Collier's

DECEMBER 13, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

ADVENTURE!

I Was Marooned On an Arctic Icecap

Hollywood's Favorite Sweat Shop

Have We Missed A Cure for Cancer?

For a cordial holiday season...give

DuBouchett

(pronounced doo-boo-shay)

Many, Blanc

Cordials

Smartly gift-wrapped by your dealer!

Give DuBouchett Cordials...cordials with the *natural* tang!
Their smart touch adds so much to holiday entertaining and giving!

MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Ready-to-serve extra dry Martinis. 66 proof

Smoothest-prepared Manhattans you've ever tasted! 66 proof

80 and 100 proof made from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Delightful straight drink. With crushed ice, makes a delectable frappe! 60 proof

A traditional straight favorite. Superlative as a hot toddy! 70 proof

70 proof

Serve straight or as Alexander Cocktail. Luscious topping for ice cream! 60 proof

Free! Recipe book featuring 23 incomparable DuBouchett Cordials. Write DuBouchett Booklet, Suite 3623, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

1902 RAMBLER was the first car offered by Nash Motors, then known as the Jeffery Company. This one-cylinder, twelve-horsepower model sold for $750. 1500 were built in '02, one-sixth of all car production that year.

1952 RAMBLER is one of Nash Motors' Golden Anniversary models. It's described as "a new custom-compact car designed for today's traffic conditions."

Today as Yesterday

CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE

1908 COMPOUND was one of the few cars ever built with a three-cylinder engine. One of the three cylinders ran on the exhaust gases from the other two.

1934 GRAHAM made a big splash with this supercharged model. The eight-cylinder engine was designed to produce 135 horsepower.

WITH "ETHYL" TRADE MARK ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

BACK IN 1902 automobiles were thought by many to be nothing more than mechanical novelties—much too noisy and cantankerous to be of any value. They wheezed, bucked and snorted when starting. And their crude engines popped and missed while running.

Engines certainly have improved since then—and so has gasoline. In fact, today's engines would not start so readily, run so smoothly or develop so much power without modern fuels. To get the best from a modern engine, use modern high-octane gasoline—"Ethyl" gasoline.

There's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline—a difference that you'll feel on hills, in traffic, and whenever you need extra power.

Picture OF THE MONTH

A few years ago, Esther Williams starred in M-G-M's musical of happy memory—"Bathing Beauty." Now in "Million Dollar Mermaid", she portrays the queen of *all* bathing beauties—Annette Kellerman.

"Million Dollar Mermaid" is, itself, something of a millenium in Technicolor musicals. It weighs anchor on the imagination and disports among rolling seas of rhythm and revels. Curvaceous Esther swims into your vision attended by a retinue of a hundred aquabelles; she is clad in a gold net swimsuit, bedecked by a jewel-encrusted crown, the veritable personification of Neptune's daughter.

To recreate the story of a star whose rise to fame as a water-nymph was meteor-like, M-G-M splashes the screen with spectacle. It tells not only her story but the story of the lavish days of the incomparable Pavlowa and her unforgettable ballets . . . of Marceline, the renowned international clown . . . of the colossal New York Hippodrome . . . and of Boston's fabulous Revere Beach, where ladies were shocked at the appearance of the one-piece bathing suit.

Esther Williams was the perfect choice for the role of "Million Dollar Mermaid". As the promoter who skyrockets her to success, handsome Victor Mature has his happiest hit. Versatile Walter Pidgeon returns to his first love—musical comedy, and David Brian also contributes his talent to a generally wonderful cast.

Eye-filling sights light up the screen. The cascading spectacle of the Water Curtain number . . . the pyrotechnic splendor of the Quartz Ballet . . . the kaleidoscopic beauty of the Rainbow Smoke extravaganza. If our adjectives have become somewhat barnumesque, it is because there are no others that will do such wonders descriptive justice.

The director is Mervyn LeRoy whose directorial achievement in "Quo Vadis" ranks him as one of the tops in the industry, and the producer is Arthur Hornblow, Jr. "Million Dollar Mermaid" is truly a one-in-a-million entertainment for millions to see.

* * *

M-G-M presents "MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID" starring ESTHER WILLIAMS, VICTOR MATURE, WALTER PIDGEON, DAVID BRIAN with Donna Corcoran. Color by Technicolor. Screen play by Everett Freeman. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

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December 13, 1952

ARTICLES

FICTION

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

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The Cover

If a police officer's wife wants to know what happens to his spare coins, this painting by Bill Randall might serve as an explanation. No flight of fancy, the situation occurs constantly all over the country in friendly towns like Bronxville, New York, where Randall lives. The cop is Officer "Alfie" Hall and the Christmas shopper is the artist's wife, Maxine. Everything okay, Mrs. Hall?

Week's Mail

About Man on the Moon

EDITOR: I wish to congratulate you on your magnificent amount of forethought on the reality of interplanetary flight in Man on the Moon (Oct. 18th-25th). I have been a firm believer on the subject for quite a few years and am glad to see Collier's devote so much of its space to this all-important subject.

ALBERT B. DICKAS, Oxford, Ohio

. . . In your March 22d issue you featured several articles on the possibility of building an earth satellite within 10 to 15 years. We, here, were very much impressed with this forward-looking issue, and are very pleased to see the issues featuring Man on the Moon (Oct. 18th-25th). Further, we are thrilled upon learning that more of such realistic, intelligently and scientifically assembled material will be forthcoming in future issues.

We know that immediately after you published the first articles, you received many letters from scoffers, and you will no doubt receive many such letters of that type again. Since more people write to complain than to compliment, you will be interested to know that these articles are highly approved and well received by the many people up here in the sticks.

I have discussed your articles with hundreds of friends, gas-station attendants, counter waiters, truckmen, cabbies, cops, lumber handlers, woodsmen, doctors, storekeepers, etc. Everyone with whom I spoke, low-brow and high-brow alike, believes in the realistic thinking offered in these articles, and really looks forward any day to hearing that all of this has actually transpired.

ROBERT M. MELTZER, Auburn, Me.

. . . The Regis High School Science-Fiction Society wishes to thank you for the recent series of articles entitled Man on the Moon.

The publication of articles on this, our favorite subject, by such eminent authorities as Drs. Whipple and von Braun, especially in such an optimistic vein, has been a considerable help in our acceptance and establishment as a legitimate school activity at Regis.

We have found evidence of no other high-school clubs of this nature, and claim for ourselves the honor of being the first. GERARD ALBIN CAHILL, HUBERT JAMES HORAN, Flushing, N.Y.

. . . You stated that your rocket ship, which will take off from the space station's orbit, will not need to be streamlined because there is no air in space to slow it down. Well, what happens when you try to take off from the moon?

Although there isn't much air or gravity on the moon, there is some, and the 5,000 mph necessary to escape the

A Western Electric production team assembling devices which control the speed of Bell telephone dials.

Small example of a big idea!

SOME of our production teams are small—others are large. But you'll find the big idea of *teamwork* goes into the making of almost everything Western Electric produces as manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System.

And Western Electric teamwork goes far beyond its *manufacturing* methods. Always, our people work most closely with Bell Laboratories people who *design* the equipment and Bell telephone people who *operate* it. This teamwork is a major reason why Bell telephone service has gone up in price *so much less* than other things you buy.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Week's Mail CONTINUED

moon's gravitational pull would either rip your ship apart or slow it down so much that it would use up too much fuel to make the landing on earth.

LEE THOMAS (aged 12), Austin, Texas

There is so little air, if any, on the moon that there would be no problem, in the opinion of Collier's scientists.

Ley, Whipple, von Braun: as is, and "aboard" moon ship

. . . How many people besides me noticed that in Fred Freeman's cutaway illustration of the moon ship three of the scientists on the ship are Dr. Wernher von Braun (top floor), Willy Ley (entering engineering deck) and Dr. Whipple (navigation deck)?

BOBBY STEWART, Kirbyville, Texas

Several, Bobby.

. . . Have just finished reading all about trip to moon. I admit being as dizzy as a goose, but, in my hazy-minded condition, beg that you see that the venture takes on speed. Otherwise the Russians will beat us to it.

ERIC E. HALE, El Centro, Cal.

. . . The article states that men would have to be very careful of falling while exploring the moon, even though there is very little gravity pull, since there is no atmosphere to check the fall. If this is true, how can it be possible to stop the space ship by means of rockets if there is no atmosphere to check the fall? The same would apply to leaving the moon.

CLARENCE MATHEWS, Clinton, Ill.

The rocket is the only engine known to science which not only works in a vacuum but is more efficient there than in air.

. . . I would like to know how nitric acid, hydrazine and hydrogen peroxide affect the rocket. In other words, how do they make it go?

THOMAS PAPPAN, Owosso, Mich.

The hydrogen peroxide drives the pumps which feed hydrazine and nitric acid into the rocket motor. These liquids burst into flame when they touch each other; they don't require ignition. Combustion of the gases propels the ship in accordance with Newton's third law of motion.

. . . Just one question to the writers of that otherwise excellently detailed article, Man on the Moon.

In an airless, waterless, perhaps soilless environment, into what medium will they dissipate the excess heat from tractor-engines, turbogenerators, etc.? Can they sweep up that "quarter inch of dust" for heat-absorption purposes? Or will they depend on infra-red radiation from fully glowing cylinder blocks?

ED GIESSELMANN, El Cerrito, Cal.

The heat has to be dissipated by radiation. The radiating surfaces would be shielded from the sun.

. . . You say that "with a gentle shove the reserve tanks will disappear out of sight and eventually they will crash on the moon."

It appears to me that the gentle shove must be sufficiently great to send the tanks far away from the ship until they are caught under another gravitational field. If the shove is not too great the tanks will return back to the side of the ship attracted by her gravitational field.

ING. ISMAEL SANCHEZ PARDO, Mexico, D.F., Mexico

Theoretically, the reader is correct. Practically, the gravitational field of the ship would be so slight that it wouldn't matter.

. . . Just to show how fast Collier's is passed around the world, the day the October 10th issue hit the newsstands in the U.S., it was also on display at Nairobi Airport, Kenya, East Africa, traveling on TWA from New York to Cairo, and Ethiopian Air Lines from Cairo to Nairobi.

RALPH S. DAMON, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Damon (left) is president of TWA. With him are Michael W. Dunford (center), general manager of East Africa Tourist Travel Association, and Malcolm P. Aldrich of New York City

. . . I have subscribed to your magazine for years and never have I read anything in it as purely silly as Man on the Moon. For plain waste of paper and ink this takes first prize.

C. P. PEPPARD, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

. . . I marveled over your article by Dr. Wernher von Braun on the breath-taking possibility of "The Journey." The brilliant concepts illustrated by Chesley Bonestell surpassed those that were so amply displayed in Conquest of Space (March 22d).

The article refueled my mental faculties. I could vividly see the entire universe as a final working unit striving together to accomplish this major task. Our problems on earth, largely

Give FATIMA

in the Beautiful Christmas Carton

DISTINCTIVE—with a truly different flavor and aroma—extra-mild FATIMA continues to grow in favor among King-size cigarette smokers everywhere.

The Difference is QUALITY

international controversies, should be dispelled from our minds and focused on the enormous job before us.

JOSEPH J. MIATA, New York, N.Y.

We've Been Had

EDITOR: Mr. Warren G. Wonka is a myth created many years ago on the Stanford campus, usually dug up every time a Stanford student in an accident needs a name for the newspapers.

By now you've probably been added to the list that the Stanford Daily lists on the front page every time someone like yourself unknowingly falls for the gag. PAUL SIMQU, Los Angeles, Cal.

Collier's fell for the mythical Wonka in Week's Mail of Oct. 25th, when we printed a comment on Bert Bacharach's Campus Cues for Clothes. Whoever-is-Wonka stated that "no Stanford student would ever dream of starting a school year with so few as three suits and only five sweaters."

Could He Make the Team?

EDITOR: I saw Red Grange play football. He is overmodest when he writes I Couldn't Make the Varsity Today! (Oct. 25th).

He would be better today for some of the reasons he cites: lighter equipment, platoon system, and trickier formations. If he were twenty-one and had the present-day high-school and college coaching, he could make any backfield in the land.

Sure the game has changed, but the return of kickoff, punt return, intercepted pass, and sudden break-through are a few maneuvers that have not changed, and Red Grange was the most elusive man I ever saw in the open field. All he needed was one block and he was away. He would have a field day in this era of split-T formations and brush blocking. He would be over the goal line before the opposition knew who had the ball.

R. G. PUTNEY, Keene, N.H.

. . . Mr. Grange was very cautious in comparing old-time to modern football, and I quote from his article: "In any such imaginary contest, the 1951 team would employ their 1951-style offense against my old club's 1923-style offense."

Does Mr. Grange believe that a 1923 coach still coaching in 1951 would employ a 1923 offense? Let us be realistic. I believe that Mr. Grange could be a star on any varsity team today, but I also believe that he should now write an article, I Couldn't Make the Coaching Ranks Today.

GEORGE G. ROSENDALL, Dwight, Ill.

. . . Listen, Red Grange: Eleven real old-timers against 22 or 33 modern men —is that "playing the game"? Try this: reincarnate the Carlisle team of 60 years ago on a modern field and equipped with today's training and trimmings, bar all substitutes, and your modern "invincibles" would be annihilated.

EDWARD E. HALL, Alhambra, Cal.

. . . Sometimes you print something which is unutterably silly. I refer to your article by Red Grange in which he modestly avers that he couldn't make his old varsity squad today.

Now you know, and he knows, that that is plain, sickly nonsense.

One of the trickiest broken-field runners that ever lived would be just as brilliant a runner today, aided as he would be by improved equipment and more skillful coaching.

MILTON F. HILL, Mineral Wells, Texas

Critics of the overmodest Mr. Grange might perhaps be interested in the opinion of Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen of the 1920s. Mr. Stuhldreher, in a recent broadcast with Collier's Tom Meany and Tom Siler of the Nashville News-Sentinel, agreed that Red underestimated his ability. But he agreed with Grange's assessment of modern football, said that the football he knew was a simple, uncomplicated game, and insisted that he couldn't get by playing it today as he played it 25 years ago.

Bigness, Not Badness

EDITOR: We are very appreciative of the editorial You're Big, So You're Bad, in the Oct. 25th issue of Collier's. In these days, we are a little more accustomed to brickbats than to bouquets, and it is warming indeed to have a magazine of Collier's stature and merit take the trouble to say a few kind words.

C. H. GREENEWALT, Wilmington, Del.

Mr. Greenewalt is president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

. . . On your editorial page of October 25th, you use the phrase "because war creates no real wealth—not even for munitions makers." A blue pencil through it would have improved the editorial.

A new home "owner," moving in on a dime and a signature, reads it. So does a man who has just borrowed from a finance company to escape the importunings of smaller creditors. Neither is in a state of mind to think clearly about "real wealth."

Du Pont grew great on good works, most certainly. It may have had an occasional small boost from machinery and cash collected during wartime. Those who believe so will be thrown off by the statement. For those who don't believe it, it adds nothing.

In your efforts to make us understand some important facts, more power to you. PAUL GARRIGUE,
Winter Park, Fla.

Lady Zoo Keepers

EDITOR: Your article on Mrs. Belle Benchley, director of the San Diego Zoo (Looks Easy on Sunday, Oct. 4th), has been of interest to many women in the German Women's Program. May I call your attention, however, to the fact that Mrs. Benchley is not "the world's only woman director of a major zoo."

Dr. Katharina Heinroth is the director of the Berlin Zoo and Frau Dr. Meyer-Holzapfel is also the director of the interesting Zoological Gardens at Bern, Switzerland.

Frau Dr. Heinroth took over her duties as director of the Berlin Zoo in 1945. Dr. Meyer-Holzapfel is well known to many Americans because of their interest in the Bern bears.

MILDRED B. ALLPORT,
Mehlem/Rhein, Germany

The Christmas Gift that always gets

A wonderful warm-as-toast welcome!

WHEN you give this General Electric Automatic Toaster you can be *sure* it will get a warm, warm welcome!

For this is a family gift to bring a gleam to everyone's eyes. It will last for years and years and make perfect toast every time.

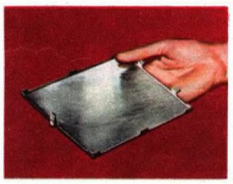
Whether you like toast soft and munchy, crisp and dry, or golden-brown medium, you get it *your* way with this dependable, versatile G-E Toaster.

So, give the gift that will remind them of you for years and years. Make somebody's holiday happier! General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

$22.95 Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

Toast pops up or stays down till you want it. Just set the knob and a built-in device does the rest. This is the famous toaster that waits for the eggs!

Every slice toasted exactly as you like it, whether it's one or twenty. For toast just as you wish—light, medium, or dark—simply set the control.



Look at this shiny-clean crumb tray! It cleans in 10 speedy seconds. Just snap it out . . . whisk the crumbs off . . . snap it back in again.

Toast to your taste—*every time!*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The baby we're talking about was wailing like a banshee. Three months old. His Uncle Ambrose wondered what ailed the infant. The child's father told him: "To begin with, he's hungry. Moreover, I just told him that he owed the government the sizable sum of $1,670 the minute he was born."

★ ★ ★

Christmas hinting is pretty far advanced by now. Not a really reliable system either. In fact, we've just heard from a lady in Trenton, New Jersey,

who says she stopped hinting years ago. "Anyone," says she, "expecting my husband to notice a hint had better tie a large bell on it."

★ ★ ★

Just in case you're getting tired of roast beef, steaks, *filet mignon*, double lamb chops and similar inexpensive viands, try Johnny Sandusky. Wonderful. Into a pound of ground beef chop a couple of large onions and a half cup of chopped celery. Soften with a little olive oil or bacon drippings. Mix in a half package of macaroni, cooked, a can of tomatoes and a minced green pepper. Then add a half cup of grated cheese. Let it set over night. Sprinkle grated cheese liberally on top and bake slowly in a medium oven for an hour. Of course you can work a bit of garlic into it if you like. Johnny Sandusky sort of restores your waning faith in mankind. Right nourishing, too.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours is afraid his nine-year-old daughter is in danger of becoming a short-story writer. Wants advice on how to avert such calamity. He showed us her latest effort, forcing us to agree that his fears may be real and not just father's fancy. Here it is, all of it: "Once upon a time there was a little girl named Clarise Nancy Imogene Ingrid LaRose. She had no hair and rather large feet. But she was extremely rich and the rest was easy."

★ ★ ★

Post Office Department in trouble again, and we're bound to report that they asked for it. Mr. Raymond Bruner, president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Two Egg, Florida, has written indignantly and with civic pride to Mr. Joseph J. Lawler, Assistant Postmaster General, who, as reported in this ever-alert department of Collier's, denied to Mr. David A. Crowley, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, that there was such a place as Two Egg. Mr. Bruner has sent Mr. Lawler a map showing him how to get to Two Egg, although such is the present temper of the population of that brisk community that we advise Mr. Lawler to postpone any plans he may have to visit it. "We feel," writes Mr. Bruner to Mr. Lawler, "that your office has done us and our community grave injustice . . . Though we do not profess to have the size, wealth, excitement, red tape, confusion, noise, misinformation and general confusion of Washington, we are nevertheless proud of our progressive community." We warn Mr. Lawler that Florida's junior senator, the Honorable George A. Smathers, may ask the new Congress for a searching investigation of the Post Office Department.

★ ★ ★

Did you know that at least one candidate for the Presidency of the United States, John Charles Fremont, the intrepid Californian who as the Republican party's first candidate got licked by James Buchanan in 1856, was accused by his opposition of having eaten a mule? Worse, they insisted the mule wasn't his. Just about cost him the election. This is but one of the important but forgotten aspects of our political history dredged out of the past by Mr. Columbus Giragi, of Phoenix, Arizona.

★ ★ ★

Lady tourist stopped at a filling station near Denver and asked that the air be let out of the tires of her car. "And please," said she, "let some fresh air in. It must be just awful in there."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Claude Eames of the Elkhorn, Wisconsin, Independent, bought a hot dog with mustard, not because he yearned for it particularly but because the hawker at the Wisconsin University stadium was a salesman. "Homoge-

IRWIN CAPLAN

nized hots," cried this spiritual descendant of Diamond Jim Brady, "hermetically sealed, rich in vitamin B$_1$, home-grown and packed before your very eyes." A pause. "Only a few thousand hot dogs left . . . We reserve the right to limit quantities. Only one dozen to the customer." Another pause. "Peanuts. Our peanuts are imported from southern Madison. Only 100 calories to the bag. Every peanut sanitarily scaled." Mr. Eames bought peanuts too. Business, he reports, was terrific.

All America Thrills to the Flashing New '53 Dodge

RAM-PACKED WITH NEW ACTION FEATURES

NEW 140 h.p. Red Ram V-Eight Engine

NEW Gyro-Torque Drive with 'Scat' Gear

NEW Jet Air-Flow Hood

NEW Pilot-View Curved Windshield

NEW Travel-Lounge Interiors

NEW Fashion-Tone Colors

New Surging Power—Beneath its low and rakish hood throbs the surging power of the mighty 140-h.p. Red Ram V-Eight . . . the most efficient engine design in any American car.

In city after city, town after town, record-breaking crowds are thronging Dodge dealer showrooms. Their enthusiastic response acclaims the '53 Dodge as the newest, nimblest piece of live action on four wheels.

New Curve-Holding Ride—New "Stabilizer" suspension cuts side-sway, tames curves. Brings you safer, more secure "road action" in both the Coronet V-Eight Series and Meadowbrook "Six" Series.

New Sleek, Trim Action Styling—New design is low, lithe and lovely . . . yet gives more hip-room, head-room and elbow-room than ever. New Cargo-Carrier rear deck provides up to 11 cubic feet more space.

The Action Car For Active Americans

Specifications and Equipment subject to change without notice.

"Their card has rated a mantelpiece spot every year," I reported

File and Don't Forget

By PARKE CUMMINGS

ALL our Christmas cards are in the mail and we're bursting with confidence. Thanks to the efficient system we've perfected, we're convinced there isn't the slightest danger of a slip-up anywhere along the line. Oh, we haven't gone so far as to install an IBM card system, but we still feel we've made drastic improvements over the helter-skelter methods employed by most people in getting off their Christmas greetings. We did the job last evening, and I'll give you a playback.

"The Adamses," began my wife, reading the first name on our list.

"Adams, Mrs. and Mrs. Walter," I confirmed, after looking in the A file and seizing the first entry. "A definite must. We had cards from them in 1951, 1950, 1949, 1948 and 1947—as far back as our own records go."

"A pretty impressive record," Virginia conceded. "Four out of five have our M mark stamped on them."

"That's right," I concurred. "In every year except 1950 an Adams card was of such excellence as to win a display spot on our mantelpiece. That's truly something for them to be proud of. Our five-year over-all figures show there's only room on the mantelpiece for 17.3 per cent of the total cards we received, and yet they clicked 80 per cent of the time. Next entry."

"Aikers—Betty, Jim and children," said Virginia.

I pursed my lips. "Doubtful," I said. "We've got A.C. marked against them for the past two years—meaning, if your memory needs refreshing, that we didn't receive their cards until after Christmas."

My wife nodded. "It certainly looks as though they held off until they received our card first."

"I move they be stricken off our list," I said.

Virginia hesitated. "We could send them one of those three-for-a-dime numbers, envelope unsealed, requiring only a two-cent stamp."

"No card," I repeated firmly. "We've agreed on the December 24th deadline for all contestants. Next."

"Azinian's Meat Market."

"I find no entry," I announced.

"Of course not," snapped the woman I married. "You're not looking in the commercial file."

"My error," I confessed, grabbing the indicated file. "Let's see—good old Azinian has been a steady sender, measuring right up to Fairport Hardware, McMannigan's Coal & Grain, Flebber Brothers Insurance, the Second National Bank and many other local concerns who have brightened our hearts at yuletide—some of them with calendars. They get a card."

"The Everett Beckers," Virginia continued. "Personal file."

It required some study before I finally announced: "A somewhat complicated situation here. The records show they sent us cards in odd years—1947, 1949 and 1951. Having some experience with mathematics, I recognize this as a predictable pattern. We shall receive no card from the Beckers in this even year, 1952, and will therefore dispatch none. Next."

"Fred and Mary Butler."

"Nothing from them in the past five years," I reported. "No card."

"Not so fast!" challenged my spouse. "Wait till I look through the social obligation file . . . H'm. Just as I thought. We're heavily indebted to them. They've had us to three dinners, four mixed poker parties and a dance during the past year, and all we've reciprocated with is one outdoor grill picnic—hot dogs at that."

"Yes," I conceded, "and Fred got me some swell tickets for the World Series. A card for them by all means. A twenty-five-center, and embellished with a personal greeting."

"Check," said Virginia. "—And while we're about it, we'll have them in for eggnog on New Year's Day."

Well, we sent 73 cards, and the only people who precipitated a really tough hassel were the Tenwells. They've been steady contributors, but there's a catch. The card they sent us last year is an exact replica of the one we sent them in 1950. Of course this could just be coincidence, but I detected signs of an ink eraser having been used, leading to the suspicion that they eradicated our old signature and substituted theirs. On the other hand, the lady of our household says maybe they just erased a price mark. So we gave them the benefit of the doubt.

Of course, next year that problem won't arise. By then we expect to have acquired a photoelectrical device which won't leave puzzlers like that to human guesswork. ▲▲▲

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Wouldn't it be wise to take advantage *now* of this exceptionally comprehensive, economical plan of family protection? For full details, consult your nearest Travelers agent or broker.

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We're Asking the Reds to SURRENDER-PLEASE!

By PETER KALISCHER

The UN has opened up with a barrage of propaganda against the Communists in Korea. Our ammunition is words, and we fire a billion rounds a week

Seoul, Korea

A CHINESE Communist soldier who surrendered to an American company on the Korean front recently was asked why he gave himself up. "Four months ago," he told his interrogators, "I heard a woman broadcasting in Chinese from one of your voice-planes. I thought: If the Americans can circle a slow plane over our positions with a female in it, then I am fighting on the losing side."

The prisoner never explained why it took him four months to surrender, or what the woman had said, or even if her message had been understood. But one way or another, the incident started a delayed-action thought-bomb that achieved, in capsule form, the mission of Psychological Warfare:

"To communicate ideas and information intended to affect the beliefs, emotions and actions of the enemy in order to lower his morale, destroy his will to fight and to induce him to take action beneficial to our cause."

Twenty-four hours of every day the United Nations command bombards the enemy on and behind the front lines with ideas and information—by short- and medium-wave radio stations in Japan and Korea; by leaflets dropped from planes and shot out of guns; and by airborne- and front-line loud-speakers. The material for this billion-word-a-week barrage ranges from "get-out-of-town" air-raid warnings to soap operas and disc-jockey shows designed to make a Communist GI homesick.

"Please get one thing straight," said Colonel Kenneth Hansen, new chief of the Far East Command's Psychological Warfare Section. "Nobody in this shop thinks we can win this war with just words. Propaganda is a weapon, like tanks or planes or artillery. But you can't win with tanks *or* planes alone, and words without something to back them up are—well, just words."

From Colonel Hansen's headquarters in a Tokyo office building to the camouflaged loud-speakers a couple of hundred yards from Communist bunkers in Korea are scattered some 600 "Psywarriors"—GI and civilian planners, writers, directors, actors, artists, printers and technicians.

They include 132 Koreans and Chinese from stage stars to "leaflet kickers"—men who boot 10,000-leaflet bundles out the doors of unarmed planes over enemy territory. (A timed charge scatters the leaflets at 1,000 feet.)

The stage stars belong to "Psywar's" radio stock company in Tokyo. One of them, Miss Kim Bok Cha, played Ophelia in a prewar Korean production of Hamlet. Petite and attractive to the tips of her long red fingernails, Miss Kim acts many roles in propaganda playlets. But she is probably best known throughout North Korea as Mo Ran, a disc

Typical UN surrender leaflets appeal to Reds' emotions from all angles, depict Kremlin as real aggressor. Two million are loosed daily

The Reds put on a good show, too. But they can't match our advertised-in-advance air

jockey with a 15-minute program of nostalgic platter and chatter reminiscent of Tokyo Rose. (Miss Kim records her program in the same studio Rose once used.) Even to someone who doesn't understand Korean, Miss Kim sounds sexy.

Her Chinese counterpart is an actress whose family still lives in Peiping and who must therefore remain anonymous. On the air she calls herself Lansa—"Flowery Grace" in Mandarin. Both Miss Kim and Lansa earn about $50 a week as noncitizen Department of the Army civilians, and suffer from artistic frustration. They don't know audience reaction and, of course, there is no fan mail.

Broadcasters Work at the Front

There's too much audience reaction at the other end of Psywar operations—the front-line loud-speaker teams. It was a quiet day on a quiet sector when I talked to Pfc Robert C. Shaw, of Duquesne, Pennsylvania, the American half of one such team. But Shaw can qualify as the model for a recent Stars and Stripes cartoon showing two GIs crouching by a loud-speaker while shells rain all about them. "Quit griping," says one, "you mighta been in the infantry."

Shrewd, personable and twenty-three years old, Shaw has been "on call" with his loud-speaker unit —one of a dozen on the Eighth Army front—for the past several months. His partner and "voice" is Kim Myong Kwan, an ex-student who lived in Shanghai and speaks Korean, Chinese, English, Japanese and a smattering of Russian. Kim often plays the harmonica to sweeten his "commercials" prepared by higher headquarters or written on the spot by Shaw.

Shaw stashes the speaker at an advanced position at night (it can be heard clearly for 2,000 yards) and then retires with Kim, the generator and the microphone to a bunker a short distance away.

"Welcome, men of the 340th Regiment," Kim will broadcast following a rendition of Turkey in the Straw or a Korean folk tune. "After only 30 days in reserve your Communist masters have moved you to the front for the winter months . . ."

On the theory that direct appeals to surrender are wasted during a static war, Shaw likes Kim to needle the Communists on their enforced political indoctrination.

"Did you enjoy having your brains washed?" Kim asks. "How was your self-criticism hour?"

Sentimental references to home and family are better left to women, and two South Korean WACs, whom Shaw calls "the bravest girls I ever met," do front-line broadcasts called Operation Heartache.

In Korea and Japan, most Psywar officers were agreed on two points: Communist psychological warfare is pretty good and both we and the enemy make plenty of bloopers.

With their front-line loud-speakers and leaflets, the Reds concentrate on the "rich man's war," the rigors of another Korean winter away from home and a "will rotation come too late?" theme. Their mistakes include broadcasting to a Dutch battalion in bad German and to a Spanish-speaking Puerto Rican regiment in English—which 90 per cent of the men couldn't understand. On one sector, they sought to entice GIs with promises of good food and left surrender leaflets wrapped around cans of powdered eggs—the bane of chow halls—as proof of their good faith. At other times, on the theory that GIs are more sex-starved than hungry, they promise girls to men who surrender. Their sharpest leaflet came two days after General MacArthur made his "fade away" speech before Congress. "Old soldiers never die," the leaflet said, "but young ones do!"

> **The art of applying psychological as well as physical force against a military opponent has become an accepted element of modern warfare.**
>
> **As a support weapon, psychological warfare has taken its place with the tank, the gun and the airplane. Its mission is to reduce the cost in man power and matériel necessary to obtain an objective. It is here to stay.**
>
> **Frank Pace, Jr.**
> **Secretary of the Army**

Our hardest-hitting propaganda, and one the Reds can't match, is the advertised-in-advance air raids. Once a North Korean town—Yonghung, for example—is marked for bombing, it gets the following treatment:

Months beforehand leaflet-planes saturate Yonghung and other towns with a general warning: "This is a military target likely to be bombed. We advise civilians to leave immediately." Radio Seoul broadcasts spot announcements to all North Korea—"The UN command will bomb all communications centers and military supply installations. We want to protect civilians. Leave!" From 10 to two days before the actual bombing, Yonghung is showered with map leaflets showing it and other towns in the immediate area marked: "You are next."

Thirty minutes before the bombers arrive, Radio Seoul goes on with a specific warning to Yonghung: "UN bombers are coming—get out." Five minutes before bombs-away, a B-26 voice-plane roars over the town broadcasting the same message. Then come the bombers. The final leaflet states: "You were warned."

