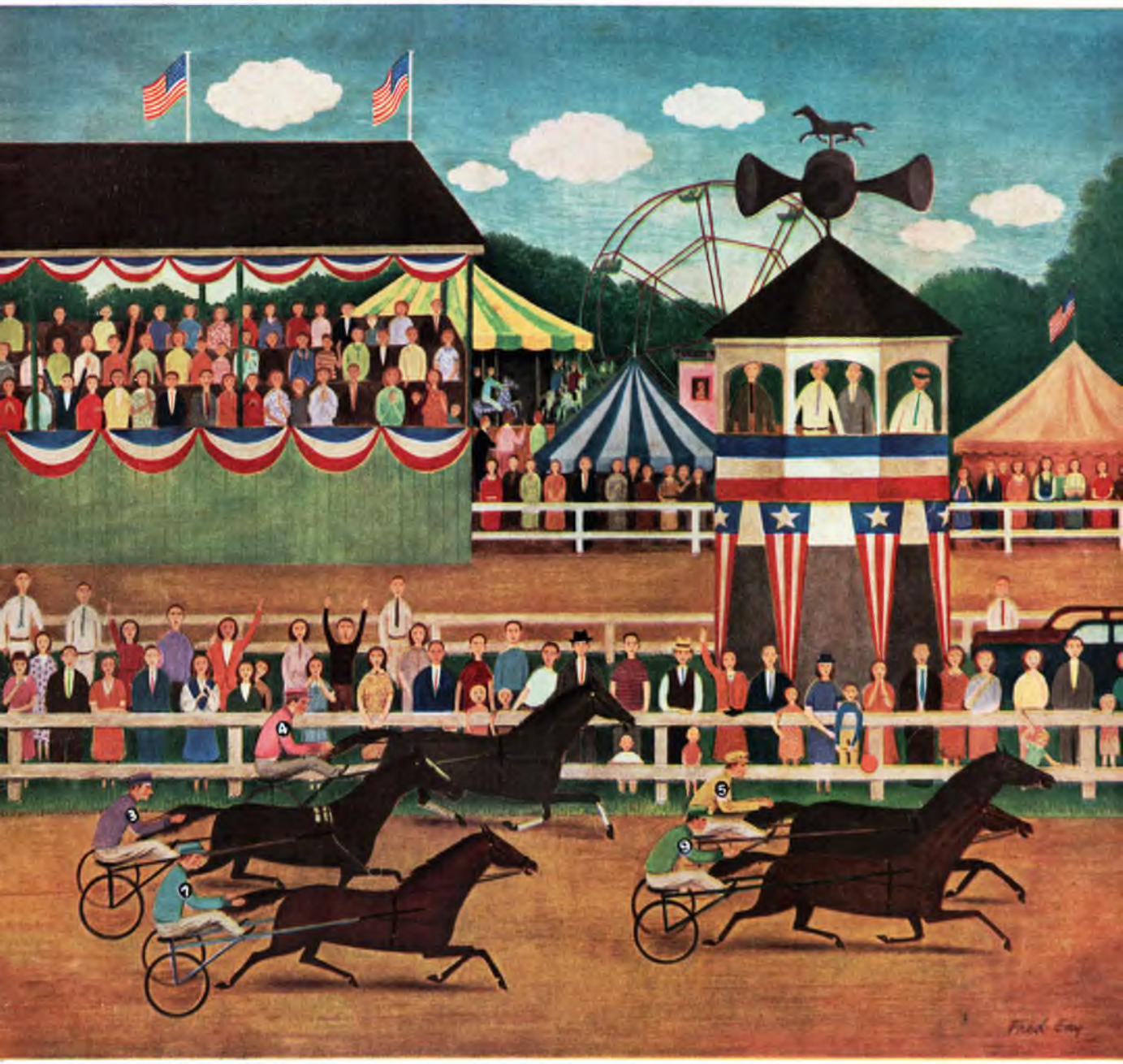
Collier's

15c

August 12, 1950



Soviet Germany's Secret Army

A new day is here in lowest price cars!

IT'S 4 TO SEE INSTEAD OF 3

The Studebaker Champion is one of the 4 lowest price largest selling cars in America!

$1487.50

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION CUSTOM 6-PASS. 2-DOOR SEDAN AS SHOWN

This is the South Bend delivered price and includes Federal Tax

•

It does not include transportation from South Bend, or state and local taxes, if any

•

Comparably low prices on other Studebaker Champion Custom models —4-door sedan, 5-pass. Starlight coupe, business coupe

Prices subject to change without notice

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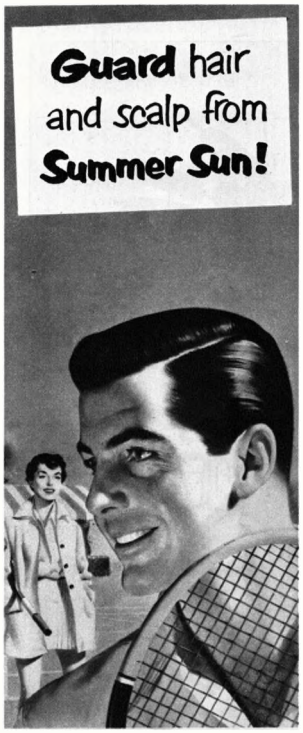
The telephone takes a smaller part of the family budget than in 1939...

One of the attractive and remarkable things about telephone service is its low price.

It actually takes a smaller part of the family budget than it did ten or eleven years ago. That's because the average family income has increased much more than the increase in telephone rates. Even though increases in telephone rates are still needed to catch up with past increases in costs, your telephone will continue to be a big bargain. The increases so far, plus those now requested, average only a penny or so per call.

At the same time, there has been a big increase in the value of the telephone. On the average, you can now call more than twice as many telephones in your local area as in 1939.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Your hair's handsomer, your scalp feels better, when you give them *extra* protection against drying summer sun. Use Vitalis "Live-Action" care—Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"—to guard hair, invigorate scalp. Get Vitalis today, at any drug counter or barber shop.

Use "LIVE-ACTION" VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

50 SECONDS' massage—*feel the difference* in your scalp. Vitalis stimulates scalp, prevents dryness, routs flaky dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

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August 12, 1950

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The Cover

In colorful and primitive style, Fred Eng gives us his impression of harness racing, a sport in which a trotter or pacer can pull a sulky and driver a mile in about two minutes. Although the trotting race has its roots in rural areas, where nearly 600 small fairs throughout the United States will feature this attraction during the summer, there are more than 40 pari-mutuel meetings and Grand Circuit stops each season, which stretches from April through October. Most publicized Grand Circuit event is the Hambletonian in Goshen, N. Y., held this year on August 9th.

Week's Mail

White House Entourage

EDITOR: I loved your editorial on Maragon, Vaughan, Truman and Company, titled Where the Great Have Walked (June 24th). It should have prefaced another very interesting article in the same issue of your magazine, titled Terror in Washington.

The present administration in Washington seems to be following the old-fashioned political custom of spending millions on window dressing while permitting a cesspool of filth and crime to exist in the back yard of its present home, which, unfortunately, happens to be the capital of our great nation.

CHARLES M. BALDER, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Please, please, please, read the Constitution of the United States, and tell your readers where it provides or implies, according to your editorial, that "By the nature of his job he (the President) is both head of the government and head of the party in power." G. H. WOOD, Onaway, Mich.

The dual job is a matter of political custom and demonstrable fact, rather than of Constitutional provision. The President and the defeated Presidential candidate of the opposing major party (until the next election) are the titular heads of their respective parties.

English Fan

EDITOR: I began reading Collier's at the beginning of the year, and it's since become a weekly habit. The excellent quality of both your fiction and feature material, as well as the impressive tones of your color illustrations, really put our English magazines to shame.

ALFRED RIDGWAY, London, England

Capital Offenses

EDITOR: After reading Terror in Washington (June 24th) it seems inconceivable that Washington, which is not only our national capital but the capital of the free world, should permit conditions to reach the point outlined in your article. It is a sad commentary that the capital of the richest nation in the world cannot, or will not, allot sufficient funds to enlarge its police force so as to give its citizenry adequate protection.

ERNEST GARDOS, Miami Beach, Fla.

. . . Howard Whitman's article was brought to my attention because on June 5th I was held up at gun point in Washington behind the Shoreham Hotel. I am writing you in fairness to the police of the District of Columbia and their superintendent, Major Robert Barrett, because my experience was contrary to conditions described by Mr. Whitman.

It could be that the Eighth Precinct is more heavily policed than those he describes and that I was lucky that a patrol car had been alerted, that its officers were watching the getaway car at the moment of the robbery and that they were excellent

A FINER BLEND FROM OLD KENTUCKY

WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. It means that after blending, instead of being bottled immediately, Old Thompson is put back into charred oaken barrels to assure uniform high quality. This method costs us more, but it's worth it because of the distinctive flavor it gives to Old Thompson. *Try Old Thompson tonight!*

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 35% straight whiskies—65% grain neutral spirits.

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16" Rectangular Tube

GE BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

You'll be happier longer with G.E.'s big-as-life, true-to-life pictures!

So big you can enjoy close-ups of your favorite stars actually life-size! Huge General Electric rectangular black tube shows all the TV camera sees—so sharp and clear, so lifelike you feel you're right on the scene! Exquisite, 18th Century styled genuine mahogany veneered cabinet on easy-to-move swivel casters. Built-in antenna, simplified controls. Here's big-picture television . . . backed by a name you can depend on! See Model 16C113 today. **$279.95***

General Electric Co., Syracuse, New York

*Plus tax. Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices slightly higher West and South.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

marksmen; but I cannot reconcile with his account of inadequacy the more-than-ample supply of detectives who efficiently prepared the case, nor with his implication of brutality the complete courtesy with which I was treated and which, to my astonishment, I saw extended to the culprits as well.

"Our wonderful boss, Major Barrett," a detective told me, "dins courtesy into us from morning to night."

NATALIE GATES, Washington, D. C.

. . . Can Collier's, President Truman or anyone in the great city of Washington give one good reason why that gob of money to be spent to celebrate and strut in the near future (on Washington's Sesquicentennial) should not be used to eliminate some of the hellish slums you picture?

P. E. FISHER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I want to congratulate you on the wonderful series of articles, Terror in Our Cities. I think they are doing some good—in Indianapolis, at least.

We hadn't seen a policeman on foot, except directing traffic, for years. Recently my husband and I have noticed several around town. I don't know if your articles had anything to do with it, but I like to think they have. I like to think your articles scared the police department here into "putting the cop back on the beat."

MRS. W. R. C., Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Howard Whitman's article touches slightly on "preventing criminals." Allowing little boys across the nation to play holdup with toy guns ought to make it plain to everybody where our criminals come from. What else can we expect from these boys when they get bigger?

Every game of holdup is a crime school. The government has no right to let its junior citizens play they are committing crimes.

E. A. BLAKESLEY, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . After reading Terror in Washington I got to thinking. I'm a father, but I'm wondering now if I should teach my nine-month-old daughter to handle a revolver for her self-preservation now or wait till she is about four or five years old. According to some of the events that happened maybe I should trade her baby rattles in on a sharp snub-nosed .38.

RICHARD K. GEYER, Hellertown, Pa.

How We Got to Print It

EDITOR: At a recent very informal meeting of some 20 members of the How I Got to Reading Collier's Club, I was appointed a committee of one to explore how Collier's got to print How I Got to Go to Camp (June 24th). Considering our hitherto weekly belief that Collier's is an adult publication, we tentatively concluded that either some editor's six-year-old nephew had caught him in compromising circumstances and was practicing blackmail, or your compositors and proofreaders forgot, for the moment, that they weren't still employed on Cuthbert's Cute Quotations from Kids. PAUL DEHUFF, San Francisco, Cal.

We published the story because we thought, and still think, that it's a pretty funny piece. If you and your fellow club members have never lived in a neighborhood blessed with a precocious enfant terrible like Harper Galloway we congratulate you—even if it spoiled your enjoyment of How I Got to Go to Camp.

In Defense of Mr. Eng

EDITOR: I am a student of art, and when I read Mr. C. H. Creed's comment on Fred Eng's cover painting for May 6th (Week's Mail, June 24th) a fear that it was representative of the average person's appreciation of art made me shudder. I am not condemning Mr. Creed's lack of aesthetic feeling, but any common sense at all will show that the artist has not painted the cover as a puzzle for ambitious error-finders. Since there are so many so-called errors, they are obviously intentional, and not due to a lack of skill.

When people learn that the artist (granted he is an able technician) has the "poetic license" to distort, simplify and disregard conventional perspective; and when they stop expecting every painting to be a photographic likeness, or something immediately recognizable, there will be gratifyingly more tolerance, if not understanding, of modern and contemporary art.

STUART ROSS, Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

. . . I must say that the people who have written in, picking Artist Fred Eng's cover to pieces, don't have much to do. In my opinion if they would take time to study it, all of the so-called "errors" could be easily explained. The artist's style of painting causes these things.

I might add that two years ago I visited my cousin, Artist Paul Laune, in Dutchess County, New York. He is a friend of Mr. Eng, whom I met. I think the cover painting is beautiful, and very typical.

CELIA CARTER, Aged 12, Quitman, Miss.

Caen-gratulations

EDITOR: Gordon Manning's Young Mr. San Francisco (June 24th) is top-notch reading about a top-notch writer.

A Californian less than two years and but an infrequent visitor to San Francisco, I have nevertheless as a faithful and enthusiastic reader of the Herb Caen column developed a deep affection for his Baghdad-by-the-Bay. A newspaperman myself, I regard Caen as the country's most colorful and most able columnist—second to none. His followers can be found throughout all northern California and are far from limited to historic, intriguing San Francisco.

DON KEOWN, Merced, Cal.

Caen surveys his favorite city

Whose Idea?

EDITOR: Generally, your editorials are apparently based on factual material. However, your Surprise (June 24th) caused me to raise an eyebrow—but not in surprise.

Was the housewives' act of peaceful picketing a matter of their own spontaneous expression of gratitude or was it engineered by the victorious multimillion-dollar margarine lobby? J. W. STULL, Tucson, Ariz.

We never heard of a multimillion-dollar lobby spending any part of its multimillions to hire pickets to plead a cause after the cause was already won. Therefore we conclude it was the housewives' own idea. Anyway we think the placarded "Thank you" was a nice gesture, whoever thought it up.

Active Participants

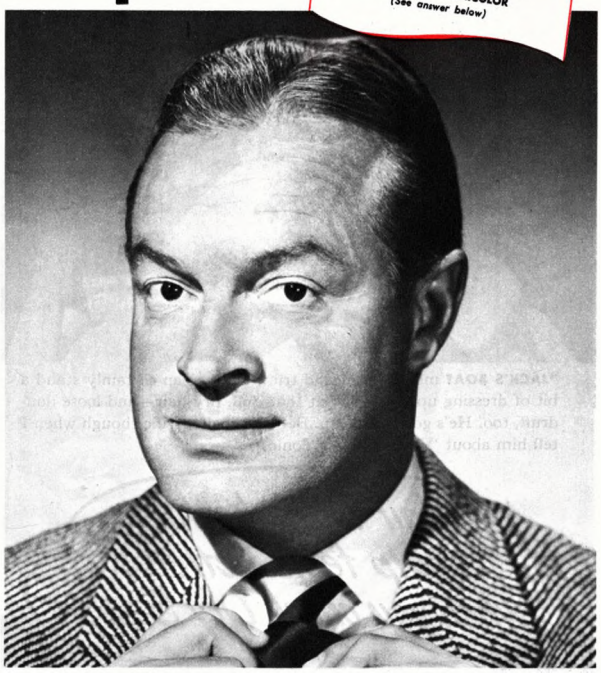
EDITOR: In a letter in your Week's Mail (June 24th), the writer mentions "the innocent bystanders, the American people."

May I remind him and all the others who hold this outmoded opinion that we are not innocent bystanders. It is within our power to change all existing conditions. If we do not, it is no one's fault but our own.

MRS. E. V. DONNELL, Breckinridge, Okla.

Which is really Bob Hope..?

STARRING IN
"Fancy Pants"
A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
(See answer below)



Batteries also look alike but AUTO-LITE STA-FUL

NEEDS WATER ONLY 3 TIMES A YEAR!

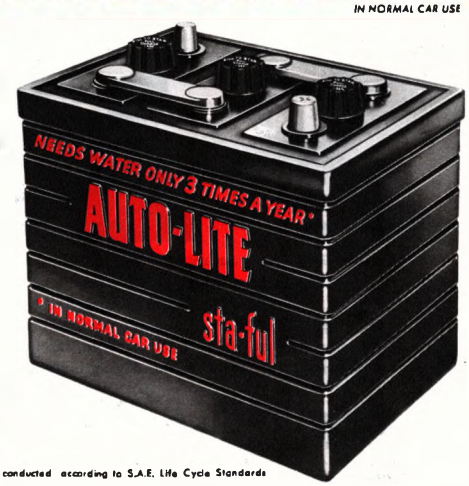
IN NORMAL CAR USE

NO MATTER how much batteries look alike, you'll have the answer to your battery problems when you install Auto-Lite "Sta-ful," the battery that needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use. In addition, "Sta-ful" Batteries give 70% longer average life* than batteries without "Sta-ful" features.

And you'll have the right answer when you select the photograph at the right as the real Bob Hope, star of the Paramount production, "Fancy Pants." The photograph at the left is that of Leo R. Brennan of Monrovia, Calif.

Remember, car batteries may look alike, but be wise—buy an Auto-Lite "Sta-ful." Money cannot buy a better battery. Ask your neighborhood Auto-Lite Battery Dealer right now!

AUTO-LITE BATTERY CORPORATION
Toledo 1 Ohio



AUTO-LITE sta-ful

70% Longer Average Life*

*In tests conducted according to S.A.E. Life Cycle Standards

"**JACK'S BOAT** may be neat and trim, but *he* can certainly stand a bit of dressing up. Just look at that dull, dry hair—and loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp. Bet he'll look terrific though when I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

BEFORE YOUR GIRL tells you about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, why not discover it for yourself? Just a few drops a day keep your scalp and hair in tip-top shape. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For double care of scalp and hair, try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *today!* (Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.)

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

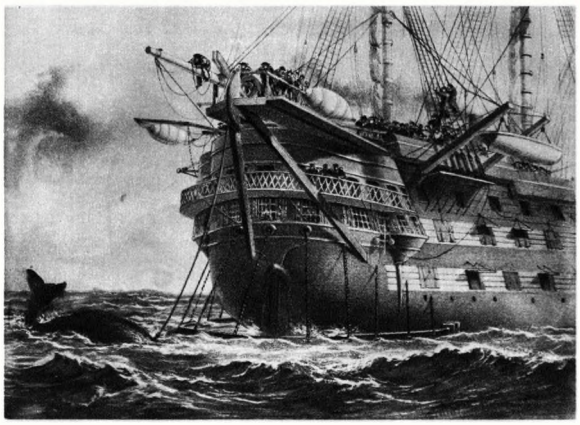
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



The British ship Agamemnon laying the Atlantic cable 92 years ago

An engineering feat achieved under great difficulties was the laying of the first Atlantic cable in 1858. It was the fifth attempt made within a year by two vessels, the U.S.S. Niagara and H.M.S. Agamemnon. Each time with each ship carrying half of the cable, they had sailed together from Ireland, spliced their ends in mid-ocean and then the Agamemnon had started back while the Niagara had continued on toward America. However, the cable, which did not break and was put into operation, ceased to function after three weeks and had to be abandoned. The next attempt, made in 1865 by the Great Eastern was a failure; but this British ship tried again and succeeded in laying the first workable transatlantic cable. It was completed on July 27, 1866, and linked Valencia, Ireland, with Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

Of all the stories told to illustrate interest in American comic strips, probably the classic concerns an incident that happened in a Midwest metropolis before the last war. Upon receiving their advance installments of a comic cartoon, the editors of the leading newspaper learned that a major character in the strip ran away on his wedding day. Therefore, they issued an "extra" and the members of the board of trade were granted a recess so they could buy copies and read the exciting news.

A singular clue helped solve the murder of Max Geller who was shot by a drunk, while tending bar, in his Green Parrot Restaurant in New York City on Sunday afternoon July 12, 1942. As no description of the killer could be obtained from the score of persons who were in the barroom at the time, the detective in charge of the case began to spend his nights listening to Geller's "green parrot." The bird had a perch beside the bar and had been taught to greet a dozen regular customers by their first names. Shortly, the detective ordered an investigation of every man in the neighborhood named Robert; and all were cleared of suspicion but one, a Robert Butler, who had disappeared immediately after the crime. He was later captured in Baltimore and confessed. Having learned that the parrot, when excited, spoke indistinctly, the detective realized that the bird had been trying to say "Robert" when, for hours after the shooting, it had hysterically shouted, "Robber, robber, robber!"

One of the finest and most appropriate memorials is a 4,000-acre tract of magnificent virgin timber in North Carolina, named the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest in honor of the author of Trees. Kilmer wrote the famous poem about 1914, or four years before he was killed in action in France during the first World War. On July 30, 1936, the 18th anniversary of his death, the forest was dedicated to his memory and set aside as a permanent wildlife refuge by the Department of Agriculture.

Americans, not Germans, piloted the first German warplane that was ever flown across the Atlantic to this country. It was a JU-88 bomber, carried U.S. insignia to avoid being shot at by mistake and arrived some time in October 1943, at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. The plane was brand new, undamaged and had not been captured. Instead, it had practically been a gift from a Nazi airman who, sick of the war, had voluntarily landed and surrendered at an Allied air base on the island of Cyprus the previous month.

The record for running a classified advertisement the largest number of times was probably made by a former poultry firm in Brockton, Massachusetts. During the existence of the company, from April 13, 1881, to December 31, 1938, it published the same advertisement in every issue of the Brockton Daily Enterprise, or 18,000 consecutive times.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

Admiral

NEW 14 INCH TV Combination

$299.95

FRONT ROW CENTER

for a wonderful show every night of the week . . . that's *your* reserved seat with Admiral's sensational new 1951 "3-Foot" Home Theatre. Enjoy television pictures . . . clear as the movies . . . on a big 14" picture tube. Easy to tune as a radio. Complete with built-in Rotoscope antenna . . . most efficient of all built-in antennas because it's directional. New 1951 triple-play phonograph plays all records (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm) automatically. Dynamagic radio . . . superpowered, ultra compact. All yours in an exquisite walnut cabinet with large record compartment. It's the greatest value in television!

Ask your dealer for a copy of "Smart Set" . . . Admiral's beautiful new magazine for the home. It's free!

Price slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice. Tax extra.

AMERICA'S SMART SET

ON TELEVISION:

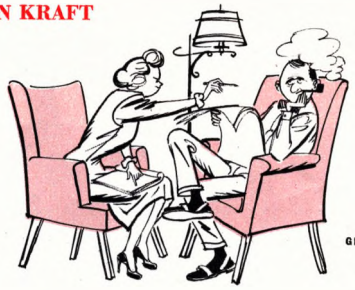
"Stop the Music"—ABC, Thursdays, 8 PM, EDT

FREE HOME DEMONSTRATION

You'll never know how wonderful television really is until you've seen it on an Admiral right in your own home. Ask your Admiral dealer for a free home demonstration.

IT'S A QUIZ, KIDS

By KEN KRAFT



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

I feel as thoroughly examined as a disputed oil lease in probate

WHEN I put away my textbooks years ago and shuffled off the campus to background music of happy sighs from the pedagogues, I thought I had washed my hands of examinations. It now appears that I reckoned without my wife and modern journalism.

Those careless college days were just the trial heat. In the past few years I have got into the big time. And the hunted looks on the faces I see swimming around me are proof enough that I am not alone.

It's all a man's quiet evening is worth if, when he settles back in his easy chair, his wife starts biting a pencil and glancing sharply at him over the top of the page she is reading.

Pretending to be busy working out the new Einstein theory or drawing pussycats will not insulate him from a woman in this mood. Not if his wife is a woman like mine. That is, a woman.

In another half minute my pet will ask pointedly, "Did you mean it when you said you didn't like my brown cloche?"

"I have never heard you use one, dear." Ever tactful. Anything for a

Does he read your mail?

little peace and quiet on the premises.

"Not cliché. Cloche. My new hat!"

"Oh. That. Makes you look like a potato."

Displaying outrage, she marks something down on the paper in her hand.

A few uneasy moments rustle past, and then she demands, "Why don't you want me to wear stop-light red?"

"It doesn't become you."

"That's what every husband says! You seemed to like it well enough on that flip Tootle girl, the way you were gushing at her in the grocery last Saturday!"

"Women gush, dear. Men leer. Anyway, I was far too busy skillfully steering that shopping cart—"

"Why won't you let me buy your ties?" she interrupts.

All this is a routine I have come to know well. I am being given a test. At this point in the questioning I can make a shrewd guess at the title of this one. I'll bet it's called: Are You and Your Husband Color-Compatible? And a lot worse guesser than I am can surmise correctly that my score will be terrible.

Fortunately, I am not expected to cram for these tests. In fact, that wouldn't be cricket, as their purpose is to expose the true me churning and bubbling beneath the dowdy, old, mended-but-clean character I make a show of wearing.

By now I feel as thoroughly examined as a disputed oil lease in probate.

I have been tested for my sense (good, common and horse), for moral fiber, for vocabulary, for analytical deduction, for musical taste, for innate good (and bad) nature, and for a plethora of other things I had just as soon forget.

But by far the most popular tests seem to concern the marital situation. Roughly, they lead the pack by three to one.

The variety of arrangements played on this central theme is legion. But even so, an astute husband gets so he can classify them quite accurately after the first few questions. To wit:

How many times did he take you to dinner last month? When was the last occasion he sent you fresh flowers? (Title: Are You Married to a Gallant or a Goon?)

Who wipes the dishes at your house? How often must you pick his socks off the floor? (Title: Is Your Helpmeet Any Help?)

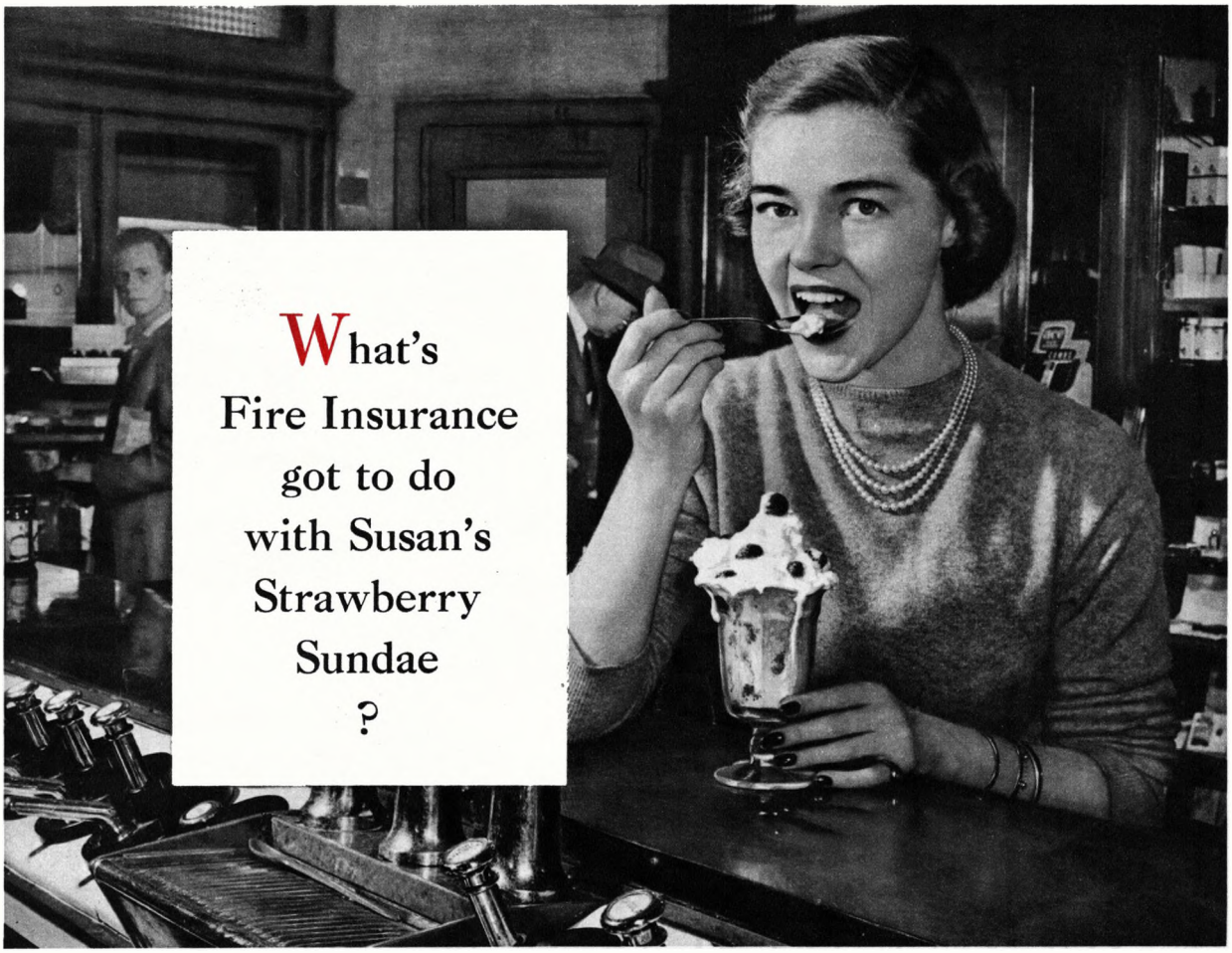
What does he say when you wear a daring gown? Does he read your mail? (Title: How Jealous Is the Big Lug?)

Does he laugh at his own mistakes? Does he praise your cooking even when you scorch the parsnips and undercook the squash? (Title: Did You Marry a Good Sport?)

Maybe we married men should feel bucked up over playing the title roles in these cross-examinations. Then again, maybe not.

Being in the center ring is pretty tough. In our little old school-day final exams, the consequences were either going on to a fresh set of distasteful problems or staying behind with our friends. But a failing grade in one too many of these happy-marriage tests may result in your next and final quiz in the Court of Domestic Relations. THE END

How jealous is the big lug?



More than you'd ever think!

Fire insurance protected the property of the truck farmer who grew the strawberries . . . the buildings and equipment of the dairyman who supplied the cream . . . even the store and stock of the druggist at whose fountain she is eating.

Susan's strawberry sundae, in fact, sums up fire insurance at work and illustrates how it pays off for you and millions of other Americans in many simple, everyday, unsuspected ways.

For fire insurance gives protection and stability to the nation's agriculture, business, and industry. It provides immediate cash to rebuild when fire destroys. It encourages, maintains and protects free business competition — an American fundamental that has made and will keep our country great.

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CARTOON BY HARRY DEVLIN

Soviet Germany's SECRET ARMY

Pursuing her Korean strategy, Russia builds a powerful East German striking force—already 50,000 strong—to invade the Allied-occupied West and unify the country under the Cominform

By *Collier's* EUROPEAN TEAM

Berlin

EARLY on the morning of April 13th, less than five years after the collapse of Hitler's war machine, a truckload of heavily armed, uniformed German soldiers was captured deep inside the American sector of Berlin.

The tanned, husky young Germans were on their way into the city from the Soviet occupation zone when the driver of their truck took a wrong fork in the road. The whole party, machine guns and all, blundered across the line that splits this ruined capital into East and West. Surrounded by West sector policemen, they surrendered quietly, although they were packing enough weapons to start a small war.

Today all of them are behind bars, convicted by an American court of wearing military uniforms and carrying illegal arms. In pronouncing sentence on May 15th, Judge John A. Sabo, of Gary, Indiana, called them "scapegoats of a system" whereby the Soviet Union is systematically rearming its half of Germany. A week later, the testimony of these men formed the basis of three sharp protests in which the United States, Britain and France accused Russia of creating a 50,000-man German army in flagrant violation of Four Power agreements. While Russia was building her own German army, she was also training in North Korea the army which invaded South Korea.

The German force, said the State Department, "is not an ordinary police force, and does not have ordinary police duties." This was putting it mildly.

It was only five years ago that Generalissimo Joseph Stalin shook hands with President Truman and British Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee in the Berlin suburb of Potsdam and then signed his name to the historic Potsdam Declaration.

That document's terms were explicit. Stalin, Truman and Attlee agreed that the number one aim of the Allied occupation would be the "complete disarmament and demilitarization of Germany."

The Soviet, American and British leaders went even further.

"All German land, naval, and air forces," they pledged to the world, "including the General Staff, the officers' corps, reserve corps, military schools, war veterans' organizations and all other military and quasi-military organizations together with all clubs and associations which serve to keep alive the military tradition in Germany, shall be completely and finally abolished in such

manner as permanently to prevent the revival or reorganization of German militarism and Nazism."

That was Stalin's promise, and the promise of America and Britain. Five years later a single captured truckload of armed Germans from the Soviet zone exposed the true value of the Russian pledge.

America's first German military prisoners since 1945 were part of a new, carefully trained German army equipped for aggressive warfare with tanks and artillery, and ably commanded by picked professional officers of the old *Wehrmacht*. The army's name is the *Bereitschaften*—meaning "alert units." It differs from the Nazi war machine in one respect: It takes orders from Stalin instead of Hitler.

Facts and figures about the *Bereitschaften* are regarded as top secret in the Soviet zone. But in divided Germany the Iron Curtain is not as airtight as in the other satellite states. Germans cross it freely. Soviet Berlin is still accessible to Americans and, from time to time, so are parts of the Soviet zone. There are plenty of ways of finding out what's going on behind the scenes in the "German Democratic Republic."

To get the full story of the *Bereitschaften*, we talked to a score of young Germans who had deserted from the new *Wehrmacht* and sought refuge in the West; we talked to others who were still in uniform and undergoing Communist indoctrination. We managed to visit Leipzig, deep in the Soviet zone, and saw some of the barracks where the recruits are virtually imprisoned. We watched the tough, hard-faced trainees marching through the streets of Berlin with the swaggering cadence of Hitler's storm troopers. We combed Western intelligence reports and studied the testimony given by the eight who were arrested in West Berlin last April.

The picture that emerges is that of a growing force of professional fighters imbued with Communist fanaticism—a force which gives reality to the old nightmare of raw Russian power allied with German technical efficiency.

Don't confuse the soldiers of this new army with the *Volkspolizei*—the 250,000-strong "people's police" whose pistols and truncheons make Soviet Germany safe for dictatorship. The soldiers of the *Bereitschaften* carry rifles and wear khaki shirts under their blue-black tunics—and the craft they're learning is the grim business of waging war.

These *Bereitschaften* were organized last fall under Russian supervision, and the first group of 50,000 trainees will graduate early in September. Then they will be put to work training other recruits. In a year, there'll be enough skilled Germans under arms to relieve the Russians of all occupation duties in Eastern Germany. In three years a German army of nearly 500,000 men will be ready for action.

The purpose of this army is allegedly to protect the puppet "German Democratic Republic" from the sinister machinations of the Western imperialists. Recruits are told again and again that the United States is building up a powerful Nazi army in West Germany to destroy the new Soviet democracy in the East. Actually, the *Bereitschaften* are the nucleus of a potential striking force designed to capture all of Germany for the Cominform.

Major General Maxwell Taylor, the American commandant in Berlin, told us that the existence of this army opens up the possibility of a new blockade of the city without the direct intervention of the Red Army. "It may be," he added, "the cadre of a new *Wehrmacht* capable of extending the range of Soviet military action in Western Europe."

West German leaders are also alive to the danger inherent in this new army. In May, Kurt Schumacher, leader of the German Socialist party, warned against the "offensive military mentality" of the *Bereitschaften* leaders and ridiculed the phony arguments whereby Communists have sought to justify the creation of this force.

"They try to explain to the people of East Germany that it is the task of the *Bereitschaften* to defend the social achievements of the Soviet zone," he said; "yet there are no humane, no social, no economic, no political achievements that might be defended."

There are valid reasons for the apprehension of Western leaders, as we found out from talking to young Germans who have undergone the rigorous physical and mental discipline of the *Bereitschaften*. The Russian masters of the East German police state are giving top priority to the creation of this new army—along with the production of Saxony's uranium mines. Growing numbers of teen-agers in the Soviet zone have only two choices after finishing high school: they either go into uniform or into the "ore mines."

The German military leaders who are in charge of forging this new fighting force operate under watchful Soviet supervision. In the words of Mr. Schumacher, this officer corps "is composed entirely of generals and high-ranking staff officers of the Nazi regime." These men, some of the cream of the old SS and *Wehrmacht*, are delighted to be back in harness, back in uniform, giving and taking orders. That over-all strategy is directed by the Kremlin is of small concern to these old professionals.

Look at the recruits—youngsters who grew up during the war and tasted the mortification of defeat. Impressed into service, most of them are ready victims of the incessant propaganda that is part of *Bereitschaft* training. Within a matter of weeks after the recruitment the majority really believe that they are defending peace and the German fatherland.

But not all of the recruits goose-step blindly to the Soviet tune. Singly and in pairs, disillusioned young enlisted men and noncommissioned officers risk their lives every day to escape from the Red *Wehrmacht* to Western Germany and West Berlin.

INTERNATIONAL

General Wilhelm Zaisser heads German Soviet army. He became a Commie in 1917, has served Moscow since

Talk to a couple of dozen as we did and you'll find that they believe in a resurgent Germany, strong and united. The Russians try to feed their national vanity by promising them this. Why, then, do they run away?

Mainly because they hate the Russians, and Communism reminds them all too strongly of the Nazi system that led to disaster. They believe they can get a better deal for themselves and for their country from the West.

"The only difference between the Nazi and Communist propaganda is the size of Hitler's and Stalin's mustaches," an ex-Hitler *Jugend* member and recent *Bereitschaft* deserter told us with a wry grin.

Another reason the rank and file are going over the hill is that they are getting fed up with the dreary routine imposed on them by the new German army brass. Listen to the story of twenty-one-year-old Philip Haussmann (his real name must be kept secret), who was sent to officer candidate school at Prora, on Rügen Island in the Baltic, which Adolf Hitler once planned as a "strength through joy" retreat.

"The night I arrived, about eleven o'clock, Sunday, August 20, 1949, we were billeted in double-decker bunks, 50 men to a barracks room. The next morning we were assigned to platoons and immediately given a lecture on friendship with the Soviet Union. The camp commander, whom we knew only as Captain Strewlitz, a big man with saber scars on his cheeks, told us that we were being trained to defend our fatherland from the Anglo-American imperialists."

Two hours a day for five months Haussmann's *Bereitschaft* had political lectures with the same theme dinned into them. Five hours a day, they were out in the field learning infantry tactics with rifles, mortars, grenades and machine guns.

At Prora, as at all of the new German army camps, two Russian officers—known as "Sovietniks"—are in constant evidence. They wear civilian clothes or black *Volkspolizei* uniforms; occasionally, their Red Army garb. The senior of the two, usually of field-grade rank, is military adviser to the camp commander, always a graduate of a political indoctrination school in Russia.

The other Russian is an MVD agent who wanders around the barracks' double-tiered bunks and sifts through the men's personal effects.

"One day I dashed into my barracks for a mess kit," Albert Heuss, who trained at Kirchmoeser, told us. "I saw a Russian looking through the bags around my bunk. He spotted me, straightened up and asked in broken German: 'How do you like the food here?' I said fine and went away—straight out of the camp to West Berlin. My bag contained *verboten* West German newspapers."

Heuss, who was in Hitler's *Wehrmacht* for a year, said the German Red Army training program was even tougher than the rugged methods used by the Nazis. The others with whom we spoke groaned about the full 16-hour day when we brought up the question. Here's the daily training program for an infantry *Bereitschaft:*

Reveille at 5:30, breakfast at 6:00, bread, soup and coffee.

6:30 to 8:00: Weapons cleaned, barracks scrubbed, policing up the camp area.

8:00 to 10:00: Close-order drill, tactical maneuvers with full packs and weapons, double time for at least two miles.

10:00 to noon: Political indoctrination lectures. In good weather the men stand at attention outdoors; in rain or extreme cold, they stand at attention in an assembly hall listening to the *Politik-Kultur* officers.

Noon to 1:00: Lunch, consisting of bread, meat, potatoes, coffee.

1:00 to 4:00: Back to the field. Range practice, more close-order drill, field problems (all with full packs and equipment).

4:00 to 5:00: Afternoon inspection after return from the field. At attention in full equipment.

5:00 to 6:00: Instruction by commanders on *Bereitschaft's* mission in protecting the East German Republic.

6:00: Supper of soup, bread, meat, vegetables and coffee.

7:00: Distribution of German Communist newspapers and translations of Soviet tracts for an hour's compulsory reading.

8:00 to 9:00: Evening barracks inspection.

9:00: Lights out.

Food is generally pretty good, the fugitives agreed. They got plenty of meat, the bread was whiter and better than the ration of the civilian population in East Germany, and they received cigarettes and chocolate regularly.

The routine in the *Bereitschaften's* armored schools is just as rigorous. A sallow, nervous young man who was with the Sixth *Bereitschaft* at Appollensdorf (where, incidentally, the American Ninth Army linked up with the Russians some five years ago) told us how he put in five hours a day in a Russian T-34 tank.

Early in April this budding tankman was accused of violating security—he talked a little too much in a bar about expecting new Russian tanks. His sister got him civilian clothes and he slipped into West Berlin.

