THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MARCH 12, 1949

15¢

WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES IN AN ACCIDENT WARD?

READ THE SHOCKING ANSWER

ON PAGE 21

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELICIOUS

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MARK TWAIN SAID:
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

SHAME, SHAME, SHAME!

SIRS: The Shame of Our Local Health Departments (Jan. 22d) is an excellent example of how a great magazine can muddle the thinking of a disturbed people. . . . The examples you sight for propaganda and argument are ludicrous. . . . This is not an antisocial medical plug as I am a fairly well-paid school doctor, maybe a part of social medicine.

R. S. BATTERSBY, M.D., Board of Educ., Columbia, Mo.

. . . This article should be recopied and sent to officials in every state in the Union.

MR. W. C. LACKEY, State Board of Health, Raleigh, N. C.

. . . In my Chicago Tribune of Jan. 16th I read in an item from Loudonville, Ohio: "Nausea, vomiting and diarrhea afflicted more than a third of this village's 2,500 residents during the past week." In the Collier's article, Jack Pollack said, "You think none of this death-dealing sudden terror could happen to you or your community? Don't be too sure. Your town may be next." Was he speaking directly to the residents of Loudonville? He, too, used the words: "Patients reported nausea, vomiting, cramps, persistent diarrhea." My hat's off to Pollack; he's positively psychic. I plan to take his article AND the clipping to our health department EARLY tomorrow morning.

MAX REYNOLDS, Aurora, Ill.

. . . The Shame of Our Local Health Departments excuses following confession: Dec. 18th was hurt in accident and sent to hospital by ambulance. I was charged over $500 (just for care). Since June, 1948, I "earned" just about $500. This is

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Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

a minimal living and, for most Americans, starvation. Now just what kind of medical and hospital service is this which will take $500 for a five-day service and from a fellow of such depleted means?

PAUL, JR., Portland, Ore.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

GENTLEMEN: I am not so much concerned with the picture of Mr. Dale Carnegie (Jan. 15th) as a whole, but with the hat shown in this picture. I bought one at Calahoun's, Winnipeg, Man., in September, 1928. I still have it; it is the most comfortable hat I have ever worn. I have been trying to get another like it, but so far, have failed. I sure would like to find out just where he purchased his hat.

DR. N. YEATES,
Lula, Miss.

Mr. Carnegie's kelly was specially made on New Bond Street, London, England, to match the suit.

CORREGIDOR

DEAR SIR: One of the bad points of every war is the fact that we have to listen to so many heroic statements after the fighting is over. See I Surrendered Corregidor (Jan. 8th). I went through both the battle for Bataan and Corregidor, and General Drake's statement, "Even the privilege of dying fighting was denied us," seems rather absurd to me, to say the least. This might have been true for those whose "courage" was bolstered by 200 feet of solid rock between them and the enemy's guns, but I feel sure that anyone who was looking for the "privilege of dying fighting" had only to come out of the tunnel to be in the land of golden opportunity.

CHARLES KIRKLEN, Dallas, Texas

. . . I am not ashamed to confess that I read that heart-gripping story through several times. I wonder if many others, who have read this saddening portrayal of a bit of our recent history, will join me in my contempt for the word "complacency"?

ARTHUR J. RICHIE, Toledo, Ohio

. . . General Drake need not feel that any blame rests with him, nor with any person west of San Francisco. I am the one who surrendered Corregidor. My only excuse is that I share this guilt—with some 130-odd million, then living, in the United States. One of these was a President. My guilt made me put on the uniform of an Army private exactly five days after General Drake surrendered. Today I find myself guilty of the same sin—of negligent omission. For I think too little, and far too late. Again I must point a shaking finger at my equally blameful fellow culprits, now more than 140 million—weak. One of these, too, is a President.

SEUMAS JOSEPH, New York, N. Y.

PLUG FOR KINNEY

DEAR SIR: I would like to express my appreciation of the story Father Was a Talent Scout written by Harrison Kinney (Dec. 11th). I thought it was very humorous and cleverly written. Let's have more of his stories!

MRS. H. C. THOMPSON

LOOK WHAT WE STARTED!

DEAR EDITOR: A few months ago I wrote a letter to the editor saying I was a staid old grandmother but liked an article and dam, how glad I was to be an American. Well, I have received letters from everywhere complimenting me on the letter. In this small town (7,000 pop.) I have been invited to speak before several organizations; I have been hailed as Cullman's writer and now it is even whispered I am writing a book. What I want to know—where do I go from here? Boy, I eat it up, it sort of gives me an enlarged ego. Now I have to be careful what I write or say, human nature being like it is. I feel like I had really hit the jack pot without jingling any coin.

BETTY BANKS, Cullman, Ala.

NEW BONES ABOUT IT

DEAR SIR: I enjoyed your article New Bones for Old (Jan. 22d) a great deal. I was just treated for a slipped femoral epiphysis and expect to be off crutches very soon. I think I am lucky that I wasn't born ten years earlier, because I probably wouldn't have been cured.

ANNE TROTTER, Dorchester, Mass.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY FROM SO. CAL.!

DEAR SIR: If California has freakish weather (The Week's Mail, Feb. 19th) the situation could indeed be remedied immediately. In the museum in the little California town of Fort Jones lies the Rain Rock of the old Klamath River Indians, dug near Horse Creek down the Klamath River. "Unless you again bury it deep, there will be awful weather," one old Indian man warned. But it was put in a truck, hauled to the museum, a canvas cover put on it. California should get busy. The rock should be buried so deep that no one can ever recover it. Then our beautiful weather will return to the sunshine state of California.

MRS. RUTH COLE, Salinas, Cal.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND WRONGS

DEAR MR. CHENERY: Re your editorial (Jan. 22d) Equality Is Not Created by Laws, you could have also said, "Tradition is not removed by laws." Come to Louisville, live six months, and you will understand why we have segregation. You know where the race riots occur—in the North. The word "Nigger," if that is a word, is used more frequently in Boston than in any Southern city.

G. G. WALLACE, Louisville, Ky.

. . . I want to compliment you on expressing several sentiments I am sure are felt by a majority of Southerners. We here in the deep South feel that the Negro is entitled to equal economic freedom in every respect, is entitled to good homes, churches and, above all things, freedom from persecution. I don't believe the Negro wants to live with the white nor intermarry with us but I do know they want freedom. So far as I am concerned, and I'm from Georgia, the white primary and the Ku Klux Klan must go.

JOHN M. GREER, Chattanooga, Tenn.

INDIAN TAKERS?

DEAR SIR: While looking through some back issues of Collier's, I came across an article about how difficult it has been for certain multimillionaires to give their money away. Why don't they give it back to the people they stole it from?

LESLIE B. LUECK, Hustisford, Wis.

PEACETIME PIN-UP GIRL

DEAR SIR: Glad to read that Patricia Morison is attaining the stardom she deserves (Singing Shrew, Jan. 15th). As a serviceman I had the supreme thrill at the Hollywood Canteen: Patricia fixed me a Coke at the snack bar! Incidentally, I have something in common with those movie producers who overlooked a good thing: I never knew Miss Morison had that talent, and a superb figure! I did know she had infinite charm, something that I discovered when she smiled as she gave me that Coke!

LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE

Patricia Morison, body and soul

GEORGE W. ROBBINS, Seattle, Wash.

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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

A classic case of double cross which led to the death of Marie Defenbach, a model, who was betrayed by her pals-in-crime, occurred in Chicago in 1900. She had been persuaded by a Dr. August M. Unger to join him and two accomplices in a fraud in which her first act was to assume a new name and move to another boardinghouse to avoid interference by her family. Then, making the men her beneficiaries, she was to take out $70,000 worth of life insurance, half of which was to be her share of the swindle. Her "demise" was to be handled by the doctor, who would give her a medicine that would induce a deathlike sleep. Later, Unger assured her, he would see she was revived in a back room of the undertaking parlor, spirited away, and an unclaimed body cremated in her place. And the girl believed him! On the night of August 25th, after all preparations had been completed, Marie told her landlady she was sick and sent a messenger for the medicine. After taking it, she died, in great agony, in 15 minutes. A few weeks later, her uncle heard of her death, investigated, learned what had occurred and, within six months, the men had been caught and were on trial for fraud. One turned state's evidence and was freed, while the doctor and the other man received five-year sentences. They were not tried for murder because there was no proof of their connection with it. Even the messenger could not identify Unger as the clean-shaven man who had handed him the medicine, because the doctor, in the meantime, had regrown his sideburns and heavy mustache.

****

Killing a leopard with his bare hands alone was, incredibly, accomplished by Carl Akeley, the celebrated American big-game hunter. While in British Somaliland in 1898, he shot and slightly wounded a leopard at such close range that, before he could fire again, it leaped upon him and knocked his gun to the ground. Although badly scratched and bitten in the ensuing struggle, Akeley managed to strangle the big cat before it could kill him.

Shortly after X rays were discovered in 1895 and news of their penetrating power had spread throughout the world the women of England believed the horrifying rumor that a British firm was about to make X-ray spectacles that would enable the wearer to look right through clothing. In a few months, a manufacturer and a London department store piled up a small fortune through the demand for their "X-ray proof" underwear.—*By Dr. P. E. Lindley, High Point, N. C.*

****

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

On February 3, 1866, a seventeen-year-old Brooklyn girl, Mollie Fancher, had a strange fit, was put to bed and never left it during the rest of her life, a period of 50 years and eight days. An injury to her spine, received seven months before, was said to have caused the fit and paralyzed her legs. Soon afterward, Mollie developed a number of incredible "psychic powers" which she demonstrated to hundreds of persons, and became world famous through the resultant publicity. She also made a fortune, as her home was visited annually by a tremendous number of admirers, few of whom failed to buy some article (embroidery, wax flowers, etc.) which she had allegedly made herself. Later, Mollie's feats were described in a book, filled with sworn statements of individuals who claimed they had seen her, for example, distinguish colors in pitch darkness, tell time by feeling the back of a watch, and when a wrapped book was held before her, write down its name and the contents of a particular page. In 1894, she refused to be subjected to a scientific investigation by a well-known medicolegal society; and this killed the public's interest in the lady known as The Brooklyn Enigma.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

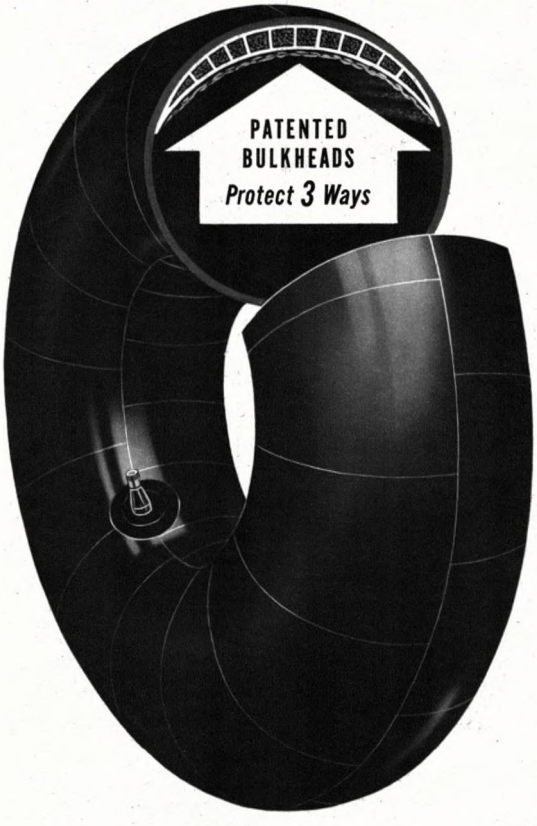
One-handed riding...car coming...

DANGER AHEAD!

Steadiness at the wheel is as vital on a bicycle as it is in a car
...and *two* hands are always steadier than one!
Traffic accidents are the chief cause of accidental death among children, according to the National Safety Council.
Teach children to ride bikes carefully, with both hands.
And when you're driving, watch out for the kids.

REMEMBER: *Safety is your best investment.*

NO ONE CAN IMITATE THE WORLD'S SAFEST TUBE!



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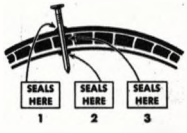

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The Week's Work

IN a world in which very few collaborators keep talking to each other for long, the Borlands—Hal and Barbara—remain the coziest of all Mr. and Mrs. writing teams. Barbara (nee Dodge) is a Connecticut Yankee; Hal grew up on a Colorado ranch, is a veteran newsman. They've been a free-lancing ensemble since '43.

To keep their perspective, they leave their Connecticut hilltop home for one Southern and one Western trip a year. "No built-in desk in our car," admits Mr. B., "but there are two typewriters in the trunk.

"Our stories are shaped, virtually complete, before a line is written," says Hal. "We start a draft, either of us, then go at it with pencils, cutting, clarifying. When we get through, we can't tell for sure who wrote which part."

Born Yankee (p. 26) sprang from an old spool mill in Massachusetts that Mr. Borland ran into. The story itself grew on the Connecticut hilltop near Stamford, where the Borlands live with an orchard, a big garden and a tribe of woodchucks. "Just as a footnote," states Hal, "we do know the headstock of a lathe from a tailstock; even have one in my shop."

WHEN we looked up Harriet Frank, Jr., to bail her for her sprightly Best Man (p. 13) we found that her New York agents barely knew her. Our Mr. Littauer thought we might phone Carol Hill Brandt at M-G-M. Mrs. Brandt said she knew Harriet Frank, Sr., but not much about Jr. except that at the moment she was scrivening for Warners in Hollywood. We were contemplating climbing into our rocket ship when a telegram arrived. Mrs. Brandt had called Mrs. Frank, Sr.; Sr. had relayed the message to Jr. And almost instanter Jr. telegraphed:

THE MAN SAID "TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF" CATNIP TO A SLIGHTLY INHIBITED CAT BUT HERE GOES. HAVE SEEN 25 SUMMERS AM MARRIED TO A WRITER WITH A LOVELY DISPASSIONATE NATURE AND A CALMING INFLUENCE ON ME. BELONG TO A FAMILY WITH TWO BROTHERS ONE GOT MARRIED OTHER REACTED. THEY DENY EVERYTHING BUT I THOUGHT I KNEW A STORY WHEN I SAW ONE. HENCE BEST MAN. LIKE THE BRIDE WHO DISCOVERED HER SOUFFLÉ STILL INTACT I'M DELIGHTED IT DIDN'T FALL ON ITS FACE

STARRED Hero of the Week, Patterson Greene (Gems from Garcia, p. 16) grew up in the Pacific Northwest; graduated from Harvard, was an English prof for two years at the U. of Philippines, Manila; and first covered music and plays for the Philippines Herald at the request of Carlos Romulo, then its assistant managing editor. Now Mr. Greene is music and drama critic for the Los Angeles Examiner, and a playwright; to wit, the Theatre Guild produced his Papa Is All, in 1942.

"I have two women in my life," Mr. Greene confesses, "an attractive blonde to whom I'm married, and another attractive but much more robust blonde of four to whom I'm related by parenthood." . . . TED SHANE

This week's cover: Saturday Matinee, by Stanley and Janice Berenstain. It's 12:58 P.M., the first reel is ready to roll and the theater personnel is ready to blow its collective top—for more than 300 assorted reasons.

In Philadelphia, where the husband-wife cartoonist team of Stanley and Janice Berenstain produced Recess (Nov. 6th), Freeze (Jan. 1st) and Gymnasium (Jan. 15th), there are three neighborhood movie theaters within two blocks of their home. It was in one of these that the intrepid artists gathered the material for their latest masterpiece, sitting in the midst of bedlam for four hours, through a double feature, a Western, two serials, three animated cartoons and a novelty horse race.

When it was all over the artists staggered home with copious notes and began their two-week job of designing and executing the cover. Janice drew most of the girls, and Stanley the boys. Frequently one of the team would work upside down at the top of the drawing while the other drew in the conventional manner. Incidentally, the artists' young son, Leo, appears twice in the picture. You'll find him in the sixth row on the left side, being admonished by a young girl (no Berenstain), and again in the front row on the right, sucking a lollipop.

To obtain a reprint of this cover, send 15 cents to Collier's Saturday Matinee Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio

Have you tried the new Ford "Feel"?

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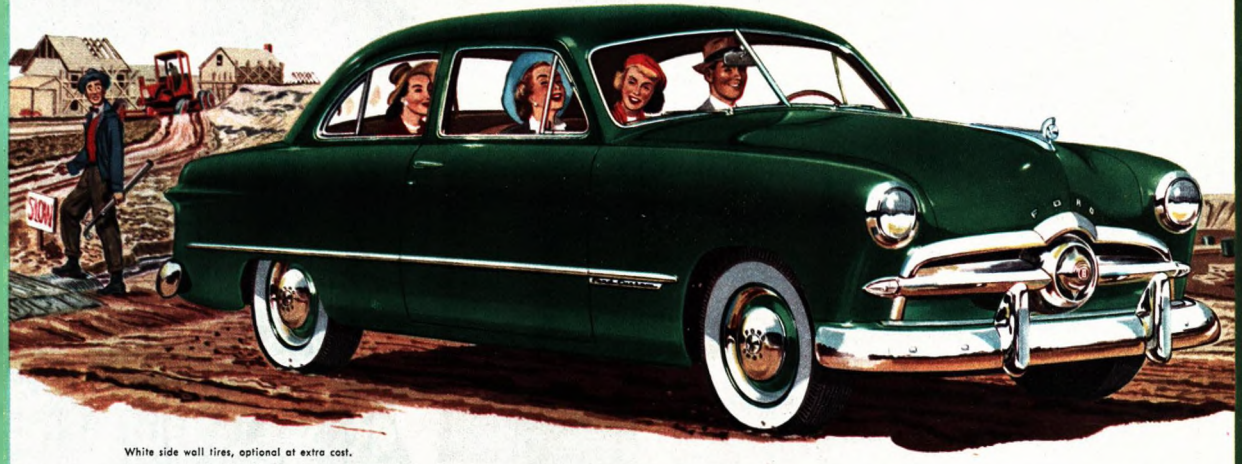
Feel those "Sofa-Wide" Seats! Here's extra comfort for Ford's famous "Mid Ship" Ride! Not only are the seats built for living-room comfort, they provide plenty of hip and shoulder room for six big people!



White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

Feel that "Mid Ship" Ride! You ride in the low cradled center-section of Ford's heavy-gauge steel "Lifeguard" Body . . . you get a true road-hugging "feel" that's sure and steady—even in a cross wind!

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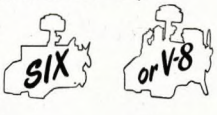
Feel that "Equa-Poise" Power you get from your choice of a new 100 h.p. V-8 or the new 95 h.p. Six! And remember there's up to 10% better gas economy, thanks to new "Equa-Flo" Cooling, new "Deep Breath" Manifolding and a new lubrication system!



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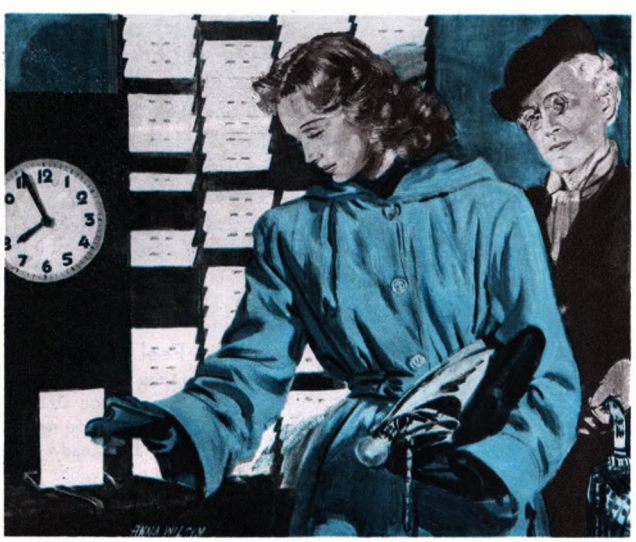

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MORAL: INSURE IN

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VOL. 123, NO. 11

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MARCH 12, 1949

Best Man

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

Tommy had to make the supreme sacrifice for his brother's wedding—take care of the bride's little sister. And was that terrible! No, it wasn't at all

TOMMY'S face darkened ominously as he examined the shirt. "Fifteen, thirty-three. This one's mine," he announced. "And I'm taking it back." Mrs. Elder held the sleeve up critically and examined a tiny crease. "Darling, don't make a fuss," she said.

"Maybe he'd like the one off my back," Tommy said.

"What, dear?"

"Nothin'."

"Tommy, how'd you like to go to the show this afternoon?"

"Look, Maw, I'm not ten years old."

"I know, darling." Mrs. Elder said. "But the man's coming to decorate the house and June's going to have fittings and Susie's coming at six and I've got dinner to get and supper for the rehearsal. You're just the tiniest bit underfoot."

"I used to live here, too."

"I know, but a big brother doesn't get married every day, does he?" Mrs. Elder asked sweetly.

"That's a break."

"Tommy!"

"What'm I supposed to do—be a flower girl or something? This nut-house is on its ear. I've eaten peanut-butter sandwiches six times this week, Pete uses my razor, steals my shirts," Tommy said.

"I don't think you're being very gracious."

"Okay, okay, I'll go to the movies. Can I eat first?"

Mrs. Elder worked over the collar lovingly. "Certainly, darling."

Tommy slouched to the icebox. He had the careless, almost wasteful grace of a sixteen-year-old, with a big handsome frame and a shock of sandy hair. His eyes were narrow with cynical distrust of the world.

"What's that pink stuff?"

"Tommy! Don't touch it."

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ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

Susan tripped and fell. Tommy saw her lip tremble as she fought back the tears. She said, "Stumblebum—that's me." Nobody denied it


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Handsome Joan from San Antone

By GEORGE FRAZIER

Take the plot of your favorite movie, add the most romantic phantasy of any fairy tale and then read this exciting life story of Joan Crawford—it's better and, what's more, it's real

AFTER almost a quarter of a century in pictures, Joan Crawford still observes the pomp and circumstance which used to attend movie queens in the spangled years when she herself was better known for her Charleston than her chic. "Crawford," a friend of hers remarked a few weeks ago, "is Hollywood—the *real* Hollywood. She makes you think of Malibu and Valentino and Cecil B. de Mille and Pickfair. Why, when you walk onto her set, you expect to find the director wearing puttees and yelling orders through a megaphone."

Helen Hayes, another friend, seems to be pretty much of the same mind. "The first thing I think of when I come to Hollywood," she once told a Los Angeles newspaperman, "is Joan Crawford. I've always had the feeling she was born with an invisible star on her forehead."

Miss Crawford, a handsome, intense woman with startled eyes and an earnest, throbbing voice, does not disavow such appraisals. Indeed, on the contrary she appears to be the only person left in Hollywood who still persists in an attitude that vanished from the motion picture community with the imposition of high income taxes.

Although she has long since renounced such indulgences as paying thirty-five dollars a week to have phonograph records played for her during highly emotional scenes, she nevertheless still clings to a number of practices which befit a person of storybook enchantment such as hers. Among other things, for example, Joan has been known to surprise waiters in obscure little restaurants by opening her handbag and popping out a jar of her own salad dressing. Pullman porters on transcontinental trains have been similarly startled when she appeared with her own bed linen.

This grandeur also occasionally manifests itself in the bestowal of a radiant smile upon promising young actresses. One evening last November, for instance, she was having dinner in Chasen's when a friend of hers came in with a talented newcomer named Barbara Bel Geddes. Joan leaned forward, beckoned to her friend, and nodded toward Miss Bel Geddes. "Ask her," she said, shaping the words with her lips, "to turn her head this way. I just want to gaze at her. I think she's divine." This complex does not disappear when Miss Crawford withdraws from the public eye. She is that way at home, too.

William Haines, the silent-picture star who is now a successful interior decorator, likes to recall an evening a few years ago when he went to call on Miss Crawford. After greeting him blithely at the door, she explained that the maid and cook had just quit and that she would join him as soon as she had put the children to bed. Presently she reappeared, placed a chair at the threshold of the kitchen, told him to sit there, and then proceeded to scrub the kitchen floor on her hands and knees. The incongruous note was supplied by the fact that she performed this chore wearing an Adrian dress and fabulous jewels.

It wasn't until 1946, however, that she had an opportunity to substantiate the suspicion that she was born with an invisible star on her forehead. This occurred on a March evening which was to end with her being selected as the best actress of 1945 for her performance in Mildred Pierce.

As the moment approached when the award would be announced from the stage of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Miss Crawford was in bed with a high fever, having been ordered home from the studio by her doctor only two days before. Her nerves were in bad shape, too. This, after all, could be the most important single event of her career. A few years before, when a poll of movie exhibitors had labeled her "box-office poison," she had stood defiantly in her suite at the St. Regis Hotel in New York and informed a press agent that she would one day have her revenge. "I'll show them," she proclaimed. "I'll win an Oscar—and it won't be at Metro either."

Now, on this March night in 1946, that prophecy, although still far from a certainty, did not seem altogether improbable. For one thing, she had switched from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to Warners. For another, she had been nominated for the Academy Award. All that remained was for her to beat out Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones, Gene Tierney and Greer Garson.

Absent in Her Hour of Glory

That afternoon, her temperature rose to 104°. It had not dropped some six hours later when Grauman's Chinese suddenly became hushed, as a sealed envelope containing the winner's name was opened. With the announcement of Miss Crawford's name, there was a wild burst of cheering, and then, almost simultaneously, a murmur of profound regret that she could not have been present to bask in this, the true glory. For here, they realized, was a moment of surpassing sentimentality, a moment heralding the artistic coming-of-age of a girl who had been considered too undignified to be received at Pickfair.

What most of the audience was forgetting, however, was that Joan Crawford remains a movie queen in sickness as well as in health. Only the next morning's papers revealed how thoroughly she had monopolized the proceedings by the very act of remaining away from them. On page one of almost every journal in the country was splashed a picture of her propped up in bed to receive the tidings of her triumph.

"Say, it just occurred to me," an actress blurted out at a party the following night, "I'll bet she wasn't sick at all!" This skepticism, while completely unfounded, suggests the respect which Miss Crawford's flair for the dramatic inspires even among members of her own profession.

Year in, year out, however, the most striking manifestation of Joan Crawford's *noblesse oblige* is her attitude toward her fans. In an era when aloof players are as receptive to autograph seekers as they would be to typhoid carriers, she treats her following as cozily and deferentially as if it were her bread and butter, which indeed it is.

When she is in New York, for example, she issues regular bulletins apprising her fans of her whereabouts. At noon on a given day, either she or her secretary may let it be known that she will be at a certain glove counter at 3:15 or at such-and-such a market at 4:45.

Sincerity Wins Fans' Loyalty

Such familiarity as Miss Crawford's might be expected to breed a certain contempt on the part of her fans. That it doesn't is largely attributable to her absolute sincerity in her relations with them. When, for instance, she contributes a letter (which, unlike most stars, she writes herself) to the Joan Crawford Club News, an imposing mimeographed bulletin prepared by her fans, she expresses herself with an ardor unequaled by any of the members and her prose has the same starry-eyed inflections as her voice.

"Don't you think we have the nicest club newspaper in the whole world?" she wrote in the issue of last September. "I am always so excited when I see it in the mail and it's always so full of wonderful surprises for me . . . Martha Kay's article on the Academy Award presentations was accurate beyond words. I think she has ink in her veins because she is going to make a wonderful reporter . . .

"Nothing could have made me happier than Loretta's winning the Oscar. She not only deserved it for The Farmer's Daughter, but for The Bishop's Wife and many, many more performances she has given throughout the years. Of course, I just jumped up and down when Celeste Holm, Ronald Colman, Edmund Gwenn and Elia Kazan won their Oscars. The goose flesh ran up and down my spine continually the entire evening because I knew the joy the winners would have, and when that sweet Edmund Gwenn made his beautiful speech, that did it—tears flowed, mascara ran, and I was a wreck emotionally. I wish you all could have been there to witness a perfect evening . . ."

Only a confirmed cynic would dare to suggest that this radiance is a pose, for Joan's sunny disposition is not restricted to her relations with her fans. Last Christmas, for example, she expressed something of her philosophy in a letter to a friend.

"I am grateful," she wrote, "for the love in every man's heart for his fellow man at this time of year. Even though they are frustrated and harassed during the shopping rush—trying to find the right presents for their loved ones, all the faces have a

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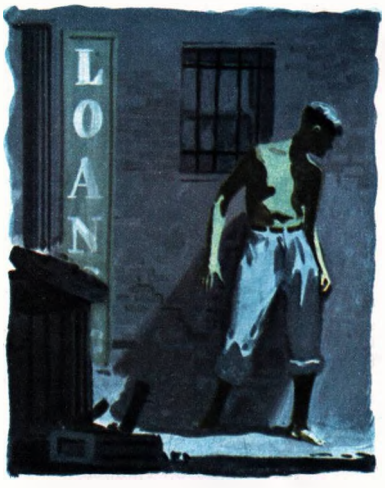
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

Gems from Garcia

By PATTERSON GREENE

José could not stand seeing Mrs. Rojas suffer when all she wanted was a few jewels for the crown she had made for the church. Especially when he knew where some fake stones could be had for the stealing



WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 BONUS AWARD

Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

"IT SOMETIMES appears to me," said Father Gonzales, speaking in confidence to Monsignor Tiburico, on the occasion of the latter's monthly visit to the turbulent East Los Angeles parish in which Father Gonzales struggled to keep virtue breathing. "It sometimes appears to me that accident is the particular weapon of Satan."

To Don Tiburico he could talk of these matters of philosophy which, for the most part, had little opportunity to rise to the surface of his mind. He worked among parishioners in whose hearts the capacity for spiritual exaltation dwelt side by side with the capacity for murder and rape, on whose persons an investigating officer of the law not infrequently found a rosary and a dagger in the same pocket. The life of these parishioners was one of explosive immediacy: There was little time in it for consideration of the long view.

But the Monsignor was a man of understanding. He was older, though slimmer of waist, than pudgy Father Gonzales, who was only middle-aged. He was a man of the world, who moved with composure in the circles of the rich.

At the same time, the Monsignor had not let himself drift into that secular cynicism that leaves always the taste of quinine in the soul's mouth. He had learned to accept serenely whatever consequence might follow upon any struggle of any human being, but his serenity had nothing in it of defeat or of indifference. The Monsignor knew that a problem was a problem, and that it did not arrive carrying its own solution on its back. . . .

Accident (Father Gonzales went on) has time and again taken the ground from under me. My parish, Monsignor, is very poor, and the poor have great need of hope. And for them, the supreme hope of eternal salvation is not enough. It is too far away to keep them sober and chaste. When the stomach is empty and the rent is due, the mind cannot look into the infinite, because today and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow are too much in its way.

So my people do not pray for the salvation of their souls, or for unity with the divine will. They pray for jobs, and for money. And the girls pray for husbands. This is not right. I know it is not right. They take the beautiful gestures of faith, and they turn them into the incantations of witchcraft.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

But what am I to do, Monsignor? Shall I shut my eyes, and let them come to church and to the sacraments, let them live lives of prayer and grace, and die in sanctity—all for the wrong reasons? Or shall I take away their greedy little hopes, and hold them to a hope that is beyond their feeling? Then they will fall away because they are discouraged, and I shall have let them go to hell just because they were incapable of the greater vision.

I have compromised. Until I can see a better way, I let them have their little greeds and their little superstitions. Some may work through to understanding, and the rest will at least behave themselves.

There is the case of Garcia, the pawnbroker.

You have admired the crown on the statue of the Virgin in my shabby little church, and you have wondered that tin and glass should look so much like silver and jewels. The tin of the crown is truly tin, and it is indeed a wonder that Mrs. Rojas, with her artist's hands, has been able to make it look like silver filigree. But the little jewels in the points of her crown—this is a deep secret between us, Monsignor—they are real sapphires!

When Mrs. Rojas had finished shaping the tin, I told her the crown was beautiful, and that it needed nothing more. But Mrs. Rojas was bent upon jewels. As I told you, she is an artist, and to have anything less than the fulfillment of her dream was a torture to her soul. No one could find the little blue stones that Mrs. Rojas envisioned.

She took to her bed, and cried all day, and refused to cook. Artists are like that. I do not share their feelings, but I respect them. It is the mission of priests to make the world good, and it is the mission of artists to make it beautiful. They should work together, because without them I do not think there would be much of either the beautiful or the good in all the world.

Now Mrs. Rojas has a boy in her house whose name is José. She found him in our orphanage, and being an artist herself, she saw that he had gifted hands. He cannot paint, but he can work in metal. You would swear that it is soft under his touch, like clay. So Mrs. Rojas took him to her house to live and to be trained. She would have adopted him and given him a name—the poor boy had none except by courtesy—but the laws were too complicated. Sometimes I have the feeling that laws do more to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

Garcia mumbled a few words and hung up. When he came back to the counter there was a strange look on his face

Orson Welles gives Jimmy instructions for the typing of a manuscript of the movie version of Othello. SHAEF will tackle any job, if it's honest and legal

Jimmy Jones - At Your Service

By DEAN JENNINGS

IN THE frenzied postwar scramble for the American tourist dollar in Europe, a cocky, diminutive thirty-five-year-old American named Jimmy Jones is probably having the most fun and, in the process, grossing $500,000 a year on the simple thesis that nothing is impossible when there's a fast buck to be made in the passport derby.

Jones is the inventor of a unique organization in Paris called SHAEF which, for a consideration, will tackle any problem for anybody, provided Jones doesn't land in the bastille in the course of solving it.

In recent months, for example, he found a 100-ton yacht for a New Yorker who, unknown to him, wanted to smuggle cigarettes into Italy. He ran errands for Rita Hayworth; saved a Polish doctor's life by flying some scarce streptomycin into Cracow; located four Halifax bombers and sold them to a mysterious African air line; kept a Chicago businessman from illegally marrying a French countess who had offered him $5,000 for the privilege; found a roommate for an ex-president of Peru; and was asked to find guardians for a noted Hollywood actor's son, because the boy had an embarrassing habit of duplicating his father's gangster roles in real life.

In gay Paree fast-talking Jimmy Jones is doing right well with the Yankee tourist dollar. He started SHAEF, a unique organization that, for a fee, will read you to sleep, mind your pooch, or mail you a French doll

Jones's competitors in the travel business take an admittedly stuffy view of these eccentric missions, which are totally unrelated to ordinary ticket selling. They complain that his activities are injuring the dignity of their profession. "Jimmy's got a new idea all right," they say, "but how crazy can you get?"

And Jimmy Jones, whose trade-mark is a shield showing scissors snipping a wormlike piece of red tape, replies, "Today, even simple projects in Europe are wrapped up in red tape like an Egyptian mummy, and travelers nowadays don't want to be bogged down. Somebody has to lend a hand—and we've got the know-how."

This know-how apparently consists of an encyclopedic knowledge of European regulations and how to get around them, an amazing list of trouble shooters, contact men and professional shoppers, and a multilingual staff of 15 eager young men and women who are exhorted by Jones to surmount all obstacles.

Jones picked the famous wartime initials for his firm name, not only because he was once attached to Eisenhower's staff and wore the SHAEF patch, but also for their appeal to American tourists.

It was not until uninitiated travelers badgered him for a fuller meaning that he hurriedly thought up the phrase *S*ervice *H*ouse for *A*mericans and *E*nglish in *F*rance, a meaningless mouthful that now appears on his letterhead. In the two years since Jones conceived SHAEF, he has had more than 25,000 customers who, presumably, were lured by his advertised creed: "Solutions to all your problems." They crowd into his six offices in the New York Herald Tribune building at 21 Rue de Berri, or telephone, at the rate of 100 a day, and often get him out of bed at night.

Jones offers a minimum of 50 different kinds of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FENNO JACOBS

"normal" personal services, plus expert advice or action on thousands of others, ranging from: Abandonment of sweetheart, French law on—to: Zithers, German, how to buy. He knows where to get lavender *espadrilles*, booklets on the feeding habits of commercial snails, or little hat-shaped bottles full of cyclamen gelatin.

A movie actress phoned him late one night, asking sweetly, "How much would you charge to read me to sleep?"

Jimmy snapped back, "A hundred and eighty francs an hour, and if you haven't got a book I'll bring one."

Among His Distinguished Clients

The list of Jimmy's clients reads like a Who's Who of the international set and includes Ambassador William C. Bullitt, Prince Bibesco, Senator Claude Pepper, Nathan Straus, Walter Lippmann, the Baron de Rothschild, Cary Grant, Mme. Ben Gurion, Porfirio Rubirosa, Lord Audley, Johannes Steel, Author Richard Wright, Eamon de Valera and the Marquess of Queensberry.

Jimmy approaches every assignment with the intensity of a batter sent out to save the game in the ninth, and is subject to impulsive action if he muffs a job.

