth, inside bars of soap, plugs of tobacco, the false bottoms of lunch pails, and even tucked away in locks of hair. When the miners have accumulated enough ore, they sell it to small, illicit refiners, who pound it into masses called "buttons." Runners carry the "buttons" across the border, where representatives of the American smuggling rings buy them, melt them into bars and bricks and then smuggle them out to be sent to their final destination abroad.

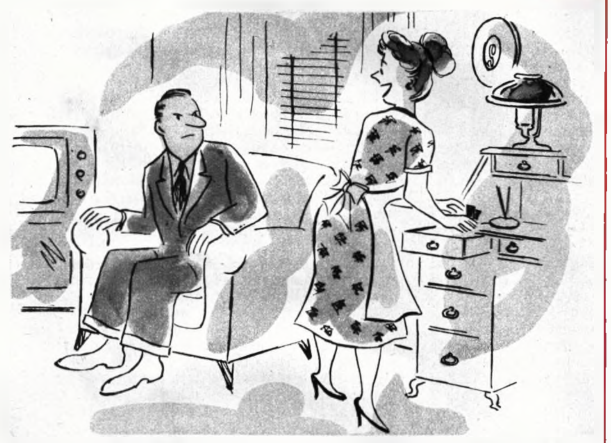
Many of the border couriers are actually commuters who live in Canada and work on the U.S. side. In their daily trips between countries, they have come to know the guards so well they no longer have to undergo even routine checks.

Women are frequently used as runners and their most popular hiding place seems to be the brassiere. Customs men refer to them as "bosom smugglers." "If we could get away with stopping every big-bosomed woman who crosses the Canadian border into the U.S., there's no telling what a gold harvest we might find," one customs man told me.

Because high-grading is an old institution in Canada, the country has its gangs of professional gold robbers. Newly poured gold bars have been stolen from mines, people who have stumbled onto illicit refineries have been bludgeoned to death, and men believed to have double-crossed confederates in the racket have vanished without trace.

The day-to-day nugget thefts are not as dramatic as the crimes of the professionals, but they are so widespread as to account for the greatest volume of Canadian smuggling. Thus it is the "good citizen" in Canada as well as in the States who is responsible for the proportions that the bootleg-gold operation has reached.

U.S. customs men are working hard and ingeniously to dam the flood of bootleg gold to Europe. But they need help—help from the government through the tightening of gold-control regulations, and help from the citizen, who should realize that the smugglers of gold are playing the Communists' game. ▲▲▲



"I told you those baseball tickets you were looking for last week would turn up one of these days!"

COLLIER'S DORIS MATTHEWS

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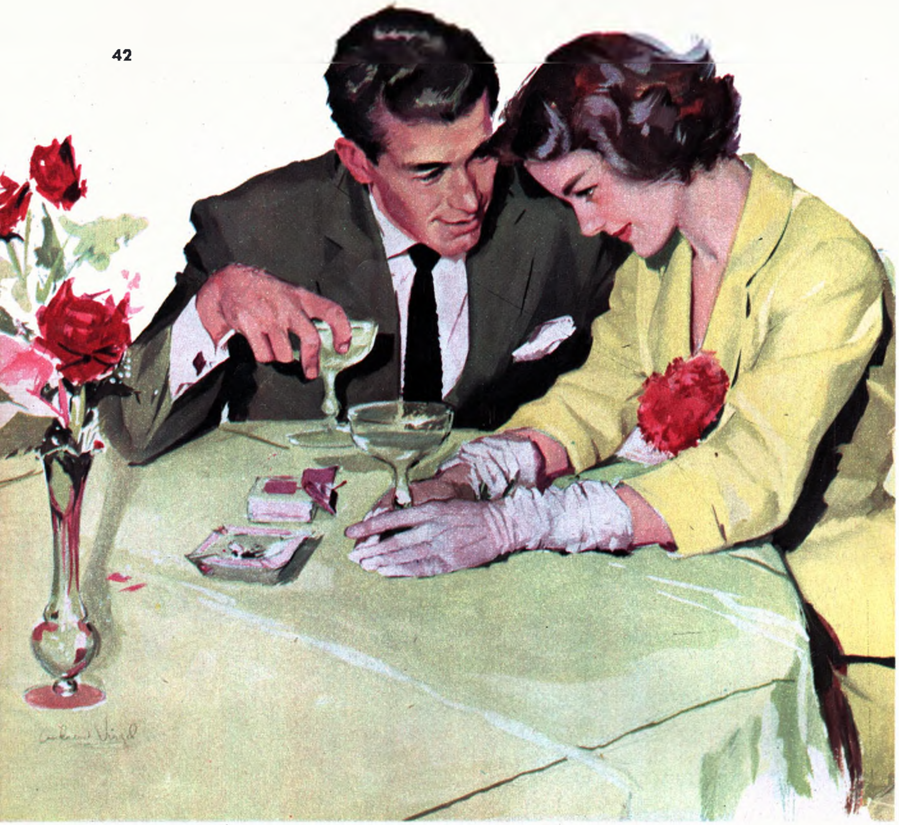


ANDREW VIRGIL

She looked down at her hands so her eyes wouldn't be on the couple she was talking about

Double Solitaire

By JOHN CLARE

THIS dinner, which they both had wanted to be gay, had started well, with a fine, light feeling that even sparkled at times like a girl's eyes when she looks over the edge of a wineglass at the man she loves. But now the mood had changed.

He stirred uneasily and leaned his head back until it rested lightly on the cool curve of the padded leather. He was a pleasant-looking young man, twenty-two perhaps, with dark hair and lean cheeks that probably had been chubby not so many years ago. The girl settled her shoulders a little primly and sat up straight. She smoothed the fingers of her glove, although they certainly didn't need it, and clasped her hands on the edge of the table before her. "You're not going to fall asleep?" she asked, looking straight ahead.

He sighed. "Nope. I was just wondering if I should take you home now. That train doesn't go for three hours yet. You shouldn't be going home late at night alone."

"I can take care of myself," she said, raising her chin a trifle. "After all, I'm as old as you are." She looked around the restaurant. "Besides, I thought you wanted to stay for the floor show."

He turned and looked for a moment at her profile, framed by her dark hair. "That's another half hour. That's what I meant when I said—" He sat up. "I guess we shouldn't have eaten so soon, but I was hungry."

"So I noticed. Your appetite was remarkably good—considering."

"Now," he said, drawing the word out as he made a small suppliant gesture with his hands. "Just because I was able to eat my dinner . . ." He shook his head once. "Look, we don't *have* to stay here, you know. We can go someplace else."

"No, we'll stay. You wanted to hear this singer," she said in a small, resigned voice.

"Honestly—" he began, and then scratched his head with a single stab of his broad fingers. They sat without speaking. When a couple passed them, moving slowly down the narrow aisle between the tables, he leaned toward her and whispered.

The girl inclined her head reluctantly. "Buyer," he repeated. "Des Moines, I'd say. Two kids. The girl's in high school."

The girl followed the couple with her eyes and when she turned back she was smiling a small, cool smile. "Really," she said.

The boy was grinning now and he shifted a little closer to her. "Sure," he said. "That's not a hard one to figure out; now that I'm practically a big businessman I'll look like that in a few years. The babe with him is a model from one of the dress houses he went to this afternoon. They'll have the *filet mignon*. With mushrooms. This one is on the expense account."

The girl sniffed lightly. "Model?" she said. "She's no model. Didn't you see her come in? Too hippy for a model. Probably a saleswoman from a dress firm."

He was still grinning. "You think so? Well, maybe you're right. You're usually right. Me, I guess I'm just a nice, clean type. I always look at their faces."

"Oh, sure," she said mockingly.

"That's right," he said quickly, his voice rising swiftly in the wake of her spirits. "Say, why don't we have a bottle of champagne? Smarten us up. This is an occasion; besides, we can't do our best snooping on coffee."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

WHEN the waiter came with the wine, they each took a cautious sip from their glasses and sat back. The girl looked down the restaurant and then turned to him. Her voice had a sudden gay note that sounded as though it might have come with the champagne.

"That man with the woman with the big hat, two tables down from the buyer. He's a teacher in a business college. The woman with him writes novels about people with names like Roger and Ann. They haven't seen each other since they were in college and she's asking him whatever became of him. If he asks her the same question she'll probably get mad and bounce an ash tray off that bald head of his because he hasn't read her books," she said.

The boy shook his head. "You're good at the game, but not that good. There's absolutely nothing but a few pencils in his vest pocket to suggest that he's a teacher in a business college or any other kind of college. Lots of people carry pencils."

The girl was looking down at the bubbles slowly threading through the wine while she slowly turned the stem with her fingers.

"All right then," she said slowly, "let's see how good *you* are."

"Well, in the first place—"

"No," she said. "How about that young couple over there?"

He looked across at them quickly and then turned to her, shaking his head and speaking with great deliberation. "Aw, them," he said scornfully.

She looked up quickly. In the soft line of her lips, drawn suddenly tight, there was a suggestion of a tremor.

"What's wrong with them?" she asked. Without waiting for him to answer, she continued, "*I'll* tell you about them."

He leaned back. "Okay, who are they? What are they like?"

"Well, they're just a young couple who have gone around together for years, ever since they met in college. And they've always had lots of fun."

"Uh-huh," he grunted.

"The boy is a very fine guy—most of the time, that is—just getting his start in the world." She was speaking more quickly now. "He's fond of the girl, I think. I know she loves him. But in some ways he's a little immature, a little selfish too, perhaps, because he doesn't think it would be right to tell her how he feels at a time when nothing seems secure."

She was looking down at her clasped hands so her eyes would not be on the couple she was talking about.

"That could be a lot of people," he said.

"Maybe," she said. "I don't know why I should get worked up about these people. It's just that—"

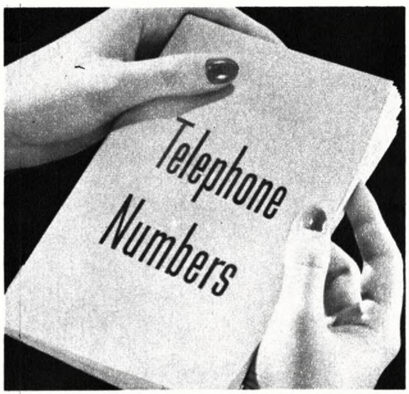
"Go on," he said quietly.

She paused and then raised her head. "He should know by this time that she's the kind of girl who has to know she's loved. He should know that by trying *not* to hurt her he's hurting her very much. Why, if she knew she were loved, nothing would matter. Nothing at all. It wouldn't matter that he was going out West to take his first real job. It wouldn't matter even if he were drafted into the Army or something before they saw each other again." She shook her head. "It wouldn't matter at all. Just so long as she knew."

At that moment the lamps along the wall dimmed and the spotlight on the tiny shelf of a stage by the piano came up brightly, leaving the boy and the girl in such a dark shadow that no one noticed when he put an arm around her and kissed her. The shadow was so dark that, even when they sat back, her hand in his, the two of them could no longer see themselves in the big mirror they faced across the restaurant.

Collier's SHORT SHORT

A list like this



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

EVERY year at about this time, glory descends upon the woodlands of the northern and eastern sections of the United States. The brilliant foliage—especially of such trees as maple, oak and birch—is extolled, sighed over, delighted in. But few who pause to study the annual display realize it is a phenomenon almost entirely confined to temperate North America. The kaleidoscope of autumn is something nature has, in largest measure, reserved for us. In our segment of the earth, climate, chemistry and botany combine perfectly to produce trees whose leaves color brilliantly before they fall. But though the explanation is simple, our reactions to the phenomenon are not. We consistently think of it as a miracle. And here, on the opposite page, William Chapman White, author, columnist and long-time observer of fall's spectacle in the Adirondack Mountains, puts into words the inspired mood most of us enjoy when the trees change their greenery for grandeur.

ADIRONDACK MAGIC

Nature's special gift to North America is autumn foliage more brilliant than any other in the world

THE great chemistry of autumn begins in the warm days and the chill nights which signal summer's end. After the first thin frost, there is a morning when a branch of maple at the edge of the woods shows scarlet. Then, in the next eight weeks, through the spice of October, peaks and slopes, valleys and lake shores change with a widening crescendo of color.

All summer the maples blended with the birch, poplar, spruce and pine into sheets of green on the hillsides.

Now they stand out, one by one at first, then as a broad splatter of reddened trees. A few maple leaves begin to fall: the Adirondack people say that means a frost within a week.

Frost comes. The color change rushes to its deep climax. Poplar, birch and tamarack add brown and gold. But if the previous months have been moist, it is the maple that sets the hills afire from ridge to ridge. By October the Adirondack world, on high hill and lowland, is a wild red world, red with all the reds from maroon to madder to vermilion. Even the broad swatches of green pine and darkening spruce are subdued by the reds that flame among them.

The autumn sky above the clear, cold waters of the thousand lakes is infinite blue by day. A southwest wind stirs streaks of foam and sends whitecaps surging to the sandy beaches and against the ancient rocks. The lakes, so alive with visitors just a few weeks before, have no life on them. Even the loons that rode the waves all summer long are gone.

A heavy frost sets the distant mountain peaks shining white against the high blue sky. At sunset they turn lilac. The reds on the hillsides below deepen under the violet of the early twilight.

The woods are noisy with the rustle and crackle of drying leaves. Men walk them idly with an eye out for deer tracks that can mean good hunting in a few weeks. The deer in new velvet leave the ridges for greener fodder in the swamps and swale. The fat bear, their cubs gone their own way, come through the gray-bearded fireweed and rusty bracken of a deserted farm to search for crab apples and a last meal of the year.

The peak of mad color in the woods may hold for a week, until the maple leaves fade and fall from the treetops. They fall slowly at first, then swirl down in torrents, and the branches show gaunt against the bright sky.

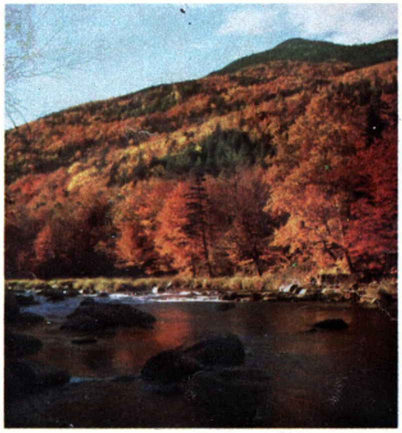
Yet, a small spell of glory is left. For just a few days in mid-October, as the reds of the maples go, the yellow and gold of birch and poplar take over. For these days the Adirondack world is a golden one. Its light seems to come from inside the woods as much as from the sunlight on them.

That goes. Hills turn darker green again, under pine and spruce. The woods stand bare, waiting the first snow. They will not wait long.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

"Birch adds brown and gold . . ."

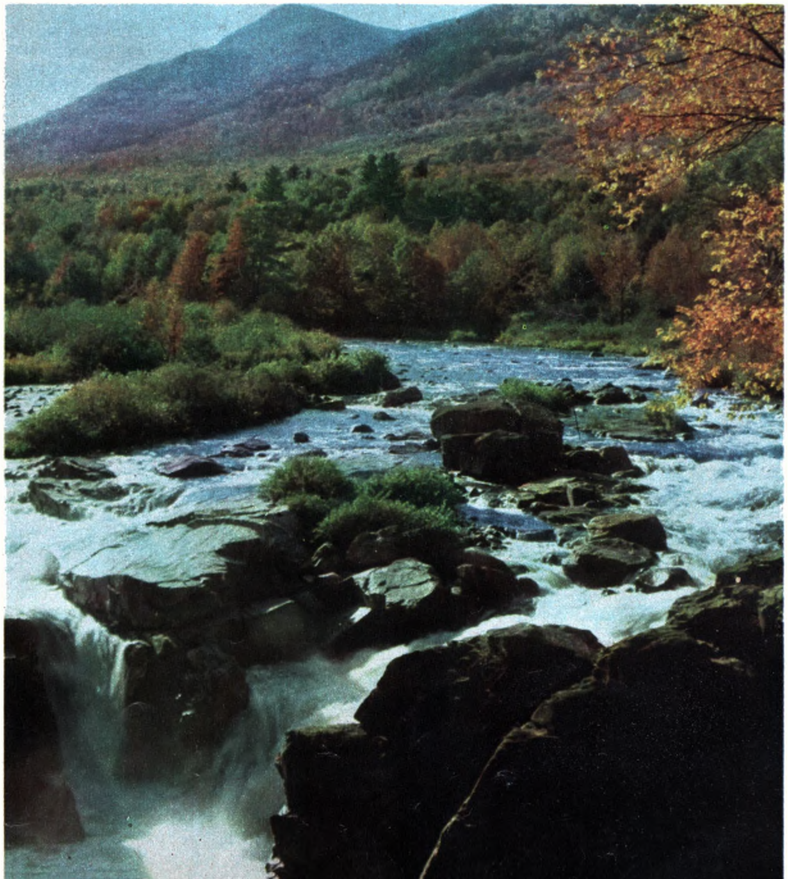
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLAND PATTERSON

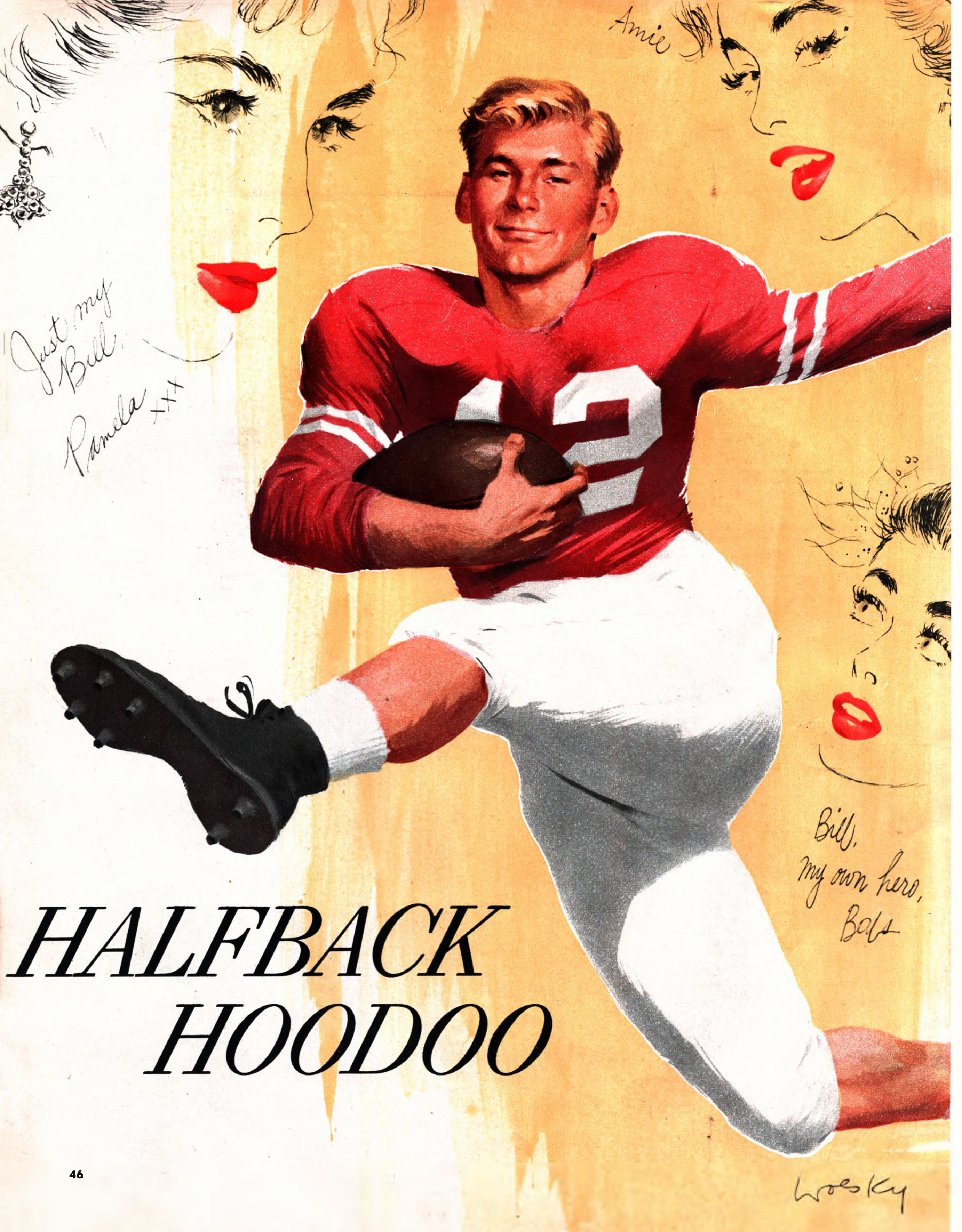


"Maple sets hills afire from ridge to ridge . . ."

"The color change rushes to its deep climax . . ."

"High hill and lowland . . . peaks, slopes and valleys change with a widening crescendo of color"




Amie
Just my Bill. Pamela xxx
Bill, my own hero, Bobs
12

HALFBACK HOODOO

to Bill,
with love,
Judie
Penny

I'm the Great Man's best friend. I have the honor of lending him clothes and running his errands. Now I'm to have the honor of giving him my girl

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

I HAD hurried back to the library after football practice and was wheeling a cart of books through the college library stacks when I thought I heard a mouse. I rounded a corner and here was this girl sniffling. When she saw me, she pretended to be blowing her nose and stared studiously at the book she held in her other hand. The only trouble was that the book was upside down.