"Last March," another armored trainee re-

called, "we had a combined infantry-tank exercise near Kuestrin. There were about 100 tanks and 3,500 to 4,000 men. It lasted from early morning to late afternoon. Then we paraded past some high Russian officers. Our camp commander was pleased. He said we had been complimented by the Russians, and by our own brass too."

Who are the "brass" of the new German army? Let's look at a few in the chain of command. At the top, as Minister of State Security, is brawny General Wilhelm Zaisser, a humorless Prussian-officer type who became converted to Bolshevism as early as 1917 when he served on the Russian front. Zaisser, known also to the espionage trade as "General Gomez," the name he used as 13th Brigade Commander in the Spanish civil war, carried out *Putsches* and purges for Moscow in Manchuria, the Middle East and South America. He was the first field marshal of the *Bereitschaften*, but moved over to the Ministry of State Security in February. Now he's the German equivalent of Russia's dreaded Lavrenti Beria, controlling all secret and uniformed police as well as the *Bereitschaften*.

We tried to see Zaisser at his offices on Normannenstrasse in Berlin's Soviet sector. Appropriately, his headquarters is right next door to the MVD prison on Magdalenstrasse. We were passed from one office to another. The fact that Americans tried to see Zaisser completely confounded his security corps.

"Why do you want to see General Zaisser?" a middle-aged officer in a black uniform asked us from behind his mahogany desk.

"We want to ask him about the *Bereitschaften*," we replied.

Our questioner grimaced sourly.

"We don't know what you mean," he said, peering at us suspiciously. "*Bereitschaften, Bereitschaften?* That's something your imperialist newspapers make up. General Zaisser is too busy to talk nonsense. Good day."

Heinz Hoffmann Is Active Commander

The active commander of the *Bereitschaften* since Zaisser moved up to over-all security control, is Heinz Hoffmann, a man of about fifty with a nose like a ferret and a long record as a Comintern saboteur all over Europe. Hoffmann touched down in Berlin in a Soviet plane almost as soon as the last German defenders were routed five years ago. He's a faithful servant of the Kremlin and sees to it that none of his officers deviate from the Stalin line.

Political purity—Moscow style—is the paramount job of these two men in Germany's new totalitarian army. The planning, the training and the creation of the striking force is left in the hands of the old German professionals like General Vincenz Mueller. A veteran of both wars, a member of the political section of the War Ministry under Hitler, Mueller was chief of staff of the German Seventeenth Army when he was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1943.

He brushed up on Marx and Lenin and by 1944 became what he called an "uncompromising Communist." After serving as police chief in the Soviet zone, he was shifted to the job of chief of staff in the *Bereitschaften*, and now heads a phony front organization in the East zone, "The National Democratic party," to which all the top new army officers belong.

Then, there's General Hans von Weech, a two-star general in the *Luftwaffe* and an automaton-like communications expert. He is responsible for the *Bereitschaften's* independent communications network. Recently Von Weech dutifully signed a sheaf of instructions given to him by Hoffmann. The only hitch was that from force of habit he added the greeting: "*Heil* Hitler." Zaisser straightened him out.

To carry out the military orders of men like Mueller and Von Weech, there are plenty of ex-*Wehrmacht* officers who were company, battalion and regimental commanders in Hitler's legions. Take Bernard Bechler, a former major and adjutant to General Eugen Mueller. He's a full general now at thirty-eight. Only nine years ago, Bechler helped Eugen Mueller draft a directive that for every German shot by partisans, 50 Russians would be executed.

On the military side, these are twisted, tainted men who lust for power *(Continued on page 70)*

INTERNATIONAL

Shot down and captured at Stalingrad, Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, great-great-nephew of Bismarck, was converted to Communism, joined the new army. Later, disgusted with the Reds' tactics, he fled. Below, Socialist Kurt Schumacher is helped to rostrum at party rally

WIDE WORLD

The Exiles

By JOHN D. WEAVER

The folks from the old home town picked exactly the wrong time to make a visit. The house was rich and beautiful—the kind of house you'd expect the parents of a movie star to own. But something was missing . . .

MRS. LINDEN, drawing her sweater against the sunset chill, stared at the bleak hills which, like everything else in Los Angeles, were bigger than those at home.

"We couldn't ask for more," she said.

The girl from the Chronicle slipped a fold of copy paper from her purse. Mr. Linden, sprawled on the green pad of an aluminum lounge chair, scooped a white-pawed kitten from the stone terrace and began to stroke it absently.

"We have eleven different kinds of fruit trees," Mrs. Linden said. "The landscaping alone cost over five thousand dollars."

The girl from the Chronicle, who was preparing a Sunday feature story on the lives of the movie stars' parents in Hollywood, jotted down "11 fr trees, $5,000 lndscpg." She asked "How long have you been out here?"

"Six years next month," Mr. Linden said.

"We came in February," Mrs. Linden said. "It was raining."

She suddenly tensed and roused up from the chair. "The phone." There was no sound in the house. She settled back, shifting her chair away from the view of the hills. She sat staring at a giant avocado tree which towered above the redwood house. The tree was enormous, magnificently put together, and sterile. "I thought I heard the phone," she said.

A black glossy bird with malevolent yellow-green eyes skittered across the terrace, stopped, preened, then flashed away toward the white trellis covered with dark red roses full-blown in the winter sun.

"I reckon that's one thing Mama won't ever get used to," Mr. Linden said. "Winter roses." He sat up, chuckling. "But what gets Mama the most out here is the way women go downtown shopping without wearing a hat and gloves. Why Mama would as lief go naked as—"

"Dad!"

Mr. Linden leaned back again, shaking his head. "Peg keeps telling her she'll get over it."

The girl from the Chronicle stopped doodling stars on the margin of her notes. "I notice you still call her Peg."

"Well, you see," Mr. Linden said, "we christened her a long time before the studio people thought up that fancy name."

"Sherry," Mrs. Linden said. "What kind of a name is that?"

"Mama doesn't like it," Mr. Linden said, "because it's the name of a wine. Sherry wine, you know."

"Margaret Linden," Mrs. Linden said. "She was named for Mr. Linden's sister."

"And of course," the girl said, "your daughter will have her birthday dinner with you next Sunday?"

Mr. Linden glanced quickly at his wife, then down at the white paws of the drowsy kitten. Mrs. Linden fidgeted a loose button on her sweater.

"Of course."

A maid in a white apron and cap quietly crossed the terrace, spoke to Mrs. Linden in a low voice. The girl pretended to study her notes, but she couldn't help overhearing the maid. "Mrs. Cooper called and she ain't heard from her either." The maid backed away, turned, and disappeared, not making a sound. The terrace was hushed.

"There's some talk," the girl said, "that your daughter may get married when she finishes her new picture."

"Would you like to see her scrapbook?" Mrs. Linden said.

The scrapbook was bound in dark green leather, with SHERRY stamped on the front in gold. The first pages were taken up with conventional baby pictures, a naked, chubby infant sprawled on a studio couch, gurgling at the camera. The child's age was printed beneath each picture in white ink which had blurred fuzzily on the coarse black paper. The baby, in most of the early snapshots, was held by Mrs. Linden, a sad-eyed woman, severely dressed, and unsmiling.

There were also snapshots of family groups, of Peg astride a Shetland pony, of Peg and Aunt Margaret, Peg as Portia in a high-school benefit ("Raised a hundred dollars for the fire department, that show"), Peg and a boy in a checked sweater and plus fours ("That's Henry Shiner, used to work for Mr. Linden"), Peg in front of her father's drugstore, and then a batch of studio stills, followed by a posed photograph of Peg in an old-fashioned bridal gown smiling up at a tall, hollow-eyed man in striped trousers and a cutaway coat.

"Oh," the girl from the Chronicle said, "Art Morton."

Mrs. Linden quickly turned the page, pointing out a tinted photograph of Mr. Linden's drugstore after he'd had the modern front put on.

"It's not *that* red," Mrs. Linden said.

THE maid came to the door and said Mrs. Linden was wanted on the private phone. In her haste Mrs. Linden spilled loose photographs out of the scrapbook. "I didn't hear it ring," she said, stepping over the clutter. The girl from the Chronicle helped Mr. Linden pick up the photographs.

"Mama hasn't finished pasting them all in yet," Mr. Linden said.

"I suppose she's awfully busy?"

"Oh, she's always up to something, but she doesn't really have to lift a finger. We've got a cook and a maid and a man to tend the yard, and if we want to go somewhere, Peg sends her chauffeur. Last week she sent a woman to teach us canasta, but Mama won't play cards. Mama's right strict, you know."

"I notice you have television, too."

"Oh, yes. Everything. But Mama says the television hurts her eyes." Mr. Linden smiled and gently scratched the underside of the kitten's neck. "Mama's funny about the *(Continued on page 40)*

"What're you going to do with a girl that makes one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one picture? That's what Peg makes"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN


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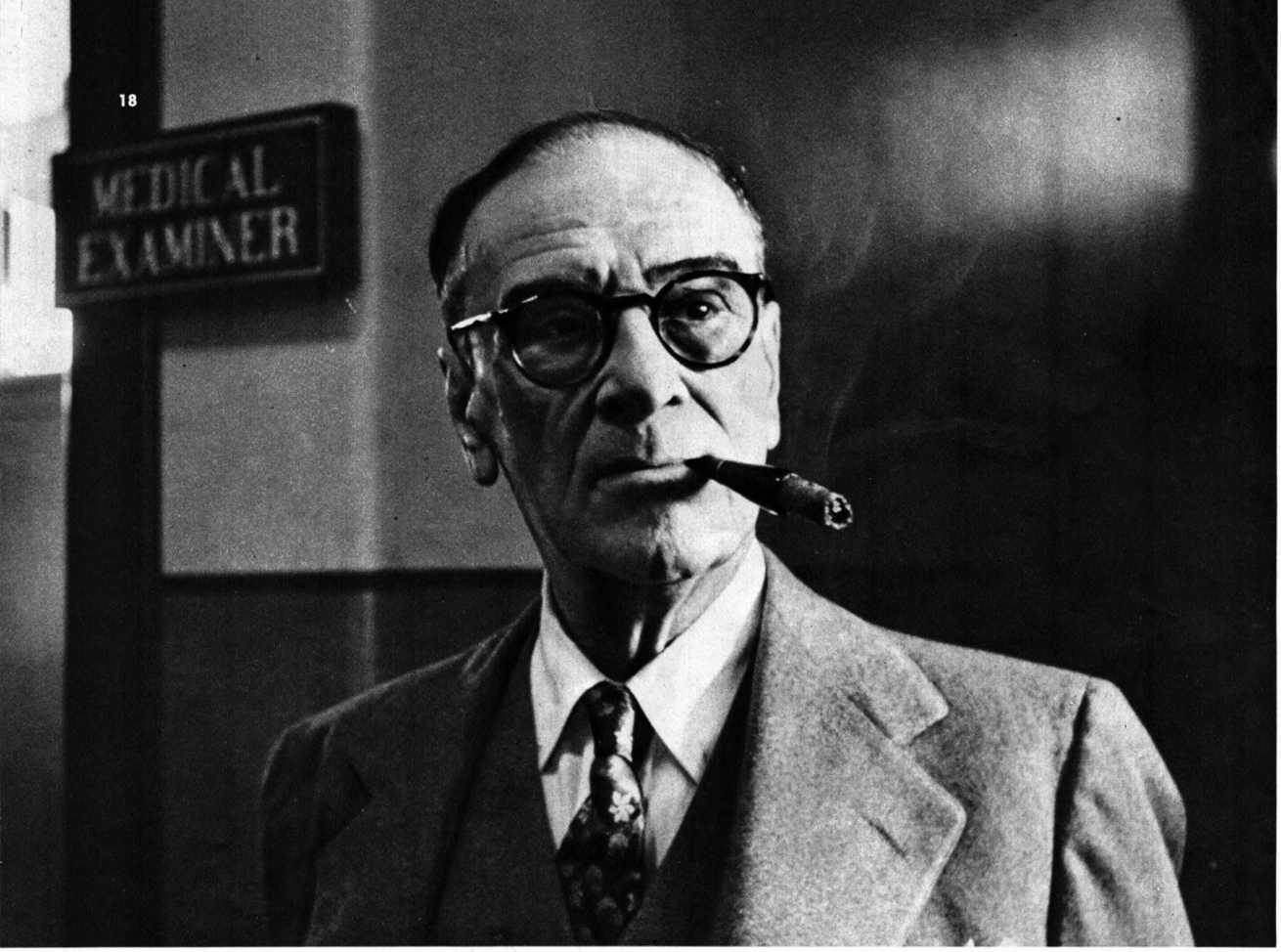


Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, New York City's Chief Medical Examiner, has worked at his specialty for 32 years

It May Be MURDER

By M. R. WERNER

When death occurs and a physician is not in actual attendance, New York City's medical examiner (an M.D.) inquires into the cause. His office checks more than 15,000 cases a year

JUST as there are many ways to live, so there are many ways to die. Among the less pleasant modes of exit are those which fall within the jurisdiction of either the coroner or medical examiner. They include violent, accidental, suspicious or sudden deaths—with special reference to murder and suicide.

This is true anywhere, but holds especially for New York City, whose five boroughs are responsible for more violent, accidental, suspicious and sudden demises than any comparable thickly settled area in the world. Their total and character vary slightly from year to year, with the population. But of the city's 75,000 annual deaths of all kinds, the proportion into which official inquiry is made has always been around 20 per cent; last year the number was 18,000.

The vital but unattractive business of probing their cause is presided over by septuagenarian Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, the city's Chief Medical Examiner. Dr. Gonzales has been with the Office of Chief Medical Examiner since it was first set up in 1918, and head of it since 1935; he has personally performed more than 7,000 autopsies. A tall, spare man with a tolerant expression, his horn-rimmed bifocals cover lively brown eyes which have had considerable experience in being sharp. At seventy-one, nothing about human behavior seems to startle him any longer.

After 32 years of working at his specialty, Dr. Gonzales is one of the country's leading experts in determining cause of death. Even more important to the field of forensic medicine—the branch devoted to the profession's relationship with the law—he and his staff of 23 deputies and assistants, together with their 53 scientific associates and clerks, typify a commendable trend away from the use of coroners, who are elected to their posts, in favor of nonpolitical, scientifically trained and equipped medical examiners.

Most U.S. communities still have coroners, serving terms of two to four years. In most places it is more important for the coroner to be a Democrat or a Republican than a doctor. Even in the rare case where he *is* required to be a doctor, the coroner is often up to his scalpel in politics, and apt to have one eye on his microscope and the other on his own prospects for re-election.

There are plenty of reputable coroners who employ good physicians to aid them. But the system of the coroner-in-politics makes possible bribery and other pressures by the deceased's friends, relatives and even enemies, in the event they have private reasons for not wanting the cause of death

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Studying evidence: (l. to r.) Dr. Gonzales and his aides, Drs. Charles Umberger, Alexander Gettler and Alexander Wiener

made public. Authorities on forensic medicine regard the coroner as about as obsolete as the barber-surgeon.

In New York City it took a long time and a reform administration to get rid of the coroners. Prior to 1915, the city had had as coroners two plumbers, two saloonkeepers, six realtors, an auctioneer, a butcher, a labor leader, a musician, a woodcarver, an insurance man, and eight undertakers. Very few were doctors.

In the good old days, infanticide, poisoning, and other forms of fatal skulduggery were a cinch to get away with, and Dr. Gonzales hates to think how many deaths unexplained at the time may have been homicide.

Coroners and their assistants sometimes made remunerative arrangements to deal with selected undertakers. And, in the 1890s, the coroners of Brooklyn and Queens even had a spirited competition for bodies found in the old Newtown Creek. Since they were themselves being paid on a fee basis of $11.50 per corpse examined, they hired small boys with rowboats to keep an eye out for floating prospects. The simple entries "died suddenly" and *"coup de soleil"*—which in French sounded better than "simple sunstroke"—are prevalent in the old records. Coroners' physicians usually took only a quick look before pronouncing cause of death, rarely spending more than five minutes with a cadaver; at murder trials they testified from memory about what they had or had not found at autopsies that were performed as much as six months earlier. Today an autopsy report in New York often runs to several thousand words, and is dictated to a specially trained stenographer by the medical examiner while he is actually working.

Mounting scandals about the coroner system brought an investigation during the reform regime of Mayor John Purroy Mitchel. The state legislature abolished the office of coroner and, in 1918, established that of the Chief Medical Examiner, specifying that the head of the office be appointed by the mayor from civil service, and that he be a doctor of medicine, skilled in pathology. The medical examiner could appoint his own assistants, but their qualifications had to be similar to his own.

New York's first Chief Medical Examiner was Dr. Charles Norris, director of the pathological laboratories at Bellevue Hospital. When he took office, there was little promise of the smooth-running procedures that eventually were to shape up. Many of the doctor's clerks were incompetent holdovers from the coroner system, and he was given $65,000-a-year less than the $172,000 appropriation the coroners used to receive from their political pals on the Board of Estimate.

Dr. Norris paid for qualified assistants, equipment and even for the installation of telephones out of his own pocket. Often, in exasperation, he would resign; but invariably he was persuaded to return to his responsibilities at the morgue, which he liked to call "the country club," where he enjoyed sitting around during leisure moments and talking shop with his aides over a few relaxing drinks.

A month after Dr. Norris took office he was joined as Assistant Medical Examiner by Dr. Gonzales, then Assistant Pathologist at Harlem Hospital. New York-born Dr. Gonzales was the son of a leaf-tobacco merchant of Spanish birth who had migrated to the States from Cuba. A Bellevue medical college graduate of *(Continued on page 60)*

Why a Medical Examiner

When an unexplained death takes place in your town, public interest requires that the fullest possible inquiry be made. The death may be an innocent one, or it may not; it may, in fact, be murder.

In a relative handful of U.S. states and cities, the official job of probing the cause of death is assigned to a medical examiner who is specially qualified because, as a doctor, he has at his disposal every investigative tool modern science has evolved. But by and large most communities are saddled with the ancient and generally inept coroner system, whereby the complex task of determining cause of death is left to an official who is rarely a medical man and who, because his office is elective, is frequently subject to all manner of pressures. Under such a system the potential injustice to families and friends of the deceased is well-nigh incalculable.

As a nation we take pride in our readiness to turn in obsolete models for new and improved ones. Discarding the coroner for a medical examiner is a must for civic house cleaning. THE EDITOR


David Burgh

If only they would punish him, the burden on his heart might be lifted. If only they would look at him with anger, instead of the terrifying pity that meant there was to be

NO PUNISHMENT

By HELEN MITCHELL

NOW, will you tell me again how it happened, Peter?" said the detective. Peter had already gone through the story three times this afternoon but he did not mind telling it once more. It was almost better to be telling the story than to be sitting still while they conferred among themselves. It was while they were all talking seriously and reading from their notes that Peter had a chance to see that his mother and father were looking at him, not as if they were angry and meant to punish him, but as if they pitied him. This had a funny effect on him.

Besides, the sound of his own voice seemed to cover up the frightening silence within himself. It was as though the area under his skin was a soundless, feelingless vault, padded and proofed, immune to the stirring of air or the movement of life. He was like a room in a broadcasting studio the moment before the big show goes on the air.

He realized dimly that the impossible event of this morning was the final and most important event in his life and he had a sense of great loss. He had used everything up in one day. He had not even known he had this coin to spend, but if he had known, he would not have bought with it the thing he had. No.

He shivered. He could not have done it. It was impossible.

He turned his eyes to the detective for help, but found only that terrible pity. It was true, then.

Peter began to talk. . . .

From the beginning, he was more fascinated by the gun than the others were. It was the first thought in his mind upon awakening and he would lie in bed, half dozing, imagining the feel of it in his hand, the cold sureness of the adult trigger against his index finger.

"I'll teach you," he would mutter beneath the warm blankets. "Trying to steal money from my father's bank." He would feel his face growing hot with anger toward the foul thief whom he had caught creeping from the vault with a bag of golden coins under each ragged arm. In this dream, he would most often point the gun at the thief and force him to march to the police station. Sometimes the thief would try to get away and then Peter would have to shoot him and as he thought about this, his trigger finger would jerk involuntarily. His aim being perfect, he always shot the thief to maim but not to kill. It was better to bring them in alive so they could be punished by the proper forces of law and order. So he aimed for the leg.

He had an imitation gun which had been given him at Christmastime. At first he had loved it and played with it constantly, but after they had all discovered the gun in the park, he had lost interest in the toy. The gun they had found was real and deadly. It was probably not loaded, but it had been, and someone had shot someone with it, or held someone up, and perhaps been chased by the police. He had then been forced to toss it into the clump of bushes surrounding the grassy stretch where they all went in the afternoons, after school.

Brent had been the one who found the gun.

They all had to cut themselves with Brent's pocketknife and mingle the blood from each of their fingers, as they took a kid's oath

Afterward Peter was angry with himself and his slowness, for Brent had the proprietary interest and it was Brent who was therefore in charge of it, planning the hiding place and saying who could touch it and in what order. If Peter had only seen it first —if he had been the one to trip over the baseball bat—if he had been lying flat on the ground and seen the glint of steel under the leafless branches—if the gun had been his—

He would have managed the whole affair much better. Still, he had to admit, as Pinky had, that Brent had been eminently fair and that the gun had been hidden properly and mysteriously enough. The three of them knew that they must not play with it. Their fathers had all been in the war and had explained about the danger of guns whether you thought they were loaded or not. Brent was sure this one wasn't loaded, but the chance that it might be lent spice and danger to the possession of it. And they knew that if a cop should see them with it, he would take it away from them and ask them questions.

They immediately overruled Pinky, who suggested timidly that they ought to take it to the police that very afternoon.

"Maybe they'll give us a medal or something. Gee!" said Pinky.

Peter sniffed. "They'd only grill us," he said. Pinky was too small and a dope. He got too excited. It would have been better if Pinky hadn't been around. This was big-time stuff.

Peter moved in closer to Brent and, despite himself, his hand stretched out for the gun. If he could only hold it, as Brent was holding it. If it were only *his* gun. But Brent had moved away cautiously, shielding the gun under his unbuttoned leather jacket.

"Wait a minute," he said, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "Don't crowd me. We've got to figure out what to do with it, where to keep it."

Between Peter's apartment building and the one next to it there was a narrow, deep court which you could reach by going through the basement and squeezing out through a cellar window. At the far end of the court was another window, partly hidden by some old crates and boxes that had never been carried away. In this window, the bricks that made up the outside sill were loose; and underneath them, once the crumbling mortar had been scraped away, was a hollow big enough to hide the gun.

Peter had discovered this courtyard and the loose bricks some time ago. He had often played alone in here, imagining that he was a prisoner of war. Once he had tricked the entire German army by crawling out through the basement window just as he was about to be shot as a spy, the most important spy ever to be parachuted down into enemy territory. . . .

By the time they had the gun safely hidden away, wrapped carefully in Brent's handkerchief, it was time for them all to go home for dinner. But they stayed on a few minutes, making plans.

"Now," said Brent, making Peter itch with fury because Brent was apparently, by prior rights, going to keep right on assuming command, "we all come here together, see? Nobody sneaks in by himself." Brent looked straight at Peter, and Peter dropped his eyes. "We look at it. I unwrap the handkerchief. If I feel like it, maybe we all get to —get to hold it."

Three pairs of eyes swung toward the loose bricks, three pairs of hands moved. Peter felt warm and his stomach wasn't quite right.

"Once a week," Brent went on, "we polish it. We take a clean rag, and some stuff, whatever it is you use—I'll find out—and we shine it up good."

There was more. At Brent's insistence they all had to cut themselves with his pocketknife and mingle the blood from each of their fingers in a silly, kid's oath that made Peter want to howl. But once committed to that oath, he would have to keep his promise not to go near the gun unless it was with the other two.

"You look hot," Peter's mother said when he finally appeared at the dinner table. "Let me feel your head. And your eyes are too bright, darling. Maybe I'd better call the doctor."

"I'm all right," Peter told her. And he forced himself to eat. He had to fool them all, now. They were his enemies. They were trying to get something out of him, but he wouldn't give an inch. His mother was a lady spy and she wanted information for the enemy country. He looked at her through veiled lids. She was smart. She was cagey.

He ate her poisoned food but he was so strong, in such perfect physical shape, that he felt only the smallest stomach-ache. When she saw him with his gun, she would crumble and beg for mercy. His gun. *His* gun. . . .

THE detective prompted him: "Go on, Peter. Tell about how you kept the gun in its hiding place."

He drew a deep shuddering breath, raised his eyes and saw his mother sitting there, across from him, with her hand in his father's. They were there together, and he was here, alone, telling his story to the cops. He had a strange impression that his mother really had crumbled and that she was begging silently for mercy. Her eyes were big and still and pitying. If, when all this was over, she would only say to his father, "Jim, Peter has been very bad today. I think he needs a whipping."

And if his father would punish him. Peter had only had a whipping once in his life—out in the country when he had gotten the cows on the run in the pasture against the express instructions of his father. His father had taken him out to the barn and there he had given him a whopping with a hairbrush. But Peter remembered that afterward the incident was closed; he had made expiation for his sins. If somebody would only . . .

He looked at the surrounding faces again, but the eyes dropped when they met his, as though they were all ashamed. They could not look at him.

"Come on now, Peter. The gun."

The gun.

How it had drawn him, almost against his will. How he had thought of it, buried down there, waiting for him. How it glinted, how it shone. He had never even had a chance to hold it before his eyes and sight down the smooth, wicked barrel. He had never felt the filed roughness of the cold handle, which he knew would fit so snugly into the palm of his hand. And if he could have pointed the gun at the ground and contracted his fist to squeeze the trigger. . . .

That night, before he slept, he imagined he was the murderer who had killed, who had run, had tossed the gun into the bushes. It was his gun. *His*.

And now the world sharpened and became a place of adventure. The *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

ARCH *Dreams Up the* DREAM

The Chicago Tribune's Arch Ward, originator of top All-Star Games, rates with history's

By TOM MEANY

ONE of the truly amazing phenomena of American sports is that one of football's greatest crowds is drawn each year to a game which is played weeks before the regular season opens and which is meaningless so far as it affects the national picture, either collegiate or professional. Again this year, though the calendar insists the date is August, Friday night, the 11th, upward of 100,000 people will be peering through the floodlights of Chicago's Soldier Field, gazing at brawny, gaudily uniformed stars of the gridiron.

Like its predecessors, this seventeenth annual game between the College All-Stars and the champions of the National Football League—in this instance, the Philadelphia Eagles—will prove exactly nothing. Although the pros have won a majority of these meetings in Chicago, the game has by no means settled the controversy as to whether a college squad could beat a professional squad (an *admittedly* professional squad, that is).

As a spectacle, the game is one of the most colorful in all sports, bringing together as it does the cream of the college crop, the bona fide All-Americans from coast to coast, against the professional champions. Scarcely a college star of the last decade and a half, unless because of injury, has failed to perform in the Chicago All-Star game.

If you are one of those fortunate enough to possess a ticket for the game—and it's an assured sell-out, even with the vast cavernous capacity of Soldier Field—chances are you'll look down from the colonnaded heights to the tiny emerald patch which is the gridiron and try to pick out Southern Methodist's Doak Walker or Notre Dame's Leon Hart. Maybe you'll look for Steve Van Buren of the Eagles, or their coach, Greasy Neale. Or perhaps you'll focus your binoculars on Holy Cross's Dr. Edward Anderson, who will be coaching the All-Star squad. There is only a slim possibility that you will pay any attention to a calm, squat figure in mufti who will be in the neighborhood of the All-Star bench. Or, if you do see him, you'll probably dismiss him as one of the minor functionaries. If so, console yourself, for you won't have been the first to be deceived by the mild manner of Arch Ward, the man who runs the show.

Ward is in his early fifties, of medium height and average appearance. Chunkily built, carefully clothed, with once blond hair which is turning gray, Arch looks out intelligently and quietly from behind a set of silver-rimmed spectacles. He looks far more like a banker than a sports writer, lacking both the flamboyancy and that certain air of vagabondia popularly, and fallaciously, associated with the gentlemen of the press.

Yet Ward is a sports writer and, as columnist and sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, one of the highest paid men in his profession. He also is one of the most influential in the country and one of the ablest sports promoters in history. More fans have purchased tickets to events promoted or devised by Arch than to all the promotions of Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs. As a matter of fact, it was a promotion by Ward's paper which made it possible for Rickard to draw the largest gate in the history of boxing, $2,658,660 for the second meeting of Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey at Soldier Field in 1927. More about that later.

The All-Star football game is Ward's brain child, just as the All-Star baseball game is entirely his creation. There are several All-Star football games now, in New York, in Philadelphia and at way stations, but Arch's was the first and still is the biggest by proportions so impressive as to dwarf most of its imitators. It drew a record crowd of 105,840 to Soldier Field in 1947 and a record gate of $380,817 in 1948. The top price is $7 and those seats are sold within 24 hours after the date is announced.

As far as the owners of teams in the National Football League are concerned, the league championship is important to them in large measure because the winning team is picked to oppose Ward's All-Stars the following summer. This game is pro football's big money event. The club owners, who get virtually nothing from their own championship play-off, since most of that money goes into the players' pool, receive 20 per cent of the gross less taxes from the game in Soldier Field, which means a check in the neighborhood of $70,000.

Because of his mild *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD DEANE TAYLOR

GAMES

reat sports promoters

SMOKE JUMPER

By HAROLD ROGERS

The fire was the great leveler. Its angry flames destroyed a whole forest and left a man with nothing—not even a little hatred to keep him going

LOGAN crouched behind the pilot's seat in his padded smoke jumper's suit and stared through the small window toward the cloud of yellow smoke ballooning over the peaks that shark-toothed away to the west.

"It's not good," he said. "It's just not good, sending five men to do a fifty-man job."

Logan knew what he was talking about. He had been with the Forest Service for twenty-three years, working at everything from lookout and mule packer to his present job as smoke jumper. He had entered the service as a part-time employee, and when the first call had been made for volunteers to try for the then infant branch of the service, Logan had asked to be sent to smoke jumpers school because he was tired of building trail. As he told his wife, he had always wanted to see how it felt to be a bird.

Now he was flying across a forest that had been closed to campers for more than a month because of the fire hazard. With the temperature and humidity where they were, dry lightning—the kind that strikes without a drop of rain falling—was worse than firecrackers in a haymow. To make it doubly bad, it had to pick a spot on the Upper Fork of the Claw River, a good fifty miles by trail north and west from the ranger station, for a strike, and at the last report there wasn't enough water in the river to float a cork.

Logan looked questioningly at the portable pumper and rubbed a rough hand over the red stubble on his chin, then shifted his gaze to Adams and Smitty sitting behind the pumper, and started to adjust his helmet and steel-mesh mask. Smitty, a tall, sandy-haired youngster, was jumping on his first big blaze, but Logan felt no real concern for him.

Rather it was Adams, who gave him his moments of doubt. There was nothing at which Logan could point a finger; yet this would be his fourth fire with Adams and each time he had felt an uneasiness that he could not explain. Adams was a big man, taller and wider than any man in the crew. He had great broad shoulders with long corded arms and a flat, homely face, but somehow he reminded Logan of a violin string that had been stretched too tight and was about to break.

With his mask fastened, Logan shrugged at his own fears and turned to the window. He saw the second plane carrying additional equipment and two more jumpers, then fell to studying the fire again. It hadn't crowned, but it easily covered ten acres. It was still on the west bank of the river and as near as Logan could judge from the plane, it had nearly a mile to run, once it crossed the stream, before it hit the tall virgin stand on the east wall of the canyon. That was the thing they had to stop, but even then he knew it was twenty to one against them.

Already the blaze was three times larger than they had figured, and if the fire ever reached the tall trees it was almost sure to crown

He leaned over the pilot's shoulder. "Better radio for suppression crews," he said.

He had a glimpse of the opening where they planned to make their drop; then a shapeless mass drifted across, blotting it out.

"When we come around again heave your stuff out and use it as a test chute," the pilot said.

They circled back and made their pass. Logan grabbed one side of the pumper and motioned for Adams to help.

"Now!" Logan braced himself and shoved, then leaned out watching the chute open.

"We'll have to do it fast on the next trip," he said. "Smitty first, then Adams. I'll follow."

Smitty slapped at his chute and slid his hands along the straps, then moved to the door as the pilot brought the plane over the meadow again.

"Be seeing you," he said, and disappeared through the door.

"Looks pretty bad," Adams said.

"Yeah," Logan said. "Let's go."

He counted ten after Adams jumped; then he stepped out and followed him down.

WHEN Logan felt his chute open he took a deep breath and looked around. Smitty was already down and Adams was nearing the ground. Overhead, the second plane had unloaded its cargo chute and Dowd was jumping. Logan could tell that by the way he crouched. Dowd held his short, stocky body like a ball, when he left the plane. Richards, however, followed the path of least resistance and tumbled out. Richards was a good man. In a pinch Logan would rely on him more than the other three.

On the ground, Logan waited for them to come together.

"Smitty and Adams, start collecting the stuff," he said. "Dowd, get the radio going. Richards, take a look at the north end of the fire and see if we can turn it back. I'll try to locate water."

But before he got to the stream bed, Logan knew what he would find. It was bone-dry. He stopped and tested the wind. It was from the west and freshening. He ran back to the crew.

"Any water?" Adams asked.

"No," Logan said.

"Are we going to stay?" Adams' voice was tense.

"Sure," Logan said.

Already the blaze was twice, maybe three times larger than any of them had figured. The only thing that kept it from crowning was the fact that the trees on the west side of the canyon were not tall enough to reach up where the wind was really blowing, but if it ever got into the tall stuff—look out!

"Dowd, you got the radio working?" Logan asked.

There were drops of sweat on Dowd's forehead when he answered. "Not a buzz. Something must have broken when it dropped."

Logan swatted a deer fly. "Let it go," he said. "The next time the plane comes over we can signal to the pilot that our radio is dead."

He shouldered a shovel and mattock and took the crew to the east bank *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Industry That Laid a

By JOHN CONNER

ON HIGHWAY 92 just above beautiful Lake Alfred, Florida, an open-topped trailer truck carrying a mountain of oranges swung around a curve too fast and pitched a dozen golden fruit into the roadside rough. The driver stopped quickly enough to brand the pavement with burnt rubber, got out and retrieved the lost cargo. Commentary from the line of cars he halted behind him on the two-lane road was not pretty. He responded in kind.

"Aw, shuddup, will ya," he bellowed. "They're worth their weight in gold. *I* should leave them for *you* guys."

It was a history-making event in a state where some years the fruit has been so inexpensive that tourists were welcome to help themselves from orange-laden grove trees. They're not welcome now, and professional thievery has become a big-time headache to the county authorities. Tinhorn rogues fill the back seats and trunks of their automobiles under cover of darkness and get away with enough fruit to sell for $40 or $50.

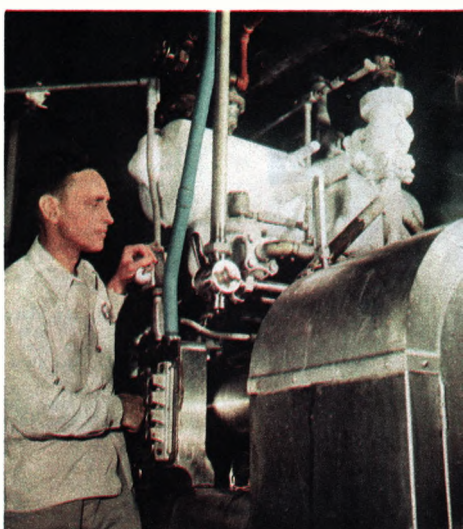
The citrus belt in central Florida has become a sort of Eldorado because an elusive formula which men searched for through half a century suddenly materialized and turned a boom-and-bust product into a steady stream of icy gold that probably will never dry up. The magic phrase is orange juice concentrate, one of the most fabulous food items to hit the market in U.S. history.

Florida packs from fall to spring. All last winter the highways were crowded with trucks hurrying back and forth from the groves to feed the maw of a spanking new multi-million dollar system of factories whose great concentrators were roaring 24 hours a day.

The state had never seen a boom as solid as this. Prices to the orange grower were the highest in 30 years, considering the size of the crop. Grove sales were fabulous, producing acres bringing up to $2,500 each. The crop was unprecedented in size, and concentrate siphoned off a third of it.

There hasn't been a revolution like it since the California Fruit Growers Exchange promoted the importance of vitamin C under the Sunkist name early in the century and snatched the lonely orange from its Christmas-stocking pedestal. Concentrate has brought orange juice to 10,000,000 people who

Orange trucks jam Florida roads. Below, L. S. Algee of Minute Maid plant adjusts flow rate



GOLDEN EGG

Half a century of research produces a fabulous new product, frozen orange juice concentrate, and Florida has a solid boom

never drank it before, either because they couldn't afford the fresh fruit or didn't like to peel it.

Whenever I want a glass of fresh juice today I've got to walk into the yard and pick my own," said Tom Turnbull, a former member of Florida's potent citrus commission. "If I ask my wife for it she'll open a can of concentrate because it's so much easier."

Concentrate has bitten into the markets of both the canner and the fresh fruit packer, and to what extent this will continue is a matter for heated debate in Florida. Twenty-two million gallons of it will flow into U.S. kitchens this year from 500,000,000 frosty cans.

At least 60 per cent of the nation's grocers do not yet have facilities to handle frozen foods. Most of them are the little corner store type of outlet which, in actual volume, represents not more than 20 per cent of the nation's total movement of foodstuffs. Had it not been for the quick growth of the refrigerated case industry after the war, orange concentrate would not have been able to flex its muscles as readily as it has.

The frozen concentrate idea is tottering with age and has nearly expired on numerous occasions. But just about the time everyone had washed his hands of it, some eager new mind would begin knocking itself out in the laboratory again and whip up general interest.

There are two ways of making concentrate—by freezing out most of the water, and by evaporating it out. Water is expensive stuff to carry around, whether it's inside the peel of an orange or not, and long before the science of logistics was developed men hated to pay the tab for toting something they can collect in rain barrels for free.

But freezing has always taken far too long to be a commercially practicable system of concentrating. And orange juice, like milk, is a poor subject for heat treatments. The taste is affected. This has always been an objection many people have had to using single-strength canned orange juice, which is pasteurized for preservation.

So for most of the long pursuit, researchers on two continents have striven to work out an efficient freezing method. There are several. August Gürber, a German, got a patent in 1903 for centrifuging a slush of half-frozen juice and centrifuging —expelling water by whirling the slush—played a part in the solution reached six years ago.

There had been a manufacturable concentrate before 1944, but it was a pasteurized product known now to the industry as "hot pack" concentrate. Its chief consumers were the British during their vitamin-short days in World War II, and hospitals and other institutions in this country. It never would move in the retail trade but it, too, has played a part in the frozen concentrate saga.

Achieving a satisfactory method of preserving the taste as well as the product, and adapting the result to mass production, had always been the two stumbling blocks. No matter what the approach, one or the other always blocked the road to riches. It was finally through an absurdly simple idea—which more than one person now claims to have thought of first—that the concentrates of such big names as Pasco, Minute Maid, Snow Crop and Birds Eye could crash through into business.

The man who officially gets credit for having had the multi-million-dollar brainstorm is Dr. L. G. MacDowell, thirty-nine-year-old director of research for the Florida Citrus Commission.

There are many other names in the story. Some of the most important are Dr. Edwin L. Moore and Cedric Atkins, research fellows who helped MacDowell work out his formula; Dr. Arthur L. Stahl, director of tropical food research at the University of Miami, who revived interest with his work on the centrifuge, and Marvin S. Knight, inventive ex-New York advertising man who actually did get the first frozen concentrate on the market, and says he and associates soon will be out with a workable freezing system.

Stahl was a research chemist at the University of Florida in Gainesville when, a decade ago, he set out to prove that despite previous failures a very palatable frozen product could be produced. He was only partially successful. He worked out a lot of the bugs and brought the centrifuge from the laboratory to the pilot-plant stage. There he was stopped. Still too many bugs. His work was causing a worried stir in the industry. Citrus Magazine, published by the Florida Citrus Exchange, reviewed the story in its April, 1949, issue:

"Ten years ago at the University of Florida citrus growers were shocked to *(Continued on page 67)*

Creator of magic formula: Dr. L. G. MacDowell, research chief of the Florida Citrus Commission

Dr. A. L. Stahl of Miami University began the work on a centrifuge process which may cut retail price. Below, view in one of the many plants springing up. The 1949-50 production is 22,000,000 gallons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Barometric condensers at the Snow Crop plant in Dunedin, Florida. They are used, with steam jets, to draw a vacuum in the giant evaporators which remove water from the fruit

That Lucky Old LAINE

By DEAN JENNINGS

"Mule Train" Frankie, the crooner with the steel tonsils, listens to 2,500 songs a year, records those that "fracture" him. He's "fractured" fans into buying 8,000,000 platters

IN THE esoteric lexicon of the blues singer, a "Roxy ending" is one in which the final note has so much fortissimo that it rattles theater windows and sometimes makes mysterious wiggly marks on the nearest seismograph. It is not to be tackled by anyone with high blood pressure or a delicate larynx.

Frankie Laine, an ex-Chicago choir boy, not only uses a Roxy finale, but has been known to apply the technique to an entire song, note for note. Some auditors have described Frankie's voice as the sound of air whipping across steel tonsils, and a few critics have waggled an indignant finger at him merely because he invented what is known in the trade as a "bent note." "He doesn't bend the notes at all," one snorted. "He cripples them."