Last summer, as a case in point, he was entrusted with the care of an expensive dachshund owned by Earl Erickson, Stars and Stripes correspondent. Erickson left for England and Jimmy took the dog to a kennel ten miles outside Paris. From time to time, having heard nothing to the contrary, Jimmy wrote cheerful little notes to Erickson about the dog's fine health, until finally the correspondent returned to claim his pet. Arriving at the kennel late that day, they were told the dog had been dead for three weeks.

"Dead?" screamed Jimmy, noting a sudden suspicion in Erickson's eyes. "I'll bet you sold him or something."

The angered Frenchman promptly marched Jimmy across a field and silently pointed to a mound he said was the dog's grave. It was already dark, but Jimmy wasn't satisfied. He grabbed a shovel, exhumed the missing pooch after an hour's hard work, and got a reluctant but positive identification from Erickson.

Incidents of that sort, which Jimmy claims are rare, make no discernible dents in the brassy Jones façade, and every new assignment, no matter how trivial, is tackled with the conviction that only Jones can do it. Usually he is right.

In 1947, for instance, the promoters of the huge International Film Festival at Cannes wanted exactly 48 American flags of different sizes, including one measuring six feet by eight for a speakers' platform. It seemed like a simple thing, but the search bogged down until someone suggested trying Jones.

Not long before, for no reason at all, Jimmy had compiled a list of people with American flags. In one day, sending his emissaries out in taxicabs to Army depots, consulates and private homes, he got the needed flags and shipped them to Cannes.

An Army officer planning a party in Paris wanted to decorate the hall with colored balloons, but he had only eight dollars to spend. Jimmy remembered a peddler who had a stock of unsold balloons in Paris' famed Flea Market, and got them at a bargain. Another customer wrote from Honolulu with vague recollections about an Alsatian doll for sale in an unidentified shop in Paris. One of Jimmy's experts went unerringly to the right store, and the doll was shipped to Hawaii by air the same day. Jimmy's payment for this job, at his own request, was a case of pineapples.

Last summer a Cincinnati doctor and his wife asked Jimmy to supply a traveling companion who would discuss philosophy with them on a long tour.

"We gave them one of our bright young men—a student of philosophy and author of some nice little monographs on the subject," says Jimmy. "He

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Jimmy engaged in the highly esoteric business of wine tasting. He's had to become an authority on wine—visitors often come to SHAEF for advice

When CARE needed dummies to model the clothes in their packages, Jimmy found a bargain in the famed Paris Flea Market: old dressmaker forms, being sold for junk

Jimmy all dolled up in a Napoleon outfit, which he dug up for an old gentleman about his size who was set on making a hit at a Parisian masked ball

Denis Plimmer, of the Overseas News Agency, and "Doc" Davenport, of B.B.C., wanted to meet toga-wearing Raymond Duncan. They did—through Jimmy Jones's agency

Asked to collect decorations for a little boy's birthday party, Jimmy found these perfectly wonderful papier-mâché heads, and a lot of balloons

Jimmy (foreground) and his partners, Jean Crestey (light suit) and Winifred Charlotte Moulton, test out the balloons which, with the big heads, wowed the birthday party

"Geoff told me his life was in danger," Hilary told Kennedy. "I didn't believe him and I told him so. He threatened me and I turned and ran. And then he ran after me"

Hangover House

By SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SECRET THAT COULDN'T BE SHARED

The Story: One night in London a young private investigator named STORM KENNEDY is paid a visit by LORD GLENGALE, who asks him to follow his daughter LADY HILARY. Glengale, who feels certain that Lady Hilary is being blackmailed, is afraid of what she might do. That same foggy night Kennedy follows Lady Hilary to a party at a country place in Surrey, owned by an old man named LARKHALL PIKE, who rents the house out for parties. While he is there PETER FARAWAY, the host, discovers a body on the terrace steps. It is a man whom no one knows; he has been stabbed in the chest. Kennedy examines the body before the police arrive and discovers a woman's footprints and a small handkerchief. He obscures the footprints and keeps the handkerchief. When the police arrive they are headed by INSPECTOR MCGRAW of the C.I.D., an old enemy of Kennedy's. Later Kennedy meets Lady Hilary in the garden and shows her the handkerchief. She admits it is hers, but before he can question her further she turns and runs into the house. SIDONIA, the singer with the band that played at the party, disappears. The police send out an alarm for her arrest. Unknown to Kennedy the police have discovered that a small gold case, found on the murdered man, is now missing. Kennedy finds this case in the summerhouse just after Hilary and Sidonia have been in there and he puts it in his pocket. When the police search him they discover it, and Inspector McGraw questions Kennedy and Lady Hilary in the study. Suddenly there are footsteps on the stairs and the "murdered" man stands there pointing at Hilary and saying, "La . . . La . . ." She is visibly shaken and calls out to him, "GEOFF!"

PART 4 OF A FIVE-PART SERIAL

A CAR which long ago had earned honorable retirement on the scrap heap came noisily to rest outside The Effingham Arms, an inn four miles north of Kings Riding. The driver scrambled down and turned to speak to his passenger.

"Shan't be two minutes, dear."

A bronzed arm shot out from a sable cape and grabbed him. "Take it slow, Jimmy! Do you *want* the cops to grab me?"

"Of course not, Sidonia. I won't be two minutes."

"Then you're plain nut-house! Do I have to tell

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ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

Our Shocking Accident Wards

By PATRICIA LOCHRIDGE

Many of these bedridden cases at a Chicago hospital might have been released in 48 hours had they received ambulance care at the time of their accidents

What are your chances for surviving an accident? Most people believe that any hospital will open its doors to the injured. Yet a coast-to-coast check reveals that in an alarming number of cases this is not true. The author has a tale to tell of much unnecessary suffering, many an unnecessary death

You or someone close to you may suddenly, day or night, need the services of a competent hospital staff. Accidents strike swiftly and often swift help is needed. Do you think your community is prepared to come to your aid in the efficient, humanitarian way you expect? Here are some points to consider:

1. Does your city have an adequate ambulance system?

2. What sort of emergency service are your local hospitals prepared to give?

3. Do their ambulances carry interns, who can administer on-the-spot first aid?

4. What are the rules in your community's public and private hospitals—rules that may spell the difference between life and death?

Check up in your city, and if you are not satisfied with what you find, do something about it. At the very least, know which hospitals can be depended upon in an emergency; you may suddenly need that information very much.

PART 1 OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

IN CHICAGO a woman was smashed and dragged by a bus on Canal Street at Union Station—critically injured in near-zero temperature. An eyewitness clocked it at 38 minutes before she was picked up and carted off in a police paddy wagon—wrapped in a poisonously dirty blanket in contact with her open wounds. "She was lucky," a cynical cabby remarked. "Par for the course is 57 minutes."

In Minneapolis a four-month-old boy died on the mayor's desk only ten hours after the city hospital administered clinic treatment but refused to give the baby emergency hospitalization. The hospital superintendent said, "You can't expect us to hospitalize every child who has a cold." The coroner said the baby died of laryngeal tracheal bronchitis.

In New York a young girl declared "apparently dead" by an ambulance attendant was discovered to be alive by the quick-thinking policeman guarding the "body." His artificial respiration saved her life.

Hospitals like to refer to these as "unfortunate incidents." If they could many hospitals would suppress such articles as this because, they would argue, exposure of defects and abuses in our ambulance and emergency service will destroy public confidence in our hospitals. But what they mean is they are worried about losing financial support, already a very shaky proposition in these days when contributions for all worthy causes are dropping off.

Most people believe that in a medical crisis, any American hospital will invariably rise to meet the emergency. Many cities or towns in the United States have a hospital sometimes cruelly misnamed "Emergency," "Casualty" or "Mercy." Unfortunately the happy illusion that all hospitals are ready, willing and able to take care of you in an emergency is untrue in too many cities.

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WAYNE F. MILLER

Beneath his outward poise Monte was still a shy country bear. If he once suspected he was being ridiculed it would estrange him from all of us

My Private Bear

By HERBERT COGGINS

A rags to riches story in which the hero is a poor but honest black bear who really doesn't care about money at all

IT WAS breakfast time when Monte first called on us. We were out under the pines and the smoke from our bacon drifting into the forest undoubtedly persuaded him we were worth knowing. He was a gaunt, two-year-old black bear. When I first saw him on a little hill back of the cabin he was pacing back and forth to get attention. Then he paused, meeting my eye to give me a chance to do the ordinary decent thing.

But I couldn't ask him to breakfast, and I couldn't explain things to him. Our only guest was a city woman on her first camping experience. She was positively allergic to black bears at the breakfast table. Finally, with a significant look intimating I might be given a future chance to redeem myself, Monte ambled off in the direction of the garbage pit where eventually there could be heard the familiar rattling of cans and cartons.

Up to this time we had resented Monte's habit of upsetting our barrel and scattering its contents willy-nilly. But after I met him I felt different. He could do nothing else. It was too much to expect an untrained bear to inspect and appraise kitchen leftovers, replace the inedibles and set the barrel upright again. My system was at fault.

So I did away with the can and had the woods carpenter build a slightly sloping platform on the edge of the pit. Each morning after that, Monte processed our food remnants with perfect etiquette, automatically brushing the leftovers such as cartons and tins into the pit and leaving the platform clean and sanitary.

After a week of undisturbed visits Monte became quite friendly. Every morning he would pass the cabin on his way to work. The children insisted he nodded to us as he passed. In any event he was no longer a hesitant suppliant hinting for a handout. He came and went with the dignity of a trusted employee—a utility man giving us regular and efficient service. He kept his breakfast table spic and span. Before long there was a noticeable reduction of insects. He was eliminating their breeding environment.

This gave me the idea that if we could extend Monte's services to the other cabins we might wellnigh eliminate insect pests for the whole campgrounds. The children rebelled. Monte was really our private bear, not just a plain garbage man. I explained to them the importance and dignity of the work. It would be a promotion, more business and more food for Monte. It would give him a job security that few uneducated bears ever enjoyed.

I spoke to the nearest neighbor, showing him the service Monte was giving us. He agreed Monte was worth while. If only for insect abatement. Together we approached the others. They wanted Monte's services all the way to the little general store down by the lake.

Some of the summer folk had had morning calls from Monte in the past and like myself were unfavorably impressed. But with the new understanding they did away with the obsolete cans and built modern sloping platforms like mine. To inaugurate the new service for them we led Monte with tidbits of bacon from pit to pit along his future route. Once he had learned the trail and its profitable possibilities there was no problem. He had a one-track mind and was systematic. His efficient tongue kept the platforms spic and span. The decrease of insect life was positive.

Although Monte's route was now well established he still considered our cabin his home. As the scene of his first job he was sentimentally attached to it and after work he would often stop by as if to see whether the service had been satisfactory. I never felt his interest was solely the lumps of sugar the children gave him.

We soon realized Monte was no longer our private bear but a most efficient public utility and a valuable asset to our community, and we were afraid some other camp might try to lure him from us. We toyed whimsically with the idea of incorporating him as the Lakeside Disposal Company, although we all well knew the commissioner would look askance at a financial statement whose only asset was a shaky title to a wild bear.

As I had anticipated, Monte's usefulness was quickly recognized. He was a most effective watchman. Word got about the whole country that a wild bear was prowling on our side of the lake and trespassers who annoyed us in the past now stuck to the main road and avoided short cuts through our property. But he was even more proficient as a fire warden. Like all wild animals Monte was psychopathic about fires, and would become hysterical when he called our attention to a lighted cigarette or match dropped on the ground. However, after seeing us extinguish a number of small fires he mastered his feelings and became an adept in patting out smoldering flames.

BUT in my plans, this was just the beginning. I, who had seen bears dance on roller skates, juggle balls and parasols and walk tightropes, predicted a future for Monte undreamed of by less imaginative neighbors.

I was sure he could run errands for us. He made the rounds of the cabins with faithful regularity. He could just as well carry our daily grocery orders to the store at the end of the trail. He was now friendly and approachable to all residents There was no doubt Monte had been underprivileged as a cub and appreciated his regular employment. As a result he never lost a day's work. I discussed him with Jenkins, the storekeeper. He agreed that anyone so conscientious should be given every chance.

As bears go Monte was making a good living, but there was no incentive for advancement. We must devise a medium of exchange to encourage him to further effort. It need be only trifling but to interest him it must be something different from his regular fare. It was natural for Jenkins to come up with the solution. We were in the store and the idea was on the shelf before us. Jelly beans. They were the ideal currency, inexpensive and available to all. There would be no favoritism, we could all be generous. Jenkins promised to lay in a stock for the season.

Jenkins and I cautiously decided on a tryout before advertising the new service. I had picked up a couple of Boy Scout knapsacks and had them riveted together into a neat and practical pair of saddlebags. The ancient sleighbells that I strung to it proved intriguing to Monte, and most useful to us in announcing his arrival and whereabouts along the route.

THE next morning I stopped Monte and introduced him to his new equipment and with it the new compensation. He licked my palm most appreciatively as he sampled the new coinage and he showed no objection when I slipped the saddlebags over his shoulder and cinched them in front. Priming him with a few more jelly beans I dropped the day's grocery order into the nearer saddlebag and followed him to the next cabin to be sure he wouldn't shake off the new responsibility.

My caution was unnecessary. Introducing the harness as I did in conjunction with the compensation eased its acceptance. In fact, Jenkins, who was to return the contraption to me with the day's groceries, had quite a time taking it from him.

The first day of the new service proved its success, especially for those of us at the far end of the trail. Monte's service eliminated the hike to the store and brought us our supplies before noon, instead of after. This was because Jenkins received all the orders at one time and could assemble them for a single delivery instead of spasmodically serving groups of waiting customers. In no time Jenkins was giving the best service on the lake and he generously credited his "partner," Monte.

Monte's next promotion was a mere follow-up. We made him our postman. The post office was in the store and Monte always completed his route in time for Jenkins to cancel the stamps and load them on the outgoing bus. This simple service frequently saved us twenty-four hours in our correspondence.

With each new achievement I had difficulty in keeping the neighbors' enthusiasm within bounds. Without intending it they would make Monte a little ridiculous. One of them, well acquainted with the sheriff, had Monte sworn in as a deputy; as our watchman he should have the proper authority. However, it turned out all right and the fact that the badge on his saddlebag was outdated did not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Symbolizing the end of an era of stifled cliff dwelling, this model scene of Parklabrea in Los Angeles shows how light, air, garden and play space can be built into an apartment project. The model of one building and an ingenious mirror arrangement have created the effect of a group of life-size buildings

At Last, Houses That Fit People

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Do you live in a filing cabinet? Is your Lebensraum a steaming slab of concrete? Then you will be interested in the job of modern apartment building that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is doing on the West Coast

THE apartment we live in is excellent in every respect except one: It doesn't fit *people*. Like most of the man-made cliffs in large cities, our building, in Manhattan, is a magnificent filing cabinet and we—my wife and I and two children—are filed in Drawer 4-D. Being animate, we occasionally make our way to the elevator and are deposited upon a concrete slab, known as sidewalk, to fend for ourselves until we return to storage.

Our building hasn't a square foot of play yard, no place to store a tricycle or carriage, nowhere to stroll, not a speck of garden, not a blade of grass, not a tree or flower. Nature and beauty are shut out as though they were plagues.

Don't blame the builder. He was doing what builders have done in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Atlanta and St. Paul—every place where the crush of growing populations has demanded multiple dwellings to house lots of people under a single roof. With ingenuity unbounded they have given us great towering apartment houses, squat cubic apartment houses, fat ones, thin ones—any shape they could squeeze onto a plot of earth.

It was only incidental that they ossified the cities of America, that they squeezed out beauty, smothered nature, and left us with beehivelike structures in which, for want of something better, humans must live.

On two huge tracts of ground—a tarry, former wasteland in Los Angeles and an ex-golf course in San Francisco—the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is pointing the way out of this morass of mortar. It is building *houses that fit people*. Instead of starting with bricks and stone, the $9,000,000 Metropolitan—largest private financial structure in the world—is starting with human beings, and building around them. Nothing in the blueprints takes precedence over the human need for light, and air, and elbowroom, and play space, and gardens (and a place to putter for yourself if you want to), and walks, and beauty and a chance to commune with God and nature.

"We call it *living*, as against existing," remarked a tenant in Parklabrea, the Los Angeles development.

While fitting human needs, the Metropolitan also has fitted the human pocketbook. One-bedroom apartments rent for $60. Three-bedroom apartments rent for $92 and $95. Small wonder the two developments have been besieged with up to 600 pleading applicants per week.

"I think the Metropolitan has an ulterior motive," quipped a tenant in the San Francisco development, Parkmerced. "After all, they're in the life insurance business. They want people to live longer. This kind of living certainly will do the trick!"

Frederick H. Ecker, Board Chairman of the Metropolitan and one of the most housing-conscious men in America, has piloted the company through the most enormous private-housing venture ever tried. With five developments in New York (including gigantic Parkchester), one just outside Washington, and the two in California, the Metropolitan will—when the last brick is laid—be landlord to 36,272 families, about 125,000 people. Three hundred million insurance dollars have been plunked into the projects.

"If there's one thing I've learned," says Ecker, "it is that people need plenty of light and air."

The garden apartment is his way of giving it to them. Parklabrea's 1,316 apartments and Parkmerced's 1,687 are in colonial two-story buildings, each group of 20 or so apartments opening upon a large community patio full of shrubs and flowers.

Had the war not intervened, both developments (started in 1941) would have been completed along two-story lines, with most apartments being duplexes, or, as they say on the Coast, studios. War priorities allowed only one half of Parklabrea to be completed, and only two thirds of Parkmerced. These portions were opened in 1943 and 1944.

Soaring building costs stymied completion of the projects along the original two-story lines. But Metropolitan finally figured a way out, and now is finishing the job with 13-story buildings woven into the original planning. Eighteen of these towers are going up at Parklabrea (bringing the Los Angeles total to 4,206 apartments) and 11 at Parkmerced (making the San Francisco total 3,503).

But even the towers must have elbowroom. At Parklabrea one group of four new structures is being built upon 14 acres of land—three and a half acres per building!

Metropolitan has steadily learned the lessons of ground coverage. Its earliest project, Long Island

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ERIC SCHAAL

What I've Learned About the Russians

By JOHN FOSTER DULLES

If the cold war is to be contained, and finally stopped, we must be ready to cope with the difficult mentality and strange viewpoint of the Soviets. The author of this article knows the Reds so well and has told the truth about them so often that Andrei Y. Vishinsky once said he should be put in chains

I AM often asked whether we will ever be able to get along with the Russians or whether it may not be better to have a quick war and get it over with. A few weeks ago, when I was flying the air lift to Berlin, one of our pilots put the question to me. "We're not over the last war yet," I told him, "and if we start new wars before we even finish the old ones, we may never get it over with." And my mind went back to the plans of the Kaiser and Hitler for "quick" wars.

Of course getting along with the Russians is hard. I should know. You may recall how, at one United Nations Assembly, Vishinsky called me a "warmonger" and said I should be put in chains. My troubles with the Russians started when I went to San Francisco four years ago to help draw up the Charter of the United Nations. Molotov and Gromyko were there and I soon learned that they had ideas very different from the sweetness and light of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms.

I have now had eight major sessions with the Russians, including one of nearly two months at Moscow with Stalin, Molotov and Vishinsky. Between conferences, I have tried to read up on what Russian leaders tell their own people at home, because their talks to foreigners are not very revealing. Most of their speeches are propaganda and at social events they duck serious talk.

I have had some amusing experiences in that connection. Once, when I was at the Kremlin for dinner, I was particularly looking forward to after-dinner talk with members of the Politburo who were there. But the moment dinner was over, Marshal Stalin ordered the lights out and a movie on, and that effectively squelched any talk. Again, at a Buckingham Palace reception, I tried to corner Vishinsky for a talk, but he countered with an offer to hold a public debate with me.

Unable to learn anything about Russia from Russians, I bought myself four copies of Stalin's book about Leninism, which is now the "bible" that is taught to Communists, and I read it and reread it many times.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO ROSENTHAL

Born Yankee

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

When two Yankees start trading, someone is bound to get skinned—especially when one is a young fellow who wants to marry the other's daughter

BUCKINGHAM PORTER was crazy as a coot. Henry Churchill said so, and Henry was not only chairman of the board of selectmen but president of the bank. And every man in Wickenham agreed with Henry, except old Lincoln White, who used to run the spool mill before he failed in business.

Wickenham's womenfolk weren't so sure about Buck either. Women are more tolerant, particularly when the man is young and blond. But they did say that Ellen Churchill was listening to her heart instead of her head. And a sweet girl like Ellen ought to think twice, even if she is in love.

But Henry stuck to his guns. Buck was a poor risk, he said; any banker could tell you that. Good stock, of course, Wickenham and New England, both sides and away back. But frittery. Henry would have no frittery son-in-law. "Why," he said, "his father would turn over in his grave!"

Buck's father had left the boy a seventy-acre farm on Amity Mountain when he died while Buck was away at war. When Buck came back he traipsed off to mechanical school for a year, then changed his mind and went to business school. Then he veered again. He came rattling home in that old Army jeep and spent the whole summer courting Ellen and puttering around the old farmhouse. Didn't put a cow in the pasture, didn't turn a hand to the sugar bush.

Then Buck went down to New York and got a job last fall. But he didn't stay with it. Left that job for another one, and quit *that* one last spring and came home again—to putter some more. Now he was putting a bathtub in the house and painting and prettying it up. And *still* not a cow on the place!

"I declare," Henry told Ed Robinson, the postmaster, one early June afternoon, "that boy's got a comeuppance due him! I can't see what he's thinking."

Henry had a chance to see what Buck Porter was thinking the very next day. Buck came into the bank, went to the open door of Henry's private office and said, "Can I come in?"

Henry shuffled the papers on his desk and cleared his throat and said, "Sit down." Henry was a lean man with a thin nose in a thin face. He peered at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

"I've got to run, Buck. Daddy's out of sorts. I'd better hurry, really." Ellen turned and ran up the walk toward the big house in the next block

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

It adds up to your biggest musical Value...

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DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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He's typical of all people who live and work in the United States and Canada. And he earns money—coins and pieces of paper which change before his eyes into the comforts of daily life and supply the tools with which he builds security for his family. As he spends his money it passes to other "Mr. Johnsons" working toward a common goal of financial security.

Although most families are thrifty, it is a matter of record that one family out of every seven occasionally finds it necessary to borrow money from a consumer finance company to meet an emergency or for other worthwhile purposes.

Mr. Johnson is typical of thrifty people from all walks of life who rely on these lending agencies in time of need.

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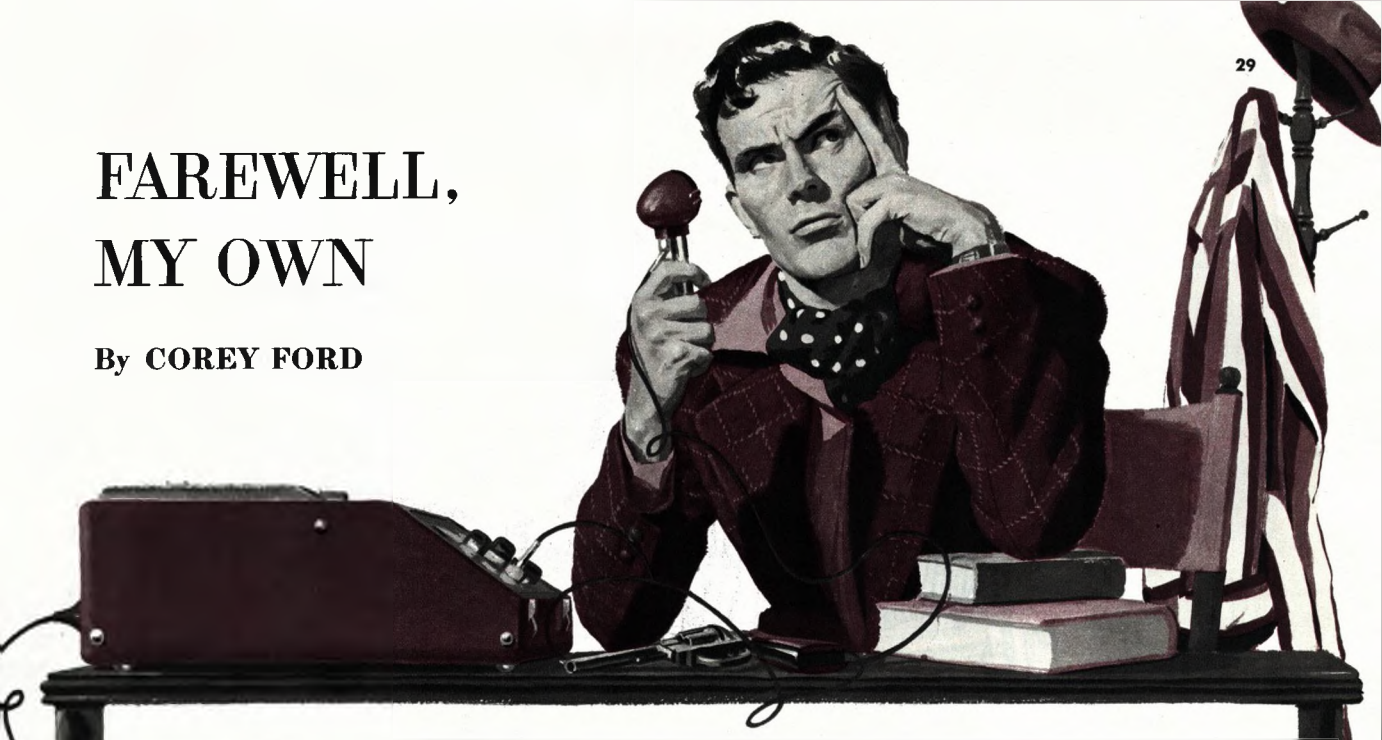
FAREWELL, MY OWN

By COREY FORD



Collier's SHORT SHORT

HIS voice sounded to himself simple and deeply moving. There was no evidence of anger in his controlled tones; he said what he had to say with dignity, without reproach. That was the way he wanted it. They would hear him, and—the thought made his lips twist in a sideways smile—perhaps, when it was too late, they would reproach themselves.

"I do not blame the world," he said into the microphone, "for what it has done, or, rather," he corrected, "for what it has not done. The world hurtles on its way, heedless of aught but success. It has no time for failure. To the sensitive artist, struggling against the callous indifference of a fickle—"

He paused and frowned. That sounded just a bit complaining; and he wanted this message above all else to be magnanimous and forgiving. Exit George Smitheson, smiling. He flipped the switch to "Rewind," ran the wire back and started it forward again. Just before he reached the last sentence, he turned the button back to "Record."

"This, then, is a word of thanks," he said, instead, into the microphone, "for certain memories that I carry with me as I exit, smiling, from life's crowded stage." He was rather pleased with that. "Memories of a name in lights on a Broadway marquee, of applause that rolled once across the footlights, of autograph seekers waiting nightly outside the stage door. Memories of glittering promises that lured me on to Hollywood, promises, alas, that proved to be but hollow words—"

That was for Jake Arpel. Jake had brought him out here, after The Manhattan Story, with a year's contract at Magna and a future comfortably safeguarded with options. Week after week, month after month he had waited to be assigned a part. The industry was in a slump, Jake had explained, production plans were stalled; nothing had happened. His contract expired, the option was not picked up. He lived on cheeseburgers at a corner drive-in, his funds dwindled to the vanishing point, he had nothing left. Nothing but his pride.

"I have nothing left but my pride," he said aloud into the microphone, "but that pride refuses to be trampled in the dust. Rather death—"

Jake had phoned him this morning. "I got a job for you, Georgie, it isn't much, a Western, you're an Indian scout with Custer, see, you don't have any lines, but at least it's a chance to break in." George had slammed down the phone in disgust. George Smitheson, in bronze paint and a breechcloth, working as an extra in a B picture. That was the last straw. He picked up the loaded service revolver from the table, and weighed it in his hand as he talked.

"And so I bid you all farewell," he said. He could picture them standing in silence, listening to his voice as it came out of the recorder: Jake, the police, the reporters. "Farewell, Jake Arpel." Perhaps Jake's face would blanch as the accusing finger of George Smitheson pointed at him from the beyond. Even the hardened newspapermen would flinch as they heard his final line—"this is the end!"—and the wire, still turning, recorded for posterity the revolver's fatal blast. He could see the whole thing in his mind. "Farewell," he continued, "my dear Sally—"

His voice wavered a little as he spoke Sally's name. She had been so loyal, so patient and understanding; she loved him. She had stuck to him through it all, encouraging him, still believing in him. "Things will work out somehow, honey." It was hard saying good-by to Sally.

"You have been so loyal, and patient, and understanding," he said. "It isn't fair to ask you to sacrifice your happiness any longer, Sally. I am a failure, a bit player without lines, an extra on life's crowded stage. Farewell, my own." His finger was on the trigger of the revolver. "This is the end—"

He hesitated, tempted. It could do no harm before he made his exit, to play the thing back once, to hear how it sounded. After all, he reasoned with grim humor, it was the last chance he'd ever have. He flipped the switch, rewound the wire and turned the button to "Listen."

"This is George Smitheson speaking."

He winced. His voice, instead of sounding calm and controlled, emerged high-pitched and querulous, even a little irritable. It was undoubtedly the fault of the machine, but somehow, he noted with increasing discomfort, the effect of quiet dignity was missing. He turned up the volume, to make it more impressive.

"... the world hurtles on its way, heedless of aught but success. It has no time for failure—"

He squirmed in his chair.

THE words were his words, but now, as he heard them back, they sounded pompous and self-pitying. "... exit, smiling, from life's crowded stage—" That was ham; sheer unadulterated ham. "I have nothing left but my pride."

A red flush was creeping slowly up the back of his neck to his ears, and his cheeks were crimson. He glanced guiltily at the door. Beads of moisture had formed on his forehead.

"... an extra on life's crowded stage." Oh, Lord, he even said it twice. "Farewell, my own. This is the end—"

The blast of the revolver echoed through the room, and bits of severed wire leaped into the air as the recorder growled to a sudden halt. He tossed the smoking revolver onto the wreckage, and strode across the room to the phone. He dialed a number.

"News, Sally. Yes, Arpel just called me, I'm starting work Monday. N-no, it's not exactly the leading role," he said carefully, "but it's quite an important part; Arpel said there were great possibilities, and, look, Sally, if you'd like to split a cheeseburger, I've got something else to tell you."

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

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The engineers and artists who designed it knew exactly what they wanted . . . *and what they didn't want!* They wanted you to have a car that would be a joy to look at and a thrill to own. But they also wanted a car designed to fit YOU . . . instead of you having to fit the car.

That meant a lot of things. It meant a car you could walk into, not wriggle into. It meant a lower car without stealing your head-and-hat room or cutting down on your road clearance.

It meant a steering wheel that didn't cramp your style or hit your knees. It meant more leg room for *all* passengers . . . not less. It meant not only a bigger windshield and windows, but luxurious chair-high seats so that you would have more *real* visibility . . . not less.

They wanted you to have a handsome car without having to rebuild your garage. They wanted you, if necessary, to be able to change a tire. And if someone did dent your fender, they wanted you to be able to have it fixed economically.

They knew you wanted a car that *lets you drive without shifting*. So here is Fluid Drive with Tip-Toe Hydraulic Shift, with a record of billions of miles of carefree, effortless driving. Drive this better way just once and you'll never go back to the old way again.

No matter what car you now own . . . no matter what you thought you were going to buy . . . ask your dealer to show you every new feature of this new De Soto. Compare it with any other car . . . at any price. Then decide.

The new De Soto on Display March 5

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The car designed with you in mind! More real beauty...more real room...more real visibility...lets you drive without shifting!

The Secret Papers of Gurney Williams

By ANONYMOUS

Had Eli Whitney, Robert Fulton, Thomas A. Edison and Guglielmo Marconi known the truth about Russian inventors they'd have gone into some other business. Here is the startling reason, bared for the first time

They invented television, too

Parts 1, 2, 3 and Conclusion

I HAVE held back as long as I can, but after weeks of sleepless nights I've decided to make a clean breast of it, although, for the protection of my immediate family, my exact identity must remain a secret. The Russians, who recently claimed the invention of (among other things) the steam engine, the telephone, electric lighting, radio, the airplane and jet propulsion, could not only be absolutely correct but they are probably too modest.

I deserve to go to federal prison as a traitor, for not producing The Record, or, The Private Papers of the Williams Family, before this and I am obviously at your mercy. This record was begun by one of my ancestors and passed down in strictest confidence as a sacred trust through generations of descendants, gaining entries (always furtively) as it went. From a single sheet of foolscap it has grown to such proportions that I can no longer keep it in the watermelon which has served so well as a sanctuary for the almost intolerable secrets no member of my family has ever before revealed. You'll see why in a moment.

The first notation is dated July, 1776, by a far-distant relative whose name I cannot decipher. It relates how, during the previous month, a Russian agent named Alexander Lemonov held Betsy Ross at saber point and harshly dictated to her the details of the first American flag.* Sworn to secrecy and threatened with instant death if reference ever were made to the incident, Betsy Ross complied with the demand.

Later, however, Miss Ross confessed the whole sordid tale in a memo which found its devious way to the Williams papers where, although yellowed and brittle with age, it starkly confirms the horrifying fact: *Old Glory was first conceived by the Russians.* Thus, one of the best-kept secrets of the Revolutionary War is at last out of the bag.

I was not surprised when the Russians, just a few weeks ago, suddenly laid claim to the development of oil refining, petroleum cracking, insulated cable and the electrical transformer, because they also invented the wheel, Yankee pot roast, gunpowder, Manhattan cocktails, paper, Scotch whisky and the Japanese beetle. It's all in the Williams papers.

Why do the Reds brag about the first transmission of direct and alternating current without mentioning their creation of the Bermuda onion, the St. Louis Blues, the Mexican jumping bean and Philadelphia scrapple? I know why and I'm going to tell you why.

But first let me reveal that a scientist named Moltov Stalinsky, of Poltava, perfected German measles,

The watermelon is now too small

the Venetian blind, Swedish *smörgåsbord,* Spanish influenza, the Detroit Tigers and French fried potatoes well over a century ago. Let the record speak for itself. (Wait until I brush off these watermelon seeds.) Here it is, plain as your face, on page 35:

"Today, March 2, 1814," my great-great-uncle Jacob has written in fine script, "he (Stalinsky) wrote me confidentially that he had devised not only the aforementioned, but further glorified his country (Russia) by originating Brazilian nuts, the Missouri mule, Harvard beets, Creole pralines, the juke box, Arabian horses, the Western sandwich, the cotton gin, Vermont maple sirup, Swiss cheese and the Model T Ford. He also sent me plans for a machine called an 'airplane' designed 'to pierce the supersonic barrier.' Scientific terms confuse me but I imagine this supersonic barrier will be constructed and put up soon. The airplane is to be driven by a Doctor X. S. Wonsky.**

"I bleed for the United States of America (the paper continues) that I cannot publish these facts now. *My mother was once befriended by a high Russian official and I promised not to spill the beans* (Boston baked

He dictated our Flag's details

beans, that is, first concocted by a Petrograd chef named Doievsky Sonovitch). *These facts will be announced when and if the Russian people need booster shots for their morale; but I predict this will not be necessary until the year 1950 or even later* (italics ours).

"It will be a sad and disillusioning day for inventors of various other nationalities when, during this and the next century, they will fabricate their crude and ridiculous machinery and fumble through countless laboratory experiments only to discover, despairingly, that Russian technicians have already pioneered in all their diverse fields of endeavor."

This ends the old gaffer's explanation, and as a latter-day Williams I bow my head in shame for not having exposed it until now.

In the light of all this, we should all feel properly abashed for having recently made so much fuss over the 45th anniversary of the so-called "first" airplane flight at Kitty Hawk. A Russian, of course, made the first heavier-than-air flight in 1882 by pouring the coal into three steam engines (here's the Komsomolskaya, Pravda clipping of January 9, 1949, to prove it) and the good citizens of Kitty Hawk have been feeling pretty low ever since they read about it. I was talking to a man down there last week and he said: "I witnessed that flight in December of 1903 and I'll tell you this, Mister: If I'd of had those papers of yours at that time I could of kept the Wright Brothers out of the news and saved embarrassment all around. As it is—" He broke off abruptly and ducked into a doorway while one of his cronies sheepishly shuffled past.

So that's it. The Russians have been right all along—and we've been left. Men of the U.S.S.R. invented the parachute many years before they could find any use for it; they let the world live in a fool's paradise for ten years before announcing they discovered penicillin in 1865 or thereabouts; they devised the Morse telegraphic code even while the senior Morse was pacing the floor and hoping it would be a boy.

I can assure you the Russians had Virginia tobacco, Texas grapefruit, the Chicago stockyards and democracy anywhere from 20 to 168 years before these concepts took form in the sluggish American mind; and as for Canadian Cheddar, Panama hats, Rhode Island Reds (naturally), the Greek alphabet, California redwoods (also naturally), Florida oranges, Roman numerals, Chinese pagodas, Idaho potatoes—but why go on?