I'd have ducked, but she'd seen me. The light was dim there in the stacks, but the girl looked pretty cute, although maybe cute was not the word because she was dark-haired and about five feet seven and maybe regal would be a better word, although no girl can look regal bawling her head off.

I tried putting my books away in the half-dark, and the girl took pity on me. She blew her nose again, wiped her eyes and turned on the light switch so I could see what I was doing. "Hello," she said. "This is the first time I've ever seen you without Bill Gunnison."

"I work here," I said, "and books are not exactly Bullet Bill's dish."

"You play left tackle on offense," the girl said, and I almost dropped my books. With the two-platoon system in effect, the linemen are just guys running on and off the field confusing people.

"How did you ever find it out?" I said, gazing at her in admiration, and suddenly she had to resort to her handkerchief again.

Bullet Bill Gunnison would have known what to do. In addition to being the best halfback in the conference, he was handy with girls. I could picture him putting an arm around her and turning on the charm. I just stood there with a book in each hand. She really had possibilities, I thought. But I was spoiled because while she might be quite a hunk of woman, she was no Gloria. I tried a grin on her, and in a moment she began telling me her troubles. People were always telling me their troubles: Bullet Bill; the football coach, Dutch Wehlin; and Bill's girl Gloria.

This girl's name was Betty Deane. She was a transfer at Midwestern from Crampton Teachers College who had got lost in the shuffle. I guess Crampton had three hundred and some students. Betty had yearned for bigger things and come here after two years. She hadn't made a sorority and she had reached the point where she was convinced her clothes were wrong, her face was wrong, and why hadn't she been born a man?

I got a notion and said, "How about going to the dance with me this Saturday? There are fifteen thousand students here and what happened to you is common tragedy, but it won't last. I'll pick you up at the dorm at eight thirty."

I went on about my chores, not too happy thinking about Gloria and about the team, which was riding for a fall. Heading back to the fraternity in time for supper, I was halted a block away when a car pulled up beside me and coach Dutch Wehlin looked pessimistically out at me.

"What did you think of the Great Man today?" he said.

"It was just a scrimmage," I said. "There weren't any coeds in the stands. He'll be all right Saturday."

"You've roomed with him for four years," Wehlin said. "Can't you figure a way to light a fire under him?"

"I got a very big idea," I said. "A secret weapon. How about my stealing his girl?"

It was supposed to be a gag, but Wehlin gave me a blank look and drove off.

I WENT on to the fraternity and when I got to the second floor the telephone rang. I scooped it off the table and got shivers when I heard Gloria's voice. I remembered when we were freshmen in English 47. We'd seen her at the same time, but Bill had moved faster. He always did; he was a backfield man.

"Is Bill Gunnison there?" Gloria said, and I got the old ache, wondering what it would be like having a girl like that call you up.

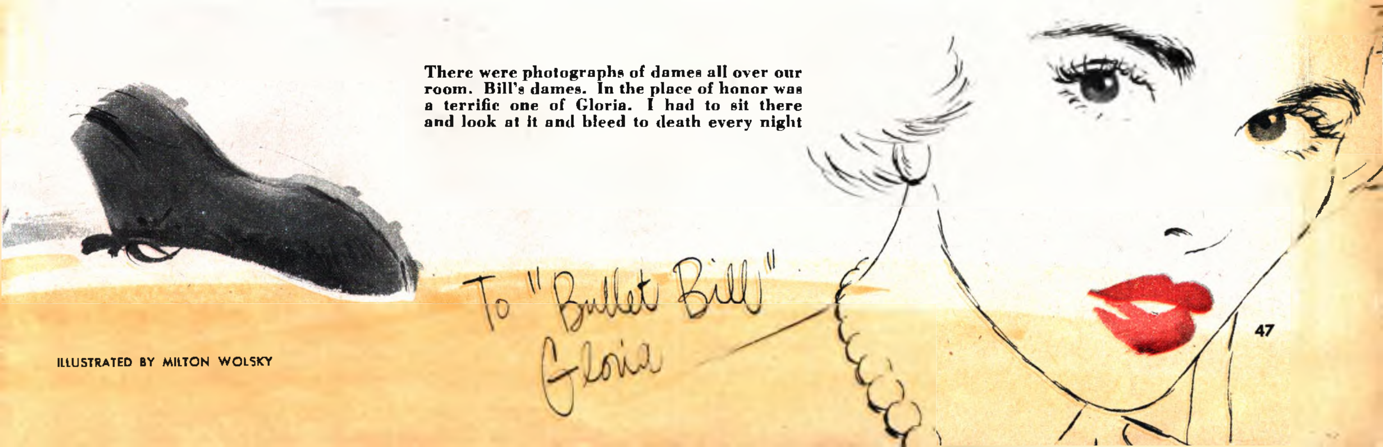
"The name sounds familiar," I said, "but I can't place him. Hold on."

Just then Bill came out of our room with a towel around his middle. It was my towel; I'd swiped it when we went East to play Penn. "Hiya, George," he said. "Who is it—the ball and chain?"

I handed him the telephone and went on into our room. After a couple of minutes, I heard him say, "See you Saturday, baby. And, oh yeah, get a friend for George."

I remembered Betty Deane and poked my head out the door. "From now on, I'm bringing my own friends," I

Love, Love,
Madeline



There were photographs of dames all over our room. Bill's dames. In the place of honor was a terrific one of Gloria. I had to sit there and look at it and bleed to death every night

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

said. "Believe it or not, I have one."

There were photographs of dames all over our room. Bill Gunnison's dames. On his desk in the place of honor was a terrific picture of Gloria. I had to look at it and bleed to death every night.

"You had lead in your pants this afternoon, Superman," I said, when Bill came back. "Wehlin's getting ulcers."

"Don't worry, kid," Bill said. "I'll make him look good Saturday."

I counted slowly up to ten. He was big, but I was bigger; it was barely possible that I might be able to throw him through the window and bounce him down the hill. It would be fun to try, but I couldn't do it. Good halfbacks are not expendable.

I picked up the paper, and Bill said, "Anything exciting today?"

"An article about you," I said.

"What's it say?" Bill was standing in front of my closet, trying to decide which of my ties to wear.

"Gunnison highly overrated," I lied. "Pick out the tie you spilled gravy on last night. Let's eat."

We went downstairs, and there were three new faces in the living room—freshmen we hoped to pledge. As president of the fraternity, I greeted them and put them through the standard Gunnison routine we had devised. This was to plant Bullet Bill under the chandelier with his hands hooked in his vest pockets so his gold football was clearly visible. We led the freshmen up to him and said casually, "Meet Bullet Bill Gunnison, one of our members." Then we took them off into a back room and put pledge buttons in their lapels before they recovered from the shock.

AFTER dinner, I went back to our room; Bill came in to go through his fan mail. "History, pal," I said, and pushed the mash notes aside. "We have an exam tomorrow." Bill slept in history class while I took notes. I put Gloria's photograph face down on the desk. "History," I said firmly, and thought suddenly of Betty Deane.

"I ran into a nice kid today, a transfer," I said. "She didn't get a sorority bid. How about talking to Gloria?"

"Sure," Bill said. "Tomorrow."

"Right now," I said. "Be a big halfback. See if you can get to the telephone without tripping over your big feet."

"Boy, we're rugged today," Bill said, but he got up. "Who's this babe?"

He went out to the telephone, came back, and said, "Gloria will have someone call this girl tonight. They'll have her over for a look-see tomorrow. You feel like going to the movies?"

"I do," I said, "but I have to tutor you. I have to sacrifice myself for the glory of Midwestern."

That took care of our evening routine. The next morning we had another which began with our meeting Gloria after breakfast in front of her sorority. It was standard procedure, walking to class with Gloria between us. From a distance, maybe nobody could tell she was Bill's girl. I was very close to her; I knew it, all right.

"Hello, Bill," she said. Very casual with Bill. "How are you this morning, George?" The big smile and the maple-sirup voice for me. She was very nice to the friend of the boy friend.

"Who's this girl you want our sorority to rush, George?" she said. "Don't tell me it's serious. You'll break my heart."

A couple of years before, I'd gotten notions when she talked that way. Being a dumb lineman it took me a while to figure out that this was technique for the benefit of Bill.

"Oh, just another female admirer—" I said.

And so we went to class. Shuffling across the campus later in the morning, I bumped into Betty, who stopped and hailed me.

"I'm invited to a sorority for dinner tonight," she said, excited as a kid. "You did it. You're wonderful, but I'm scared."

"They'll love you even if you eat peas off your knife," I said. "But don't thank me. Bill Gunnison pulled the strings. He called his girl. Gloria—"

"The blonde bombshell," Betty said. "I've seen her."

"That's right," I said. "Bill's girl."

I must have a mug like the front page of a tabloid. Betty stared at me. "So it's like that," she said. "But you're always with them. Why? What are you—a bodyguard?"

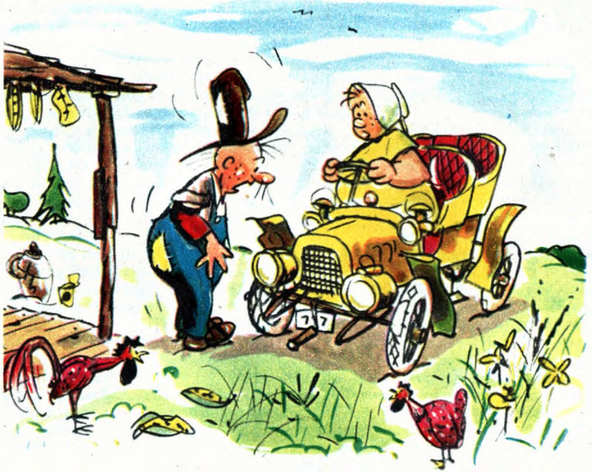
"I spy on them. Better get to class," I said. "See you Saturday night."

"I'll be watching you Saturday afternoon," she said.

That would be nice. With a pair of high-powered binoculars she might be able to see me. Anyway, it was much more fun to watch Bill Gunnison.

At least it should have been fun. But when Saturday came, it was not so good. It was supposed to be a breather before the State game, but at the end of the first half, it was scoreless. Dutch Wehlin peeled us down to the bone in the locker room, and we went out again, started pressing, and got an attack of the jitters. In the backfield, Bullet Bill Gunnison did a good imitation of a man going nowhere and it could have been because of the blocking. I didn't think it was that bad but I was a prejudiced witness.

KENNESAW



"When did you put that new dent in the old one?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

WE WERE on defense when the fourth quarter started, and I was on the bench next to Wehlin. He was saying things about Bill that would have shocked Bill's mother no end.

"He'll come through," I said. "He always has." And the next play made me the world's most successful prophet.

Our opponents, out to break the deadlock, fired a long pass, and Bill came out of nowhere to intercept the ball on our twenty. His blockers, out of position, were slow to pick him up, and it was a sight to see.

Somebody grabbed him and got a piece of his jersey, somebody else got one of his pumping knees under the chin and was *hors de combat*. He let another man have a hip, then pulled it away and was across the forty-yard line. A block by Zymanski at that point gave him another ten yards, and that was all he needed. He went the rest of the route unaccompanied for the touchdown, and we had seven points after the kick.

Bill came trotting in and looked at Wehlin, who was limp. Bill flopped beside me. "How'm I doin'?"

"Keep it up, kid, and you might get your letter," I said, pounding his back.

That was the final score. Wehlin moaned in the locker room about the coming State game but nobody cared much at that point.

After dinner we dressed for the dance, Bill borrowing one of my shirts and shaving with my razor, which was all right except he never cleaned it. I would have said something but I thought of that eighty-yard run.

"Pick up your date and meet us at the sorority," Bill said.

I waited for Betty in the lobby of the women's dorm. I was a little stunned when she came down. She didn't look as though she'd ever gone to Crampton Teachers College.

"The sorority pledged me the other night," she said. Her eyes were sparkling. "I think they're wonderful girls." Her look changed. "Most of them," she said. "There's one or two—"

"We're going over there now to meet Bill and Gloria," I said.

"Oh," she said, looking surprised. "A foursome. What are we going to do—play bridge? Or just listen to Bill?"

"This is a very big deal for you tonight, Betty," I said. "You're going out with Bill Gunnison."

"I thought I was going out with you."

She was certainly a different girl from the one I'd found in the stacks.

"If you're seen with him," I said, "you're made at Midwestern."

I took her out to a cab, and she said, "He wasn't getting off a dime this afternoon. If you ask me, we'll be murdered next Saturday."

"This you learned at Crampton Teachers College?" I said. "They play this kind of football?"

"The difference is only in degree," she said loftily.

We had the cab wait outside the sorority and went in. The place was jumping, and I said hello to all the girls.

"You must like to explore the field," Betty said, eying me.

"Well," I said, "Bill and I double-date and Gloria usually gets a date for me. I've dated all these girls, one time or another."

"When do you think you'll be big enough to get your own dates?" Betty said.

Before I could slap her down for that crack, Bill sauntered in and fought his way through the throng. I introduced him to Betty. "Hi," she said casually, as though he had just come in to shake down the furnace. Gloria kept us waiting ten minutes.

WE WENT out to the cab. Betty and Gloria and Bill sat on the back seat. I sat on the jump seat which is not exactly a chaise longue when you weigh two hundred and five pounds. I always sat on the jump seat. I looked at Betty, and the way she was staring at me, I knew she knew I always sat there.

"Like the game this afternoon, Betty?" Bill said.

"I loved it," Betty said. "Tell me something, Bill." Her voice was sweet enough to thaw a deep freeze. "Why is it every time the coach took you out, you took off your helmet when you ran in to the bench? I didn't see anyone else do it."

There was a pregnant silence in the cab. Betty winked solemnly at me, and Bill roused up and peered around Gloria at her. Then he looked at me. "Where'd you say this girl came from, George?"

"Crampton Teachers College."

"Must be quite a place," Bill said.

We got out at the Union and went inside and upstairs to the dance floor. I danced with Betty and said, "What are you trying to do—blow yourself up?"

"I'm just trying to learn," Betty said innocently. "It struck me that the reason he did it was so that every coed could look at his beautiful blond hair and get a thrill. But I thought maybe I was doing him an injustice. Maybe he had a headache from the pressure of the helmet. I thought it only fair to give him a chance to explain."

"Well, you better be careful. I didn't like the look in Gloria's eye."

"You're supposed to be watching the look in my eyes tonight, not Gloria's," she said. "Of course, if it's painful—"

"It's not," I protested. "I think you're a wonderful girl, I really do. But you know how I feel about Gloria."

"Well, why don't you do something about it?" she said. "Don't kowtow. Don't sit on the jump seat. Take her away from him."

"That's like taking gold away from Fort Knox," I said. "Let's not talk about Bill and Gloria."

"Fine," she said. "You were very good out there this afternoon."

I was sure she didn't know if I was or wasn't, but all the same I lapped it up.

It was quite an evening. I danced with Gloria later, and finally we ended up with a gang at Pete's for hamburgers and coffee. At twelve thirty, curfew time, I stood with Betty outside the dorm.

Betty had been quiet coming home. Then she said, "I'm sorry if I needled you tonight, because I had a lovely time."

"So did I," I said, thinking of all the dates Gloria had arranged for me. This had been different and very nice.

"We'll do it again," I said. "Good night, Betty," and I leaned forward to apply the good-night kiss. She ducked adroitly and I missed contact and almost lost my balance.

"Nobody's kissing me good night and pretending he's kissing some blonde," she said, and ran inside the dorm.

I walked back to the fraternity and found Bill there ahead of me, climbing into a pair of my pajamas.

"Why do I take my helmet off when the coach takes me out?" he said. "She made a couple of cracks on the dance floor, too. Never mentioned that eighty-yard run. She asked me about that first-quarter fumble. There's something about that girl."

He had lipstick on his cheek, and I couldn't take it. "Come on, butter-fingers," I said, "let's hit the sack."

We had the big game, the one with State, coming up, and it was going to be a rugged week. I walked to class mornings with Bill and Gloria and pondered Betty's words. On Wednesday afternoon, after a driving rain confined us to a skull session, I was in a campus hangout with Bill and Gloria. I sat across from them in a booth.

An out-of-town newspaperman discovered Bill and wanted an interview. "Take Gloria home for me, will you, pal?" Bill said. "I'll talk to this guy."

"You trust me?" I said, and Bill laughed.

Gloria and I started walking. "I'm so excited about Saturday," Gloria said. "The big game. Won't it be wonderful?"

"I'm excited, too," I said. "I'm so excited I may not even show up on Saturday. I may just go to the movies. It would be nice and peaceful there."

Gloria gave me a playful push. "Silly. Do you want me to get you a date for Saturday? There's a cute little freshman who's dying to meet you."

"No thanks," I said, "I'm through having you get me dates."

"Why, George," she said, "I've tried to do very well by you."

I thought of Betty. "I want to take *you* to a dance," I said, "not somebody you find for me."

Gloria forgot about the State game. We walked along and she smiled up at me. "Why don't you try asking me?"

"That's a hot one," I said. "How about Saturday, for instance?"

"All right, Saturday," she said.

It was like being tackled from behind when you least expect it. "You're not going with Bill?" I said.

"He hasn't asked me," she said. "Oh, he'll probably be around, expecting to find me waiting for him. But he hasn't asked me. I'd love to go with you."

She was looking very pleased with herself. I knew her well enough to realize she loved adding another scalp to her collection, but at least it was an opening.

"And thanks for walking me home."

"The pleasure was all mine," I said, and bent down and kissed her full on the mouth. It should have been the thrill of the century but somehow it misfired. Bill got in the way, I thought, but next time would be better.

"So long, baby," I said, and tilted my hat over my eyes and put my hands in my pockets and walked back to the fraternity like a flash halfback.

BUT by the time I got there, I wasn't so sure. This deal had ramifications. The only honorable course was to tell Bill, in which case he had every right to take a crack at me. And just suppose he broke a hand on my thick head and was out of the State game. Wehlin would come after me with a gun.

In my dilemma, I called up Betty from the fraternity. "I took your advice about Gloria," I said. "I got a very big deal on. I'm taking her to the dance Saturday. The thing is, should I tell Bill now or wait until after the game? What do you think?"

The telephone seemed to go dead. "What do I think?" Betty said in a high voice. "I think a girl who goes out with football players is out of her mind. She deserves anything that happens to her."

She hung up with a bang that rattled my eardrum. I brooded all evening and made my decision finally.

"Bill," I said, "I have a confession to make."

He sat back and laughed. "You've been muttering to yourself all night," he said. "You can't do anything undercover on this campus. At least six coeds were looking out the window when you kissed Gloria. I heard it through the grapevine long ago." He chuckled.

"What's so damn' funny about it?" I said.

"Good old honorable, noble, upright George who could not tell a lie," he said. "They named you right, pal. What's one kiss between friends?"

I let the rest of my speech go, but I didn't forget about it.

Saturday afternoon the State squad came charging out on the gridiron looking big as houses and meaner than wolves. A few minutes later, I was prying my face out of the ground and thinking of nothing but the ball game, which was not good.

We were going nowhere. It was rough to knock yourself out for three downs and find you had made a total of seven yards. While our offensive unit was on the bench, State pounded our left side. They broke through finally, early in the second quarter, for a score, and added a field goal in the last three minutes for a ten-to-nothing lead.

AT HALF time, we went glumly into the lockers, and Dutch Wehlin had put on his let's-not-speak-ill-of-the-dead look. He felt about football players the way Betty did.

Beside me, Bill didn't seem too perturbed. "You dating Betty tonight?" he said. "She's quite a girl. She—"

I decided it was time to bring him up to date and out of dreamland.

"I'm dating Gloria," I said. I gave him a big grin. "I liked kissing her. I want to do it better and more often."

He was leaning back against the locker. Still cocky, he thought I was kidding. He was not amused but he wasn't sore. I pushed the needle a little deeper.

"Don't worry, pal," I said, and put a big-brotherly hand on his shoulder. "Gloria will fix you up with a date. You can sit on the jump seat in the taxi. Just keep out of my way. Okay?"

He pushed my hand away. He was heating up. I hadn't seen Bill get mad in a long time.

"If anyone but you made a crack like that—" he began, and I cut him off.

"You'd do what?" I said. "Start swinging? Gloria can't help you there. You'd be on your own and you're not big enough. What were you planning to do—swat me over the head with your press clippings?"

He came up off the bench, and, stalling for time, I pushed him off balance and laughed at him. He came at me again, but by then Dutch Wehlin was between us.

"Wait until the game's over, George," he said. "Then I'll help you."

I turned and walked out of the locker room, with Bill coming after me. Maybe, just maybe, I thought, I had built a fire under him. The wolves would be on him if he flopped today, but Bill had been too high up in the clouds to realize it. If he came down, my evening with Gloria might not be so good. But it would be nice to win a football game right now. One thing at a time, I thought.

State kicked off to us, a beauty, and Bill brought it out of the end zone. He fumbled on the eight, then fell on the ball back on the five.

I crouched in the line, and he was coming my way. I picked him up on the nine-yard line. We didn't go any farther. He tried again and they hauled him down on the twelve.

We went back into the huddle. The quarterback hesitated, and Bill said, "Three yards. I'll get them."

I took a long breath and on the play I tried to make that hole. It wasn't big, and the secondary came up fast to smack him down. But the nose of the ball was across the fifteen, and Bill got up grinning.

We went upfield that way—like a guy on his hands and knees. And then at mid-field, after we gambled for six inches and made it on fourth down, Bill started doing it the easy way. On an off-tackle reverse, he went for twenty yards. The quarterback passed for the next first down, and four plays later Bill drove between guard and tackle on my side for the TD.