Reports trickling out of North Korea indicate that, weeks before the bombers strike, Communist soldiers have to keep the citizenry at their war jobs under guard.

Leaflet Production Is Fast

For the seesaw land fighting, Eighth Army Psywar headquarters in Seoul has no such sure-fire gimmick. It has mobile radio units and a nimble propaganda mill geared to turn out leaflets and voice-cast scripts on demand. It can write, print and deliver a special leaflet on the target six hours after it is requested.

(Line units are stocked in advance with leaflets to cover standard situations.)

"If it just took leaflets to win the war, we'd have it won," said the operations officer, Captain Leonard Kleckner, of Los Angeles. "We drop or shoot over about 2,000,000 a day—enough to paper the walls of every house the Air Force has left standing. The point is—are they doing any good?"

Kleckner, who has been with Army Psychological Warfare since 1943, is convinced we have forgotten most of what we learned by the end of World War II.

"Truth is our strongest weapon, but everything we say is suspect—we're the enemy, remember,"

Two Psywar artists, S/Sgt. Rudolph Prefontaine, Winnipeg, Manitoba, (l.), Pfc Richard Zayac, Detroit, sketch propaganda leaflet layouts

In Tokyo Rose tradition, Kim Bok Cha, known as Mo Ran, conducts 15-minute record show in Korean. She emphasizes nostalgic talk of home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PHY THE AUTHOR

Kleckner continued. "It takes time for events to prove we're right, and results aren't always tangible. By the time results are proved, if you ask the average American combat man what effect our leaflets have, he'll tell you that a 25-pound bundle dropped from 5,000 feet will drive a Communist three feet into the ground if it hits him on the head."

Kleckner ruefully recalled how the 45th Division had alerted a platoon of MPs to be ready to take charge of the crowds of prisoners expected from one night's loud-speaker broadcasts. None came in and the MPs were disgusted. On another occasion, three Chinese surrendered to a Turkish brigade outpost. Only two of them held UN surrender leaflets. The Turks sent those two prisoners to the rear and wanted to shoot the third.

Everything in Psywar is keyed to what enemy troops think and feel *at the moment*. This goal calls for close work with Intelligence, and leaflets are often submitted to prisoners for criticism. The "surrender, please" theme is not the most important one. There was, for instance, Psywar's victory over the Chinese rockets.

The Reds Use a Secret Weapon

"We were catching rockets along the I Corps front," Kleckner recalled, "and while they weren't doing much damage, a few prisoners we picked up were cocky as hell—seemed to think they had a secret weapon from the Russians.

"It was the old Katusha, an obsolete rocket launcher the Russians used in the last war. We printed a leaflet showing we knew all about their secret weapon and had passed it up as old-fashioned. We said the Russians were peddling junk they couldn't use in exchange for good Chinese grain and cash. The reaction was sensational. In one week, the Chinese GIs gave their political commissars such a bad time the rockets disappeared from I Corps and have never showed up to any degree since."

Kleckner was called away for a conference over what to do with a voluntary testimonial to Allied good treatment from a Chinese prisoner. The testimonial was in the form of a letter to three of the prisoner's wavering buddies. It was argued that if we scattered leaflets, with the letter, on the prisoner's old unit, the names of these men would make the leaflet undeniably authentic. Use of their

Lansa, anonymous actress, conducts Chinese program with Col. Homer Shields, Indianapolis

Sound of women's voices at front have proved sure-fire surrender lure. UN uses Korean WACs, one of whom is shown here with copilot of loud-speaker-equipped voice-plane, set for flight

Flying loud-speaker systems carry women to the front—to get in the last word

names would mean their death sentence, and might alienate many other anti-Communist Chinese.

During the conference (which resulted in deleting the names) I walked over to where two GI staff artists were working on leaflet layouts. I discovered that one of them, Pfc Richard J. Zayac, of Detroit, was no stranger to Collier's. In 1947 and 1948, he had won $100 prizes in the Collier's Scholastic Art Awards.

When I got back to Kleckner, he was busy with another problem—someone wanted to use a loud-speaker team in guerrilla country to help a candidate in a local Korean election. "Absolutely no," said Kleckner. Then a call came in for a voice-plane mission over a Chinese build-up area being pummeled by the Air Force.

The mission was routine—to tell the enemy how miserable he was. I asked and got permission to go along on this one.

How a Voice-Plane Operates

A few hours later I checked in with Captain Charles L. MacMasters, of Syracuse, New York, who was flight section chief for Psywar at an airfield near Seoul. With me was Major Hal Dearing, the Tokyo headquarters leaflet officer, who wanted to go on a drop that afternoon. Dearing, a practicing paratrooper who jumped in France in World War II, has his own public-relations firm in New York. As he got ready for the flight, a C-47, fresh from a leaflet drop over the east coast, landed with a flak hole the size of a bushel basket in one wing. Dearing took off in another plane and I waited for my 7:30 P.M. flight.

All voice-planes fly at night, now, out of respect for improved Red antiaircraft fire, and day-flying leaflet-planes keep at higher altitudes. One was shot down last year and another, known as Patches, took more than 150 flak hits on one run. Several Korean "leaflet kickers" have more missions to their credit than any airmen in Korea. The record holder, now grounded, made 567 flights, entitling him to an Air Medal with 27 clusters. In the same class is Jack Lee, a young civilian from Glenwood, Minnesota, a Philco Corporation technician who irons bugs out of the radar and advance communications equipment.

He gets no extra flight pay or decorations, but he has flown more than 100 missions over enemy territory—a fact his company may learn for the first time here.

Because high-pitched female voices carry farthest, five young Korean women are now the airborne voices of the UN command. Three are Korean army WACs (the youngest just nineteen) and two are civilians. One sergeant and the two civilians speak Chinese and they all earn about $3 a month.

They admit to getting scared under fire, but not one has revealed signs of it. Recently, when a voice-plane was hit by flak in mid-broadcast and the pilot raced for home, the girl kept right on talking through the excitement and even after the plane got over friendly territory. "I hadn't finished," she explained later.

The pilot observed, "If they ever shoot us down, she'll still get the last word."

The "voice" on my flight was a civilian who arrived on the flight line a few minutes before takeoff and was hurriedly introduced to me as Miss Yoo Kum Ok. Miss Yoo had flown 58 missions. She is a Manchurian-born Korean, twenty-seven years old and not quite five feet tall. In the last light of a clear autumn evening we climbed into the soot-black B-26—Miss Yoo with her hand microphone next to pilot Lieutenant Horace Shelton, of Sanderson, Texas, and I in the Plexiglas nose-bubble with navigator Joffre A. Tremblay, of Biddeford, Maine. Radioman Lowell Timkar, of Herington, Kansas, sat by himself in the tail. Built into the bottom of the plane was a 2,000-watt loud-speaker with a range of half a square mile at 5,000 feet.

The plane was scarcely airborne before I got a remarkable double-exposure view of Seoul, sparkling with lights beneath us, and, 35 foreshortened miles to the northwest, the flares and feverish blink of artillery marking the front. Between the city and the battle line stretched a twisting illuminated artery as clearly defined in the surrounding blackness as Broadway between Times Square and Columbus Circle. One of our main supply routes, it was studded with the headlights of hundreds of vehicles—a brash testimonial to our aerial supremacy, but one to give a World War II veteran the shudders.

Over the front it got brighter than over Seoul. To the left in the Marine sector, six searchlights poured unwavering blue-white beams into no man's land while about 1,000 feet below us floated a dozen yellow parachute flares, strong enough for me to read the break-out instructions on the Plexiglas. On the ground glowed a running stitch of fire—white flashes from the big guns and geysers of red .50-caliber tracers that arched gracefully from our side into theirs. The Chinese, I thought, must be staging a hell of an attack.

We veered to the right over enemy territory, and it was like diving into a pool of ink. From where I sat, there didn't seem to be three lights burning all the way to the Yalu River.

The motors throttled down to a purr, finally. From beneath the plane a high, nasal voice began speaking: *"Mun shee tuo tungju t'ze sing lao siang siang lai . . ."* Miss Yoo was on the air. From a prepared translation I knew she was saying, "As you bury your dead comrades, reflect! Communism sent them here from their peaceful homes."

We were, if our calculations were correct, over the 116th Division of the 40th Chinese Communist army. Miss Yoo repeated her message over and over. From the corner of my eye I saw a tiny flicker below me. Navigator Tremblay saw it and spoke to Shelton on the intercom. Casually we changed course.

"That was 'way wide," Tremblay shouted in my ear. But now we knew Miss Yoo had an audience. I took a renewed interest in scanning from my side of the Plexiglas.

On the next run when we got over the same spot, something big and orange winked up at us. This time Shelton saw it too, and pulled the plane sharply to the right. "Wide," Tremblay said. Miss Yoo had half an hour of broadcasting to do. I glanced at my watch. She had been speaking just six minutes.

Slow Flight Amid Flak

We circled and circled and circled. Tremblay had explained that unless the Chinese had radar at precisely where we were flying—and he doubted it—they would shoot far behind us at the sound of the plane. Nevertheless, he suggested to Shelton to speed it up while flying over the flak position. Shelton said no.

"He says his orders don't permit voice-planes to fly faster than (censored) miles an hour over target," Tremblay yelled in my ear, naming a frighteningly low speed. I thought Shelton was regulation-happy under the circumstances, but he was driving.

Pretty soon Tremblay nudged my arm and pointed to two pinpricks of light on the ground. Chinese convoy—two trucks," he said. Shelton dipped down toward the lights. *"Mun shee tuo tungju . . ."* Miss Yoo began for about the hundredth time. The lights went out.

At 8:20 P.M., we made our last run and headed for home. We touched down 15 minutes later. Shelton and Tremblay had another mission to fly that night, so Miss Yoo and I went to the officers' club where a hot bingo game was in progress. There we found Captain MacMasters and Major Dearing who had got back from his leaflet drop an hour before. Dearing's flight had been without incident. He asked me about mine.

"No sweat," I said. "A little flak but it was all wide."

I spoke with what I hoped sounded like cool understatement. As a matter of fact I felt pretty dashing, and the feeling persisted until little Miss Yoo asked if she could get a ride with me back to Seoul.

"I have to see about my baby," she said.

"Miss" Yoo, who, it turned out, was a Mrs., took care of her ten-month-old son between missions.

On the drive in I kept thinking about the Chinese who had surrendered after hearing a woman broadcast from a plane. What would be the psychological effect on the enemy, I wondered, of knowing she was a mother?

Kim Myong Kwan, an expert linguist, serves as the "voice" of Pfc Robert Shaw, of Duquesne, Pa. (r.), in up-close broadcasts. Kim often plays Oriental folk tunes for enemy on harmonica

Have We Missed a Cure for CANCER?

By DR. BENJAMIN F. MILLER

Thousands of chemicals remain untested against disease. In them may be the answer to cancer

HAVE we missed the cure for cancer? The possibility is so distressing that I would not even suggest it unless I truly believed that an honest answer might lead us to a cure. The truth is that the long-hoped-for remedies for cancer may already exist—and we have not recognized them. Or we may miss them tomorrow, or whenever the curative substances fall into our hands.

How is this possible with so many first-rate research scientists on the job?

Here is what I mean. We already know that several chemical substances exhibit great effectiveness in the treatment of certain types of human cancer. This disease can be attacked by these medicines, which can be given by mouth or injected into the body. Treatment of cancer by surgery, radium or X ray is still very important. But the chemicals offer more hope in certain instances. They can be carried by the blood to every part and cell of the body to reach those deep-seated and widespread cancers which X ray and surgery are powerless to combat.

There are more than a half-million chemicals in the world at this moment. Nature has contributed some, and the skill of scientists many more. Yet, fewer than 5 per cent of these chemicals have been tested for their ability to control cancer. My contention is that very effective treatments for cancer may lie hidden away among the remaining hundreds of thousands of untested compounds created from various combinations of the 98 known elements.

There is plenty of evidence to support this belief. Sulfanilamide was tucked away on a chemist's shelf for nearly 30 years before its effectiveness against bacteria was discovered. In 1908, this first sulfa medicine was synthesized as a dye-industry chemical. How could anyone have suspected that three decades later it would cure thousands of people of streptococcal blood poisoning, pneumonia, meningococcal brain fever and many other fearful diseases?

It was not until 1932 that Dr. Gerhard Domagk, a German scientist, learned of the remarkable medical properties of one of the sulfa derivatives. In the United States, the sulfonamides were not used as medicines until 1937.

Yet it probably would have required only a single test with 12 mice to have given medical scientists the clue in 1908 that sulfanilamide could cure bacterial diseases. Meanwhile, for 30 years, untold lives were lost and thousands of human beings suffered needless agony and disability from major illnesses. Why? Because there was no planned program of research in which a chemical prepared for industrial or other nonmedical purposes could be evaluated for its usefulness as a medicine.

There are other parallel examples, one of them the remarkable insect-killer, DDT. Chemists knew the chemical formula and the method of preparation of DDT for 50 years before its unusual biological properties were recognized. Think of the mosquitoes and other insects that could have been wiped out, of the disease and loss of life which could have been prevented if DDT and other effective compounds had been properly tested years ago!

FABIAN BACHRACH

Dr. Benjamin F. Miller holds a degree in chemical engineering from MIT as well as a medical degree from Harvard. He is now doing kidney transplantation research at Harvard Medical School and is senior associate physician, Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston. He wrote You and Your Doctor (1948) and edited When Doctors Are Patients, this year

So it is understandable that many cancer research scientists are beginning to wonder how many curative compounds for cancer are sitting on laboratory shelves throughout the world, waiting to be discovered.

Many medical scientists are impressed today with the importance of studying the medicinal usefulness of as many chemicals as possible. Already some extremely unlikely sources have yielded compounds with significant therapeutic value in cancer. During World War II, there was a threat that the Germans might use a new deadly war gas, called nitrogen mustard because it resembles the mustard gas of 1917. The nitrogen-mustard compounds were studied carefully in this country because we wanted to be ready with an antidote if the Germans decided to employ them.

The American studies indicated that the nitrogen mustards had unusually destructive effects on animal and human white blood cells. Later, scientists found that very small amounts of these deadly chemicals could be dissolved in sterile solution and injected safely into human beings. Now it is established that the nitrogen mustards are very effective in certain special types of cancer, such as Hodgkin's disease. Unfortunately, the effect is not permanent, yet the nitrogen mustards do a sufficiently good job to make them very useful chemical partners of X ray and surgery.

More than a half-dozen chemical substances have already shown some promise in the treatment of human cancer, and considerably more have given positive results in animal tests. One of the most heartening new developments has been the use of the antifolic acid compounds. These unique substances are what the chemists call "antagonists." They interfere with the body's use of its folic acid, which is essential to growth. Very encouraging results have been obtained with them in the treatment of acute leukemia, the cancer of the blood which is often such a rapidly fatal disease in children as well as adults.

My neighbor, Dr. Sidney Farber, at the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston, has pioneered in the use of folic acid antagonists in the treatment of acute leukemia and other forms of cancer. Dr. Farber, in describing the effect of chemicals upon widespread cancer in children cared for by his group, mentioned the longest survival he had ever witnessed in a child with acute leukemia. This child, treated with aminopterin and other folic acid antagonists, was still alive more than 44 months after the onset of an illness which usually causes death within a few weeks to a few months.

Cancer's Toll Among Children

Most of us are accustomed to think of cancer as a disease of adults. A trip to the Children's Cancer Research Foundation shows the horrors of cancer at perhaps its very worst, draining the life from even very tiny children. You can understand Dr. Farber's desire to search everywhere for cancer cures when you learn from him that cancer is now the leading cause of death from disease for children between the ages of three and fourteen.

I found the same determination and hope for the eventual successful use of chemicals in the cure of cancer when I talked to Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, who heads the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York City. There, at this great cancer research center, every reasonable lead is being actively pursued. Eight thousand chemicals have already been studied for possible curative or restraining effects on cancer in animals in a program directed by Dr. Chester Stock.

A substantial number of these 8,000 compounds have been found to show promise in animals. Those which give the best performances in the animal test and show the least toxic effects when fed or injected will be tried in human cancer patients. This program has already shown the importance in human cancer of several first cousins to the nitrogen mustards, which have the advantage that they can be taken by mouth instead of being injected by needle.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to study all compounds in human patients. A new compound is first tested by observing its effect on a cancer implanted in mice. Each cancer research laboratory has a different system of testing because there is not yet complete agreement on the best animal cancer test. As with many other diseases, the animal variety is not an exact duplicate of the human disease. A mouse is not a man. If a scientist finds that a particular chemical gives a stellar performance against animal cancer, he cannot immediately assume that human cancers will respond as well. However, if this same chemical

The cure for the dread disease may be hidden in some combination

does act against a whole group of different types of animal tumors, it would certainly seem worth trying in human cases.

By now, there is a good enough correlation between the laboratory tests and the results in human patients to make the animal tests a valuable adjunct in cancer therapy.

Scientists are giving a great deal of consideration to the difficult problem of devising improved laboratory tests. The present laboratory methods of determining whether a chemical will be effective in the treatment of human beings are not completely satisfactory. It may be that some important chemicals will slip through in the present screening methods. However, this is a calculated risk which must be taken until the perfect method is devised.

The ideal test would be one that would give results directly applicable to the human disease. For example, human cancer tissue transplanted into a small laboratory animal may eventually provide a more nearly ideal testing setup for new chemicals. This problem is being actively studied in many laboratories.

You might reasonably inquire whether large-scale, careful screening of compounds has ever really paid off in a treatment for sick humans—or is it merely a logical concept that is being tried in cancer because of the frightfulness of this particular disease?

Present-day medical practice employs some very important cures and treatments discovered as a result of the systematic screening of large numbers of chemical compounds. During World War II, one of the most serious medical problems which faced our troops in the Pacific was malaria. The Japanese had cut off our entire supply of quinine, the remedy most commonly used at that time for the treatment of malaria.

Quinine proved too difficult and too expensive to synthesize on a large scale. Instead, an intensive testing program was begun with compounds already available, and with many more tailor-made by chemists according to specific design.

Within a few years, 14,000 chemicals were screened against malaria in birds, the easiest and most inexpensive animal for the study of this disease. Any compound showing good results was next studied in monkeys. If the promising results were confirmed in monkeys, the compounds were exhaustively tested on human volunteers.

Systematic Studies Have Paid Off

The malaria study turned up some excellent new treatments. Quinine is actually no longer needed. Out of 14,000 compounds tested, at least 10 possessed real promise for the treatment of malaria. That project paid off well. If only a single compound of the 14,000 tested had helped control human malaria, we would feel extraordinarily well paid for our labors.

The active search for effective agents has been rewarding in many fields. Research scientists have systematically tested thousands of molds from all over the world, and they have discovered valuable antibiotics such as aureomycin and terramycin. These same screening methods will lead to many more discoveries of useful antibiotics.

In a quite different sickness—epileptic seizures—the intensive study of a large group of compounds has also given real dividends. About 20 years ago, Drs. Tracy Putnam, H. Houston Merritt and William Lennox, all at that time connected with Harvard Medical School, were dissatisfied with the treatment of epilepsy. The best agents for controlling convulsions were phenobarbital and bromides. But they were not adequate in severe cases. The specialists resolved to test every chemical compound they could find which was related to phenobarbital, because it was the most effective substance then known. In addition, they asked chemists to synthesize near relatives of phenobarbital.

The new chemicals were tested in cats which were given experimental epileptic convulsions. When any compound was found to protect the cats against this laboratory type of epilepsy, the toxicity of the chemical was studied. If it appeared promising and safe after intensive laboratory research, it was given a trial in the human disease. This search led to the discovery of dilantin, which has made life infinitely happier for thousands of epileptics.

Obstacles to a Screening Program

Why not simply apply all this logic and actual experience to the cancer problem and launch a truly comprehensive screening program? There are, unfortunately, practical obstacles to be overcome. First of all, there is resistance by some research workers. Many scientists are, understandably, dismayed by the magnitude and expense of such a task. They fear that such a program would take funds away from other equally important approaches in cancer research. (Let me make myself absolutely clear on this point: I favor expanded support of every promising phase of cancer research.)

Other scientists object to research of this kind as too applied and empirical. They regard it as unscientific because it seems to be a hit-or-miss affair, not dependent on carefully developed scientific theory. Or they protest that cancer is a unique disease in humans, and animal testing is useless.

I had my own answers to these objections, but wanted to check them with a man who has given this problem a great deal of time and thought, Dr. Murray Shear, one of the pioneers in this field and now chief of the Laboratory of Chemical Pharmacology at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, on the outskirts of Washington, D.C.

Dr. Shear is impressed with the importance of studying many varieties of chemical compounds for activity against cancer. He reminded me that several years ago he and his collaborators found that an old American Indian remedy for constipation caused extensive damage to animal cancers. It was an extract of the mandrake root. At almost the same time, scientists at the Sloan-Kettering Institute observed that this material prevented cultures of mouse tumor tissues from growing.

Dr. Shear's group at Bethesda have separated from the mandrake root at least three chemical compounds which dramatically destroy large portions of animal cancers. When they searched the scientific publications, they were amazed to learn that chemists had isolated one of these substances, podophyllotoxin, many years ago—in fact, 70 years ago!

Dr. Shear and I tried to discuss, as dispassionately as possible, some of the objections that are raised against the search for chemicals which would be useful in the treatment of cancer. He pointed out that it is good science to know when you must approach a problem by practical, empirical methods. There are many theories about the cause and cure of cancer, but to date there is no single, sound theory to guide researchers toward its cure.

Someday it may be possible to predict in advance what new types of compounds will be most useful in the treatment of

of the 98 elements. For $100,000,000 science can screen them all

cancer. Until then we should be humble enough to admit that nature has not yet revealed all the secret relationships between the structure of chemicals and their anticancer effects.

This branch of cancer research is today similar in some respects to the early days of astronomy. Thousands of stars and constellations had to be carefully mapped and charted before the astronomers could make their present exact evaluations of the heavenly bodies.

Maybe you are tapping your pocket at this moment and wondering who will pay the bill for testing the hundreds of thousands of compounds which have not yet been screened. It sounds like a staggering venture. I think it can be tackled successfully, and on a sound business basis, too.

Here are the facts. Dr. E. J. Crane, who heads the great abstracting service of the American Chemical Society, has estimated that approximately 500,000 chemical compounds have been made by the synthetic chemists. In addition, nature has provided roughly 30,000 more, as sugars, proteins and the like. The chemists are adding to their storehouse at the amazing rate of more than 30,000 new compounds a year. Dr. Crane makes a guess that, if the present rate of synthesis continues, we will have close to a million different chemicals by 1960!

I was curious to know what the experts would estimate as the cost of testing a new compound for its potential use in cancer therapy. I asked several leading cancer researchers. The estimates vary somewhat, but aren't too far apart. Dr. Rhoads gives a figure as low as $25 per compound for one of the several tests run at the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute. Dr. Howard E. Skipper of the Southern Research Institute in Birmingham, another of the active cancer research centers, made this statement: "Our cost for screening a compound for anticancer activity would run about $100 to $300. The more compounds run in one laboratory, the lower the cost per compound."

Estimated Total Cost Is Reasonable

How much would it cost to screen all the compounds we have? Is it actually an astronomical figure, frighteningly large? I don't think so. Let's take an average, for mass-production studies, of $100 as a fairly representative cost for screening a compound. Let us assume that, over a 10-year period, 800,000 compounds would be available for testing. This would mean 80,000 each year at $100 each, or a total annual expenditure of about $8,000,000.

The total bill for 10 years, adding extras for overhead costs, would run to roughly $100,000,000. That total breaks down to less than 10 cents a year for every American.

I can offer you an even better investment. It would pay extra dividends and would guard against the loss involved if no cancer remedies were found. We surely need a second line of defense for our investment of money, time, energy and scientific brains. The second line of defense would be to test the same chemicals not only in cancer but against poliomyelitis, tuberculosis, hookworm disease, leprosy and many other ailments which may very likely be treated or cured by chemical substances.

The compounds being tested for cancer could thus be simultaneously evaluated for their effects not only against cancer and other human diseases, but also against rats, mosquitoes, flies and other important conveyers of disease and epidemics. These chemicals could also be studied for their effects against weeds and as plant growth promoters. Even the farmer stands to gain directly from such a program.

If the search for a cancer cure didn't pay off, surely many other findings of great scientific and economic value would be made in such a study.

This program is not as visionary as it may sound. Many pharmaceutical laboratories are doing precisely this type of testing on a smaller scale. And a large-scale screening program such as I propose could be a profitable means of aiding the educational programs of many smaller colleges and institutions. Young scientists could find employment while they were studying for advanced degrees, thus providing opportunities for training many more researchers.

Are you wondering how such a vast collection of miscellaneous information involving a million chemical compounds could ever be filed away with a useful code?

Need for Central Card File

During the last 10 years, both in this country and abroad, research and statistical experts have given a great deal of consideration to techniques for coding such data. Electrical devices are available today which can scan such information so rapidly that even a million facts can be dealt with in a matter of minutes. By means of electronic or other devices, it will be possible to search through a central card file and learn in a very short time what compounds have been studied and shown to be useful.

Due to the vision of Dr. Milton Winternitz, formerly dean of Yale Medical School, there has been in operation in Washington for the past five years a Chemical-Biological Co-ordination Center. This agency specializes in methods of coding data which relate the structure of chemical compounds and their effects in biology and medicine. This organization has accumulated enormous experience which can, I think, be expanded to encompass this type of research.

The program I propose could also serve an important international role. The struggle against cancer and other diseases should be one in which all nations could work co-operatively. I hope that eventually the scientists of the world will work through a co-ordinating center at the United Nations in the search for chemical cures for cancer and other diseases. (The financial burden of such a program could also be greatly lessened if the costs were apportioned among all nations.)

Cancer is our most terrible killer. It stands second only to heart disease as the cause of death in adults. But cancer causes so much pain and horror and disfigurement that I would list it as our number one medical enemy.

The program I propose is not merely a matter of cold statistics. For all of us, it is, unfortunately, translated into tragic human facts. I see its sadness every day in my medical work and in my daily life. As I write this article, an old friend lies dying of such widespread cancer that neither surgery nor X ray can be helpful. It is a type which responds poorly to any treatment we know today. But somewhere in the world there probably already exists, or may be made before too long by some ingenious chemist, a substance which could be administered to this suffering, death-bound person to halt the malignant growth. That chemical must be made available for treatment as soon as is humanly possible. It must not be sidetracked and hidden on the chemist's shelf because he had no place to send it for a test against cancer.


STOP

BIG BUSINESS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

When Reggie Watson-Watson inherited twenty thousand pounds, he thought at last the lovely Amanda was to be his. Her Uncle Biffen, however, had a wad of useless shares in Smelly River Refineries he'd dreamed of unloading for lo, these many years

WHEN young Reggie Watson-Watson, last of the long line of Watson-Watsons of Lower Smattering on the Wissel in the county of Worcestershire, inherited twenty thousand pounds from a distant relative in Australia, his first move was to tell Amanda Biffen about it, she being the girl he loved with a passion that threatened to unseat his reason, such as it was. Her first move was to tell her uncle, Jasper Biffen, the retired financier, about it. And his first move was to send for the lucky legatee with a view to doing something about it.

For when a financier, even a retired one, learns that a pre-eminent sap like Reggie Watson-Watson has got his hooks on twenty thousand of the best, he does not just say, "Well, well," and, "Fancy that." He goes into his study, ties a wet towel about his forehead, has lots of black coffee sent in and sits down to think how he can get the stuff away from the sap. Mr. Biffen was a man who had many expenses, including a vast Tudor mansion to which he was sometimes heard to refer as "this blasted white elephant." So he was always in the market even for so trivial a sum as twenty thousand pounds.

Soon after Mr. Biffen summoned him, Reggie rolled up on his motorcycle, all merry and bright, singing Ol' Man River.

"Ah, Reginald, my boy," said Mr. Biffen. "Amanda has been telling me of your good fortune." He eyed the motorcycle and pursed his lips a little. "A costly toy!" he said with a touch of disapproval. "I hope, Reginald, that you are not one of those young men who, when suddenly enriched, squander their substance on frivolities and gewgaws?"

Reggie was quick to refute the charge. "Good Lord, no," he said. "I plan to freeze on to my little bit of splosh like glue. I was talking to the manager at the bank this morning, and he was telling me about a thing called Funding Loan. Don't ask me what it is, because I haven't the foggiest, but it's something run by the government, and you buy a chunk of it and you get back so much twice a year, just like finding it. They pay four per cent, whatever that means, with the net result, according to this manager bird, that my twenty thousand will bring me in eight hundred per annum, as the expression is. A pretty good egg, I call it, and one wonders how long this has been going on."

Mr. Biffen pursed his lips again. "Four per cent is not much."

"Isn't it?"

"Would you not rather receive fifty?"

Reggie said he would greatly prefer this alternative.

"Then the matter can be quite simply arranged," said Mr. Biffen. "I happen to have in my possession a number of shares in the celebrated oil concern, Smelly River Refineries. I can let you have twenty thousand pounds' worth of these, and you will secure a safe fifty per cent on your investment. You have made a close study of oil, of course?"

"Oh, rather. Sardines and all that."

"Precisely. I see there is no need to tell *you* anything about high finance. Sign here," said Mr. Biffen, producing from an inner pocket a number of stock certificates, a blank check, a fountain pen and a piece of blotting paper.

IT WAS with a bounding heart that Reggie went out into the grounds in search of Amanda. He found her on the tennis lawn, practicing drop shots, and lost no time in telling her the great news. His income, he said, from now on would be ten thousand pounds each calendar year, and this desirable state of things was entirely due to the benevolence of her Uncle Jasper. He advanced the theory that Mr. Biffen must have Santa Claus blood in him.

To his surprise, the girl, instead of running about and clapping her little hands, shot straight up in the air with a screech like that of a cat which has rashly sat on a too-hot radiator.

"You mean to say," she cried, coming back to earth and fixing him with a burning eye, "that you gave him the whole twenty thousand?"

"Not 'gave,' " said Reggie, amused. Women do not understand big business. "What happens on these occasions is that one chap, as it might be me, slips another chap, as it might be your uncle, a spot of cash, and in return receives what are called shares. And such shares, for some reason which I haven't quite grasped yet, are pretty dashed valuable. These Smelly River Refineries, for instance—"

Amanda uttered a snort which rang through the quiet garden like a pistol shot.

"Let me tell you something," she said, speaking from between clenched teeth. "One of my earliest recollections as a child is of sitting on Uncle Jasper's knee and listening, *(Continued on page 64)*

"Gotcher!" said Popjoy, reaching down to re-establish his grip on the scruff of Reggie's neck. Amanda carefully raised the wrench . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

With his old Princeton teammate, Dick Pivirotto, as blocker, Dick Kazmaier fades to pass in a Harvard Business School intramural touch football game

In huddle, Kaz maps play for team. Unlike regular football, there are six players on a side. They must gain 20 yards for the first down

With intercollegiate athletics behind them, the graduate students now play just for exercise. They call time out whenever they get tired

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

In 1951, Dick Kazmaier was Princeton's great grid hero

Now he's a graduate student at Harvard Business School

Now Kaz Plays Touch Football

A YEAR ago, Dick Kazmaier of Maumee, Ohio, was the most famous football player in the land. As a senior at Princeton, he led the Tigers to their twenty-second consecutive victory, through their second undefeated season in a row. Running and passing from his tailback position, he topped the nation in total yardage gained. In one game alone—against Cornell—he passed for three touchdowns, scored two himself, and set up still another pair. He not only was a unanimous All-America selection, but postseason awards poured in proclaiming him the outstanding player of 1951. Nevertheless, he turned down a lucrative offer to play professional football and hung up his cleats for good.

But the autumn of 1952 has found the five-foot eleven-inch, 175-pound backfield star out on a football field again. Instead of cleats, he's been wearing sneakers. And instead of sweeping the ends and completing long aerials for the Princeton varsity at Palmer Stadium, he has been running and passing for the New F1 Intramural Touch Football Team of the Harvard Business School league, in Cambridge, Mass.

The lengthy team name stems from the academic organization of the Harvard Business School. Students are divided into six sections, from A to F. The "new" indicates first-year men. Since there are several intramural squads in each section, numbers are used to identify them.