Despite these criticisms, Frankie Laine has become the Cinderella boy of the recording industry. During the past three years, he came up from nowhere to sell more than 8,000,000 records, and his income soared from $75 a week to about $300,000 a year. He has cracked theater and night-club attendance records from New York to Hollywood. His fan mail is about 100,000 letters a year. Five of his records, including the mournful That Lucky Old Sun and the strident Mule Train, topped the million mark in a matter of weeks. He now averages a hit record every three months.

Some experts in the platter business have watched the Laine phenomenon with undisguised bewilderment. Their surprise at Frankie's success is not based solely on the debatable qualities of his rugged voice, but also on the obvious fact that he doesn't fit the crooner framework at all. Thirty-seven, with sparse hair, an eagle beak and the dimensions of a discus thrower, he has none of the fragile, wistful qualities of Frank Sinatra, Vic Damone or Mel Tormé. Moreover, he is annoyed when well-meaning but confused followers give him a Sinatra-type greeting. "It curdles me when anybody squeals 'Oh . . . Frankie!'" he says. "I don't want to be a crooner. I just try to use my voice as a horn."

But somehow or other the bobby-sox set has detected romantic obbligatos in his trumpeting. Miss Dolly Taylor, president of the Frankie Laine Fan Clubs of Hollywood, coined a new word to fit his 6-foot, 200-pound personality—hexy. "This word means hex," she explained, "and comes from the old Pennsylvania Dutch. It means a fellow who puts a spell on you."

Frankie himself is not unaware of the spell, and spends considerable time and money to keep it alive. On the road, for example, he keeps his clothes and luggage stuffed with hundreds of penny postcards on which he scribbles messages to his fans. Autographed pictures, which cost him 10¢ apiece, flow out of his Hollywood office in a continuous stream, and there are neat little blue membership cards for those who join one of the Frankie Laine fan clubs. Not long ago Frankie introduced a gimmick new to the trade—a miniature plastic phonograph record bearing his picture which is mailed free to persons requesting a personal message from the singer. The tiny disk plays a few bars of Frankie's first best-seller, That's My Desire, and a 46-second pep talk which starts out, "Hello, baby," or "Hiya, guy."

Psychologists have long claimed that fan clubs are composed largely of thwarted romanticists. Frankie shrewdly goes along with this premise, and works diligently to keep them from becoming unthwarted. Thus, whenever he is exposed to large groups of the faithful he maintains the illusion that he might be mobbed by having a police escort handy. When autographing records, as he was in a San Francisco store recently, he sits near an escape door, poised for flight in case the customers become overexuberant. Actually, alas, Frankie has never been mauled by anyone. He attributes this to his formidable frame, but also admits that he often disguises himself with a hat and heavy glasses.

Frankie has maintained an intimate and lucrative relationship with his far-flung legions. There are Frankie Laine clubs in most big cities, the larger in Los Angeles, Buffalo and Detroit. Total national membership is estimated to be more than 100,000. The behavior of some Laine devotees verges on the grotesque, whether or not press-agent inspired, but it does stimulate the box office. In Brooklyn, for instance, the Lainettes wear hair ribbons and ankle-length socks embroidered with his name. They daub his name on their fingernails with purple paint and have little bells laced to their saddle shoes.

New members are compelled to break all non-Laine recordings as part of their initiation and, presumably, are taught to squeal in the proper pitch for his personal appearances. In the San Fernando Valley of California Mrs. Muriel Williams, secretary of the "Valley Lainers," has two radios blaring sixteen hours a day and keeps a blackboard count of the Laine records played. If the percentage falls below her standards, she needles the disk jockeys with a deluge of scolding post cards. After she had dispatched 300 cards, her husband Joe plaintively said: "The government ought to let us take Frankie off our income tax as a dependent."

In Detroit Miss Sally Rappella, a field general in the best Laine tradition, deputizes agents to listen to every disk jockey in the area. This zealous espionage results in a detailed report, airmailed to Frankie once a week, and woe to the platter spinner with a treasonable lack of Laine offerings.

The Laine fans are an articulate and sometimes belligerent militia. Not long ago Hollywood columnist Erskine Johnson mentioned Vaughn Monroe's rival recording of Mule Train in the same paragraph with a Laine item. For the next four or five weeks Johnson ducked smoking missives that arrived from wrathful Lainers by the bale, and it took half a dozen more Laine items in his column before they would cease and desist. There are also fan clubs which knit socks and ties for Frankie, while other members specialize in letters to him, many proposing marriage.

Anyway, It Was a Good Question

"Frankie, why are women so crazy about you?" a woman columnist once asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Perhaps it's because many of them are carrying a torch for someone, and in me they see an imaginative picture of their ideal."

This was probably an apocryphal quote, distilled in one of the publicity offices of Hollywood, because Frankie Laine is a man not yet prepared for the pat response. He is still so surprised to find himself in the high tax bracket that he cannot believe what he hears on his own records. Listening to himself sing, he is transformed into a real Frankie Laine fan. He flails the air with his arms, hums an accompaniment, stamps out the beat with his feet and cries joyfully: "I love it! It fractures me! It just fractures me!" It is almost axiomatic now to Laine's managers that if a song doesn't fracture him, before or after recording, it's a dud that won't pay off.

Frankie has an uncanny feeling for the songs that are peculiarly suited to his style. This newly developed sensitivity probably explains his sudden emergence from obscurity. He first heard Mule Train, for example, when his friend Mitch Miller called him in Minneapolis and played the tune over the telephone. Frankie hopped on a plane in the middle of the night, flew to Chicago and rehearsed the song at once. The next day, Saturday, he applied the polish, and on Sunday the master records were cut. Miller dubbed in the now famous whip cracks, and six days later Frankie's mules were clopping out of juke boxes, radio loud-speakers and sidewalk amplifiers in New York, a debut that was mingled delight and despair for passers-by.

Instinct Again Proves Reliable

That Lucky Old Sun was a similar sleeper, winnowed by instinct from a pile of melodies. "It knocked me out when I first heard it," he says. Evidently the kayo was felt around the country, too, because That Lucky Old Sun, a song with strong spiritual overtones, sold close to 2,000,000 records.

Frankie is awed by these jack pots. "Sometimes I get so confused by the things that have happened that I can hardly think," he says. "Many a night before I can get to sleep the whole business jumps around before my eyes and I can't believe it."

There is some justification for Frankie's happy insomnia, because he probably had more lean years than any artist in his class. The odyssey began in the Little Sicily section of Chicago where Frankie —baptized Frank Paul LoVecchio—was born on March 30, 1913. His parents, John and Anna LoVecchio, had come to the United States from Palermo, Italy. Pop, as Frankie calls him, eventually opened a barbershop in Chicago's Loop.

Frankie discovered he could sing when he joined the choir of the Immaculate Conception Church on North Park Avenue. He has always been grateful for that basic training and recently repaid the debt by serving as the "name" attraction for a benefit dinner-dance given by the church in a Chicago hotel. Frankie went through Lane Technical High School in Chicago—he later borrowed the school name for his own permanent use, inserting an "i"—and made his first informal appearance in the Merry Garden Ballroom when he was fifteen years old. The bands playing there included Gene Krupa, Muggsy Spanier and Dave Rose. In the presence of these titans Frankie peeped as feebly as a bird right out of the egg.

For the next 15 years, Frankie failed to fracture anyone, including himself. He has laid the blame to a faulty style. "I was singing the smooth-ballad style, but it didn't click," he recalls. "I even got nauseated myself." During this period Frankie floated from one job to another, working for room rent or spaghetti, which ever need was more urgent. He dragged himself through marathon dances, sold

Frankie cracks theater records frequently, sometimes gets $5,000 a week. Here he and Patti Page give for a New York audience

used cars, worked in factories and slept on a bench in New York's Central Park. He was evicted from eleven New York hotels for not paying his bills and once during that period he dined on penny chocolate bars for three days.

Frankie ground out the blues in so many different pubs from Forty-second Street to Hollywood and Vine that the biographers do not know exactly when he dropped the sirup-and-butter routine and switched to shouting. He is not sure himself, except to recall that he was hypnotized by Louis Armstrong's hot licks on the trumpet. "The way the guy was doing it killed me," he says. "So I tried turning my voice into an instrument. I poured it on. Lots of times I overdid it, but at least I had a style of my own."

But even with the new calliope delivery Frankie still couldn't get the cash registers clinking. Business was so slow during one Chicago hotel engagement that two of his brothers, Sam and Joe, cruised around the loop in their taxicabs with signs reading: "My brother Frankie Laine is singing at the College Inn. Go see him. He's great." A couple of nights later Frankie performed for a sudden influx of 100 cash customers. The management was delighted until they identified the eager patrons. They were all Frankie's relatives.

Some months later, in Cleveland, Frankie persuaded a night-club-owner friend to hire a girl singer he knew. In gratitude she taught him her own arrangement of an old song called That's My Desire. Subsequently the manager heard Frankie bellowing this roundelay and said: "Hey—that's great. We'll put you on."

"Yeah." Frankie nodded. "That's fine, but what about the girl?"

"Oh, her? I'm goin' out and fire her right now."

In the fall of 1946 Frankie was singing this same number in Billy Berg's night club in Hollywood. Berle Adams, then of the Mercury Record Corporation, heard him and asked him to record an oddity by Milton DeLugg called Pickle in the Middle. Frankie also sang I May Be Wrong, collected $40 for the chore and forgot about it. DeLugg's pickle turned sour, but Frankie's wrong song was amazingly right, and he was rushed back to the recording studio to make That's My Desire. Six months and 1,000,000 pressed Desires later, Frankie's night-club salary jumped from $75 to $750 a week and he banked a royalty check for $36,000.

Frankie's opulence increased at such a fabulous rate thereafter that he had to have an office force to handle the business and an SOS went out to his family. Brother Joe went on the payroll as road manager. Brother John moved to Hollywood to handle fan mail, expenses, taxes and other money problems. Sister Gloria was put on the switchboard in the Hollywood office, and brother Sam will be along any day. Mom and Pop LoVecchio closed up the barbershop, flew West, and moved into a home Frankie built for them in Burbank, California. Brother Phil, youngest of the LoVecchios, is studying medicine with Frankie's financial help. Only Rose, of all the seven LoVecchio children, will remain in Chicago.

Frankie is acutely aware *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

His Kind of Woman

By JEAN KINKEAD

Where do men go when their wives get wrapped up in the household, the children? And when the young woman at the office is a nice girl, really an awfully nice girl . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

"Who wants to be doomed?" Mr. Westerman demanded. "Not me," Joe said from his trance

IT WAS a strange thing. Maria had been with the firm for three months, but Joe had never really noticed her until the first day the Westermans came in to discuss having the Boss design them a house. Maria was thin and dark with an angular face, and if anyone had happened to ask him—which they didn't, he being a married man—Joe would have said she wasn't his kind of woman. But this day when they were all sitting around talking to the Westermans, he was struck by the liveliness of her dark eyes and the warmth of her low voice. And after that, he kept noticing her. He liked the way she walked, the way she held her head—with pride, but a good kind of pride, and without self-consciousness.

But he never got to know her at all until that day early in July. He remembered because it was the day Sandy was born.

He showed up at the office late that morning, weary and curiously depressed. The gang bought him lunch at Pirandello's. They'd all had a couple of drinks, and Bill Tibbetts said, "It's a big day when your first son is born. One of the handful of big days in a guy's life."

A big day. Joe repeated the words in his mind. It didn't seem so different from all the other days. When Jan was born he'd felt joyous, ridiculously proud. Today he just felt tired.

"You really think there are only a handful of big days?" Maria was asking. She was looking Bill full in the face, and Joe could see that the lines of her profile were clean and good, that the shape of her dark head was quite magnificent.

"Not more than that," Tibbetts said. "Most of our days are about the same shape and color. All spent in a silent sort of struggle."

"Oh, but I don't agree with you at all," Maria said very quietly. Bill covered her hand with his.

"You're young, baby," he told her, "and full of dreams. He lifted his Martini. "To youth," he said, looking at her.

Maria turned away, confused and a little embarrassed.

"To dreams," Joe heard himself saying, surprised at the way his voice sounded: unsteady and out of breath. Maria smiled at him, and the smile somehow disturbed him.

Afterward, going back to the office, Joe walked with Maria. It had just happened really, but he was glad. He took Maria's hand; it was soft and warm. "How old are you, Maria?" he asked her.

"I'm twenty-two," she said. "Hardly an adolescent any more."

"You have a lot of big days in your life, baby?" "Baby" was Bill Tibbetts' word, but with the Martinis warm inside of him it came easily to Joe.

"Don't laugh at me," Maria said. "Is it so naïve to think that life is very good?"

"I used to feel that way too," Joe said, thinking back for no good reason to Fieldston Place when he and Bets were first married and their small apartment—far too small for comfort—seemed the most beautiful and spacious place in the whole world. "But after a while you get tired. Fighting for a seat on the subway twice a day. Fighting for a raise. Juggling bills around to *(Continued on page 63)*

To sprawl on the Music Shed lawn of a Sunday afternoon costs $2, but the customers find it's worth many times the price in peace, pleasure

Gregor Piatigorsky, famed cello soloist, rehearses with the Boston orchestra under Koussevitzky's baton on a Saturday morning. It costs $1 to listen to them practice

French composer Oliver Messiaen, Koussevitzky and Aaron Copland, assistant director, get laugh from impromptu student show

Two music students stroll down a shady lane leading to the main gate. When the festival is in full swing, visitors clog the road

It's Tanglewood Time Again

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

MUSIC LOVERS from all over the nation have gathered again at lovely Tanglewood, the Massachusetts estate where the Berkshire Festival offers rare cultural pleasure. This congress of eager listeners has met annually in the Berkshires since 1934 and for the last dozen years at Tanglewood to hear concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky. In the Music Shed, specially designed to afford the finest acoustics, the brilliant veteran Koussevitzky has been joined this year by Victor de Sabata, Leonard Bernstein and Eleazar de Carvalho as guest conductors. The Boston Symphony's school of music at Tanglewood was created by Koussevitzky eight years ago to further his dream of bringing the finest instruction to aspiring young artists. About 450 come each year to this 210-acre campus for six weeks of intensive music making under world masters. The Berkshire Music Center, given a grant ten years ago by the Rockefeller Foundation, also receives support from friends throughout the world. They cherish the institution as unique in size and quality, and are proud of its positive contribution to the present and the future of American artistic life.

This rapt audience jammed the Music Shed to capacity to watch one of the popular Saturday-morning rehearsals where they get close up to the world's great maestros

Treat Them with Kindness

By OREN ARNOLD

Today more than a million U.S. citizens, led by the American Humane Association with 609 federated societies, devote all or part of their time to combating cruel treatment of children and animals

WHEN the big World Championship Rodeo opened in Phoenix some weeks ago, spectators approaching the main entrance had to pass a one-woman picket line. A girl, pretty enough to be the heroine in a Western movie, was carrying a sign that read: "Rodeos Are Cruel." She continued to pace back and forth all afternoon. After the performance was over, I started to leave the arena with a friend of mine, a handsome young cow hand who had appeared in the show. He spotted the pretty picket, limped over and doffed his hat.

"Ma'am," said he gallantly, "your sign is absolutely correct; but please make the broncs read it. Ambulances had to haul away four of my pals this afternoon, and I can barely walk myself."

The girl tried to freeze him with an icy look, but the cowboy grinned so engagingly that she broke into a laugh. Half an hour later she agreed to join us at supper and argue their divergent points of view.

We three talked for hours, the girl's ideas dominating the discussion. She had a crusader's zeal, and she was aware of a quiet power behind her. She argued for more than 1,000,000 Americans who now devote part or all of their time to combating cruelty to animals and—more important—to children.

That impressive number operates through 609 societies federated into one directing agency, the American Humane Association. Subsequently I visited its international headquarters in Albany, New York, and several of its branches in other cities. I found it a unique organization, and a highly efficient one. It is one of the most influential independent law-invoking agencies in our nation.

The association already has done much to eliminate cruelties in rodeos, and is pledged to eliminate such attractions entirely. Moreover, history shows that it has the prestige, patience and precedent to work at it for years, with ultimate success a good gamble. It has completely stopped bullfighting in the United States despite strong opposition. Also, except for illegal behind-the-barn bouts now and then, it has ended cockfighting, chicken pulls, bearbaiting, dogfighting, and similar organized "sports" which once enlivened the nation's entertainment program.

Assorted zealots have occasionally supported the AHA and, public-relations-wise, done it more harm than good. Almost invariably they have been volunteer or self-appointed workers whose neurotic tendencies were not discovered until too late. One woman in Chicago began collecting stray dogs and had 78 of them inside her small home when officers interfered. A man in Houston began bringing cats and dogs to church, insisting that they too had souls. The American Humane Association is not primarily concerned with the souls of animals, but with the effect that kindness to them has on human souls.

It is equally or more concerned with kindness to children, though few persons outside its membership are aware of that.

Retribution is swift for adults who are cruel to a child, if the AHA hears about it. The record on little Christine Banner—that's not her real name—is evidence. One afternoon last summer in Arizona, a tourist discovered her running down the highway. She was carrying her pet puppy, and crying. He braked to a stop beside her and asked what the trouble was.

"My daddy," she sobbed, "he beat both of us again, and we're running away."

It was true; both were badly bruised and bleeding. The motorist saw no house, no place to take them nearby, so he rushed them to the county sheriff. That official proclaimed his deep sympathy, but said, "I wouldn't want to butt in on a private family affair."

Whereupon the indignant tourist telephoned across the continent to Albany and spoke with Robert Sellar, the white-haired president of the AHA. Immediately it was arranged for the child and her pet to receive tender care through a local society. The parent was haled into court and the sheriff, studying the sudden publicity, began regretting his inaction. Mr. Sellar meshed the gears of his powerful machine, which operates in every state and in England, Scotland, Iran and North Africa, as well. The parent, a farm laborer, got 30 days in jail plus a $500 fine which he had to work out. And the sheriff got voted out of office next election day.

Theoretically all of us are at all times opposed to cruelty, certainly as it affects helpless animals and children. Unfortunately the theory sometimes cracks under the pressures of life, so discipline is necessary. The AHA in recent years has pushed across adequate laws, but itself has had to do much of the enforcing. This has been costly. No one of its 609 affiliated societies is a profit-making venture, and the AHA as the co-ordinating unit operated in 1949 under a $35,000 deficit. During its 73 years of existence, however, many comparable deficits have been overcome. Most of the association's money comes from contributions and legacies. Most of its leaders have been persons distinguished in business or professional life.

Henry Bergh, who had been one of Abe Lincoln's emissaries to Czarist Russia, and Elbridge T. Gerry, a prominent lawyer, both New Yorkers, launched the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children when they saw a terrified little person known only as Mary Ellen brought into a New York City court in 1874. *(Continued on page 46)*

Robert Sellar, president of AHA, consults with Florence Maher, office manager, who was hired at Albany headquarters in 1907

ALFRED PUHR

After Mrs. Helen Papi had her husband arrested for beating eleven-year-old Louis, Jr., with a belt, Brooklyn, N. Y., S.P.C.C. workers stepped in to look after the boy's welfare. The S.P.C.C. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children) is also an AHA affiliate

INTERNATIONAL

WIDE WORLD

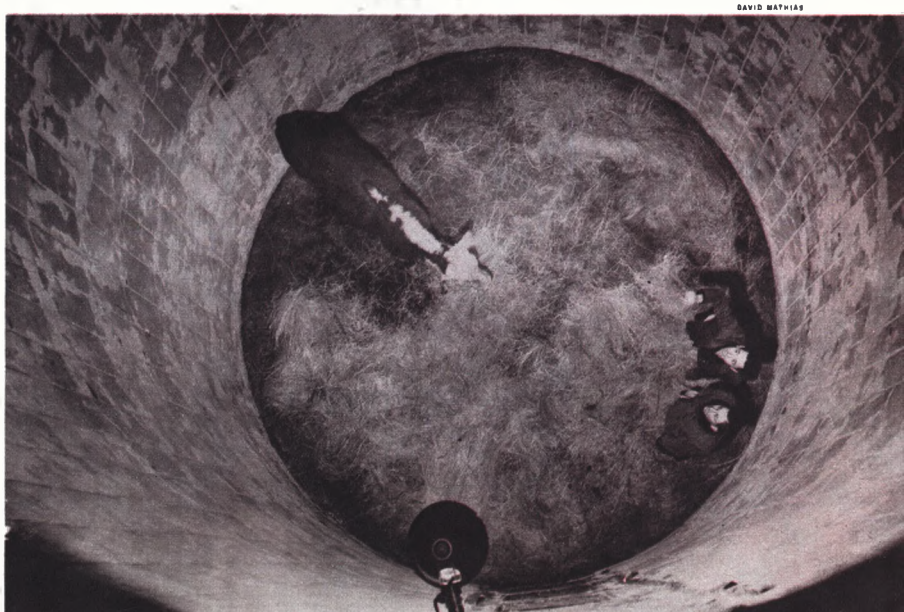
In St. Louis a horse, trapped when a sidewalk opening gave way, was pried loose through efforts of the owner and an AHA agent

New York's S.P.C.C. found Vincenza Scielzo, 4, suffering of malnutrition and his brother, 3, dead of starvation. Parents were jailed

WIDE WORLD

Grady the cow squeezed through a 17-by-25½-inch opening into this concrete silo and her owner, Bill Mach (bottom) of Yukon, Okla., couldn't get her out. Grady's predicament won national attention until Ralph Partridge (top) of the Denver Post greased her back through

DAVID MATHIAS



They backed out, moving carefully, always keeping Mary between them and me, and I was afraid to risk a shot

WATERFRONT

I found Blackie Clegg, all right. He wanted to pay me a lot of money to kill a guy named Freddy Malone. I suppose I could have used the money—if my name didn't happen to be Freddy Malone

By FERGUSON FINDLEY

The Story: A cop can get into a lot of trouble—if he goes looking for it. I'm a cop—FREDDY MALONE by name, detective third grade in rank—and the trouble I'm looking for is BLACKIE CLEGG, a boss racketeer and murderer who is muscling in on waterfront crime in New York. I saw Clegg kill a man, and Clegg knows I can identify him, so he's out to get me before I get him. I had one good look at him; he's a big, black-haired guy. He had a good look at me, too, but he wouldn't recognize me now. I've gone underground, under orders from my superiors, INSPECTOR STRATFORD and LIEUTENANT POTTS, of Homicide West, and the boys of the district attorney's office. I've dyed my hair blond, and I've changed my name to "Tim Flynn": I'm working down on the docks as a longshoreman and living in a waterfront hotel called the Royale. I'm keeping my eyes open, waiting for Mr. Clegg (whom nobody seems to know or want to talk about) to show up.

A lot of people are out to get me. One of Clegg's henchmen turned out to be a mug named JACK THUMM, and a guy named JOE CIGAR works for him, and a strong-arm kid called the Gunner used to work for Cigar. These three picked me up, and knocked me around some; they lifted my gun, and sent the Gunner out to kill a waterfront tough named Culio with it. Then they blew the whistle on me. A police sergeant named BENNION tried to beat a confession out of me. It was a nice frame-up, but it didn't work. My pals at

Homicide West got me out, and I went looking for the Gunner. The bald-headed old bartender at the Royale, who is called SMOOTHIE and seems to know more than he should, gave me a tip about where I'd find him. I found him, all right and we had a little fight. I tied him up and left him, figuring he was unconscious. Maybe he was. Anyway, he isn't conscious yet, and never will be.

I made friends with a couple of dock wallopers named HANK FARMER and CLANCY. Clancy invited me to a party, where a girl got me drunk and tried to pump me about who I was and what I was up to. On the way there, somebody took a shot at me with a gun. I thought it might be Sergeant Bennion, but it wasn't. It was Joe Cigar, as I found out when I returned to the Royale after work the next day. Cigar was waiting for me in my room; he had a gun, and he wanted to know where the Gunner was. He was about to take me for a ride, when Clancy popped up behind him and sapped him. Seems Clancy's with the F.B.I., and is on the trail of Jack Thumm.

We began to question Cigar, but he passed out on us before we got any answers. We took him downstairs and loaded him into Clancy's car. Just then a big black sedan drove by, and I recognized the driver as one of Cigar's boys. He got a good look at what we were doing. The sedan pulled away fast, and we started after it. "Get after that car!" I yelled at Clancy. "If he gets away, Jack Thumm gets away too!"

IV

I CAN'T catch him, Flynn," Clancy said, calmly. "He's got too much of a start. There's just one thing to do."

"What?"

"We'll drive uptown a few blocks. You can watch Seventeenth Street, I'll watch Eighteenth, and Joe can watch the car."

By this time, Clancy had managed to get three blocks uptown. He ran the car into a loading alley, locked it up after I had tied Joe Cigar's hands and feet, and then we separated. He went north to Eighteenth Street, and I went south to Seventeenth.

"Look," I said, before we left. "I won't let these guys get away if I can help it. On the other hand, chum, I'm not going to get myself picked up again, either. Jack Thumm isn't my job—but you know what my job is."

"Yeah," he said. "Blackie Clegg."

"Right. And if I make any more moves like a big shot or a one-man gang, Mr. Clegg is going to put two and two together, and the answer is going to be something I probably won't like. So I can't start running up and down the street tonight, shooting off skyrockets and blowing whistles."

"I know," Clancy said. "I'm not worried."

Nothing seemed to be happening on Seventeenth Street. It was about nine o'clock, there was still enough light to see two blocks in either direction, and, as I walked slowly along, everything seemed to be normal. There were the usual groups of children playing stickball in the middle of the street, while their elders sat on doorsteps enjoying the last cool breeze from the river.

There were knots of boys here and there, daring one another to make a move toward similar knots of girls—and both were only waiting for a little more darkness. In other words it was a New York street on a summer night. Before the night was over there would be the usual quota of chatter, both fond and foul, a lot of miscellaneous love-making, several quarts of tears, a bloody nose or two and then it would be tomorrow.

But for some people it was going to be a most unusual evening. One of them was in a house on Eighteenth Street. Another was driving a black sedan toward that house. And Joe Cigar was struggling with the wrappings I had put on his hands and feet.

Two people recognized me as I neared the house where I had first met Jack Thumm. They turned their faces away, so I wouldn't recognize them, and when I passed the house one started following me.

Clancy told me later how it all happened up where he was. The driver in the black sedan passed him, going pretty fast, but not fast enough to attract attention. Clancy started walking faster, but the driver was still a block and a half ahead when he stopped and jumped out of the car and ran into a house, leaving his motor running. Clancy started to run.

He was still more than half a block away when the driver and another man, who was wearing slacks and an undershirt, burst out of the house and jumped into the sedan. Clancy yelled at them to stop. The man in the undershirt looked back, while the driver slammed into gear and hit the gas. Clancy yelled again and pulled his gun, and Jack Thumm fired three shots at him through the car's back window. They all went wild.

Clancy said there were so many people around that he couldn't get a clear shot. The sedan skidded around the corner and headed south. Down on Seventeenth Street I heard the three shots, followed by the screaming tires as Jack and his driver took the turn. Then the wheels howled again, and the car came belting down toward me.

New York kids may not be so good at learning the declensions of Latin pronouns, but they certainly learn to break up stick-ball games when they hear skidding tires. The car with the shot-out back window had a clear track. It passed me doing about sixty, and I started running after it. As I look back, that was a silly thing to do, but at the time it seemed like a good idea. Somewhere in the distance the siren of a police car started up.

The night was much darker now, and the only lights were those from windows and the red and green traffic indicators on the corner. The kids had long since knocked the street lights out with rocks. I ran back toward the corner. The man who had been following me crossed the street and ran along behind me, but I didn't pay any attention to him.

The traffic light on the corner turned red against the speeding car. I saw a dark, heavy shape step out in front of the car. The shape waved its arms and yelled something, and then the car hit it, and the shape described a short arc through the air and landed in the middle of the intersection.

"Holy Mother of God!" I heard a woman on a doorstep exclaim.

Somehow or other I knew the dark shape was Joe Cigar.

The driver kicked the gas again, and turned sharply to go uptown. Something blocked his way—it was a slow-moving truck that had passed through the intersection a second before—and the driver twisted his wheel, hard. He slammed broadside into the back of the truck, bounced off, rolled over, and the black sedan crumpled and lay down on its side. I've never seen a car that looked so tired and weary.

"What cooks?" a voice whispered in my ear. It was the man who had been following me, and I turned and recognized him as one of the Homicide West detectives. He had been watching the house on Seventeenth Street.

"Don't let the guys in the car get away," I said, relieved that I didn't have to make the play myself. He nodded and shouldered his way through the crowd. I moved over to the still body lying in the intersection.

It was Joe Cigar, and he was dead. I didn't even have to take a second look. Nobody could be busted up like that and still be alive.

Thumm and his driver were alive, but they weren't in what you'd call the best of health. Two police cars were there before anyone could get them out of the crumpled wreck. The detective who had whispered to me said something to one of the uniformed cops. Then I saw Clancy come down the street. He measured the scene with his eye, then looked over the heads of the crowd until he saw me. He nodded, smiled, and I walked away.

That part of the story was finished, except for the interrogation sometime later, at the hospital. If people wanted me they knew where to find me. Back at the Royale Hotel.

BY ELEVEN o'clock I was sound asleep in my bed, having first taken a couple of drinks from the bottle that Joe Cigar had paid for. I also spent maybe three seconds wondering how he untied the knots I had put on him, back in Clancy's car.

As far as the morning newspapers were concerned, it was just another fatal accident, and they didn't give it much of a write-up. I found out what Joe Cigar's real name was, but it no longer interested me. Jack Thumm was identified as Jack Thompson, but little more was said about him, or his driver, except that they were in a serious condition. I worked on Pier 47 all day long. The ratty little foreman didn't have anything to say to me. Maybe he didn't read the papers. Clancy didn't say anything either. He didn't have to read the papers.

But when we knocked off at the end of a hard, hot day, and retired to Smoothie's bar for a cooling beer or two, Clancy told Hank Farmer and me that he had a new job, driving a truck again, and he wouldn't be around for a while. He hoped he wouldn't be back ever again, in fact, but he wouldn't promise. We paid for his beers. I never saw anything like the way a G-man can get somebody else to buy him drinks.

Smoothie wasn't there. The substitute bartender said the bald-headed old rascal had phoned in early in the morning and said he had to go somewhere, or do something. Anyhow, he wouldn't be back until the next day.

Hank and I were sorry that Clancy wouldn't be with us any more, but allowed that we could easily divide between us what little work he had ever done without much strain. I watched them go out and catch a bus together, and envied Clancy. His job was done. The only thing that had happened to me was that a blind—I thought—alley had been cleaned out. I still had to find Blackie Clegg.

If I had known how close I was to finding him, right then, I might have gone out and caught the next cross-town bus myself.

But, to coin a phrase, what we don't know doesn't bother us. I had another beer and took another bath and put on my better clothes and went out to telephone. The first call went to the special number. I was told that *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

Pearly Houser (on floor) works on a tent with colleagues (l. to r.) George Olsen, Linwood Miller, Joe Meyer, Frank Lodico

BIG TOP:
Pearly Leads the Parade

By B. F. SYLVESTER

At seventy-six, the dean of U.S. tentmakers still hits the road with the circuses he has lovingly covered

CHARLES (PEARLY) HOUSER, circus canvasman and tentmaker for most of his seventy-six years, often dolefully reflected in days past that it was the bareback riders and trapeze artists who always got the applause, and that nobody ever appreciated those who made the big top or kept it standing through cloudburst and hurricane.

But last summer, to his great surprise, the gates finally opened wide for Pearly when he found himself standing beside Dimitri Mitropoulos, the symphony-orchestra conductor, taking bow after bow in a deafening ovation from a high-brow audience of 2,000.

This tribute, which Pearly considers the first public recognition of his craft since the days of Omar Khayyám, occurred last July in the mammoth tangerine-and-white tent which Houser erected at Aspen, Colorado, for the Goethe Bicentennial Convocation and Music Festival. This impressive occasion had brought to the old Silver City in the Rockies Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, philosopher Dr. Albert Schweitzer, playwright Thornton Wilder and a host of other distinguished thinkers and artists.

The sponsors of the event had ordered a special octagon-shaped tent from the U.S. Tent & Awning Company, an old Chicago firm which employs Pearly and others of his dwindling craft to stitch, rig and frequently to erect about 80 per cent of the large circus tents made in America today.

At Aspen, after the 151-foot-long canvas edifice had been raised and the last of 400 long hickory stakes had secured its Manila rope guys to the rocky soil, Pearly stood 24-hour-a-day guard against the elements, sniffing the air for a sign of wind or rain which might threaten his masterpiece. In years of trouping, he had learned to listen for the hyena's bark, sure sign—according to circus belief—of an approaching storm. But at the Aspen festivities, being fresh out of hyenas, Pearly was forced to rely on his own sharp senses to anticipate the heavy summer storms of that area.

One afternoon as the concert began, Pearly felt a light, damp chill. His anxious eye roved to a few ominous clouds gathering over Independence Pass. As the tentmaker watched, a mountain suddenly vanished behind sheets of driving rain which he quickly calculated would hit the canvas in five minutes. On the dot, the deluge broke, spilling 1½ inches of water in 25 minutes. Soprano Dorothy Maynor, singing with the orchestra, could not be heard above the roar of the storm, and the concert stopped.

The tent held against the wind's fierce buffeting. But 53 feet overhead two canvas pockets were ballooning in the center section and threatening to give way under several tons of water gathering there too fast to run off. Presently the apprehensive spectators saw the outline of a *(Continued on page 43)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO, JR.

Custom-made **for Ted Williams,** star swatsman for the Boston Red Sox. Ted Williams has twice won the American League's Most Valuable Player Award. In 1949 he led the American League batsmen with 43 homers. His "Louisville Slugger" bats are custom-made by Hillerich & Bradsby, Louisville, Kentucky. The rest of his equipment is custom-made by Wilson Sporting Goods Company.

CUSTOM-MADE

to give you

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The Exiles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

new things. The other day Peg sent two men out here to put a garbage grinder in the kitchen sink, and Mama nearly had a fit. She was sure it would stop up all the plumbing. It didn't, though. Works fine."

"Does she like it out here?"

"Of course. Who wouldn't?"

"Some people miss the seasons," the girl said.

Mr. Linden looked at her with surprise, as though she had uncannily anticipated him. "That's right. You do miss the seasons. Things don't seem to change like they should."

"Of course we have the rainy season."

"Yes. We have that." Mr. Linden lifted the kitten above his head, shaking it gently, the white paws slapping the air. "Mama misses the lilacs." He put the kitten down. "Her birthday's in April and she's always kind of thought of lilacs with it, you know. When she first found out you couldn't grow lilacs here, she cried all night. Of course she was a little homesick, too."

MRS. LINDEN returned to the terrace and sat down again in the rattan chair. She glanced helplessly at Mr. Linden. "The studio. They don't know," she said.

"Well," Mr. Linden said, when the silence grew embarrassing, "we're about due for another rain."

The girl from the Chronicle nodded.

"I called the agency," Mrs. Linden said, "but they didn't know either."

"Did you talk to Mr. Ahrens?" Mr. Linden said.

"He was in Palm Springs."

Mrs. Linden stared down into the black hollow of her lap, her lace handkerchief wrapped like a bandage around her middle finger. The phone rang. She sprang from the chair, but Mr. Linden managed to get between her and the French doors leading into the living room.

"No, Mama, please. Let me handle it."

Mr. Linden's Mexican sandals made a rusty sound as he crossed the terrace. When the French doors closed behind him and the squeaking stopped, Mrs. Linden leaned forward on the edge of her chair. The place was uneasily quiet.

"Perhaps you're busy," the girl said. "I could come some other time."

"What?" Mrs. Linden started. She tugged at the knotted handkerchief. "Oh, busy. No, not at all."

The girl shifted uncomfortably, waiting for Mr. Linden to come back so she could leave. Suddenly from inside the house came a great roaring laugh. Mrs. Linden's head jerked up. The girl, when the laughter died out, tried to make talk.

"I love your roses," she said.

Mrs. Linden nodded. "They're big."

The sandals came squeaking across the living room. Mr. Linden opened the French doors, his eyes watery with laughing. "Guess who it was?" he said, and didn't wait for his wife to answer. "Al Harper."

Mrs. Linden frowned. "All the way from home?"

"No. He's here. He and Mabel. In L.A."

"Oh."

"That Al, he'd make a dog laugh. Know what he said? Said he and Mabel just happened to be in the neighborhood and thought they'd stop by for a minute. He drives three thousand miles, then says he just happened to be in the neighborhood."

"Is Charlotte with them?"

"No. Just Al and Mabel." He turned to the girl from the Chronicle. "They're old friends from back home. Al and Mabel Harper. Al's got a car agency."

Mrs. Linden was still frowning. "How'd they happen to come?"

"Why, I don't know. They've talked about it for a long time. You remember how we used to write them about it when we first came out here."

"That was six years ago." Mrs. Linden pushed up from her chair and began to move restlessly about the terrace. "Why should they come *now*?"

Mr. Linden shrugged helplessly. "You know how they are. I reckon they thought it would be a nice surprise." He picked up the green scrapbook and leafed through it until he found a picture of the Harpers to show the newspaper girl. "That's Al and Mabel there. Al gets up all the Rotary skits. Funniest man I ever saw in my life. He should have gone on the stage. That's what everybody says, don't they, Mama?"

Mrs. Linden nodded absently and Mr. Linden pointed to a faded snapshot of two girls in the low-hipped dresses and helmet hats of the twenties.

"And that's Charlotte, their girl. With Peg, of course. Peg and Charlotte were always such close friends—went through school together. Both the same age."

"Charlotte's older," Mrs. Linden said.

"Only a few months."

"Nearly a year."

"It was right funny," Mr. Linden said, "the way the two of them were always trying to outdo each other. I remember one time Peg committed half the Old Testament because she was bound and determined to recite more verses in Sunday school than Charlotte. Remember that, Mama?"

"Of course."

"Charlotte married Henry Shiner," Mr. Linden said.

Mrs. Linden laughed, somewhat unpleasantly. "After Peg turned him down."

As soon as the girl had gone, Mrs. Linden hurried upstairs to fix up the guest room, but the maid, as usual, had already taken care of everything, even fresh towels in the bathroom and a vase of white and yellow chrysanthemums on the dresser. Mrs. Linden, vaguely resentful, went downstairs to the kitchen. "There'll be four of us for dinner," she told Eva.

"I know," Eva said. She had taken a rib roast from the freezer.

Mrs. Linden turned and left the kitchen without a word. She was sure Eva had been listening on the extension, and had chosen the roast out of fear that Mrs. Linden might have ordered beef liver or hamburger. Sometimes Mrs. Linden felt the servants treated her as though she were an inmate in some dreadful sort of institution.

"It's going to be fun to see old Al again," Mr. Linden said. "And Mabel."

Mrs. Linden sank into a wing chair, her quicksilver hands working toward hysteria. "Why don't you go back with them?"

"Go back? Who wants to go back?"

"You're all the time talking about it."

"Now, Mama."

Suddenly the phone rang, ripping into the dark quiet. Mr. Linden jumped away from the combination radio, television and phonograph set, which had cost eighteen hundred dollars.

"I'll get it," he said, scurrying across the room ahead of his wife.

Mrs. Linden slumped back in the wing chair, her face in her hands, as though to blot out something she didn't care to see.

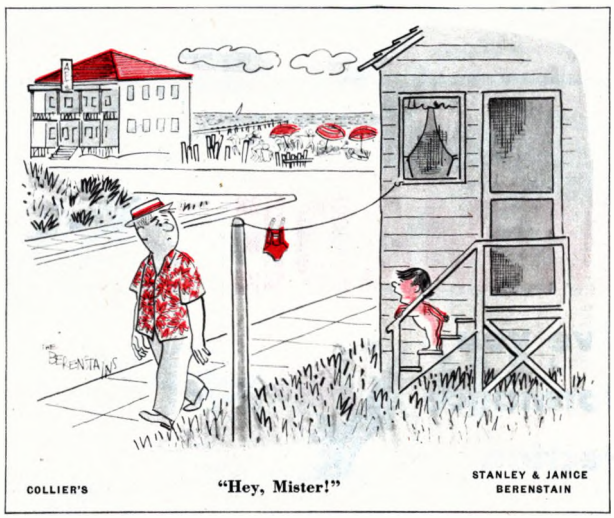
"She's married him," Mrs. Linden said, when her husband put the phone back on its cradle. "I know she has."

Mr. Linden fumbled the collar of his sport shirt. "Maybe it'll work out all right this time."

"How's it ever going to work out when she doesn't even bring him home for us to meet? She doesn't even come near us."

"She's busy, Mama. You know that."

"She's not too busy for night clubs and carrying on. People are making jokes about her. I heard two men on the Pico bus."



COLLIER'S "Hey, Mister!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"That's because she's famous. Look at Mrs. Roosevelt."

He sat on the arm of her chair, taking her hand. It was cold and clenched, like some tightly drawn mechanism. He fingered the cheap wedding ring, bought in the days when five dollars represented a week's rent. One night, after he'd taken over the drugstore and started making it pay, he'd suggested buying her a platinum ring with real diamonds, but she'd been so shocked he'd never mentioned it again.

"Of all times for Mabel Harper to appear."

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe it'll help—having old friends around."