I am cheered by one thought though. There is one item of which no mention is made either in the Williams papers or in any of the claims currently extended in Leningrad by the Russian Academy of Science. The Russians boast of many things but the present regime ignores its most singular achievement, namely, that it far excels the rest of the world, without any shadow of doubt, in the production of bubble-head guff.

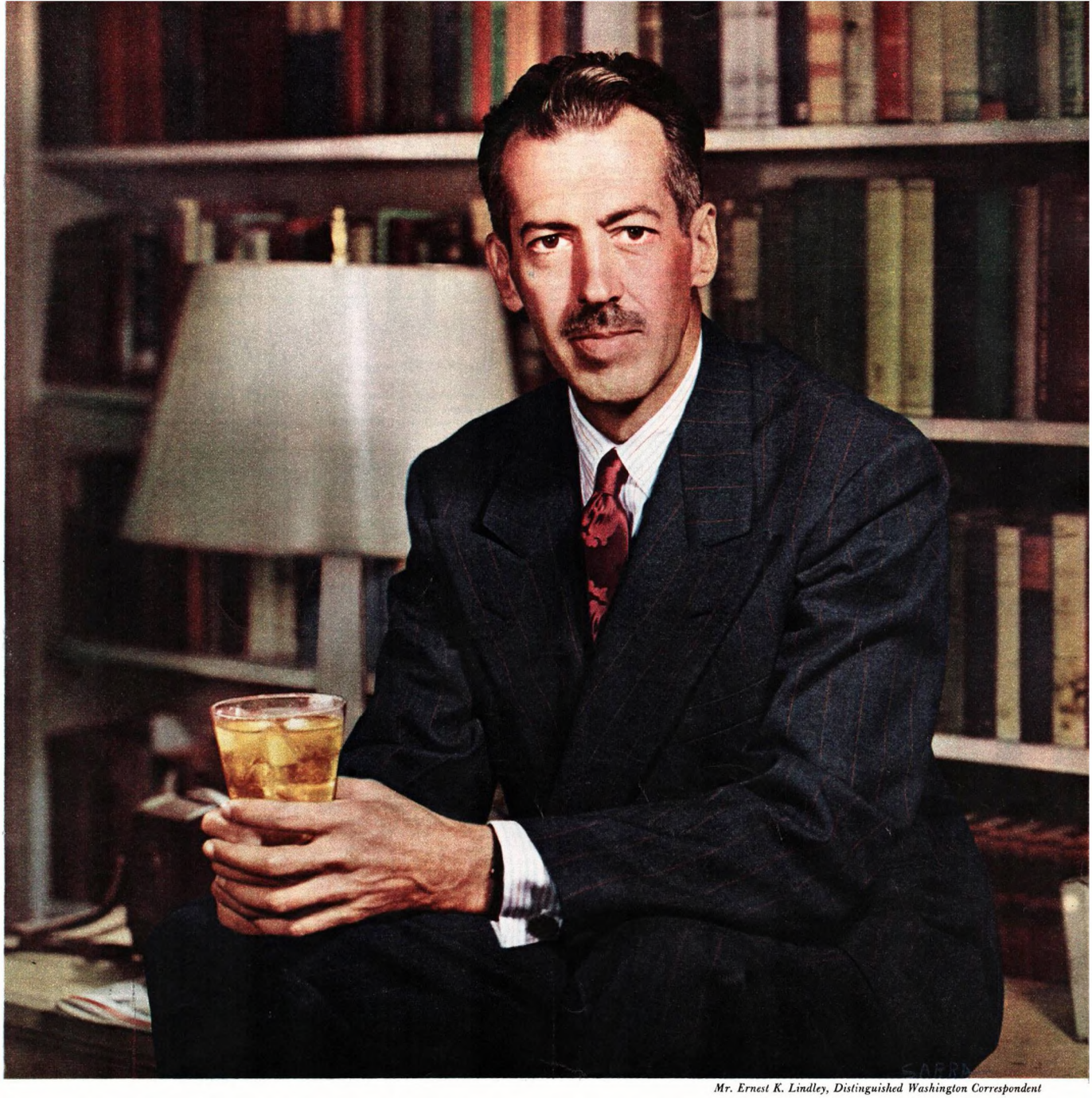
Pardon me while I write that down in The Record.

His crony sheepishly shuffled past

* This was 156 years after the Russians lugged Plymouth Rock across two continents and an ocean, dumped it on the Massachusetts shore and went back home without telling anybody about the project.

** Note well that nearly 135 years elapsed before we produced the present XS-1 jet job.

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM COBEAN



Mr. Ernest K. Lindley, Distinguished Washington Correspondent

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JIMMY JONES—AT YOUR SERVICE

Continued from page 19

never had a chance and came back a broken man because, as I feared, they covered every night club and bar in France in a most unphilosophical way. Incidentally, I always tell Americans to drink less when they come to Europe because they'll need their strength for better things, but I guess they don't listen."

The *enfant terrible* of the travel business was born at Birmingham, Alabama, on September 3, 1913. His father, J. Arthur Jones, was an insurance company executive, and the family moved to Jacksonville, Florida, about the time Jimmy was ready for high school. He recalls the years at the University of Florida and subsequently at Northwestern as a blur of hard times, indecision and not much education.

And So He Went to Paris

Jimmy finally—and reluctantly—went to work as an insurance salesman in Chicago, his first and last job in the United States. He found the work too hard, and in less than a month was on his way to Paris with five dollars in his pocket and a pocket dictionary. Within a week after his arrival, in an early demonstration of his formidable gall, he persuaded M. Jean des Caves, a wealthy French oil broker, to hire him as an English teacher.

"I went to his apartment for breakfast every morning," says Jimmy. "He knew no English and I knew no French but the food was wonderful. He grossly overpaid me, but he was perfectly satisfied. He wrote me a note—I had to get it translated—thanking me for helping him learn English."

As a civilian agent, during the war, Jimmy followed the Army from London to Algiers, Italy and southern France, shuttling between the Psychological Warfare, Intelligence and Public Relations offices. Just a few months ago, on his first trip home in six years, he was presented with the Medal of Freedom in a public ceremony at Jacksonville. The citation, authorized by President Truman, acknowledged his "organizing ability, bravery in the face of danger and technical ability."

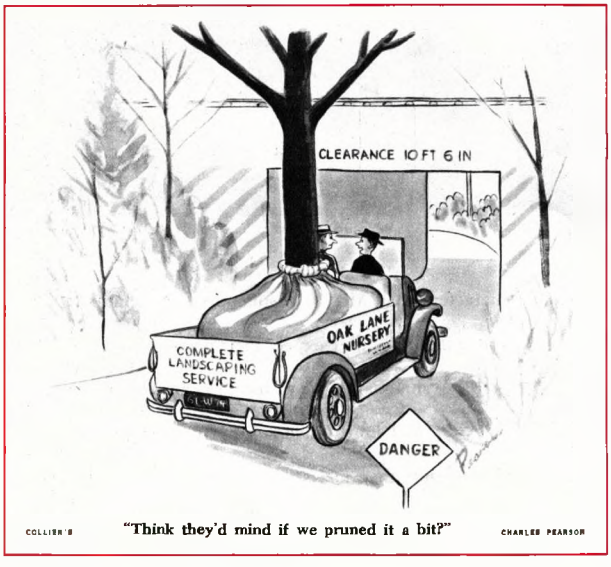
While Jimmy was attached to Eisenhower's headquarters, he was assigned to escort a group of Army and civilian journalists to a winter sports holiday at Chamonix. There he met Winifred Charlotte Moulton, an American girl who had lived in France all her life, and Jean Crestey, a former French fighter pilot. Crestey and Miss Moulton were there representing a French government good-will committee known as COFBA, which sponsored art schools, sports tours, wine lectures, shopping guides and other services for G.I.s.

Sitting around the hotel lobby that week, the three swapped stories of their experiences. Jimmy told how he arranged press conferences for visiting congressmen, or ran down hard-to-get items in obscure stores for Army friends. Miss Moulton said she had counseled G.I.s on their romances with French girls, and solved ration problems for British and American officers. Crestey had planned many an unusual tour, and was a walking bureau of information on French regulations.

Obviously there was no such service available for the ordinary tourist. Jimmy saw the possibilities and proposed a postwar consolidation of forces. In October, 1946, with a capital of $200 and unlimited optimism, he and his partners launched SHAEF.

Their then humble enterprise nearly foundered in that experimental period. They had borrowed office space at 9 Rue de la Paix, but were unable to get a vitally needed telephone. They wanted to book plane and steamship passages for bread-and-butter income, but it took five months to become accredited. One of their bookkeepers embezzled the company's meager funds and blew them at a race track. They found and trained a talented bilingual secretary, but they promptly lost her when an American businessman—one of their first customers—offered to triple the salary Jones was paying.

The records show that a Mr. Lyman Ford, Connecticut parachute manufacturer, was SHAEF's first client with a prosaic request for a hotel room, followed by a Miss Abbey Burgess, address unknown, who asked Jimmy to get her some special blue-and-white enameled house numbers. There was a Miss Wharton, pleading for California oranges, and a Mr. Mays, with an urgent request to have a French doll ("not a live one," Jimmy adds) delivered to his hotel before 11:00 A.M. SHAEF showed a net profit of $20 that first month, and Jimmy began reading the Help Wanted ads.



COLLIER'S "Think they'd mind if we pruned it a bit?" CHARLES PEARSON

"Sink or swim, I've always said! So I don't believe in helping them out with their homework"

"They're in fractions now and that just floors George. He tried to help Junior but finally gave up!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

About this time Ken Collins, business manager of the European edition of the New York Herald Tribune, was being harassed by what he called "visiting firemen" problems. These characters were arriving at the Herald offices in platoons, waving introductory letters from the home office, and they could not be ignored. "The Herald was so busy chasing tickets for the Follies and running other errands for VIPs," Jimmy says, "that they could hardly get out the paper. While talking to Miss Moulton one day, Collins suddenly realized that we could handle these headaches for him. We did."

SHAEF thus hit the jack pot, acquiring both the blessing of the Herald, and a penthouse atop the Herald building, with space for a free information center in the lobby.

Soon after consummating this rags-to-riches union, Jimmy was compelled to evacuate the two-room penthouse because customers were literally overflowing onto the roof and the balconies, and the management feared someone might get pushed off. He took a suite of six rooms on a lower floor, doubled his staff, and became a permanent fixture in a building where office space is considered priceless because every American tourist in Paris—they say—visits the place at least once.

Dignity Hard to Maintain

Nowadays, in keeping with the organization's supposed coming of age, Jones tries to maintain a semblance of dignity and decorum. But there is generally a puckish confusion in the SHAEF offices, and some first-time customers have been known to retreat in alarm.

The supporting cast on a typical day might include, for instance, Garry Davis, the young American rebel who calls himself a "world citizen" and who had Jones design a sheepskin world passport for him; Eamon de Valera, pleading for some publicity on a charity project; Lord Audley, dropping in to dictate a new play to one of SHAEF's secretaries; or a U.S. general, worrying about some lost automobile papers; Jules Benoit, dean of Paris guides, trying to explain why he took out a party of Americans and absent-mindedly gave them his entire spiel in Italian; and a gnarled old woman, impatiently tapping a gold cane and asserting that she has invented a new kind of airplane.

Telephones jangle constantly, messengers fall over one another, and it is not uncommon to hear six languages spoken at once. Jones himself darts in and out of the various offices like a sleek little seal, barking orders and briefly extending a friendly flipper to clients he knows. Blessed with prodigious energy, he performs at top speed all day, and sometimes far into the night, even when there are no immediate fees or commissions in sight.

He is prodigal with gratuitous aid, on the theory that every satisfied tourist contributes something to better international relations. He also believes in good travel manners and is his own Emily Post on the subject.

"Don'ts" for Tourists

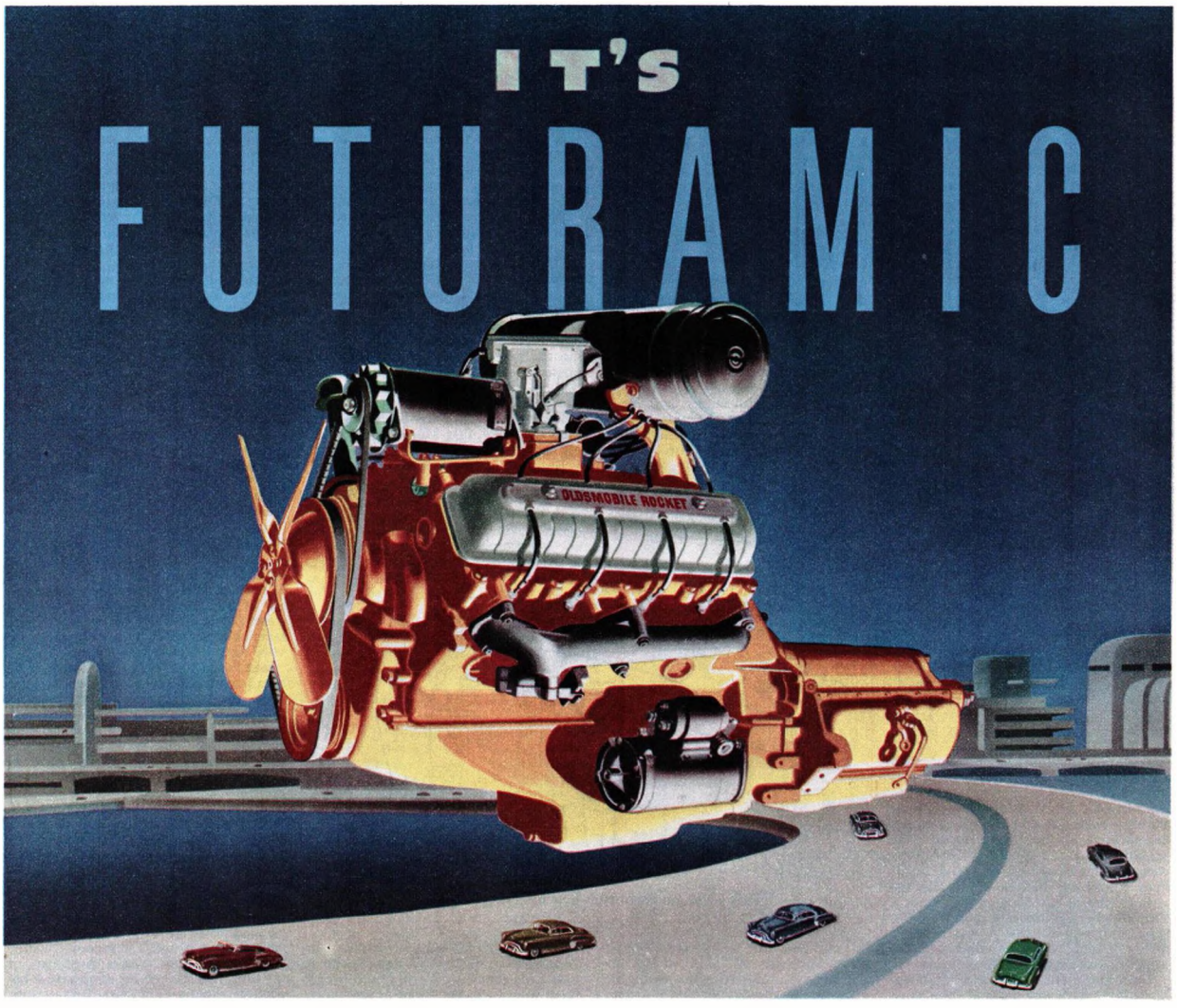
"Now remember," he will admonish a group, "don't go around making odious comparisons or boasting about how much we have at home, or flashing your money. These people have been through a war, they've suffered, but they're trying hard to get on their feet.

"Try to speak the language, even if it's only high school stuff and rusty at that. They'll love you for trying. Don't go rushing through meals—relax and enjoy yourself. Don't overtip—you only make it tough for the next guy who doesn't. Don't assume that people can't understand English. A lot of them do, and you might be embarrassed. Go slow on the drinks, and don't rubberneck at the people around you. They're just Joes like you."

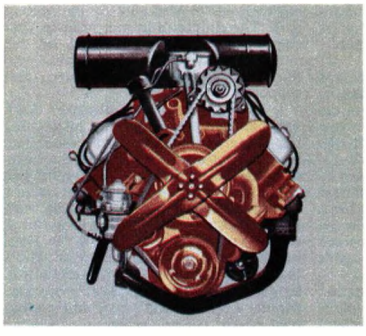
Jones practices this cosmopolitan amity himself, and consequently has had almost no conflict with French officialdom. If anything, most *fonctionnaires* are so astonished that anyone would attempt to buck the formidable red tape that they often yield in sheer admiration. Jones drives a tiny French car, lives modestly in a small Passy apartment, and by constant practice has learned to speak French fluently.

Not so long ago Jones found a pressing need for all three when he met, and subsequently married, Mlle. Monique Andree Chiron, a statuesque Parisian actress whose name he has since shortened to Nicky.

About the time Jones whimsically announced to the staff that he and Nicky were expecting "a little Shaefer," he learned that his apartment lease would soon be terminated. Contemplating this calamity, he perversely phoned SHAEF, said he was a respectable American citizen and please, could SHAEF find him an apartment. "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, sir," Miss Moulton said. "We'll get you anything but that. We can't even find an apartment for the boss—and is he griped!"



OLDSMOBILE "ROCKET"



Now you can see it! Now you can try it! . . . Now there's Futuramic power—in America's only Futuramic car. It's the revolutionary "Rocket" Engine in the 1949 Futuramic Oldsmobile. All new in concept and design, Oldsmobile's "Rocket" means unbelievable smoothness, quietness and flexibility . . . combined with *sensational* acceleration. The "Rocket" Engine, with its 135 horsepower and surprising gas economy, opens up a whole new world of motor car efficiency. For this is the engine that makes high-compression performance—*tomorrow's kind of performance*—a reality on the highways of today. You've got to try it to believe it! You've got to drive it for the most exciting motoring sensation you've ever known! It's 1949's "NEW THRILL," and it's brought to you by Oldsmobile—pioneer of Hydra-Matic Drive and builder of the Futuramics!

MY PRIVATE BEAR

Continued from page 23

in any way diminish Monte's pride in it. At spare moments often he could be found polishing it with his tongue.

But I did protest at the castoff postman's cap. Beneath his outward poise Monte was still a shy country bear and if he once suspected he was being ridiculed it would estrange him from all of us. As a compromise we let him wear the cap when Jenkins loaded the mailbag on his shoulders to be carried to the bus. Tilted rakishly to one side, the cap was out of keeping with Monte's natural dignity but he obviously enjoyed the stir and comment his appearance caused among the new and transient passengers.

With all his liking for people Monte preserved a certain aloofness. No one, for instance, attended the speedboat races more regularly than Monte. But he invariably went alone. From the very first Jenkins thoughtfully provided him with a bag of peanuts, acting on the innocent belief that Monte would enjoy them while watching the races. From Monte's viewpoint one bag of peanuts was ridiculously insufficient. But he was always considerate enough to carry it out of Jenkins' sight. Then he repaired to his favorite spot for watching the races, well away from the finish.

INDIRECTLY it was the boat races that shot Monte to the peak of his career. Our youngest son, who was watching the races from his canoe opposite Monte's favorite spot, was unexpectedly overturned by the heavy wake of one of the speedsters and was dumped into the lake. Before he could recover himself and clamber back into his canoe, Monte bounded into the water and grasping the lad by the shoulder towed him to the shore.

The lad was a fair swimmer but when I saw the excitement of the crowd I had no inclination to belittle Monte's heroism. But all efforts to lionize Monte at the time were in vain for he promptly disappeared in the undergrowth. The sensational rescue of a boy by a bear went over the news wires and made headlines across the nation. Naturally the writers played up Monte's modesty, a little touch of romance I didn't care to spoil, although I knew it was Monte's dislike of being wet that made him hasten to his favorite sunny spot.

Naturally there would be a good deal of sentimentality and gushing about such a rescue among the womenfolks, and especially people like Miss Abbot who was an active member of the Humane Society and had been a devotee of Monte's from the first.

I didn't know it at the time but the largest national radio hookup was carrying on an almost fabulous jack-pot prize contest for the American in a humble walk of life who had won himself the greatest place in the hearts of his neighbors. Neither did I know that Miss Abbot, inspired by sentiment, dashed off a most fervid and convincing document entering Monte in the contest. It was a hero-worshiping history of Monte, starting as a humble garbage collector, detailing his career as a volunteer but trusted state and federal servant, serving without salary, and rising to a climax with the dramatic rescue of my son.

It was the thrilling success story of an American hero in the lower brackets. Bringing in Monte's native background and describing him as an American, she omitted only one detail—that he was also a black bear. As she explained later Monte should not be handicapped by an accident of birth. Told with skill and sincerity the story was a perfect one and the broadcasting company was captivated. With unusual fanfare they announced Monte as the winner.

The news woke our little community like a minor explosion and I, like everyone who recognized the matter as a miscarriage of events, regarded it with much amusement. That is, I did until I learned that each contestant had been entered under a fictitious name, and Miss Abbot had seen fit to equip Monte with my surname. In her mind I was Monte's next of kin.

The broadcasting company was some thousands of miles away, but it was not hard to interpret their feelings when complete details reached them. Their first impulse was to rescind the award believing it an unscrupulous publicity stunt. But they overlooked the latent spirit of fair play in a radio audience. Monte had filled all the requirements announced week after week. Not only Monte's friends but all animal lovers swamped them with letters; and the local real-estate interests, recognizing a lifetime chance to advertise the lake nationally, rallied behind Monte.

The radio station quickly recognized the good-will value of an extreme example of fair play and faced about most gracefully. In reinstating the award they made but one stipulation: that I, Monte's supposed relative, be his manager.

As a young man planning my future I had never expected nor cared to become the bonded guardian of a black bear. But the children were delighted. The idea of being closely identified in the public eye with a real wild bear was an outstanding honor.

DESPITE its absurdity my position was serious. A flash appraisal of Monte's winnings presaged a selling job ahead of me. Few of the awards were adapted to Monte's immediate needs. The prize bungalow on Cape Cod was impractical for a California bear; and the helicopter, the speedboat and the sport-model car were equally wide of the mark. But I sold them at a very good figure along with the television-radio combination, the washing machine, the set of china and the encyclopedia.

Of the less tangible matters a travel bureau gladly relieved me of the vacation trip to the Bahamas and we wisely eliminated Monte's call on the President of the United States. All parties concerned were glad to sidestep the winner's planned appearance on Information Please, but in the case of the Quiz Kids there was obvious disappointment.

The minor awards were even less suited to Monte's requirements. The weekly orchid, the Book-of-the-Month award, the nylons and fancy lingerie, and the alligator bag were ridiculously inappropriate. But these and the gross of skin lotion and the consignment of underarm cream were snapped up by Hollywood favorites whose agents were quick to capitalize on Monte's national fame.

In my rather desperate attempt to make some kind of award direct to Monte and mark the occasion in his memory I held back on the fifty pounds of frying fat substitute. The day was saved by the late arrival of two bushels of peanuts which Monte appreciated.

Aided as I had been by the radio publicity I soon melted down Monte's property to good advantage. After I paid his income tax and incidental expense Monte possessed nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, coin of the realm. This was not a breath-taking amount but it was probable, as a photographic weekly captioned their interview, that Monte was the richest bear in the world.

Because of the unusual situation I was especially careful with Monte's investments. I wanted his new wealth to insure his comfort. We had been friends for a long time, yet I had never known where Monte spent his nights, but I was sure he was living in Spartan simplicity. Land values about us were low at the time so I purchased an ample piece of acreage extending behind our forest all the way to the rocky cliffs and I had a contractor build him a little stone house.

The house took but a fraction of Monte's capital. Luckily, Jenkins, whose business had grown tremendously with Monte's fame, was enlarging his store and could use a loan. To my surprise he was quite willing to have Monte's cash in the business not as a loan but as an investment. Jenkins, of course, would draw a good salary as manager and merely cut Monte in on the profits.

For the moment I thought Jenkins was overplaying his hand especially when he built Monte a little outside office on the sunny side of the store. But it was a shrewd move. By tying Monte to the business he forestalled a scoop by a future competitor. Monte would never be a troublesome partner and, as it turned out, the store, in part owned by a bear, never failed to draw visitors while the new up-to-date soda fountain coined their intangible curiosity into tangible dollars.

There was one phase of the situation neither of us had anticipated. Jenkins was the father of a growing family and his expenses measured up to both his salary and profits. Monte on the other hand had no expenses and we let his profits ride with his initial investment. At the end of the second year when we balanced the books Monte was the majority owner of the store.

To head off this embarrassing tendency I invested in local real estate. Whenever any of the cottagers were forced by circumstance to dispose of their cabins I purchased them for Monte at very reasonable figures. From the resulting rents, Monte was now getting very fair interest from tenants he served on his daily rounds.

NEARLY everything I bought for Monte was profitable. From the first when I purchased his acreage a lot of folks acting on a hunch began to buy up the neighboring ground. As a result Monte's much larger section was greatly enhanced in value and on paper at least he was far richer than before.

I knew the court would approve of charitable donations in Monte's behalf. I selected the causes he would like. I knew he would want to support the "Save the Redwoods" campaign. With the co-operation of the National Zoological Society I established a fund for medical aid to bears in captivity. I had Monte become a life member of a number of humane societies of neighboring states. One of them, unaware of the facts and impressed by the donation, invited him to a directors' meeting.

But even Monte's donations were bread cast upon the lake. Every gesture made the newspapers. Columnists and ad writers promoted Monte for easy copy and occasionally apportioned him a modest fee. One cameraman faked a most convincing touch-up of Monte in uniform collecting rents. The picture promptly sold to an advertiser on contract with a national collection agency. I think it was a sense of guilt more than a fear of a damage suit that induced the cameraman to send Monte a sizable check.

Monte's success made my life harder. The job was closing in on me. At the outset, because of our close relationship, I had stipulated I would accept no compensation as Monte's guardian. But the details were consuming a large part of my time. Monte and his wealth were becoming slightly fabulous. Restaurants, bars and hotels in the adjoining territory put his name and portrait into their signs and advertising, and practically forced nominal checks upon me to forestall demands later. Each host usually intimated that Monte spent all his leisure moments beneath his particular roof.

The whole thing was becoming personally embarrassing. There was a rumor attributing unusual psychic powers to Monte and intimating that he personally was directing me in the successful handling of his business affairs, and paying me very handsomely for my minor part. The children's former pride in kinship with Monte was eclipsed by the current rumors that our family was financially dependent upon a bear for support.

I, too, was becoming sensitive. As I was being measured for my latest suit, the tailor significantly commented that Monte must be doing very well. I have delayed the purchase of a long-needed new car until I can go East where Monte's business affairs are less well known. Our house is outgrown but I shall do nothing about it for the time being. I am enmeshed in a situation that will handicap my own business for sixteen more years. Then, you see, Monte will be twenty-one, and on his own.

BORN YANKEE

Continued from page 26

Buck across the corner of his desk and said, "Warm day."

"A fine June day," Buck said.

Mr. Churchill grunted. He expected people to agree with him, not argue. "Hear you're spending more money on that old house," he said.

Buck smiled. "Making it more livable," he said.

Henry pursed his lips. "It was lived in a long time the way it was."

"Mr. Churchill," Buck asked, "what is the old spool mill assessed at?"

"The spool mill?" Henry smiled. "Thinking of going into business, Buckingham?"

"There are some sheds down there, as I remember," Buck said, "that would make good secondhand lumber."

"Oh. The sheds." Henry thought a moment. "Too bad about that property. I had to take it over six, seven years ago, when Linc White failed. Don't think I'd care to sell those sheds."

"What's it assessed at?" Buck asked.

Henry coughed. The figure was on record. "Nominal figure," he finally said. "Twelve hundred dollars."

"And at thirty per cent of real value," Buck said, "that's—"

Henry demanded abruptly, "Why don't you settle down, young man? Show a little thrift, a little business sense. Your father left you that house—"

"Mr. Churchill, no woman would live in that house the way it was."

"Thinking of getting married?"

"At my age most men do," Buck said.

Henry cleared his throat ominously. "If your plans include my daughter—"

"They do," Buck said.

Henry opened his mouth, but no words came.

"The spool mill, then, is valued at around thirty-five hundred dollars," Buck said.

"I didn't set a price!"

But he was talking to Buck Porter's back. Buck was going out the door. Henry, quivering with anger, got to his feet and went to the window just in time to see Buck drive away in his jeep. But Henry didn't see Buck park in front of the library, around the corner on the green. Nor did Henry hear what Buck said to the librarian, who worked there every afternoon from one till five. He might have been interested, for the librarian was Ellen Churchill.

THAT evening at sunset, Buck bathed and shaved in the new bathroom in the old house on Amity Mountain. He whistled as he dressed in clean khakis and looked out the bedroom window at the view. Ellen was right. "A woman will want a view," she had said. "A great big view that she can look at through her living-room window. Take out those two old apple trees." So now he had a view of the whole valley.

He went downstairs, pausing to look with pride at the living room's freshly waxed beams and polished wide-board floor. He went into the kitchen, now half its original size and gleaming with white enamel, and warmed up the coffee on the electric plate. Bringing in electricity from the line half a mile down the road had called for his biggest cash outlay. Two more weeks, he thought, and the place would be ready.

He got in his jeep and drove to the village. Dusk lay deep on the quiet streets, and the lights around the green were fluttering with June bugs. He drove up King Street to the corner of Elm, where the shadows lay deep beneath the old buttonwood tree. Ellen was waiting, her hair and white dress shining in the moonlight. He stopped the jeep at the curb, hopped out, put his arm around her. She held up her face for his kiss. Then she handed him a key, and she said, "I've got to run, Buck. Daddy's out of sorts, and I'd better hurry home." She turned and ran up the walk toward the big house a block away.

Buck drove back down King Street to Spool Lane and turned in beneath the arching elms. A hundred yards farther he came out in a clearing at the riverbank. The old spool mill stood silvery gray in the moonlight, a long, low building with the open loading platform at one end. The hump of the big water wheel was visible over the roof, and the dark snout of a steam boiler thrust up from a lean-to at the back.

Buck opened the office door with the key Ellen had given him. The smell of birch sawdust tingled in his nostrils. A shaft of moonlight fell across the old oak desk, on which lay a string of wooden button molds, those little disks which tailors covered with cloth.

PUSHING open an inner door, he entered the shop, a long, wide room with big windows thickly webbed by uninterrupted spiders. Thin moonlight came through the windows to reveal the row of lathes like grotesque headless animals, each with its canvas cover, each with a limp belt hanging from the line shafting overhead. He lifted the canvas on one and felt of the gears. They were covered with grease. So were the gears on the tumbler drums, and the cutoff saw, and the band saw. Then he went into the little machine shop.

This was the room he knew best. As a boy he had watched Linc White shape and sharpen cutters there. On the walls hung old cutters, dozens of them, each on its numbered hook. Cutters for spools, for buttons, for chisel handles. They were the mill's history. And its sequence, too: spools, then button molds, then tool handles, the market for each dwindling away in turn.

He went back through the office and closed the door. He barely glanced at the sheds as he returned to his jeep, but he did notice that every building's ridge was true, its shingles tight. He drove back to King Street, then out to the edge of the village. There was a light in Linc White's house. Buck went in.

Linc had been an old man as long as Buck could remember. He was gnarled like a maple, his hair was as white as birch bark. Widowed for twenty years, he lived alone.

"I've been down at the mill," Buck said. "Will those lathes take electric power?"

"They've never yet run at capacity."

Buck nodded. "How small a pin could you cut on the best of them?" he asked.

"Toothpicks," Linc said with a smile.

"How about wood? And shrinkage?"

"Two drying sheds full of wood," Linc said. "And I know a man has forty cords. He cut for me and never sold a stick after I failed. Shrinkage won't be over one per cent."

"What was your mortgage when Henry foreclosed you?"

"Two thousand dollars."

Buck shook his head. "You burned the dust and shavings?"

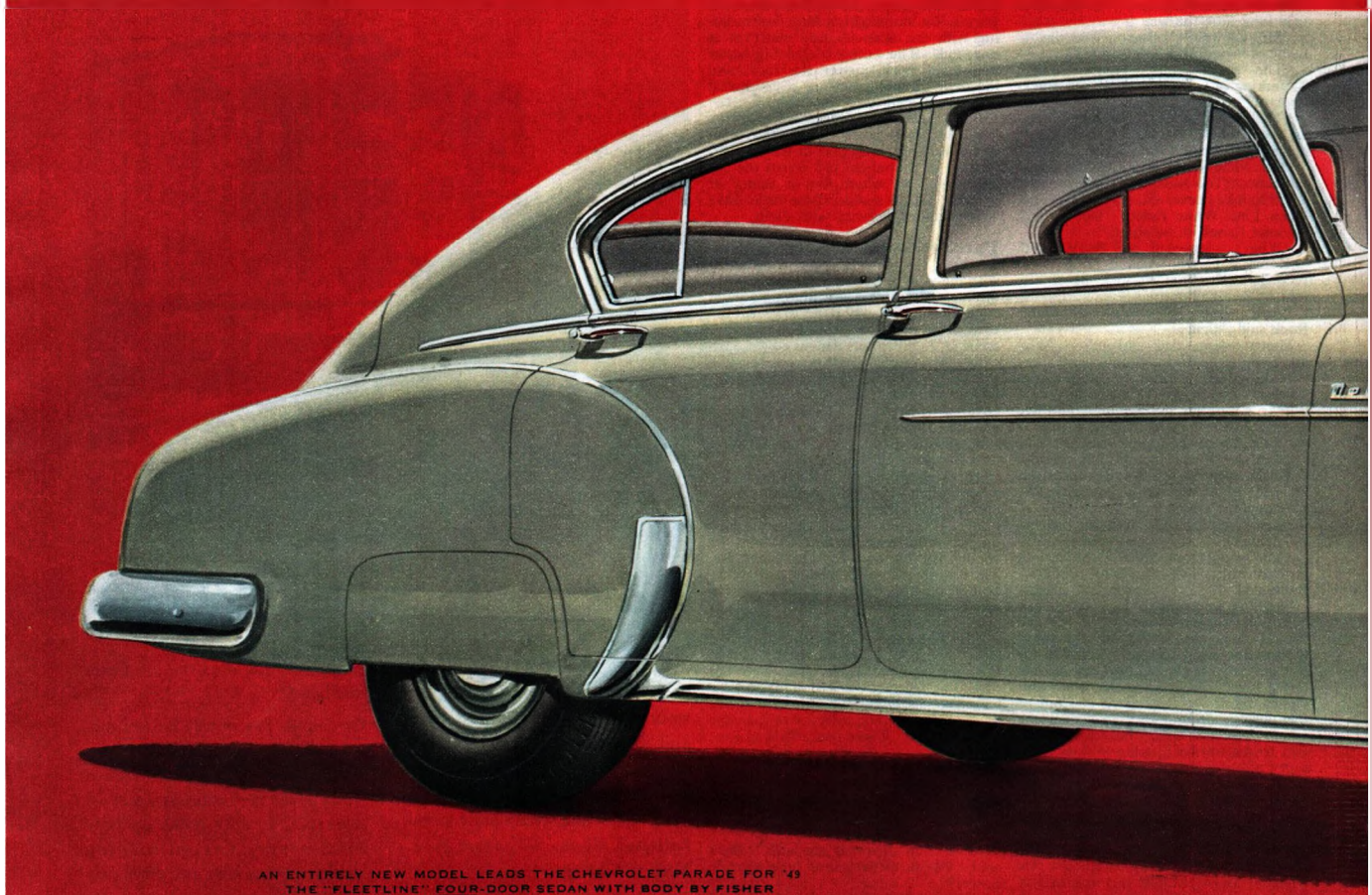
"Couldn't burn it all. Heated with it, and fired the boiler after I put in steam power. But you'd have to cart half of it away. And that costs money."

Buck smiled.

"I don't know as it'll work, Buck," the old man said. "Times change, and you young fellows can change with it. We old folks can't. Plastics is the thing now."

"I know," Buck said. "Both places I worked last winter were plastics plants." And he told Linc White how plastics are molded, about the cores they use in

NEW CHEVR



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plastic rolling pins and darning balls and things like that, about the cellulose fillers that are needed to make the plastic itself. They talked till almost midnight. . . .

Buck gave Henry Churchill two days to get over his dyspepsia. Then he went to the bank again.

Henry was icily formal. "I've no time to waste," he said. "And you shouldn't have."

"I haven't," Buck told him. "I want a price on the spool mill."

Henry glared at him, then turned to his desk. "I said I have no time to waste. You can't buy that spool mill!"

"Mr. Churchill," Buck said, "what is your best price for the spool mill?"

"Five thousand dollars!" Henry snapped.