State came back but bogged down. We had tasted blood and were up for them now. We began ripping the line apart, and Bill Gunnison did the rest. We got our second touchdown before the quarter ended and a third, five minutes before the gun, to salt it away.

I didn't see Bill to talk to in the bedlam after the game. At eight that night I found him in our room.

"Great game, Bill," I said. "Now go ahead and take that sock at me."

"I'm too pooped," he said. "You should be too, after the job you did that second half. I guess I've been pretty swell-headed."

I waited a minute. Then I said, "About tonight—"

"I can find my own friends," he said. He gave me his old-time cocky grin. "For Pete's sake, is this your only clean shirt?"

"Take it," I said. If it was my last one, he was welcome.

I called for Gloria and sat beside her in the back of the cab with my arm around her chassis.

We rode to the Union and started dancing. I had danced with her before, of course, but then she had been Bill's girl. It was supposed to be different tonight, but I discovered I didn't have much to talk about. Bill had always been there before and I had looked and admired and silently nursed my sorrow. Now I looked down at Gloria's classic profile and thought I must be crazy to be bored.

I WAS trying to figure that out when Bill said, "Hi, fellas," and danced past us with Betty in his arms. She had her head on his shoulder and she gave me an enigmatic smile that landed like a bomb.

"What are you scowling about?" Gloria said.

I could see Bill and Betty up ahead. I bumped into people trying to keep them in sight and finally I lost them.

"Ouch," Gloria said, when she got an elbow in the ribs. "What's the matter with you, George?"

"Matter is," I said, "that guy Gunnison has taken Betty into the lounge. Come on."

We went in through the archway. I saw a couple huddled in a chair and reached down to pry them apart. I had never seen them before.

"What's the idea, wise guy?" the fellow said. Then he said, "Oh, it's George Trask. Great game, George. Did you want something?"

"Wrong number, pal," I said. "Thanks," and I went on around the room with Gloria trailing behind me until I found Bill and Betty on a davenport. Seeing them together scared me more than State's line had.

"Bill," I said, "I wish to make a speech. You're my friend. You're also the best football player I know and I'm proud to be in the line up front of you. But if you don't get up off that davenport, Bill, we'll have to have our fight after all."

He hesitated; then with a little grin he got up. "Come on, blondie," he said, and took Gloria away with him.

"What do you know about that?" I said. "I didn't think he was going to—"

"With a little help," Betty said. "I pushed him."

That started a sensational new train of thought. "You prefer me to sitting in the dark with the Great Gunnison?" I said in awe. I sat down and kissed her before a chaperon could pop out of the woodwork. "Tell me all about it," I said.

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count the blessings of Tampax

The perfecting of Tampax has simplified the whole subject of monthly sanitary protection for women. Read the summing-up that follows and judge for yourself on each of the counts.

1 **No belts or pins are necessary with Tampax—and no outside pads. Because Tampax is *worn internally.***

2 **Each Tampax comes in its own applicator for dainty insertion. Hands need not touch the Tampax.**

3 **No odor or chafing—and Tampax is only a fraction of the size of the external kind. (Disposal very easy.)**

4 **No bulges or "edge-lines" to show through your clothing. It's really good for your social confidence on "those days"!**

5 **The wearer cannot feel the Tampax when it is in place—and she need not remove it while in shower or tub, or in swimming.**

6 **Tampax is based on modern scientific principles. Invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton throughout.**

Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to meet individual needs. A month's supply will slip into purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular TAMPAX
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association

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TAMPAX INCORPORATED C-11-102-X
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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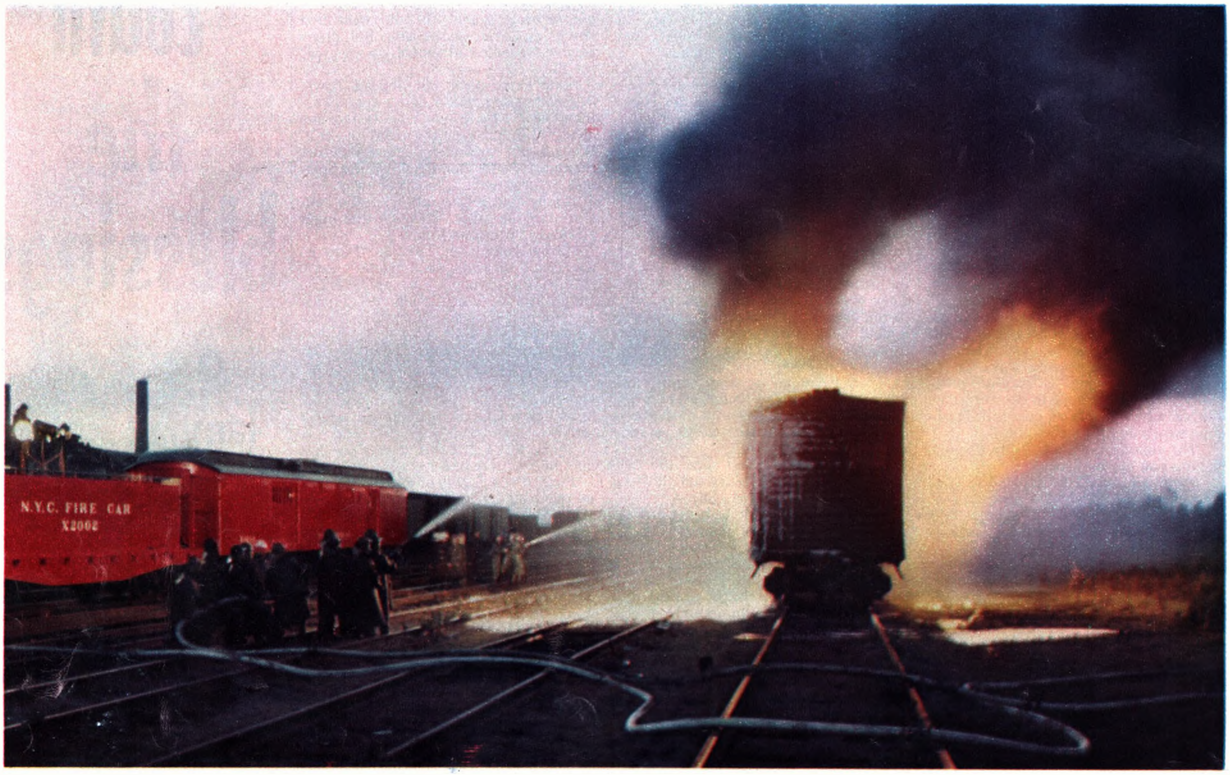


Volunteer fire fighters from New York Central's Albany yards battle boxcar flames with water drawn from best-equipped fire train on the rails

Smoke-Eaters on the

Fire chief George Keegan (l.) checks extinguishers in the equipment car with maintenance man George Reed

DUSK settles over the New York Central System's huge freight yards in Albany, New York. Nearby, 26 double-duty railroad men are relaxing at home, apparently finished with their day's work. Suddenly a siren shrieks shrilly. There's a fire—perhaps a serious one—along the line. For these 26 men, the screaming siren is a call to extra and often hazardous duty. Within seconds they are aboard an unusually equipped three-car train which is always coupled to a locomotive and waiting on a ready track. And within minutes they're aboard the Central's crack fire train, hurtling down the rails toward the blaze at 60 miles an hour.

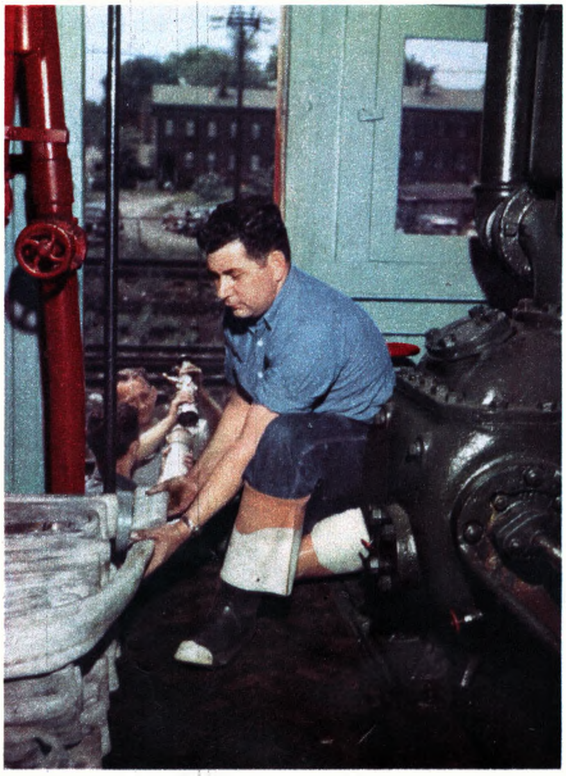
Such a scene, with variations only in time of day, is duplicated in the Albany yards about 20 times a year. The siren may sound because a fire is gutting a string of boxcars near Schenectady, 15 miles northwest, or a storage warehouse at Rensselaer, five miles to the south. The volunteer firemen, all of whom hold regular jobs with the railroad, have raced their fire train to battle everything its hoses can reach, from forest fires to smoldering automobiles.

While many of the nation's big railroads have adapted standard cars to help cope with fires on their property, the Albany fire train is considered the biggest and best-equipped of its kind. Its two tank cars, for example, have a pumping unit which can deliver more than 500 gallons of water a minute. The train also carries large quantities of a chemical which turns liquid to foam. Mixed with the water, the foam created enables the railroad smoke-eaters to keep a steady stream on a blaze for more than three hours.

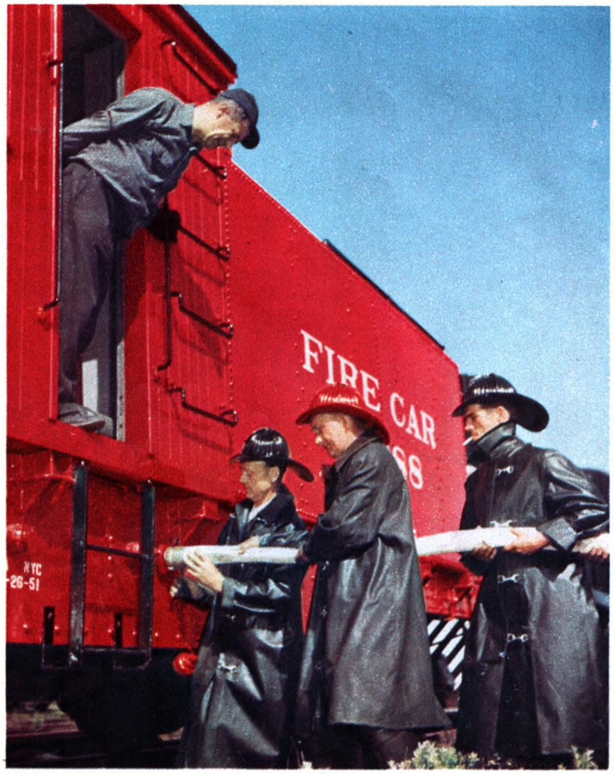
The railroaders ride to and from fires in a converted baggage car which brings up the rear of the train. Except for the absence of the traditional sliding pole, it is a full-fledged fire station on wheels. Jammed to the ceiling, the car contains lockers for the men (they wear the regulation fire helmets, coats and boots), two hoses, 28 fire extinguishers of various types, ladders, asbestos suits, fire axes, first-aid supplies and Civil Defense equipment. Chief George Keegan, who is a Supervisor of Steam Fitters when he isn't leading his fire brigade into action, even has his own desk.

Keegan's firemen often work hand-in-hand with the fire departments of neighboring cities. Since alarms are turned in to the cities, the chief frequently gets his first news of a fire on or near railroad property from city authorities. Whenever a fire is raging close enough to the tracks for the fire train to be used, local officials also call on him for help. Around Albany they know that some railroad firemen don't stoke fires. They put them out.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN



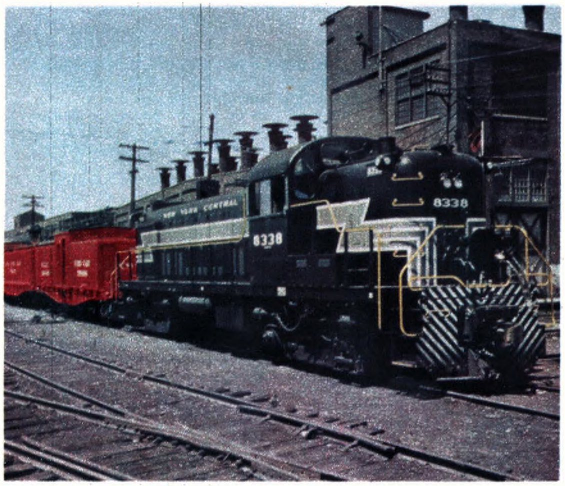
At fire scene George Kross passes out one of train's two hoses


FIRE CAR
NYC
26-51

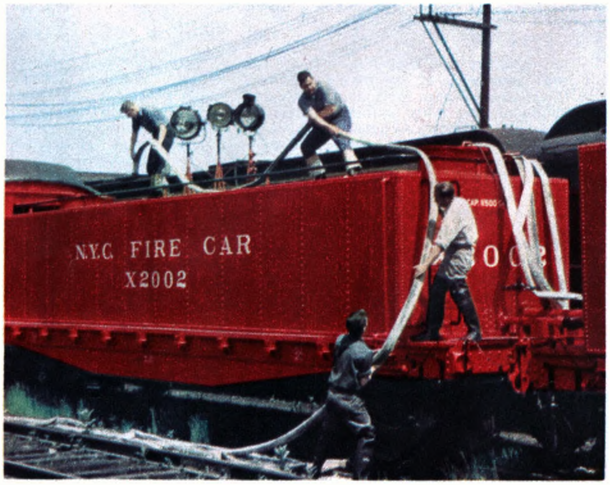
Hose is attached to tank car. Train carries 21,000 gallons of water

Railroad

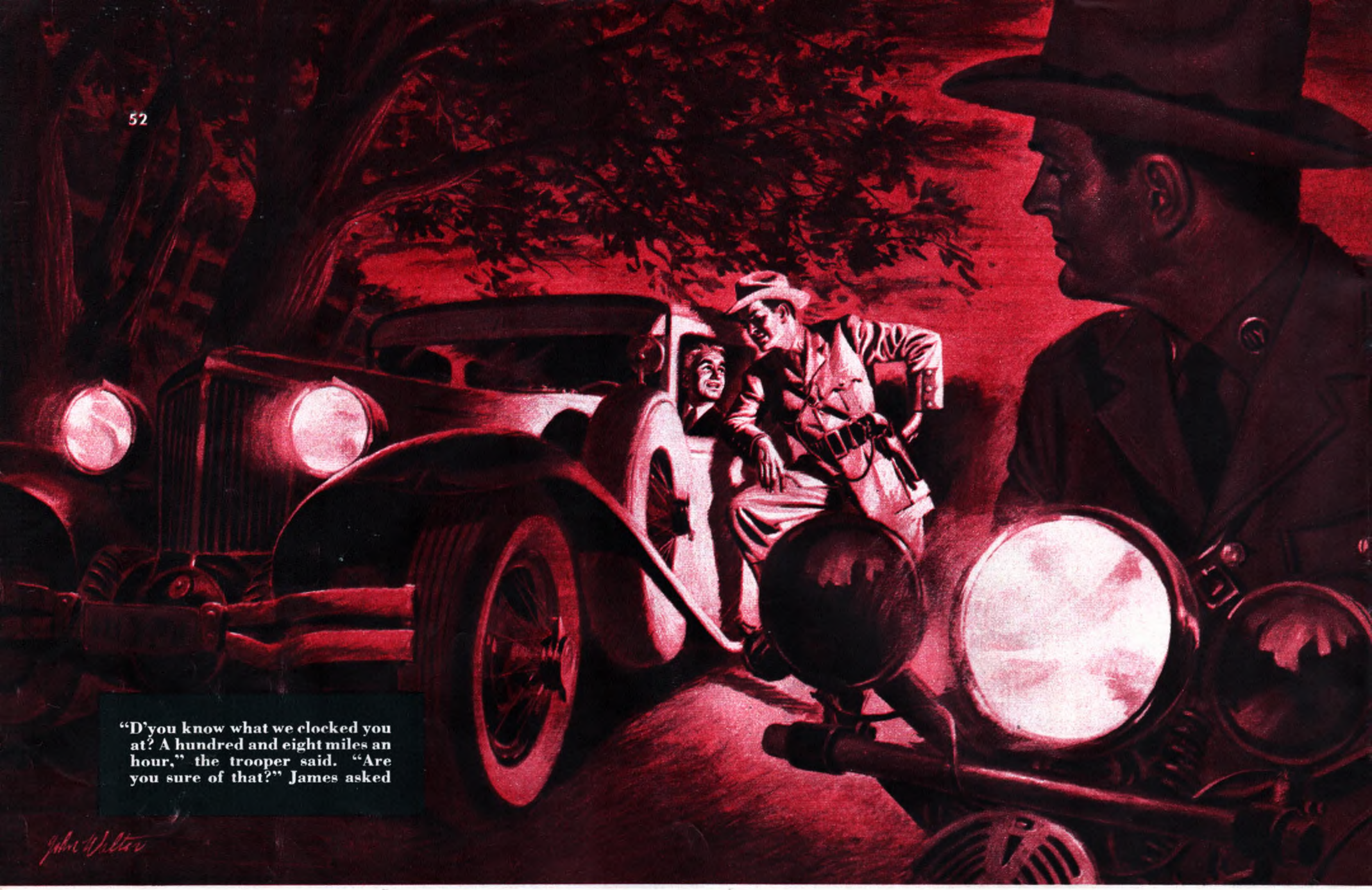
Collier's COLOR CAMERA


NEW YORK CENTRAL
8338

The crack fire train consists of three standard cars adapted for special duty. It's always coupled to a ready-to-leave locomotive


N.Y.C FIRE CAR
X2002

Another job done, the railroad firemen pull up the hoses and get set for the journey home. They get regular rate of pay when on fire duty



"D'you know what we clocked you at? A hundred and eight miles an hour," the trooper said. "Are you sure of that?" James asked

I Own This Dream

James Ellison's family did not understand what the old car meant to him. He hoped they never would

By JOHN F. WALLACE

THE thing began to crystallize in James Ellison's mind when he saw the advertisement. It was a double-page spread in a weekly magazine, and it showed thirty or forty little pictures of automobiles—a car for each year, from the first World War on. It was a kind of history of automobile design; and James Ellison went over the pictures with a rising sense of pleasure as he tried to identify the makes of his youth.

At 1930 he stopped. The car for that year was the Cord, odd and angular in comparison with the streamlines of later years. But to James it seemed beautiful because it was of a beautiful time, and he thought: There was a car. A car like that meant something then.

Everything meant something then. The things you had and the things you couldn't have. Certainly a Cord was something he could never have owned in 1930, but he remembered now that he had wanted one.

One of the things you couldn't have, James thought, and in his mind he isolated the picture of the Cord so that it gleamed up from the page in miniature, colored reality. He imagined himself at the wheel of that twenty-two-year-old car, imagined its mighty horsepower surging through the front wheels instead of the back, drawing him through traffic and out on an endless black ribbon of rain-swept night road. He pressed down on the accelerator, and lights flashed toward him, the lights of other cars that passed in a blur and a thud of speed. The wheel lay lightly in his hands, and the road turned and twisted and leveled into a straightaway, and went on forever.

James was sitting in the living room of his house on Long Island while he daydreamed this. The house had been a daydream once, too, and he and Midge, his wife, had pored over plans and had had long talks with architects. Somehow the plans and the talks had got out of his hands; in the end he had left the whole thing to Midge, and she had never been happy with it.

That was when the children were small. Now Roddy was nearly eighteen, and Helen was sixteen. Midge always said they needed more room; and by imperceptible degrees Roddy had taken over what once had been James's study, and Helen had made the recreation room a territory peculiarly her own. When he finally removed his prints from the study walls and took away his pipes (leaving the pipe rack and the two guns because Roddy liked them), when he finally stopped trying to keep his liquor in the clutter of soft-drink bottles in the recreation-room bar, James knew he was acknowledging something.

Somewhere along the way, the point of his control over each of them had been passed. Surrender had become a habit; perhaps because James's instinct was to be generous, perhaps because he wanted his family to be happy, perhaps because surrender was easiest. There was a kind of freedom in it. But it was a freedom that carried its own unease, its own shame.

He was sitting in the living room because there was no place of his own in the house now, and he was pleasantly driving his imaginary Cord at high speed along a night-empty highway toward another time in his life that could never be found again, when Midge came in and pulled up the Venetian blinds so that strong sunlight flooded across his lap.

"Hey," he said mildly.

"You'll ruin your eyes, reading like that without a proper light," Midge said.

"I wasn't reading," James said.

"Well, what were you doing, then?"

"I was just looking," he said—humorously, but knowing very well what Midge would say to that.

She said it. "It's the same thing," said Midge, who, in all things great and small, twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week, was 100 per cent correct.

"I'll only give you 50 per cent on that," James said. Midge's face flickered with impatience at this whimsey, and he said, "Come here. Look

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

Excite 'em tonight Cheese Festival at home!

Bring on the cheese board heaped harvest-full with all kinds of CHEESE and crackers! Cheddar, mild or sharp, flavorful Brick, nutlike Swiss, old-worldly Provolone, delicate Camembert...all made in America. Enjoy your favorite. Celebrate the Cheese Festival in YOUR home.