"Friends?" Mrs. Linden said in a shrill voice. "We don't have any friends. We don't have anything."

"But, Mama, how can you say such a thing? This nice home—"

"It isn't a home. It's just a place where Peg put us.". . .

The four of them, the Lindens and the Harpers, sat up and talked until midnight, their conversation repeating over and over the pattern established with the opening of the front door. Al said he thought they'd come to the wrong house, said he thought it was the czar's Winter Palace. Mr. Linden said the Harpers were a sight for sore eyes. Mabel said the Lindens hadn't changed a bit. Mrs. Linden said, "That's just what I was going to say. You and Al haven't aged a day."

When the maid, before dinner, brought in two trays of *canapés* and four glasses of tomato juice, Al turned to Mabel and said, "Look, honey, get this. This is how the idle rich live."

Mr. Linden laughed. "Old Al, nothing could ever change old Al."

Mabel said, "This climate certainly seems to agree with you all. You look ten years younger."

Mrs. Linden, now that the lights had been turned on in the living room, had noticed how gray Mabel was and how deeply her face was lined about the eyes and mouth. "You look a little tired from your trip, but otherwise . . ."

Al discovered the television set. "I could get used to being a millionaire, if I tried." Mabel told Mrs. Linden she'd just had a garbage disposal put in her kitchen back home, and Mrs. Linden said, "We have one, too."

"Now, honey," Al said, "don't try to get ahead of them. They've got everything." He turned and rubbed his hand over Mr. Linden's bald pate. "Except hair."

Not until they got to the dinner table did they realize, with a twinge of embarrassment, that the Lindens hadn't asked about Charlotte and the Harpers hadn't asked about Peg.

"Peg's awfully busy," Mrs. Linden said.

"Charlotte's got her hands full, too," Mabel said. "With three children."

The food helped cover their embarrassment, and afterward the Lindens took the Harpers on what Al called "the dollar tour" of the house.

When there was nothing more to be seen or said about the house, Al and Mr. Linden watched the roller skate derby on television, and Mabel showed Mrs. Linden the latest snapshots of Charlotte and Henry and the children. Mrs. Linden brought out Peg's scrapbook.

"She's got a chance to win the Academy Award this year," Mrs. Linden said, opening the scrapbook so that it covered Mabel's family snapshots.

"Charlotte's expecting again," Mabel said.

LATER, in bed, Mrs. Linden said out loud what she'd been thinking ever since the Harpers had come through the front door. "I wonder if we look that old to them?"

The papers next morning had a front-page story, with pictures, about the wedding. The story listed the previous marriages, giving wedding and divorce dates, of both Sherry Linden and the bridegroom, a still young-looking heir to a breakfast-food fortune. Al, when he read about the groom's wealth, said, "That's the way it goes. The rich get richer, the poor get children."

"He's nice-looking," Mabel said.

"He's devoted to Peg," Mrs. Linden said.

After breakfast they went to the Farmer's Market and the La Brea tar pits, then had lunch at the studio. They saw Mickey Rooney and Bing Crosby's station wagon. A young man took them on a tour of the lot, and they watched the filming of a costume picture. Afterward they drove through Bel-Air to see the big estates, then followed Sunset Boulevard to the ocean. They had an early dinner at a beach restaurant.

"This is the life," Al said. He'd said it a dozen times that day. . . .

During the next three days they drove through the vast jungle of white stucco, red tile, plate glass and towering palms. They went up to the Griffith Park Observatory to look out over the city, but it was too foggy to see anything. They drove past drive-ins shaped like frogs and ice-cream cones, filling stations modeled after Mount Vernon, and inviting advertisements for mortuaries. They stood in line for a chicken dinner at Knott's Berry Farm, bought souvenir ash trays and colored baskets in the Mexican stalls of Olvera Street. They saw the world's largest bowling alley, the nude statuary of

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Forest Lawn, and Sydney Greenstreet; and finally, on Saturday night, they came back to the house early. They were tired.

Mabel and Mrs. Linden went out to the kitchen to make cocoa. Mabel sat down on a white metal stool and turned on the radio.

"I'm sorry about what happened," Mabel said. "Between Charlotte and Peg, I mean."

Mrs. Linden tightened. She'd been hoping Mabel wouldn't bring it up. "Peg was just trying to be helpful."

"That's what I told Charlotte."

"The dress cost five hundred dollars, and Peg had only worn it a couple times."

Mabel turned the radio lower. "Charlotte's proud. They both are, Charlotte and Henry both."

"Peg wouldn't have hurt her feelings for anything. Out here Peg can only wear a dress like that a few times, and she thought Charlotte might like to have it."

"Henry's making good money, for a small town, I mean, but you know how it is with three children, especially nowadays. Why, the baby's shoes cost three dollars a pair. Can you imagine that? Three dollars.". . .

In the living room, Al had moved his chair closer to Mr. Linden's. Neither of them was watching the television screen.

"Mama's right tired," Mr. Linden said. "You've probably noticed."

Al nodded. "Mabel, too. I should've written you all that we were coming out, but—"

"It's the finest thing could happen to us. To tell you the truth, Mama still gets a little homesick."

Al sat staring down at the rug. It had cost twenty-one hundred dollars. "I'm worried, Ed. About Charlotte."

"Why?"

"The kids are having a pretty rough time. Henry works like a dog, but you know how it is when there's never quite enough dough to meet all the bills every month. Charlotte does all her own work, of course, and she makes all the children's clothes, and they never go anywhere. They just sit there in that little cracker box, trying to make ends meet."

Mr. Linden didn't know what to say. He'd never, in forty-odd years he'd known Al Harper, talked seriously with him.

"I'm pretty well fixed," Al said. "Not rich, nothing like that, but business is good, and I've bought some real estate. I've got one store renting for a hundred and a quarter a month, and I wanted to deed it over to Charlotte, but she wouldn't let me, said it would hurt Henry's feelings. He's touchy that way. They both are."

Mr. Linden remembered the one-room cubicle above old Sam Turner's drugstore where he'd brought his bride to live. "I know."

"I almost had them talked into it when Peg—oh, I know she didn't mean anything, she was just trying to be nice—but she should have known how Charlotte would take it."

"I had a feeling when Mama told me Peg had sent her the dress. I said it wasn't a good idea, but they wouldn't listen. They never do."

"That's why I brought Mabel out here," Al said. "Give the kids a chance to work things out their own way."

"We're glad you came, Al."

IN THE kitchen, Mabel, with the murmuring of the music behind her, squirmed off the stool, started looking for the cup and saucers. "We don't want to be in the way tomorrow," she said.

"Use the white ones," Mrs. Linden said. "If you all had something planned for Peg's birthday . . . Well, you know, we're like family."

Mrs. Linden looked down at the tiny brown bubbles in the saucepan. "We didn't have anything planned."

Mabel lined up the four cups and saucers on the serving table. She didn't say anything more about birthday plans. . . .

Mr. Linden leaned across in front of Al and switched off the television. "Mama blames everything on Peg's being in the movies," he said, "but it would have happened anyway."

Al's face was drawn, but he seemed, in a way, strangely relaxed, as though enjoying the relief of not having to say something funny. "Mabel tries to help with the kids, but Charlotte's got a book, and whatever Mabel wants to do, the book always says it's wrong."

"What're you going to do with a girl that makes a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one picture? People work hard all their lives, bring up a family, pay off a house, and they never make that much money. Peg gets it for a couple months' work."

"Mabel hates that book of Charlotte's, but it isn't the book so much, it's the thirty years between us."

"That's what I keep telling Mama about the money."

MABEL got out the cookies while Mrs. Linden poured the cocoa. As they faced each other across the silver tray, Mabel shook her head, smiling wryly. "All those letters you wrote . . ."

Mrs. Linden hunched into the hard-crusted shell she'd grown to protect herself from being hurt. She reached for the tray as for a shield.

"Now," Mabel said, "you're going to tell me how much the tray cost."

"It cost a hundred and—"

"Your beautiful house in Hollywood, with all the fruit trees and the sun shining."

Mrs. Linden, from the safety of her shell, snapped back, "You kept sending me pictures of the grandchildren."

"What did you expect me to do? Write you that Charlotte as much as told me to my face I didn't know how to bring up a baby? Or how much weight Henry's lost? Not when I thought you were sitting out here in the lap of luxury, not a care in the world."

"It isn't—it's not what I thought it would be." Mrs. Linden felt the shell cracking. "They've taken Peg away from me."

"Henry's taken Charlotte."

"When Peg comes here, it's like . . . we never have anything to talk about."

Mabel laid a hand on Mrs. Linden's arm. "What did you and your mother use to talk about? Right after Peg was born?"

"Oh, that's different. Mother was old and—" She stopped abruptly. She had never thought that she might seem like that to Peg.

Mabel's hand eased away from Mrs. Linden's arm. For a moment there was no sound in the kitchen, then Mabel picked up the silver tray, which had cost a hundred and sixty dollars. "We don't want the cocoa to get cold," she said. . . .

They sat in the living room which, even after six years, still made Mrs. Linden feel like company. They began to talk about the old days when Al was trying to sell sewing machines and the Lindens lived in the room above the drugstore.

"Mother always hated that room," Mrs. Linden said, "but I thought it was beautiful."

"You fixed it up nice," Mr. Linden said. . . .

Gradually, through the years, the Lindens had moved up, first to a one-bedroom apartment, then to the house on Grove Avenue, while the Harpers were getting settled in a place of their own and Al was making a start in the automobile business. . . .

"I remember the first month Al made a hundred dollars," Mabel said. "I thought we were rich."

"We drove up to Washington and had dinner at the Willard," Al said. "Remember?"

Mabel smiled. She remembered.

"Dad's invested his drugstore money," Mrs. Linden said. "He was smart to sell when he did."

"Well, I tell you," Mr. Linden said, smiling, suddenly the shrewd trader who knows his way around, "all there is to business is knowing the right time to buy and the right time to sell."

Al nodded. "Exactly. That's just what I keep telling the young people coming into the business. Study your market, I tell 'em, but they never seem to learn."

Mr. Linden, with the patient wisdom of age and experience, smiled at the bumbling excesses of the young. "They'll catch on."

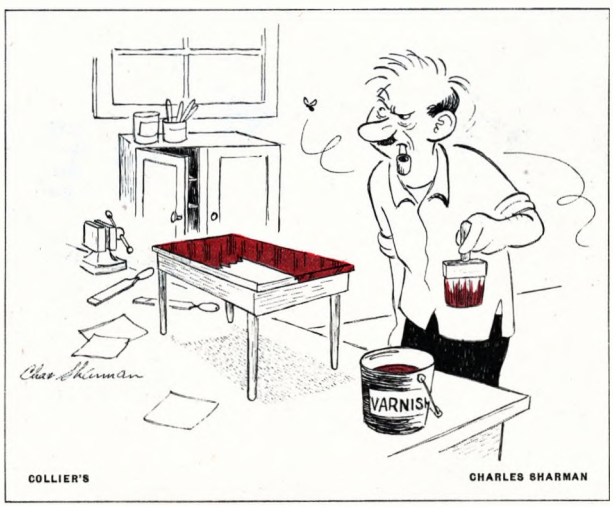
THE women, their hands folded in their laps, sat back, listening to the men talk business. Mabel remembered the times, more than she could count, when Al had come home exhausted and discouraged, unable to face another day. Mrs. Linden had gone through the same thing with Ed, the same disappointments, the untimely sicknesses, the debts, the intolerable despair. Somehow they had managed to keep their men going.

"Only one thing you can do with kids," Al said. "Let 'em bump their heads against the wall a few times."

Mr. Linden agreed. "Sure. Like we did."

They realized, with a start, that it was after midnight. The women cleared the coffee table, the men stretched and yawned, and, as they started upstairs, Mabel suddenly turned to Mrs. Linden and they kissed, the small, simple act of affection linking the moment with all the years of their knowing each other.

They had, without quite knowing when or how it had happened, ceased being two lonely couples trying to crowd their way into their children's lives, and had become four individuals who had lived lives of their own, something that, for a disturbing while, they had forgotten. THE END



Big Top

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

man with broom and bucket nimbly scrambling up the outside of the canvas through the pelting rain, making ascent on a six-inch path of rope lacings by which the tent sections were joined. It was Pearly, on familiar ground and confident, for the rope had been sewn by his own hand.

Spellbound, the crowd watched, gasping as Pearly momentarily slipped. But he regained his footing, the only loss being his pipe, which skittered down the long expanse of canvas to the ground. Reaching the four center poles at the top, he released the water from one pocket, bailed out the remainder and swept the section clean with his broom. Then the veteran canvasman did the same to the second pool.

In ten minutes, his perilous mission accomplished, Pearly descended and, soaking wet, appeared on stage to clean up a few puddles there. But before he could begin, Mitropoulos embraced him and cried, "Great work!"

The audience broke into thunderous bravos, and Pearly jauntily took his bows.

He Knew All the Answers

As he left the stage, reporters surrounded him. The tentmaker took the onslaught in his stride. A muscular stub of a man with a light step and lively gray eyes, he had a witty answer to nearly every question they shot at him.

"How many men work at your trade?" asked one curious newspaperman.

"'Bout half of 'em," snapped Pearly.

"How come you don't wear glasses at your age?" queried another.

"Don't need to," Pearly replied. "Outside of my hair and my teeth, I have everything I came into the world with, and everything's in good workin' order."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yup!"

"Drink?"

"Never took a drink in my life."

"Cuss?"

"Hardly ever, but there's situations—like mules—that have to be talked to strong once in a while."

"When are you going to retire?"

"Ain't a-gonna retire. When you retire, you die."

Pearly's helpers confirm his outlook on life. They say that despite his advanced years he still tugs at ropes and lifts heavy canvas along with them, that he is as spry as ever. Pearly says not quite—that he can no longer run a block without being winded.

In almost six decades at his craft, Pearly Houser has made and helped make tents that went not only to big and little U.S. circuses, but to the Near, Middle and Far East, religious groups in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, the Railroad Fair in Chicago, General Motors and Sally Rand.

He began early. Son of a Waverly, Ohio, liveryman, he was sent at sixteen to visit relatives in Hollister, California, but never got there. Hearing of a boom in southern California, he got off the train. After a few months working for a nurseryman, he joined a two-elephant circus in the spring of 1892 as a way to get home. Next, for several years, he worked for a small circus of the five Ringling Brothers; next came Barnum & Bailey, Sells-Forepaugh, Buffalo Bill and the 101 Ranch Wild West.

Shortly before the first World War, he was invited to be boss canvasman for Al G. Barnes Wild Animal Circus. About 1925, he went back to Ringling, quitting 10 years later because he refused to join a union organized after an employees' strike.

From the first, Pearly was handy with a needle, rope and canvas, and became an expert at tentmaking, mending canvas, putting in new rope and sometimes making an old tent do for another season. U.S. Tent & Awning, the country's largest fabricator of circus tents, tried for many years to hire him but he refused, preferring the livelier life of one-night stands. Finally the company figured out how Pearly could eat his cake and have it too. He could make a tent in winter at company headquarters in Chicago and go on with it in the summer, free to put it up and take it down 200 times or so the countryside over amid mud, flood, snow, sleet, sand, lightning and tornado. Yielding to this blandishment, Pearly joined U.S. Tent in Chicago in 1944.

The company, founded in 1870, started out making sails, then horse tents. Now it almost exclusively concentrates on tents for circuses, carnivals and expositions. In the last war, it designed and made sectional hospital tents and repair shelters flown in to beached PBYs in the Aleutians. Despite its title, the company makes no awnings. "That's just part of our corporate name," explains vice-president and designer George W. Johnson.

Each winter—the company's busiest season, when their craftsmen prepare tents for spring and summer use—Pearly and his co-workers can be found at the three-story brick plant in northwest Chicago in the sail loft, backbone of the tentmaking operation. Clad in overalls and seated at long, low benches, working skillfully with palm and needle, they patiently sew the heavy Manila rope reinforcements on the canvas, put in grommets through which tent sections can be locked together, and splice link irons into guy lines and rigging.

The hands of the veteran artisans move swiftly and surely as the sections of the canvas structure take final shape. These men seldom talk. All that is heard as they work is perhaps a low whine as a chunk of pine-tar-treated beeswax is rubbed along a taut length of stout cotton thread, or the sharp eruption of a needle breaking through several folds of canvas and rope. Occasionally, Mike, the black shop cat, will mew from the end of one of the benches; shop cats are traditional in tent and sail lofts, for canvas workers believe they bring luck.

In addition to Pearly and sixty-nine-year-old Joe Meyer, both of whom learned their trade in the circus business around the turn of the century, four former sailmakers complete the roster of old-timers in the loft: George Olsen, fifty-eight; Linwood Miller, fifty-seven; Louis Petersen, seventy-three, and Christian Frogner, seventy-eight. Olsen, the superintendent of the loft, came into the business in a sail loft at Vancouver in 1907 and has worked for U.S. Tent & Awning since 1914.

Sailmaking on Windjammers

Miller first stitched sails for windjammers in Norfolk, Virginia, 43 years ago and also served a trick on the barkentine Bear as chief sailmaker with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition in 1933-'35. Little Louie Petersen went around the world seven times on various sailing vessels before joining U.S. Tent in 1902. Frogner first pushed a three-cornered needle as a sailmaker in his native Norway.

One other man works in the Chicago loft and he learned the trade by starting right there as an apprentice 16 years ago. He is thirty-six-year-old Frank Lodico. "Frank is the only apprentice who has stuck with us, though," says vice-president Johnson. "Young fellows these days don't want to take the time to learn this intricate business. There are only about 50 master tent- and sailmakers left in the United States today, and most of them are beyond sixty."

Johnson and Sidney T. Jessop, president of the corporation, haven't any idea how they will handle orders for their $500,000 annual business when their veteran needlemen retire or die. "Guess we'll have to retire with them," says Johnson.

Both men agree with Pearly regarding the Aspen music tent as the most beautiful as well as the most difficult canvas structure ever made. As it does on every job, the firm

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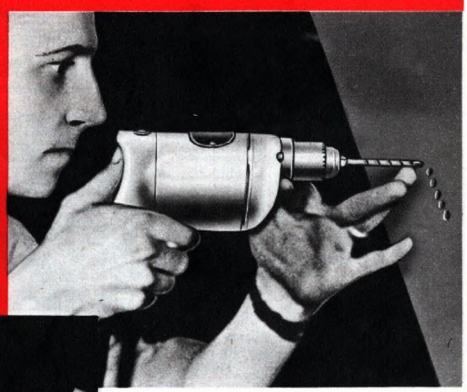

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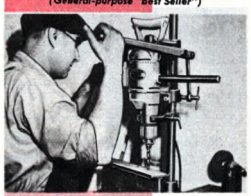

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made an impressively detailed scientific study of all problems of the Aspen project before a bolt of canvas was cut. There were several special problems. The tent had to be acoustically right. The inside lighting had to be such that spotlights could be played on the stage while the interior remained semidark for the best theatrical effect.

The mountain area where the tent was to go up—Aspen is nearly 8,000 feet above sea level—was subject to heavy winds, rain and snow in July. Finally, the job required a minimum number of supporting poles so that the view of the audience would not be obstructed.

After conferences with the Goethe festival sponsors, Mitropoulos and sound and light engineers, the tent firm started work. First George Johnson spent long hours huddled over a drawing board in his office. Whenever he came to a particularly knotty problem the slide rule couldn't answer, Johnson would holler for Pearly at work in the tent loft nearby. Still wearing the heavy leather palm thimble and holding a stout three-sided steel needle, the tools of his craft, Pearly would listen patiently to what was puzzling the boss.

In a few minutes he usually came up with a workable and often ingenious solution.

An Ingenious Lighting Plan

For example, it was Pearly who proposed the unique lighting method used at Aspen. Five floodlights were mounted outside the tent on each of the four center poles, with their beams directed to shine through the top of the canvas, which filtered enough light through for patrons to find seats and read program notes without detracting from the stage lighting. This plan also eliminated heat under the canvas and illuminated an outside parking lot.

The modified circus tent design adopted for Aspen turned out to be ideal from the standpoint of acoustics. Because such a tent is made up of many small convex parts, its shape proved best suited for every sound from the crescendo of Mitropoulos' musicians to the soft-spoken words of Albert Schweitzer. U.S. Tent experts also studied soil and weather reports from the Aspen area. They found that winds up to 60 miles per hour were not uncommon there during the summer, so the safety factors of stress and strain on rope and canvas were set to take care of such gales. The rocky soil led the tentmakers to recommend hickory stakes, rather than iron ones, because of the wood's superior holding power in such ground.

The planning completed, Johnson, a friendly, rotund man who keeps a Western-style hat on the back of his head in and out of the office, brought the blueprints upstairs to the large cutting and sewing room. For the top of the Aspen tent, 31,010 square feet of white twill, chemically treated to make it flame-, water- and rot-resistant, were cut, stitched and seamed into nine workable sections by machine operators. The side walls, made of 7,200 square feet of similarly treated and tangerine-dyed twill, were fashioned into eight panel sections.

Because canvas is heavy—the cloth used in the top of the Aspen tent alone weighed nearly two tons—and easy prey for the whims of winds when erected as a tent, it must be heavily reinforced with rope. This cordage, sewn on by machine and by hand, takes the strain off the canvas when the winds strike. About 1½ tons of Manila rope of various widths were stitched to the panels of the Aspen tent, and another three quarters of a ton of cordage was used for the rigging.

The machine-finished sections thus processed were sent down a wooden chute to the clean, daylight-lit tent loft where, in an atmosphere pungent with the odors of rope oils and pine tar, Pearly and the other tentmakers went to work. It took them five weeks to hand-finish the 17 parts of the huge Aspen tent. Each splice was a thing of beauty, each opening for a tent pole carefully rimmed with leather to prevent chafing, each reinforcing rope tacked to the canvas with the painstaking sailmaker's stitch.

The finished sections, stenciled with the firm's trade-mark, a U.S. map, were then wrapped in huge canvas chafing cloths—the tentmakers call them "diapers"—and shipped in two trucks to Aspen. Pearly left with it, since the contract with the Goethe festival sponsors called for him to erect, maintain and later dismantle the $15,000 canvas edifice.

The music tent itself caused nearly as much comment as the Goethe convocation's prominent artists and guests. Mitropoulos called it "one of the great successes of our times, acoustically and aesthetically." Billboard, the amusement weekly, proudly commenting on the fact that the tent, hitherto only of circus and carnival fame, had at last reached the lofty level of long-hair music, headlined its Aspen story: SHOWBIZ KNOW-HOW TURNS TRICK.

Showbiz know-how is not just an idle phrase at U.S. Tent. Both Jessop and Johnson, as well as most of their employees, have a genuine affection for show people and their work. "If you don't know show business you get no show business," says Johnson. "We make some 200 big tops and nearly 500 supplementary tents, including menagerie, side show, cook, dining and donniker (toilet) tents, for domestic and export orders each year. But if we didn't know the circus and carnival people and their problems, we'd have to go back to making awnings."

Star Dust from an Old Trunk

Pearly earns a salary which goes as high as $150 a week in the summer and somewhat less in the winter. During the off season he lives comfortably in a hotel near the U.S. Tent plant, playing poker and reading history in his spare time. There he also occasionally takes out of an old theatrical trunk mementos of the past, souvenirs of his days with the circus and of his romance with his wife, Emma, which ran sweetly through the turbulent stream of outdoor-show business.

Emma was the only girl Pearly ever had. They grew up together, and while he was circusing, Emma went through college and became a teacher. Pearly was with a circus in England in 1900 when Emma said she would marry him. He quit and took the first ship home.

Pearly's nickname stems from his habit of buying a piece of pearl jewelry to send to Emma during his circus tours. But he has an equally lasting memento of their romance.

Shortly after the wedding, his pretty young bride told him her heart was set on getting an ostrich plume, then the height of fashion, for her hat. Houser's salary wouldn't permit him to get one in the usual manner, but the show he was with had a magnificent ostrich in the menagerie.

Late one night, while a confederate seized the bird by the neck, Pearly plucked a gorgeous 36-inch white plume from its tail. The indignant ostrich kicked Pearly through the pen, inflicting a deep, five-inch cut on his left leg. But Emma got her plume, and for years before her death in 1944 transferred it proudly from hat to hat. The huge feather, now somewhat wilted and moth-eaten, is still in Pearly's trunk, and his left leg still bears the scar of his duel with the long-legged bird.

Pearly and Emma never had any children, but he has temporarily adopted thousands while on the road. At Logan, Utah, with Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey one time, he noticed 40 youngsters at recess in a nearby one-room school wistfully watching the big top. Reckoning, Pearly lifted the side of the tent and they went "under the old lady's skirts" to the wonderland inside.

A short while later the teacher came running over to ask Houser if he had seen her flock. "Madam," Pearly replied with a low bow, "I think they are inside and that somebody ought to be looking after them." With that, he again lifted the tent flap. The teacher smiled and went under the canvas to join her pupils.

In the responsible position of boss canvasman, Pearly has pitched his tent in practically every kind of weather and has been through every type of natural catastrophe except an earthquake. Sand storms, rain, wind, snow and fire have challenged the courage and talents of the little roustabout boss. He especially remembers one show at Perry, Iowa. The big top was pitched across the road from a gospel tent where a revival meeting was in progress. Houser supervised the raising of all his tents and then, since it was Sunday, settled down to a day of rest. Across the way he and his co-workers could hear the evangelist berating the circus "devil's tent" where there were "disgraceful, half-nude women hanging by their teeth."

That evening Pearly didn't like the smell of the sky and he ordered his tent crew not to leave the grounds. A furious storm soon broke. The men worked at top speed putting back stakes and replacing broken poles and ropes. Nobody had been left to look after the gospel tent, and the wind soon raised it like a vast umbrella and draped it around some nearby telephone wires. The organ and pulpit were blown down the street.

Next day as Pearly sat on a fence smoking his morning pipe, and getting dried out, a white-haired old Negro came by. He looked from one side of the road to the other, then said:

"This is the funniest thing I ever see. I sure don't understand it."

Death Strikes under Canvas

Another time at Wahpeton, North Dakota, lightning splintered a pole of the big top, killing two men and knocking Pearly and a dozen others unconscious under folds of canvas. The two dead men were buried together, and the circus employees raised $900 for a monument—depicting a broken pole—which is always visited by circus folk whenever they are in the vicinity.

Pearly thinks the most excitement however, was a tornado at Jamestown, North Dakota. He was looking and sniffing at the sky and a way off yonder saw bad weather. He gave the ringmaster ten minutes to stop the show and get the people out. Pearly recalls: "An old livery barn came walkin' right at us. We had the canvas on the ground and we wanted to get it off the seats and roll it up. Four or five of us started to unlace it. The wind got under the canvas and we was on it. It raised up and carried us about 25 feet off the ground for a couple of hundred yards, where one of the ropes caught on a fence and we settled down in a field. During the ride, one of the fellows yelled, 'The Magic Carpet to Baghdad never did beat this.'"

Another memorable experience was Pearly's retreat from the second battle of Gettysburg (South Dakota). It had been a hard season with shows late and sometimes canceled because of shorthanded tent crews. This day Pearly found 30 Boy Scouts camping nearby. Introducing himself as a schoolteacher-scoutmaster on vacation, he persuaded the boys to help for a dollar and a ticket. They got the tent up on time and then, as Pearly tells the story:

"Night come, and everything went lovely. About one o'clock we started packin' up. I got the boys all lined up and give each his dollar. A pie peddler come along and I gave each boy a pie and took one for myself. I got my sleeves rolled up and I takes a bite with the juice runnin' down my arm, and the kids are sayin', 'Well, good-by, scoutmaster, we'll see you again next year,' and I say, 'Good-by boys,' and I'm eatin' the pie and I salute. One little kid sittin' down at the end says, 'Oh, pshaw, you ain't no scoutmaster. You ain't no schoolteacher. You just a schemin' showman. You been handin' us a line all day just to get your work done.' 'What makes you think I'm a schemin' showman?' I asks. The lad replied, 'You ain't no scoutmaster, because you saluted with your left hand.'"

Pearly got into a car and drove off into the night.

Pearly loves to talk about circus life. His favorite story about the big top, which he tells with great relish, concerns a circus which went broke on a tour of the South during a bad season. All hands were told to line up alphabetically for their pay. Halfway through the alphabet, the money ran out. A little fellow named Zeno took the bad news in stride and went away. During the winter, the owner came up with some more money. He immediately sent word to Pearly and the rest of the old help to rejoin him for another season. Among those responding was Zeno, whom Houser greeted warmly.

"Hello there, Zeno," said Pearly, "glad to see you back."

"Back up," the little man whispered. "Zeno was my name last year. But this year it's goin' to be Ajax."

Whenever Pearly tells that story, he always adds, "And I think I've been an 'Ajax' all through my circus life." THE END

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Treat Them with Kindness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Mary Ellen, at age two, had been taken from an orphanage by a man and woman who soon began heaping unspeakable cruelties upon her. At age nine she was discovered in virtual slavery by a tenement worker, Mrs. Etta Angell Wheeler. She had been lashed with leather thongs and mutilated with scissors. Yet there was no legal recourse; in those days sentiment was strong against any interference in family life. However, Henry Bergh a short time before had launched the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (also now an AHA affiliate) and established its legal status.

"Any child is scientifically a member of the animal kingdom!" Mrs. Wheeler argued. "And this one is being treated as such!"

This plea, by its very strangeness, aroused a judge, then a nation, when the press publicized it. Mary Ellen was brought into court, bleeding, on a horse blanket. Bergh and Gerry, both men of great standing and prestige, championed her successfully. She was placed in Mrs. Wheeler's devoted custody, where, in best storybook tradition, she grew up happily.

Henry Bergh's indignation at *all* cruelties was so aroused by the Mary Ellen case that he devoted the rest of his life to fighting them. He is revered today as the father of the humane movement in America. Yet the co-ordinated American Humane Association was not to achieve national importance until its ninth president, Dr. William O. Stillman, a physician, took charge in 1905. Bergh had first been incensed by the incredible hardships forced on the abused horses that pulled the streetcars. He personally would stop cars and, backed by his new laws, dismiss the passengers, unhitch the exhausted horses, and with his fists fight down the drivers who objected. By the time Stillman became AHA president, the streetcars were electrified, but he saw a potentially greater service than even Bergh had seen. He wanted to make humane work an international effort, combating cruelty in every form everywhere.

He rented a tiny office in his home town, Albany, and subsequently hired lovely young Flossie Maher as stenographer and began sending letters asking for volunteer helpers everywhere. Results were encouraging. America still depended on the horse for much of its transportation, and many good people were dismayed at flagrant abuses. Dr. Stillman's enthusiasm mounted, and it was contagious.

Thousands of Children Rescued

In the year before he took charge, fewer than 300 children were rescued from cruelty by the association, and work with animals was sporadic and ineffectual. During 1949 the number of children actually rescued exceeded 35,000, and the preventive work through groups had grown beyond measuring; today the child in America enjoys dignity and respect greater than ever before. Similarly, the animal rescue and preventive work cannot be reckoned.

In World War I the only help with animals afforded General John J. Pershing came from the Humane Association. The government was caught without the time or the know-how to protect its Army horses and mules. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, asked Dr. Stillman's help. From that grew the active counterpart of the Red Cross, the Red Star, for animal relief. The first animal ambulances, and many of the methods of guarding and protecting livestock, originated with this branch of public service.

Florence Maher, the stenographer in 1907, is now, in 1950, the office manager and a top figure at Albany headquarters. "The association's one major problem," she says, "is simply that of being misunderstood. For example, newspapers make entertaining copy of the fact that our local agent rescues your kitten from a power pole or your puppy from a sewer. Thus, there are persons who refer to the AHA as a 'cat-and-dog' society. The ridicule sometimes amounts to hatred when the AHA, backed by law and common decency, steps in to prevent 'sports' where cruelty is the principal entertainment."

The AHA also claims credit for ending the cruelties to animals that once attended the filming of certain types of motion pictures, particularly Westerns—this in spite of the apparent violence still seen on the screen. The agent most responsible for that was Richard C. Craven, now retired at age seventy-seven.

In co-operation with the industry, Craven often worked out painless substitutes for filming scenes devoted to violence of one sort or another. But even that led to occasional woes. For instance, in the much praised picture Lost Weekend, theater patrons saw a bat kill a mouse in realistically bloody fashion. Much abuse was heaped on Craven for permitting the scene to be made. Hundreds of letters took him to task. He is still explaining that the blood was paint, and that both bat and mouse were dummies cleverly manipulated by unseen wires.

Craven succeeded in effecting the industry ban on the "running W" which once was used to trip movie horses as required before cowboys-and-Indians cameras. This device consisted of invisible wires crossed under the chest and a long wire from hobbles on both ankles. It violently jerked the front feet from under a running horse. The "running W" was truly cruel, and expensive in view of the number of fine animals that were maimed and killed. Today the same dramatic effects are easily achieved by horses especially trained to drop on command. The fall is always on soft dirt, with an AHA official superintending.

Mel Morse succeeded Craven in Hollywood in 1946. He is now welfare guardian for more than 2,000 animal stars, including chickens, lions, dogs, sheep and elephants. He has three assistants. Today no movie horse works more than two hours in 24—which is a better schedule by far than human actors enjoy! On one outdoor set recently, under a scorching summer sun, Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante happily saw a canvas covering being erected for the actors —but his roar echoed off the California hills when it became obvious the horses in the cast, not the two-legged performers, were to enjoy its shade.

But the biggest mass service rendered by the AHA today is in enforcing laws concerning transportation of animals, especially those destined for slaughter as human food. Years ago cattle could be packed into freight cars and left there indefinitely without watering, feeding or resting; many were kept so imprisoned for a week or two at a time, suffering incredible torture. Then a Montana AHA worker prevailed on a shipper to open one car of cattle and reweigh them, after keeping them in the car unattended for three days. At the prevailing price of beef on the hoof, he had lost $1,781 in weight depreciation. Moreover, two steers were so weakened that they died before they could reach destination, despite belated watering and feeding. The great shipping centers such as Phoenix, El Paso, Fort Worth and Houston now maintain "cattle hotels" to render full service to stock in transit. This has become big business while saving big money for shippers, and preventing incidental cruelty.

Livestock Men Co-Operate

Any projection in a cattle car that might injure a beast is likely to be ordered removed by an AHA agent. Any broken plank, any threat of freezing or suffocation, any overcrowding or other danger to the animals, will bring him into action. Livestock men today are fully co-operative; but on rare occasions a truly stupid one has to face official wrath.

In one extreme case, a small operator in the Mexican border region shipped 5,000 live chickens to market in El Paso. He had wired their feet tightly together and draped them heads down across the backs of burros —400-odd pounds to each burro, when the maximum per animal shouldn't have exceeded 200. When the AHA agent was called, the damage had already been done and the shipper was gone. But he was caught next trip and the agent had even more complaint against him. This time, to save weight, he had plucked all the feathers off the living fowls. The AHA man's main problem then was to prevent the offender from being lynched.

The much publicized "hay lift" of 1949, wherein thousands of cattle, sheep, horses and wild animals were kept from starving as a result of deep Western snows which buried their forage, was guided and aided at every hand by AHA agents, who had the experience needed.

The AHA laboratories in Albany are constantly investigating and testing the methods and tools needed in handling animals, especially in rescue work. It has given tentative approval of one type of electric prod

COLLIER'S "I hope I won't have to wear it too long, Doctor. Poor Robert has to write all the checks" FRANK O'NEAL

as a substitute for whips and clubs in driving beef cattle. Its approval on any new-type trailer van for horses is much sought after by manufacturers. It holds that no humane steel trap for wild animals has ever been developed, and has a big collection of disapproved ones.

Bridle bits are a constant problem; since the days of the Spanish Inquisition, and perhaps longer, men have forced outrageously cruel bits into the mouths of horses in order to "break" them, and the association strives to prevent this by educational work.

It has developed a "cat pole"—a long stick with a special device for removing kitty unharmed when the little creature gets stranded up a chimney or down a well.

The Humane Association will award a gold, silver or bronze medal to any person who risks his life saving an animal—and to any animal that saves a person's life! When disaster strikes, the highest executives at headquarters may take to the field. In the great Mississippi River flood of 1947, George Crosier, auditor for the association, flew westward with a Red Star band on his arm and worked unceasingly night and day directing the rescue of animals. It was routine that he and several associates were tossed out of a boat one night and had to wade miles through darkness in water neck-deep.

Spectacular animal rescues are common. In San Francisco not too long ago an inquisitive cat entered a new water main above Balboa Park. Children called to the kitten, but, frightened, it ran downhill in the wrong direction, away from the open end. S.P.C.A. Officer William G. Polk was called. He donned overalls, knelt on a tiny four-wheeled cart such as mechanics use under automobiles, and started pushing. The metal pipe was scarcely a yard in diameter and was of course darker than a cave at midnight. But a flashlight helped, and a mile into the pipe he caught up with kitty, put it on the cart, then pushed them both back another 10 blocks uphill to the open end. Somebody asked Mr. Polk why he risked himself so. President Sellar in Albany answered for him.

"Maybe he remembered Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Sellar said. "Abe, you'll recall, once rescued a dog with a broken leg, doctored it and gave it a home. Sometime later, when Abe fell and got wedged in some rocks, that same dog ran home and barked until people followed it across country to rescue Abe."

Dog poisoners are an especial enemy of humane workers. The AHA has standing rewards for arrest and conviction of any dog poisoner.

Cow Rescued from Silo

Newspaper readers everywhere love animal-rescue stories, as any good editor knows. Last year farmer Bill Mach of Yukon, Oklahoma, discovered that his cow, Grady, had jumped all of her 1,400 pounds through a door measuring only 17 by 25½ inches and imprisoned herself in a concrete silo. How she got that big a body through that small an opening was a mystery; but how to get her out was a greater one. Any attempt to cut a bigger opening would endanger the whole structure. Even the AHA man was stumped. But after four days Ralph Partridge, farm editor of the Denver Post, had a sudden hunch. It was good enough—and public interest then was high enough—for him to travel the 1,000 miles or more round-trip to use it.

"Let's grease her," he suggested, and crawled into the silo with Grady.

Slicked up, she was finally pushed out. In no event did the fate of the nation hinge on her, but for five days America virtually forgot such stark realities as the national debt, the atom bomb and Comrade Stalin: Grady the Cow took over page one. And while some of the nation's reaction was humorous, much of it revealed serious concern for a helpless beast; the hundreds of thousands of letters from readers testified to that.

The AHA has learned that people of all classes will instantly respond with their courage, their sympathy and their money whenever a child or an animal is in trouble. This sometimes leads to abuses, so the association is very wary about soliciting funds. But impostors are always trying to exploit public sentiment. Some months back, in Ohio, one phony passed the hat when crowds were cheering a fireman rescuing a dog in an icy river flood. He had nearly a thousand dollars in the name of the AHA, when he unwittingly solicited an AHA agent.

The association helps its affiliated societies maintain hundreds of animal shelters throughout the nation. Almost every city has one or more. These are hospitals, or homes, where stray cats, dogs or other beasts can be taken until claimed by owners. They range in size from small one-room houses to four-story structures covering half a block, and most are equipped for strict sanitation and adequate veterinary service. If not claimed or placed in new homes, stray animals are humanely put away. In one year the affiliated societies destroyed 250,000 homeless, injured and unwanted dogs, and about 1,500,000 cats and kittens.

An estimated 20,000,000 of these homeless pets roam our nation today. They are a grave menace to human health and are costly destroyers; in addition they suffer terribly from hunger, thirst and exposure. Many city governments have turned over the collecting of stray cats and dogs to humane society workers.

The AHA also has led the fight against rabies. Many workers have been bitten by rabid beasts while protecting lives.

Humane Education Sponsored

From its three-story, pressed-brick headquarters building in Albany a stream of printed matter flows across the nation and to foreign lands. This educational effort has reached millions of people. Almost every American school now has some form of humane education work, sponsored by the AHA. The National Humane Review, published at Albany as a nonprofit venture, is the country's largest journal for child and animal protection.

Incidentally, the book Black Beauty, by Mrs. Anna Sewell, was first published by humane association leaders in England, in 1877; then the American Humane Education Society of Boston published an initial American edition of 10,000 copies in 1890. By 1920, sales had passed the 3,000,000 mark. There is no accurate estimate of total sales to date, but in 1950 it is still selling in many languages and the AHA believes it to be one of the most widely read books in the world. In mood it is a heart-string puller. Modern educational material is much less emotional in appeal.

Humane education workers in Boston have equipped a station wagon for a marionette show that features such beloved animal characters as Black Beauty, Peter Rabbit and Mickey Mouse. The performance is in such demand that schools and churches book it a year in advance.

Along with other cities, Milwaukee has a pet library. It is a collection of live pets—kittens, hamsters, turtles, white mice, bunnies, goldfish—which a school or a child may borrow for two weeks then renew, exactly as a library book is borrowed. Instructions on caring for each pet goes with it. The year before this library—the first of its kind—was established, Milwaukee had 200 complaints of cruelty to pets by children. Two years after, the total of such complaints was only four.