Buck laughed. "Now that you've had your joke, Mr. Churchill, what is your figure?"

Henry gulped, started to say something, didn't.

Buck leaned forward and tapped the desk with his forefinger. "You foreclosed that property for two thousand dollars. You put it on the tax list at a figure which values it at less than thirty-five hundred. What, may I ask, is going on in the board of assessors? Maybe it's time town meeting looked into a few things."

"Buckingham," Henry said in a tense voice, "you couldn't buy the spool mill if I was to price it at *three* thousand dollars, and you know it!"

"Is that the figure you are quoting me now?" Buck said.

"No!" Henry exploded. Then he relaxed. He recalled his own statement that young Buck Porter had a comeuppance due him, and to Henry Churchill a comeuppance meant a lesson in business. He now saw a chance to administer such a lesson. A trace of a smile crept to his lips. "On second thought," he said slowly, "I might consider that price."

Buck had seen the change. He took a deep breath, as though he might have been too hasty. He shifted in his chair.

"In fact," Henry went on, "I'd like to see you buy the spool mill."

"At three thousand?" Buck asked.

"Let's put it this way," Henry said. "You haven't three thousand dollars, have you?"

"No."

"You do have the farm, clear of title."

"Yes."

"Suppose I was to take a mortgage on the farm."

"For three thousand?" Buck asked.

"For twenty-five hundred," Henry said. "You raise a thousand dollars cash, I'll take a mortgage, and we can do business."

Buck frowned. "That's thirty-five hundred."

"With a mortgage risk, Buckingham."

Buck nodded slowly.

HENRY thought he was hesitating. "Put it this way: The cash price is three thousand dollars. The mortgage price is thirty-five hundred."

"Would you put that in writing?"

Henry smiled patiently. "In the banking business," he said, "a price is a price when it is quoted. However, if you want to take a thirty-day option and think it over—"

"Ummm," Buck murmured.

Henry reached for pencil and paper. He began to write, saying the words aloud. "For the sum of one hundred dollars, in hand paid—"

"A hundred dollars for what?" Buck asked, tongue in his cheek.

"For an option," Henry said, as if he were speaking to a child. "If you take up the option, it applies on the price. If you fail to take up the option in the stated time—"

"I forfeit," Buck finished for him.

"Exactly!" Henry beamed. He wrote out the option, weighing each word, dotting each i, crossing each t meticulously. When he had finished, Buck read it through. Henry called the stenographer to type it.

While they waited, Buck asked, "By the way, the bank owns the Shelden cottage, doesn't it?"

Henry gave him a tight-lipped smile. "Are you asking for *another* option?"

"I'm asking the price."

"The Shelden cottage," Henry said stiffly, "is not for sale. As a matter of fact, the Shelden cottage is to be Ellen's wedding present."

The stenographer returned with the copies of the option and Buck wrote out a check, making a mental note that this reduced his balance to just one hundred and eight dollars. . . .

Buck got into his jeep the next morning and was gone for a week. He returned weary, hollow-eyed, and with twenty-one dollars, every cent he owned, in his pocket. He was both angry and stubbornly amused. He had gone to Boston, to Springfield, to Providence, to Hartford, to Bridgeport, to New York, and up and down the Jersey bank of the Hudson. A side-street electronics manufacturer had agreed to buy one lot of half-inch winding cores. A mail-order supplier had given him a small order for screw-driver handles. He had worn his pants slick sitting in forty waiting rooms.

He drove into Wickenham in mid-afternoon, picked up his mail at the post office and, as he went back to his jeep, looked toward the little brick cottage where Lucy Grimes presided over the local telephone office. An idea came to him suddenly and he went into the brick cottage. There was a closed booth in one corner. He told Lucy to put in a long-distance call to the Universal Plastics Company in Newark, New Jersey, and he asked for foreman Jack Gowan.

"Hi, Jack," Buck said. "You said last week that J.B. was looking for a country place. Has he found it yet?"

"No," Gowan said wearily. "Between that and these plant problems, he's not fit to live."

"Haven't you got those problems licked yet?" Buck asked.

"Hell, no!"

Buck laughed. "I told you the solution. What's your core shrinkage, did you say?"

"*I* don't know! Five per cent, as of noon yesterday."

"And still having to bake the filler?" Buck asked.

"Roasting hell out of it."

"Thanks a lot, Jack. So long," Buck said.

"Hey, wait a minute! What did you call me about, anyway?"

Buck hung up without answering. He opened the door of the booth and called across the room to Lucy Grimes at the switchboard. "Now can you get me the Acme Plastics Works in Newark?"

LUCY got Acme on the phone. Buck talked to purchasing agent Harry Wilson, asked the same questions, got the same answers in a Brooklyn accent. Then he paid for the calls and went home, thanking Heaven he no longer worked in Newark. Jack Gowan and he had been Army buddies. That's how he got his job there last fall. And when he couldn't stand Universal's madhouse he went just up the street to Acme, only to find the same frantic scramble and, eventually, to learn that it wasn't only business rivalry—it was a personal feud between the owners of the two plants, John Billings and Gilmer Ross.

Buck went home and spent two hours phrasing a letter. The gist of it was that he had a fine old New England farm with a renovated colonial house for sale at a price that looked like a bargain yet took it out of the run-down-farmhouse class. The price quoted would stand for only two weeks. Would Mr. and Mrs. —— come up and look at it, by appointment, at 2:00 P.M., on Sunday, June 27th? Please wire an answer.

When he had worded it to his satisfaction, he took pen and ink and wrote two copies of it. One he addressed to John Billings. The other went to Gilmer Ross.

He had two days to fret and doubt his wisdom before Billings wired, "Confirming June 27th appointment 2:00 P.M." And the next day Ross wired, "Will be there 2:00 P.M. June 27th."

It rained Saturday, but cleared off toward evening. Sunday dawned clear. Buck could imagine how it would be in the lower Hudson Valley. He hoped it was downright steamy. Up here on the mountain there was a breeze.

He spent all morning doing last-minute chores, putting away paint cans, raking the driveway, giving the grass a final trim. Then he had lunch.

At five minutes after two he saw a cloud of dust down Amity Road. A big car roared past his driveway, went a hundred yards beyond, then slowly backed up and turned in. It drew up in front of the house. Gilmer Ross, a big, red-faced man in horn-rimmed spectacles, got out, came around the car staring at the house and the trees, and absently offered a hand to a slim little woman in a candy-striped sunback dress. Buck greeted them. Mr. Ross sized him up, then scowled at the house. "Pretty old," he said.

Buck looked hopefully down the road but saw no more dust. "Real colonial," he said. "Not many of them left."

Mr. Ross grunted. "Always this cool up here?"

"Pleasant," Buck said. "Now, do you want me to show you around?"

Mrs. Ross smiled at him. "I'd like you to show me the house."

Buck looked down the road again before he followed them inside. Mrs. Ross was saying, "Those lovely old beams! And the floors—oh, Gilmer, just *look* at that view!"

Mr. Ross looked. "H'mm," he said. "It certainly isn't built up around here. Let's see, you've got twenty acres?"

"Twenty acres," Buck said, "go with the house. From the road back to that stand of birches."

"Where? Oh, those white trees. Birches, you say."

Mrs. Ross found the kitchen. A dream of a kitchen. Millie would adore it. That was the maid's room, off the kitchen, wasn't it?

They went upstairs, and she exclaimed over the wide dormers and the fireplace in the master bedroom. "And the back bedrooms for Aline and Gillie. They'll love it, Gilmer!"

Gilmer didn't hear. Gilmer was staring out the window and saying, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Buck hurried downstairs.

BILLINGS was parking alongside the Ross car. He looked at the maples, drew a deep breath and ran a finger around the inside of his collar. Then he saw the New Jersey license, recognized it and exclaimed, "What the hell!"

His wife hushed him, and they got out. Buck greeted them. Mrs. Billings, a tall, angular woman with rimless eyeglasses, stared at the house and exclaimed, "John! It's real colonial!" She strode to the open front door. Buck and Mr. Billings followed. As they stepped into the living room, Mr. and Mrs. Ross came down the half-boxed stairs. For a moment the two couples faced each other across the empty room and Buck half expected lightning to flash, thunder to boom. Then Mrs. Billings exclaimed, "Esther Ross! Imagine!"

Mrs. Ross cried, "Mary Billings!" And they ran to meet each other, to peck kisses at each other's cheek.

Gilmer Ross and John Billings didn't run, didn't kiss. They glared, and then shook hands.

"Well!" Mr. Ross said. "You fell for it too."

"Just like you," Mr. Billings said.

"Nice old place," Mr. Ross said. "But isolated."

"Quiet," Mr. Billings said. It was a comment, not a command.

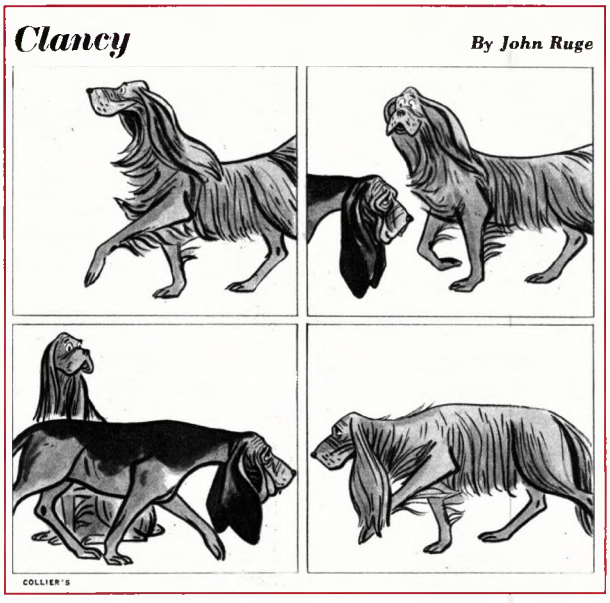
Buck came over to them. "Maybe you gentlemen would like to take a look outside," he said, "and let the ladies talk."

Both men glared at him, then laughed.

"Why not, J.B.?" Mr. Ross asked. "This is Sunday. Not a working day."

"Why not?" Mr. Billings agreed.

They inspected the barn, the old carriage shed, the spring up the hillside. They walked over toward the birches and down among the sugar maples. The two older men relaxed and almost mellowed. Then they went back to the house. As they passed the open living-room windows Buck heard Mrs. Ross'



voice: "—uneven floors. And those rough old beams—dust catchers."

Then Mrs. Billings' voice: "I see you don't know your colonial, Esther."

The men went inside. The Rosses huddled in one corner, the Billingses in another. Buck sat down on the front stoop. A few minutes and all four of them came outside. Buck got to his feet.

"Ten five your best price?" Gilmer Ross asked.

"That's my price," Buck said.

"We'll give you eleven thousand," Mrs. Billings snapped.

"Mary!" her husband said in a hoarse whisper; but there was the gleam of the antique bidder in her eyes.

Mrs. Ross nudged her husband. "Eleven five!" he growled.

"Eleven six!" Mrs. Billings said.

Buck held up his hand and smiled. "I didn't ask you up here to auction off the place," he said. "I set my price. But it just happens, there *is* something you can bid on." He put his hands into his pockets, leaned back on his heels, thrust out his chin. "Less than two weeks ago you both made me cool my heels in your reception rooms till I got chilblains. I was down there with the solution to your plant problems. You wouldn't even see me! I wanted to sell you white birch

cores with a maximum shrinkage of less than one per cent. And birch sawdust-and-shavings filler that doesn't have to be baked before you can use it."

"Cores!" Mr. Billings exclaimed.

"Filler!" Mr. Ross almost shouted.

Buck smiled. "Now that you are here, I am open to bids. I am not saying my choice of a buyer for the farm will be influenced, but—"

Mrs. Billings whispered something to her husband. He shook his head angrily and exclaimed, "This is a holdup!"

Gilmer Ross chuckled. "Walking out, J.B.?"

"No, I'm not walking out!" Mr. Billings exploded. Then he asked Buck, "What assurance is there that you can deliver?"

"With a turning mill of my own," Buck said, "and with a year's supply of air-dried birch, not to mention my own fifty acres of standing birch—" He gestured toward the woods behind the barn. "I told you I wasn't selling the birch woods with the farm," he reminded them.

Mr. Ross shook his head. "Now I know what 'Yankee' means. Want to start the bidding, J.B.?"

IT WAS Tuesday morning, the 29th day of June. As Buckingham Porter drove down Amity road toward Wickenham Village the smell of clover was almost smothered by the dust from the bouncing jeep, but to Buck it was the sweetest clover he had ever smelled. Every man has such a morning once in his life. This was Buck's day.

He stopped at the post office, and Ed Roberts shuffled through a pack of letters, chose one, read the return address, and said, "Gettin' a lot of mail from them plastics people, Buck. This one's registered. Got to sign for it." Buck signed.

He drove up Elm Street to the Churchill house, and Ellen came out, in a light blue summer suit. Buck practically lifted her into the jeep, and he kissed her as he did so, knowing full well and not caring a whit, that women were watching from every lace-curtained window in the block.

"Off to Springfield!" he said.

"Why Springfield?" Ellen asked.

"Fellow down there has got just the motors I need," Buck said. "Might as well close the deal now. You don't really care where, do you?"

Ellen said, "Anywhere, Buck."

And they headed for Springfield.

AT HALF past three that afternoon Buck drew up in front of the Wickenham Public Library and handed Ellen down from the jeep. Her hair was windblown, her suit was dusty, but her eyes were like stars. "I'll be over in ten minutes," she said, and she hurried up the walk to the library door.

Buck drove around the corner and parked in front of the bank.

Henry Churchill was leafing through a sheaf of mortgages. Buck walked into his office and sat down at the end of Henry's desk. Henry glared at him over his spectacles.

"I've come to take up that option," Buck said without preliminaries.

"Option? Oh, yes, the option." Henry cleared his throat. "Runs out the end of the week, as I recall. Want I should have the mortgage forms made out?"

"Cash," Buck said quietly. "Three thousand cash."

"Buckingham," Henry said, "you haven't *got* three thousand dollars! Your balance—"

Buck laid a certified check on the desk.

Henry gulped. The check was for ten thousand, five hundred dollars. It was made out to Buckingham Porter. Henry peered at it, picked it up, felt of it, turned it over. He couldn't find a flaw in it. A slow smile softened his lips. He gulped again. "You—you want to deposit this, don't you, Buckingham?" he asked, almost reverently.

"I do," Buck said. "And I want you to make out the deed for the Wickenham Wood Turning Company, lock, stock and barrel."

"May I ask," Henry began, "how you—"

"You may," Buck said. "I sold the farm. And I have in my pocket, right now, contracts for the full output of the spool mill, formally known as the Wickenham Wood Turning Company, for the next fifteen months. We start operations one week from today. With Lincoln White as my superintendent."

"And while you are about it," said a feminine voice from the doorway, "you can make out the deed to the Shelden cottage, Daddy."

Henry spun around as though stung by a wasp. Ellen walked over and linked arms with Buck.

"You mean—you mean you two plan to get married?" Henry asked, his voice a mingling of surprise and chagrin.

"We *are* married," Ellen said proudly. "In Springfield, this morning."

Henry stared, opened his mouth, closed it. Then he laughed, a laugh that began with a smile, became a chuckle and ended with him wiping his eyes. Finally he sat back, holding his spectacles in one hand, his handkerchief in the other, and shook his head at the two of them.

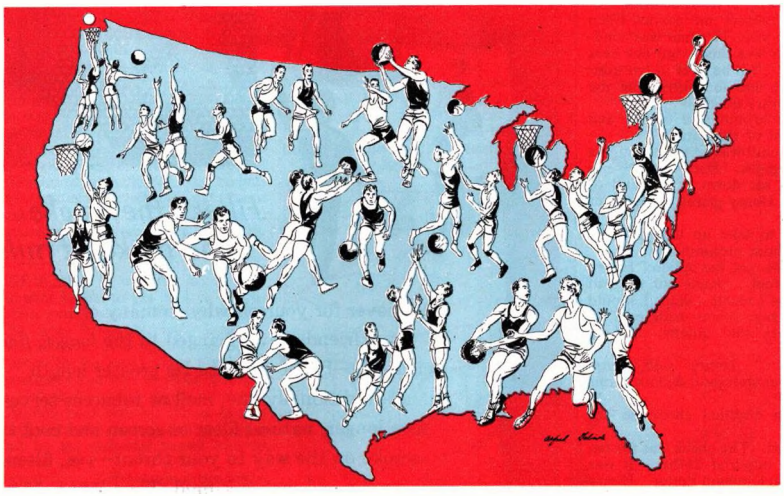
"I make a profit of a thousand dollars on the spool mill," he said. "Then I give you a cottage worth twenty-five hundred. Between you, you trim me for fifteen hundred dollars in virtually one and the same deal. But mark my words, I still win! I get a real Yankee for a son-in-law!"

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Collier's announces the selection of its five sectional basketball squads from which it will pick its first All-America basketball team



COLLIER'S will name the All-America basketball team for 1949 in next week's issue. This first annual selection marks the extension of a cherished Collier's tradition. Sixty years ago, Collier's established the All-America standard by picking the first All-America football team.

The nation's outstanding basketball players will be chosen by the National Association of Basketball Coaches; and heading this group is Collier's All-America board, which includes these representatives from each major section of the country:

The East's Clair Bee, whose perennially powerful Long Island University Blackbirds have won three national championships since 1936.

The South's Adolph Rupp, whose University of Kentucky Wildcats captured the National Collegiate title last season—and placed five men on the Olympic team.

The Middle West's Ozzie Cowles, who directed Michigan to the 1948 Western Conference championship. This season, Cowles has developed another powerful team at Minnesota.

The Far West's Everett Dean, whose Stanford Indians were national champs in 1942. Before moving to Stanford, Dean produced three Big Ten winners at Indiana.

The Southwest's Hank Iba, coach of Oklahoma A & M, national champions in 1945 and '46.

And as chairman of the Collier's All-America Board, Herbert W. Read, coach at Western Michigan College and president of the coaches association.

Collier's All-America basketball board ranks, in scope and authority, with Collier's All-America football board—that famous group whose membership lists Frank Leahy, Lou Little, Harvey Harman, Matty Bell, Tuss McLaughry, Jeff Cravath, Bernie Bierman and Wally Butts.

It follows naturally that the All-America basketball team should be selected by a method similar to and just as authoritative as the technique used in picking Collier's All-America football team.

Actually, the methods are identical. A nationwide ballot of coaches determines five regional teams—All-East, All-Middle West, All-South, All-Southwest and All-Far West. Motion picture evidence on each regional candidate is presented to the All-America board. Board members then *compare* the nation's outstanding players by analyzing their work in game movies.

Last fall, Collier's introduced this exclusive motion picture comparison technique in selecting the All-America football team. "Not many fans realize game movies are equally important in basketball," testifies Kentucky's Rupp. "It isn't generally known that basketball coaches film all their big games for postgame study. But we do. Matter of fact, Kentucky won the national championship last year by going to the movies.

"Psychologically, our boys were whipped before they played Holy Cross in the semifinals. They had the idea Holy Cross was the better team.

"Luckily, we had about 200 feet of film from a Holy Cross game. We ran it off for the kids—showed them step by step and pass by pass how they could win. They regained confidence, whipped Holy Cross, and beat Baylor in the final round."

The five regional All-Star teams, as well as the All-America team to be presented next week, have been selected by the National Association of Basketball Coaches, an organization made up of the country's outstanding college coaches. This official group has entered into a long-term agreement to assist Collier's in the selection of the annual All-America basketball team.

The regional teams are listed on this page. Next week, from this honor squad of the nation's 25 finest players, Collier's will select the All-America basketball team for 1949.

ALL - EAST

NAME	POSITION	SCHOOL
E. Vandeweghe	F	Colgate
Tony Lavelli	F	Yale
Larry Foust	C	LaSalle
Fred Schaus	G	West Virginia
Bob Cousy	G	Holy Cross

ALL - MIDWEST

NAME	POSITION	SCHOOL
Dick Schnittker	F	Ohio State
Meyer Skoog	F	Minnesota
Jim McIntyre	C	Minnesota
Bill Erickson	G	Illinois
Kevin O'Shea	G	Notre Dame

ALL - SOUTH

NAME	POSITION	SCHOOL
Wallace Jones	F	Kentucky
Jim Riffey	F	Tulane
Alex Groza	C	Kentucky
Paul Walther	G	Tennessee
Ralph Beard	G	Kentucky

ALL - FAR WEST

NAME	POSITION	SCHOOL
Bill Sharman	F	So. California
George Yardley	F	Stanford
Vern Gardner	C	Utah
Vince Boryla	G	Denver
Sammy White	G	Washington

ALL - SOUTHWEST

NAME	POSITION	SCHOOL
Slater Martin	F	Texas
Ed Macauley	F	St. Louis
Bob Harris	C	Okla. A & M
Bill Johnson	G	Baylor
Paul Courty	G	Oklahoma

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED GABRIELE

☆ ☆ ☆ with the Stars

By C. E. McBRIDE

Each month one of the nation's leading sports authorities writes a special sports article for this page, "With the Stars." Each article carries the sign-off signature of the writer. All statements contained therein are the author's own and in no way are to be construed as an endorsement of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. or its products. Neither does the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. necessarily subscribe to any comments by the author. C. E. McBride, Sports Editor of The Kansas City Star is this month's contributor.

—Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

A TALE OF BASKETBALL

My friend said no, he wouldn't go with me to the Auditorium that night. What I could see in basketball he couldn't understand. To him the game was just a leg and arm scramble. He'd stay and play bridge.

That was the night during the N.C.A.A. Western playoffs when Bobby Allen, son of K.U.'s famous "Phog," stole the ball from a Southern Californian,

with only sixteen seconds of game left, slipped the ball to a teammate who tossed a side-shot bucket that gave the Jayhawkers a 43 to 42 victory over the Trojans.

The victory had seemed to be in the Trojan bag. After somehow or other getting the ball away from a foeman, Bobby was great enough not to try for the goal himself and whisked the ball to a playing pal who did the job. On the Southern Cal bench Sam Barry, Trojan Coach, bowed his head and covered his eyes with both hands. He couldn't bear to see it. A news service photographer snapped him in that pose. It was a knockout picture. Maybe you saw it in your home paper.

The next day my friend said he reckoned he missed something but a thing like that came not so often and he'd stick to his bridge.

It was that way the next couple of times I tried to lure him to a basketball show. It was in one of these games before a wartime crowd that the greatest demonstration of American democracy and sportsmanship took place that this reporter ever has seen. That was when a standing, yelling, whistling crowd forgot its hatred for the Japs to applaud the great playing of an American kid of Japanese parents, Wat Masaka. My friend read the story of that thrilling game and allowed maybe he'd underrated this basketball business as entertainment.

Now we come to the story of the raw, red courage of a lad named Duane Klueh who played for Indiana State against Hamline College in the N.A.I.B. tournament a year ago. From a 38-all count in the second half, Hamline pulled away to an 11-point lead with eight minutes to play. Then it was that Duane Klueh fired his mates into a last ditch drive. But Hamline held a 60 to 58 lead with a minute to play. Indiana State had the ball but the Hamline defense was impenetrable. Then, with two seconds to play, Klueh was fouled and the referee lifted two fingers in token of a pair of free throws.

Every player knew what that meant. Every customer knew Duane had to make both shots to put his team in the running again. One wouldn't do. It had to be both. Silence, dense and thick, was king as Klueh took the ball, toed the line and dropped it through the netting. The crowd didn't cheer. The atmospheric tenseness stayed applause. What did it matter if the next shot failed? Klueh turned his back on the goal and walked a few steps away. You could almost feel the pressure overwhelming him. Then he turned, walked back, took the ball and threw the point that knotted the score.

Klueh started the extra period with a field bucket to give his team a 62 to 60 lead. Then Hamline tied the count with two free throws. Indiana took the lead with a field goal and Hamline tied at 64-all.

Then Hamline forged a 65 to 64 lead on a free throw. It was that way with a second to go and Duane Klueh taking a pass from a pal. The official was fingering the gun as Duane Klueh wheeled in toward the goal, leaping high with a submarine shot for the basket.

The ball was in the air when the gun sounded the game's end. It swished the netting as it dropped through. For a minute, it seemed, although in fact only seconds, there was a hush. Almost unbelievable was the Frank Merriwell finish. Pandemonium broke loose. A college kid had fired that crowd with a dazzling exhibition of flaming competitive spirit that is the badge of American athletics.

My friend? Well, that was the night my friend accompanied me to the Auditorium. And imagine the bridge-playing, gin rummy hound wanting to know why I hadn't told him basketball was like that.

—C. E. McBRIDE

CLAUDE HARMON

ALICE MARBLE

SAM SNEAD

Yes, all modern games are like that—fast and packed with thrills. And because today's games are played at a faster pace, they demand the *very finest* in modern sports equipment. And there's none *finer* than Wilson. Wilson Sporting Goods Co. has assembled in the Wilson Advisory and Sports Promotion Staff the largest group of famous players (a few of whom are shown on this page) ever brought together for the advancement of sports and the development of sports equipment.

PATTY BERG

JACK KRAMER

LLOYD MANGRUM

BOB FELLER

GENE SARAZEN

TED WILLIAMS

BABE DIDRIKSON

BOBBY RIGGS

GEMS FROM GARCIA

Continued from page 17

prevent good than they do to prevent evil, but that is only my bad temper, of course, and I am ashamed of it.

But José became like a son to her and, more than that, he became a pupil, a housekeeper, and a force of discipline for her own children, who were younger than he. You see, until political disturbances reached her, Mrs. Rojas lived in wealth and acquired many accomplishments. But except for the preparation of good food, housekeeping was not among them. She longed for order and cleanliness in her house and in her family, but her hands were powerless. José's hands, it turned out, were gifted for other things than metalwork. He laid them on the house and on the children, and in a short time Mrs. Rojas was living in peace and propriety.

But there was one shortcoming. José could not cook. So the days went by, and Mrs. Rojas still refused to rise from her bed, and the family grew hungry for the delicious flavors that Mrs. Rojas knew how to impart to the most common food. The children began to fight with one another, and with their neighbors, and after José had washed them, they would go out and rub themselves with dirt.

Then one day Mrs. Rojas sent for me. She was not only risen from her bed—she was restored to happiness. I heard her singing the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust as I approached the house. When I went in, she led me to her parlor. There was the crown, like shining lace that had somehow been spun from metal; and at its points was the lovely light of blue jewels. I was startled by the beauty of it—as you were, Monsignor, when you first saw it.

Mrs. Rojas said, "It is true, Father, we get what we pray for." And she went on to tell me that in a heap of rubbish, dumped on a vacant lot, José had found an old brooch set with stones of the very color on which she had set her heart. José had placed them in the crown, and brought it to her as a surprise.

Mrs. Rojas wrapped the crown carefully in an old silk petticoat, and I carried it to the church. But when I went to place it on the head of the statue, I found that one of the stones was missing. I felt badly, of course, but I did not spend much time looking for it. A stone so small would never be found. I took it to Cuervo, the jeweler. I was sure that among his odds and ends of glass he could find a piece that would match the stones in the crown. I would beg him to put it in, and Mrs. Rojas and José need be none the wiser. They could still feel that the crown was entirely the work of their hands.

Well—Cuervo looked at the stones, and then he looked closer, and finally examined them through his magnifying glass. Finally he said, "I can find you a match for these, but I could not afford to give it to you for nothing. These are real sapphires."

FOR a long time I was in such confusion I could say nothing. When I could talk, I thanked Cuervo, picked up the crown and went straight to the house of Mrs. Rojas. I found José washing the outside windows, so I could talk to him privately. At first he did not want to go with me, but he is a good boy, and at last he followed me here to my house, and to this very room.

It did not take long to get the story from him. He was not accustomed to having guilt on his soul, and he was glad to be rid of it.

The tears of Mrs. Rojas had finally driven him to it. The bad food and the rebellion of the children he could have endured, but he could not bear the suffering of his benefactress. He was haunted by the memory of little stones he had seen at Garcia's when he had gone there to pawn Mr. Rojas' violin. Something told him that these would fill Mrs. Rojas' need. They were set in a brooch that was thrown carelessly amid a pile of odds and ends. José thought they were of no value.

But Garcia is a shrewd man. He cannot depend for protection on the police, because if he calls the police they will ask him too many questions. So he mixes valuable jewelry with valueless trinkets, and puts bits of rubbish in fine cases, so that thieves will be misled. The brooch, I believe, was worth more than a thousand dollars.

As I have told you, José's hands work

"And this is where we keep all the things we're going to have to get rid of"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

magically with metal. It was no trick for him to make a key to Garcia's shop and enter quietly at night to get the brooch.

I told him he must restore the jewels to Garcia, and I promised to go with him to temper Garcia's wrath. To tell the truth, I was less concerned about José than about Mrs. Rojas. Garcia might even do bodily harm to José, but once it was done, that would be the end of it. Mrs. Rojas, on the other hand, could lament indefinitely without fatigue.

I got the crown, and I wrapped it again in the silk petticoat, which my housekeeper had saved because she intended to clean it and wear it. José and I went to the pawnshop.

I said to Garcia, "I am returning something which was taken from you through a misunderstanding. You had some blue stones that this boy thought had no money value. He took them, not for himself, but for a sacred object that needed their beauty. You almost became a contributor to the church, Mr. Garcia, and if my memory serves me right, it would have been for the first time. But the contribution should have had your sanction, and we have come to get it. This crown will rest on the head of a statue of the Virgin, and it should be a comfort to your soul to know that you have donated the jewels in it."

The moment I mentioned the blue jewels, I had seen the wrath come into Garcia's eyes. I was prepared for much, but even I, who have heard what I have heard—even I grew cold at the stomach from the words that came from Garcia's mouth.

But I bore it strictly in my mind that the man had been wronged. Moreover, if he wore himself out on words, he might not use his fists on José. Presently he leaned across the counter to snatch the crown from me.

I had intended to give it to him, but I wanted him to take it respectfully. So I drew back, and removed the wrapping from it and held it up. The beauty of it startled even Garcia, and he stayed his hands.

I said, "The stones are yours, but the crown belongs to the church."

Then Garcia finally seized it from me, and held it mockingly over his head. He said, "If it belongs to the church, let the church make a miracle." And just then came a ring of the telephone on the wall behind the counter.

Now this is my point, Monsignor: That telephone of Garcia's was ringing all the time, because Garcia conducted much devious business with persons who did not show themselves by daylight. It was the sort of accident that is forever playing me false when I try to substitute reason for superstition.

Garcia jumped—I think that under all his bravado, he was a little nervous about his irreverence. So many blasphemers are. Then he put down the crown and answered the telephone. He mumbled a few words and hung up, and came back to the counter, wearing a strange look on his face. He looked at the crown with a frightened stare. Presently his face turned yellow, and he ran out behind the store. We could hear him retching.

He came back wiping his forehead, and he glared at José so violently that I expected his rage to break out at last. But it subsided, and what he finally said was the last thing I expected to hear. He said, "Take that thing away. There is nothing on it that belongs to me."

José was about to protest. But I am not one to argue with good fortune, and I picked up the crown and hurried away with it, pushing José in front of me.

AS SOON as I would let him speak, he said, "But I really stole the jewels, Father. I didn't lie to you. I really stole them. And Garcia has forgiven me. A miracle has happened to Garcia."

That made me lose my temper, Monsignor. I really have a bad temper—it is my great affliction, and perhaps that is why God has put me in a parish where there is so much to try it. I have constant exercise in self-control. But I also have my lapses, and poor José bore the brunt of one of them. I told him that if Heaven had miracles to work, it would hardly waste them on Garcia the pawnbroker.

Why are these people so eager to believe in miracles, when with all my pleading I cannot get them to believe in vaccination?

I got rid of José, and came back to my house. Somehow I knew that Garcia would come to me—and come he did, within an hour. It seems that the telephone call had told him that a horse on which he had placed a bet—a "long shot," he called it—had just come in and made him five thousand dollars. He took it as a direct message from heaven.

Now Garcia is a changed man. He no longer lends money on stolen property, and he no longer persuades his clients to send their daughters to him in place of defaulted payments. He attends services regularly, and almost any day you may find him kneeling before the statue to whose crown he has given the blue sapphires.

Perhaps I should be thankful, Monsignor, and not look too deeply into the causes of his change of heart. But I have twinges of conscience; because as I look at him, kneeling there so devoutly, something tells me he is praying for his horse to come in.

King Cotton Gets A Hotfoot

Price McLemore, riding beside his tractor-borne invention, looks down into the controlled inferno that promises to be agriculture's trail blazer into a new era

A young inventor who has been playing with fire for sixteen years has sent the backward methods of cotton farmers up in smoke. His revolutionary flame-cultivator may prove to be the economic cure-all for which farmers everywhere have been searching

By ALLEN RANKIN

THE hottest "doctor" the economically sick South has ever had is not an M.D. but an Alabama farmer-inventor named Price Chrenleigh McLemore. As the self-appointed physician of that sluggish old giant called Cotton, he is treating an illness that has afflicted 14,000,000 people, mostly Southerners, who depend on the crop for a living.

His prescription for everything that ails the sick cotton farms, and therefore much that ails the South, is as terse as it is sizzling:

"Just take a blowtorch and burn the flamin' hell out of everything that's chokin' 'em to death!"

Today, McLemore is doing just that on his plantation, The Oaks, at Waugh, Alabama, and is showing millions of other farmers how to do it, too. A thin, balding man of thirty-nine, with snapping brown eyes and an aggressively jutting jaw, he is the inventor of a galloping blowtorch called the flame-cultivator.

Nine thousand of these fire-spurting dragons are already snorting over farm fields and gardens throughout the country, but the revolutionary thing about this peaceful flame thrower is that it has done something that cooler contraptions have been unable to do for years—it has supplied the last link in the chain of mechanized cotton farming. Therefore, as it becomes common, it will do more to better Southern living conditions than the talk of all the reformers.

Basically, the flame-cultivator is an outsized blowtorch on wheels that hoses constructive fire into farm crops. It is attached to the back of a tractor which is also equipped on the front with an ordinary cultivator. The cultivator destroys the weeds in the open spaces between the rows. Sprouting from a 70-gallon tank on the biggest models of the McLemore invention are eight nozzles which gush white-blue blazes into four standard crop rows at a time. The special trick of this fire-hoe is that it crumples weeds at their roots and explodes grass stems like firecrackers, but still allows the cotton and other pay crops, which are less vulnerable to fire at ground level, to stand unharmed.

Long before the flame-cultivator's invention, machines had been perfected to perform every cotton-farming operation except cutting weeds from between the stalks. But most Southern farmers found it impracticable to buy any of these machines. Since it still took from 30 to 50 hoe hands to keep the weeds chopped from 150 acres of cotton, they found it more economical to let the same hand labor plant it, cultivate it and pick it.

But one flame-cultivator can do the work of, and therefore replace, 50 hoe hands. With the help of a flame-weeder and the other machines it has made practical, one man can now produce the entire 150 acres that formerly required as many as 50 laborers.

So in the next few years, McLemore's blowtorches will help push more than 7,000,000 of the 8,000,000 laborers, now in the cotton fields of the South, out of those fields. Since 90 per cent of them are women and children, it will help shove them into homes and schools, where they deserve to be. More important, it will give their menfolk who remain in the fields as semiskilled laborers more money with which to support them—probably seven or eight times more than the average of $200 a year Southern field hands now make!

Applied to the seat of King Cotton's pants, McLemore's blowtorch should cause this laggard old monarch to leap back into active competition with synthetic fibers—slick, machine-wise newcomers that have been stealing its domestic market.

Since the flame-weeder's hot blast drastically slashes the cost of cotton production, it should put U.S. cotton back in the running with foreign competition, which has been taking the world market away from the United States by producing and selling cotton more cheaply. Under the spell of the magic blowtorch, what was once our most lucrative crop might become healthy and profitable again.