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"
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Miscellaneous
Nonfat Dry Milk Solids
Cream
Milk
Butter
Ice Cream
Evaporated Milk
Cheese
Cheese
Cheese

Pineapple Cheddar Salad

Cool golden pineapple slices, linked on a bed of grated Cheddar, Brick or Swiss CHEESE. Top with Whipped Cream salad dressing, plus a jaunty cherry as a crown.

Cheese Spaghetti Bake

Easy main dish! In buttered baking pan place one can spaghetti with tomato sauce, plus diced Vienna sausage. Top with grated Cheddar and whole Vienna sausage. Bake about 20 minutes until hot. Tempting! Thrifty!

Tempting Cheeseburger

Fragrant-hot from the flame! Here's sizzling excitement! Cheddar CHEESE and Broiled Ground Beef with a bun and a slice of onion or pickle. America's favorite for any occasion.

Cheddar Rice

Place cooked, drained rice in buttered oven dish. Season with melted Butter, salt, grated onion, paprika. Top with grated Cheddar or Provolone CHEESE. Place under broiler to melt. Serve "as is" with generous pat of Butter, or with tomato, mushroom or curry sauce. Inviting! Good eating!

at these cars. Look at the Cord. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Well," Midge conceded, "it's old enough to be smart."

"I'd like to have one," James said.

But Midge knew what to do with daydreams. "There's no place to keep it," she said. No fencer, she was quick to see an opening for her own kind of cut and thrust. She said, "If you'd do something about building again we could have a three-car garage."

"Roddy can park his jalopy outside," James said.

RODDY, who had been thumping about the house, filling it with his pre-Saturday-night preparations, came in on cue. It seemed to James that it was impossible ever to discuss Roddy without having him appear at once.

"What's this?" Roddy said, in the special tone of heartiness he had taken to using around the family. "Relegate poor old Prunella to the outer reaches?"

He was cheerful about it, and James could see why. If the jalopy had to go outside, that meant a new car in the family.

"Your father is going in for museum pieces." Midge, unable to swing the conversation her way, had lost her faint interest.

"Let's see." Roddy had the magazine. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "What crates!"

"That Cord's no crate," James said. "Look at it."

Roddy looked at it. "Not so bad," he decided. "How many horses, Pop?"

"Plenty," said James, who had no idea.

"I guess it wouldn't be too hard to be unfaithful to Prunella with one of these in the stable," Roddy said.

"Don't get any ideas," James said. "If I got a car like that it'd be hands-off for you. And you could keep your jalopy under a tarp."

"That's a fine thing." Roddy turned to his mother, his manner changing without subtlety from Saturday-night man of the world to hurt little boy. "I spent a whole lot of money on my car."

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

Midge returned from her remoteness. "You buy a car like that because it's smart," she interpreted for Roddy. "It would have to go in the garage. It's like a Rolls or Daimler. It means something."

It meant something, all right, something different to each of them, and James wished he'd just kept quiet about it. Up to now the thing had remained a daydream, a stirring of his right to own something, anything, that his family wouldn't absorb away from him. Now the crystallization completed itself: passionately he wanted an old Cord car.

"It doesn't mean anything to *me,*" Roddy said. "*I* mustn't touch it."

James felt a little sorry for Roddy. His jocular poise crumbled so easily into uncertain half insolence.

"Just forget it," James said. He got up, stretching, wanting to stop the talk about it, wanting to get away by himself again. "Just put it down to an old man's wishfulness," he said, "and we'll forget the whole thing." . . .

But James did not forget about the Cord; indeed, he could not forget about it. By Wednesday of the following week it had begun to obsess him, and in the afternoon, when there was a lull, he buzzed for his secretary. Miss Keeley came in at once and silently, and sat in her chair by James's desk.

He said: "Miss Keeley, I want you to compose—I want you to make up—I want an advertisement. To be run in the Times. For a car."

He stood up, feeling embarrassed now that he was at the point of action, and walked to the window. He looked down on the spire of Old Trinity, thinking that he had made most of his major decisions at this window; and he wondered why he needed assurance now, when it was only about an old car.

"It's only about an old car," he said aloud. He cleared his throat. "I want to get an old Cord. One of the models of the early thirties. I don't suppose you remember them."

"Oh, but I do," Miss Keeley said. "I always thought they were beautiful."

"Well!" James said. He smiled at Miss Keeley and felt warmth for her, and now he strode across the softly-carpeted floor of his office, a man well able to indulge his whims. "Get an advertisement in," he said. "Do it personally, please. Tell them to put enough white space around it to make it stand out. Something about 'Cord car wanted, model of early nineteen thirties. Any body type.' And get a box."

Miss Keeley closed her notebook and stood up.

"No, wait," James said. "Never mind about the box. Give our telephone number here. And put anybody that calls about it right through to me. I want action on this."

James got action. His switchboard put a flood of calls through to his secretary, and Miss Keeley put them through to James. His callers were junk dealers and lawyers' secretaries and uncertain private persons charged with the execution of wills; and he was begged to buy an assortment of cars that was fantastic. They ranged from Stutz Bear Cats to World War I English limousines. But no Cords were offered, and after a few days he had Miss Keeley screen the calls.

LATE in the following week Miss Keeley rang through to say there was a law firm calling about a Cord.

"Are you sure he said Cord?"

"Yes, Mr. Ellison, it's a Cord."

"Well, put him on," James said.

Mr. Bond, of Bond, Bond & Yarkey, had a Cord. "In beautiful condition," Mr. Bond said. "Not four thousand miles on it, Mr. Ellison. Not a scratch anywhere. The original owner died, and the widow had it put up on blocks."

"When can I see it?" James said. "How about this afternoon?"

"Well, that'll be fine, Mr. Ellison," Mr. Bond said. "I'll be able to take you up there myself this afternoon. It's up in Westchester."

James didn't eat much lunch that day. He remembered how he'd felt when he was a boy, waiting for Christmas and his first electric train, and he decided that this was better. By the time he was seated in the back of the limousine with Mr. Bond, he was in a state of elation. He had a good poker face for business, and he knew he'd need it now. But it was hard for him to hide his happiness.

"You're a collector, Mr. Ellison?" Mr. Bond said.

"Oh, no. No," James said.

"Ah. Then you know what a real car is."

"No," James lied. "It's my boy. You know how they fix up jalopies."

"This car," Mr. Bond said thoughtfully, "this car is a little out of the jalopy class, Mr. Ellison. It could be called a collector's item, truly."

"Well," James said expansively, trying to give his best impersonation of a shrewd man but an indulgent father, "I know it's what the kid wants. Of course, he'll tear it apart. Probably discard the body completely."

Mr. Bond said, "The price—"

But James wasn't ready to talk price. "Besides," he cut in, "you can't really call a car of that period a collector's item. Not an American car, anyway. No, Mr. Bond," he said, feeling pleased with this deceit and at the same time feeling traitorous, feeling mean and utterly cheap, as though the car were already his and he were defaming it. "No," James said, "we are doing business over an old car. An old car in good condition, by your description, sir. But nevertheless an old car."

Mr. Bond looked sharply at James, but he offered no argument. They chatted for the rest of the drive, discovering a few common business acquaintances. James remembered that he'd engaged a mechanic from one of the expensive garages in the East Sixties to look over the Cord. Mr. Bond smiled when James told him he had.

When Mr. Bond finally swung open the doors of a big, four-car garage, James's excitement and enthusiasm were clamorous within him. The mechanic was waiting for them, and he came in with the lawyer's chauffeur, and together they lifted off a white dust cover, and there was the Cord. It was filmed with dust, but James knew at once, it was everything he'd hoped for.

It was everything the picture of it had represented in his mind; and the beauty of it, the stark strength of its design, the angularity that somehow conveyed to him the idea of power and weight and worth and speed—these things overwhelmed him.

The Cord was still up on blocks, but even elevated so, it was a very low car. It was a sedan, its body an elegant box behind the long, slender hood; and James Ellison, who had been standing stockstill, moved now and with infinite delight opened the front door and looked at the driving controls. The gearshift protruded from the dash, and the dash itself seemed to him to be studded with instruments.

The mechanic raised the hood and whistled. "Somebody wanted to move fast," he said. "This job's supercharged."

"How long will it take you to check it over and get it running?" James asked.

"Oh, early this evening. If everything's okay."

"Too bad you didn't bring the boy along," Mr. Bond said.

"The boy?" James said.

"Yes, the one you want the car for."

"Oh," James said. He'd been looking at the engine, and now he straightened up. Mr. Bond was grinning at him, and James grinned back.

"All right," James said, still grinning. "If my kid so much as lays a hand on this car I'll beat his ears off."

So there it was, and Mr. Bond said his clients wanted four thousand. The mechanic shot him an amazed look. James bargained it down to two thousand and was satisfied. He was fairly sure the Cord wasn't worth a fifth of this, and he didn't care. The mechanic looked impressed when the two men closed the deal.

"Contingent upon this man's okay," James said, feeling that he would hate the mechanic and buy the car anyway if anything turned out to be wrong.

"I don't think I'll find anything wrong," the mechanic said.

"I'm sure he won't," Mr. Bond said. "We'll deliver it in the morning."

The mechanic and the lawyer were grinning at him warmly. James grinned too, and took their arms.

"My God!" James said. "My God! Listen, let's have a drink somewhere. Let's have a drink together right now."

MIDGE looked at the Cord, smiling a little, not displeased with its appearance on the garage apron, but mostly nettled because James had done something unexpected. "Well," she said.

James grinned at her, knowing what she was feeling, knowing that she had never taken his talk about the car seriously, knowing where Midge's mind would turn next.

"But two thousand dollars!" Midge said. "I can't budge you about a new house, and yet you spend two thousand dollars . . ." Her voice trailed off and her eyes fixed themselves on the middle distance.

"Quite an ark, Pop, quite an ark," Roddy said. "My poor old Prunella's going to take this real bad."

Only Helen had had nothing to say, but Helen was passing through one of her disdainful periods.

"Damn it," James said testily to Roddy, "you're lucky to have a jalopy! And anyway, it'll do it no harm to be parked outside. It's summertime."

"But can winter be far behind?" One way or another, Roddy was determined to brighten up this morning.

"Earn some money, then," James said. "There are a lot of garages for rent."

Roddy turned to his mother, and Midge said, "James, Roddy's car is just as important to him as this is to you."

James wished they would go away and leave him alone with the car. All he wanted this morning was the pleasure of looking at it, of handling it a little, and maybe later on driving it a little. Anger stirred in him, unfamiliar, stifling, making the blood sing in his head. He swung the front door of the Cord closed.

"Let's get everything straightened out now," he said. "The Cord goes in the garage. The jalopy goes wherever you can find a place for it." He gestured stiffly toward the garage, where the family sedan and Roddy's roadster nosed side by side out of the open doors.

"Move it now," James said, and stalked away.

"Hey, Pop!" Roddy called after him. "Better toss me the keys to the Cord, here. No room to get Prunella out."

This was the real issue, and James came back swiftly. "I'll drive the Cord," he said. "Now and forever more. That understood?"

"All right," Roddy said. "I'm not ambitious to drive a hearse, anyway."

James choked back a reprimand. After all, Roddy was getting a rough brush-off. James had not yet driven the Cord himself, and he wished again that his wife and son would go away. He clashed the gears painfully on his first try and then made the big car lunge awkwardly when he engaged the clutch.

"Git a horse," Roddy said, in one more attempt at camaraderie, and Midge laughed at her son's wit. The blood was now pounding so heavily in James's head that he was frightened, and he stopped the Cord where it had plunged up on a patch of lawn. Roddy shot his roadster out of the garage and stopped with a squeal of tires.

"I guess I'll look up the gang," Roddy

said to Midge. "Maybe somebody'll let me have a garage," he added loudly; and, not looking at his father at all, he drove off. Midge gave James a thin glance before she went into the house, and James expelled his breath violently and then lighted a cigarette with fingers he allowed to tremble freely.

In the succeeding weeks James practiced driving his Cord car in the evenings, after dark. He went along slowly and cautiously, taking pleasure in the newly-polished length of it, taking pleasure in the curious stares of other motorists and people in the streets; taking pleasure in now having something to go to, something to do, something that was completely his own. He'd let Midge try it once—she'd thought she would like its effect for certain occasions—and he'd been relieved when she decided that the controls were too heavy for her. Roddy maintained a careful pose of scorn. James was happy to leave it at that.

At first he drove with modesty, going through the night at forty, then at fifty miles an hour. He did this many times, especially enjoying the rainy nights. The long hood probed before him, mile after mile; and it was with no sense of decision that he found himself, one midnight, approaching a familiar stretch of highway, thrusting the Cord into high speed.

The engine roared deeply and the supercharger whined thinly as he opened the throttle. The lights of occasional traffic in the opposite direction began to leap toward him, to blur past. The speedometer was reaching up past eighty when he lifted his foot for the first turn. He felt an exquisite sensation of control as the Cord's weight piled against the front wheels, and then he gunned it into the curve. His confidence soared as the car squatted solidly against the road, and he looked ahead eagerly for the next curve, and the next. He screamed past a couple of cars creeping in his direction and then the road went into a straightaway that he knew was several miles long. Firmly, he pressed the accelerator all the way down and held it.

The speedometer was near one hundred the last time he dared to look at it. James's skill rose to meet his recklessness, and now he was a man finally and fully living a particular dream, driving the car of his youth down an endless ribbon of night road.

WHEN it was time to let up, he eased the car down to forty, then braked into a U turn. He was sweating generously as he drove back, sweating warmly. He drove slowly, savoring the thing he had done, enjoying a kind of lassitude he had not known for years.

That was how the two highway patrolmen were able to arrest him.

"This is terrible, Mr. Ellison," one of the troopers said. The two policemen had been in the district for several years. "Do you know what we clocked you at? A hundred and eight miles an hour!"

"Are you absolutely sure of that?"

"Geez, don't argue, Mr. Ellison! One of our men was chasing a speeder at seventy and you went right past them. There's no mistaking this car of yours."

"A hundred and eight, eh?"

"I held the watch on you myself," the trooper said. "Right through a thousand yards. There's no argument."

"I'm not arguing," James said.

"Holy Moses!" The trooper looked at the Cord. "In this old baby. What's in there, a jet?"

"Well," James said, "it's supposed to be pretty souped up." . . .

You wanted a thing, you paid for it. James was fined heavily, and he was content. He had dreamed a dream, and he had made it an accomplished fact. That the old car was capable of making the speed it did was incidental, but it gave him additional pride in it.

He would never drive it fast again, he knew. It had become trebly precious to him, and he didn't want to chance damaging it. He was happy simply to own it, to tour gently about in it.

But his night of speed brought up a complication he hadn't expected. Roddy had been impressed by the old car's performance. He kept quiet about it for some time because his father's recklessness and driving skill had done something to Roddy's jaunty air. But now more than ever he wanted to drive the Cord.

One of his friends, he tossed out casually, a really big man at school, had been telling him what a terrific car a Cord really was. "I never realized," Roddy said naïvely.

Another place, another time, James thought. A shared enthusiasm: a man and his son. But he throttled the surge of his generosity. The Cord, he was sure, was just one more thing of his father's that Roddy wanted to take over.

"If you want a better car than your own to drive, ask your mother for her keys to the family car," James said.

"That!" Roddy said. "Listen, Pop, that Cord has glamor."

"You're telling me," James said.

THE big man from school was over a few days later. James saw the two boys at the garage, looking at the Cord and talking spiritedly. A few minutes later Roddy came in. "Say," he said, "ol' Gawge has come to admire and stayed to worship. How's about the keys?"

"No," said James.

"Listen, Pop, I just want to back her out. I just want ol' Gawge to see her full length and hear the music of that motor."

"No."

"Well, then," Roddy said sweetly, "will you back her out for us, Pop?"

James looked at his son suspiciously. This was Midge's technique, to embarrass him, to leave him no position but the untenable. But if Roddy was being guileful, it didn't show.

"I'll call you on that," James said. He walked out to the garage and backed the Cord onto the apron and ostentatiously pocketed the keys and walked back to the house, not knowing whether he had humiliated himself or his son.

You can't win. In this house you never can win, James told himself; and he said it later to Midge.

"I think you're being an absolute dog in the manger about it," Midge said. "You hardly ever use the car, really, and Roddy's car is getting unsafe."

"Let him use the family car, then. I've told him he could have it for special dates. My God," James said, "it's a good car and it's hardly more than a year old! Why should he want more?"

"That's not the point," Midge said.

"I know it's not the point." James felt the hot desire to defend himself quarrelsomely, and it was not easy for him to check it. He wondered what was happening to his sense of proportion.

If Roddy was bruised, he healed quickly. He came up with the information that ol' Gawge's father was buying him an ol' Stutz sedan to fix up. "But I still think we've got the better car, Pop."

"What do you mean, 'we'?"

Roddy flushed. "Still in there pitchin'," he muttered.

"You sure are," James said. He was getting very tired of it.

Roddy said to Midge, "I guess I apply to you for the family car for tonight."

"I promised to drive for a club meeting tonight," Midge said.

"What's the matter with your jalopy, Roddy?" James said.

"Rained out. Her wiring's all wet."

"That's too bad," James said. "Can't you double up with someone?"

"Not tonight," Roddy said. "Big date tonight." He paused, his aplomb dissolving, and then he said, "Listen, Pop. Man to man, now, how's about letting me use the Cord?"

"No," James said.

"All right," Roddy burst out childishly. "Keep your old crate. You don't care about me. You don't care that it's your fault that my car won't run. If you hadn't pushed me out of the garage my car'd still go!" Roddy stared at his father. "I'm sorry," he said.

"I know," James said. He knew where the blame for Roddy's outrage lay, and he felt the resistance go out of him suddenly. But he could not help the anger that flooded in after it.

"All right," he said. He reached into his side pocket. "All right. So it's all my fault. The way everything is always my fault in the end. I suppose it'll be my fault too if you break your neck."

Roddy's expression changed abruptly. "Well, thanks. Don't worry about my neck. I'll tool that baby along like silk."

James handed him the keys with a feeling of profound loss. "Don't try to break any records," he said bitterly.

"I guess that'd be pretty hard to do." Roddy stroked the keys in his palm and then looked at James. "You won't mind if I open her up a little, hey?"

James sighed. "Why should I make conditions?" he said. "If you break your neck, you break your neck."

"Gee!" Roddy hadn't used that ingenuous expression for years. Then he was gone, and in a minute the sound of the Cord's exhaust rolled into the house.

Midge said, "Well. You might have been a little more gracious about it."

James said, "Shut up!" Roddy was gunning the Cord down the drive.

Break your neck, James thought. What in God's name had he been saying? What had he meant? A picture of Roddy, without even a token warning—with encouragement, even—hurtling himself and his date into a smashing mess sprang into James's mind. His chair clattered as he lunged out of it and ran for the front door. The Cord's headlights were cutting a wide arc as Roddy swung it in front of the house.

"Roddy!" James shouted. "*Roddy!*" But his voice was lost because Roddy was happily revving the engine high.

"Roddy!" James shouted again, and he began to run. The engine boomed loudly and the front tires shrieked just as he drew abreast of the car. It was picking up fast and he threw himself against it, striking it with his fist, and then his hand found the door handle. He clung to it and then was flung ahead as Roddy jammed on the brakes.

"What the hell, Pop!" Roddy was frightened. He put his head out the window. "I might have killed you!"

JAMES stumbled back to the car and jerked open the door. "Get out," he said breathlessly. "Get out of it!"

"I don't understand you," Roddy said coldly, getting out.

"I don't expect you to," James said. He laughed shakily. "Not for twenty years or so. Not ever, I hope."

He fumbled in his breast pocket for his wallet and pulled out a bill. "Here," he said. "Take this. Take a taxi."

He forced himself to meet Roddy's eyes. Roddy said, "I guess the Cord's something special to you, Pop. I guess I shouldn't have shoved in."

"Listen," James said, and nothing in him was quite under control yet, "the whole damned car isn't worth one hair of your head. Can you see that?"

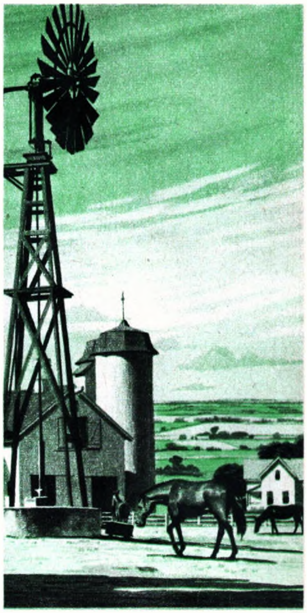
Roddy nodded.

"All right," James said. "We'll fix it up later, I promise you. Let's just let it go for tonight."

"Sure, Pop," Roddy said gently.

"And have a good time," James said.

He drove the Cord back up the driveway, slowly. In the garage he stopped the engine and crossed his arms on the wheel and rested his head in his arms. After a while, he thought, he would have a cigarette. He would have a cigarette, he thought, and be grateful. ▲▲▲



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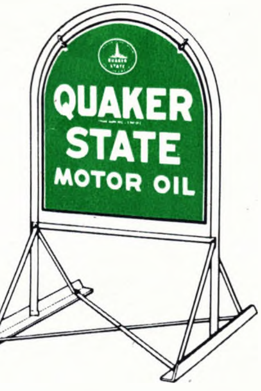

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PEANUT BUTTER

THERE'S A KNACK

No meal is more fun than an informal, serve-yourself pantry

PREPARING and eating snacks has probably been carried to more sublime heights in America than in any other nation. With us the snack is virtually a household institution.