But with all the good works that the AHA has done, its president, Bob Sellar, may himself go down in association history as one who dealt harshly with his fellow man. He has trained an office dog to greet callers who show a tendency to stay too long. At the command "Shake hands," this pooch goes close to the guest and lifts not a friendly front paw but a threatening hind one. THE END

Safe at Home

By LEE ROGOW

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

ONE Friday evening in August, Frank Ross sat on the front porch of his rented bungalow at Fire Island. He had had a hot trip out from the city, and now, after dinner, he was reading a copy of Derivations of Anglo-American Jurisprudence, which he had been asked to review. Maud, his wife, was on the hammock mending, and their little girl, Cynthia, was on the bottom step, observing the activity in an anthill. Her wheat-gold hair was in freshly plaited pigtails. Her tanned legs emerged from a starched pink dress already too short for her.

Down the concrete walk came a person in cowboy hat and chaps, carrying two formidable-looking guns. "All right, you coyotes," said the cowboy. "Reach, and reach fast."

Frank looked up. The cowboy was Bobby Flamm, the six-year-old son of Mike and Dot Flamm, who had the cottage four doors down. Bobby and Cynthia communicated with each other in loud and piercing screams. "Keep moving, Hopalong," said Frank. "I'm working."

Cynthia removed her eyes from the anthill. "Let him stay," she said judiciously. "His father got two home runs today."

"My father always gets a lot of home runs," said the cowboy, in a voice that carried two blocks. "Sometimes he gets a million billion."

Frank looked at Maud. She nipped a thread with her even, white teeth and said, "They play a pickup game of baseball at the end of the beach in the afternoons. Mike Flamm is the local DiMaggio. Cynth's been talking about nothing else all week."

Frank remembered that his daughter had begged him to play in a baseball game the previous week end, but he had had an important brief to prepare and had refused. "Who plays in the game?" said Frank.

"All the daddies play," said Cynthia.

Bobby turned on her. "Why doesn't your daddy play?" he screeched.

Cynthia looked down at her shoes. Frank was astounded to hear her say, "He's been sick."

"He doesn't look sick," yelled Bobby.

"It's a mysterious kind of sickness," said Cynthia. "The doctor doesn't even know what it is."

"Cynthia!" Frank said.

She looked at him guiltily. "All the daddies play!" she shouted, as the tears came, and ran into the house, letting the screen door slam behind her.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Frank. "What is that all about?"

Maud threaded a needle. "Don't get excited," she said.

"I *will* get excited!" Frank started for the door. "Now it will be all over the island that I'm suffering from some rare disease. I'm going to talk to her."

"Leave her alone," said Maud. "It's just a thing she's going through. A girl of five and a half is just beginning to be interested in her father as a hero. Out here she sees the other men playing ball and that's important to her. But as she grows older she'll realize there are things more important than softball, and she'll appreciate you on other levels."

Frank sat down. "What other levels?" he said.

"Oh, other levels."

Frank picked up his book, then laid it down again. "Is that a fact?" he said. "Is she really getting interested in me as a hero?"

"Now hold it," said Maud. "Don't do anything foolish. You have to be in court on Monday."

"Don't worry about little old Frank," he said. "It is not for nothing that I was known as Slugger by the other members of the Harpoons Social and Athletic Club." . . .

The next afternoon at four o'clock Frank arrived on the beach with Cynthia riding triumphantly on his shoulders. The pickup softball game had already begun. Frank set Cynthia down on the sand dunes with a flourish. He walked over to where a knot of men in swim trunks were gathered at the home plate of the diamond marked out in the sand. Mike Flamm, a huge man with strong arms and hair on his chest like red fur, seemed to be the captain of the side at bat. "How about a game?" said Frank.

Mike Flamm looked him up and down, and smiled, patronizingly. "Sure, Buster," he told Frank. "We only play for laughs. Bat last. Play right field."

Frank's side made out without his getting to bat. As he trotted briskly out to his position in right field, he waved at Cynthia.

The first few innings Frank played he had no serious mishaps. Only one ball was hit to right field. It went through his hands and struck him on the bridge of the nose, but he felt that he looked rather well getting under it.

Mike Flamm kept his side ahead by outstanding pitching and fielding, plus two screaming triples at the bat. Frank noticed his daughter went slightly insane whenever Flamm powered a drive past the outfielders.

In the bottom half of the last inning, Frank's side took the field with a comfortable three-run lead. Before Flamm began to pitch, he surveyed his field, saw Frank scratching his leg in right field, and called him in to take third base, where a missed ball would give the opposition fewer bases than a muffed fly in the deep outfield. Frank shuffled through the sand to take his place. From his third place position he could see Cynthia and hear her screeching, "Come on, Daddy!" The other casual spectators grinned. Frank decided against trying to quiet her. It was important for her to cheer for her father.

Flamm wound up and flipped the ball toward the batter, who punched a clean single to right. The next two hitters got scratch infield hits, and the bases were loaded. The next batter swung, and hit a slow bouncing ball straight at Frank. Frank stood where he was, automatically lifting his hands. The ball took a long, lazy hop, and then stuck right in his palms. Frank looked around at the bases. Runners were dashing in all directions. Everybody on the team was shouting at him.

He made a move to throw to first, then decided against it, and started to run toward third, then decided against that. He made a move to throw to second, then held the ball after all. Runners fled down the base paths. Flamm ran to Frank from the pitcher's box and pleaded with him to get rid of the ball. The first runner scored, then another.

Frank made a tentative throwing motion toward second, then decided that was wrong, and held the ball. By this time the whole team was around him, screaming at him to throw. Dimly, he perceived the third and tying runner dashing toward the plate. Flamm sprang toward Frank and tried to seize the ball, but Frank suddenly drew back his arm and let fly toward home with all his force. The ball went sixty feet over the catcher's head and sailed to the very edge of the sea, where a green comber washed over it and carried it out into the ocean.

The players walked off the field. Nobody spoke to Frank.

He turned to look for Cynthia. She had disappeared from her place on the dunes. Far off, he could see her tanned figure in the blue bathing suit vanishing over the wooden stairway that led up over the dunes. Dumbly, he followed her up the steps and down the concrete walk that led toward their bungalow.

IT WAS only a game, he tried to keep telling himself. And yet he felt that he had failed in some terribly basic and significant way, and that after this incident he would never be the same man to the eager, quick child who raced down the walk before him because she could not bear to walk beside him. Somewhere in her heart there was now an area of doubt, where before there had only been trust. It was ironic, he thought, that a peanut mind like Flamm had succeeded so brilliantly where he had failed. Now, after the long years, he was being punished for his bookish ways. He was not fit to be his daughter's hero—no, that remained to a man with hair on his chest like fur.

His leaden feet carried him to the door of his bungalow. From inside he could hear his daughter, yelling at the top of her voice. "So then Daddy got the ball!" she was shouting. "And everybody tried to get it away from him, and he wouldn't let them have it, no matter what, and then Mr. Flamm tried to grab it, and he wouldn't let Mr. Flamm have it. Not Daddy! He threw it so far! It must have been a million billion feet. And they knew they couldn't do better, so they stopped the game! So Daddy was the best. Isn't that nice, Mommy?"

Frank sat down on the porch hammock and smiled. It hurt on account of the bump on his nose, but he kept smiling. Praise the good Lord for five-and-a-half-year-old girls, he thought. It was going to be all right. Later on, of course, she'd learn more about the game, but by that time—well, maybe she'd have begun to appreciate him on other levels.

Whistling, he went inside the house for his shower.

THE END

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Waterfront

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Sergeant Bennion still had a tail on him and hadn't fired a shot at me, which I knew. The voice at the other end suggested that I probably wasn't worried about Clancy any more, either. There wasn't anything else to talk about.

Then I called Mary Kiernan, and an hour later we were sitting at a table for two, in an expensive roof garden on the top of a hotel in Brooklyn Heights. Most people go there for the food and the dancing and the view, but the only view I really wanted to see was Mary.

And don't think that a lot of other people there didn't find her better to look at than the lights of Manhattan across the East River.

Her hair was as shiny and dark as Blackie Clegg's—an idea that I shut out of my mind. It wasn't very hard to stop thinking about him, because I was thinking mostly about Mary. We danced, and when the music ended I didn't want to let her go. We were in love, but when I was on a cover job chances like this were too few and far between, and had to last, sometimes, for a long time.

"How's the job coming?" she asked once, between dances.

"I'm not getting anywhere," I said.

"That silly blond hair of yours probably scares everybody away," she said. "If I hadn't fallen in love with you before, I certainly wouldn't look twice at you now—except for laughs. I wish you'd hurry up and get rid of it. Some of the girls were asking where you were, the other day. I wanted to say you had dyed, but I didn't."

Even love couldn't make me laugh at that one.

We took the long way home and, I'm afraid, stopped in some shadows longer than was necessary. But we thought it was very necessary indeed.

IT WAS after one when I got back to the Royale. As I walked up the steps I sneered at the cheap place, and promised myself that I'd get out of there as soon as I could. But that still meant that I had to find Blackie Clegg first. Blackie Clegg seemed awfully far away. I didn't have a single clue, or even a hint. All I knew was that everybody on the waterfront knew about him, but nobody wanted to talk about him. Nobody was claiming that he had Clegg as a house guest—that was for sure.

But I had house guests. There was a little crack of light showing under my door, and I heard voices in my room. Not whispers—voices. One of them said, as I froze and reached for my gun, "I think I'll take the whole damned pack."

And the other voice said, "I hope you choke to death on it." I knew that voice. It was Smoothie.

But what the hell was he doing in my room? I cradled the gun in my hand and, with my other hand, reached out and knocked on my own door. I wasn't standing in front of it when I knocked, either.

"That you, Flynn?" Smoothie called. "Come on in. It ain't locked."

I kicked the door open and peeped around the corner. Smoothie and a man I didn't know were sitting on my bed, playing cards. They looked at me, and Smoothie smiled. There wasn't any artillery showing, so I dropped the .32 in my pocket, but kept my hand on it, and walked in. "What the hell are you guys doing here?" I asked.

"Playing canasta," Smoothie said. "I'm beating the pants off this bum."

"Why do you have to play it in my room? You an orphan, or something?"

"We were waiting for you," he explained patiently. "And we didn't have anything to do, so we just started kicking a couple of hands around."

"I'm here now," I said, sitting on the chair. "So you don't have to wait any longer. What goes?"

The stranger looked over his shoulder. "Wait until we've finished this hand, and then we'll tell you." He said it so politely that I couldn't get sore, so I pulled the chair closer and watched him play.

Finally the game ended. Smoothie won. The stranger paid him three dollars and thirty-five cents. Then Smoothie leaned back against the wall.

"Somehow or other, Flynn—and I'll be damned if I can figure out how—you've done a lot of favors for a friend of mine."

"So?"

"So we want to thank you."

"All right. You're welcome." I wasn't getting it very well.

"For instance," Smoothie said, "this friend of mine didn't like Joe Cigar. Now Joe is dead. My friend is very grateful."

"Sure is," the stranger chimed in.

"My friend didn't like Jack Thumm, either. Now Jack's in the hospital, with a busted pelvis. As soon as it heals he'll probably have to sit it down in the chair you don't get up from. My friend's very grateful for that, too."

"I don't get it," I said. "Who's Jack Thumm?"

"Don't you know?" He wrinkled his forehead. "He was Joe Cigar's boss."

"Oh. That guy?" I looked puzzled. "What happened to him?"

"He was in an automobile, and had a wreck."

"What's this got to do with me?"

"Well, Flynn, it's this way," Smoothie said, while his friend sat motionless on the bed. "You blow into town from God-knows-where. You get in a little rassle with a guy named Culio. Culio gets killed. You get in another little rassle with four very tough guys indeed. Now two of them are dead, and the other two wish they was. For the shape these last four guys are in, my friend is very grateful."

"Look, you two jokers," I said. "Let's get this straight. Bennion couldn't beat anything out of me, and you can't talk anything out of me. Why don't you go somewhere else and play your little games? I want to go to sleep."

"This is big stuff, Flynn," the bald-headed bartender said softly. "The boss is so grateful he's thinking of giving you a job. A big job. *The* big job. All you got for polishing off the Gunner was a mouse on your eye. How would you like to have maybe ten grand?"

"Start talking," I told him.

MY WATCH said it was quarter of two on Thursday morning. "For ten grand, Smoothie," I said, "I'll let you two sit here and talk all night. But I still don't know what you're talking about. I didn't kill the Gunner, no more than I killed Culio."

"I know, I know," he agreed. "But I told you where to look, and you come back with a creased face, and the Gunner ain't been seen since. And he never missed a night getting a couple of bottles of fresh beer. So we can say he's gone. And Joe Cigar came in here last night, and now he's absolutely dead. No argument about that. His boss and the punk who drove their car are as good as dead. No argument about that, either."

"I'm not arguing!"

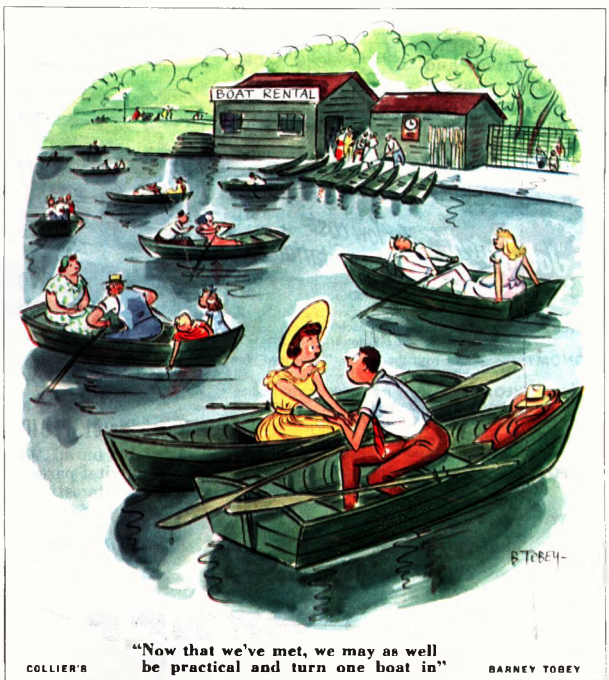
"We figure, me and my friend, that they'd all be alive and happy if they hadn't met you. If you didn't kill them, I figure you at least put a hell of a hot jinx on 'em. That's just as good as a hatchet in the head!"

"Well?" I said.

"My friend is very grateful. He wanted to get rid of those characters, but he kinda had other things on his mind, if you know what I mean, and didn't want to do it himself."

Stratford's words came back to me: "This guy Cigar is small-time stuff. He thought he was going someplace, once, down there on the waterfront, but he never got very far. Fact is, they say he thought he was going to be headman in that section, but the Syndicate moved another man in over him, and then this Blackie Clegg moved in over *that* man."

If there was anybody in the world who would be very grateful to have Joe Cigar and "*that* man"—and "*that* man" was prob-



COLLIER'S

"Now that we've met, we may as well be practical and turn one boat in"

BARNEY TOBEY

ably Jack Thumm—dead, it would be Blackie Clegg. Suddenly there were butterflies inside me.

"I never hired out as a whammy, to put the jinx on anyone," I said. "But for ten grand I might try."

"Whatta you got to lose?" Smoothie said. "And if the jinx don't work, you can always use that gun you got in your pocket. My friend don't ask how the jinx works; he just wants it to work, that's all."

"Maybe we ought to talk it over with him."

"You'll have a chance. Everything will be just like a business proposition."

"How do I know that this isn't some kind of a trap?" I said.

"What kind of a trap could it be?" he protested, hurt innocence in his beady black eyes. "You're out on bail. You've got a gun. If we was the law we could arrest you for that and you'd be back in the coop."

"Maybe you think I'm a cop?"

"Nuts, Flynn. If you was a cop Jack Thumm would have found it out—I know him. And you wouldn't have taken a pasting from the Gunner, either. You'd have hauled out and shot him—not that I don't think you did."

"I'll take the job," I said suddenly. "Ten grand for putting the complete jinx on a guy. Five when I see your friend, five when the guy doesn't turn up any more. Let's go and meet this friend of yours. I want to hear again how grateful he is." If his friend was Blackie Clegg, maybe Mary and I could have a June wedding after all.

"Tomorrow," Smoothie said, getting off the bed and standing up. "Tomorrow evening. Tomorrow morning you go to work. Tomorrow you and me will go to a little meeting and talk the whole thing over. Good night." He started to walk toward the door. The stranger still sat on the bed. Smoothie opened the door and stepped out.

"Hey," I called. "Who's this guy here?"

"That's your boy," Smoothie smiled. "He'll stay here to take care of you. Any time you want anything you'll find him wide awake, *all night long*. Good night." He closed the door, and I heard his footsteps fading down the hall.

"Sit in the chair, boy," I said. "The bed's for me."

He got up, taking with him a short, heavy-caliber pistol that had been concealed by his leg as he sat on the bed. He moved the chair to the end of the room, tilted it back, and sat down with the pistol in his lap.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"It don't matter. You wanna go to sleep? How'd you like to play a few hands of canasta?"

"I'd rather go to sleep," I said, kicking off my clothes.

"Okay by me. I'll turn off the light when you get ready."

SLEEP came more quickly than I thought it would. When I opened my eyes in the morning, my boy was still there, sitting wide awake in the chair with the pistol in his lap. He followed me to the bathroom, took a nearby table at breakfast, and saw me check in on Pier 47. Then, I guess, he passed his job on to one of the longshoremen who were working on the dock.

At least he wasn't around for the rest of the day, but I still had the impression, wherever I went, that I wasn't alone. Two dock wallopers I had never noticed before even followed Hank and me into the bar for our evening beer, and sat at the other end while we drank. After a while they went away, probably at some sign from Smoothie, who was back again at his regular stand. I didn't see what the sign was.

Hank Farmer left too, after a little while, but I stayed on until seven o'clock. Then the evening bartender came in, and Smoothie hung up his white apron, put on a coat, and together we went upstairs while I changed my clothes. We went out together. A car was waiting in front of the hotel, and my boy was driving. Smoothie and I took the back seat.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"We're going up to my place for some supper," he said. "How'd you like a home-cooked meal for a change?"

"How about the meeting with your friend?"

"That comes after supper. There's plenty of time. Besides, we gotta wait for a phone call at my house, to see if we're going to get hold of something that'll make your job easier."

I settled back uneasily while we drove uptown to a big apartment house on Riverside Drive. The elevator operator said a respectful "Good evening" as we went up to the eighth floor. At the door of Apartment 806 Smoothie pushed the bell, and in a few seconds it was opened by a stunning blonde. Smoothie kissed her, and then turned to me.

"Darling," he said, "This is Mr. Flynn, a friend of mine. Flynn, this is my wife Charlotte."

You could have knocked me down with a feather. Here was the bartender of a small saloon in a one-jump-ahead-of-a-flophouse hotel, living in a nice place, with a good-looking wife, and acting like a Wall Street banker. There was more to this Smoothie person, I decided, than first met the eye. My eye, anyhow.

"Good evening, Mr. Flynn," she smiled. "Charles said he was bringing you home. I'm awfully glad you're here. Sit down, you two, and I'll get you a drink. Is gin and tonic all right for you? I know Charles will have it without having to ask him—in this hot weather."

MY MOUTH must have been hanging open in amazement. You'd know how I felt if some bald-headed old bartender, one you suspected of being a crook to boot, introduced you to Katharine Cornell, maybe, and said, "This is my wife."

I looked around for my boy, but he had disappeared. So I found myself sitting in a comfortable chair, in a tastefully furnished living room, and pretty soon this fabulous female creature came in with three drinks on a tray.

"Supper won't be ready for half an hour, I'm afraid," she apologized. "But that might even give us time for another drink." She lifted her glass and smiled at me. "I'm so glad you could come up, Mr. Flynn. Charles and I don't have too much company. But then, he's so often so busy at night."

Yeah, I said to myself as I took the first swallow of my drink, *he must be. This layout doesn't come with a bartender's pay. All this I must study carefully.*

His wife—somehow the last name had been skipped—was probably forty, and she looked like twenty-eight. Her hair had been touched up a bit (and so had mine, for that matter), but it had been touched up by an expert. It looked like soft golden velvet. To a boy from Brooklyn, who had never been around much, she was class and breeding and graciousness itself. I'd have thought the same thing, I bet, if I had been brought up on Sutton Place and graduated from Country Day, Groton, and Harvard.

"Are you in the same business as Charlie?" she continued.

"Yes, indeed," he answered for me. "Flynn's in the shipping game too."

"It must be exciting," she said. "I wish I knew more about it. New York seems like such a wonderful place. We've only been here for two months. Where are you from?"

I almost told her I was from Brooklyn, but remembered in time, and babbled something about the West Coast, hoping she had never been there.

Supper was served in half an hour, as promised, but I was too confused to remember much about it. There was something that didn't ring true, and I had the impression that all three of us were skating on wafer-thin ice, but pretending that it was five feet thick. Smoothie, or Charlie—and I looked all over for a letter or magazine with his last name on the address—was certainly in a racket of some kind. Yet he and I, for some strange reason, were drinking gin and tonic and pretending to be respect-

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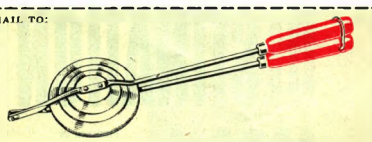

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able citizens. His wife wasn't pretending. Maybe she didn't know what he really was. For that matter, I didn't know either.

We were finishing our coffee, in the living room, when the phone rang. Smoothie answered it, in another room, and then came back and said he was sorry, but we had to run down to the office for a while. He hoped to be home early.

The car and the bodyguard were waiting down in front of the building. "Where are we going now?" I asked.

"Down to the office, like I said."

"Then what?"

"Then we're going to see what we've learned about the man we're interested in."

"That's the man you want me to get rid of?" I asked.

"Right. But before we can get rid of him we have to find out where the hell he is. This evening maybe we'll find out. Finding out may not be too easy, either." He rolled his lower lip forward. "Maybe it'll be pretty messy business."

"Tell me more," I said. "Who's this guy you want killed? For ten grand it could be the mayor."

"For ten grand," he replied slowly, "you're gonna get rid of a cop."

I SWALLOWED the great big lump that started up from my solar plexus. "A cop?" I croaked, and then my voice came back. "Isn't that a little risky in New York?"

"That's why it's worth ten thousand dollars. But wait until you get the whole setup. Maybe you won't have to do it at all. Maybe we won't be able to find him."

The car stopped beside a building in the West Thirties, and we got out and went in. There were two flights of stairs, and I walked up them expecting to meet Blackie Clegg somewhere at the top. I knew—just as sure as death and taxes—that my bald-headed, bartending friend was mixed up with the waterfront rackets that were bleeding the shipping industry white. I felt in my bones that he must be one of Clegg's top buckos, and that I was slated to be the gang's newest recruit—for one job, at least.

Well, I'd set out to work myself into the racket. Halfway up those dark stairs I began to wonder if I had worked myself into it too far and too fast. It would have been nice to know some of my friends were handy, right then. If Smoothie opened a door and said, "Blackie, this is the guy I was telling you about—the one you're so grateful to," what was going to happen? I wished to God I had a mirror, so I could look at myself and see how much I resembled Freddy Malone. But the best I could do was cross my fingers and then close them over the pistol in my pocket.

Smoothie stuck his key in a door at the top of the second flight of stairs and entered a small anteroom. I followed. There were two chairs and a table in the room. A man whom I had never seen before was sitting in one of the chairs, smoking a cigar.

A man I *had* seen before was sitting in the other chair. It was my old friend Sergeant Bennion, in civilian clothes.

"Wait a minute," I said, reaching for my gun and backing toward the door. "What the hell's Benny doing here? I didn't come up to get my head slapped around any more!"

The man with the cigar in his mouth moved his hand toward the inside of his coat. "No you don't!" I hollered at him, pulling out my .32. "If anybody's going to get shot I'm going to be the second—not the first!"

Smoothie paid no attention to me. "What are you doing here, Bennion?" he asked.

"I want to talk to you." It wasn't a cop's command. He was begging a favor.

"What about?"

"Something you ought to know." He looked at the guard and me, then back to Smoothie.

"All right, we'll go in the office, if you want privacy." Smoothie looked back at me. "Put the gun away and come along, Blondy." He pushed a door open with his foot. Bennion got up and walked into the room, and I went in behind him. I heard Smoothie ask the guard if everything else was okay, and the guard said something about "still out cold."

"Call me when they're ready," Smoothie said, and then he came into the large, windowless office and closed the door.

"Now, Bennion," he began, "I want to know how you found out about this place. After you tell me that, we'll talk about anything else that's on your mind, and how much you expect me to pay you for it. And, because you're such a dirty little liar, and you'd double-cross your mother for subway fare, I'm going to ask Flynn here to smack you one in the puss every now and then, just to keep you on the right track."

I smiled, took off my coat, and started rolling up my sleeve.

"All right, flatfoot," Smoothie began, in a voice as cold as ice. "Let's have it. How'd you find out about this place?"

"Joe Cigar—"

"You're a liar, Bennion! Joe Cigar didn't know. Smack him, Flynn!"

I stepped over to where Bennion was sitting and cuffed him across the face with my open hand. Then I grabbed the back of his coat and pulled it up, exposing the Smith & Wesson .38 holstered on his hip. "This is for me," I said, dropping it in my own pocket.

Smoothie roared. "I'll break somebody's back for letting you through with that rod! Hit him again, Flynn! Okay. Now tell me how you found out about this place, and don't give me no Joe Cigar!"

"I saw you come in here."

"When?"

"Three days ago."

"You been following me?"

"No, Smoothie. I—"

"Then how in the hell did you find me? Hit him again, Flynn, a couple of times. Bust his nose—maybe he'll talk straight."

I didn't break Bennion's nose, but I knocked it out of joint. He started to wilt.

"I saw you out of the window," he began, and when I raised my hand he hurried on. "Out of a window across the street. Got a friend lives over there, an' I just happened to be looking out of her window and saw you come in here. Then, the next night, you did it again. Tonight I came—"

"Tonight you came over for a better look, huh?" Smoothie was furious. "Why, you dirty peepin', spyin', rattin' cop, I ought to break your neck! Now you're here. What do you expect to find out?"

"Nothing," Bennion said. "Nothing, honest. I wanted to tell you something, Smoothie."

"I bet you did. Tell me where your girl friend lives, across the street. What's her name?"

Bennion didn't want to tell, but we changed his mind. The girl's name was Peggy Nance, and she lived in the third floor front.

"Now that we got that," Smoothie said, relaxed again, "suppose you go on with your spiel."

"Jack Thumm's croakin'—"

"So what? He was a bum."

"Did you know that Thumm was Jack Thompson, Joe Cigar's boss? Did you know—"

SMOOTHIE leaned forward. "Sure, I knew. I got no time for snatchers, like Thumm. Let him die, and the sooner the better!"

"Yeah. Sure. But they're keeping him alive until he finishes talking!"

"What's he talkin' about? That snatch in Tacoma?"

"He's talking about how he was double-crossed, about how all of a sudden he wasn't headman in the racket any more, about how Blackie had the Gunner rubbed out"—the words came like a flood—"and he's telling—" Bennion stopped short, a crafty look in his eyes.

"What's he tellin', Bennion?" Smoothie looked anxious for the first time.

"He's telling what he knows."

"Why don't you tell me?"

"If I tell you"—the crafty look got craftier—"I'd probably have to visit for a while with some friends of mine in Mexico or somewhere. That would cost a lot of money, because I'd have to stay away for a long stretch."

COLLIER'S "It's funny, George; in the city we would never THINK of walking fifty-one blocks" STAN FINE

"How much do you think it would cost?"

"I figure maybe it would cost fifty grand."

Smoothie got up and walked over to a closet. He opened it and then twirled the dial of a safe built into the wall inside the closet. The door of the safe finally swung open, and he turned back with two packages of green bills in his hands. He threw them down on the desk. "Here's five hundred centuries," he said. "And now suppose I tell you to go to hell, and throw you out of here on your head."

"Thumm don't know everything," Bennion said. "But what he knows and what I know add up to almost everything. Who do you want me to talk to, you or somebody else? I know enough to get a captain's bars."

"You got an awful lot of guts, Bennion, considering the spot you're in right now," Smoothie told him, slowly. "What makes you think you're ever getting out of this room? Alive, that is?"

"I may be crooked," the cop said. "But I'm not dumb. What I know is stuck away, and my friends know what to do with it. You want to hear what came in at the station house this evening, or you want me to tell something else to somebody else?"

"You're pretty damn' smart, aren't you? So you got it all written down? And if I give you fifty grand and you go away, you'll take it with you, won't you, you crook! And every time you wanted more money you'd put the bite on me. Let's see." He pursed his lips and rubbed the tips of his fingers up and down on his cheeks. "I bet you were planning to leave for Mexico tonight, with Peggy what's-her-name, across the street. Flynn, go over there and if you find any packed bags, go through 'em. Find out what's in 'em. If you find what we're looking for, bring it back."

"What about the dame?" I asked.

"She'll be some kind of a pig," he said. "Treat her like one. Scare her enough and she won't talk. I don't care about her."

"Okay," I said. "You're the boss. I'll be back."

"You'd better be," he said. "Somebody'll be watching you from the window."

BENNION had lost his newly found self-assurance and was starting to turn green as I left the office, went through the anteroom where the guard with the cigar still sat, and started down the stairs. An idea was starting to percolate through my thick skull. There was another door in that anteroom, and behind it something was going on, and I thought I knew what it was.

"It may be a pretty messy business," Smoothie had said on the ride down from his apartment. "Still out cold," the guard had said.

Blackie Clegg was in that closed room, sweating something he wanted to know out of some poor devil. I remembered the cold cruelty in his hard black eyes the one time I had seen him, and felt sorry for whoever was in that room with him.

Smoothie wasn't any softie. There was the guard, too, packing a gun. There might be others. Being a hero all by yourself will get you an Inspector's funeral in the end, which is a great honor that I don't want. When I was new on the force I was all for doing the whole job myself. Now I had some sense.

The sedan was parked downstairs, and my boy was sitting in it, idly smoking a cigarette. "Where are you going?" he asked, as I stopped beside the open window.

"Across the street to talk to a girl. We've got a visitor upstairs who's been watching things out of her window. Smoothie wants to know what she knows. How's things down here?"

"I don't like it." He flicked the cigarette into the street. "Something's giving me the creeps. The same guy has walked past here twice."

I remembered the tail on Bennion, and knew who the walking stranger must be. "Forget it," I said.

The name "M. Nance" appeared below a bell in the old brownstone across the street, and I pushed the button. In a few seconds there was an answering click and I opened the front door and started up the steps. "Who's there?" a voice called from above.

"Miss Nance?" I called back, and kept on going.

This Miss Nance didn't have any more sense than her crooked cop boy friend. She was standing in the door, with the door open, and I pushed my way through and shut it behind me. "You Peggy Nance?" I asked, looking around. Just as Smoothie had guessed, there were three suitcases standing in the foyer inside the door. The girl was dressed for going somewhere.

"I'm a cop," I said. "What's in the bags?"

"Oh yeah," she yipped. Peggy Nance was probably a clerk somewhere, and she was dressed like a million others who work from nine until five, five days a week in New York. I could have tossed a brick any time during the lunch hour, almost anywhere in New York, and bruised three girls exactly like her. She had picked up some idea of how to do her hair, and what to wear, and how to paint her pretty, commonplace face, but she'd never stand out in a crowd. "Let's see the potsy," she said.

I didn't have my shield with me, so I had to bluff. "Go sit down somewhere and mix yourself a drink, sister. We want to see what's in those bags."

"Not without a warrant you don't!" I looked up and she was pointing a little pistol at me. "Back over in that corner by the phone while I call a real cop!"

THIS was a complication I hadn't counted on. I backed up, but when she reached for the phone I knocked the gun out of her hand and grabbed her. She tried to bite me, and kicked and threw her arms around like a windmill, but she wasn't any trouble. I dragged her into the bathroom, tied her up with some towels, stuffed a washrag into her face, and went back to the suitcases.

The smallest one had a notebook, full of tight masculine handwriting, tucked down in a compartment at one side. I took one look and knew that here were Bennion's notes. I read a couple of pages to make sure they were what Smoothie wanted, and then I read a couple more, for my own information. What I saw told me a lot more of the story than I had known before, and my hat went off to Bennion. He had nerve, walking the tightrope he had been on for months and months, with the weight of that notebook on his shoulders. It was a wonder he hadn't turned into a nervous wreck.

If the plans in my mind hadn't jelled by then, the notebook cooked them together in a hurry. Bennion's notes damned near scared me to death, too, and little beads of cold sweat were popping out on my forehead as I picked up the telephone and dialed the special number at the D.A.'s office.

"This is Tim Flynn," I said. Then I waited for the click. "This is Tim Flynn, and I'm in the apartment of a girl named Peggy Nance . . ." and I gave the address. "Right across the street, where I'm going when I hang up, is Blackie Clegg, as far as I can find out. There's a lookout in the black sedan parked in front of the place. There's also another one that I haven't spotted. The place is built like a fort, and full of guys with guns. Bennion's up there, trying to peddle what he knows for fifty grand. There's somebody else, too, and whoever it is is having a bad time, I'm afraid. Get this block stopped up, will ya? Get the roofs covered. I've still got some pieces to fit together, but they may go off like an atom bomb when I shove them into place. I'm going back. Good-by."

That was one of the loneliest good-bys I ever said.

When I checked on Peggy Nance, on my way out, she was still tied up tighter than a drum. I took the key and locked the bathroom door from the outside. The whole job, from the time I left Smoothie until I got back, didn't take more than twelve minutes. But it was going to take an hour for all the cops I expected to filter in and bottle up the block. I had that long to

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stall and keep from getting trapped, or at least I had to be able to hang around that long, and keep everybody else there too, waiting for the—

It was ten thirty-three by my watch when the guard opened the door for me. He jerked his head toward the office, indicating that I was to enter. My hand was on the knob when I heard, through the third door—the one I had wondered about—a low moan that hit me like a dentist's drill. Someone was catching some kind of hell in there. The guard heard it too, and gave me a black-toothed grin. "Musta woke up," he said.

SMOOTHIE was standing in the middle of the room, smoking a cigar. Bennion was slumped in a chair, sweat pouring down his face and wilting his collar. Whatever fight he had had was drained out of him.

"Did you get it, Blondy?" Smoothie asked. The two piles of hundred-dollar bills were still on the desk.

"Yeah." I tossed the notebook to him. "This is it."

"Did the dame give you any trouble?"

"Naw. Pulled a gun on me, but I slapped it out of her hand."

Smoothie was interested. "What did you do to her?"

"I'll tell you later, when Benny goes. Let's keep him guessing. Is that the book you wanted? It's all there was."

He flipped through a few pages. "This is the book, all right," he said. He ground his cigar into a tray on the desk. "You musta been sitting up late nights, Bennion, to get all this written down. Yes sir, you've got an awful lot of stuff in here, cop—and most of it's true." He looked at me. "Did you read this, Blondy?"

"I read the first couple of pages, just enough to see that it wasn't a bundle of old love letters. Then I scrammed."

Smoothie tossed the book on the desk and took a step toward Bennion. "You got a lot of guts," he said, ominously, "walking in here and trying to pry fifty grand out of me. What do you think I am—a bonehead? Just because I've got no hair on my skull right now doesn't say that I've got no brains in it either. Why, damn your eyes, copper, I know just as well as you do that Jack Thumm died this morning! And he never so much as opened his yap before he croaked. That wheelman of his hasn't started singing, either—and he won't!"

Bennion raised his eyes and stared dully at Smoothie.

"You want to know how I know?" Smoothie demanded. "It's my business to know, just to keep cheap grifters like you from making an ass out of me, like you did for Thumm and Cigar when you were working for them. You may be smart in some ways, Bennion, but you're awful damned dumb in others! You were smart enough to figure out two plays, and you got away with one of them, I guess. But you weren't very bright when you tried to scare me. Not when you left this little book across the street, baby. You weren't very bright then. *Fifty grand!* I won't even give you the time of day!"

The time of day was ten forty-seven, by my watch. Three-quarters of an hour to go.

"You're a rat, Bennion!" Smoothie said, his cruel eyes glowing like black beads. "A rat. I hate rats. Watch this, Blondy, so you'll know what happens to rats in this town—just in case you ever feel like turning into one." He towered above the sergeant. "Stand up, Bennion!" The cop cringed, motionless in the chair. Smoothie grabbed him by the shoulders of his coat and lifted him to his feet with one jerk—and Bennion wasn't a small man. "You wanted fifty grand. This is what you're getting, damn your hide!"

He threw his left arm behind Bennion's neck, then put the palm of his right hand against Bennion's chin, and started pushing.

For a short second some fight came back to the cop. It was too late. He screamed, and then I heard a sharp crack, and it was all over.

"I said I ought to break your neck," Smoothie whispered. He took his hand away from the limp chin.

Bennion, suddenly dead, dropped back in the chair. The upper half of his body, with the head horribly out of line, slumped off to one side.

I was traveling in mighty tough company—all alone. . . .

"You're liable to get in trouble, Smoothie," I said. "Killing cops like that. Even if they're bums maybe they got friends on the force."

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Losing your nerve?" He counted off a fistful of hundred dollar bills from the stack on the desk, and pushed them toward me. "Here's the first half of what you're to get for killing another. And you better earn the second half, too."

I didn't need to ask why. All I had to do was look at Bennion's body—and it wasn't nice to look at.

"Another?" I said. "I've been thinking it was Bennion you wanted me to get."

"Bennion you should kill for free. He's dirt." Smoothie sat down and lit a cigarette. "But this other one is a little different. This other one is even dangerous. Bennion here we can jam down a sewer and the next rain will float him into the river—and who cares? This other cop we can't even find."

"Then why worry about the guy?" I asked, trying to draw him out, stalling for time, hoping the cops were filtering in.

"Because he's looking for Blackie Clegg!" Smoothie banged his hand on the desk. "And because he might find Blackie before Blackie finds him! Why, damn it, Flynn, there are about two thousand cops of different kinds in this city, and damned near all I'm interested in I can find—if I want to. All except this one—*Malone!*"

"Malone?" And then I shut up, before I said too much.

"Yeah, Malone. I thought I had him, once, but not only do the three rods I sent to get him disappear, but swish—and he's gone too. There ain't a soul in this town, that I can get my hands on, who knows where he is. Except maybe one, and in a little while we'll find out about that."

Well, now I had it, straight across the board. I had read enough in Bennion's notebook to tell me everything I wanted to know, except that I had to be sure.

"I've heard talk about this Blackie Clegg, down around the dock," I said. "Is he the guy who's so grateful to me?"

Smoothie laughed. "What did you hear?"

"I just heard the name a couple of times, and then everyone shuts up. I read it in the paper once, down at the bar, and even those two pals of mine didn't want me to say anything more about him."

"They were smart," Smoothie said. "Smarter than Bennion."

THE door opened, and the guard stuck his head in and nodded. I looked at my watch. It was exactly eleven o'clock.

"Okay, Blondy," Smoothie said. "Everything's set. Here, take your first cut." He pushed at the pile of money he had peeled from the big wad, and I picked it up and stuck it in my pocket without counting it. "I'll put the rest in the hole," he said. He swung the safe door open and threw the money in, then slammed it shut and turned the dial.

"Let's see," he continued, almost to himself. "If we can't get what we want, maybe we'll have to use what we have for bait." He reached into a drawer of the desk and took out something limp and black.

"I guess I'd better make like Blackie Clegg for a while," Smoothie said, putting the wig on his bald head.

And so I was face-to-face with Blackie Clegg, whom I had *seen* kill two men, in ten days, and who was in line to burn for three other murders that I knew of.

"My God, Smoothie!" I said, and I had to talk to keep from shaking and swallow-

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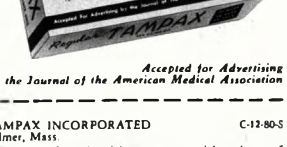

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ing, "don't tell me you're Blackie Clegg!"

"Sure," he said. "Why not. And now you know, too, and you oughta know what to do about it."

"I know what *not* to do about it." I almost added that I knew enough not to write it down in a notebook, like Bennion had done, but just in time I remembered that Blackie Clegg didn't know I had gone through the book.

Blackie Clegg—and he didn't even have a gun on him. I had two. All I had to do was shoot him. I didn't even have to kill him.

But there was always the chance of something going wrong. The guard, who did have a gun, was behind me. The door was only half open, and the guard could have pulled it shut, for all I knew. I had no idea how many other thugs were in the building, or how many ways they could come at me if I started shooting.

If I could hold out for twenty-five minutes I wouldn't have to do it alone.

I don't remember all I thought about, and all I kept bottled up inside me, as Smoothie—now suddenly Blackie Clegg—came from behind his desk and started for the door. I wondered how any man could get that brazen and brutal and clever. How could he turn, in a few hours, from a bartender to the family man he had been in the apartment on Riverside Drive, and then to a callously cruel brute who could deliberately break another man's neck? But most of all I wondered, during those few seconds while I was following him out the door, what was the best thing for me to do.

There wasn't anything in the book to help solve a situation like this. Not in the book I had studied, anyhow. And again I asked myself why I had become a cop in the first place, instead of a truck driver, or a filling station man, or a clerk in a delicatessen, or a United States Marine.

But hell, my old man was a cop, and when Mary and I have some kids I hope they grow up to be cops too.

The room we entered had probably been built as a stock room, or a place to keep old files or office supplies. A single light hung down from the ceiling. Blackie went in first, I went in next, and the guard shut the door and stayed in the anteroom outside.