Kazmaier launched his touch football career in September shortly after he and Dick Pivirotto, Princeton's other great starting halfback of last year, began working toward their master's degrees in business administration at the Harvard graduate school. When the call went out for teams to make up a six-man touch football league, Kaz and Dick, who are roommates, reported early.

"We're kept so busy studying that we grabbed at the chance to play any kind of football," says Kazmaier. "It's almost the only kind of exercise we can get. The one catch is that everybody expects the old college players to do everything right. So we really have our troubles. With all of its passing, six-man football is almost as much like basketball as it is real football."

Kazmaier plays for New F1 on a practice field that lies between the university field house and the same Harvard stadium where last season he starred in Princeton's 54-13 drubbing of the Crimson. But the short distance between the fields makes a lot of difference. The intramural players wear old clothes and sweat suits instead of uniforms. The touch field is only 60 yards long against the standard 100 yards. Blockers cannot leave their feet. A one-handed tag stops a runner, instead of a tackle. Since the players are as much interested in exercise as competition, they play league and, later, pickup games as long as the weather permits.

Among the other graduate students on the Kazmaier-Pivirotto team are two former Harvard basketball players, a former varsity lacrosse player, and a Canadian who never played football before in his life. Kazmaier calls the plays and does a good share of the passing. And it isn't at all unusual to see a bespectacled opponent, who was never able to play varsity football as an undergraduate, crack through the line to tag the twenty-two-year-old halfback who just a year before was everybody's All-American. But in touch as well as in tackle, Kazmaier still comes out on top. In the intramural play, his team easily won its section championship.

Kazmaier has no regrets that he decided to limit his football to intramural touch. "Football as a game ended for me last year," he says. "If I had turned professional and continued playing, it would have become a business. I feel I'm better off in the long run at graduate school. It may take me a few years more to make a living, but I think it will be worth while."

From time to time during the regular collegiate football season, Lloyd Jordan, coach of Harvard's varsity, paused on his way to supervise practice in the stadium to watch the former Princeton star throwing passes and evading tags.

Recently, in answer to the obvious question, he said: "Sure I'd like to have Kazmaier on our team." Then he added contentedly as he recalled games past: "But I'd much rather have him carrying books for us than a football against us." ▲▲▲

Harvard coach Lloyd Jordan, who used to dread Kazmaier's feats at Princeton, now can watch him run with pleasure

Kaz frantically reaches out to tag Bob Jeffrey, who caught a long pass for the rival intramural team

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF

I Was Marooned On an Arctic Icecap

It was 20 below zero. A desert of snow five times the size of France stretched in all directions. Rescue was 500 treacherous miles away. Here is the story of eight days of frozen agony, sacrifice and heroism

By Capt. CHARLES W. (Smokey) STOVER, USAF with BILL DAVIDSON

THINK of a time machine transporting a party of explorers back 1,000,000 years to the ice age, and you will have some idea of what happened to me on the morning of last September 16th.

I was checking cargo in the cabin of a British Hastings four-engine transport over the uninhabitable whiteness of the Greenland Icecap. Suddenly I heard a rending, grinding noise, and I was thrown against the front wall of the cabin. I hung there for an instant, and then I was hurled the length of the cabin to the *rear* wall, banging against flying gasoline cans and my plane mates as I sailed by. This moment of chaos was followed by an awful silence. The plane was down!

I heard someone scream, "Let's get out of here before this crate catches fire!"—and I tumbled out into the snow. One of the crew members was lying there, his face covered with blood. We didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but we dragged him 50 feet to get him out of range of the explosive gasoline which flooded the area from sprung tanks. It was only then that I realized the mess we were in.

It was 20 degrees below zero and getting colder. We were in the center of the 800-mile-wide, 1,500-mile-long icecap (almost five times the size of France), at a point where the cap rose more than a mile and a half up into the air. No one had ever been able to live on this foreboding remnant of the ice age, except a handful of hardy scientific pioneers; and we were 500 miles from the nearest rescue planes. Not only that, but to my knowledge no aircraft had ever been able to land and take off in the rarefied atmosphere of this 8,000-foot-high desert of snow.

But our biggest problem was immediate. Unless we got our emergency survival equipment out of the crashed plane, we wouldn't even live through the night.

Just then, someone yelled, "Look out! The number three engine is on fire!"

How did I manage to get into such a predicament? How did I survive to tell about it? The story involves impressive acts of heroism performed by my 11 British comrades, and a heartwarming record of valor and ingenuity by the Americans and British who came to our rescue. During the ordeal, I saw man's best instincts come to the fore, experienced soaring hope and bitter disappointment and, in one simple religious ceremony in the cabin of the wrecked plane, I felt closer to God than ever before. Yes, the eight days I was lost in the ice age comprised the great-

Once again it's time to make a bowl of Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever — a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs; ¾ cup sugar; 1 pint milk; 1 pint cream; 1 oz. Jamaica Rum; 1 pint Four Roses; grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately egg yolks and whites. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after beating them very stiff. Mix whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add Four Roses and rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the grandest eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

* * *

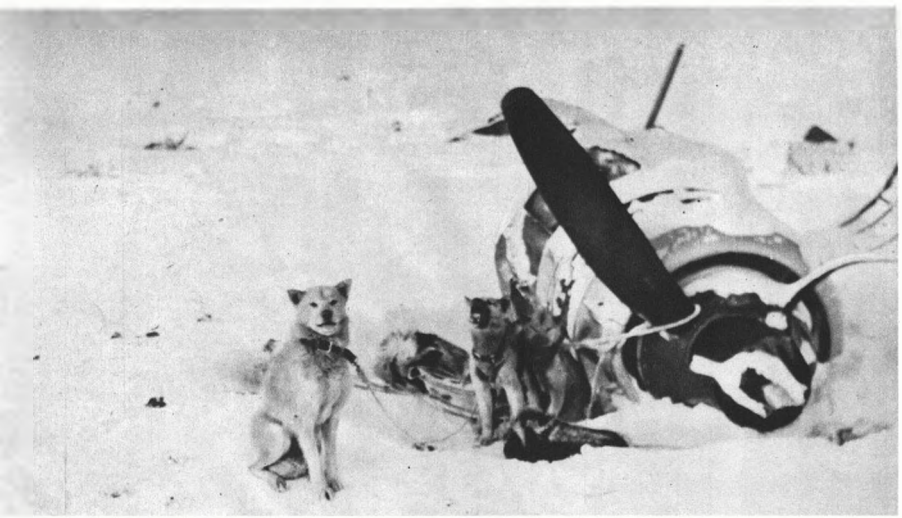
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you rather give (and get)

Four Roses

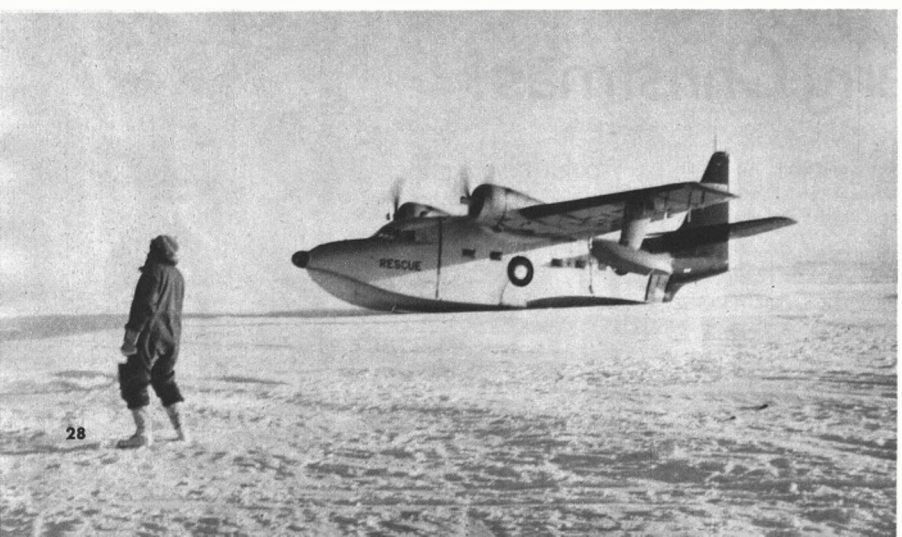
IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTON

The three badly injured men spent entire time inside cabin. Parachutes, hung for insulation, helped little against cold. Shown (l. to r.) Flt. Sgt. Frank Burke, the author and Maj. Donald S. Barker-Simson



Sled dogs belonging to Simpson expedition, which plane was supplying when it crashed, sit tied to wrecked engine. Crack-up tore two port motors out of plane. One caught fire, but men extinguished it

Rescue by air was thought to be impossible. But this SA-16, flown by Maj. H. S. Julin, of Table Rock, Neb., landed on snow pack, loaded injured aboard, then roared off icecap in jet-assisted take-off



Fate denied them relief from

est experience of my life. The beginning of my adventure goes back to March, when I arrived at Thule, the big new U.S. air base in northern Greenland, just 930 miles from the North Pole. Until then, I had been a fighter pilot in various parts of the world. But now I had settled down to maintenance work, an assignment the Air Force considered more suited to a sedate old gentleman of thirty-four with years of combat experience behind him. One of my jobs was to supervise an air lift of building materials and supplies to Nord, a new Danish weather station on the northeast tip of Greenland. I was so busy with this chore throughout the summer that I scarcely paid any attention to the arrival of crates marked "Simpson British North Greenland Expedition."

The Outpost at North-Ice

It wasn't until late August, when I drew a new assignment, that I realized Commander C. J. W. Simpson of the Royal Navy had landed with a good-sized party at Britannia Lake on Greenland's uninhabited northeast coast, 725 miles across the huge island from Thule. Commander Simpson had built a base camp at Britannia Lake and then had set out with five men and 30 dogs to attempt a hazardous 235-mile sled trip up onto the icecap. There he was to establish a three-man station to be known as "North-Ice." The men at North-Ice were to dig themselves into the frozen surface of the cap and remain there for two years, making scientific studies. My job was to assist the crews of two R.A.F. Hastings transport planes which had recently arrived at Thule to function as Commander Simpson's support. We were to drop all the building materials and supplies with which the Simpson advance party hoped to survive and establish North-Ice.

The first drop—a meager, preliminary run—took place successfully on September 15th, and at 7:45 A.M. the next day I set out in the second Hastings (a four-engine transport similar to our DC-4 and C-54). The pilot and captain of the aircraft was Flight Lieutenant Michael A. Clancy, a rotund, thirty-four-year-old Irishman from County Limerick, who had been one of the heroes of the Berlin Air Lift. Also aboard was another veteran of the big air lift, our loadmaster, thirty-five-year-old, bespectacled British Army Major Donald S. Barker-Simson. He had with him two young enlisted load specialists—Lance Corporal Brian Yates and Private G. Jones—and a photographer, Lance Corporal Brian Fussey. In the crew of the plane itself were the copilot, a sober English flight lieutenant named E. K. Adair; two young navigators, Flight Lieutenant R. E. Michie and Flying Officer L. E. S. J. Richardson; a thirty-five-year-old engineer, Warrant Officer R. R. Mosley; a radio operator, Flight Sergeant Frank Burke, a rugged young airman; and a young Welshman, Flight Sergeant J. Boyd, who served as steward, or aircraft quartermaster in the more lofty language of the R.A.F.

With some of the finest talent in the R.A.F. included in this crew, I was not surprised when they found the tiny speck of the Simpson camp in the middle of the vast icecap as easily as if they had been flying from London to Paris. Until they were directly overhead they had no radio contact with the ground party, and the two tents of the camp were nothing but a dot on the blinding white horizon.

But like Dom DiMaggio going after a difficult fly ball, they made it look easy.

As we circled over the camp, I heard pilot Clancy talking by radio to his old friend, Commander Simpson. The Navy officer said, "How very nice so nearly to see you again."

We made our parachute drops of the heavier material, and then we began a series of free-drop passes over the camp, during each of which we pushed out about 20 cans of gasoline. In order to prevent the cans from smashing in the fall, Clancy

the aching cold. Fire would have been their greatest comfort—and greatest enemy

brought the Hastings as low as possible—to an altitude of less than 100 feet. I remember Major Barker-Simson observing "Good Lord, you can put your foot out and drag it on the icecap." It was just after this comment that I found myself flying through the air without benefit of wings.

Apparently Clancy, up in the cockpit, had experienced an arctic phenomenon known as the "white-out," in which a mist blots out the horizon and the white sky blends completely with the white ice surface in a swirl of blowing snow. When that happens, you can't tell where one ends and the other begins. It's like "flying in a snowball," as someone once described it. Clancy didn't have any idea he was only 20 feet above the ice as he lowered the left wing to wheel the plane for his third pass at the drop area. The left wing ripped into the snowy surface at about 145 miles per hour.

Only superb piloting by Clancy prevented us from flipping over and being smashed to bits. As it was, he just managed to wrestle the right wing down, and the plane slid into a complete turn on its belly, grinding to a stop facing in the opposite direction. The two port engines were torn off, and the left wing was crumpled, but miraculously the cabin remained intact. This was the sight that greeted us as we tumbled from the wrecked aircraft—and we were still staring at it moments later when we heard the terrifying cry, "The number three engine is on fire!"

The shout, by engineer Mosley, galvanized us into action. We knew if the plane burned with our sleeping bags and other emergency equipment, we would be without shelter and the cold could kill us within a few hours. We sprang to the burning engine, dousing it with every piece of fire-fighting equipment we could lay our hands on. The fire sputtered and died before it could spread to the hundreds of gallons of high-test gasoline seeping from the plane.

But our troubles were just beginning.

As soon as the fire was out we assessed the extent of our injuries. We were all hurt to some degree. But the only serious casualty appeared to be the radio operator, Burke. It was his unconscious body we had dragged away from the plane right after the crash. Burke had deep cuts in the scalp and face, and he was suffering from concussion. We covered him up as best we could to keep him from freezing to death. Then, presumably because we were all in a state of shock, we milled aimlessly about, making silly remarks to one another. I recall saying to Clancy, "Do you always land aircraft this way?"

Shortly we looked up and saw a dog sled approaching. It was Commander Simpson and two of his party, rushing over from their tiny camp a mile or so away. Their arrival jolted us into a full realization of our predicament. We suddenly realized that their lives, as well as ours, were at stake.

In order to lighten their load for the difficult ascent onto the icecap, the Simpson people had stripped their equipment to the barest essentials, taking with them only two tents, their sleds and 26 ounces of rations per man per day. They and their dogs had reached North-Ice exhausted, weak with fatigue and hunger. They had taken the calculated risk of depending on our air drop for every item of food, shelter and clothing necessary to keep them alive when they arrived at their site on the icecap. Yet, the air drop hadn't even really begun, and here we were, 12 battered men for Simpson's six-man party to worry about in their own weakened and dangerously ill-equipped state.

Commander Simpson dressed Burke's wounds, and then we held a council of war. We decided that the fuselage of the plane provided the only possible shelter in the open, driftless waste, and that we'd all have to live in it. Simpson also decided to move his two-tent camp over to the wrecked plane to shorten our lines of communication. Then, slowly, the commander began to discuss our chances of getting out.

There was no thought of air rescue, which he believed to be impossible. "In a few weeks," he said, "we'll take you out to the east coast by dog sled. It'll be a rugged 300-mile trip, so you'd better prepare yourselves for it. It'll be twenty-five or thirty days of the toughest traveling you'll ever have to face in your lives. It'll be in the period of 24-hour-a-day total darkness, and we'll have to pick our way over a 75-mile-wide area that's criss-crossed with bottomless crevasses. We nearly lost a man in one of them in broad daylight on the way up here."

With these thoughts to chew on, we began to prepare our shelter for the night, moving all the cargo out of the fuselage of the wrecked plane and arranging the cabin into one small cooking compartment and one large sleeping section. Clancy and I took stock of our supplies. We found that we had rations for 10 days, and not nearly enough arctic clothing to go around. I had an extra pair of arctic boots and a spare parka with me, and I gave them to the shivering Britishers. The Simpson party, too, contributed whatever they could spare from their own meager supplies.

We seemed fairly well off for the time being—but in the midst of the inventory taking, loadmaster Barker-Simson suddenly sat down. "I can't walk," he said. "There's something wrong with my ankle." (It was broken.) About an hour later, I began to feel stiffness and sharp pains in my chest and back. Soon, I could do nothing but sit down alongside Barker-Simson. (I had fractured two ribs and two vertebrae.) We both just leaned back on a pile of gear, suffering excruciating pain.

In a matter of minutes, our difficulties had trebled. We now had three serious casualties instead of one—which made a 300-mile overland trip seem even more forbidding.

When the shock of our latest misfortune wore off, the nine able-bodied survivors continued to prepare our quarters. No sooner had they set up one of our two tiny emergency stoves in the rear of the plane than Boyd and Jones had a pot of tea brewing.

The sleeping compartment in the plane was not so easy to arrange. We could not light a stove in this section because it was too close to the gasoline fumes seeping from the sprung tanks in the wings. Also, because the metal floor of the cabin rested directly on the icecap, we had to insulate it with the four-inch-thick burlap-and-excelsior padding in which the air-drop cargo had been wrapped. Since this material, too, was highly inflammable, we decided we couldn't risk any open flame at all in the sleeping compartment. In fact, we posted a two-man fire watch in the plane at all times just to keep an eye on the completely stripped rear compartment where the cookstoves operated. Until the moment we were rescued, we never lost that overpowering fear of fire—because it spells almost certain death in the arctic.

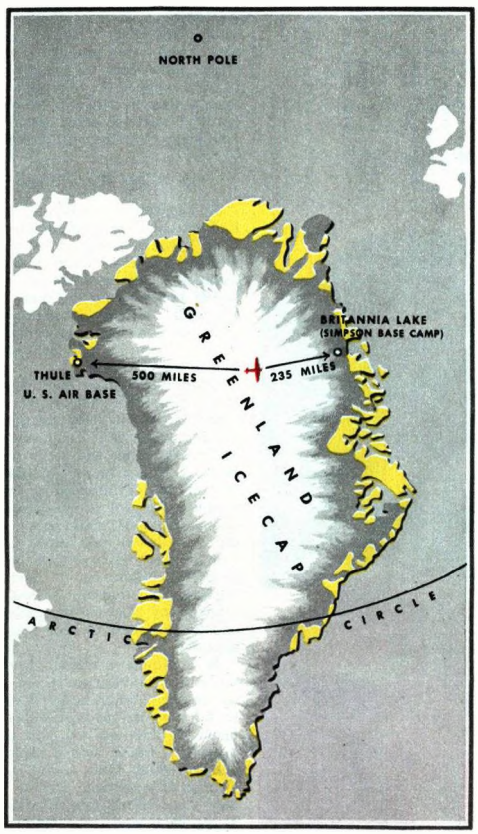
We went to bed when it got dark, at about four o'clock that afternoon. We three casualties were placed in our sleeping bags fully clothed, and Clancy and Adair made us as comfortable as possible on the excelsior-padded floor, where we were to lie for the duration of the ordeal.

I have never been so cold in my life. The temperature outside had dropped to about 30 degrees below zero. In the cabin it was about 15 below, and the 8,000-foot-thick ice just a few inches below me seemed to be jabbing a thousand icicles into my back. The others ate a meal of bacon, canned beef stew on hard bread, plus the inevitable tea—but I found that I couldn't eat. And I couldn't sleep.

I spent a miserable night, comforted by only one thought. Commander Simpson's radio operator, a remarkably tough Royal Navy petty officer named Kenneth Taylor, had managed to get a message through to Thule, using our aircraft's radio. It probably was one of the most roundabout messages in history. In one of those freaks of arctic radio transmission, Taylor couldn't reach Thule, only 500 miles away on the west coast. But he could contact Simpson's base camp on the east coast. So the message was relayed by Danish coastal radio stations all the way down the east coast to the southern tip of Greenland, and then all the way up the west coast to Thule, a total distance of perhaps 2,500 miles.

When I learned Taylor had gotten through, I rested a trifle easier. I guessed that the news of the crash soon would reach the outside world, and that my wife, Marjorie, in Portland, Maine, would at least know I was still alive.

I must have dozed a bit toward morning on Wednesday, our second day on the icecap, because



AL TARTER

Small red plane marks site of crash—in most desolate section of Greenland. Overland trip by dog sled would have taken 25 days to base camp on eastern coast. But supplies—and finally rescue—came by air from Thule

To treat the author's fractures, the cabin was

the next thing I knew, I was surrounded by the entire party, singing, "Happy birthday, dear Smokey, happy birthday to you." It was indeed my birthday—my thirty-fifth—and though I thought to myself, "This is a rotten way to be celebrating it," I don't think I have ever been quite so touched. I had mentioned the occasion on the way to North-Ice, and the Britishers remembered.

But this brief ceremony was only an interlude in another day of hardship. I looked up and noticed that two inches of frost had formed on the inside of the plane. Clancy noticed it, too. He whistled and said, "Men, unless you want to sleep in an ice cave, you've got some work to do." So they spent the rest of the day rounding up the parachutes with which we had dropped the heavier supplies the day before. Then they strung a network of parachute cords all over the cabin, draping them with layer after layer of parachute silk.

The Walls Were Silk-Lined

By nightfall we had two rather exotic-looking compartments about 5½ feet high, 7 feet wide and 15 feet long. The idea was to cut down the space as much as possible with insulated silk walls that would better retain the body heat we threw off. Actually, it didn't work very well, but it had an interesting psychological effect. We thought it was working, so we all felt better.

Shortly after noon on Wednesday, I heard Simpson's radio operator, Kenneth Taylor, yell, "Hey, the other Hastings is looking for us," and, sure enough, 10 minutes later the plane was overhead. U.S. Air Force Captain Oswald Wetzel, Jr., of Shreveport, Louisiana, who was the provost marshal at Thule, was aboard, and I could hear him shouting over the plane's radio, "How are you, Smokey? How serious are your injuries?" I couldn't move from my sleeping bag, but I told him as best I could, relaying my answers through Taylor—and he promised to drop supplies the next day.

It was quite a wrench hearing the voice of an old friend, so near and yet so far away. When he left I was swept by the most depressing feeling of loneliness. In addition, my pain grew progressively worse, and I developed a cough (which later turned out to be a touch of pneumonia). Now, the "icicles" were jabbing into my chest as well as my back, and I was tempted to ask for morphine. But I knew that morphine might deaden all pain to the extent that I might unknowingly allow my hands or feet to become frostbitten. So I fought off the impulse.

Then I tried to eat, but again I couldn't. It was the same menu Boyd and Jones kept on the stove three times a day—bacon, stew, hard bread and tea. But if it had been sirloin steak, I couldn't have downed it. The rest of the night was another ordeal of sleeplessness for Burke, Barker-Simson and me.

Thursday, our third day on the ice-cap, was eventful. First, Captain Wetzel came back in the Hastings, as he had promised, and dropped badly needed boots, parkas, sleeping bags, an aircraft heater (which was smashed in the drop), a bottle of whisky (which did *not* smash) and—wonder of wonders—mail! I read a week-old letter from my wife in which she told me that my oldest son, fifteen-year-old Charles J., as we call him, had gone out for the cross-country team at Portland High School, to strengthen his legs for basketball. I reflected about this information for a long time, vaguely brooding about whether he was going to outdo me as an athlete—until it suddenly occurred to me it was a strange reason for depression in the middle of a frozen wilderness I might never leave alive.

By this time, as the result of superhuman effort, Taylor and Mosley were keeping our emergency generators going, so that the powerful radio in the aircraft could contact Simpson's base camp on the east coast at regular hours —5:00 A.M., 11:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. Taylor, particularly, worked 15 hours a day, sometimes with bare hands in the bitter cold. As he walked past my sleeping bag for that afternoon's broadcast, I noticed his hands were a mass of frostbite blisters. When I commented on their condition, he winked and said, "Don't worry, chum, I can still work the key with my knuckles. Besides, my hands aren't too bad. It's just the skin."

That night, I had a chance to emulate Taylor's stoicism. Adair, worried about my condition, got on the radio and described my symptoms to the doctor back at Simpson's base camp. The doctor then gave him careful instructions, which he carried out.

Temporarily disregarding the risk of fire, Adair ordered all available lamps and stoves brought into the sleeping compartment. The concentration of heat raised the interior temperature from 39 degrees below zero to about 10 below zero. Then, with three men propping me up, Adair and Clancy stripped off my four layers of clothes. My skin turned blue with cold in a matter of seconds, but the men rubbed my bare body while Adair deftly strapped adhesive plaster around my torso. The entire treatment took no more than 15 minutes, but I didn't recover from the added pain of it for days. That night, for the first and only time, I asked for morphine—and I think I slept.

Able to Eat at Last

The next morning, Friday—our fourth day on the icecap—I ate my first food. The mess-gear was caked with the residue of a dozen previous meals because we had no hot water for washing. By this time, the men who had not been badly injured found that exercise made them feel comparatively warm, and they spent most of the 12 daylight hours retrieving the air-drop packages for Commander Simpson and helping him dig an excavation for the below-surface houses of his camp-to-be.

The icecap is comprised of billions of tons of compressed snow, not ice, and the men didn't actually dig into it; they cut it into blocks with large knives and carted it away. They complained of the altitude—the rarefied atmosphere sapped their strength after a few minutes' work—and they griped about how dirty and grimy we had all become.

In a way, it was rough on the able-bodied men. They had no diversions—nothing but working, eating and sleeping. They soon went through our limited supply of reading matter. They couldn't even play cards because you can't hold cards in four layers of mittens. Only Brian Fussey, the photographer, managed to keep busy. He spent

heated to 10 below—then he was stripped

most of his spare time trying to make a pictorial record of our ordeal. But he had more frustration than diversion. His cameras were frozen most of the time and he wasn't sure if one photo in a hundred would come out.

Throughout that day—Friday—Clancy seemed more than usually perturbed by our plight (the prospect of air rescue was becoming increasingly more remote), and he made several comments indicating he felt personally guilty for it. Then an inspiration struck him, and he came over to where I lay and said to me in his thick Irish brogue, "Me boy, we're goin' to have a little feast tonight." I asked him what he meant and he said that our group and Simpson's had arranged to consolidate our food for the evening. "Also," said Clancy, "we're goin' to have a little drink of angel's breath"—which is what he always called whisky. In short, with our lives at stake in the middle of nowhere, we were going to have a party.

It was a great party. All 18 of us crowded into the limited space of the parachute-draped compartment where we three casualties lay. We sang and told stories and drank hot toddies made with melted snow. Clancy was easily the star of the show. He told of his life as a "mercenary" among the British; he described the beauties of his native Limerick, and he recounted innumerable, hilarious tales about his family. In spite of the pain it caused me, I was still laughing at Clancy's stories long after the party broke up.

Our good spirits continued into the next day, Saturday, our fifth on the ice-cap, because this was the day our hopes of rescue first soared. The Hastings came over at noon with an air drop for the Simpson people. A British para-troop doctor was on board and he wanted to jump to help us. We begged him not to, because we felt there was little he could do for us, and he would only be another person for us to worry about on the long trek out.

In the midst of our wireless discussion with the doctor, Taylor, at the radio, said, "Hey, I've got contact with another plane—a rescue B-17!" We couldn't see it, but a moment later, through Taylor, I was speaking with U.S. Air Force Major Donald Bussey, of San Bernardino, California, a friend of mine from Thule. He said, "How you gettin' along, Smoke?"

I lied, "Fine. No sweat."

He said, "Is it possible to land some kind of aircraft there?"

I said, "What I've seen of it, I think it's pretty favorable for a C-47 on skis to come in and pick us up."

He said, "Maybe we'll try tomorrow or the next day. Could you outline a runway and set off smoke pots to indicate wind direction? And, when the rescue plane circles the area, could you

AIR FORCE PHOTO BY RAY V. GRABOWSKI

The author's wife Marjorie lights a cigarette for him at Sampson Air Force Base, Geneva, N. Y., the day after return from Greenland

Cold even trapped the rescue plane. It

have someone drive a dog sled down the runway in the direction you want us to land?"

With that, the radio contact faded out, but Bussey's words left us nearly beside ourselves with joy.

The following day—Sunday—Commander Simpson came in to see me and he said, "What's your religion, Smokey?" I told him I was a Protestant, and he asked, "Would you care to join us in an evening religious service? It will be a Church of England service from my Royal Navy handbook." Casually, I said sure, and I didn't think any more about it. But that night, from the moment the men filed into the cabin of the plane for the service, the spiritual impact of the ceremony hit me like a rock.

The danger of igniting gasoline was past now, thanks to evaporation, so we had two tiny kerosene lamps, the pale-yellow light of which flickered against the multicolored silk of the parachute draperies. The bearded, dirty men sat down and bared their heads. Without preliminaries, Commander Simpson opened his book and began reading the Collects of Thanksgiving in a soft, solemn voice: "O most blessed and glorious Lord God, who art of infinite goodness and mercy: We Thy poor creatures, whom Thou hast made and preserved, holding our souls in life, and now rescuing us out of the jaws of death . . ."

Deeply affected, I looked around the cabin. I have never seen such reverence and humility in men's faces. It seemed to occur to us for the first time just how close we had been to death and how thankful we must be to God for shepherding us through. I have been in the world's greatest cathedrals, but I have never known—I have never felt—a more churchly atmosphere. Here we were in a beat-up, wrecked aircraft, hundreds of miles from nowhere. We had three religions represented—Anglican, Protestant and Catholic—but we all faced the same isolation, the same problems, the same dangers, and we joined in common worship. There was no question of your God, or my God. We simply knew there *was* God, watching over us in the cabin of that broken plane.

Commander Simpson kept on reading: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name . . ." and the men answered. Then Clancy read a short service for himself and Burke, the two Catholics aboard—during which a great sense of peacefulness settled on the rest of us. After that, Simpson's men filed out as abruptly as they had come. The service was over—but the glow remained. It's a glow, I'm sure, none of us will ever lose.

Sunday night I suffered more pain than ever before, and if it hadn't been for the spiritual uplift of the afternoon ceremony, I don't think I could have borne it. The same was true of Monday, our seventh day on the icecap—our day of despair. From morning until night we waited for a radio signal, the sound of a plane's engine—anything to let us know that rescuers were on the way, or at least thinking of us. But nothing happened. I think that black Monday was one of the lowest points of my life.

But all the despair vanished at 8:00 A.M. the next morning, Tuesday, September 23d—the eighth day of our ordeal. Taylor came out of the radio compartment with a big grin on his face. He said, "Well, chums, they're coming. A Yank SA-16 is giving it a shot today, to try to take out the three

"I feel if I can't say something good about a person, I shouldn't say anything. And believe me, I keep my mouth shut about her!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

injured blokes." Heart-pounding excitement swept through the cabin at this news, but I tempered my optimism with the realization that the Air Rescue Service's Grumman SA-16 A (a twin-engine triphibian a little smaller than the DC-3) had never been able to take off or land successfully at these altitudes. I didn't say anything to the other men, however, and they swept outside, jabbering, listening for the first sounds of the plane's engines.

At 10:23 A.M., they heard the SA-16 approaching. Inside the cabin, we could just lie there, praying. Clancy stationed his men with smoke pots around a level section of the icecap, and Commander Simpson drove his dog sled down the runway. There was a breath-taking moment of silence, and then I heard a cheer go up from the men outside. The flying boat had put down—slithering along on the belly of its hull to a perfect landing. Moments later, it had taxied up alongside our wrecked aircraft, and I scarcely had time to say good-by to my comrades before I was bundled onto a stretcher and hustled over to the rescue plane—along with Burke and Barker-Simson.

But we were still a long way from safety.

In order to develop enough power for the take-off, the SA-16 had to be fitted with two JATO (jet-assisted take-off) units. Each weighed 200 pounds, and they had to be wrestled onto racks on either side of the fuselage. The SA-16's pilot, U.S. Air Force Major H. S. Julin, of Table Rock, Nebraska, didn't dare shut off his engines lest he couldn't start them again. So his crew and the Clancy-Simpson parties had to work in the unbelievable 60-degree-below-zero cold of the prop blast. Some developed frostbite, others dropped from altitude exhaustion. But somehow, after an hour of struggle, the JATO bottles were fastened in place. Then the aircraft was made ready for take-off. The pilot opened the throttles wide. But the plane didn't move! The warm hull had melted the surface, which had frozen again. We were locked firmly into the icecap!