A snack is in order whenever the pangs of hunger are felt. Defined tersely as a "light meal," it actually may be of any magnitude, from a cup of light soup to a feast. It all depends on what is available and the extent of the hunger to be appeased.

I remember being in the late Charley Benedict's cellar, sharing a before-dinner snack with this brilliant western Pennsylvania lawyer. He opened some cool ale, produced a box of crackers, some Swiss cheese and several crocks of elderly Roquefort and Gorgonzola. The crocked cheeses had slumbered long in wine and had a rich, lasting flavor. Benedict would carve off a thick slice of Swiss cheese, pile it high with Roquefort or Gorgonzola and eat it like an oversize *canapé*. He consumed at least three pounds of assorted cheese before we went in to dinner. He then ate a two-pound steak, two baked potatoes, a large plate of salad and other appropriate fixings. Charley Benedict had made a sort of career of snacks and it was reflected in his weight, some 400 pounds. Nevertheless, he lived actively; he learned to speak French, Italian and Spanish, was married and became a parent all after sixty. He was well past eighty when he died.

Your average snack eater seems to be a cheerful man or woman. Informal eating seems to agree with them. They know what they want, how to prepare it in a jiffy—and how to eat it unhurriedly and with joy.

Some snack eaters prefer a soup, which is always easy to prepare. A canned soup, maybe a blend of two types such as chicken and tomato, is heated, fortified by milk or cream and enlivened by a pinch of thyme or a delicate sprinkling of curry powder. The steaming brew has a gloriously uplifting flavor.

MEAT Sauce
CATSUP

TO A SNACK

By HARRY BOTSFORD

raid. Here are some tasty remedies for minor hunger pangs

Of sandwiches, there is no end, the variety largely depending on what is in the refrigerator. A friend of mine makes a toasted cheese sandwich that is most palatable. He uses slices of American cheese, rubbing each slice lightly on one side with a split clove of garlic. He then toasts the bread on one side and places the cheese garlic side down on the untoasted side, then spreads the cheese with prepared mustard and tops with a slice of bacon. Popped under the broiler until the cheese is melted, the bacon crisp, the bread toasted, the sandwiches emerge smoking hot, ready to eat. With them, he serves chutney.

A remnant of broiled steak is always good snack material. Slice the meat in thin pieces. Brown them in butter in a smoking-hot skillet with a few onion rings; then add a teaspoon of meat sauce. Meanwhile, bread has been toasted on one side only. Arrange the pieces of meat on the untoasted side and spoon the gravy over it.

A perennial American snack favorite is the sturdy Welsh rabbit. Properly prepared, there isn't a nightmare in a gallon of it. It is quickly made. Melt a tablespoon of butter in the top of a double boiler or the top of a chafing dish. Add diced American cheese, and when it has melted, add stale beer or ale, stirring until the mixture is silky smooth. As it bubbles, add a liberal pinch of dry mustard and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Pour over triangles of toast and dust each serving with paprika. Serve chutney or ice-cold applesauce on the side, and a cold bottle of beer, ale or stout.

The backbone of many snacks is one of the numerous sausages, Bolognas, frankfurters and canned meats available at most food stores. Many of them don't even need to be heated for sandwiches. Any Bologna, but most particularly old-fashioned smoked Bologna, redolent of garlic and such homely herbs as sage and thyme, is a perfect snack item. A slice of

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

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NEW
PALMOLIVE
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Light bites can be quick, but sumptuous

almost any variety of canned meat, topped with a delicate slice of Bermuda onion and a little mustard, packed between two slices of rye bread, makes another tasty sandwich.

A small can of sardines is a real treasure trove. The oil is drained off and half a lemon is squeezed on the sardines. A generous twist of the pepper mill, and they are ready to eat—preferably with toasted English muffins.

Both Granddads Liked Snacks

My paternal grandfather was an ardent snack eater. He would compound a thickish sandwich on slices of moist homemade brown bread, using baked beans, mixed with a little mustard, as a filling. His nocturnal repast was completed with a liberal piece of apple pie and a tall glass of buttermilk. If no apple pie were available, he would content himself with a couple of sugar-coated doughnuts.

My other grandfather never overlooked an opportunity for an impromptu snack. When Grandmother baked salt-rising bread, the aroma never got past him. While he was waiting for the bread to cool a bit, he would gather a bunch of radishes and tender, green onions and wash them under the pump as I worked the handle. Then Grandmother would send me, with two tall glasses, down to the spring house to fill them with ice-cold buttermilk. By the time I got back, on the back stoop would be a big plate of crusty bread slices, buttered lavishly, with a small dish of salt, and we would feast. The onions and radishes complemented the bread, and the crunchy-hot bites were washed down with buttermilk. It disappeared quickly. As Grandfather used to say, it was "just a bite to tide us over till supper's ready."

One of the best of snack items is the miniature *pizza*. For two people, split 2 English muffins and toast them lightly. Cover them with a thick slice of ripe tomato, a slice of mozzarella cheese, American or processed cheese, sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon of *oregano*, and add 1 teaspoon of grated Parmesan cheese. Now season with salt and pepper and pour half a tablespoon of olive oil over each piece. Place in a baking pan and pop into a moderate 375-degree oven for 16 minutes. By way of contrast, a little anchovy paste makes these miniature *pizzas* extra special. They are welcome at the end of a game of cards. Serve green onions, crisp radishes and celery hearts, by all means; coffee, beer or a glass of red wine, and your enjoyment will be in the upper brackets.

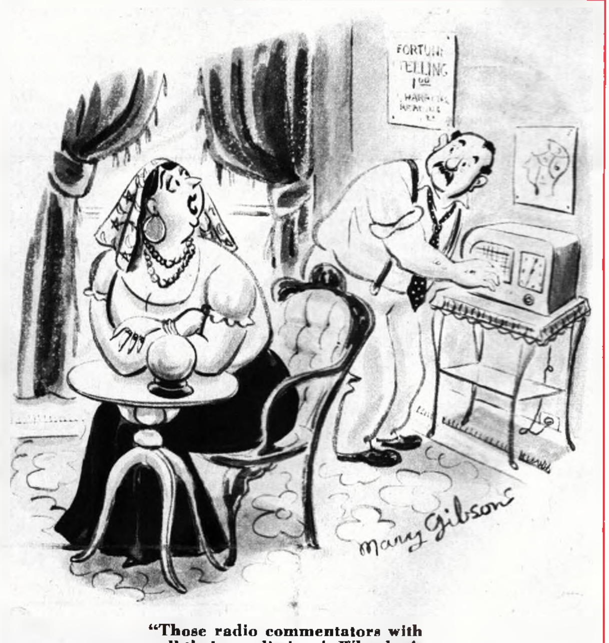
Ready-to-use mixes are a great boon to the man or woman who craves a substantial late snack. In minutes, ready-mixed pancakes can be whipped up. They attain delicate and entrancing maturity while bacon or sausages sizzle in the frying pan. There may be dietary critics who say this is too much to eat just before going to bed. They may be right, but I have friends who eat pancakes once or twice a week at bedtime.

They seem to be in the pink of condition, and I have never seen one of them swallow a surreptitious dose of bicarbonate of soda.

Ardent snack fanciers often have a kitchen shelf devoted to snack items, easy and quick to prepare: cans of soup, meat and sausage; fish; deviled ham; mushrooms; a jar of peanut butter; a bottle or two of olives; canned cheeses; a bottle of chutney; assorted pickles; mustard; catsup; and chili sauce. With these oddments, they are able to eke out some notable dishes without drawing too heavily on the refrigerator.

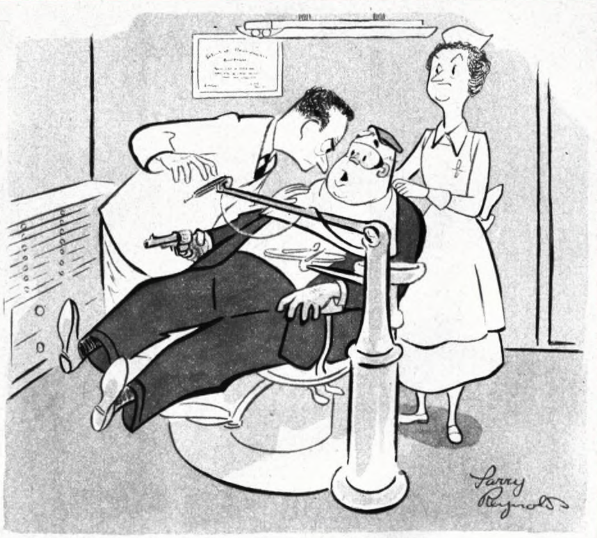
Eggs have always been a favorite snack victual. There are literally thousands of ways of preparing them. But, for them to qualify as snack material, the cooking time must be very brief.

Take shirred eggs, for instance. The simple method is to butter a ramekin or individual casserole, then decant into it



COLLIER'S "Those radio commentators with all their predictions! Why don't they stick to their own business?" MARY GIBSON

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"You're *sure* that you seen a cavity, Doc? You're not just trying to thwart my holdup?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

2 eggs without breaking the yolks. Season, add a smaller piece of butter, place in a moderate oven, 325 degrees, for seven minutes. They are excellent with pumpernickel toast. You may vary the recipe by adding two small cocktail sausages. The entire job can be done in 10 minutes.

Scrambled eggs can be prepared with a dozen interesting variations if you don't like them plain and unadorned. A pinch of *fines herbes* added to the eggs gives them a rare flavor, or you may prefer the less subtle taste of onions, peppers or mushrooms.

It's remarkable what can be done with eggs. Suppose there is a boiled or baked potato in the icebox. Dice it and toss it in a frying pan where butter sizzles, season with salt and pepper, turn up the heat and keep stirring until the potatoes are crisp and golden brown. Beat your eggs lightly, pour over the potatoes and remove the skillet from the heat, stirring the mixture until ready to serve. There's enough heat to cook the eggs perfectly. A portion eaten with buttered toast will send you to bed at peace with the world.

The Perfect Western Sandwich

The Denver or Western sandwich is another old and trusted friend of the chronic snack eater. The proper way to make it is to use green pimiento, which gives the sandwich an unforgettable flavor. Fry ¼ pound of diced bacon or ham with 1 minced onion and the finely diced pimiento. When the ingredients are delicately brown, add 4 lightly beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Let brown lightly and flop. Insert between slices of buttered bread. No lettuce leaf, no garnish of an olive—don't gild the lily. It's enough to make four perfect sandwiches that are always a strong masculine favorite.

The late snack often has curative qualities. At the shank end of an evening that has included drinking, a bowl of hot onion soup is said to prevent a hangover. Canned onion soup is superlative. Pour it into individual casseroles, float a piece of bread on top, followed by a thin slice of Swiss cheese, infinitely better for the purpose than Parmesan cheese. Place the casseroles in a hot oven, 400 degrees, and, when the soup is piping hot, run it under the broiler before serving.

The hot-dog sandwich has taste appeal for millions. An excellent variation of the frankfurter theme has just made its appearance as a snack. Boil the franks for a few minutes, using the big garlic-franks if possible. Remove from the water, split lengthwise and spread liberally with prepared mustard. Now heap on each half a mixture of cold mashed potatoes and minced onions, all well seasoned. Place the stuffed franks under the flame of the broiler until the potatoes are golden and crusted brown. As you eat you'll thank your lucky stars for the humble and inexpensive frankfurter.

Every town or city, almost every house, has its own snack specialties. In Philadelphia, a Main Line resident treated me to a regal snack one late evening. He produced a generous parboiled shad roe, which can be bought in cans the year round from the refrigerator. He dressed it with melted butter, seasoned it with salt and a sprinkle of lemon juice. Let it brown delicately on both sides under the broiler. The shad roe was served with toasted English muffins and a bottle of cold beer. It was, in the opinion of this experienced snack hand, ample and delightful.

Sometimes snacks are standard, composed of items deliberately saved against sudden hunger. One of the best is a thin slice of tender, lightly pink corned beef, between slices of buttered rye bread, spread with English mustard. Scallions go well with it, and a cup of hot, freshly made coffee.

Most of the fun of catch-as-catch-can snack eating lies in utilizing odds and ends. With a little ingenuity, you can whip up a dish that satisfies the inner man and sends him cheerfully to bed to sound slumber.

Breakfast is a hasty prelude to a busy day. Luncheon is too often the meal of plans and business schemes. Dinner is the meal of social charm. The late snack is the one meal of the day when you can enjoy yourself in an atmosphere of friendly, informal relaxation. ▲▲▲

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In his first public appearance, Charles Alden Black, Jr., cuddles up to his famous mother, Shirley Temple Black. Shirley cares for the baby herself, from bathing to formula making

Shirley

THERE is no name on the country-style mailbox at R.F.D. 3 on River Road in Bethesda, Maryland, but a large amount of mail is delivered there every day. The box stands outside a modest ranch-style house where the four members of the Charles A. Black family live. The newest member of the family is Charles Alden, Jr., who arrived only five months ago. His mother, a pretty, soft-spoken woman with short, dark hair, is just now recovering from the peritonitis, pleurisy and other complications which followed his birth. For a time, she was not expected to live. Most of the mail that arrives at R.F.D. 3 is for her. Some of it is made up of get-well messages. But most of it is mail from people all over the country who remember Mrs. Charles Black 15, even 20, years ago as a curly-headed, precocious youngster whose name was Shirley Temple.

The Blacks lead what they like to call the "quiet country life." (It was quite some time before even the Bethesda post office became aware that Mrs. Charles A. Black and Shirley Temple were the same person.) Every morning, Shirley's husband, a naval reserve lieutenant commander recalled to active duty, goes to his Pentagon job on the Chief of Naval Operations' staff. Shirley rarely leaves the house. She does not have any help, so her hands are kept more than full caring for the children. Everybody calls Charles Alden, Jr., "Barton Sunday," a name given by his four-and-a-half-year-old half sister, Linda Susan. (Only Susan knows the significance of the name Barton Sunday and she won't tell.)

The Washington social whirl is perhaps almost as hectic as the pace of life in Hollywood, but the Blacks manage to avoid getting caught up in it. They entertain little, go out less. Shirley's most strenuous activity is cutting the lawn on their two-and-a-quarter-acre plot. To help with the job, they have a tractor which pulls a set of mowers. Shirley drives the tractor, with Susan sometimes riding on her lap, and it is there that she occasionally meets her public face to face.

Mrs. Black's favorite tale of life in Bethesda concerns the day she was out mowing the lawn when a woman drove up and called: "Does Shirley Temple live here?"

"Nope," Shirley replied, keeping her face turned away.

"Do you know where she does live?"

"Nope," Shirley said again.

"Well, I know that Shirley Temple lives around here somewhere," the woman said haughtily. "You certainly don't seem to know much about your neighbors."

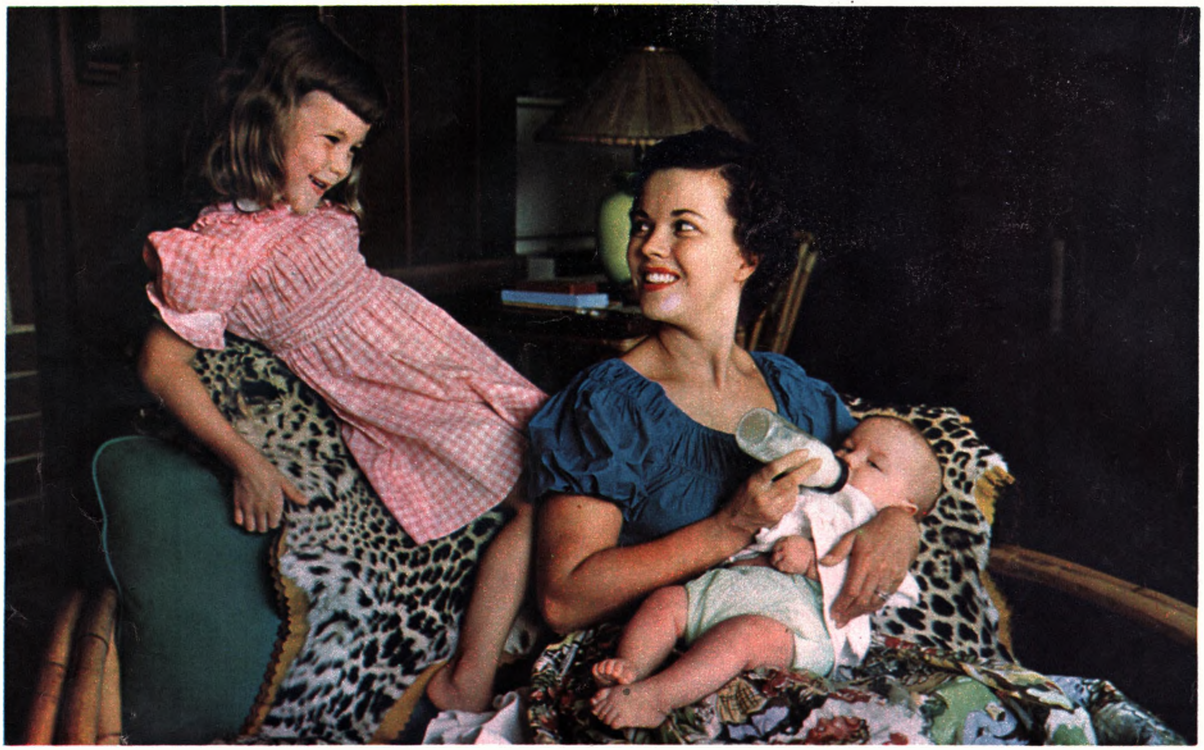
"Nope," Shirley said.

This desire to avoid attention is genuine. At present, the Blacks are merely waiting out Daddy's tour of duty, scheduled to end next May. After that they plan to beeline it back to their home in California. Whether Black will pick up where he left off as a Los Angeles television account executive remains uncertain. But this much is sure: the Black family's future plans do not include any acting ventures, especially for Mother.

At twenty-four, the star who captivated a nation in such films as Little Miss Marker and The Little Colonel has found a new career which seems to suit her very well. She is a young matron, the mother of two children and the wife of a naval officer who loves her best in that role. ▲▲▲

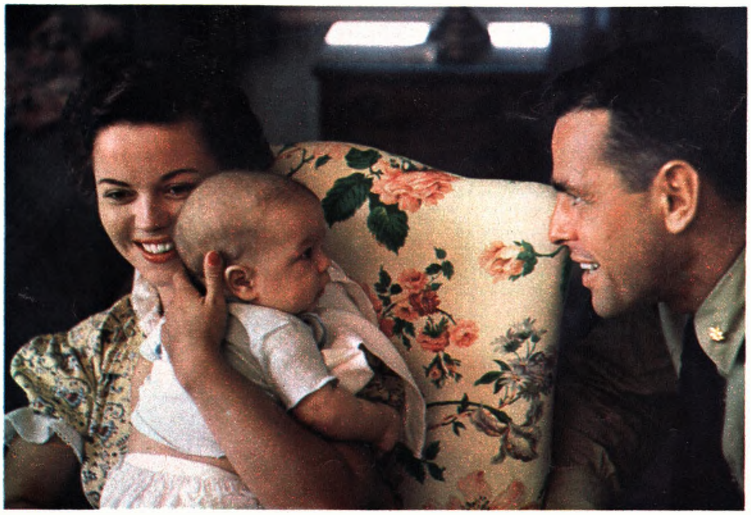
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

Temple's Favorite Role

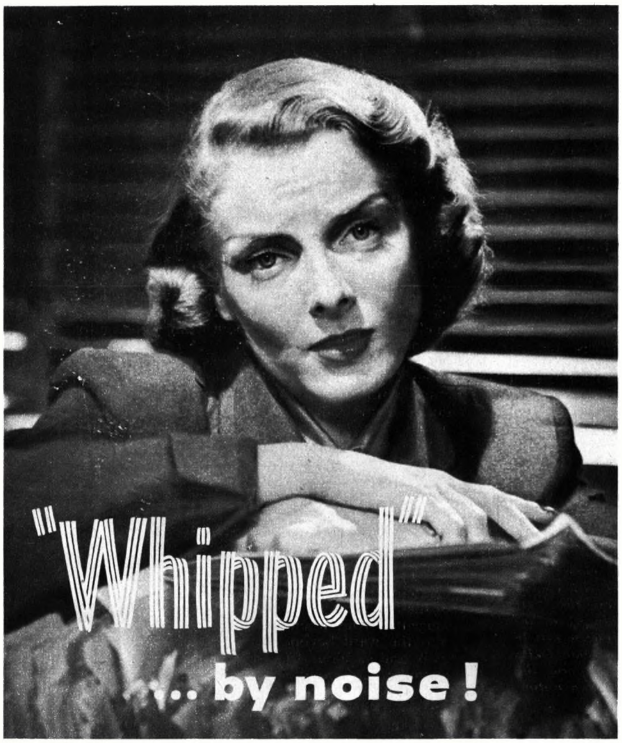


Sister Linda Susan, four, considers new baby her own (a notion parents gave her to prevent jealousy), but is content to let Mother care for him. For some whimsical reason of her own, she calls him "Barton Sunday"

At five months, Charles shows the same vivacious personality that made Shirley Temple a film idol



Ill after baby's birth, Shirley stays close to home and family in Bethesda, Maryland. She and husband, Navy Lieut. Comdr. Black, avoid the social whirl of nearby Washington



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The Kidnaping

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

glistening hair and huge brown eyes. Pearl had to admit that she could surely see why Mister Jack had married her, except that—as far as Pearl was concerned—she seemed mighty slim. It looked to Pearl as if a man would have to shake the sheets to find a woman as slim as that in the bed. She reckoned, however, that she was just trying to make herself feel better, trying to excuse away all that fat around her *own* middle.