THERE were three other men in the room. One of them, who looked like a gorilla grown up to six and a half feet tall, was leaning against the far wall, grinning stupidly. The other two were bending over someone who was propped against the side wall, near the far corner. I couldn't see who it was, but I caught a glimpse of a pair of legs and a skirt. The nearer of the two men stepped aside.

Then the bomb went off in my head! The girl against the wall was Mary Kiernan!

Yeah. My girl.

There was a hunted look in her eyes, and she had been crying and was almost hysterical with fear. Whether she recognized me or not I didn't know, but she never made a break. I don't really think she understood that I had come in but, now that it's all over, I let her believe that she did and was smart enough not to give me away.

My hands dropped into my coat pocket, over my two guns. The only thing I had to be happy about, right then, was the fact that I did have two, and that the big one, the .38, was in my right hand.

There was nothing to do but wait.

"Does she know where Malone is?" Blackie asked.

"If she does she ain't telling," said the man who had turned around. "I ain't been able to slap it out of her." I marked him down as a good candidate for a black-rimmed hole in the head.

"Did you have any trouble getting her here?" Blackie asked.

"None at all, boss," the other man said. "We watched the boy deliver the telegram, and as soon as he came out she came out after him. She looked for a cab, and there we were. She jumped in, I tapped her on the head, and that's all there was to it."

I marked him down as another candidate.

"Okay," Blackie said. He walked over to Mary, his back to me. "Listen here, kid. We don't want to hurt you any more than we have to, but you're gonna tell us where Freddy Malone is—or *else*."

She focused her eyes on him, and moaned a little. Blackie slapped her across the face. It was twelve minutes after eleven. She looked past him and saw me, and knew me, but I slowly shook my head.

"I don't know," she said.

"Maybe she don't know, boss," one of the men said.

"The hell she don't," Blackie snorted. "Maybe she don't know where he is right now, but she knows how to find him. That much we found out from her girl friend. You're gonna tell us how to find Malone, kid, or you're gonna be the sorriest little broad in New York."

"I don't know where he is," Mary whispered.

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"You know who he is, don't you?" Blackie asked.

"I don't know who you're talking about."

He kicked her in the leg, not hard, but he nearly died then and there with a bullet through the back of his neck, fired from a range of about three feet. It would have made a hell of a big hole when it went out the other side.

"Don't give me that, kid," Blackie said. "You're Malone's girl, and we know it. Maybe you noticed we play rough here—only we ain't done nothing yet!"

The big gorilla sort of smiled, in a mean, ugly way.

"You get one more chance to tell us where Malone is. If you tell us, okay. You get up and go home. If you muff it, then you'll get to go home later. But between now and then something's gonna happen to you that you won't like. This guy over here"—and Clegg jerked his thumb toward the gorilla—"likes to hurt people—especially little girls like you. We're going to let him give you a going over."

It was twenty-three minutes after eleven. I edged over to the light switch by the door, with my back to it so I could work it with my shoulder.

"Now," Blackie said, "are you talking or not?"

"I don't know where he is," Mary whispered. "And if I did I wouldn't tell you."

The men stepped back, leaving her alone in the corner. "Watch this, Flynn," Clegg said. "This is something you don't see every day. *Okay, big boy!*"

The gorilla smiled happily and got ready to go to work. Mary screamed and covered her face with her hands as he started toward her. He paused, rubbing his huge, dirty hands together—and I yanked out my .38 and shot him.

At the same time, my shoulder jabbed at the light switch behind me, the room went into absolute darkness, and I hit the deck, rolling away from where I had been standing.

"What the hell, Blondy!" Clegg yelled. "You gone nuts or something?"

Sure I had. Shooting the gorilla and turning off the lights had seemed like a good idea at the time. It was the dumbest thing I could have done—short of not shooting him at all. But if the lights had been on I could have covered three guys with two guns as long as necessary. Now I didn't know where they were. But they and Mary were on one side of the room, and I was on the other. That was a bad place for all of us to be, and it was all my fault.

THEN, somewhere outside, very faintly, I heard two shots fired. Then there was a quick volley of half a dozen or more. That wasn't according to plan. All I could figure was that my boy, the driver of Smoothie's—Blackie's—car had gotten suspicious of some of the strangers who were filling up the block and had pulled his gun.

Then I heard a crash at the door downstairs, and the guard yelled "*Cops!*" at the top of his voice and opened the door of the room where we were. I threw a shot at him with the .32 in my left hand. "*Cops!*" he yelled again, and disappeared.

There was a little light in the room, from the open door. "Well, I'll be damned," Clegg said. "You must be Malone, Blondy. That hair of yours fooled me!"

"That bald head of yours fooled me, Blackie."

"You sure played me for a sucker, didn't you?" he said bitterly.

"You had me guessing for a while," I said. "Then I read Bennion's book. Let's get up and get out now. Those are cops you hear downstairs."

"I'm not that much of a sucker Blondy. We got no guns, or you'd be dead when we go out. But we got your girl. Here we go, backing out behind her." In the dim light I could see the three of them, one behind the other, and the one in the front carrying Mary. They were moving carefully, always keeping her between them and me, and I couldn't risk a shot.

"Turn out the lights outside!" Blackie yelled, and then I couldn't see a thing. "Good-by, sucker—I'll get you yet," he shouted, and then there was no noise except the cops pounding at the downstairs door and the heavy breathing of the gorilla lying unconscious on the floor beside me.

I worked my way slowly to the door and kicked it shut. Then I stood up and switched on the light. The gorilla had a big crease across the top of his ugly head, but evidently it wasn't going to kill him. I heard the downstairs door break in, and as feet started rushing upstairs I opened the door and stepped into the anteroom. I found another switch and turned on the light.

Mary was lying on the floor, under the table. I grabbed her by the arm and listened to her heart.

"Mary," I whispered. "Wake up, Mary, everything's all right."

And then somebody outside yelled, "Look out, we're coming in!" and I stepped to one side as he shot the lock off the door and kicked it open. My hands were up, and my guns in my pocket. Whoever had kicked the door open had stepped back into the darkness.

"Come on in," I called. "It's all clear."

Mary screamed something, and I looked around just in time to see the gorilla, a split in his scalp and blood running down his face, coming toward me. His big fist was coming toward me too. I didn't have time to duck, and I went down with my head spinning like a top. A familiar figure wheeled through the door and shot him again, and then I went to sleep for a little while.

(To be concluded next week)

Smoke Jumper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

of the stream. Stretching out at intervals of twenty feet they began their attack, or possibly it was their defense. With ax and mattock they cut the small trees and brush from the bank. With shovels they went back to strip the grass and duff down to the bare soil, leaving a line three feet wide. It was a slow job; yet it was their only hope of checking the fire until help arrived . . .

At the head of the line Logan paused to wipe the sweat from his eyes. He heard Richards' wild yell.

"Watch it, you lunkhead!"

Logan whirled, then started to run toward Richards, who was already kneeling on the ground and slashing at the laces of his boot with a pocketknife. The boot, Logan saw, was split from the toe up into the instep and blood was bubbling through the cut.

"I didn't mean to do it." Adams' thick lips were tight across his big teeth.

He turned to Logan. "I tossed my mattock to one side and was going to get a shovel—"

"Hell, it was an accident," Richards said. "Forget it."

Logan leaned over to finish unfastening the boot. He pulled it off, then removed the bloody sock. The mattock had struck between Richards' second and third toes and split the foot as neatly as if it had been a pine board.

Richards' eyes rolled, his face went white beneath its tan and he tipped over in a dead faint.

"Looks pretty bad," Adams said. "You think we better take him out?"

"Not yet," Logan said. "We got a fire to fight. Smitty, hand me the first-aid kit."

He clamped a tourniquet on Richards' leg. When the bleeding had slackened he poured sulfa powder into the wound, then put a compress on the top and bottom of the foot.

"I'll be damned," Richards said. He struggled to sit up. "That's the first time I ever keeled over."

"Probably it's the first time you've ever been cut like this," Logan said.

Adams leaned closer, fingering a roll of adhesive tape. "Can I do anything?"

Logan shook his head. "Better get back on the fire line."

Adams' big face moved awkwardly. "I think we're wasting our time."

Richards said, "I've seen them worse than this one. Give me a stick and help me up. I can hobble on one leg."

But Logan would have none of that. "We'll carry you where you go," he said.

THE hands on Logan's watch unwound themselves and the fire roared closer. It was spreading both to the north and south faster than they could build line, and the wind was pushing the blaze at them like a yellow fog. Gray ashes were sifting down and the heat rode the gusts of wind in wicked rolls. It dried the sweat in their pores and reddened their faces. Tears from their eyes made crooked, muddy tracks across their cheeks and their breath was a queer, rasping rattle, but they didn't quit until a spruce a hundred yards ahead and on the east bank of the stream exploded like a rocket and flames enveloped it to the tip, ninety feet above the canyon floor.

That was the blowup. The fire had jumped the river and crowned. In the air it would travel ten, twenty times faster than it did on the ground. There was nothing to do but get out.

Logan tried to recall the place as he had seen it the preceding fall when he had been deer hunting. He shielded his eyes and pivoted on his heel. On both sides of the canyon columns of smoke were spiraling upward, then coming together, and Logan realized the fire was beginning to create its own draft. In a few minutes it would roar through the canyon like a chimney.

"We aren't trapped yet," Logan told his crew. "As I remember it there's an old mine tunnel in the east side of the canyon. It's two, maybe two and a half miles from here. It's a couple hundred feet up the side of the wall and just beyond it there's a shaft of white rock, so we shouldn't miss it. We'll take our shovels, a tarp and our canteens. We'll make out."

"We got to get there first," Adams said.

"We'll get there," Logan replied. "Someone help me with Richards."

But they found Richards slumped in a heap. Apparently he had attempted to follow Logan's directions and had loosened the tourniquet. That was as far as he got before he fainted again.

That complicated things even more. Still Logan didn't panic.

"A couple of you make a litter," Logan said. "I'll put a new bandage on his foot."

"To hell with a litter," Adams said. "I can carry him. Let's get to the tunnel before it's too late."

"We'll get there," Logan said again, and went to work on Richards. When he had finished they lifted the injured man on the litter, improvised from the tarp and a couple of poles, and started off at a half run.

WITHOUT looking back Logan knew the fire was gaining. Already smoke was choking them and they had to keep slapping hot embers that were beginning to burn holes in their clothes and auger deep into tender flesh. Behind them they could hear the roar of the fire as its snakelike prongs went slithering along the ground; it climbed the long grass where it broke over the tips in waves, yellow and searing hot.

The going was rough and Richards was heavy, but Logan, at the front of the litter, set the pace. Minutes could mean life or death . . .

It was Smitty who saw the opening and called, "There it is! Up on the left!"

For a moment they stopped and stared, parched tongues licking pointlessly at dry lips. Then they started forward and up. When the wind swirled the smoke away, they could see the shaft of rock; to one side the small black mouth of the mine gaped from a scattered mound of sand and debris that spilled down the sloping wall.

They started to crawl toward it, but the fire was racing nearer. Flames were rolling over the treetops and clouds of smoke billowed angrily. The slope was steeper than it looked and they couldn't hold the litter level.

"Give me a hand, someone," Logan said. "We'll make an armchair."

Adams spat and continued up the slope. "If you'd let me carry him in the first place we could have saved time," he said.

"We'd have saved time if you'd helped with the litter," Dowd said. His eyes were dark with anger and an old scar was white along the angle of his jaw as he stepped forward.

"Put me down," Richards said. "I can crawl."

"Go to hell," Logan said.

A burning brand fastened to the crown of his hat and burned its way through and into his hair before he felt its heat and managed to free one hand long enough to knock it away.

Crouching, crawling, they staggered upward. It couldn't go on much longer. Heat, smoke, cinders, that was their world.

Then a few feet above them Logan saw Smitty and Adams. Smitty was tearing at the small opening with a shovel, but Adams was flat on his face. They waited, exhausted, gasping for breath until Smitty had made the opening large enough for a man to crawl through.

"In you go," Logan said.

"Not me," Adams said. "I'm not going to bake like a rat in an oven."

"No one will bake," Logan said.

He nodded at Smitty. "You first. Then we'll pass Richards along."

They helped the injured man through the

opening and Logan turned to Adams. He was tall and rangy but he looked slim against Adams' bulk.

"We'll be all right," Logan said. "Now get in."

They stood face to face staring at each other.

"You think I'm to blame for the whole thing," Adams said.

He was uphill from Logan and suddenly his big hands came up, the fists ready to strike, but Dowd flung an arm around him.

"You damn' fool!" he said. "Get in."

Adams looked at the two of them, dropped to his knees and crawled through the opening.

The mine was black, the air stagnant; but it was enough to be inside where they could lie still and let the torture in their lungs slowly burn itself down. Finally they drank from the canteens and let some of the water slosh over their faces. With the aid of matches, Logan found a pitch pine splinter and fashioned a crude torch which he stuck in the dirt.

By the light of the torch, he removed the bandage from Richards' foot. Up near the thick part the blood had congealed, but between the toes it still spurted in sharp, quick jets until Logan applied another compress. It was bad, Logan knew that. He had seen other men cut worse, but there had always been a doctor not too many hours away. Now, hemmed in by fire as they were, it might be days before they could get out or help could come.

He finished the bandaging and crawled to the opening of the tunnel. He could not tell if it was night or day. Outside, the smoke was almost as black as the darkness inside. The only light was the dull, red halo that seemed to ring the entire world.

For some reason—Logan could not figure why—the crown fire had followed them almost to the mouth of the mine, then miraculously it had jumped over and left trees standing; the wind had shifted enough to blow the ground fire back over the territory it had already burned. They were still hemmed in by a menacing circle. It would be worse than foolhardy for them to try to break through, even though the mine opened into an oasis entirely untouched by the fire. Looking out at it, Logan thought: If it weren't for Richards' cut foot, this would be just another narrow escape.

Back in the mine the other four slept. Richards, weakened by the loss of blood, had been the first to sink into an exhausted slumber, and the others had followed, after drawing lots for their order of watch. Sitting near the opening, Logan was glad he had drawn the first stretch. He did not feel particularly sleepy and it gave him a chance to think. As leader of the group it was up to him.

When his two hours were up Logan crept back into the tunnel and lighted a match. Richards was sleeping soundly. Logan awakened Adams to take the second watch and, without removing his boots, crushed his hat for a pillow and lay down in the powdery dust on the mine floor and went to sleep.

LOGAN never knew what awakened him. He only knew that he came awake with the feeling that he had been asleep a long time and that something had happened. He felt for a match, struck it and looked at Richards.

"Adams! Dowd! Smitty!" he shouted.

But he didn't wait. Richards' foot lay in a spreading pool of blood. He took Richards' wrist in his fingers and felt for the pulse. He had difficulty finding it; it was faint and uncertain.

"How did this happen?" Logan asked.

Adams lighted a splinter and scowled. "He was all right when I called Smitty."

"My Lord!" Smitty's voice was almost a sob. "He—he was all right the last time I looked. I thought that was only a few minutes ago. I must have gone to sleep."

"I guess there are others who make mistakes besides me," Adams said.

"Of course there are," Logan said. "We're all in this thing together and we'll get out the same way."

"How? Dead?" Adams asked.

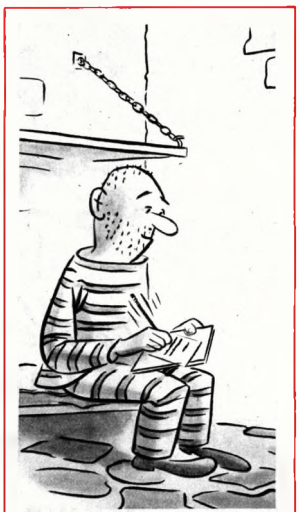
"No," Logan said.

He turned back to Richards. "There isn't much we can do but keep him warm as best we can and see that he doesn't lose any more blood. He's strong as a horse. If we could get a doctor here with plasma—"

"I'll go," Smitty said. "I'll start now."

"Not yet," Logan said. "In a minute I'm going out to look around. I think I know the country better than any of you. If there's a chance I'll come back and tell you, then make a break for it."

DAWN was an hour old when Logan climbed the canyon wall to a spot where he could look out and study the place. At first he was not sure whether the light was caused by the fire or the sun, but when it continued to climb through the smoke in a brassy, yellow ball, he knew.



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COLLIER'S — DAVID LUCAS

For a few moments he stood there planning his course. Except for the oasis around the mine, a black pall hung over everything, and punctuating it like fiery exclamation points were trees that still blazed; but the wind had dropped.

In most places the crown fire had raced ahead, stripping the trees of their foliage, then roared on to leave a blackened area to burn itself out. With luck a man might get through, but that was the chance he had to take.

He was starting toward the mine when he heard a plane and saw it skim through the smoke. He yelled and waved his arms. He tore off what was left of his shirt and waved that.

The pilot was flying low. He had the window open and was leaning out. Logan jumped into an open space and began to semaphore with his arms, hared in the hope that they were still white enough for the pilot to see.

"Richards hurt. Need doctor, blood plasma."

The pilot rocked the plane to show that he understood; the plane started to climb and then came racing back. He swooped low and leaned out, pointing toward the east and yelling, but his words were drowned in the snarl of the engine.

At first Logan didn't get it. Then a puff of hot air came out of the east and he knew. Dawn was bringing a fresh wind. It was sending the flames back into the burned area. It would be like an ammunition dump after the first explosion. It was ripe for more. When the place went this time it would really go.

Before Logan finished sliding down the canyon wall he heard the fire coming. Yesterday he had not been conscious of the roar, but now all of yesterday's wind seemed to have turned around and was coming back. And now the trees exploded with the whap of light artillery. Yesterday's blaze had burned away what little moisture there had been in the air. Here and there, spots of timber, left untouched, mushroomed into flames. A thousand wind-devils sprang up. They spat flaming branches in a wide circle, then sucked them back into a roaring vortex of fire.

At the opening of the mine Dowd and Smitty were waiting.

"The fire— It's coming back," Logan called.

He saw them start.

"Adams," Dowd said. "We'll have to get Adams."

"Where is he?" Logan asked.

"He went after grub," Smitty answered. "He said if he could get something for Richards to eat it might help."

"Where did he go?" Logan asked.

"Back to the meadow by the pumper. He thought some of the canned stuff might be edible."

"How long has he been gone?" Logan asked.

"He left right after you did," Dowd said.

Logan cupped his hands around his mouth and called, "A-a-dams!" He called twice and when he did not receive an answer he turned to the other two.

"Stay here," he said. "No matter what happens, stay here. I'm going after him."

ADAMS found the food easily enough and grinned. Maybe this would make them forget some of the other things. Sure he'd been scared. They all had been scared. Just because it had been *his* mattock that cut Richards—and Logan trying to be the quiet hero. Well, this would show them. If there were an inquiry and they tried to pin anything on him he'd damn' soon tell them that it had been Logan who had insisted on staying until they were trapped.

He started picking up the cans. They had been burned beyond recognition, but they had not broken. He got one that splashed when he shook it, and he knew there was liquid inside. He found a mattock whose handle had been partly burned away and with the blade drove a hole in the end of the can. A stream of tomato juice bubbled out. He tipped the can up to his lips and drank. It was warm, but it was wet.

That was another thing. Logan had insisted on saving all of the water for Richards after the first drink around. Logan thought a hell of a lot of Richards.

Kneeling, Adams took a small, flat can that might be either meat or cheese and opened it. It was meat, a trifle burned around the edges, but he scooped it out with his fingers and ate it. There was no use waiting until he got back to the mine to eat. He took another drink from the tomato can and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. The hand was as black as the ground, but it didn't spoil his appetite.

He continued eating, while he gathered other cans. He tried stuffing them in his pockets and inside his shirt, then he saw part of a parachute that hadn't completely burned. In the center was an undamaged piece of fabric as big as a blanket. He took his knife and hacked it out and fashioned a pack for the cans.

He was just starting toward the mine when he felt the first sharp puff of wind. Around him trees still smoldered and the ground was warm. In the depressions live embers glowed under the blackened debris.

A burning ember struck his ear and he began to run. Maybe the fire hadn't traveled as far as they had thought. He tripped and fell. The cans spilled out of the pack and he had to find them before he went on. He fell twice more, but he had learned his lesson and kept hold of the pack.

The smoke was getting thicker all the time. He stopped and looked around. He had been veering too much to the right. He wished the wind would blow in another direction and carry the smoke away. His eyes and lungs were sore and when he ran it felt as if he were sucking hot sandpaper into his throat.

Then he saw the first flames coming over the canyon wall. There was a puff of fire, and a ball of flame shot up from a burning tree and rode the wind in a great blazing arc. The fire was traveling with fearful speed. Adams was afraid—more afraid than he'd ever been in his life.

Racing down the slope, Logan could feel the heat at his back. At intervals he paused and called, "A-a-dams!" With the smoke as thick as it was it would be easy for them to miss each other.

Logan knew he was running into danger, that he had already gone farther than was safe; but a life was at stake—even if it was only Adams' life—and he forced himself to stumble on. Once when he paused to listen he thought he heard his own name. He moved on a few rods and called, then waited listening. It came from the mine.

"L-o-o-gan!" He whirled. They were calling him. Adams must have returned.

The heat slapped him before he started to climb. In the smoke he couldn't see the mine, but at regular intervals he could hear his name. "L-o-o-gan!"

Then he heard Dowd call, "A-a-dams!" And all at once he knew. Adams wasn't back. Smitty and Dowd had seen the fire coming and were afraid that Logan was lost along with Adams. They were taking turns calling the two names.

Logan's heart choked up in his throat. Somewhere Adams was fighting the smoke and heat, just as he was, but where—where? To go back would do no good. There was nothing for him to do but keep running—running—stumbling—falling. He had done his best and it wasn't enough.

"Adams," Logan sobbed. "Keep coming, man. Keep coming."

Then Smitty and Dowd reached him and were helping him into the tunnel.

Fifty yards from where Logan turned back, Adams knew he was trapped. He had run as far as he could and in the smoke he was lost. When he tried to call, his voice was only a hoarse rattle. He flung away the cans of food, but kept the piece of parachute. It was his one remaining hope.

He stumbled and crawled until the heat was more than he could stand, then turned away. The ground felt cooler than the air and there was less smoke. He dropped, face downward. He would rest a minute, wait until his lungs stopped hurting, before he tried to run back ahead of the fire. He pulled the parachute over his head, but the smoke seeped in even there. At first it was bitter and warm, then it lost its taste.

INSIDE the mine tunnel Logan was holding a canteen to Richards' feverish lips when Smitty called from the opening, "They're coming! Help is coming!"

Methodically Logan replaced the cap on the canteen and spoke quietly to Richards. "Take it easy, fella. They'll have you out of here in jig time."

He stood up slowly and walked to the entrance. His face was burned until it was stiff and his lungs ached with every breath. It had been hours since the wind had turned the fire back and it would be more hours before it would burn completely out and the mop-up crews could go home.

Logan looked out at the smoldering stubble, the ugly puffs of flame still rising from it. It wasn't Adams' fault about Richards, he kept telling himself. Adams was a big clumsy clown, but he was a smoke jumper and he'd never knowingly hurt anyone. Logan wondered where Adams was now—and what he'd look like in the black burnt brush.

"Damn it," Logan said, passing his hand over his eyes. "Damn all forest fires anyway!"

THE END

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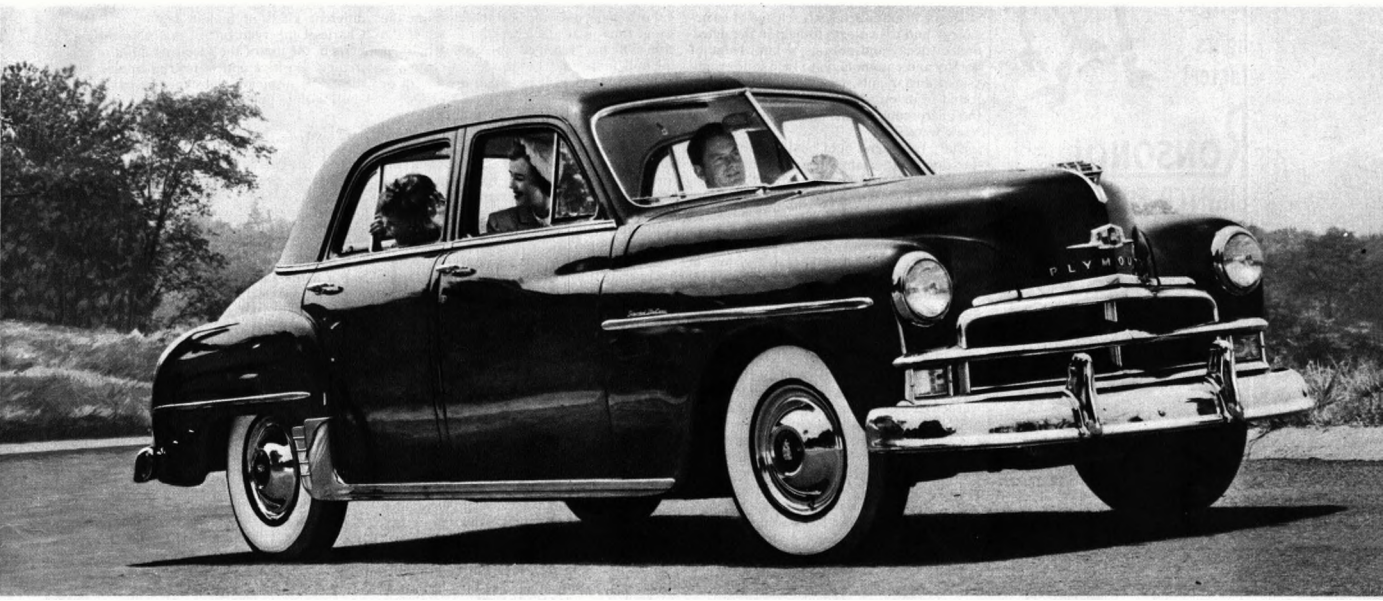

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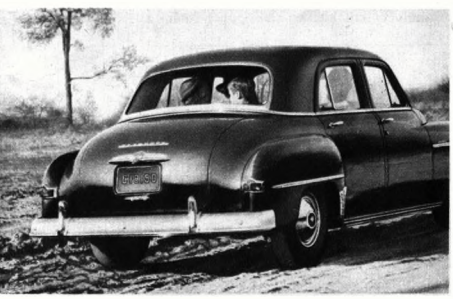

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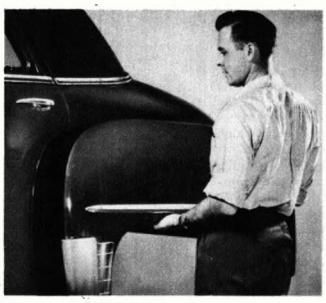

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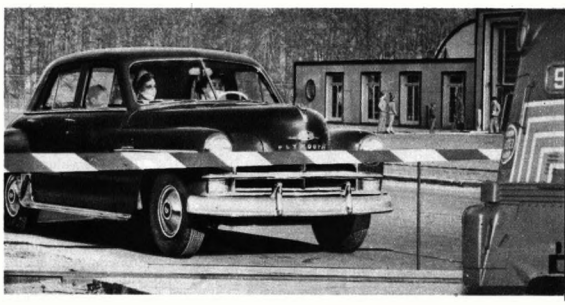

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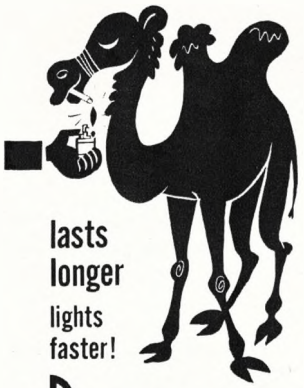

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It May Be Murder

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

1898, Dr. Gonzales served under Dr. Norris until the latter's death in 1935. After a term as Acting Chief Medical Examiner, he took over the top post officially in 1937.

Dr. Gonzales got the job, however, only after a stiff civil service examination. Some of the requirements for the post are in themselves an index as to how high official standards have been raised since the coroner days: a degree in medicine and knowledge of surgery; one year's internship in a general hospital; at least two years' work in a pathological laboratory; personal performance of at least 150 autopsies; a knowledge of bacteriology and toxicology, to help in the detection of decay and poisons; a knowledge of botany and entomology, to help in the analysis of dust, plants, seeds, fibers and insects found in or on the corpse, a knowledge of the microscopic plants and animals in New York waters.

Only two men could qualify for the 25-question oral exam: Dr. Gonzales, who scored 94.75, and Dr. M. Edward Marten, who got 85.42. Dr. Marten is today Deputy Chief Medical Examiner in charge of Brooklyn and Queens.

Because of its size, New York has had to develop the most comprehensive system in the country for dealing with suspicious, sudden, and accidental deaths. Day and night, Sundays and holidays, whenever anyone in the city dies without a physician in attendance, the telephone at WOrth 2-3711 rings.

It may be a policeman or plain citizen reporting murder or suicide or accident; the warden of a city prison reporting a death in jail (Dr. Gonzales or one of his associates has to look into the matter before the body can be moved); it may be a message concerning a death on a ship in port; it may be an undertaker requesting release of a body for burial, or permission to cremate. (Dr. Gonzales' office has to approve cremations, since it is almost impossible to learn the cause of death from nothing but ashes.)

Thorough as Sherlock Holmes

The first step in setting New York's medical-examiner system into action is the jotting down by a clerk of all essential information reported over the phone. The clerk promptly gets in touch with a "tour man," who speeds to the scene. There he proceeds with an investigation worthy of a Sherlock Holmes. He notes the condition of the furniture; takes samples of any food or drink on the premises; specimens of the stains of blood or other substances; if the body was found outdoors, he examines the condition of the grass or earth on which it was found.

He takes voluminous notes, questioning relatives and neighbors; if the case is a murder, or suspected murder, the police wait for him to examine the hands of the body for fingernail scrapings and other evidence before they take fingerprints.

Sometimes, in addition to the police photographers' pictures, he takes photographs himself, and makes sketches of the room, showing the arrangement of furniture, location of doors and windows, places where discharged bullets or cartridge shells were found, and indications of blood and other stains.

If the medical examiner finds no visible signs of violence, his suspicions are far from allayed. He is trained to suspect suicide though relatives claim a natural death, and to sense murder when it appears to be suicide. Experience has given him a keen eye for spotting bodies or weapons that have been tampered with. After all, murderers have been known to hang the body of a person they have killed or to turn on the gas jets after smothering their victims.

In a classic case a while back, one medical examiner went out to report on what looked like the natural death of an attractive young woman in a hotel bed. There were no bruises on the body, and the police were about ready to mark it routine when the examiner was struck by the fact that although the woman was lying on her back, there was a perfect imprint of her mouth in lipstick on the pillow under her head. The police picked up her lover, who eventually confessed that they had quarreled and he had smothered the girl with her own pillow, then replaced it.

In instances where some days have elapsed before the body is found, the medical examiner does his best to determine the exact time of death, checking to see if the deceased had received any recent mail, if the milk in the milk bottle is sweet or soured, if the newspapers lying about are recent or old.

Time of death can be important; occasionally, when a married couple has committed suicide together, the heirs are interested in which died first so that the order of inheritance can be decided. The exactitude with which examiners go about their business has often saved insurance companies and gained beneficiaries a good deal of money.

The medical examiner and the police co-operate fully but conduct independent investigations, then compare notes. The examiner is not a prosecutor, but an unbiased scientific investigator; and he sticks to his findings, once sure of them, whatever the police or district attorney may think. His work has exonerated people as well as convicted them.

Dr. Gonzales recalls the case of a gang of boys who were fighting not long ago on a Brooklyn street. As patrolmen approached, one of them ran a few yards and dropped dead. Later a young suspect boasted to police he had shot the victim with a "zip" gun, a homemade contraption with a wooden barrel and rubber bands, which fires real bullets. The police were inclined to believe him until the examiner diagnosed the fatal wound as one made with a knife. Dr. Gonzales and his assistants tested the "zip" gun and demonstrated that that particular weapon could not have caused any penetration of the skin. The police rounded up the rest of the gang, and finally one of the other boys confessed that he had stabbed the deceased.

If there ever is the slightest doubt about the cause of death, the medical examiner orders the body to the morgue for an autopsy. The average autopsy takes between one-half hour to an hour, the more complicated three to four hours. Here is brought into full play the scientific skills developed over the years by such world-famous associates of the Office of Chief Medical Examiner as Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, Chief Toxicologist, who knows as much about poisons and the chemical contents of the human organs as any man in the world; Dr. Alexander S. Wiener, whose research in blood groups has led to the discovery of 288 different kinds of human blood; and Dr. Charles Umberger, one of the foremost experts in the use of the spectrograph, the extremely sensitive optical instrument used to identify a suspicious substance by means of the invisible light that it radiates.

Must Be Ready to Testify

The autopsy is performed as promptly as possible, preferably by the medical examiner who first saw the body, with another examiner as witness so that at least one of them will be available to testify in court, if necessary. Sometimes an autopsy clearly proves that a suspected homicide was a natural death, or vice versa.

Dr. Gonzales recalls working on the charred remains of a man who was believed to have fallen into a fire in a Harlem lot during a drunken stupor. By X-raying the bones, he was able to tell that the dead man was about twenty-five years old; strands of hair revealed that he was a Negro. The bones also showed marks from a saw or knife, and there were no traces of carbon monoxide in the blood, proving that the man had not burned to death. Furthermore, a little piece of burlap found among the remains indicated that a sack had been used to move them. Putting together fragments of the skull, Dr. Gonzales also found definite signs of a fracture. Several buck teeth were also found.

A couple of weeks later a woman turned up at the Missing Persons Bureau looking for her brother. She was shown the teeth and recognized them. Working on information she gave them, police finally found that the dead man had been last seen alive in the company of a street-corner preacher, and that they had been heard quarreling furiously. In the flooring under the preacher's kitchen sink, police found a lead pipe;

"Remember, now, the basic idea of our club is the same as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

elsewhere in the apartment a hacksaw, and then the deceased's clothes. Blood specialists at the morgue matched the victim's blood group with a dried smear discovered in the suspect's carpet. The preacher then confessed that he had killed his young friend, dismembered the body, stuffed it into a burlap sack, and burned it in the Harlem lot.

Whenever the medical examiner finds traces of poison, or suspicion of it, at an autopsy, he turns the brain, liver, kidneys, stomach, lungs, bones, blood and urine over to the chemical laboratories. There specialists have elaborate apparatus for testing for alcohol, food, poisons; for typing blood, and tracing lead and other substances; infra-red and ultra-violet spectrophotometers to test the synthetic drugs which sometimes poison people.

Dr. Gonzales recalls a now famous case in which the use of the spectrograph and a knowledge of botany—tools with which the average coroner in the United States is not equipped—broke what seemed a perfect alibi. A Puerto Rican named Almendova, estranged from his wife, was fond of visiting dime-a-dance halls. One night his wife's body was found by the police on a grassy hill in Central Park. The autopsy showed definite signs of death by strangulation. The police picked up Almendova, who swore he hadn't been to Central Park in years and, in addition, produced seven girls who testified he had danced with them the night of the murder.

In searching Almendova's clothing, police found grass seeds and dirt in the cuffs of his trousers. They brought these specimens to Dr. Gonzales. Under the spectrograph the seeds and the dirt proved similar to those on the hill in Central Park where Mrs. Almendova's body was found. Dr. Gonzales called in a botany specialist from City College, who identified the grass seeds as a rare species which happened to grow nowhere else in the City of New York than on that particular Central Park hill. Almendova was convicted and sent to the electric chair despite the testimony of his girl friends.

Through their long and varied experience, the medical examiners have come to some interesting general conclusions about the trend of death in the big city. Take suicides, for example.

In New York, they usually prefer gas, although many of them shoot themselves in the right temple. Women prefer gas or sleeping pills to shooting or hanging.

Three Peculiar Suicides

There are, of course, the eccentric exceptions. Dr. Gonzales and his assistants are still talking about the two-gun Chinese who, in the presence of witnesses, fired one pistol into his head and another into his chest at the same instant; about the man who, in his despondency, pulled a freight elevator down on top of his own head; and about another who tried first to stab himself in the head, then to cut his throat, and finally, when these two attempts did not quite do the trick, hanged himself on the gas fixture, broke the pipe—and died of gas poisoning.

The Office of Chief Medical Examiner lays no claim to omniscience, and sometimes it regretfully closes its books on a case without coming to a determination of the cause of death. Dr. Gonzales himself worked on one such case which he regards as probably the weirdest in his long career.

In 1925 he was called to a sordid rooming house on East Thirty-third Street, where a man lay dead with a gas tube in his mouth and a bullet hole through his right temple. The bullet had gone right through the pillow on the bed where the man lay. A revolver and empty cartridge shell were in a bureau drawer ten feet away. There was no smell of gas in the room, but the body itself was full of carbon monoxide. A woman's green cloche hat was in the middle of the floor.

Despite these circumstances indicating possibility of homicide, Dr. Gonzales believes that the man actually did commit suicide by using the revolver and the gas tube for good measure, that someone came in after hearing the shot—possibly the woman in the green hat—turned off the gas, examined the revolver, threw it and the exploded cartridge into the bureau drawer, and fled to avoid getting involved.

Dr. Gonzales personally used to do about one autopsy a day year in and year out, but he has had to cut down lately because of the volume of administrative work connected with New York's annual toll of suspicious deaths. If it is murder or suicide, he or one of his three deputies takes over; they also like to do the autopsy on any case likely to land in court.

The Chief himself is, however, always on call Monday nights, and he customarily stays on duty New Year's Eve, one of the busiest nights for death, so that the other men can go off and celebrate.

Murder Museum at the Morgue

He usually spends his mornings at the morgue, generally checking in with the laconic question "How many today?" The morgue, complete with a museum full of such grisly mementos of past murders, as ice picks, hypodermic needles and scissors, is now located in a cramped, ancient, six-story red brick building; but New York City has plans to build a modern headquarters, with up-to-date toxicological, histological, bacteriological and serological labs, lecture rooms for students of forensic medicine, modern autopsy rooms and refrigerators for 120 bodies.

Afternoons Dr. Gonzales usually spends at his downtown office, attending to paper work. Often he is in court testifying. In his spare time he is Professor of Forensic Medicine at New York University; he also gives lectures to detectives at the New York Police Academy on what to do and what not to do until the medical examiner arrives and on the medical indications of crime, using lantern slides culled from the morgue's collection of over 2,000. Along with two of his deputies, Dr. Morgan Vance and Dr. Milton Helpern, Dr. Gonzales is the author of Legal Medicine and Toxicology, a 700-page tome with intensely physical illustrations, which is not to be recommended to hostesses as bedside reading for the weekend guest. It deals with every medical and legal problem the medical examiners have yet encountered.

Dr. Gonzales appreciates the fact that smaller communities in the United States cannot afford the expensive equipment available to him, nor can they get the trained personnel necessary for a medical examiner system as complete as New York's; but he thinks adequate regional systems could be established, with the lab work done in universities and hospitals in each area. Until some such arrangement is devised, causes of suspicious deaths will be inadequately diagnosed every day throughout the country for lack of experts and equipment. This means, literally, that men and women will be getting away with murder.

Dr. Gonzales himself accepts death as all in the day's work. He hasn't taken a vacation in ten years, and must get the mayor's permission to leave town even for a day. In his quiet four-and-a-half room apartment on Washington Heights he relaxes by watching prize fights and baseball games on television. His great hobby is photography, but out of the line of duty he refuses to snap the human form, preferring moonlight scenes and sunsets.

He is also an honorary member of the Mystery Writers of America, and occasionally attends their parties, where he is beset by whodunit authors anxious to get his advice on the best ways and means to kill off fictional characters. Dr. Gonzales himself hasn't bothered to read a mystery story since 1918. He waves his hand around the green-walled office in the Health Department building at 125 Worth Street, and explains simply: "I get enough of that sort of thing right here every day." THE END

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No Punishment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

gun, and the possession of it, were never out of his mind. He took pleasure in walking past the cop on the beat with a clever semblance of innocence. He laughed to hear his teachers placing such foolish importance on long division and the Norman invasion of England in 1066. The gun was everything. The gun lured him, but he resisted its call to come alone. For a while.

It was soon not enough that the three of them spent the latter part of every afternoon down in the court, staring and marveling at the gun.

"Let's get the gun," he would say, over and over, after school; but the others had lost most of their interest, the others wanted to play baseball or throw pebbles in the reservoir. "Aw," Pinky would say, his small body dancing with impatience. "You're a nut on that gun. Leave it alone for once."

Nobody guessed what was the matter with him. His mother, worried by his wide-eyed preoccupation, took him to the doctor for a checkup and the doctor said his health was all right. But it was as though he were living in another world, a world which ought to be made to kneel and worship at the shrine of the gun.

And so he forgot his oath and crept down in secret to feel it, to fondle it, to admire it. He just wanted to look. He would unwrap the handkerchief carefully, lay the gun on the ground and squat down and gaze at it until he had memorized its every line, its every scratch, the way the filtering light caught its planes and threw them back, the way the sights were so clean and true. And when he had it clenched in his hand, he was almost crazed with the delight of his added strength. If only someone could see him with the gun in his hand, if only he could frighten someone, save someone's life.

But it might be loaded. The idea that it might possibly be loaded became his next obsession. If it were loaded, and he could shoot a bullet—into the earth.

He had to try it, finally. The temptation was too great.

HE HAD crept downstairs this Saturday morning, avoiding the elevator, flattening himself in an alcove when he heard a step in the hall. He gained the cellar door, noting that the janitor was not down there, for the blue light above the door was out.