There was a brief, panicky radio consultation with famed arctic expert Colonel Bernt Balchen, who was flying cover in a C-54 overhead. Balchen told them what to do. The SA-16's crew chief tumbled out, and organizing the ground party into two groups—one under each wing—they rocked the plane until it broke loose. But, in the ten seconds it took the crew chief to scramble back into the plane, the hull had frozen in again. By this time, however, Clancy had caught the idea. He and his men rocked us loose again.

The SA-16 made one take-off run and my heart sank as I realized the plane was lumbering along at about 30 miles per hour in the oxygen-thin air, much less than half its minimum take-off speed. I had visions of four *more* men—the crew of the SA-16—being added to our overland trek party. But then Major Julin swung into another take-off run. With all our fingers crossed, we waited. We felt the bumping of the icecap beneath the hull, then the hissing of the JATO units as they exploded, and suddenly there was no more bumping. We were in the air and headed back to Thule!

At this point, our ordeal was almost, but not quite, over. First, the heater went out in the plane, and to save Barker-Simson's frostbitten feet, the SA-16's medic had to hold them under his own parka, against the warm bare skin of his stomach, for the entire three hours of the flight. Then we had to race a blizzard that was converging on Thule. We reached the air base with only 30 minutes of fuel left in our tanks. And five minutes later the field closed in for the day! I never thought I'd be happy to see the ugly aluminum buildings of the remote outpost, but that afternoon they looked like the sky line of New York as I was unloaded from the SA-16 and rushed to the hospital.

Today, I am in the United States recovering from my back injuries, and I have had plenty of time to think. I think often of Clancy's brave men—who were rescued two days later—and of Commander Simpson's Royal Navy heroes who will huddle for two years beside the shell of our wrecked aircraft in what has been described as "the loneliest vigil in the world." I think, too, of the consummate skill with which U.S. Air Force Major Julin performed a supposedly impossible mission as a matter of routine. And I cannot conceive of the free world ever suffering defeat with such a combination of defenders standing guard. ▲▲▲

"Sure, when *I* want to do something, I'm just a small boy, but when *you* want me to do something I'm a big boy!"

COLLIER'S — AL KAUFMAN

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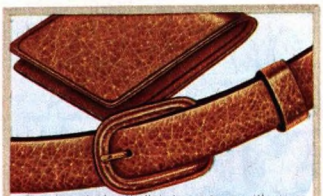

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Babygator Cowhide Wallet, secret pocket and pass case, $5. Babygator Cowhide Belt $2.00, Buckle $1.50. Set, smartly gift boxed, $8.50.*

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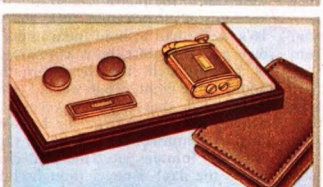
6-piece Bar Accessory Set with Capehorn handles. Set, gift-boxed, $17.95.* Each item may also be purchased separately boxed.



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Completely fitted man's Manicure Set in mahogany cowhide case, $10.95. Clothes Brush with cowhide back, $3.50.*

Woven Horsehead design Tie, Horseshoe Ascot Tie Guard, Set $5.*. Other designs in Blue, Grey, Red, Brown ties with complementary Ascots.

Complete man's Manicure Set in oval top-grain cowhide case with slide closure. $4.95.* Leather Bookcase Card Set, 2 decks, $3.95

Rod and Gun Lighter $5. 2" Shotgun Tie Bar $2.50. Set $7.50.* 2" "Neat Look" Tie Bar also sold in other sports designs.

Monterey Initial and Horsehead Panel Wallets $5 each.* Initial and Horsehead designs available on jewelry, lighters, belt buckles, etc.

Hunting Jewelry Set. Shotgun Tie Bar $2.50, Setter Cuff Links $2.50, Belt Buckle $2.50, Lighter $5.00. Set, in morocco box, $12.50.*

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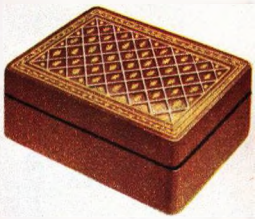

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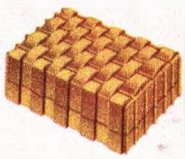

that make magnificent Stud Boxes for men

as well as practical Sewing and Jewel Cases for women

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"Now I'm just going to have to drag you away from these nice people, Monsieur Cortot," Mrs. Lancaster boomed

Mrs. Lancaster's Motion

By RACHEL THORNTON

Much blessed was Mrs. Lancaster. She had power, prestige, and a guest suite with a private sitting room. Was she to have, as well, the French Resistance hero?

MRS. RICHARDS felt a mild sensation of businesslike exhilaration as she looked down at the sheet of paper to which she had transferred, from various grubby and strangely shaped scraps, the final and hotly debated decisions of the executive committee of the Friday Evening Literary Society.

"Why do you buy notebooks to keep the proceedings in if you're going to leave them at home?" Mr. Richards had demanded, before he vanished behind the evening paper. "Why 'Friday Evening Literary Society'? There isn't any other."

But Mrs. Richards, accustomed to hearing these comments after every meeting of the executive committee, had merely sh'shed him violently and continued her work.

Date: December 10th. Just enough time before the paralyzing effort of coping with Christmas vacation.

Fee: $250. It was more than they wanted to pay, but it was the lowest price mentioned in the pamphlet put out by The Becket Bureau: Lectures and Concerts Arranged; Theatrical Entertainments of All Kinds.

Tickets: $1.50. A little high, but if the price of speakers had gone up, so must the price of tickets. And after all, a hero of the French Resistance—

Speaker: M. Jean Cortot. He was very handsome, she decided, studying the gay young face that had survived even the shadowy technique used by the Becket Bureau's photographer to make the lecturers distributed by the bureau resemble ectoplasmic materializations. Really very handsome indeed. (Though it was never safe to be too sure. There had been the naval officer presented by the literary society two years before, whose gilt-bedecked cap had concealed, above his neatly regular features, a skull as smooth, as whitely rounded as an egg.)

Not, of course, that the speaker's looks mattered in the slightest. Not in the very slightest. It was simply a fact that M. Cortot—fortunately photographed hatless—was a very good-looking man; just as it was a reassuring fact that, according to the Becket Bureau, his English was perfect.

Publicity: Mrs. Morton.

Ticket Sale: Mrs. Brewster.

Arrangements: Mrs. Truitt. Here Mrs. Richards' pencil, which had been speeding briskly over her list, wavered to a halt, as resentment overcame her. Not that she had anything against Adele Truitt personally—you couldn't have anything against anyone as spineless, as weak-kneed as Adele—but it was becoming clearer at every meeting of the executive committee that Adele was simply a tool, positively a toady, of Mrs. Lancaster. All of Mrs. Lancaster's suggestions—and there were a great many of them—Adele greeted with small cries of enthusiasm, and she always, absolutely always, voted with Mrs. Lancaster and against Mrs. Richards.

And when you considered that Mrs. Lancaster, as president of the literary society, was really meant to be just a figurehead, stately but impotent, that she was on the executive committee only ex officio, whereas Mrs. Richards, after a strenuous campaign, had been *elected* chairman—well, it was perfectly obvious that Adele was simply overwhelmed by Mrs. Lancaster, by the distinguished family of which she talked continually and by the wealth to which she never had to refer since it was so glaringly apparent. Oh, Adele's behavior toward Mrs. Lancaster was ridiculous.

Take this very afternoon, for instance, when everything, every single thing, had been decided, and there was the noise of chairs being pushed back and handbags and compacts being opened, and Mrs. Lancaster had suddenly rapped on the table with a heavily ringed hand. "Ladies, ladies. One more detail. It has occurred to me, now that our executive committee has been enlarged to

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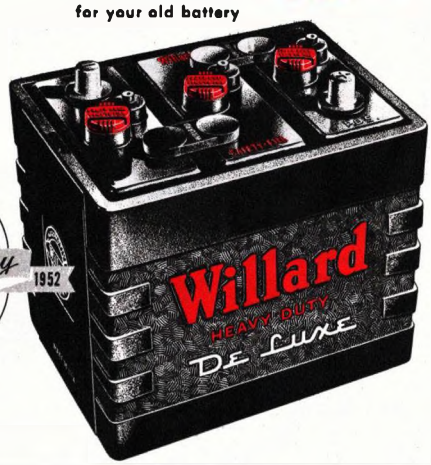

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nine, wouldn't it be wiser if we abandoned our custom of having the whole committee seated on the platform behind the speaker, instead of in the audience? I feel that such a large group may detract from the speaker, that it might be better if we had just, say myself as president—or perhaps if someone else were doing the introduction—if we had just one or, at the most, two people on the platform . . ." She gave a wide, firm smile, which for some reason reminded Mrs. Richards vividly of a dentist she had had in her youth. "Suppose we put my little idea to a vote before we adjourn?"

And Adele had immediately said, "Oh, yes, Mrs. Lancaster," and then, according to parliamentary procedure, "Aye," as she beamed—or fawned—upon Mrs. Lancaster.

But Jane Morton, dear Jane, had kept on getting into her coat and adjusting her hat. "I think we ought to debate the motion, Mrs. Lancaster," Jane said. "We've always felt that having the committee on the platform sort of—well, symbolized the work we all do for the society. We ought to discuss it before we change. But I've got to run, and I expect everyone else—"

And the meeting broke up in a chatter of voices, over which Mrs. Lancaster had called to Mrs. Richards, "Well, we'll settle it at the next meeting."

WELL, you could see that Mrs. Lancaster wanted the committee to do all the work, while she, she alone, sat on the platform and took the credit. But in spite of her steam-roller tactics, in spite of Adele Truitt, it wasn't going to be that way. Scowling, Mrs. Richards put a check mark against *Arrangements: Mrs. Truitt.*

Hostess: Mrs. Lancaster. Here Mrs. Richards' pencil again halted. Of the ladies of the executive committee, only Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Lancaster had guest rooms, and while Mrs. Richards' guest room was perfectly adequate, perfectly—after all, she could always move Francesca's evening dresses and Mr. Richards' golf clubs out of that closet for the night—still, Mrs. Lancaster had what she described as a guest suite, lavishly consisting of a bedroom, a bathroom and a private sitting room.

"Though it's really nothing," said Mrs. Richards aloud, "but a bedroom with a desk in it and a sofa."

The evening paper was lowered convulsively, and Mr. Richards' startled eyes appeared above it. "What did you say?" he asked with cautious alarm.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Richards crossly. "Nothing at all," and Mr. Richards, after peering at her for a few minutes, retired again behind the paper.

Still, the possession of that so-called sitting room, combined with Mrs. Lancaster's majestic ruthlessness, or perhaps (Mrs. Richards was willing to be perfectly fair) just an unparalleled run of luck, had given Mrs. Lancaster a staggering series of triumphs as hostess to the lecturers imported by the literary society. Mrs. Lancaster had had the very distinguished actress who, Mrs. Lancaster reported, had told her all sorts of fascinating confidential gossip about stage and screen stars that she simply wouldn't dream of repeating; and Mrs. Richards had struggled with the bald naval officer, who was even harder to talk to than he was bald.

Mrs. Lancaster had entertained the Polish pianist with the entrancing accent, who had—if you could believe her—played to her alone for hour after hour because she was such a sensitive, understanding audience; and Mrs. Richards had had the excessively minor poetess, whose aggressive vegetarianism had forced her hostess to eat raw tomatoes at eight in the morning, while Mr. Richards and Francesca devoured delectable-smelling sausages on the cellar steps. Mrs. Lancaster had had the best-selling novelist, who was, she claimed, infinitely more interesting than his books; and Mrs. Richards had had to deal with the retired senator, who suffered a severe attack of indigestion at four in the morning.

And Mrs. Richards had drawn the child psychologist, who, through her ferociously glittering bifocals, clearly looked at Francesca Richards, aged eighteen and the idol of her parents, as the lamentable result of a long series of irretrievable blunders by her mother.

And now Mrs. Lancaster was to have the French Resistance hero. "I'll be delighted to entertain him," she had said, looking at the handsome pictured face. "I can put him up so easily in my guest suite, and he can have real privacy in my guest sitting room. It's no inconvenience to me, no inconvenience at all. We mustn't let the group's activities upset Mrs. Richards' sweet little home."

Mrs. Richards gave what can only be described as a regrettably unladylike snort of exasperation, and Mr. Richards apprehensively drew the newspaper closer around him.

Francesca entered the living room and, leaning down over the littered desk, hooked her round chin uncomfortably over her mother's shoulder. "Ke-en," she said piercingly into her mother's ear, as her bright eyes lighted on M. Cortot's photograph.

And Mrs. Richards, annoyed to realize that she had been thinking much the same thing, said, sharply, "Don't talk so foolishly, Francesca."

"Absolutely Charles Boyer," Francesca said, reading over the Becket Bureau's lyrical description of M. Cortot. "When's he coming, Mama? Is he going to stay here?"

"Next week. Staying with Mrs. Lancaster," said Mrs. Richards.

"Nothing he went through in the war will compare with that," Francesca said, and Mrs. Richards, marveling for the millionth time at the resemblance between herself and her darling child, rebuked her halfheartedly.

Francesca kissed her mother and said she was going out. "Over to see Elly Flather, Mama. I'll be home early."

"If Mrs. Flather is there, tell her I'll call up about meeting M. Cortot," Mrs. Richards said, checking the last item on her list. *Reception: Mrs. Flather and Mrs. Richards.* Mrs. Flather would undoubtedly wear her mink, and Mrs. Richards would equally undoubtedly wear her five-year-old tweed. Mrs. Flather would wear her mink because she wanted to, and Mrs. Richards would wear her tweed because she had nothing else to wear. Still, it had been much more important to get Francesca the beguiling rabbit-fur evening wrap, above which her radiant face shone so happily. And the tweed coat was all right. Almost all right, anyhow. It was warm enough, and when it was held correctly about Mrs. Richards' still-slender figure, the worn place at the waist hardly showed at all.

BESIDE Mrs. Flather, resplendent and apparently perfectly comfortable in her mink, Mrs. Richards, holding the coat correctly, shivered on the station platform. She reflected that perhaps the tweed coat was not so warm as she had thought, or perhaps the evening was unusually cold. And certainly the train was dreadfully late. It was eight fifteen now, and the lecture was scheduled for eight thirty. For some one, or perhaps all, of these reasons, Mrs. Richards felt extremely cold; and a surreptitious glance at her compact confirmed her suspicion that her nose had turned a conspicuous scarlet. But before she could apply a camouflaging layer of powder, the train at last rumbled in.

M. Cortot, unmistakably M. Cortot (though much younger than Mrs. Richards had expected) swung lightly down the steps, as Mrs. Richards followed Mrs. Flather toward him. Mrs. Flather extended her hand, and M. Cortot, lowering his handsome head, gallantly kissed it, to Mrs. Flather's obvious and rather awkward surprise. Mrs. Richards, forewarned, was able to receive the kiss on her own hand with what she felt was great aplomb, even though doing so involved releasing her grasp on her coat and revealing the worn place.

Not that M. Cortot seemed to notice or care. He was apologizing volubly—and how crudely guttural the Polish pianist's accent appeared in retrospect—for the train's lateness, his own late-

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ness. "But how good of you to meet me," he said, "how very good. American ladies are not only the loveliest and the best-dressed but so kind, so very kind. I used to mourn that I was a bachelor; but now I think perhaps I shall marry an American, and that would be best, would it not? But I must not talk always about myself. Is—I beg your pardon—one of you the Madam Lancaster with whom they tell me I am to stay?"

There was no time to reply, for from the other end of the platform came a peremptory blast of the horn from the car, in which Mr. Flather, who was to convey them to the lecture hall, was already starting the motor. There was just time enough for Mrs. Richards, scurrying along, to observe happily that, while M. Cortot's English was excellent, it was not absolutely perfect. For he pronounced Mrs. Lancaster's name as though he were speaking of a spindly autumn flower, a lank aster, an error that Mrs. Richards knew would not amuse the lady in question.

Mrs. Lancaster was extremely proud of her husband's elegant patronymic and apt to sprinkle her conversation with names of ancestral statesmen and even occasionally harked back to a Duke of Lancaster, whom Mrs. Richards cynically believed to be mythical. No, Mrs. Lancaster was not going to enjoy what Mrs. Richards considered a perfectly charming mispronunciation. Lank aster. How quaint!

Mrs. Flather, panting as she ran, was only able to gasp, "No, I'm Mrs. Flather, Elinor Flather, and this—" when Mr. Flather, who was, Mrs. Richards felt, neurotically punctual, began wildly racing the motor, and they tumbled into the quivering car.

"You girls don't realize how late it is," he scolded, as the car jerked forward. Earlier in the evening, he had positively bellowed in anguished protest when Mrs. Richards had had to go back into her house to leave a note asking Francesca to be sure to join her at the reception after the lecture, since Mr. Richards would not be able to come. (It was certainly a strange coincidence that on every evening when the literary society gave their entertainment, Mr. Richards invariably had something terribly important to do, something that couldn't possibly be postponed. This time it was getting the income-tax figures together.

THEY covered the few blocks to Linthicum Hall in one prolonged, careening skid, which reduced even the talkative M. Cortot to silence, until they drew up at the rear of the hall.

Mr. Flather, flushed with triumph, turned and smiled as cheerfully at M. Cortot as though they had been properly introduced, as though they were old friends. "I got you there, kid," he said, "in spite of them. You've got just under half a minute."

M. Cortot—he couldn't have understood the implications of Mr. Flather's extremely rude and completely unfair remark—shook his hands above his head in a prize fighter's gesture of congratulation, before he hurried after Mrs. Flather and Mrs. Richards into the part of the hall behind the stage. Mrs. Lancaster—lank aster, Mrs. Richards mentally corrected—was awaiting them, her face flushed, her vast and monolithic bosom heaving. "I was really afraid you weren't going to be here in time," she said, casting a cold glance of rebuke at Mrs. Flather and Mrs. Richards; and she swept M. Cortot off as though she were an elderly and indignant shepherdess receiving a lost sheep brought in by two exceptionally incompetent sheep dogs.

"Well, really," said Mrs. Flather, hunching her mink about her shoulders, as though she were seeking solace in its soft warmth for the coolness of their reception. Mrs. Richards made an answering face, which she hoped indicated not only amused exasperation but implied also that this was just what you might expect from the overbearing and pretentious Mrs. Lancaster.

She must have succeeded to some extent in her meaningful grimace, for Mrs. Flather smiled back at her as they tiptoed up the short flight of stairs that led to the platform where Mrs. Lancaster was concluding, somewhat breathlessly, her peroration. "—and so it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you someone who, from his own experience, can tell us the real story of those unknown heroes who, working in deepest secrecy, whose exploits were unknown even to their families, or whose families bravely preserved the same secrecy, were the men who helped to save our civilization: M. Jean Cortot."

THERE was a spatter of applause, and beneath its cover Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Flather continued their stealthy advance onto the platform, where the seats of the executive committee always had been, were supposed to be. But tonight, as they stepped forward from behind the sheltering curtain, there was nothing, absolutely nothing, on the stage behind M. Cortot, except a small wooden chair filled to overflowing by Mrs. Lancaster's ample form, and the two vast and gilded imitation thrones which, unoccupied within the memory of man, stood as decorations on either side of the platform.

With a small gasp of protest, Mrs. Flather slipped back behind the curtain; but Mrs. Richards stopped, outraged at this sudden revelation of Mrs. Lancaster's treachery, at her tyrannical assumption that without even the formality of a vote, she could depose the entire executive committee from the places they had always occupied. Well, perhaps Mrs. Lancaster could bully the rest of the committee; she could not overawe its chairman. Though she was convinced that every eye in the audience was fixed upon her and her five-year-old tweed, Mrs. Richards marched self-consciously to one of the thrones and, with what ease of manner she could muster, settled herself upon its awkward and unyielding seat. M. Cortot smiled cheerfully, welcomingly at her, before he began his speech.

Not that Mrs. Richards heard one word. She was barely conscious of the sound of his pleasantly accented voice, as she considered the extent of Mrs. Lancaster's perfidy. Was this a declaration of open warfare? Did Mrs. Lancaster really think she could simply ignore the executive committee and its chairman? Where were the other members of the committee? Mrs. Richards longed to peer into the audience, to see if she could locate them. She was afraid of what her crimson face might reveal if she turned it away from M. Cortot.

Did Mrs. Lancaster intend to take over the entire literary society, occasionally dispensing crumbs to such toadies as Adele Truitt? Could Mrs. Lancaster have known that the train was going to be late, that there would be no time for Mrs. Richards to say—pleasantly, oh, perfectly pleasantly—"Why, the men have forgotten to put the chairs for the committee on the platform."? Had Mrs. Lancaster counted on her not daring to take one of the thrones?

Mrs. Richards, seething with rage, admonished herself to be reasonable. There was no possible way in which Mrs. Lancaster could have known the train was going to be late. Perhaps Mrs. Truitt had told the men to put the chairs on the platform, and they had forgotten. Perhaps, but Mrs. Richards certainly didn't think so. What she thought, in fact, was thoroughly unpleasant, and it must be recorded that she was taking a morbid pleasure in the dark ferocity of her reflections when, amazed, she was roused by the sound of her own name in M. Cortot's delightful accent.

"—Richards, Francis, or perhaps Frank Richards," he was saying in carefully Anglicized form, "for he was an American; but to us French who worshiped him, who followed him into the incredible dangers he took so lightly, he was François Richard, a name that will be honored while France lives."

Mrs. Richards tried to keep her eyes fixed determinedly on M. Cortot, but she knew the heads of the entire audience had turned toward her, and she saw Mrs. Lancaster's astonished glance toward the throne in which she sat, trying to look completely un-self-conscious. M. Cortot continued to describe the brave deeds of François Richard, who had apparently been the most daring, the most admired of all the men in the Resistance. He spoke of fantastically ingenious disguises, of terrifying parachute jumps, of incredible feats of espionage beneath the very eyes of the Germans, and of hair-raising escapes.

"Nor do I wish you to think," he said, "that this man was—how shall I put it? —only a fighter, a daring adventurer, who helped France solely on that level. No, he was also a man of incredible brilliance, of intellectual achievement, and his advice was sought and taken by generals and prime ministers, by presidents and kings. But always he remained the same, as modest and self-effacing as he was gallant and chivalrous, a true gentleman by the standards of France and of America. Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot close my brief record of the Resistance better than by asking you to honor, in the name of François Richard, the best qualities of our two great sister nations. I thank you."

TO THE sound of applause, he bowed and stepped back. Mrs. Lancaster came forward to thank him, to ask the audience to move to the back of the room or come up onto the platform while the chairs were removed, and then "refreshments will be served, and I hope that there will be an opportunity for many of you to meet M. Cortot, whose talk we have all so much enjoyed."

Amid the rattle of folding chairs, the scrape of footsteps, as people moved backward and forward in chattering groups, Mrs. Lancaster sailed majestically toward Mrs. Richards. "My dear, I am so sorry about your awkward little contretemps in coming up on the stage," she burbled. "Adele Truitt thought that, before we debated about keeping the committee off the platform, we ought to try it this way so as to see the effect. And then you were so late, you naughty girl, I simply didn't have time to warn you. Not that silly little details like who sits on the stage matter, do they?" She gave an airy laugh and dropped the subject. "Such a funny coincidence about your name and the name of the American he admired so much. Though of course Richards is a rather common name."

Mrs. Richards' simmering rage came suddenly to a boil so tempestuous that she never paused to consider whether by "common" Mrs. Lancaster meant vulgar or simply widespread. "Not in the least," she heard herself say with stony dignity. "That was my husband's brother he was talking about."

She braced herself for the bolt of lightning that would surely tear through the shingled roof of Linthicum Hall to annihilate her; but all that happened was that Mrs. Lancaster's heavy jaw dropped, and the swift raising of her eyebrows made her pince-nez quiver on its golden chain. "How perfectly extraordinary!" she said. "Why on earth didn't you ever tell us about him?"

NOT having been struck dead, Mrs. Richards decided to take another chance. "It was just as you said in your introduction," she said calmly. "We weren't supposed to mention it."

Mrs. Lancaster looked at her with some distrust. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," she repeated slowly. "Have you told Monsieur Cortot? How excited he will be!"

"There wasn't time to tell him," Mrs. Richards stammered, feeling the tell-tale scarlet creep up her throat, feeling Mrs. Lancaster's small, and now definitely suspicious, eyes boring deep into her horrified brain. Oh, good heavens, how—why had she ever said such a fantastic thing? "The train was late. He—I barely had time to speak to him. Now I must find Francesca and go. I have to—"

Mrs. Lancaster put a ringed and irresistible hand upon Mrs. Richards' reluctant arm. "We'll just go and tell M. Cortot right now," she purred. "Francesca's right over there talking to him, and you and I can go tell him about your husband's brother. What a wonderful surprise for him!" And she drew the appalled Mrs. Richards toward the group around M. Cortot. Francesca, in her rabbit-fur wrap, was smiling up at him, unaware of the disgrace awaiting her mother and herself.

Mrs. Lancaster touched Francesca's shoulder. "Now, dear," she said commandingly, "we can't let you monopolize the guest of honor entirely," and Francesca's happy face fell. With the embarrassed expression of a humiliated child, she moved hastily away.

"M. Cortot, here's someone you'll really want to meet," Mrs. Lancaster said. Limp and dazed with anguish as she was, Mrs. Richards was still able to notice the small and futile gesture of restraint that he made toward Francesca's retreating back and the startled lift of the eyebrow with which he punctuated Mrs. Lancaster's unfortunate phrasing. A few people moved away, and Mrs. Richards was propelled toward him by her captor.

"Mrs. Richards," said Mrs. Lancaster, "tells me that it is her husband's brother, her brother-in-law, of whom you were speaking, the American hero, Francis Richards. I just wondered if you knew. It seemed so extraordinary I simply couldn't believe it."

Was there an instantly hidden flicker of laughter in M. Cortot's bright dark eyes, turned so quickly to Mrs. Richards' stricken and guilty face? She had scarcely time to wonder, for her astonishment was so great as he took her hand in both of his and pressed it warmly. "But of course, of course I knew. But certainly," he said with bland assurance, "I knew all about it. Was she too modest to say? Did she not tell you that is why I persuade this charming lady to sit on the platform?"

Mrs. Richards, blinking, wondered whether she or M. Cortot were insane. There wasn't a word of truth in what he had said, not in one charmingly accented syllable, any more than in what *she* had said. It might be better to confess everything instantly, even if it meant confirming the distrust still lingering on Mrs. Lancaster's disappointed face. She could say it had been a joke. "Look—" she began.

But M. Cortot interrupted her. "I knew all about it," he repeated firmly, as Mrs. Lancaster fell back discomfited, and he drew Mrs. Richards farther away. "Let me get you a cup of punch. Come over here with me."

Mrs. Richards, bewildered and giddy, followed him toward the punch bowl. She must try somehow, if it were possible, to explain. Perhaps he thought she was insane and must be humored. Perhaps—this was an even less welcome thought—he thought she was simply a hopeless lover of the limelight who would do anything to attract attention. She took the rather sticky cup of punch he handed her, with a trembling hand. "I made all that up," she whispered miserably. "I can't tell you why just now, but I did. My husband hasn't even got a brother."

"There isn't any François Richard either," he whispered back. "I made him up, and I will tell you why. Because the Americans who were with us had names like Schultz and Kennedy and Worthington, names impossible for a Frenchman to pronounce properly. So I put them all together, and I invent François Richard, with a name that can be French or American. And then I see that the large lady who was so very rude to the pretty girl wishes me to contradict you, and so . . ." He laughed. "And I am sure you had an equally excellent reason. Come, let us drink to François Richard." He raised his cup.

MR. FLATHER'S broad face appeared behind M. Cortot's smiling one. "A fine talk, kid," he said cheerfully. "Mrs. Lancaster's looking for you. It's time to break up the party and go home. And Francesca wants *you*," he continued to Mrs. Richards, as Mrs. Lancaster, distantly followed by Francesca, bore down upon them.

"This is my daughter Francesca, Monsieur Cortot," Mrs. Richards said.

Mrs. Lancaster boomed, "Now I'm afraid I'm just going to have to drag you away from all these nice people, Monsieur Cortot, and take you home with me. Mrs. Richards, here, was kind enough to offer to put you up in her little guest room, but I felt—"

"So you are the Madam Lanc-aster with whom they tell me I am to stay," M. Cortot said.

Mrs. Lancaster gave him an admonitory glance. "Lan-caster, Monsieur Cortot," she corrected.

"Madam Richards and I spoke just now of the difficulty of pronouncing American names," he said. "But about tonight"—he glanced briefly back at Francesca's adorable face—"of course, if Madam Richards will be so kind as to accept me, I must stay with her family, the family of François Richard. It would be"—his excellent English faltered, and as he smiled at Francesca he seemed to be choosing from among several possible words—"an honor," he concluded.

"Why, we'd be delighted," Mrs. Richards said. "My husband and Francesca and I—we'd be absolutely delighted."

"Then that is settled," said M. Cortot, smiling amiably at Mrs. Lancaster. "You do understand, do you not, madam? It is almost a family obligation to stay with the kind Madam Richards and her husband and—Francesca?" He cocked his dark head inquiringly to one side.

"Named for her uncle," Mrs. Richards murmured, avoiding Francesca's puzzled eyes. As she and M. Cortot smiled at each other in perfect understanding, she reflected comfortably that judging from the air of exuberant gaiety with which he took Francesca's arm, she'd have plenty of time to clear out the guest-room closet before he got there. She might even have time to jot down the agenda for the next meeting of the executive committee. And she had a feeling that Mrs. Lancaster's motion was going to be defeated. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"Yoo-hoo! Have my frozen millponds come in yet . . . ?"

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There was the time Viveca Lindfors and Melvyn Douglas found snow in the parlor. Snow-making crewmen had overshot the mark

Television Boners

By PHILIP MINOFF

TV's slips don't show very often—but when they do, they're spectacular. Viewers take a fiendish delight in television's embarrassing moments. Producers take aspirin

THE chase was reaching its climax, and television viewers watching the exciting episode of Treasury Men in Action clutched the sides of their easy chairs as the fugitive led his pursuers across a rooftop. Suddenly, the hunted man plunged off the edge and went hurtling dizzily to the ground below.

Were the viewers at home startled? Well, not half as much as they were a second later, when their screens showed an NBC make-up girl hastily daubing the victim's face with "blood," while he calmly accepted her strange ministration.

Television had committed another boner, the kind that makes producers and directors old before their time, but which furnishes the more sadistic TV fans with moments of priceless delight.

In a field where production schedules are almost impossibly demanding, and where there's no such animal as a "retake," the number of such whopping errors is remarkably small. But when they are made, they're generally much more spectacular than any slips that find their way into a Hollywood film.

Over the years, the boners perpetrated by the movie-makers have followed a familiar pattern: a swimmer emerges, bone dry, from a lake; the leading man neglects to pay his cab fare before entering a night club; or the heroine magically acquires a handbag she wasn't carrying a second before.

But in TV, the range of embarrassing errata is virtually limitless. On the usually meticulous CBS dramatic show Studio One, for example, Melvyn Douglas and Viveca Lindfors were playing the leads in a touching drama of unrequited love. After a tender scene in which they met on a Vienna street during a heavy snowfall, the two entered Douglas' home. Once inside, Miss Lindfors was properly impressed by the lush *décor*, but was apparently unaffected by the snow that was still falling briskly—over the living-room furniture, the rug and her mid-Victorian gown. Only the production crew realized that technicians shaking baskets of artificial snow from catwalks above the set had overshot their mark.

Story of the Lively Corpse

On one session of Martin Kane, Private Eye, an NBC gum-shoe series, a character was supposed to be fatally trampled by a horse. Unaware that the camera was still on him, the corpse got to his feet, calmly brushed the hoofmarks from his clothing and sauntered off the set.

In a Suspense story involving the taking over of a Chinese town by Communist soldiers, one of the invaders was to bayonet a victim lying on the floor of a hospital corridor. The CBS camera shot the action from too low an angle, however, and viewers plainly saw that the bayonet being "thrust into" the victim wasn't coming within two feet of his body.

Another eyebrow-raising sequence took place on the same network on Crime Syndicated, where a hoodlum was shot to death while making a call in a closed phone booth. Quite remarkably, the bullets went through the booth's glass door without causing the slightest damage to it. Or, perhaps it wasn't so remarkable, since the prop door didn't contain any glass in the first place.