The new Missis Townsend's voice was firm. "Teddy, come here."

PEARL busied herself with the cake batter. She dropped two eggs into the batter in rapid succession. She forgot to add matches to the pile on the sink.

"Have you been eating cookies?" the new Missis Townsend asked Teddy.

Trouble, Pearl thought. Bad trouble!

"Uh-uh." Teddy shook his head.

"Teddy, you mustn't fib to me!"

"No cookies," Teddy said.

Do, my Maker! Pearl thought. They was in the ham-scram now. Both her *and* the child!

"There are chocolate crumbs all over your chin. Pearl, you *know* he's not to eat cookies between meals. Did you give them to him?"

"Got 'em my own self," Teddy said.

Pearl faced up to it. "Looks like I plumb forgot. I must of forgot and give him one."

"You lied to me, Teddy."

Teddy was silent, his jaw set stubbornly.

"Run along, now. We'll see what your father has to say."

Teddy was only too glad to make his escape.

"Pearl, really—" The new Missis Townsend saw the cake batter. "How many eggs have you used?"

Pearl shot a quick, frightened glance at the paper matches on the sink. "Five," she said.

The new Missis Townsend was counting the eggshells on the drainboard. Pearl had not had time to dispose of them. She faced Pearl.

"Eight."

Pearl sighed. "Yes'm."

"Can't you *ever* remember?"

Pearl stared at the floor. "No'm."

The new Missis Townsend shrugged her shoulders hopelessly, sighed as if in despair and left the kitchen. Pearl knew that her latest mistakes would be brought to Mister Jack's attention, in detail, that night at dinner.

Pearl muttered darkly to herself as she put the cake in to bake. She fed Teddy his supper in the kitchen, then helped him bathe.

She had started cooking dinner for the adults when Mister Jack came home from his office. His wife was upstairs, resting. Mister Jack came straight into the pantry, the way he 'most always did, to make himself a bourbon highball before dinner. Teddy had apparently forgotten the cooky episode. Pajama-clad, he clung to his father's leg, clamoring for attention. Mister Jack balled his hand into a huge fist, pretended that he was about to hurl it at Teddy's jaw, and nudged him gently on the cheek with it.

"Goose egg!" he said.

Teddy loved the silly game. He howled in mock distress. He beat at his father's leg with his sharp little fists. "Goose egg! Goose egg!"

"Hi, Pearl!" Mister Jack said.

Pearl beamed. It made her real happy to see the two of them together, messing around, shouting and laughing, taking pleasure in each other's company the way the good Lord intended a daddy and his boy to do. There had been a mighty little bit of this in the past year or so. "How you making out?" Mister Jack asked her.

"Fine," Pearl lied. "Just fine!"

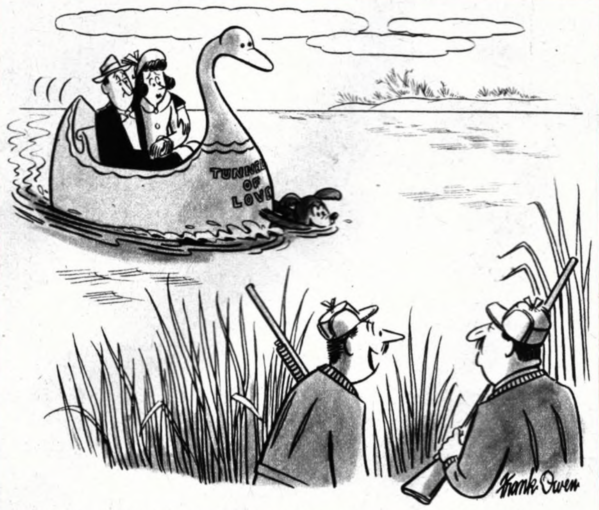
HIS wife's call came from the living room: "Oh, Jack!" And Mister Jack's voice was eager: "Yes, darling?"

"Making one for me?"

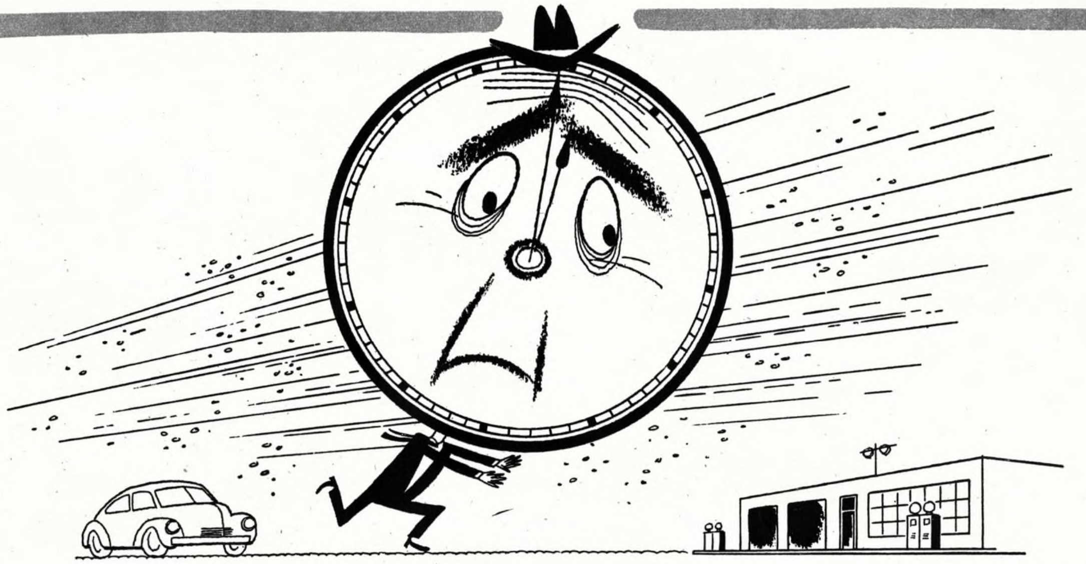
"Coming up." Mister Jack busied himself with the two drinks. Teddy beat at his legs. "Goose egg, goose egg!" he shouted.

"Not now, pal." Mister Jack wrenched himself free of Teddy. He started toward the living room with the two glasses. Teddy trailed him. Pearl could hear the new Missis Townsend talking in the living room. She couldn't make out the words, but she could tell by the tone of voice that the new Missis Townsend was telling Mister Jack about Teddy's lie.

Then Mister Jack was talking. Pearl



COLLIER'S "That young retriever is really a go-getter!" FRANK OWEN



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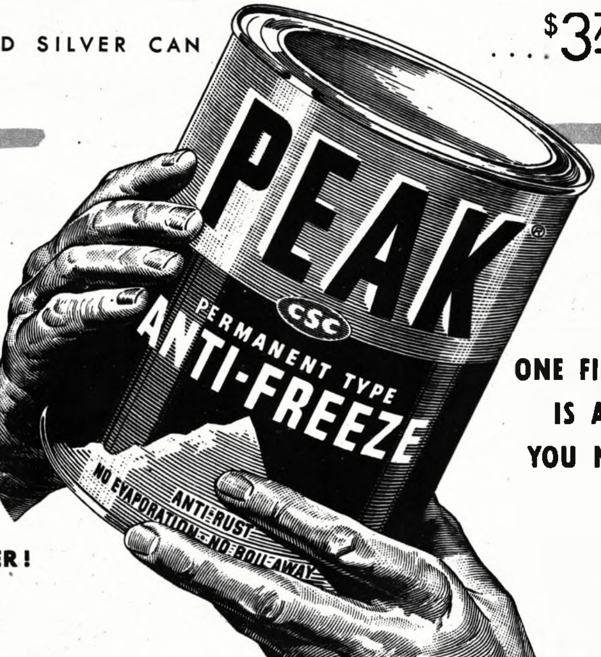

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couldn't hear his words, either. But she knew that Teddy was getting a good reading-off, and a punishment of some kind.

Pretty soon Teddy came out to the kitchen. His small face was puckered as he fought back the tears. Pearl took him into her arms and started up the back stairs.

After she had tucked him into bed, she sat in a chair beside him. It was time for her to go, but she hated to turn out the light and leave Teddy in darkness. She had come to hate the darkness herself. And though she couldn't put it into words, she knew, vaguely, why she hated it so.

Into the darkness came fearfulness, a fearfulness that spared and respected no age or position in life. It was the fearfulness bred of loneliness, of the feeling of not really being wanted, not really being needed.

TEDDY had stopped crying. He lay quietly in his bed. "You was wrong to lie, honey," Pearl said.

Teddy, lost in desolation, was not capable of struggling with the thought.

"I love you, Pearl," he said. "I love you better'n anybody!"

He climbed from his bed and lay sobbing in her arms, his face white against the darkness of her cheek. It was enough, Pearl thought, to tear a body's heartstrings loose. She rocked him slowly. She had been warned several times by the new Missis Townsend that she must never offer the child sympathy when he had been or was being punished. But Pearl wasn't too long on remembering. "There, honey, there," she whispered to him as she rocked him.

She reckoned later that she must have dozed off for a while. Anyhow, Teddy was sound asleep in her arms when Pearl became conscious of the fact that the new Missis Townsend had come into the room.

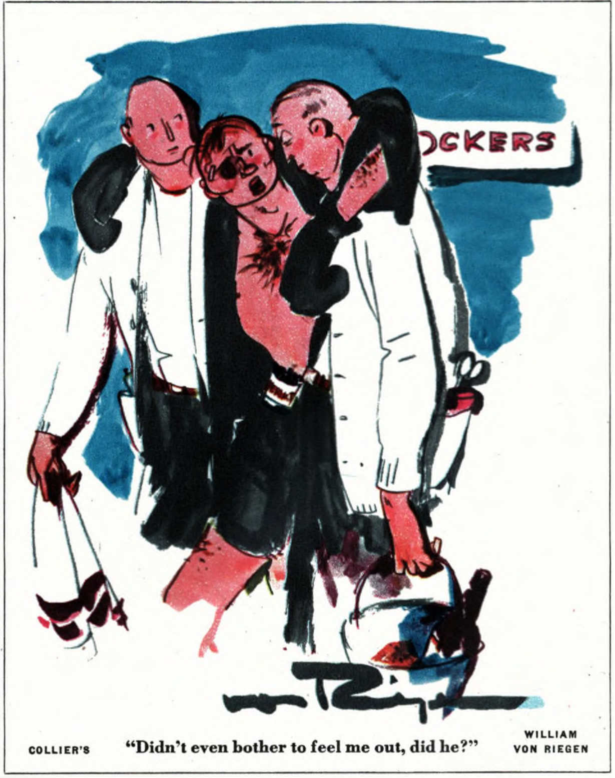
"I'm sorry, Pearl," she said, "but I can't put up with things like this any longer." . . .

She sat alone in her room in the unpainted, slash-pine boardinghouse in the quarters. She wanted to be alone, and, though she drank little, to drink alone, with her hurt. Childless herself, she had given her mother love to Teddy, and that's what hurt the most. Her own mama had told her years before—explaining her love for Pearl and Pearl's brothers and sisters—that mother meat never gives over. And now Pearl knew this to be true. She had that child tucked away in the hip pocket of her heart, and she knew he would stay there until they took her off her cooling board and covered her up in a four-sided grave.

She couldn't rightly blame the new Missis Townsend and Mister Jack for giving her her time earlier in the evening. They had given her plenty of chances to start doing right. Times had passed Pearl by, and she knew it. She was an ignorant, fat, old colored woman —too old to learn. The only thing she blamed them for was not taking the time to give the child the love, sympathy and understanding that were due him.

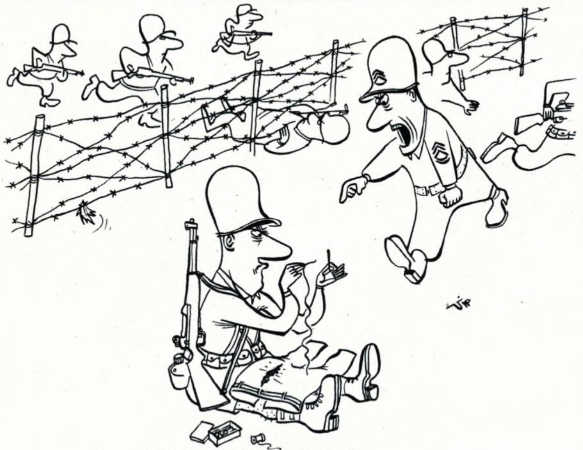
She rose from her chair and poured three fingers of gin into her empty glass. She sloshed a little water on top of it to ease off the bite. Then she sat down again. The gin helped a lot. She had often thought she should use it more often. It sometimes seemed to her that the life within her was like some deep, dark and powerful river. With the added years, the river had become sluggish, stagnant. But gin—like floodwaters pouring into the river—gave it the momentum the years had slowed. With enough gin the river once more danced, swirled, raced into exciting, frothing rapids that tore frantically at its crumbling shores.

She thought of her husband, Sam Fields, now dead and gone to his glory. Now, there had been a man that covered



COLLIER'S "Didn't even bother to feel me out, did he?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

VIP'S WAR



“Okay, Filstrup, okay! Your false modesty can wait . . .”

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

the ground a woman walked on. They had been young together, she and Sam, and she had worked beside him in the fields and groves and had gloried in both his strength and her own and had loved him well.

She remembered now, as she so often did, the time Sam had carried her to see the ocean. She had lived and worked always in the same inland county and had thought that she would never make it all the way to the coast. Without her knowing it, Sam had borrowed an old jalopy. He had wakened her at five of a Sunday morning and had told her they were taking off at once on a journey.

They had jounced all morning over red-brick roads and had arrived finally at Melbourne, on the Florida east coast. The color of the sea water—blue-green, sparkling in the sun—the surface crested with rolling whitecaps, the gulls sweeping and screeching, had been almost unbearably beautiful to her. It had seemed to her as if she were in another world. She and Sam had stood, their hands clasped, upon a lonely dune and had watched it. And it had seemed to Pearl that, with her man beside her, with the salt sea air in her lungs, with the dazzling beauty and the bigness of the scene there before her, she was nearer the Good Lord than she had ever been or ever would be again.

It had been a spiritual and emotional experience that she would never forget.

SAM died years after that. Pearl had never seen the ocean again. She had never wanted to see it, had wanted it left as an experience shared by the two of them. But now, as she sat there alone, the thought came to her that she would like to see it once more and before she died. And she would like to see it with Teddy. Since Sam had died, she had given her heart to no one but the child. Perhaps with Teddy she could recapture the feeling she had shared there with Sam. Perhaps, in some miraculous way, the wound within her would be cleansed and healed if she breathed the salt sea air. The thought grew, nourished by her loneliness, her misery, the heavy feeling of having failed.

She finished her drink and made another. The river was commencing to race now. The ways and means of getting Teddy to the ocean seemed almost within her grasp. But the solution escaped her. Never mind, she thought. She would figure it all out in the morning. She finished her drink. She stood, swaying slightly—fat and grotesque in the flickering light of the kerosene lantern—and went across the room to her bed.

The misery was upon her as she woke up. Her hands shook, and her eyes burned fiercely. The taste of old and dirty brass was in her mouth. And her heart ached as she realized that she must go to Mister Jack's house that morning for the last time—to pack up her belongings. This was a school day, and she wouldn't even see the child.

Coffee bolstered her courage somewhat. She gathered up her old straw suitcase and was ready to go.

THE house was empty. She labored upstairs to the little room next to Teddy's room—the one she always used when she stayed overnight with Teddy. She kept spare uniforms in the closet here, a few toilet articles and overnight things.

When she had finished packing them away in her suitcase, she went into Teddy's room. The room was a mess: crayons and coloring books on the unmade bed, comic books and clothes strewn from one end to the other. It seemed to Pearl that she just couldn't stand it, seeing all these things strewn around, all these things she had so many times lovingly put aright. She began picking things up from the floor and putting them away.

“Reach for the sky!”

Pearl's unwieldy body jerked straight. “Do, God!” she gasped.

Teddy's lips were a thin, grim line. His sombrero was on the back of his head. His two six-shooters were leveled at her chest. His voice was flat. “Reach!”

Pearl reached for the sky.

“That's better.” Teddy holstered his guns.

Pearl dropped her arms. Tenderness belied, as always, the intended harshness of her tone. “How come you not in school, child?”

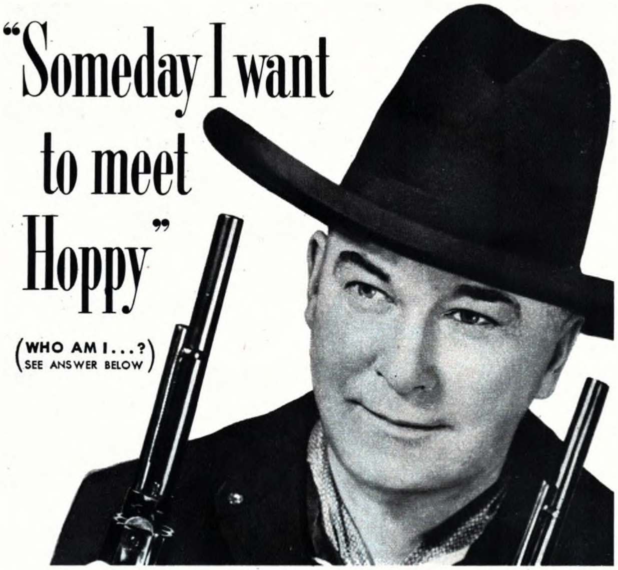
“Didn't want to go to school.”

“How come?”

“They can't make me go to school,” he said. “They can't make me do a thing!”

Pearl was insistent. “How come?”

The child's defiance gave way to tears. “I heard 'em,” he sobbed. “I heard 'em telling about you. I got on my bike and started for school and I rode around the block and I been hiding out behind the bamboos waiting for you.” He was in Pearl's arms now. She swayed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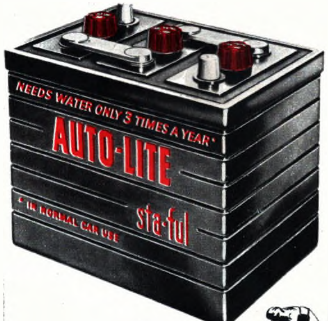

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with him, rubbing his back. "There, honey. Old Pearl ain't gonna forget her boy. Old Pearl'll be right here in town, honey. Times I'll come to see you. Times you'll come to see me. We'll always be friends, honey!"

She knew that she was lying. The child would forget poor old Pearl inside of a month's time.

"Don't go off, Pearl," Teddy said.

"I reckon I'm just naturally obliged to, honey."

"I won't let you!"

"I tell you what, honey," she said. "I'll make us some lemonade. I'll get us some cookies. We'll go out under the mulberry tree and have us a picnic. We'll disremember all the bad things and think of the good things and have us a good picnic."

Teddy's sobbing stopped. "All right," he said.

Pearl took her suitcase in one hand. She took Teddy's hand in the other. They went downstairs to the kitchen. Pearl made glasses of lemonade for them both. She left her suitcase in the pantry, and they took the cooky jar and went outside and sat in deck chairs in the shade of the mulberry tree.

Teddy's mouth was full of cooky. "Tell me a story, Pearl," he pleaded. "Tell me about Sam!"

SHE had told him so many stories about Sam, and the stories had grown and changed so through the years that Pearl, not being long on remembering, could no longer segregate fact from fiction. She sipped her lemonade. "Well, honey, you know my Sam, he was a natural-born *man*. He was a go-'gator-and-muddy-the-water man. He would take a chance on anything. Scaredness wasn't in him."

She stopped then, remembering, as she had the night before, the time Sam had carried her to see the ocean. She wanted to tell Teddy about that. But she hadn't the words to explain the way she had felt. She knew, anyhow, that a six-year-old child would not be interested in things like that. He wanted action, bravery, conflict.

"Go ahead, Pearl."

"What my Sam wanted to do, he done. Long as it didn't hurt nobody." She was stalling. A good story about Sam wouldn't come to mind. And she couldn't get her mind off that ocean, the way it had looked that time she'd seen it with Sam.

"Then how come *you're* so scaredy?"

She could almost hear the thunder of the rollers beating upon the white sand. The child's question was reasonable. How come she *was* so scaredy? She had lived her life.

She rose and took his hand. "Come on, honey," she said.

"Where we going?"

"You just come on!"

THEY sat near the front of the bus now, for Pearl, traveling with a little white boy, was classified as a nursemaid rather than just another Negro. Jim Crow laws were lenient in this respect. Both Pearl and Teddy were excited by their adventure. Pearl told Teddy stories of Sam. She told him of the time Sam wrestled the bear—and won. And of the time Sam outran and outsmarted the sheriff's bloodhounds. And of how the two Geechee women razor-fought over Sam—their left wrists strapped together. The tires of the huge bus sang over the pavement. They were in Orlando before they knew it; then Sanford, then De Land.

"You know what I'm going to be when I grow up, Pearl?" Teddy said. "I'm going to be just like Sam. I'll be the bravest, strongest man in the whole world."

"That's right, honey."

And then they were in Daytona Beach. The trip to Melbourne would have taken longer and cost more. The bus driver had overheard parts of their spirited conversation. He was curious. He stopped them as they were leaving the bus. "Say," he said to Pearl, "ain't this Mister Jack Townsend's little boy?"