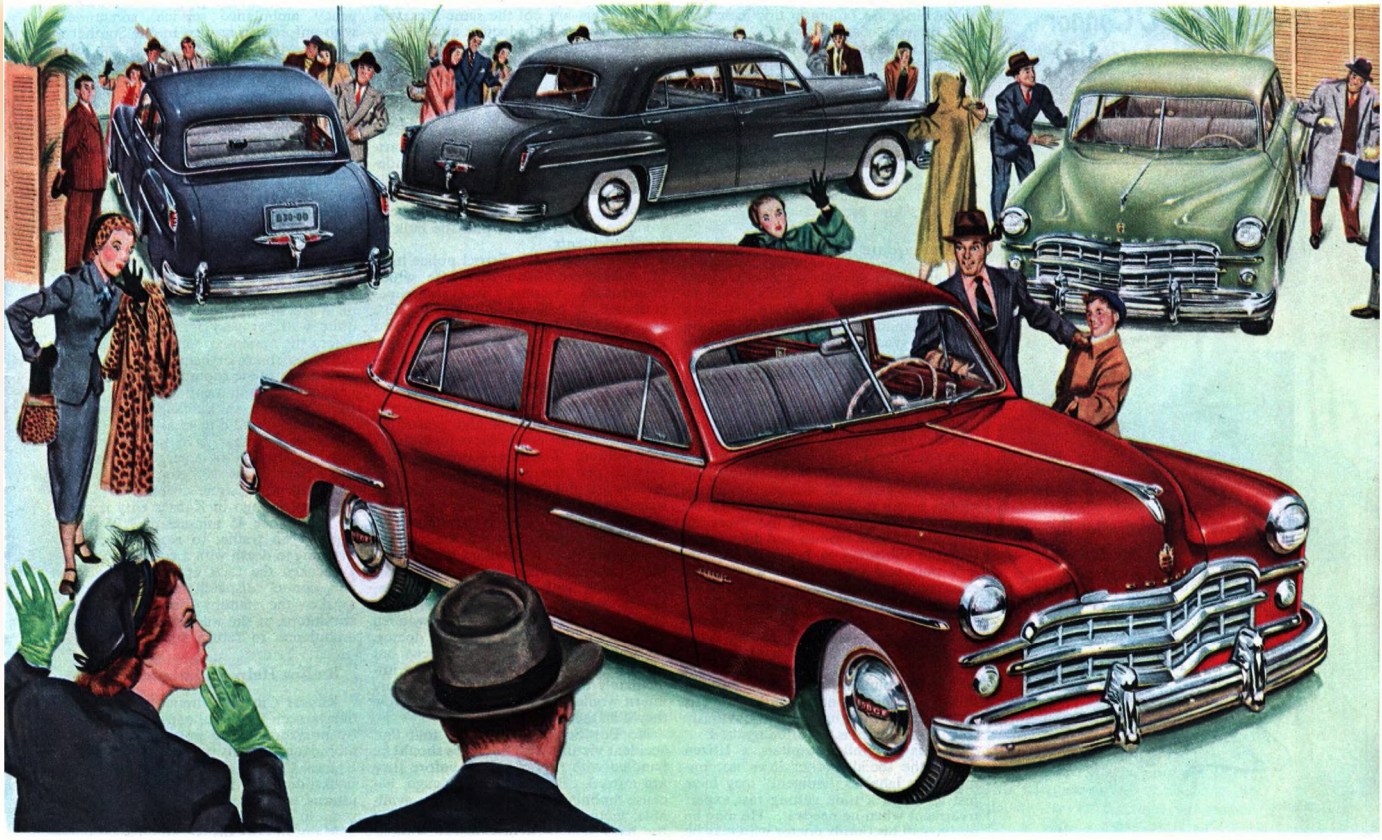
That's why crowds of farmers, reporters, newsreelmen, engineers and congressmen are parading out to The Oaks plantation to watch history's most socially significant blowtorch do its stuff. They're beginning to recognize McLemore, usually found roaming his fields in dusty corduroy clothes, as a most practical, if fiery, reformer.

The Firebug, as friends call McLemore, is eminently qualified to set off a revolutionary

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SCOTT, DE MOTTE AND PERRY, INC.

SEE THE DARING NEW DODGE FOR TODAY'S BIGGER, TALLER MORE ACTIVE AMERICANS!



When Army physical exams revealed that our wartime generation was far bigger, taller and more active, Dodge engineers started planning this great new car!

HERE is the car the American people will take right into their hearts.

It's *lower* on the outside . . . *higher* on the inside! *Shorter* on the outside . . . *longer* on the inside! *Narrower* on the outside . . . *wider* on the inside! You will wonder how it was done!

New design . . . *new distinctive* style, modern as tomorrow . . . *new natural* beauty that flows from truly functional engineering . . . new elbow room, leg room and head room plus an amazingly s-m-o-o-t-h ride . . . all the basic comforts that you want in a fine motor car.

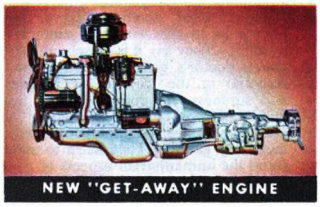
Here is the miracle of design that comes to you from the engineering staff that has always built America's most enduring, durable car . . . the rugged, dependable Dodge!

New styling . . . luxury interiors . . . fast get-away . . . optional Gyro-Matic transmission . . . some of these things that will thrill you are pictured on this page. But go to your Dodge dealer and ask him to show you *all* the things this *new Dodge will do for* YOU.

You have a wonderful surprise coming —and you will be very happy that you waited . . . to buy a new Dodge.

NEW elbow room, rear seats almost eight inches wider . . . more head room and leg room, too. Knee-level seats give full support for restful all day comfort.

NEW under-hood all-weather comfort system distributes fresh air warmth to all passengers . . . automatically controlled, just like your thermostat at home.



IMPROVED "Get-Away" engine provides flashing acceleration for quicker starts, safer passing on highways . . . high compression engineered to squeeze extra miles from each tankful of gas.

The Daring New

DODGE

CORONET

OUR SHOCKING ACCIDENT WARDS

Continued from page 21

A nation-wide spot check of municipal, county, voluntary and private hospitals has proved that more than one half of the cities are failing in this their first vital humanitarian duty.

Most voluntary and private hospitals —though often adequately provided with funds for the purpose—have an aversion to handling emergency cases, fearing that any old accident victim brought in off the street may not have enough to foot the bill. The city and county hospitals have a more humanitarian approach. Unfortunately they often lack the staff and funds to put their high standards into practice.

Inadequate Care for Victims

Every three seconds somebody in the United States gets hurt in an accident. The chances of these victims getting a doctor-manned ambulance followed by fast emergency attention at the nearest hospital are remote in many cities. In most rural areas, because of a lack of hospitals, hundreds of lives a day depend upon the untrained hands of the local undertaker, the state highway patrol or the well-meaning but often murderous Good Samaritan motorist.

The most serious scandal is not the rare case where an automobile crash victim bleeds to death unattended on an icy winter highway, but the everyday tragedies of men, women and defenseless children subjected to hours of unbearable pain and interminable waiting for emergency medical care.

In some cities, unless the injured person is clutching a bank book or insurance policy in his bloody hand, or can lay a substantial cash deposit on the line, he may be refused or delayed admission while the voluntary or private hospital investigates his financial condition. His physical condition, unless he's obviously bleeding to death, is too often ignored.

At many public hospitals a citizen whom the social worker does not immediately label as "indigent" may have just as tough a time getting fast expert treatment when he needs it. He may be told to call his family doctor who may be miles away. About the only way this injured taxpayer can get quick action is by loud threats to sue the city, if he can muster his failing strength.

That this suffering is unnecessary is shown by the system in San Francisco, Detroit and New York where well-organized ambulance services take their patients to approved public and voluntary hospitals within designated zones where they get instantaneous care.

But these cities are the exceptions. Communities I investigated usually rely on various antiquated and criminally haphazard systems left over from the days of the horse-drawn ambulance. Chicago, second largest, and one of the nation's richest cities, has a typical makeshift arrangement. With an average of 225 emergency cases daily not one of its 86 American Medical Association-approved public and voluntary hospitals maintains emergency ambulance service.

The huge city relies on the ten emergency ambulances it purchased for the fire department three years ago—ten emergency ambulances for a city of 4,000,000 covering 212 square miles! Cleveland, a city of 875,000 population, finds 21 ambulances a minimum to meet its emergency needs.

Chicago's fire department, always willing but already overloaded, does its best to supplement this sparse service. The department is operated by Captain Joseph J. McCarthy, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, whose own life was saved by prompt first-aid treatment after he was wounded at Iwo Jima by mortar fire. But ambulances manned by willing firemen, even firemen with ten lessons in advanced Red Cross first-aid training, are not the same lifesavers as ambulances with doctors aboard.

Most accidents occur in and about the home. If a Chicago child falls out a second-story window into its own backyard, the fire department, though willing, can do nothing about it. Its service is strictly limited to fires, disasters and street accidents. The police department, also willing, but hopelessly inadequate to do the job, is expected to handle the victims of home accidents, food poisoning, miscarriage, epilepsy, diabetic coma and heart attack, plus the bulk of street accidents.

The Chicago park district police have 15 sedan-type squad cars into which unfortunate victims are sometimes crammed on collapsible stretchers, like crates of vegetables. Rough streets mean bumped heads—hardly the best treatment for skull fractures. There are also radio-equipped panel trucks assigned to each police district. These double as paddy wagons for drunks, petty thieves, gamblers and prostitutes and as primitive ambulances for the sick and injured. One survey showed that only 18 per cent of Chicago's accident victims are picked up by ambulance and squad cars. The rest apparently are expected to hail a taxi or a passing car.

At Cook County Hospital the fracture ward looks much more like a lumberyard than a hospital wing, for row upon row of patients with compound fractures, tightly packed four beds abreast for a city block, are strung up in wooden harnesses. Said one unhappy doctor, "A third of them could have been out of here in 48 hours if they had had immediately the simple treatment that any intern would be qualified to give. Now they'll lie there for months."

No Boy Scout needs to be told that accident victims with fractures should be handled with proper splints before they are moved. But today in Chicago, because ambulances are not quickly available, victims are often jackknifed onto the back seat of a private car without being put in splints. Such handling often results in broken bones being forced through the skin—even through clothing—producing the compound fractures which hospitalize the victims for many weary months.

The plight of New Orleans is similar to that of Chicago. A large scattered city, it has only four intern-manned ambulances operating out of its tremendous Charity Hospital. In the past year, because of breakdowns never more than three simultaneously were ready to go on the street. Nevertheless, they are expected to serve as far as 90 miles from City Hall!

Night after night reporters sitting at New Orleans police headquarters hear the droning voice of the radio dispatcher telling police cars at the scenes of accidents that no ambulances are available. One worried doctor's bitter answer: "We haven't half enough ambulances. And how do you expect us to pick up the dying when half the drunks from the Vieux Carrè use those we have as a glorified taxi service."

Sometimes the drunks are just run-of-the-mill troublesome characters picked up by the police, but one busy Saturday night before Christmas I waited with a group of indignant doctors for 80 minutes while one of the three desperately needed ambulances drove miles out into the exclusive Metaire suburban district to pick up an important politician. He had been enjoying a week-long binge, and was now to have the privilege of excellent and anonymous sobering-up treatment at the state-subsidized hospital at the taxpayers' expense.

Taxis are often pressed into emergency ambulance service, sometimes with unforeseen results. In one Southern city the white driver of a Union cab told me the police fined him $10 for carrying a Negro in his car. He had picked up the old man, choking to death on a fishbone, and hustled him to the hospital. The police caught him in this subversive act of mercy at the hospital doors.

In many rural areas the local funeral director's hearse doubles in death and suffering. Though the victim lies flat the hearse offers little first-aid equipment and no trained personnel. Most state highway patrols will assist undertakers.

A few states use the convertible car, which allows a stretcher to be inserted on a track from the rear. This serves quite well for very minor emergencies where the patient is conscious, and suffering no shock or hemorrhage. But it does not provide room for the necessary emergency equipment. Only a small Red Cross first-aid kit can be carried.

Belatedly, and almost as a monument to the scores that have lost their lives due to slowness of emergency service, radio equipment is being installed in ambulances in some cities.

Six weeks ago in Kansas City it took an ambulance 45 minutes at 3:25 A.M., fighting no traffic, to reach a woman bleeding to death with a cut main artery. I checked the facts at the hospital: A considerate dispatch clerk did not awaken the standby ambulance driver and intern, as she was expecting another ambulance to return soon.

Radios Help Ambulance Work

Kansas City now hopes to eliminate delays such as these, caused frequently by breakdowns, by putting radios into ambulances. This is a step forward, but Kansas City, like many other places, is backsliding in the matter of replacing interns with attendants—at the interns' request.

Many interns dislike ambulance duty because they feel that it's dangerous—and it can be when cities hire irresponsible drivers and fail to supervise them.

There are other hazards too. An ambulance crew often arrives at the scene of a shooting and stabbing before the police. The stewards and drivers, who must sometimes cope with armed assailants in order to treat the victims, are exposed to considerable physical danger. New York interns tell tales of doctors sandbagged for the narcotics in their "bus bags."

Interns also say they do not learn enough on their "bus-riding" assignments, since they claim their cases are either chronic suicides, who always arrange to be found in time, or alcoholics. The figures for a dozen different cities prove them wrong. In Cleveland, out of 14,400 emergency cases only 252 were attempted suicides and only 664 were intoxication cases in 1944. In 1945 Indianapolis classified 90 per cent of its ambulance calls as genuine emergencies.

Older, wiser doctors disagree with interns as to the worth of ambulance training. They say it is closely akin to a young doctor's general practice and is essential in the training of judgment and sureness of action. Interns must make quick on-the-spot decisions. They must handle the mobs of people which inevitably gather. They learn to understand the humanitarian aspects of medicine by seeing how different people live and what they are up against.

In Washington, D.C., interns were put back on the ambulances last July

and already there has been a tremendous saving in pain, for only doctors can give an opiate to relieve suffering. And it is more economical for the hospital. Interns take care of the victims on the spot and keep them at home. The saving to taxpayers: $19.60, the computed cost for hospital admission in Washington.

Recently New York City was shocked by a typical example of what can happen when orderlies replace doctors aboard ambulances.

When the Dead Came to Life

A maid found a young girl, Mary Grey, unconscious on her hotel bed. The Bellevue Hospital attendant who arrived —he was an experienced man of six and a half years' ambulance work— said she was dead and thereupon returned to his hospital. Meanwhile, the police sent a patrolman to guard the "body." He had been in the room for about ten minutes when he thought he saw Miss Grey stir. He felt her pulse and detected a slight beat. He placed a mirror before the supposedly dead woman's mouth and it clouded over from her breathing.

For half an hour the patrolman applied artificial respiration until the girl groaned. He called his precinct: "Get an ambulance." This time a doctor was in charge. He gave emergency treatment and moved her safely to a hospital.

Forty-eight hours later, after an investigation of the case, New York's commissioner of hospitals found that despite a shortage of interns, they should be spared to man the city ambulances. The medical boards of the municipal hospitals voted to return interns to emergency ambulance calls and the commissioner recommended that voluntary hospitals do likewise.

City hospitals like New York's Bellevue are overcrowded and understaffed. Many operate daily at 150 to 200 per cent above capacity. They look more like jails than hospitals. If a person is not seriously injured, he may be herded onto a bench in a drafty hall and made to wait, for what will seem like hours, while fakes and malingerers are weeded out. The nurse frequently will take her time filling out innumerable forms, asking questions, explaining rules and regulations until the hospital may appear both heartless and stupidly inflexible.

It is hard to find the villains in the piece. A few doctors and nurses are blundering and unfeeling, but most of them are conscientious and generally efficient, working against big odds. Interns may seem hard-boiled as they concentrate on gin rummy while emergency patients wait. But they are working 14-, 24- and 36-hour shifts with only a few hours' rest and at low wages. Though some hospitals are more generous, ten dollars a month is their average net pay, or about three cents an hour.

To supplement their meager incomes, poverty-stricken interns occasionally develop rackets. They sometimes accept fees, tips or gifts from patients contrary to regulations.

Underpaid nurses have been caught tipping off ambulance-chasing shysters. Sometimes emergency-room staffs help a sharp undertaker get the morgue business.

Despite this, the injured New Yorker picked up by a city ambulance and taken to the much-maligned Bellevue stands a better chance than if he is sent to some voluntary and private hospitals. Bellevue, a name which for many conjures up visions of horror, gives the fast expert treatment you find in many city and county hospitals.

A medical expert who has seen accident services work in a dozen cities puts it: "My advice to the 10,600,000 unfortunate Americans who will be injured in 1949 is: Don't be afraid of your city hospital. Don't think survival depends on your being taken to some famous private institution."

Let a serious emergency arise when there is life and death in the balance and the city hospital will cut through the red tape and go to work immediately. In New Orleans' Charity Hospital an operating room is set up 24 hours a day— ready and waiting with expert surgeons, anesthetists and nurses. X rays take but ten minutes and no greater time is required for blood typing, a necessary preliminary for transfusion.

Contrast this with one of the oldest and most respected private institutions in the South. The wife of a newspaperman was brought there at 1:00 P.M. Tuesday with acute appendicitis. Twenty-five hours later, at 2:00 P.M. Wednesday, she was operated on. Meanwhile, her appendix had ruptured. She nearly died—then suffered through a painful and expensive three-month convalescence. Prompt surgery would have enabled her to be up looking after her family in six days.

There are dozens of large hospitals— some of them parts of highly publicized world-famous medical centers—with emergency operating rooms unprepared to handle anything more complicated than sewing up a cut finger. An emergency throws them into an uproar, and disrupts routine. Patients are forced to wait and wait while hospitals assemble enough staff to deal with their misery.

Sometimes private doctors, interested in their bread and butter, insist that they be called in for consultation when one of their own patients has had an accident. This limits the hospital staff to giving only preliminary first aid. A child's broken leg will be put in a temporary splint when he is brought in from the school playground. Then he will be forced to sit weeping all afternoon on a hospital bench while a diligent search is made for his family doctor. Only after the latter has given his consent will the leg be properly set.

Critics of this procedure frequently get the same answer from private and voluntary hospitals: "But we don't solicit emergency cases."

The bleeding and the dying can't wait to be solicited. They need help now! But these institutions prefer to cast their troublesome unprofitable emergency patients upon the city hospitals. Yet they beg for funds, are tax-free, and are regarded as a public service.

Some hospitals brush off emergency cases because in the eyes of many superintendents, they cause "confusion and disturbance." The screech of ambulance sirens may disturb that rich patient in the $25-a-day private room. One superintendent, trying to justify his poor service said. "Our emergency room has deteriorated from lack of use."

Many hospitals say emergency cases invariably are poor financial risks. "An emergency room is like a soup kitchen," one doctor told me. "People come there looking for free medical handout."

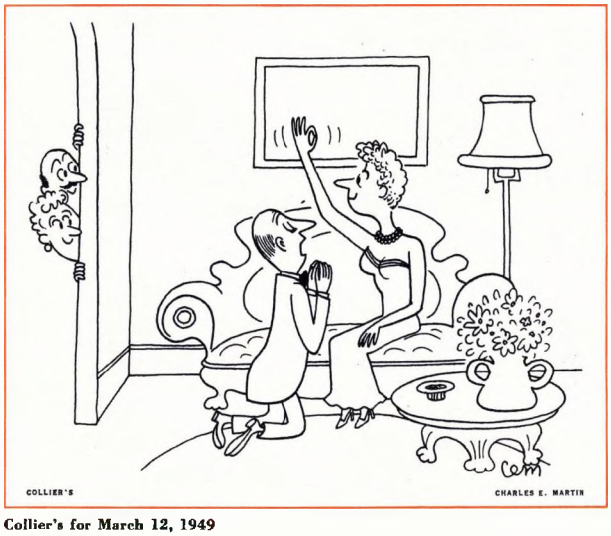
Night Emergency Cases Wait

In some cities hospitals close down their emergency wards at 10:00 P.M. sharp. After perhaps 30 minutes of doorbell ringing the only response will be the appearance of a sleepy ineffectual orderly.

In Kansas City ambulance drivers told me that no matter what time of the day or night they bring accident cases to one particular hospital, they waste upward of half an hour looking for someone to unlock the emergency-room door.

This then is the frightening dangerous situation which has developed in many communities; in numerous hospitals founded generations ago to take care of emergency and unforeseen illness. Meanwhile, safety organizations have developed elaborate educational, enforcement and engineering programs to reduce accident hazards in our homes, schools, parks, highways, businesses and industries.

Nevertheless accidents are still the fourth leading cause of death in the United States. Only heart disease, cancer and cerebral hemorrhage take a greater toll of Americans of all ages. Accidents are the number one killer of everyone under 20 years of age, and some hospitals, now the sixth largest American industry, are faced with mounting deficits. Costs have gone up and contributions gone down. They fear the federal government will take over their institutions under national health insurance. But as one outraged medical authority put it: "The hospital must learn that unless it serves the community faithfully, it cannot expect the community in turn to serve the hospital."

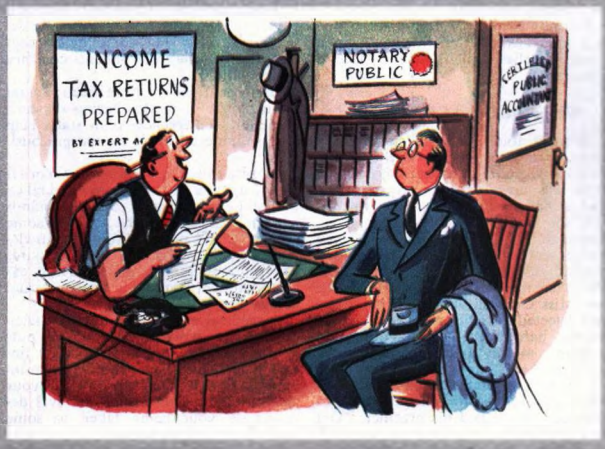


Desperately hurt or ill people are often shunted from one hospital to another before they can find terribly needed help. What can be done to stamp out these alarming conditions? The answer is in the final installment of this article in next week's Collier's.

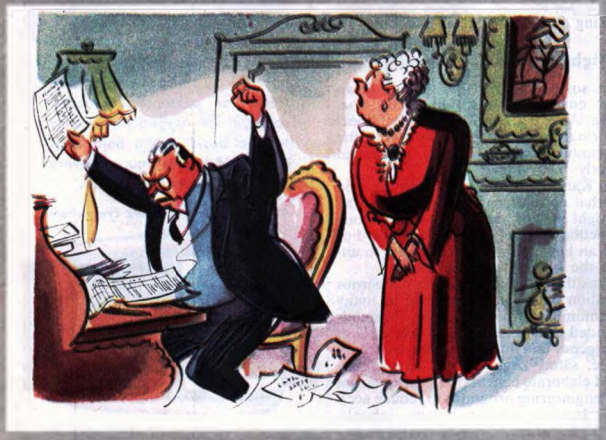
Many Unhappy Returns

Smiling bravely, Cartoonist Barney Tobey manages to find something amusing about income taxes

"Is that deductible?"



"Fortunately, Mr. Slade, this round sum of $75 I've saved you on your income tax is just enough to cover my fee"



"Dewey feels badly, but he's paying his income tax. Warren feels badly, but he's paying his income tax, Herb Brownell feels badly but he's . . ."

". . . almost everyone must file a return. The rule is simple. It applies to all men and women and children, whether married, single or under 21. You file if your gross income is $600 or more . . ."

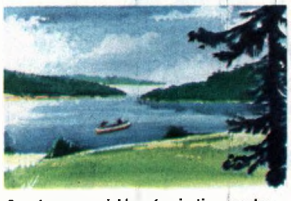
"You'd think the government would have more money than it knew what to do with!"

"One year, just one year, I'd like to see us get ours in a little under the wire!"

Acapulco, typical of modern Mexico
The ancient empire of the Aztecs, with ultra-modern accommodations, has irresistible charm.

A warm welcome is waiting in South America
Your choice of thirteen countries and a whole vast continent to explore.

Spring is here in beautiful Hawaii
No place on earth is more beautiful when the flowers are in full bloom.



Canada: near neighbor, fascinating country
From Vancouver to the Maritime Provinces, Canada offers a rare variety of scenery, friendly hospitality, and interesting things to do.

The air is yours... use it to see how much the world has to offer

Ten years ago a "trip abroad" was a luxury reserved for the wealthy and those who could afford months away from home. Nowadays, thanks to the airlines, it's an entirely different story.

With an airline ticket and two weeks' vacation, you can visit any country in the world!

Think of what this means. Right now, on this year's vacation, you can head south and see Caracas, Rio, Buenos Aires or Lima . . . fly east to London, Dublin, Paris, Rome or Stockholm . . . north to Canada or Alaska . . . or west to Hawaii and the Orient. Bermuda or the Caribbean are only a few hours away.

The cost? Not nearly as much as you'd suppose. The result? An experience that will enrich your whole lifetime. Ask any travel agent or airline representative for free information about the luxurious new airplanes, the frequent and reliable over-ocean schedules, and the economical rates on foreign travel.

Much of Europe is again delightful
Just a single day's flight from New York will bring you to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium or Scandinavia!

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HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS ★ SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS

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AT LAST, HOUSES THAT FIT PEOPLE

Continued from page 24

City Houses, built in 1922, covers some 50 per cent of the land with buildings. Parkchester, built in 1938, covers 27 per cent of the land. Parklabrea and Parkmerced, when completed in 1950, will cover only 18 per cent. One of the Metropolitan's construction men, comparing Mr. Ecker's policy with the cramped 70-per-cent-or-more coverage of many builders, remarked, "If the old man had his way, we wouldn't cover any ground at all!"

Parkmerced's 188 acres, looking eastward upon San Francisco's Twin Peaks and westward upon Lake Merced and the Pacific, is dotted with acacia trees, pines, eucalyptus, pittosporum and rubber trees. The California stucco houses are fringed with juniper and look inward upon patios ablaze with the pink and white blossoms of flowering peach, crab apple, plum and hawthorn.

Contrary to chamber of commerce propaganda, things don't just pop out of the ground in California. Landscape architect Tommy Church brought in 40,000 gallon-cans of juniper, scraping the entire California market clean. He moved in 3,000 boxed trees, weighing an average of four-and-a-half tons each —some so big they had to be trucked in at night because their spread would have snarled up daytime traffic.

Parklabrea sprawls over 173 acres, just a block from Los Angeles' famed Wilshire Boulevard and the Miracle Mile. Giant Washington palms etch its skyline with their tousled heads. In season you can pick olives and lemons off the trees, scratch a piece of cork from the gnarled cork oaks. The white-painted brick walls of the buildings are festooned with ivy and red-flowering bougainvillaea. The patios and courts are sprinkled with fernlike jacarandas, pepper trees, oleanders and hibiscus.

Among its primary lessons as a landlord, giant Metropolitan—famed at figures—has had to learn that in the housing business one plus one equals three. Or maybe four or five. People do have children. Yet many a builder goes on building as though children were organisms which mature under bell jars.

Plenty of Space for Play

As I toured Parkmerced with W. L. (Babe) Thacker, the resident manager, we passed a huge tract where thousands of tons of dirt were being filled in and graded. "Tennis courts," Thacker said. We passed another tract, ten acres. "Play area," he said. "That's where we're putting in our ball diamonds, basketball courts, archery, badminton, shuffle board and a special play yard with a supervisor for the small fry." Parklabrea will have similar play space. Both developments already have play yards in each block of houses, with slides and seesaws and jungle gyms.

When a woman applicant at Parklabrea remarked that she "couldn't stand children," Mrs. Alice Newberry, the resident manager, coldly apprised her. "Well, we've got children—about 700 of them. And we're going to have more!" Children, in addition to being future policyholders, are the really vital part of the American dream—and Metropolitan knows it.

Against the shame of landlords who deny rentals to families with children, Thacker declared, "As long as the housing crisis exists, we'll rent our large units to families with children *only*. Their need is greater."

The thinking about children was pinpointed by Tommy Church, the landscape man. "In making a garden the old idea was to put thorny shrubs where you wanted to keep kids out. But the way we see it is this: If kids want to go through, let's make them a path!" Most any afternoon at Parklabrea you can find big, good-natured Al Stoll, the chief gardener, explaining to the kids around him how many sets of wings a bee has or how to tell a butterfly from a moth.

In building for Mom and Pop, Metropolitan has discovered that the female of the species is primarily interested in the kitchen, and the male in the bathroom. So it tries to make the kitchen into exactly what one tenant in Parklabrea described it as—a pleasant workshop. Color in the kitchen, instead of sterile white, helps a lot. Bathrooms also are given the cheerful touch, calculated to take the ennui out of Pop's shave and start him off to a good day.

Ideally Planned Apartments

The studio apartments, with their upstairs and downstairs, are like private houses. Downstairs is the L-shaped living room, with a dining space adjoining the kitchen. The kitchen, in front instead of in back, has a window overlooking the street so that Mom can see a little life go by while she is rolling the pie crust. This means the living room can have a great expanse of window facing the gardened patio inside each block of apartments. There is also a private terrace on the fringe of the patio, where Mom and Pop can sun-bathe or quaff a cool drink at twilight.

Upstairs, at the head of a colonial stairway—the spindles of which many tenants have woven with ivy—are the bedrooms and bath. Again, large windows look out on the patio. There is through-ventilation in every apartment, plus gas-fired heaters to cope with California's nighttime chill and fans to cool the mid-day heat.

When a woman from New York came to look at Parklabrea, Mrs. Newberry casually asked her, "Where do you do your laundry back home?"

"Why—uh, in the bathtub!"

"Well," said Mrs. Newberry, "you won't have to here."

She proudly showed her the kind of laundry room built for each block of apartments—not a watery basement, but a light and airy room off the back of the patio, where coin machines do the washing, rinsing and spin-drying. Outside is a sheltered area where clothes can be hung to dry in the sun, instead of over shower rails and on kitchen lines where one is sure, occasionally, to drop an argyle sock into the pea soup.

In planning the tower buildings, which will complete Parklabrea and Parkmerced, Metropolitan has carefully eschewed flash and gadgetry. "Never mind the come-on of push buttons and gimmicks," said one executive. "In houses, it's the solid things that count."

"We don't believe in breaking up space. People need *rooms* to live in, not cubicles," one of the architects remarked. Thus the living rooms in the new buildings run up to 19 by 21 feet—nearly 400 square feet. This includes space for a dining table, which, in Metropolitan's view, is better than carving out a dining cubicle which is waste space 80 per cent of the time.

The American mania for closets, and more closets, is—Metropolitan devoutly hopes—satisfied at last in the new structures. In addition to an ample array of regular closets, there is a jumbo closet that measures 6 by 10 feet—bigger than a Ping-Pong table! Into this spacious stash-away, Metropolitan has put fittings for hats, shoes, etc., plus—its one concession to gadgetry—*transparent* drawers. You can see whether your shirts have been returned from the laundry without even opening the drawer.

A Housewife's Dream Kitchen

Kitchens will have seven-foot stainless steel sinks with double vats. Refrigerators will be nine-cubic-footers. Every kitchen will have fan ventilation. Each bedroom will have its own private bath. "When you house a hundred thousand people, you gradually begin to catch on to what people want," remarked one of the Metropolitan's housing staff.

If you don't catch on, people soon tell you! Coping with complaints, demands and foibles becomes a fine art. To streamline matters at Parklabrea, Mrs. Newberry has a teletype system that runs from the service desk to the maintenance building presided over by Operating Superintendent Arthur Pierson. Teletype alarms bring Pierson's plumbers, electricians, and handy men on the double.

To blond, blue-eyed and impeccably fashionable Alice Newberry, the job of managing Parklabrea amalgamates the best, or worst, features of being a judge,

"I wouldn't ever speak to her again as long as I live if she didn't happen to be the best friend I have in the world"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

confidante, trouble shooter and mother confessor. One woman came to her to report that a neighbor snored so loudly the reverberations went out into the patio and in through her windows. Would Mrs. Newberry please *do* something!

"Why, certainly. We'll move you to another apartment," Mrs. Newberry volunteered.

"Oh, no, I don't want to move. I just want you to stop him from snoring!"

Of course Mrs. Newberry could have sent the gentleman in question a corsage of chloroform, but short of this she confessed she was stumped.

"Well, you've just got to stop him," the aggrieved lady rejoined, and flounced off.

Wondering what Solomon would have done, Mrs. Newberry finally called in the wife of the sonorous gentleman. Between them, they found a way of opening other windows while he slept, so that the nocturnal resonance was no longer refracted into his neighbor's chamber.

Tom MacNair, former manager of Parklabrea and now manager of Metropolitan's Peter Cooper Village in New York, tells of one woman who asked him to write a letter to her husband telling him to "stop slamming the door." Another, in Parkchester, wanted a tall oak tree, which had been saved at great expense, cut down because the "rustle of the leaves" kept her awake.

During the war years, apartments were rented exclusively to Army and Navy families and to civilians in war-vital pursuits. But even mild-mannered Mrs. Newberry hit the ceiling when an Army captain desperately in need of a roof for his wife and kids was mysteriously transferred the day his apartment came up for rental. In his stead, came a colonel with instructions from his commanding general to "take over the apartment."

Mrs. Newberry sent him back with the icy message, "You may tell your general that Parklabrea is not a military post—and he can't assign quarters here!"

"Inherently I detest regimentation," Mrs. Newberry remarks—which is a good thing, since regimentation is probably the number one risk a big housing development runs. The architects have avoided it in the variety of façades they have put on the buildings. No list of rules and regulations is handed out to tenants.

"Each apartment is a private home," comments Mrs. Newberry. Aside from mutual respect for the rights of neighbors, which obtains in any good community, there is little to remind a tenant that he's not in his private castle.

Terraces Are for Gardening

Of course he can't get out in the patio and plant cabbages. That's because the patios are community yards with some 20 families bordering on them. But on the private terrace outside his living room he can grow anything he wants to. As you stroll along the patios' edges you can see Mr. Smith's petunias, Mrs. Brown's geraniums, Mr. Jones' mint patch.

One woman trained a vine of trumpet flowers in through her bathroom window, giving the room a border of orange-colored blossoms. When Al Stoll's vine trimmers come around she stands guard to see that they don't snip it away. One day when Al made his rounds, another nature lover was standing over a shrub holding her finger over the leaves and—to Al's utter disbelief—dripping drops of blood on them.

"What's up?" Al inquired.

"Oh nothing, Mr. Stoll," the woman replied. "I just cut my finger while I was sewing, and I didn't want to waste the blood."

"How's that again?"

"Well, you put *blood meal* on the shrubs. Just think how much better *real blood* must be!"

Though not always so sanguinary, most tenants feel a proprietary interest in the place. They call Mrs. Newberry Alice and drag her in to look at the new hangings or a trick color scheme. They feel as secure as tenants can feel. In five years no one has been evicted from either of the California developments. One sentimental Parklabrea family has a painted medallion reading, God Bless Our Rented Home.

In erecting its new 13-story buildings, Metropolitan has had to take into account what the California chambers of commerce call "horizontal forces," but which, between you and me, mean earthquakes.

The buildings are of monolithic concrete. They are all of one piece, as one of the work bosses said. Floor by floor, the concrete is poured over a sturdy lacework of steel, so that the exterior walls as well as the columns are part of the integral structure—all bound together. In earthquake country this means a great deal.

Making Buildings Quakeproof

To an engineer it means something like this: Being one piece, the building—in a quake—would rock as a unit rather than having the walls and framework "fight each other" and crumble. In addition, Leonard Schultze and Associates, the architects, have designed each building as an elongated X, so that each of the four wings acts as a buttress.

As I watched the foundations go in, I was reminded of the four paws of a crouching animal firmly planted in the ground. For added solidity, Starrett Bros. & Eken, the builders, have fixed giant claws to the end of each paw—concrete piles reaching as deep as 50 feet into the earth.

Driving these piles is no picnic. The soil under Parklabrea (adjacent to the famed Le Brea Tar Pits) is an unbelievable hodgepodge of adobe, sand, tar, clay and oil. Into it the steam pile drivers, wheezing asthmatically, drive their steel mandrils dozens of feet down to what is called the "point of refusal." This means that the 5,000-pound hammer must strike the mandril more than 50 times to drive it down another six inches. Then the hole is deep enough. Out comes the mandril and in flows the concrete.

One of the pile drivers inadvertently struck oil. But that's nothing to get excited about at Parklabrea. They just plugged up the hole. There were more than 50 oil wells in the land, all of them economic duds, when Metropolitan started building.

Even today thick, tarry oil oozes up occasionally in one of the patios or along the streets. Several sumps have been dug to drain it off.

At San Francisco, where the Ingleside golf course once sprawled, formidable gullies had to be filled to level the ground for Parkmerced.

When work on the new buildings is at full tilt, probably by summer, Parklabrea will be swarming with 3,000 to 4,000 workmen and using enough electric power on construction alone to light up the city of Glendale.

Eighty-one-year-old Ecker, who began as an office boy at Metropolitan Life, personally pilots the company's vast housing ventures. He gets a kick out of watching these cities within cities rise out of the ground. In these days, when it would be a snap to clean up, he insists on keeping Metropolitan Life's take down to the four and one half per cent level.

It was something like this which his colleagues had in mind when they hung plaques at Parklabrea and Parkmerced on Ecker's 80th birthday. They hailed the fact "*that families . . . might live in health, comfort and dignity in parklike communities, and that a pattern might be set of private enterprise productively devoted to public service.*"

Fishing for the Fighting Sturgeon

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

Sturgeons are champion fighters, and spearing them through the ice on Wisconsin's Lake Winnebago isn't a sport for children. Some of the big fish weigh 200 pounds. If you get your "iron" in one, and yank him onto the ice, look out. The battle has just begun

A HUSKY Middle West sportsman who has experienced practically every thrill and danger the outdoors offers, and is always looking for more, headed enthusiastically this winter for Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, where hundreds of fishermen, who call themselves "shadow chasers," sat in darkened shanties on the thick ice of the 30-mile-long lake to try their luck at the wildest, rip-roaringest hunting and fishing hybrid imaginable—sturgeon spearing.