But while realism is occasionally sacrificed in some TV dramas, it is inadvertently overdone on others. In a Civil War story on Pulitzer Prize Playhouse, the script called for Robert Preston, playing the role of a captured Yankee soldier, to slug his Confederate captor with a rifle butt. Preston missed the miss, so to speak, and the other actor took the full force of the blow on his noggin. Rushed to New York's Roosevelt Hospital for emergency treatment, the poor fellow eventually recovered, but Preston still shudders at the memory.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

One of the most celebrated of all TV boners, however, was committed not on a dramatic show but on a news program. Shortly before this year's political conventions in Chicago, CBS-TV newscommentator Doug Edwards devoted one of his nightly newscasts to a review of the personalities who had delivered the keynote addresses at previous Republican conventions.

As he announced each keynoter, a picture of the man appeared on the screen. But when he came to the name of Dwight H. Green (the former governor of Illinois), a huge figure of a devil suddenly filled the screen, astonishing and mystifying every member of Edwards' wide audience.

The explanation for what happened sounds tame enough now (the misplaced Mephistophelean slide was part of the program's commercial for a Faust record album). But if the incident had involved one of the prospective candidates for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency, there might have been the devil to pay. As it turned out, the letters and phone calls that Edwards received later were of the good-natured "what-in-hell-was-that?" variety.

The Ballplayer and the Kangaroo

Some of video's biggest (and most unintentional) laughs have come from the difference between the subject matter of a filmed sequence and the accompanying live commentary. On NBC's early-morning show, Today, presided over by easy-going Dave Garroway, announcer Jack Lescoulie was describing a baseball game being shown in a newsreel, when his monitor konked out. He went right on reading, in the hope that his words would somehow match the action. But when he said, "And there's Pee Wee Reese sliding into second," viewers were watching the next sequence, in which a mother kangaroo (with babe in pouch) was cavorting in an open field.

Garroway himself once took a header on a nerve-racking stanza of the now-defunct Garroway at Large show. He had rehearsed a hilarious bit showing how a certain high-powered executive got rid of unwanted callers. The tycoon would place an artificial fly on his nose just before the bore walked in. Once seated, the visitor could do nothing but stare at the fly in consternation. The executive would then bellow, "Well, what is it—what is it? I'm a very busy man. Out with it now. What did you want to see me about?" Speechless, the poor intruder would rush to his feet and barge out of the office.

Garroway planned to tell the story with the fly on *his* nose. But once "on camera," he realized the synthetic insect was nowhere around. The alert cameramen tried to save the day by aiming their cameras into every corner of the studio, thus letting the viewers join the search. But Dave finally had to tell the yarn without the prop fly, and the tale fell flatter than a dehydrated flounder. A few days later, the show's tailor reported that he'd found the wayward insect in the skirt hem of one of the dancers.

Gag about man who put a fake fly on his nose was ruined when Dave Garroway lost the prop

Just before the Joe Louis-Ezzard Charles heavyweight title bout a couple of years ago, sportscaster Russ Hodges prepared to show viewers some films of the two fighters in training. After the Louis sequence was run off, Hodges announced, "Next, we take you to Ezzard Charles's camp." His introduction was followed immediately by a film showing North Korean war prisoners, hands clasped behind heads, being led to a compound by American soldiers. The stunned Hodges was too flustered to explain the accidental switch in film clips.

Hodges' experience was only slightly less harrowing than that of emcee Dan Seymour, whose We, the People schedule called for him to interview three Russians on their experiences as former inmates of Soviet slave-labor camps. Somehow, the visitors got the impression that the dress rehearsal was the actual program and left the studio when the practice session was over. As air time approached, the show's staffers frantically scoured New York for the missing trio, from Radio City to the Russian Tea Room, but to no avail. Fortunately, Seymour had invited another guest for that segment of the program, the author of a book on enforced labor in Russia, so he was able to fill the time. But the show that evening was only half as dramatic as it should have been.

An error along similar lines (except that in this case he mistook the final performance for a dress rehearsal) gave actor Lon Chaney one of the most agonizing evenings of his career. Rushing onto the set after being made up for the part of Frankenstein's monster, Chaney had no idea that program time had arrived. So, in one scene where a door didn't close properly, he barked, "Why doesn't someone fix that blankety-blank door?" In another sequence, in which he was to smash a breakaway chair on the floor, he held the chair over his head and muttered, "Might as well save this for the show." Midway through the performance, the horrified floor manager was able to grab the actor's attention and give him the news. When it was all over, Chaney, one of the most conscientious performers in the business, was almost in tears.

He Remembered Too Well

John Wingate, one of television's most able newscasters, enjoys a well-deserved reputation for accuracy; this, in spite of the fact that he does his two daily programs entirely from memory. But until one evening several weeks ago, even he didn't realize how phenomenal his memory really is.

In the middle of his WOR-TV newscast, Wingate suddenly and unaccountably began reciting news items from a program he'd done 10 days before—each one accurate to the most minute detail. Only after the show was over was he made aware of what he'd done, and he's still at a loss to explain his unintentional exhibition of thought retention.

But if human beings have been guilty of fairly unpredictable acts on television, so have many of the animals who've come before the cameras. One of ABC's Paul Whiteman revues had a bucolic theme, with a number of farm animals supplying the background for the human performers. It was a fine idea, but each time guest singer Mel Torme raised his voice in melody, he was accompanied by the unscheduled bleating of a sheep, who must have been a frustrated entertainer or a Mario Lanza fan.

Young Ilene Woods, "Cinderella's" voice in the Walt Disney film, learned something of video's hazards when she introduced one of the songs from the movie on the We, the People show. As she began her number, a trained seal which had worked in the opening commercial casually wandered out of the wings and joined her in the spotlight. Appalled, Ilene managed to get through the number, but a less hardy trouper might have run, not walked, to the nearest exit.

Even buffoon Jerry Lester, who doesn't ruffle easily, was once thrown for a loss by a dog that was supposed to sit motionless while Lester addressed a long comedy monologue to him. Just before beginning his soliloquy, Jerry turned to the studio audience for a moment and, when he turned back to talk to the dog, found that the pooch had scampered off. The routine, now made meaningless, was delivered anyway, but to this day Lester swears he could hear that hound snickering in the wings.

SNAFU put devil on screen while commentator Doug Edwards discussed well-known politico

It's perfectly true, however, that for every *faux pas* witnessed by televiewers, there are dozens that are either narrowly averted or cleverly covered up. During a Ford-sponsored hockey telecast from Madison Square Garden, one of the cameras had to shift its focus quickly from one end of the rink to the other to prepare for the next series of shots. Viewers weren't supposed to see this movement, but they did. It flashed across their screens as a speedy, puzzling blur. But that didn't faze sportscaster Win Elliott. "See that?" he exclaimed to his viewers. "That's the way you'll be watching the Fords go by this year!"

Another gent deserving of a special award for on-the-spot inventiveness was actor Leslie Nielsen, in one of ABC's spooky series, Tales of Tomorrow. The script's final scene called for him to shoot fellow actor Robert Keith, Jr., but when he glanced at his holster he was horrified to discover that the gun was missing. So, charging toward the amazed Keith, he got a good grip on his throat and "strangled" him, instead. The audience was completely unaware of the switch in plans. In fact, the next morning, the play's author called the producer to tell him that the change in the script was an excellent bit of judgment.

About a Disappearing Actor

In other emergencies, it's often a cameraman who saves the franchise. On one session of Man against Crime, a character was shot fatally just before the middle commercial. The first scene after the break was to be a close-up of the murdered man slumped in a chair. But the actor playing the role forgot he was to be on for that brief sequence in the second half. So, during the sales pitch, he changed his clothes and left the studio.

Faced with the problem created by the vacant seat, the alert CBS cameraman came up with a hurried alternative. He took a close-up of Detective Ralph Bellamy "looking" down at the dead man. The audience was none the wiser.

It's a grueling art, television, but a young one. Someday it may achieve a state of enameled, bonerproof precision. And when that stage is reached, the industry's craftsmen will breathe easier, suffer less and live longer.

Just how viewers will react to this video Utopia is another question. They may find undiluted perfection much less fun than a corpse that gets up and walks away.

DISHONOR ROLL

Everyone at the school thought he was an outsider. All right—he didn't like them either, and he'd show them that an outsider dared to do what none of them could

By AL HINE

ST. MARTIN BENTLEY went directly to his room after dinner, determined to wind the whole business up. He knew he would have the room to himself. Fat Joe Torrance, his roommate—who was also in the Third Form and, like most of the Third Formers at Shrewsbury, a year older than St. Martin—would be somewhere else. He might be down the hall in Homer Wells's room planning exploits for the forthcoming Christmas vacation, or out on the quadrangle, wrestling or playing a silly game of touch in the last remaining minutes of light. The roommates usually saw each other only during study periods in the room and to say good night and good morning, and this arrangement was fine by both of them.

St. Martin hiked his portable typewriter to the top of his mission desk, unhooked the top and dug into the drawer for a sheet of his personal stationery. The letterhead, in simple black letters, represented an unsuccessful lie. It read: Martin Bentley—no "St." about it. But the stationery had come too late. He had been enrolled at Shrewsbury as St. Martin; he was a joke as soon as he arrived in the fall. The immediate greeting from his classmates had been "Halo, St. Martin," and the pun had stuck. And it wasn't said in friendly fun. With an actor father and an actress mother; with a Boston-*cum*-British accent that grated on the sensitive ears of his fellow students from Pennsylvania and Ohio; with clothes that looked a little too old for him; with a total inefficiency in sports, in which he desired to excel; with an almost casual talent for studies, which he scorned, he was an outsider, a butt, an undesirable.

He rolled the paper into the machine, but before he started typing he consulted a copy of Variety from the stack of magazines and comic books on the radiator. Where were his parents right now? Where were British Bryce Bentley and his glamorous wife and co-star, Linda (Lovely Lindy) Marland? They would be in Philadelphia next week, he discovered. He could remember which hotel they would be staying at because he had been with them there two summers ago for the tryout of Let Love Lie Lightly. He remembered Philadelphia as a pleasant, big, quiet town in which a chauffeur had taken him for drives through Fairmount Park, and to a fine zoo and lots of good museums.

He put Variety back and began to type: *Dear Bryce . . .*

It was their being on the road so much, of course, that had made Shrewsbury look to Bryce and Linda like a perfect solution for St. Martin. They had heard about the school from Ted Brady, a Pittsburgh lawyer who had been a backer of The Indifferent, and it had seemed a wonderful idea to send their son there. It wasn't as if they didn't have a *home* for St. Martin; they had two, one in Bucks County, not far from New York, and one in California—a cool and handsome retreat on Coldwater Canyon, an easy drive to the studio when they were making a picture. But it was silly for St. Martin to be rattling around all alone in a great house with a handful of servants when Bryce and Linda were conquering Chicago and Baltimore and Pittsburgh and so on; and it was confusing for him to have them home and seemingly settled in Bucks only to have them close the house or rent it and dash off to the Coast, where he would be shifted to a new school in mid-term. No, boarding somewhere, at Shrewsbury for instance, would be the ideal answer. And so he was packed off.

I don't think I am being childish, he wrote with the conscientious worry of his thirteen years, *but I just can't stand this place. I didn't write sooner because I wanted to try hard, and it has been three months and it all gets worse instead of better. The kids act like I was some kind of freak and when I tried out for football, first I tried out for the juniors where most of the Third Formers are and I was too small for that and they put me in the midget team which is all First and Second Formers, and I hurt my knee the first practice, which wasn't my fault, God knows, but everybody treats me like I'm a sissy and makes fun of my name and the way I talk.*

I guess this sounds pretty incoherent to you, but you know I am not a Cry Baby, and besides the masters here aren't too smart, particularly in English, and I just don't see what I am getting out of it. I know there are regulations about education, but why couldn't I just stay in Bucks or even on the

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

The door opened without a sound; Homer Wells and Si Levitt came in. There were twelve in the room eventually, and St. Martin had to go over every step of the adventure


J501
A
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SHREWSBURY
TIGERS
Alex Ross

Coast? I know it is stupid to have all the expense of keeping the house open and staffed just for me, but why couldn't I stay with the Durbins in the East or with the Davises on the Coast, because they are directors and writers and don't have to move around much and I would promise not to be any trouble, but you will admit that they are more our kind of people than the steel people and insurance and salesmen and people like that, which is what all these kids' parents are, and they think we of the theater are something funny . . .

WHEN he came right down to it, the only people St. Martin could think of who were halfway nice to him were exactly the people no kid in his right mind would want to be caught dead with. Mr. Drummond, the headmaster, was of course always very polite and interested, but St. Martin knew that Mr. Drummond thought it was a feather in his cap to have the son of the celebrated Bryce Bentley and Linda Marland at his school. It offset the half-dozen or so students he lost every year to Exeter and Andover and St. Paul's and Choate. So, though the Drum was all right as headmasters go, St. Martin couldn't be too proud of his attention.

The second day after St. Martin arrived at Shrewsbury, he had been visited by a delegation from the Buskin Club, the school dramatic society, and the delegation's members had greeted him with open arms. He had almost responded in kind, but a mental monitor warned him that this was the very act which could insure his being set apart from the rest of humanity. It didn't take long—a brief observation of the Buskiners' petty feuds and stupid jealousies and of the low esteem in which they were held by their fellows—to prove that he had been right. The president of Buskin, he learned, *was* always tapped for Hammurabi, the school honor society, but by tradition he was tapped grudgingly and paddled hardest in initiation.

So St. Martin had been right about the Buskin, but being right had gained him nothing. The Buskin boys simply became part of the group which didn't accept him.

Also, soon after term started, Mr. Anderson, the head of the chemistry department, had all but fawned on him. A boy didn't need a childhood spent around Broadway to spot Mr. Anderson's avid interest in his students as a pathetic effort to gain popularity and prestige. St. Martin had accepted Mr. Anderson's first invitation to tea in his quarters and had been treated to sweet cakes and an hour-long look at Mr. Anderson's collection of old theater programs—"Minnie Maddern Fiske! You are too young to have ever seen her. But what a loss to the boards!"

At the end of the tea, St. Martin had been given a warm hug about the shoulders and a promise that this was only the first of many good get-togethers. St. Martin had always been able to invent conflicting business to avoid other teas. The encounter confirmed his opinion of Mr. Anderson, but it did not make him feel any better.

Miss Newell, the nurse in charge of the Marietta McIlwaine Infirmary—Granny Newell by nickname—had made a firm attempt to mother St. Martin and to take him over as her personal property. Eluding her was more difficult than snubbing the Buskin or avoiding Mr. Anderson, for St. Martin was subject to sprains, sniffles, allergies and migraines. Miss Newell liked to have him propped in an infirmary bed, where she could anoint his brow with camphor ice and carefully quiz him as to the accuracy of reports on Broadway and Hollywood mating habits.

St. Martin took to suffering in silence, fighting out his migraines in the stuffy quiet of his dormitory room, limping his sprains away, and letting sniffles and migraines run their course until they disappeared or until Fat Joe reported him. "After all," Joe would say, "*I* don't want to be infected with whatever you got"—making St. Martin's sniffles and rashes sound like symptoms of the Black Death.

His attempts to become part of the part of Shrewsbury he liked had been hopeless. The football fiasco hadn't been all. He had insisted on Indian-wrestling Donny Burrows and had suffered a tendon strain and worn a sling for a week. When he had wrestled Doug Parrack, a Second Former, he had had to go on crutches. After that, nobody would touch him for fear he'd break.

The bull sessions he had timidly entered into were no more successful. He certainly knew a fund of questionable stories to match the best Shrewsbury had to offer, but some of them were a little subtle or exotic, and he had made his sense of superiority too clear.

If Harpo Marx was a student here, he continued in his letter, *honestly, nobody would laugh at him. They just don't understand.*

What they did understand was that St. Martin didn't laugh at *their* jokes, at first, anyway. And by the time he had learned to laugh, or try to laugh, it was too late and too obvious that he was faking it.

BUCKY BOLTON, the athletic director, a beefy idol of at least the first four forms, looked upon St. Martin as an unusual sort of insect for whom he would gladly have suspended the compulsory athletics requirement of the Shrewsbury program. "I just think you better give up the idea of football," Bucky told him in a tone of sticky kindness. St. Martin suggested maybe soccer? "I don't think that's too good an idea for you, son, either," Bucky said. "Now why don't you just come down to the gym for an hour every weekday afternoon and work out in the exercise room? See if we can build you up a little to begin with." And he smiled impatiently till St. Martin left his office.

So I just don't see any use staying on, St. Martin wrote at the end of his letter. *I think the logical time is Right Now, since I'm going to be with the Durbins for Christmas vacation anyway. And just not come back, and start in the New Year back at school in Bucks. I am sorry to be such a worry to you and Lindy, but I just can't take it here any more.*

Please answer this by return mail as I am sure there is lots of red tape to be taken care of when I leave.

Urgently,

He removed the sheet from the machine and scrawled "St. Martin" across the bottom.

He addressed the envelope and put an air-mail stamp on it. Not that air mail could make much difference just to Philadelphia, but anything that might speed the end of his Shrewsbury days was worth trying.

It was Saturday evening, which meant that the letter wouldn't be picked up from the school post office till Sunday afternoon, but St. Martin put on his jacket anyway and raced across the quadrangle to McGinnis Administration Building to mail it. Putting the let-

ter into the big school mailbox in the basement was like coming up for air after a long breath-holding contest on the bottom of the gym pool, or like setting down the dummy rifle after walking off a demerit—one hour around the main quadrangle—or like almost anything good.

Walking back to Brill House, more slowly, St. Martin worked out the mathematics of delivery and reply. Picked up Sunday around four, then into town where they probably sorted the letters in the main post office. But on its way sometime Sunday night—the people in the post office did work nights, didn't they? Get to Philadelphia Monday, sometime late. Maybe delivered Monday, certainly Tuesday morning. And as soon as Bryce read it, he'd act. Bryce wasn't one of your fuzzy actor types; he was a good businessman. So a reply to St. Martin and probably to the Drum by the end of next week. And then just two more weeks of Shrewsbury before Christmas vacation started—just two more weeks of Shrewsbury forever.

In the Common Room at Brill, a few students were sitting around chewing the fat. There was a Ping-pong game in progress at one end of the room. Nobody even bothered to turn a head or nod at him as he crossed the room. Well, they would know better someday. Not that anybody would miss him when he didn't come back after Christmas, but much later, when they were in college or through college and in New York looking for free theater tickets or dates with glamorous stars and he was a producer or a playwright, possibly acting, too, then they would look him up. He could hear their oily voices on the telephone—those who had been let through to his sanctum by a careless secretary: "Hello, Mr. Bentley. You may not remember me, but we were at Shrewsbury together. Just happened to be in town and wondered if there were any tickets to be had for your latest hit." Oh, yes, things would be different then, but that time was far away.

He went up the stairs and hesitated in front of the open door of Homer Wells's room. Fat Joe was there, as he had guessed, and Dick Bates and Bud Raleigh and Si Levitt.

"Halo, saintly roomie," Fat Joe said to him. "Slumming?"

St. Martin crossed the threshold. There was nothing to be gained now and nothing to be lost, either. "I was thinking about going to bed," he said. "It's almost curfew."

"My, my," Si said. "Quarter to eleven. Must be tough on an old theatrical night owl like you though, hitting the sack this early every night."

"Skip it," Homer Wells said kindly. "Did you hear about Thatcher and Evans?"

"No," St. Martin said.

"Almost got caught by Gus, the watchman," Fat Joe said. "Trying to steal the clapper last night."

"Thatcher said he had his hands right on it," Dick Bates said breathlessly. "They crept up to the bell tower and Thatch went in and Evans was lookout and Thatch was just about to grab it when Evans whistled and they had to run. Gus was right after them, but they ducked in back of Nevin House and then hid in the bushes and got back to Brill all scratched up. It's the closest anybody's come in years." They talked on to one another as if he hadn't come into the room.

St. Martin broke in ruthlessly. "Sounds pretty childish to me," he said.

THE circle was shocked silent. Stealing the clapper from McGinnis Bell Tower was one of the most cherished of Shrewsbury's synthetic traditions. Nobody knew how the idea had started, but it was firmly planted in the collective mind of the school. Students in blackface, students in disguises modeled on GI camouflage, students in groups and students singly had made attempts on the clapper as long as anyone could remember. Only once in the dim past of the 1930s had it been abducted successfully. The attempt on the clapper was as much a part of Shrewsbury as Bucky Bolton's inside-out sweat shirt, white flannels for graduation, the annual football game with Hammond, the sacred grass of the senior quadrangle, and always walking on the left side of the elm on the pathway to the gym.

Homer Wells broke the silence. "Man, you're a real limp," he said. "Dead matter."

"Who do you think you are?" Si Levitt asked.

"I still say it's childish," St. Martin said. "Anyone could steal it, if they

"That's why I never like to play with him: he's always a very poor winner"

COLLIER'S MARTHA BLANCHARD

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really tried. And what's so cool about an old clapper anyway?"

"Anybody could steal it?" Fat Joe said. "Why don't you then?"

"Because it's childish," St. Martin said with insulting patience in his tone.

"Because you're yellow," Homer Wells said.

"All right, I'm yellow," St. Martin said disgustedly. "Good night, all." He strode from the room and down the hall to his own. Behind him he could hear Dick Bates chanting, "Around his head, he wore a yellow halo; he wore it in the summer and in the winter, too."

ST. MARTIN shook his head at the ridiculousness of such juvenile goings on, and wiped his eyes. He undressed, put on his pajamas and was in bed before Fat Joe, racing to beat the curfew, came back to the room. St. Martin kept his eyes shut and his face turned to the wall. Fat Joe undressed in a rush, snapped out the light, and tumbled into his cot. In the darkness he hummed "Yellow Halo."

St. Martin paid no attention. He could hear Mr. Phelps, the assistant housemaster, making his good-night check. Mr. Phelps opened their door, and Fat Joe's humming ceased. "Good night, Torrance; good night Bentley," Mr. Phelps said perfunctorily. They grunted good nights from their beds as evidence that they were safe and law-abiding. Mr. Phelps closed the door and went on down the hall. Fat Joe continued humming for a while, but St. Martin made no response. Finally there was silence from Fat Joe's bed. St. Martin allowed himself a sigh and a stretch and prepared to go to sleep.

All this nonsense about the clapper, he thought. A fine place, where kids got worked up about something like that, where he was kidded and called yellow because he wouldn't play their baby games. Through the window he could see the illuminated tower of McGinnis. The clock said eleven thirty.

The tower certainly looked safely isolated. The clapper would be a cinch to steal, just as he had said—and stealing it would teach these jerks a beautiful lesson. He raised himself in bed a little at the thought. But what was the sense? He fell back into his pillow.

He was almost asleep when he heard Fat Joe begin to snore. St. Martin prepared to throw a book at him. But then it occurred to him that if he did wake Joe, Joe would start in on him again about the clapper. He looked out the window again at the bell tower. Why not? he thought suddenly. Joe slept like the dead; he'd never know till it was all over and the clapper back in the room. Excitement tingled in St. Martin.

He got out of bed gingerly and put on his clothes. He chose his darkest pants and coat and a pair of gym shoes. Fat Joe's loud breathing continued.

Gus, the night watchman, would be the only danger. St. Martin stationed himself at the window and watched the dark campus. There was no moon to speak of, and the only light came from the widely spaced lampposts around the quad. He unconsciously held his breath as he watched. There was Gus now, just a dark blob of a figure coming out of Nevin Dorm. From Nevin he would go to Dilworth, Dilworth to Brill, Brill to the gym, back past the infirmary to the head's house, all before he hit McGinnis again. There would be time.

St. Martin closed the door of the room carefully behind him. Then he went down the stairs and into the Common Room and watched again from behind the long curtains. Gus had just gone into Dilworth. St. Martin streaked silently across the room, out the door, and down behind the laurel bushes, taking the long way, around two sides of the quad, toward McGinnis. At the corner of the Senior Grass he watched Gus leave Dilworth and make his way to Brill. As soon as Gus was inside, St. Martin cut across the Senior Grass and into McGinnis by the front door.

The administration building was like an ancient tomb of Egypt, empty and silent yet filled with a sense of something nervously alert in the dimness. St. Martin stayed close to the suddenly unfamiliar walls as he went past the classrooms and the library, upstairs, and into the study hall where tiny stairs led to the bell tower. The study hall had never looked so big before. It was huge, and the empty desks looked like crouching animals. St. Martin shivered a little, but his sense of the theatrical forced him to go up to the proctor's desk in the middle of the room, where he wasted a precious moment easing himself into the chair and muttering under his breath: "Throw one more spitball, Mr. Torrance, and your five demerits will become ten." Hah!

He moved like a shadow from the desk to the foot of the stairway and paused there, holding his breath tight, and listening. There was no sound.

He mounted the steps silently and was in the bell tower itself. He crouched low so that no shadow could be seen by a watcher below. He peeked out carefully and could see the whole campus spread before him—from the Senior Grass to the quadrangle, past the dorms, down to the gym and beyond it, to the soccer field and the football field and the golf course and woods where they played hare and hounds. In the half-dark the school looked both mysterious and desirable, and St. Martin, looking at it, felt something heavy, high in his chest. He fought the feeling back.

There was no sign of life below. St. Martin had lost track of time, but he figured Gus would now be either in the gym or in the infirmary. St. Martin felt for the bell clapper and found it. It was not so heavy as he had imagined, and it was held in place only by a thick wire. He felt in his pocket for the Swiss army knife given him for his birthday by the producer of the play his parents were now appearing in. He snapped open the leather-punch blade and caught it under the wire. He held the knife firm with one hand and turned the clapper. The wire gave, came loose where it was twisted together, and the clapper was in his hand.

He gave one more look at the scene below. There was no one around. He went down the narrow stairs slowly, out of the study hall, and downstairs. At the entrance to McGinnis he looked out. He was still safe.

THIS time he skirted McGinnis, avoiding the Senior Grass and staying close to Mrs. Drummond's beloved rhododendron bushes. He slunk from them to the shelter of more bushes alongside the big quad. He could hear his own breath now as he reached the porch of Brill. He emerged from the bushes to cross the last open space, the porch.

And with a triumphant gurgle, Gus loomed from the shadows to catch him.

St. Martin stood outraged.

"By golly, you nearly got it," Gus was saying, holding his arm painfully firmly. "I was at the infirmary when I thought something was funny, and I looked at me watch and it was just twelve, and no bell sounding. So I rushed back and just here by Brill I seen you coming out the door of McGinnis. So I waited and watched you sneaking through the bushes, and you walked right into me hands. Oho!"

St. Martin's nerves snapped at the anticlimax. He hardly remembered being taken to Mr. Phelps's quarters and being lectured there. He hardly remembered being escorted to his room by Gus and Mr. Phelps, but he grew alert again at the sight of Fat Joe,

"A child can put it together—
if his father leaves him alone"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

COLLIER'S "Boy, *there's* a dish for you. Isn't she?" TOM ZIB

roused bleary-eyed by the light, looking first at him, then past him to a stern Mr. Phelps and a self-satisfied Gus with the raped clapper in his hand.

Mr. Phelps darted back into the hall at a sound of doors discreetly opening. "No talking, now. No visiting," Mr. Phelps cried. "I'll be watching this whole building all night." He came back to assure himself that St. Martin was undressed and back in bed. "You'll hear more of this in the morning," he said ominously.

Mr. Phelps gave up patrolling the corridors after about an hour. Being a good housemaster, he knew surveillance would be useless anyway. Meanwhile Fat Joe was sitting on the foot of St. Martin's bed insisting on a third and then a fourth rendition of the theft.

"It's the only time anybody's got the clapper off in years," he said. "In twenty years, maybe."

The door opened without a sound, and Homer Wells and Si Levitt came in. St. Martin had hardly started his story for them when Dick Bates slid in. There were twelve in the room eventually, and St. Martin had to go over every step of the adventure for them. Quite early it had been settled that St. Martin's name from now on was the Saint. "Like in comic books," Dick Bates explained unnecessarily.

"And how did you feel when old Gus jumped out at you?"

"Scared to death."

There were loud shrieks and giggles. "Sh! Be qui-et. Phelps'll hear you."

The Saint and Fat Joe got to sleep sometime around three, Fat Joe wearily muttering, "You certainly showed them, daddy-o."

IT WASN'T till well after breakfast, basking in the admiration of his friends, that the Saint remembered the letter. He had been the hero of breakfast, and even Upper Formers had quizzed him about his exploit. He swelled when the Drum, just before grace, announced that St. Martin Bentley would see him in his study at two o'clock that afternoon. He said nothing about the reason, but everyone at every table, from the captain of the football team to the newest and most timid First Former, knew it and shot glances at Mr. Duncan's table where the Saint sat. And now, munching an apple contributed by Si Levitt, he suddenly remembered the ridiculous letter.

His friends, who followed closely on his footsteps all morning, attributed his abstraction to an eccentricity of genius, and the fact that he ate almost no lunch they laid to his impending visit with the Drum. Actually, in the headmaster's study, the Saint was worried only about the letter. He let the Drum drone on about vandalism, and you would think that with your father and the background of the English public schools, and finally about twenty demerits which was the biggest batch that had been given since the term before when Bailey Crowther had killed Miss Newell's cat accidentally in an unauthorized electrical experiment.

Fat Joe and Homer Wells were waiting for him when he left the Drum. "What did he give you?" they asked.

"Twenty demerits," the Saint said absently.

"Twenty demerits, and he says it just like that," Homer marveled.

"How do you get a letter out of the mail?" the Saint asked abruptly.

"I don't know," Fat Joe said. "Why?"

"Letter I wrote I don't want to have delivered," the Saint explained.

"I guess you just have to try and get the mailman to give it to you," Homer said. "He's a crabby old guy."

So the Saint sat in the basement of McGinnis waiting for the mailman. He did not wait alone, but, as befitted a man of his station, with his court around him.

When the mailman finally came and heard the Saint's request, he put up an argument. "You kids can't interfere with the United States Mail," he said. "You know that's a federal offense."

"What about Paragraph D," the Saint said, with an instinct for improvisation. "The law says the letter is legally mine until it's in a post office. What about that?"

"Yeah, what about that?" chorused Fat Joe and Homer and Dick and Si and the rest.

The mailman was confused and intimidated. "All right, all right, take your letter," he said.

The Saint accepted it and tore it into tiny pieces. "Nothing," he said when his friends asked him what was in it. "How about a game of touch before supper?"

The mailman went on down the hall. "Them Shrewsbury kids think they own the earth," he muttered. "All alike, every blasted one of them."

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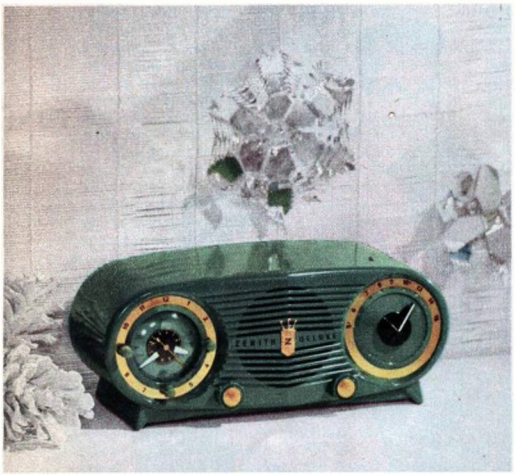
...and you will have many Happy New Years!