Pearl had been determined to let no thoughts of the future spoil their day. The day was to be lived for itself. The man's question, coupled with the sudden thought that she had left her straw suitcase in the new Missis Townsend's pantry, brought on fluttering forebodings which she forced hurriedly from her mind.

"Jack Townsend's my daddy," Teddy said.

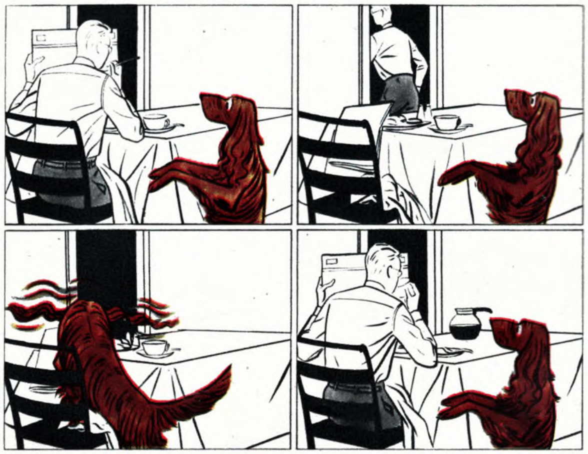
"Hurry up now, honey," Pearl said.

Pearl didn't have to ask which way the ocean was. The salt air was in her lungs now. Her breath came quick with anticipation. She hurried Teddy along the sidewalk. And suddenly they were at the rail of the boardwalk, and beyond white sands stretched the sea.

"Gee!" Teddy said.

Pearl gripped his hand. Almost fiercely she said, "Hush, child!" Her

CLANCY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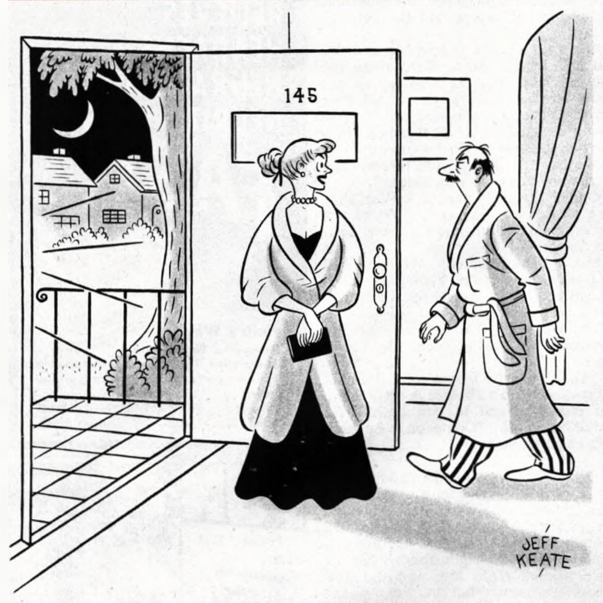

COLLIER'S "Isn't he adorable, Dad? That's Morse code for 'Good night, Evangeline, I love you' Al's tapping out on his car horn" JEFF KEATE

body was braced against the shock of emotion that she knew must come. She waited. Almost desperately she tried to recapture the wonderful feeling she had experienced the first time she had seen the ocean, that time with Sam. Her eyes searched for the bigness, the grandness, the beauty that she remembered. The sands were crowded with sun bathers. Picnickers had left paper plates and greasy wax-paper wrappings on the sand. A disconsolate-looking gull scratched and pecked among the papers for crusts. A portable radio in the sand beside a pair of lovers blared noisy music.

Pearl waited and the feeling did not come.

She became conscious of Teddy's voice. "You're hurting me, Pearl."

"I'm sorry, honey." And Pearl realized, for the first time since she and Teddy had left home, that she was a fat and foolish old woman—headed for a whole lot of trouble.

TEDDY had spotted the amusement park down the boardwalk. It was just commencing to stir, readying itself for the afternoon and evening trade. "Merry-go-round! Ferris wheel! Let's go, Pearl!"

Pearl had bought round-trip bus tickets for the two of them. The rest of the money Mister Jack had paid her the day before had not been touched. Although she was tired now, and confused and disappointed, she was determined that the child should have a day that he would always remember. They went to the amusement park. They ate greasy hamburgers. Then, though Pearl could not hoist her bulk aboard a horse and had to settle for a chariot, they had three rides on the merry-go-round. They rode twice on a dark and frightening thing called a caterpillar, and when Pearl screamed in terror at its violent convolutions, Teddy took her hand and told her not to be afraid. They ate pink cotton candy. They each drove one of the little electric cars that bump into one another, and Teddy jerked a misery into the small of her back with his ruthless flanking attacks, but she didn't care. They ate candied apples and popcorn. They threw baseballs at wooden milk bottles, and Teddy won a Kewpie doll and gave it to Pearl. Pearl reckoned they wouldn't let her keep it where they were bound to put her when she got home with Teddy, but she took it, just to please the child.

They had saved the Ferris wheel until last. Teddy was tired now, mumbling sleepily. The weather had turned chilly and damp. The wind shrilled through the almost-deserted amusement park. It was almost dusk. The beach was empty now. Pearl's money was almost gone. She knew that they must soon start the long ride home.

She bought two tickets for the Ferris wheel. She had never been on one before and her body tensed with fright as the car in which she and Teddy were seated started its sickening upward lurch. Teddy curled against her, taking shelter against the blustering wind that blew from the sea. She folded a fat arm around him. He sighed contentedly, then yawned. Pearl closed her eyes in near panic as the car climbed upward, swaying a little.

They were the only riders. Teddy slept against Pearl's side. Pearl had not dared open her eyes on the upward half of the cycle. Suddenly, as their car approached the very top of the orbit, the wheel lurched to a stop. Other passengers were being taken aboard. Pearl cautiously opened one eye. She gasped, then opened the other.

It was as if she and Teddy were suspended high over some exciting other world as she looked out over the empty, windswept beach and the heaving sea. Great rollers burst upon the resisting sand and receded, hissing, to be folded into the bosom of the succeeding roller. Gulls screeched over the wastes. Pearl filled her lungs with the clean salt air. The good Lord was with her. And for the moment she was young again, full-bodied yet firm-bodied, with the juices of life strong within her; vital—strong yet suppliant—capable of laughing from the heart, loving without cease, fighting without fear, working without tiredness. Her youth was back. And Teddy was Sam, and life was a challenge. It was the feeling that she had been waiting for.

The wheel started. When their car

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reached the bottom of the circle, it stopped. The ride was over. Pearl gathered the sleeping child into her arms and stepped to the ground. She did not notice Mister Jack and the other two men until they had closed about her. There was, Pearl noticed, a peculiar look on Mister Jack's face. It was sort of like grimness and relief and curiosity all mixed up together, each one fighting to win.

"Well, Pearl . . ."

"Howdy, Mister Jack." Teddy stirred in her arms.

"You know you're in trouble, don't you, Pearl?"

"Yes, sir."

MISTER JACK reached for Teddy. Teddy, wide-eyed now, clung to Pearl's neck. "How come Pearl's in trouble, Daddy?" he asked.

"Never you mind, honey," Pearl said.

"Come on, pal," Mister Jack said.

"No!" Teddy wailed. He clung tightly to Pearl. "Don't you do anything bad to Pearl. I love Pearl better'n anybody!"

Mister Jack stepped back. He shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other. The two men with him gazed steadily at him. His paternal authority had been flaunted. He was embarrassed. He did not want to take the child from Pearl by force—thus making the scene even more embarrassing.

His relationship with the child had, he realized suddenly, deteriorated to such an extent that it would be useless to appeal to him.

Pearl saved the situation for him. She stroked Teddy's head gently and said, "Your daddy loves you, honey. He's come all the way up here to fetch you. You go on with him." She put him on the ground. He looked anxiously at her for a moment. She smiled and nodded at him. He went to his father and stood beside him.

The sensation she had experienced at the top of the Ferris wheel had left her calm, serene and unafraid. She said what she had never before had the courage to say:

"He's a mighty good boy, Mister Jack. But he's lonely. Somewhere along the line he's done got the feeling he's not really wanted, that old Pearl's his only friend. You got to spend some time and loving on that boy, Mister Jack. Both you *and* the new Missis Townsend!"

Mister Jack cleared his throat. His hand went to Teddy's shoulder.

One of the other men took Pearl's fat arm. "Let's go," he said. "We've got things to do. Kidnaping's a pretty serious charge."

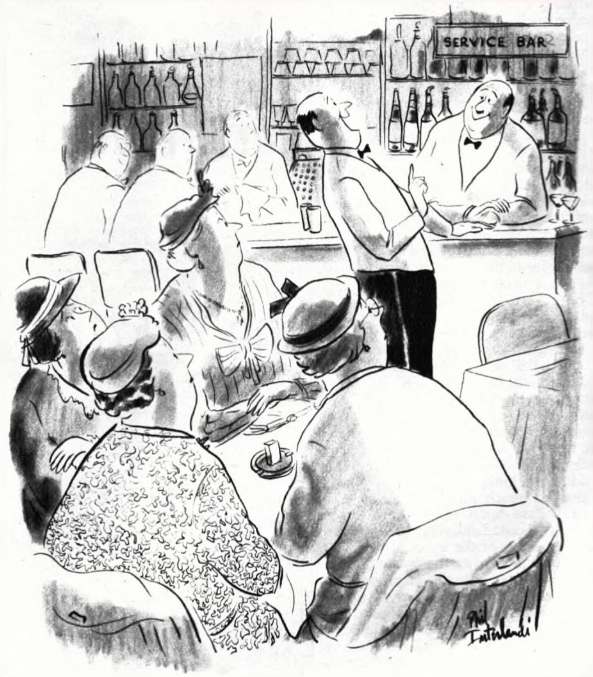
Mister Jack shouted, "Who the hell said anything about kidnaping! She bought round-trip tickets for the two of them, didn't she?"

The man stepped away from Pearl. He shrugged. "It's your problem, Mr. Townsend."

"All right," Mister Jack said. "I didn't mean to shout. You helped me find them. I'm much obliged to you both." He glared at Pearl. "Come on," he said. "We're going home."

TEDDY slept beside his daddy in the front seat. For a long time, Mister Jack laid down the law to Pearl. He told her he'd skin her alive if she ever pulled another stunt like this one. He told her that she might be right about what the child needed from him and the new Missis Townsend—but that Pearl wasn't to get any crazy ideas that he hadn't known it all along.

He told her that they were all going to start off with a clean slate. He told her a whole lot of things that she would have to start doing around the house to please the new Missis Townsend. He told her a whole lot of things she would have to stop doing, too. Pearl listened happily. Before they were halfway home she had forgotten most of the things he had told her, because she wasn't too long on remembering. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

"This'll kill you, Dick! Get this: an Apricot Flip—what d'ya know! A Platinum Fizz, whatever that is; a Frozen Alexander, how about that . . ."

PHIL INTERLANDI

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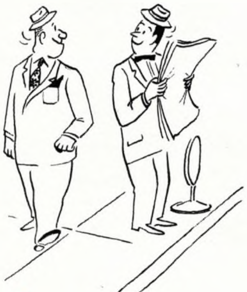
By JERRY MARCUS



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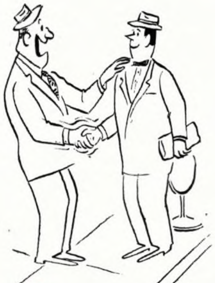

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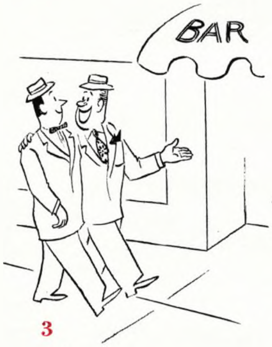

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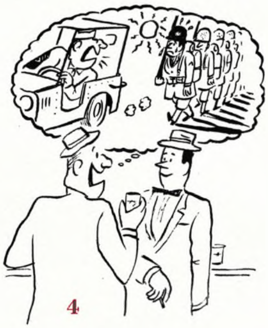

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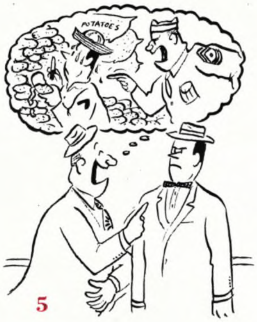

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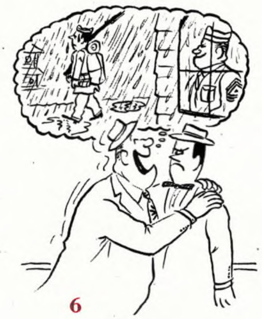

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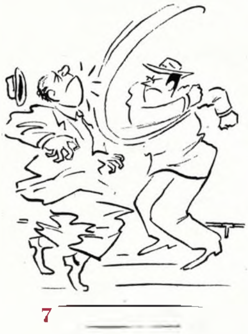

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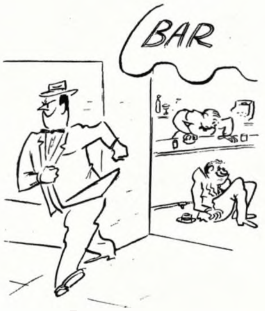

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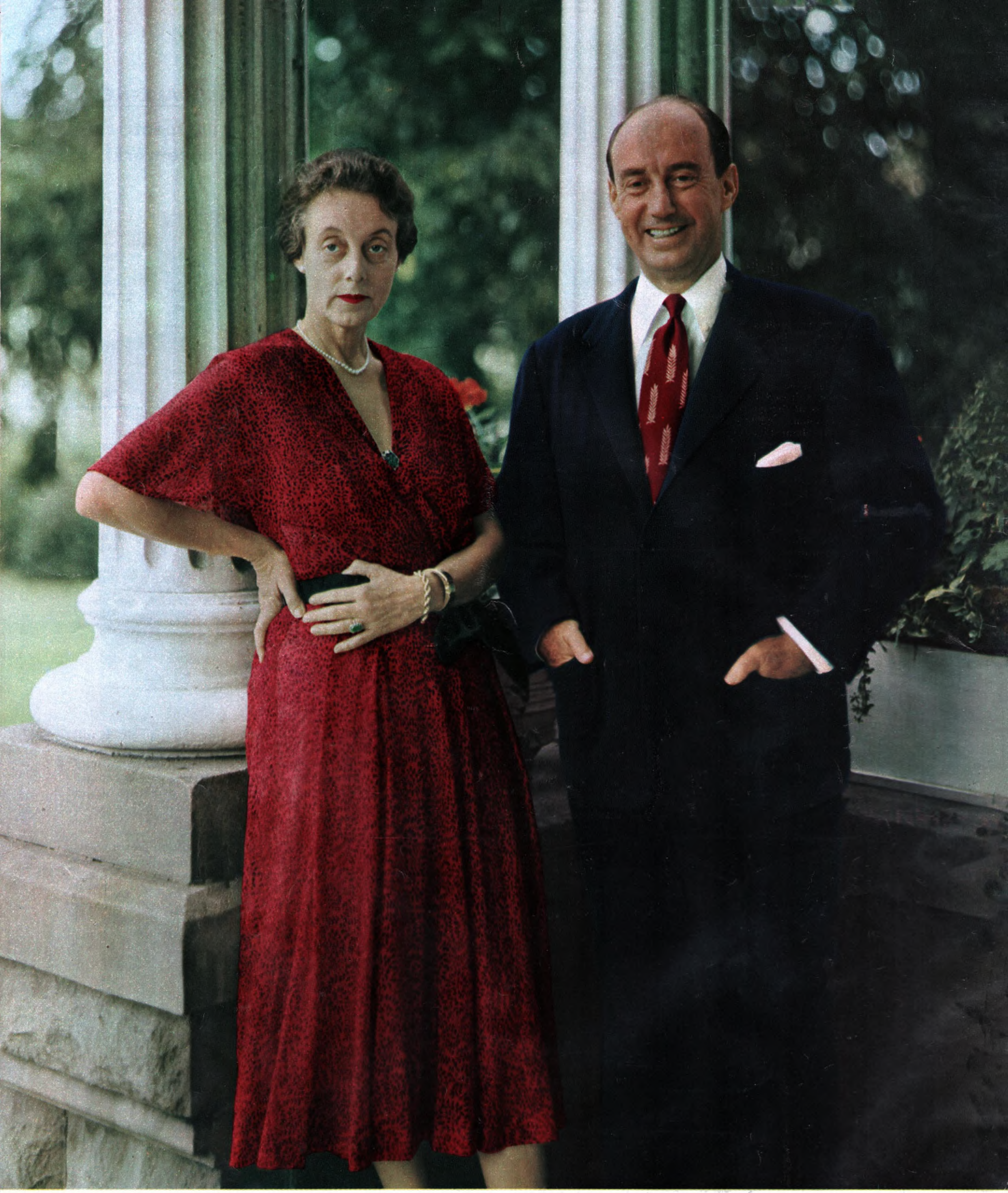


Two years Adlai's senior, Elizabeth Stevenson Ives regards him with the proud, protective affection of an elder sister

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YOUSUF KARSH

ADLAI'S LADY

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

Governor Stevenson's sister, Elizabeth, frankly enjoys politics. Active, strong-willed and emphatic, she'd be an outspoken White House hostess

YOUSUF KARSH

OUR next White House hostess, if Adlai Stevenson wins in November, will be his only sister, Elizabeth (Buffie) Stevenson Ives. Not long ago, I went to Illinois to find out from Mrs. Ives herself how she would handle this spotlight post—and what she is like as a person.

Ever since her brother's divorce in 1949, Buffie Ives has been his hostess at the governor's mansion in Springfield, a hospitable, white-brick house little changed since Abraham Lincoln practiced law in that city. She and her husband, Ernest L. Ives, a Virginian retired from the Foreign Service, divide their time between Springfield, Bloomington, 60 miles away, where she was born, and Southern Pines, North Carolina, where the Iveses own a 150-acre farm.

My introduction to Mrs. Ives was informal. As I was being ushered into the drawing room, she came down the front stairs, a pleasant-faced woman in a violet cotton dress.

"Don't look at my hair. It's just been washed," she said, holding out her hand. "I'm Buffie Ives. Let's go to my sitting room. It's more friendly."

On the way up to the second floor we bumped into the governor—in shirt sleeves. "Take it easy," he advised. "It's warm today." Mrs. Ives smiled. "Adlai (she pronounced it Adlee) likes to work at home. His office is in the basement." Her tone reflected the protective affection of an elder sister. "He hates red tape and formality."

The family resemblance between the two is strong; both are tall, and have slightly protuberant blue-gray eyes, aquiline noses and dark brown hair with a reddish glint.

Buffie Ives looks English—perhaps a throwback to her ancestors. One, Colonel Henry Willis (his coat of arms hangs above the governor's bed), helped settle Fredericksburg, Virginia. Another, Joshua Fry, was appointed a colonel in the French and Indian War by King George III.

Mrs. Ives speaks often of ancestors, less from personal pride than because they link her with the past. The past is one of her major preoccupations, along with interior decorating, gardening and politics. She helped found the Moore County Historical Society in North Carolina, is a member of the National Council for the Preservation of Historic Sites, and belongs to the Springfield Historical Society. She is one of the principal sponsors of an annual two-month Lincoln festival presented in the restored town of New Salem, where Abraham Lincoln studied law and was admitted to the bar.

At night, when everyone else is asleep, Mrs. Ives occasionally walks through the rooms of the Executive Mansion and thinks of the people who have lived there. "I get the aura of old houses that way," she explained. "I am very sensitive to them."

The first thing she did when she moved into the mansion was to start restoring the state bedroom. Various people whose ancestors helped build Illinois contributed heirlooms: an imposing Victorian walnut bedstead, an equally formidable walnut wardrobe, a handsome slipper sofa and a pair of delicate Madison chairs.

Décor Reflects Tranquil Personality

Mrs. Ives's talent for interior decorating was evident in her upstairs sitting room. Her tranquil, retiring personality appeared in its subtle color scheme: gray-green walls, white wicker furniture, off-white shaggy rug and highly polished dark floors. Stylized pastel prints of birds flanked the bookshelves, and in a shining black vase on a white tea table bloomed white chrysanthemums, the gift of Perle Mesta.

Mrs. Ives touched the flowers: "It is important to me to have living things in the house—flowers, leaves, pets."

Her taste was again evident in the arrangement and color scheme of the white-brick-enclosed garden at the rear of the mansion. There were rows of tall white phlox and mauve Canterbury bells, cultivated by herself; a turquoise-tiled lily pool; white iron furniture cushioned in pink, and, in one corner, a smoke-stained barbecue pit. When weather permits, the governor and Ernest Ives breakfast on the back porch which overlooks the garden.

Buffie Ives breakfasts in her room. "I find that my nervous balance and temper are better if I breakfast alone," she explained. A substantial meal of orange juice, a three-minute boiled egg, bacon fried crisp, a slice of unbuttered toast and two cups of coffee helps her face the day.

The Executive Mansion is staffed by a housekeeper, Mrs. William Van Diver, a butler, second man, two parlor maids, a woodwork polisher, and a cook, all acquired in a previous administration.

Mrs. Ives's work begins with a menu-planning session with Mrs. Van Diver. Next, one of the governor's two secretaries brings in her morning mail, which, since her brother's nomination, has averaged several hundred letters a week. "I marvel at the order of Adlai's desk," Mrs. Ives told me. "I look at mine these days and sigh. I'm not a crank about neatness, but I find it easier to carry on the business of life if my possessions are in order. It rattles me if they're not."