He could feel his heart beating against his shirt and his armpits were wet, and that was the way a great adventurer ought to feel in the moment before danger. That was not fear: it was the excitement, heady and wonderful, of the spy creeping through the lines. He padded down the long dusty stone corridor; the furnace room was a torture chamber, the place where tenants stored their unused ghostly furniture, a dungeon.

He gained the narrow window, squeezed himself through, abandoned caution and ran toward the hiding place. Supposing it was gone! Supposing someone had stolen it! There was always this terrified thrill before he pushed the bricks aside and saw it there, safe and unviolated, as it was this morning. When he had unwrapped it and had it in his hand, he was surprised to find that he was trembling from head to foot.

He lowered the gun and pointed it to the ground. Why had he never done this before? How had he kept himself from achieving this ultimate in exploration? Terrified, he unconsciously closed his eyes as he tensed his trigger finger and forgot to squeeze his whole hand, as his reading had taught him, so that he pulled back jerkily.

But nothing happened.

The first wave of disappointment passed when he realized that the gun had now been tested and was not loaded. Brent had never let them pull the trigger, maintaining that Pinky was right; the noise of the shot, if it was loaded, would give away their hiding place. Brent had not dared. And Pinky was afraid of his own shadow. But he, Peter, had dared.

It was perfectly safe to carry it around, now. With this gun, nobody could ever touch him. For he would be carrying fear, and they would have to admire him, they would *feel* the fear he carried, though they would not know unless the time came for action. He would take it to the park and walk among them, a man set apart.

There was an inner, deep pocket in his leather jacket. The gun made a secret, compelling weight in there. He buttoned the jacket tightly up to his neck, climbed back into the cellar, walked up the steps and ran outside, felt the sun on his back and raced to the park. As he ran, he felt the gun jiggling. The gun. *His* gun. He would not take it out. He would not point it at anybody. It was enough that it was there, over his heart. It was dangerous enough. But

"How did you like the way I told that story you were telling?"
COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

if anybody should get tough with him— He slowed down and walked more quietly.

They were all clustered around Brent, where he and another guy were dummying up to see which team would go to bat first.

"Hurry up, Pete!" Pinky yelled in his high voice. "You're pitching this morning!"

"I'm not playing," Peter said, adding loftily, "Don't feel like it."

Imagine a triggerman playing a kid game of baseball. Imagine how the game would break up if they knew what he had. Brent laid the bat on the ground and came toward him. Brent was smart, too smart. Brent would know that Peter never missed his turn to pitch, and he'd suspect something. Peter thought for a minute of joining the game just to pull the wool over Brent's eyes, but his hands were shaking and he knew he couldn't concentrate.

The light seemed too bright. The ordinary noises of the park separated themselves so that he could judge what each one was: a baby crying, a nurse chattering, a bird's wing flapping. His chest seemed too full—of something. He felt as though he wanted to run, to spin around, to shout, to dance. His feet would not stay rooted to the ground.

Brent said, quietly, "What's that you've got under your coat? Let's see it, Pete."

There was menace in his tone, a command that was unbearable. Brent thought he was the strong one, but he was not. He, Peter, would do the commanding here.

Brent took another step toward him. And suddenly the world fell to pieces and there he was, standing before Brent with the gun pointing at Brent's chest. Before he remembered that he must shoot at the leg there was a noise, louder than any noise he had ever heard, and there was a silence complete, unearthly, the same silence that had been in him ever since. It was a silence that ripped, tore, shredded, bit, and he looked at them all but no one would break the silence. With surprise, he saw that Brent had fallen to the ground—but he was only playing, for his hand twitched.

And the shining gun in Peter's palm sent a small curl of smoke into the air. . . .

PETER'S father broke the silence of the room. "For God's sake," he said, and his voice was loud and uncontrolled, "the boy can't take it any more. Don't make him—"

The detective opened his mouth to say something, but a deep, rumbling voice in the corner interrupted him. The voice wasn't talking to him or to anyone in their group, but it was telling somebody something and at once the whole room listened.

Peter saw that the rumbling voice belonged to another cop, who had pushed his cap back on his head and was speaking to the man behind the desk. The cop had apparently just come in the door, for he didn't look their way and didn't seem aware that they were there.

"Funny thing," he was saying. "What's been going on here, anyway? There's a skinny kid outside, crying his eyes out. Says he's been there all afternoon. Says his pal's been killed and when the killer comes out, he's going to beat him up." The cop chuckled. "He looks mad enough to do it, too. Runty little fella, looks to be about nine or so. What's the pitch, Chief?"

The man behind the desk whispered something; the cop quickly turned his head Peter's way, and joined the silence. But now the silence was not so bad. Now, some of the vaultlike quiet went away from Peter's insides and he looked at the detective and waited for the word of release.

"Never mind, son," his father said kindly. "We'll take you out the back way."

But when the detective said they were through, that he could go home with his parents, Peter took his cap and led them both to the front door, the door through which he had come in and in front of which Pinky was waiting.

Pinky was going to beat him up. Pinky was his friend. Pinky knew what was right. It was very important that Peter should get beaten up, and he hoped that Pinky would do a good job on him, even though he was a skinny little guy, with not much strength in him. If Pinky could beat him up right, the silence might go away altogether.

Very straight, and making himself tall but not so tall as to discourage Pinky, Peter walked down the steps and faced his friend. Pinky's face was dirty and streaked, where he had rubbed at himself when he was crying. His fists were knotted at his sides and his eyes were blazing. Now, thought Peter, he'll sock me. He waited patiently for the blow, all the time standing there and looking at Pinky, wanting those small fists to batter at him.

But as the two friends stared at each other, Pinky's face changed. His fists unclenched and his small arms dropped. His mouth opened just a trifle and Peter saw the blaze go out of his eyes, to be replaced by something else. Pinky's body seemed to shrink slightly.

Peter took a step toward Pinky. You could not ask your friend to hit you. Your friend should know, without being told. It was only right. What was the matter with his friend?

Pinky stepped back. He gave a loud sob, and then he turned and ran. Peter heard him whimpering as he rounded the corner.

He felt his father's hand on his shoulder. "It's all right, son," his father said. "He didn't hit you, did he?"

And Peter, between the two of them, walked slowly toward home. THE END

His Kind of Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

keep the credit managers off your neck—I don't know." He laughed, not very convincingly. They were standing in front of the office building, and the summer sun was warm between his shoulder blades. "There are lights in your hair," he said irrelevantly, and he noticed suddenly how tall she was. Just an inch or two shorter than he. He'd never liked tall girls before.

"I washed it last night," she said. She looked at her watch. "I've got to get back," she said. He let go of her hand, and they went in.

THAT night at the hospital he told Bets about the lunch at Pirandello's. She was sitting up in bed looking very pink and pretty in the bed jacket he'd given her for Christmas. "Who all was there?" she asked him, and he told her.

"Maria's the newest associate," he explained casually in answer to her question. "She's been with us for some time now."

"Nice?"

"She seems very nice," he said, and changed the subject.

It had begun as innocently as that, and afterward it was always hard to remember at precisely what moment it had changed.

The night before Bets was to come home, Maria and Joe both had to work late, and turning off the lights at half past six, Joe said, "I'd buy you a hamburger, but I'm late for the hospital."

"Aren't you going to eat?"

"Sure, later," he said.

"Oh," she said. They were in the elevator then.

"You wouldn't want to wait until nine o'clock," Joe said, not really asking her, although—thinking about it later that night—he knew he had asked her with his eyes.

"I could look around in the stores for a while," Maria said. "I often don't eat until late."

"There's a little restaurant near the hospital, not fancy or anything—" . . .

At the hospital, Bets was waiting for him outside her door. "Hi," she said. "Joe, did you bring the diapers and stuff? The pins—" He gave her the package of things he'd bought at noon. Her room was small and hot, and it smelled unpleasantly of disinfectant and faded flowers.

"Could we open a window?" he said, surprised at his own irritability. "Let some of this good air in? It's a hell of a night."

"Oh, Joe, don't. I think maybe I'm catching cold, and gosh, if I do I can't nurse the baby or anything. Let's just open the door." He opened it, hoping she wouldn't notice any change in him, wouldn't see the excitement, the restlessness.

"How's the baby?" he asked her; and as she rattled on about the baby's weight and feeding habits, Joe had a detached feeling, as though this were not his child at all. At length she stopped, and because he had to say something, Joe said, "How precocious can a kid be?" Bets smiled at that, and then they both sat quietly a minute.

"We're working on a new job," he told her presently. "The most terrific house I've ever seen. The Boss is good all right."

Bets nodded quickly and nervously, the way she did when she really wasn't listening at all. "Did the diaper service come?"

"It came," Joe said, suddenly angry but determined not to let it show. He looked at his watch. Half past eight. "Just a young couple is building the house," he went on, pursuing the subject out of a kind of perverseness. "They've got three kids and want more, but the house is designed to give them a certain amount of privacy from the children. 'Aloneness,' Mrs. Westerman calls it."

Bets said, "They sound rich and spoiled. Probably have governesses and people all over the place. 'Aloneness!' " She spoke the word on a laugh.

"They don't have any help," Joe said evenly. "They just happen to think that a well-planned house can keep a good marriage from being swamped by measles, Roy Rogers and bubble gun." Those were Mrs. Westerman's words. He'd liked the sound of them in the office that afternoon. He liked the feel of them now on his tongue. "I'd like a house like that."

"I'd like to finish paying for my refrigerator and washing machine first," Bets said, not crossly, just matter-of-factly.

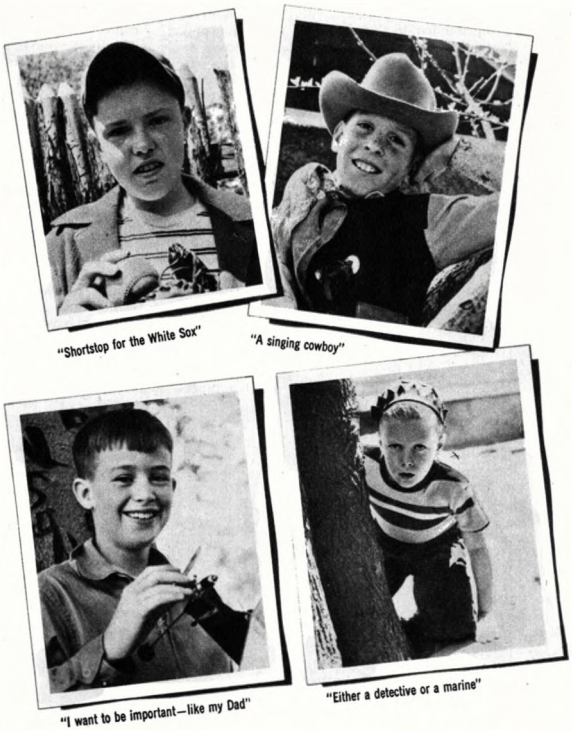
Joe beat his fist softly against the arm of his chair. "Yeah," he said, feeling trapped and earth-bound. You couldn't dream with Bets any more, and a guy had to dream. He wanted to say something else, but Bets had lost interest in the whole discussion. She was putting nail polish on her nails, humming a little.

AFTER a while a nurse's voice came over the loud-speaker. "It is nine o'clock," she said. "All visitors are kindly asked to leave. Good night."

"Well," Joe said, standing up, "I'd better go." He put his arms around his wife, and the well-remembered scent of her hair stirred him unexpectedly. How long he'd known this pretty little girl. Since they were juniors in high school. He calculated

"Next year I'll be able to read what it says, because I'll be going to school"

COLLIER'S RAY HELLE



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History shows that when government controls enough things, it becomes socialistic automatically, whether the people want it or not. And then freedoms are gone—even the freedom to choose where to work, where to live, what to believe. Under socialism, there's no place for boy-dreams—or even grown-up ones.

* * *

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• "MEET CORLISS ARCHER" returns Sunday, August 27—CBS—9 P.M., Eastern Time.

quickly; almost exactly one third of his life. She hadn't changed much, he thought. She was still soft and little and fragile. He saw himself in the dresser mirror: tall and thin, with a pale intense face. It seemed to him that he was the one who'd changed.

"Bets," he said harshly. "Bets." He wanted her to say something. Something so exactly right that he could go off to meet Maria with a light heart, knowing it would be the first and last dinner they'd share. He wanted Bets to look at him and tell him—the way she'd told him when they were first married—"Joe, you and I can do anything." He wanted her to hold him with all her strength, hold him until her small hands hurt his back. "Bets," he said again, pleading with her. But she had no way of knowing that this was the most important moment of his whole life.

"Joey, dear," she said, "You're hurting me." He let her go, all his strength suddenly spent.

"I didn't mean to," he said, and he picked up his hat. "See you tomorrow night."

She smiled at him and straightened his tie. "Yes. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Bets."

IT WAS nine-twelve when he got to Benny's. Maria was standing in the doorway, her face a blur in the soft light. "You came," she breathed.

"Yes," Joe said.

They found a booth and sat down. "How is your wife?" Maria asked. He told her she was fine. "Does she look—oh, all beautiful the way new mothers do?"

"She's a pretty girl," he said. The waiter came then, and they ordered, and after that they talked about the new house. Impersonally, as two men would talk. It wasn't until he took her home that he found out anything at all about her life. They stood outside the apartment house where she lived.

Until recently she had lived with her family in a dark old-fashioned house a couple of blocks away. She'd never liked the house. "'Way, 'way back," she told him, "an English great grandmother of mine married a gypsy, and I seem to have got the last gypsy strain in the family. Whoever heard of a gypsy living in a Victorian house?" He smiled at her.

"So you pitched your tent down here."

"In a bright, uncluttered one-room apartment. Mine's the one with the window box," she said. "It's half geraniums and half herbs."

"You like to cook?"

"Love to cook. But I can't bake a cake—not even with one of those mixes." She laughed a little.

"I'd like to have a window box," Joe said, and then it was his turn to laugh softly. "I wonder if you could grow corn in a window box on Pulaski Avenue?"

"Why not?" Maria said, and hanging there in the summer dark, they were the most beautiful words he'd ever heard. Bets would have said, "Oh, *Joe*," and he'd have felt foolish and ashamed.

Maria fitted her key into the lock. "It's been such a nice evening," she said.

"Thanks for waiting for dinner," Joe said. He was sorry she was going in so soon.

"See you in the morning." She stood in the doorway a minute and smiled at him.

"Yes," he said. Then the door closed and he was walking toward the bus stop. All the way home he thought about her. Her shining dark head, her curving fingers—the nails cut short like a little girl's. He fell asleep that night imagining how it would be to kiss the sweet curve of her mouth. . . .

Bets and Sandy came home from the hospital the next day, and two weeks later Joe's mother went back to her own home, and life fell into the familiar pattern again. Except that it seemed to Joe that he and Bets had even less time together than before. The baby was on a feed-on-demand schedule that kept Bets jumping, and Jan's dresses had everlastingly to be ironed. There came a time when it seemed to Joe that he came to life only when he walked into the office in the morning, instead of when he opened the door of the apartment at night. He liked to sit down at his drawing table and see Maria across the room, her head bent, her narrow feet in their bright red slippers hooked around the chair legs.

He came to know all of her costumes, and each morning, going up in the elevator, he'd guess what she'd be wearing. She had a dark green shirt with a button-down collar that he liked and a pink shirt that he liked too, though not as much as the green one. She seemed to have five skirts, and whenever she wore the orange one with a pretty lime-colored blouse he thought with a pang that she probably had a date.

Practically the whole office, even the Boss, brought their lunch to work, and sometimes he and Maria would eat theirs together, sitting by the long narrow window overlooking the city. He told her one day that he loved apple pie, and later on that week she brought him a huge wedge, all neatly wrapped in wax paper.

"I made it," she said. It warmed him to think of her taking all the steps that had gone into that pie. Paring the apples with her clean strong hands, rolling out the dough, thin as paper.

"What is there about an apple pie that makes me think of a country kitchen?" Joe said. "No other pie is like that."

"I know what you mean," Maria said with her quick smile. "It makes me see morning sun streaming in the windows and smell a roast in the oven."

"Yeah." It was good pie, but even if it wasn't he'd have eaten every bit of it. "When I was little I used to visit my grandmother on a farm up near Utica. She used to bake twice a week—on Mondays and Fridays. Did you ever have warm homemade bread with sweet butter?"

"No," Maria said. "But I've had freshly picked strawberries with cream so thick it wouldn't pour."

"Did you like to walk barefooted in the wet grass when you were a kid?"

"Of course. And in the mud. We used to love the feel of it sloshing between our toes."

"I have a brother who has a farm in Pennsylvania," Maria said. "Maybe you and Mrs. Sanford would like to drive down with me some Sunday. Whenever I go it's like revisiting my childhood. Finding a lot of things you forget about when you're grown-up."

"Grown-up," he said softly, looking into her earnest face. "But I am grown-up." She said it neither coyly nor boldly, but he knew she was trying to tell him not to worry—that she was not too young and vulnerable.

"I'll speak to Bets," he said a little stiffly, wanting to kiss this girl more than he'd ever wanted anything in his life. "She might like very much to go."

He didn't tell Bets about it, of course, and on a warm Sunday a few weeks later, when Maria phoned to say that she could have her father's car, he told Bets that the Westermans wanted him to go up to the new house to see what he thought of the living room. They weren't sure, he told her, now that they saw the finished fireplace, that they liked the shelves alongside it. It was partially true. The Westermans had asked him to drop over this week end, if he could. They probably wouldn't be there themselves, they'd said, but they could phone Joe when he got back to the city and talk about the fireplace.

"Will you be home for supper?" Bets asked, and he shut his heart against the wistfulness in her voice. "Fried chicken and strawberry shortcake."

"Better save it," he said, not looking at her. "I'm not sure what time I'll be home." Riding downtown on the bus, he was torn between delight and despair. What was he doing, sneaking out this way? It was the sort of thing a flashy guy like Bill Tibbetts might do—but not a quiet guy like Joe Sanford, who'd married his childhood sweetheart and had two wonderful kids, and to all outward appearances was in the process of living happily ever after.

At Somerset he almost got off the bus. No harm had been done yet. Neither he nor Maria had committed themselves. Lord, what was he thinking of? A family man with responsibilities. He shoved his way to a door, his hands cold with perspiration, and then he thought of Maria and the long bright day stretching ahead of them.

"Getting off, mister?" The bus driver asked.

"No," Joe said. "Next stop."

Maria was waiting where they'd arranged to meet. "You didn't bring your wife?"

"At the last minute she couldn't come," he said. "Do you mind?"

She started the car without looking at him, and finally she said, "You know I don't mind." Her voice was so low he had to reach for the words.

They didn't go to Pennsylvania after all. They stopped at a delicatessen and bought some sandwiches and a quart of milk, and then they drove to the Westermans' house. It was built into a hill, and from the bare, half-finished living room, the treetops on the hillside looked solid and level as a lawn.

"It seems as if I've been here many times," Maria said.

"Yes." They had known about this house from the earliest blueprint stage and knew every beam, every floor board.

"It must be sort of like this," Maria said, "when you look at your own child and see yourself in him. I feel as if this house were part of me. Do you get over feeling that way about the houses you work on?"

"Never entirely," Joe said. "But some houses belong to you more than others."

"There'll never be another one like this," she said.

"I don't think there ever will be," Joe murmured. She turned to go out on the terrace, not noticing the little pile of firebricks, and Joe put out a hand to steady her. Suddenly, not knowing how it had happened, he was holding her. She put her arms around him, and they stood there close together, silent for a long time. He kissed her, and her mouth was sweet and responsive. He let her go at last.

"Don't say you're sorry," Maria said quickly. "Please don't. I wanted you to."

"I know," he said. "I'm not sorry. I've dreamed that a hundred times."

"So have I," Maria said. "And I'll tell you something else. Sometimes in the office when I'm working, I pretend that this is our house." He pulled her against him roughly and again they were silent for a long time.

"There's no sense to this," he said when at last they stood apart. "No sense at all." His voice was angry, but she misunderstood the anger.

"There needn't be any sense to it," she said. "It needn't hurt anyone. I know we can never have a house like this together, but couldn't we just pretend for a little while?"

What harm? What harm? he asked himself. For a little while. "Maria," he whispered. "My lovely Maria." He held her again as if he could never let her go. After a minute she broke from his embrace. He took her hand and they went outdoors.

THE house was built on a beautiful site, and they tramped all over it, delighted when they found the giant oak that had appeared on the surveyor's map they had in the office; they discovered hidden clumps of violets and lilies of the valley—even a few late daffodils.

"Here's where we'll have the barn," Maria said. "Right here, with this green meadow for the cows to graze in."

"And the garden will be here," Joe said, gesturing. "Not too big a garden, so's we'll have time for the chickens and ducks." He started to laugh, but the laugh stuck in his throat. A memory of Fieldston Place rose in his mind, sharp and clear as an etching. He could see the big empty lot next to their apartment; he could see a pretty blond girl wearing blue jeans and a plaid shirt. "We'll buy this someday," she had said. "And build a great house and plant a fine garden and have millions and millions of little boys all named Joe." Where had she gone, that girl? Where was the boy who had kissed her smiling mouth and felt the world spin around?

Joe and Maria ate their lunch on a big sun-warmed rock beside the thread of a brook. The day was warm, and when they'd eaten, they took off their shoes and socks and went wading.

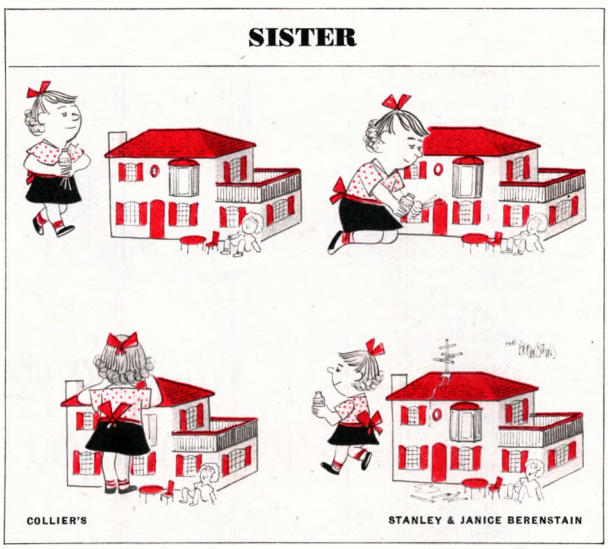
"This is the kind of day," Maria mused, "that is wonderful while it's happening. Not just in remembering. Some days are like that." Joe nodded his head.

There had been many days like that. What happens to people like us, he wondered, and if people really tried, could they fall in love again? If they really tried—instead of waiting for a miracle.

"What are you thinking about?" Maria asked him.

"I was thinking—" he began. But how could he tell her? "I was thinking," he said, "that all these weeks I never knew you painted your toenails red."

He thought: There is nothing I don't know about Bets. No mystery at all. Nothing withheld. I know that she sleeps on her stomach and gets hives from tomatoes. That she stutters a little when she's upset and



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

doesn't mind if sometimes by mistake I use her toothbrush. And she knows all about me. All the unglamorous things—like that I'm getting a bit fat, and that I get a headache from drinking beer. That I can't drive a nail straight and get seasick in a sailboat . . .

He had put on his shoes again, was tying the laces when the folly of what he was doing swept over him.

"Let's go home," he said sharply.

She looked up at him startled, her eyes questioning, and before he could say anything else they heard the car in the driveway, heard the door slam.

"Anybody home?" It was Mrs. Westerman's voice, and turning they saw her standing at the living-room window.

"Hello there," Joe called out, and Maria busied herself picking up the picnic things. "We're down here by your brook." Just before he started for the house Joe turned to look at Maria.

"Let's not say anything," she said. "I just want you to know that I wouldn't change a minute of today." They looked at each other for a minute, and remotely they both knew that they were saying good-by.

UP AT the house they sat on cement blocks at opposite ends of the living room and sipped Martinis the Westermans had brought in a vacuum bottle.

"We couldn't resist this weather," Mrs. Westerman said. "We had to get up here for a little while." They sat there, and the dusk came down slowly. A cool mist rolled up from the valley, and presently Mrs. Westerman lighted the fire, and Mr. Westerman produced a steak, a salad and a phonograph from the car.

"Food for body and soul," he told them. The steak sizzled over the wood and music filled the room. To Joe, this moment and all that had gone before it was like part of a dream.

"I think that's the saddest, most beautiful piece of music there is," Mrs. Westerman said.

"It's Tristan, isn't it?" Maria said.

"Yes," Mrs. Westerman said. "Isn't it queer that wretched, unrequited love, or doomed love of any kind, is the tearing, beautiful emotion; while old kick-it-around everyday love is usually about as flavorful as a tired piece of chewing gum? So unpoignant that half the time you forget it's there."

No one spoke for a minute, and then Maria said very quietly, "You know I never thought of that before."

"You couldn't live with that high-pitched stuff," Mr. Westerman said. "Damn it, Nellie, this fire isn't hot enough." His wife gathered up some more chips and odd bits of wood and put them on the fire. "It'll take more than that," he growled.

"Okay, okay," she said, and then she laughed out loud. "Now see," she said. "If we were doomed, we'd be all politeness and heartthrobs, instead of always half yelling at each other."

"Who the hell wants to be doomed?" Mr. Westerman demanded.

"Not me," Joe said from his trance, scarcely knowing he'd spoken.

"Don't you really?" Maria asked him, and he couldn't see her face, but he knew by her voice that she was smiling a little.

"Of course he does," Mrs. Westerman said. "A little bit. And so do you, Hal Westerman. Don't tell me there aren't days when you'd give anything to be embroiled in a hot, poignant, completely doomed romance. You know the kind—with no responsibilities, no possible happy ending. Just the two of you panting and yearning—"

"Stop reading my mind," her husband said, and they all laughed. The steak was ready then, and they sat back and ate in silence, and soon after that Joe and Maria started home, driving through the quiet countryside.

They didn't talk much, because it had somehow all been said back there in the shadows of the big fire-lit room.

"I feel very happy and at peace," Maria said at length. "And not a bit Bohemian any more."

Joe said, "I feel like a heel."

"I know," Maria said. "All the guys who really aren't heels feel that way. The stinkers don't feel a thing."

"Thanks," he said.

"It was that house," Maria said. "We both really want what that house stands for. Not a—" She hesitated a minute, searching for prettier words and not finding any. "Not a cheap love affair."

"You're a hell of a girl," Joe said. . . .

On the long ride back to town Joe was oppressed by the feeling that something had happened at home, and by the time he had taken Maria to her house and put the car in the garage, he was sick with apprehension. Was it the baby? Or Jan? Had she had one of those attacks of croup that came on with no warning when she wanted to be held close by her daddy? Or was it Bets? A hemorrhage or an embolism or any of those rare hideous things that can happen to new mothers?

THE clock over the drugstore said half past two. He ran the last block, his breath thick in his throat. He could see a light in his apartment from the street, and then he was on the third floor, fumbling for his key with cold fingers. Bets was lying on the couch, but she wasn't asleep, and she jumped up when she saw him and flung herself against him.

"I'm so glad you're back," she said. "I'm so glad." He held her with all his strength.

"Where would I go?" he whispered, lightheaded with relief that everything was all right—feeling humble and unspeakably grateful to Heaven for this second chance.

"I don't know," she said in a small broken voice. "Where do men go when their wives grow fat and are prac—practically having an affair with their washing machine?" He rubbed his cheek against her soft hair and smiled a little at her choice of words.

"They get lost sometimes," he said, and his voice was no louder than hers, but inside of him there was a tumult and a shouting. He felt the way he used to feel when his parachute opened after that instant of terrible certainty that it would not. We made it, he thought, and the knowledge was sweet.

"I've been lost too," Bets said against his heart. "But not any more."

"Never any more." She had asked him no questions, but he wanted to tell her everything all in one breath. About the loneliness, the frustration. About Maria, and the house. About tonight. It would keep. There was tomorrow. There were all the days of a lifetime. THE END

That Lucky Old Laine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

of the high mortality rate among popular singers and says devoutly: "I know I've been going up like a rocket, but I can come down like a cement balloon." Therefore, while the trajectory is on the rise, he is twanging his throat for what the traffic will bear. Up to this point, the auditors have not complained. Frankie listens to some 2,500 songs a year, with his hat drooping over his nose and with his ears pointing like radar antennas. The judges include Carl Fischer, his talented Cherokee accompanist, and Harry Geller, a trumpeter and an arranger and composer of motion-picture music. They surround the piano in Geller's Burbank home and dissect a tune with the incisive, scientific aloofness of surgeons. On a likely number the autopsy may last through the night, with time out for a bowl of spaghetti and diluted wine. When they finish working, the number is usually ready for the master cut. Songs are considered worthy until, or unless, Frankie slumps into a chair and says: "That one doesn't fracture me a-tall."

Swamp Girl, a dirge with an eerie quality, was plucked from a batch of about 2,000 songs. It survived one of these all-night sessions early this year, and was touching the magic million figure three months after it was recorded.

Inevitably, since publicity is the lifeblood of his business, Frankie has had to take a lot of press agent pap. Recording companies, night clubs and theaters have all contributed their share, mostly in an effort to give Frankie a nickname identity that has a homey informality—such as "Der Bingle" or "The Voice." The archives in the office of Red Doff, his public relations engineer, already have him listed as Mr. Rhythm, The Voice with the Heartbeat, The Modern Al Jolson, The Blues Shouter, and even Mule Train Laine. The magazine Metronome compared him to an oversize basketball player rushing in to earn his letter; the Los Angeles Herald-Express saw him as a "scaled-down Max Baer" who made Victor Herbert turn over in his grave.

Frankie has had to put up with live mules registering with him in a New York hotel, and rival musicians have accused him of fibbing about his age. On the other hand, he has completely captivated Walter Winchell, Hedda Hopper, Dorothy Kilgallen, Louis Sobol and other columnists—plus a lovely lady named Nan Grey whom he married on June 15th. Evidently the calumny and praise have both paid off. Frankie has won many popularity polls, sometimes nosing out Crosby, Sinatra and other favorites. He can name his own figure in most big theaters and hotels, and usually breaks the house record.

Frankie's bonanza, which shows no signs of petering out, has actually had little effect on his living habits. Some of his friends and especially his managers, Dick Gabbe, Sam Lutz and Seymour Heller, are a little disconcerted with his frugal and simple wants and argue that he ought to luxuriate or relax once in a while. Frankie's high-voltage output appalls and exhausts his entourage. He travels constantly, usually by plane, does three or four shows a day and spends his spare time on the never-ending search for another tricky song. At home, in Burbank, he sings for hours every day and has no other recreation except an occasional game of chess or golf. The telephone rings constantly, and Frankie handles every conversation—with disk jockeys, fans, relatives, managers and agents—as though a $1,000,000 deal were involved.

He addresses all strange women, young or old, as "doll," but seems slightly ill at ease in their presence. He has consistently shunned evening clothes, and never wears anything more formal than double-breasted "sharp" suits and knitted mohair wool ties. He drives a medium-priced car and would rather eat some of Pop LoVecchio's hand-stuffed sausage than pressed duck in the big hotels where he sings for $5,000 a week and up.

Meanwhile, in the record shops from coast to coast Frankie Laine platters are selling by the case, and outside the clubs and theaters and auditoriums the Lainers stand in line, patiently waiting for the gone guy who will send them. Frankie is really roaring these days and only one little thing disturbs him. "Sometimes when I sing," he says plaintively, "the piano is out of tune, but no one ever notices it. How can people *not* know when a piano is out of tune? It gets me."

Frankie apparently doesn't know that no piano—whether in or out of tune—can compete with the bugling from that Lucky Old Laine. THE END

The Industry That Laid a Golden Egg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

discover a mild little professor spending taxpayers' money to develop something he called 'frozen citrus concentrate.'

"It will ruin the citrus market, they cried."

The college professor, Dr. A. L. Stahl, was promptly put to work on something else.

It was too late. The citrus commission, charged with tracking down anything that might aid the industry, brought Stahl down to the citrus experiment station at Winter Haven. There MacDowell had his eyes opened. Through Stahl's work he saw that concentrate need not be pasteurized; that it could be marketed in the frozen form.

Why not do that with hot pack? Just eliminate the pasteurization. There was one good reason: taste. Hot pack, like the newer cold-pack concentrate, is evaporated under a vacuum. Liquids boil at much lower temperatures under vacuums; the higher the vacuum, the lower the boiling point. But even at boiling points as low as your household refrigerator, the volatiles of taste and smell leave with the water vapors.

Then in April, 1944, MacDowell had his brain storm. Concentrate the juice to a greater thickness than desired, then cut it back with fresh juice and freeze the works into a can!

He was sitting in his Lakeland office, 15 miles from the U.S. citrus products station at Winter Haven where Moore and Atkins, on loan to the federal government for concentrate research, were working with the Department of Agriculture.

MacDowell reached slowly for a piece of yellow scratch paper and in heavy black pencil outlined what he wanted done. Set up five samples, two produced by the old hot-pack process, three without pasteurization, add fresh juice and store them. Test them after one month, three months, six months and a year, and see what happens.

He shoved the note into an envelope and mailed it.

It worked. The juice-added concentrate stood up under storage. All that was needed was a pilot plant. At war's end a gigantic one became available.

To produce penicillin and blood plasma and later orange powder for the troops, the National Research Corporation in Boston had developed a very high vacuum evaporator that could boil liquid at 60 degrees, low enough to eliminate the "cooked" taste. To fill a huge Army Quartermaster Corps order for the orange powder a big plant was put up at Plymouth, Florida. It was to be operated by a new company called Florida Foods, Inc., now Minute Maid. Then, just as Minute Maid was ready to go, the order was canceled. V-J Day killed it. Standing around among their stainless steel machines the Minute Maid people didn't know what to do with it then. Sell orange powder? Uh-uh. To the troops, yes; to the discriminating housewife, no. It had been tried, tentatively.

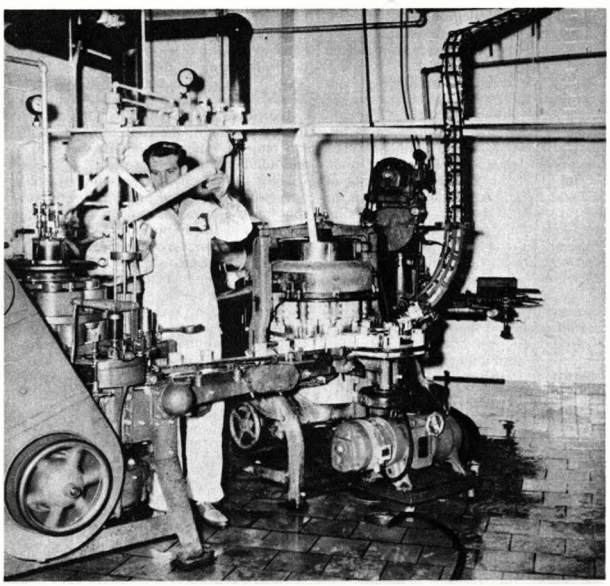
This was MacDowell's chance. Like the hero in an old-fashioned mellerdramer, in he walked. "Go ahead and concentrate," he advised, "but stop short of powder. Make it 65 degrees Brix." Brix, as common a word in Florida now as "bread," means density. Sixty-five degrees brix is 65 per cent solids.

"Then," continued MacDowell, "cut it back with fresh juice."

They did it, thinning out the concentrate to 41 or 42 brix, as it appears on the market now, and that did it. Minute Maid rushed into production in April, 1946.

MacDowell's "cut-back" method has been patented and the patent assigned to the Secretary of Agriculture in the public interest. MacDowell, Moore and Atkins are named as the patentees, although not one cent in royalties will ever come their way.

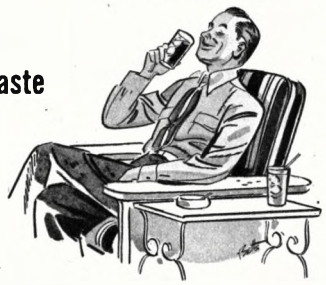
Minute Maid was not the first on the market with a frozen concentrate but it did demonstrate with dramatic effectiveness the commercial feasibility of the very high vacuum plus the cutback with fresh juice. It kicked off in a sustained burst of production four years ago, marketing the retail-size six-ounce can originally under the Snow Crop label and later under its own. The method MacDowell brought to it is now used by all major concentrators, although not everyone in the industry concedes that the citrus commission's chief researcher was the only man to get the happy cutback thought. There will probably always be



In the Birds Eye plant at Lake Wales, Florida, concentrate flows from mixing tanks to the coolers, is then sealed in cans for the housewife

When you
to cooling drinks incline
Don't let the water
drown the wine

That good wine taste
will never waver
When you mix
with
CAPTURED FLAVOR



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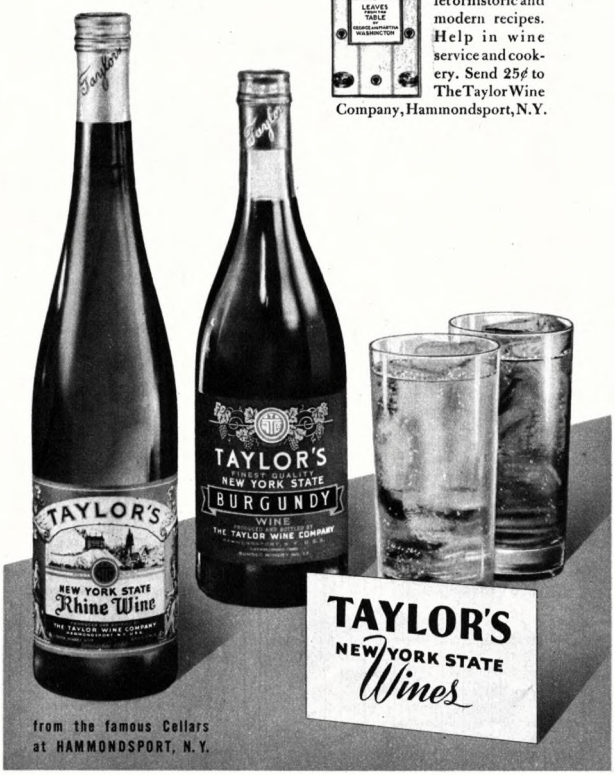

dispute about that. The sudden emergence of Minute Maid from its orange-powder dilemma spectacularly typifies the birth of the whole industry. A vast amount of experimentation by a host of scientists over five decades was instantly transformed into a gigantic enterprise by the magic wand, cutback.

There had been a great burst of research during the war. In 1941, the year the citrus commission's research department was established, the Birds Eye-Snider division of General Foods began looking into concentration by freezing and got no further than Stahl did. And in 1945 in California it tried a vacuum-produced concentrate, without notable success. Packed in cardboard cartons, the stuff was not stable in storage. It tried again in 1946 with a vacuum concentrate bought from Knight & Middleton.

Marvin Knight, the persevering ex-advertising man who has never lost faith in Dr. Stahl's method, tried with some associates to produce concentrate by freezing in 1944 and, failing in that, came on the market with a cold but pasteurized product that had been cut back with orange juice. A thousand cases were test-marketed with great success during the first half of 1945 in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and New York. It was made in a Dunedin, Florida, plant now operated by Juice Industries, Inc., manufacturers of Snow Crop concentrate.

Rigid Test Is Made

Several stores of a Washington drug chain put it to the most rigid test possible and Knight found out how hot a piece of merchandise concentrate could become. It is pretty generally conceded he was the first on the market in any quantity. The drug chain used customers as unwitting guinea pigs. When they asked for fresh orange juice they got concentrate instead, without explanation. All but one drank it avidly in a two-week trial. The single complainer got his dime back.

A precocious Atlas for the citrus industry had just been born.

The Stahl centrifuge system may yet make good. Knight is one of those who think so. He has never stopped working on it. He and associates have formed the Step Freeze Corporation, he told me recently in Dunedin, and are ready to go into production using the centrifuge.

"We expect to start this summer," he said. "Our equipment is inexpensive to install, so much so that it can be set up on a small scale, like a local dairy. It should make for a much less expensive product."

The present type of concentrating plant, with its huge evaporators, runs from $750,000 to more than $1,000,000. The 15 plants now in operation in Florida cost about $20,000,000. Knight says a plant using step-freeze machinery would run around $200,000.

Three years ago the average housewife had never heard of frozen concentrate. The industry is barely five years old. In the first short packing season, when Minute Maid put up nearly half the nation's total, the production was 226,000 gallons. This figure was doubled the second year, and the second year's figure quadrupled the third year. The fourth year showed a 500 per cent increase over the third, and ran to 10,000,000 gallons. Estimates for the season ranged up to 22,000,000 gallons for the entire industry.

Howard F. Lochrie, director of marketing for Birds Eye, believes only the surface has been scratched. In five years he thinks Florida's production will be 80,000,000 boxes and that the concentrators will take half of that. This year's production was about 58,000,000 boxes.

Rival California, biggest orange producer among the states until five years ago, didn't emerge from the pilot-plant stage in concentrate until 1948. It was only in the 1945-'46 season that Florida was able to overtake California in growing oranges quantitatively. Ever since a disastrous freeze in 1895, which all but wiped out the industry, Florida dragged behind. The impetus of war brought single-strength canning into the picture and inspired a great increase of grove plantings. Florida now grows more citrus than California, Texas and Arizona together.