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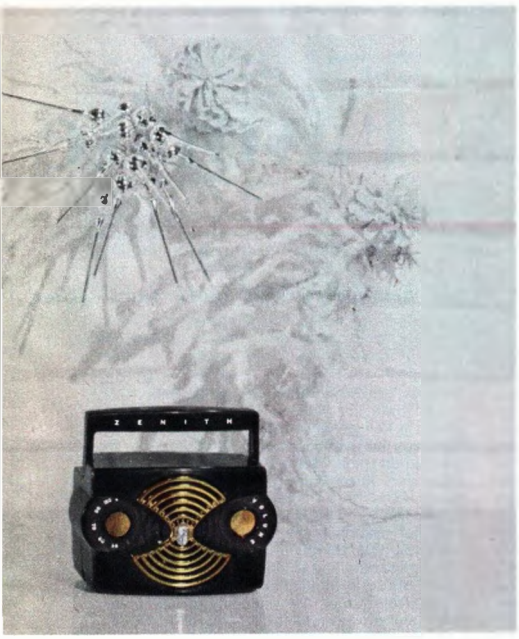

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THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

In men's steam room, Clifton Webb, Clark Gable and Gregory Ratoff (l. to r.) watch Henry Morgan cook frankfurters on the hot rocks

Hollywood's Favorite

Terry Hunt's Health Club is SHAPE headquarters for movie stars. After

OBVIOUSLY, a motion-picture actress' physical charms are her stock in trade. Or, to put it another way, her figure is her bread and butter. But too much bread and butter can spoil a shapely figure—bringing about a condition that, in Hollywood, almost inevitably leads moviedom's biggest names to Terry Hunt's Health Club.

It is there, behind closed doors, that a tireless, gray-haired man named Terry Hunt and his little band of able assistants devote all their energies to one of Hollywood's most top-secret and indispensable projects—Operation Waistline. Operation Waistline covers a multitude of important operations, from building up spindly leading men to slenderizing overweight actresses and seeing that they have their curves in the right places.

The confidence that the film colony has in Hunt's work can best be attested to by the impressive roster of seductive-shaped actresses who are his clients, or have been at one time or another. The list includes Olivia de Havilland, Joan Fontaine, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable, Vera-Ellen, Rita Hayworth, Maureen O'Hara, Linda Christian, Ida Lupino, Leslie Caron, Ann Miller, Ginny Simms, Shelley Winters, Paulette Goddard, Ann Sothern, Jeanne Crain, Piper Laurie, Shirley Temple, Marilyn Maxwell, Lynn Bari, Mitzi Green and Lucille Ball.

The Terry Hunt Health Club is situated, paradoxically, in the heart of Los Angeles' famed restaurant row—La Cienega Boulevard. Within a radius of six blocks there are 14 high-caloried restaurants where one can put on the weight that Hunt spends so much time taking off. Although Hunt claims he has located his headquarters in such a strategic spot only because it is centralized, friends and clients have good-naturedly accused him of having an ulterior motive. Psychologically, it's bound to be good for his business.

"Good for business? It's got to be great for business!" insists comedienne Lucille Ball. "Take a girl who's just finished stuffing down a heavy dinner at Lawry's roast-beef place across the street. She steps out the door, and the first thing she sees is a sign that says, 'Terry Hunt—Reducing.' Right away she's filled with remorse and can't wait to phone Terry for an appointment."

One actress who is not exactly the seductive type but nevertheless a firm believer in keeping herself in peak condition is Marjorie Main.

Employees of the establishment are still talking about Marjorie Main's introduction to the Terry Hunt Health Club. After phoning for an appointment, she drove up to the front door wrapped in a Navajo blanket. Confronting Hunt in the reception room, she whipped off the blanket and unashamedly revealed the rest of her unorthodox gym outfit—an 1890 bathing suit. As Hunt looked at her in amazement, Miss Main announced in her gravel-voice, "I would have worn something

In women's gym (l. to r.) Olivia de Havilland, Vera-Ellen, Lucille Ball, Marlene Dietrich, Marjorie Main, Ann Sothern, Terry Hunt

Sweat Shop

By ARTHUR MARX

fattening up between pictures, they're ready to start Operation Waistline

more practical, but my Bikini's at the cleaners."

Actors, as well as actresses, have to be careful of their figures if they expect their lady fans to continue swooning over them. Van Johnson, John Payne, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Barry Sullivan, Edmond O'Brien, Farley Granger, Johnny Weissmuller, Bill Gargan, Jack Paar, Richard Widmark, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Pat O'Brien, Lex Barker, Burgess Meredith, Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Desi Arnaz, Cesar Romero and John Carroll all have found it necessary, on occasion, to take their bodies to Terry Hunt's for slight alterations.

Bob Hope used to be one of Hunt's regular customers too, but in recent years his visits to the Health Club have been rare. "And then not to reduce," explains Hope. "I just like to drop in and show the other fellows what a real body looks like. It gives them a mark to shoot for."

Although Hunt specializes in catering to the film colony, his list of clients is not limited to actors and actresses. Among the 60-odd patrons who huff and puff their way through his body-streamlining plant every day are housewives, writers, producers, directors, doctors, lawyers, secretaries, pilots, college professors, a nuclear physicist and even a couple of South American consular officials.

To accommodate both sexes, the Health Club has two steam rooms, two gyms and two massage sections. The men's steam room is brightly lighted, because producers, directors and even the actors who patronize it don't like to sit there idly. They bring along scripts and trade papers, or possibly the latest Mickey Spillane thriller, and read diligently while they melt off excess blubber. "Best spot in town to study a script," asserts Van Johnson. "You can really get away from all those disconcerting noises around the house, like telephones ringing and kids screaming."

In the women's steam room, however, the only source of illumination is a dim, green bulb. When he first went into business, Hunt had the women's steam room just as brightly lighted as the men's, but he quickly discovered that his female clients didn't like it and were avoiding taking their steam baths. The reason, claims Hunt, is that women are extremely modest, even around other women. "Besides," adds movie actress Ann Sothern, "it's bad enough having to reduce, without being reminded of what good figures some of the other girls have got!"

Terry Hunt does not take sole credit for shaping the figures of most of his celebrated clients. "They usually come to me pretty well equipped," Hunt admits with a gleam in his eye. His main concern is keeping them in shape. According to him, many actors and actresses have a tendency to "live it up" between pictures. They're under such a strain during the actual shooting of a movie that they relax and completely let themselves go when

ILLUSTRATED BY AL HIRSCHFELD

Why does Dietrich look good? She's always figure-conscious, not just for movies

they aren't working. After a few weeks of partying and lazy living, they have a weight problem again.

"Then they come to me," Hunt says, "and say they're starting to work in a picture next week, and will I please take ten pounds off them?"

Similar requests frequently come through more official channels. A producer, for example, might call up Hunt and woefully complain that his leading lady can't squeeze into any of her costumes, or that she is supposed to appear in a bathing suit in a certain scene but looks as if she should be wearing a maternity dress instead.

Unless she *should* be wearing a maternity dress, Hunt can generally accomplish minor miracles in time to save a job or a movie, "but I have no magic formula for quick reducing," he confesses, "and neither has anyone else, because there isn't any."

Hunt's four-point reducing program consists of supervised exercise, controlled eating, massage and Finnish rock-steam baths. The difference between rock steam and the kind served up at the average reducing establishment, Hunt claims, is that the latter generally emanates from an outlet on an ordinary steam radiator, while the Finnish version results from pouring cold water over hot rocks. The hot-rock method creates a drier steam, and hence is considered healthier. As a matter of fact, it's not only healthier, but it's infinitely more practical—a fact that Hunt has been well aware of ever since the day he entered the steam room and found radio comedian Henry Morgan cooking frankfurters on the red-hot rocks.

Take Reducing Chores Seriously

If a client is serious about reducing, Hunt can take off from five to ten pounds in a week, depending upon the individual, without endangering the client's health. "But it takes a lot of fortitude, and they have to be willing to work," Hunt says grimly.

Shelley Winters, who has a tendency to put on a few extra pounds if she isn't careful, is one of Hunt's favorite clients for the simple reason that she takes her physical fitness chores so seriously. But there was one aspect of Shelley's behavior that puzzled Hunt for several years. Whenever she finished a treatment, she would dash madly out the door and across La Cienega Boulevard to her car without paying the slightest attention to the speeding traffic. After seeing her almost get run over on a couple of occasions, Hunt went to Shelley and warned her to be more careful—otherwise she might get killed.

"I'd rather get killed than hang around this neighborhood," Shelley answered. "If I slow down, I might be tempted to go into one of these restaurants around here. I have no will power!"

The millennium, declares Hunt, will be the day when people realize that it's best for their looks and health to stay in shape at all times. "Why do you think those European actresses, like Dietrich, look so good, even though they might be along in years? Keeping their figures is a business with them. They don't do it just because they've got a picture coming up."

Gary Cooper is one actor who takes pride in keeping himself looking the part of a rugged Westerner at all times. Until recent years he patronized Hunt's on an average of three times a week. He'd even drop in for a workout if he had a day off during the filming of a picture. But this practice came to an abrupt halt after Hunt unintentionally tagged Cooper a little too hard during a boxing workout one afternoon and blackened his eye. Cooper, to his studio's annoyance, couldn't appear in any close-ups for several days, and the picture came in behind schedule.

Even though Hunt assured Cooper that he would be more careful in the future, Gary decided he couldn't risk getting into any more trouble with his studio. If he had the time for exercise during his next picture, he said, he'd play tennis instead.

"I don't like to say I had the last laugh," Hunt recalls solemnly, "because what happened to Coop shouldn't happen to such a nice guy. He got hit in the face with an overhead smash, and *voilà!*—another black eye!"

Although reducing the stars is an important part of Hunt's work, not all his clients come to him because of weight problems. Betty Grable, Vera-Ellen, Ann Miller and Leslie Caron, for example, get themselves in shape for grueling dance routines by working out in Hunt's gym for a couple of weeks prior to starting musical pictures.

Jeanne Crain, Linda Christian and Shirley Temple all went to Hunt's to regain their figures after bearing children. And Robert Taylor, when he was portraying a prize fighter in a film, had to report to the Health Club every evening after work to get his body limbered up again. Otherwise he would have been too stiff and sore, from boxing all day on the set, to report back to the studio the following morning.

"I like to drop in and show the other guys what a real body looks like," says Bob Hope

Sometimes Terry is responsible for getting actors work. John Payne and Lex Barker are both indebted to him for jobs. Payne, before he came to Hollywood, had been a professional wrestler. But wrestling had made him too muscle-bound. "I looked great in trunks," Payne remembers, "but you have no idea how ridiculous I looked in a suit." After Hunt toned the muscles down to more normal dimensions, Payne landed a contract at 20th Century-Fox.

Lex Barker had a different problem. He was up for the role of Tarzan; but unfortunately his shape didn't quite live up to the famous ape man's measurements, and he was afraid to go in for the interview looking the way he did. He appealed to Hunt for some emergency work. Within weeks, Hunt took three inches off Barker's stomach and put them on his chest.

In those days, Barker was a bachelor, and by his own admission was always trying to date the girls on the other side of the partition that separates the men's massage room from the women's. One afternoon Barker became enamored of a particularly alluring voice that came drifting over to him from the women's section. Not wanting to waste any time, he introduced himself and made a date to meet the unseen voice immediately after their respective treatments. The owner of the voice turned out to be a 200-pound character actress. "That cured me of making blind dates," Barker says, "but at least I got the job as Tarzan as a consolation prize."

Hunt contends that America has become extremely sweater-conscious today. "It used to be that nine out of ten girls wanted to reduce their hips," he says. "Now it's 'How can I develop my bust?' "

For this form of endeavor, Hunt recommends working out with dumbbells. The results have been surprising. Some girls (you'll have to pardon us for not mentioning names) have added as much as two inches to their measurements. And there was one lass who went out and captured the title of Miss California after resorting to Hunt's dumbbell method.

Hunt has his own theory about dieting, a word he shuns as often as possible because he claims it frightens people into thinking they must go on starvation rations in order to lose weight. He prefers to call it "controlled eating." Eat hearty, Terry advises, but avoid rich foods, too much salt and excessive drinking.

Director Gregory Ratoff once came to the Health Club and announced proudly that he'd like to reduce. At the time, Ratoff weighed in at a sylphlike 280 pounds.

No Weigh to Reduce

Promising to eliminate the excess poundage, Hunt went right to work on the director, recommended controlled eating and a series of strenuous exercises. Ratoff showed up faithfully every day for a month, did all the exercises, worked out with the medicine ball, and gained five pounds.

"Mr. Ratoff—are you sure you're watching your diet?" Hunt, in exasperation, finally asked the director.

"Of course," Ratoff replied indignantly.

"Well, give me a run-down on what you eat in the course of a day," Hunt said.

Ratoff filled him in: six eggs and a couple of slices of fried ham for breakfast; a cheese soufflé and a stein of beer for lunch; and split-pea soup, a couple of small T-bone steaks, salad and strawberry shortcake for dinner.

As Hunt looked at him aghast, Ratoff added proudly, "But no potatoes! Isn't that good?"

One of Hunt's complaints about being conditioner for the stars is that he frequently gets a client who is more interested in ogling celebrities than in taking off weight. Not long ago a distraught lady came to him and said, "Mr. Hunt—I want my money back. I've been coming here for six weeks, and I've yet to see one movie star."

"You haven't?" said Hunt. "You've been sitting next to Vera-Ellen in the steam room for twenty minutes."

"Well, she should have introduced herself," the woman complained. "How was I supposed to recognize her without any clothes on?"

Despite inflation, Hunt's rates—$5 for a single treatment, or $45 for a course of 12—haven't increased very much since the day in 1937 when the Health Club first opened its doors for business. Hunt was no novice to the trade, even in those days. He'd already had several valuable years' experience in Hollywood, first as head of the gym at Paramount Studios under the regime of the late Ernst Lubitsch, who gave him the job, and then as head of the United Artists gym.

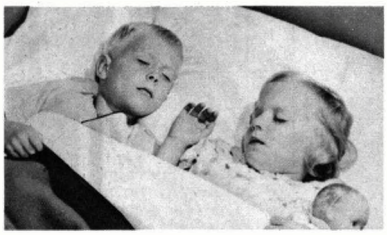
The Health Club was an immediate success, not only because Hunt's studio work had won him so many friends and followers, but because he had—and still has—an unwavering determination to do an effective job for his clients, even though they might not always be in the mood to do

Home Suite Home on Pullman

[STORY OF A FAMILY ON THE MOVE]

You surround your family with comfort when you choose a Pullman Bedroom Suite for your Christmas trip back home.

While the children play or sleep in one bedroom, you relax in the other. And when you start to nod, there's a big Pullman bed all your own waiting to assure you a restful night.



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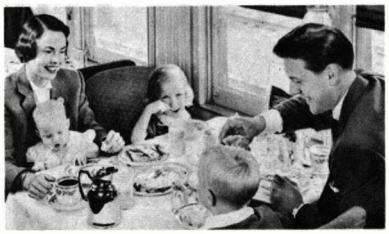

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rigorous calisthenics or lift heavy weights.

To illustrate this determination, screen writer Charlie Lederer tells the story of the period, back in the late thirties, when he was under a doctor's orders, because of a spine ailment, to take daily orthopedic exercises from Hunt. At that time, Hunt was in the habit of making early-morning house calls to a select group, among whom was Lederer.

But Lederer, even though he was paying for the service, did not like rising for his eight-o'clock appointment. Hunt, however, would come bouncing into the room and tear the covers off Lederer, and if that didn't work he'd turn the bed over.

Lederer vowed to get even, and one morning following a night before, after the usual cover-pulling-off routine, he asked Hunt to get him his shoes from the closet. Suspecting nothing, Hunt obliged.

As he disappeared into the closet, Lederer sprang out of bed, locked the closet door and returned to bed and slumber. Hunt was forced to stay in the closet until Lederer was slept out—at four that afternoon.

Rock-Steam Baths for Pilots

During World War II, Hunt served as a major in the physical training department of the Army Air Forces. The Air Force was so pleased with the results of his physical training program for pilots that his system—complete with rock-steam baths—is now being used at many of the Air Force bases in this country and overseas. "A lot of taxpayers probably think we're pampering the pilots," declares Hunt, who still works in close liaison with the Air Force, "but actually it's very necessary. To fly planes at supersonic speeds, jet pilots have to be in as good shape as Olympic athletes."

Hunt himself is probably in better shape than the average athlete. Well built but not overmuscled, he's in his middle forties, neither drinks nor smokes, and is a bridegroom of only two months. He and his wife, Hope, share an apartment in Beverly Hills with Pia, their dachshund (who's also in fine shape).

Hunt spends most of his waking hours at the Health Club. There, usually dressed in a Hawaiian sport shirt and slacks, he supervises his two shifts of employees, keeps track of how much weight his clients are losing, and writes books on physical fitness, the latest of which, Guide to Glamour, was published in 1949 and has since been translated into five other languages. In between his various chores he also finds time for an occasional joust with the sandbag and daily calisthenics.

Massacre by a Masseur

One of Hunt's self-imposed duties is to use himself as a guinea pig whenever he's contemplating hiring a new masseur. A recent applicant for the job was a husky Japanese, who seemed to know his business. Hunt, lulled by the applicant's soothing hands, fell asleep on the table.

Suddenly he was awakened by an excruciating pain and realized that the exuberant Oriental was jumping up and down on his back.

"I thought it was Pearl Harbor all over again," recalls Hunt, who was in a plaster cast for a week.

Not all of Hunt's work turns out satisfactorily for his clients. Once, at the beginning of the last war, a producer who has long been the butt of many Hollywood jokes about his size asked Terry to make him taller, because he was so much shorter than the girl he was dating.

Daily, for six weeks, Hunt put the producer through a series of rigorous stretching and posture exercises, and actually succeeded in adding an inch and a half to the man's height.

The producer was exceedingly grateful—until the next time he went before his draft board for a physical examination. There, to his surprise, he was informed that his previous deferment (because he was too short) was no longer valid. ▲▲▲

"The luggage compartment? You'll have to query Mr. Philbrick about that. I handle only the front of the car"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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By THE BERENSTAINS

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Big Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

round-eyed, while he told me how, when he was young and foolish, he had allowed some horn-swoggling highbinder to stick him with these dud Smelly River Refineries. I can still remember the light that shone in his eyes as he spoke of his resolve somewhere, someday, to find a sucker on whom he could unload them. It would not be a simple task, he said. He realized that such a sucker would have to be the sucker supreme. But that was the gleam which he had followed patiently through the years, never deviating from his purpose. He related the story to illustrate what Tennyson had meant when he wrote about rising on steppingstones of our dead selves to higher things."

It was not easy to depress Reggie Watson-Watson, but this *conte* had done it. His eyes widened and his ears drooped. "You mean these ruddy shares are no ruddy good?"

"That is what I wanted to convey."

"They aren't worth tuppence, the whole lot of them?"

"I wouldn't say that. You might get threepence."

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"You are also bust and bankrupt."

Reggie mused a while. This was a nasty knock. Poverty, he knew, was the banana skin on the doorstep of Romance.

"That being so, moon of my delight," he said at length, "how the dickens do we get married?"

"We don't. It's off, laddie. I do not propose," said Amanda coldly, "to link my lot with that of a man of whom the most charitable thing to say is that he must have been dropped on the head when a baby. If you are interested in my future plans, I will sketch them out for you. I am now going off to play tennis at Knubble Hall with Lord Knubble of Knopp. Between the sets, I imagine, he will ask me to be his wife; it is what he generally does. On this occasion my reply will be in the affirmative. Good-by, Reginald. If you follow the path to the right, you will find your way out."

"You realize, I take it, that you have broken my jolly old heart?"

"A girl with less self-control," said Amanda, switching her tennis racket, "would have broken your jolly old head."

IN THE days that followed, those who were privileged to see Reggie Watson-Watson as he took his walks abroad noted that he drooped like a stalk of asparagus. It is hard for a man to keep a rigid spine when a charge of trinitrotoluene has been touched off under him, reducing his whole world to hash. But there is generally a silver lining to every cloud, and he had the melancholy consolation that his great grief lent the most extraordinary depth to his singing of Ol' Man River. Always pretty deep, his voice had now become deeper. He found himself able, without making his nose bleed, to get as far down in the scale as Ezio Pinza.

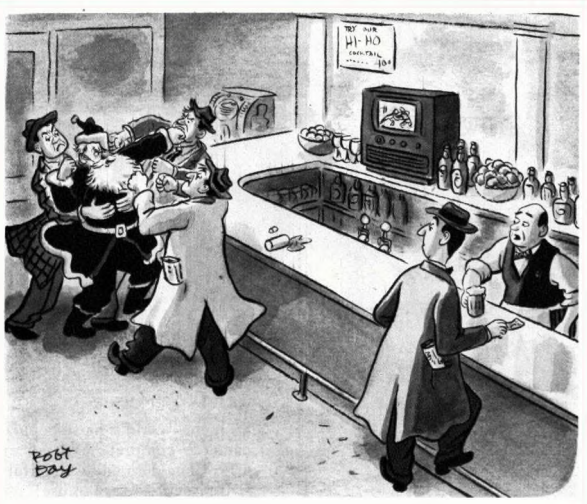
To somebody like, say Jersey Joe Walcott, this would not, of course, have mattered much, but it was extremely important to Reggie, for he had contracted to render Ol' Man River at the forthcoming village concert to aid the Church Organ Fund, and it took only a few rehearsals to convince him that he was going to slam it across in such a manner that he would inevitably lay the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood in the aisles. The lower his spirits sank, the lower went his low notes. Every time he uttered the word river, he thought of Smelly River Refineries, and every time he thought of Smelly River Refineries, something seemed to go pop in his soul, with the result that by the time the great night arrived and he was up on the platform with the Union Jack behind him, and Miss Purvis, the schoolteacher, seated at the piano at his side, he was ready to give the works to his selected offering.

The sight of Amanda in the front row of seats in close proximlty to a horse-faced young man with large ears and no chin, in whom he recognized Lord Knubble of Knopp, set the seal on his somber mood. It seemed to him from a cursory glance that Lord Knubble of Knopp was holding the girl's hand and—one assumed—squeezing it, and the devoted look in the peer's monocle, as he bent it on Amanda, cut Reggie like a knife. He heaved a deep sigh; Miss Purvis played a few twiddly bits, and he was off.

A short while later, Reggie concluded his remarks with the line about rolling along. Instantaneously thunderous applause broke out from the two-bob seats, the one-bob seats, the sixpenny seats and the threepenny standees at the back. To extract the last drop of juice from Ol' Man River, you have to take a deep breath and bring it up from the soles of the feet, and that was precisely where, on this occasion of the Lower Smattering on the Wissel village concert in aid of the Church Organ Fund, Reginald Watson-Watson had brought it up from. His triumph was sensational. If his back was slapped once as he made his way to his seat, it was slapped a hundred times. A small girl asked for his autograph.

Back in his chair in the seventh row, he sat for some moments panting like a spent runner at the end of a marathon race (for that sequence about saying nothing and knowing nothing takes it out of a man) while his successor on the platform, Edwin Jukes, Lower Smattering's popular veterinary surgeon, gave some imitations of songsters who are familiar to you all. Then, abruptly, Reggie rose and strode out. Those nearest him were interested to see that his lips were set and his eyes shining with a strange light.

We authors, who cook up the stuff in the privacy of our studies and have no contact with our public beyond an occasional letter from an admirer telling us that there is a misprint on page forty-six of our latest novel, know nothing of the yeasty elation that surges in the bosom of the artist who dishes it out from a stage and is able to observe with his own eyes the effect of his efforts on the audience to which he caters.



"The boys were figuring out how much Christmas was going to cost them this year when *he* happened to walk in"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

Reginald Watson-Watson was a young man unaccustomed to having his back slapped and being asked for his autograph, and the tornado of enthusiasm, which was still displacing plaster from the ceiling of the village hall, shook him to his depths. It made him happy. But it did more than that. It made him feel masterful and dominant and a king among men. And the first thing a man who is feeling masterful and dominant and a king among men wants to do is go to the lair of the old bounder who has chiseled him out of twenty thousand of the best and crispest, and tell him just what he thinks of him. Before he had even emerged into the open air, Reggie had thought of six excellent names he was going to call Jasper Biffen, the mildest of them "potbellied louse."

He had not seen Jasper Biffen among the audience. In the seat in which Biffen should have been sitting, on Amanda's right, the eye found instead what looked like a woman of good family who kept cats. The inference, therefore, was that he had given the concert a miss and was having a quiet evening at home. To this home, accordingly, Reggie now made his way.

Mr. Biffen, as has been said, lived in a vast Tudor mansion, one of those colossal edifices which, on settling in the country, retired financiers so often buy with the idea of giving themselves a standing in the community. When the cost of keeping the thing up is borne in upon them, they almost invariably regret it. Dunrobin, Jasper Biffen's country seat, towered to the skies from the midst of pleasant grounds and was so bountifully equipped with every modern convenience that Reggie had not been surprised when Amanda had told him once that it was insured against fire for no less a sum than a hundred thousand pounds.

When he hove to, outside the front door, the fact that repeated rings at the bell produced no response suggested that the domestic staff had been given the night off to go to the concert. But some sixth sense told Reggie that the man he sought was somewhere inside and, as he had now thought of eleven more names to call him, bringing the total to seventeen, he was not to be foiled by a closed front door. As Napoleon would have done in his place, he hunted around till he found a ladder and brought it back and propped it up against the balcony outside one of the rooms on the first floor.

He climbed up. He had now thought of an eighteenth name.

Windows of English country houses are seldom locked at night, and Reggie had no difficulty in opening the one outside which he stood. He found himself in an ornate guest room, and, passing through this, came to a corridor looking down on the main hall.

THE main hall, lighted by a single dim lamp, was at the moment empty, but presently Mr. Biffen appeared through a door at the far end. He had presumably been down in the cellar, for he was carrying a large container from which he now proceeded to sprinkle about the floor what from its aroma was evidently kerosene. As he did so, he sang in a soft undertone the hymn which runs "We plow the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land." The floor, Reggie observed, was covered with paper and shavings.

Odd, he felt. No doubt one of these newfangled methods of cleaning carpets—probably very effective—but there was a grave risk of fire, and had their relations been more cordial, he would have shouted down a warning from where he stood. One cannot be too careful with kerosene.

But he was in no mood to give this man kindly warnings. All he wanted to do was start calling him names, now twenty-three in number, which were bubbling in the boiling caldron of his soul. He chanced, however, to look down at his hand as it rested on the rail, and the sight gave him pause.

We have carelessly omitted to mention—one tends to get carried away by one's story and overlook small details—that in order to perfect his rendering of Ol' Man River, Reggie had smeared his face and hands liberally with burned cork. The artist in him had told him that it would be too damn' silly, a chap coming out in faultless evening dress, with a carnation in his buttonhole and a pink face protruding from a high collar, and trying to persuade an intelligent audience that he was a stevedore down on the Mississippi.

Well, of course, this rather altered

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

the run of the present section of the scenario. Reggie was not very intelligent, but he could see that a bimbo—call him Bimbo A—who wants to dominate another bimbo—call him Bimbo B—starts at a serious disadvantage if he is blacked up. The wrong note is struck from the beginning. It would be necessary, if he was to dominate so tough an old bird as Jasper Biffen, to go home and wash.

Tut-tutting, for he felt frustrated and disappointed, he returned to the ladder and climbed down it. And his foot was leaving the last rung, when a heavy hand descended on his shoulder and a voice, gruesomely official in its intonation, observed, "Gotcher!"

It was Police Constable Popjoy, the sleepless guardian of the peace of Lower Smattering on the Wissel, who had made the remark which we have just recorded. He was one of the few who had not attended the concert. Entertainments meant nothing to P. C. Popjoy. Put Lily Pons, Bing Crosby, Martin and Lewis, Danny Kaye and Milton Berle on the platform of the village hall, and whisper in his ear that Gypsy Rose Lee and Margie Hart were coming on later, and Eustace Popjoy would still not have deviated a step from his round of duty. Great Britain trusted him to do his beat of a night, and he did it.

This beat involved keeping an eye on the home of Jasper Biffen, and the eye he had been keeping had detected the presence of a ladder propped up against the balcony of one of the rooms on the first floor. It had struck him from the very first as suspicious, and events were now proving that his suspicions had been well founded.

"Gotcher!" P. C. Popjoy said again.

It was one of those situations, and Reggie recognized it as such, where it is a little difficult to think of what to do next. The officer's hand had now transferred itself to the scruff of his neck, and he was being propelled at a rapid pace in what he knew was the direction of the local police station. Obviously one could not just pass the thing off with an "Ah, Popjoy" and a light laugh.

His only course seemed to be to carry on along existing lines for the time being and hope that in due season an opportunity would present itself for kicking the constable on the shin and making the quick getaway.

AND what, meanwhile, of Amanda? She had left the concert early, and, as she started to drive back to Dunrobin in her sport model two-seater, her mind was in a whirl and her soul stirred up as if with an egg whisk. Reggie's spectacular triumph had brought about so complete a change in her outlook that it would not be too much to say that the scales had fallen from her eyes. As she listened, first to Reggie going lower and lower as he sang of getting drunk and landing in jail, and then to the roof-shaking applause of the many-headed, she realized that she had been mad, mad to give the old heave-ho to such a man.

"I love you! I love you!" she had murmured, clenching her hands till the knuckles stood out white, and when Lord Knubble of Knopp, overhearing the words, beamed and said, "No, really? I say, how priceless," she had turned on him with a cold "Not you, you poor fish," and broken off their engagement. And now she was driving home, thinking of the man she loved.

Could he ever forgive the harsh words she had spoken?

Extremely doubtful.

Would she ever see him again?

Against this second question one can pencil in the word "yes," for at this moment he came galloping round the corner at forty miles per hour, and even as she braked her car and sat gazing in astonishment, speculating on his motives in running at forty miles per hour, along came Police Constable Popjoy, doing approximately fifty-five. Amanda was a girl of quick perceptions. Not so long ago she herself had left a raided night club in a like manner, and it took her but an instant to realize that the officer was for some reason chasing Reginald. A strong resentment burned within her. A pretty state of things, she felt.

When a man doing fifty-five pursues a man capable of only forty, the end is merely a question of time. On the present occasion it came rather sooner than might have been expected, owing to Reggie treading on a loose pebble and falling like a sack of coals. The constable, coming up, loomed over him.

"Gotcher!" he said, for he was a man of limited conversational resources.

HE WAS reaching down to re-establish his grip on the scruff of Reggie's neck, when there was a dull, chunky sound, and he fell in his tracks. And Reggie, looking up, saw Amanda dusting off the wrench which had just connected with the zealous officer's occiput.

"Oh, what ho!" he said.

"Hullo, Reggie," said Amanda. "How's everything?"

"Top hole, thanks, now that you've socked the flatty. You don't think he'll suddenly recover and make a spring, do you?"

Amanda laughed. She had played hockey for Roedean, and when she socked people with spanners, they stayed socked.

"He will be out of circulation for quite a while, I imagine," she said. "In which respect he differs from me, because I'm back in circulation."

"Eh?"

"I've broken my engagement to Percy Knubble."

"Oh, fine."

"You are the man I love, Reggie."

"Oh, finer."

"I worship you. I adore you."

"Oh, finest."

"And now," said Amanda, "give me a brief account of what it was about."

She listened with a thoughtful frown while Reggie related the events of the evening. She found herself particularly intrigued by what he told her of the activities of her Uncle Jasper. "You say he was sprinkling kerosene about the place?"

"Freely."

"And there were paper and shavings on the floor?"

"In considerable abundance."

"Ha!" said Amanda. She kissed him fondly. "I think I see daylight."

"What, at half past nine at night?"

"Look," said Amanda. "You go home and wash that stuff off. I'll stay here and lend the rozzer a helping hand when he comes to."

"I think he's coming to now."

"Yes. He starts, he moves, he seems to feel the thrill of life along his keel. Off you go, my lad."

It was some minutes later that Constable Popjoy opened his eyes and rose, feeling the back of his head.

"Coo!" he observed.

"Coo is right," said Amanda. "Did you see what hit you?"

"No, I didn't."

"It was one of those flying saucers."

"Coo!"

"Coo again is correct. They raise a nasty bump, do they not? That head of yours wants a beefsteak, or something, slapped on it. Come along with me, and I'll see what the larder at Dunrobin has to offer."

Mr. Biffen, having used up all the kerosene in the cellar, had come out of the house to go to the garage for some gasoline, and was standing on the front steps when Amanda drove up. His emotion on beholding her was marked.

"Amanda! I was not expecting you back for another two hours."

The girl alighted from the car and drew him aside. "So I rather gathered when Reggie Watson-Watson told me he had seen you strewing the house with paper and shavings and sprinkling kerosene on them."

Mr. Biffen had not presided over a hundred hostile General Meetings for nothing. He preserved his composure. The closest observer could not have known that his heart, leaping into his mouth, had just loosened two of his front teeth. "Absurd! The boy's an idiot. He wasn't here, for one thing. And if he had been, he would have seen no paper and shavings on the floor."