Before her correspondence deluged her, Mrs. Ives used to putter in the garden, lunch with friends and spend the afternoon browsing through antique or interior-decorating shops. Evenings, she and her husband take turns reading aloud—books like Carl Sandburg's Mary Lincoln, and The Man of Independence, Harry Truman's story by Adlai's friend, Jonathan Daniels.

Occasionally, the Iveses attend an evening party, but that happens less often now that Adlai is a Presidential candidate. He is besieged by callers, and his sister usually stays home to lend whatever help she can. Sometimes her husband attends evening affairs alone.

Although he may be of little help with visitors, Ernest Ives is one of Adlai's closest advisers. "Ernie is with Adlai a lot," Mrs. Ives says. "He listens to his speeches and thrashes out questions with him. Adlai is a lonely man. Ernie is the nearest thing to a brother he's got."

During my visit, we drove over to see the family home at Bloomington. On the way, Mrs. Ives remarked, "Adlai and I both love our homeland. We've got a curious pride in Illinois and our family's part in developing it. My roots are strong in this soil."

Her grandfather, the Adlai Stevenson for whom the governor is named, was first a congressman from Illinois, then Vice-President of the United States under Grover Cleveland. Her great-grandfather Jesse Fell, a Quaker, was a personal friend

EVE ARNOLD

"Buffie," as friends call her, likes interior decorating, gardening, history and politics

of Abraham Lincoln. Her father, Lewis Green Stevenson, served as secretary of the state of Illinois and later as a special assistant to Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels during Woodrow Wilson's administration. In 1906 Mrs. Lewis Stevenson bought a three-story Victorian structure with concrete walls and a brown shingle trim in Bloomington. Adlai and Buffie inherited this house, but the governor sold his inherited share to his sister because he felt it meant more to her than to him.

A maid waited at the door as we arrived. The other servants include a houseman, chauffeur and Iola McLaurin—the cook.

"Iola has only one arm," Mrs. Ives said, "but she cooks better than most cooks with two arms." Iola proved it by serving a delicious luncheon of broiled lamb chops, fresh peas, grilled tomatoes, mixed green salad tossed in a sophisticated herb dressing, and one of her famous deep-dish peach pies made with a special cheese crust.

Summers of Long Ago Recalled

The second-floor corner front of the Bloomington house was Mrs. Ives's room as a girl. On its walls hang water colors of Charlevoix, the Michigan resort where the Stevensons spent their summers when Buffie and Adlai were young. "Mrs. Dean Acheson's mother, Jane Stanley, did those water colors," Mrs. Ives told me. "She and Mother were close friends. Alice—Mrs. Acheson—is a good friend of mine; she gave me the water colors."

Adlai's old room in the Bloomington house, a typical small boy's room, has sloping eaves, a single window opening on treetops, a small bed, slightly faded draperies, a worn rug, a scuffed bureau and, in a tiny alcove, a washbowl and hooks for washcloth and towels.

"Adlai used to have his things here—pictures, books," his sister said. "He read a lot—and still does." She smiled. "I noticed Emerson's Compensation on the table by his bed yesterday."

Elizabeth Ives, who was born on July 16, 1899, was ten when the family moved into the Bloomington house. Adlai was eight. Seven years later, when their father, Lewis Stevenson, was appointed secretary of the state of Illinois, the family went to Springfield. Old friends say Buffie's awareness of politics was well developed even before this period. As a girl of fourteen, she would coax them and Adlai to attend night sessions of the state legislature.

At seventeen, she often presided at official parties. "It was the talk of the town," recalls one intimate, "the way Buffie, with long hair still streaming down her back, would act as hostess for her father. She had the poise of a mature woman and saw that every guest got properly introduced and had a turn at the punch bowl."

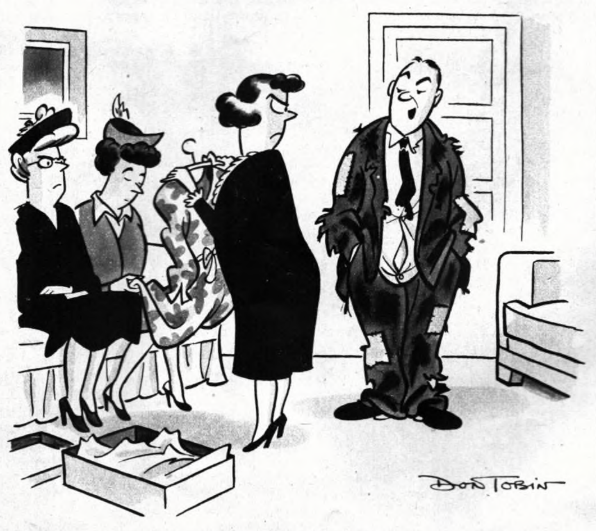
She made her formal bow to society in Washington at twenty, when her father became special assistant to Josephus Daniels. One of her memories of that period is of being seated at dinner next to a young Assistant Secretary of the Navy named Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Another phase of her younger days was a try at the stage. "My parents believed in letting their children try out their wings early," she said. "When I announced that I wanted to go on the stage, Father said, 'All right, Buffie, let's see what you can do.' "

Dropping the nickname which her brother had given her when he was small, in favor of her full name, Elizabeth Stevenson, she took an apartment in New York with a girl friend and found a role in a Rafael Sabatini play starring Sidney Blackmer. During this time she read William James's The Varieties of Religious Experience and felt drawn to the study of theology. Her father's family was Presbyterian, her mother's Unitarian and Quaker. To the surprise of her friends in the theater, she enrolled for a course at the Union Theological Seminary.

"I went only one term," Mrs. Ives recalled, "but I got a great deal out of the experience. As a family we've always been concerned with religious values."

I asked her about reports that she and her brother were Christian Scientists. "Our Ewing cousins were Christian



COLLIER'S "Personally, I like the three you bought last week even better" DON TOBIN

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COLLIER'S "... and that guy's not just a millionaire, either—he's *rich!*" JEFF KEATE

Scientists," she replied. "They had a great influence on our lives."

In 1926, the senior Stevensons decided that their daughter's flier in the theater had not demonstrated any real acting gift. As a solace for quitting the stage, Buffie was given a trip to Europe. In Switzerland she met Ernest Ives. They were married in 1927 in Naples, and after a honeymoon in Egypt she started housekeeping in Istanbul, where her husband was stationed. They have a son, Tim, now in training in the Air Force.

Domestic life in the diplomatic service can be pretty hectic. Mrs. Ives crossed the Atlantic 30 times in the next 12 years. Between trips, she wrestled with the problem of running homes in Algiers, Egypt, France, Germany, Peru, the Union of South Africa and Northern Ireland. In a North Ireland warehouse fire started by a Nazi bomb, Mrs. Ives lost all her belongings, including souvenirs of her presentation in 1931 at the Court of St. James's.

She Wouldn't Borrow Jewels

For this bow to royalty, Mrs. Ives borrowed the traditional three-feathered headdress and a fan from friends, but balked at renting jewels, the custom for presentees not rich enough to own any.

"It went against my independent American upbringing," she explains.

Her gold lamé presentation gown was a Lanvin original which she had bought to wear at a court ball in Copenhagen at a time when her husband was stationed there.

"That ball was fascinating," she told me. "The Chinese Minister asked me to dance. I was five feet seven, he less than five feet. We stumbled along, losing ground every step. Finally, to our intense chagrin—mine at least—we fell flat on our faces in front of the king." She laughed. "The little minister did his best to restore my ego. 'Madam,' he said. 'You never left my arms!' "

In 1933, the Iveses made a brief trip to Southern Pines, where Buffie had often visited as a girl. "While there, Ernie and I heard a farm was being sold for a mortgage and we jumped at it. We bought the place, 150 acres plus a century-old cabin . . . hard pine, clay-chinked—and weather-stripped."

Besides the Bloomington house and the cabin at Southern Pines, Mrs. Ives owns some Illinois farm acreage in partnership with Adlai. Like him, she also owns 25 per cent of the family newspaper, the Bloomington Pantagraph.

Mrs. Ives wears her dark brown hair, still untouched by gray, long, "to please Ernie," and buys her clothes where she finds them. She points with pride to a blue linen sport dress which cost only $15 in a Springfield store.

She describes herself as "painfully punctual, always pushing others along and being hated for it." She speaks slowly but acts quickly—"Like Adlai. We take after Mother in this respect, and we're both high-strung, like her."

She has had two major tragedies in her life, both involving her brother. The first struck when she was fifteen, he thirteen. At a party he accidentally shot and killed their cousin, fifteen-year-old Ruth Merwin. A bullet in the chamber of a supposedly unloaded .22 rifle was discharged while he was holding the gun for one of the guests, a military student. Adlai was exonerated at the inquest.

Another Gethsemane for both was his divorce. "Adlai and Eenie—Ellen—just couldn't get along," friends say. "She didn't like his friends, nor he hers. Eenie broke the news of the impending divorce by long-distance phone to Buffie, who was in Southern Pines. Adlai was worried about how Buffie would take it. And Buffie, of course, was worried about its effect on him."

It is plain that such sisterly concern also dominates her thoughts about a future in the White House, although she has some emphatic ideas of her own on politics.

"I like politics," she assured me. "It makes me so mad when the word 'politician' is used as an epithet. By sneering at politicians we drag down the whole fabric of political business."

I asked her if she would hold press conferences if she became White House hostess. She replied: "I'll do whatever is best for Adlai. Personally, I don't feel that any woman related to a public official has the right to withdraw." ▲▲▲

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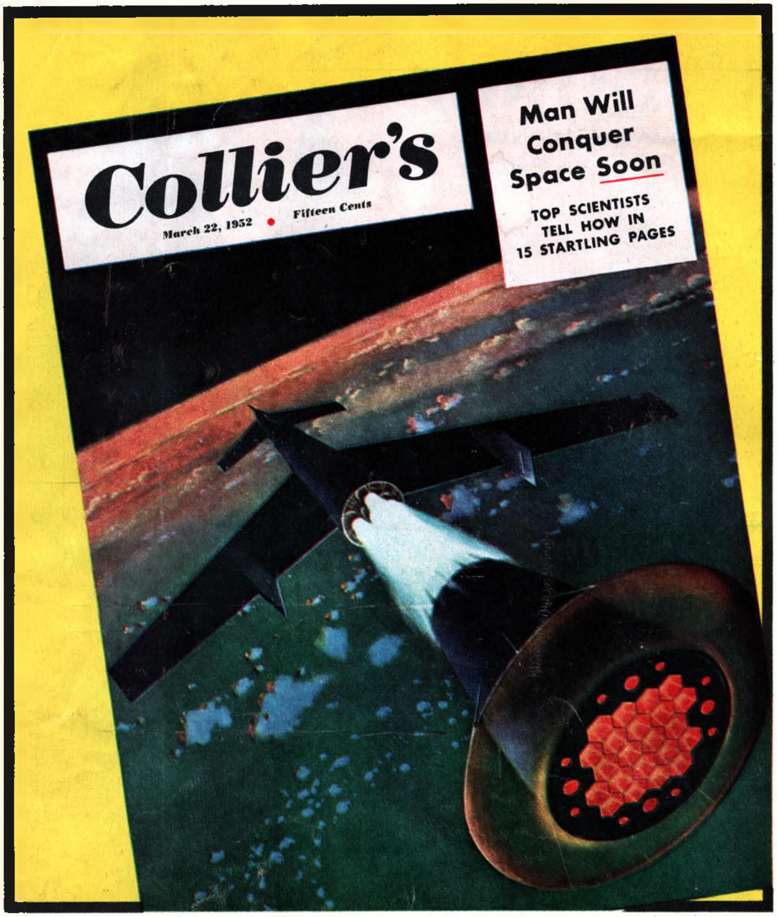

Collier's

March 22, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

Man Will Conquer Space Soon

TOP SCIENTISTS TELL HOW IN 15 STARTLING PAGES

Next Comes the Moon

THE ILLUSTRATION for this week's editorial will be familiar to most Collier's readers, for it was the cover of our issue of March 22, 1952, which contained a number of articles under the collective title Man Will Conquer Space Soon. Since that issue appeared, some things have occurred which we believe lend strength to our slogan, Collier's Makes Things Happen.

For one thing, an expanded version of those March 22d articles appeared last week as a book called Across the Space Frontier (Viking Press), and already its sales are right up there in the hot-cake category. For another, the Third International Congress on Astronautics met in Stuttgart, Germany, a few weeks before to discuss the conquest of space.

Now, we don't say that Collier's made this Stuttgart conference happen. But our March 22d issue did anticipate and deal with the very same subjects that the 200 scientists from 13 countries discussed in Stuttgart, from the cost, design and time factors involved in constructing a space rocket, to the technical problems of building an artificial satellite in outer space and the legal problems regarding possession and "ownership" of that space. And while Dr. Wernher von Braun, who wrote our leading article on space travel, was not able to appear in person at the astronautical congress, his paper on Space Travel: A Common International Task, which was read before the conference, was one of the key documents of the discussion.

The very fact that the word astronautical exists in our language seems proof enough to us that space travel has passed from the realm of conjecture to the field of rather imminent reality. There are many difficulties to overcome. But the technical details have been worked out beyond the point of doubt or failure. And in working them out the astronauts have succeeded in making science fact vastly stranger and more intriguing than science fiction. The fanciful activities of the space travelers met in comic books, television and movies can't compare with what actual men will accomplish within the lifetime of many of us.

For man *will* conquer space. There is no longer any real question about it. It is the last great frontier that challenges human intelligence, ingenuity and courage. And, as the title of Dr. von Braun's paper states, the meeting of that challenge is a common international task. It is also a disturbing international problem.

The development of rockets, upon which space travel depends, was born of the desire for destruction and conquest in World War II. It might now—and in a happier period of world history it surely would—become an instrument for opening vast new horizons to the traditionally nonpolitical, non-nationalistic, peaceable brotherhood of world scientists. But, in the Soviet Union, political theory has long since taken over science and warped and perverted it to political uses. Thus true international co-operation in the conquest of space is impossible.

Whether the free world's scientists will pool their wisdom, or whether the United States will have to go it alone in the conquest of space, remains to be seen. But Collier's believes that it behooves this country to start some real activity. For the first power that builds and occupies a space satellite will hold the ultimate military power over all the earth. This the Soviet government knows, too, and it is not idle.

In the hands of a peaceful country like ours, a space satellite would be the first step in a series of infinite and perhaps unimagined possibilities. For it must be remembered that an artificial satellite, though a staggering accomplishment, would be only a beginning. Beyond this threshold of outer space lies the moon, and beyond the moon the nearer planets.

Collier's told you the details of the first step last March, but we haven't neglected outer space in the meantime. In next week's issue and the issue following we shall bring you the story of Man on the Moon, by the same scientists who conducted our first symposium. It's a feasible, technically accurate story and a highly important one, too, because it is someday going to come true.

A Really Fine Restraint

SINCE WE ADMIT to a few tender and old-fashioned sensibilities, we cannot but admire the restraint with which certain newspapers handled a certain news story which broke not long ago. The story had to do with a newly developed chemical compound called diacetylhydroxyphenylisatin, which, we gathered, is derived from prunes. Or maybe it just resembles prunes, or certain properties thereof. We were always pretty shaky in high-school chemistry.

Anyway, you know about prunes. Or do you? Well, if you don't, you wouldn't have been much enlightened by the newspaper stories we read.

One of them said that Grandma had been dead right about prunes all along. Another stated that diacetylhydroxyphenylisatin was an essence of the best, the very best, that the prune had to offer to the human system. Still another brought the soothing announcement that the new compound is not harsh, and that it can be taken with absolutely no harmful side effects. But nothing more specific than that.

Maybe that isn't full and accurate reporting. But somehow we find it refreshing in this day of the four-letter-word novel, in this day when such terms as vice lord and call girl have become household words via press and radio, to discover that the school of Nice Nelly journalism still exists. Even Queen Victoria could not have been shocked to read these veiled, discreet hints that—dare we say it?—a new laxative has been developed.

". . . We got to talking election. Two of us wore one button and two of us wore another . . . but we all saw eye to eye on this: When the waiter polled our choice, we all voted Schlitz."

We of Schlitz are often asked how we make Schlitz so good that it is preferred (and bought) by more people than any other beer.

And here's our answer.

It's because we measure each tick of the clock while Schlitz is being brewed . . . because we measure temperatures in fractions of degrees . . . because Schlitz people have a sympathetic way of handling sensitive ingredients . . . because Schlitz is brewed to make good on this promise . . . *If you like beer, you'll love Schlitz.*

If you like beer ...you'll love Schlitz

Schlitz
SCHLITZ

ON TV EVERY WEEK
Schlitz "Playhouse of Stars"
See your newspaper for time and station.

October is National Schlitz Month
Enjoy the world's best-liked beer

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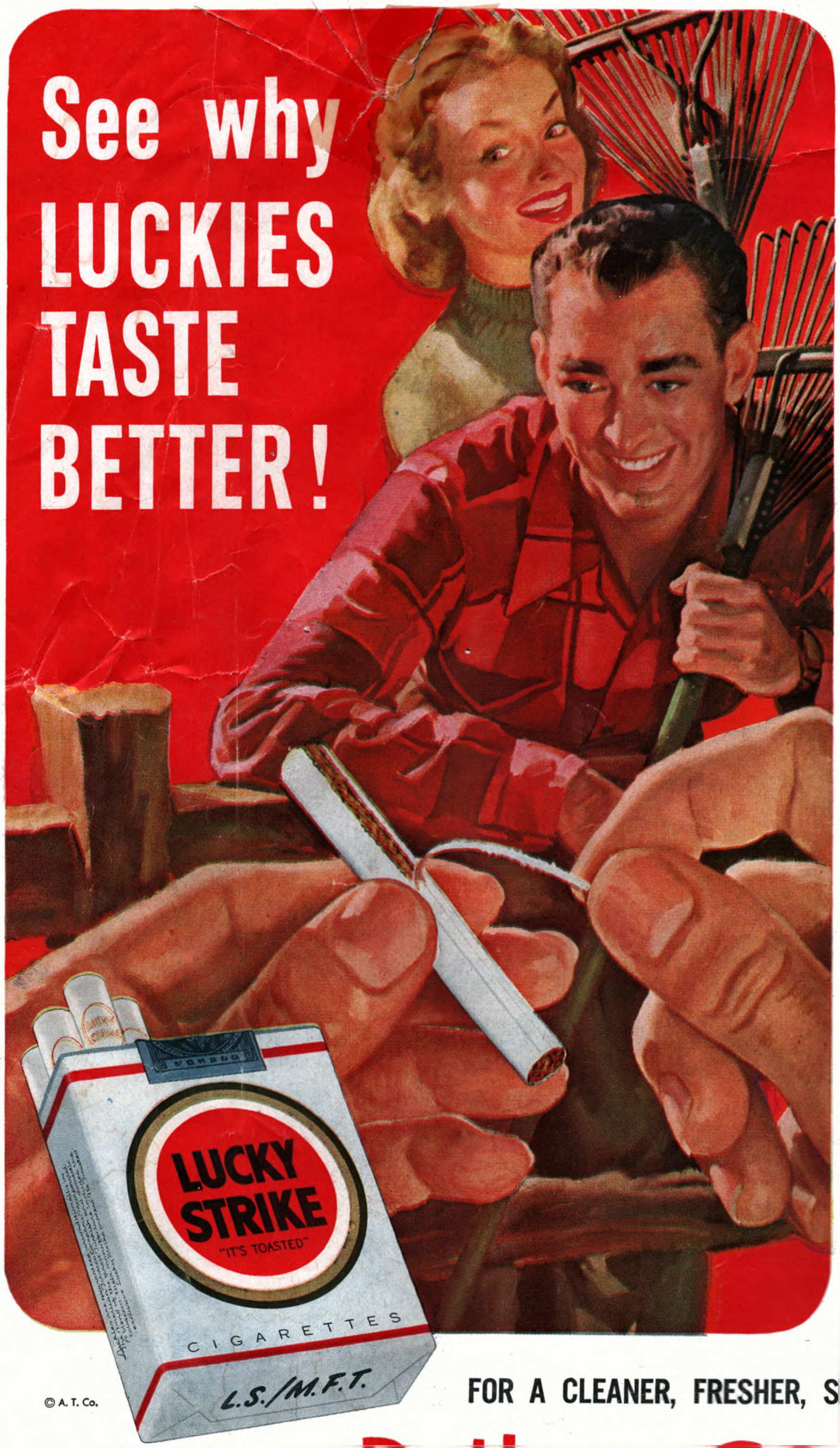
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous

See why LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!



How to prove to yourself Luckies are made better—to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure it's from a newly opened pack, and that you don't dig into the tobacco. Then gently lift out the tobacco.

Free from
loose ends

Here's why Luckies taste cleaner: You can see that Luckies hold together without crumbling—without loose ends to get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Lucky Strike remains a perfect cylinder of clean tobacco—round, firm and fully packed.

Free from
"hot spots"

Here's why Luckies taste fresher: Note how free Luckies are from air spaces—those "hot spots" that give you a hot, harsh taste. Luckies' long strands of fresh, good-tasting tobacco give you a fresh, smooth smoke.

Here's why Luckies taste smoother: L.S./M.F.T., Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. So, for a smoke that's *cleaner, fresher, smoother,* for tobacco that's truly mild, for a cigarette that tastes better . . . make your next carton Lucky Strike!

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FOR A CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER SMOKE...

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!

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