The U.S. citrus industry sprang from St. Augustine, high up on the eastern coast of Florida. Southeastern Asia first produced the orange and Columbus brought it to Haiti. By the end of the sixteenth century oranges and grapefruit were growing wild around St. Augustine.

Groves then were set out in the northern counties. When the "big freeze" struck, growers who decided to stick out the business picked up their groves lock, stock and barrel and migrated to central Florida where conditions are more favorable, both because the equator is closer and because the large number of lakes there have a moderating effect on the quick temperature changes the air can make.

Lakeland, deep among the lakes, is the center of the modern industry and all around it, amid the rolling hills and geometrically arranged citrus groves, roar the concentrators. It's weird country. Along the road from Lakeland to one of the biggest concentrators at Plymouth, the tourist is alternately plunged from the scented, dark-green orderliness of the groves to scenes that look like something out of the cartoons of Charles Adams. Huge oaks and spindly slash pines stand forlornly in the swamps, their tops weighted and distorted by drapes of Spanish moss. Here the countryside is as ragged as it's neat among the well-tended groves.

There are enough Florida groves to form a band, five trees wide, clear around the earth—19,000,000 trees. Eighteen million bear oranges. The rest are grapefruit, tangerines and limes, in order of the quantity in which they are grown.

Trailer trucks, fed on the edges of the groves by smaller trucks that run up and down the "middles" picking up filled boxes, begin the movement to the fresh fruit packing houses about October 15th. It used to be early in September but this year a new state maturity regulation changed that. The movement to the concentrators starts in December when the mid-season Pineapple oranges are ready. Early-season Hamlins are not well adapted to concentrating and are almost entirely a fresh fruit product.

A typical concentrate plant gorges fruit at the rate of 2,000 boxes an hour. The semi-trailers wheel into a big graveled yard, back down steep ramps, open their rear gates and carefully dribble their loads onto belt conveyors. Thirty minutes later the juice is sitting, canned and frozen thick, in cold rooms at 15 below zero. Some plants have stepped it up to 20 minutes.

Three trucks unload simultaneously. The oranges move in a steady stream through series of gradings to eliminate all culls, over whirling nylon scrubbing brushes and under high-pressure nozzles spraying germicides, past a series of laboratories for taste tests, through the extractors, into the towering evaporators, on to the freezing votators and into sterilized cans.

Housewives who visit the big plants are invariably fascinated by the fast-moving extractors. There are several kinds. One slices the oranges in half and squeezes them with great celerity and gentleness between a whirling spiked cylinder and a stationary curved presser that looks like a brake shoe. Another transfixes the fruit between two interlocking metal hands with razor-sharp fingers. The most common type is the rotary extractor, consisting of a team of spinning drums, one indented with series of cups and the other with punches that fit into the cups and kick out the juice from halved oranges with breakneck speed.

Some of the machines are more efficient than others in avoiding squeezing out the peel oil, too, although a little oil is considered by most manufacturers to be essential to the concentrate's bouquet. The perfect extractor would be one that could delicately pick the tiny juice sacks out of the segments without laying a hand on the squirting peel. That one hasn't been invented yet.

Blocks long and blocks wide, the plant is a huge chamber of deafening noise. Steam jets, maintaining vacuums in the evaporators, create the uproar and fill the sky with man-made clouds. They are running small, fierce hurricanes in their three-story tanks. One type develops a velocity of 360 miles an hour to keep the interior pressure down to a crushing fourth of a pound per square inch.

Every three hours the plant shuts down and cleans every inch of its equipment. Bacteriological counts are taken every hour on the juice going through the plant and no lot of concentrate is permitted out of the cold room until it is found to have met all laboratory requirements.

Rigorous cleaning and the swift cooling of juice have taken the place of the old pasteurization. A minute after extraction the juice is down to 40 degrees and at the end of the whirring trail it's in storage at 15 to 30 degrees below.

Orange concentrate has started a torrent of other frozen concentrates. This year Florida is putting up as much grapefruit juice this way as it did orange juice two years ago. Orange-and-grapefruit blend is right behind grapefruit. Concentrated grape is selling as fast as it can be stocked. Concentrated apple, lemon, lime, tangerine and prune juices are just getting into general distribution. Frozen tomato juice is being test-marketed.

But orange concentrate has a tremendous advantage in that no other type of packaging can touch it for this particular product. Tomato juice has never been hurt by canning. Neither has grape juice. But only the concentrate approaches the fresh orange juice in taste.

Two years ago, just when concentrate was becoming very popular, Florida's growers formed the superco-operative, Florida Citrus Mutual. It was not allowed to begin work until it had at least 75 per cent of the state's citrus tonnage under its control. This year it went into business, soon had 90 per cent, and began using a small part of the powers its charter could bestow, membership willing.

Several times, when shipments north seemed likely to endanger price, it slapped on quotas. And it set a $1.10 per-box floor on orange prices to growers to halt an early-season slip in the market. Then its beautiful start was soon lost in the concentrate boom. The cost of a box of oranges to a handler or canner shot up. Concentrators paid $1.50, $2.50, $3.50, and growers talked of getting $4. Stabilization was forgotten.

The National Wholesale Frozen Food Distributors, Inc., ran a warning advertisement in 19 Florida papers. "We think you are too smart to kill the goose that is laying the golden eggs," it said to the growers.

And the Tampa Tribune took a mild and impersonal crack at the situation editorially:

"There is never a dull moment in the Florida citrus industry. It wasn't too long ago that the chief worries were low prices. . . . Now the pendulum has swung almost completely in the other direction. Some in the industry are concerned over . . . the danger of 'too high prices.'"

The late Dodge Taylor, as chairman of the citrus commission, got up at a meeting and said, "Yes, it's different this year again, just like every other year."

COLLIER'S

"We're about three miles from Crow's Landing, but tell them it's a heap many moon to land of Black Devil Bird!"

MARY TANNENBERG

Grove Prices Soar

Opinions, pro or con the disregard for price security, didn't matter. Grove prices kept pace with the oranges in the growers' rush for riches. A 100-acre grove went for $36,000 and the new owner paid it off with his fruit sales alone, then sold it for $70,000. Soon it brought $80,000, and now it can't be had for less than a quarter of a million.

Individual sales like this pale beside buys made by some of the concentrators. They ran into the millions this year, for groves and additional processing plants.

As it turned out last season it was the housewife who halted prices in mid-stratosphere. There was no sudden collapse but there was suddenly no more talk about $4 oranges. The price to the grower stopped at $3.50 and slid back to below $3.

Madame Housewife loved orange concentrate, but not for 30 or 33 cents a can. Twenty-nine cents seemed to be the breaking point and the concentrators were forced to adjust at both ends of the line. Most of them figure they can sell six ounces of concentrate for 29 cents if the per-box cost of oranges is not more than $2.90.

The trend had been reversed. Where would it stop? Some people think the concentrators may have the final say.

"The present boom is not a temporary fluctuation," said Carlisle Rogers, a Leesburg banker. "The citrus industry has been stabilized on a solid foundation as the result of the demand from the concentrate plants."

Others are putting their money on the housewife. One old-timer put it this way:

"Years ago we were completely in the dark about the housewife. Now we shudder if she so much as puckers up her lips." THE END

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Mike lived a lively American boyhood. An average student, a popular athlete, he finished high school in '46, decided to start building a career in the Army.

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Mike could be any one of a thousand typical young career men who are going places in today's Army. He could be you!

Mike studied, worked, watched his chances. Finished his first "hitch" as a Sergeant. During leave he went home and married his pretty high school sweetheart.

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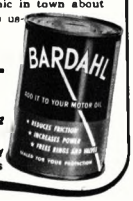

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Soviet Germany's Secret Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

and will do anything to taste again the heady brew of command. Therefore, it's a rarity when officers desert. One did, however, and we talked to him.

Count Heinrich von Einsiedel nearly a year ago broke with the German Communists, the *Bereitschaft* idea and the Russians. Twenty-eight years old, and dreamy-eyed, Von Einsiedel comes from honored German stock. He's the great-great-nephew of Otto von Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor and unifier of Germany.

As a pilot, he was shot down near Stalingrad seven years ago. The Russians went all out to coax him over to their side. Impressionable and anti-Nazi because his family considered the Hitlerite leaders "scum," Von Einsiedel became a crusading Communist and was one of the leading lights of the Free Germany Committee.

"Zaisser taught me political history and treated me like a father," Von Einsiedel reminisced. "He knew who I was, of course, and my name meant something in propaganda. I helped organize propaganda teams that went out to the front and tried to induce German soldiers to surrender."

Von Einsiedel worked with German officer prisoners in Russia until 1947, when he was sent back to Berlin. He beat the drums for Communization of Germany and a new German army.

"About a year ago, though, I got into an argument with Zaisser," he said. "Zaisser wanted more militancy, action rather than plans. I thought we had to go slowly. Our arguments continued for a couple of months. I began to realize that the Russians want to make the Germans as fanatically Communist as Hitler had tried to make them fanatically Nazi. I refused to lecture at the *Bereitschaften* schools and walked out. They call me a traitor now."

Prisoners "Reoriented"

Convinced Communists, like Bismarck's young descendant used to be, are rare in the ranks of the *Bereitschaften*. More typical in many ways is Captain Erich Bruckner, a thirty-two-year-old, barrel-chested veteran of the *Wehrmacht*. Captain Bruckner's story began when he was captured by Soviet troops on the Russian front in 1944. There followed a hegira of three years through a series of schools in the Soviet Union and Germany devoted to political "reorientation" of ex-Nazi officers.

"By 1947," the crop-haired captain recalls, "I was told that I was considered politically reliable and that I would best serve my country by helping to recruit young officers for a resurrected German army that would be loyal to its great friend, the Soviet Union."

Captain Bruckner did his job well and by 1948 had recruited 200 brother officers—all of them, like so many of the German junior officers after 1918, discouraged after the defeat and ready to take up arms again.

But Captain Bruckner's story is no longer typical today. He is doing a doubly dangerous job. For while he serves as training officer of a battalion in a Mecklenburg *Bereitschaft* he's also reporting regularly to the West, and it was at the home of mutual West German friends that we met him during one of his perilous personal visits. His name, obviously, is not Captain Bruckner.

Bruckner's report and the deserters' stories buttress Western Allied belief that history is repeating itself in the creation of the new German Communist army. In many ways it's a repetition of the post-World War I episode when Germany built its *Reichswehr*, a force authorized by the victorious Allies to keep domestic order, into the nucleus of the aggressive *Wehrmacht*. Under the Treaty of Versailles the Allies had permitted the Germans to maintain a force limited to 100,000 men. Weimar Germany kept to the limit, but the 100,000 were exclusively officers and noncoms, and when Hitler moved in he was able to expand it tenfold almost overnight.

Today's new German army is being formed at 56 *Bereitschaft* schools scattered through East Germany. Besides Prora and Kirchmoeser these schools are located in such places as Torgau, a fortress city on the Elbe where American and Russian troops first met with clasped hands in 1945; in Erfurt, one of the centers of German Socialism; and in Potsdam where, ironically, Russia and the West signed the agreement demilitarizing Germany.

While most of the schools are for noncommissioned officers, 11 are specifically for officer candidates—10,000 of whom are scheduled to be graduated this fall after specialized training in the infantry, heavy and light artillery, armored force and air force. This first class of officers alone, under the tables of organization of most armies, will be enough to command a combat army of 150,000 men.

On special assignment from Collier's, three experienced writers on European affairs collaborated on the accompanying article—David Perlman, Seymour Freidin and William Attwood. Since World War II they have covered major events in both Western and Iron Curtain countries

The *Bereitschaft* schools and the separate units—organized usually into 1,000-man battalions and company-sized "commandos"—are beginning to be well equipped. Until recently most of their weapons were from old *Wehrmacht* stores plus small quantities of surplus Russian, Czech and Polish equipment.

Last May 16th, however, men like Captain Bruckner of Mecklenburg began reporting that large convoys of trucks were rolling into *Bereitschaft* warehouses from Czechoslovakia. It was quickly established that the convoys, which kept coming for a solid week, were carrying new rifles, light and heavy machine guns, howitzers and heavy trench mortars. They also brought in bolts of new woolen cloth. Up to now the *Bereitschaften* have been uniformed in black, like the *Volkspolizei;* this fall they will have new gray-green uniforms cut like the old *Wehrmacht* garb, with Russian-style shoulder boards to designate rank.

The new army's equipment today includes rifles and carbines; models MP 34, 38 and 40 machine pistols; light and heavy machine guns; more than 400 old German medium tanks, model T-34; 150 heavy Stalin tanks, 8,000 antitank *panzerfausts;* 560 German 88-mm. cannon (howitzers); an unknown number of 105- and 155-mm. howitzers; 48 torpedo boats; 12 mine sweepers; and six airstrips.

Not much is known about what goes on at the six airstrips, for the security blackout there is complete. It is certain, however, that at least one officer-candidate school is training *Luftwaffe* men and that about May 15th a quantity of Russian Yak fighters as well as some older training planes were delivered to *Bereitschaft Luftwaffe* units.

We ourselves saw with what enthusiasm the Communist leaders of East Germany are encouraging an interest in aviation, particularly in gliders, which are cheap and easy to construct.

The rugged ground force training is also paying off. As Captain Bruckner told us, "Our training is very much like it used to be in the *Wehrmacht*. We are concentrating on close-order drill, weapons handling, mortars and field tactical problems. In my own camp of about 1,000 men we will soon have completed the first year's training, and the men will be as good soldiers as we ever had in our old German infantry. They can be a very effective striking force."

Propaganda Plays Big Part

We asked a dozen *ex-Bereitschaft* men like Philip Haussmann what made them accept the army life for as long as they did. Their answers were twofold, and virtually unanimous. In the first place, of course, it was better than the "ore mines." In the second place they had become convinced, through constant repetition, that the Western occupation forces were building up a huge army of former Nazi SS troops to invade Eastern Germany and wipe it out. They had been told, and they believed, that German *Luftwaffe* pilots, for instance, were the ones who flew the Berlin air lift.

Well, that's the *Bereitschaften*, the new German Red Army now growing strong in violation of every law on the occupation books. And what can be done about it?

Not a great deal, according to most of the Western military and political leaders with long experience in Germany. We can encourage the deserters, who grow in number every week as more young soldiers realize they're being trained for self-destruction. We can expose this new militarism constantly, and thereby strengthen the resolve of our allies in the non-Communist world.

Some Westerners, and not a few West Germans, have been advocating a rearmed counterforce in the Allied occupation zones—a sort of anti-Communist *Bereitschaft*.

It's taken two world wars, they point out, to prove that an armed Germany, no matter what its political complexion, is a threat to peace; and the Russians are playing with fire when they arm their side of the German map.

Nothing in the world, the top-level Americans agree, would guarantee that a rearmed Western Germany wouldn't join up with the Eastern forces to fight for the greater glory of a new, united Reich.

The best counterthreat to the rising *Bereitschaften* in Germany's Soviet zone is the American Army now on duty west of the demarcation line—the American Army aided by the British, the French and the other nations of the Atlantic Pact.

As one American military observer summed it up: "Two German armies would either mean a civil war that could drag us all in, or eventual unification that would threaten us all. The Western Allies themselves, and their growing strength, are the West's best protection against the Soviet *Wehrmacht*."

THE END

"In all fairness, I think you should know that you won't be punishing me—you'll just be keeping my husband from buying a new suit"

COLLIER'S DORIS MATTHEWS

Arch Dreams Up the Dream Games

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

appearance and soft-spoken manner, Ward's control has more than once been challenged, but never successfully. His contracts, with the senior football players who appear and with the National Football League, are ironclad and foolproof. No football player selected by Ward can play in any other All-Star game prior to the Chicago Tribune game, nor can he refuse to play in that game and then play in a subsequent one, under penalty of being banned by the National Football League.

The late Dr. Harry A. March was known to many as the father of professional football, because he was a prime mover in promoting play-for-pay teams and became in later years the game's devoted historian. It was a title the gentle old doctor loved; but if he was the father of professional football, Arch Ward is its godfather, its spiritual adviser and the person who put it on a paying basis.

Pro Football Gets a Boost

Entirely through Arch's efforts, the Chicago Tribune was the first paper to give eight-column banner headlines to pro football on Monday mornings. It was then that pro football came of age, then that it became an integral part of the American sports picture. It was then, too, that Monday morning's sport pages became more interesting.

Ward's decision to play up professional football was no wild hunch, no altruistic gesture to a struggling sport. It was made, as most of his decisions are, with hard, cold sense and sound reasoning.

"What did we have in the sports pages on Monday mornings during the football season?" Arch recalls. "A couple of hockey scores, maybe, and a dull rehash of what had happened in Saturday's college games, with possibly some speculative stories about what the following Saturday's college schedule might produce. People were going to see pro football games; people were interested in pro football; therefore, it was news."

With the Tribune showing the way, the other papers soon followed. During the football season today, pro football results get the Monday sports banner line in every city in which the game is played and in dozens of cities which hold no pro franchise.

Professional football, meaning the National Football League, was properly appreciative of the fact that Ward had served as a journalistic trail blazer for the sport. It was even more appreciative of what his annual All-Star game meant in hard cash. In the spring of 1941, it offered him the presidency of the league, with a 10-year contract calling for a total of $250,000 in salary. Ward rejected the offer and told the league that it would make no mistake in offering the job instead to Elmer Layden, then athletic director and coach at Notre Dame.

The league, having failed to sign Ward, signed Ward's man, Layden. Yet, if the National League thought that its offer to Ward or its acceptance of his suggestion meant that Arch was in its pocket, it was speedily disabused. Within two years, Arch had laid the groundwork for the All-America Football Conference, which began operations in 1946, the first full postwar season, precipitating a football war which was financially crippling to both leagues and almost fatal to several clubs before the peace merger at the end of last year.

"I never worked for the All-America Conference," Arch says, "except in an advisory capacity while it was in the process of formation. And I never accepted a penny from them, even for expenses. My railroad fares and my hotel bills incurred at the various organizational meetings were paid for out of my own pocket."

As vice-president of Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc., Ward has raised nearly $5,000,000 for charity through various promotions, of which the All-Star football game is only one. Bowling, the Golden Gloves boxing tournaments and a week of charity horse racing are among the others. In addition, Ward promotes nonrevenue producing events such as the Silver Skates, the Tribune golf school and swimming races.

If Ward has a green thumb for sports promotion, and the records show that he has, he came by it under splendid auspices. He was closely associated with the late Knute Rockne at Notre Dame and was his first publicity director, in 1919 and 1920, when the genius of Rockne as a promoter as well as a football coach began to gain recognition.

Ward came under Rockne's wing by a devious route. Born in Irwin, Illinois, on December 27, 1896, Arch grew up in Lake City, Iowa. His father was killed in a train wreck while Arch was still an infant and his mother died when he was in his early teens. He was placed under the guardianship of Father Daniel M. Gorman, who later became bishop of Idaho. Arch attended Loras Academy for four years and then went on to Loras College. After two years there, Ward switched to Notre Dame and met Rockne. His destiny was shaped.

After graduating from Notre Dame, Arch served a four-year stretch as sports editor of the Rockford, Illinois, Star, and in 1925 joined the staff of the Chicago Tribune. He became its sports editor on April 14, 1930.

One of Ward's greatest promotional innovations nets nothing for Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc., yet it possibly gained him more recognition than any other. That was the creation of the annual All-Star game between baseball teams representing the American and National Leagues, first conceived in 1933 as an adjunct to Chicago's A Century of Progress. The receipts from this game, which are considerable, went first to the treasury of the Association of Professional Ballplayers of America, later to war charities, and eventually to the players' pension fund.

Date Suggested for All-Star Game

Ward, civic-minded as the Tribune itself, went to President Will Harridge of the American League and unfolded his plan to him first. Arch, having studied the schedule, found that July 6th was an open date. All the National League teams would be moving West after July 4th and all the American League teams would be moving East. He suggested July 6th at Comiskey Park as the date.

While Harridge set about sounding out the American League sentiments, Ward went to work to line up the National League through the late William L. Veeck, father of the recent Cleveland president and then president of the Cubs. Veeck co-operated willingly and effectively, meeting some slight resistance from the late Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Giants. Stoneham's objections were not to the game itself but were based on the fact that his club was scheduled to play five games in the three days preceding the All-Star game. When these were overcome it meant Ward had the consent of the 16 owners.

By the time Ward informed Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis of his plans for an All-Star game—a "dream game," the Tribune called it in its early stories—it already was a *fait accompli*. There was nothing for the judge to do but put his imprimatur on the contest. Arch selected John McGraw, who had resigned as manager of the Giants only the previous summer, to pilot the National League team and Connie Mack to lead the American Leaguers.

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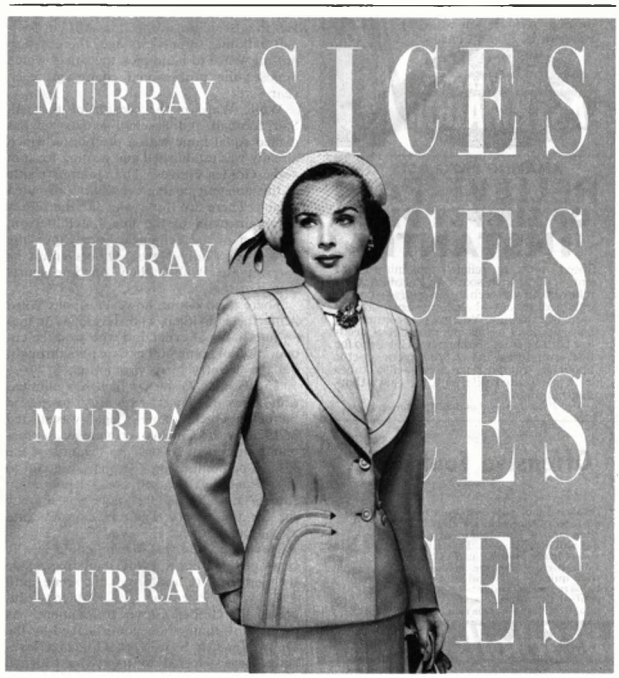

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Arch then unfolded his master stroke. He announced the game in the columns of the Chicago Tribune scooping the nation, and blandly declared that the All-Star line-ups would be selected by votes of the Tribune readers! A storm promptly broke loose in the sports departments of the other Chicago papers. Ward said that any newspaper, anywhere, could conduct its own balloting and that the Tribune would be glad to handle all the tabulating expenses and furnish daily bulletins on the results of the voting. The offer was extended to radio stations and magazines. Having scooped everybody with the announcement of the game itself, Ward would allow anybody who was willing to share in its promotion.

The game was an instantaneous success, being won by the American Leaguers on a home run by Babe Ruth. It moved to New York the following year, then to Cleveland and, with the exception of the wartime season of 1945 when it was banned by the Office of Defense Transportation, it has been played annually since and in every major league park, completing the circuit with a return to Comiskey Park last month.

Teams Chosen by Ballot

The baseball magnates did not cotton to the plan of having the public vote for the players and after a few years this method of selecting the stars was abandoned in favor of permitting the managers to select their own squads. The stimulation which baseball obtained through audience participation was completely ignored by the owners. In 1947, Ward got Commissioner Happy Chandler's ear and the voting was restored. It was announced that the All-Star game had been "given back to the public," but there were some cynics who preferred to believe that it had been given back to the Chicago Tribune. Actually, this belief was a left-handed tribute to Ward's prestige as a promoter and a wirepuller.

In the minds of the public, voting for an All-Star team is indelibly identified with Arch and the Chicago Tribune, despite the fact that the paper dropped its All-Star football balloting some years ago, thereby permitting Ward to hand-pick the squad which opposes the professional champions each year.

While Ward is the creator of the All-Star football and baseball games, he has gained equal fame with a promotion which already was established and waiting for him—the Golden Gloves. The alliterative title of this amateur boxing event has a disputed origin. There are those who say the title is the brain child of the late Joe Patterson, publisher of the Tribune's sister paper, the New York Daily News. Others credit its paternity to Paul Gallico, onetime sports editor of the Daily News.

There is no doubt, however, about Ward being the individual who developed it into an international event and who won the cooperation of some 400 newspapers throughout the country in its promotion.

The Golden Gloves, which has elimination series in almost every city, town and hamlet in which boxing is legal, was started in 1923 by the Chicago Tribune as an amateur tournament to test the legality of the Illinois ban on boxing. It was successful to the extent that the sport was legalized in Illinois in 1926 and the stage was thereby set for the record Tunney-Dempsey gate already mentioned.

Having proved that boxing could legally be staged in Illinois, the Tribune had made its point and retired from the scene until 1927 when Patterson (or Gallico) conceived the Golden Gloves tournament. As a result of elimination bouts, staged by the Daily News, a New York Golden Gloves squad was selected to meet the Chicago champions, also selected as the result of an elimination tournament. It is Ward's opinion that today over 30,000 competitors participate annually in Golden Gloves matches.

In 1931, Ward decided to internationalize the Golden Gloves and brought over the amateur champions of France to meet the survivors of the American elimination tournaments. The bouts were scheduled for Soldier Field and were first viewed with a jaundiced eye by the Tribune management, which feared taking a financial beating. These fears were heightened when, first, rain forced a postponement and, then, a breeze off Lake Michigan dropped the temperature below 50 on the new date.

Arch had faith in his brain child and offered to work for the Chicago Tribune for one year without salary if the event wasn't a financial success. He was vindicated when 42,000 turned out to see the bouts despite the weather. In the minds of the Tribune brass there never have been any doubts about the Golden Gloves since.

The following year 47,800 spectators turned out to see the German team; and another good crowd was present in 1933 when the Irish team came over. All the profits, of course, went to charity, but it struck Ward that the profits might be greater if the bouts were held indoors. He moved to the Chicago Stadium in 1934 when the Polish team participated. Arch was correct about the profits, since the expenses were considerably lessened by holding the matches in an arena already constructed for boxing, instead of erecting a ring and ringside seats at Soldier Field.

Ward never will forget those 1934 bouts. The light heavyweight champion of the American team was an impressive-looking puncher, a young Negro from Detroit who boxed under the name of Joe Louis. At the afternoon weighins, Louis tipped the scale at the light heavyweight limit of 175 pounds.

"The balance pin hung without touching either the bottom or the top when the weights were adjusted to 175 pounds," Ward remembers. "The manager of the Polish team raised an awful squawk, claiming the balance was not hanging dead-center but nearer the bottom. He insisted that Louis didn't weigh an even 175 pounds and was ineligible to meet the Polish champion.

"The argument got hot, but nowhere near a settlement. I went out to Chicago Stadium that night determined to send Louis in for the light heavyweight title. I didn't want any international complications, but I wasn't going to deprive Joe of his chance because of a fraction of an ounce that nobody but the Polish manager could see.

"When we got to the Stadium, however, I got a phone call from our city desk. Some woman in Fort Wayne had 'identified' Louis from his picture in the paper as a man who had murdered his wife there some years before.

"I thought it was a plot to keep Louis from fighting. Then four deputy sheriffs showed up at the ringside and told me they had come from Fort Wayne to take Joe back for questioning.

"We put on a substitute for Louis—who, incidentally, beat the Polish light heavyweight—and then Joe, myself and the four deputies went to the police station at Eleventh and State. It took quite a while to get matters straightened out. Eventually it developed that the real Fort Wayne wife-murderer was five years older than Joe, several inches shorter and a good many pounds lighter. Ever since then, Joe always points me out as 'the man who got me out of jail.' "

Ring Champions Discovered

The Golden Gloves, of course, have uncovered many excellent fighters in addition to Louis—including Tony Zale and Barney Ross. Strangely enough, the current heavyweight champion, Ezzard Charles, was a Golden Gloves middleweight champ, as was the current light heavyweight titlist, Joey Maxim.

Not only does Ward handle all the promotions of the Chicago Tribune, he does so with a free hand. Few sports editors enjoy the autonomy over their departments that Arch does. As an example, there was an incident a few years ago involving a newspaper in Fort Wayne which promoted the Golden Gloves eliminations in that city.

The Indiana paper was actively pro-New Deal, which meant that its editorial policy differed somewhat from that of the Chicago Tribune. In fact, the Fort Wayne editor sometimes took it upon himself to blast the Tribune by name and Colonel McCormick by title. A second publisher in Fort Wayne, sensing the promotional advantage of staging the Golden Gloves tourney himself, clipped out every pro-New Deal and anti-McCormick editorial in the rival paper and forwarded them to the Colonel.

"Why," asked this publisher in effect, "let our rival promote the local elimination bouts for the Tribune when he's knocking your brains out?"

The Colonel told him that the Golden Gloves arrangements were directed by

BUTCH

"Yes it was clever, Butch. If it wasn't 2 A. M. and there were some clubs in the bag, I'm sure we'd have thought you were just going golfing"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Arch Ward and that the difference in the editorial policies of the papers had nothing to do with promoting amateur fights.

It was not the only time McCormick put himself on record as being in Ward's corner. At a celebrity-studded testimonial dinner to Arch last April one of the speakers was J. L. Maloney, the third Tribune managing editor under whom Ward has served. Maloney delivered the expected panegyric to the guest of honor and then went further to cite book, chapter and verse.

"One of the most important messages I received from Colonel McCormick since I became managing editor contained only seven words," Maloney said. "Some discussion about sports policy came up and I queried the Colonel on it. I got back this memo: 'Arch Ward is running the sports department.' It was initialed by the Colonel and I have followed his instructions ever since."

That Arch can handle his own shows was discovered long ago by those who have tried to put a finger in his pie or a spoke in his wheel. Some few years ago the managing editor of the Chicago Times noticed that the entertainment between halves at Chicago's pro football games was supplied by two teams of youngsters who put on a good football show without benefit of uniforms.

The equipment they wore was both patched up and hand-me-down. He conceived the idea of outfitting the tykes in proper full-dress uniform. And then prevailed upon the managements of the Bears and Cardinals to announce over the public-address system that the outfits of the junior teams were supplied through the courtesy (and generosity) of the Chicago Times. It was a splendid advertisement at a small outlay.

It went over beautifully for a couple of Sundays. Then one post-game evening the late Charley Bidwill, owner of the Cardinals, and George Halas, owner-coach of the Bears, were invited by Ward to an informal meeting. Speaking softly and gently, Arch explained the situation as he saw it.

Pro football in Chicago, he told them, had been built up by the Chicago Tribune. He was going to permit no infringement of the Tribune's prestige. Either the clubs would stop announcing over the public-address systems that the uniforms worn by the pigskin tykes had been supplied by the Chicago Times or there no longer would be any advance notices of their games carried in the widely circulated columns of the Chicago Tribune. The choice was made quickly. During the season the public continued to learn, from the Tribune's sports pages, whom the Bears and Cardinals were playing the following Sunday.

Covers Leading Sports Events

In addition to his multitudinous promotional duties and responsibility for running the largest sports department in the world, Ward also covers top sports events personally and conducts a daily column, The Wake of the News, which is best described as unique. Arch covers the Kentucky Derby, the World Series, heavyweight title fights, the All-Star baseball game, a Bowl game every New Year's Day, and a football game every Saturday. Because of his Notre Dame background and connections, Arch refuses to cover the Irish when they are playing an opponent from "Chicagoland," i.e., the Middle West.

The Wake of the News is the oldest continuous sports column in the United States, having been originated in 1905 by Hugh E. Keough, who signed the column with his initials, "H.E.K." Ward is the sixth tenant of the column. Keough was followed by Ring Lardner, Jack Lait, now editor in chief of the New York Daily Mirror, the late Hugh E. Fullerton and Harvey Woodruff. It was after the latter's death that Arch took over.

About half of the column is written by Ward, the rest by contributors. A survey by the Tribune revealed that more men read The Wake of the News than read the Tribune's weather reports, and that more women read the column than any other sports column in town. Arch's pace is leisurely, his topics both homey and homely.

It is a sports column by a Chicagoan for Chicagoans. There is no crusading and no visible back patting. Sometimes when another columnist, particularly a New Yorker, takes a slap at one of Arch's pet projects, the slapper may be referred to petulantly as "a grouch columnist." But always anonymously for Arch does not believe in advertising either his feuds or his foes.

When Ward was guest of honor at the testimonial dinner in April, the Tribune sports page for the next day headlined the story "Nation Salutes Arch Ward." Staff writer Ed Prell began his report of the dinner, "Chicago and the nation saluted Arch Ward last night," an elaboration of the headline which should have pleased Colonel McCormick who never has thought that the nation, or any section of it, should take precedence over Chicago.

Wake Contributors Dined Annually

Contributors to the Wake, who meet once a year to dine Ward, come from all walks of life. There are bootblacks and cops, priests and parsons, educators and giants of industry. John C. Vivian, former governor of Colorado, is a contributor, as is William T. Faircy, president of the Association of American Railroads, who signs his contributions "The Duke of Duluth."

Ward is on intimate terms with the Catholic hierarchy. One of his closest friends is Bishop Sheil, founder of the Catholic Youth Organization and a stanch supporter of the Golden Gloves as a means of combating juvenile delinquency. In 1939, when the cardinals gathered in Rome to elect a Pope, Ward was delegated to accompany the late George William Cardinal Mundelein to the conclave.

Writing an advance on the election, in which he predicted the elevation of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli on the fourth ballot (he was elected on the third) Arch announced that, before Cardinal Mundelein left to gather in solemn conclave with the other princes of the church, he had asked Ward to convey his congratulations to Mayor Ed Kelly on his success in the Democratic primaries in Chicago.

Ward's ability to tie in Chicago with world events is part of his appeal to Tribune readers, and the reason why his column averages 500 letters a day which have to be screened by two assistants lest they tie up all of his time. He demonstrated the Chicago touch again by describing the appearance of the newly elected Pope as he stood before the cheering multitude, on the balcony at St. Peter's and likening the roar to that of the football crowd at Soldier Field.

Through his friendship with Cardinal Mundelein, Ward was the first newspaperman granted an audience by Pope Pius XII, five days after his election and twelve days before the coronation. The Cardinal introduced Ward with these words: "This man is a journalist, a sports writer from Chicago whose newspaper, through its sporting columns, has accomplished much for Chicago charities and for our metropolis."

One of the tributes to Ward's organizational genius is that his sports staff, generally respected throughout the nation for its authoritative writing, is composed virtually of the same men who were there two decades ago when he was named sports editor. Ed Burns and Irv Vaughan remain his baseball men, Wilfred Smith is his boxing writer and ace football reporter, Bob Becker does the outdoor column. One replacement, that of Maurice Shevlin as turf expert in place of French Lane, was caused by the latter's death. An addition was Ed Prell, to handle the growing pro football news.

Prominent around the baseball press boxes in Chicago is a chief usher named Walt Johnson. It was he who pointed out one of Arch's best assets as a sports editor.

"He must be a good boss," said Walter, "because nobody who works for him has ever quit."

THE END

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Brightening Up the Old Joint

WHEN WE SAW this cartoon by Dan Dowling we said, "Them's our sentiments." So we asked the New York Herald Tribune for permission to reprint it. The drawing was inspired, of course, by the victory of two forward-looking men, Governor James H. Duff and Judge John S. Fine, over Boss Grundy's candidates for senator and governor in the Pennsylvania Republican primaries. Their nomination is a hopeful indication that the American two-party system may yet regain its former vigor.

There have been times in the last 18 years when you had to hold a mirror to the Republican elephant's mouth to make sure that the Grand Old Party was still breathing. But in the last few months the elephant has shown signs of returning health and a disposition to move along and catch up with the parade.

One of those signs can be found in New York City, where the Republican organization used to fight coalition harder than it fought Congressman Vito Marcantonio of the extreme left-wing American Labor party. This year it has united with the Democrats and Liberals to support a Democratic candidate who looks to have a good chance of beating the man who has been the voice of Moscow in the House of Representatives for lo, these too many years.

California's G.O.P. voters, who have a good governor in Earl Warren, showed that they knew it by renominating him with a bigger vote than he got the last time.

Last month a group of progressive party leaders met in Philadelphia to form an organization called Republican Advance. They issued a declaration of principles, suggesting a new approach to Far Eastern policy as well as touching on domestic issues, which was aimed to give the party a program that would win back some of the independent voters it has lost.

These symptoms don't indicate a sudden and revolutionary change of heart. There have always been progressive Republican officeholders since the party's crashing defeat in 1932, just as there have been reactionary Democratic officeholders in the same period. Senator Aiken of Vermont, writing in the July 1st Collier's, recalled that in 1937 he had told the Republican National Committee that "we have become a party of old men," and that "we should accept in general the social aims which the opposing party has had the wisdom to adopt, but has lacked the ability to put into efficient operation."

But men like the senator have not been running the party organization. The control has remained largely in the hands of the conservative branch of the family, while their political opposites have been running the Democratic party and winning elections year after year.

As a result there must be millions of young voters who, remembering only two Democratic Presidents, think that the two-party system is composed of a permanent minority and a permanent party in power. And certainly it has seemed at times that the balance of political power was unchangeable. That isn't a healthy condition.

We believe, with Senator Aiken, that there is a mid-point between "Me too" Republicanism and "Hell no!" Republicanism. We believe that there are plenty of issues on which a positive Republican program can be built. We've mentioned some of them recently on this page: "the political inspiration of some high-sounding (Democratic) domestic programs . . . a growing class warfare that is also politically inspired," and now, in the light of Korea, the somewhat short-of-brilliant handling of our foreign affairs. We should like to see a program built on such issues and presented to the American people.

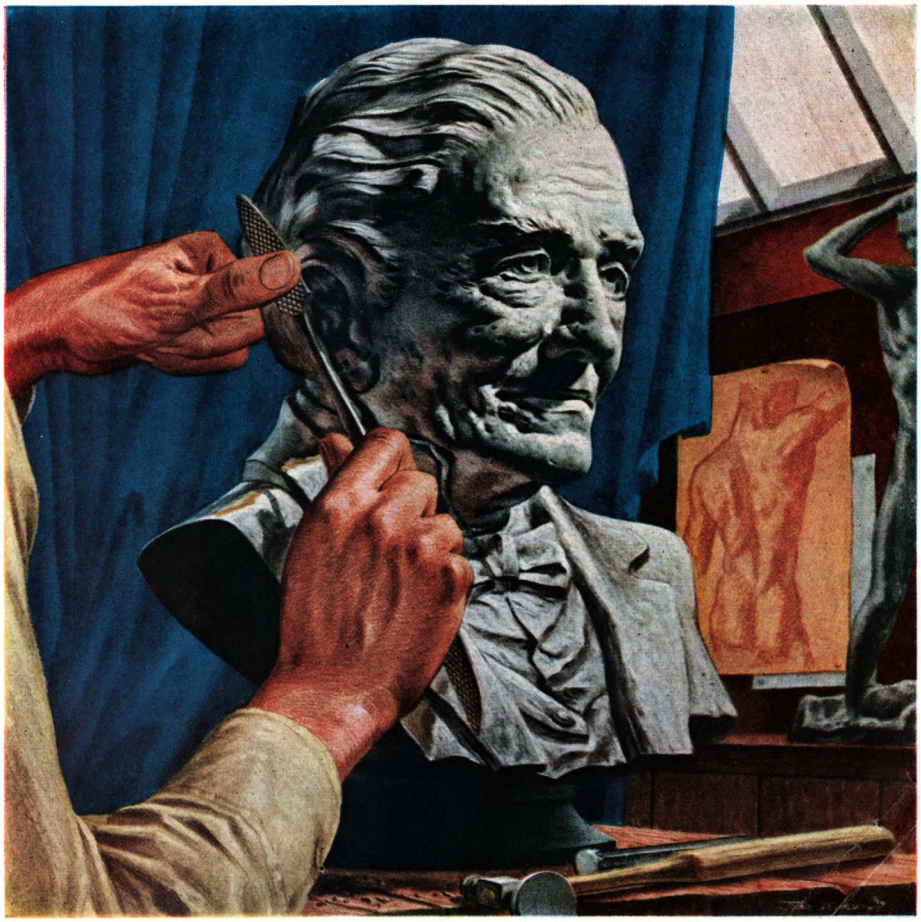
There has been too much talk about the G.O.P. being the party of "reaction and special privilege." More than 20,000,000 people voted for the Republican Presidential candidate in 1940, in 1944 and in 1948. They can't all be reactionaries and tools of the vested interests. It is time that they had a better choice than between a party that seems to go where it will, unchecked, and a party that has seemed to go nowhere.

American Story

PAUL W. LITCHFIELD, a man who logged 100,000 air miles last year and whose energy is the panting despair of many younger colleagues, was seventy-five years old on July 26th. Eleven days earlier he completed his first 50 years with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. We would like to offer our double-barreled congratulations on those anniversaries.

Mr. Litchfield has had a lot to do with America's half century of progress from a horse-and-buggy civilization. He staked his future on the infant rubber industry early in his career—even though he couldn't stand the smell of the crude product he's been working with ever since. First as a chemical engineer and later as an executive—he was Goodyear's president for 14 years and has been chairman of the board since 1930—he has made many contributions to safety and efficiency in motoring and aviation. He pioneered in the construction of lighter-than-air craft. When he was past sixty-five, he created and directed the Goodyear Aviation Corporation of 35,000 workers as his share of his company's big war production assignment.

There is nothing particularly dramatic about Mr. Litchfield's life story. But it is a typically American story—a story of wise decisions and hard work in a country where intelligence and industry still pay off. The opportunities for individual initiative may not be as prevalent as they used to be, but we don't think that the pioneering is all in the past. And we trust that 50 years from now there will be other Paul Litchfields for Americans to write about.



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