"No?" said Amanda. "Well, just for fun I'll go in and look. And I'll take Constable Popjoy with me. I'm sure he will be interested."

Mr. Biffen's heart did another *entrechat*. "Constable Popjoy?" he quavered.

"He's in my car. After what Reggie told me, I thought it would be a sound move to bring him along."

Mr. Biffen clutched at her arm. "No, do not go in, particularly in the company of P. C. Popjoy. The fact is, my dear, that there is a certain amount of substance in what young Watson-Watson said. I did happen to drop a few shavings and a little paper which I chanced to be carrying about with me, and I carelessly tripped and upset a container of kerosene. The whole thing was quite innocent, but a man like Popjoy might draw a wrong conclusion."

"He might think you were planning to do down the insurance company for a hundred thousand."

"It is possible," assented Mr. Biffen.

"These policemen get the weirdest ideas into their heads."

"Extraordinary fellows," said Mr. Biffen.

Amanda coughed. "Oh, by the way, Uncle Jasper, Reggie's changed his mind about those Smelly River Refineries. He doesn't want them. True," she went on, in response to the other's remark that he had damned well got them, "but he would like you to buy them back."

"He would, would he?"

"I told him you would be delighted."

"You did, did you?"

"Won't you be delighted?"

"No, I won't."

"I see. I was wrong, then. Oh, Popjoy," said Amanda.

"Miss?"

"Step this way, would you mind?"

"Please! Please! Please! Please! Please!" cried Mr. Biffen.

"One moment, Popjoy. You were saying, Uncle Jasper?"

"If young Watson-Watson really prefers to sell me back those shares—"

"He does."

"Very well, then. I agree."

"Popjoy."

"Miss?"

"Don't step this way."

"Very good, miss."

"And now, Uncle Jasper, I'll come with you to your study while you write out a check for forty thousand pounds."

Mr. Biffen reeled. "Forty thousand? He only paid me twenty thousand."

"They've gone up," said Amanda.

IN HIS cozy bungalow, Reggie Watson-Watson was getting outside a refreshing Scotch highball. He had mixed it by way of celebration when the news had come through from Amanda at Dunrobin that, while short on Smelly River Refineries, he was gratifyingly long on pounds sterling. It seemed to him that everything could now be described as wonderful. The girl he loved had specifically stated that she worshiped and adored him, which you couldn't say wasn't a good deal. The mind reeled at the thought of what the local paper would have to say about his performance at the concert. He had removed the last trace of burned cork from his face and hands, thus defying pursuit. And, above all, he had to all intents and purposes rendered Jasper Biffen less than the dust beneath his chariot wheels. A pretty nifty night's work, Reggie was inclined to sum it up as.

He was roused from his reverie by the ringing of the telephone. He took up the receiver, hoping that this was Amanda playing a return date.

It was not Amanda, it was Jasper Biffen. "Could I have a word with you on a business matter? Now that you have forty thousand pounds, you will of course be looking out for a sound investment. I wonder if I could interest you in a block of Atlantic Ocean Ordinaries? It is a company formed for the purpose of extracting gold from sea water, and I need scarcely tell you that its possibilities are boundless. I shall be surprised—nay, astounded—if it does not bring you a return of eighty or ninety per centum on your—" Mr. Biffen paused, listening courteously while the young man called him the twenty-seven names which were now surging in his soul. "I see," Mr. Jasper Biffen said. "Quite. Quite. It was merely a suggestion."

Hairesy

WILLIAM BUNCE

Teensters locks in pony-tails
Get attention from the males—
As time goes by and locks get duller,
It's a horse of a different color.

—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD

He would be followed to the subway, and at Forty-second Street, the other would be waiting, to trail him to his office

The Quarry

By MARC BRANDEL

He knew that the two men were watching him. But why? Could they be planning to kill him?

IT WAS just at the time his own life seemed most hopeless that Ashley realized he was being followed. He didn't imagine it; Ashley was not fanciful. Since his wife's death he had been bitterly alone, but loneliness had not made him overimaginative or morbid. He had reacted to his terrible shock and grief rather with ruthless, even exaggerated realism, working harder than ever at his job with a mid-town printing company, cutting himself off from any reminder of Margery and their happiness together which might encourage self-pity, and fighting a stubborn battle with his growing sense of despair.

The discovery that he was being followed didn't come all at once. One morning, leaving his apartment, he was struck with a familiar look of a man loitering on the corner. There was nothing unusual about this. In the year he had lived on that block, Ashley had grown familiar with any number of nameless faces. But as he walked on to the subway station, he was bothered by the feeling that it was not here in this neighborhood that he had seen the man before, although he couldn't identify the background with which he did associate him. Long before he got to the office that morning, Ashley had forgotten the whole incident.

But, two nights later, he saw the same man again in an unfamiliar bar on Third Avenue. He knew he wasn't mistaken; the man was too easy to remember. He was about Ashley's age, in the middle thirties, dressed in a brown suit, the jacket reaching well below the hips; a tan sport shirt buttoned at the neck; no tie; and a felt hat with an exaggeratedly wide brim. And there was no forgetting those eyes. They were brown, set too wide apart, and curiously vacant of expression.

Ashley studied him across the angle of the bar, trying to remember where else he had seen him, where the man had first attracted his attention. In a minute or two he had it: one evening last week, leaving the office around seven, he had seen him standing in front of the directory in the lobby. He remembered wondering at the time who the man could be looking for that late.

Three times. Three different places. Ashley glanced down the bar again as he sipped at his beer. There was another man standing beside this fellow, and Ashley was sure they must be together, although they did not speak. There was an unmistakable likeness between them: their gross, impassive faces; their air of being engaged in some elaborate and sustained pretense. They looked as though they were trying to pretend they weren't there, Ashley thought impatiently, finishing his drink.

He picked up his change and started past the

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DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA

two men, toward the door. He was almost abreast of them when he saw the flicker of communication—it was less than a nod—that passed between the two, like a signal.

Outside, under the el, Ashley paused. It was then that the idea he was being followed first seriously occurred to him. He rejected it at once. There was absolutely nothing in the circumstances of his life to justify his being watched. He crossed the avenue to the uptown side, looking out for a taxi. He was lucky. The roof lights of an empty one showed a block away. He signaled it to a stop, and as he got in he looked back at the bar.

They had obviously just come out. They stood there, unnaturally still, their hands in their pockets, their squat, wide-brimmed hats silhouetted against the lighted panel of the door. The cab started, and Ashley looked back at them through the rear window. Before a passing truck blocked them from sight, he had a swift impression of running figures.

Ashley sank back against the cushions. For the first time in many empty days, he felt a not-unpleasant sense of excitement.

THE apartment house in which Ashley lived was a huge, L-shaped building with a separate entrance and elevator for each wing and a gloomy tunnel of a lobby. His own apartment faced the avenue. He rarely used the entrance on the street side at all, and the majority of the tenants were strangers to him. That was one of the reasons Ashley had chosen the place, a few weeks after Margery's death. More than anything at that time, he had been afraid of sympathy, and the vast, impersonal building had seemed to offer exactly the solitude he needed to develop his defenses against grief.

Tonight his apartment's air of empty impersonality was gone. He threw his coat across a chair, instead of hanging it neatly in the closet as he usually did, dropped onto the couch and lighted a cigarette.

It was so fantastic, he thought, so utterly beyond reason. Why could those two men in that bar possibly be following him? If they were, of course. And if they were, what ought he to do? Go to the police? "I'm not sure, but I have an idea I'm being followed." They'd think, naturally, that he was a nut, or that he'd been playing around with someone else's wife.

The second thought made him wince. How could he convince a stranger that Margery had been the only woman for him? He looked up at the photograph above the mantel. It was the only thing in the room that had been hers, a flight of gulls over the sea. Margery had taken it at Noank their last summer together, the summer before it happened. When they had called him at the office that day he had understood only the words: Margery, fall, badly hurt. But later, during the hours of agonized waiting at the hospital, he had been able to reconstruct the whole senseless accident: the kitten stranded on the window sill of the closed house next door; Margery, who could never resist the appeal of helplessness, trying to reach it from the terrace of their top-floor apartment; the wooden awning post she was holding to suddenly giving way; the asphalt yard three floors below. She had died that night.

Ashley remembered the police's prurient questioning then, their eagerness to find something suspicious even in his marriage.

He stubbed out his cigarette and, picking up the ash tray, carried it into the kitchen and washed it before replacing it on the table. He wouldn't do anything for the moment, he decided finally, as he turned off the light and went into the bedroom. He would just see what happened next.

THE next few days removed all Ashley's doubts. By the third evening he knew the exact extent of watch that was being kept on him.

When he left the apartment house each morning, one or the other of the two men would be there, sometimes quite openly, sometimes lurking in the doorway of a store across the avenue. He would then be followed until he boarded the downtown subway. On the platform at Forty-second Street the other one would be waiting, to trail him to his office.

It was the same at lunchtime and when he left for home in the evening. And once, when Ashley had to go downtown in the afternoon to discuss a brochure he was designing for an investment house, his taxi was followed both ways by a blue, four-door car.

Ashley's feelings during those three days underwent a gradual change. At first he was astounded by the men's clumsiness and inefficiency. He had only to ride past Grand Central in the morning to give them the slip for the whole day, or go past his stop in the evening to be free of them for the night. But he soon saw that they didn't care. And it occurred to him then that they weren't so much following him as trying to frighten him into something, though he couldn't imagine what.

They weren't succeeding. Ashley was simply too puzzled and interested to be afraid. Once he even turned suddenly on the street to confront his pursuer, but the man disappeared before he could catch up with him. The incident gave Ashley a pleasant sense of power.

And then on the third day his curiosity turned suddenly to anger. Leaving his office that evening, he found himself quite close to the man in the brown suit. The fellow was standing in the lobby, his hands, as usual, in his pockets, his wide-set eyes staring unseeing into the crowd. Ashley started directly toward him, but this time the man did not move away at once. His glance flickered past Ashley, as though he were silently asking a question of someone by the elevator. The answer, whatever it was, seemed to annoy him; with an impatient shrug of acceptance he turned and made off into the street.

In that instant, looking closely into his face, Ashley had discovered that he hated the man. He hated his look of senseless cunning, of bullying conceit. He hated his sharp brown suit. He hated his heavy face, empty of all feeling, of everything but stupidity and greed.

He hated him, and he had had enough of it. It seemed to him a long time since he had felt anything so deeply. He caught his usual uptown express, but instead of getting off at his usual stop, rode on to the next and doubled back on the local. Then, sure he was no longer being followed, he went to the police station on Sixty-seventh Street.

It was an old brick building that looked as though it might once have been a school. Ashley waited patiently at the desk until the uniformed lieutenant there took notice of him.

"Yeah?" the lieutenant asked finally, looking up from a ledger.

It was difficult to know where to begin. Ashley gave his name and address. "There are a couple of men," he said. "They've been following me for about a week now, and I wanted, well, I wanted to report it to the police." He was aware that he hadn't put it well.

"What kind of men?" the lieutenant asked without interest.

"About my age. One of them's around five feet ten, heavily built, brown suit, brown eyes set rather wide apart. The other—"

The lieutenant cut him short with a nod. "You better go up to the Detective Squad," he said. "Up the stairs to the right. There will be someone up there who can take care of you."

At the top of the stairs, Ashley followed an arrow through an open doorway into a hall-like office with a plain wooden floor and dull painted walls. It was empty, except for a young man in shirt sleeves who sat writing at one of three desks. He glanced up as Ashley entered and then, dropping his pen, pushed himself back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "I'm Lewis," he said. "Sit down. What can I do for you?"

Ashley gave his name and address again. It was like being interviewed for a job, he thought. Lewis had that efficient, rather cagey look Ashley remembered of personnel managers in the thirties. "I was on my way to the office last Monday morning," he said, "and I noticed a man . . ." He told the whole story in detail, but without emotion, giving only the facts.

Lewis listened politely. Only once did he show any particular interest: when Ashley described the two men who had been following him. "Let's get this straight," he said, leaning forward over the desk. "You mean they made no attempt to hide the fact they were tailing you?"

"No." Ashley was quite sure of that.

"All right, go on. What did you say they looked like? Short? Tall?"

Ashley told him and then answered a series of questions about hair, complexion, color of eyes.

"Wait here a minute." Lewis stood up and walked into the next room. Ashley looked around him at the empty desks, the single metal filing cabinet. They made the place seem like a shabby employment office during the depression.

"Let me get a note of your name and address." Lewis was back. He picked up his pen.

Ashley gave them for the third time, adding his office address, and then Lewis held out his hand, dismissing him. "We'll put someone on it." It was as though he were saying, "We'll let you know."

Ashley nodded. Back in the thirties they never had let you know, he remembered.

AFTER all, Ashley asked himself, as he started to walk home, what had he expected? What had he expected Lewis to do? But he couldn't help feeling dissatisfied. He had been moved by anger into taking some kind of action, and simply going to the police had not been enough. The anger was still there, like a coiled spring inside him.

As he neared home he began to keep a sharp watch for the two men but the only figures he saw loitering on the sidewalk were a young couple across the street, standing a few inches apart, their hands fluttering indecisively in the narrow space between them, like birds looking for somewhere to alight.

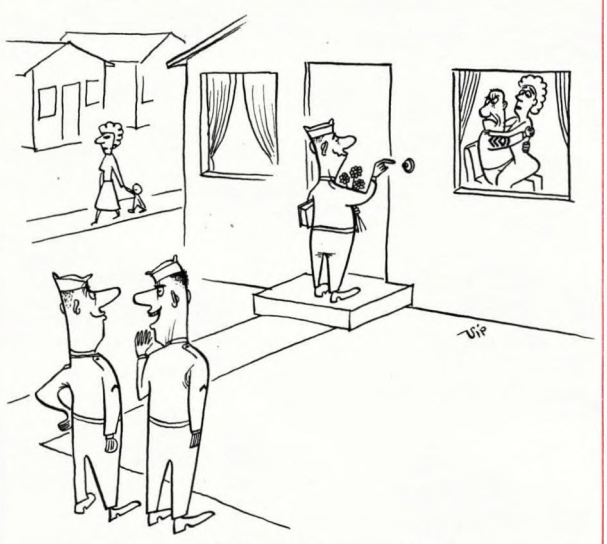
Go on, kiss her, you fool, Ashley thought, and was surprised at his own momentary yearning.

He turned into the apartment house. Crossing the wide, gloomy lobby to the elevator, he realized that he had actually been hoping to find that idiot in the brown suit waiting for him tonight. Well, he'd be there in the morning, Ashley thought.

But he was wrong. As abruptly and unaccountably as it had begun, the watch on him stopped. The next day passed without his setting eyes on either of his pursuers. And the next day. And the next.

He had no way of knowing whether he had Lewis to thank for this. On

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "We're about to see push-button warfare" VIRGIL PARTCH

Tuesday afternoon at the office, he decided to telephone and try to find out.

Lewis wasn't in. Ashley left his name and number, and in a surprisingly short time the detective called back.

"I saw you last Thursday," Ashley began, "I came to report—"

Yes, Lewis remembered all that. "What is it now?" he asked.

"You probably know this already," Ashley said, "but they've stopped following me. I haven't seen either of those two men since that night."

"I see." It was difficult to tell what Lewis meant. His manner was as noncommittal as a shrug. "Is that all?"

"Yes. Yes, that's all." Ashley heard the click at the other end and slowly replaced his own telephone. It was all beyond him, he decided; there seemed to be nothing to do now but forget it. He picked up the papers he had been working on, but he couldn't concentrate on them. He kept thinking of the empty evening ahead of him.

AND there it might have stayed, one of those inexplicable things that happen sometimes in cities, like a telephone ringing at midnight and nothing but a dead, listening silence when you answer. It might have ended there for Ashley, if he hadn't had to go over to the plant in Jersey that Friday. He spent the afternoon there and decided to eat dinner at a Hoboken clam house Margery had liked.

He caught the eight-o'clock ferry back to Manhattan, standing on the upper deck with the cool wind from the river in his face. He had been a fool to go back to that restaurant, he thought. It had left his mind, even his senses, raw with remembrance. And watching the stars of light on the New York side grow slowly into the windows of buildings, he was filled with a renewed sense of loneliness, of distaste for the way he lived; for his bleak apartment; for the long hours he spent working to earn money he had so little use for now.

There were no taxis in sight at the landing, and after waiting a few minutes, Ashley walked east through the Village to the Washington Square subway station. And that was why it didn't end there for him; because Ashley happened to be on one particular subway train that night.

The subway tracks turn sharply west after leaving Washington Square. Ashley was standing by a door, and as the train took the turn, the car ahead was thrown at an angle to the one he was riding in, and the row of passengers on the opposite side came for a second into his line of sight.

Ashley saw the man at once; he was sitting about halfway down the car, wearing the same brown suit, his hands in his pockets, his face tilted back, his fat lips moving with studious deliberation, as he read himself the advertisements across the aisle.

Then the train straightened, and he swung out of sight. Ashley edged his way to the front of the car, so that he could watch the man through the lurching doors between the coaches. He was quite sure that this time the man's presence there had nothing to do with him, and he knew exactly what he was going to do. He was going to wait until the man left the train and then follow *him* for a change and try to find out who and what he was.

The man got off at Eighty-sixth Street. Ashley kept him carefully in sight through the gate and up the stairs. It wasn't easy trailing him without being noticed himself. The man kept hanging back and hurrying on again; but it wasn't until he came out onto the street that Ashley understood why.

There was a group of people waiting on the corner for a cross-town bus. The man in the brown suit stood some distance away from them, facing in their direction but showing no apparent interest in them. It was from that, his too obvious casualness, that Ashley realized what he was up to. He was following someone in the group, following openly with the same confident lack of caution with which he had once followed Ashley.

A bus lumbered up and stopped, its doors folding open with a gasp. The line of passengers began to move into the light inside. Ashley watched them as they dropped their coins into the box. There were three women, middle-aged, two of them together; a boy of about eighteen in a Hawaiian shirt; and a man of about Ashley's age, quietly dressed, with a prim, worried look.

Then, at the very last moment, the man in the brown suit moved. He walked quickly to the bus, held back the already closing door and wedged his way inside. As the bus pulled away, Ashley caught a glimpse of him, fishing a handful of change from his pocket, sorting it over in his heavy palm.

Ashley ran to a taxi a dozen yards away, wrenched open the door and jumped in. The driver looked back over his shoulder. "Where to?" he said.

Ashley hesitated. Follow that bus? Was that what you said?

"Where to?" The driver had turned right around now. The bus was fast pulling away into the park.

"Just follow that cross-town bus," Ashley said firmly.

"Okay." The driver showed no surprise as he reached down his flag.

They dawdled along until the bus made its first stop and then drew in well behind it. Ashley craned forward, watching the passengers get off: a colored woman with a package under her arm; a young girl in a yellow dress. The doors folded shut; the bus ground away.

IT WAS not until they reached the corner of Lexington, two blocks from where Ashley lived, that his quarry moved. He was the last at that stop to get off. Ashley watched from the taxi as he stood a moment on the corner and then loafed off down the avenue. Only two other passengers had gone that way, a heavy girl in a corduroy jacket and the quiet, worried-looking man.

"All right. Thanks." Ashley pushed a dollar bill into the driver's hand. The man in the brown suit was crossing the avenue diagonally, but Ashley didn't go after him. He was more interested now in the worried-looking man. He picked him out almost at once, half a block away on the opposite sidewalk.

Ashley was sure, even before his man turned off to the right, that he was making for his own apartment house. Ashley dodged across the avenue to the other entrance; with luck he might intercept the man in the lobby. But the elevator in Ashley's wing of the building stood empty, and the door of the elevator in the other wing was just closing; Ashley watched the indicator hand circle slowly to six.

One of the doormen was sitting at the end of the hall, reading the Daily News. Ashley walked over to him. "That gentleman who just came in," he said. "Do you know his name?"

The doorman lowered his News. "Mr. Gordon, sir?"

"Is that it? What apartment is he in?"

"6B, sir."

6B. Ashley's own apartment was 6A in the other wing, opposite 6B. When the elevator returned to the lobby, Ashley took it to 6, followed the familiar turns in the passage, and pressed the familiar-looking bell. There was someone moving on the other side of the door but no answering click of the latch. He rang again.

"Who is it?" The note of fear in the voice was like a clue, an answer.

"My name's Ashley. I'm a tenant in the building, Mr. Gordon. I wonder if I could speak to you a moment." He made his voice as reassuring as he could.

He apparently succeeded; the door opened almost at once. The man he had seen getting off the bus faced him in the doorway.

He had been wrong about him, Ashley noticed. Close to, it wasn't worry that showed in the lines of Gordon's face. It wasn't fear, exactly, either. It was despair, a resignation so complete that its effect was as positive as an act of violence. Ashley had never realized it before, but there is something in the eyes of almost all people, a kind of radiance, however faint, of hope. There was none at all in Gordon's.

"May I come in?"

"Why not?" Gordon moved aside, and as Ashley stepped past him into the living room, he rebolted the door. There was a disturbing formality about the action, as if it were an old, discredited ritual, performed without conviction.

In arrangement of the rooms and windows, the apartment was an exact replica of Ashley's own; and there was something else familiar about the place that he couldn't immediately identify.

"Yes?" Gordon went to the couch and seemed to collapse onto it as if his legs had suddenly failed him.

"Do you know a man, about thirty-five, heavy-set?" Ashley said. "Brown eyes, wears a brown suit."

"You a cop?" Gordon spoke with no interest, no expression of any kind in his voice. He might have been asking just to pass the time.

"No." Ashley sat down on the arm of a chair. "You see, the same man, or rather two men, followed me for several days last week . . ." He gave a brief account of what had happened: the sudden stopping of their watch on him, the way he had spotted one of the same men on the subway tonight. He said nothing about his interview with Lewis. He suspected he might gain Gordon's confidence faster if he didn't.

GORDON listened without a word. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking; the despair was too complete, too exclusive. "Why?" he asked at last, when Ashley had finished.

"Why were they following me?"

Gordon nodded.

"I don't know. I haven't any idea." Ashley made a question of it.

"Could be that." Gordon seemed to be finishing a sentence begun as a thought. "You do look a bit like me."

It was like an accusation. Ashley stared at Gordon's tired, lifeless face. They were about the same age, the same height and coloring. He couldn't, he refused to see any other similarity. "That's hardly probable, is it?" he said, "that they were following me by mistake, because they thought I was you?"

"You're lucky."

"Lucky? Why?"

There was no response, only those dull, hopeless eyes, with their patience that was like a foreshadowing of death. Their scrutiny was suddenly unbearable. Ashley stood up and walked over to the window. He could see the darkened windows of his own apartment, 6A, exactly opposite. But even so, how could they have confused him with Gordon? Didn't Gordon know the men? Didn't they know him? And what did they want with him? Why was he so resigned to his fear of them?

"Lucky you're alive."

Ashley turned quickly back. "You mean they're trying to kill you?" he asked incredulously. It wasn't that he thought such a thing was impossible; the knowledge that it wasn't—that things like that did happen—was too much a part of the times. But the familiarity of the room, Gordon's tired ordinary face, his neatly brushed hair and business suit had brought it suddenly too close to him for belief.

"Sure." The single, toneless word carried absolute conviction. Ashley was suddenly reminded of the smell of ether, the hospital room, the doctor coming softly toward him, the same toneless voice: "Your wife's dead, Mr. Ashley."

"But, why?" he cried, as he had then. "Why? Why?"

Gordon shifted heavily on the couch. He seemed to be fighting a desire to talk. Finally he shrugged: it couldn't matter now. "There's nothing much to tell," he said. "I had a little factory. Philadelphia. Toys, novelties, things like that. Business was very slow. People didn't have the money. Or they were buying television sets. My wife was sick. Her kidneys. And prices going up. Labor costs—if I told you . . ." Gradually, from a sentence here and there, Ashley began to put the story together.

"Some of my competitors were doing it . . . I didn't see any harm . . . These two guys came to see me with a big order for these punchboards. You know what punchboards are?"

Ashley nodded. He thought of the shabby little restaurants, the cashiers' desks, the bright red-and-yellow boards, the few cents change taken out in chances. It seemed incredible that any of that could lead to murder.

"Everything was all right for a while. Then things began to slack off. My wife had to have an operation . . . What could I do?" He had a habit of spreading his hands like a deck of cards, in a way that curiously failed to convey any impression of frankness. "I had an offer from this other syndicate. I knew it was dangerous, but I thought I could fill the order without the first mob knowing . . . Someone must have talked. Couldn't let me get away with it, I guess. They have to keep everyone in line . . . Car tried to run me down . . . Four months ago . . . Couldn't stay in Philadelphia; New York's a big town. Had enough money to last me for a while . . . Saw those two guys Thursday night. Knew it was no good . . . Nothing I can do." He had reached the present: it was the end. He fell silent, his hands still spread hopelessly on his knees.

Ashley stared at him with horror. "But . . ." There were so many huts. "But if you know those two men who have been following you . . ."

"No." Gordon shook his head. "I never saw them before last week. They wouldn't do it like that. They bring guys in from another town." He might have been explaining the customs of the country to a foreigner.

"But why don't you go to the police? You haven't anything to be afraid of from them, have you?"

"What good would it do?"

"They'd protect you."

"For the rest of my life? Like those gangsters that went to the police for protection? Shut up in a hotel room somewhere. And even then, look what happened to Abe Reles. No." He had obviously thought it all out. "Besides there's my wife. She's still got the factory. If I don't make any trouble they'll leave her alone."

"If you don't make any trouble!" Ashley leaped to his feet. "You mean if you let them kill you."

"What can I do?" It wasn't even a question. Gordon's voice was so low Ashley could barely hear it. "Tonight that fellow spoke to me on the bus. He said I shouldn't keep them waiting around any longer. I guess they've got a car on the corner now. I just wanted . . . " He looked blindly around the room. "There were a couple of things I just wanted to do first."

"NO!" That glance around the room made Ashley see what it was that was so familiar to him about this apartment: the bareness, the austere neatness and order. It was just like his own: no one had ever lived there, either. The realization made Gordon's hopelessness unbearably personal, an indictment of his own life, of himself. "Why should you give in like that?" he cried out. "Why should you make it easy for them?"

"Maybe they'll give me a break."

"How?"

"They won't . . . You know . . . They won't . . ." Gordon moved his lips, but there were no words for the unthinkable. "They'll just kill me," he said simply, at last.

"You're not going. I won't let them." It was as though it were no longer Gordon but himself that Ashley was trying to save.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I just won't stand for it, that's all." His anger was still curiously undirected. He meant, all this, this awful resignation, so apparent in everything around him. Gordon had never even bothered to put up curtains in the months he had lived there; he had only the same kind of cheap roller blinds as Ashley had in his own apartment. Ashley looked at the telephone on a chair against the wall. He thought again of the police and instantly remembered Lewis' curt voice: "I see. Is that all?" Gordon was probably right; there was no help there. He thought of that gross, loathsome idiot in the brown suit, waiting on the street outside, knowing he was going to kill a man, knowing he could.

"I won't let them." Ashley repeated furiously. His sense of protest was as much for himself as for Gordon, because what Gordon had said was true. They *were* alike; they were both in their different ways victims, resigned to defeat. But Ashley's rebellious anger had at last found a point of focus. The man waiting on the street outside had suddenly come to represent to him much more than a hired killer. The whole senseless brutality of fate, the useless tragedy of Margery's death, everything that had beaten Ashley into the lifeless, resigned existence of these last twelve months seemed compounded in that single man.

"You wait here," he said. He knew what he was going to do. He wasn't afraid of being killed. He had too little to lose—nothing, unless he did fight

now. "Don't leave this room," he ordered Gordon. He was sure Gordon would obey; his will was too far weakened not to.

The closet was in the hall, just inside the door, as it was in his own apartment. He found at once what he was looking for: the hat Gordon had been wearing on the bus tonight. He carried it in his hand until he was clear of the doorman in the downstairs lobby and then put it on, pulling it a little forward over his eyes, before stepping out into the street. He hunched his shoulders as though in fear, keeping close to the wall as he walked, searching the length of the sidewalk below him for the familiar heavy-set figure.

He was in luck; the man seemed to be alone. He was standing far down, almost at the corner, facing Ashley's way. There were cars parked all down the block. It was impossible to tell which one might be theirs, the car in which the others—and Ashley knew he must be prepared for others—would be waiting. His anger, his hatred of the man seemed to grow with every step he took toward him. He looked so obscenely confident, so much at home, waiting there on a city street for someone he had scarcely spoken to, whom he was going to kill. Ashley remembered his empty, conceited face that afternoon in the lobby of the office building, the way he had shrugged and turned away after that exchange of signals. It had probably been at that moment they had made sure of their mistake, known he wasn't Gordon.

The man shifted a little on his feet and suddenly withdrew his hands from his pockets. He had caught sight of Ashley. There was no one between them; the opposite sidewalk was deserted; but there were still people going home from the bars, out walking their dogs, on Third Avenue. Ashley was relieved to see them. He needed people for what he intended to do, ordinary people who would be shocked by violence, who would scream and form a crowd around a fight and call the police. If he made enough of it, the police would have to take them both in.

Less than twenty yards divided them now. Ashley walked on, his shoulders hunched, his head down. It was all right. He was sure now from the other's careless attitude that he still took him for Gordon. Only ten more yards. The anger inside him was like the feel of a gun—hard, solid and dangerous.

HE HAD been counting on their overconfidence. As it happened, he had underestimated it. As Ashley reached him, the man gave him barely a glance; he jerked his head sharply to the side as though telling Ashley to follow and then half turned away.

Ashley acted on the instinct of fury. He leaped forward and brought his fist across and down, with his whole weight behind it, on the corner of the man's jaw, just below the ear. He felt the impact of the blow all down his arm, heard a harsh choking cry and then, as the other slid away from him, rushed in and hit him again and again, in the eyes, the mouth, any part of the face he could reach.

It was like hitting a sandbag, solid and heavy and unyielding. The man took the blows with a kind of massive indifference. As Ashley swung at him again, he moved aside and caught him by the collar with one hand while the other slid up over Ashley's face, the hard, spread fingers gouging for his eyes.

It was instinct again that warned Ashley to twist away in time, so that the other's knee struck him harmlessly on the thigh. It gave him an instant's advantage; the man had stepped back, releasing his hold, so that he could chop Ashley down as Ashley doubled over from the expected pain. His hand was raised to do it, the palm rigidly extended, like the blade of an ax.

There was a sudden light in Ashley's eyes, and he heard the roar of a starting car as it swung away from the curb across Third Avenue and around the corner toward him. Then someone, a woman, screamed. Ashley threw himself forward under the other man's arm and drove his fist into his stomach.

He felt the man's weight like a toppling wall against him, and, to save himself, grabbed him by the shoulders and hung on. The gross, heavy face was a few inches from his own as the man struggled in his grip. He saw the sudden terror in the flat, brown eyes before he heard the shots from the car. The body pressed against his own leaped convulsively in his arms; something wrenched at his shoulder, and they went down together, falling across the sidewalk.

THE light had gone, and the gathering screams had merged into one—a high metallic scream. Ashley tried to draw free of the inanimate weight on top of him and crawl away. The pain in his shoulder was like a hideous lie, impossible to believe; there couldn't be pain like this. He stopped crawling and lay still.

The sound of the crash seemed to jar right through him: the first grinding tear of metal, then the shrill, succeeding thunder as the car ricocheted from side to side down the street to its final, crumpled stop. Ashley tried again to raise himself to his knees. He had suddenly understood that high metallic scream; it was a police siren.

And then someone's hands were on his chest, lifting him, turning him onto his back. For an instant it seemed quite dark. And then he saw Lewis' face leaning over him. "You hurt bad?"

There were people all around now. "My shoulder." Ashley raised his head. What had happened to his enemy? Had it all been useless? "Where is he? Did you get him?" he asked.

"*They* did. His own boys. You hauled him between you and their car just as they fired. We got them, though. What are you, crazy or something? What were you trying to do?" There was a curious gentleness in Lewis' voice.

"I think I can move now." The pain was fading, giving way to merciful numbness all down his side, after the first tearing impact of the bullet.