The sportsman hired a local guide, and for a week straight sat hunched in a shanty beside a stove, shivering in his down-lined parka and staring at a hole in the ice big enough for a man to fall through lengthwise. Near by was a great spear, its six huge tines honed to razor sharpness, the handle ten feet long and made of one-inch steel pipe, with a coil of quarter-inch rope attached.

As the guide, Hank, tells the story, the first day, the city fellow peered patiently and eagerly down into 20 feet of blue water, waiting for the shadow-like outline to drift into view, and meanwhile passing time by telling hair-raising hunting stories of encounters with grizzlies and wild boars. But at the end of the second day, he muttered grumpily: "How anybody could get excited over this, even if a fish *did* show, I can't imagine. This is strictly for kids."

By the last day of the week, when he spoke at all he just swore. Then, toward evening, the guide saw a big sturgeon come sidling in under the hole, about 15 feet down. Like all sturgeons, it was muscled like a weight lifter and solid as a rock.

Hank pointed, shoved the spear into the sportsman's hands, and whispered, "Easy now. Take your time."

The sportsman raised the spear, let fly and saw the iron sink home. Rope started burning across the edge of the hole. "So that's all there is to this," he said, starting to get a grip on the rope. The next second he went down with a crash, still hanging on, but with the wildest, most startled expression ever seen on a man's face.

A terrific seesaw battle ensued, with the sportsman on his feet again, frantically heaving at the rope. A quarter-hour later, with his feet braced in the open shanty doorway, he was near exhaustion.

At last the fish gave slowly. The man gained enough rope to bring the long spear handle up out of the hole. What happened next, neither sportsman nor guide is sure. The powerful sturgeon lashed out. The spear handle ripped around, smashing down on Hank's head, knocking him flat.

"When I got my senses back," Hank says, "the

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

Strange ways to make a living

1859 **"Step back,** gentlemen! The Professor is ready to begin!" Traveling rainmakers made lots of money touring drought areas back when the name Corby's first came to Canada. Farmers paid them well for firing off cannon to shake down rain from the clouds.

1895 **Wooden-Indian** carving was a prosperous profession when the name Corby's was in its 37th year of fame in Canada. Almost every tobacconist in America had a statue of the noble red man in front of his shop. A small handful of specialists carved them all.

1942 **Mexicans** made a fat living harvesting seaweed in the Pacific when the name Corby's was 83 years old in Canada. Seaweed was made into agar-agar, used by scientists in germ cultures. It was scarce in the U.S. because Japan had controlled the pre-war supply.

1949 **Professional** wags, often dressed as waiters, are often hired to heckle some guest at parties. They insult him and deliberately infuriate him—until he realizes it's all a joke! Whether you go in for gags like this, or prefer a more dignified form of hospitality, you'll always please your guests by serving Corby's. *It's a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Moderately priced, too!

CORBY'S . . . a grand old name in Canada since 1859

AN AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

feller was stretched out on his belly, both hands straining to hang onto the doorsill. His left leg was right down into the hole, twisting and jerking unmercifully. The rope had somehow coiled around his boot, and in a matter of seconds now his grip would be torn free. He'd be yanked down through the hole and drowned!"

Hank grabbed his knife, and began hacking at the wildly gyrating rope. By the time he cut it through, the fisherman had only a fingertip hold on the doorsill. His face was sheet white. When the rope parted he crawled away from the hole and slumped down, looking as if he might faint. The guide, rubbing the bump on his head, quietly murmured, "You still think this is for kids?"

The fisherman didn't answer.

This sort of sport is not for the weak of heart or will. The average Winnebago sturgeon weighs 100 pounds. Two-hundred pounders are not uncommon. A veteran shadow chaser who has dropped his iron on a dozen of Winnebago's monsters in the past few seasons, says, "A sturgeon is not only as strong as an ox, but he's enough to scare you into a chronic case of 'shadow fever' just to see him. Why, a hundred pounder is as long as the average man is tall."

Like the sharks, to whom this ancient species is related, the sturgeon has a long, wide, pointed snout, hard as bone. His mouth is set far back on the underside, and the far end of his body narrows down like a slender but fabulously powerful sculling oar.

His head is armored, and he has trailing catfishlike whiskers underneath his chin. In place of scales, his rough hide, thick and tough as shoe leather—so durable it was once used to make lacings for mill belts—is set with bony plates.

"That's why," they will tell you, "your spear must be heavy. A sturgeon is hard to pierce."

Now and then one is taken from the lake with spear marks scrawled across the back, showing that it was the winner in at least one fight.

There is no telling how long ago such struggles took place. The state conservation men say a sturgeon doesn't grow up until he's a quarter-century old. After that he may carry on for another 75 years just getting under way. Sturgeons have been taken in Europe which were estimated to be up around the two-century mark and still every bit as spry as ever.

This Is the Doctor's Story

When a guide mentions "shadow fever" he's talking about the dread "disease" that every beginner, and many an old hand, knows all too well. A doctor from Fond du Lac was badly stricken with it when he sighted his first sturgeon, and he always tells the story immediately to interested strangers to avoid having his cronies beat him to it.

The doctor had been bragging to an uncle of his, who was trying to initiate him in the sport, that the first fish to show would be skewered and up out of the hole before it knew what had happened. It was all a matter, he insisted, of not getting excited, as in deer hunting. The uncle smiled, but said nothing.

About mid-afternoon they saw a big one rooting along in the bottom mud, his bony snout working like a hog's. The sturgeon feeds on tiny worms and crustaceans, which he locates by dragging his sensitive whiskers.

When the doctor first saw his fish it was as if he had suddenly frozen to the ice. Instead of grasping the spear, he just sat and stared, while the fish kept coming until it was straight under the hole. Finally his uncle could stand it no longer. He grabbed for the spear.

"That did it," says the doctor. "I jumped up, making more noise than we had made sawing out the hole and moving the shanty over it. Tearing the spear out of my uncle's hands, I accidentally slammed its handle against the shanty wall. But the fish, which for some reason still hadn't taken fright at the noise, remained under the hole.

"Hurling the spear with a heave that would have split open an elephant, I missed by at least four feet—and then I just stood there, mouth open, and shaking with a violent shadow-fever chill, while my uncle's favorite spear buried itself in bottom mud, the rope slithering after it, its end finally disappearing in 20 feet of blue lake water!"

In the early days the lake sturgeon was tremendously abundant in the larger lakes and rivers throughout the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes region. Lake sturgeon was not considered to be of any commercial value until the 1880's, when a market for its smoked flesh and for caviar developed. The high retail prices that were paid for these delicacies soon brought commercial fishermen running.

The remaining sturgeon stock was swiftly depleted. By the turn of the century the lake sturgeon was on the verge of extinction.

Trying to save the sturgeon industry, the law stepped in and it became illegal to take sturgeon in Wisconsin or Michigan waters. Then recently conservation men decided that spearing for sport might be allowed, if the take was rigidly controlled. Each license allows five fish. The total baul is around 1,000 fish per season.

The legalizing of sturgeon fishing at Winnebago brought with it the problem of controlling each man's take. The roe, the smoked tail and the sturgeon steak bring fabulous prices. Conservation officers licked the problem with metal tags. Five are issued with each license, and one must be attached to every fish. The wardens make constant daily rounds of every Winnebago shanty, and check every fish for its tag. Shrewdly, they have pushed through a law which forces every shanty owner to have a latch on the outside of his door so that an inspector can enter before a fisherman can dispose of any untagged fish.

Sturgeon spearing probably never would have been more than a long-shot gamble had not the Indians and early settlers observed that a characteristic of the fish was insatiable curiosity. When he is busy at his mud flats feeding, he will pause for a look at any especially strange object. Thus crafty old-timers learned to place their shanties over mud flats, and to dangle decoys down through the spearing hole. The decoys are odd gadgets made of wood, weighted so they may be lowered to the desired depth. Some are as much as four feet long, and all are usually painted bright red.

"It's best," the old-timers will tell you in all seriousness, "to dangle several ears of yellow corn beside the decoys. Don't ask why or how the idea originated. Nobody knows. But decoys with corn will have more fish nudging them over a season than decoys by themselves."

Epic Battle on Winnebago

Don't think that once a big sturgeon is hauled up through the hole into the shanty the battle is over. Often the roughest part is just about to begin. One of the wildest bouts ever fought on Winnebago's ice was one in which a young fellow named Peterson stepped into the ring with a 150-pound fish. He had got his iron into the sturgeon at about noon.

Peterson, panting and sweating, had his feet braced in the open shanty doorway, with the fish half out of the hole. He was nearly exhausted, but determined not to give up. He knew it would have to be soon—or never. Throwing his 200 pounds of farm-bred, muscled weight into one final and tremendous heave, he brought the sturgeon flopping up out of the hole. The next second his feet flew out from under him and he went crashing down on the shanty floor. The sturgeon had lashed out with its powerful tail and caught young Peterson across the knees.

The fish beat the ice crazily in an effort to get back into the water. It was almost into the hole when Peterson staggered to his feet. He tackled it and they went rolling and tumbling around, now and then dangerously close to the edge of the hole. Finally Peterson managed to get hold of his fish club. Hanging on with both legs and one arm, he began belaboring the slippery devil over the head. The sturgeon tail-hammered the shanty chair, smashing it into splinters. Next went the stove. Live coals flew everywhere.

Peterson was just about licked. He couldn't see for smoke. He was coughing and choking, and afraid of slipping into the water. Finally he got the sturgeon over against one wall. *Wham* went that brutal tail again, and out went the shanty wallboards. Down came the stovepipe. Man and fish burst right out through the side of the shanty.

Out on the open ice, Peterson was at last able to get untangled. He shoved himself erect, raised his club, and with one terrific blow finished the battle.

Not every contest with a sturgeon, of course, is that bad. In fact, many spearmen put in an entire season without getting an iron into a fish.

The gamble, with always the chance of a hair-raising fight, is what puts the thrill in shadow chasing, and what keeps more and more sportsmen flocking to Winnebago every season. Although, as any old hand around Winnebago will caution the beginner, when you go after sturgeon via the spear-and-shanty method instead of purchasing them from a fancy fish market, you're likely to find that they are far more cantankerous delicacies than you had ever imagined!

KATHERINE OSANN

Same Old Yarn

A sweater on a shapely girl
Not only gives male hearts a whirl;
Nor solely molds her lovely form;
Serves not alone to keep her warm;
Does more than just improve the view—
It also keeps the men warm, too.

—ROD MACLEAN

WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT THE RUSSIANS

Continued from page 25

And I get translations of the Soviet press, and I have had some good talks with poor Jan Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and other friends and acquaintances who, when they're out from behind the Iron Curtain, are glad to tell about their experiences, if they think they can do so without getting caught. Bit by bit I have learned, and I think I now know why the Russian bear ticks the way he does. Also, I think I see how it may be possible to get along without having this "quick" war that some people talk about.

The root of the trouble is that Russia is run by a small group of fanatical people who feel sure they are right and who are prepared to go to any lengths to make the rest of the world agree with them.

There are about 200,000,000 people in the Soviet Union and it seems that most of them are industrious, good-natured people who want peace and who do not care at all about Karl Marx and whether you or I believe in his theories.

But political power is a monopoly of the Communist party. Its members are a carefully chosen fanatical group, amounting to about three per cent of the people, who accept what Stalin calls "iron discipline," and who believe that their mission in life is to bring about everywhere "dictatorships of the proletariat." By that they mean dictatorships headed by Communists who are supposed to use their power for the benefit of the working class and to crush the others who are "class enemies."

When Ideologies Conflict

As you know, I don't believe in that sort of thing. I disapprove of it strongly. But at the same time I realize that many people disagree just as violently with what *I* believe. We shall never, I suppose, have a world where everybody agrees with everybody else. Certainly I hope not, for that sort of world would be a very dull one. But we do need a world where people who disagree *intellectually* will not, on that account, try to hurt each other *physically*.

I have come to feel that, from the standpoint of peace, the worst thing about the Soviet Communists is not that they have ideas different from our American ideas, but that they use terrorism, coercion and violent revolution to hurt and destroy those who disagree with them. Stalin preaches, and his followers believe, that non-Communistic governments are bound to collapse because of the alternating fever of "boom" and the chill of "burst." But they are so impatient they feel they should speed the inevitable by giving a stout push wherever and whenever it will hurt such governments the most. Let me give you three or four cases that we all know about.

Take Greece. There the Communist governments north of Greece have for two years been helping the Greek rebels to carry on a war against the government. The government still stands because U.S. aid has bolstered it up. But it is having a tough time.

Take Berlin. There, as you know, the Soviets control the lines of communication by land and canal. Last spring they decided to cut them so as literally to starve the 2,500,000 Germans in the British, French and U.S. sectors of Berlin so the people there would have to accept Soviet Communist government in order to live. That stratagem has not succeeded only because of the air lift.

Take France. There the Communists control the principal labor organization and Moscow annually calls a political strike to prevent the mining and transportation of coal that is vital to recovery. I was there during the 1947 and 1948 strikes and they were ugly affairs. They were not fatal because most of the French nation resisted stoutly and because we came to their help with the European Recovery Program.

Take Czechoslovakia. The local Communist leaders broke down resistance and got control by saying that if they didn't take over, the Red armies would march in and then only the members of the Communist party would be safe, and such members would prepare the lists of non-Communists to be liquidated.

These methods—civil war, coercion, sabotage and terrorism—are being used throughout most of the non-Communist world. That, you will say, adds up to a very bad and dangerous situation, and I certainly agree. But, according to *my* arithmetic, it does not necessarily add up to war.

The Soviet leaders maintain a great army and they encourage their followers abroad to terrorize people by saying that it may march. But it does not seem that Soviet leaders actually want a shooting war. There are good reasons for that.

Russia suffered cruelly in the last war and has not yet recovered. (When I was in Russia I could see that. Living conditions were pitiable.) Also, Soviet leaders have, from their standpoint, been doing pretty well without a war. If you were in Stalin's place in the Kremlin, I think you would figure out that it would not be expedient to start the Red armies marching through Europe and Asia.

So, while war is a possibility that we must be prepared to meet, the immediate problem is to put an end to the use of civil war, violence, sabotage and terrorism to which Soviet Communists are now resorting throughout the world, and which make it impossible for us to be friendly with them.

Although you might invite someone to dinner whether you agreed with him politically or not, you would never do so if you thought he was going to be putting arsenic into your soup. So you cannot live at ease with foreign leaders who take advantage of every opening you give them to hurt you.

Perhaps, however, a change in that situation may be coming about.

I see no evidence that Soviet leaders have got religion or have had a change of heart. As a matter of fact, at the recent Paris session of the U.N. General Assembly, Vishinsky and the others were as rude as ever. But I think that their rough methods may be reaching the end of their usefulness. They worked best shortly after the fighting stopped. People were weary, their economies were disrupted, their governments were weak, few knew what it was all about, and it was very easy for Communists to pull down faster than non-Communists could build up.

Red Tactics Are Vulnerable

Those destructive methods did, in fact, succeed pretty well in central Europe and in the Far East, and China is falling to the Reds. But elsewhere non-Communist governments have stood up and their tough experiences have increased their power to detect and resist these Communist methods.

The United Nations has been a great help in this. Soon after it started, it became clear that all the non-Communist governments were being subjected to destructive efforts directed from Moscow. As one piece after another of the world jigsaw puzzle was fitted into place, there emerged a picture that was appalling.

Then later the reaction, particularly at the Paris Assembly, impressed me very greatly. There was more unity than ever before against the Soviet underground tactics and more evidence of determination to expose them and root them out. So, I predict those tactics are going to run into resistance more united, more informed and more effective than ever before.

It seems to me that Communism has already toppled most of the governments that, for one reason or another, were easy push-overs. The total is big—too big for our comfort, but too big, possibly, for Russia's also. It may give the U.S.S.R. indigestion. For now Communist leaders face a totally new problem—that of building up, not pulling down. While talking with some Communists in Paris, I told them that even an idiot can destroy a complicated machine. But, I said, that does not prove that the idiot can replace the machine and run it.

Tough Attitude May Change

Soviet Communism has done quite a wrecking job. But can it rebuild where it has wrecked? That is looming up as the Communists' next job and it may bring Soviet leaders to concentrate upon their home problems, rather than upon further expansion. It may bring them to be more decent toward others who alone can supply much that is needed for reconstruction.

Look at what is happening in Yugoslavia. That small country is undeveloped, but it has many natural resources and a hard-working people. To develop it requires machinery. The leaders of the Communist party who run Yugoslavia thought they could get the needed machines from Russia, but Russia couldn't deliver them. Then they began to look toward the west and they got the idea that maybe, after all, Communist and non-Communist societies could live together to mutual advantage.

The Russian Communists thought that was a terrible idea. It was, they said, the heresy of Bukharin, who had been shot for much the same "crime" in the 1938 purge. So the Soviet leaders have attacked Tito bitterly and they are out to liquidate him as they liquidated Bukharin. Thus enlightened about Russian methods, Tito said, not long ago, that Communism can never succeed by "foul methods." Stalin & Company may get Tito, but that is not going to develop Yugoslavia, nor is it going to end the growing resistance to the foul methods employed by Soviet Communism.

This is a time to keep steady. It was like a nightmare when, at the end of the most awful of all wars, we suddenly awoke to learn that a great partner in victory was actively plotting against the freedoms that we thought we had been fighting for together. Something unexpected and unknown—always frightening—hit us, and for a time, many Americans could not believe the truth. Others thought that the truth made a new war inevitable. On the whole, though, we kept our heads pretty well. Now we see what has been happening, why it happened and why, if we keep on the job of opposing it, it cannot go on happening.

Victory usually goes to those whose nerves hold out the longest. That may be so when it comes to winning peace as well as wars. So, let us keep our nerve and be strong, calm and steady. It may be that we shall then find ourselves moving into a new period when we can have at least *decent* relations with the Russian government and friendly relations with the Russian people, and when the new war, of which some speak today, will seem like part of an old nightmare.

HANDSOME JOAN FROM SAN ANTONE

Continued from page 15

kind of joy and a light inside—an eagerness and expectancy, which is really what we should have every day of the year. Why we have to wait until Christmas to acquire it—God only knows. I think that is one of the tragedies of life."

Somehow, Miss Crawford herself has managed to remain eager and expectant throughout the years, although in doing so she frequently faced a real challenge. Unlike most movie stars, she owes practically nothing to luck. The determining factor of her career has been her own unflagging resoluteness. "The dame," says William Haines, "has pulled herself up by her girdle."

Not in the Birth Records

According to her own insistent testimony, she was born Lucille LeSueur on March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. What makes this a little perplexing is that the officials of the ordinarily possessive San Antonio Chamber of Commerce profess that it's all news to them, adding, however, that they wouldn't know anything prior to 1903, when the original law requiring the registration of births in Texas was passed. In any event, Miss Crawford looks considerably younger than the age she has established for herself. She is also, if the occasion demands, still vigorous enough to dash off a swift and nimble Charleston.

Childhood, as Joan remembers it, was a time of insecurity and deprivation. She was three months old when her mother, who had divorced Thomas LeSueur, married Henry Cassin and, along with him, her daughter and her son, Hal, who was six, moved to Lawton, Oklahoma. It wasn't long before Cassin transported the family to Kansas City, Missouri. There he and his wife undertook the operation of a boardinghouse. However, Mrs. Cassin came to the decision that marriage was not for her—a decision her daughter would reach on several occasions in later years. She divorced her husband, gave up the boardinghouse and turned her energy to the operation of a laundry agency.

Billie, as Lucille was known, was nine when she went to live at a boarding school where, as a reward for performing a daily routine that entailed cleaning the 14-room house, preparing the meals for some 30 paying students and attending to a number of minor chores, she was regularly beaten with a broomstick. The nightmarish aspect of those years has undoubtedly had a good deal to do with Miss Crawford's relentless pursuit of material comforts. It has also made her extraordinarily vigilant in protecting the interests of people in no position to protect themselves.

On the set of Flamingo Road one morning last November, she became incensed when the director began shouting at an unfortunate actress for whom she had secured a part in the picture. When his remarks became excessive, Joan rose from her camp chair and strode toward him. "Listen," she said. "Say one more nasty thing to that girl and I'm walking off this set."

Armed with forged study credits, Billie Cassin, at thirteen, became the youngest freshman in the history of Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri. No one was especially surprised when she quit there after two and a half months. Unlike San Antonio, however, Stephens feels so prideful about Miss Crawford that it delights in boasting of her attendance there, as brief as it was.

At this point, Billie began to make swifter progress. After working for a short while in a Kansas City department store, she got a job dancing in the floor show at the Baltimore Hotel in that city. Not long afterward, she moved on to Chicago and, a bit later, to Detroit, where she was spotted by Jake Shubert and offered a job in Innocent Eyes, which was about to open in New York. With the eventual closing of that musical, she went into The Passing Show, where she was observed by a representative of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A few weeks later, she was on her way to Hollywood.

The story of Billie Cassin's—or Lucille LeSueur's—life as related up to this point is the gospel strictly according to Joan Crawford. With her arrival in Hollywood, however, certain corroborating witnesses begin to appear on the scene. Several of them have since testified that she did not look very promising when she showed up at the M-G-M studio in Culver City on a brisk January morning in 1925.

She weighed 145 pounds and had a face which was described by a contemporary as "two cold fried eggs and a slop jaw." She was, as she is today, extremely timid and the prospect of appearing before the cameras so unnerved her that she used to stop at a Catholic church on her way to the studio and offer up prayers for her success. Within a matter of weeks, however, M-G-M's high-geared publicity department had swung into action.

It inaugurated its build-up by having a fan magazine run a contest to choose a new name for her. In May, "Joan Crawford" was announced as the winning suggestion. A year later, the Metro publicists were able to give her a certain professional éclat by having her selected as a Wampas Baby Star. Meanwhile, she was carrying off one loving cup after another in the weekly Charleston contests at the Ambassador Hotel. The gossip columns were beginning to notice her, too, and there were almost daily communiqués on the status of her relationship with a young millionaire named Michael Cudahy.

It wasn't until 1928 and the release of Our Dancing Daughters, however, that people became fully aware of the sex appeal in her enormous eyes, her scarlet slash of a mouth, her wind-blown bob, and her very pretty legs. Then, almost overnight she became a symbol of the whole brassy era.

Flaming Youth Personified

She was, in short, the typical flapper, and when she flashed her palms across her knees and shouted, "Hey, Charleston! Hey, Charles-boig!" college boys were tortured by the mad desire to join her in a slide down the primrose path. She was the Twenties—Scott Fitzgerald, autographed slickers, rumble seats, hip flasks. She was a prom-trotter and the darling of stag lines from campus to campus. She was Flaming Youth!

Long lines formed at ticket windows to purchase the privilege of seeing her in pictures like Modern Maidens and Our Blushing Brides. Shop girls, nestled in the romantic dark of movie theaters, sighed dreamily as she moved across the screen into the arms of a Johnny Mack Brown or a William Haines. She was ukuleles and bootleg gin and the pages of the old College Humor. And to a certain extent she was that way in person too.

William Haines vividly remembers one afternoon during the making of West Point in which he played opposite Joan.

"On this particular afternoon," as he recalls it, "the cadets were putting on a dress parade. Crawford, who had been delayed on the Coast, was due to arrive any moment. Then I suddenly saw her approaching in the distance. As she walked toward the rows of cadets standing at rigid attention, I saw that she was wearing a huge picture hat, slippers with enormous pompons, a dress that didn't quite meet the dimples on her knees, and she was carrying a chiffon parasol. As she swayed past the cadets, the whole line made a serpentine turn and there was a wild look in their eyes. You could just hear them thinking: *Wow!*"

Ambitions and a Marriage

Although Joan was undoubtedly touched by such testimonials, she was ambitious to become something more than just a girl with whom boys wanted to stroll down Flirtation Walk. She wanted many things, but most of all she wanted to be a lady. Her first step toward the achievement of this came with her marriage, in 1929, to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whom she loved deeply.

Fairbanks was considered "the great catch" of those years. Besides being a promising actor and something of a poet, he resided in Hollywood's Buckingham Palace—the vast and ornate Pickfair, which was presided over by his father and his stepmother, Mary Pickford, a dominating woman who, although widely hailed as "America's Sweetheart," was known among movie people as "The Iron Butterfly." If anything could provide Joan with social standing, it would seem to be her marriage to the dashing heir to Pickfair.

Miss Pickford did not see things in quite this light, however, and it was a long time before she would consent to receive her stepson's bride into the palace. When she finally did, it was Miss Crawford herself who almost ruined matters. As she made her entrance into the most hallowed mansion in all Hollywood, a buckle popped off her slipper and shot into the air.

Only the celebrated nimbleness of her father-in-law managed to save the situation. Swooping down, he scooped it up and stuck it in his pocket, all in one deft motion. But even this was not enough to preserve Joan's marriage. When she and Fairbanks were divorced in 1933, she

PRIDE'S CASTLE

By FRANK YERBY

author of The Foxes of Harrow and The Golden Hawk

The first part of a great new serial. In 1870, New York City was a bustling, growing center of finance and speculation, and the home of such American financial wizards as Black Tom Stillworth. Into that city in that year came the man who was to be the biggest, shrewdest financier of them all—Pride Dawson. He was a big man physically and emotionally. All his life he loved one woman, Sharon O'Neil, even though he could never resist Black Tom's beautiful, passionate daughter Esther. Pride Dawson loved Sharon and was loved by Esther. But for Esther he made and lost millions. Read how he built the huge palace overlooking the Hudson, that was known to all men as Pride's Castle

In Collier's *next week*

announced, "I am convinced that an actress should not marry."

Within two years of this rather sweeping verdict she had wed Franchot Tone. This alliance lasted two years, at which point she came to the conclusion that she was not the marrying kind. She reached the same decision again in 1945, after three years of marriage to a likable young actor named Phillip Terry. This, too, was a so-called "friendly divorce." In any event, it is significant that none of her former husbands speaks of her with anything but admiration and affection. She appears, indeed, to have a marked talent for arousing these emotions.

With the possible exception of Clark Gable and the late Jean Harlow, Joan was, during her seventeen years at M-G-M, the most popular high-paid employee the studio has ever had.

"She'd come out of her dressing room in the morning and have a hello and a big smile for everyone," one of the Metro grips remarked not long ago. "She was a real friendly dame, real democratic."

Many Gifts Are Anonymous

Miss Crawford, whose almost legendary generosity includes a number of anonymous benefactions as well as the maintenance of two hospital beds for needy cases, has a remarkable gift for inspiring fanatical devotion among people of lesser stature. Hymie Fink, a photographer, was so touched by the fact that she—a big star—waited table at his wedding reception that he named his first child Joan Marlene Fink in a tribute to her and Marlene Dietrich, his other great friend. When the child had a serious accident a few years later, Miss Crawford insisted upon taking care of all the attendant expenses.

Such pervasive kindness has had the effect of making even Miss Crawford's relentless pursuit of gentility seem entirely innocuous. As a result, her occasional *faux pas* are mentioned with sympathy rather than spite. Although the anecdote may be apocryphal, Hollywood likes to recall one instance in which Joan's insistence upon the proper word proved merely bewildering.

On this occasion, she was giving a large formal dinner party and had presumably coached her Negro butler as to what he should do in any conceivable crisis. Things were going along swimmingly until she suddenly turned to the butler and said, "Bring me a serviette, please." He glanced at her skeptically and paid no attention. A few minutes later, she repeated the request with the same result. Finally she became exasperated. "Didn't you hear me?" she demanded. "I asked you to bring me a serviette." The butler looked at her helplessly.

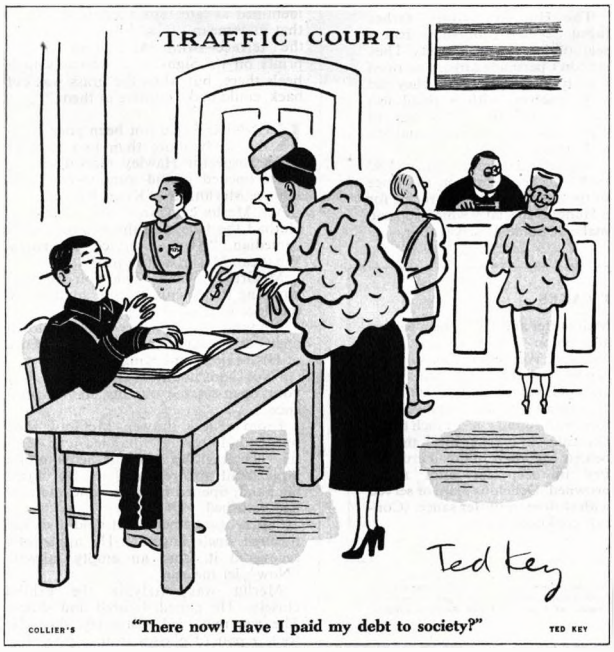
"Madam," he said, "Ah don't know what in de world yo' talkin' 'bout."

Joan no longer allows such things to bother her. For one thing, her constantly expanding interests do not allow her time to do so. She finds herself too occupied with such pressing matters as her movie work (which pays her a reported $250,000 a picture); her family of four adopted children (a girl who is nine, a boy, six, and twin girls, two); her charities; her 27-room house; her increasing respect for the Christian Science faith; and her diligent correspondence with a prodigious number of friends.

For all her growing poise, however, Joan Crawford is almost neurotically timid. Among other phobias which influence her conduct are radio appearances and air travel. She has confined her air work to occasions when her participations would aid charity. Recently, for example, she served as a guest announcer on Walter Winchell's Sunday-night program because her sizable fee was to go to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

Radio executives turn pale when they realize what a Crawford broadcast might entail. When she was induced to do a program one night three years ago, she was so panic-stricken that she had a doctor standing in one wing and a Christian Science practitioner in the other. Just to make matters foolproof, she requested that the microphone be nailed to the floor lest her trembling hand knock it over.

Miss Crawford's admirers, however, are inclined to doubt that she is actually terrified of radio. The truth of the matter, they insist, is that in refusing to broadcast, she is merely behaving as she should, like a movie queen. "Look," one of her fans said, "did you ever hear of Theda Bara or Beverly Bayne going on the Lux Radio Theatre? So, why should Joanie?"



HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from page 20

you we're tailed—or are you aiming at a reward? London is where we're going, and if you figure I'm sitting out on the street—"

"Listen, dear. Nobody'll see you. Nobody ever stops here. Better still, come on in and have a drink while—"

"If I get out of this hearse it won't be to have a drink. It'll be to attend your funeral!"

Jimmy wrenched free. "Put a cork in it," he said and ran up the steps which led to the saloon of The Effingham Arms and went in.

A STOUT lady was presiding over an empty bar. "Why, Mr. Findlater! Haven't seen you for a long time."

"Haven't been down this way, Mrs. Sprigg. Double Scotch. Could I use the phone in your back room?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Findlater."

Mr. Findlater opened a door which faced the entrance and seated himself at a phone on a side table in a small sitting room. Pulling a notebook from his pocket, he anxiously scanned its pages, then he began to dial a number.

A sound of voices in the adjoining bar interrupted him. He replaced the receiver and sat there listening. An expression of anxiety became one of outright terror as he gathered the nature of the conversation. Hurriedly he crossed the little room to another door, opened it, and looked out into a passage.

There was a staircase on the right, and on the left a private entrance from a side street. He went left, and very cautiously opened the door. He saw no one in the street, and stepped out.

He was still holding the knob when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. A policeman had been standing against the wall! "Your name Findlater?"

"It is. What about it?"

"The inspector will tell you what about it. Come along."

He was led, gently but firmly, around the corner to the front of The Effingham Arms. A police car stood just behind his sedan, and another policeman stood beside the car.

The side door of the inn banged open noisily, and a plain-clothes officer came running around to join them. "Trying to slip away again, were you?" he said, unpleasantly. "That makes it worse. Don't waste time. Where is she?"

Findlater pointed, vaguely, to his car.

"Trying to be funny?" The inspector came a step closer. "Where did you drop her?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't drop her. I left her out here!"

The inspector wrenched open a door of the police car: "Get in!"

A few minutes later, news of the arrest of James Findlater, and of the unaccountable disappearance of Sidonia, came over the wire to Hangover House, interrupting a scene between McGraw, Sergeant Sample and Storm Kennedy. When he had listened to the report from Kings Riding, McGraw said, "Bring him back here," and hung up. He glanced at Sample. "Followed that?"

"Yes, sir—up to a point."

"Findlater admits he's an old acquaintance of this woman's, but holds out that he didn't know there was anything against her. Swears he can't account for her disappearance."

"Then why did he help her to escape?" Kennedy asked.

"Newspaperman. Planned to climb the wall and try to find somebody to interview. Found Sidonia. Known her a long time. Says he fell for it to pick up the story and pull off a scoop for the Evening Herald."

"I hope they find her," Kennedy said.

"So do I," McGraw drawled, "for your sake." He uncoiled himself from his chair, and walked around to lean back against the desk. "Going to have trouble with present assignment, aren't you? Don't know what link, if any, there is between her and the missing woman, but your client is in this thing up to her neck. Speaking in everybody's interests, what about a straight showdown?"

Storm Kennedy sat still. "I admit that there are matters which call for explanation, Chief Inspector. For instance—a dead man coming to life."

"Thought you'd try that line," McGraw declared. "Charge of murder inadmissible?"

"Not what I was thinking about. That's a nice point for the lawyers. I had in mind Lady Hilary's pretending that she didn't know the man."

"Not what *I* was thinking about. Had in mind that Lady Hilary must have run into this room directly after attack took place, and switched the light off."

Storm Kennedy was putting in some hard, fast thinking—for he clearly foresaw the next question. Hilary, whose composure had crumbled when the "dead" man had staggered downstairs, remained in some room recently unlocked by McGraw's orders, in charge of Elfie. McGraw was prepared to wait.

But that stifled cry of "Geoff!" had betrayed her. She would be compelled, now, to reveal the man's name.

"Any suspicions, Mr. Kennedy, about the victim's identity?" McGraw asked.

"Yes," Kennedy spoke quietly. "The dead man—for the hospital report makes it clear, I believe, that he's really dead, now—was Geoffrey Arlington, the celebrated, or rather notorious, traveler and explorer."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen his picture."

"Glad you're not holding out on me. Had Lord Glengale on the line. Told me he'd employed you. Didn't tell me any more. On his way down, now. Any evidence that Sidonia knew this man Arlington?"

"None. But I consider her behavior more than suspicious," Kennedy said.

"Is that so? What do you consider Lady Hilary Bruton's behavior to be?"

"Difficult to explain. But I believe she can explain it."

"Feel sure she can. What's more, she'll have to." McGraw turned to Sample. "Call headquarters for everything on Geoffrey Arlington."

Sample nodded and took up the phone.

"Sidonia's real name, I seem to recall, is Julia Sidney," Kennedy said. "Therefore, she can't be the person whom Arlington tried to indicate."

McGraw looked at him. "Thinking of the words, 'It was La—'?"

"Yes."

"So am I," McGraw drawled. "Not forgetting Sidonia may have a pet name. Other La's are Larkhall Pike and Lahûn." McGraw closed his eyes. "Ever hear of a tailor called Simon Artz, Mr. Kennedy?"

"I don't know if Simon Artz do tailoring," Kennedy confessed. "But they sell hand-me-downs of all sorts. Everything else as well. Why?"

"Arlington was wearing a jacket with that label."

Storm Kennedy's expression grew keenly alert. "Then he had come from Port Said in all probability."

"Is that so? Link with Egypt, again."

"What's the other link, Chief Inspector?"

McGraw paused for a moment before replying. "Other link is an enamel, or cloisonné necklace which Mr. Pike has identified as late 18th Theban, whatever that may mean. Found fifty yards from the terrace—with Arlington's fingerprints on it. Signs of a woman's high heels there, but when the grass was cut back, could make nothing of them."

KENNEDY had not been gone from the study more than two minutes when Inspector Hawley rapped on the door, opened it and announced: "Mr. Horace Merlin, from Kings Riding."

Mr. Merlin came in—a tall, thin man. He had the face, and the manners, of a comedian. "At your service, gentlemen. What can Merlin do for you?"

McGraw yawned. "Told you can open anything that's shut, from a snuffbox to the door of a prison cell."

"Indubitably. That which is closed opens at my command. In the presence of His Majesty, the King—"

"Not here today, Mr. Merlin. Try your open-sesame on this, in *my* presence."

From a desk drawer, McGraw took out the gold case and handed it to Merlin. The magician laid it in the palm of a large hand and regarded it. He closed his hand, opened it again—and the case had vanished.