"You stay where you are until the ambulance gets here." Lewis shook his head with that same gentle wonder. "Why don't you leave these things to the police?" he asked. "What do you think we're for?"

"When I called you, you said . . . You didn't seem to be doing very much."

"What did you want? A complete report? We knew what we were doing. We've been tailing those boys ever since we got your tip, ever since they started after Gordon." He shook his head again as he stood up to make way for the intern at Ashley's side. "You're going to be all right now."

Ashley smiled. "Sure," he said cheerfully, "sure, I'm going to be all right." He had never been so certain of anything before. It was incredible how good it felt to be alive again. ▲▲▲

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CHARLES HAWES

My father looked at my mother. "You should get a watch too, Rose," he said, "or something"

The Gold Watch

By SAMUEL ELKIN

***Collier's* SHORT SHORT**

USUALLY my father would be sitting in the living room reading his paper, waiting for my mother to call him into the kitchen for supper. But that night, when I got home from work, he wasn't in the living room, or anywhere else in the house, either. So I washed my hands and face, sat down at the kitchen table and asked my mother where Pop was. She looked at me, blinked, and said, "He isn't here?" I shook my head and said, "Maybe he's still at the store," because sometimes he had things to talk over with the other salespeople. But she shrugged and I figured she was sore about something. She usually was on Fridays.

I finished the chicken soup. My mother brought me a plate of gefüllte fish. "None for me, Ma," I said, and that brought on our usual Friday-night argument.

"What did you have for lunch?" she asked.

"Nothing, Ma. You know I don't like fish."

"Why not? Who ever heard of anybody not liking fish?"

"I did. Me."

So I took some and fiddled around with it. I was taking my second nibble when the door opened and my father stepped into the house. I didn't hear him come up the stairs.

We live on the second floor of a two-family house. To get to our apartment you have to walk up some twenty creaky, wooden stairs that announce your coming long before you get there. So I thought it was funny that I hadn't heard my father coming. But when I saw his face I knew he couldn't have walked up. He must have floated.

His face was flushed. There was a light in his eyes, and about his lips a curious, smiling quality, as though it had been painted there. Even my mother noticed it, which was unusual because on Fridays—with my mother in the kitchen all day long—a stranger could walk into the house and steal all the furniture, and my mother would never have noticed.

"Pop," I said. "You've been drinking."

He blinked. "Don't be silly. I haven't been drinking." But then his black eyebrows went up slightly and his head cocked down to the side just a bit. "Well, maybe I have been drinking," he said, and his voice dropped softly. "But something a lot better than schnapps."

He raised his left arm and pulled back the sleeve of his coat, and there on his wrist was a watch, a handsome yellow-gold wrist watch.

I examined it. It was a beauty. "Where'd you get it?"

"In the store," my father said.

"How much you pay for it?"

"Nothing. They gave it to me."

I looked at my father. "Who gave it to you?"

"The salespeople," he said.

"For what?"

"Twenty-five years in the store."

I stared at my father. And then I began to laugh, but cut it abruptly when my mother nudged me.

I was startled for a moment. But then I said, "Giving him a gold watch. Pop, of all people."

My father shook his head. "I know what you're thinking," he said. "But it's not like that at all."

I smiled. "Come on, Pop, you used to laugh at these things yourself."

My father sighed, nodding. "It's true. I laughed." He sat down opposite me at the table.

"Sure," I said, and almost broke into laughter again. "Did you get your walking papers, too?"

The same smile drifted across my father's lips. "You don't understand, do you?"

"Sure I understand. They gave you a gold watch after twenty-five years of service."

"Yes," my father said, his eyes settling on the watch. "It cost them eighty dollars. And each one gave eight dollars out of his own pocket." His voice was very soft, musical, as he glanced up at me, and a sudden wave of feelings for which I had no words swept over me.

"It's true I used to laugh when I read these things," my father went on, the smile still on his lips. "A man working all his life in one place and then being given a watch, as if to make up for all the sweat and disappointment and struggle." He sighed again, his eyes warm, glowing; and suddenly I remembered my father pointing out an item to me in the papers, a few days ago, about a man who had worked thirty years in one place and had been given a gold watch, together with his retirement papers. I had laughed at it. But my father hadn't laughed that time. "It's not funny," he had said. "It's sad."

I thought about him saying that now. And I thought about him working twenty-five years in one place. Twenty-five years! One quarter of a century! All of my lifetime, and then some. A world changed many times in twenty-five years. But not for him. Every morning my father got up at the same time, walked down the same street, stepped into the same place—day after week after year. Twenty-five long, long years in one place.

"But it isn't the watch, you see," my father said slowly, as though he were thinking aloud, as though I weren't even there in the room. "It's the ten people in the store. Ten people I work with, day after day, and all of them taking eight dollars out of their own pockets to give me some of their friendship and understanding." He paused, and his eyes shifted from mine to some point beyond me. "Their understanding," he said softly, nodding slowly, and the room suddenly became so warm, so hushed, I could sense the beating of my own heart.

And then I noticed my mother standing in front of the stove, looking over at my father. I saw a flush on her cheeks and a smile on her lips, almost like the smile on my father's face. She went over to my father and put her hand on his shoulder. My father turned his head and looked up into my mother's eyes. Then my father, the soft little smile still on his lips, said, "You should get a watch too, Rose." Then he sighed, adding, "Or something."

I didn't move a muscle for I don't know how long. Then I stood up and went from the kitchen into the living room and sat down. I felt warm. I felt a wonderful kind of warmness—a really good feeling of warmness as I sat there and remembered that small moment in the kitchen of a two-family house—my mother looking down at my father, her hand on his shoulder and their eyes on each other, with that same curious, smiling quality on both their faces; when ten people in a store had given them, and me, some friendship and understanding. ▲▲▲

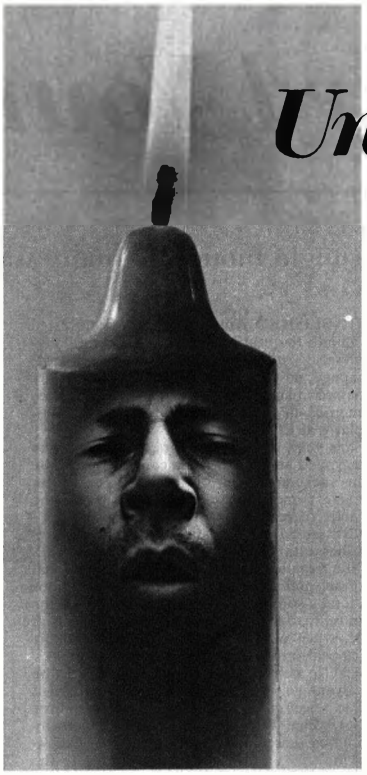
GREAT SCOT!

what a wonderful gift

GIVE JOHNNIE WALKER...the gift of quality that people of good taste choose for other people of good taste. Johnnie Walker Blended Scotch Whisky is distilled and bottled in Scotland ...the same high quality the world over. *Red Label... Black Label... both 86.8 Proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y., Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

Uncommon Colds

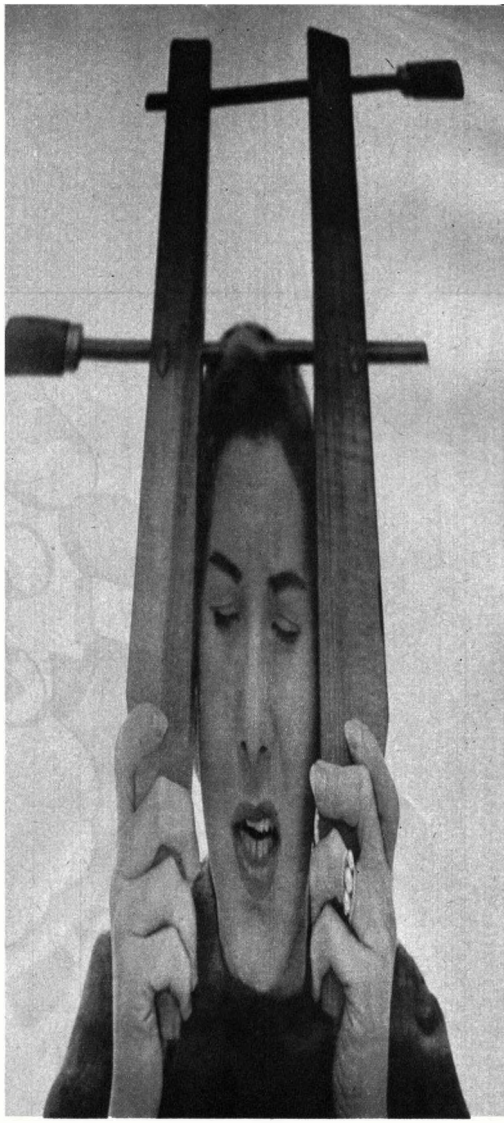


Fevered brow and twitching nose

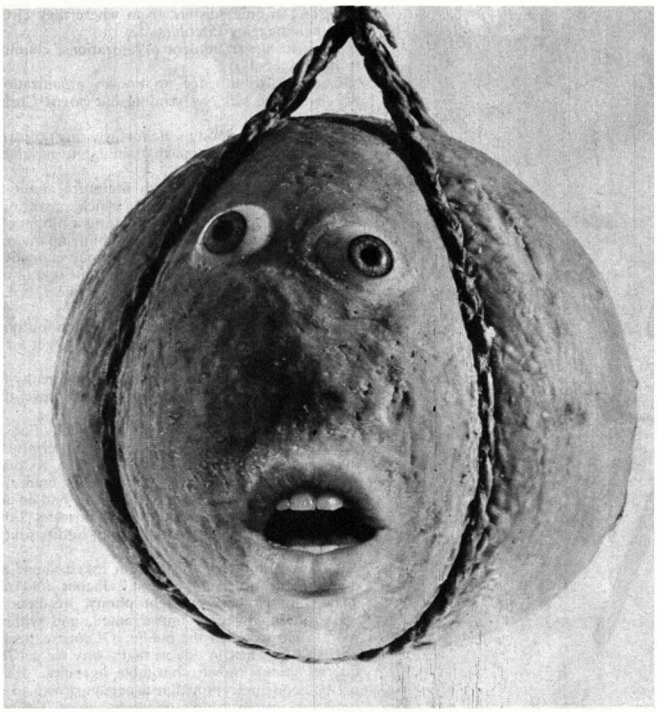
NO ONE really believes there is any such thing as "the common cold." Every sufferer feels his cold is an individual disease with extraordinary powers to create unique personal torture. Nevertheless, it is a scientific fact that all colds are recognizable by certain common symptoms: a heavy head, congested nasal passages, slight fever, watery eyes, muscular aches and pains and a general suspicion that mind and body have dissolved a hitherto rather pleasant partnership.

There are probably as many students of colds as there are handkerchiefs, but few are as clear-eyed as photographer Alfred Gescheidt. The results of Mr. Gescheidt's researches into the subject appear on this page. "What you are faced with here," he says, "are not subjective interpretations but an actual visualization of the disease."

A conscientious scientist, Gescheidt wastes no time while he studies. When last seen, he was attired in bathrobe and slippers, hurrying toward an aspirin and a good hot tub.

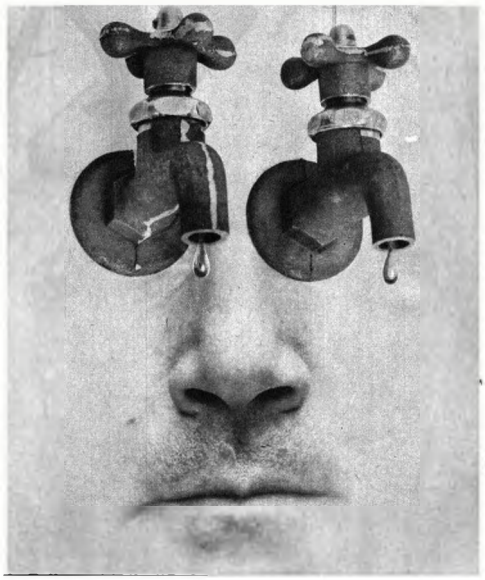


Head aches and temples throb



Clogged nasal passages—head feels stuffed

Eyes heavy-lidded and watery



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALFRED GESCHEIDT

Safeguard Your

Christmas racketeers wangle money in many ways

ESTABLISHED American charities are rated among the best in the world, and the long-range constructive care they give the afflicted, handicapped, destitute and unfortunate is probably unsurpassed in any other country. Americans, too, are generous in their support of worthy causes, particularly at Christmastime.

Yet this year, as in other years, generous givers will be gypped and worth-while causes crippled by outright racketeers and by borderline charities which give a modicum of aid and consume the lion's share of receipts in overhead.

The Russell Sage Foundation, after extensive research, has estimated that we give over $1,500,000,000 a year to charity, excluding conventional educational and religious causes. Many millions of this total—some say $50,000,000—go down the drain in reply to fraudulent or unworthy appeals at yuletide, when our resistance is weakest and the phony appeals are at their highest pressure.

We like to help others, but we don't like to be taken advantage of. Those who have been burned are apt to reject *all* appeals. There's no reason for such an extreme. With a combination of generosity and common sense you can safeguard your Christmas giving this year and any year. Here are the facts about honesty and crookedness in yuletide giving.

Christmas racketeers use many and varied appeals to wangle money from the guileless public.

They capitalize on "needy and underprivileged children" in cities distant from where they circulate their begging circulars.

They set up fraudulent organizations, claiming to help veterans.

They try to infringe on known organizations which aid the sick, by sending out bogus Christmas seals.

They send out phony solicitors wearing uniforms and bearing names somewhat similar to reputable organizations.

They flood the mails with literature about an obscure hospital or orphanage which unwittingly lends its name, the institution getting a pittance of 5 or 10 per cent, the promoters gobbling up the rest.

They put on high-pressure telephone campaigns in the name of Christmas charity of one sort or another, sending out messengers to collect immediately.

They place phony Santa Clauses on outlying business corners, where police are few, to get a 100 per cent steal from the public.

Many schemes are based on public sympathy for the blind and the handicapped and for preventing child delinquency.

The experience of Chicago is typical. For 25 years Jesse A. Jacobs has directed the subscriptions-investigating committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, his main job being to separate the good from the bad in appeals to the public for funds. He answers 2,000 calls a month for information about outfits soliciting charity gifts.

"A great many of those I am asked about are questionable, to say the least," Jacobs told me. "They are either downright phony, needless or wasteful; in any case unwarranted, and without moral right to solicit the public. Of course, people only call us when in doubt; that's why we get few queries about known charitable agencies. It's a pretty good indication that a person giving to an unknown agency runs a good chance of throwing his money away."

Holiday Handout

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

from generous but guileless folks. Make sure your gifts this year go to worthy causes

Chicago gives approximately $130,000,000 a year to reputable charities; Jacobs estimates an additional $25,000,000 is handed over to "weak, duplicating or fraudulent organizations," of which $5,000,000 is disbursed at Christmastime in response to smooth, deceptive appeals. Apply Chicago's experience on a national scale, and you have a yuletide loss of many, many millions.

The Christmas take of beggars is highly profitable, if the numbers who invade the shopping avenues, hang around the depots or park on the fringe of night-club and theater areas during the Christmas season are an indication. Some of the sidewalk mendicants are really handicapped but take a free ride on their misfortunes, while others are downright frauds—able-bodied men and women who simulate affliction.

This racketeering is nothing new. During the depression years, when individuals and organizations contributed Christmas baskets by the thousands in communities throughout the country, even this necessary and altruistic program was corrupted. Unsupervised distribution of the baskets robbed the deserving and set the stage for sharpies to make a miniature racket out of yuletide alms.

In 1936 a group in Springfield, Illinois, inaugurated a Christmas basket program against the judgment and advice of established local charitable and social agencies. Out of a population of 82,000 there were 6,500 requests for the baskets of food and clothing. On checking, it was found that almost half of the requests were duplications, from families who either wouldn't settle for one basket or else wanted to sell the extra ones for cash. When the basket programs were at their height throughout the United States, and when cities didn't have the means to check the requests, a large percentage of the gifts went astray.

The Racket at its Peak

As a reporter for many years on the Chicago Daily News, covering in part welfare activities, I came in close contact with organized philanthropies, writing about their services, needs and problems. I also directed for several years the paper's Neediest Families Fund, which at Christmastime used to undertake the annual support of 100 poverty-stricken families.

I saw the basket racketeering at its peak. I recall an instance where a Chicago woman went to the police. "I've been gypped!" she complained. "The woman across the hall got seven baskets and I only got six." She was one of the charity cheats who waited up for the various Santa Clauses on Christmas Eve, and as a basket was received and the donor thanked, it was shoved under the bed and the watch started anew.

On another occasion, a seedily dressed old lady was given a Christmas basket by one of Chicago's best-known church settlements, Erie Neighborhood House. A volunteer worker spotted the lady struggling with the heavy basket.

"Let me drive you and your gift home," he said, shouldering the load.

"Just take it to the curb," she said. "I've got a taxi waiting."

Today, of course, with the vast relief programs in effect, and with the change in the nation's economy, the need for Christmas baskets has practically vanished.

Time was when inadequate charity meant thousands of families would actually be hungry at Christmas—and the rest of the year, too. But never in history has care of the poor's actual physical needs been so well provided for as now.

With this situation in mind, charity and social workers are scoring striking successes in directing season's-giving impulses into additional channels. The Christmas handout has been turned into a year-round affair, benefiting innumerable unfortunates who make a deserving appeal to the heart. In co-operation with the Community Chests and Councils of America, numerous cities and towns throughout America have set up special Christmas bureaus, committees and councils. Each of them serves as the local clearinghouse for needy and deserving cases and projects, prevents duplication of gifts, publicizes the wisdom of giving for permanent results, dramatizes yuletide philanthropy with causes that are both colorful and arresting, and educates the public to make contributions in a way that will not pauperize the recipients.

In Springfield the requests for baskets dwindled through the years so that the program, at the continued suggestion of Community Chest and other agencies, was abandoned in 1944. In its place there had been a gradual substitution of worthy projects of lasting value, taking the place of the one-shot Christmas benevolence. Yuletide giving didn't dry up; instead it increased. Here are some examples of recent Christmas project achievements in that city:

Three wheel chairs furnished to crippled children; a modern range given the impoverished widowed mother of seven children; a hearing aid provided a destitute middle-aged woman who cares for her invalid mother; a sand box supplied the children of a school for cripples; badly needed dental work arranged for poor youngsters; equipment donated for the tool shop of a detention home; and a violin bought for the talented young daughter of a needy family, enabling her to enter the high-school orchestra.

These are samples of scores of helpful aids and services provided the needy at Christmas in Springfield. Many clubs and organizations, churches, in-

The little old lady had a taxi waiting while she picked up her basket

Next Week in Collier's

Small Town Christmas

Camden, Maine, is a happy town and in the holiday season is filled with the spirit and beauty traditional to all America. Illustrated in color

Dream of the Black Horse

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

The latest addition to the popular stories about Joey, Mama and Papa. Mama has a strange dream and she hurries to Mrs. Ferrante to have it explained. What she learns provokes a household crisis involving the neighbors, too. Another heart-warming work of fiction by a talented writer who has become a favorite of Collier's readers

For added enjoyment, three more fine stories plus another great Collier's short short

GARY COOPER

How'd you like to go spear-fishing in the South Pacific with a new expert? While on movie location in Samoa, the star spent every spare moment in the water with a spear gun. You'll see why he described the stop as a fisherman's paradise

ALSO

EXCLUSIVE

AMERICA'S NEW DREADFUL WEAPON

dividuals and societies undertook and carried through special holiday projects assigned to them. Inevitably they began to support some of these enterprises the year round. Christmas giving—in the real Christmas spirit—tends to become a steady habit instead of a seasonal indulgence. It holds true throughout the nation. Here are some of the recent reports of other cities, showing how they have matured in their attitudes toward Christmas charities.

In Atlanta, Georgia, the Atlanta Journal-Constitution and the Atlanta Junior Chamber of Commerce collaborated in a unique toy distribution center, set up like a store, where more than 14,000 needy youngsters, accompanied by their parents, made selections of toys, clothing, fruit and candy, as on a shopping expedition. The idea was to make Christmas observance as nearly normal as possible for the underprivileged families.

The Example of Chicago

A Christmas clearinghouse has been maintained by the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago for the dual purpose of maintaining a registration file to avoid duplication of giving and of channeling the traditional Christmas generosity into useful service. It has had remarkable results in turning haphazard, disjointed and wasteful, although well-intentioned, Christmas giving into worth-while achievements that have won the heart of the city. Hundreds of cases of enduring benefit might be cited, such as the donation of 5,000 toys by a manufacturer to settlement houses; girls' clubs furnishing bedspreads, curtains and rugs to scores of impoverished shut-ins; the gift of a complete outfit of paints, brushes and easels by an individual to a crippled artist; and a collection taken by a kindergarten to provide a radio for an aged invalid. Cash gifts are channeled through social agencies so that needy families can do their own Christmas shopping.

Gifts of ice and roller skates, sleds, baseball equipment, dolls and doll beds, blank scrapbooks, scooters, and cowboy and cowgirl outfits were made to scores of children of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, by youngsters and adults of more prosperous households and especially by fraternal, spiritual and civic organizations. For the older needy, they gave clothing, magazine subscriptions, radios and record players. Families which deserved aid but would never request it were sought out and made the glad recipients of the good will of others.

In St. Louis, health welfare and recreation agencies are represented in the city-wide yuletide benevolence program, in which churches also share. Many novel gifts turn up. A college group gave $300 worth of athletic equipment to seven community centers, where it is proclaimed "Christmas Day has been every day since." A dentist gave full professional care, as a Christmas gift through the bureau, to an aged blind woman who had lost all her teeth.

"Let's make a fresh start, Pookie. Beginning with the diamond brooch and the green convertible"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

BUTCH

"Couldn't I just open it and peek? I'll toss all night wonderin' if it's got anything valuable in it"

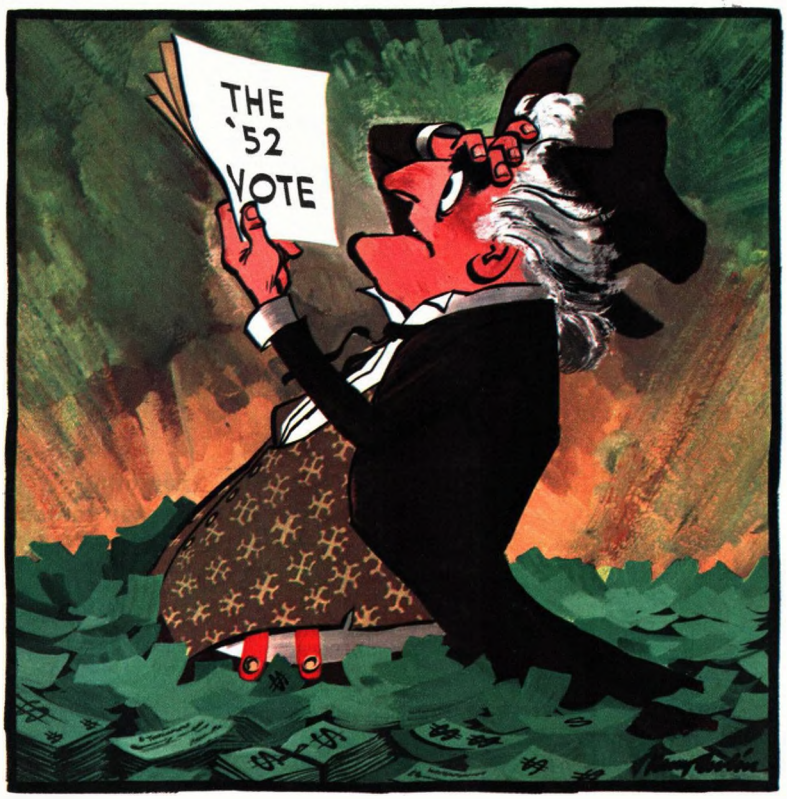
COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

A club gave a typewriter to a man bedridden with arthritis (he was able to become partially self-supporting by its use).

Seattle Girl Scouts made gifts to aged and infirm people, and sent clothing kits to children in Europe and Asia. The University of Washington Faculty Wives Club gave funds for recreational equipment for the Spastic Preschool and Clinic. Among other cities with central agency services for enduring Christmas giving are Cleveland; Bloomington, Indiana; Los Angeles; Indianapolis; Milwaukee; Newark; Pasadena; St. Louis; Scranton; New York City; Syracuse, and Winston-Salem. Communities and individuals, when they know how, can prove the overwhelming strength and meaning of the Christmas spirit.

Here are some do's and don't's which will help make your Christmas giving not merely a handout, very often wasted, but a real, lasting, satisfying achievement in human betterment:

1. *Do* give with your head as well as your heart. Use the same care in giving that you do in spending.
2. *Do* give where you *know* your gift will do good; an established agency in your community, like Protestant, Catholic or Jewish charities, the Salvation Army or Volunteers of America, Boy or Girl Scouts, is far preferable for receiving and disbursing your gift than your giving it direct, unless you personally know the recipient.
3. *Don't* seek the "thrill" of seeing your gift received by the needy. It may humiliate or embarrass the recipient, if an individual or family; and if children are involved, it tends to destroy their self-respect and their respect for their parents.
4. Don't give to beggars on the street. Many are fakes; others can get needed assistance from established agencies.
5. *Don't* respond to telephone appeals for contributions, unless you *personally know* both the project and the solicitor. The wires hum with all sorts of shady appeals; swift collections are usually the key to a fraud.
6. *Do* throw mail appeals, including individual begging letters, into the wastebasket unless you know the project or the individual. Vast lists of generous people throughout the United States have been assembled for commercial purposes, and names are for sale by the thousand to any who will buy. Phony charities send out a flood of Christmas appeals, beautifully worded and illustrated, every year.
7. *Don't* pay attention to the list of "sponsors" on a strange Christmas letterhead or folder appeal. Their names may have been fraudulently secured, or sometimes prominent names are used outright, without the permission or knowledge of the parties.
8. *Do* give money anonymously for unfortunate families at Christmas, but give through agencies which will locate the families and handle the funds for you.
9. *Do* contact your local Council of Social Agencies or Chamber of Commerce when in doubt about a local appeal; if you don't know anything about a mail appeal coming from a distant city, discard it with good conscience.
10. *Do* give graciously and generously, as well as intelligently, and *you* will get as much Christmas enjoyment the year round as the fortunate beneficiaries of the tokens of your good will.



HARRY DEVLIN

Even All That Won't Buy It

BEFORE THE NEW YEAR and the new administration move in and claim everybody's attention, we'd like to take one last backward look at the Presidential election. And let us assure you, before you stop reading right here, that this will be no addition to the bales of expert analysis which sought to explain why things turned out as they did. Rather, this is just a postscript based on an overheard remark during the closing days of the campaign.

The remarker was a shrewd veteran of Democratic politics. Because of his long experience, it seemed quite natural that one of his luncheon companions should ask his opinion on the major campaign issues. In reply the politician said, "Let's be practical. How are you going to beat 20,000,000 government checks?"

That rhetorical question got an emphatic answer from the voters which pleased us mightily. We were pleased not only because we supported General Eisenhower, but because cynicism has always irritated us. So when a political wise man says in effect that the American Presidency can be bought with federal funds, we are delighted to see him wind up looking foolish.

It is clear now that you *can* beat 20,000,000 government checks when the people who get those checks have lost so much respect for the motives, policies and practices of their check-writing government that they demand a change of administration.

Evidently the 20,000,000 Americans and their families were not so fearfully anxious about their meal tickets that they were willing to give unquestioning support to the administration, and let it do what it liked, as long as the money kept coming in. Twenty million Americans are not that mercenary. Maybe they vote for reasons of self-interest, but that does not mean the self-interest is unenlightened.

We've been wondering what might have gone through the minds of many of those citizens who depend wholly or partly on the government for their income, and yet did not vote to return the White House to Democratic hands. We figure they probably knew, without being told, whether they'd never had it so good. They knew what was left after bills and taxes were paid. And they doubtless wondered whether high taxes (many of them inevitable) and high prices (many of them unnecessary) added up to high prosperity or inflation.

Thoughts like these, of course, did not cover all the great problems and decisions of the 1952 election. And we do not suggest that the cashers of government checks who may have thought them were able to turn the political tide all by themselves. Our point is that they did think, and they did make independent decisions. In doing so they kicked several props out from under an ever-growing, vote-coaxing bureaucracy.

And that's about all we have to say about a vote which proved, if further proof was needed, that 20,000,000 government checks do not buy an equal number of votes. It proved again that you cannot "deliver" a labor or farm vote in return for special favors, or a solid Southern vote because of tradition. It proved that you can't tax, spend and elect forever.

And it proved that the cynical politicians who try to play those people for suckers indefinitely will end up the victims of their own miscalculations. It's happened before and we're glad to see it happen again.

Long May They Waver

WELL, THE PROFESSIONAL FEELERS of the public pulse at least got the name right this time. At least those did who were willing to commit themselves on who the winning Presidential candidate would be. (Some of the others, perhaps, were haunted by the ghost of The Literary Digest and its 1936 predictions, as well as by their own Dewey forecast of '48.) But our own small sampling of postelection opinion indicates that the air is just about as full of pollcats as it was four years ago. People seem to think that it was as bad for the pollsters to miss or ignore a tidal wave of sentiment this year as it was to pick the wrong man in 1948. Maybe they're right.

The thing that seems to give most folks the chuckles was that big block of "undecided" votes. It's our unscientific surmise that many of those "undecided" answers were really "none of your damn' business" answers. Voters had decided, all right, but they figured that the secret ballot is a privilege that isn't confined to the minute or so that they're in the voting booth.

The pollsters couldn't force them to tell, of course, and maybe it's just as well. If poll taking got to the point of efficiency where it could actually predict an election's outcome a week or so in advance, it might do real injury to the democratic process. There are always those who want to jump on the band wagon for one reason or another. And tipping the winner in advance might actually impel many to vote against their own convictions. Also, pinpoint accuracy would take the excitement out of Election Day.

So here's to the pollsters' continued inaccuracy in 1956.

Ten Cents a Year for Life

SIFTING THROUGH the half-million known chemicals to find a cure for cancer and other baffling, killing diseases may seem like a needle-in-haystack operation. But Dr. Benjamin F. Miller, writing in this issue, makes a persuasive and hopeful prediction that it can be done.

It will take time and money. But for this cause, in every sense of the word, money should be no object. After inquiry and analysis, Dr. Miller estimates that the national cost of this type of research—in addition to what is already being done—would come to $10,000,000 a year. "That total," he says, "breaks down to less than 10 cents a year for every American." Could anyone seriously object to gambling 10 cents of his money if the prize might be a cure for cancer?

There can only be one answer. And a combination of private, state and—yes, horrid word—federal funds for medical research would impose a burden on no one. So let us hope that representatives of research laboratories, the medical profession, the states and the national government will get together—and get going.

"Time to say CORBY'S"

Before a glowing fire at home, or in the cheery setting of a tavern, your holiday toast will be extra-special when made with fine Corby's Whiskey. Its rich body and mellow goodness have made it one of America's largest-selling brands. Try Corby's, won't you? Then you'll know that *any* time is the *right* time to—"Say Corby's."

CORBY'S

One of the largest-selling whiskey brands in America

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

Special Offer 6 BEAUTIFUL HIGHBALL STIRRERS

PARTY NOTE! Attractive, original highball stirrers with a 3-dimensional parrot perched on each, wings aloft. Exciting extra touch for your parties. A handy way of marking drinks, too, as well. Sturdy, long-lasting; lifelike detail. Send now for full set of 6 stirrers in brilliant plastic colors. Surprise novelty included! Mail name and address plus 25c in coin to Corby's, Box 4, Peoria, Ill. *(Offer void outside U.S. and where prohibited by state regulations.)*

2 ways to say:

"Merry Christmas... pleasant smoking!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel
Cigarettes

They come in a colorful Christmas carton. Write your greeting on the built-in card – and it's ready to give. No wrapping. It's sure to please your favorite cigarette smokers.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CIGARETTE

Prince Albert
Smoking Tobacco

The 1 lb. tin comes in a gay Christmas box with a space for your greeting. Give Prince Albert to pipe-smokers – or roll-your-owners.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SMOKING TOBACCO