"Sorry, gentlemen! But gold does slip through one's fingers." He apparently recovered it from an empty inkwell. "Now—let me see."

Merlin was studying the exhibit closely. He pulled, twisted and shook. The case remained obstinately shut. He took a pair of glasses from a pocket of

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Crab Meat Cakes from Hudgins in West Palm Beach, Florida

YOU think it's a restaurant, yet when you walk in the door you find yourself in a sparkling clean fish market! Look down the other end of the long, bright room, and there's the restaurant.

But before you ask for a table consult with the Mr. Hudgins behind the glass-enclosed, ice-filled counters and choose your favorite fish from the clean and beautiful display. Now go into the dining room and order the rest of a well and simply cooked meal.

The Hudgins family—father (aged 82) and four sons—had a seafood business in Florida. They couldn't persuade anyone to open a seafood restaurant, so they did it themselves, with a retail fish store in one end. That was 15 years ago. It's still there and it's still good.

Dinner at Hudgins is from $1.80 to $3.50, depending on the price of the entree. Here's the recipe for a Hudgins specialty which you can make at home. It serves four.

CRAB MEAT CAKES

1 lb. crab meat (fresh or canned)
1½ cups milk
4 tablespoons butter
1 medium green pepper (chopped)
1 medium onion (chopped)
1 tsp. dry mustard
2 oz. Worcestershire
1 teaspoon salt; pepper to taste
8 tablespoons flour
1 egg
cracker meal
fine bread crumbs

Melt butter and sauté green pepper and onion in it until soft. Add mustard, Worcestershire, salt and pepper. Blend in flour. Scald milk and add, stirring until thick. Add crab meat. Chill thoroughly. Then form into round cakes 1 inch thick. Dip cakes in cracker meal, then in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat until nicely browned. Delicious plain or served with shrimp or oyster sauce. (Consult cookbook.)

If you wish to receive this Crab Meat Cakes recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 7, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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First over the Bars

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, BLENDED WHISKEY, 92 PROOF, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

his jacket, adjusted them and bent to peer at the puzzle. He finally inspected the flat end.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed suddenly and held the thing aloft in theatrical triumph. "You are fortunate, gentlemen! Who but Merlin could have helped you? This is from the workshop of Silverston. Not more than six are in existence. The immortal Houdini possessed such a piece, and often wagered a hundred guineas that no one present but himself could open it. Behold!"

There was a faint click, and the gold cap hung loose on its chain.

"Put it down here!" McGraw was on his feet. "Send the account to me. Good day, Mr. Merlin. Scotland Yard obliged for your co-operation."

And when Horace Merlin, grinning and bowing, had gone, McGraw and Sample bent over the desk.

The chief inspector with a steady hand tipped out a glass object onto the blotting pad. Then, using a long ivory bodkin which he had found amongst Larkhall Pike's desk equipment, he delicately explored the interior.

"Space down there for something else. But it's gone. Get Wilson with finger-print outfit. See what this is?" He pointed, but didn't touch. "Recently used. Still wet."

"Yes, sir." Sample's voice sounded hushed. "But where does it get us?"

The object which had been concealed in the gold case was a hypodermic syringe.

AS HE walked on, aimlessly, Kennedy had no particular goal in view, but he felt impelled to walk, and think.

Foremost in his mind was the approaching interview with Lord Glengale. What could he say to him? He had accomplished nothing. And there was enough evidence against Hilary to arrest her.

She had confessed to entering the study at a time which could only have been shortly after the attack on Arlington. Her action in switching off the light was susceptible of one explanation alone. She had wanted to avoid being seen. The dead man had held some mysterious threat over her; had used it as an instrument of blackmail.

But Kennedy obstinately refused to entertain the idea that Hilary had struck Arlington with a dagger. It simply didn't make sense to him.

And where, Kennedy asked himself, does Sidonia fit into the picture? Assuming, as he must, that she was an accomplished actress, that her account of the night's happenings had been pure fabrication, what could have happened between her and Arlington to have provoked that murderous attack? Had he been her lover? Had jealousy—perhaps of Hilary—driven her to it?

And at this point in his profitless meditations Storm Kennedy found himself near that gap in the wall by which Sidonia had made her escape. He pulled up sharply. Someone was climbing over from the lane.

A pair of long, thin legs clad in corduroy trousers dangled down, one extended foot groping for the nearest block of fallen masonry. Then the rest of the climber came into view—a man wearing an old army tunic which had been dyed blue, a red handkerchief around his neck. It was Larkhall Pike.

"Hullo, sir."

"Is that Mr. Kennedy?" The major's pince-nez dangled grotesquely on the black ribbon as he peered into the shadows.

"It is."

"I feared it might be one of those damned policemen. They made me open the green bedroom, in which generations of my family have been born, in which Queen Elizabeth slept. Blasted insolence! And so I have taken the minor liberty of leaving my own property by an irregular route in order to borrow McAdam's razor. Had a shave, and exchanged my pajamas for his spare suit. His cottage lies just across the lane."

"I don't blame you, sir. This imprisonment is getting intolerable."

"It's a lot of poppycock, Mr. Kennedy—poppycock, sir! Anyone in Great Britain last night might have murdered the fellow—quite apart from the circumstance that nobody knows who the fellow is."

"His name has just come to light, as a matter of fact: Geoffrey Arlington."

"Geoffrey Arlington!"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

PIKE had begun to walk back toward the house. Storm Kennedy had fallen into step beside him.

"I never spoke to him in my life. And I saw him only once—alive. It was when he had the brazen audacity to read a paper on secret passages in the Great Pyramid before the Royal Society. Mr. Kennedy"—he pulled up, glared—"every word of his paper was fictional! No such passages have ever been discovered. Pshaw!"

"You think," Kennedy suggested, as they walked on again, "that Arlington was an impostor?"

"He was a rogue, sir! He merited his end. His exploration of the upper reaches of the Amazon was equally bogus."

"You failed to recognize him again?"

"Quite. My memories were vague and his contorted face didn't help them."

"I suppose a man like that would have many enemies," Kennedy mused.

"Deservedly, sir! I was one of them."

When Storm Kennedy parted from Larkhall Pike he turned along that overgrown path which led tortuously to the lower garden. If only he could see Hilary, talk to her. If only he knew the *truth*.

Those words of the dying man undoubtedly held a clue. Kennedy thought that Arlington had known of Hilary's danger and—one decent act in an indecent life—had tried to pin the crime on the real assassin.

La . . .

If he had meant Larkhall Pike, surely he would have tried to say *Pike?* If he had meant Mohammed Ibn Lahûn, then it seemed unlikely that he would have used the last name without its prefix.

Kennedy was passing behind that rustic summerhouse in which he had found the gold case. Through crannies in its crazy wall, outlined against light from the entrance, he had seen something move. He crept nearer. He peered inside, checked his breathing.

For what he saw there was dramatic, revealing, as a curtain rising on a scene wholly unexpected. . . .

The green bedroom referred to by Larkhall Pike may, at some time, have been painted green or draped in green. At present it possessed no definable color scheme, unless faded silk curtains attached to a vast four-poster bed had begun life as green curtains.

Beyond all argument, this impressive bed dominated the room. Upon neutral walls, blotched in patches to a melancholy sepia, hung several large, melancholy pictures, mercifully faded too. There were oak chests, a dust-coated dressing table with nothing on it, a pair of capacious tapestry-covered armchairs.

One of these was occupied by Miss Elphinstowe, the other by Hilary.

"Have a cigarette, dear," Elfie suggested, and held out a yellow packet. "I bought these from a policeman."

Hilary shook her head and smiled. "What a grand pal you are, Elfie! Whatever should I have done without you?"

"You've always been able to play the fool, dear, without help from anybody. This little jamboree is your star turn, to date. If only you had counted ten instead of singing out 'Geoff!' "

"But, Elfie. It was—how *can* a dead man come to life again?"

"Oh, I don't know. It isn't that the truth wouldn't have had to come out, sooner or later. But you might have picked a better moment. What I mean is this: Instead of confiding the facts to the discretion of Bill Kennedy—who is more than sympathetic—you are going to be carpeted by that terrifying Scotland Yard lad."

"But Bill would have had to tell him."

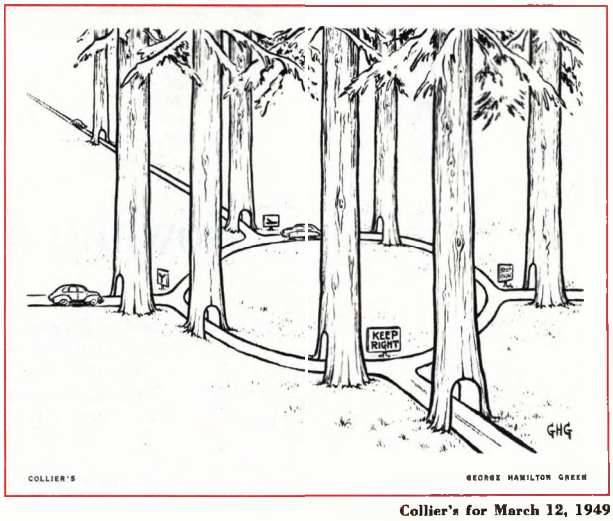
"No doubt. But Bill would have suppressed nonessential details. In fact, I'm sure he would have done so."

"That's not what bothers me. All I'm worrying about is that I dragged *you* into this mess! Oh, Elfie darling!" Hilary moved so swiftly that she had crossed and was kneeling before the elder woman even as the words were spoken.

ELFIE looked for somewhere to put her cigarette, but failed to find any place. She stabbed it out on the oaken arm of the chair and stroked Hilary's hair. When she spoke, her voice was gruff.

"Bill is our only hope," Elfie said. "And I'm afraid the McGraw has a downer on him. But I'm going to ring the bell—if there is one—and say, as a qualified nurse, that you are unfit for a police interview but would be ready to answer any questions put to you by Bill Kennedy, who is a friend."

Hilary pressed her face against Elfie's



knees. "That doesn't mean I shall have to tell him everything—yet?"

"Everything that happened last night."

"He is sure to ask about—Geoffrey."

"Say you were afraid of him. *Why* is nobody's business—except that you'll have to chance explaining it to any man you want to marry. Otherwise, tell Bill the whole story. Then, leave it to him to put the facts before Inspector McGraw. Shall I ring the bell?"

"Yes, darling. Ring the bell—if there is one."

MOHAMMED sat in the summer-house. His dark eyes were turned, impassively, in the direction of approaching dark clouds. Swift, approaching footsteps drew his gaze from distant thunderclouds to the more immediate aquiline features of Chief Inspector McGraw, now appearing in the opening.

"Oh, Mr. Ibn Lahûn. Came to look for you. Needed exercise."

"He who travels gleans wisdom on the way."

McGraw dropped onto a seat facing Mohammed. "Seem to have heard so." McGraw chewed industriously.

"A cigarette, sir? I rarely smoke, myself, and have a number." Mohammed courteously extended a cigarette case.

"Thanks, no. When I think, I chew. When I get my man, I light my pipe. May be able to help me. Ever hear of Geoffrey Arlington?"

Mohammed spread eloquent palms, one still supporting the cigarette case. "Every cultured Egyptian has heard of Geoffrey Arlington. His book called The Secret Places of Egypt made him ridiculous from Alexandria to Aswan. Geoffrey is a liar."

"*Was*, no doubt."

Mohammed's deerlike gaze became fixed upon the half-closed eyes of McGraw. "Has reformation claimed him?"

"No—death. Didn't know, I suppose?"

"The news is fresh to me, sir, but not unwelcome."

"Is that so? When did you see him last?"

"I never saw him. But his picture was on the wrapper of his book." He replaced his cigarette case in a pocket of his dinner coat.

"And you didn't recognize him? I mean last night?" McGraw asked.

"You imply, sir, that the man who died here last night was Geoffrey Arlington?"

"That's so."

Mohammed slowly shook his head. "He had changed, greatly."

McGraw nodded. "They do, you know, when they've been murdered."

Mohammed Ibn Lahûn stared raptly, into space. He looked toward the east. "I understand why, even in death, an aura of evil surrounded him. He died as he lived: a liar, a hypocrite, a wicked man. God is great, and Mohammed is His last prophet." He touched his heart, his lips and his brow, and inclined his head.

McGraw's eyes were closed. "Checked up on you, Mr. Ibn Lahûn. Matter of routine. Any idea, as a prominent figure in the Moslem world, if Arlington might have made religious enemies?"

"He was unworthy of attention by the faithful, sir. His fate the Almighty had hung around his neck. His own deeds condemned him. By virtue of his own deeds he died."

"Is that so? Can't help me, then?"

Mohammed did not reply immediately, but at last: "Only in this," he said gently. "Those whom you believe to be guilty are innocent. Kismet—the law of things as they are—ordained that he should die."...

When McGraw returned to the study he was in a bad humor. Sergeant Sample looked up from shorthand notes as his chief opened the door.

"Got the report on Arlington yet?" McGraw inquired.

"May take some time, sir. I don't think he's ever been on the books. But two other reports have come in."

"What are they?"

"One's from headquarters. The Hanover Square garage. Their line's out of order. One of our men called, and they told him the car standing down here at the back gate was hired, self-driven, to Geoffrey Arlington last night. He phoned for one. The manager knows him."

"Where did he phone from?"

"They can't say. He came in a taxi and picked up the car."

"What time?"

"Ten fifteen."

"Had a call posted for the taxi driver?"

"Yes, sir."

McGraw elbowed his way to the chair behind Pike's desk. Sample made way for him.

"Other report?" McGraw asked.

"Detective Officer Brayle, our department, arrested Sidonia ten minutes ago. She was going into the block of flats in Jermyn Street, where she lives. He had been waiting there."

"Whom was she with?"

"With Sir Wilfred Willerton. Nothing known about him except that he's a second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. According to a statement made to Brayle, Willerton, on his way back from the coast, pulled up at The Effingham Arms for a drink. Sidonia jumped out of another car standing there and begged him to give her a lift to London. He's an admirer of hers. He agreed."

"Any more good news?" McGraw said.

"Yes, sir. James Findlater is outside, under escort."

McGraw chewed in silence for quite a long time. "Let him stay there. What explanation does the woman Sidonia offer?"

"Says she's on the air at two thirty. That a big engagement hangs on it."

"Pity. May ruin her career. Told them to hold her?"

"Yes, sir."

Inspector Hawley rapped on the door and came in. "I have a message from Lady Hilary Bruton," he announced. "Miss Elphinstowe states that Lady Hilary is still unfit for interrogation. But, knowing the importance of time, she would try to answer any questions put to her by Mr. Kennedy. I understand that Mr. Kennedy is a personal friend."

"Get Mr. Kennedy," McGraw said.

WHEN, ten minutes later, Kennedy was ushered in by Hawley, he appeared rejuvenated. In spite of an unshaven chin, disheveled dress clothes, he looked like a winner of the Irish Sweepstakes. His blue eyes were dancing.

"Seem on top of the world," McGraw commented dryly. "Got a clue?"

Kennedy sat down facing the chief inspector. "I have learned never to jump to conclusions, and I know it's going to be hard to pin this thing onto the real culprit—but I think I know who the real culprit is!"

"Is that so? Have a kind of notion I know, too."

"Have you?"

McGraw nodded. "Recently pointed out to me that those whom you believe to be guilty are innocent. Kismet, the law of things as they are, plays a big part."

"Sounds like Mohammed."

"It was!" McGraw laughed.

The telephone rang. Sample took the call, listened, and scribbled busily.

"Hospital?" McGraw asked.

Sample nodded. "They say yes. There's the mark of a recent injection on his left arm."

"Actual cause of death settled yet?"

"No further report, sir. I believe they are waiting for a special opinion."

"Hope it isn't Dr. Smithy's. Ought to

try to find a doctor who knows a dead man when he sees one."

"We were all agreed," Kennedy pointed out.

"Not all doctors. Listen, Mr. Kennedy. I know what you're doing here, and who employed you. Trying to shield Lady Hilary Bruton. Don't interrupt. Your turn later. Had experience of your methods. Mallory jewel case. Grant you're good at the game. But it's one thing to grab the evidence of a robbery and stymie Scotland Yard. It's another to try to cover up evidence of attempted homicide. A last word—I want you to go and talk to Lady Hilary."

"I shall be glad to do so."

"Know you'll be glad. Been waiting for a chance. But here's a friendly tip. Expect you to report to me *exactly* what she tells you. If it clears her, good enough. If I think you're doing any editing, I'll have her here on the mat, whoever's daughter she is."

"That's agreed," Kennedy said quietly.

"Right. Get busy."

THE door had no more than closed behind Storm Kennedy when Hawley rapped on it again, stepped in, and announced: "Lord Glengale, Chief Inspector."

Lord Glengale wore a neat check suit and a soft-collared white shirt with a regimental tie, very tightly knotted. The whole agile figure, that nut-brown face, conveyed the same impression: tightly knotted. He stared across the room, as McGraw slowly stood up.

"Chief Inspector McGraw?"

"At your lordship's service. This is my assistant, Detective Sergeant Sample. Will you please take a seat."

Glengale sat down on the leather couch just inside the door. "Where is my daughter?"

McGraw dropped back in his chair. "At the moment, sir, in charge of Miss Elphinstowe, upstairs. All had a nasty shock a while ago. At the first moment possible you shall see Lady Hilary. Acting under orders from superintendent of department. My duty to carry them out."

"Explain these orders."

McGraw leaned back. "First, there are some details which I must ask you to consider. Man called Geoffrey Arlington was stabbed here last night. Lady Hilary first declared she didn't know him. Now, she's admitted she did. No one else present who'd ever met him."

Lord Glengale stood up and took a step forward. "You are not daring to suggest to *me* that my daughter is the criminal?"

"Suggesting nothing, sir. Merely answering your question. You see, there's evidence to show that Lady Hilary was probably the last person to see Arlington alive."

"What does *she* say?"

"So far, said nothing. Mr. Storm Kennedy, with my permission, has gone to ask her for the real facts. While we're waiting, your lordship might be able to supply a few details about this man."

Lord Glengale returned to the couch and sat down again. "Man was a blackguard. Bad as they come. Never met the fellow face to face. But knew him by sight. Discovered by accident that he'd induced my daughter to put up capital for a wildcat oil well in Arabia. Damn' oil well didn't exist! Absconded with the money. Could do nothing. Had his record looked up. Terrible! Fired from all his clubs."

"How long ago was the oil deal?"

"Couple of years."

"Anything to suggest association had been renewed?"

"Nothing definite. But, lately, my daughter's been gallivanting about with her Aunt Elfie. Knew in my bones there was something going on. Why I employed Storm Kennedy. How he traced her to this ruin, God knows."

"Any suspicion, Lord Glengale, that Arlington may have been trying to blackmail Lady Hilary?" McGraw asked.

The marquess stared fixedly at McGraw. "Quite capable of it."

"Knew he was in England?"

"Saw him! Nearly bumped into the fellow, in Knightsbridge, only yesterday."

"Knightsbridge," McGraw mused. "Was he alone?"

"Woman with him."

"See you?"

"He did not."

"What I'm anxious to know, sir," McGraw went on, "is: Had he, to your knowledge, any hold over Lady Hilary?"

Lord Glengale stood up again. He crossed to the desk, rested his brown, nervous hands on it, and focused angry gray eyes upon McGraw.

"Your attitude, Chief Inspector, is one of insufferable stupidity. Must decline to answer any further questions."

"That's for you to decide, sir."

"Have decided. But allow me to tell you this: Fellows like Arlington could never get what you call a 'hold' upon Hilary. Members of my family do not submit to blackmail. If they make mistakes, they face consequences. That clear to you? I'll wait outside in the car. Perhaps you will be good enough to notify me when I have your permission to see my daughter." Lord Glengale crossed to the door, jerked it open and went out.

"Whew!" said McGraw. "Another case like this and I'm for chicken farming."

"While Lord Glengale was blowing off steam I got an idea," Sample said.

McGraw glanced at him. "What?"

"Well, you've seen the marks Wilson found on that hypodermic syringe. Same as those on the case and the window frame. Kind of fine mesh. Now, it seems to me that nobody could use such a delicate thing as a syringe with a handkerchief wrapped round his fingers."

McGraw closed tired eyes. "Conveying what?"

"I don't know, sir. But I've been thinking. There seems to be a theory there, somewhere."

"Probably is. Let me know when you find it." McGraw fell silent again. He was aroused by a knock on the door.

Inspector Hawley came in. "Mrs. Muller would like a word with you, Chief Inspector, if convenient."

"Send her in."

Mrs. Muller entered presently, her wrap discarded, as if she were conscious of the appeal which belongs to a shapely figure and an ivory skin.

"Please sit down, Mrs. Muller."

She selected the chair set facing the big desk, and smiled. "Please tell me, Inspector, if I am asking the impossible. But I suppose Mr. Lovelace has been allowed to go, and so I was wondering if there's any objection to my going, too? My driver has been waiting for hours, and really it *is* distressing to stay in evening dress all day!"

"Don't believe there's anything against it, Mrs. Muller. Glad you reminded me. Though we'll be sorry to lose your company. Any objection, Sergeant Sample, to letting Mrs. Muller go home?"

"No, sir. None that I know."

McGraw turned again to Mrs. Muller. "Staying at the Hyde Park Hotel, I remember. Don't live in England?"

"No, Inspector. My home is in Beyrouth. I expect to return in two weeks' time."

"Beyrouth? Things a bit disturbed in that area?"

"Unfortunately, yes. My husband, an engineer, is in oil—ghastly way of putting it! Makes him sound like a sardine!"

They all laughed. And the chief inspector stood up and extended a large, shapely hand. "Good-by, Mrs. Muller. Been a pleasure to meet you."

"That's very sweet. Thanks ever so much for your courtesy."

MRS. MULLER went out, closing the door, and rejoined Hawley, who was waiting in the long passage.

"It's all right, Inspector Hawley. I am allowed to leave."

"Glad to hear it, madam."

"I'm just going to get my handbag and wrap. I wonder if you would be kind enough to ask my driver to bring the car into the courtyard? I haven't the courage to face all those reporters outside the gate!"

"I'll see to it. See that you're not held up, too."

But Inspector Hawley had been standing beside the car for nearly ten minutes before Mrs. Muller, wrapped in her mink, appeared.

Her appearance aroused Lord Glengale from a savage reverie. Seated in the back of a Rolls *sedanca de ville*, he had been cursing under his breath so that even Binns, his chauffeur, had flinched. The dainty figure of Mrs. Muller diverted his ideas into a new channel. The marquess had a notoriously quick eye for a horse or a pretty woman. He studied the piquant profile, petulant lips, with approval.

In fact, he stared pointedly until Hawley opened the door for her. Then the

"What do you know. Your mother's flying in on the 12-o'clock broom—I mean plane"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

door closed and the inspector went ahead to clear a path through hungry news hunters.

"Do we know that lady, Binns?" Lord Glengale demanded.

"No, milord. Not to the best of my knowledge, that is."

"Queer. Thought we did. Ought to."

Mrs. Muller's car was driven away along an avenue formed by disappointed reporters.

IN THE green bedroom Storm Kennedy smoked one of the cigarettes bought by Elfie from a policeman. He stood in the recess that harbored a spinning wheel.

"Now that the crisis has come," he said, "I want to make my own position clear. I want you both to know that my arrival here was not an accident. Since I left the army I have been working as a confidential agent. I was called in by Lord Glengale to try to avert what happened here last night."

"What, exactly, do you mean by 'what happened here last night'?" Hilary asked.

"I mean your meeting with Geoffrey Arlington."

"You are not trying to persuade me to believe," Elfie inquired gruffly, "that Ronnie had sense enough for that?"

"You mean," Hilary's voice was cold, "that all you have done, for which I have been so grateful, you did because—"

"Because I was paid to do it?" Kennedy asked.

"I wasn't going to say that."

"But you were thinking it. And it isn't true. I have not been paid. I shall not be paid. I consented to act for your father because he was a man in deep distress, and because, from the first moment I met you, I wanted nothing better, nothing more than to serve you. On those terms alone I consented to do my best. But my best has failed."

Hilary stood up and crossed to Storm Kennedy. "Forgive me, Bill."

"Do you mind, Hilary, if I ask the questions and you answer them?"

"I should prefer it."

"Suppose I outline what I imagine to have happened, and you correct me where I go wrong?"

Hilary nodded.

"You came to Hangover House to meet Geoffrey Arlington." Storm Kennedy spoke slowly, mustering his ideas. "You arranged this with him. Because he, I presume, had not been invited?"

"No. I didn't even know he was in England until he phoned me last night. I had not seen him for a year."

"You didn't want to see him. The meeting was forced upon you. Now, let me suggest that he had used you in some way to float a shady transaction—used your money, too—and that he threatened to expose the facts to your father unless you did meet him. Is that true, as far as it goes?"

"Yes, as far as it goes," Hilary said.

"And so you put him off and thought the thing over. Or you may have been interrupted."

"I was interrupted," Hilary said. "My father called at Elfie's flat."

"You were planning to leave London? Did this journey concern the same matter?"

"It did," Elfie broke in. "We were going away to try to stymie his game."

"Then you had anticipated his turning up?" Kennedy asked.

"He had written to say he was on the way," Elfie replied again. "Hilary wouldn't read his letters. But *I* read 'em!"

"You didn't want to be seen in this man's company," Kennedy went on. "And so you suggested a secret meeting here."

Hilary's hands moved restlessly. "I thought there would be a crowd at Joan's party. I hadn't meant to come. But I was here once before—to a garden fete—and I remembered the summerhouse, and the back entrance. At ten o'clock last night I called him and made an appointment for twelve thirty. I thought I could slip out unnoticed."

"Now—something I don't know: What was your object?" Kennedy asked.

Hilary bit her lip, and hesitated for a moment. "To prevent him forcing his way into Elfie's flat, which he had threatened, and to make it quite clear to him that, whatever he chose to do about it, I should never consent to see him again."

"Arlington was delayed by fog," Kennedy said, thinking aloud. "Nearly everyone had gone before he arrived. Were you waiting for him in the summerhouse?"

"No. I had given him up. He found his way to the house. I turned and saw him standing behind me."

"And what did you do?"

"I made him come out, into the garden. I didn't want to be discovered with him." Hilary said.

"The fog was dense by that time. Where did you go?"

"Down the slope, toward the back gate."

"How far, Hilary?"

"Oh, forty or fifty yards."

"And what happened?"

Hilary hesitated again. But it was only to collect her thoughts. "He—Geoffrey—refused to believe what I told him. You see, I had met him when I was very young—and he tried to appeal to my silly sentiment as he had done in those days. When he realized that it didn't work any more, he changed his tactics."

"You mean—he threatened you?"

"He tried to. That was where he made a mistake. I may be soft as putty. Elfie says I am. But no one, man or woman, can bully me. It brings the worst out. I had in my bag the only present he had ever given me. It was an Egyptian necklace—I had brought it, wrapped in a handkerchief. I wanted no link, no memory, to recall the misery he had meant to me. When I told him to go, I thrust the thing into his hand. This convinced him, I suppose, that I meant what I had said."

KENNEDY spoke gently. "You must tell me what appeal he tried to make to your sentiment."

"He made all sorts of appeals," Hilary said. "But, in particular, he tried to convince me that his life was in danger."

"From whom?" Kennedy asked.

"He said, during the year he had been in the East, that he had lived for some time, in disguise, in Mecca. He showed me a knife, which he took from a sheath. He swore that it was one of the holy relics, that it had belonged to the Prophet's wife. He declared that fanatics had followed him to England—had followed him here, to Hangover House. He claimed to be penniless."

"He wanted money?"

Hilary nodded, miserably. "He said he must get away—hide. And he asked me to help him—"

"What did you say?" Kennedy asked.

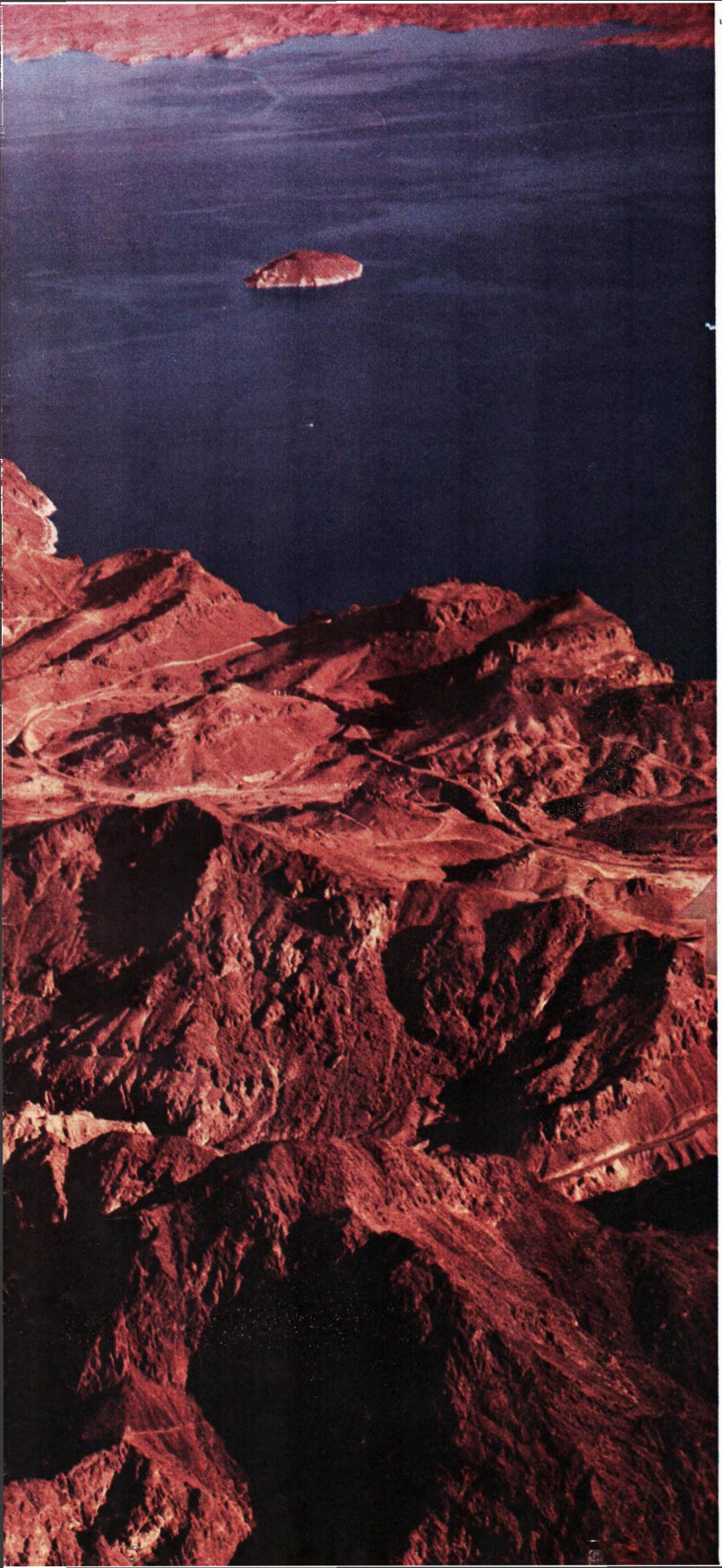
"I may have been wrong—unjust. I shall never know. But I said that I didn't believe him. I said that I didn't care in the least *what* became of him. It was then that he grew violent, and—threatened me. I turned, and ran. Somehow, I got back to the terrace. He was running after me. I heard him call out, 'Larry! Larry!' "

On that word Hilary ceased, as though a hand had been clapped over her mouth. Storm Kennedy's forehead grew moist . . .

Vividly, a phantom appeared before his mind's eye. He saw again a ghastly figure on a shadowy stair, chalky face, extended arm. He heard that croaked, accusing whisper:

"La— It was La—"

(To be concluded next week)



U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

FACE OF THE U.S.A.

No. 6

Hoover Dam
Arizona

THE face of the U.S.A. is a rich face, blessed by nature with abundance and variety. But the people of the States are endlessly changing it with their energy and ingenuity, giving it brilliance and strength—the kind of strength you see in this portrait of Hoover Dam in the Colorado River. The United States Air Force, responsible for protecting this great source of power from aerial attack, caught its grandeur in this picture.

Hoover Dam is the pride of America's Southwest. It is master of a river that was once the wildest on the continent. For millions of years the Colorado gouged the land, ground it, flooded it, raged and roared over it. Every month it dragged 500,000 freight-car loads of silt from the snow country of Wyoming 2,000 miles to the Gulf of California.

Into this raging river, into this whipping, fluid monster that dug the Grand Canyon, the people of the United States, in 1936, plunged this mighty wall —the second largest water and power project in the world.

Controlling the Colorado River, it regulates an annual flow of enough water to cover 15,000 acres to a depth of 1,000 feet. The water it holds in check forms Lake Mead (top right), a deep, blue reservoir 115 miles long.

At carefully measured intervals, this water is released to irrigate farm land in seven states. It has already reclaimed much of the great desert that lay between the Grand Canyon and the Gulf of California. The movement of the water through the dam spins turbines capable of generating nearly five billion kilowatt-hours of electricity, which perform untold numbers of jobs for more than 3,000,000 people, most of them 250 miles away in Los Angeles.

A monument to civilization, Hoover Dam is also a magnificent lesson in the spirit of America. Through more than 25 years of planning, through almost five years of building, seven states—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Arizona—wrangled over the disposition of the waters the dam would control and the division of the power it would generate. But in the end, a fair settlement was made without compromising the rights of the individual states.

Hoover Dam is a federal project that cost the people more than $125,000,000 and was built by the Six Companies, Incorporated—a group of financiers and construction companies on the West Coast who met the challenge of the wild Colorado head on.

Enthusiasm for the colossal job kept more than 5,000 skilled employees of every description working day and night. In the early, dangerous days, when the walls of the canyon had to be smoothed, 110 men lost their lives and 13 more died of the terrible desert heat during the construction.

But the job was done—and done well. It was like building poetry into the earth. The spirit of the nation was magnificently triumphant, and Hoover Dam took its place in the face of the U.S.A. —a dynamic, unforgettable symbol of the way America grows.

BEST MAN

Continued from page 13

"Whatsamatter, is it poison?" Tommy asked.

"It's a mousse."

"No kidding. Who shot it?"

"It's a dessert. Don't jar it. It'll fall," Mrs. Elder said.

"So what'll I eat?"

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Elder's sigh was skittering toward impatience. "Wouldn't you like an egg?"

"I ate 'em for breakfast."

"I'll give you money for a malt."

"Throw in an extra quarter for a blood transfusion and you've got yourself a deal," Tommy said.

"In my purse."

Tommy slouched out of the kitchen. The big sunny living room smelled pleasantly of orange blossoms and babies'-breath. A nervous little man with prominent front teeth was testily arranging a basket of white carnations. Loops of satin ribbon were draped over the couch, waiting to be tied to the white poles that formed a narrow aisle to the fireplace.

"Watch out, young man."

"I'm not doin' anything," Tommy said.

The man addressed his retort over Tommy's head. "I told them the flowers wouldn't be as fresh."

"Well, have yourself a time," Tommy said airily and dug a fifty-cent piece out of his mother's purse. He went upstairs to get a slicker and nonchalantly kicked open the door to his bedroom.

THE bride-to-be sat cross-legged on his bed. Her hair was tied into small unbecoming knots with tattered pieces of cloth and her face was largely obscured by a film of unpleasantly gray cream.

"Hi, honey," she said.

"I didn't know you were in here. Sorry."

"That's all right. Close the door, sweetie. I wouldn't want Pete to see me."

"Yeah." He closed the door and waited uncertainly.

"I look pretty scary, don't I?" she said.

"I just came for my slicker," Tommy explained, and edged across the room to the closet.

"Oh, listen, ducky, your mother moved your things. Seems like my little sister Susie's glommed onto your room. It's only for one night."

Tommy took a deep breath and counted to fifty by tens. "Did she say where she put my gear?" His tone was a marvel of patience.

"In the hall closet, I think. It's awfully nice of you."

"Yeah," Tommy said.

"Where're you off to?"

"The show."

"Isn't it darling of your mother to give the wedding?"

"Yeah," Tommy said.

"I couldn't drag Pete all the way back to New York because we only got a week off and there wouldn't have been time for a real splash like this. I feel like one of those girls in the soap ads: lovely and engaged and almost married."

"Yeah."

"It's silly to babble like this. I guess I'm a little nervous." June swung off the bed and went to the dresser. "Want a cigarette?" She turned toward him. She was a remarkably pretty girl, rather like a Victorian doll with precise features and a quick electric smile.

"I'm in training," he said gruffly.

"Oh! I'm supposed to lie down till my fitting. My dress is a dream. We steamed it out in the bathroom last night. Did you see it?"

"Yeah. When I tried to take a shower."

"Of course, it's a little daring, but it's awfully new."

"Uh-huh," Tommy said.

"Tell me something, Tommy. Is Pete nervous?"

"He talks in his sleep."

"About me?" she asked.

Tommy looked piteously toward the door he himself had closed against the outside world. "No," he said flatly. "He talks about somebody called Jenny."

"Really?" June's voice tinkled like ice in a glass.

Inwardly Tommy grinned. "Yeah, he talks about her dimples."

"Maybe it's sleeping in a strange bed that does it?"

"Could be."

June looked at herself quizzically in the mirror. "June sounds a lot like Jennie when you say it fast. Of course, I don't have dimples."

"That's right," Tommy said.

"Well, have a nice time at the show."

Tommy sauntered from the room with the cold set face of a killer. Alan Ladd looked like that in a movie after he hit a dame. Tommy went to the movies and sat through the show twice. When he got out, the bright summer sunlight was still warm on the pavement. He saw Pinkie Thompson and Mort Grange pitching pennies back of Mr. Jackson's drugstore and stopped to watch them. After a moment Mort looked up and saw him.

"Got any dough?" Mort asked.

"I'm loaded," Tommy said.

"Okay, then. Line over there, by the wall."

Tommy threw the pennies disdainfully. Five minutes later Pinkie picked up his jacket off the ground. "I'm cleaned."

Debunking Expedition

DEBUNKER	DEBUNKING
Anthropologist, Smithsonian Institution	The traditional Roman nose of Uncle Sam is not correct—most of our early Anglo-Saxon ancestors had straight or barely convex noses.
Sociologist, New York	Big people with bulging muscles are just as intelligent, on the average, as little men with flabby muscles.
Physicist, Schenectady	The cut-a-hair test for razor blade keenness is very unreliable, because people's hairs vary more than 300 per cent in diameter.
Educator, Tulsa	The school bell's ringing does not prevent tardiness—children are less tardy when it isn't used.
Meteorologist, New York	New York never had a blizzard, which technically requires the carrying of a characteristic, fine, dry, powdered snow.
Zoologist, Northwestern University	Birds migrate southward not because they get chilly, but because the diminishing sunshine alters the activity of their pituitary glands.
Physiologist, Columbia University	The darker hue of a child's neck is not due to dirt, but to the chemical melanin, which deposits less generously on the face.
Historian, Philadelphia	The Liberty Bell did not ring out on July 4, 1776—the story is pure myth.
Fire Commissioner, Boston	The motorized fire truck doesn't get to fires any faster than the horse-drawn engine used to, due to current traffic congestion.
Physician, Harvard Medical School	A bedroom window wide open all night in winter does not lead to health, but to catching colds.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"You'll just have to steel yourself not to notice the look of hurt bewilderment on their little faces"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

"Me, too," Mort said.

Tommy jingled the coins in his pockets. "Kid stuff. You guys never learn."

"Hey, Tommy, when's the big doings?" Mort asked.

"You gonna be best man, Tommy?" Pinkie wanted to know.

"Yeah."

"Tux?" Mort asked.

"Sure. Why not?"

"They're murder. I wore one once, to my Uncle Alex's funeral."

"Nobody wears a tux to a funeral, you jerk," Tommy said.

"This was formal. No kiddin'. We got all dressed up. He was eccentric or somethin'."

The three of them walked along the dappled streets.

"Maybe we'll crash." Mort and Pinkie looked at each other happily. "Whadaya say, Tommy?"

"It ain't my party," Tommy said.

"I sure never thought ole Pete'd get himself hooked," Mort said.

"Neither did I." Tommy lengthened his stride.

"Boy, you oughtta see my brother George," said Pinkie sadly. "Four kids. George, a baby sitter. Can you figure it?"

"I guess you and Pete won't go huntin' any more." Mort snickered deeply. "All he'll be huntin' for is a way to get outta the house."

TOMMY kicked a rock out of his path. "That's his funeral. Let him worry about it."

Mort threw a bony arm around Tommy's shoulder. "Lissen, Tommy, Bill Heiser's got himself an old Ford motor. He's gonna rebuild it. Pinkie and me's goin' down tonight. We'll honk by, huh?"

"I can't." The world came to an end in Tommy's voice.

"How come?"

"I gotta meet a girl," Tommy said.

"Huh?"

"June's sister's comin' in at the bus depot at seven. I gotta pick her up 'cause everybody's gonna be rehearsing."

"You mean they practice? Like a show?" Mort asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," Tommy said.

"You ever seen her before?" Pinkie asked.

"No," Tommy said.

"That's tough." Pinkie's brow was troubled. "She's probably a spook."

"Yeah," Tommy said.

"Janie—that's George's wife's sister—she's a spook," Pinkie said.

"What's that got to do with Tommy?" Mort asked.

"Nothin'. Only she was at the wedding and I hadda sit with her when she ate and everything," Pinkie said.

"Murder," Mort said.

"Lissen, if you ain't never seen her, maybe you could miss her by accident—on purpose," Pinkie said.

"Wise guy," Tommy said.

"I was only tryin' to help out."

They had arrived in front of the white frame house. Tommy despondently waved his friends past and went inside.

Mrs. Elder hurried out of the dining room, her arms filled with silver trays. "Tommy, where were you? I've been frantic."

"I went to the show. You told me to."

"I know, I know, but it's after six. Susie gets in at seven."

"So?" Tommy said.

"Darling, there isn't time for you to eat and get to the depot," Mrs. Elder said.

"Oh, fine."

"Look, dear—I have a wonderful idea. I'll give you some money and you and Susie eat out. That'll keep you both out of the house until rehearsal time."

"Oh, Maw!" Tommy said.

"What's the matter?"

Tommy's mouth clamped shut in a thin, stubborn line.

MRS. ELDER looked at him quizzically. "Oh, I suppose you never *have* taken a young lady to a restaurant. But you've been with us. You just order something nice; let her order first and afterward pay the check and leave ten per cent for the waiter. Just ten. Your father always overtips. That's simple, isn't it?"

"That's great, that's what that is," Tommy said.

"Don't be fresh."

Rebellion gave him strength. "I gotta go meet some spook and feed her and cart her back. What am I? A baby sitter?"

"Now look here, young man. Susie is fifteen and a very nice little girl. You're going to make her week end with us as nice as you can," Mrs. Elder said.

Tommy sighed. "Pinkie was right."

"What?" Mrs. Elder said.

"Nothin'."

"She'll be wearing a blue piqué dress and hat."

"Huh?" Tommy said.

"Cotton dress; you'll see her."

"I can hardly wait."

"And you'd better change your shirt. Take her to Grafton's; it's close," Mrs. Elder said.

"I'm not hungry any more," Tommy said.

"Tommy?"

"Okay."

"And then walk home slowly. That'll give us time to get ready here." She set the trays down and patted him absently. "It'll all be over soon. Hurry up, sonny, because Pete's going to want the bathroom."

Not only did Pete want the bathroom, he had it. He stood before the mirror, his handsome face covered with lather. The bathtub was full and his clothes hung over the shower door.

"Hiya, bub?" Pete said.

"Get the lead out, will you? I gotta go to the depot."

Pete's face disappeared as he bent over the basin. "Got a heavy date?" he asked.

"Blow it. If it wasn't for you—" Tommy started.

Pete came up gasping. "What's eatin' you?"

"I'd like to wash up if you don't mind," Tommy said.

"All yours." Pete stripped off his pants and shoes and climbed into the tub. "You won't pull any boners tomorrow, will you?"

"I can't top you, buddy-buddy."

"I don't get it?"

"You're the one that's gettin' married, not me," Tommy said.

"Hey, I thought you liked June."

"She's all right," Tommy said, letting

THE MENACE OF RED CHINA

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

To American Communists, the headlines reporting Soviet victories in China aren't news but simply the long-awaited word that the first step toward a Red White House has succeeded. This Russian plot for American conquest through the Orient is exposed by a former insider

In Collier's *next week*

as little water as possible drip over his hands.

"She's crazy about you," Pete said.

"She oughtta be. She's livin' in my room."

"So?" Pete glared.

"So I'd like it back," Tommy said.

A heavy surcharged silence fell between them. Tommy felt a hard unfamiliar knot in his chest. This wasn't like old times. He and Pete got along. Only last week when his mother had made him clean out his drawer, he'd reread all Pete's letters from overseas, and sorted and filed the trophies Pete had sent to him: the Nazi helmet, the German Luger, the camera.

He'd remembered the nights when he'd lain awake staring at the street light outside, feeling his mouth go dry while some radio announcer calmly recounted the agonized clash of armies thousands of miles away, counting Pete's chances. And the home-coming. That had been a lulu. Old Pete pounding on the door at two o'clock in the morning, and Tommy leaning out, tense and alert, to see the khaki figure that looked so much taller and thinner. Then taking the stairs four at a time, then pounding at him and shouting a desperate incoherent welcome.

"If you're going to pick up Susie, you'd better get off the dime." Pete emerged from the tub, dripping, vibrant and assertive.

The waves of sentiment ebbed suddenly from Tommy. "I'll make it, I'll make it."

"And treat her right."

"Look, I'm just supposed to pick her up. From there on, she's on her own," Tommy said.

Pete stopped drying himself. His eyes narrowed, his mouth went tight. "She'd better have a good time," he said flatly.

Tommy squared his thin shoulders. "Are you telling me?" His voice slid up, destroying the effect.

"I'm telling you," Pete said.

"You know something? I don't think there's room in this house for both of us." That had come from the movie that afternoon. It impressed Tommy then—it didn't impress Pete now.

"Go away, you bother me," he said.

TOMMY sauntered for the door. "You're sure gonna look great with a ring through your nose, Pete," he chortled.

The wet washrag splattered ineffectually against the closed door. . . .

The bus station was crowded. Tommy stopped to buy gum. Putting two pieces into his mouth, he casually surveyed the people streaming in from the runway. Then he saw her. She was two inches taller than he, with mousy blond hair and teeth so heavily braced they looked wired for sound.

"Holy Moses!" he breathed distractedly to himself. "Holy Moses!" Slowly, the sweat running warm between his shoulder blades, he inched up to her.

"I've been sent to get you," he mouthed gutturally.

"What?" the girl said.

"I'm supposed to take you out to dinner." He tried not to look at her face. That left her dress which was horribly, intensely blue.

"You've got a nerve." Her voice was thick and unpleasant.

"If you don't want to eat, it's okay with me." He jammed his hands in his pockets and rocked slightly on his heels. He was pleased to discover that he was in command of the situation.

"I'm going to call the station attendant." The girl looked around with popping eyes. "They'll put you in jail."

Tommy looked at her contemptuously. "Say, what's the matter with you anyway?"

The girl had spotted an attendant. She was making wild gestures with her hand.

Suddenly a white-hot streak of terror shuddered through him. "You're Susan Stuart, aren't you?"

The girl had both hands in the air now. People were turning to look.

"Well, aren't you?" Tommy demanded.

"I *am* not."

The attendant was making his way through the crowd. Tommy ducked out through the door onto the runway. He leaned against the wall, weak and breathless. Slowly he turned and looked through the window. The tall girl was sketching a dramatic story in the air. Even from where he stood he could see it made him out a cross between Jack the Ripper and the Wolf Man. When his heart stopped pounding he made a silent heartfelt vow. He'd get Pete for this. Wild schemes presented themselves. In Tommy's mind they were almost in color, so violent were his feelings.

A bus roared up to the runway. A moment later a girl in a light blue dress put a delicate arched foot down on the platform. Tommy looked up from there. The face was small and piquant, framed in lustrous hair that curled around a little pointed hat. He felt himself drawn forward as if by a magnet, then suddenly he stopped. He wasn't going to bite twice, but the vision was coming toward him. She paused a few feet away, surveyed him with a half-quizzical smile, then she spoke. "Are you supposed to meet me?"

Tommy found his voice had gone altogether. He nodded.

"I'm Susan Stuart. You're Peter's brother, aren't you?"

Again his head waggled loosely in affirmation.

"I'm sorry to put you to this trouble." She smiled.

"No trouble," he said woodenly.

She picked up the overnight bag at her side. "Do we take a bus or something?"

Tommy felt her voice stir him like the sound of wind chimes moving on a summer breeze. "We're supposed to—that is—I'm taking you to dinner."

ALL of a sudden it was an appointment, a rendezvous—a destiny. She took to it like a duck to water. Her warm hand rested lightly on his arm. "Swell, I'm starved," she said.

He made his feet move one after another in the right direction, but for the most part he was flying blind. Somewhere close to his head there was the scent of apple blossoms and on the street the neat emphatic click of her shoes.

"Do you go to college?" She turned her face to him.

Again, a nervous flutter beat through his stomach. Well, did he go to college or didn't he? How old was she? Did she like college men? Aw, she didn't know he was alive. So why not give it to her straight? "No."

"I'm glad of that. I'm sure fed up with college men. They ritz you."

"Yeah," Tommy said.

"I suppose Junie's on her ear. Honestly, the way she carries on, you'd think getting married was the only thing that happened to you."

His steps slowed. She was on his team! "You said it."

He saw they were at Grafton's. Carefully, as though he were balancing a glass of water on his head, he opened the door and stood aside for Susan. Out of the confusion of people and tables and steaming dishes emerged a softly lit corner. Tucked behind a pillar it became a world in itself.

"Well, what'll you have?"

"You order," she said.

He could have commanded armies. "Okay." The nod to the waiter was a graceful compromise between a call to arms and good manners.

MY CAR WAS STOLEN

By E. JOHN LONG

If you own an automobile you're bait for the country's third most prevalent crime—car theft. But your chances of beating the crooks will go up a thousand per cent if you read My Car Was Stolen

In Collier's *next week*

COLLIER'S "Would you let me have your olive pits, mister?" MISCHA RICHTER

"Ha, ha, you're a riot, Dave. Now seriously, what do you think of it?"

"Yes, sir?"

"The dinner," Tommy said.

They were alone. "You know something?" she said. "I'm scared about tomorrow. Last week I dreamed I tripped walking down the aisle and spoiled everything." She leaned across the table. He could see the beat of her long silky lashes as she lowered her eyes. "I'm supposed to wear glasses," she confided.

"I'm twenty twenty." The male declared itself.

"I wish I were."

"Why don't you wear glasses?" he asked.

"Some of the boys I know don't like 'em."

"Oh!" There were rivals. He ate sawdust and cardboard, left ten per cent of the check and piloted the weak-eyed courtesan silently out of the restaurant.

WHEN they got home, preparations were being made for the rehearsal. Junie stood in front of the fireplace in slacks and bare feet, with Pete, tall and handsome, beside her. She clutched a bouquet of crumpled newspapers and she was crying. When she saw Susie, she threw restraint and the bouquet to the winds and flung herself into her little sister's arms.

"I'm so happy," she sobbed.

"Don't be silly," said Susan calmly.

From his corner Tommy admired Susan's common sense. She had no finer feelings, but she had her feet on the ground.

Mrs. Elder edged up to him. "You're not being very nice to Susan."

His wounded feelings bled anew. "I'm not gonna muscle in on any other guy's territory."

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing—nothing at all."

"Well, we're going to walk through the ceremony and I want you to be gracious and friendly. You owe it to Pete."

"Pete'll get his," Tommy said darkly. "Don't worry about that."

"M'mm." Mrs. Elder's mind was already dealing with the problem of folding chairs. She moved off.

Tommy let his backbone sag along the wall. Some show: June crying all over everybody; Pete looking like he was going to pass out; a lot of men moving in baskets of flowers; and Susan looking across at him with cool, incurious eyes.

Suddenly Mrs. Elder was rapping on the piano for attention: "Please, darlings, just once more. Junie, can you stand it?"

June made a damp acquiescence.

"Pete?" Mrs. Elder asked.

"I love it."

"Susie, you just follow down the aisle. And don't look at your feet, dear."

Tommy had slithered halfway into the dining room when his mother's voice rang out like a top sergeant's. "And where do you think you're going?"

"Gotta see a guy."

"You walk down with Susan. Stand beside her in the hall and when I start playing, walk in," Mrs. Elder said.

The hall was dark, austere. No trace of wedding show, only the familiar coat rack, the mirror, the warm closeness of a summer night.

"I forgot to thank you for the dinner," Susan said.

"Glad you liked it." He examined the set of his tie in the glass.

"Only—Tommy?"

"Huh?"

"I had a swell time, but . . . you didn't talk very much after I told about the glasses."

"I was eating." His voice was full of the immemorial privilege of man at meat.

"Oh!" Susan said.

The music sounded from the other room.

"That's us," he said.

Slowly he took her arm and, fighting down the indescribable sadness he felt at the touch of her against him, they moved into the living room. Pete and Junie turned to look, their faces stiff and set; Mrs. Elder grimly thumped the strains of the wedding march; the aisle stretched endlessly before them—and Susan tripped and fell.

There was a flutter and a rush and they closed in on her. Tommy saw her lip tremble as she fought back the tears.

"Stumblebum—that's me," she said.

Nobody denied. Then slowly Tommy bent over her and held out his hand. She turned away from it, and it was Pete who pulled her upright.

"Well, that was enough anyway," said Mrs. Elder. "We're all tired and we'll all feel better in the morning."

That was a lie. The morning was awful. Tommy slept on the couch with his feet knotted under him and his feelings knotted inside him.

Later the bridegroom ate a hearty breakfast. Tommy ate his standing up. There was only room for one at the table because there were platters of things half covering it.

The bridegroom, the bride, her sister, who had become nameless, and his mother had a hot bath. He got wet in three tablespoons of cool water. Everyone helped everyone else get dressed.

He faced the unfamiliar terrors of a stiff shirt and a black tie alone in the maid's room. There were whispered conferences between his father and Pete and hushed conversation between his mother and June. No one spoke a word to him.

LIKE an invading horde, the guests arrived. Tommy was looking in the mirror at the wreck of what had once been a man, when his mother came in.

"Darling, your hair needs slicking—and your tie—well, never mind your tie, you'll have to go down."

If he had been ordered to the steppes of Siberia he could have borne it better. "Down where?"

"To the guests. I'm not combed. Junie can't be seen; Susan, she's helping June—it's got to be you," Mrs. Elder said.

"Famous last words."

"Just say, 'I'm glad you've come.' Then show them to a chair and smile."

"Some joke!" Tommy said.

"Tommy. . . ."

Resignation finally overcame him. "I'll do it, but I'm not saying I'll do it good."

He went slowly down the stairs and paused, startled, on the landing. Something had happened. What had been painfully confused the day before had now fused into a pattern of flowers and sunlight and satin that struck the eye with its beauty, and in some mysterious way, he was part of it.

People smiled and looked at him with respect as though he had just emerged from a shell.

"Well, well, how you've grown!" was one tack and, "This is quite a day for you, isn't it, son?" was another. He did what his mother had told him to do: He smiled. His face grew stiff, his head ached, but he smiled, and then his mother was beckoning him from the stairs.

"Come up now. Susan's ready. You bring her down, and wait for the music," Mrs. Elder said.

There was a rustle of taffeta, and Susan was by his side. Her nearsighted eyes looked deep into his and the windchime voice sounded in his ear.

"Tommy—when I told you about my boy friends not liking glasses—I—I wanted you to think I had them. Boy friends, that is. June says that's technique."

"You ought to stand on your own two feet," he said gruffly.

She giggled slightly. "But I don't. You saw me last night."

"You look—beautiful—today."

"And you look so handsome," she said.

Firmly and with a new granted authority he took her arm. "Hang on to me," he said and started for the aisle. He walked slowly all the way, feeling very tall and very protective. When a murmur rose behind him for the bride, he did not flinch. Across from him, bathed in the warmly radiant sunshine, Susan smiled shyly at him. He had forgiven her female frailty and brought her here in safety, and part of the sudden surge of solemn music and hushed expectation was for them.

KING COTTON GETS A HOTFOOT

Continued from page 46

conflagration. "Marster Price" started striking matches at the age of six—just to see them flare. At nine, he got a licking for striking them under $5,000 worth of his father's cotton, and, when he was eleven, he earned a repeat performance by nearly burning down the community gin house.

When it came time for young Price to make up his mind about the future, he arrived at the same conclusion as thousands of his contemporaries: He wouldn't be a farmer, he couldn't afford it. So he took a textile engineering course at Georgia Tech and a business course at the University of Alabama. Unable to stick to prosaic jobs, he chucked everything to become a flying-circus pilot. But the depression had made even neck risking unprofitable. Ex-stunt pilot, dreamer and prodigal son, he was forced back to the farm to join his two brothers, Jack and K. T. There, he set the only portion of himself to work that he cared to exert—his brain.

Inspired by a War Photo

His hot idea came to him one morning at the breakfast table in 1935. His eyes fell on a newspaper picture of an Italian flame thrower blasting a pillbox in Ethiopia, and the question clicked into his brain: If fire can burn foliage from around a pillbox without burning the pillbox itself, why can't the same fire, if regulated, burn weeds and grass, and not the tougher cotton stalks?

Remembering McLemore's youth, Negro field hands were not surprised when he grabbed a blowtorch and began crawling up and down the cotton rows. "Lawd," they whispered, looking skyward, "Mist' Price he always been a firebug! Now he out tryin' to set de world on fire!"

McLemore was trying to do just that, though he didn't guess, at the beginning, to what extent he would succeed. All his life he had been looking for a way to rout the South's ridiculously primitive farming methods. Though his father owned one of the most progressive of cotton plantations and had bought the first tractor ever used in Alabama, McLemore often joked, "Cotton farming hasn't changed much since the time of Moses." And it was true, whether he meant his father, Moses McLemore, or the Biblical Moses.

Swarms of ragged hoe hands still teemed over the McLemore farm and bank roll. Paying them still ate up most of the profit.

In 1940, to the consternation of neighbors, Price drove his first big blowtorch on wheels out of the tool shed. With fire spouting from its rear, he turned into the nearest cotton patch. Looking back through the flames he was afraid he was burning up everything. To his embarrassment he discovered he apparently was burning up nothing at all. The hated weeds seemed to roll from beneath his fire as strong and green as ever. Dully, he realized it was lunchtime. The audience that had collected grinned, "I told you so," and he left for home, a tired and disappointed man.

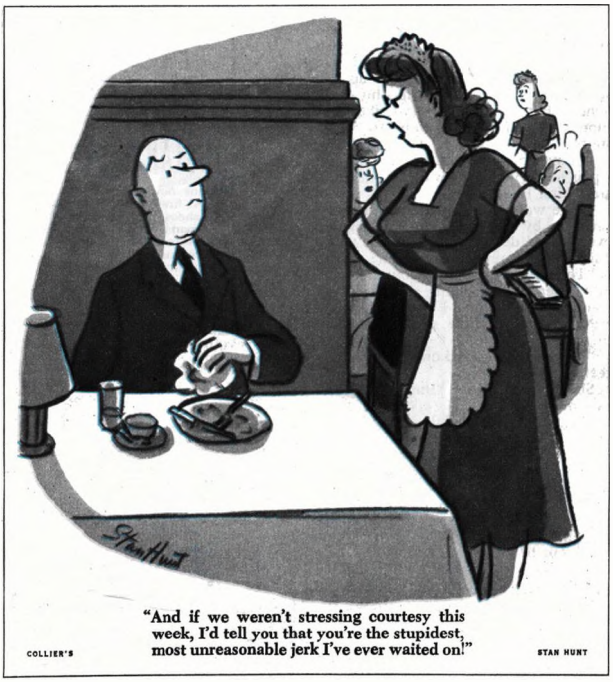
But when he returned an hour later to drag off his "no-good" machine, a lovely sight was taking place before his eyes. As he stared, weeds and grass were turning brown and sere as if from the bite of a heavy frost. Some were already lying flat on the ground. Others were collapsing while he watched. The cotton seemed to stand taller than ever, and, as the days passed, it stood in a clean, weed-bare field.

Accidentally, and to the amazement of its inventor, the galloping blowtorch soon proved it could perform three other tricks. Large percentages of boll weevils, undaunted by the sun's heat of 125 degrees, fall into McLemore's blast and die. Many that don't fall on their own are jarred from the stalks by tiny bumpers preceding the flames.

For 20 years the limbs of the cotton plant have failed to respond to breeders who have tried to coax them into growing higher up on the stalk. Irritated by McLemore's flames, the limbs move from six to eight inches farther up the stalk and thus get their white bolls up out of the dirt and at a height convenient to the grasp of the mechanical cotton picker.

Finally, the billions of tiny grass seed, which once escaped the hoe and have been accustomed to sprout after each rain, go up in a puff of smoke.

As early as 1946, at the Mississippi Delta Experimental Station where the greatest number of tests have been run on fire farming, Engineer T. L. Baggette announced: "We know that in the mechanically produced cotton crop . . . there is a distinct absence of vines and weeds. The crop is clean. The mechanical cotton picker . . . will do a better, more efficient job as the result of using the flame-cultivator in weed, grass and vine control."



"And if we weren't stressing courtesy this week, I'd tell you that you're the stupidest, most unreasonable jerk I've ever waited on!"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

"Just feast your eyes on that, Mr. Milhan! Wouldn't you rather have that than an old twenty-dollar bill?"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Torch Used for Varied Crops

McLemore's patented torch was first used commercially in the early 1940s in the cane and beet fields of Louisiana, where it is now standard equipment. Variations of his hot idea have burned weeds from the pineapple fields of Hawaii. They have sizzled over Iowa and Wisconsin cornlands. They have nozzled among citrus groves from Florida to California. Found practical even on many tender vegetable crops, they are now in use on the 20,000-acre Seabrook Farms of New Jersey.

But only now is mass production by their manufacturers beginning to bring them in numbers to the cotton fields, for which they were originally designed.

How soon can they bring the long-awaited revolution? Well, at McLemore's plantation, the revolution has already begun in earnest.

At The Oaks last season, McLemore scorched all nonmechanized competitors where they are tenderest—right in the money department. He burned them up by producing twice as much cotton per acre for seven cents less per pound (or $35 less per bale).

It took nonmechanized neighbors 235 man-hours to produce a bale of cotton. It took McLemore 11!

All told, with the aid of the "crazy" blowtorch neighbors once chuckled over, he skinned them by an *extra* profit of $10,000 on his 300 acres of cotton alone! Two men raised the 300 acres from start to finish!

But what will become of the South's surplus population? Won't machines put millions out of work? Won't the poorhouses be overflowing and the federal and state governments become impoverished trying to take care of all the displaced workers?

"Predictors of such calamitous happenings are far more fluent with their tongues than with their brains," McLemore recently told a Congressional agricultural committee. "The facts are that for the most part, machines are taking the place of labor that has already left the farm for a more profitable and enjoyable living.

"The South has lost 40 per cent of the labor off its farms already," he points out, "and machines had little to do with it. The labor simply went to find more attractive work in war plants and other places, and it never came back. Actually, it's the lack of labor, as much as anything else, that is bringing about complete mechanization."

Recently, two young farmers, both war veterans, drove 50 miles to ask McLemore's help. "We've got 160 acres planted in cotton," they told him. "All our labor's quit and we're left with two hoe hands. They can't chop a thirtieth of our crop in time! Will this flame-weeder work? And can you help us get one?"

McLemore said yes in reply to both questions, and with the help of the fire-hoe the two boys were able to make their crop.

McLemore himself would have quit farming if he had had to "fool with" labor shortages. As it is, he is squeezing by very nicely. A flying colonel in the last war, he is now setting the pace for the new-style, plantation-owning Southern colonel. With three or four employees on his whole 2,000 acres he is living in greater luxury than the original pre-Civil War colonel who once lived in the same rambling manor and owned 300 slaves.

To buy the machinery McLemore uses

to farm a 150-acre unit would now cost about $10,000. But $7,500 of this goes for a mechanical picker. Subtract the cost of the picker, which the smaller farmer can buy on a co-operative basis or rent on a custom basis—and consider that the flame-cultivator can be bought for from $400 to $600, depending on its size, and you get a startling fact. With an outlay of from $2,500 to $3,000 for machinery, any fairly large farmer can mechanize completely right now.

Experiment on a Small Farm

Fine for big, rich farmers like McLemore, skeptics have argued. But what about the little man with a family who tries to eke a living from a one- or two-mule farm?

They point to the fact that 80 per cent of all the cotton produced in this country is painfully coaxed from little family farms that produce less than ten bales of cotton a year. What is more, 80 per cent of all the laborers now working in cotton fields are not hirelings at all but family members, all sweating together to try to squeeze a meager subsistence from their own little plots.

The skeptics have agreed with most experts that the little farmer can't mechanize, that 1,600,000 families who were living on the South's farms in 1940 will be displaced by 1964.

"Nuts," said McLemore. And again he took his blowtorch to send these arguments up in smoke. "There's no reason why the little farmer shouldn't mechanize just like anyone else," McLemore declared.

Then, to prove that he was right, he talked the International Harvester Company into equipping a Cub tractor with the flame-weeder and every other gadget necessary to produce a crop of cotton mechanically. Then he presented it to James (Pepper) Wright, a young Negro who had never touched machinery of any kind in his life and set Pepper upon an average-sized small farm of 54 acres.

If Pepper had been farming his 54 acres with two mules, he would have produced 30 acres of cotton for his total cash income. But he would also have had to devote 10 acres to corn and 14 acres to pasture in order to feed his two mules—then chip in $400 of his hard-earned cash for mule feed. In addition, he would have had to hire a helper to drive one of the mules. With his helper, his ancient mother and father and two small sisters all working in the field beside him, he would have managed to make an average of $600 cash a year.

But what did Pepper do last season with all-out machinery? Without ever putting his foot in a furrow or "slickin' a hoe handle," he raised the same 30 acres of cotton he would have produced with his two mules. But there was a vast difference. This time the 10 acres of grain and 14 acres of pasture were not eaten by mules. He sold the grain and raised 10 brood cows on the pasture land. Finally, he planted an additional 10 acres of legumes, which not only enrich the land but offer seed for sale.

"But," the close observer will object, "that's 64 acres he is farming and he doesn't have but 54!" That's right. Mechanized farming has given Pepper ten extra acres. With his tractor he can do something that was impossible with mules—he will turn under his winter crop of legumes in time to plant cotton on the enriched land this spring.

The big result is that Pepper made something more than an average $600 last year. He netted $1,800 cash on his crops alone, and when he sells his cows in the spring, his cash income will be $2,800!

Tractors Are a Better Buy

Pepper Wright is not doing a thing that any small farmer in the South cannot soon be doing. Small, one-row tractors already are on the market for about $800—only $200 more than a pair of good mules. Furthermore, tractors are a sounder investment. The life-span of a tractor is predictable; a mule's is not. "And," McLemore adds, "it looks as if the small tractor with full cotton-farming equipment will soon be on the market and will be selling for about $1,260."

With facts and figures gathered from The Oaks and Pepper Wright's little farm, Price McLemore has ammunition to fire at any and all critics of his flame-cultivator. The chain of mechanized cotton farming has been completed and the revolution is about to begin. With industrial efficiency applied to the South's principal crop, the United States will be economically healthier and able to bid for world markets that have been lost through backward cotton-farming methods.

Firebug Price McLemore has discovered the cure for his ailing patient, old King Cotton, and has given the deep South what may prove to be history's greatest hotfoot.

"He has a wonderful appetite—it's his second bowlful and he's still hungry!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Collier's believes...

Indonesia Is The White Man's Test

COLLIER'S thinks white men everywhere had better listen to what the little brown brother is saying. It would do no harm to remember also that the brown brother is no longer so small. Nor unimportant.

The white man has a chance still. For some of that chance he has the Japanese to thank. If the Japanese had only been willing to wait a little longer, the power they coveted to be first in Asia might have been theirs for the taking. Then the white man might have needed a visitor's permit to sail in the Indian Ocean.

The Japanese slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" was, of course, just a mask for Japanese imperialism. Still, it sounded all right in Asia. And in Indonesia and in many other of the great islands of the southern and eastern seas.

If General Tojo, who lately paid for his cruelties by being hanged, had not insisted upon war, Japan might have secured all that he sought in China, Siam, Burma and the teeming islands of the great archipelago.

The cry "Asia for the Asiatics" is still very persuasive to men who are restive under the government of white men who had come from far away to trade, to settle and to rule.

Perhaps the white man brought a more just and humane law. At least there are white men who think so. Certainly the white man brought a better healing art in his scientific medicine. Equally surely his science made the land vastly more productive.

Still no man, white, brown or any color, enjoys being made to feel inferior. Consequently, the Japanese words, "Asia for the Asiatics," are not forgotten. Other imperialists, the Communists, for example, can put new life in the old words. Japan could have had all of southern Asia if she had not got involved in war with the United States. She might never have had to fight a campaign to be the overlord of Indonesia. Japan could just have awaited the exhaustion that inevitably would have weakened the combatants in Europe.

Because the Japanese could not wait, the white man has another chance in the Far East. That is what the conference of the nineteen Asiatic nations that met at Delhi told the world. True, the conference asked the Dutch to surrender their military control of Indonesia. But their words were mild and conciliatory. They provided bridges over which proud men may walk.

We are living at a time when power is being transferred from one group to another. Labor in the industrial countries is sharing with management and with investors the control over production. Nobody expects any reversal of these trends and transfers.

Nor does any realistic observer expect the subject peoples of the colonial empires to subside into their former subservient state. Maybe only a small minority of natives educated in European and American colleges want this independence and democratic government about which they talk. Even so the educated minority will prevail at the council tables of world affairs.

The white man cannot keep control of the old colonial empires, because the free white man has lost interest in such enterprises. The freeman has not the heart in these times to keep other men unfree. When Americans got hold of the Philippines we were determined to educate them and teach them to govern themselves regardless of what the Filipinos wanted. We did, too, and it turns out we have friends in the Filipinos.

We can't afford to be self-righteous over our behavior here, good as it is. We have only to look at what we did earlier to the Indians, who were our own American natives, to find examples shocking enough for any critic. But we have learned the lesson. We can't approve any policy in far-off colonies that does not square with our own principles and beliefs at home.

This is one real reason the British had to give up India. Too many Britons were against trying to govern subject people. The British were defeated by their own principles. Similarly our creed of liberty drove us out of Cuba and the Philippines.

The Dutch will be under pressure in Indonesia until Java, Sumatra and Madura manage their own government. It would be a great gain all around if these transfers of authority could be made without hatred, bitterness and violence.

For white men will want to go on trading with Indonesians and all other people who produce for export the commodities we need. Indonesia has much that we would like to buy—coffee, rubber, oil, quinine, spices and many other things.

It is too late to try to manage trade in the old way. Colonial rule is not 1949 style. Something different, perhaps better, certainly more difficult, is demanded.

Thus, the white man who fancies himself as the bearer of civilization has one more opportunity to show his manners and his morals. The brown brother confronts him, asking to be treated as an equal. What he would have announced had Japan not been defeated would surely have been uttered in less friendly tones. It is a good time now to lay a new basis for friendship, East and West. Our brown brother may not always be so amiable. . . . W. L. C.

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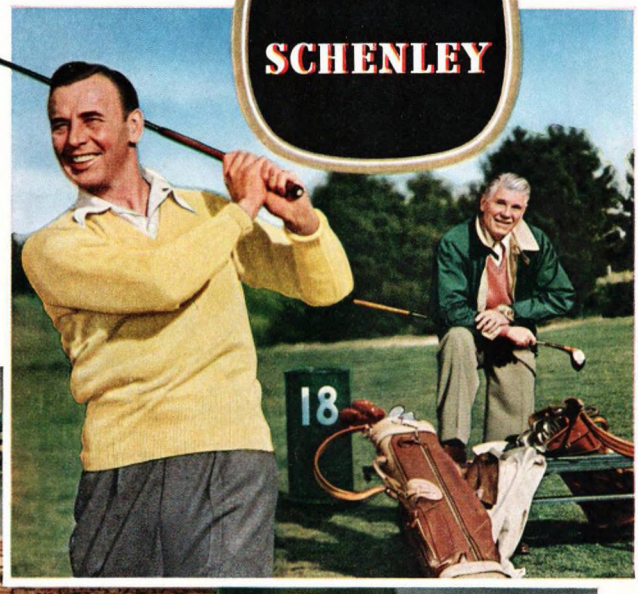

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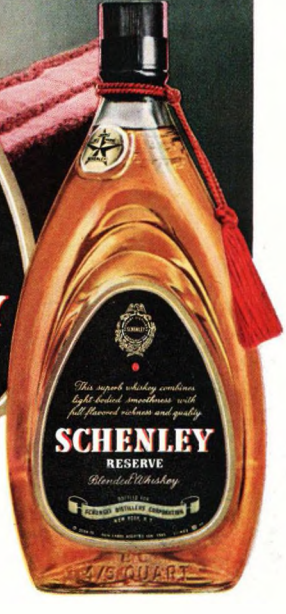

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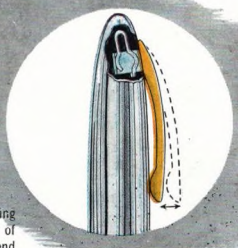

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